

but these are the experiences which life will underline. They can be left to time and circumstance; one does not teach multidimensional geometry to a child. In this most profound of human necessities the need surely is to tell the truth, that here the majority of humanity find their joy, their satisfaction at being alive. Allow the diversity; need it be addictive, sick?

No, what is wrong, overwhelmingly wrong, with the Grove catalogue, what turns it into a tragic comment on contemporary American life is not the subject but its treatment. And for this we are to blame. We will not countenance visual expression in any natural way of sexual joy. We prefer pornography to lust, a titillating deviation to a healthy obscenity. We talk about the sexual revolution of our time when we wallow in sexual hypocrisy. We confuse sexual variety, which has been natural to man from the beginning of recorded time, with obsessive and compulsive behavior. It is not the humanity of sex that we laud; rather do we exploit a prurient sense of horror. It is very hard for us to accept joys unnatural to us as joys for others. How much easier if we describe them as deviant, as the result of a warped temperament, faulty environment, wronged childhood—and then exercise our tolerance. Morals and behavior are still at loggerheads: we tolerate rather than construct, permit rather than build.

So far the major result of the sexual revolution has been to break down traditional patterns and traditional taboos but to create little in the wake of destruction. If we are ever to secure a new harmony between sexual need and social environment, we shall have to battle even harder against cant on both sides—that uttered by the new pornographers as well as that preached by the conventional moralists.

Because of its history the Western world is at a disadvantage compared with Islam, with India, or with the East in matters of sex. The Judaeo-Christian heritage from the days of Onan to the Pontificate of Paul VI has been remorselessly inane in its treatment of sexual urges. Not that the East provided an untroubled garden of delights. The Oriental subjection of women, so that often they were little more than chattels, has aspects as unpleasant as those of Western society. Indeed we may take some comfort from the fact that very few human societies have evolved a balanced attitude to sex. Perhaps we may never evolve one. We can, however, be certain of this: children educated on the works provided by the Grove Press are unlikely to do so. Surely this catalogue must be one of the blackest and sickest jokes of our time.

—J. H. PLUMB.

## Africa in Black and White

*Challenge of the Congo*, by Kwame Nkrumah (International Publishers. 304 pp. \$7.50), and *The One-Eyed Man Is King*, by Ian Brook (Putnam. 327 pp. \$5.95), take opposing views of the problems faced by the emerging African nations. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer specializing in African affairs.

By CHARLES MILLER

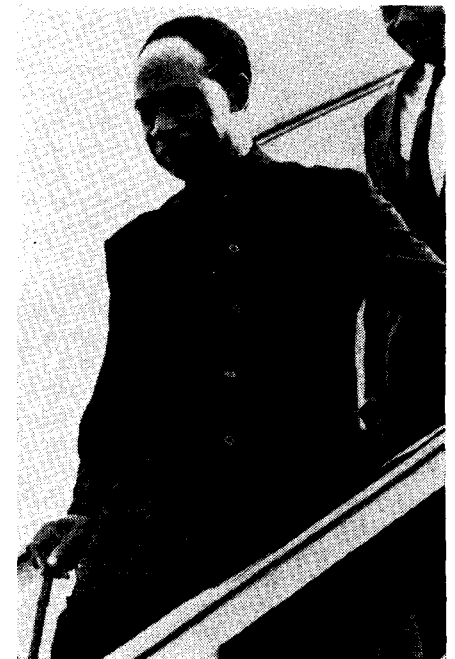
**T**O KWAME NKUMAH, the self-appointed conscience of Africa, the course of human events is something like a TV Western. Nkrumah's world is peopled with good guys and bad guys; value judgments are rendered exclusively in black and white. If you're white, you stand little chance of achieving good-guy status because you're almost certainly an imperialist or a neocolonialist. But if you're black you're home free. Unless, of course, you should happen to take issue with the Nkrumah dialectic, in which case you go into the special classification of imperialist stooge (or neocolonialist puppet; the two are interchangeable); a sign reading "unclean" is draped over your shoulders, and you are given a bell to ring. In Nkrumah's latest book, *Challenge of the Congo*—an account of the sordid scramble for the driver's seat in that hapless country since its "independence" in 1960—quite a few imperialists take a horsewhipping and more than one ethno-ideological leper is deftly belled.

It should be said at the outset that some of these heavies richly deserve what they get, for nobody's hands have been entirely clean in the Congo. When Belgium granted independence to its colony, with virtually no notice and without preparing a single Congolese for the awesome responsibilities of freedom, she threw the country into a pit of anarchy so deep as to frustrate even the most skilled and dedicated efforts to restore order. And while skill abounded, dedication seemed in relatively short supply. Apart from the missionaries and the hamstrung U.N., the numerous foreign (and domestic) elements involved in the Congo showed considerably less interest in extricating the unhappy nation from its dilemma than in exploiting that chaos to serve their own political or economic ends.

From an opportunistic standpoint there was every reason why this should

be so. "Geographically, strategically and politically," Nkrumah observes, "the Congo is the most vital region of Africa. Military control . . . by any foreign power would give it easy access to most of the continent south of the Sahara." And nearly all interested parties acted accordingly. Belgium probably played the dirtiest pool, notably in Katanga, where no amount of duplicity toward the Congolese government and the U.N. seemed unjustified to the Belgians if it would protect their colossal mining investment in that region. This exercise in political amorality also received fairly consistent support from Britain and France; Nkrumah calls it "sabotaging the U.N.'s effort" in Katanga, and the characterization is, if anything, an understatement. There were genuine puppets, too, none more untrustworthy than Katanga's noxious Moïse Tshombe, whom Nkrumah assaults mercilessly, and for the most part quite properly, throughout the book. In short, the shape of things in the Congo was determined in large measure by an attitude best described as "What's in it for me?"

Naturally, Nkrumah does not include himself in the venal band. Yet in his capacity as president of Ghana, which played one of the largest outside roles in the Congo struggle, his Congo ambitions may have been the greediest of all. At the very least, he knew quite



—Wide World.

Kwame Nkrumah—his voice was heard.

well that the plum was ripe for picking as early as the summer of 1960: "A complete breakdown of government appeared probable, which might leave the way open for a seizure of power by any adventurer who could command the necessary support." That Nkrumah himself may have wished to become that adventurer is a consideration worth examining.

Oddly enough, it is Nkrumah who raises the question, quite innocently. One of the most interesting parts of his book deals with a secret agreement between Nkrumah and Patrice Lumumba, who was then the Congo's prime minister. Jointly signed in August 1960, this pact was intended to unite the two countries in the same way that earlier instruments had been designed to bring Ghana, Guinea, and Mali together (but which had done nothing of the sort). The Congo, of course, was in too great a state of disarray for the marriage ever to be consummated, but Nkrumah asserts that its implementation would have accelerated pan-African unity.

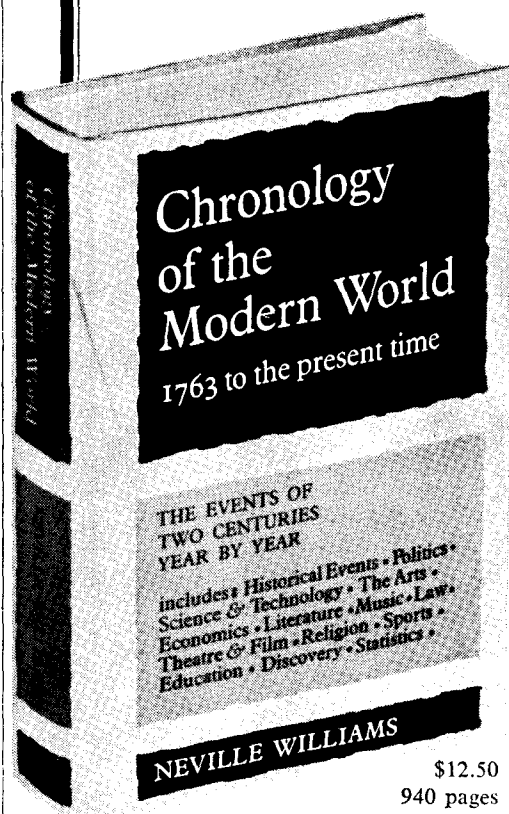
**W**HILE that is to be doubted, there was certainly nothing objectionable about the pact, which even stipulated that the union would become binding only with "the approval of the governments and peoples" of both countries. However, when dealing with a political leader whose unalloyed contempt for the democratic process—not to mention his compulsive urge to personal power and glorification—is a matter of public record, one can't rule out entirely the possibility that the goal of unity may have held less appeal than the opportunity to run the show. This may be speculation, but certain aspects of Nkrumah's behavior support it.

I gain the distinct impression that Nkrumah was trying to manipulate Lumumba. This may not have been possible: Nkrumah himself acknowledges Lumumba's stubbornness, as well as his antipathy toward the Ghanaian presence as part of the U.N. force. Yet Lumumba was also one of the least emotionally mature of the leading figures in the Congo drama; even more significantly, he was by far the most susceptible to the Nkrumah brand of fire-eating dialectic. If properly handled, could he not have become an ideal anti-imperialist puppet?

There is considerable evidence that Nkrumah may have had something like this in mind, for he went all out to butter up Lumumba. In the rapidly widening breach between Lumumba and President Joseph Kasavubu Nkrumah almost invariably took the former's side. At one point he wrote to Dag Hammarskjöld threatening to withdraw the Ghanaian military contingent from the U.N. command and place the troops "entirely at the disposal of the legitimate Lumumba

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Government." Considering that Lumumba's "government" was something not to be believed even in a comic opera, it requires little imagination to realize whose orders the Ghanaian troops would have been obeying. Hardly less transparent is Nkrumah's offer to train Congolese army officers at Ghana's military academy.

The crowning gesture, however, came in mid-September of 1960, when A.Y.K. Djin, Nkrumah's ambassador to the Congo, on learning that Lumumba had been arrested by Congolese gendarmes, tried to secure his release by force. This attempt was frustrated partly because, as it later developed, Lumumba hadn't been arrested at all, and partly because Djin couldn't get the Ghanaian army to sit still during his filibuster. "I knew quite well," said Djin, in a report to Nkrumah, "that the success of my attempt to release him would turn the tables completely in our favor and would prove to Lumumba that we are without doubt his best friends . . . Unfortunately, I lost such a great opportunity . . . because our Army reckoned more on the pride of their military discipline than what Ghana would gain from their enterprise."

Did Nkrumah replace Djin or even reproach him? Quite the contrary: the ambassador's barefaced, calculating stab at overt and violent interference in the affairs of another nation is treated as exemplary diplomatic behavior.

If Nkrumah had indeed hoped to gain control in the Congo through Lumumba, this aim was finally thwarted by the latter's tragic murder early in 1961. But

Nkrumah did not slacken the pace or the vigor of his efforts to establish himself as the acknowledged spokesman for all Africa in matters concerning the Congo. This didn't work either, of course; but there is no question that his influence was felt. Certainly his voice was heard. He constantly called high-level meetings of whatever African heads of state he could muster and harangued them with lengthy proposals that all European military forces be removed from the Congo. Dag Hammarskjöld and U Thant found themselves all but buried under windy letters that made similar demands in alternately cajoling and insulting tones. Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan (and to a lesser extent President Kennedy) also got the treatment. Nkrumah continually took up the cudgel for the extreme Left-wing members of the Congo's political vaudeville show, canonizing them collectively as "freedom fighters" and extending diplomatic recognition to their renegade government in Kisangani (then Stanleyville). And, of course, he lost no opportunity to flail Belgium as history's arch-imperialist state, and to belabor Tshombe as its arch-puppet. He was a busy man.

It has already been mentioned that many of Nkrumah's targets in the Congo have a lot to answer for. It should be added that some of his recommendations and policies were by no means unsound. An all-African military command might have reduced racial tensions and even advanced the cause of continental unity, if only by a few inches. Recognition of the Stanleyville government, though it appalled the West, nevertheless ac-

knowledged the inescapable fact that the rebels enjoyed a broad base of support among the Congolese people. Still, coming as they do from so thoroughly discredited a public figure, Nkrumah's criticisms and proposals alike have a sanctimoniously hollow ring. Even the stones directed at a sitting duck like Tshombe are being thrown, it must be remembered, by a man who occupies one of the world's biggest glass houses: former aides have testified that while he



was president of Ghana Nkrumah amassed an immense personal fortune by systematically bilking the country.

Since the 1968 revolution Nkrumah has been living in Guinea, where he wrote *Challenge of the Congo*. Despite the author's unsavory public record the book is the work of a brilliant mind, and it is most regrettable that that mind must also be burdened with so much hatred and suspicion. It's a restless mind, too, one that's not likely to settle for a life of turning out polemics in exile: Kwame Nkrumah should not be written off as a political basket case. One wonders what his next move will be.

After 296 pages of Nkrumah's hectoring it's a breath of fresh air to pick up a book by an unashamed imperialist—or, to put it more accurately, a man who can find complimentary things to say about empires. The rather curious title, *The One-Eyed Man Is King*, refers to British colonial government in Nigeria, and particularly to the district officers who represented the Crown in some of that country's most isolated and least sophisticated regions. Author Ian Brook, himself a former one-eyed man, records the mixed emotions he experienced as he helped expedite Nigeria's emergence from colony to self-governing state.

Brook didn't always take to the colonial idea. When he first went to Nigeria he firmly and fervently believed that European rule of nonwhite countries was a shameful denial of the human rights which he had fought to defend in World War II. (And as a commando officer he had definitely been where the action was.) Service in Africa, he felt, would provide an unmatched opportunity to show the fossilized Blimps of the British Empire that their day was approaching its end.

As indeed it was, of course—to Brook's subsequent sorrow, for he rapidly underwent a distinct change of outlook. This was not because of any weakening of his ideals (if anything, they grew stronger) but rather because his daily tasks as a

(Continued on page 39)

## Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

### I T ' S R E L A T I V E

Many famous authors have been related, by blood or marriage, to other famous personages. Helen Ivey of Toronto asks you to match the relatives in these two columns. Check your guesses on page 38.

- |   |                           |
|---|---------------------------|
| Charles Darwin, grandson of ( )             | 1. Matthew Arnold         |
| Marcia Davenport, daughter of ( )           | 2. Stephen Vincent Benét  |
| Henry Fielding, cousin of ( )               | 3. Bernard Berenson       |
| Anthony Hope, cousin of ( )                 | 4. Sir Edward Burne-Jones |
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| Rudyard Kipling, nephew of ( )              | 6. Kenneth Grahame        |
| Katherine Mansfield, wife of ( )            | 7. Jan de Hartog          |
| George Meredith, son-in-law of ( )          | 8. Mary Wortley Montagu   |
| J. B. Priestley, father-in-law of ( )       | 9. J. Middleton Murry     |
| Logan Pearsall Smith, brother-in-law of ( ) | 10. Thomas Love Peacock   |
| Anthony West, son of ( )                    | 11. Josiah Wedgwood       |
| Elinor Wylie, sister-in-law of ( )          | 12. H. G. Wells           |