

in Dulles's hip pocket, our policy remained paralyzed until Dulles returned to Washington on July 29.

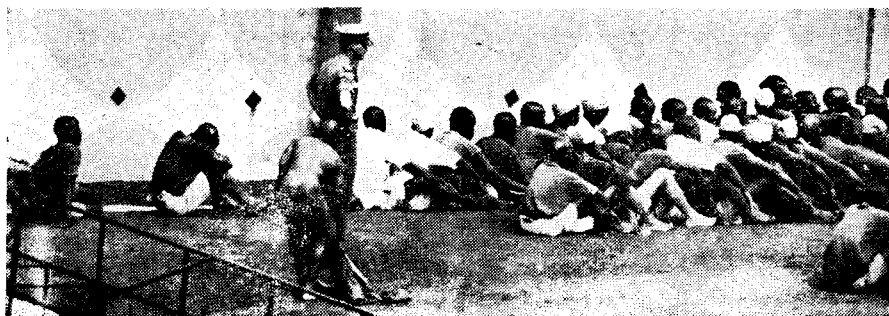
Item: When on October 29, Britain, France, and Israel invaded Egypt, the Eisenhower-Dulles move to gain United Nations condemnation of our partners was made with remarkable speed. The basic approach was that Middle East history began on October 29, thus converting Nasser into a victim of entirely unjustified aggression. Much later, after various sermons on morality, the President conceded that Israel had grave and repeated provocations.

Item: What has so offended so many Americans as well as our allies is the sanctimonious air we breathe on our words and deeds. Shortly after our government was in a schoolboy rage over the perfidy of the Anglo-French silence on their invasion intentions, Dulles showed up at a NATO meeting in Paris, read a lecture on the necessity of consultation among partners, then blandly announced we would always reserve the right to act on our own initiative when prudence suggests it without discussing our intentions with anyone.

When we were demanding sanctions against Israel on the Gaza and Gulf of Aqaba dispute over withdrawal, Mr. Eisenhower (or was it Dulles?) spoke mightily on morality, but when Dulles was asked by Senators "why wasn't the issue of sanctions raised against Russia for the Hungarian massacre," Dulles replied: "Maybe it should have been raised but it was not." Thereupon, Democratic Senator Thomas C. Hennings of Missouri broke in. "It was not raised because none of the nations, including us, had the guts to do so."

There seems to be an ominous straightness in the four-year course, from a pistol for Naguib to riding piggyback with Soviet Russia in demanding sanctions against Israel. The measure of Secretary Dulles's performance is not in carrying the State Department in his hip pocket while flying 350,000 miles. It is not in Thomas Dewey's opening words in the foreword of this biography: "This book tells the story of one man who was never deceived about the nature of the Soviet menace." Dulles's record is not in his beautiful and inspiring devotion to President Eisenhower, nor in the fact that two grandfathers served as Secretary of State, nor that he himself is a fortieth generation descendant of Charlemagne. And, regrettably, Dulles's record is not established in John Beal's campaign-type biography. For if it were, as he imagines it is, we and the Free World would be far, far better off than we are.

AFRICA



—Drum.

"One chance in four of seeing the inside of a jail each year."

Voices of the New Africa

"Drum," by Anthony Sampson (*Houghton Mifflin*. 256 pp. \$3.50), is the story of the Briton who went to Johannesburg to run a magazine devoted to African tribal and urban life and culture. Calvin W. Stillman of the University of Chicago, editor of *"Africa in the Modern World,"* reviews it.

By Calvin W. Stillman

ABOUT A CENTURY ago a man on Mackinac Island was accidentally shot in the stomach. The wound healed with an aperture, through which his physician could watch what went on within. What he saw may not have been very pretty, but it was a great boon to medical science. Among other things, the physician could watch the effect upon body processes of changes in the patient's emotional state.

It was also accidental that a Briton named Anthony Sampson went to Johannesburg to edit a magazine for a few years. "Drum" is a report on his stewardship; is particularly interesting for the look it gives through its own special aperture into a process which is not at all pretty, and which the South African government has proclaimed in the recent Tomlinson Report must be settled on emotional rather than logical grounds.

The magazine is called *Drum*, and it looks like a cross between our own *Ebony* and *Look*. (It used to be called *African Drum*; the adjective was dropped in an effort to dissociate the magazine from any single racial group.) The original conception was of a magazine for Africans which would carry articles on tribal life and culture, traditions, and music. The editor soon discovered that his potential readers were much more interested in getting rich quick, in dealing

with jailers, in jazz, and in the nuances of gang warfare—Hollywood films providing the inspirations for local practices. It is the Africa "of towns and trousers" that counts today, Mr. Sampson found; it is among urbanized Africans that the significant movements are taking shape.

Mr. Sampson is a consummate reporter of speech and incident. He tells of the rise of the passive resistance movement, and of its complete collapse in the face of harsh new laws. He reports the uproar over the forced removals of Africans from freehold lands in Sophiatown, and the peaceful emigration which followed, under the eyes of overwhelming police contingents.

THIS book ranks with Wulf Sachs's "Black Hamlet" as the best of the non-fictional presentations of what it is like to be an African in Johannesburg. It gives a peritoneal view of a digestive process. Africans come into Johannesburg by birth or immigration, and each must make his own adjustment to a society in which libraries and parks, good jobs and police protection, are reserved for whites. Each African has one chance in four of seeing the inside of a jail each year—usually for a technical pass offense—and each African has one chance in thirty of being murdered. Labor conditions, says Mr. Sampson, are probably no worse than in England a century ago; in the eyes of the law Africans have a bit more status than had Dred Scott, but not much. Being logical souls, Africans make the best of the situation as they see it, and in describing what it is that Africans see Mr. Sampson does us the greatest service. He does it with a sense of humor, and without rancor.

There is a disturbing parallel between Johannesburg and large north-

ern cities in the United States. The American South has a parallel with Africa's native reserves as an area Negroes must leave to better themselves. Johannesburg, New York, and Chicago are all goals for migrants—each city offers greater opportunities than were found in the area of emigration—but in each instance these opportunities are severely conditioned. Mr. Sampson helps us see the human impact of these conditions. Even the best-meaning liberals have difficulty in understanding the view of the world held by a Negro of Harlem or the south side of Chicago. In Johannesburg as in America, liberals are something of a joke among non-white people; of both nationalist Afrikaners and deep-dyed southern Americans it is said, "at least you know where they stand."

This book is a help in diagnosing social pathology, but it is also a standard by which we can measure our own accomplishments in race relations. The great difference between the United States and South Africa is that our nation has accepted the principle of equal opportunity for all men, and that we are moving steadily toward that goal. Even the Citizens' Councils in our deepest South know that integration of our public schools is inevitable. No decent Southerner countenances racial violence. Things are bad both in the United States and in South Africa, and there is change in the air in both places, but in our case, the change is for the better. Based on a recent trip through the South, it is my opinion that this change is very rapid indeed.

CHANGE in South Africa is slower, I hope, because it is not going in the right direction. Here my judgment differs from that of Mr. Sampson. He tells us in this book that there is no danger of Communists taking over African political organization in South Africa. But he left Africa in 1955, and there is good evidence that since that time the African National Congress has become heavily infiltrated with members of the Communist Party. For years the governments of Malan and Strijdom have been labelling all African political activity as simple "Communism"; their wishful thinking may be self-validating. This more than anything else underlines the differences between race relations in the United States and in South Africa.

I should like to add that Mr. Sampson and his staff were very brave people—though there is no emphasis upon this in the book. There are photographs of the principal characters, and some illustrations from their magazine.

Pattern for Freedom

"Ghana," by Kwame Nkrumah (Nelson, 302 pp. \$5), is the autobiography of the American-educated Negro who has become the first Prime Minister of Britain's first all-black dominion, the former Gold Coast.

By John Barkham

MARCH 6, 1957 was a momentous day for Africa, one which, in years to come, may stand out as a beacon for all Africa's colonial dependencies. On that day Britain's Negro colony of the Gold Coast officially became a free and independent dominion under its own black Prime Minister, a burly, eloquent, American-educated Negro named Kwame Nkrumah.

"Ghana" is Nkrumah's autobiography, and it is entirely fitting that it should bear the name of his country, for in Africa the words "Ghana" and "Nkrumah" are virtually synonymous. It is an important and illuminating book, not least for the tribute its author pays to his ten years of American education, first at Lincoln University and later at the University of Pennsylvania. Nkrumah makes no secret of his gratitude to the United States, both for the academic instruction he received in the classrooms and for the empirical education he acquired outside them in the workings of a free, multi-racial democracy.

The book was dictated in between the chores of running a government, which explains its conversational tone and its disarming simplicity. Nkrumah speaks very frankly, even naively. It is easy to understand why the young African fresh from his tribal background was shocked, while en route to America, to hear an Englishwoman rebuke her husband casually: "Don't be silly, dear." In his native land such words by a wife would have been ground for divorce by her husband. Today the women of Ghana are also free to call their husbands "silly" if they wish. Such are the mileposts of emancipation.

Nkrumah looks back with pleasure to his years in this country. As a student he acquitted himself well, but his problem was poverty. He even became one of Father Divine's anointed because it meant getting a cheap chicken dinner and a haircut for a dime. He learned to take the boorishness of a white waiter in the South who, when he asked for a drink of water, referred him to the spittoon outside.

On his return to the Gold Coast Nkrumah started a nationalist movement. The significance of the success of this—described here in detail—lies in the pattern it will set for other African colonies. The new state of Ghana is proof that African Negroes are competent to run their own country, a fact which will haunt proponents of *apartheid* in the years ahead.

What emerges less explicitly from this book—due to modesty, no doubt—is the magnitude of Nkrumah's feat in uniting the colony's rival freedom movements under his leadership. In him the hour found the man. For neighboring Nigeria, now on the threshold of independence, the lesson is unmistakable: unless the disparate freedom groups fuse their energies into a single drive behind a single responsible leader their impetus will dissipate itself.

Nkrumah is too level-headed a leader not to realize that independence is a beginning, not an end. Now that the cheering has died down, the tougher task begins of constructing a modern democratic society that can serve as a model for other Negro colonies seeking independence. All Africa, and especially the land of *apartheid*, will be watching for that first fumble, that first faltering footstep.

Far from being sobered by the thought, the prospect seems to exhilarate Nkrumah. "From now on," he writes confidently, "it must be Pan-African nationalism, and the ideology of African political consciousness and African political emancipation must spread throughout the whole continent, into every nook and corner of it. Our task is not done and our own safety not assured until the last vestige of colonialism has been swept from Africa."

Throughout Africa Nkrumah's words will stir hope—and uneasiness.



—From "Ghana."

Dr. Nkrumah—"... speaks frankly."