

the taxes from the individual tax of 250 escudos (equivalent to four pounds) to 50 escudos in a bid for popular support. People who are suspected by the Portuguese of having dealings with the rebels have been massacred, women have been picked up and beaten savagely by Portuguese soldiers. People, including Protestant missionaries, must have permission to travel from one town to another. Church meetings of any kind, including Sunday services, are officially forbidden. The intimidation of the African people has become a routine process. It consists of sudden seizure followed by long interrogations. Guests are forbidden to enter any village, unless they are presented to the village chief.

We could go on to elaborate in detail the complex structure of the people's war that the Angolan people are waging under very difficult conditions. We have invited any journalist or observer to see and experience "in loco" the herculean tasks which UNITA and the people of Angola are determined to carry through. The reporters who limit themselves in visiting the Angolan borders cannot assess the Angolan struggle objectively. It is necessary to go inside the country in order to remove certain deliberately-fostered misconceptions about the Angolan struggle and about UNITA.

UNITA is far from meeting its programme in all fields of the struggle, but its achievements are thanks to the Angolan people's initiative. However, there is immediate need for trustworthy personnel for the battle zones and liberated areas, especially doctors and nurses. Food, money and medical supplies are equally needed to meet the need of the liberated areas.

UNITA has a military wing, FALA (Armed Forces for Liberation of Angola). The armed forces of UNITA are the result of the popular militia's development. The activities of FALA have been reported many times in the Radio and papers of the enemy. A diagram could be drawn showing UNITA's military progress in the last year. The activities of FALA range from sabotage of bridges, ways of communication used by the enemy, and small "hit and run" ambushes. During June, July and August, 11 important military engagements took place in Angola between the UNITA forces and the Portuguese soldiers, and a great deal of military equipment was captured from the Portuguese, and military vehicles were destroyed. Some of the rifles have the follow-

ing numbers: G3 FMP 58147-11/66; 10 rifles MAUZER number: D.2203; E.6682; C 9684; D.16702; F.11977; U.32043. The enemy is the best and main supplier of the UNITA military equipment.

The road ahead is still long, but victory is certain. Those who sometimes indulge in sinister and malicious political propaganda against UNITA abroad and in Africa, by using the sabotage of the Benguela Railway (CFB) as an excuse for political opportunism, should always remember that the revolution in Southern part of Africa, as a whole, will not be an easy one. The imperialist economic interest and the present colonial and racial administrative apparatus have to be destroyed if the Southern African people are to enjoy the fruits of a true and total independence. UNITA will continue inside the country under a correct revolutionary leadership and line to fulfil its revolutionary obligation. The Southern African liberation movements must unite their efforts, because they are facing a united, and collective imperialist apparatus.

From now on, the UNITA's main task is that of developing the struggle in three aspects:

- 1) Political mobilisation of the entire nation.
- 2) Armed struggle to reach a new height.
- 3) National reconstruction in the liberated areas to found a political, economic and social system which will respect Angolan traditions and make the country strong and progressive.

This programme was set up and decided at the first Conference of UNITA cadres that took place in Angola from 31st August to 5th September 1968.

This programme will depend mainly on the efforts that the Angolan people are prepared to make and to endure. However, the road towards freedom, will be less and the sacrifices less devastating if peace-loving people of the World could bring their material support to all those engaged in the armed struggle inside the country. It is in this spirit that UNITA through all its representatives issues a general appeal "for any possible material assistance, and invites correspondence from anybody wishing to be associated with UNITA's sacrificial and heroic blazing of the trail of African freedom".



A PATTERN OF PETALS

OKUGBULE WONODI

BETWEEN US
(To Eunice from America)

What pains are you in now, waiting for relief?
Like an orphan, tired and hungry, without care,
Tears dripping down your cheeks, you watch the moon
Grow to parturition without your man.

You put your fingers through your hair
And look down the path we walked last August,
When Rebisi of seven villages poured libations
And friends furnished our marriage feast.

Forgive me, your husband,
Walking white streets of a distant land,
Straining with many engagements;
And at the cold day's end, I return

To a lonely room where your thoughts sit
Between sleep and the eyes, there to eat
Sour counterfeits of your kitchen ...
There are tears on this side, too.

But some day we shall sing together
And pour libations on the fourteenth of August,
For there shall be no oceans, nor continents,
And no thoughts to stand between us and sleep.

Out of Eden

Behold, thou has driven me out this day from the face of the earth;
and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a
vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass, that everyone
that findeth me shall slay me.

Genesis 4, 14.

I spent the evening trailing
Fallen shadows, fallen and longer
Than their originals. And the shadows
Walked on fours, advancing
Until they came to rest somewhere
Between heaven and birth . . .

Under the beds fragments of towels lay
Scattered like deserted offerings.
I stood on my shadow and waited.

Disturbed by my presence, a girl raises
Herself to a cough and a smile.
She was good, really nice.

Behind her, by the outer wall,
Lay the woman I had sung,
Had promised my all and all:

Only, loneliness serrates
Like a pin into the skin.
And lonely and yielding, I said, Oh,

And went on falling and caressing.
Oh, she said at the end. And
Why not, I said to myself,

Oh, why not?

AUGUST BREAK

After three months of long rains
The land is a sodden bed
Of dried pond. The tarred roads shine
Fine threads of smoke to the air.

The playgrounds jump and chatter
With the presence of children
In games abandoned yesterday
When the sky was falling tears.

The streets bustle with vendors,
Calling their wares by sweet names;
And the radio shops yell out
The rival sounds of Highlife.

Lament For the Dove

Now come cool shades of the evening,
The solemn sound of music, the tender flesh of smiles.
They walk across the room gently rubbing soft palms
On my skin and small fingers caress my ears.

And I, sitting up think of her first coming,
A moment of sight in the night when lips
Touched unknown lips. Yes, I adore her coming
And staying these many months and for this I sing,
Singing even to the departed shades of her laughter,
Tonight I see the moon, long forgotten since last
I sat on a tree trunk and listened to my Dove
Weep lines into my nerves for the words of my mouth.

Oh sweet Dove, the moon waits and the drum speaks.
What stays you these many dusks?
Surely you can dance for me again,
You can tease and touch off the sleeping tunes anew

Believe me, I did not take you in that day
To stiffen your waist or dry your eyes
And stop your smiles. The moon shone last night
While we slept, away from each other.

I sit at the head of the spring.
I spring at the alarm of the water carriers
for they have shot the moon in the sky
and collected the waters in their baskets
while the maidens fatten for marriage.

Then the music of the waters came to me,
The maiden of the dance slept with me
and the moon fell from the sky
and the waters smeared
the dance of the fair maidens

We kiss behind the moon.
We swim the waters and fall on the sand
For the seed of our first falling.

The children search for tales behind our house.
The dancers rear their scarves above our windows.

And the drum is all my drums
And the songs I weave are not like their baskets
Sagging with misuse. Only let her sit by me,
Let my Dove sit by me tonight.

And if she should rub her palms on my skin
I will give her flowers from my mouth.

Caring Enough

YOUSSEF OMAR

STEPHANIE ON TRIAL by Albie Sachs (Harvill Press)

anything else has been and is our undoing. Indeed, it is going to finish us completely unless a new generation is born which will be able to define the validities of life for itself (never mind what the white man or anyone says) and be prepared to take on fully, the responsibilities that will surely come with this definition. Furthermore for Armah at any rate, the present intellectuals and politicians are clearly irrelevant or worse: what little wisdom remains is with the people to whom he goes for imagery and symbolism and after all, the gorgeous title of the novel with its ungrammatical spelling of "beautiful". He took it from the tailboard of a mammy wagon.

Meanwhile it should be remembered that this type of purgative exposure, however painful it is, is absolutely necessary, depending upon whether or not one believes that truth as represented in writing can be in any way effective in helping social change. If on the other hand, even those of us who basically agree with him on the need to have this kind of job done feel that he has killed a patient instead of performing a surgery (though knowing Ghanaians one wonders how such an accident can ever happen!) then we have a right to our anger. Especially when one considers the fact that certain sections of "international opinion" which never rejoice at what is indicative of Africa's good have been praising the novel to God's own skies! One comforting thought though, is that at no point in the story does Ayi Kwei excuse the colonisers. Indeed, he seems to feel that one should spare as little of one's breath for them as possible. What he does proclaim aloud is that he thinks of us: those who are still having their civilised dialogues with the former oppressors of Africa and with them are busily consuming illegally the continent's strength and fertility. While at the same time—and this is the worst of all—they congratulate themselves on the excellent job they are doing, ushering Africa into the 20th century. Perhaps, the beautiful ones, when they are born, and let's pray it will be soon, will take care of everything and everybody once and for all time. The least we can do is to wait.

the politician

I wish I was a politician
I don't care much to be a don
But being a politician
Without logic
Is better than none.

There was once a politician
Who was boisterous and furious
Who used to curse on the public
At the people of his country
But the people regarded him
As a good politician.

His name was Kamutombole
When his mother died he was spied
When he was asked
'Is this your mother who has died?'
He said 'I don't know,
She may be my mother or not.'

MAYBIN KONSE

The book describes movingly and at times with great humanity the struggles of the author, his friends and the eponymous heroine (now the author's wife) and how some remained loyal to the cause of the resistance movement in South Africa despite the gruelling experience of interrogation and subsequent trials.

The account of Stephanie's imprisonment and trial seems at times almost incidental to the autobiographical sequence of events. Albie Sachs is a lawyer, who had on many occasions represented people accused of political offences. Because of his associations with these people he himself came under suspicion and was detained under the notorious 90-day detention act. Stephanie had entered the resistance movement through her friendship with members of the African Resistance Movement and although she had been brought up in an Afrikaner nationalist family, she emerged having made only a fairly innocuous statement to the police.

To have done so was a victory for humanity over her upbringing and the extremely sophisticated methods which the police used to break down their victims: the failure rate of the police is almost nil.

The struggle then was one between humanity and the forces of entrenched privilege represented here by the entire white populace. A love of humanity entails care about individuals and it is to their credit that Albie Sachs and Stephanie Kemp cared enough about people as individuals to endure the hardships of interrogation and imprisonment without giving evidence against their friends in the movement. It is particularly strange, therefore, that the author has devoted almost a hundred pages to a description of the character and behaviour of the chief prosecution witness at the trial, who had once been a leading figure in the A.R.M.

The main villain of the book is, oddly enough, not any of the interrogators; indeed the portraits of Captain Rossouw, 'Spyker' Van Wyk and others are almost sympathetically drawn while the character of the person who had broken down early in his interrogation is dilated upon and not spared one iota. True, Mr. Sachs allows others to call him a rat, while he simply marvels that such a hero could turn into the man whom he saw giving evidence.

Do the accusers, in their courtrooms and newspaper offices in South Africa, calculate that by some political arithmetic their execution of the unfortunate who broke down diminishes from the suffering of others? Let them weigh their contributions against the dismal failure of this one human being and see who falls short in the balance. On the contrary they are enriched both materially and prestige-wise for selling their empty words where others pay with their lives or at least part of them.

It would be revealing indeed to know why the book was written at all. If it was to show the heroism of Stephanie Kemp it has not entirely succeeded in doing this; despite her bravery there comes to the fore the picture of an uncompromising girl completely dedicated to the ideal of not giving evidence against her fellow resistance workers—partly one suspects to preserve her own integrity. I would like to go on believing that this is not the true picture, that she withstood these enormous pressures because of her faith in the humanness of every individual and a loathing of injustice.

Reading 'Stephanie on Trial' brings one to question the right of all of us who are out here in safety so to depict our own conduct and to vilify that of others. For what happened? After the movement for freedom had turned to violence, after the mass arrests and trials, most of the participants were incarcerated. A few escaped to other countries. The only ones whose political records are quite unblemished are those who remain in prison. For the rest of us—"use every man after his deserts, and who would scape whipping?"

I am leaving Tiko next month." I had wanted to keep the actual date of my departure secret from her because I knew that if she was made to realise how soon I would be going away she would be very sad and she would cry a lot. It made her look even smaller and frail. And she looked alone. Whenever she was sad I was reminded of the fact that she had lost her father just after she was born; and her mother when she was thirteen. They had gone away forever, silenced by death, covered up by the earth, leaving her behind at the mercy of anyone who would decide to be her husband. And I had decided to be that man, convinced that I would make her and our children happy.

"Next month," she said under her breath.

We walked in silence. "I shall write often," I said to break the silence.

"What date next month?" she asked.

I could feel how chilly she had become.

"The seventh."

"That is in a fortnight's time?"

"Yes."

She didn't cry as I had expected; but I knew she was suffering as I had never seen her suffer before; for I wasn't only her lover. She hadn't any brothers or sisters, as you know; and I had become a kind of brother to her.

How was she to know if we shall ever see each other again? How was she to know if I wouldn't meet another girl in Lagos or in Europe and forget her?

As we walked in silence it seemed to me that those questions were on her mind. And for the first time in my life I thought there was something unfair in growing up. Hearts which were full of hopes, hearts which were always looking forward to tomorrow, become hearts heavy with memories as life becomes a bitter struggle to survive, succeed and prosper—an internal and external struggle. We turn our backs on home, as I would be doing in a fortnight's time. I was going to take a look at the world and to work. It was a gamble. And it was a pity that I was leaving Enanga behind. Leaving love behind.

"What are you going to study when you finally go to Europe?"

"Medicine, I think," I said. "I'll be a doctor." I felt very proud of myself and I wanted her to be proud of me. "Yeah, I'll qualify and then come back right here and marry you." She glanced at me and I think she gave a little laugh which sounded slightly bitter. "Don't think I'm joking," I cried, almost furious. "I mean it. I'm going to marry you!"

"But don't shout!"

"I'm not shouting," I said. "But you didn't seem to think I meant what I was saying."

"What did I say?" she asked. "Did I open my mouth?"

"You didn't," I said quickly. "Now I want you to open it. Are you going to be my wife?" She didn't reply for a long time. The moon had risen. I could hear children singing bolobo songs in the distance. The moonlight was silvery on the banana leaves. And from time to time the siren of a locomotive rose into the night. Not many stars in the sky; and clouds were still on the mountain. "Enanga."

"Yes?"

"You heard what I said."

"Yes."

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she said; and then added. "But you are going away."

"I shall return," I said. "Just be patient and wait for me."

But circumstances were unfair to her; for nine months after my arrival in Lagos everything was set for my departure to this land of sunshine and snow.

I wrote to her and was surprised to see her in Lagos ten days later, exactly three days before my departure. She said she had come to say goodbye to me. She brought good wishes and parcels from my parents, and especially pieces of advice from my mother.

It was one of the happiest days of my life when I saw that girl. We loved each other more than we had loved each other before for there was despair now in our embraces, seeing how, very

soon the long separation would begin.

And then the African afternoon became the evening which gradually darkened into night, night of conversation in low voices and of love and very little sleep.

The next day didn't delay. The dawn broke over Lagos with the shrill voice of the muezzin, calling muslims to prayer, and soon it was morning, the rumble of buses and other noises.

Two days later we were at the airport.

"Don't cry," I said.

"Yes," she sobbed, dabbing her eyes with a tiny handkerchief.

"I shall write." We had no time left. "Bye, Enanga," I said, taking her hand. "And be a good girl."

"Bye," she sobbed. "Write, write . . ."

"I will," I promised. "Bye."

As my plane rose into the night gathering over Ikeja I looked down through the small glass window and saw the lights of the airport and those of the city a little to the south.

Mountains of clouds. Luminous dots, the lights of the city in the grey dusk in which Enanga was returning to my room to pack my things and return with them by road to Tiko.

The noise of the aircraft's engine. And I thought and thought of my first love. I thought of the moon and the sirens of trains and the wind-borne voices of happy children that night she promised to become my wife. I wished I would be returning the following year and not after seven years if I was lucky, and ten or so, if I wasn't very lucky. How was Europe? I would be arriving in autumn; and according to the books the trees would be losing their leaves. It would be very cold, and even colder in winter. And I knew I would be alone.

And the plane droned on its way through the night under tiny, tropical stars which, twinkling, seemed to be signalling very sadly:

"Safe journey, you who travel with your hopes and the hopes of others."

But I had more memories than hopes and I felt tears come into my eyes when once more I thought of Enanga as if already I knew we shall never see each other again.

Now your letter says she is dead!

I am seeing her now in my imagination. Her oval face; the sincere eyes. A beautiful girl and I feel the warmth of her heart. And I hear her voice, soft, talking of hope.

Write to me. Tell me in detail how her funeral was. I am writing a book about her in which we shall have our children and be happy in a long dream.

the rose is a tiger

GEORGE V. CHINTO

When our own dear mind deceives us

How can we tell

When we ourself deceive ourself

When what we see is not really how it appears

What we hear not really how it sounds

Or what we touch not really how it feels

Why can't we tell

When our own dear mind tricks us

Into fear or bravery or happiness, love, affection or hatred?

At night the rose is a tiger in the garden

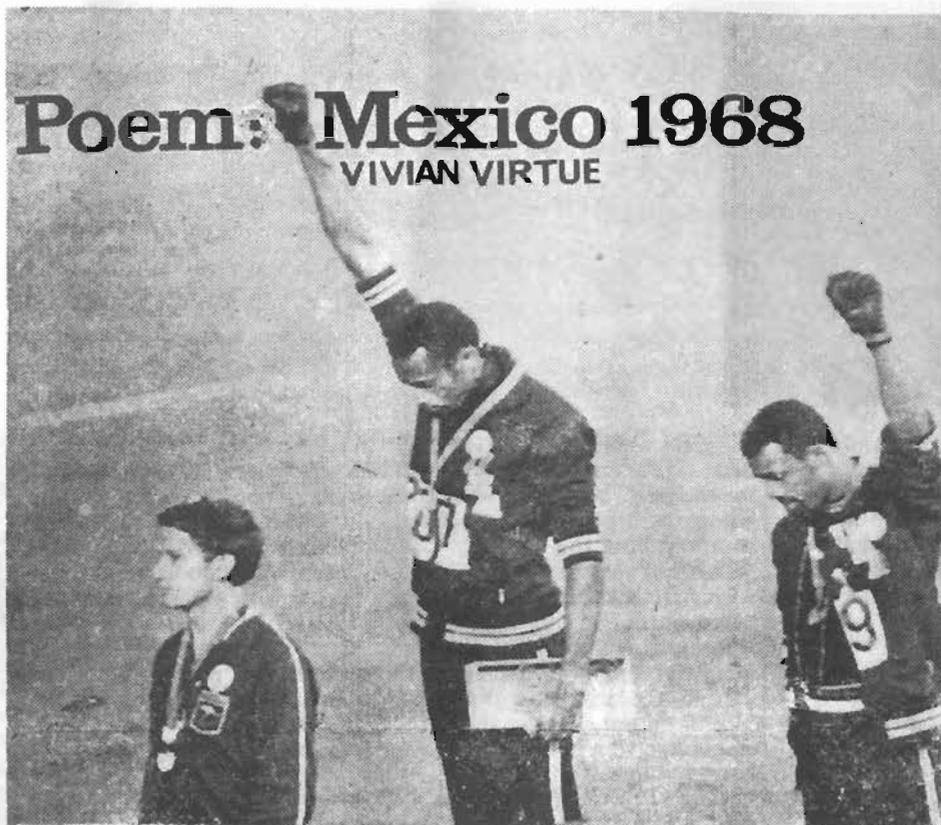
A white sheet on the line is a ghost.

What makes a coward fear a brave man, a brave?

Why do we keep on believing the deceiving mind?

Poem: Mexico 1968

VIVIAN VIRTUE



FOR THE AFRICAN ATHLETES AT
THE SIXTH OLYMPIAD
Mexico 1968

See here the poetry,
The fluent black body in swift epic motion
Not Homer himself competes with
In his free ranging Marathon metres narrating
The funeral games of Achilles.

Look at the sculpture
As movement outreaches itself into stillness!
The figure not Myron
With bronze winning Ladas rivals.

Listen to the music,
The rhythmic feet effortlessly sweeping the tracks
In a visible vigorous Allegro,
A *moto perpetuo* not wizard
Paganini approaches.

Bring the palm to Mamo Walde the Ethiopian,
Salute Kipchoge Keino the Kenyan,
And the others, named legion,
Africa's wing-fotted ones
Who, under that flame out of Greece
Presiding at Mexico,
Raced home matchlessly, magnificently...

Hear the acclaiming arena, and see
How the old Aztec gods
Roused from their proud monumental stone sleep
Listen, wide-eyed
Upon Popocateptl.

VIVIAN VIRTUE



(to Wole, with love)

... Let the graying day grow,
... Let the evening horns blow,
... Let melting mountains go,
... But let the sundown sow
In your soul
The sky-censored seed
Of a lone
And lonely longing
For the night
That, in me, must breed
Fire-desire
For your fondling,
That I should
Rise and crush the creed
That separates
Your soil from my sapling,
And makes
Us ride-upon a horse
Whose foothold
On the land slackening
Echoes the cry
That there is no heed
To the tear
Of a fainting foundling—

... O let the sundown sow,
... Let melting mountains go,
... Let the evening horns blow,
... Let the graying day grow.

... Let the graying day grow,
... Let melting mountains go,
... But let the sundown sow,
In your soul,
The soil-sanctioned bulwark-bone
That must steel your soul,
Against both stick and stone,
And toughen your toe
That, to trip, is prone—
For a hundred hells
Hunt for the human heart,
While a billion
Blows bang upon its door,
And un pitying paws
Pounce forth from every part,
Till cruel cries
Cake up at its very core;
Still stand stubborn
To stones that strangle the dawn,
Still stand stubborn
To stones that maim the morn,
Still stand stubborn
To stones that assail the sun,
Still stand stubborn
To stones that ambush man
... O let the sundown sow,
... Let melting mountains go,
... Let the evening horns blow,
... Let the graying day grow.

JOHN OKAI

Sunset
sonata

MOD-ZAWE

JOHN OKAI

living in Africa. One can easily excuse this neglect and indifference to differences in culture, or better still blame it on to the class- and racially-conscious colonial system imposed from Whitehall. In this context mention may be made that the colour bar, as we know it now, is a by-product of that colonial empire, in Africa, in the southern states in America, and in the white Australia policy. Apartheid only formalised an existing situation in the case of South Africa. But that is another subject.

The problem I am facing now is that of being an African Indian, and trying to forge some links between the two races. This you and I must do, not because it is "not nice" to be exclusive but because the very survival of the Indians in East Africa, and perhaps at some later stage in Southern Africa, depend on accepting, first the African rule and secondly the implications of the changed status of the African. Only by working within this new system of values can the Indian survive.

One can examine the plight of the Kenyan Indians in the light of the historical neglect. One can be smug and say that "they had it coming". But it does not alter the fact the present situation represents personal tragedies for many thousands of Indians. In times of economic or political difficulties it is always tempting for an ambitious and/or unscrupulous politician to channel public resentment and frustration against an easily identifiable minority group. One does not need to go through the whole history of anti-semitism to understand the extent of possible violence against a minority group. Such things are always possible irrespective of the identity of the majority group. The Indians in Africa are a very easily identifiable group, and one can recall the anger and the vehemence with which the African frustration erupted against the Indians in Durban some twenty years ago.

Being aware of the problem results in a search of the possible solutions, and this is where all you graduate Mr. Patels can play significant roles not only as Indians but also as Africans.

Job discrimination is, I agree, deplorable but it must be viewed as a back-lash of the colonial system. It does not require any special skill to stamp a passport or to issue stamps, and the mistake was made in employing Indians in these capacities instead of training and using local African labour. This has happened and any protest abroad now is futile. But burning an Indian shop is a real public manifestation of that resentment and anger. The Indians in Kenya will have to accept more and more job discrimination in spite of what the local politicians might say. The hope lies in accepting the new situation and adapting and changing to meet this new challenge.

Which is why I suggested that you either change your ticket to Bombay in spite of what the Indian government might say, or find a new place for yourself in Africa, by making the necessary sacrifices and accepting the essential changes. You and your family could emigrate to wherever else is possible, perhaps to Canada. But do not make the mistake of living again in exclusive inward-looking groups. Wherever you go, you will have to accept that a minority, anywhere and everywhere and always, is liable and susceptible to violence and discrimination, in spite of all the goodwill and hopes of good men and women. Good luck again, Your, AN AFRICAN.

A line must be drawn somewhere
 And when with his bathroom towel
 Thrown over his morning shoulder,
 God leaves his dawn-deserted door
 For the invisible path that leads
 To the rising sun's river-sea,
 I shall step into his way, and
 Plant my one one-quarter feet
 Firmly upon the feeble earth,
 I shall weep the hell-world out
 Of my inside and thereafter shout:
 Someone has stolen away
 My great grandmother's bones!

Let human beings be human beings again.
 Let human beings be human beings again.
 Let human beings be human beings again.

When God's own ghost unhairs my skull,
 While the silent sky unto all this a witness is,
 I shall beg the trotting toad to teach my hide
 How to tiptoe against the tide in the serpent's hiss,
 When God himself disarms my arm,
 While the wild wind unto all this a witness is,
 I shall resume the song that tames the charm
 In the python's poison and the maiden's kiss.

When the white tender clouds
 In the sun-saluted sky above
 Cake up into a pity-pawned piece
 Of charcoa! darker than darkness,
 Descend O God! descend O God!
 Upon mammalian jungle-dungeon
 And help your disciples to teach
 Me to forget the very things
 I ought not to forget:

Breathing, thinking and dreaming.

Descend O God! descend O God!
 To the echo-wail-boom and music of
 The Dodonpo and the Odono
 And the festive Buntim Obonu,
 Break through the Zaana zone
 Of the light eleven light years.
 Descend O God! descend O God!
 Someone has stolen away
 My great grandmother's bones!

Let human beings be human beings again.
 Let human beings be human beings again.
 Let human beings be human beings again.

* [Modzawe : an Akan-Ga word meaning 'blood-place' where in the past the Gas' important decisions were taken and social criminals beheaded.]