

It is, of course, well known that all African Nationalist parties on the continent are committed to the total destruction of ungodly imperialism, colonialism, neo-colonialism and sadistic white-supremacist-boer savagery. In a Union of African States, therefore, there will be no "racial" groups and, I am certain, that with the freedom of movement, from Cape to Cairo, Morocco to Malagasy, that will result from the breakdown of the territorial boundaries, the concentration of so-called "minority groups" will disappear and this will facilitate their assimilation into the one and indivisible African Nation, rich in culture and talent, materially and spiritually prosperous. Then, indeed, there will be neither Jew nor Gentile, neither circumcised nor uncircumcised, but all will be Sons and Daughters of Afrika, owing their loyalty only to Afrika, each contributing according to his ability to the welfare of the new African Socialist Community in the full knowledge that his contribution is appreciated and is worth while.

#### MERGING OF SONGS

In conclusion I wish to state that it is my belief that Afrika's contribution to the welfare of mankind will not only be in the material sphere and in the field of human relations, important though these are: Afrika will also make the signal contribution of merging the song of the industrial machine with the song from human throats, singing this time, not to drown sorrow but to give expression to the joy of achievement and thus teach the world that production can go on at a fast rate without the tension that characterises modern industrialisation. That will be a New Afrika, in the year 1973. ●

## AFRICANA

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- "The Black man will have his own territory where he can aspire to political leadership. He cannot be given any political rights in a White South Africa," said Mr. Schoeman. "We will never change course for the sake of our children."—*Cape Argus* [G.B.]
- "Fresh" eggs always on sale—notice in East London supermarket.
- Coloured folk in the main oppose the Group Areas Act because the Government, hitherto, has failed to protect them against social mixture with the Bantu, with the result that the Coloured group is being bastardised and unwittingly unites with the Bantu in anti-White activities—letter in *Cape Argus* [D.P.K.]
- Mr. Waring: Don't imagine there are no millionaires in India and Pakistan, but people are dying in the streets of starvation.

Voice: And in South Africa, too.

Mr. Waring: That's a lie. That's a lie. That's a lie. The person who said that is a liar. You're a liar. You're a liar. You're a liar.—*Sunday Times*.

## A Release of Energy

### Nigeria, the Arts and Mbari

LEWIS NKOSI

THE MBARI WRITERS' and Artists' Club at Ibadan, the centre of the literary life of the young Nigerian writers, is a crumbly rundown building with a cemented yard, an open air theatre, and a library of Negro books. The club is behind a busy dirty street where bare-bosomed women sit plying their wares, anything from wrist-watches to underwear.

Around the club, all day long, there is the tremendous din of trade, anguished haggling over prices; for Nigerian cities are like vast market-places where everybody is trying to sell something to everybody else. Sometimes, while sitting on the veranda of the club, you can hear the sound of drums rolling steadily through the noonday heat; or a catchy highlife tune enthusiastically celebrating the vast fortunes of tropical love.

As you walk through the gate to the Mbari Club, as likely as not you will come across a huge German in wrinkled pants and Nigerian shirt lolling in a chair, drowsy and unshaven; in fact, he is probably thinking of the next exhibition the club might put on, or some new writing that Mbari might publish. He is Ulli Beier, lecturer in the extra-mural department of Ibadan University, editor of *Black Orpheus*, a literary journal publishing much of the new writing by Africans, and author of *Art in Nigeria*.

"When I came to Nigeria eleven years ago," Ulli Beier wrote, "Nigeria had no contemporary literature. Today there is enough new writing in Nigeria and other West African countries to make the creation of a new school curriculum, 'West African Literature', a serious proposition."

Nigeria has released a tremendous energy in the arts. At Mbari the painters and sculptors share breathing space with poets and playwrights—mostly young and under thirty; many of them are graduates holding English degrees from Ibadan University College. They know one another personally, read each others' works, and they deliver themselves freely of literary judgments on one another with an absolute lack of sentimentality.

Mbari is now almost synonymous with the names of three leading young Nigerian poets: Christopher Okigbo, who intensely admires and has been influenced by Ezra Pound; John Pepper Clark, who writes verse plays which have the sombre weight of Grecian tragedy; and Wole Soyinka, whose play, *A Dance in the Forest*,

LEWIS NKOSI left South Africa on an exit permit in 1960 and, after studying at Harvard, moved to London, where he is working as a journalist. The article on this page was written for, and has appeared in, *The Guardian*, London, for whose co-operation we are grateful.