

# A Christian Maoist in Southern Africa?

Marjorie Hope and James Young

**A**t a White House dinner in his honor last April the President of Zambia tossed traditional protocol to the winds and discomfited his hosts with a toast calling on the United States to cease giving "psychological comfort to the forces of evil."

Speaking in sorrow rather than anger, Kenneth Kaunda expressed "dismay at the fact that America has not fulfilled our expectations" and cautioned that black freedom fighters and the white minority governments of Rhodesia and South Africa are "poised for a dangerous armed conflict." Could America stand and be counted in implementing the Dar-es-Salaam Declaration strategy adopted by the Organization of African Unity? he asked. In that resolution Africa had affirmed its commitment to a peaceful solution. "But our patience and the patience of the oppressed has its limits," Kaunda cautioned his listeners. Hinting at a widening East-West involvement, he warned: "The oppressed people have a right to answer force with force, and Africa and all her friends in the world will support them."

While appealing to the U.S. to desist from giving the minority regimes direct or indirect support, Kaunda tactfully refrained from alluding to the banks or the multinationals such as IBM and ITT involved in South Africa. He did not speak specifically of revelations that, despite the U.S. ban on selling aircraft to South Africa's military, its air force had used American "civilian" planes for reconnaissance; or of rumored reports of NATO plans to include Southern Africa; or of the continuing failure of the House of Representatives to repeal the Byrd amendment allowing the U.S. to import Rhodesian chrome and nickel in violation of United Nations economic sanctions. But the several members of the American chrome lobby, who happened to be among those present, presumably got the message.

President Ford remained impassive throughout the "toast," but revealed some annoyance when reporters tried to question him about the Zambian leader's state-

ment. Later he surprised Dr. Kaunda (whose name he consistently pronounced as Coo-wanda) by inviting him to play the "banjo" for the assembled guests. After agreeing to play the guitar, Kaunda led the entire Zambian delegation in *Tivendo Pamodz* (Let Us Go Forward Together). For an encore President Kaunda propped one foot on a gilt chair to support the guitar and, with his wife, a handsome, poised woman who has mothered nine children, sang a "love song" that translates as "My Dear Warrior Take Care When You Are on the Sea." Reporters who regularly cover White House affairs confessed that they could not remember an occasion when a visiting head of state had spoken so critically of U.S. policy, nor one upon which the guest had later crooned for his hosts.

But then Kenneth Kaunda is an improbable politician. He begins almost every speech with a traditional folk song on a theme of rowing together in brotherhood; the audience joins in with singing and clapping while he strums the guitar. He does not smoke, drink, or eat meat. When moved, he weeps openly; he has been known to break into tears over the sufferings of humanity while addressing the U.N. General Assembly. His addresses to the nation are said to be less speeches than sermons. One of his confidants says: "He tells audiences, 'We can do nothing without love. If we try to do without it, we are wasting our time.' What other politicians could talk this way—and keep such a hold on the people?" On frequent occasions he has even threatened to resign if the beer-loving Zambians do not moderate their guzzling.

An avowed disciple of Gandhi, Kaunda led his country to independence from Britain by means of a nonviolent struggle. Today he still talks of his belief in nonviolence, although he also recognizes the "right to answer force with force." Kaunda is generally known as an idealist, for he has worked out his philosophy he calls Humanism—and has had the audacity to set it up as an instrument of national policy.

Beyond Zambia Kaunda has a larger dream: the liberation of Southern Africa will be achieved through negotiation rather than destruction. This will be accomplished through a series of stages, beginning with

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Rhodesia, the weakest domino since neighboring Mozambique gained independence from Portugal. In Kaunda's dream South Africa will complete its gradual disengagement from Rhodesia (or Zimbabwe, the name chosen by black nationalists). Zimbabwean groups—ZANU, ZAPU, and Frolizi—will regain the unity they achieved when Kaunda persuaded them to merge into the African National Council. Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith will opt for a political solution and will find an Africa ready to work out an "honorable formula" that "guarantees genuine peace founded on love and understanding." Then South Africa, recognizing the U.N. General Assembly's decision that its mandate over Namibia (South West Africa) be terminated, will act on its own recent statement that the future of the country should be decided by the people themselves. Finally, South African whites will realize the truth of Prime Minister John Vorster's admission that a full-scale racial war would be "too ghastly to contemplate," will renounce apartheid, and will take the new road toward "peace, progress, and development." Southern Africa will become a multiracial society.

Kaunda has dreams, and he talks of them openly. Yet he has also been called a "pragmatist" and a "realist." Since in our logical world it is logical that an idealist cannot be a realist, and vice versa, Dr. Kaunda has been subject to a crisscross of judgments. Some observers view him as weak; others consider him "hard as granite." To Idi Amin, the swashbuckling Ugandan leader who proclaims himself ready to lead an invasion of Southern Africa, the more pacific Kaunda is "the greatest two-faced double-dealer of our continent." Many South African freedom fighters regard him as a "sellout," who is "sacrificing his brothers on the altar of Zambian interests." At home he faces a rising tide of stealthy opposition from Zambia's new élite, who have made their fortunes from the country's one big export commodity, copper, and resent Kaunda's attempts to socialize the economy.

As for Vorster, the white supremacist had nothing but words of praise for Kaunda in August, 1975, when they were photographed together, in stiffly amicable pose, at the Victoria Falls Conference the two men had virtually forced upon white and black Rhodesian leaders. Although the talks failed, both men expressed optimism that they would be resumed. Despite Amin's pleas for an invasion, the OAU continues to support the policy of further negotiations with Rhodesia that has been articulated by Kaunda, together with the presidents of Tanzania, Botswana, and Mozambique.

A month after the unusual White House dinner we received a simple blue air letter signed "KK." Welcoming us to Zambia for an interview, it ended by wishing us "God's blessings." That missive was the fruit of nearly a year of persistent efforts. In the summer of 1974 we had spent two frustrating weeks in Zambia trying to see him. Kaunda's blessings, we discovered, were all that we needed. After saying we could not afford thirty to fifty dollars a night at the only three hotels in the capital, we were informed apologetically that the only accommodation available was in the

humblest of the hostels, a lodging place for primary and secondary school teachers, where the daily tariff was three dollars apiece for bed and board. And there we stayed as we examined the application of Kaunda's philosophy of Humanism to Zambia.

Humanism is intended to incorporate the values of communalism, self-reliance, hard work, cooperative effort, respect for the aged, and adherence to reciprocal obligations, including those of the extended family. "We in Zambia must do everything in our power to keep our society *Man*-centered," says Kaunda. "For it is in this that what might be described as African civilization is embodied, and indeed if modern Africa has anything to contribute to this troubled world, it is in this direction that it should."

Like communism, Humanism envisions a classless society, based on equal opportunity for self-fulfillment. But to Kaunda there is a vital distinction. "While a Communist believes in what is generally called scientific socialism, a Humanist believes that it is impossible for Man to live by bread alone.... A Humanist believes in the presence of a super-being—the source of all life."

As a primary step in the gradual implementation of Humanism, in 1969 all ownership rights to minerals were transferred to the state, which acquired a 51 per cent share in the mining companies, and provided compensation in the form of bonds. Mindeco, a government holding company for mining enterprises, now administers the copper mines, but grants managerial contracts to many expatriates formerly employed by the multinationals Anglo-American and Roan Selection Trust (Amax), which previously owned the mines. Indeco serves as the government's instrument for development, its share in the companies under its control ranging from 12 to 100 per cent. Its partners are not only local Zambians and expatriates, but also private companies and governments, representing the United States, Tanzania, Britain, Italy, Japan, and Yugoslavia, among others. Thus capitalist and socialist structures merge into "parastatals"—or what the cynics call "state capitalism."

Humanism, then, is fraught with paradoxes at this stage of its development, and no one is more aware of them than Kaunda himself. "For example," he says, "how does an individual in Zambia today remain mutual-aid-society minded and at the same time function in a society that is emerging from a so-called modern economy that has been born out of capitalism?"

During our four-week stay we often pondered his question as we observed the paradoxes and cleavages peculiar to this emerging society. Most Westerners might have been dismayed by the broken-down furniture in our hostel, the lumpy mattresses, the sinewy meat, the absence of hot water; they might have found it particularly hard to cope with the moments the water supply ceased entirely, and the toilets choked up. The Zambian teachers sometimes shook their heads, but rarely complained.

Most of them were born in the kind of tribal villages we were to see on our visits to the bush: clusters of extended families in round huts fenced off from the flat

scrubby terrain with a row of banana or papaya trees. Depending on the individual family's wealth and status, these "rondavels" were constructed of sticks, home-baked mud bricks, or kiln-dried bricks, and roofed with thatch or corrugated iron. Almost always the floors were of mud, and the few windows lacked glass. With their babies strapped to their backs, the women might walk two or three miles in search of water, which they carried back in buckets skillfully balanced on their turbaned heads.

There are few cash crops in such a community. Subsistence living means a protein-poor diet of mealie meal (a maize porridge that forms the national staple), supplemented by yams, occasional fruits and vegetables, and even more occasional meat, poultry, and fish. Subsistence living. Yet the land is rich enough and the population sparse enough so that no real threat of starvation exists. It is the emotional starvation that drains the villages. Irritated by the monotonous toil, hemmed in by a cumbersome set of extended family obligations, the more adventurous young long for big-city life.

The young teachers in our hostel had made it, in a modest way. They dressed in somewhat shabby but almost formal European clothes, listened to Westernized African music, and dreamed of a Fiat, an hibiscus-covered white cottage, and an administrative job. At table they conversed in stiff, lilting English. To all of them it was a second tongue, but as the official language of Zambia it was the mode of communicating with each other, and with their pupils. Yet if a national tongue helped to unify a people beset by ethnic and tribal divisions, it also created new barriers between parents and children, parents and teachers. "How can you expect parents to join PTAs or help a child with his homework when they don't even understand the words in the textbooks?" lamented a young Zambian just back from a pan-African conference on education.

How does a Zambian retain his African identity and at the same time function in a modern economy born out of capitalism?

At the hostel they had emerged into a multiracial, quasi-cosmopolitan world. (Zambia's population of 4,200,000 includes some 50,000 expatriates with a wide range of technical expertise; some have become citizens, but the majority come to work on three-year contracts.) At breakfast teachers from Zambia, England, Ireland, France, Germany, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Egypt, Canada, India, Sri Lanka, the U.S., and the USSR gathered sleepy-eyed around the tables. In the upper echelons of parastatals and government administration there has been considerable resentment of the expatriate salaries Zambia can ill afford. Between African and Indian merchants, too, there have been episodes of chilly rivalry, although it seems to be far less bitter and prolonged than in most other parts of the continent. Among the poorly paid teachers in the hostel there was no evidence of deep-seated racial hostility. While they tended to gather with members of their own ethnic group, there were frequent exchanges of stories and laughter. The teachers rarely talked of Humanism and its ideals; the racial harmony among them seemed to be simply a natural way of living life. With the same easy indiffer-

ence they accepted the interracial couples who formed an inconspicuous minority in the group.

Sometimes, when the toilets refused to function, we walked up the road to another world, the city's second-best hotel. Through the Ridgeway's cocktail lounge passed black parastatal executives in London business suits; Zambian women in pants, miniskirts, or the traditional *serenje*, a long piece of brightly patterned cloth wrapped around the waist like a sarong; Indians, silent and self-contained in their saris; foreign businessmen and newly arrived expatriate experts. Those young black entrepreneurs sipping their scotch in all-male drinking groups seem stamped in the British ol' boy tradition—until they rise to greet each other with an embrace and hoots of rollicking laughter. A mile beyond the Ridgeway rises the luxury-class Intercontinental Hotel. One of the interchangeable links in a chain owned by Pan American Airways, it is controlled by the state but managed by expatriate Intercontinental directors. It is here that government and parastatal officials formally committed to the withering away of capitalism hold their most elaborate receptions.

And on the fringe of the city, beyond the rambling white bungalows, each with a Mercedes-Benz in the garage, fester the squatter settlements where Lusakans' country cousins, lured by the image of streets lined with copper, have staked out their chances. A dozen people may huddle together in a makeshift shack without electricity, a toilet, or a private water supply. Sometimes the new arrivals receive assistance from relatives, but city people increasingly find it impossible to make the sacrifices the traditional extended family expects.

How does a Zambian today remain mutual-aid-society minded, and at the same time function in a modern economy?

The lifestyle of Zambia's President, too, has changed radically since his boyhood. Kaunda was born on April 28, 1924, in a two-room house on a mission at Lubwa, a village in the northeastern hilly area of what was then the British protectorate of Northern Rhodesia. Kaunda remembers his father, the first African Christian missionary to his people, as a strict but lovable man; his "dearest memories" center on the evening hour his father gathered the family to pray and sing hymns together. Only once did his father beat him—for pummeling a schoolmate—but Kaunda believes that "perhaps it was that early disapproval by my father that taught me not to fight with my brother man."

In 1946, after three years as headmaster at Lubwa School for Boys, he married Betty Banda, a domestic science teacher whom his mother, according to custom, had chosen as a suitable bride. He has never regretted her choice. After "wandering" through Tanzania and Southern Rhodesia in search of teaching jobs, working briefly as Welfare Assistant in the Zambian copper mines, and engaging in part-time farming, a pursuit he thoroughly enjoyed, in 1948 he settled into a job as boarding master of a school at Mufulira. Gradually his restlessness and his indignation over the treatment of Africans in both the Rhodesias began to find an outlet in



political work for the Northern Rhodesia African Congress (NRAC).

In 1952 Kaunda was appointed NRAC organizing secretary for the Northern Province, a job that had to be done by bicycle. On weekends he strapped his guitar to his back and, with a companion, set out through lion-infested territory, singing political songs he had composed and hymns translated from the Church of Scotland hymnbook. "We had a sense of placing ourselves, more than ever before, entirely in the hands of our Creator." On one bicycle trip—completely alone—through the bush he encountered a lion. "I rang my bicycle bell and shouted, but it stood still and stared at me.... I took my cycle pump and hit almost every part of my bicycle, and the animal did not even wink so far as I could see. I don't know why, but all of a sudden I lifted my heavily laden bicycle, as if to cross a stream without a bridge, and waved it over my head with both my hands. This was too much for the King of Beasts; he made one leap and disappeared as quickly as he had come."

Kaunda studied the works of Gandhi diligently, and was instrumental in seeing that a clause spelling out NRAC's affirmation of nonviolence was written into its constitution. During the prolonged independence struggle he led many militant nonviolent actions. Africans refused to participate in forced labor and the communal storage of kaffir corn, boycotted shops that practiced racial discrimination, mobilized repeated demonstrations despite tear gas reprisals, and threatened to launch a general strike that would paralyze the country. Despite retaliation from the white settlers, occasional small-scale violence among the Africans, and subversive tactics among a few black leaders who had begun flirting with the whites' Constitutional Party, the campaign was

ultimately successful. In 1960 Kaunda became leader of a new party, the United National Independence Party; in 1963 the British promised a new constitution; and in January, 1964, UNIP won the General Election. On October 24, 1964—United Nations Day—Kaunda became the first president of the new republic of Zambia.

Today his official domicile, formerly the residence of the British colonial governor, is a red-brick white-pillared mansion set on a lawn brightened with tropical flowers and the stately strut of African peacocks. In the elegant reception room a young press attaché offered us tea as we waited for "His Excellency." Yet Kaunda's own manner conveyed simplicity. He was dressed in a plain brown safari suit, with a flowered orange handkerchief in his pocket and a matching cravat at his throat. As he came forward with a broad smile and apologies for keeping us waiting, his physical presence communicated a certain power. At least six feet one in height, with graying hair but a trim figure and upright carriage, he gave the impression of a quiet "togetherness"—of being in command of himself.

We had prepared a number of difficult questions. Zambia's domestic problems, we knew, were in large part a reflection of its international position. In the past decade the cardinal tasks have been to create a viable economy and a broad range of social services, and to forge political unity in a country fragmented by tribal and party divisions—tasks enormously complicated by Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence from Britain in 1965. About 40 per cent of all the imports into landlocked Zambia came from Rhodesia, including nearly 80 per cent of its manufactured goods, all its clothing requirements, and most of its coal and oil. Its export of copper, providing 50 per cent of its gross

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national product, was entirely dependent on Rhodesian Railways. Nevertheless, Zambia joined in the United Nations economic sanctions against Rhodesia—a move that was to wreak a heavy toll on Zambia's economy. The sanctions were never effective, for many countries, including the United States, found circuitous ways of rerouting and relabeling Rhodesian goods. Western nations also turned a cold shoulder to the idea of building a railway between Lusaka and Dar-es-Salaam, the chief port in friendly Tanzania. After their rejection Kaunda finally agreed, in 1967, to accept China's offer to finance the project.

Meanwhile, saboteurs were laying mines and blowing up bridges on Zambia's southern border. Hard evidence emerged that the work was financed by Rhodesia and South Africa and that they were supporting certain leaders of the dissident parties. Repeated revelations of traitorous activity and other signs of a paralyzing factional struggle finally led to the decision in 1972 to create a single-party state.

Although "one-party participatory democracy" is predicated on the belief that it is always possible (and often easier) to express dissident opinions at the grassroots level within the party, and although the new system was established only after a full-scale referendum, in 1975 there was still evidence of continuing disunity and subversion in the country.

In 1975 controversy was also growing over interpretation of the Dar-es-Salaam Declaration. Many South Africans and Rhodesians had chosen to interpret it as unconditional support for negotiation of a peaceful solution. Zambia and the other three black governments behind the "peaceful initiative"—Tanzania, Botswana, and Mozambique—were emphasizing that if the minority governments did not negotiate on the terms outlined, there was no alternative but intensification of the armed struggle. Under the prodding of Vorster—a staunch racist flexible enough to prefer a stable black government in Rhodesia to an unstable white one—Smith had promised to negotiate a constitution promising eventual majority rule. Then, rejailing some black nationalist leaders, he had backslid to the old never-never policy. On the other side, Kaunda had felt compelled to detain or expel the Zimbabwean nationalists based in Zambia who continued to assassinate or undercut one another even after their agreement to merge into the African National Council. In this atmosphere of broken promises, subversion, and disunity, how could he hope for a nonviolent solution in Southern Africa?

Kaunda listened to our question intently, reflected a long moment, and then began to speak slowly and carefully. "Vorster himself has said that the alternative to a peaceful solution is too ghastly to contemplate. If South Africa can learn, if it can hasten to put its own house in order, we shall have reason to hope. If not, there will be an explosion—which could bring tremendous suffering to thousands of people, black and white.

"It's true," he added, "that there could be majority rule, but if the establishment is oppressive, no freedom. Whatever their color, those in authority must accept that

they are the servants, not the masters, of the people. The Dar-es-Salaam Declaration means a rejection of racialism, not a reversal of racial domination."

Kaunda took a long sip of water. "Man feels anxious and uncertain when he realizes his lacks, so he finds compensation in some belief in racial or tribal superiority. It is the wall around himself that has to break." He paused, pressing his blunt fingers together. "Fear can be linked with religion, which can also become an instrument of destruction; apartheid is based on religion."

Dr. Kaunda was responding to our question about Southern Africa in a less concrete way than we had hoped. But the subject matter was extremely delicate. If he found it difficult to be more specific, we would understand this, we told him.

"You have understood." His eyes widened in appreciation. "When the *Times of Zambia* published a report of my secret conciliatory contacts with Vorster in 1971, they called it a great 'scoop.' But they were irresponsible." His low-keyed voice rose a little. "Millions of lives were involved!" After another long sip of water he continued quietly. "Some things I can speak of. Two diehard white Rhodesian farmers and several pressmen from both Rhodesia and South Africa were invited here in the past year. They were allowed to go everywhere, speak with anyone they pleased. They *said* they were impressed with our multiracial society."

"Do you think that nonviolent weapons such as boycotts or a general strike could be effective in a Rhodesian settlement?" we asked.

He raised his eyebrows. "Thus far, international boycotts have not accomplished much. As for a strike, since Britain has in effect bowed out of Rhodesia, Zimbabweans can't appeal to the British public as Indians could in the thirties. Smith will do everything in his power to stop us—such as dividing the leadership."

We commented that perhaps arms meant nothing if unity was lacking. And if the leadership did possess organization, discipline, and coordination, perhaps the same objectives might be accomplished by nonviolent means. For example, newly independent Mozambique might close its ports to Rhodesia, and this action might be coordinated with a general strike in Rhodesia designed to paralyze the country. Lives might well be lost—but many more lives saved in the end.

Kaunda nodded. "The crux of real strength is not armed force per se, but unity." He did not seem eager to pursue the subject. But we sensed that he might well be entertaining similar ideas himself, ideas that he was unable to share.

"You ask whether my views about nonviolence have changed since my accession to power," he went on. "They have not changed at all. In 1962 the Indian pacifist J.P. Narayan—the same man who has become Mrs. Gandhi's most vocal opponent—confronted me with the question: 'Since we've agreed that the state today is a machine of violence, when you've won your country's independence will you take part in the government—or following Gandhi's principles, refrain from participating?' My answer was, 'I can't reach the state of perfection the Mahatma achieved. And I would be running away. I prefer to work from inside, in the

hope of changing things more effectively.'

"Actually—" Kaunda paused, stared out the window as if reflecting deeply, and then turned his eyes back on us. "Actually, today the problem of nonviolence appears to me more interesting and complex. For instance, I am required by law to confirm death sentences. The pain of doing so is agonizing to me. I am required to declare states of emergency, which restrict people's movement. That is a form of violence, and it will breed violence among those opposed to the decree. I have to deploy troops to the border when subversives make trouble. The lives of young people will be lost. And yet, we need a militia."

He looked down at the floor, as if seeking simple words for thoughts he had been working through for a long time. "But the goal should be to remove the *breeding grounds* of violence. To work for the simple Christian idea, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' You see, I believe it's a mistake to separate politics from spiritual development. They say that politics is a dirty game. Well, if that's true, at least we should try to make politics more clean. "Nonviolence should not be confined to a single situation." His eyes moved back and forth between us, as if to emphasize his words. "In its deeper meaning it is love for humanity—the implementation of Humanism. The program of Humanism sees man's development in terms of an all-round development—body, mind, and soul."

Our hopes that he would elaborate on the program and problems of Humanism were disappointed when the young press attaché seated in another corner of the room rose and asked us to close our talk with "H.E." as soon as possible. Kaunda nodded, with a smile of apology. "I must put the finishing touches on an important speech to deliver to the UNIP National Council on Monday."

**T**hat address, which lasted seven hours and came to be known as his "watershed speech," answered our question.

As is his custom, H.E. entered Mulungushi Hall with a raised-arm salute and a shout: "One Zambia!" to which the crowd responded: "One nation!" Waving a white handkerchief, he continued the ritornelle: "One Zambia, one party!" And the audience chorused back: "One leader—Kaunda!" Then, waving the handkerchief, he led the assembly in a joyous folk song.

The tone of his speech was anything but joyous. "Zambia is a *poor* nation," he told his listeners, many of whom had come to regard the country as the last of the big spenders. In the past year the price of copper, accounting for virtually all of the nation's foreign exchange, had dropped over 50 per cent. The cost of living had risen over 40 per cent in the past three years. Yet "comrades who have acquired foreign tastes in various walks of life" continued to import expensive delicacies and drive Mercedes-Benz luxury cars. Today there were two classes in Zambia—the exploiters and the exploited. Many of the exploiters were entrepreneurs in the parastatal; for example, salaries and wages had gone up by 108 per cent, entertainment expenses by 167 per cent,



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and advertising costs by a phenomenal 2,211 per cent in just six months of 1974.

This had to be stopped: "Capitalism is against our line!" Then, in language evocative of Chairman Mao ("the struggling revolutionary masses...the peasants and workers.... Watch out for counterrevolutionaries!") he announced a 60 per cent cutback on subsidies for parastatals; annexation by the state of certain private medical services financed by parastatals and individuals; measures prohibiting expatriate professionals from setting up private businesses; a take-over of the *Times of Zambia*, which had been "treacherously unpatriotic" in reporting the secret diplomatic initiatives to resolve the Rhodesian impasse; a take-over of the entire cinema industry to cleanse the nation of films devoted to sex and violence (thus bringing all the mass media under state control); and penalties for persons violating the Leadership Code, which stipulates that government and parastatal employees declare their assets.

Expressing shock at the burgeoning land speculation, Kaunda announced that all freehold titles to land would be converted to leasehold for a hundred years, all rents controlled, and all underdeveloped land near towns taken over by local authorities. Zambia must realize the "agricultural revolution" so vital to counteract the overdependence on copper. It was absurd to import foodstuffs into a country in which only a third of 1 per cent of the land was used for farming. Hence he was directing that the unemployed be sent back to the rural areas to work, students in agricultural institutions be drafted into the rural reconstruction program, and every rural area produce one main cash crop.

Other points of the new policy included planning new industries and taking measures to end excessive drinking and cheating. But not everything could be changed overnight, Kaunda conceded. Zambia would continue to welcome foreign investors, provided that they accept state participation. Throughout the speech Kaunda made half-exhortative, half-coercive appeals for unity. Members of Parliament who attacked a policy "irresponsibly" must be chastened: "We cannot run the nation

without full discipline!...The party is supreme!"

The speech was greeted with drumbeats, lusty shouts of applause, and songs of revolution. When African dancers performed during the intermissions, the audience picked up the rhythms. That evening, at a reception we attended on the lantern-lit lawn behind State House, party members in well-tailored business suits sipped their vermouth, inquired politely about our travels, and verbally applauded the President's address. In the following days newspapers began publishing a spate of articles exposing corruption and announcing that "The Days of Huge Subsidies Are Over"... "Exploiting Traders Are Fined"... "Drunkards Will Be Fired!"

It was evident that behind the speech lay an awareness that ordinary Zambians were becoming increasingly dissatisfied with the gap between the rich and the poor. Party leaders feared the political implications of the discontent. They were also forced to reckon with the hard fact that simultaneously with the drop in copper prices, import costs have risen dramatically—the result not only of heavy demand for luxury goods, but of worldwide inflation, higher insurance rates, soaring fuel costs, and, perhaps most important, the effects of finding expensive alternate routes for exports and imports since Zambia closed her border with Rhodesia in January, 1973. Moreover, the least expensive sources of most of Zambia's imports have been the two minority-dominated countries Zambia has chosen to repudiate.

But would the new élite willingly share in the belt-tightening? Kaunda was taking a big gamble: In an effort to defuse a possible time bomb he was casting his lot with the "exploited"—and braving the resentment of the "exploiters." Was he moving closer to Ujamaa, the African socialism espoused by his good friend Julius Nyerere in neighboring Tanzania? Or was he preaching what some gentle critics have called "Christian Maoism"?

**K**aunda makes no secret of his admiration for the Chinese qualities of frugality and hard work or of his gratitude for the Tan-Zam Railway. On his visits to China he was particularly impressed by the quality of democratic participation in the communes, and by the fact that there seemed to be a "rush" to the rural areas rather than to the cities. Most of the social development in Zambia during the first decade of independence, however, is not intentionally patterned after the Chinese; it is based on a variety of models. Public education is now free. In the first five years of independence primary school enrollment nearly doubled and secondary school enrollment more than tripled. At Independence there were less than a hundred Zambians with college degrees in the entire country. Today over three thousand students are enrolled in the new University of Zambia, and their professors come from thirty-five countries around the world. A workers' provident fund assures a small pension to wage earners when they retire. Every Zambian enjoys the benefits of a free National Health Service, which includes over six hundred new rural hospitals and clinics, mobile units, and a flying doctor service. In the cities housing for low-income

families is subsidized. With the help of expatriate engineers, Zambia has begun a good network of roads into remote rural areas. The trains are clean, comfortable, and remarkably punctual. Several hydroelectric schemes have been constructed. Tribal favoritism in government is diminishing, many settlements formerly divided along tribal lines are now "mixed," and there is a high degree of intertribal marriage, particularly among the élite. Thousands of Europeans and Asians are Zambian citizens (some have become advisors to the President), and there is an unusually high incidence of interracial marriage.

Community development schemes have flourished. In both urban and rural areas community workers have formed literacy and technical training programs. Women have learned the essentials of gardening, cooking, child care, and hygiene. Throughout these programs runs the theme of "self-help." It is perhaps most evident in a project—the first of its kind in the world—to upgrade squatter settlements in urban areas. The Zambian Government, utilizing a loan from the World Bank and technical assistance from UNICEF and the American Friends Service Committee, lends money to individuals who wish to build homes or improve them; provides roads, community buildings, and a better water supply; and encourages people to form groups that will participate in the planning.

Yet the agricultural sector has languished. The failure to develop land that could theoretically be the breadbasket of East and Central Africa is due to many factors: waste of good soil, poor understanding of the principles of credit, faulty planning and coordination, lack of the feeder roads necessary to get farmers' products to market, a dearth of recreational facilities for rural youth. Moreover, some of the best farming land is still in the hands of Europeans, who may have held it since the colonial years when they drove the indigenous farmers into "reserved areas." The basic concepts of commercial agriculture remain new to people whose tradition is one of subsistence farming.

K.K. and his colleagues face a dilemma: They need an agriculture that "pays"—but at the same time they dread the growth of an agribusiness that alienates Zambians from their work, from each other, and from their "African identity." To Kaunda one answer is the formation of cooperatives. While some have done fairly well, reports issued in 1975 indicate generally disappointing results. One alternative may be the Chinese model. In northeastern Zambia the Chinese have developed large-scale rice farms. While few Zambians have been permitted to visit them, and the whole enterprise is mired in secrecy, the consensus seems to be that the farms have demonstrated remarkable productivity.

On the other hand, one of the most promising ventures provides a middle way between old and new, and between individual initiative and communal effort. Sponsored by the government and several foreign church groups, Family Farms has already assisted over three hundred extended families (several thousand people) in the Mazubuka and Monze districts. The basic principle is "Start where the people are." Extensive training is not required. Agricultural machines are patterned on tradi-

tional Zambian implements. Farmers are not burdened with debts for complicated equipment for which they have no need and which might easily break down and go to rust while awaiting the arrival of expert technicians. Sufficient credit and good extension service are made available, but the amount and type of land granted a farmer are carefully matched to his own needs and ability. At a small plant young men are trained in "intermediate technology": construction and repair of simple items that poor farmers can afford—such as scotch carts, bicycle plows, tie-ridgers, hand tools, and inexpensive spare parts. While major emphasis is placed on the farmer's incentive to till his own land well, participants share large machinery and work communally on projects such as constructing roads and applying for government loans for water development.

Paul Lipp, the energetic young "initiator" from the German Volunteer Service who showed us around Family Farms, summed up his own experience: "Introducing a completely new tool or idea doesn't work. But if farmers can relate it to an example from their own culture, they can understand it, and you can modify the 'model.' What they need here is to develop agricultural colleges that offer education with a solid theoretical base related to Zambia's own needs. This will take time."

Kaunda has begun to stress that "time is not on our side." Under these circumstances he may move toward a collectivist solution. Thus far, however, he has shown preference for the more bourgeois blend of individual and cooperative enterprise.

**H**umanism is based on a moral appeal to the best qualities of human beings. Maoism, however "Christianized" it may be, remains coercive. And it is true that as K.K.'s exhortations to the young to stay down in the village have encountered little success, he has turned to a policy of compulsory resettlement and political regeneration. The same might be said of his overall domestic policy: Frustrated by the failure of previous calls for unity, he has come to insist on the "party line" and to move more unilaterally. To Kaunda the rationale is that Zambia's survival is threatened by economic crisis and by subversion.

The country has not become a police state, however. Unlike Rhodesia and South Africa, Zambia has a small army (one of the smallest in Africa), allows free speech and assembly, places no major restriction on freedom of movement, and does not practice torture. Unlike many other black African leaders, Kaunda has never executed opponents. Says one observer: "Malawi's Banda would put his enemies into a sack and throw them to the crocodiles. Uganda's Amin would first put them through ghastly tortures. Kaunda jails them till the ferment simmers down, then lets them free. This keeps potentially explosive forces from becoming dangerous. Kaunda's nonviolent way pays off."

But his nonviolent ways also pose problems for him in dealing with recent events in Angola, events that have borne out Kaunda's warning last spring. At the time of our visit to Zambia the situation in Angola was fluid. Kaunda seemed determined to stay out of the conflict. He

began to support the pro-Western National Union for Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) after considering the hard fact that the Benguela Railroad runs mostly through the tribal land of Ovambundu, the main backers of UNITA. When the railroad was shut down last fall, food coming into Zambia, as well as its vital copper exports, was blocked.

Now that the railroad is controlled by the Russian-backed MPLA, the pragmatic President of Zambia will probably support it. He has already stated that he would agree to the decision of the OAU, and a majority of its members now recognize the MPLA.

Meanwhile, eight Soviet-built tanks have arrived in Lusaka. The potential for conflict between South African and Cuban troops in Angola and Namibia remains, and the Russians may feel compelled to step up their support to the Rhodesian black militants, who are committed to armed struggle rather than negotiations. But Kaunda persists in supporting the discussions between ANC leader Joshua Nkomo and Rhodesia's Ian Smith.

On the international level, Kaunda's "nonviolent way" invites criticism from supporters of the armed struggle, who point out the contradiction between South Africa's international posture and its internal action: Vorster talks accommodation while imprisoning dissidents, fostering a widening gap between wages of black and white workers, and doubling its defense budget in the last two years. Moreover, by offering more trade and aid to black African states, Vorster is hoping to dilute their militancy.

K.K. is well aware of this. Nor would he deny that, quite apart from any idealism, it is in Zambia's interest to create conditions more favorable to eventual expansion of trade with Rhodesia and South Africa. Zambia is also anxious to avoid becoming a base for prolonged guerrilla activity. In this context it is interesting to note that almost all the hard-line African states are also rear-line states. Tanzania and Zambia, the two countries that most clearly prefer politics to violence, are also the two that have carried the burden of providing assistance to the freedom fighters.

Is Kaunda moving toward "Christian Maoism"? Perhaps. But there is every indication that K.K. continues to make it clear to the People's Republic that he is suspicious of all outside intervention. The Chinese remain a quiet presence in Zambia today.

It is far more likely that he will continue what has been called his "balancing act." He must keep friendly relations with the Chinese and maintain his nonalignment policy...reiterate "Capitalism is against our line!" yet invite foreign investment...preach independence for Zambia, but encourage the least dispensable expatriate experts to remain...appease the power élite at home, yet support the "have-nots"...control conflicting factions within the party, without driving dissent so far underground that it becomes dangerous...offer Rhodesia and South Africa the carrot, yet wield a big stick...remain committed to the liberation movement as a whole, while detaining or expelling troublemakers in its ranks...speak softly to Vorster and Smith, yet show the black nationalists that he has not broken faith.