

that we are afraid that when the time comes we will no longer be able to rise to what is demanded of us.

To me it seems that all we can do in the interim is live as fully and as consciously as possible, and the 'Cubist sensibility' can help us to do this. We need to feel every aspect of our environment as something close and pressing on us, involving us. This entails a breaking away from all idealism, all Utopianism, all theoretic analysis. The liberal sensibility has been subtly undermined by the utilitarian reasonableness of nineteenth century thought. But our actual lives in South Africa have necessarily been different. We feel daily around us the naked impact of humiliation and despair, the horrible fecundity of misunderstandings multiplying in our relationships with each other— and occasionally we feel the flash, the unmitigated directness, of communication, and a sense of the fundamental unity of being in the same country for good or ill. This unity is not the unity of a utilitarian community that understands itself and its common needs as part of an abstract system, or part of a community of ideals. It is the unity of people responding with intense imaginativeness to their own pressures and needs, and so also to those of others, with

which they are inevitably involved. We understand each other because our jagged problems are locked together and complementary, like the pieces of a jigsaw or the planes in a Cubist picture.

So we should read not Mill but Fanon, that terribly distorted mind. Distorted he may be by his sense of injustice, by his bitterness, by his Black chauvinism—but the very distortion of his mind, so one thinks at times, is what he has to give to us, what he has to say to us. It should be the same with the writing we produce—we need a Fanon. We can no longer reach after ideal solutions or serene analyses: what we can produce is only the distorted moment of our being registered with urgent consciousness and humanity. We can make it clear to ourselves and to each other that we live in an environment in which the strengths and weaknesses of man reveal themselves with direct, though often ambiguous and difficult, intensity.

If we live and are conscious in this way we shall often find our consciousness intolerable to ourselves; but at least we shall know ourselves to be alive and human. □

BWANA GO HOME

(Bob Hitchcock: pub. Howard Timmins: 165 p.p. R4,75)

by Alan Paton

This book is easy to read, it is full of factual information, it is good lively journalism. But don't read it for relaxation, or to be cheered up, because it won't relax you and it won't cheer you up.

I am at a disadvantage because I have not been to independent Zambia at all. I last visited the actual country in 1958, when it was called Northern Rhodesia, and was part of the ill-fated Federation of Central Africa, one of the last attempts in history by the white man to impose his will on black men.

I must therefore rather relate the facts as Mr Hitchcock sees them, because I am in no position to confirm or contest them, I am going to assume that the facts are true, though it is possible that the whole sad story has been coloured by Mr Hitchcock's extreme disillusionment with Zambia and President Kaunda.

Indeed Mr Hitchcock can be said to have three themes. The first is Zambia and the President. The second is the inexorable growth of the guerrilla movement and its

immense threat to the rulers of Portugal, Rhodesia, and South Africa. The third is the warning, grave and authoritative, that if the white man in Africa doesn't come to his senses, the end of his tenancy is near.

Let us consider the first theme. Mr Hitchcock is not a racist and he does not write like a racist. On the contrary he believes in human equality. But every black Zambian who reads this book will regard him as a racist. His condemnation of modern Zambia is extreme. But so also is his condemnation of colonial North Rhodesia, where a white miner could earn R200 per month and pay his servant R4,00 where men like Kaunda could be thrown out of white-owned shops, and where the noble white-wash of "partnership" covered up the dirty structures of race discrimination.

Then came Mr Hitchcock's turn, not exactly to be thrown out, but to go with good intentions into a Zambian bar, and be totally ignored by the barman. Mr Hitchcock regards the Zambian army as "one of the most undisciplined armies in Africa" and gives examples of white

motorists and others who have suffered at roadblocks and other places the same kind of humiliations that black people had to suffer in the colony of Northern Rhodesia. Some white inhabitants have become Zambian citizens, but Mr Hitchcock regards them as "sad people".

I could go on at length like this, but the substance of it is already written. It is a story of black revenge for white contempt. This is the thing that white South Africans fear. It is the theme of Mr Karel Schoeman's novel *NA DIE GELIEFDE LAND*. Chief Buthelezi says it needn't happen here, but is he right? The Chief received a great reception at the January Conference of the Institute of Race Relations, but the atmosphere of the whole Conference was one of anxious hope. And the great question, the abiding question, is whether white South Africa has time to make amends, and will it help if she does. And because no one knows the answer, there are two courses open. One is to make amends. The other is not to make amends, or if you do make them, make them as slowly as possible, and get yourself blown sky-high in the company of the Cadmans and Wileys of this stupid world.

Mr Hitchcock's disillusionment with Zambia extends to the President himself. He believes that Zambia has become a dictatorship but that it is not Dr Kaunda who rules it. I must confess that I did not understand clearly who rules it, unless it is Minister Grey Zulu and Brigadier Kingsley Chinkuli. But that was certainly not Chief Buthelezi's impression. Therefore I shall leave it.

Mr Hitchcock believes that the President did not believe the Army account of the tragic shooting of the two Canadian girls, but that he had no alternative but to accept it. The official viewpoint was that the Rhodesians were to blame, and that they had arranged the killing for political purposes. Now white Rhodesians have done many stupid and outrageous things, but they didn't do that.

I have received a letter from Mrs Oscar Drijber, the mother of one of the dead girls. It is a letter seeking for enlightenment. She has also been and still is a well-wisher of the new African countries. What has happened? Can I explain it? She hopes she is not intruding.

I gave her what enlightenment I could. I found myself passing the same judgement as Mr Hitchcock. I wrote that one must recognise the intense enmity and even

hatred that exists between Zambia and white Rhodesia, and that I had no doubt that it was this hatred that was one of the main causes of her daughter's death. And I told Mrs Drijber that she certainly was not intruding. She was writing about something that I felt deeply.

Mr Hitchcock's second theme is frightening. He calls the present situation a war between Peking and Pretoria, which is exactly as our government regards it. Although the President and his Foreign Minister deny the presence of guerillas, Mr Hitchcock calls Zambia, "with certainty," the nerve-centre of guerilla war, and he visited some of their leaders. Paulo Gumane, leader of the Coremo (a breakaway from Frelimo), regards South African towns as easy to conquer because of their large black population. He thinks that 1974, 1975, and 1976, will be "bloody" years. Mr Hitchcock believes that China's moral influence and hold on the guerillas is very great. He regards the building of the new Botswana-Zambia highway as very dangerous to white South Africa. He reckons that 1976 and 1977 will be critical years. As I said, a white South African, or anyone who hopes for a reasonably peaceful solution, won't find any cheer in this book.

Mr Hitchcock's third theme is one of the recurring themes of REALITY. He writes this of the period 1976-1977.

What will happen from then on will depend largely on the racial climate at the time inside South Africa.

If the people in power insist on continuing to make life unpleasant for the Black majority, bloodshed is probable. And the world will regard such an act by rebels as justifiable social surgery on an unjust regime.

A regime that rejected its chance to encourage evolution and encouraged instead revolution.

It is clear I think to an increasing number of white South Africans that the hostility of the world and the intensity of guerilla warfare, far from abating, are mounting. It is to be admired that Mr Hitchcock, in spite of his disillusionment with Zambia, is no believer in the maintenance of white supremacy.

Some people will say that all liberals must read this book, and it will teach them a lesson. But it is not they who need the lesson. It is the Nationalists and the HNP, and the Old Guard of that sad United Party, and all other white South Africans who fear and resist change. □