

ideology. He repudiated the doctrines of the European communists and the nothing-but-anti-communists, not because they sprang from "white" minds, but simply because they are false, because they do not apply to the modern world.

BASICALLY, PADMORE REACHED the same decision in the 1930s as twenty years later, his French-speaking compatriot, Aimé Césaire, deputy for Martinique in the Paris National Assembly, who explained in *Lettre à Maurice Thorez* why he had left the French Communist party: "I have often asked myself the question . . . whether, instead of rejecting *a priori* and in the name of an exclusive ideology, men who are after all honest and basically anti-colonialist—it would not be better to seek a form of organisation as wide and flexible as possible, a form of or-

ganisation that could inspire the many rather than drill the few. A form of organisation in which the Marxists would not be submerged but would act as a yeast, a source of inspiration and leadership, and not play the part which, in truth, they play today, that of dividing the popular forces . . . I opt for the wider as against the narrower; for the movement which places us shoulder to shoulder with the others against the movement which leaves us to ourselves . . . for a movement which liberates the creative energy of the masses, against the one which channels it finally into sterility."

Again and again there is the same accusation: the communists do not understand anything about the spontaneity of the masses, they do not function from within the roots of the peoples, they are a cold and foreign organism. ●

## Words Words Words

Oyono (*Houseboy*, translated from *Une vie de boy* by John Reed).

THE WHITE AFRICAN LOVE-HATE business spills over into nonfiction with *The white tribes of Africa* by Richard West (hopefully less superficial than his recently co-authored *The making of a prime minister* or the foretaste in the London *Sunday Times*) and Margaret Black's *No room for tourists* ("about white South Africans, how ordinary people came to accept dictatorship as normal").

A white partisan case will no doubt be put in *South African journey* by Bernard Newman, who was so impressed by Sobukwe's accommodation of Robben Island. Did Newman really "stay in primitive kraals" as he "wandered about Zululand and the Transkei" as his publishers write? Either he broke the law in several places or this is being laid on by the S.A. Information Service for the favourable few.

"Over 40 politicians and scholars" have been collected in John A. Davis and Jane K. Baker's *Southern Africa in transition* and one man's progressive view will be in *South Africa* by John Cope, former M.P. and founder editor of *The Forum*, recently and wastefully defunct.

Of the continent as a whole similar large Gunther-like surveys are piling up. One Scipio, a distinguished public man in disguise, writes *Emergent Africa*; John Hatch *The history of postwar Africa*; Philip Curtin, American historian of West Africa, *The image of Africa*; and Barbara Ward *Africa in the making*. The most ambitious publisher's claim is for Peter J. M. McEwen and R. B. Sutcliffe's *The study of Africa*: "a comprehensive account of the principal social, economic and political issues facing contemporary Africa".

Regional and biographical British Spring books are Richard Hall's *Kaunda, Founder of Zambia* and his *Zambia*, and Arthur Stratton's *The great red island*, "a biography of Madagascar".

History and literature are similarly surveyed in, respectively, Margaret Shinnie's *Ancient African kingdoms* and *African English litera-*

*ture* by Anne Tibble, a survey, anthology and (for R2.50) "evaluation of all African writers". Other literary collections are *Quartet*, stories by *New African* writers James Matthews, Richard Rive and Alf Wannenburg, and Alex La Guma, banned before we began, and *Origin East Africa* by David Cook with among others *New African* writers J. T. Ngugi and Jonathan Kariara.

HOW DOES ONE DESCRIBE that genre in which are Thomas Sterling's *Stanley's Way*, Peter Franekel's *Wayaleshi*, Anthony Barker's *The man next to me?* These serious yet gay, human views of African life by outsiders may be added to by Cynthia Nolan's *One traveller's Africa*, illustrated by Sidney Nolan, and Emily Hahn's *Africa to me*.

NEW NOVELS BY PETER ABRAHAMS (*A night of their own*, "about the resistance movement in South Africa") and Doris Lessing (*Landlocked*, fourth in the *Children of violence* sequence), perhaps the best stayers from that postwar English South African stable—a reprint of William Plomer's *Turbott Wolfe* ("with a long and important introduction" by Laurens van der Post) and half a dozen lesser works make up the list of forthcoming English novels in the African setting.

Among the latter, Nicholas Monsarrat's *The Pillow Fight*, its publisher finds "the most piercing, pungent love-hate story ever written". White South African society provides the theme as it does in David Lytton's *The grass won't grow till spring*, "a black novel about white men and women in South Africa". The mixture gets even stronger with Johannes Meintjes' *The silent conspiracy*, apparently semi-autobiography even more romanticised than Monsarrat's. Its hero "the dynamic Abrie Vorster . . . attracts love and hate equally and is himself devoured by two passions, painting and his beautiful manor house Zevenfontein".

Heinemann's three Spring List novels in their African Writers series are all East African—by Lennie Peters, T. M. Aluko, and Ferdinand

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