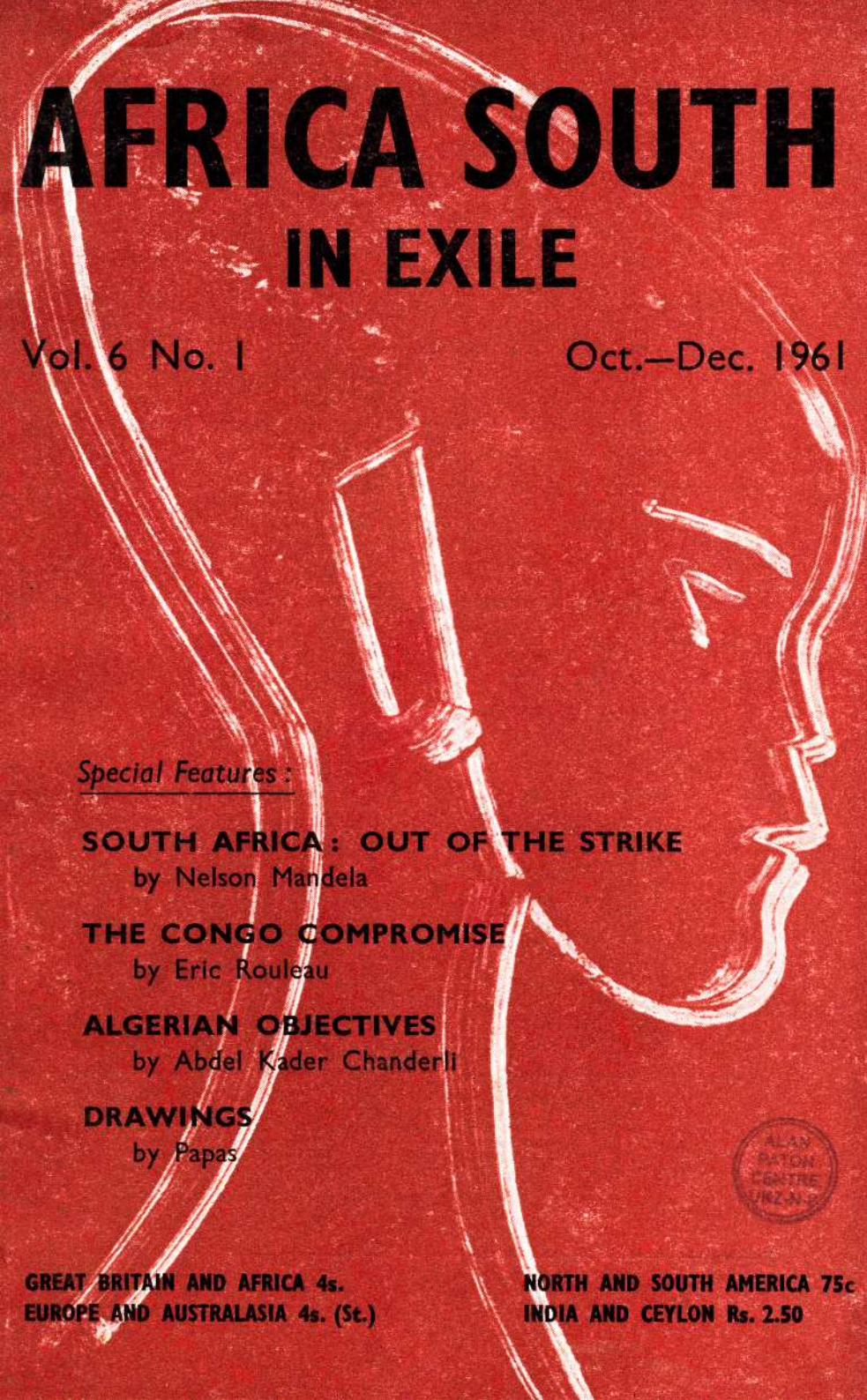
AFRICA SOUTH
IN EXILE

Vol. 6 No. 1 Oct.–Dec. 1961



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africa south

in exile

VOL. 6 No. 1 EDITOR: RONALD M. SEGAL OCT.—DEC. 1961

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A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING

A NEWSPAPER or magazine is not merely a weight of paper and ink, a profit and loss account with accumulated assets or liabilities, even a little library of facts and opinions. It is a living creature, which develops its individual personality, sometimes irresistibly itself, so that those who own or edit it find that they are not so much shaping its character as being shaped by it themselves. It carries the moods and thoughts of those who have inhabited its pages, but alters these features with a life that is all its own, so that it grows distinct from its inheritance. Such a being one does not close down; one has to kill it. And he who has started it and grown with it, till the lives of publisher and published have inextricably intermingled, kills also a part of himself.

This is the twenty-first issue of '*Africa South*' since its founding in 1956. It is also the last. If the decision to end it is likely to distress anyone, it will surely not surprise. No magazine of opinion can survive without lavish advertisements or subsidy; that is the cost of the printed word today. '*Africa South*' has never received sufficient from advertisements to pay for more than the printing of its cover. It has been subsidised all along, by sympathetic readers and organisations, and by myself. While I was able to publish it in South Africa, I was able to contribute substantially to its cost. I can contribute no longer. In August the South African Government refused me the right to transfer any of the funds I have in South Africa to Britain.

The readership of the magazine has been loyal, and various organisations have made it possible for '*Africa South*' to survive its exile at all. Such organisations, however, have wished for some indication that the magazine would one day pay its way. I am no longer able to persuade myself that this is possible. As the readership and influence of '*Africa South*' have grown, so have the magazine's losses. Its circulation is diffuse and therefore unappealing to advertisers. Those companies which would normally buy space for 'prestige' reasons are reluctant to antagonise a government in whose territory they operate so profitably. Such at least are the excuses I have encountered. The magazine is clearly as little an economic proposition to advertisers as it has been to its publisher.

Though I have drawn neither salary nor expenses as editor, and though much of the work and writing done for the magazine by others has been unpaid, the loss increases. The cost of printing, of paper and of postage mounts, while to raise the selling price of the magazine any further would quickly shrink its readership.

I have three times received offers of a subsidy that would ensure the survival of the magazine for several years, but only on condition that a committee of one shape or another might help to determine policy. I have refused. I do not complain. I am grateful to those organisations which have given me funds on the clear understanding that their paying would not call the tune. There are few such organisations, and they are not to be blamed for setting some limit to their generosity.

I have always believed that it would be better for '*Africa South*' to die than to survive as a disfigurement of what it set out to be and, I trust, became. If the magazine has attained any influence, it has done so because of its independence or—as some would have it—idiosyncracy. It has lived five years longer than many predicted at its beginning. It is already a small slice of history.

I do not mourn its going. I do not regret a day or a penny that I have spent on it. I am glad that I have had the chance to produce it for so long. I am grateful for having been enabled, every three months, to assault the despotism of race over race, of ruler over ruled, of violence and privilege and greed over the minds and bodies of men. '*Africa South*' has not always been temperate; it has seldom been open-minded. It has carried its prejudices proudly: its belief in the right of men, whatever their colour or creed, to determine their government; the need for Africa to free itself from the tyrannies of the present and the restraints of the past and to move towards democratic union. I believe that '*Africa South*' has helped a little—to scrape off the peeling paint of the old from Africa and prepare it for the new.

If I thought for a moment that the end of '*Africa South*' symbolised any rejection of the ideas which have animated it, I would mourn indeed. Quite the contrary; the belief in a free, unified and democratic Africa is taking possession of more minds everyday, and those who walk a different way are walking themselves out of the new Africa altogether. '*Africa South*' has attempted to convey, to East and West alike, that Africa alone will

determine its own future. Those in the West who attack African movements because they are not anti-Communist enough to satisfy the West's own standards of antagonism, discredit their objectives and injure the cause they proclaim. Those in the East who consider any refusal to commit Africa to anti-Communism as the foundation of an alliance against the West, degrade their sympathies and deceive only themselves.

If '*Africa South*' has assisted, however slightly, in exciting an appreciation of Africa's aspirations among other peoples, in encouraging the pursuit of justice and unity within Africa itself, there is no cause to mourn the magazine's end. It has served its purpose.

Ronald Segal

The former Bishop of Kimberley and Kuruman, to whom allusion was made in the article 'Anglicans and Apartheid' by Rev. Trevor Bush, published in our last issue, has asked us to state that the article was, of course, written without either his knowledge or his consent.

'I had no idea you were so particular.'

THE GREAT SMEAR: COMMUNISM AND CONGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA

DUMA NOKWE

Secretary-General of the African National Congress at the time of its banning in 1960.

AN attack in the March 1961 issue of the Washington-based '*Africa Report*' is but one out of many that have—with more passion than accuracy—been time out of number levelled at the South African Congress Alliance, and the African National Congress in particular, for the influence supposed to be exerted on Congress by members of the now illegal South African Communist Party. This recurrent campaign enjoys the support of the strangest collaborators—a few liberals and respectable experts on race relations, an eccentric selection of overseas journalists, and the present Nationalist Government in the Republic of South Africa. The allegations constituted the crux of the Crown case in the South African treason trial which opened in December 1956 and ended so abruptly in March 1961. During the five years of trial, the prosecution employed an eminent professor of political science to scrutinise every document that had been published by the African National Congress and its allies—the Congress of Democrats, the South African Congress of Trade Unions, the South African Coloured People's Congress and the South African Indian Congress—for traces of communist influence.

No one can reasonably maintain that Professor Murray of the University of Cape Town did not apply himself with diligence and with zeal to his task. Not one word escaped his search for communist colouring. He placed the results of his efforts squarely before the special court, and the court held—in dismissing all charges of high treason against the accused—there was no proof whatsoever that the African National Congress was communist controlled or that the communists had ever widely infiltrated into it.

The relevant issue of '*Africa Report*' states that: "In South Africa, the communists have in fact controlled most of the key positions in the oldest and most respected African organisation, the African National Congress, at least since the early 1950's"

and that "communist control of the African National Congress has been achieved through infiltration rather than ideological pressure—60 to 80 per cent. of the African National Congress Executive are dedicated communists". Here follows a chart of the African National Congress National Executive from 1949 until the banning of the organisation in 1960.

A.N.C. NATIONAL EXECUTIVE 1949—1960

1949–1952	1952–1955	1955–1958	1958–
	President-General:		
Dr. J. S. Moroka	Chief A. J. Lutuli	Chief A. J. Lutuli	Chief A. J. Lutuli
	Secretary-General:		
W. M. Sisulu	W. M. Sisulu	O. R. Tambo	D. Nokwe
	Treasurer-General:		
Dr. S. M. Molema	Dr. S. M. Molema	Dr. A. E. Letele	Dr. A. E. Letele
	National Executive Committee:		
Rev. Calata	W. Z. Conco	W. Z. Conco	W. Z. Conco
W. G. Champion	*Tloome Dan**	A. Hutchinson	L. Massina
*Tloome Dan**	A. Hutchinson	J. Mafora	Z. K. Matthews
*Moses Kotane**	J. Mafora	L. Massina	C. Mayekiso
*J. B. Marks**	L. Massina	P. Mathole	P. Malaoa
Z. K. Matthews	P. Mathole	Z. K. Matthews	O. Mpeta
V. T. Mbobo	Mr. Mayekiso	Mr. Mayekiso	T. Mqota
A. P. Mda	Mrs. L. Ngoyi	Mrs. L. Ngoyi	Mrs. L. Ngoyi
L. K. Mhlaba	J. Nkadimeng	J. Nkadimeng	Mr. Nyembe
Dr. J. Z. L. Njongwe	D. Nokwe	D. Nokwe	A. Nzo
G. M. Pitje	Mr. Rakaoana	Mr. Rakaoana	R. Resha
Rev. J. Skomolo	R. Resha	R. Resha	G. Sibande
O. R. Tambo	G. Sibande	G. Sibande	O. R. Tambo
A. B. Xuma	O. R. Tambo	T. Tshume	
	M. B. Yengwa	M. B. Yengwa	

**Names in italics denote former members of the banned South African Communist Party.*

Throughout that period, only three former members of the South African Communist Party were members of the National Executive and—as may be seen from their italicised names—none enjoyed any key position at all. In addition, men like Moses Kotane, Tloome Dan and J. B. Marks were members of the African National Congress since the early 1930's and did not 'infiltrate' into the A.N.C. after the Communist Party was banned. Moses Kotane, who was for many years Secretary-General of the South African Communist Party, served on the African National Congress National Executive from the early 1940's. He was a co-signatory with the staunchly anti-communist

Dr. Xuma in 1943 of a policy document, based on the Atlantic Charter, called 'African Claims'.

Instead of promoting, let alone encouraging, infiltration into the African National Congress, the 1950 Suppression of Communism Act specifically debarred former members of the South African Communist Party from any association with organisations named by the Minister of Justice in banning notices. Former members of the Communist Party—as well as many others, 'named' as statutory communists by virtue of convictions during the 1952-53 Defiance Campaign—were compelled to resign from the African National Congress altogether.

Under the terms of the Suppression of Communism Act, the Minister of Justice is authorised to appoint a 'Liquidator', whose function it is to 'name' as such all persons known to him through his investigations to be communist. The South African Government is not vulnerable to the charge of lacking energy or will in its frantic search to uncover communists. None of the names on the African National Congress Executive chart produced above—except for the three italicised—has since 1950, when the Act was passed, been so named by the Liquidator.

Most observers of the South African political scene have assiduously emphasised the non-communist character of Chief Albert Lutuli, A.N.C. President-General. This has, however, far too often been done in order to imply a vivid contrast with his colleagues in the organisation. Since it is equally admitted that the ordinary members of Congress, in city and on farm, are non-communist, the evidence of communist infiltration must accordingly depend upon a study of the organisation's National Executive. Yet where, in such a study, is there any evidence at all of communist infiltration or influence?

Revealing an even more blatant effrontery is the accusation that Chief Lutuli has been used as a sort of 'front man' by the communists and remains captive to their wishes. It is strange that those who level these accusations express their supreme confidence in Lutuli himself and their great admiration for the policies he follows. They seem supremely unaware that, in their medley of accusations, they condemn one of the greatest political figures in Africa to being either a fool or a peculiarly astute hypocrite. Is it really necessary to say that Chief Lutuli is neither?

Before his election as President-General of the African National Congress in December 1952, Chief Lutuli was A.N.C. President in Natal and Chief of a tribe in the Groutville mission area.

Summoned by the Secretary of Native Affairs and expressly asked to choose between remaining Chief of his tribe or a leader of the African National Congress, Lutuli refused to withdraw from Congress and refused to resign his chieftainship. He was immediately deposed, but his refusal to surrender had enormously enhanced his reputation throughout black South Africa. When he was proposed for the Presidency-General of the African National Congress in December 1952—by known non-communists like M. B. Yengwa and Dr. W. Z. Conco of Natal—he received the overwhelming support of the National Conference. Since then he has become the symbol, both in South Africa and the outside world, of the militant struggle against racialism of all kinds in his country. His devotion to non-racial democracy has led to exile, bannings, assault and persecution. To suggest that he has required any 'build-up' from anyone—communist or anti-communist—is an injustice that would be cruel if it were not funny. Support for his receipt of a Nobel Peace Prize is world-wide. How odd an award for a dupe.

The Special Correspondent, who made his revelations in '*Africa Report*', advances to his own impression of the Congress Alliance, that working association of the A.N.C.—until its banning in 1960—with the white Congress of Democrats, South African Indian Congress, South African Coloured People's Congress and South African Congress of Trade Unions. "This Alliance, which plans joint campaigns, functions through a committee on which the much larger African National Congress holds equal representation with four other participating groups—minor front organisations in which the communists have considerably more certain control than in the A.N.C."

The policy of allying itself with other organisations possessing similar objectives has been followed by the A.N.C. since its inception in 1912. In that year and during the years that followed, it allied itself closely with the African People's Organisation led by Dr. Abdurahman, a movement which was the ancestor of the present South African Coloured People's Congress.

In 1946 Dr. A. B. Xuma, President-General of the African National Congress, Dr. G. M. Naicker, President of the Natal Indian Congress, and Dr. Y. Dadoo, President of the Transvaal Indian Congress, signed a formal pact of alliance to co-operate on issues of common interest. It was as a result of this alliance that the African National Congress and the South African Indian

Congress—the two Indian organisations, both founded by Mahatma Gandhi, having formed a national movement—organised the 1952-53 Defiance Campaign, in which some 10,000 Africans, Indians, Coloured and Europeans participated. Indeed, one of the significant aspects of the Defiance Campaign was the participation by members of all racial groups in a campaign against apartheid. It was to give organisational form to this co-operation that the Congress of Democrats was founded as a movement for democratic whites in 1953. And it was, incidentally, the African National Congress itself which was responsible for the establishment of C.O.D. The South African Coloured People's Congress—then called the South African Coloured People's Organisation—was formed by a convention of Coloured leaders from various Coloured organisations on a programme similar to that of the A.N.C. and S.A.I.C., adopting as its policy one similar to that which had been followed by the African People's Organisation. Charts of the National Executives controlling these different organisations would indicate as little communist 'infiltration' as does the chart of the A.N.C. National Executive.

The development of the non-racial South African Congress of Trade Unions is to be found not in communist intrigue but in the character of organised trade unionism in South Africa. Up to 1953 nearly all trade unions were affiliated to the South African Trades and Labour Council; in that year, however, the Native Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act was passed in order—to quote the then Minister of Labour—"to bleed native trade unions to death". It was followed in turn by the 1956 Industrial Conciliation Amendment Act, which imposed apartheid upon those trade unions which had European, Indian and Coloured workers. The issue that then faced the South African Trades and Labour Council was whether to accept trade union apartheid upon the lines dictated by the government or to come out squarely against racialism and government interference in the trade union field. A split developed within the Trades and Labour Council; those who accepted apartheid formed the Trade Union Council, while those who rejected it founded the multi-racial South African Congress of Trade Unions. By its very stand against apartheid in trade unionism, S.A.C.T.U. found it natural to associate itself with the Congress Alliance.

A union of organisations, all possessing a common objective and enemy, is not peculiar to South Africa. And it is certainly

not peculiar to communism. If it were, this would be a scathing commentary upon the common sense of many millions of men. Nor is an alliance *with* the communists in itself something sinister or unprecedented. It was not so long ago, after all, that a relationship of unembarrassed warmth existed between the Western allies and the Soviet Union in their common cause against Nazi Germany. There is nothing sinister in the existence of democratic movements in South Africa which contain former members of the Communist Party. There is no witch hunting in the Congress movement. The individual members of groups in the Congress Alliance are accepted in terms of the loyalty they give and allegiance they profess to the principles of the organisations themselves. Nor is there anything sinister about equal representation of small and large organisations on a committee, the purpose of which is to resolve common problems on the basis of a mutual respect for the independence of each constituent organisation. Was there not equal representation of the Allies at the numerous conferences held during the second world war to work out common problems and strategy? Is the United Nations General Assembly not in this sense composed of equal partners?

The Congress Alliance was also the subject of a searching examination in the treason trial, and despite Professor Murray's attempts to uncover communist intrigue, the special court found the Alliance a common-sense form of organisation, adopted by numerous political movements ranging all the way from the extreme right to the extreme left. The special court also found that the A.N.C. was clearly "the senior and dominant partner" in the whole Alliance.

There is another assertion published in '*Africa Report*' and frequently promoted by those whose anti-communist hysteria leads them on all occasions to prefer that organisation which shows most energy and diligence in attacking communism. It is these people who have so shrilly maintained that the Pan Africanist Congress—the group which split away from the A.N.C. in 1958—is more 'powerful' more 'dynamic' and more 'militant' than the A.N.C. According to '*Africa Report*' —"the A.N.C. under Lutuli has been a very peaceful organisation, a group whose leaders would not take stands that would send them to jail. Since the Defiance Campaign of 1952-53, it has done very little indeed".

It is difficult to understand the accusation in '*Africa Report*'

that the South African communists are 'moderate' and have been influencing the A.N.C. against taking militant and revolutionary action. One would have thought that the South African communists, like communists everywhere, would have been feared and attacked by those like the Special Correspondent of '*Africa Report*'—not because they were meek and fearful, but because they were on the contrary violent and destructive. Certainly the South African government in its treason trial argued that the A.N.C. was communist and for that very reason was planning, conditioning and preparing the people for a violent overthrow of the state. The court dismissed this allegation as total invention. After listening to communist classics quoted interminably during the treason trial on the militancy of the Communist Party, I must personally confess to finding the particular accusation of communist meekness made in '*Africa Report*' somewhat startling.

The A.N.C. has from its inception believed in organising the mass of the African people throughout the country, in the confidence that effective action is possible only with the widest popular support. This is peculiarly significant to the degree that the success of A.N.C. campaigns has always been judged—by friends and enemies alike—not by what it has achieved in isolated areas, as has been the measure of success for the P.A.C., but what the response has been throughout the whole country.

Until 1949 it is reasonable to hold that the A.N.C. had no real programme of mass militant action. It relied by and large on deputations to the government, resolutions and petitions interspersed with mass action, in the hope that the government could be persuaded toward reform. Indeed, while discriminatory legislation steadily increased, the hope remained that this was a temporary trend which might be reversed. In 1948, however, the Nationalists came to power and made it clear that they intended to keep the African firmly in his place. The A.N.C. swiftly responded by adopting a "programme of mass action", and it became finally clear that any fundamental change in South Africa would be brought about by mass action and not by supplication. This programme of action included all forms of mass extra-parliamentary activity short of violence. It specified civil disobedience, strike action and non-cooperation.

On 26 June 1950, the A.N.C. called a one-day strike throughout the country in protest against the Suppression of Communism Act and against the shooting and killing of 18 Africans

by the police on 1 May 1950. On 26 June 1952 the A.N.C. and S.A.I.C. together launched the Defiance Campaign, during which some 10,000 people went to jail. As a result of this campaign a substantial number of leaders in Johannesburg, Kimberley and Port Elizabeth were arrested and sentenced to some nine months imprisonment; in all some 60 were convicted. Although the sentences were suspended, conviction in terms of the Suppression of Communism Act made the leaders statutory communists and enabled the Minister of Justice to order their resignation from the A.N.C., their confinement to a single magisterial area for a specified period, and a prohibition against their attending all gatherings for up to five years. The majority of the convicted were so proscribed, and the A.N.C. was accordingly deprived of its most experienced leaders. In addition, the government passed in 1953 both the Criminal Laws Amendment Act and the Public Safety Act. The first made defiance of the law by way of protest punishable by up to three years imprisonment and/or whipping and/or a £300 fine, while the second gave the Minister of Justice power to declare a State of Emergency. Banning orders and deportations meanwhile thinned the ranks of the Congress leadership.

At the end of 1953, the A.N.C. adopted the proposal of Professor Z. K. Matthews—one of Africa's greatest academics and as far from being a communist as General de Gaulle—to convene a Congress of the People, where delegates from all over the country would discuss and resolve the type of society that they wanted South Africa to become. The proposal so stirred the government that the head of police at once declared it treasonable to organise such a congress. Extensive and repeated raids were conducted by the police on the homes of Congress members, and on offices and meetings of the Congress Alliance, with the statement that charges of treason were contemplated. The Congresses, however, continued to organise the Congress of the People, which was attended by over 3,000 delegates just outside Johannesburg on 25 and 26 June 1955. Seized by the police, the Freedom Charter adopted at this meeting subsequently formed the basis for the treason trial. In the face of such persecutions and bans, banishments and threats, the claim that A.N.C. leaders "would not take stands that would send them to jail" is grotesque.

On 5 December 1956, 156 leaders of the Congress Alliance were arrested and charged with high treason. A.N.C. leaders

continued, however, their political resistance. On 26 June 1957 they called upon the country to observe a national stay-at-home, despite the fact that it is a serious criminal offence in South Africa to incite Africans to strike. In 1958 the movement called for a three day stay-at-home during the general elections. Many A.N.C. leaders were subsequently arrested, convicted, and served sentences for incitement. At the same time the A.N.C. was organising extensive resistance to the pass laws among women throughout the country. Were the 20,000 women who went in protest to the Union Buildings in 1957 fearful of imprisonment, or the 2,000 in Johannesburg who defied the pass laws in 1958? Were the 1959 demonstrations throughout Natal, which made headlines in the world press, an indication of timidity?

One must try—difficult as it seems to be for many observers of the South African scene—to separate claim from accomplishment. The P.A.C. defiance campaign of 1960 was sensational enough—in Cape Town and in Sharpeville. Some 100 people were killed. Yet the major centres did not respond at all. The Reef, which is the industrial heart of South Africa, Durban and Port Elizabeth, the best organised and most militant areas with the largest concentration of Africans, ignored the call. When in 1958 the A.N.C. organised its three day stay-at-home, it was a real success only in Sophiatown in Johannesburg and was immediately written off as a failure. I agree that it was a failure. A call for national action must receive a national response. A vivid contrast with both the 1960 P.A.C. campaign and the 1958 stay-at-home can be made by the call of Chief Lutuli on 28 March 1960 for a nation-wide stay-at-home as a day of mourning for the victims of the Sharpeville massacre. There the response was magnificent and nation-wide.

In the context of the May 1961 anti-Republican demonstration, the militancy of the P.A.C. is altogether open to dispute. The representatives of the organisation refused to participate in the All-In African Conference at Pietermaritzburg which demanded a National Convention to resolve a democratic constitution or, if this were refused by the government, a campaign of non-cooperation launched by a three-day general strike. The P.A.C. not only opposed the demand for a National Convention, on the grounds that Africans alone could determine their future, but openly opposed the strike call. Pamphlets bearing the name of the P.A.C. were distributed in various

areas of the country towards the end of May, calling upon Africans to ignore any call to stay at home. This act of political sabotage may well have endeared the organisation to elements outside of Africa; it has eroded whatever support the P.A.C. might have had both within South Africa itself and in other parts of the African continent.

The policy of the A.N.C., as the largest, oldest and most powerful African political movement, has consistently been and will unswervingly remain the forging of a real unity among all Africans, irrespective of tribe or ideology, and of all organisations, irrespective of colour or race, which accept the objectives of a democratic South Africa. In the great struggle to isolate white supremacy both inside South Africa and internationally, in the context of legal and illegal campaigns against apartheid, the leadership of the A.N.C. considers no sacrifice too great. Nevertheless, we have a responsibility to our people and we have never equated recklessness with militancy. We have so far consciously avoided a violent clash, because we have felt so far that suicide is no substitute for victory. The African National Congress has survived some 50 years of attack by the armed forces of race rule in South Africa. It will survive also the attacks of those who proclaim their friendship only to disguise their enmity.

OUT OF THE STRIKE

NELSON MANDELA

Honorary Secretary of the All-In-African National Council in South Africa and a former leader of the banned African National Congress; now organising resistance to the policies of the South African Government from underground.

SOUTH AFRICA is a house divided against itself. In spite of the lofty motto placed on our national coat of arms—*Eendrag maak Magt* or Unity is Strength—South Africa is a country split from top to bottom by fierce racial tensions and strife. The three-day strike at the end of May 1861 starkly emphasised the chronic state of disunity that has existed in the country since Union.

To the Afrikaners the proclamation of a republican form of government represented the final triumph of their rancorous struggles against British dominion. It meant that the final link with the British Crown had at last been broken, that the sovereignty of the 'volk' had at last been realised and could now be enjoyed. But to the 10,000,000 Africans, and to the other non-white sections of the population, the Republic was a form of government based only upon force and fraud. Under it white supremacy, the savage suppression of the rights and aspirations of the non-white peoples, would be practised. To them, such a society was totally unacceptable, and a campaign to give concrete expression to this opposition was immediately started.

It is now common knowledge that on 26 March this year, the Pietermaritzburg All-In-African Conference unanimously demanded that the Government call a national convention—with delegates elected by all adult men and women, black and white—not later than 31 May 1961, to draw up a democratic constitution acceptable to all sections of the population. The Conference resolved that, if the Government ignored this demand, country-wide demonstrations would mark the rejection by South Africa's non-white majority of a white Republic created without their consent. Subsequently, the All-In-African National Action Council, which was established in terms of a resolution of this Conference, announced that the demonstrations would be held on 29, 30 and 31 May.

No political organisation in this country has ever conducted a mass campaign under such dangerous and difficult conditions. The whole operation was mounted outside—even in defiance

of—the law. Because members of the Continuation Committee which organised the Pietermaritzburg Conference had been arrested, the names of the members of the National Action Council were not disclosed, while all Council meetings and activities had to be secret. The Government banned all meetings throughout the country. A special law was rushed through Parliament, empowering the Government to arrest and imprison for twelve days anyone connected with the organisation of the demonstrations. Our organisers and field-workers were closely trailed and hounded by members of the Special Branch and had to work in areas heavily patrolled by municipal and Government police. Homes and offices of known Government opponents were raided, while more than 10,000 Africans were arrested and imprisoned. The army was placed on a war footing, while white civilians, including women, were armed and organised to shoot their fellow South Africans.

In spite of all these obstacles, we succeeded in building up a powerful and effective organisational machine to promote a strike of protest and the demand for a national convention. Support for the strike grew stronger every day, and the demand for a national convention roared and crashed across the country. Political and religious organisations, university professors and students, all joined the cry for a convention.

Until ten days before the strike, the press had provided uncharacteristically fair coverage of the campaign, describing it as "the most intensive and best campaign ever organised by non-whites in this country" and openly predicting unprecedented success. Then, suddenly and simultaneously, all the newspapers switched their line. Heavy publicity was given to statements made by Government leaders and employers' organisations condemning the strike and threatening reprisals against all who stayed away from work. Statements made by the National Action Council were diluted, deliberately distorted or suppressed.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the first day of the strike, Radio South Africa announced that the strike had failed. The announcer explained that this news was based on information supplied at six o'clock in the morning of the same day by Colonel Spengler, Head of the Witwatersrand Division of the Special Branch. (Monday morning bulletins, incidentally, reported that the labour position was 'normal'. On Tuesday the bulletins said that 'the labour position has returned to normal'.

They wanted it both ways!) Similar police reports were the news of the day on repeated radio broadcasts. This meant that long before the factory gates were opened and, in some areas, even before the workers had boarded their buses and trains for work, the police and radio were busy announcing that the strike had collapsed. Late morning newspapers issued special editions which faithfully reproduced the police and radio reports.

Even then, all the facts were not that easily suppressed. The Johannesburg '*Star*' of the same day reported: "Early estimates of absenteeism in Johannesburg ranged from 40% to 75%." The later editions of the same paper dropped even this cautious estimate of the strike's success in the industrial heart of South Africa. Headlines carried the verdict "flop" and "failure", and white South Africa tried to settle back to 'normal'.

Given less overwhelming odds, the strike in Johannesburg would have been as complete as the first day's response initially promised. The Coloured in the Cape, notably Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, responded splendidly; this time, in contrast to 1960, the Africans waited to measure the reaction of their newly welcomed allies. Durban registered a moderate response.

Industrial workers in the key centres once again answered the call for political action, and the great gaps in their ranks were for the most part 'tied' labour—the miners in their concrete closed-in compounds; railway workers threatened with sackings, deportations, loss of sick fund benefits; compound labour working for municipalities and also under threat of dismissal and pass endorsement out of the towns; and large industrial enterprises like the Government-controlled Iron and Steel Corporation.

The Indian people stood everywhere firm against threat and violence.

The strike in Port Elizabeth was more widespread by far on the second day than on the first, and this was the one centre where widely publicised verdicts of failure surrendered to popular interpretation and confidence. A survey of the extent and effects of the strike was conducted after the event by the Port Elizabeth Chamber of Industries, but the Chamber took good care NOT to reveal the results of its investigations.

Only after those first tense strike days had passed were more balanced assessments made of the extent of the strike, and reports filtered through that hundreds of thousands of workers had stayed away from work, while the students in schools and

colleges throughout South Africa had adopted the campaign as their own.

On 3 June 1961, '*Post*', a weekly newspaper that circulates throughout the country, published reports from its team of staff journalists and photographers, who had kept continuous watch in industrial centres and non-white areas, and who had conducted extensive investigations on the effect of the strike. Said the newspaper: "Many thousands of workers registered their protest against the Republic and the Government's refusal to cooperate with non-whites. THEY DID NOT GO TO WORK. They disrupted much of South African commerce and industry. Some factories worked with skeleton staffs, others closed, and many other businesses were shut down for the three days." The leading article in '*New Age*' of 8 June acclaimed the strike as the most widespread on a national scale that the country had ever seen.

News from outlying areas, especially country districts, is slow to percolate into the cities, and for days and weeks afterwards, reports continued to seep through of support for the strike on farm and in trading store.

A significant feature of the strike was the wide support it received from students of all races. African students at the University College of Fort Hare, at Lovedale and Healdtown, at Freemantle Boys School near Queenstown and at Endaleni in the district of Richmond, all stayed away from classes. There were equally impressive demonstrations at St. John's College, Umtata, at the Botha Sigcau Secondary School, at Kilnerton and the University of Natal, where less than fifty students attended classes out of five hundred non-white students. In many other schools throughout the country, children boycotted Republic celebrations and refused to accept Government medals to commemorate its inauguration.

This impressive demonstration by students was not confined to Africans. It extended to Coloured and Indian students as well. White students at Rhodes University and at the University of the Witwatersrand came out in support. Sam Sly, writing in the liberal fortnightly '*Contact*' on June 15, observed: "In defiance of that sickening and sterile rule, there were plenty of politics on plenty of campuses. Enough to bring large numbers of armed police to five campuses. There was defiance, leadership and courage amongst the students. There was political awareness, even non-racial solidarity. Before, what had one heard but

minority protests, lost among the sounds of the inter-varsity rugby crowd or the chatter in the students' cafeteria." The rebellion in the schools and colleges is far from over. It has just begun.

The Nationalist Government was severely shaken, particularly by the militancy of African students, because it had trusted that Bantu Education, intended to inculcate a spirit of servility, would permanently stamp out revolt and challenge amongst the African youth. The emphatic rejection by African students of the Republic demonstrates not only the failure of Bantu Education to smother the demands and desires in the blood-stream of every African, but testifies to the vitality, the irrepressible resilience of African nationalism.

For the first time in many years the Coloured people emerged as an organised and powerful political force, to fight alongside their African and Indian colleagues. Nothing could be more disturbing to a Government whose continued existence depends on disunity within the files of the oppressed themselves.

The Pan-Africanist Congress blundered right from the very beginning. After supporting the resolution calling for All-In African talks and for a multi-racial National Convention, and after serving for some time on the Continuation Committee which planned the Pietermaritzburg Conference, they took refuge in assiduous sniping at the campaign. Early in February, they called for mass demonstrations on 21 March this year, the anniversary of Sharpeville. No one responded to the desperate distraction, however, and, four days afterwards, 1,400 delegates from all over South Africa reacted to the call of the Continuation Committee by voting unanimously in favour of a National Convention and for mass demonstrations. The P.A.C. took an even more disastrous step by issuing pamphlets which attacked the demonstrations and so helped the Government to break the strike. Almost all Africans, some of whom had previously supported the P.A.C., were deeply shocked by a rivalry which extended even to sabotage of the popular struggle. The three-year-old breakaway from the African National Congress will find further survival very difficult if it persists in wrecking what it cannot build.

Without doubt, this campaign remained an impressive demonstration of the strength of our organisation, of the high level of political consciousness attained by our people, and of their readiness to struggle against the most intimidating odds. On

the other hand, we charge fair-weather groups—those opposed to the Verwoerd Government for the havoc it is bringing to our national life and economic security, and yet fearful of the only force which can really dislodge this Government, the African people and their fighting allies—with having seized with relief on the weak spots of the strike and having blacked out or underwritten its great gains.

Our achievements, however, we know full well, must not be used as an excuse for exaggerating our success or for ignoring errors committed and weaknesses that require urgent attention. To do so would seriously hamper us in developing any successful campaigns in the future.

We appealed to our people to conduct themselves in a peaceful and non-violent manner. We judged it necessary to warn them not to place themselves in situations where they might be targets for the trigger-happy police. We gave assurances that there would be no intimidation whatsoever and that those people who wanted to go to work on the three days of strike were free to do so. For we are confident that, *given a free choice*, our people will react as one man to calls for actions in pursuit of their rights.

This Government, however, the whole system of white supremacy in a police state, gives our people no freedom of choice whatsoever, not even the freedom to withdraw their labour, to sit quietly in their townships or to walk in disciplined procession through the streets. In South Africa it is always the Government, its army and police, that must be warned to refrain from violence, for they are the source.

At the first announcement of a new African campaign, our enemies—and several friends—offer African political organisations gratuitous advice about the dangers of violence. Let those who would protect us—and no one is more solicitous of the care of our people than we, whose families face the mouth of the gun and the bullets—take action to disarm not the people but the Government, which arms and wages unremitting war upon us. Appeals to our people for non-violent demonstrations could easily have been interpreted as instructions against picketing. Political and trade union organisations everywhere recognise picketing as a legitimate form of action. As Alan Doyle wrote in '*Fighting Talk*': "The Government has rushed through draconic anti-strike legislation to stop picketing, or even the giving of a scornful word or look to a scab. Nevertheless,

the workers have their own ways of making those who go against a majority struggle feel the weight of their displeasure. Even the warmest of supporters will hesitate to 'go it alone' when he sees others streaming to work; for the strike situation depends essentially on solidarity, as every trade unionist knows. That explains why in a number of areas the early morning trains were empty; but some workers changed their minds and went to work later in the morning—because they saw others doing so. A strike, even a political strike, can never be a purely individual matter. . . . It is only natural that all but the most advanced and conscious worker will, however convinced they may be themselves, look anxiously to see what the other fellow is doing. A small minority of scabs can destroy any movement, industrial or political, unless means are found, as they have been found all over the world, to expose them and render them harmless."

Here was a national political strike, facing an armed force like none other on the African continent, organising a strike without picket lines. Here, too, was a national strike organised from underground. The Government told the country it would not declare a State of Emergency, for it had not yet recovered from the disastrous effects of the 1960 one. The latter half of May 1961 might not have been called an Emergency, but it was one nevertheless.

Every known political figure, local or national, understood he would be a catch for the police dragnet and, in order to remain an effective organiser, went underground. Key organising continued right up to the moment of the strike. But lack of experience in working under illegal conditions—the African National Congress had only been banned for fourteen months—created dislocation in certain areas, and leaders and organisers were not readily available on the spot to attend to the problems that arose as the anti-strike barrage reached its climax during the fourteen days before the strike.

The strike itself was witness to the great political maturity of those struggling for their rights in South Africa. Here was a national strike organised not for immediate wage demands by an industrial working-class, nor a strike around an intensely emotional issue like the police shooting at Sharpeville. This was an overt political strike, to back a demand for a new National Convention, a new constitution-making body, a demand for the full franchise, for the right to legislate, the right to

chart a new path for South Africa. It was a strike for fundamental rather than immediate peripheral demands, a strike for the right, for the power, to solve our bread-and-butter, or mealie meal problems ourselves (though it has been said critically, and I concede the point has merit, that the day-to-day demands of the people could have been more closely linked and more brightly highlighted in the propaganda material for the strike.)

The African people have a mature and developed understanding of the issue I outlined in my open letter (written on the eve of the strike) to the Leader of the Opposition United Party. To Sir de Villiers Graaff I wrote:

"The country is becoming an armed camp, the Government is preparing for civil war; none of us can draw any satisfaction from this developing crisis. We for our part have put forward, in the name of the African people, a majority of South Africans, serious proposals for a way out of the crisis. We have called on the Government to convene an elected National Convention of representatives of all races without delay, and to charge that Convention with drawing up a new constitution for this country which would be acceptable to all race groups. We can see no workable alternative to this proposal, except that the Nationalist Government proceeds to enforce a minority decision on all of us, with the certain consequence of still deeper crisis, and a continued period of strife and disaster ahead. The alternatives seem to be, to state them bluntly: talk it out, or shoot it out."

At the time I wrote to the Leader of the Opposition, I believed that the call for a National Convention could be the turning point in our country's history. It would unite the overwhelming majority of our people, African, Indian, Coloured and white, for a single purpose—round-table talks over a new constitution. It would isolate the Nationalist Government, clinging desperately to power against the popular will, and compel a submission to sanity.

The official Opposition remained silent. There was, however, a widespread response to the call from Progressives and Liberals, churchmen, university professors, students, intellectuals, some sectors of business and industry and, of course, the Congress Alliance. Since our call for the Convention there have been talks across the colour line, proposals for consultation among leaders of the different sections of the population.

I welcome consultations, non-colour bar conferences, and have taken part in many. Multi-race assemblies spread under-

standing, forge the unity of anti-Nationalist forces, thrash out common methods and a common approach. But the African people are not interested in mere talking for talking's sake. Their own agony grows ever more acute. Our Pietermaritzburg resolution stipulated—and we took much trouble over its formulation—that a National Convention must have sovereign powers to draft a new constitution, and we believe that no such Convention will ever take place without mass pressure, without popular struggle.

The May strike and the demand for a National Convention, all our demands indeed, are inextricably linked with our decision to launch a campaign of non-cooperation against the Government. The strike must be seen in this light.

There were those who cried: "The strike has failed. It was against the Saracen Republic. It did not bring it down." The strike was directed at all that is most hated in the policy of apartheid, to stake the claim of all our people to a share in government and in determining the shape of our country. It was never imagined—and our written and spoken word on the strike never implied—that this *one* action, in *isolation*, could defeat the Nationalists. Only the most naive and impatient can believe that a single campaign will create a wholly different South Africa.

We see the position differently. South Africa is now in a state of perpetual crisis. The Government's show of force, its reliance on the tank, the bullet and the uniform, are a show not of strength but of weakness, revealing its basic incapacity to face the challenge of a seething South Africa, a changing Africa, a world in revolution.

The crisis will inevitably grow more acute. The people's movements will continue, in city and country district alike, despite ban and intimidation, learning new ways to struggle, new ways to survive. The May strike was one fighting episode. From it, the people emerged more confident, unshaken by prognoses that they had failed, that strikes could 'no longer work'. In the centres where the strike met with popular response, the people themselves learnt that they could not trust any verdict on their struggle but their own. They have accordingly come out of the strike better steeled for the struggles ahead. Their own organisations are not weaker but stronger, more resilient. Future struggles lie ahead. . . .

24

TECHNIQUES OF REVOLT

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

VOTELESS people have at their disposal limited and well-defined forms of political action. They can ventilate grievances and publicise their policies by means of newspapers, pamphlets and leaflets. Mass meetings and demonstrations can be organised to provide visible evidence of support and to attract more followers. Political strikes, boycotts and defiance of unjust laws are, by comparison and indeed in themselves, advanced forms of struggle: they challenge the authority of the State and bring people into open conflict with police and courts of law.

The extent to which the various forms of political action can be utilised will depend, in the first place, on how much freedom is permitted for organisation and discussion outside the approved electoral system. Another determining factor is the state of mind of the disfranchised and their capacity for organisation. The two conditions are related. As the disfranchised mature politically, so will the State swell its repressive legislation and strengthen its security precautions.

A point may be reached when a politically conscious and active mass of people confronts an apparently unbreakable array of repressive laws, backed by armed force. The entire range of extra-parliamentary, non-violent methods of struggle has been employed without producing appreciable gains. On the contrary, the penalties imposed on those who take part in the struggle become increasingly severe, organisations are driven underground, leaders are jailed, banned and banished, and normal channels for the ventilation of grievances are closed.

At this stage members of the disfranchised population begin to consider seriously the possibilities of violent forms of struggle. That point has now been reached in South Africa. I have heard many people who were disappointed with the results of the stay-home campaign of 29-31 May argue that this type of mass action is not only ineffective but demoralising. Further action of a like nature, they contend, would yield diminishing returns in terms of popular support. They claim that the disfranchised cannot liberate themselves except by methods of individual terrorism, violent sabotage and eventual armed revolt.

People who hold such views agree with the government's claim that the stay-home was a failure. Nothing has been said

by the National Action Council which initiated the campaign to dispute this verdict. The Council's Secretary, Mr. Nelson Mandela, admitted that the strike was not the national success he had hoped for, promised that the shortcomings would be examined, and predicted: "If peaceful protests like these are to be put down by mobilisation of the army and the police, then the people might be forced to use other methods of struggle".

Mr. Mandela's words have been widely interpreted to mean that the time has come for the disfranchised to resort to violence. In a later statement, however, he indicated that what he had in mind was rather a massive 'non-collaboration' campaign, in which refusal to pay taxes would occupy a central place. Nevertheless, the tendency to think that violence is the only effective form of struggle is undoubtedly widespread and must be expected to extend. This being the case, it seems appropriate to consider systematically the value of 'peaceful protests' and, especially, the impact of the stay-home campaign.

Little would be gained by attempting a quantitative estimate of the response. The available evidence comes from partisan sources, is conflicting, and largely unreliable. My own estimate is that the campaign was most successful in Port Elizabeth, where both Africans and Coloured responded well to the strike call. It had a good response, especially on the first day, from Africans in Johannesburg, Indians in Durban, and Coloured in the Western Cape. People who took a great deal of punishment after the Sharpeville-Langa shootings last year did not take part to a notable extent. Only a small proportion of Africans in Durban and the Western Cape withheld their labour. On the other hand, Coloured and Indians, who had not been involved in last year's episode, supported the call in significant numbers.

Support for the campaign was therefore partial and patchy. Must we therefore conclude that the operation failed? Those of us who expected a nearly unanimous response (Mandela spoke of a '100 per cent. stoppage') and a breakdown of the State's organisation are inclined to admit defeat. In my opinion, however, their standard of judgment is wrong, not because they expected too much—optimism being a necessary ingredient of such causes—but because they have a wrong conception of the purpose and functions of mass political action undertaken by a disfranchised and suppressed people.

In the first place, mass campaigns of the stay-home type are launched as a challenge to the legitimacy of the established

political system. They enable the disfranchised to demonstrate in a visible, dramatic and organised manner their utter repudiation of a system of government in which they are unrepresented and over which they have no control. The institution of a Republic provided an admirable occasion for such a demonstration. The disfranchised had not been allowed to vote in the referendum for the Republic; even the Coloured voters of the Cape Province had been excluded. It would have been a grave political error to allow the birth of the Republic to take place without a challenge by the dispossessed.

The highly-principled fence-sitters of the National Anti-C.A.D. (Anti-Coloured Affairs Department), who did their best to wreck the campaign, denounced it as a 'stunt dressed up as a political strike' in a circular issued three weeks before it was due to commence. Now a stunt is a feat that is striking for the skill or strength required of the performers. Parliamentary parties engage in 'trials of strength' at the polls; a disfranchised people must find other means to challenge government. Neither the Anti-C.A.D. nor other critics have suggested a more effective method than the political strike to show South Africa and the world at large that the voteless reject a constitution in which they have no voice.

Secondly, the object of a mass campaign is to assert the claim of the dispossessed to participate in the system of government. They not only repudiate the established order, but also demand that it be reconstituted so as to give them a full share of political power. On this occasion the positive claim took the form of a demand that the government convene a national convention representative of all South Africans, with 'sovereign powers' to draw up a new non-racial democratic constitution.

Many observers claim that the constitutional issue did not appeal to the 'politically immature' Africans, who are concerned mainly with the removal of specific grievances such as pass laws. The demand for a change in the constitution, it is said, did not grip their imagination. '*Contact*', the liberal fortnightly, set out the argument in a sympathetic analysis: "The idea itself was too big to succeed, and a campaign whose stated aim cannot be reached does not inspire as a meaningful limited objective can. . . . The objectives had not the right appeal. The Republic was too abstract an objective, a National Convention too academic".

The demand for the holding of a national convention amounts

to a claim that the vote should be extended to the disfranchised. People who argue that the demand for the vote is untimely must surely be blind to the state of opinion at home, to events in the African continent, and to feelings abroad about policies in South Africa. Our basic source of discontent is disfranchisement; none of our grievances will be removed until our people have the vote. The stay-home campaign was a dramatic attempt to drive home this simple truth.

Parliamentary reform as a slogan is far more mature and exacts a higher level of political understanding than demands for the redress of specific grievances. The one is universal, the other sectional. Coloured and Indians cannot be expected to support whole-heartedly a campaign against pass laws, for these do not affect them directly. They and Africans can unite behind a demand for the vote. It is therefore the correct slogan for a country-wide effort to mobilise all sections of the disfranchised.

A third aim of mass campaigns is to educate people politically, consolidate a following and win new adherents. Propaganda by speakers and writers is not enough to keep the ideal of liberation alive. There must also be political action on the part of the people if they are to remain politically alert and develop immunity to the large-scale attempts of government to demoralise them and inculcate acquiescence in their servile status.

The educative value of a campaign and the amount of support it receives depend largely on the scale of the preparatory work, but this in turn is partly conditioned by the government's counter-measures. In view of the formidable obstacles encountered, such as the banning of all meetings from 19 May, the mass arrests of Africans in urban areas, the jailing of leaders —most of whom spent three months in prison during last year's State of Emergency—it is true to say that the organisers made an extremely good effort. Unprecedented numbers of leaflets were distributed by an exceptionally large body of volunteers, numerous house meetings were held and, a rare feature, lack of funds was not a handicap.

The number of people who stayed away from work is not an accurate measure of the impact made by the campaign on political consciousness. Africans who were intimidated from staying at home were fully aware of the issues and in broad sympathy with the aims of the campaign. Not the least valuable of the lessons they learned was that the Coloured shared thei detestation of colour discrimination and were as willing as they

to risk imprisonment and loss of jobs in the cause of liberation. If the campaign achieved nothing else, it scored great gains by drawing the Coloured and in particular members of the Malay community in the Western Cape into active struggle.

In the fourth place, campaigns expose and isolate leaders of the dispossessed who, because of timidity, egotism or a servile disposition, attempt to divide them and hold them back from struggle. As on similar occasions in the past, members of the Anti-C.A.D. took their stand on an anti-strike platform with their sworn enemies in the Coloured Peoples' National Union and the Pan-Africanist Congress. The P.A.C., though a banned organisation, was allowed to distribute masses of leaflets calling on Africans to ignore the stay-home appeal. In the big centres the police are said to have actually distributed leaflets purporting to have been issued by the P.A.C., but the P.A.C. itself has not repudiated the efforts made on its behalf by these strange allies. The treachery of the anti-strike organisations has caused deep cleavages to appear in their ranks and will destroy much of the influence they claim to exercise.

Fifthly, the object of a mass campaign is to harass the government, put it on the defensive, hamper its normal operations and undermine confidence in its stability. In these respects the stay-home achieved a magnificent success. As one observer remarked, the organisers "have given South Africa the worst case of the jitters since the emergency last year—and all without a single demonstration or incident". A brief account of the chief measures adopted by government and police to intimidate the people and wreck the campaign will indicate the extent to which the authorities were rattled.

In the country's biggest call-up since the war, scores of Citizen Force and Commando units were mobilised in the big towns. Camps were established at strategic points; heavy army vehicles carrying equipment and supplies moved in a steady stream along the Reef; helicopters hovered over African residential areas and trained searchlights on houses, yards, lanes and unlit areas. Hundreds of white civilians were sworn in as special constables; hundreds of white women spent week-ends in shooting at targets; gun shops sold out their stocks of revolvers and ammunition. All police leave was cancelled throughout the country; armed guards were posted to protect power stations and other sources of essential services; Saracens and troop carriers patrolled townships; police vans patrolled areas and

broadcast statements that Africans who struck work would be sacked and endorsed out of the towns.

The General Laws Amendment Act, gazetted on 19 May, authorised the arrest of people and their imprisonment without bail for 12 days on any charge. On the same day the Minister of Justice imposed a ban on all gatherings throughout South and South West Africa from 19 May to 26 June. With a few specified exceptions, anybody organising a gathering without a magistrate's written permit ran the risk of a fine of £200 or a year's imprisonment. The blanket ban had the ludicrous consequence of a magistrate's permit being obtained to validate the induction ceremony of the State President in Pretoria on 31 May.

Police raided African areas, arrested persons without passes, the unemployed and 'suspects'; set up road blocks at entrances to the big towns and stopped cars; stopped buses carrying Africans, searched and questioned passengers. Security police raided homes of members of banned organisations and of the South African Congress of Trade Unions, Coloured Peoples' Congress, Liberal Party and Congress of Democrats. Documents were seized, and persons active in the stay-home campaign were arrested.

The enormous display of armed force, the suspension of civil liberties, threats by government and employers to dismiss workers who stayed at home, the whole armoury of intimidation and coercion, undoubtedly deterred great numbers of people from taking part in the strike. But it was a pyrrhic victory. The demonstration of strength high-lighted the drastic nature of the oppression which the rulers require to keep the subjugated population under control. It exposed for all the world to see the despotic structure of power that had given birth to the Republic. It deepened the disgust of democrats everywhere for the South African way of life. It undoubtedly contributed greatly to the flight of capital from South Africa and hastened the country's decline into economic stagnation and deflation.

In the sixth place, the campaign, by undermining confidence in the government, helped to detach support from it and to sharpen the demand also among whites for parliamentary reform. So far from a national convention's being a temporary slogan with a limited appeal, the cry has been taken up by important leaders of the white population. Hundreds of members of the staffs of Natal, Cape Town and Rhodes Universities have endorsed the appeal for a national convention; it has received

support from prominent businessmen; and it has been taken up by leaders of the parliamentary opposition.

Critics who complain that a national convention is too "big" or "academic" an idea for Africans to understand not only underestimate their political acumen but also fail to grasp the significance of the impact it had made on sections of the white population. A demand put forward by the disfranchised has become, for the first time in our history, a basis for common action by South Africans of all racial groups. Only groups like the Anti-C.A.D. and P.A.C., which write off all whites as oppressors, members of the 'Herrenvolk', and utterly beyond political redemption, can belittle this achievement. And they belittle it because they reject in fact, if not in words, the possibility of building a democratic, non-racial society in which whites will also have a place.

So far, therefore, from having been a "failure", the stay-home campaign accomplished many important results. The people who denounce such forms of mass action, and who by implication if not in words advocate recourse to terrorism and violence, cannot show that more will be gained by these means. Mass protests and the political strike have proved to be effective weapons of sabotage and harassment, valuable agencies of political education and organisation, and unrivalled methods of detaching white support from the government and its apartheid policies. These are the aims of political warfare on which a disfranchised people must rely against an implacable and deeply entrenched ruling class. No matter what penalties may be imposed or casualties suffered, the voteless will use the weapon of non-violent sabotage in repeated efforts to liberate themselves from racial oppression and exploitation.

THE CLOUDY ISLE

PHYLLIS ALTMAN

My Editor held a match to the tobacco in his pipe, inhaled deeply and looked at me.

"I can't understand it," he said, and I could tell from his tone how deeply I had offended him.

"Let me explain . . ."

"NO. NO. NO! There's no explanation." He was furious. "I sent you out there precisely because a situation as difficult and complex as that needed a man like you—or the man I thought you to be. Damn it, that's precisely why I sent you to replace Lawton. Simply because he became involved."

"Ah, yes. But on the wrong side. . . ."

He gestured angrily. "Right side. Wrong side. I'm not interested. What I wanted was an objective analysis. Why this discrimination? Is it purely economic? Or are there such psychological and physical incompatibilities that any other way of living would be impossible? That's what I wanted to know. That's the sort of information I expect from my senior correspondents. Instead, you become partisan, brawl . . . you . . ." Words failed him, and he drew at his pipe in short puffs.

"I'll resign," I offered.

"Resign? My God, I've promised the P.M., M.I.5 and various hand-wringing Civil Servants that you'd be sacked on the spot."

"I apologise," I said. "Yet I don't think that I would or that I could behave differently in a similar situation."

He shrugged. I knew he was becoming calmer and I waited.

"It's strange," he said finally, "how that island seems to get into people's blood. They're never the same after they've been there. Well . . . take a couple of weeks' leave. Get it out of your system."

* * *

I discovered, however, that the only way to get it out of my system was to write it out.

It began when Lee, my wife, and I arrived at dawn at Loqua. The sea and sky were ice-green, laced with silver, and on the horizon a range of cloudy mountains surged upwards through

the mist. Our first glimpse of land—the same now as when a storm driven English sailor had seen it over three hundred years ago and had knelt on deck to weep. It was he who was to write afterwards to his Sovereign:

"And so have I added to your most Gracious Majesty's possessions a jewel of exceeding beauty; an isle of flowers bright as gems; of rivers which sparkle as diamonds; of fragrant fruits; a land girded by emerald seas.

And when I beheld the inhabitants, methought we were come upon a crew shipwrecked and flung upon these shores; so like were they unto ourselves, so white of skin and fair. But as we approached I did perceive them to be a people most rare, such as I have never seen, though thrice have I circumnavigated the globe. For they have eyes of a bright yellow colour and this is general to all—to the men, their women and the children, giving them an appearance both wild and strange. Yet these natives were friendly withal and did give us water and green stuffe and so did save our lives, for which we did render grateful thanks unto our Lord.

"And so it please my Gracious Queen, it be my fancy to call this isle Loqua, for until we were come upon it so timely we did not think to hear the human speech again; thus was the barbarous tongue of these yellow-eyed savages pleasing when they did speak and hail us."

It was an early missionary who named these people the Saffronites (soon corrupted to Saffers) to distinguish them from the Azurites, the blue-eyed colonisers from many lands of the North.

Lawton, my colleague, was waiting for us at the docks. He greeted us brusquely, whirled us through Customs and drove us off through the centre of the city. It was almost like any capital of the world, with its towering skyscrapers, heavy traffic and tense pedestrians. Almost, for there was a difference which made it unique. On either side of every street, off the pavement and yet not on the street, was a double wooden partition, forming a narrow passage about three feet wide and three high. These gangways were thronged with people walking in single file. At every intersection four crude wooden bridges spanned the streets, giving the appearance from the air, I imagined, of a curiously-jointed caterpillar. The lamp-posts too were unusual, for attached to each, about three feet from the

ground, was a basin-like receptacle, fitted with a tap and an outlet pipe and placarded with a large notice: KEEP YOUR CITY CLEAN.

As we stopped at a traffic light, I swivelled round and stared back at the people in the nearest gangway—a corpulent man; two women in headscarves; a small boy; three youths. One of the youths, catching sight of me, called out derisively, and as they all looked up I saw they were all Saffers—with bright yellow eyes. I experienced a moment of kinship with the Elizabethan sailor, for their eyes indeed seemed 'most rare'. Yet soon I was to discover that only this did they have in common. Otherwise they were as varied physically and in their needs and desires as any people anywhere in the world. Even the all-embracing term 'yellow-eyed' was a misnomer, for the colour of their eyes ranged from saffron to topaz and celandine.

Lawton was watching me in the rear-view mirror.

"You know, of course," he said, "the reason for these partitions."

"They seem fantastic and absurd," said Lee.

"No. Neither. They're built because the Azurites get physically sick if they have to mingle in the streets with the Saffers."

"But . . ."

"Let me tell you what happened to me," he interrupted. "I'd been here a week when I saw an elderly Azurite woman being sick, very genteelly, into one of the receptacles. I stopped the car and gave her a lift home. She told me, when she could speak, that she had suddenly looked at the man sitting next to her at a bus-stop and saw to her horror that he was a Saffer, with results as aforesaid."

"What nonsense!"

"I thought so too, at the time. Particularly when we arrived at her house and the door was opened by her Saffer maid into whose arms she fell, gasping, 'I've had such a terrible experience'."

"Well!"

"Ah," said Lawton, trying desperately to explain: "The significant part of the story isn't the ending, but the beginning. She *was* physically sick. That's what you've got to understand."

There seemed to be nothing we could say. Finally I asked: "How did a Saffer happen to be sitting there?"

"They do it deliberately," he answered. "And there's very

little the police can do, even though any Saffers caught at it are sentenced to eighteen months as receptacle cleaners. As soon as an Azurite starts to retch, the Saffer simply slips into the nearest partition and gets away. One Saffer told me that his record was twelve. He had made 12 Azurites retch in one morning."

We hooted with laughter and then saw that Lawton wasn't even smiling. He was actually mumbling something about ". . . have to make allowances for deep-rooted prejudices . . . the law of the land." In a sudden moment of insight, I understood what had happened to him. He had accepted the illogic of the island and he too was lost. He had, in fact, become Loquacious.

After another uncomfortable pause, I said: "I notice that the inner wall of each partition, the one nearest to the pavement, has gaps every few yards."

"Yes. These coincide with the entrances to the shops. You see," and again there was that desperate earnestness, "mingling in shops doesn't bring on nausea."

"Oh, quite."

"Of course, the Saffers have to bob and curtsey before the shopkeepers serve them."

"Of course, of course."

As we turned a corner I saw, coming towards us, a procession of old and very decrepit men, with a uniformed guard at the head and another at the end of the group. Many of these men were weeping openly, making no effort to wipe away the tears which streamed down their cheeks. One appeared to be arguing and calling out to the passers-by. Alongside ran women and children, crying and fondling the men as they walked. As we drew level I saw that they were all Saffers.

"Why are they under arrest?" I asked.

"They're not exactly under arrest," he replied. "It's a very difficult problem, very difficult. As you know, this is a very small island, and a few cities are terribly overcrowded. So an effort has to be made to reduce the congestion."

"So?"

"Well, by law, the Saffers can live in a city only if they work there. This group of men are too old to work, and as they were city born they have no mountain homes to which they can return. . . ."

"It seems stupid to turn them out of one city to send them to the next," said Lee.

"They ar'n't exactly being sent to the next city," said Lawton. "They're . . ."

"Just being turned out of this one," I finished for him. "Tell me, do they, like the elephants, have their own dying grounds?"

He smiled thinly. "Don't think that this problem isn't receiving the attention of the authorities. Everyone agrees that it's THE PROBLEM and you won't meet anyone who feels that this should be allowed to continue. But it's not easy to find a solution which would satisfy everyone."

"It's very simple," said Lee. "Just let them stay in the cities where they were born."

"It's far more complicated than that. It would result in the very congestion we're trying to avoid. Imagine the chaos!"

"Imagine it!" I echoed.

"By God," said Lawton, "It's not as easy as you think. You won't get very far here, if you begin by criticising."

We were now driving along a mountain road, with great sweeps of sea and white beach below us and the cloud-spun mountain above. There was a tang of pine-scented air, and trees blossoming with scarlet candles lined our way. But the scene was marred by the narrow wooden partitions winding with the road. The spanning bridges were, I noticed, more widely spaced—not more than one every two miles.

Finally we arrived at Lawton's house, built high into the mountainside. Lee and I looked with delight at the house, soon to be ours, shored up against the cliff, high above the silky sea.

That afternoon, Lawton took us, at my insistence, to view my "assignment". We left the city and visited a small fishing village where we watched Azurite children playing in the surf, children beautiful with a bloom of love and security.

Then Lawton took us to a wasteland. The mountain was now barely discernible, the ground flat and marshy, and the stunted trees gave an impression of a closeness and a walling-in. Here, surrounded by high wire fences, were slums such as I had never seen, shacks barely three feet above the earth, bespeaking an indescribable destitution. The people were etched in bone, gaunt with hunger. These were the Saffer settlements.

As Lee and I walked about, staring in stunned disbelief, Lawton commented. "The new gates at the entrance are a great improvement," he said.

While getting back into the car we were disconcerted by the sound of loud, merry laughter. A group of Saffer children were laughing at a small boy who was imitating us—the delicate stepping from the car, the open-mouthed astonishment, the silly staring.

"A few years ago they wouldn't have dared", said Lawton.

The drive home was a silent one, until we saw, at the gate of one of the mountain homesteads, a policeman and a man and a woman gesticulating and talking excitedly.

"What . . .?" I asked, my professional nostrils quivering.

"Probably a Saffer mating at the wrong time," said Lawton.

"WHAT!"

"Saffers who 'live-in' as domestic servants are permitted to mate only at certain times; the second Saturday of every month, I think. What you saw was probably an arrest—an impatient husband."

I had a sensation of drowning.

"To prevent congestion?" I asked when I could speak.

"You know," said Lawton, manoeuvring the car into his driveway, "everyone talks about over-population and the propensity of the under-privileged to breed like rabbits. Yet only the Azurites have the honesty to look this problem squarely in the face and to do something about it. They don't just talk. They go ahead with something practical. And if this makes them unpopular in certain quarters, in world councils, they can take it. This you must grant them. They're DOING something."

Later, as we had iced whiskey on the verandah, he gave us some parting advice. "What I feel you should understand," he said, "is that you can't judge anything by the usual standards here. That settlement, for instance. The Saffers have never known anything else. I mean, they'd be unhappy if we tried to force them to live as we do. After all, they were savages when Loqua was colonised."

"The Britons were running around naked when Caesar landed," I said.

He snorted, and the conversation seemed to die.

When Lawton left, Lee and I were entertained, both officially and unofficially, on a scale we had never before experienced. Perhaps because my paper was so respected and respectable, the Azurites felt that I was the one to whom everything should be made known. Never before had I met a people so anxious, so

determined to explain and to make me see their point of view. In self-defence, Lee and I evolved a code which categorised all Azurite conversation. It was very simple:

An Azurite Church Dignitary:	"Our State, of course, is founded on God and the family, but you must understand that we have to keep our corpuscles clean" —MUMBO.
An Azurite Politician:	"My dear fellow, of course, the Saffers have to live, but it's a simple question of multiplication." —JUMBO.
An Azurite Housewife:	"I must say, I'm very good to them." —HUMBO.
Another Politician: (ponderously)	"We're doing all we can, but do you expect us to span three centuries in a single leap?" —SLUMBO.

We had been in Loqua for two months when I came upon four husky Azurites battering and thrashing a Saffer.

"What the hell d'you think you're doing?" I shouted.

One of the assailants turned on me. "Keep out of this," he threatened. "We're teaching this Saffer to respect us. He didn't tug his forelock as he passed us on the way out of this shop. So mind your own . . ."

I punched him on the nose, and as the result of the melée which followed, I spent a week in a nursing home. It was during this week that Lee covered a three hour political meeting for me with the terse report: "MUMBO, JUMBO AND SLUMBO."

The local press played up the fight, with banner headlines: "FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT IN UNSEEMLY FRACAS", "UNWARRANTED INTERFERENCE IN DOMESTIC AFFAIR." My Editor's comment, in a note to me, was brief and pained.

My fall from grace was accelerated when, six weeks later, our Saffer cook walked through a public park on his afternoon off, without his apron and cap, thus causing great discomfort to six elderly Azurite women, taking the air. As the Magistrate said, the worst feature of the case was that there was only one receptacle within reach, with horrible consequences. My

testimony, that I had given the cook permission to doff his uniform, was coldly received.

Then, within six months, I became, as my Editor said with commendable understatement, 'involved'. Let me set down the incident here, stripped of the sensational detail with which the world press embroidered it.

The Azurite police, on a routine mating raid, heard unmistakable sounds coming from a maid's room. Bursting in, they found that the participants were the Azurite son of the household and the Saffer maid. He was allowed to go free, as his ancestors had shed their blood to ensure that their descendants would suffer no limitation of their appetites. But when the maid was sentenced, not only to imprisonment, but to be branded, I intervened. I abducted her, and she was hidden by the Saffer underground. Lee flew out by the first plane, missing the police dragnet by an hour. I took refuge with our Consul; but when he reluctantly prepared to hand me over, the underground went into action once more. I cannot, of course, give any details of the way in which I left Loqua.

* * *

I had written this when Lee and I returned from our leave, but I felt the story was incomplete. It needed a footnote. This was supplied shortly afterwards by the Azurite Minister of Public Relations, whom I met at a Press Conference in London. He sought me out.

"Remember," he said, bitterly. "If we Azurites one day lose Loqua to the Saffers, it will be because of you and your ilk—with your lies, your distortions and your interference in our affairs. Just remember it!"

I assured him I would.

A LONG TIME DYING: CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION

CLYDE SANGER

Correspondent of 'The Guardian' in East and Central Africa

THOSE who have watched the Central African tragedy for some time have by now got used to the long periods of suspense between the decisive scenes. Anyone who expected an early knock-out forgets that Roland Welensky was once a heavyweight boxer. After the battering he received from the Devlin and Monckton Reports, he needed time to recover position and breath. The British Government, too, has seen advantage in spacing out the irresistible crises. Time, it has told itself, should allow tempers to cool in Central Africa, for politicians to see the other chap's point of view; time was also necessary to give their dyspeptic backbenchers a chance to rest before digesting another dose of colonial reform. African leaders, partly because they have little control over the speed of change, partly because they mistakenly believe that time is on their side in all respects, have acquiesced in this slowing of the pace.

In the six months since '*Africa South*' last summarised the Central African story, there has been a great deal of manoeuvring and suspense, and a few decisive moves. But nearly all that has happened has been to the advantage of Sir Roy Welensky and his United Federal Party. Since Doctor Banda returned triumphantly to Nyasaland from the Federal Review talks in December, to invite his people to the funeral of Federation, Federation itself has taken an unconscionable long time dying.

To travel round the three territories is to see how cleverly the U.F.P. leaders have used their respite.

In Northern Rhodesia at Christmas time, there were high hopes of peaceful progress. During that extraordinary weekend when all the stallions of Central Africa were corralled at Chequers, the Colonial Secretary whispered to Kenneth Kaunda that he had in mind for Northern Rhodesia "something similar to Nyasaland". Kaunda, with the patience of an angel, felt his people's reward was near, for Dr. Banda had been given an African legislative majority and high hopes of at least parity with the officials in the executive.

Welensky knew that Nyasaland could perhaps be jettisoned without much harm, but Northern Rhodesia and its Copperbelt never. The eight months' struggle over that constitution was probably the toughest fight of his life. At times he seemed to act clumsily, as in March when he called up the territorials and summoned the Federal Assembly in order to make blustering, threatening speeches at Britain. But he had his effect. Africans, who made the soldiers look silly by refusing to be provoked, were reinforced in their delusion that time would bring them everything they wanted. British politicians, though angry at this blunt display of force, had to admit to themselves that they were not prepared to use British troops in order to impose an African majority.

There followed then what must count as the craziest period of compromise in all colonial history. Macleod had already tried in February to sneak through an African legislative majority with his 'three-fifteens' scheme. The U.F.P. leaders called it "diabolical" because, though they would have won the 15 upper roll seats and lost the 15 lower roll ones, they felt sure that they would lose the 15 middle or 'national' seats as well if lower and upper roll votes counted equally, since there were three times as many lower roll voters than upper.

Welensky and his clever Federal Minister of Law, Julian Greenfield, worked impressively hard (for there is no U.F.P. politician in Northern Rhodesia worth the name of negotiator). They succeeded in convincing the British Government that non-racialism (or multi-racialism, or whatever principle it swears by) consisted in equalising the effect of "the two main races", conveniently ignoring the fact that one main race outnumbers the other by 40 to 1. This meant sweeping the Asians and Coloured into a segregated seat of their own, and loading the regulations with a set of percentage quotas that in effect gives a European candidate six times the advantage of an African.

Kaunda's United National Independence Party has rejected the constitution in despair. Sir John Moffat's Liberal Party is fatally split, the paternalists among them being prepared to fight an election while the genuine liberals are ready to line up with Kaunda and honesty. The African National Congress, refurnished by one-time leader of the mineworkers Lawrence Katilungu, while Harry Nkumbula lies in jail on a severe motoring conviction, is able to reconcile its principles to condemning the constitution "without reservations" and yet

fighting an election in what may yet turn out to be a loose alliance with the U.F.P. How such a reconciliation can come about, only politicians and cynics understand.

The result undoubtedly pleases the British M.P.s who have been given a blurred glimpse of Rhodesian realities under the wand of Voice and Vision tours. They feel they have helped to save the Federation by preventing a second anti-Federation territorial government from coming to power and with Dr. Banda's help dismembering the 8-year-old structure. In fact, of course, they have done the opposite. It is crystal-clear to Northern Rhodesians that only Federation has stopped them keeping pace with their poorer neighbour, Tanganyika. Instead of being prepared to take part in the swift evolution of the Federation into an African-run association (the only salvation, as Lord Monckton saw it), Kaunda is now determined on the breaking of all links with Southern Rhodesia. Precisely how U.N.I.P. will achieve this, no one can yet say. Kaunda has handicapped himself by dismissing his Secretary-General, Munukayumbwa Sipalo, the one man ruthless enough for this period of clash. But the determination is there, and will prevail in the end.

In Southern Rhodesia, Welensky and Sir Edgar Whitehead had a comparatively easy task. Since the settlers got self-government in 1923, Britain has used her reserved powers so sparingly that they were called "vestigial". Nevertheless, there was always the danger that a Labour Government might pull on these reins, or even one of those misguided Conservative Governments that were being thrown up these days. In return for the surrender of the reserved powers, Sir Edgar was ready to offer apparently great advances to Africans; but they were only large, because no advance had ever been offered before.

Sir Edgar was careful to ensure that less than a quarter of the 65 seats in the new Assembly were elected from the lower roll, that a simple two-thirds majority would be sufficient for altering the composition of the Assembly, and that qualifications for the upper roll franchise would keep nearly all "unreliable" Africans out of the House. A Declaration of Rights was drawn up by his own and British officials, but nearly every clause left great latitude for government to curtail liberties in the public interest. A Constitutional Council was added to keep watch against discriminatory legislation; but Monckton's recommendation that the Council should review existing as well as prospective

laws was disregarded, and the Council lost any teeth it might have had.

The U.F.P. had little difficulty in winning the approval of nearly two-thirds of the 60,000 European voters for these proposals in the July referendum. After all, Sir Edgar had brought them virtual independence in the territorial sphere, in return for giving 15 African seats which would wield little influence. The right-wing opposition Dominion Party's only argument—that they could have got the same amount of independence without any concessions—was refuted by Mr. Duncan Sandys, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, himself. After that, the Dominion Party's only other weapon was fear—fear of social integration, of being swamped by a black government majority within 10 years. To fight this, the U.F.P. ran the most reactionary campaign, brought Lord Malvern out of retirement to rumble "Rubbish!" at such degenerate fears, and went through the familiar manoeuvre of sending troops into the African townships to show that it could be as tough as anyone else with "extremist agitators".

Joshua Nkomo and his National Democratic Party leaders played into Whitehead's hands at nearly every stage. They gave enough support to the original proposals for Sir Edgar to claim, when they opposed, that they were bowing to extremists in the party. They tried to stage a three-day general strike to precede the government referendum, but there was such confusion of dates and clandestine orders (secrecy being thought necessary to avoid the penalties of the fierce security laws) that no firm lead was offered the originally willing followers. Whitehead had learned just enough in the last two years to avoid arresting the N.D.P. leaders and so offering the crowds a human issue. In the confusion African strikers beat up African workers, and the government was given substance for its frequent accusations of intimidation as well as justification for the presence of their troops and police.

The only successes the N.D.P. achieved were the staging of its own referendum, when 500,000 people voted peacefully against the government, and the defiance of laws in carrying off the referendum and publicly calling for a general strike on the final day. But Sir Edgar was able to dismiss scornfully the strike call, and did his best to ridicule the "mock referendum" by exposing several abuses. Even if there was not strict secrecy everywhere and even if some schoolgirls voted, the discontent

voiced by 500,000 hangs loudly on the air.

By winning the referendum and defeating the strike so overwhelmingly, Sir Edgar won six months' or perhaps a year's opportunity to rush through progressive measures, before being faced with another nationalist challenge. His first remarks after victory gave promise that he would "go right ahead". But his decision to hold back elections under the new constitution for 15 months at least soon curdled these hopes. His followers fell into a slough of complacency, cheerily assuring themselves that African nationalism was a scarecrow figure they would never worry about again. The thing to do, they explained, was to build up support for government among the 8,000 African yeomen farmers in the native purchase areas, and among the other "civilised" Africans who are teachers and agricultural demonstrators and so on.

This familiar tactic of 'divide and rule' (dignified in this instance with the title of "building up an African middle class") will offer an immediate advantage to the U.F.P.; it will give them a chance of winning several of the 15 new seats with reliable African candidates on the restricted franchise. But it will do Southern Rhodesia immense harm in the long run, setting African against African and failing to use the short breathing space to tackle the real grievances of urban unemployment and peasant poverty and landlessness.

These successes at territorial level in the Rhodesias have heartened Welensky and Greenfield into demanding a resumption of the federal talks, which were indefinitely adjourned—in gloomy enough circumstances for them—last December. It wasn't necessary to wait, said Welensky, until the agreed territorial changes had been put into effect. It was important, they both declared, for the Federation to be given as much independence as one of its component parts—Southern Rhodesia —had now assumed in its own sphere. The old boxer has judged that the time is now ripe for a full frontal attack.

There remains Nyasaland to prevent him—Nyasaland, the poor but lovely country of tough hillfolk, whose population spills over in labour migrations to surrounding countries— Nyasaland, which Welensky never wanted in his Federation and has never been able to decide how to dispose of. The rebellion of the Nyasas in 1959 showed that they would never be brought to heel. Yet, if Nyasaland is allowed to secede, the precedent would be set for Northern Rhodesia also to break away.

The Nyasaland elections in August strengthened Dr. Banda's hand and his people's purpose. Although the U.F.P. picked up a number of the older generation of nationalists, it had no chance to divide Nyasas. The 20 lower roll seats were acknowledged as lost to the Malawi Congress Party, and the fight was simply for the 8 upper roll ones, since they had to provide two Ministers in an executive council of ten. To prepare for defeat even in some of these, the U.F.P. candidates complained of nation-wide intimidation and called the elections "a farce". Commonly heard was the remark of white democrats in the U.F.P.: "Let's face it, it's no better than the Nazi régime." Obstinately, senior Nyasaland Government officials maintained that the country was generally calm and peaceful, and made ready for Malawi's taking over of a large part of government to open an era of happier days.

How will the Federation now break up? Certainly Malawi members will make it their first duty to pass a resolution for secession through the next Nyasaland legislative council. This will be formally passed on to the Colonial Secretary, who will politely acknowledge it as an interesting document to put before the resumed federal talks. What then? Will Dr. Banda go to the talks, resolved to break the Federation in debate? Will Northern Rhodesia erupt into violence and strikes, despite the increased police strength and the pressure of Copperbelt unemployment? Will the Governor of Northern Rhodesia, honest and despairing Sir Evelyn Hone, screw up his courage to resign and so precipitate a better kind of crisis than riots beget? Will the British Government, after months of backsliding, step out boldly on the only sensible course?

Who can tell? Of all political tragedies, the Central African one is the most difficult to predict with precision, and the most tormenting suspense story to watch.

THE GUILTY PARTNER

PATRICK KEATLEY

Commonwealth Correspondent of 'The Guardian'

At the risk of infuriating every reader of '*Africa South*', from Capetown to Calgary, I am going to say that I do not blame Sir Roy Welensky for the present state of affairs in Central Africa and the disastrous course of events that seems bound to sweep a nation to destruction.

I don't blame Sir Edgar Whitehead either. Indeed, I may as well go the whole hog and say that I blame none of the other Rhodesians who at present have their fingers on the levers of power—some silly, some amateur, some crafty, some pig-headed, and all politically myopic.

I think the people to blame are 5,000 miles away—in London. I think the power to prevent a fearful racial explosion, potentially as great and as ruinous as the one that hit Algeria seven years ago, rests in the hands of a few men in Whitehall. I believe that Mr. Harold Macmillan, who is the key member of this group, could summon the rest of them at any time of his own choosing, within the space of no more than fifteen minutes, and take action.

Perhaps I can make my point by recalling the case of the strolling players who presented 'Hamlet' in a small Mississippi town long ago. It was the pioneer days, when the paddle-wheeler showboats took culture to the little towns along the river banks.

Watching the oily machinations of King Claudius, one angry man in the audience eventually reached the point where he could bear it no longer. As the King prepared to send the Prince off by ship to certain death, this man jumped to his feet shouting: "Bust him on the snoot, Hamlet!"

I cannot say that I am much more attracted to Sir Roy Welensky or Sir Edgar Whitehead, or to the politics of partnership, than I am to the personality of Queen Gertrude's second husband. But after watching the relentless unfolding of the political drama this past year, in London and Salisbury, I have acquired the deepest conviction that it is only self-deception to think that the Rhodesian members of the cast are capable of behaving very differently from the way that they have done so far. All are, in the last analysis, dangling on strings which

could be yanked sharply and decisively if the puppet master in Whitehall could only be brought to the point of decision.

My theme, then, is that the impending disaster is avoidable, and that the power to achieve this lies in London. Oddly enough, I suppose this ranks me among the optimists; for there are many observers of the African scene—including African politicians in Rhodesia itself—who have come to the negative and hopeless conclusion that really no one is anymore in control; that the strings are entangled or cut, and that the puppet master has deserted his post of responsibility.

Let me come down from generalities to specific fact with a good hard bump. The Rhodesian federal authorities have just published their Economic Report for 1961. It contains two resounding figures which lie behind all the tortured complexities of the political battle in the Federation. The average annual income of wage-earning Europeans is £1,209. The average annual income of wage-earning Africans is £87.

This means that the average African wage-earner is taking home £7 5s. per month. Now the apologists for the present structure of the Federation are likely to take you aside for five minutes and make out a pretty good case for why this African figure is not so near the poverty-line as it looks. You will be told about the elaborate free housing that is provided, or the new, low-cost housing schemes near the big towns that will now enable an African to buy his own home (built by someone else to an arbitrary, mass-produced design). They will tell you, as the Mayor of Salisbury proudly remarked on a recent visit to London, that Africans are spared the burden of being asked to pay local rates and taxes.

And if you ask, as did the correspondent of the London '*Financial Times*', if it would not be a good thing to re-arrange matters so that the Africans *should* pay taxes and thereby assume a certain responsibility and a stake in the community, then you will find people asking if you are a Communist or a man from outer space.

The £87-a-year African is, in fact, the victim of a paternalism which is not of his own choosing, and if he baffles the white Rhodesians by failing to be grateful, then this only sign-posts the gulf between the black and the white way of life, a gulf that seems to the visitor in Salisbury the dominating feature of the Rhodesian landscape and every bit as impressive as Kariba.

The parallel figure to the one for wages is that for land. It

comes as an inescapable and stunning recognition, when one tours the Federation, that 8,000,000 Africans are suffering from land hunger and 297,000 white people are not.

Again, this can be explained away and interpreted by the apologists for the white settler administrations. It is undoubtedly true that, had the Africans been given full legal control to most of the land at the time of white occupation in the last century, many of them would have been persuaded to part with it by now, because the attractions of ready cash would have been too great. The early settlers foresaw the danger of unscrupulous estate agents and mortgage sharks, and put through measures that were, at least in part, protective.

But having said that, it is hard to see the excuse for perpetuating those early measures in their present, discriminatory form. Mr. Joshua Nkomo, the leader of the National Democratic Party which speaks for the majority of politically-conscious Africans in Southern Rhodesia, made this the cue for his dramatic exit from the recent constitutional conference in Salisbury. Perhaps the chairman, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Britain's Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, who had flown especially from London to guide the conference, may have felt some twinge of conscience when Mr. Nkomo departed. Presumably Sir Edgar Whitehead, who went on to extract a miraculous list of concessions from the British Government, felt no twinge at all.

Not long after Mr. Sandys had departed for home, bringing with him the final draft of the new constitution—which leaves the land problem unresolved—Sir Edgar put his long-promised land reforms through the Southern Rhodesian parliament.

The infamous Land Apportionment Act of 1930 erected a most effective wall of agricultural apartheid. Now, in a number of important ways, that wall has been breached. But the basic and damning discrimination remains.

The Land Apportionment Amendment Act of 1961 removes 2 million acres from the category of European land and transfers them to the Africans. But look at the balance that remains. For the 220,000 fortunate people of Southern Rhodesia who happen to have white skins, there is still a total of 41 million acres—earmarked, untouchable, inviolate.

For the African there will now be 44 million acres of "Native Land" instead of 42. But, as it happens, there are TWO AND A HALF MILLION Africans.

As Mr. Joshua Nkomo has been pointing out, with increasing indignation, the white man has put aside land for his own use at the rate of 10 to 1, compared to what he allows his conquered compatriot, the African. And make no mistake about it—the settlers of Southern Rhodesia, who still celebrate Occupation Day as a national occasion, have not forgotten that they took over this territory by force of arms. They smashed the Mashona and the Matabele, and took their land to deal with as it suited them. To be fair, they established the "Native Reserves" so that the Africans would not lose the land still left them through inexperience in the ways of commerce. But the very name stinks in the nostrils of Africans today, as does that of the unfortunately-titled Native Affairs Department. This wilful blindness to African sensitivities extends even to recreation; where but in a community obsessed with racial differences could anyone seriously create a category with the title of "European National Parks"? It is, however, only to the visitor that the built-in contradiction of terms is apparent; the privileged citizens in this lunatic society see nothing odd about it. For the Africans the joke is too big to be really funny; there are 4 million acres of "European National Parks."

The new Land Act is not all bad; far from it. There is an important section providing for a new system, by which Africans will have access to outside capital by means of mortgages. But when it comes to the towns, there has been a tragic failure to face up to what has undoubtedly the greatest single impact on race relations—the hard line of discrimination that operates so coldly and so effectively against the African who wants to operate a business in the 'white' part of town, or to live (or even stay overnight) in the white suburbs.

This is the indefensible system that serves not only to keep up the daily, infuriating friction between black and white Rhodesians; it also leads to the embarrassing incidents which from time to time put Rhodesia in the international headlines. The Kabaka of Buganda, whose ancestors were on the throne in Kampala long before the British royal family moved into Buckingham Palace, caused severe embarrassment to the Rhodesian authorities when he decided to stay the night at Salisbury between planes. The Federal Government managed to persuade the Ambassador Hotel to accept him as a guest—but the condition was imposed that he had to eat all meals in his room. Diplomats from India find themselves frequently involved

in tiresome and humiliating episodes. When Mr. Jagannath Rao, a young attaché, was abruptly ejected from the Mazoe Hotel in Salisbury, the affair reached the ears of Mr. Nehru, who declared publicly that further incidents could lead to a break in Indo-Rhodesian relations. The Federal Government apologised.

It illustrates the great gulf that exists between the races that Sir Roy Welensky, who is usually the shrewdest of politicians, has described such episodes as "the pin-pricks" of a multi-racial society. Nothing could be more inaccurate, for an African. I have put this very point to three outstanding Africans, each the acknowledged leader of the nationalist movement in his territory. Dr. Hastings Banda, Mr. Kenneth Kaunda and Mr. Nkomo have all said that, far from being pin-pricks, these discriminatory practices make complete nonsense of "partnership."

So there are three basic inequalities that lie at the root of all the day-to-day battles in the political power struggle of Central Africa. Black people are unequal in pay (1 to 14), unequal in land (1 to 10), and unequal in social status.

In fairness, it can be said that the two northern territories, as protectorates under the British Colonial Office, have been taking steps to eliminate the colour bar. But this, as the Monckton Commission pointed out, does not blot out the hard fact that when any politician comes to the Federal capital of Salisbury, he will—if his skin happens to be black—come under the full vindictive weight of the racial laws of Southern Rhodesia.

Just to give the knife of discrimination one final vigorous twist, the Rhodesian authorities in their wisdom have made the Nyasaland leader, Dr. Banda, a "prohibited immigrant" in Salisbury; and the same regulation has been applied against Northern Rhodesia's leader, Mr. Kenneth Kaunda. This means that these men—both of them likely to emerge as prime ministers when their territories advance to full self-government—have to confine themselves in the rectangular concrete box that is the waiting room at Salisbury Airport, when they change planes there. Whatever the concept of partnership may be in the mind of Sir Roy Welensky and his colleagues of the United Federal Party, it does not include the right of Dr. Banda or Mr. Kaunda to sit in the visitors' gallery of the Federal Parliament, for example, just to watch the debates. This leads to the ultimate absurdity—that when these two men have wanted to

meet in the past year with Mr. Nkomo, they have had to go *outside* their own country, in Nigeria last October, and in London last December during the Federal Review Conference. When Sir Roy exchanged a few halting words with Dr. Banda during the week-end arranged by Mr. Macmillan at Chequers, at the time of this conference, it was reported to be the first time that these two leaders had met in a dozen years.

It is against this background that the three African nationalists have been directing their present campaigns. The lucky one, undoubtedly, has been Dr. Banda. Prompt action by Mr. Iain Macleod, soon after taking over as Colonial Secretary, had brought about his release from prison and the subsequent conference in London which established a new constitution. With a wide franchise and a majority of African faces in the new Nyasaland legislature assured, he had only to go ahead with a straightforward campaign to lead his Malawi Party to certain victory in the first election.

Indeed, Dr. Banda was even confident enough in his control over Nyasaland affairs to stick an unsolicited oar into the troubled waters of Mr. Nkomo's territory. '*Malawi News*', the official organ of his party, went out of its way to express warm approval for the actions of a splinter group, led by Mr. Patrick Matimba and Mr. Michael Mawema, which recently split off from Mr. Nkomo's N.D.P. to form a rival organisation, the Zimbabwe National Party. Dr. Banda had, even before this split occurred, referred to the "spinelessness" of Mr. Nkomo and his colleagues of the N.D.P. during the conference under the chairmanship of Mr. Sandys.

The history of African nationalist movements is one of constant splintering, usually with the most radical, inflexible and 'pan-African' group achieving power in the end. The classic pattern was set in Ghana, then the Gold Coast, when Dr. Nkrumah broke away from his more moderate colleagues to build the dynamic party machine that carried him to power. Mr. Mawema and Mr. Matimba have some of the qualifications needed for this rôle: both have been arrested by the white authorities, both have served in prison, both have sensed a growing impatience among the rank-and-file of the orthodox nationalist movement at the seeming slowness and moderation of the leaders. They have issued a dynamic manifesto calling for all the reforms in the book, from 'one man, one vote' to repeal of the Land Apportionment Act. The only trouble is

that the N.D.P. has all these points in its platform already.

From Lusaka, now that the constitutional proposals for the Northern Protectorate have been made public at last, there have also been rumblings of discontent. It must strike the well-stocked mind of Mr. Kaunda as suitably ironic that now, in his forties, with a family of six children and a great party organisation which he had built up from nothing, he has his own potential splinter group to fear. There is a smokescreen of loyalty blotting out the details at the present time, at least for those outside the tight circle of the U.N.I.P. leadership. But it is clear that again there is a younger, more inflexible, militant group which wants less negotiation and more action.

The effect of this, for the British Colonial Office, is most significant. The new constitution, with its complex arrangements for a triple-tiered legislature of 45 seats, appears in its final form to give the vital edge of advantage to the United Federal Party. It was this final revision, with a dozen subtle changes wrought into it since the provisional draft worked out at the round table conference in London, that provoked from Kenneth Kaunda the angry and disillusioned declaration that Britain "has sold us to Welensky."

But in fact Mr. Macleod has been quietly hoping that after a cooling-off period Mr. Kaunda and the U.N.I.P. high command would see things his way. The Colonial Secretary remains doggedly optimistic about the whole affair, despite the critics who have called it "a dog's breakfast" (James Callaghan M.P., Labour's spokesman on colonial affairs) or "the Computer Constitution" ('*Central African Examiner*').

Mr. Macleod apparently hoped that the multi-racial Liberal Party led by Sir John Moffat might come to some kind of electoral pact with U.N.I.P.; or that the two parties might at least arrange things in the vital contest for the 15 'national seats', so that they would not overlap and might therefore blot out the Welensky forces in a straight fight.

But such hopes have now been blown sky-high by the blood-stained developments of August, when spontaneous African violence broke out in scattered parts of the territory, particularly in the north. Mr. Kaunda has a personal antipathy towards Sir John, which he has tried to stifle since the Liberal leader went on record as saying that he and his party are working towards one goal, the introduction of majority (i.e. African) rule. Mr. Kaunda's goodwill was first strained when Sir John seemed to

forget these splendid sentiments in a moment of unguarded exhilaration at the end of the constitutional conference in London last February.

Mr. Kaunda still had fresh in his memory the encouraging words spoken to him at the Chequers week-end by Mr. Macleod. Taking the U.N.I.P. leader aside in a friendly way, the Colonial Secretary had promised him "something similar to Nyasaland." To Mr. Kaunda that could mean only one thing—indeed, the recommendation made by the bulk of the Monckton Commission—majority rule by Africans.

In mid-January, however, the Colonial Office began using the word "parity", though optimists assured Mr. Kaunda that this was only a sop to the Welensky forces—and to the dinosaurs of the Tory party at Westminster, led by Lord Salisbury and Robin Turton. The terms announced by Mr. Macleod at the end of the conference, a month later, seemed weighted against U.N.I.P.—Sir John's elation added to Mr. Kaunda's suspicions—but, on the other hand, the Welensky forces regarded it as a severe defeat. Although he had formally rejected the Macleod Plan, Kenneth Kaunda let himself be coaxed by the Colonial Office into a tour of the Copperbelt to sound out the European response.

The result was quite unexpectedly good. The warmth of his reception at meetings made the U.N.I.P. leader feel that perhaps his pessimism had not been justified; he and the Liberals between them might make a clean sweep of the 15 'national seats' in the next election. With U.N.I.P. sure to win all 15 seats on the lower roll, a clear African majority seemed likely in the legislature.

Then came the final round of consultations with the Governor, Sir Evelyn Hone, in Lusaka, when it became obvious that Sir Roy and the U.F.P. were prepared to fight like tigers to reverse the whole spirit and balance of the Macleod Plan. The nightmare that obsessed the Federal Prime Minister then—and still does now—is of two great African delegations coming down from the northern protectorates to take their places at the final stages of the Federal Review Conference, one group led by the Great Kamuzu from Nyasaland and the other by the Incorruptible Kenneth, the missionary's son from Northern Rhodesia.

In such circumstances, Mr. Nkomo's embarrassing existence and the power of his movement in Southern Rhodesia could scarcely be concealed from Britain and world opinion. The

U.F.P. would be seen for what it is—a settler-dominated administration elected on a minority franchise—and white rule in Central Africa would be at an end.

Fortunately for Sir Roy, he had ready-made allies in London in the right-wing back benchers of the Conservative Party. It did not need any skilful hand-outs or dextrous luncheon parties by Voice & Vision to ram home the lesson to Mr. Macmillan; the Tories were split over Africa—over Kenyatta's release as well as the Federation—at a time when Tory unity was already acutely in jeopardy over the Common Market and the economic crisis that was to generate the Selwyn Lloyd emergency budget. It will come as no surprise to any case-hardened African politician to know what was sacrificed—Africa, and not for the first time in European imperial politics.

That was when the Macleod Plan Mark II was banged through, with a dozen devious amendments rammed into it by the subtle hands of Mr. Julian Greenfield and Mr. Taffy Evans, in order to swing the balance back to the point where the U.F.P. seems certain to emerge with the largest block of seats in the Northern legislature at the next election. The '*Central African Examiner*', saying that Mr. Macleod ought to have resigned on a point of principle, concluded that Britain had, by the stroke of a pen, "produced the possibility of very great disaster." She had also denied herself the very thing she wanted—"a period of transition to majority rule without hostility or resentment."

Mr. Kaunda and the national executive of U.N.I.P. announced their "total rejection" of the new constitution, and a special party congress gave them full mandate to put into effect a special secret "Master Plan" to shake the foundations of government. The London '*Economist*' declared editorially: "There seems now no room left to manoeuvre, and both sides find themselves increasing speed towards the collision."

The crash came sooner than many had expected; provoked, without the sanction of U.N.I.P.'s leader, by younger members who felt Mr. Kaunda was not giving the militant direction that was needed. There was an eerie parallel with the Nyasaland of 1959 in these explosions, the bridge burnings, the trees felled across roads to ambush white settlers, the inept killing of Africans by armed police and security forces. And the ultimate irony came when the present Executive Council of the territory ordered the inevitable military crackdown. One of the Members

of the Council, collaborating in the decision to call in Federal troops from Southern Rhodesia and to ban U.N.I.P. in designated areas, was the very man Mr. Kaunda had been told to look upon as an ally, Sir John Moffat. Had the U.N.I.P. leader taken that ill-starred advice, he would no longer be U.N.I.P.'s leader today.

"The British people themselves would not accept the constitution their government is now imposing on us," Mr. Kaunda said, on the day the Royal Rhodesian Air Force began flying in men of the King's African Rifles to put down the demonstrations. "There can be no permanent solution in dealing with the effects instead of the cause—which is simply the new constitution. My patience is completely exhausted. I cannot sit by and see my people shot down."

In this same week of August Mr. Joshua Nkomo, despairing of a fair deal for Africans in Southern Rhodesia, had flown to London to protest against any imposition of the new constitution upon his people—the Whitehead-Sandys Plan. Its defects have been too often examined in print to warrant detailed analysis here. It is enough, perhaps, to point out that it hands over final control over all internal affairs to the white settler administration in Salisbury, including the appointment of the Governor. It establishes a split voters' roll, with the introduction of second-class voters (Africans, of course) on a "B" roll. There is a Declaration of Rights, so riddled with exceptions as to be almost valueless, and a Constitutional Council intended as a watchdog of minority rights which is vitiated from the paws up by the fact that its membership is to be conservative and pro-Establishment while its decisions can be over-ruled after a six-month cooling-off period by a simple majority in parliament. Most dismaying of all, however, is the cunning device entrenching the African seats as a permanent minority. Africans will have only 15 seats out of 65 in the new Southern Rhodesian Assembly. And since any revision of seats or franchise requires a two-thirds majority, it will be beyond the power of the Africans to increase their representation. On the other hand, they will be powerless to prevent the remaining 50 members of parliament—just nicely over the two-thirds figure—from crushing or removing them altogether once the enabling legislation has been smoothly pushed through the British Parliament.

During his waverings, comparable to those of his friend Kenneth Kaunda up north, Mr. Nkomo was obviously tempted

by the plea of Mr. Sandys: "Look, it's as good as you can possibly hope to get for a start (there are no Africans in the present territorial legislature), and by a little horse-trading with the other parties, the N.D.P. can improve its position."

In this line of persuasion Mr. Sandys is basing himself on the same false premise that seems to have misled Mr. Macleod over Northern Rhodesia. Both men, raised in the sophisticated school of Westminster politics, where there are party whips to exert discipline and no militant wing ready to resort to physical violence, seem unable to make the effort of imagination needed to see that an African party is just not a party in the London sense of the word.

Mr. Nkomo could accept the Sandys formula and last just about 24 hours in office; after that he would be out in the wilderness, just as surely as the ineffectual Dr. Danquah is in Ghana today.

Shrewdly, Joshua Nkomo and his party colleagues took a deliberate gamble and allocated more than £1,000 of precious N.D.P. funds on an African referendum, held to coincide with the official one organised by the Whitehead régime. Then he flew to London, bearing the results. The Africans, working by full adult franchise, polled 467,000 votes to 584 against the new constitution. In the official referendum, the 64,000 voters (fewer than 5% African) approved it two to one. Mr. Nkomo went to London with his Vice-President, Mr. Malianga, to tell the Commonwealth Relations Office that the proposed constitution was being "put through at gunpoint", against the express wishes of the majority of the people of the territory.

He told the Under Secretary of State: "We have negotiated passionately. Now we are putting negotiations aside. We shall do everything in our power to break the new constitution."

And so the stage is set for Act Five of the Rhodesian Tragedy. And yet one man can still, if he chooses, intervene decisively to prevent disaster. He is Harold Macmillan. It is in his power to prevent Britain from sowing disaster in Central Africa. I doubt that he will act.

THE CONGO COMPROMISE

ERIC ROULEAU

African Correspondent of 'Le Monde'

EVEN though one should no longer be surprised at events in the Congo, developments in this former Belgian colony at the beginning of August must have astonished a great many people. Events unrolled as though there had never been a year of anarchy, of civil war, of political assassinations, and of dictatorship. Previously irreconcilable enemies were reunited in the best of parliamentary traditions, deliberated together, elected the administrative officers of both Houses, and gave their confidence to a government whose head had been proposed by the President of the Republic.

All this undoubtedly constitutes a posthumous victory for Patrice Lumumba who, until his tragic death, ceaselessly demanded the meeting of parliament. Twice, after his removal last September by President Kasavubu, the Houses had given him their vote of confidence, explicitly condemning the steps taken by the Head of State. Twice, anti-Lumumbist forces had claimed that the votes had been faked. But the extended parliamentary recess had clearly shown that the accusers did not believe in their own accusations. It is now confirmed: the Lumumbists have consistently held the majority inside parliament.

The coalition government established at Leopoldville on 2 August is not the one of which Patrice Lumumba dreamed. The Presidency and the key portfolios of Defence, of Foreign Affairs, of Finance and of Information are not in the hands of his supporters. On the other hand, the Lumumbist bloc enjoys a large majority within the heart of the cabinet and, as well as the two Vice-Presidencies (Gizenga and Sendwe), possesses the important Ministries of the Interior and of Justice. In addition, the nationalists have no reason to feel distress at the choice of Cyrille Adoula as Prime Minister. Minister of the Interior under the Ileo régime, he had never stained his hands with the blood of his adversaries. What is still more important, he has declared himself to be a unitarian at home and a neutralist abroad, so accepting the essential stand of the Lumumbists.

In order to obtain these more or less satisfactory results, the Congolese nationalists have been compelled to make several

concessions. They had from the first to accept the University of Lovanium as the meeting-place of parliament, although the Kamina base, originally proposed by Mr. Gizenga, offered better security guarantees. They gave their support to the principle of a coalition government although they might have hoped, on parliamentary arithmetic, for a homogeneous Lumumbist Cabinet. Finally, they recognised the authority of President Kasavubu as legitimate Head of State, so sacrificing the dismissal of the man they had accused of having helped in the assassination of Lumumba.

When I met Antoine Gizenga in Stanleyville last March, the Congolese leader seemed very far from accepting such a compromise, and showed himself anything but conciliatory towards the "criminal clique" in Leopoldville. His reasoning was simple. "My government", he told me in effect, "is the only one to have obtained investiture by parliament. It is therefore the only legitimate one. Kasavubu has usurped power, violated the constitution and had the leading patriots assassinated. He had put himself outside the law."

In the absolute, this reasoning could have been defended. It did not, however, correspond to Congo realities in 1961. The Stanleyville government was isolated geographically and controlled—and then incompletely—only two of the six provinces in the country, Orientale and Kivu. It was incapable of extending its power by military means, as had been demonstrated last March when units had tried to 'occupy' Kasai and Equator Provinces. Nor could it count upon substantial foreign help, because of the blockade imposed in the North by the Sudan and the Central African Republic, in the East by Ruanda Urundi, and in the West by the Leopoldville régime.

On the other hand, let us suppose for a moment that the Lumumbists, taking advantage of their parliamentary majority, had installed a homogeneous nationalist government. What would have happened? It is probable that the Lower Congo, dominated by the *Abako* party of President Kasavubu, would have proclaimed its secession. Other regions, under the influence of tribal chiefs, discontented at having been excluded from power, would almost certainly have followed suit. In the same way General Mobutu, supported by foreign forces, would not have slept and, as a year ago, the army would have fallen prey to mutinies and divisions, opening the way to a new civil war. Even less than the government of Patrice Lumumba, that of

Antoine Gizenga, however "legitimately elected", would have been incapable of re-establishing the imperative unity of the Congo.

The Lumumbist representatives measured the existing balance of power at its true value and did not wish to repeat the mistakes of their vanished leader, mistakes which had ended by costing him his life.

The fundamental fault of Patrice Lumumba was not to have realised that the Congo—having emerged from colonial rule in circumstances of such unpreparedness, amidst intrigue and even sabotage—was not the Guinea of Sékou Touré, the Ghana of Kwame Nkrumah, or the Egypt of Gamal Abdul Nasser. He thought it sufficient to fight Belgian colonialism, to defend the unity of his country, to declare himself for positive neutralism, in order for the people of the Congo to rise as a man in his support.

That the Congolese should oppose the splintering of their country seems obvious to us. It is true that three-quarters of the population still live under more or less tribal rule. It is true that some hundred tribes of four different races share a territory as large as the whole of Western Europe. But 80 years of Belgian colonialism have done their work, and this State—entirely created by explorers and industrial companies—has evolved features which make of it a relatively coherent national whole. Subordinated to a single code of laws, attending the same Belgian schools, missionary or secular, participating in a common economic life, jostling against the same Belgian colonial administration, the Congolese tribes have finally acquired a national character distinctively theirs, different from that prevailing, for instance, in either the formerly French Congo or Northern Rhodesia.

Congolese of all races work side by side in factories, live in the same urban centres, are lost in the heart of the army, where they speak the same language—Lingala. Three other languages have firmly established themselves in the country—Kiswahili, Kiluba, and Kikongo. It might be well to remember here that in Belgium, for example, a territory 90 times smaller than the Congo, two very different cultures still live side by side in the heart of the same nation.

The determining factor of Congolese unity, however, is the economic interdependence of the territory's different regions. 16,000 kms. of navigable waterways, two maritime ports, three

large interior ports, 5,000 kms. of railway, 150,000 kms. of road, 30,000 kms. of internal air routes, and less than a handful of Belgian financial trusts to exploit all the country's resources, have finally stirred together in the same pot the peoples who make up contemporary Congo. The Congolese recognise instinctively that their nourishment and their well-being depend on the maintenance of Congolese unity.

Is it not significant, in this connection, that the federal parties, although of tribal inspiration, should never seriously have promoted secession? On the contrary, the congress of the cartel of federalist parties held at Kisantu in December 1959 had condemned "all manifestation of tribalism or of regionalism, and separationist designs likely to undermine the integrity and unity of the national territory within its geographical boundaries". Even Mr. Tshombe, who secretly planned with his Belgian friends the secession of Katanga, was to congratulate himself at the Brussels round table conference of January 1960 that the 'fundamental law' elaborated there would permit "the independent Congo of tomorrow to escape the disintegration with which it is threatened".

Fighting the federalist tendencies, Lumumba had set himself to court the many ethnic minorities—which constitute some 60% of the population—by making them feel that their security and their liberties would be better assured in a unitary state than in semi-autonomous republics, where they would be at the mercy of ethnic majorities. This campaign reaped rapid rewards and, allying himself to other parties which shared his neutralist and Pan-African ideas, he ensured victory for his nationalist cartel at the pre-independence legislative elections of May 1960.

This success did not, however, make of him the uncontested leader of the Congo. He lacked the weapon of a Sékou Touré, for example: a large nationalist party with deep roots in the country, firm and disciplined, which could mobilise the masses for great political or economic battles. In Leopoldville itself, he was at the mercy of the Lower Congo and of President Kasavubu. In the interior, his supporters were totally unversed in those methods of popular struggle—demonstrations, strikes—which could have assisted him. Deprived of political leadership at local level, the population remained passive, paying heed to their more or less hostile traditional chiefs.

Despite these handicaps, Lumumba, in his ardour, in his

inexperience (he had less than three years of political struggle behind him), pitted himself against forces far stronger than his own. Passionately propagating his ideas, he ended by acquiring a powerful coalition of enemies: Belgium (well disposed towards him at first), the Belgian trusts (which he threatened with the thunderbolts of nationalisation), the Americans (terrified by his neutralist declarations and his plans to take possession of the Kamina and Kitona bases), the British, the French, the United Nations Secretariat, the 'moderate' African States.

Lumumba clearly over-estimated the bargaining power of neutralism, believing Soviet aid to be limitless, whereas such aid could only stretch to the extent that it did not lead to a third world war. On the other hand, he seems to have under-estimated the enormous interests of the Western powers in the Congo, together with their determination to defend these interests at any cost. How could they, in effect, surrender without struggle the "geological disgrace" that is Katanga, the fortune in annual profits, the two ultra-modern military bases, and accept with a Lumumbist victory a fundamental change in the political balance not only of the Congo but of all Central Africa? The triumph of Lumumba would have served as an example to all the neighbouring territories of the Congo.

Lumumba's own errors of judgment or strategy do not reduce, however, in any way at all the responsibilities of the Great Powers for the Congo tragedy. The decision of Belgium, in particular, to send its paratroops into the Congo at the time of the mutiny in the Force Publique had the effect of pouring oil on fire. That act was a clear violation of Congolese sovereignty and opened the way to an internationalisation of the conflict. In addition, these military reinforcements contributed much more to securing the secession of Katanga than to preventing anti-European violence (which had in any case been exaggerated by the Belgian press for the sake of the cause). The other Western powers, following Belgium's example, did all they could to undermine Lumumba's authority, thus exasperating him further. Now supporting Moise Tshombe, now General Mobutu, now President Kasavubu, they contributed to prolonging a state of anarchy in the Congo. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, over-estimated the central government's capacity for action and supplied it with the material means for the undertaking of a military expedition against Katanga and South Kasai, the act which led directly to the fall of Lumumba.

The African States divided over support for Lumumba and so sustained the equivocal policy of the U.N. and of Mr. Hammarskjoeld himself.

One cannot say in this connection that the part played by the Secretary-General of the United Nations has been particularly impressive. While he ought to have been openly and absolutely impartial, if only for the prestige of the international organisation in the uncommitted world, Mr. Hammarskjoeld allowed himself to be swayed by his personal affinities. He never got on well with Patrice Lumumba. From the beginning he tended to ignore the Congolese Prime Minister, treating Mr. Tshombe as an equal, opposing by every means in his power an assault on Katanga secession (whereas now the U.N. Congo Command declares that it would not oppose an eventual "police expedition" by the government of Mr. Adoula against Elisabethville). During the clash between Lumumba and Kasavubu, when each attempted to deprive the other of office, he sided with Kasavubu against Lumumba, despite the votes of confidence won by the Congolese Prime Minister in both the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate. He prevented Lumumba from using the national radio (Kasavubu had his declarations broadcast by Radio Brazzaville) and closed all the airports, thus hindering political and military action by the central government. He finally accommodated himself for many months to the 'military' régime of Mobutu and the government appointed by President Kasavubu, although these did not rest upon any parliamentary basis.

The tragic death of Lumumba, however, changed the situation altogether. Under the impact of world reaction, the Security Council voted on 21 February for a succession of resolutions favouring a return to legality. These required—1. The expulsion of all military, para-military and foreign political personnel from the Congo: 2. The opening of an investigation into the death of Lumumba and his companions, and the punishment of those responsible: 3. The convocation of parliament: 4. The reorganisation of the National Congolese Army, to prevent it from meddling further in the political affairs of the country. These resolutions are now at last being applied, with the sudden change of United Nations and Western policy in the Congo.

With Lumumbism beheaded, Belgium no longer really fears the nationalist tidal-wave which would have swept her away from all her possessions in the Congo. The Belgian financial houses, especially those whose investments are located outside

Katanga, have returned to their old unitarian conceptions and are hostile to an Elisabethville separatism which prejudices their interests. Even the Union Minière disclaims responsibility for the secession of Katanga. "A definite rupture between Leopoldville and Elisabethville", a director of the mining trust told me, "would deprive us of the use of the port of Matadi. There would then be only four possible outlets: Dar es Salaam, Lobito, Beira, and the Cape. Tanganyika will be independent before the end of the year, Angola and Mozambique are or will be at the mercy of African terrorists, and nationalist agitation has made a risk of the Rhodesias". The Union Minière now favours the economic unity of the Congo, precisely because this would allow it to use the port of Matadi and the lines of communication through the territory controlled by the central government.

The United States for its part, anxious not to compromise its relations with the Afro-Asian States—the vast majority of which are hostile to Mr. Tshombe and his friends—and fearful of encouraging a secession of the provinces controlled by the Lumumbists (which would then turn even more to the Eastern countries), has given its blessing to the reunification of the Congo.

The creation of a coalition government, fruit of a compromise between Congolese unitarians and federalists, has therefore been made possible by the convergence of East and West. This does not of course exclude—quite the contrary—second thoughts by either side. For the Kasavubists and their allies, it was a matter of peacefully absorbing the provinces of Orientale, Kivu and Katanga, and thus consolidating their tottering power. The Lumumbists had to emerge from their isolation before undertaking action necessary to extend their influence over the whole territory. In order to do this, they intend establishing the great nationalist party which Lumumba did not have time to establish —the *Parti National Africain-Lumumba* (*P.N.A.-L.*)—which will combine all the political forces of the Lumumbist Cartel.

It is with this instrument that the Congolese nationalists hope to consolidate the independence of their country in the economic as well as the political field.

Translated from the French

TANGANYIKA ON THE EVE

TONY HUGHES

East African Journalist

TOWNSHIPS, trading centres and villages throughout Tanganyika are taking on a Festival at Farnbridge atmosphere in preparation for the December independence celebrations. African huts, Asian dukas and European homes will be decorated with bunting and with leaves in traditional style. T.A.N.U. and national flags—the two are very similar—will fly from every pole.

Large-scale celebrations in Dar es Salaam, the capital, have been dubbed "the junkettings" by the local press. From the tombola of royal personages who represent the Queen on these occasions, Tanganyika has drawn a winner in the Duke of Edinburgh.

There will be balls and ngomas, parades and processions, a state banquet and numerous tea-parties, colonial-inherited pomp and spontaneous African exuberance. The government has taken over the 'uhuru' trade fair for which the local impressario thought he had the contract, but no doubt all that will be sorted out in time.

A brand new stadium is being constructed for the celebrations, and on the eve of independence there is to be a searchlight tattoo. In the fireworks display there will be a montage of the national flag, the legend 'UHURU 1961', and a portrait of the Prime Minister, Julius Nyerere.

The spirit of non-racialism, for which the territory has a vast reputation, will be symbolised as the garlanded Prime Minister drives in an open vehicle through the streets, joyfully grasping the hands of his brown and white cabinet colleagues.

Forgotten for a day by the leaders, the civil servants and administrators, will be the thought that rarely has a country so economically backward achieved its independence. Certainly none so backward has emerged from colonialism enjoying so much confidence in the world around and such great expectations from its own people.

Just for 24 hours the disquieting aspects of contemporary Tanganyika will be forgotten. At a recent press conference Nyerere pointed out that one out of six children born in Tanganyika during the first year of independence would not

reach the age of six, through lack of medical facilities and proper diet.

When the leaders return to their desks after independence, such matters will be urgently before them. Uhuru for Tanganyika will coincide with one of the greatest famines East Africa has ever suffered.

The area is dependent upon seasonal monsoon rains. For the second year in succession both the long and the short rains have failed. Tanganyika, whose agriculture is not only backward by world standards but also by those of East Africa, is likely to be the country hardest hit.

Even taking a long-term view, unaffected by sudden crisis, last year's World Bank mission saw no immediate answer for Tanganyika's pitiful economy, almost entirely dependent upon agriculture. Traditional farming methods, geared to subsistence, sustain a very low level of productivity. Existing programmes, making uphill progress, were incapable of rapid improvement, the mission found.

Low peasant productivity not only means that there is little hope of improving living standards and increasing exports. It is also self-perpetuating, because there can be no reasonable return upon any capital invested. Even worse, the continuance of traditional farming methods is causing a cumulative deterioration in the soil and availability of water.

Although there are a number of under-populated areas in the country, their exploitation, by means of resettlement, could only be achieved at a high expenditure on roads, water supplies, buildings and in bush and fly clearing. Unregulated settlement, on the other hand, will lead to an acceleration in the process of soil deterioration.

Ignoring times of general drought, like 1961-62, little more than one third of the country has reasonable rainfall from year to year.

Sixty per cent. of the country is infested with tsetse fly. Measures to eliminate the fly, or to control the diseases it carries, can only be justified if high productivity is achieved. In addition, much of the land 'under the fly' is intrinsically of low potential.

As a result of the low farming standards, the diet of many citizens is deficient, short of protein, calcium and certain vitamins.

Over most of Tanganyika, customary tenure is still the rule. Except in a few of the most advanced areas, such as Chaggaland,

on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, no attempt has been made to introduce new ideas. Consolidation must come; but when it does, all the difficulties and the dislocations will be blamed upon the people's own government.

In almost every sphere other than constitutional progress, Tanganyika lags behind its East African neighbours. Its health facilities are far inferior. Just one aspect serves to typify this. In Kenya there is one doctor for every 8,431 people; in Tanganyika there is only one for every 16,776.

For many years Tanganyika will be lacking an indigenous élite. Even if one takes the School Certificate level as the criterion, the annual output is only some 500 a year.

Fewer than half of the children in the country receive any formal schooling at all. Only one in twelve has more than the basic four years education. Even with a proposed acceleration, for which the government hopes to find funds, only 2,000 children will sit for their School Certificate in 1964.

The World Bank mission commented: "The number of African children receiving more than the beginnings of formal education is clearly inadequate, especially in view of Tanganyika's progress towards political independence."

This is even more pressing if one remembers the government's declared aim of recruiting the civil service entirely from citizens of the territory as early as possible. The frustration of this aim will bring difficulties for many years to come, both for Nyerere and the governing Tanganyika African National Union.

The presence of whites in occupation of high civil service posts will be a constant source of irritation for many. The fact that most of them will be expatriates, on different salary scales, will exacerbate the situation.

Nyerere has already declared that he is prepared to sacrifice standards in order to accelerate 'localisation'; but this policy has very clear drawbacks, and to pursue it too energetically could be disastrous. He has been under attack on this very point recently. He immediately turned on his critics and angrily declared he was having difficulty enough keeping the expatriates who were so necessary for the country's progress, without having to face attacks of this kind.

His outburst received support from the Minister for Agriculture, who said the three-year plan was in danger through shortage of qualified staff.

"I am perturbed by the loss of so many of our senior staff,"

he said. "In order to deal with the three-year plan the Ministry will need every good expatriate officer they can persuade to remain."

In line with the general pattern of ideological development in Africa, T.A.N.U. has tended towards socialism, and its leaders have always looked upon free universal education as a speedy objective.

Now they have found any crash programme impracticable for Tanganyika. The Prime Minister has gone so far as to warn local councils against the idea. Even if local taxes were greatly increased, there are just not the resources in buildings and teachers to speed such a programme to success.

On the other hand, even where facilities for primary education are provided on a free or highly subsidised basis, enrolment and attendance are often low. Seventy-six primary schools in Southern Province have been threatened with the withdrawal of grants-in-aid for this reason. Nearly one quarter of the places in the Province's primary schools are vacant.

In the field of external relations as well, the high ideals of opposition are being modified by practical needs.

Tanganyika has largely escaped the tribalism which bedevils politics in Kenya and Uganda, and there were many who hoped that this spirit might be exported to the rest of the proposed East African Federation. The banning of specific Kenya tribes from entering the Northern Province of Tanganyika without permits, however, is being attacked as that very fostering of tribalism for which a divide-and-rule colonial government might have been rightly criticised.

Although the proposed Federation would be of considerable economic advantage to Tanganyika, it would bring the territory's own relatively tranquil politics into direct contact with the dynamic, often disruptive politics of the other countries. No doubt some of the personal, tribal and ideological tensions would spread to Tanganyika. They already have.

T.A.N.U.'s own intrusion into Zanzibar's June election was a major political blunder of the organisation's leadership. T.A.N.U. is widely accused of having given considerable financial help to the Afro-Shirazi Party; certainly the leader of its women's wing, Bibi Titi Mohamed, openly spoke in support of the A.S.P. on election platforms in Zanzibar itself.

This action has hardened feeling within the governing Zanzibar Nationalist Party against Federation. Apart from reasons of

propriety, one would have thought that T.A.N.U. had more in common with Ali Muhsin's modern and radical inter-racial party than with the somewhat parochial African nationalism of the A.S.P.

One issue on which the government may find a conflict between past undertakings and present needs is the boycott of South African goods.

All countries of Central and Eastern Africa have strong economic ties with the Republic. Several of Tanganyika's leading companies are subsiduaries or associates of those to the South, and much of the territory's business activity is geared to decisions made in the Republic. A boycott may cause such dislocation that the firms will cease operating in the territory altogether.

It will be a long time before the mining machinery Tanganyika needs will be manufactured anywhere in Africa other than in the Republic. If ships and aircraft calling at South Africa are banned from Tanganyika, they will merely leave Tanganyika off their routes. The government is itself a joint owner with the South African financier, Harry Oppenheimer, of Williamson Diamonds. The company is Tanganyika's largest non-agricultural money-earner. Oppenheimer has recently extended his interests in the territory.

Until now Tanganyika has been able to avoid committing itself to any of the particular blocs which divide the continent. Other independent States will be watching carefully to see which way Tanganyika goes upon its achievement of independence. Most of the indications are that the territory will interpret non-alignment—on the world map—in terms which incline it towards the West rather than to the East.

The stresses which the Cold War has already brought to much of Africa are unlikely to bypass Tanganyika. Not only will the country be confronted with the difficulties of dealing with the world powers. It is bound to become embroiled in the purely African quarrels which are associated with the wider conflicts.

Tied up with this issue is that of trade union affiliation. T.A.N.U.'s industrial wing, the Tanganyika Federation of Labour, supports the All Africa Trade Union Federation demand that affiliates should cut their ties with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

In this it is not in line with most of the other 'moderate',

less anti-Western countries of Africa. Significantly, it is out of step with the Kenya Federation of Labour, whose General Secretary, Tom Mboya, is a Vice-President of the I.C.F.T.U. He led the opposition to the disaffiliation proposal at the Casablanca conference, urging that the A.A.T.U.F. should leave its members free to make their own choice on the matter.

Mboya is also General Secretary of the Kenya African National Union, which has close ties with T.A.N.U. and which is likely to be Kenya's governing party after independence.

It is within the T.F.L. that the greatest threat to T.A.N.U.'s monolithic unity has arisen. Five of the country's leading trade unions, representing an overwhelming majority of unionised labour, have revolted against the Federation leadership.

That leadership has the strongest informal ties with T.A.N.U. The former Executive President of the T.F.L., Rashidi Kawawa, is now in the Cabinet and an extremely close associate of Nyerere's. The government's announcement that only affiliates of the T.F.L. will be recognised as bargaining authorities may prevent the formation of a breakaway group; but if the situation is not delicately handled, Nyerere could find himself with a relatively well-organised, powerful and sophisticated opposition.

One of the greatest problems that beset any emergent African country is tribalism, which has so often been assiduously cultivated by the colonial powers. Many of Ghana's troubles can be traced to this source. In Nigeria the divisions which were fostered by the British policy of indirect rule, have been solved by the expedient of Federation. When Kenya becomes independent, tribalism will replace racialism as the greatest impediment to progress.

Tanganyika has been largely spared this problem, because the country has been fortunate enough to have 120 tribes within its borders instead of a few large ones. It is also a stroke of luck that Nyerere himself comes from one of the smallest tribes.

It was thought that there was a potential threat to T.A.N.U.'s authority from the vigorous and progressive Chagga, who are famous for their coffee co-operatives. They elected the controversial and independent-minded Tom Marealle as Mangi Mkuu—Senior Chief for life—and he did not see eye to eye with T.A.N.U. A referendum was held to abolish the life post and replace it with a President elected for a set term. Simon Eliufoo, a strong supporter of T.A.N.U., was elected President and works in close co-operation with the government.

The backward and unambitious Masai, however, beloved of administrative officers for their picturesque and unspoilt ways, are going to present a problem to the independence government. The failure of the British administration to stimulate progress among them means that this task too has been left to popular government.

In spite of Tanganyika's widely advertised non-racialism, there are many who do no more than pay lip service to the ideal. Most commercial companies have their headquarters in Nairobi, and constant postings mean a steady influx of Kenya-indoctrinated Europeans into the country.

It is easy for the British-educated Fabians in the Cabinet to ignore race. For the ordinary African, who only comes into contact with the European when the bwana shouts "boy, boy", it is more difficult. Even a leader of Nyerere's stature cannot cure overnight the prejudices of a lifetime or the wounds of eighty years of white colonialism.

Many Asians seem utterly beyond hope. Nothing looks like removing from them the communal prejudices of class, caste and sect which they have brought with them from the Indian sub-continent. They are still fighting their ancient and modern battles. Partition is a rancorous living issue. Although most of the Asian groups have thrown up individual liberal leaders, the antagonism between their various communities does not promise a smooth integration into African society.

It may be that the Europeans will settle down more easily than the Asians in an African-dominated society, albeit with a bad grace and putting up last-ditch battles. Having submitted to the disappearance of their own racial schools, they are fighting to end the co-educational system before integration accelerates.

Non-racialism is one of many issues upon which Nyerere is under fire from more than one side. The closer he stands by his non-racial principles, the more he is likely to be criticised by many of his fellow-Africans. Leaders in Dar es Salaam are already criticised for 'gallyvanting' with Europeans and Asians. There may be muttering after independence when men like Derek Bryceson and Amir Jamal, talented and valuable though they are admitted to be, are maintained in the Cabinet.

These are just the sort of complaints that a frankly Africanist party like the Congress will exploit to its own advantage. The Tanganyika African National Congress was formed when

Mtemvu broke away from T.A.N.U. at the time of its sweeping victory in the '58-'59 election.

The A.N.C. has sought without success to find a major issue or a substantial body of disaffection upon which to establish itself. Because of Nyerere's attachment to the West, the Congress has expediently looked towards the East for support and is reported to have received some aid from communist sources.

Perhaps it is for this reason that the government seeks to impose unnecessarily repressive measures upon the Congress. The A.N.C. youth wing has been refused registration on the grounds that it may become subversive, although colonial experience has shown that the most obvious way to drive an organisation to underground extremism is to ban it. The A.N.C. claims that it has recently been making some advance and draws the obvious conclusion from the ban which has been placed upon its holding of public meetings.

The announcement of the ban was tactlessly made at a T.A.N.U. party rally by the Home Affairs Minister, George Kahama. Later, in his Ministerial capacity, he issued an explanatory statement.

"I am only contemplating the banning of meetings by the A.N.C., not the banning of the party," he said lamely. The offence of which Congress speakers had been guilty was to have "disregarded the conventions of public speaking." A further reason for the ban was that "it is government policy not to permit activities which might damage Tanganyika abroad."

Has the government considered that the ban itself might come within this category?

It is frequently held that a national movement, a congress, is the quickest and surest way of removing a colonial régime. This view is held by Nyerere, and in Tanganyika it has certainly shown results. Unfortunately, while its tactical advantages in the struggle have been carefully worked out, the problems of preserving the newly-won freedoms with such a system do not appear to have been given equivalent thought.

Nyerere's view is that the one party system should be preserved for some time into the post-uhuru period. He believes the criterion of a democratic State to be that any opposition is legally entitled to organise and to contest elections. This only remains true, however, for as long as the government does not make use of the many weapons available to it to harry or to oppress potential opposition.

Perhaps the government is correct when it refuses to hold a general election before independence, on the grounds that the country would go to great expense only to produce another legislature in which T.A.N.U. occupies every seat. But the existence of only one party will stultify the development of ideas. To obtain advancement in a one-party system, it is expedient to conform to the views of the established leadership. Outlets for radical proposals are not available in a system which sets a premium upon conformity.

Moreover, T.A.N.U. has already shown an unnecessarily heavy hand in its demands for party discipline.

The Finance Minister, Sir Ernest Vasey, rebuked Members of the National Assembly for using the language of opposition, when there were no Opposition Members in the House. They should not say the government was inefficient or that it did not care.

"The duty of the government is to think for and of all", he said.

His thoughts were echoed by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, Mr. Kasambala, who baldly told Members after criticism of official action: "The people's government knows best."

In some cases it appears that Ministers are wondering whether, after all, the colonial government knew best. In Tanganyika the British used the system of indirect rule as a means of providing cheap local government. Existing forms of chieftainship were adapted to meet the needs of the administrators; and where chiefs did not traditionally exist, they were created.

T.A.N.U. has been more successful than most nationalist organisations in carrying the chiefs with it in its political battles. Nevertheless they remain possible sources of discontent.

The democratised local authorities which are rapidly replacing the chiefs provide an unhappy example of how nationalist hopes may be disappointed by experience.

The Minister for Local Government, Job Lusinde, recently told the members of Chunwa District Council: "Your efforts to develop your district and even your spirit of community development have all disappeared. Your work is so inefficient you have failed even to inform me how much rate you have collected."

Even worse, he said of local government generally: "The process of democratisation, although very necessary, brings

problems, and in most of the newly elected councils things have not gone well. New councillors are inexperienced and waste their time in fruitless discussions of matters which have nothing to do with improving the lot of the people they represent."

Allegations are made in Tanganyika that T.A.N.U.'s strength is leading to corruption and favouritism among minor officials.

Congress members complain that before obtaining a job in many government departments, applicants have to show their party cards, and that the same applies to those seeking jobs in private businesses also. It is difficult, however, to imagine that Nyerere would countenance even a whisper of irregularity among those close to him.

There are those who will consider the publication of such allegations and criticisms as needless and harmful. Of course, such people would say, Tanganyika has short-comings and failures; but it is malice and not sympathy to draw attention to them on the eve of the territory's independence.

This is not so. One does Tanganyika nothing but harm by pretending that it has no problems at all, that its government makes no mistakes, that its future may be faced with equanimity. Those very spectators who greet the new State with such unqualified admiration and expectancy are likely to be foremost in transmuting any disappointment into an equally unqualified censure and assault.

The real problems of leaders like Nyerere begin now, when for the first time they will enjoy complete control over their country. One belittles them by pretending that they are unaware of the difficulties they face, and insults them by assuming that they would regard an analysis of their problems as gratuitous and harmful. Those who watch the new Tanganyika on the eve of its emergence as an independent country cannot but have misgivings about the ease with which the outside world expects Tanganyika to develop itself. What is required is precisely the antithesis of this mood—a recognition that the government of Tanganyika has very far to go before accomplishing its objectives, and that it will need all the help that it can get from a sympathetic and knowledgeable world. Tanganyika is rich only in the character, the talents, the energy and the courage of its leaders. As long as they continue to exhibit these qualities, whatever the inevitable shortcomings their administration may reveal, as long as they will devote to the administration of independence

the same qualities that they revealed in their resistance to colonial rule, so long will they provide Tanganyika with its richest natural resource. For what the government of Tanganyika needs above all else today is understanding. The world—by recognising the mistakes that it makes, together with its very real advances—can help it to accomplish that vision of a free and just society to which Julius Nyerere and so many of his colleagues have devoted their lives.

NIGERIA—THE FIRST DECADE

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OUTSIDE observers tend to adopt two lines of approach to the new States of Africa. Most of the time the approach is conditioned by the cold war between East and West—are they for us or against us? Less often, perhaps because it requires more work, the approach involves assiduous name-dropping weighted by abstruse references—what about the influence of X? Don't forget the historical rivalry of the Ys and Zs! Both approaches do little service to the object of attention. The East-West struggle is not the struggle of the new States, and it is for them to make up their own minds about taking part. On the other hand, they are now sovereign entities, with a place in international politics and exposed to the battle of ideas, and it is unwise to try to explain everything in terms of tribe and personality.

Nigeria is especially open to both these approaches. It is assumed to be "safe for the West"—despite articles in the '*Sunday Telegraph*'—while, on the other hand, its great size and diversity allow a wide choice of names to be dropped. What should be emphasised is the close inter-relationship between a country's internal condition and its external behaviour, and some of the features likely to be significant in the first crucial decade of independence.

First of all, despite the protracted negotiations and discussions which preceded independence, the balance in the constitution between various political forces in Nigeria is by no means finally resolved. An acute observer of the Nigerian political scene, Ayo Ogunsheye, has remarked:

> "Majority Nigerian opinion has chosen the federal form of government as the best constitutional framework for maintaining unity in diversity. . . . As for the party system, it is nowhere more virile in tropical Africa than in Nigeria."[1]

There now seems little likelihood that the Federation will disintegrate in the near future, in contrast to the threats of secession in 1953-54. That does not mean, however, that the political system has been established in its final form. Machinery

[1] "Nigeria's Political Prospects", '*Ibadan*', Number Eleven, February 1961.

has already been set in motion to create another Region, the 'Mid-West State', to be carved out of Western Nigeria, and there is talk of extending the Lagos Federal Territory at the expense of the West. It is significant that the West is controlled by the Action Group, which forms the Opposition in the Federal Parliament. The National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons (N.C.N.C.), which controls the East, and the Northern People's Congress (N.P.C.), which controls the North, will not agree to the slicing of new Regions from their own domains, and while they control the Federal government they have nothing to fear in this respect. Moreover, in an attempt to force an enquiry into the Action Group's financial affairs, they pushed through a bill at the end of July which has important implications for the legal powers of the Federal government.

The existence of three major parties is the almost accidental result of the evolution of a federal constitution in Nigeria. The Action Group greatly strengthened its hold on the West in Regional elections held just before independence, and the separation of the Mid-West will drastically reduce the strength of the N.C.N.C. Opposition in the Western House; in May 1961, the N.P.C. won 160 out of 170 seats in the Northern House of Assembly; it seems certain that the N.C.N.C. will win all but a few of the 146 new seats in the Eastern House. Each Region then is rapidly evolving a one-party system; it is as yet uncertain whether the N.C.N.C. or the Action Group will control the new Mid-West State. Moreover, the N.P.C. has still not attempted to recruit members outside the North, though it has made alliances with some minor Southern parties. The Action Group's attempt to seek support outside the West by championing ethnic minorities has foundered on the refusal by the other parties to allow any new Regions to be carved out of the East and North. The popular support which the N.C.N.C. found throughout the Federation in the Federal election of 1959 was primarily the result of its reputation as the vanguard of the nationalist movement since 1944, and the capital collected in this way must rapidly be expended now that independence is a fact. Moreover, the N.C.N.C. lost a considerable asset when Dr. Azikiwe resigned its leadership to become Governor-General.

The swearing-in of Dr. Azikiwe as Governor-General in November 1960—Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa became

Prime Minister after the N.C.N.C. and N.P.C. had formed a coalition Federal government after the December 1959 election —sealed the pact between the two parties. With Dr. Azikiwe in limbo as President of the Senate for some months after the election, there was speculation over how long the coalition could last. It seemed an alliance of such obvious irreconcilables. Yet it has worked so far, and despite rumours shows few signs of stress. It is difficult to account for this. The N.C.N.C., led in the main by the businessmen, educationalists and lawyers of the East, a nationalist movement in its origins, with a strong radical element, seems a strange ally for the N.P.C., led by men associated with traditional authority, often from aristocratic families, concerned with the special interests of the predominantly Muslim North. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the major interest of both parties was in the power immediately to be gained at the end of 1959.

The distribution of seats among Regions in the Federal House of Representatives meant that whichever party controlled the North would have to be included in the Federal government. The Action Group had sought to wrest control of the North from the N.P.C. The N.C.N.C., on the other hand, had guessed that the N.P.C. would win and sought an alliance with it. In doing so, the N.C.N.C. dealt a bitter blow to the Northern Elements' Progressive Union (N.E.P.U.), the N.P.C.'s oldest opponent in the North and an ally of the N.C.N.C. since 1954. N.E.P.U., which claims to stand for the rights of the *talakawa*, or commoners, in the North against the *sarakuna*, or men of authority, has been seriously embarrassed by the appointment of its leader as Deputy Chief Whip of the N.P.C.-N.C.N.C. Federal coalition. The N.P.C., knowing that it could preserve the North inviolate if it were the dominant partner in the Federal coalition, seems to have felt that the N.C.N.C. was to be preferred as an ally to the Action Group. The N.C.N.C. had intervened in Northern politics only through its alliance with N.E.P.U., while the Action Group had spent vast sums in 1959 in order to harry the N.P.C. directly in places where it had felt itself most secure. The Western party had received few enough votes in return for its expenditure, but it had greatly disquieted the N.P.C. leaders.

The Action Group's reaction to the apparent interest of the other two major parties in power rather than in ideas is an interesting one. Its manifesto for independence, '*Democratic*

Socialism', declared that "the period of transition is over", and that the next stage required the building of a "socialist society". "New loyalties to class interests are gradually replacing the traditional loyalties", while "political programmes and arguments are at bottom the objectives and views of definite economic classes and groups." This attempt by the Action Group to find an 'ideological' basis for its actions may be compared with the speedy disavowal by the N.C.N.C. leaders of a pamphlet published at independence by Mokwugo Okoye, one of the young radicals in the party, which also spoke of "socialist planning" and a "socialist Welfare State", envisaging public ownership of banks, mines, long-distance transport, foreign trade and other enterprises.

It is open to question, however, whether any of the major parties can find a policy enabling it to control and direct the forces of social and economic change which are beginning to be felt in Nigeria. Having attained independence and brought all Nigerians into contact with the political system for the first time—eighty per cent. of the nine million electors voted in 1959—they may think they have done all they might be expected to do in their present form. Two groups in Nigeria in particular are of growing importance, and neither is necessarily attached to any of the major parties—the increasing numbers of teachers, civil servants and technicians who are essential for future development, and the growing body of primary school-leavers who either cannot find jobs at all or who are employed at a level they feel to be beneath them.

In 1960 a most important report, '*Investment in Education*', was published by the Federal Ministry of Education. In this, a commission headed by Sir Eric Ashby made "massive, expensive and unconventional" recommendations for changes in higher education to provide the more than 80,000 senior and intermediate personnel necessary for Nigeria's development in the decade 1960-70; in 1960 there were only 30,000 of these, 10,000 of them expatriates. These 80,000 men and women will have an importance far beyond their numbers in Nigeria during the next decade, both while they are being trained and after they have begun to direct the development of the schools, hospitals, roads, factories, mills and other projects required to raise Nigeria's standard of living. Yet these people will be the ones best able to see and most hostile to the "waste in public spending through kick-backs on contracts and the

'influence' of foreign business concerns who are able to bribe their way through in high places,'' mentioned by Ayo Ogunsheye in his article for '*Ibadan*'. They will be readily susceptible to demands for a radical programme of reform, a programme which none of the major parties would in its present form be able to meet.

On another level is the second key group of the future, those leaving primary school. Since 1951 the Regional governments have made great efforts to provide school places. The Eastern and Western governments are devoting nearly fifty per cent. of their annual expenditures to primary and secondary education, which is a Regional matter, while the Northern government spends nearly forty per cent. This proportion is likely to rise in the future. Yet the campaign for universal primary education has meant that by December 1960 there were already some two and a half times the number of school-leavers looking for jobs in the West than in December 1959. In the East there were 10,000 more school-leavers. Even in the North, which has lagged far behind the others in modern education, there is growing pressure for universal primary education. Yet, as Arch C. Callaway has shown in an interesting series of articles,[2] the number of jobs available to school-leavers cannot keep pace at the moment with the increase in their numbers. In the past, education has been the key to a better life in Nigeria. In the future, it seems likely to lead to growing dissatisfaction, unless a radical, even revolutionary, programme of development can be launched to absorb this group. The apparently conservative nature of the present Nigerian governments is particularly significant since any such programme of reform would involve far-reaching changes in land-tenure, requiring the sacrifice of practices sanctioned by centuries of usage. Yet without a bold programme, these unemployed or underemployed school-leavers could provide the rank and file for any new political movement directed against the present parties and their governments.

The politicians are aware of this and they are alarmed. Already a new Nigerian Youth Congress has sprung into being, radical in tone and directing its appeal to youth and the intellectuals. The Dynamic Party of Dr. Chike Obi, with its emphasis on the need for a régime like that of Kemal Ataturk, seems to be preparing for a greater organisational effort. When Dr. Obi issued a pamphlet attacking the present Nigerian leaders as

[2] ''School Leavers in Nigeria'', '*West Africa*', 25 March—15 April, 1961.

unrepresentative of the people, he was charged with sedition by the Federal government and found guilty. This sort of reaction seems to suggest a basic lack of confidence on the part of the present major parties.

It is most unlikely, however, that any completely new party made up principally of discontented intellectuals and young school-leavers could command enough votes to come to power, though it might possibly secure enough influence in the army and Federal police to attempt a coup. The forces of the 'left' are numerically weak in Nigeria today, lacking even the support of the trade union movement. Most unions are small and ill-organised, while there are two rival trade union congresses, one supporting the Ghana-Guinea backed All-Africa Trade Union Federation, the other valuing more its links with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (I.C.F.T.U.). Nevertheless, both Southern major parties contain potentially radical elements; even the Action Group, the most business-dominated and closely linked to foreign firms, contains the former leaders of the pseudo-Marxist United Working People's Party. In the East about a year ago, members of both the N.C.N.C. and the Action Group came together in an abortive Socialist Group. If, under pressure from social and economic developments which seemed to be escaping its control, one of these parties came to be dominated by a radically minded group, there would be a decisive shift in the direction of Nigerian politics. Even then the radicals would have to face the opposition of most, if not all of the leaders of the very conservative N.P.C., which controls more than half the country.

All this is speculation. What is certain is that a full appreciation of the factors involved and a clear idea of what must be done are essential, if the problems of the future are to be tackled and solved. The Ashby Commission's estimate of costs for its proposals totals between £89 and £113 millions over the next ten years. The 35,000,000 people of Nigeria demand much more than increased facilities for higher education. They need better medical facilities, for instance, since nearly forty per cent. of all children still die before reaching puberty. Nigeria is not a poor country, as the new African States go. Yet her annual income per head was reckoned at only £30 in 1957, and there is a great disparity in wealth between North and South. In 1960 there was an adverse trade balance of well over £50,000,000, with exports at £160,000,000 and imports at

£215,000,000. The export value of groundnuts, one of Nigeria's main products, fell from £38 to £35 millions, and cocoa, another staple, from £27.5 to £22 millions. The prospect for cocoa on the world market continues to look grim. If Nigeria is to finance development primarily from her own resources, its reserves may well have to be run down to the last shilling. In addition, private investment and loans and grants by foreign governments will have to be sought. In June Chief Festus Okotie-Eboh, the N.C.N.C. Federal Minister of Finance, began a world tour in search of investment and loans, and we must wait to see the measure of his success. It is also impossible to foresee the effects upon Nigeria's trade of Britain's entry into the European Common Market. Although Nigeria has the advantages of a large potential internal market and newly discovered petroleum deposits, it also has the task of satisfying the demands of 35,000,000 people who expect to see the conditions of their lives rapidly improved. Size is a dubious advantage, if it makes the economy's initial "take-off" so much more difficult.

In foreign relations, Nigeria's size has been the dominant factor since independence. It has been generally accepted that, as the largest African country in terms of population, Nigeria would have a leading voice in Pan-African affairs. The snag has been that Ghana, independent since 1957, dominated by one party and led by a man of great ability and ambition, has tended to "speak for Africa" in the last few years. Nigeria has found itself therefore at the head of the 'Monrovia' group of African States, much more cautious in their approach to African unity than the radical 'Casablanca' group of which Ghana, Guinea and the United Arab Republic are prominent members. It is significant that Chief Awolowo, the Action Group leader, who as late as 1960 was the bitterest Nigerian critic of Presidents Nkrumah and Nasser, supported Nigeria's alignment with the Ghana-Guinea-Mali Union after his recent visit to Accra. How far this represents a genuine change of heart and how far it is the result of opposition to the N.P.C.-N.C.N.C. Federal government is difficult to estimate.

Equally difficult to assess is Chief Awolowo's change in attitude towards neutralism in world affairs. During the 1959 election campaign he described any such position as "an unmitigated disservice to humanity", and repeated these words in his autobiography, published at the time of independence. Yet the Action Group manifesto, published at that time, declared:

"Nigeria should cooperate with all nations, from whichever bloc, that strive to fulfil or promote the ideals of Democratic Socialism for which we stand."

The Action Group also bitterly opposed the defence pact signed by Britain and Nigeria. On the surface, such moves appear to be part of the conventional battle for power in the Federation. It remains to be seen how strongly the Action Group will continue to press this line, and how much support it will win for the party among those who are conscious of Nigeria's rôle in the new Africa.

The Federal government, besides following a line which puts Nigeria on the whole in the Western camp, is also involved in certain specific problems. Opposition to the South African Republic, because of that country's racial policies, and to France, because of the nuclear tests in the Sahara, continues. The North is attracted to Egypt and other Muslim countries because of religious and cultural links, and this sometimes arouses alarm among Southerners. Of great potential importance is the problem of Nigeria's eastern frontier with the Southern Cameroons, when that territory joins the Cameroun Republic in October. Unrest in the Cameroons may very well result; and if this leads to frontier violations, a very difficult situation could arise, especially since most of the Nigerian army is committed in the Congo.

In foreign affairs as in domestic matters, Nigeria thus has potential troubles enough of its own. It seems to do Nigeria little service to behave as if it were irrevocably involved on the side of the 'Free World'. Nigeria has problems, and yet these tend to be obscured by the sort of self-congratulation which fills the British newspapers when comparisons are made with the ex-Belgian Congo. It is the duty of outsiders to see Nigeria's problems in terms of Nigeria's own needs, not of her position in a world conflict which is not her quarrel. If a democratic political system is to be preserved, in face of a possible realignment of forces which might lead to authoritarian pressures from 'left' or 'right', if the necessary cadre of trained personnel is to be created, and if the economic and social development of the country is to proceed, then Nigeria must be given help when this is requested, and with no strings attached. Outsiders must show that they have a sympathetic understanding of Nigeria's particular problems and not merely a keen appreciation of their own interests.

NIGERIA IN CRISIS

MOKWUGO OKOYE

Radical youth leader of the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons

AN intellectual sickness grips Nigeria, a false complacency that with independence all is well so long as the country treads the dreary road of political compromise and indecisiveness laid down by the British, who still pride themselves on their distrust of logic and first principles. Independence, however, is surely but a means to an end, and Nigeria—with its over 35 million people and rich natural assets—cannot develop its resources and raise the living standards of its population, let alone influence the rest of Africa and the world outside, by standing assiduously still.

Nigerian Cabinet Ministers in their speeches often stress the need for order and security in the state, implying that critics of the government should mind their own business, or, alternatively, face 'the warm embrace of the criminal code'. Little is said, however, about social welfare, and the impression is carefully cultivated that Nigerians are not entitled to expect wonders out of their release from colonial rule.

After independence, mere nationalism no longer suffices to excite the masses with loyalty and enthusiasm for the great task of social reconstruction that faces their country. An inevitable tendency exists for nationalism to die with the imperialism that brought it into being. Nor can Nigeria hope to lead a free Africa by virtue of her size alone. Unless she can generate a spirit of dynamism and unity, of popular socialism, she will not only fail to lead, she will be swept aside by the resurgence in the social and political life of Africa around her.

Many foreigners see in Nigeria not only a country opulent with variety and vigour, but a democratic and stable one in which freedom and moderation determine political life. There may be some truth in this praise, although political stability has often sustained a lack-lustre political leadership and a deep-rooted corruption within. A country's maturity, Nehru has said, may be measured by the questions that it poses to itself, and its failure is often due to its having posed to itself all the wrong questions. At the moment, Nigeria's politicians talk of tribes, chieftaincies and religion, while the basic socio-economic problems of the day excite only a few. Bank accounts appeal

rather than ideas, though Europe today is more the product of Christ and Marx than of Crassus or Charlemagne, as Asia is of Buddha rather than of Genghis Khan. Without visionaries to guide it, a people is destined to stumble and decay where it falls.

The Nigerian Federal Government, composed of the Northern People's Congress (N.P.C.) and the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons (N.C.N.C.) has all the advantages and shortcomings of a coalition, especially one between a feudal and a social democratic party. There is caution and there is confidence, but little urgency and imagination. While the N.P.C. has shed some of the worst excesses of its feudal philosophy—tribalism and class demarcation—at the national level, the N.C.N.C. has had to abandon many of the social visions of its agitational days. Both Sir Abubakar Balewa, the N.P.C. Prime Minister, and Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, ex-President of the N.C.N.C. and now Governor-General of Nigeria, want to see the Nigerian constitution work and therefore use their influence to dampen the eagerness of their more extreme supporters, while their regional colleagues feel themselves free to experiment along feudal or socialist lines in their own spheres of influence.

Ironically, the conservative orientation of the Federal Government has driven the Action Group Opposition more and more to the left, so that today the party—which in 1953 abjured any consorting with foreign ideologies and five years later saw republicanism as the day-dream of 'a lunatic fringe' in the nationalist movement—now passionately champions socialism and nationalisation alike and advocates a republican constitution for Nigeria. The party which in the 1959 federal election campaign advocated a pro-Western foreign policy for Nigeria is today urging a positive neutralist line and friendly relations with the Communist States. It is committed to creating three more Regions out of the existing trichotomous system, and it therefore sees the recent decision by the Federal Parliament to establish a fourth, Mid-West Region as a triumph of its policy.

Curiously enough, it was the N.C.N.C. which spearheaded the struggle for Nigerian freedom and laid the foundations of socialist and republican traditions; but under the necessities of office today, it finds itself fighting a rear-guard action against the forces of political radicalism in the country, rather like the social democratic parties of Western Europe (the British Labour Party, French S.F.I.O., German S.P.D.), whose dilemma it is facing today. The party is now fighting shy of nationalisation

and the establishment of a republic; what with its recurrent internal crises and confusion of objectives, it has ceased to enjoy that overwhelming mass appeal which made it a truly national organisation in the heyday of its struggle for independence. To recapture the massive popular support of its agitational days, the N.C.N.C. must establish high standards of integrity and austerity in place of acquisitiveness and exhibitionism. The party must no longer mistake mediocrity for moderation and must ensure that its standard-bearers are not little men of great inheritance, ignorant of or hostile to the powerful forces now moving the continent of Africa.

To lead people one must be able to reflect their inmost moods and aspirations. In all parts of Africa today there is an irresistible demand for independence, for self-expression, for development—an instinctive desire which some English-speaking nationalists have described as the assertion of 'the African Personality' and the French-speaking Africans see in terms of 'Negritude'—and it follows that no nation will long exercise influence in contemporary Africa which does not reflect this moving desire of Africans to assert themselves after so many centuries of colonial degradation. This mystic faith in independence has also an important corollary for African nationalists —the unification of Africa with the tumbling of the arbitrary barriers imposed by the 19th century European 'scramble for Africa'. It does not matter if this desire for union is seen by realists as a vision, for visions are the stuff out of which great realities are woven.

Has Nigeria this powerful, passionate faith in African unity and independence? I am not sure that we do as yet, at least to the degree necessary to inspire others with excitement for these great ideals. The popularity which countries like the United Arab Republic and Ghana enjoy among many Africans derives from their pulsating faith in the cause of African unity and independence. Thus, when Egypt challenged, successfully, Anglo-French power over the Suez Canal in 1956 or Ghana rushed aid to distressed Guinea, Congo and South African nationalists, they elicited the admiration of ardent African nationalists everywhere who wish speedily to redress the wrongs which European Imperialism has perpetrated in Africa over so many centuries. Nigeria enjoyed this admiration when, under radical youth pressure, she broke off diplomatic relations with France over continued French atomic tests in the Sahara, and

when she supported the expulsion of South Africa from the Commonwealth because of apartheid.

In spite of her spasmodic Pan-Africanism, however, Nigeria is regrettably poor in initiative and ideas, and others have set the pace for her in many fields. Few of her leaders have seen beyond the colonial pattern of Dominion Status to a vista of democratic republicanism, and her meagre foreign aid programme does little credit to her wealth and size. It is far from certain too that in an age of fervent nationalism in Africa many countries will cherish a state which has too strong an attachment to her former colonial ruler. After making allowance for the limiting factors of inevitable interdependence in the modern world, one must admit that, in her present relationship with Britain, Nigeria is little more than a colony. Our religion, law, education and literature, even our ideas of the ultimately significant, are still determined by British standards and predilections, and today, after the signing of the recent defence agreement with Britain, even our airfields and naval bases remain part British.

For intimating last October that, while at the moment we are encouraging the establishment of partnerships with foreign firms, Nigeria may in future consider nationalising certain basic industries like tin and oil mining, air and sea transport, banking and insurance, steel production and foreign trade, I was pilloried by the conservative leadership. The truth remains that, as Nehru once declared—"If an indigenous government took the place of the foreign government and kept all the vested interests intact, this would not even be the shadow of freedom." But with the State ownership and control of the railways, ports, electricity, coal, and airlines, and the partial control of cement, textile, ceramic production and produce trading (marketing boards), it can be said that nationalisation has been accepted in principle, and the only issue now is whether or not it shall be extended to other fields.

It has been argued by its antagonists that nationalisation will scare away foreign investors. But this is a specious argument, as old as economic colonialism itself. Replying in 1939 to African demands for higher taxation of the Gold Coast (Ghana) gold mines owned by foreign companies, Governor Hudson had said: "I am sure it would be a short-sighted and extremely harmful policy for the Government to interfere in a matter of this sort, because capital is very sensitive and it might have the

effect of driving it away to other parts of the world." The tax has since been raised considerably, yet the mines are still being operated in Ghana, as elsewhere in Africa. In an age when the Soviet Union is only too eager to offer huge loans to the newly independent countries of Asia and Africa at less than 3 per cent. interest and the U.S.A. feels the need to compete for their favour, no one really fears that capital for our development will be unobtainable. The United Nations Organisation has devised SUNFED (Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development in under-developed countries), which holds out hope to all new countries. And here it might be stressed that Nigeria is not poor in potential, but only in production and consumption. What is needed is a new system of economic organisation which permits the country to exploit a proper share of its national wealth for its own development.

Foreign capitalists do not invest their money in other countries out of generosity or sympathy but in pursuit of profits, and these they get in areas where wages and living standards are lower and raw materials cheaper than in their home countries. Foreign capitalists have had all the guarantees they could reasonably have wanted in Nigeria these 100 years, and they have invested in brewing, cigarette-making, trading and mining; in short, in the extractive, quick-profit yielding industries from which they take out more than they put in—one of the foreign companies in Nigeria recorded £55 million as turnover last year alone—while leaving the heavy industries severely alone.

This system of haphazard private investment has failed to solve the fundamental problems of our nation—that of unemployment, of uneven development and inequitable prices for Nigerian produce, of extensive public education and health services. It always will. If we want to develop our country, we must increase our own savings; we must seek U.N. aid or bilateral agreements with friendly countries to exchange our food and raw materials for machinery, rather than private foreign capital which, as Iran, Guatemala, Cuba and other countries have shown, often enters as a Trojan Horse. A policy of 'drift' will not do: there must be a National Plan, specifying priorities and limiting the field of private investment, as countries like India, Ceylon and the United Arab Republic have done. Nigeria might emulate the example of Tanganyika, where the Ministers voluntarily slashed their salaries to save money for real national development. We have to bridge the gap of centuries in a few

years, live through the ages of steam, electricity and the atom in one generation. We must scale down the salaries at the upper segments of the public services; we must introduce a profits tax in order to raise more revenue for development. We will have to mobilise all available material and manpower for a gigantic development effort; and nationalise banking, insurance, mining, shipping, municipal transport and foreign trade, not only in order to check the profiteering tendencies of the big monopolies, but as well to assure the State of more resources for the planning of its development.

Pandit Nehru said recently that only the State can bring the industrial revolution to India, since private enterprise is obsessed with quick dividends and lacks both the capacity and mental approach to undertake the industrialisation of the country. Where both capital and technique are generally lacking, it is imperative that the State should play an increasing rôle in the development of industries and social services rather than merely 'hold the ring' while private capitalists exploit the country. The present outcry by foreign firms against the demand for public ownership and control of the basic industries is, as Chief Obafemi Awolowo of the Action Group said during a recent speech in Parliament, an attempt to browbeat Nigerians into accepting a perpetual economic stranglehold. Already Nigerian businessmen are raising protests against the massive penetration by the foreign big monopolies into all spheres of our economic life. Merely to restrain the monopolies, however, is not enough. Government should encourage the Development Corporations to enter the industrial field and create a vast network of co-operatives to take over the distributive trade and handicrafts industry of the country.

At the moment, the civil rights enshrined in the Nigerian constitution are still mainly theoretical—freedom of speech is nullified by those men of means who juggle public opinion through their control over the organs of communication, while the big monopolies have made nonsense of personal freedom by their control over employment and entertainment, fixing their own prices and influencing laws in their sole interest. The vision of creative freedom for all has shaded into a life more abundant for the governmentarians—ministers, contractors, senior servicemen, big businessmen and their dependents. Behind the pageantry of the affluent, there is a background of dismal abject poverty.

"If the aim of collective life and of those who are in charge of it is to improve the lot of the people and, in the first place, of those who are less favoured," declared the former French Prime Minister, Pierre Mendès-France, "then we must above all develop the production of goods and riches. For this purpose we must promote an economy of full-employment. . . . Our ambition is to form tomorrow a nation where socialism will be the complement of political democracy and its natural and normal consequences." What Mendès-France demanded for France is what every progressive in Nigeria wants for his country. Our progressives do not approve of the investment of Nigeria's sterling balance of over £240 million in London, while Nigeria itself goes scouring the finance houses of the world for paltry loans at prohibitive rates of interest, or of the attempt by the dominant conservatives to bolster up hereditary chieftaincy in this age of republicanism. It is intolerable to them that corruption should eat through every fabric of Nigeria's national life and that unequal justice should be meted out to citizens on tribal or religious grounds. This squandering of national values has had its most corrosive effects upon the youth, who forever see promise mocked by practice and look in vain for any systematic revival of national culture or a programme of economic development sufficiently dynamic to offer Nigerians an escape from poverty and disease.

Ours is a large country and a rich one. Neither its size nor its riches, however, can bring a better life to its people, and so to peoples all over Africa, if its leadership lacks the determination and the vision. The Nigerian crisis is a crisis of leadership. It cannot be long before the people of Nigeria find men able to translate their aspirations into achievement.

MOROCCO—MONARCHY AND REVOLUTION

JEAN LACOUTURE

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THE order which reigns in Morocco, under the guardianship of a king acclaimed by the crowds and with an appearance of wealth in the great cities if not in the small towns or the country, cannot altogether be an illusion. The Moroccan monarchy has recently given astonishing proof of its vitality by the passing of the throne from Mohammed V to Hassan II, without any of the feverish disturbances which were so widely expected; but it has so far revealed only a short term vigour. The applause which greets the young king is much more an invitation to act than an expression of sightless confidence. It is to the degree that he will reply to this appeal from the masses, so much more pressing than under the reign of his father, that the new Moroccan king will save, in the coming two years, his throne. The problems facing the kingdom—political, economic, social—are of extreme urgency and cannot be hidden or muffled by demonstrations of prestige or demagogic talents.

The Moroccan throne, together with the ruling groups and personalities to which it is linked, is approaching its moment of truth. If Hassan II refuses to remain the hostage of the dominant big city bourgeoisie, he can save both his power and his throne together. His personality is sufficiently complex, his intelligence sufficiently sharp, his resilience sufficiently strong to make this a possibility, particularly since the monarchy has cards to play which might not only secure the throne but benefit Morocco. It has to achieve, after the national political unity established by Mohammed V, a social unification that has hardly been begun. For this, however, it has little time at its disposal.

It has often been said that there are two Moroccos, that of the city and that of the village. An enormous disparity exists between these two different socio-political worlds—that of the politically conscious urbanised intellectuals and industrial masses on the one hand, and that of the underemployed peasants and the forgotten mountain dwellers on the other—and it is this disparity which lies at the basis of Moroccan inquietudes. Certainly such an interpretation is less false than that which

canvasses the alleged antagonism between Arab and Berber, of which the events of 1953-55 demonstrate the inanity or at least the absence of any political significance. The superficial differences between city and country do not, however, reflect the roots of the Moroccan revolution.

That which today strikes a visitor to the working-class suburbs of Casablanca and Rabat is the mutual permeability of the two worlds, urban and rural, in contemporary Morocco. For a long time Casablanca has been known as the capital of 'Berber Morocco', in the sense that entire tribes have come from the mountains to swell the greatest concentration of humanity in the land. Less noticeable is the ebb and flow between the cities and the country, and the extent of the circulation between the two so vastly different areas. Socially and psychologically the movement of these 'tides' is of extreme importance, concentrating in itself the essential social history of Morocco today.

It is significant on the political level too, for these profound currents of men and of ideas, of customs and techniques, promote a rapid 'politicisation' of the villages. Most important amongst the agents, those who carry the germs of this change, are the grocers in the urban centres, nearly all of whom come from Sous, the great province of the mountainous south. From Sous streams over the country that part of the population most eager for work, most ambitious of gain, most absorbent of political concepts. The region has once before been the passageway for the spiritual formation of Morocco; it was from there that arose Ibn Toumert and the founders of the Almohade dynasty, perhaps the greatest in the history of the Maghreb.

Until recently, the Soussi was the provincial immigrant from a poor and over-populated region, come to earn, in mines and in city, enough for himself and for the family left behind him at home. He was a little like the Algerian in France, the Puerto Rican in New York. But he quickly opened his shop, usually for groceries, to prosper in business, to become, on the urban ground where he took root, like the Syrian in West Africa, the Indian in East Africa, the Jew a little everywhere, worker, accountant, bold in his enterprise. It is he who is most vigorously a member of the national community, his eyes on the political struggle. At the same time as he is a grocer, he is almost always a newsagent. And if he is a sufficiently good businessman not to refuse to sell anything, most of the time it is the organs of a particular opinion that he distributes.

The Soussis are, as one says in France, 'the heart of the left'. One should not generalise too far, obviously; but in four out of five cases, the Soussi grocer, an essential element in the economic life of village or suburb, belongs to the movements of the left. And if he reads a newspaper in the evening, in front of his shop, it is most of the time that of the National Union of Popular Forces—the party of Ben Barka and Bouabid, closely allied to the trade unions of the Union of Moroccan Workers (U.M.T.)—rather than that of the bourgeois Istiqlal or of the independents. His is perhaps the response of a mountainous people, for long disdained by those in power, who at the same time have politically evolved far enough to be aware of and to resent their frustration.

This political engagement of the Soussis, who have themselves drawn so many others into such engagement, is a striking example of the economic and political exchange between city and village, of the interpenetration that has so altered the Moroccan people. The grocers sell their products and newspapers, returning after a long stay in the city to their mountain village, bringing there new ideas and the knowledge of new techniques and then departing again for the cities with a brother or a son. This psychological disturbance is echoed in political tremors throughout the country, shaking the foundations of conformity.

Politics in Morocco have ceased to be the game of urban intellectuals and have become the pursuit of all, in capital and village alike, and it is this which prevents a stable monopoly of power. The sole relatively free elections which have taken place in the country—in May 1960, for municipal councils—revealed that the forces of the left were above all established in the cities of the West, in modern industrial Morocco, while the traditionalist ranks showed their strength in the rural areas and those towns where handicraft had not yet given place to industry. But for how long is this division likely to persist?

It was perhaps to freeze this evolution, or at least halt the party quarrels which are the foam on these political depths, that Mohammed V and his son set up on the eve of these elections —as though to enfeeble their predictable results—direct royal rule, a sort of presidential régime within the framework of the monarchy. This régime was preserved by Hassan II on succeeding his father to the throne last February. For his predecessor, it was only to be a temporary régime, before a final

opening of the gates, at the end of 1962, to a constitutional government in direct contradiction to the existing vigorous theocracy.

The new king, however, less deferential than his father to formal democracy, is unquestionably going to try and prolong beyond the end of 1962 a régime in which royal authority acts without real counterpoise. Hassan II has little time for the political and worker organisations of his country. In his view, Morocco needs for many years more a "responsible leader", surrounded by "a small team of competent and devoted men" who will establish a régime of direct contact—free of the "intermediaries" so joyfully denounced by General de Gaulle—with a trusting and submissive people. The problem remains of precisely how to gain and preserve the crucial "confidence of the people".

It is interesting to compare the three régimes and the three concepts of power prevailing at Paris and those two capitals which, despite all conflicts, look so often towards France—Tunis and Rabat. 'Bourguibism' certainly preceeded 'neo-Gaullism.' But in all three cities today there reigns a paternalism, slightly shaded in Tunis by the existence of a political party, domestic in power but constituting a still influential intermediary.

In his anxiety to maintain that which he calls "social democracy" and to bar the road to "formal democracy", Hassan II promulgated in June 1961 what he called—in line with the French terminology which he has adopted—a "fundamental law". For want of a constitution, the Moroccans might have contented themselves with this if the text had not also been richly coloured with conservative Islam. It is strange to see this brilliant young prince, so modern in his own conduct, reflect, ever since he began enjoying power, the conservatism of his religion. Since the death of Mohammed V, pious and wrapped in tradition as he himself had been, it seems as though the royal régime has been encouraging not an emancipation, but rather a return to tradition. Since it has had as its king a former student of French universities, a sportsman, a modern jurist, official Morocco has recommenced to wear the 'djellaba', the long traditional dress. . . .

It is not, however, by playing the card of the past that the young sovereign will secure his throne, beyond those few months of reprieve with which the elders can provide him. It is by

stirring up the country, by dressing it in the new clothes which so attract it. To be so young carries for Hassan II certain risks. But it also carries advantages. The youth, the bulk of whom are sympathetic to the movements of the left, but whom the tragic death of King Mohammed had left strangely disengaged, uncertain, helpless, waiting, waits still for bold initiatives from the new young king.

To mobilise labour for vast works, especially in the rural areas, as Hassan II wishes to do, may be a good thing, on condition that those called up do not have the feeling that they are before all else to be indoctrinated, trained by the military on 'apolitical' principles away from all temptations of the organised left. To launch a huge programme of school building, to speak of constructing two thousand schools in three months, is admirable enough, but only if those interested do not gain the impression that they are having dust thrown in their eyes, are being served up, in all the bustle, with education on the cheap. To abolish the agricultural tax, the 'tertib'—unpopular as any tax, but one which had acquired an especially evil reputation under the French Protectorate, because the Administration had sometimes exempted the 'colons' on the pretext of promoting the modernisation of agriculture—is clever and bold, on condition that the government does not off-set the inevitable deficit in the budget by taxes far more unjust (and indirect taxes can be the most unjust of all).

The youth and Moroccan peasantry are not opposed root-and-branch to the power of the new king. They are still waiting for him to prove the virtues of his "social democracy", with its suppression of intermediaries. But they would be better disposed to him if he would not gather about him only his personal friends and the old politicians with their exhausted prestige.

Every political experience is conditioned by the circumstances in which it unrolls. A further month of the severe winter in 1917 might perhaps have toppled the power of the Soviets; a more difficult sale of cotton abroad might have shaken the Nasser régime in 1957. In Morocco today the sun is not royalist, and several days of rain in April would have served Hassan II better than any ovation by the workers of Casablanca.

Official statistics permit no doubt of the severe food crisis threatening Morocco in 1962 as well as 1961; the shortage of cereals poses the problem of seed for the coming year. It must not be forgotten that 75% of all Moroccans live from the land,

and that most of the others remain in close contact with the world of the soil. It is for this reason that every ordeal for the peasantry is a national drama.

If one refers to the estimates of the Comité National Marocain, eight weeks of continuous drought, in February and March, have completely destroyed hopes of a normal harvest this year. 600,000 to 650,000 tons of cereal this year, when an average harvest runs from 1,300,000 to 1,400,000—more than double—constitutes the worst result registered in Morocco since 1945, a year when famine is said to have caused tens of thousands of deaths and typhus to have killed more than two hundred thousand. How will a Moroccan above the age of three feed himself this winter? This is something that the authorities in Rabat do not yet know, although gifts from outside, amongst others from the United States and France, allow hope that the worst will be escaped and that the problem of seed will not mortgage too far the sowing of 1962.

This bad harvest represents a loss, it has been estimated, of about 50,000,000,000 old francs or £45,000,000, a tenth of Morocco's national annual revenue. This must provoke profound disturbances, not only in the ordinary life of the peasant, who is going to endure a period of acute hardship, but in the whole economic life of the country. The internal market, which must still be the basic support of Morocco's young and fragile industries, is going to find itself drained dry. Textiles have been hurt first. But the fall in the activity of most enterprises has already been marked by the sales figures for electricity, an index that never deceives.

Another mark of the crisis that hangs over Morocco is the decline in exports, notably by the food industry—20.2% less than in 1960. If mining production remains stable, with a small rise in phosphates and a small drop in lead, most manufacturing industries have undergone difficulties that the extraordinary shyness of investment cannot help them to surmount. Although private deposits amount to nearly £200,000,000, their holders seem increasingly reluctant to invest them in industry. This paralysis of a capital already modest enough is one of the infant illnesses of Moroccan independence.

One must add to these disquieting factors the increased deficit in the balance of payments, largely due to the necessary import of more and more products for current consumption. This deficit, some £4,000,000 for the first quarter of 1960, is

some £10,500,000 for the same period in 1961, and this has further increased during the second quarter. It seems likely to increase much more with the food shortage resulting from the bad harvest, for it is due above all to the purchase from abroad of various foodstuffs.

A crisis in Morocco does not pass unperceived by Moroccan eyes. One may certainly say that in many ways the government at Rabat is feudal and theocratic in form. But one must then add that there is probably no country in the 'uncommitted world' where the press enjoys greater liberty. To be sure, the principal opposition paper in Arabic, '*Al-Tahrir*', is sometimes seized, on actions brought against it; its two leading directors have been put out of action for eight months already. But in what country of Asia or Africa might an opposition paper launch with impunity an attack against the government like the one published on 5 August by the French-language trade union journal, '*L'Avant-garde*'? Under the title 'Bankruptcy On All Fronts', the journal denounced "the exploitation of the people by foreigners and their lackeys . . . by a clique thirsting for dictatorship and lettres de cachet . . ."

At the same time, a student congress at Azrou passed a series of resolutions which roundly condemned the "personal power" and diplomacy of the king, demanded greater solidarity with African and Arab States, and severely censured the economic policies of the régime.

Between this vigorous opposition, where students and trade unionists rival each other in daring, and a royal power propped up by a rural party, the conservatives and the forces of the State, a trial of strength seems inevitable. It is probably not in Morocco itself, however, that the future of Morocco will be altogether decided. Everything suggests that the fate of the country will largely depend on the Algeria of tomorrow that it will find on its frontiers.

Translated from the French

ALGERIAN OBJECTIVES

ABDEL KADER CHANDERLI

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"To destroy colonialism in Algeria is not only to emancipate a people, but to set Africa free and assure world peace".—Ferhat Abbas, 27 January 1960.

EVER since the opening of negotiations between the French Government and the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic (G.P.R.A.), agreement has stumbled over two issues, without which no cease-fire is possible—the territorial integrity of Algeria and the unity of its people.

The Algerian demand for the preservation of their territorial integrity is their demand for that very same Algeria which every French schoolchild has been taught to measure as extending from the frontiers of Mali and Niger to the Mediterranean Sea. Equally, despite their diversity of cultures and religions, the people of Algeria are one and indivisible. Whatever the decisions resulting from the negotiations between the French and Algerian leaders, they must and will apply to all Algerians.

The Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic has been unequivocal in insisting upon the establishment of these two principles. There is no room for manoeuvre, no possibility of an agreed cease-fire until they have been recognised.

The French seem to envisage Algeria as a country permanently composed of two separate and distinctive communities: the Algerian and the European. Further, they appear to feel that the interests of each are different and will inevitably be so forever. We maintain on the other hand that once Algeria is independent, these interests ought not, need not, to conflict. The French proposals to institutionalise the European minority, to separate it from the rest of the country by granting it separate structures and privileges, cannot but be a manifest source of disunity. Apart from the undemocratic character of the whole proposal, it would plant in any nation the dangers of stagnation, and inevitably, disintegration. The effect of such a proposal would be to separate Algeria into two sharply antagonistic groups, rearing segregation into a constitution. The Algerian people have not been fighting for seven years to rid themselves of colonialism only in order suddenly to somersault their way to its negotiated perpetuation.

The struggle in Algeria is essentially part of the struggle against colonial rule everywhere. It is neither a religious nor a racial war. There can therefore be no justification whatsoever for establishing the Europeans as a privileged minority, for attempting to stabilise the function that they have for so long performed as one of the primary instruments of French dominion in colonial Algeria.

It is its anti-colonial character which makes the nationalist war in Algeria a part of that greater African war for freedom from external domination. We recognise ourselves as Africans, measuring our own engagement upon the continental map. It is for this reason that we see the liberation of Angola and South West Africa as part of our own liberation. Algerian nationalism is not an isolated phenomenon restricted to the Algeria of the geography books. It is the nationalism too of the Africans in Angola and Mozambique, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Its tactics may differ from place to place, as the tactics of those who give it battle. Its objectives remain the same.

Algerian independence can only begin with its political freedom. For it to be complete, for us to turn the energy and enthusiasm of our people into the constructing of a new society, a total decolonisation must take place. One does not release a prisoner with his handcuffs locked round his wrists. Despite their paper independence, several African States are so bound and gagged, economically and politically, that their freedom is that of the greyhound with the muzzle round its mouth.

It is not difficult to lay down one's weapons. But to negotiate a peace takes clarity of purpose and an unflinching will. We do not deny that different groups possess different characters, and we have always expressed ourselves willing to respect the particular character of the European minority in Algeria—its religion, language, culture. What we will not surrender is our belief in a free and united Algerian people, single in all its multiplicity of features and faiths.

Our position is clear. Faced by it, the French government retreats behind the claim that we do not represent the Algerian people, though at the same time it requires us to enter into agreements which would bind the Algerian people. The French would do well to satisfy themselves and everyone else on just what they believe the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic to be. If they do not recognise us as the representatives of the Algerian people, they cannot expect us to negotiate

agreements in the name of Algeria. If they accept our right to negotiate, they must acknowledge also our right to represent.

The French stand over the Sahara is irrational and insupportable. The Sahara crosses many frontiers. Part of it is to be found in Mauritania, part of it in Mali, part of it in Niger and in Tchad. Only a year ago France consecrated these frontiers in its grant of independence. Is then the Algerian Sahara to be any different? History, geography and the French colonial administrators have equally established the frontiers of the Algerian Sahara. Sovereignty over the region is, of course, one thing; exploitation of the region is another. We are well enough aware that France has interests to preserve in the Sahara and elsewhere in Algeria, and we are eager to co-operate in developing and exploiting the wealth of the area with other nations. We wish to see the Sahara's immense resources serve not only Algeria but Africa itself, and we hope to arrive at an equitable arrangement, on a co-operative basis, to accomplish this.

Once Algeria is independent, we wish then, as one nation to other nations, to enter into negotiations and agreements. But we cannot today, while we are a people at war, negotiate with other countries on such issues. The exploitation of Saharan oil cannot be resolved while our hands hold guns to ensure our very survival. The precise frontiers of Algeria may have to be negotiated with our neighbours. We do not deny that some adjustments may be necessary. But such adjustments can only be resolved between sovereign powers, freely and without intimidation. Our needs and interests are the needs and interests as well of the people of Africa. Ours is a firm aspiration, to co-operate with other African States in accomplishing the rational development of the Sahara's resources.

Our long war for independence in Algeria has been the harshest of training grounds for our people, and these seven years have set in motion the enfranchisement that cannot end with signatures on a sheet of paper. The Algerian people are preparing themselves, with excitement and with faith, for that moment when they can turn their abilities to the decolonisation within. The long and difficult task will then commence to substitute for colonial structures an economic and political system capable of satisfying the basic needs of all belonging to it. Algerians have had their first taste of liberation. They will not be finally satisfied until among them and everywhere about them,

throughout the continent, that liberty is real and unthreatened.

Aware that such liberty is indivisible, we have—during the war itself—already committed ourselves. In joining the Casablanca group of States, we have established the basis for joint action among Africans. We have, in pursuit of our own struggle against foreign dominion, assisted in setting up a pan-African nucleus for future co-operation.

The Algerian identity is a manifold one. In addition to being African, we are also Arab and Mediterranean. We believe that this rich and varied cultural history is an asset in the shaping of tomorrow's Africa. As our struggle has been a symbol and an example for other African countries, we hope that the reconstruction of Algeria within the framework of our history will also benefit the continent. Algeria, and the North African federation of which it will be a part, must look to the other regions of Africa, observing their experiments and experiences so that we may learn from these and advance with them as far as possible.

Such are our objectives. They are the greater for being shared by peoples all over an Africa that is, since we are Africans, also our own.

KENNEDY'S NEW FRONTIER

WINIFRED F. COURTNEY

Referent on Africa for the United States Section of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

CUBA took the bloom off, for many Americans. To the vast majority of the many, the bloom came off because the Kennedy-propelled invasion of Cuba was a military miscalculation. Had it succeeded, the bloom would have been on, at home—and tragically off in the rest of the world. Said Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, in a speech ignored by the press, eight days after the Cuban fiasco:

> "I say to the Senators today that it is my judgment that if the United States seeks to settle its differences with Cuba through the use of military might, either direct or indirect, we shall be at least a half century recovering, if we ever recover, the prestige, the understanding, the sympathy, and the confidence of one Latin American neighbour after another."

Adlai Stevenson, sadder and wiser after his recent trip through South America, reported that our prestige had dropped calamitously.

Senator Morse said too:

> "In my judgment, that course of action was in violation of the spirit—and probably the letter as well—of treaties to which the United States is a party. It was also in violation, at least of the spirit, and I am not sure that it was not also a violation of the letter, of existing domestic legislation. . . .
>
> Let us call upon the United Nations . . . for the solution of this problem. That is a much better solution of this problem than training exiles, supplying them, and urging them to invade Cuba, and then trying to wash off our hands the bloody spots."

Senator Morse is Chairman of the Senate's Latin-American Subcommittee. Neither he nor Senator Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, though Democrats both, had been consulted on the invasion in advance. Among public figures, they were almost alone in expressing their disapproval for *moral* reasons. Dean Rusk and Chester Bowles and Stevenson are said to have opposed the action, but could hardly say so in public—though it would have been brave and salutary if they had.

The majority of the nation's newspapers echoed the '*Washington Post*':

> "One lesson of the operation in Cuba is the extent to which Communist arms and training already have been consolidated there so as to imperil defections and afford a base for penetration elsewhere. The fact gives full warrant to Mr. Kennedy's warning that this country will act, with its neighbours if possible but by itself if necessary, to protect its own security in the hemisphere."

To the small minority of Americans for whom Senator Morse spoke, the disillusion was fourfold: (1) Americans had been lied to again and Adlai Stevenson—wittingly or not—did some of the lying (the '*New York Times*' ran a leader: "The Right Not To Be Lied To"); (2) we were caught in an intolerable moral position which we refused to acknowledge as such; (3) Premier Castro's support was strengthened to the point where he was able (read 'driven') to take his country more inexorably than ever into the Communist camp; and (4) our promising new leader had shown a foolhardy lack of judgment which bodes ill for other crises to come.

The abdication of censure, moral or otherwise, including that of the Republicans, swiftly and skilfully achieved by the President after the event, was not surprising. Rarely has the American press, whose representatives were on the scene in Cuba together with the scouts of the Central Intelligence Agency, so woefully lent itself to wishful thinking and gross distortion. The Friends Committee on National Legislation and the Fellowship of Reconciliation (Sidney Lens was its excellent reporter) published, before the invasion, impartial, lengthy, and penetrating testimonies that many of the desperate needs of the Cuban people were being met by Premier Castro—of which proof positive has since been given by Castro's arming of Cuban citizens with impunity; C. Wright Mills produced his book, '*Listen, Yankee*'; but such reports reached a strictly limited readership. Even the '*New York Times*' editorial staff member, Herbert Matthews, who did skillful reporting on Castro—now said by some to have been subversive in its effect!—during the Batista period, wrote his dissent from the general chorus not in the '*New York Times*' but in the '*Hispanic American Report*', read by scholars. The vast majority of Americans have been well insulated from the truth. The Fair Play for Cuba Committee and even the group of Harvard professors (including

Lillian Hellman, the playwright) who published their reasoned views became the target of press and other attacks.

I dwell on Cuba not out of malice, but because the way the Cuba débâcle is viewed in retrospect by the Administration is of profound significance for our future. One can only hope that Kennedy has acknowledged the error to himself; no Administration since Roosevelt's has been so sensitive to opinion abroad. If he sees the Cuban revolution as another battle in the world revolution of rising expectations, if he realises that it is certainly seen as such in Africa and Asia and among many of the peoples of South America, he must also evolve a policy at least as constructive as that suggested by Robert Kennedy in respect to Poland. As reported by the '*New York Times*', the President's brother proposed:

> More flexibility in giving aid to Iron Curtain countries.
>
> The strengthening of economic and cultural ties between Poland and the United States.
>
> Increased exchange of students, teachers and technicians.
>
> Exploration with the Polish Government of "the possibility of using our frozen Polish funds on projects of peace that will demonstrate our abiding friendship for and interest in the people of Poland."

If persecution won't work in Europe, how much less will it work in our own hemisphere!—as Latin America realises in refusing to agree to our more extreme proposals for "punishment".

American Public Opinion

During the dying days of the Eisenhower Administration, Kennedy seemed to understand the world revolution remarkably well. He recognised that in the eyes of emerging peoples, the United States has been all too often the defender of colonial and dictatorial oppression rather than the great bastion of freedom it fancies itself to be. This he emphasised in his Senate speech on American policy over Algeria a few years ago, which angered the French. His experience as Chairman of the Senate's Africa Subcommittee had given him sympathetic insight into the problems of the whole continent.

But the gap between opposition criticism and day-to-day practice in office is invariably wide. In office, Kennedy is dependent on public opinion for support, and public opinion in turn depends on the information it is fed in the daily news-

paper—and, of course, though to a lesser degree, by radio and television.

The American press, rapidly being concentrated in ever fewer hands, is all too often dedicated, as we have seen, to the proposition that Capitalism is Holy and the Reds Bad. (The recent imprisonment of some high officials in a great commercial combine for collusion in price-fixing caused it barely a jolt). In its devotion to selling newspapers it doesn't leave room for much more in the way of foreign news than this simple concept, sandwiched in between the woman's page and the local sports. With the exception of the '*New York Times*' and a few other big city newspapers, the United States has been reduced by its daily press to a vast dust-bowl of ignorance. Tom Mboya said not long ago: "I think, more than anything else, America's worst enemy today is the American press."

President Kennedy is, then, the prisoner of this enormous element of uninformed public opinion, expressed through Congress and special-interest pressures, as well as of his own ability—which after all got him elected—to ride two horses at once: the Cold War and World Development under World Law. His nearly equal emphasis on both can be in part attributed to the narrowness of his electoral victory; but it is also quite possible that his own vision is at fault—that he sees the two steeds as a circus team, rather than as the mutually antagonistic forces that they are, bound to dump him catastrophically in the end. A characteristic piece of oratory from the Inaugural Address, which he chose to repeat in his State of the Union message, might seem to confirm this conjecture: "Only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed."

Perhaps never, admittedly, has a President been confronted with such a multitude of problems during his first six months of office: the Congo, Angola, Cuba, Laos, Vietnam, Geneva, Berlin, as well as recession and racial troubles at home. There is not space to describe the extent to which his action on these problems has been motivated by considerations of one or the other—World Law and Cold War—in uncertain vacillation. Arm more heavily, but pursue disarmament. Keep China out of the U.N., but don't antagonise the rest of the world. Declare an interest in a just Laos solution (after prudently withdrawing from a "posture" that threatened military rescue) but fail to see Souvanna Phouma, the neutral hope, because he is going

to arrive one day late in Washington (from Moscow!) . . . The reader can supply his own list. It is an old game for the United States, but we had expected better this time. Kennedy's call to the American people is for "sacrifice". A Mr. Norman Boardman provided this comment in the letter columns of the '*New York Times*':

> "If President Kennedy were asking us to sacrifice for the establishment of world government, if he were asking us to sacrifice to enlighten the world by building attitudes that would make such a government possible, if he were asking us to play our part in creating a peaceful order of society, we might be able to respond with enthusiasm to his call for sacrifice. But when he wants us to go on sacrificing for a bankrupt foreign policy, it is time that his leadership began to face reality".

There have been other weaknesses. One is the conflict among his various advisers, chosen cautiously on a broad base. Yet another is the tendency to leave the U.N. out of crucial negotiations: the small nations will look with anxiety on any further weakening of the world body than the Congo situation has already produced.

It is to be hoped that real leadership will finally develop, for there are few in the country more capable than many of those in government today.

Civil Rights

At home, Kennedy's greatest challenge of international consequence lies in the field of civil rights—the abolition of racial discrimination. Here he began successfully in forcing—by legitimate means—an enlargement of the House of Representatives Rules Committee to curb the power of conservatives in withholding bills from the floor. Efforts to limit debate by filibuster were unsuccessful.

This has been followed—somewhat cautiously, for Kennedy needs Southern support in other areas of his program, such as foreign aid and the campaign against unemployment—by Attorney General Robert Kennedy's declaration of Justice Department intention (now being implemented) to bring suit in Southern courts in cases where Negro voting rights are being manifestly manipulated. In the Freedom Rider disturbances Federal authority has been used to maintain order where the State police have failed, and the U.S. has supported the principle

that inter-State commerce, being Federally controlled, requires the South to allow non-segregated facilities to inter-State travellers. The President has not yet spoken out clearly and forcefully against those (Governors and others) who have encouraged tension and even riot. On occasions when the Administration has indicated that the Freedom Riders might "go slow" now because the issue is pending in the courts, it has been severely criticised by Negro leaders like Martin Luther King, who feel that American Negroes have been supine in the South for far too long.

The riot situations—concomitants of change here as elsewhere—are what make news, as well as the mistreatment of African diplomats on the basis of their skin colour, particularly in regard to housing in Washington and New York. On 7 July the '*New York Times*' reported a drive among Washington real estate agents, under the auspices of the new Negro Federal Housing Administrator, Dr. Robert C. Weaver, and Chester Bowles, Under Secretary of State, to provide such housing. The real estate men, apparently, became eager to provide such housing when they understood the international implications, but then wavered. If African diplomats moved in, what was to prevent the American Negro from following? Discrimination can never be abolished piecemeal.

Until we can eliminate our own gross racial injustices—and Mr. Kennedy has not yet pushed as hard at it as he needs to—our rôle in the non-white world will continue to be suspect.

Peace and Foreign Aid

To turn to more favourable developments, there is certainly a structural emphasis on peace and world development in the new ventures of the Kennedy Administration. The Peace Corps—the young people and older experts who are to go to other parts of the world where they are needed in order to help teach and build for meagre pay—has caught the imagination of our college youth as perhaps no government program ever has before. The road is fraught with dangers, of which everyone involved seems to be well aware; if only to obviate justifiable foreign fears about its possible infiltration by the C.I.A. for spying purposes (which were bitterly voiced at the Cairo All-African Peoples' Conference recently), it would be well to transfer it from direct government control.

Then there is the prospect of a Peace Agency to study

problems of disarmament, not to mention Food For Peace and a multiplicity of programs for assisting underdeveloped countries in one way or another. The President is, as I write, using the Cold War theme for all it is worth to achieve a $6,000,000,000 foreign aid appropriation from Congress, as well as to overcome the Congressional prejudice against financing foreign aid on the long-term basis which is often imperative if loans are to mean anything to the recipients. Congress likes to review such appropriations annually. Senator Morse, in his usual wisdom, finds that too many of the proposed funds are earmarked for military use; the military allocation will have to be reduced to get *his* vote.

Kennedy and Africa

Kennedy's policy on Africa has been heartening, particularly to those of us who have long been ashamed of the equivocal rôle our country had chosen to play at the United Nations.

His appointment of Stevenson as U.N. Ambassador was a popular one internationally (at least until Cuba). James Reston, writing in the '*New York Times*' in March, declared:

> ". . . (Stevenson) has not waited for the new African Ambassadors to come to him but has gone all over New York seeking them out in their own homes. The other night he was in the Greenwich Village apartment of the delegate from Upper Volta, sitting on the floor listening to music with a group of Africans and artists from Harlem. And in his own apartment he has been mixing up the races, and the Communists and non-Communists, in an effort to establish easy discussion of world problems on an informal basis."

Just after his Inauguration, Kennedy refused a Portuguese request to assist in the capture of the '*Santa Maria*'. He has sent numerous envoys to Africa. Assistant Secretary of State Mennen Williams' remark that Africa should belong to (all) Africans pleased African nationalists as much as it infuriated most "Europeans". The U.S. Ambassador in Tunis officially met two members of the Algerian Provisional Government. On Africa Freedom Day, proclaimed by both houses of Congress, Kennedy took the unprecedented step of asking the African diplomatic corps to the White House in celebration.

At the United Nations, the United States cast off several of its threadbare policies. It began to criticise the Belgians instead of rationalising for them over the Congo, and it sought

a "consensus" for the resolution which, though not yet wholly implemented, has, with hard work by the U.N. on the spot, had a quieting effect. It supported the strong resolution to send the South West Africa Committee into the territory with or without the consent of the South African government. It parted from its North Atlantic Treaty Organisation allies in order to support the African view on Ruanda-Urundi as well as on Angola. The latter vote was maintained through the June Security Council session, though the U.S. wasn't "happy" about the imputing to Portugal of "repressive measures", at least before a U.N. investigating committee had reported on its findings. In the face of widespread default, the U.S. saw to it that the Congo operation was provided with funds until finances were again discussed in the autumn.

Even on Africa all was not smooth going, however. The United States voted against the resolution, sponsored by twenty-five African States, calling for nations to "consider" strong sanctions against South Africa—on the grounds that it could not vote for measures it could not put into effect. It is true that Congress, under pressure from the business groups that have several hundred million dollars invested in South Africa, would not approve sanctions at this juncture. However, it is clearly high time that the United States set out to destroy apartheid (no one doubts that we could do this if we would). As it is, at least one of our representatives is whispering sweet nothings in Nationalist Party ears, we are collaborating heavily with South Africa on the military plane, and are consistently exercising discrimination at our diplomatic functions. African bitterness over our negative vote on the unsuccessful sanctions resolution very nearly cancelled out the gains of Kennedy's new Africa policies. Cuba finished the job.

Southern Africa, where the West's great tests will come, is indeed already offering its challenge. The United States must support collective measures with "teeth in them" which will seem extreme to a still European-influenced public opinion—there was a great outcry in some quarters here over the Angola vote—but which are considered urgently necessary by Africans, whose own people are being brutally suppressed. If we do not, Africans may make an irrevocable decision over which great nation is friend and which is not, with reverberations throughout the uncommitted world. As with African housing in Washington, half measures are as good as none at all.

The United States has its wretched U.N. record of last autumn—and many autumns—to live down, and African anti-colonial resentment has increased in geometric proportion, over the death of Lumumba and other matters, to the rate at which the power of the new African States to do something about their oppressed fellow Africans has grown. This is particularly true of the 'Casablanca' African powers. Even after the first Stevenson vote on Angola, the delegates to the All-African Peoples' Conference at Cairo in March, dominated by this group, denounced the United States over and over again, as never before.

A South West African exile said to me not long ago: "We have American industries in South West Africa. When we are free and must ask them to give up some of their privileges—perhaps we will even have to have some form of socialism—will the United States do to us what it did to Cuba?"

Cuba again: it will be hard to exorcise that ghost. Kennedy's great task is to plump unreservedly for World Law, including the Universal Declaration of Human Rights—and this is going to require a number of changes. It is a task not easy in America today, one demanding remarkable leadership—greatness perhaps. Has Kennedy got it in him? We still do not know.

I HAD A BLACK MAN

MICHAEL PICARDIE

" I had a black man and he was doublejointed,
I kissed him and made him disappointed.
All right, Sally, I'll tell your mother,
Kissing the black man round the corner.
How many kisses did you give him?
Only two three four . . . etc."
(London Street Game)

SHE was lonely in London.

At seven o'clock she drew the flowered curtains of her bed-sitting room and opened the window. In the tombstone-grey light of dawn she watched her breath condense.

She read the letter again. To save her feelings, he had written that he didn't love her because they hadn't "enough spiritual kinship". That made her feel sick. Why couldn't he have told the truth—that he was tired of her? That she, Martha Hart, had a plain, dry, bony face, a frightened body, and a most ordinary mind.

She went to a piano recital that night alone. She didn't hear the music. The evocation beyond the performer's fingertips attached itself to those large words in which love at first had taken meaning: Beauty, Power, Creation, Tenderness—or a sun-like magnificence beyond words. She hated the music. She hated capital letters.

She thought of herself in the womb, insufficient, unendowed. Her father was seventy-four and her mother was dead. They were old even when Martha was born. She believed she was an afterthought, to decorate their return to England after her father's long service in the colonies; something to go with gardening and favourite books—roses, Emerson, military history and a small pension.

Martha didn't go to work that day or the next. She rang up her employer and said she had a cold. When her friend Hilda Manning phoned to arrange their weekly appointment for supper and a chat, she said she wasn't well enough to go out.

But she did go out. She walked up the Finchley Road and then across to Hampstead Heath. She fed squirrels in a copse upon a hillock where the great oaks grew. After that she caught a tube to the City and walked from the Bank of England down

to the river. On an obscure wharf behind the church of St. Magnus the Martyr and the Fishmonger's Hall, she fed the gulls crumbs left over from the squirrels. She saw two barges shifting gently at their moorings with the movement of the water eastward into the Pool of London and the sea. She saw her life drifting away with it. She told herself not to be silly.

When it got dark she trudged back through a crumbling alley along Upper Thames Street, across Lower Thames Street, and up the steps at the foot of London Bridge. Leading off from the landing there was a men's public lavatory. The air was rank with urine and fish from Billingsgate down the road. Misery returned in a second, and she wished the bridge would come tumbling down as in the nursery rhyme and crush her.

On the tube home she thought of all the concerts she would attend, all the walks across the Heath, all the trips to the river made alone. She felt afraid. That night she dreamt of falling into a hole where there was never any sun.

The following morning, while making breakfast, she tried to remember. She touched her face and felt the prominent bones beneath the delicate skin, as if the evidence of experience was recorded there. She shut her eyes and tried to imagine. She tried gold and marble, purple and wine, a tiger roaring, stars turning. Nothing would come.

It was when Martha put the kettle on the gas-ring for her tea that the only vivid image appeared. It faded quickly. It was the sun.

* * *

It was Hilda Manning's belief that progress depended not merely on what one was, but who one knew. It was, for example, undoubtedly to his Oxford background and the contacts made there that her fiancé, Jeremy Dove, owed his advancement as an accounts executive in the advertising world. His ex-university friends and, to be more precise, his friends' fathers and uncles formed a series of bastions all over London, the provinces, the Commonwealth and the colonies. They guarded entry (with, of course, a view simply to the preservation of the highest standards) into the forts of Anglo-Saxon business enterprise and the professions from John O'Groats to Cape Town. She might, she admitted, be exaggerating a little about this; but it was quite true that Jeremy had received personal offers of exciting positions in Nigeria, Hong Kong, Trinidad, and Johannesburg. Jonathan Smether, for example—St. Edmund Hall and a Boxing

Blue—had invited Jeremy to join him in his uncle's Johannesburg agency.

Jonathan's letters made much of the inefficiency of his office staff in South Africa. What with the Boers ruining the country at the top and the natives getting cocky at the bottom, an injection of British stock was badly needed to stabilise the situation. On the more practical level, did Jeremy know of a decent English girl to come out and do his secretarial work? The firm would pay her air passage out and reclaim half (it was better to be business-like) in easy instalments out of her monthly salary. She would still earn more than she ever could in London, and the cost of living was lower.

Martha, considered Hilda, was the very person. Now that Hilda was getting married, she felt obliged to have her friend settled for the better before her own happy engulfment. Martha had been jilted, she was lonely, without family guidance or money to help her through. She needed a change. It was simply no good getting depressed. It didn't help anyone. She broached the subject one Friday evening at an Indian restaurant, 'The Rajah', where they met regularly for supper and a chat.

"If you don't mind my saying so, Martha dear, I think you're in a tiny bit of a rut. What you need is a little bit of sun. England's such a bore all one's life. Thaw out in the south for a bit." Hilda broke off her remarks to smile at the handsome Indian waiter and order another glass of water to extinguish the fire of chicken curry pilau in her throat. This done she ignored Martha's doubtful expression and went on to outline Jonathan Smether's admirable scheme, and left Martha to think about it.

For six weeks Martha thought about it, from all angles. She examined her motives; she wondered about going six thousand miles away from home and not knowing a soul out there; she considered the natives and the Boers, unknown factors, perhaps hostile. And then she visualised the sun and the sky, and the stretches of still, uncluttered earth.

It was the noise that decided her mind. Only now that there was the offer of escape did she realise how much she hated London and its traffic: a gigantic glutinous amoeba split and spreading into every nook and cranny, flooding the mind, driving out reason, drawing the nerves out in strings, knotting them, closing the heart.

Seven months later, all arrangements having been made,

having said goodbye to her father, and visited her mother's grave in a village churchyard where flocks and climbing roses grew against the Tudor stones, she flew away in the pressurised belly of a Comet jet and waited there for a new birth in Johannesburg.

* * *

Jonathan Smether and his uncle were most considerate employers. They found her a sunny, airy flat (at first sight it seemed made entirely of glass) at the top of a modern building. It was built on a hill, Hillbrow, and commanded a magnificent view of the city, the surrounding hills, and the sky itself. The top storey reached six thousand feet above sea-level—the city's altitude was about five thousand eight hundred. "The closest I'll get to heaven," said Martha as Jonathan helped her move in, and they laughed.

The sun, the sun. Cloudy days presaged a violent summer thunderstorm and then everything was clear, still and hot again. It was never sultry. The altitude prevented that. She never remembered being so happy as on her second day after arrival when she went shopping with Jonathan's wife and bought swimming costumes, pretty cotton dresses, a straw hat and sandals.

After work and on week-ends, Jonathan drove her to his uncle's house. In the garden there was a swimming pool surrounded by kikuyu lawn and dahlia beds. At night the air was fragrant with jacaranda, mimosa, honey-suckle and magnolia, and the air voluptuously cool on her burning cheeks and bare arms. There was a barbecue one Saturday, and in the garden black servants with laundered white uniforms and snowy gloves served boerewors, mielies and Cape Tassenberg wine. Even at night she swam and saw the moon broken and shifting in the water.

She slept naked and before dropping off she would feel an animal contentment spreading through her body, her muscles supple and firm, and life seemed to have expanded and fallen into an easier rhythm. The ordinary fact that one could live off milk, salads, fresh fruit and ice-cream made one look back at England and English stodge with unbelieving distaste.

The other girls in the office regarded her as something of a curiosity. Her accent, voice, manners, and a delicate skin turned by the sun into an uncomfortable looking pink, betrayed an Englishness they found interesting. She enjoyed this sudden

small notoriety. It was delightful to be thought different. She contrasted this opinion of herself with her own image of a person regrettably nondescript.

* * *

Winter came, and the sunlight, now a coppery gold rather than white, still poured through the balcony windows of the flat. For about five months, from May to September, there was hardly a cloud to be seen, and the hazy blue of summer changed to a glassy mediterranean. The sun dropped cold and low to the north, the wind came up, and nights were frosty. Supposing that she had settled in at last, Jonathan Smether permitted his hospitality to droop. The young men she met at his uncle's swimming pool stopped popping in with invitations to drives and picnics. She looked at her face in the mirror often. She was twenty seven.

She began to wonder where Africa was. Looking out of her bedroom window to the south she saw the skyscrapers of mining and commerce, chaste fingers of white plaster and terrazzo. They indicated the heavens as if to point an answer. Beyond them, in a pall of smoke, concrete blocks of factories; triangular girder structures of mine-heads; yellow mine dumps—flat-topped pyramids, the sides eroded to form a friezework carved like ancient monuments in Mexico or Egypt—all stood evidence of what was new and man-made. The only forests were plantations of shaft timber, lakes were dams for washing gold ore, mountains were dumps of sand, rivers—the streams of industrial effluent. To the north the well-wooded garden suburbs of the white employers spread like a grafted skin over the original scrubby veld, the only evidence of which was heralded by the purple hills of the Magaliesberg thirty miles away.

Worthwhile piano recitals were infrequent. When she did go she felt the absurd incongruity of her favourite Chopin or Debussy sounding in the middle of an industrial island surrounded by Africa. Mazurkas in the City Hall were all very well, but what about lions, rivers shaped like elephants' heads—Limpopo, Zambesi, Congo—bush and sub-tropical coast, and the big black men who pounded drums?

* * *

The office boy was an African of twenty five years. No one in the firm could tell her his surname. It was recorded in a pass-book (issued by the Department of Bantu Administration and Development), a valuable document which Mr. Smether

senior signed once a month but never examined in detail. He was called Amos, or "the boy", or "the native boy".

Martha's interest was attracted by his habit of reading books. He did this during lunch-hour and when work was slow in a little room behind the main office, where tea was made and memoranda cyclostyled. It puzzled her that he had no chair of his own. He stood both at the enquiry counter, stamping envelopes and sorting mail, and in the little room, washing cups or attending the machine.

One lunch-hour she invited him to sit down at Miss Grobler's desk. There was no one else in the office, and she saw no reason why anyone should object. With a polite smile Amos refused and thanked her, making an excuse she couldn't follow, so heavy was his accent, the vowels over-rounded and prolonged, the consonants succeeded by the eliding "e" of the Bantu languages.

Two days later she saw him sitting on the curbstone in a side street. She was about to enter an Italian espresso bar where she sometimes had lunch. He had a Penguin in his hands, and the bold black print on the cover read '*Great Expectations*'. Other Africans played a game of draughts. They squatted on the pavement, their feet in the gutter, eating loaves of white bread and drinking Pepsi-Cola. It occurred to her that there was nowhere else for them to go during lunch-hour; no restaurant, club, and even the park benches were marked "Europeans Only". Something began to stir within her. Rather, it was like an irritating itch that one knew was there but couldn't reach.

She asked Jonathan Smether why there was no desk for Amos in the main office. After all, she declared, a little self-conscious of her own trepidation, his work, though humble, was as much a part of the office routine as her own, Miss Grobler's or Miss Mackenzie's.

Jonathan's exquisitely modulated Oxford voice took the inflection one might adopt towards a child who wanted to eat in the bathroom and wash in the dining room: "Well—er—it would hardly be convenient, now would it? I'm all for that sort of thing, but equality is one thing and harmony another. You know perfectly well how Miss Grobler and Miss Mackenzie would react." He cleared his voice, lit another cigarette, and invited her to accompany him and his wife to the Empire Cinema that Saturday night. There was a splendid murder on. However, he could see that Martha was still dissatisfied and

returned to the uncomfortable topic: "My dear Martha, let me assure you—and this goes for the old man too—*we* have absolutely no objection. He might have a desk in the office with all the pleasure in the world, *but* . . ." It struck her that this last phrase was singularly inept, all things considered.

She stopped asking questions and returned to her typewriter. Nevertheless she decided one should take care that one's accustomed habit of acceptance, and—its more positive side—one's respect for other opinions, did not degenerate into moral flabbiness.

That evening it occurred to her that this was an unfamiliar worry. In England one found a common ground of tolerance. There, equal treatment in ordinary matters (she didn't care much for high politics, economics, or the sociology of privilege) was something one took for granted. There one could pursue higher things unencumbered by the fierce distractions of a society whose civilisation, she suspected, cracked like thin veneer under the heat of even a winter sun.

* * *

Amos came to her with idiomatic expressions he didn't understand. His general grasp was excellent, all the more surprising to Martha when he told her that he had left school at fifteen because of his family's poverty and continued studying under the most difficult conditions. She made it a habit to return to the little room for a second cup of tea and talk to him. She found his company far more agreeable than Miss Grobler's and Miss Mackenzie's whose conversation centred round clothes, dates, holidays, parties, the latest films—the sort of thing one might hear in any office. Amos on the other hand was serious-minded. Amos was different. She felt she could do with a new set of eyes on the world; black eyes, native eyes. And Amos was ham-strung and oppressed. Amos had numerous crosses to bear.

Explaining to him something of Dickens's England, she found a fluency she never knew she had. England! How clear and real it seemed from six thousand miles, how worthy of description and how much sharper its outline as reflected in the mind of an African office-clerk! A hundred perspectives were gained, a thousand insights offered into both worlds—Africa and Britain—suddenly flashing like two mirrors in the sun.

* * *

They talked quietly about working together on his corres-

pondence course. If they worked hard she was sure he would pass his senior school certificate within a year. And then England: freedom from the daily humiliation, a chance to study further, a new world to explore. She would show him England.

He was puzzled by her urgency. She tried to get him to understand that it wasn't charity. She wanted to do it for her own sake. She looked into his face and wondered whether his impassivity of expression meant suspicion. But there could be no turning back anyway.

She suggested that they meet every other evening after work. Perhaps he might bring along others who were studying too. Where could they meet? he objected. He lived ten miles away in Orlando township, and Europeans were not allowed in at night without a permit from the location superintendent. It simply wouldn't be granted on such a pretext; not a white woman at night.

She hesitated and then said very calmly: "Well, there's only one alternative. You shall have to come to my flat." She felt proud using the imperative. For the first time as long as she could remember, she had told someone what he had to do.

Amos hesitated. Two days later he agreed. When he said "yes", he looked into her eyes. Then he smiled like a boy on the eve of an adventure. She wanted to hug him with delight there in the little room. She stood still and listened to the rhythmic clatter of the cyclostyling machine.

Together they left the office at five o'clock that afternoon under the narrow-lidded observation of Miss Grobler and Miss Mackenzie. Waiting at the lift she stared at him.He was not at all black but a rich chestnut brown. His skin reflected the fluorescent light in the passage. She looked down at her hands. Sun freckles were fading. Nervously she rubbed the skin at her wrist. It was dry. Blue veins showed through the whiteness. She thought of the dark mystery of his body. She told herself to stop it.

They walked along the crowded pavements to the tram terminus. He was saying something to her. Distracted by the frowning looks of passers-by, she didn't hear. He repeated that he would have to catch a non-European tram at a stop further along in Market Street. Abruptly she replied that she would meet him at the corner of Kotze and Twist Streets at the top of the hill, where the tram turned off to Berea and Observatory. They parted. She arrived there first. Six white trams passed and

twenty minutes went by before the first non-European tram arrived at the stop in Hillbrow. He got off and joined her, smiling wryly, as if to make a philosophic gesture to the inevitable. The service wasn't very good, he said. On the way to her flat she stopped to buy food for supper. Amos waited outside. They arrived at City Heights. There were two lifts. With an angry gesture she pushed him into the European lift and they went up. She smiled at him with relief. Silently he thanked God that no other Europeans were in the lift. He thought about England—Dickens, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley. Mathematics was no problem, but English barbed with difficulties. It would be clear soon, though. But she was innocent, unwary. Her goodness made her vulnerable. He tried to forget that, and thought only with longing of the wonderful words springing out of her soil (she would know all, all) at last completely within grasp. And the white mystery of her body. He thought of it until they opened the covers of '*Macbeth*'.

* * *

A month later, toward the end of the twelfth lesson (they were doing grammar), there was a knock at the door of the flat. Martha was surprised. She had never had a caller as late as ten o'clock at night. She opened the door. A burly man in a grey felt hat, a tweed sports jacket and baggy grey flannels stood there. He had a large round red face. His breath smelt of brandy. He had distant blue eyes. He said:

"You Martha Hart." She said she was.

"I'm a police officer." He indicated his identification card in a leather holder. "I want to see your flat and talk to you." He looked over her shoulder. A passage wall obscured the sitting room from sight. He frowned.

"What do you want?" Her mouth went sour with fright. Her spine prickled in terror. She could hardly get the words out.

"Never you mind for the moment, lady. Jus' you come inside with me . . ." He moved in brusquely, and she had to step aside.

Amos sat still as a carved image on the Mexican rug that covered the divan. The policeman showed no surprise at his presence. He simply said: "Where's your pass?"

Amos produced a brown folder and stared at the wall.

"No special?" said the policeman after paging through.

"No," replied Amos.

"Right. You're in a white area after curfew. You got to have

a special for that. Right." He called into the passage, and an African constable in khaki and a topee helmet appeared.

"What are you doing . . .? Where are you taking him . . .? You can't . . ." She felt as if she were falling in a dream.

"Arrested. Native Urban Areas Act. Pass laws."

"But he's my friend . . . he comes here for lessons! You can't . . ." Her voice trembled. She followed Amos to the door.

"You just stay here lady. I want to have a little talk to you."

Helplessly she watched Amos taken away.

At the door they glanced into each other's eyes. She read his bitterness. His stare was hard and fierce. She wanted to plead forgiveness, as if her's was the responsibility for disappointment and humiliation. She felt ashamed, as if this violent incursion was just retribution for a betrayal, a false pretence on her part. Perhaps she had brought him to the flat for the very reason that the policeman took him away: that he was black, not that she loved him or even liked him; rather that she was obscenely intrigued by her own ignorance of his kind of mind and his kind of body. The door closed.

The policeman sniffed the air and walked round the room examining occasional tables, the writing desk. On the white enamelled mantlepiece he noticed two rings of light brown liquid. He touched one and smelt his finger. He turned on her and breathed a heavy sign, a sad sigh, redolent of the strain of responsibility which a man in his position had to bear. He looked under the divan cover. He withdrew two sherry glasses. He smelt the dregs.

"Sherry?" She didn't reply.

"Give him liquor?"

"What right have you . . ." Anger had broken through the dry ice of fear at last. "You can't come in here like this! You . . . where's your warrant?"

"Don't need a warrant. Criminal Laws Amendment Act. Suspicion that a crime has or is being committed on the premises. English aren't you? Nobody tell you what you're doing? People come over here interfering, causing trouble. He's a native. A kaffir." He emphasised the last as if to add precision to his meaning. He was silent and eyed her coldly.

"Funny place to keep glasses. Under the bed. What else do you keep under the bed?"

"Shut up!"

"All right lady. You'd better come with me. I'm arresting

you under the Liquor Act. Supplying intoxicating wines and spirits to natives."

Her knees shook, her hands trembled, her heart pounded in her mouth. Fear, anger, shame and a sense of violent outrage melted together into a fierce distillation that made her head reel. She protested, she gabbled, she stamped round the room. She could have flown at his thick red throat or bolted down the stairs to escape the monstrous oppression of his presence and the powers of law and state that loomed behind him. He waited till she had calmed down, and with the comforting assurance that she could phone for a lawyer from the police station, he accompanied her to the lift. Downstairs an American Ford sedan was parked in the road. Amos sat in the back with the African constable, and Martha in the front with the white detective.

* * *

They appeared at separate trials in the Magistrate's Court. Amos got two pounds or ten days for an offence against the pass laws. The Crown led no evidence except for the detective's statement, and Amos pleaded guilty. It was quick and cheaper that way. It was routine. Hundreds of cases of this nature passed through the court every week. Everyone pleaded guilty.

Martha's case was more lengthy. There were witnesses, examinations and cross-examinations. The caretaker of City Heights stated that she had seen a native visit the accused's flat on numerous occasions over the previous month. She didn't like that sort of thing. It gave the building a bad name. She reported the matter to the agents who advised the owners, who informed the police who took action on the night of the 25th in the person of Detective-Sergeant J. J. van Tonder. Giving evidence, van Tonder told the court that he found the two of them alone (there was a murmer in the crowded gallery), and sherry glasses under the bed. How did he know it was sherry? asked the defence counsel. He smelt it was sherry. Had he seen them drinking? No. Could she not have been drinking with another person before the arrival of the native? She could. What grounds, then, did the police have for assuming that an offence had taken place? Innocent people didn't hide glasses. But, replied counsel, innocent people, fearing a misconstruction of the very kind that the police were making, might hide glasses in a moment of panic. Detective-Sergeant van Tonder replied that there could have been no fear, because the accused

admitted at the police station that she didn't even know it was against the law to give liquor to natives. What about the native himself? He could have panicked. He knew. The policeman had no answer to this, and defence counsel sat down triumphantly.

Examined, Martha said she was a citizen of the United Kingdom and had been in the country eight months. She admitted, hesitantly, that she was not fully aware of social conditions and laws in the country. She was giving English lessons to the native.

Then came the cross-examination by the prosecutor. He had one question to ask. Did she say to Detective-Sergeant van Tonder going down to the station that she thought it was a monstrous law and was glad to break it? Defence counsel jumped up. The Magistrate refused an objection. The courtroom strained its ears.

Martha considered. The previous day she believed she had said she "*would have been*" not "*was*" glad to break it. In private consultation in his chambers, defence counsel had advised her to keep to this statement in court if questioned.

She looked round at the men who stared at her. She couldn't remember what she had said to van Tonder. It seemed absurd to have them waiting on the mood of an auxiliary verb—indicative or subjunctive. As if it mattered any more. As if anything mattered. She glanced out of the window above the magistrate's head. The sun was pouring through the bottom of the blind. His grey hair was touched with a faint halo of gold.

"I said I was glad to break it." The prosecutor sat down satisfied. Defence counsel swore under his breath.

The magistrate returned that afternoon to give sentence. He found her guilty and fined her twenty pounds or a month suspended for a year. Remarking on the leniency of the sentence, he declared he had taken into account the accused's clean record, good faith and her newness as an immigrant. At the same time he issued a warning that the courts took a serious view of such offences, especially at a time when inter-racial mixing was provoking conflict and the country was racked with the agitation of political trouble-makers, many of them from abroad. On this sober and thought-provoking note, the court rose and reporters hurried back to catch the evening edition.

* * *

Amos was in the corridor. She had not seen him for three

days—since the night of their arrest. He had not been granted bail. She had. His lips were split, swollen, thick. There was a black bruise on his forehead. "They beat you," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "I wanted to tell the magistrate but I didn't." Numb and dazed as she was, there was room for one more blow.

"Why not?" she demanded. His eyes shifted.

"I was afraid."

She wanted to cry but she couldn't. She wanted to take his slender shoulders and kiss his broken mouth, heal his wounds. She could not do it.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"It's not your fault," he replied. "Goodbye." He walked away.

He said it finally, conclusively. She knew he would not want to see her again. She wanted to shout at him that he was giving in, giving up. He had betrayed as well.

Outside the court the sun was shining. It blazed its cold gold light on her face. She wept in the light. She wept for loss, for loneliness, for betrayal, for wrong.

* * *

She was lonely in London.

At seven o'clock she drew the flowered curtains of her bed-sitting room and opened the window. In the tombstone-grey light of dawn she watched her breath condense. She didn't care.

BOOK REVIEWS

Africa: The Roots of Revolt by Jack Woddis. Published by Lawrence and Wishart, London. 1960. Price 21s.

Africa: The Lion Awakes by Jack Woddis. Published by Lawrence and Wishart, London, 1961. Price 21s.

I AM no expert on Africa. My knowledge of that continent comes only from fleeting visits and continued contact with a number of Africa's new leaders. So to say that I am attempting to "review" the two books written by Jack Woddis, would be only to expose my vital ignorance of the subject.

But Mr. Woddis—while giving a broad sweep of African history, of recent social and economic development—is, of course, as interested in presenting a wider political argument. His reading of the African revolution is not that of a dispassionate observer. It is that of a fully-committed participant in the major political arguments which rage over the world today.

Now the social and political direction of the African revolution will doubtless be finally resolved in the capitals of the newly emergent States. But any fundamental resolution will inevitably be shaped by external factors. And, what is more important, the course of the African revolution will affect the structure of the political struggle in the world outside Africa as well. The Congo operation is conclusive proof of this. For it has already gone some way towards reshaping the United Nations itself, and it is certain that the course of events in the Congo has had a substantial effect on the policies of the Great Powers.

It is at this point that I would like to take up the argument presented by Mr. Woddis. He has presented in both his first and second book the impressive and stirring record of the revolt against colonialism by the African peoples, and then moved on to discuss the "new colonialism". He comes at last to the Congo operation, which provides for him one of the hinges of his argument.

"Added to the disunity of the Congolese people and parties, there was the disunity of the African States themselves. Disunity not merely between the 'Casablanca' States and the 'Brazzaville' States—but partial lack of cohesion, or resolution even, partly explained by the varying degrees of reliance placed by the different African governments on the U.N. operation in the Congo. This arose because some African States and leaders have maintained a blind faith in the U.N.—not the real, existing U.N. of Hammarskjoeld, the U.N. controlled by N.A.T.O. and by the United States, but an entirely imagined U.N., an impartial referee who would safeguard the Congo's independence, drive out the imperialists and uphold the Congo's sovereignty and liberty. Thus it was that as each successive deterioration in the situation took place, these African States threatened to take drastic measures, to withdraw their troops from the U.N. Command, to place them at the disposal of the legal government headed by Lumumba, to set up their own African Command to rescue the Congolese people from disaster. But no unified, resolute steps along these lines were ever taken.

"Why was this so? Why was it that the Congo was strangled not only by imperialist finance, imperialist representatives and imperialist puppets, but also by honest African troops from independent African States? The failure of the African States to save the Congo from disaster and to save Lumumba and his colleagues stems, ironically enough, largely from their desire to 'keep the cold war out of Africa'. This just desire of the African people to retain their continent as a zone of peace and not to be drawn into imperialist war plans and military entanglements has been interpreted by some African national leaders as a necessity to keep the Soviet Union out of Africa. But the U.N., as it stands at present, controlled by the Western Powers, is itself an instrument of the cold war, even of hot war. The African States were reluctant to rely on assistance from socialist countries, they hesitated to act resolutely themselves to aid the Congo, they were justifiably suspicious of the intentions of Western imperialism—so where could they turn? Only, they thought, to the U.N.

"Through having no hesitation, in their moment of peril, in turning to the Soviet Union and other socialist countries, Guinea, Cuba and the United Arab Republic safeguarded their independence and still live; but Congo, poor, bleeding, torn Congo, tragic martyr of imperialist greed, lies temporarily

under the heel of the oppressor. Is there not a lesson here for the African States?

"Certainly the African people have learnt much from the experience of the Congo. They now understand. When, after the news of Lumumba's appalling end, they rose in their anger in a score of capitals, it was not alone the Belgian Embassies which were the targets of their wrath. U.N. offices and American Embassies and Information Centres were likewise attacked.

"Experience sometimes has to be bought at a terrible price. The disaster in the Congo is not solely a catastrophe. The people of the Congo—and indeed of all Africa—can yet turn this set-back into triumph, provided that they learn the lesson of the Congo well. There can be no real and lasting peace for the African people until the last remnants of imperialism, the last imperialist puppet, the last imperialist economic root, the last imperialist soldier has been driven out of the African continent. And to carry through that job, Africa must recognise fully and clearly who are her real enemies and who are her real friends."

Now, although my political views profoundly differ from those of Mr. Woddis, I think it is impossible to differ with the basic facts and sentiments which he presents in this passage. Of course one may differ slightly with him over some of the ways in which he has interpreted events; yet he has posed the essential problem which faces the African States today. There remains, however, an important question to be asked: to whom is Mr. Woddis addressing his books? Is it to Europeans who cannot fully understand Africa's problems, or is it to Africans who are increasingly looking outwards as the revolution on their own continent moves towards success? The passage which I have quoted gives the key. Mr. Woddis is no mere historian; he is the active proselytiser of a political faith.

Who are Africa's real friends and who are her real enemies? Mr. Woddis supplies the answer to this question in the last 70 pages of his second book, where he deals with the economic struggle for Africa. Their friends will be the "planned" societies in the East; their enemies the "imperialists" of the West. There is no third choice for the Africans.

And, indeed, in the present situation (which is graphically described by Mr. Woddis) the choice is bleak. Although the aid which is flowing from the East is limited, it is being supplied for purposes which the Africans want—the industrialisation of their countries. Western aid often comes in company with

a demand that it be used in a specific manner. If such a situation persists—and there is no apparent reason to believe that it will change—then the choice before the Africans will be simple. Any Western plea that they are sacrificing one 'colonialism' for another will fall on disbelieving ears. And, indeed, if Russian policy moves more rapidly to an accommodation with 'uncommitted' countries, then these warnings will not only be vain, but also false.

The choice for Africans is not, however, confined to the future of their continent alone. The direction they take will materially affect the destiny of the whole world. Their voice is strong and likely to grow stronger in the counsels of the 'uncommitted' nations; and it is here, rather than with the Great Powers, that the structure of the new world will take shape.

What will the response of Africa's new leaders be? Will it be to opt for simple alliances that solve neither African problems nor the problems of the world? Or will it be to steer a course that can offer real hope for the world?

One man in Africa, perhaps, has seen the relationship between the African revolution and the changing world situation more clearly than any others. He is Kwame Nkrumah. In the preface to his recent book, '*I Speak of Freedom*', he says:

"The present leaders of Africa have already shown a remarkable willingness to consult and seek advice among themselves. Africans have, indeed, begun to think continentally. They realise they have much in common, both in their past history, in their present problems and in their future hopes. To suggest that the time is not yet ripe for considering a political union of Africa is to evade the facts and ignore the realities in Africa today.

"The greatest contribution that Africa can make to the peace of the world is to avoid all the dangers inherent in disunity, by creating a political union which will also, by its success, stand as an example to a divided world. A union of African States will project more effectively the African personality. It will command respect from a world that has only respect for size and influence.

"The scant attention paid to African opposition to the French atomic tests in the Sahara, and the ignominious spectacle of the U.N. in the Congo quibbling about constitutional niceties while the Republic was tottering into anarchy, are

evidence of the callous disregard for African independence by the Great Powers.

"We have to prove that greatness is not measured in stock-piles of atom bombs. I believe strongly and sincerely that with the deep-rooted wisdom and dignity, the innate respect for human lives, the intense humanity that is our heritage, the African race, united, under one federal government, will emerge not just as another world bloc to flaunt its wealth and strength, but as a Great Power whose greatness is indestructible because it is built not on fear, envy and suspicion, nor won at the expense of others, but founded on hope, trust, friendship and directed to the good of all mankind.

"The emergence of such a mighty stabilising force in this strife-worn world should be regarded not as a shadowy dream of a visionary, but as a practical proposition, which the people of Africa can, and should, translate into reality. There is a tide in the affairs of every people when the moment strikes for political action. Such was the moment in the history of the United States of America when the Founding Fathers saw beyond the petty wranglings of the separate states and created a Union.

"This is our chance. We must act now. Tomorrow may be too late and the opportunity will have passed, and with it the hope of free Africa's survival."

That is the answer to Mr. Woddis. It is the answer which all of us must try completely to understand.

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