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South African vignettes

By GERDA de ROZARI

Gerda de Rozari has recently returned to South Africa after spending four years in the U.S. She has travelled extensively here and in South America, and has written a number of articles describing her impressions of American society.

There is a long road from Cape Town that winds along the southern coast through spreading farmlands and lazy valleys; through yellow wood forests deep in the gorges of rivers opening out to the blue blue sea; through the grey-green bush-covered wilderness of the Eastern Cape where white and black first fought bitterly over the land; through the tranquil pastoralism of the Transkei to the lushness of subtropical Natal. And then there are the Drakensberg mountains enclosing the high country of Lesotho in a huge crescent of gaunt intransigence, all towering above a part of the world made famous by Shaka and the rise of the great Zulu Empire...

Morning in Rosebank, a small suburban shopping center in Johannesburg: middle age women unimaginatively over-adorned in flowery print dresses dowdily low in the hemline, sort of midi by default, gloves and bags, white hats and powdered faces; young girls with hard walnut tans, green eye shadow greasy in the hard sun, high pitched nasal voices and hair either sexlessly short cropped or long and frozen into swirls and twirls by synthetic sprays and lacquers; a pair of policemen, not looking a day over eighteen years old, stocky and white with lardy faces and thick lips, frogmarching two little African boys round behind a building to no doubt warn them that loitering in the entrance to departmental stores is prejudicial to the security of the state; groups of African employees of different stores chatting animatedly in the sun, closely aware of all the whites passing by; plushy European cars sliding opulently to and fro, for here Mercedes and Jaguars are almost a dime a dozen; boringly scuffy merchandise in most of the shops, though Rosebank might hardly be the best place to judge.

People are highly fashion conscious, but in a way that seems almost manic and correspondingly unimaginative. So, with slavish devotion and frequently unconscious idiocy, they don the latest to become comic puppets. Or unwitting exponents of the theater of the absurd. Example: just a few months back there was a murder trial which caught the attention of the country. As well it might, for it contained all the elements on which South Africa, despite her professedly narrow moralities, thrives. Sex, sin and sordid details.

AN ATHLETE of national renown (one pedestal below God in a society which is crazy about sport) and you have the stuff of real scandal. Said hero had a rather voluptuous wife of whom he was both possessive and jealous. She had an affair with another guy and they decided to knock off hubby. Which they did.

Now, you ask, what might this all have to do with fashion? Plenty. Being seen at the Vontsteen trial very soon became the 'in' thing with society women of Johannesburg. Who were increasingly to be found lining up in the street at five in the morning in order to secure seats in the courtroom, decked out in their pantsuits and midis (minis were banned from such a solemn occasion), dark glasses, painted faces and other extraneous fineries, all obligingly ready to preen and pamper themselves in front of news cameras and reporters.

An English girl I chatted to recently, made a comment that rather confirmed my own reactions to this phenomenon. "It's as if white people here are so desperately scared that others will think them uncivilised, so they go crazy about fashions, but so uncreatively; as if that is a criterion of civilisation anyway!!!" And, by contrast, there is a greater awareness of more and more Africans wearing clothes with a certain zest and flair and most certainly with an appreciation for the vivid use of color.

It's as if the whites enclose themselves in little cultural cocoons while the Africans remain open to any source of new creativity. That in turn, produces its own kind of uptightness, and obsession with political affairs, so threatened do those cocoons become. A friend was telling me recently of a demonstration in Cape Town

by Black Sash women. All stood silently with posters about their necks. An Afrikaans man came by with a four year old child, and stopping before each woman in turn, addressed the little boy, 'Look carefully there my son, that is a terrorist!' IN THE Eastern Cape, there is a somewhat sleepy little city called Grahamstown. It has only one university, two training colleges, six major boarding



high schools and fifty two churches ranging from the august Cathedral of St. Michael and St. George to the modest abode of the Apostolic Faith Mission, the church with the neon sign, *Jesus Saves!*

Over the summer vacation, Grahamstown becomes virtually a ghost town, for the schools close and the idea of summer sessions has barely percolated this far. So the campus, small and beautiful, lies quiet and dreamy. Few cars come through to disturb the carpet of lavender jacaranda blossoms thick on the streets and sidewalks. African gardeners in blue overalls wander here and there, mowing long lawns and tending brilliant flower beds, with occasional pauses in the dark shade to puff at their long pipes and exchange garrulous anecdotes. The huge university swimming pool is one of the few regions where there is any kind of activity, for here faculty families and friends (no doubt with the exception of certain African members of the Department of Bantu Languages), make frequent use of sun and water.

There are deceptive aspects to this city in the valley. For all its outward placidity, for all the charming reconditioned Settler houses and pleasant people who will sit and converse over cups of tea and morning biscuit, for all the nooky shops here and there where arts and craftsy items blend with European imports, there is huge economic depression among the large majority of inhabitants—who happen to be black. Many seem to do wonders with what little they earn in local employment which might range from domestic house work, pumping gas, assisting in stores or acting as office clerks (with special emphasis on tea brewing in the morning and afternoon). But the streets seem fuller than ever with solicitors and beggars, from the old to the very young.

And it's very much an employer's market. 'Can't understand why my Bantu girl is so sulky these days, especially when I gave her a whole dollar a month raise two weeks ago. I mean, really, they want the earth these days, she's already getting ten a month...' and the powdery nose quivers with annoyance. Perhaps the meek (and the sulky) shall indeed inherit the earth one day Ma'am, including that large chunk on which you and your husband have just built that new house and double garage...

WHAT ECONOMIC facts there are, are not particularly cheering. In the Fingo village for example, where a substantial number of the African population lives, a recent survey shows that over 75 per cent live below the poverty datum line which, in terms of economics, means that such a percentage of families (based on a family unit of two earning parents and three young

children) earn less than the equivalent of sixty five dollars a month. And the distress is multiplied.

Fingoes are among the very few Africans in the whole country who have had freehold title to land. Those rights stretch back over more than a century. Now they are to be removed as a group of people to Committees, arid and desolate, twenty miles away. Their land is wanted. More checkerboard thinking for which this government is so notorious. Reactions are anguished as well they might be: 'Is it true that we are going to Committee's Drift... I would pray to God to end my life immediately, rather than leave my house, my home and my children's home.' And bitter, 'I would not like to leave my home. This is all I am prepared to say. We've borne a lot from the white people and this will not be something new. It is quite clear that this is only a means of depriving the owners of their property rights. I hope at least we shall have a place we can call our own in heaven.'

But the people that react are not all black. Some of them are white, young and still in high school. One girl gives it straight, in a recently published anthology. *Resettlement in Natal.*

LIMEHILL

*A woman waiting at a reluctant tap,
A little boy with distended stomach,
A priest cursing and sweating and praying.
This is Limehill.*

*Little food, less water, many graves,
A goat killed at Christmas and no room in
the ward,
no homes and no pride for a people.*

*Lies and accusations and rumours flying,
promises broken and pieces kept hidden,
suffering reduced to statistics
And then explained away.
This is Limehill.*

As fragmentary as the observations are, and as vague as the awareness might be,

there is yet a sense that some aspects of the national life are in a state of flux. There is an undercurrent of concern over the economic situation as there is disquiet over the pressures from outside: the sporting boycotts and disruption of fixtures may have raised bile in much South African blood, but they have also encouraged some concessions and stimulated a certain amount of rethinking. A debate on apartheid recently took place over the national news network.

THERE IS discussion in the national dailies on the possibility of a coalition government. Bantustan politicians like Matanzima and Bhutelezi are proving themselves no pussyfooters. The Nationalists seem increasingly to be old and worn out politicians with little influence among the young of even their own. The Ovambo situation in South West Africa has caught the government on the wrong foot—and badly. Roads are closed, troops have moved in, there is a news blackout and prominent churchmen from there are prohibited entry. All while the Prime Minister blandly denies that there is any crisis there. Maybe he's not sure what the word means.

But the heavy hand is still heavy. There are still predawn raids and it was not many weeks back that Indian detainee Achmed Timol mysteriously and tragically died in Johannesburg by falling accidentally from the eighth floor of the Secret Police Headquarters, into the street below. Suicide naturally. 'Why is everyone so excited?' demanded Vorster in Parliament last week, 'only nine detainees up until now have committed suicide...' Only nine.

Perhaps it can be said, in sum, that there is more grey where there used only to be black and white. But only a bit. Political commentators on the South African scene are too ready to look for the signs of change, and balloon them into ridiculous exaggeration. The politics of opposition generally has little more function than the mitigation of conscience. Many go through the motions, but not much more. Few real questions are asked. The answers are too painful.

cardinal MONDAY magazine

The term "third world" has come to convey many meanings to different people.

Originally it was coined by the French, *tiers monde*, and was used to designate those countries not aligned with the communist or capitalist blocs. That rigid division of the world no longer exists.

In the sixties, the term "third world" was applied to underdeveloped countries as opposed to developed countries. Sometimes the dichotomy was phrased as developed and developing; but the latter term was merely a euphemism for underdeveloped, itself a euphemism often for primitive. In this schema the term is absurd, for it is a concept of two worlds, one right, the other hoping to get that way.

Perhaps another term in the definition is non-pink skin. Linking countries on the basis of non-Caucasian experience, however, throws countries like Chile out of the third world.

IN THE UNITED STATES, the term "third world" is being used to mean

Puerto Ricans and Mexicans and other minorities working in alliance for social and economic change. Again, the term is meaningless. For if these groups form the third world, which are the other two? And if they are the black and white worlds, where is the element of oppression that seems necessary to this use of third world? Or does that analysis reject the existence of classes among the whites and blacks in America?

In fact, in the U.S. "third world" has come to indicate a state of mind and a commitment to certain values.

One thing all these definitions have in common is the perspective, which is one of big, strong countries looking at the rest of the world and explaining their problems and crises in terms, not of their own histories or making, but of how America or Russia or China act.

HERE, WE'VE decided on our own version of third world, while recognizing that the "third" has no meaning: those areas which have been directly or indirectly colonized by white nations.

Today's issue is the second and final part of the Monday Magazine series, *Whose World is Third?* Part one featured an article entitled "Chile; Social Revolution vs. Bureaucratic Reform" by Patricia Garrett and Adam Schesch. Copies of the issue are still available at the Cardinal offices.

Whose world is third is edited by Jean

Taylor, an Australian presently at the University working toward her Ph.D. in Southeast Asian history. The cover photo from Bangladesh was made available by Signe Hanson. Hanson lived in what was then East Pakistan for fifteen months (1967-68). The drawing on this page is the work of Marilyn Dettman, a graduate of WSU-Platteville in Art Education.

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"Servants are better than soap: they are cheaper and last longer!" Middle and upper class Indonesians depend on the services of an Mbok (the Javanese term for mother applied to older women).

CIDOC: School for revolutionaries?

By ANNA MARIE TAYLOR

Anna Marie Taylor, a graduate student in the Spanish Department, spent last summer in Cuernavaca, Mexico, at CIDOC, a center for the study of alternative institutions. Taylor is a member of the planning committee for the Madison Conference on Chile, co-sponsored by Community Action on Latin America (CALA) and the Ibero-American Studies Department.

CIDOC (Centro Intercultural de Documentacion), a center for the study of contemporary Latin America and alternative institutions, sits atop a hill in the provincial city of Cuernavaca in Mexico. The white colonial-style buildings and the newer white stucco classroom buildings of the language school with their graceful red tile or thatch roofs, are interspersed through the bright-colored semi-tropical vegetation of the hillside. Occasionally someone will spot in the distance the volcano Popocatepetl, and people will gather to catch a glimpse of this ancient god emerging from the clouds.

The Center was founded in 1963 by the Jesuit theologian Ivan Illich as a stopover for Catholic missionaries on their way to Latin America. In that year, the Pope had called for the North American Church to send ten per cent of its priests and nuns to Latin America because of the shortage of clergy there. Illich, then a monsignor who had been working in the Puerto Rican communities in New York and Puerto Rico, claimed that these missionaries would be "pawns of U.S. cultural imperialism" if they were not educated first in the languages and culture of Latin America. CIDOC was to be a "de-Yankeefication process."

Although many Catholic clergy still pass through CIDOC, its focus has been transformed to the study of alternative institutions, and Illich is best known today for his books and articles on "Deschooling Education."

The 1972 announcement of CIDOC's activities describes it as a place where "gather persons who have taken the initiative, each to raise an issue related to radical alternatives to contemporary institutions." Its regular catalog states that "CIDOC is not a university, but a meeting place for humanists whose common concern is the effect of social and ideological change on the minds and hearts of

men. It is a setting for understanding the implications of social revolution, not an instrument for promoting particular theories of social action... The main context of CIDOC is contemporary Latin America." The extensive publication of material on subjects related to the activities at CIDOC is also one of its principal functions.

WITHIN ITS OWN institutional framework, CIDOC operates in a variety of forms. There are repeated courses taught by resident instructors, which include such wide-ranging topics as "Plato: Man and the State," "Education in Cuba," "Contemporary Guatemalan Politics," "The Agrarian Structures of Latin America," and "The Peasant Leagues in Northeastern Brazil," taught by the exiled Brazilian communist peasant organizer, Francisco Juliao. Many of the other courses listed are about contemporary Latin American literature. These resident courses are advertised to be offered whenever five participants sign up for them.

The courses are usually set up to meet two times weekly over a one month session. Last summer, after one paid the yearly registration fee of \$50, attendance at each course cost an additional \$30. The lecture series known as "el Ciclo," which takes place in the garden each day at 11:00, (Illich himself talks on Wednesdays), costs an additional \$30. A daily visitor's pass is \$5.

The catalogue also lists courses conducted by "teaching guests" who offer a course for a specific session for which the teacher received, until this year, payment from CIDOC if ten or more people signed up for it. It is also possible for someone to offer a course on the spot, and to receive space and fees for it if at least ten people sign up.

Somewhat inevitably, CIDOC itself, which was to be a model of an alternative institution, has gotten caught up in the morass of its own rules and structures,

which led to a crisis at the end of last summer. So many people were dissatisfied with the countless rules and regulations, innumerable fees, the showing of admittance cards at every turn, and the lack of stimulating courses, despite the elaborate catalogue listings, that the contradictions between CIDOC's image of itself as a "non-institution" and the bureaucratic realities became intolerable.

IT WAS DECIDED that the basic fees to CIDOC for registration and for the ciclos would remain, but that each group of participants and instructors would have to agree among themselves about what a course was worth and figure out their own method of collecting the money, if any.

Beyond the many internal failures of CIDOC as an alternative open institution, the very existence of a place like CIDOC within the Third World context raises other questions. Despite its stated focus on the problems of Latin America, most of the people attending are middle-class Americans, usually teachers and students in universities and colleges, the very institutions which the deschooling philosophy denounces. They are the ones who have the money and the leisure time to take a month or two off and visit CIDOC. Their composition is further determined by the fact that there are no arrangements for day-care facilities, and most married women and many couples with children are therefore unable to participate. Despite its intent to be a center for the study of radical institutional alternatives, little awareness of the movement for women's liberation is evident.

Several of the seminars during the past summer, such as the ones on drug culture and Zen meditation, reflected the U.S.-oriented, free-university character of many of CIDOC's summer activities. These large numbers of Americans, which reached a peak of about 600 in the August session of last year, are a

source of some embarrassment, and Illich admits that this summer influx is tolerated because it is one of their main sources of funds, but he emphasizes that CIDOC's primary purpose is to work throughout the year with small specialized seminars of people committed to thinking out, over a period of time, particular areas of social problems, such as the "Alternative Sources of Health," composed of a group (mostly Americans), which meets periodically to discuss ways to provide popular access to medical skills and information.

Few Latin Americans, except for the small numbers who participate in the special interest seminars, attend CIDOC. Although the catalogue states that tuition is free to any Latin American, we were told by Mexicans that it was still prohibitively expensive because they had to pay the \$50.00 registration fee plus transportation costs. The Mexicans at CIDOC are composed almost entirely of a few administrators, occasional teachers and special lecturers, a fairly large number of menial workers, and the low-paid teachers at the language school.

ONE HAS THE impression that even if there were no financial barriers, the orientation of CIDOC is too far removed from the immediate problems of these countries to be of much interest. The isolation of CIDOC from the Latin American community it purports to serve is a measure of the distance of CIDOC from the political realities of their countries. Many of those who walk "up the hill" to CIDOC or ride up in the daily stream of taxis cannot help but be acutely aware of the divorce between CIDOC and the surrounding vista of poverty, and from the actual struggle for economic and social justice being waged in Mexico.

The ciclo which came closest to a political discussion about Mexico was given by a sociologist at the National University, the sister of President Echeverria of Mexico, who gave a social-scientific, safely left-wing view of

Mexico's current political events. Although the catalogue claims that CIDOC is "an environment for learning, not a headquarters for activist planning," it is evident that it is not even a place where the political realities of Mexico can be discussed. The radical Church movement in Mexico is active in Cuernavaca with the open involvement of Pope Mendez Arceo, yet its activities are ignored at CIDOC. The problems and the political struggles of urban workers is another area which is not part of the discussion matter at CIDOC, despite its obvious connections to the questions of education, housing, transportation, health, etc.

The possibilities of CIDOC relating more to Latin American problems is also inhibited by the overwhelming dominance of Illich's personality and philosophy. Those exiled Latin Americans now residing at CIDOC, who at one time have been actively engaged in mass organizing or other political battles in their countries, and who are marxists, such as Francisco Juliao, have little influence on the orientation of CIDOC, given the Cult of Personality surrounding Illich, and the repressive conditions in Mexico which limit their wider influence.

MARXIST ANALYSES of society are considered passe at CIDOC, to be superseded by Illich's ideas of de-institutionalization. The dominance of this orientation is reflected in the present seminars, including a "Research Seminar on Alternatives to a Schooled Society in Latin America: The personal and national dependencies on rich countries created through the adoption of the school system. Alternatives: adult education, rural education; literacy." Another, which includes John Holt and Dennis Sullivan, "Alternatives in Education" continues "the inquiry into the disestablishment of schools, and the broadening of the issue. The deschooling of society understood (continued on page 7)

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African perspective of violence

By EDRIS MAKWARD

Edris Makward is from Senegal. He received University education in Senegal, France, England and Nigeria, and holds degrees from the University of Dakar (Senegal), of Paris (Sorbonne) and Ibadan (Nigeria). Makward taught in Senegal, in Nigeria (University of Ibadan) before coming to Wisconsin in 1967, and has taught French and contemporary African Literature here since 1967. He is now Associate Professor and Chairman of the Department of African Languages and Literature, and has written extensively on African Literature and the problems of language teaching in West Africa.

Bound To Violence
By Yambo Ouologuem
Harcourt, Brace and
Javanovich, Inc.

When the original French version of Yambo Ouologuem's novel appeared in France (*Le devoir de violence*, Seuil, 1968), it received unprecedented critical acclaim for an African book in France. It won immediately the Prix Renaudot, an important French literary award. The then 28 year old Malian, who—like many African intellectuals before him—had left his country to pursue his university education in Paris in 1964, had received, by the time of publication of his famed first novel, three French degrees including a Master's degree in English and was then working on a Doctorate thesis in Sociology.

The American edition, *Bound to Violence*, appeared last spring

with a critical reception quite reminiscent of the French reception. The book received laudatory reviews from most of the major American magazines and newspapers, but in Africa and among African critics in general it has been a different story altogether. Firstly, there was the sustained tone of violence and exaggerated eroticism which in the mind of many an African critic or reader, could leave the most devastating image of Africa past and present on the credulous non-African reader, too readily disposed anyhow to believe any negative picture of the "dark continent."

Secondly there was the insulting statement made by many of the European critics—particularly in France—that Ouologuem's book was the first "real" novel written by an African in French. Such a statement could hardly please the African writers, critics and readers who have been following—and sometimes participating in—the literary output from Africa, in the last three decades.

THIRDLY, ALL the great assets on which two generations of African intellectuals had based their rehabilitation of Africa and its inhabitants in the first place, and to the outside observer—African History and traditions, African art, music and dance, African mythology—were ruthlessly trampled down in Ouologuem's novel.

Lastly, the unchecked enthusiasm with which the book was received by French, English and American critics, and the loud publicity coverage at the appearance of the book, both in France and in the U.S.—as opposed to the usually reserved reception that most literary works by Africans have received in the western capitals where they are published—contributed to the suspicion and the accusation of mercantilism with which many Africans look upon the author of *Bound to Violence*. Above all, these reviewers greeted Ouologuem's book with the unrestrained and suspect sigh of relief: "At last a Black man who does not think that Black is always beautiful."

It is true that Ouologuem's goal in *Bound to Violence* is to counteract what he considers an overromanticized vision of Africa and the Africans by earlier French African writers and intellectuals. His book is a swift and colorful fresco of eight centuries of African history, from the legendary empires of the Middle Ages to the immediate post-World War II era of political emancipation in most of Black Africa.

THERE ARE three major allegorical figures in the novel: Saif ben Isaac al-Heit, the illustrious and unscrupulous descendant of the ancient founders of the mythical Empire of Nakem, who will manage to maintain his control over the people of Nakem throughout the 50 years or so of French colonial rule, that is, from the actual "pacification" of the territory at the turn of the century to 1947, which marked the beginning of political emancipation in the whole of Sub-Saharan Africa under French rule. Among Saif's most treacherous methods in the pursuit of this control is the use of especially trained asps and snakes to rid him of his enemies—White or Black—or of defiant vassals.

Then there is the son of two of Saif's "slaves", Tambira and Kassoumi: Raymond Spartacus Kassoumi. To protect his family and the noble families of his country against western culture and religion while pretending to give a hand to the French "saviors" of "dark souls", Saif sends only the slaves and the members of the lower classes to the French schools and churches. Thus Kassoumi will be sent to France to pursue his university studies and on his return will be elected "depute" of his territory without realizing that Saif plans to use him as a puppet.

Lastly there is the French Bishop Henry, who has helped Kassoumi throughout and who, among all the protagonists involved with Saif, is the only one who actually understands him and can eventually bring him to change his game.

MOST OF the historical developments could naturally have taken place in several French territories of West and equatorial Africa. But considering the geographical as well as some of the historical details, it seems that Ouologuem's Empire of Nakem is a take-off from the ancient kingdom of Kanem which at its apogee in the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries occupied a wide area extending southwards from Fezzan (south of Libya) to Bornu, and Wadai in the east across Hausaland to the Niger river in the West.

The Sef (Sefawa) established themselves as the ruling dynasty of the kingdom of Kanem as early as the ninth century, and Islam was adopted in the eleventh century. After the apogee of the thirteenth century, Kanem became a protectorate of Bornu, a former province, and was raided and conquered by various Arab speaking groups from the North. French rule was established in the area in 1901, and Kanem is now part of the Republic of Chad which obtained its independence in August 1960.

FROM THE OUTSET, Ouologuem mixes skillfully and almost always humoristically if not facetiously a variety of styles. He blends most appropriately the style of the griot—the oral praise-singer, historian and genealogist of traditional African societies—with the erudite mannerisms of Arab chroniclers. The very first paragraph of the book is written in this delightful style: "Our eyes drink the brightness of the sun and, overcome, marvel at their tears. Mashallah! wa bismillah!... To recount the bloody adventure of the niggertrash—shame to the worthless paupers!—there would be no need to go beyond the

present century...."

Here is another crasty example of this style: "And now behold: The brave and daring Isaac al-Heit knew hunger, thirst, fever, the tumult of battle and the sight of the dying... and behold further: Amidst the mounds of corpses left by the passage of Saif Moshe Gabbai of Honain (God's curse upon him!) the noble ardor of Isaac al-Heit (God refresh his couch) awoke to new life... Terrible in battle, he defeated the Berbers, the Moors, and the Tuareg...."

In the very first pages of the novel, "griot" Yambo Ouologuem announces his basic theme: "Against this background of horror the destiny of Saif Isaac al-Heit stands out most illustriously; rising far above the common lot, it endowed the legend of the Saifs with the splendor in which the dreamers of African unity sun themselves to this day."

The thrust that Ouologuem will attempt to make in his fast moving and multi-faceted pseudo-historic narrative is announced in the short paragraph quoted above. Having literally stunned the reader in less than two pages of wild, horrifying descriptions, he presents his illustrious hero, Saif Isaac al-Heit—not without expressing his critical contempt for the so-called champions of African unity who naively believe that their dream of unity can be realized through the leadership of the prestigious descendants of the powerful rulers of the past.

"WHETHER truth or invention, the legend of Saif Isaac al-Heit still haunts Black romanticism and the political thinking of the notables in a good many republics."

Of violence, which colors many pages of the novel, Bishop Henry, the penetrating observer of Saif's dealings and inner thoughts, says that it is "vibrant in its unconditional submission to the will to power, becomes a prophetic illumination... But also a conflict between the rejection of decadence and nostalgia for a privileged experience, the forced quest of morality provided with a false window offering a vista of happiness: 'the golden age when all the swine will die is just around the corner'."

These last lines bring to mind the title of another great African novel: *The Beautiful Ones are not yet Born*. Its author, Ghanaian A.K. Armah, belongs definitely to that same generation of post-independence African intellectuals, profoundly disillusioned and displeased with the performance of the leadership of their young countries. Armah's book was published in this country, the same year Ouologuem's appeared in Paris. Armah criticizes in a very artistic and poetic manner the era of corruption and selfish materialism that seems to have taken over his country. The shock of such a disappointment is all the more disturbing when one remembers, as author Armah does, the exalting atmosphere of hope and confidence in which charismatic Kwame Nkrumah led his country to independence in 1957.

The symbolic title of Armah's novel is borrowed from the colorful inscriptions found on the local buses—the "mammy-wagons" of West Africa.

The idea here is that even the coup d'etat of 1965 will not bring the real change that would make the idealistic hero of the novel happy. Since 1965 civilian rule has been restored in Ghana after several years of military rule, but just about two months ago after a drastic devaluation of the Ghanaian currency by Dr. Busia's government, another military coup was staged to "save the nation from economic collapse". Meanwhile Armah, who is now in his early thirties, has graduated from Harvard University and returned to work for his country's national TV and radio (see Ar-

mah's second novel: *Fragments*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston 1970). He left Ghana after a few years, and worked in Algeria as a translator. He returned last year to the U.S. to conduct a seminar in creative writing at Columbia University and is now living in Tanzania.

AS THE quotation underlined above indicates, Ouologuem's endeavor is not only to express his disgust with the present, however vivid and sincere it may be, or to trust the generations yet to come with his deepest hopes for a better and more beautiful Africa. The 'y' in Armah's title is intentional; it could be due to the free sense of orthography of the lorry drivers, but it could also be due to the driver's intention—or the owner's—to add to the beauty and brightness of the inscription... carefully lettered to form an oval shape: THE BEAUTIFUL ONES ARE NOT YET BORN." In the center of the oval was a single flower, solitary, unexplainable and very beautiful."

Ouologuem's criticism is much broader. In his opinion, the stigma is not on one generation only. For, those who believe that "l'age d'or est pour demain, quand tous les salauds creveront" will also try to bring about this "new African golden age" through brutal violence, destruction and corruption. This is allegorically expressed by Bishop Henry describing a film he saw the day before his ultimate confrontation with Saif: "All the characters (in the movie) are inhabited by fury. They show only the tips of their ears, they appear for an instant through a keyhole and kill each other and disappear."

Thus Ouologuem's ultimate statement is that if we go back to the time where the African romantics of the Negritude ideology usually start their return to the sources, i.e., if we take an objective look at the heroic era of the great legendary African empires of the Middle Ages—what we see is not just beauty and harmony and felicity; but on the contrary we see ugliness, violence, destruction, exploitation and corruption. Above all we have to admit that the "status quo" in contemporary Africa is based on the same elements of violence and hatred.

Thus if we really want a new and beautiful Africa, we have to do away somehow with the goldenrule of violence and exploitation and disrespect for humanity that have been present in Africa all along, before, during and after the European colonial era. This is of course not to say that Ouologuem clears totally the colonizers of Africa. But they are treated with the same heavy irony as the African rulers themselves: "The white man had spoken of a right to colonize—nay, more, of the 'duty of international charity', the duty to bring 'civilization' to suppress the slave trade that was devouring all Africa."

IT MAY indeed be said that Ouologuem has heard Frantz Fanon's advice "not to waste our time in sterile litanies or in nauseating mimicry" (*The Wretched of the Earth*). It must be added, however, that Ouologuem goes somewhat farther in his universal condemnation of violence and destruction. He sees the destruction of man not only in Europe and the West, but also in Africa; and the color of this destructive man's skin, he insists, is certainly not exclusively white, and has never been only white either.

Some of the readers of this article may remember the very similar words said here at the Wisconsin Center about three years ago, by another well known African novelist, Chinua Achebe (*Things Fall Apart*, *Man of the People*). Achebe quoting the lines

(continued on page 6)

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The ethics of foreign aid

By DONALD K. EMMERSON

Don Emerson teaches in the Political Science Department at the UW. He has close familiarity with the third world, having lived for two years in Indonesia (1967-69) and travelled in Southeast Asia. His doctoral dissertation examines elite political culture in Indonesia.

THE CRUEL CHOICE: A NEW CONCEPT IN THE THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT by Denis Goulet (New York: Atheneum, 1971), 362 pp., \$12.50.

At a time in the world when the pace of change was slower, tradition was a reliable guide. The predicament of modern personkind is that technology transforms the reality base faster than prevailing assumptions are readapted to it.

We might call this the Dilemma of the Lagging Paradigm. A paradigm is a set of assumptions that structure our definitions, our perceptions, our evaluations, and our solutions to the "real-world problems" that the paradigm enables us to identify. A paradigm is useful only to the extent that it continues to be supported by contemporary experience and continues to facilitate adequate responses to that experience.

The all-American assumption of an identity between private, corporate, and public interest contradicts contemporary experience. If we consider the effects of the energy-eating, pollution-spewing, grass-paving, street-chokin, life-taking, people-alienating, fantasy-pandering automobile and its bigger cousin the airplane, the idea that what's good for General Motors is good for the country becomes obscene. Yet the paradigm persists. Lockheed was bailed out, the highway fund rolls on, and the Alaska pipeline could still flow after Nixon is re-elected this fall. The equation of personal and corporate freedom with public good persists in the government's reluctance to restrict the freedom of food and drug manufacturers to pour chemicals down the public throat or to curtail the freedom of individuals to become unlicensed owners of unregistered handguns with which they can and regularly do kill other people. (More people were murdered last year in Wisconsin than in England.) And one reason why this is so is the tenacity of a third obsolete American paradigm equating best with least government.

AT THE risk of oversimplifying a wee bit, the last 2000 years of Western history could be said to constitute a succession of two lagging paradigms: "God is Great" and "Growth is Good." Just as the former outlasted the Renaissance and the In-

dustrial Revolution and is alive though unwell today, so the latter slogan is now outlasting the passage of industrial into post-industrial society.

The cherishing of obsolete paradigms is costly enough in the West, but one of the consequences of interdependence on a planetary scale is that "our" lagging paradigms swiftly and directly affect the lives of the other two-thirds of personkind. The assumption that Growth is Good led us to the view that the "other" passengers in what Buckminster Fuller calls "space ship earth" were primitive, backward, underdeveloped, or developing, and these labels in turn served to reinforce the original assumption that people who have more are more ("developed"), and by that we meant ourselves.

Now that it is clear that growth can be cancerous, that a person or a nation can have more and be less, that a GNP can consist largely of arms and garbage, it is time to look for another assumption, one that will reflect not merely the experience of our little thing-crammed golden ghetto on the northern flanks of the Atlantic but of the rest of us as well.

LIKE ITS predecessors, this new paradigm will have to be a normative statement. One of the consequences of the American intoxication with technology is our tendency to reduce questions of meaning to questions of technique: "can do!" replaced "why?"

But means entail ends. So-called technical assistance to the Third World entails the paradigmatic assumption that Growth is Good, even though that "growth" may in a given instance mean the further mutilation and subjection of an internally distorted and externally dependent economy.

In foreign aid, the dictum that Growth is Good, insofar as it involves a projection onto the recipient of the donor's own image of "good growth," is at heart an imperialist assumption. If that exported image meant a widening of options, it could be liberating, but typically it entails the opposite, a contraction of alternatives. The

Hickenlooper amendment cutting off aid to countries that nationalize American investments without compensation is an example of how incremental, private-sector, "trickle-down," dependent growth is encouraged while transformative, public-sector, "flood-up," independent growth can be discouraged. The inequality of North and South lies not just in product per capita but in the power to export paradigms.

DENIS GOULET has tried to generate a new paradigm for development. Reduced to its essentials, his argument is that the Third World is above all vulnerable, vulnerable to the technology and the ideology of the First and Second Worlds. Goulet would have the aid-giving nations transcend this basic power inequality. Wealthy donors must experience the vulnerability of poor recipients, becoming even if only for a moment like them. This is necessary because likeness is the precondition of reciprocity and reciprocity is the basis of truly humane development.

For Goulet, development should not be something inflicted upon the powerless by those with power but should instead embody the goals of a universal paradigm (what he calls an "existence rationality") in which alternative paths of social change are pursued or rejected according to whether they are believed to lead toward life-sustenance, esteem, and freedom. These goals are to be achieved through the application of three principles: a) to have enough in order to be more (replacing the old "to have more is to be more"), b) universal solidarity, and c) broad popular participation in decisions.

The dynamic of development itself, for Goulet, is to be found not in violent revolution. Goulet rejects the Marxist paradigm because it contradicts itself, assuming on the one hand that all morality is class-based and on the other that proletarian morality is in the universal interest of mankind. The potential for absolutism in revolution distresses Goulet. The idealized leader, the for-or-against-us mentality, and the subjection of love to power are all disturbing possibilities.

"PERHAPS," he writes, "revolutions can be moral—and therefore liberating—only if they do not pursue victory at any cost." Criticizing the "profound immaturity" of American revolutionaries, he notes that many of them "are purists as regards concessions to the 'system' while remaining pathetically naive about the compromises demanded by

their own revolutionary posture." "Counter-power," he writes, "corrupts quite as much as power itself. And it may even corrupt absolutely!" His preferred alternative, however, is cryptic: "a politico-technological equivalent of guerrilla warfare." Nader's Raiders?

The book has defects. Like most Utopians, Goulet is much clearer about ends than means. The book is a patchwork of previously published material that does not always mesh. Goulet's writing is verbose, Olympian, and clogged with quotations. Least successful yet most needed in a work of such lofty intent are the illustrative examples: The "Caillot formula" for maximizing community involvement in development planning, like so much of the French literature on the ethics of development (to which Goulet is overindebted), is an elegant logical structure that dangles deductively down from its axioms without ever touching the ground of concrete experience; at least that is how Goulet reports it. Goulet's distinction between "M1" marginals ("underdeveloped people") and "M2" marginals ("underdeveloped people" who "have some distinct ethnic, religious, or cultural trait") is ridiculous insofar as all M1's are also M2's by his own definition. Nor is the dichotomy salvaged by his strained argument for the generality of the case of a group of "M2" gypsies he happened to have interviewed in Spain.

Commenting on these interviews, Goulet is apparently oblivious to the tautology in his statement that "responses to the question 'What makes today better than the past?' indicate a recognition that modernity brings certain gains," which is a non-finding if ever there was one.

BUT THE issue Goulet raises is important. The planetary "we," i.e., personkind, should begin thinking about the possibilities of future paradigms and getting out from under the limiting assumptions of present ones. Goulet's posited goals of life-sustenance, esteem, and freedom through adequate material progress, universal solidarity, and participatory democracy constitute one attractive candidate. How conditions of extreme poverty and power inequality can be overcome rapidly through less than revolutionary means remains, to this reader at least, a mystery. But then Goulet's book does not instruct, it sensitizes. Therein lies its value. It helps make us aware of the need for consciousness-raising in the global village, in the patrons' homes as well as the clients' huts.

Telugi Literature

By ESTELLE F. STRIZHAK

For observers of the literary and social scene, the events of the past thirty years in the literature of the Telugu language, a Dravidian language spoken in the south of India, are extremely significant. These events have not only significantly changed the shape of Telugu literature but also, in their shaping, reflect some of the problems of literature in the world at large.

Since the 1930's, Telugu poetry has been characterized by a rebellion against art for art's sake, here defined as the deification of literature and its archaic literary language as ornaments of culture. In effect, this has also meant a rebellion against the literary and social classes which have supported this view.

The early stages of rebellion centered around Sri Sri's attempt to break the hold of language, verse and time on eight centuries of Telugu poetic tradition. His use of colloquial speech rather than the literary language, his use of easy speech rhythms instead of the complicated classical Telugu and Sanskrit verse forms and his use of religious symbols, not to make the present look like the past but to shape it and point it toward the future created some strong objections in literary circles.

THAT POETS and writers should embrace changes in language and society was an important dictum of the Progressive Writers' Association, a movement with which Sri Sri was intimately associated for

many years. This organization, sponsored and supported by the Communist Party of India on a national scale since the 1940's, opened many possibilities for exploring the relationship between author and society, as well as the problem of language and topic and style in Telugu

literature.

Just as the Progressive Writers were chastised for their social criticism in the early days of the 'Modern' period, the Digambara or Naked Poets were condemned for damning the Indian social and political scene of the early 1960's. In their eyes, Independence spawned a fattening middle class whose valueless and inhuman treatment of others left the majority of Indians in the same situation of poverty and neglect

they had always known. The new middle class fattened at the expense of those below them.

The nature of Digambara protest was very much a part of other protests of the sixties. They had contacts with and strong feelings of affinity for other literary and social protest movements, including the Hungry Poets of Calcutta and the social protest of the American beat poets. In their literary and social

(continued on page 6)

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Screen Gems

By A. DEAN

Catch-22: Directed by Mike Nichols, written by Buck Henry, starring Alan Arkin, this fashionably commercial, dark comedy on war retains little of the novel's comic flair, or it's sensitivity to the desperate nature of a man caught in the strangling web of an impossible and destructive life-situation.

B-10 Commerce, 8:15 and 10:15.

The Sleeping Car Murders: Long before Z, director Costa-Gravas was enamored of plots and counter-plots and the flashy twists of the camera which point them out, make them move and build suspense. In this, his first feature film, the subject is murder minus political connotations, but displays ample evidence of the vivid, energetic style which would make his later political dramas so fascinating to watch. B102 Van Vleck, at 8 & 10.

Violence

(continued from page 4)

of the late David Diop, a poet from Senegal, written in 1948:

My father was proud,

The white man killed him.

My mother was beautiful,

The white man raped her,

warned that if Diop, who died in an air crash in 1960, was still alive in 1969, he would certainly have become aware of the fact that the black man was not innocent of raping, killing, murdering other black men, women and children. Achebe who had spent most of his professional life working for the Federal government of Nigeria in Lagos, returned to his native Iboland after the massacres of Ibo people living in the North, and was then speaking with utmost sincerity and compassion about the painful circumstances of the Nigerian civil war.

AT THE time of Achebe's visit here, the war was still going on

and Achebe was travelling in this country with two other 'Nigerian' writers—from the same Eastern Region, then known to some as Biafra—under the sponsorship of the Biafran government. The war ended about 18 months ago and Achebe is now on the staff of the University of Nigeria at Nsukka. Though the scars of the war have not disappeared overnight everywhere, signs of effective and constructive reconciliation are visible all over Nigeria today.

For those who believe in Africa's future, for those whose "souls desire—to paraphrase the narrator of *Bound to Violence*—to dream the echo of happiness, an echo that has no past," the case of post civil war Nigeria may turn out to be an excellent indication that the cycle of violence, and exploitation and suffering is not necessarily inexorable.

Telugi

(continued from page 5)

opinion, things could no longer be said nicely. Criticism of the government, life and society at large had to be said plainly and directly to those involved. Unfortunately, for a long time their use of obscene language was a more important focus for criticism than the content of their poems or their use of obscenity in the development of a special style. To dramatize the human condition, one of their books was released by a rickshaw driver in Hyderabad, the capital of Andhra Pradesh, a second by the waiter of a tea-shop in Vijayawada, and the third in the prostitute section of the port town of Vishakhapatnam. Phrases from their poems became part of other protests, and a line from one poem describing India as a prostitute selling herself in the international bazaars was written on city walls.

The Digambaras were not highly educated nor did they come from socially or financially well-placed families. They were graduates of evening colleges, high school teachers and white-collar workers who gave up their original names and caste affiliation in order to dramatize the current situation and to demonstrate their commitment to change.

ON FEBRUARY 1, 1970, a celebration in honor of Sri Sri's sixtieth birthday, highlighting his contribution to Telugu poetry was held in Vishakhapatnam, Andhra Pradesh. Before an audience of more than 20,000 people, local university students petitioned the participant writers, asking them about the nature of their commitment to literature and to the people. Would the Digambaras become absorbed into the literary Establishment, like the Progressives? Would the weapon of their poetic language be used to write movie songs and jingles? Many of the Progressive Writers present not only found it difficult to share the platform with the Digambaras but also found it annoying to be classed as the Establishment. The confrontations of this celebration provoked some very interesting results.

On July 4, 1970, in Hyderabad, a government-supported literary seminar and celebration, also in honor of Sri Sri was planned. Participants hoped for a re-evaluation if not a resurrection, of

the Progressive Writers' Association. To the rebels, some of the Digambara poets and others, this state of affairs as well as this brand of government-funded Leftism was incorrigible. For them, the Progressives were weak-kneed socially and literarily, and the government money only placed a seal on the new Establishment. Once again, the people had been sold out.

For the next two weeks, international news was relegated to the back pages of Telugu papers and the English language press of South India. Sri Sri refused to appear before the gathering in his honor and had joined the group of rebels in forming Virasam, the Revolutionary Writers' Association.

In February, 1971, Jhanjha (Tempest), a magazine published by this association was banned for its alleged sympathy with the Naxalite movement. In the summer of 1971, three of the movement's most prominent poets, Jwalamukhi, Cherabanda Raju, and Nikhileswar, were jailed under the Preventive Detention Act of India, which permits arrests and detention without due process. After the time and expense of instituting Habeas Corpus procedures, it was learned that their cause for arrest was the wide-spread popularity of their poems, their large following, and their capacity to arouse crowds with their poetry.

HOW SUCCESSFUL this association will be in achieving its goals remains to be seen as it works out its position on the relationship between literature and political commitment and how these two shape the form and content of Telugu literature. It has already become obvious that the Government of Andhra Pradesh regards these considerations as dangerous to its own interests.

What is extremely important is that in a political and literary way, each of these three movements have touched and exposed some sensitive nerves and have caused the language and content of Telugu literature to be re-approached. That literature has the right, if not the responsibility, to involve itself in what is closest to the lives of the people—and in this case it may be the injustices of the government rather than the interior of the writer's mind—is a principle which deeply affected Telugu literature and has brought some literary questions very close to the light of their historical, political and social surroundings.

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Growing Fascism in postwar Japan

By MUTO ICHIYO

Muto Ichiyo is a leader of Japan's peace movement. The following article is adapted from an essay written upon the ritual suicide of Mishima Yukio, a major Japanese novelist and leader of those wanting to restore in Japan a society based on intense national chauvinism and devotion to the emperor.

Consider the scene at the Ground Self-Defense Force Headquarters in Ichigaya, Tokyo, on the morning of November 25, 1970. Mishima and four followers, members of his Shield Society, had invaded the office of the commander and tied up General Mashita to his chair. Mishima then stepped out on a balcony and began to address the more than one thousand soldiers gathered in the yard below. They responded with heckling and boos. Mishima was shouting, "Now the Self-Defense Force must become a real national army; the Constitution has got to be changed." He had planned to go on for two hours, but when the uproar continued he stopped after only seven minutes with "Long live the Emperor!" He went back into the office where he and one of his

followers committed suicide in exemplary samurai fashion.

Hundreds of riot police, in full battle gear, later invaded the Self-Defense Force headquarters and arrested the surviving shield Society members while the soldiers looked on. What a coup! And what an army!

Were the soldiers revolutionary, then, that they so flatly rejected Mishima's reactionary appeal? Hardly. Why were they so hostile to the cause of their self-appointed champion? In an order founded on loyalty to the emperor, they could be self-consciously and gloriously real. But the men and officers of the SDF feared more than anything defiance of the status quo or a challenge to law and order. They

wanted to defend themselves from radical appeals of whatever sort, reactionary as well as revolutionary.

THERE IS A temptation to feel embarrassed for Mishima, to think of his act as a pathetic and futile anachronism. But it was not futile. His appeal could not raise a revolt in the SDF, but it was effective. Not long after the affair, Prime Minister Sato came out with the statement that the Constitution should be changed. He had never before dared to say that for fear of antagonizing public opinion. But now... hadn't a crazy samurai swinging a sword called for a coup and a change of the Constitution?... all of a sudden it seemed peaceful and democratic for Sato to propose the same thing to be achieved by legal means.

An important function of the right wing is to act as an advance guard for the rulers, to expand the frontier of possible political actions, and at the same time always to provide a contrast against which the rulers'

actions seem moderate. A gesture like Mishima's served the goals of the ruling class because it raised the mean of the reactionary imperialist temperature in Japan.

Not that Mishima was in the pay of the ruling party politicians, bureaucrats or industrial magnates, or manipulated, CIA-fashion, by them. He did not commit suicide to promote the interests of the Sato government. If his appeal and suicide were so neatly co-opted by the Sato government, it is because of their perfect timeliness.

To get at the meaning of Mishima's action we need to go beyond its immediate effects and understand the situation which gave rise to it. It is a situation of fundamental change in the historic mode of being of the Japanese state. Mishima's life and thought focused on this problem of the essence of the Japanese state, and his final gesture has the timeliness of the classic tragedy whose message is rather about the collective dilemma of the audience than the fated demise of the play's protagonist.

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CIDOC

(continued from page 3)

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