

Angola:

"My Mother
(Oh, black mothers whose children
have departed)
You taught me to wait and hope
as you have done through the dis-
astrous hours
But in me
life has killed that mysterious
hope
I wait no more"

Dr. Agostinho Neto was doing more than just writing poetry in the above excerpt from the poem "Farewell at The Moment of Parting." He was expressing the prevailing mood in Angola — the restlessness and the determination to gain independence.

In the fifteenth Century the Portuguese went to Angola to take the "civilizing mission to the African savages" but up to this the 20th Century, their colonial policy of "assimilation" has not worked. The Portuguese claim, and probably rightly, that there is no colour-bar in their colonial policy, but illiteracy in An-

gola is 98% and until 1962, forced labour was the order of the day. Not that it is completely forbidden to force the Africans to work but the official policy of "forced labour" has been discontinued.

Angola is situated in tropical Africa, Congo to the North, Atlantic Ocean to the West, South-West Africa to the South, while the former Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland lies to the East. Launda, the Capital and main Port of Angola, is a thriving city but with the present unrest the commercial life is not so encouraging. Ordinarily the beautiful natural harbour handles exports of coffee from the interior, diamonds, cotton and sugar — usually exporting them to the "Motherland," Portugal. There are about 5,000,000 Africans, more than 200,000 Europeans, and close to 40,000 Coloureds (Mulattos) in Angola.

On March 15, 1961, the Africans called a general strike which marked the awakening of nationalistic sentiments. To the Por-

tuguese Administrators it was like a nightmare — the lazy, obliging Negroes had struck. The reprisal was so severe and bloody that Angola, indeed Portugal herself, has not been the same since. "Uhuru" "Kwacha", "self-determination" or whatever you may call it had overtaken the unaware Portuguese

By BERNARD K. KAMAU

Government. The scapegoats of course, were the Protestant Missionaries from Canada and the United States. It never occurred to them that the "winds of change" blowing across the rest of Africa had reached Angola, too.

Missionaries were packed home; African Nationalistic-minded priests were jailed or deported to Sao Tome slave-labour Island together with other rebels. Salazar rushed troops to Angola; press censorship was enforced more strongly, movement was forbidden and, more than that, the African Nationalists were moved to Congo, Tanganyika or to any other country that was willing to help. Guer-

"Land of Misery"

rilla warfare is the order of the day in Angola.

But why this trouble? It is mainly because the Portuguese government sees its colonial problem differently from other colonial powers. To Salazar, colonies are but extensions of Portugal, with a difference: i.e. there is an indigenous population which must be civilized and then assimilated to Portuguese nationals. The trouble is, in Angola, that Africans are not Portuguese either in looks or in Nationality — they did not have any identification of their Portuguese Nationality or Citizenship. To the Africans all they wanted was and still is, a complete independence from Portugal and her "Policia Internacional e de Defese do Estado" — P.I.D.E., the terror that rules Portugal herself and the colonies.

There is, however, misunderstanding between the Portuguese "self-determination" means, as it was explained by Dr. Alberto Franco Nogueira, Portuguese Foreign Minister to the United Nations, "... the consent of the people to a certain structure and political organization. It came about by participation in administration and by participation in political life. Portugal submitted that when in any given country the population participated in administrative matters at all levels and in political life at all levels, then the population was participating in decisions effecting the life of the country. This was what was happening in Portuguese Territories."

The Africans, on the other hand, stuck to the self-determination as defined by the United Nations Charter, i.e. "All peoples have the right to self-determination; by virtue of that right they freely determine their political status and freely pursue their economic, social and cultural development." Thus the African nationalities feel that Portugal is missing the point and should grant them unconditional independence, allowing them to run their affairs not according to "assillado" principle but rather on the more accepted principle of self-determination. All Africans are behind their brothers in all Portuguese African Colonies.

In Congo (Leopoldville) Holden Roberto, the President of "Uniso das Populacoes de Angola" — U.P.A. and the most militant of the African Nationalists in Angola, plans his campaign. Also in Dars-es-Salaam, Tanganyika and other African countries, many refugees from Angola are being cared for. They are all determined to see their country independent. There are Portuguese in Angola who regard themselves as Angolans many of them are in the slave-labour Island for that, and Roberto and his followers are determined that Angola is for all who are Angolan, the colour of one's skin is not the criterion.

The "free world" will, I hope, help both the Africans in Angola and the refugees, to rid themselves of Fascism and allow them to pursue that kind of rule fit for free people.

Man In A Landscape

The Dalhousie Film Society's third presentation of the current series, Pather Panchali, is an Indian film which has become justly renowned. Made over a decade ago, the film is the first of a trilogy following the life of a boy, Apu, born at the end of the colonial era; the emergence of the nation is paralleled by the growth of the boy. In Pather Panchali, Apu is born and we see him in childhood in the small and backward village of his parents. At the film's close, the family is forced to leave their home, as a result of financial difficulties and personal tragedy, for the city of Benares. In the second film, Aparajito, (screened by the Halifax Film Society last season) Apu grows to manhood. Both his parents die; his father at Benares while Apu is still a child, his mother some years later at their first home, after Apu has worked his way through university. Like Pather Panchali, Aparajito ends in quest: the hero sets out once again to establish himself.

Pather Panchali illustrates well the Eastern ethic concerning man's place in the world. The harmony of nature should be disturbed by man's presence as little as possible. All life is sacred, from the pond skipper to man himself. It is natural that the old should make way for the young; that nature should renew itself continually. The film abounds in sequences in which children, men and women, are swallowed up, or rather, accepted into, the world of nature which surrounds them. Nature is completely neutral; it has nothing to do with the life of men and yet controls their destiny absolutely. The outside world impinges on the life of the village only in an unreal manner — the reality is the Indian landscape itself. A troupe of travelling players fascinates Apu with a glimpse into the life of his country's past. A peddler's lantern slides of India's cities and monuments also present to him a facet of experience totally unreal. The outside world is represented by the locomotive whose track runs miles from Apu's village, and the sound of whose whistle comes to him every evening. When at last the opportunity is given him of seeing the marvel, the waving grass, taller than he, obscures his view, and the train itself is quickly swallowed up in the landscape. Its ugly black smoke-cloud lingers like an omen. Apu is not alone in his bewilderment. A group of bandsmen in tattered

uniforms arrives in the village. They attempt to play the British army song they have heard ("Tipperary"); it means nothing to them and the music is a confused noise. For the villagers, the encroachments of the outside world are completely baffling.

The controlling force within Apu's world is water. Water in the semi-tropical Indian environment is both preserver and destroyer. At the film's opening, before Apu's birth, one of the village matrons exclaims how badly behaved is the girl Durga, whose brother Apu is to become. Her mother overhears this disapproval while drawing water at the village well. We see her at the well again, toward the film's close, after Durga has died from pneumonia contracted after being caught without shelter in a monsoon. Earlier, an old relative who had been living in the village at the expense of Apu's parents is sent away by the mother — there is not money enough to support five people. The old woman's last request before leaving is for water to drink; one of her few possessions is a battered metal water-pot. The children later find her in the forest, dead. Unheeded in their fright, the dented pot is kicked into a puddle, and floats across the screen. When Apu's mother receives the good news that her husband is at last returning home after a lengthy absence in search of work, a lyric sequence of nature scenes is intercut, focussing on the life that teems on the surface of a pond. The lily-pads are soon ruffled by the rising winds of the storm which is to bring tragedy. Afterward, as the family prepares to leave the village, Apu stumbles upon a necklace which Durga had months before been accused of stealing. Realizing the truth, he throws it into the pond, and the floating algae quickly erases all trace of its entry. As Apu and his parents begin the journey to the holy city, nature in the form of a snake is already reclaiming their deserted home.

The picture resembles in many ways a tone-poem. The use of black-and-white film heightens the effect of shadows and emphasizes the blending of man into his environment which is the key feature of the production. The producer, Satyajit Ray, has a very sensitive eye for the interplay of light and shade, heat and coolness, which is reflected in his film. He not only photographs; he interprets and creates through his

choice and sequence of images. This goes a good deal of the way toward explaining why the picture is more than just a movie. It is a work of art.



REGULAR
and
KING SIZE

du MAURIER

Symbol of Quality

a product of Peter Jackson Tobacco Limited — makers of fine cigarettes