

cuss aspects of the physiology of birth control; forty pages discouragingly assess action programs; and world resources account for the rest of this bulky volume. Certain of the articles are excellent, and something is said on virtually all aspects of the population problem. The array of facts is impressive. But the World Academy should not have given birth to one volume. Quadruplets of smaller size and sharper focus would have served its purpose better.

Charging the National Economy: "A nickel is only a nickel, but a good cigar is a smoke" has always been a sound principle of monetary theory. This is in essence what textbooks say about the nature of money, and there is not much quarrel about it. But you can always get a good argument about how to apply the principle to public policy. Away from textbooks, people get into the habit of thinking of money as the reality instead of the goods and services it commands; bookkeeping takes over from finance, and people start thinking that the national budget should obey the same rules as the family budget.

Exposing this kind of fallacy and explaining what really goes on are the things Stuart Chase does best. *Money to Grow On* (Harper & Row, \$3.95) gives him the opportunity to maneuver again in this terrain that he loves. He has lost none of his skill over the decades.

The book not only explains money but analyzes economic growth, makes a vigorous statement of a broadly Keynesian position, recommends increased government investment, and urges that it be concentrated on improving education, cities, amenities, and welfare. Mr. Chase has always had a soft spot for formulas and agencies to solve hard problems. This time he calls for a Federal Agency for Economic Growth, which would calculate how much more money needs to flow through the national economy to get it to full potential and would then issue Growth Certificates to make up the difference.

Mr. Chase probably underestimates the difficulties of translating his increase in money into full employment without inflation (he would not mind a little inflation). He slides easily around the balance-of-payments problem. His certificates seem likely to do things to interest rates that are not altogether clear. He has also been a bit unfortunate in his timing, since last year's growth is beginning to look rather respectable.

But most of the problems he deals with will be around for quite a while. They are treated here by one of the century's best talents for popular economic writing.

WILLIAM DIEBOLD, JR.

The Fault Lies in Lisbon

Angola and Mozambique: The Case Against Portugal, by Anders Ehnmark and Per Wästberg, translated from the Swedish by Paul Britten-Austin (Roy. 176 pp. \$4.50), pictures the prevailing situation of the African territories under Salazar. A South African long interested in the politics of the Dark Continent, Edward Hickman Brown now writes in the United States.

By EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN

ONCE overheard two African schoolteachers in Johannesburg discussing the never-ending stream of dedicated and intense Swedish liberals who seem to be constantly paying lightning visits to South Africa, "Why are these extra-blond people from Northern Europe so concerned about us blacks?" asked the one. "Is it because when you're that white, you become the conscience of your ethnic group?" "I don't know about the conscience part," replied his chum, smiling. "But they certainly remind me of our own white professional liberals. They're just as long-suffering." Then he became more serious. "Perhaps when you're extra-special, super white like that, being white is no longer important."

That could be it. I've sometimes wondered, though, whether the Swedish obsession with boycotts and books relating to what they term "fascist Africa" isn't perhaps a recoiling reaction among this generation caused by the failure of the previous one to make any commitment whatever against the most inhuman fascist scourge the world has ever seen.

Having got that off my chest, I had better state clearly that these two books—they are separate, if similar, descriptions of conditions in the two Portuguese territories—generally do give a fairly accurate picture of the prevailing

situation in Angola and Mozambique. What I found irritating, however, was the overwhelming one-sidedness of the authors' arguments and their political naïveté.

Mr. Ehnmark begins his section on Angola by describing the rebellion that took place there in 1961. From his vantage point just across the border in the Congo, he repeats the stories of the fleeing Angolan Africans—which hardly gives one confidence in the objectivity of this particular portion. His arguments against the hypocrisy of the Portuguese defense of the situation—their bland denial that either discrimination or forced labor takes place—is better. But there is a lot of heavy-handed repetition. The remainder is devoted to a short history of the territory and a seemingly overoptimistic appraisal of the possibilities of the rebel leaders.

The beginning of Per Wästberg's section is a joy. His is obviously a first-rate writing talent, and the description of his journey through Mozambique, from Umtali to Beira via the Gorongosa National Park—a trip I made myself two years ago—conjures up a vivid image of that richly vegetated land. But he soon becomes bogged down in almost identical arguments—and equally one-eyed ones—to those used by Ehnmark. He constantly equates the situation in Mozambique, an undeveloped land colonized for a mere forty years, where one person in a hundred is not an African, with the highly industrialized South Africa, which has had permanent whites for 300 years and has a racial ratio of roughly one in three. This is plainly ridiculous.

Both writers lose sight completely of the shortcomings and instability of the independent African states and the fact that in some of those they laud loudest the freedoms are equally curtailed. Neither seems to realize that the real crime of Portugal—as of all previous colonial powers in Africa, as well as of the South African regime—is its failure to prepare the Africans to share in the governing of the country. But then, neither seems to realize that the primary need of the Angolan and Mozambique Africans is for greater economic rights, rather than political. In spite of my own abhorrence of discrimination, per se, Uhuru coupled with an empty belly remains, for me, a dismal reality. And that is all that a Congo-type "free" country, with its implicit economic chaos, can lead to.



To Rule After Uhuru

On African Socialism, by Léopold Sédar Senghor, translated from the French by Mercer Cook (Praeger. 173 pp. Hardbound, \$4.95. Paperback, \$1.95), embodies the views of Senegal's president on the form of government most suited to the needs of the emerging nations. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer who specializes in African affairs.

By CHARLES MILLER

THESE three essays by Léopold Sédar Senghor, president of the Republic of Senegal, embody his views on the form of government he believes best suited to the needs of Africa—or, at the very least, to that part of West Africa where his own leadership and influence are most strongly felt. In common with many high-level African office-holders, Senghor considers socialism to be the soundest political instrument, but any resemblance pretty much stops here, since he is a conspicuous moderate in a field composed largely of unyielding extremists. For this reason, “eclectic” may well be the operative word in describing his version of socialism. To be sure, his ideal body politic reposes substantial faith in the socialist principle of equal distribution of wealth, but it also contradicts doctrinaire socialist theories at almost every turn, and often incorporates, in convincing fashion, ideas ordinarily regarded as incompatible with—if not totally alien to—that concept of government. Written less in passion than with restraint and objectivity, Senghor's blueprint for a “universal pan-humanism” is not so much a ringing manifesto as it is a scholarly analysis. As such, it should prove of immense value to serious students of contemporary African political thought.

Assessing its worth in the urgent context of present-day African realities is another matter entirely. The three dissertations were prepared for political meetings and seminars in the ill-fated Mali Federation and in Senghor's own Senegal, and a less likely forum for these exquisitely intellectual *travaux de force* is hard to imagine—unless the audiences consisted exclusively of Sorbonne graduates seeking doctorates in political science. It so happens that Senghor is something of an African Renaissance man—statesman, scholar,

teacher, and poet of extraordinary brilliance; even in the upper strata of French “mandarin” circles (where he is thoroughly at home) the scope of his erudition must be formidable. And it is this rather awesome egghead background that is reflected in the three essays, which wander happily about in a vast, tangled jungle of political science, history, economics, philosophy, metaphysics, natural physics, chemistry, biology, and what have you. The book positively bristles with references to and obscure passages from Marx, Engels, Hegel, Darwin, Mendel, Lamarck, Kierkegaard, Sartre, Teilhard, and innumerable other cerebral titans—to a point where even the most learned reader might marvel a bit at the ease with which the author carries off his name-dropping. Briefly, the body of Senghor's thought would make tough sledding in any college course; for the members of a political organization it must surely be incomprehensible.

On the other hand, perhaps not. It could be that French-speaking Africa's deservedly famed intellectual élite thrives on this sort of fare. But even assuming that to be the case, there remains the question of what purpose is served by such dazzling dialectical pyrotechnics in countries facing tasks that demand an attention, skill, energy, and dedication which simply cannot afford

the luxury of being dissipated or even momentarily distracted. And this is precisely what Senghor's essays seem to do, at a time when (as he himself points out repeatedly) his own country's progress is all but hamstrung by grinding poverty, widespread disease, near-endemic illiteracy, and a venality in high places that shows little patience with theory and lofty ideals except when political expediency demands lip-service to them. It may not be irrelevant to ponder the immediate value of Senghor's treatises in the light of these conditions and, more specifically, against the background of two subsequent events in which Senghor's audiences participated: the collapse of the Mali Federation and the near-revolution in Senegal arising from a prolonged and bitter dispute between Senghor and his prime minister, Mamadou Dia.

Only a yahoo, of course, would deny that there is a valid need for the leaders of the world's emerging nations—particularly leaders with Senghor's remarkable gifts—to expound their political beliefs and clarify their long-range goals. But there is also a place for the expression of these views. If Senghor's dissertations had been delivered to students at, say, the University of Dakar, one might see them in a more meaningful perspective. However, considering the presumably grass-roots functions and character of the political audiences at whom the essays were directed, and also taking into account the harsh realities of all African politics today, it is difficult to resist quoting a comment from the book itself, where Senghor splits hairs with Lenin on an esoteric point and remarks: “He is dealing in metaphysics, if not dodging the problem.”

