

THERE IS A HILL in racially troubled Rhodesia that has become a shrine to black man and white alike. Ndebele tribesmen call it Malindidzimu, and its boulder-strewn brow commands a superb view of the Matopos, a chaos of huge granite blocks and precariously balanced rocks, of stark cliffs and outcrops of stone eroded into tortured, monstrous shapes.

Malindidzimu means the "Dwelling Place of Spirits." For generations it has been a veritable pantheon of bygone warriors and chiefs, ancestors of both the Ndebele and Shona and venerated by them. On this primordial eminence, the revered departed choose to reside in their spirit existence, and from it they control the affairs of their descendants.

Whites know the hill as the "View of the World," a name given it by Cecil John Rhodes. Indeed, Rhodes, the British-born empire builder, was buried there at his request. Near him lie other white pioneers, including 34 men of a military patrol wiped out by the Ndebele (also known as the Matabele) in a Custer-like last stand.

Both Ndebele and Shona fought the whites. But in 1896 the former agreed to peace terms with Rhodes, and six years later they turned out in a respectful throng for his burial. At their request no farewell volley was fired, lest it disturb the spirits.

Standing near the simple bronze tablet marking Rhodes's grave, I pondered the sad irony of that windswept hill.

After the burial Col. Frank Rhodes said to assembled chiefs, "Now I leave my brother's grave in your hands as a proof that I know the white men and the Matabele will be friends and brothers forever."

Today that place of brooding spirits lies within a national park. The fraternity of the grave is universal, and black man and white share, for time unending, their integrated hill. But their living heirs have yet to assure either peace or brotherhood in the lovely land of Rhodesia.

Recently that country's minority white government and militant black nationalists achieved the first step in the difficult task of resolving their long and bitter confrontation. Leaders of both sides accepted a cease-fire (since broken) in the guerrilla warfare that has flared for years along Rhodesia's northern border. They also agreed to a conference that,

it is hoped, will forge a new constitution acceptable to both blacks and whites. Prime Minister Ian Smith then freed from prison scores of black nationalists.

Détente in Rhodesia—if indeed it can be achieved—may take months, even years. The divisions have been wide and deep.

The white government has been an unyielding holdout against the powerful tide of black nationalism flowing south across Africa. There are 5,800,000 Africans, or blacks, in Rhodesia and about 270,000 Europeans, or whites. Yet the minority race has firmly controlled the Senate and House of Assembly of

Rhodesia, a House Divided

By ALLAN C. FISHER, JR.

SENIOR ASSISTANT EDITOR

Photographs by
THOMAS NEBBIA

Two cultures at a crossroad: A chic European and two Africans carrying reed stools to a store cross First Street in Salisbury, high-rising capital of Rhodesia. In the rich heart of southern Africa, whites—outnumbered 20 to one—seek a meeting ground with blacks amid rising demand for majority rule.

Parliament, and all ministries and branches of government. This has resulted in a clamor of international protests and a racial animosity within Rhodesia that still smolders underground like a deadly, hidden mine fire.

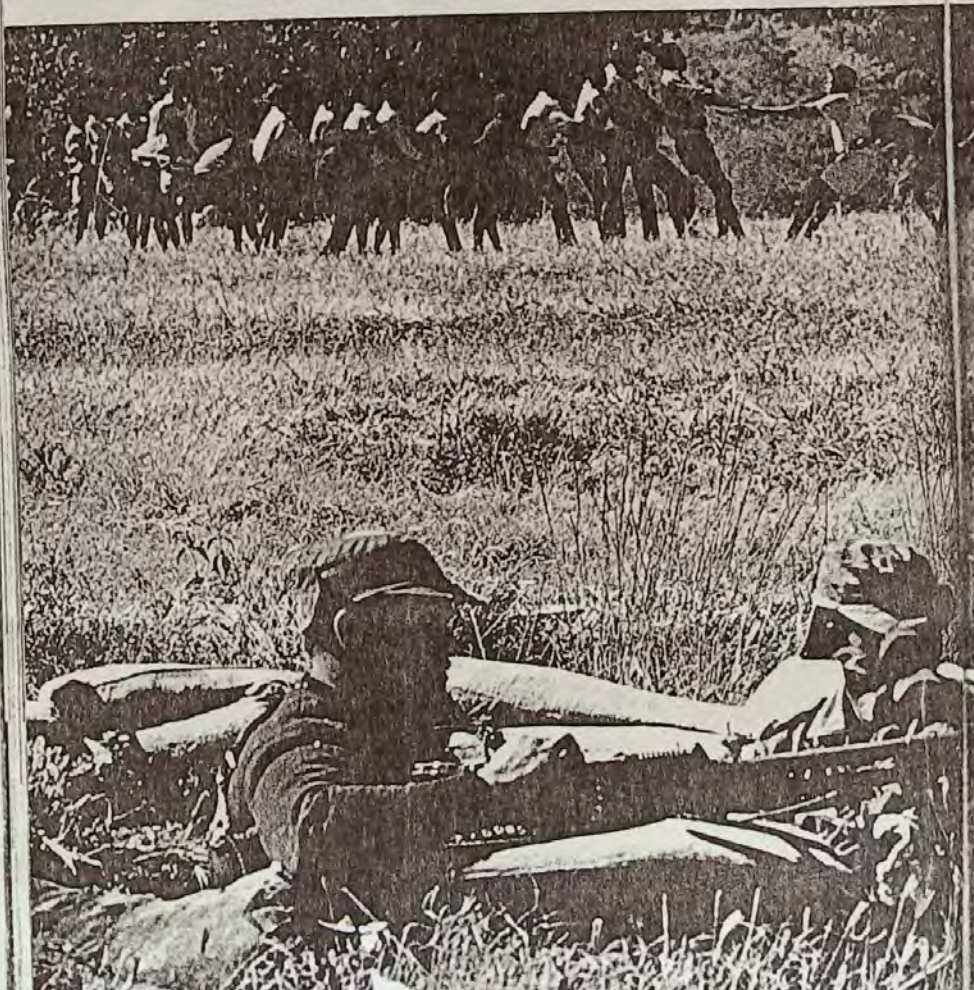
LONG A SELF-GOVERNING COLONY of Great Britain, Rhodesia declared its independence in 1965. The act was branded illegal by the British, who wanted assurance of majority rule before granting independence. There have been attempts at

settlement between the two governments, and a compromise was agreed to in 1971, only to shatter on the rock of African opposition.

The United Nations imposed sanctions prohibiting trade with Rhodesia, but many countries have continued a clandestine exchange of manufactures, raw materials, and food. However, for a decade the Montana-size land has been a pariah among nations, not recognized officially by any other country.

Moreover, the warfare in the northern region, though limited, has been extremely

Foxholes flank a tug-of-war, as a Rhodesian Army unit guards schoolchildren near St. Albert's Mission run by German Jesuits. Here, black guerrillas kidnapped 295 African pupils and staff in July 1973, an act perhaps designed to intimidate the moderate black community.



ruthless and brutal, as government security forces clashed with African guerrillas infiltrating the country from sanctuaries in Zambia, Mozambique, and Tanzania.

Recently I spent two months in Rhodesia, traveling freely wherever I wished. Many black leaders were then in detention, and I was not permitted to interview them. But otherwise I talked without hindrance to people of every color, every political belief.

On the surface, nearly all Rhodesia seemed tranquil. Prosperous shoppers eddied in and

out of stores stocked with merchandise from many nations. Shiny new cars crowded the streets of Salisbury and Bulawayo, two of the handsomest small cities in the world. Blacks and whites mingled casually in parks, shops, and big new hotels. Tourists still visited such superb attractions as Wankie National Park; that blue jewel, Lake Kariba; Victoria Falls; the scenic Eastern Highlands; the mysterious stone ruins known as Great Zimbabwe. And over it all the tropical sun shone benignly.

That is the Rhodesia of the casual visitor.

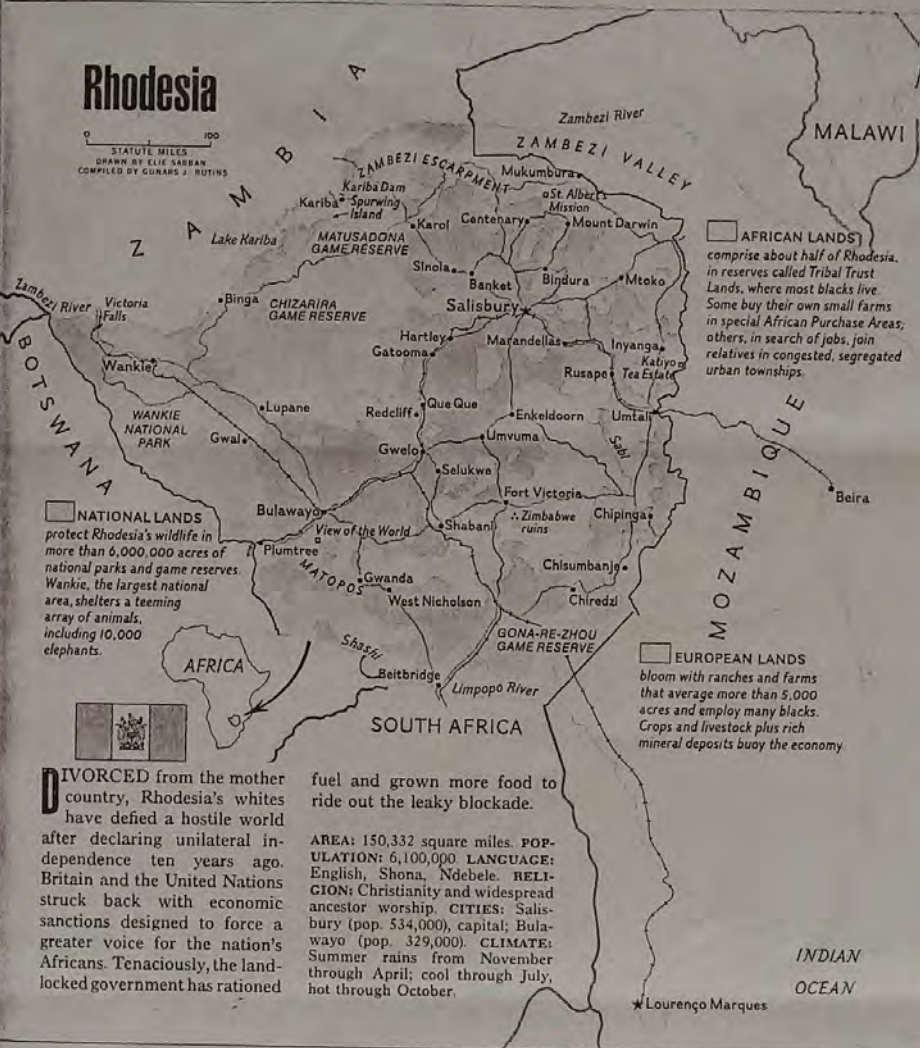
The hostages were taken toward a guerrilla base in Mozambique, but almost all were rescued or managed to slip away. In two years, the government says, rebel forces have killed 150 civilians—all but 20 of them Africans. In turn, at least 500 guerrillas have been slain.

643



Rhodesia

0 100
STATUTE MILES
DRAWN BY ELIE SABBAN
COMPILED BY GUNARS J. ROTINS



DIVORCED from the mother country, Rhodesia's whites have defied a hostile world after declaring unilateral independence ten years ago. Britain and the United Nations struck back with economic sanctions designed to force a greater voice for the nation's Africans. Tenaciously, the landlocked government has rationed

fuel and grown more food to ride out the leaky blockade.

AREA: 150,332 square miles. **POPULATION:** 6,100,000. **LANGUAGE:** English, Shona, Ndebele. **RELIGION:** Christianity and widespread ancestor worship. **CITIES:** Salisbury (pop. 534,000), capital; Bulawayo (pop. 329,000). **CLIMATE:** Summer rains from November through April; cool through July, hot through October.

INDIAN
OCEAN

* Lourenço Marques

Like the phoenix, the legacy of the ruins of Great Zimbabwe rises to give an African name to Rhodesia. To blacks who long to govern, the nation is already known as Zimbabwe (meaning "venerated houses"). Here a key city of the Shona peoples grew and flourished from the 15th to the 19th century. Many white Rhodesians, however, believe the stone ruins endure from Arabic or Phoenician influence on an African culture of ancient times. A 17th-century missionary sowed the seeds of that theory, claiming such walls once housed the Biblical lode of Ophir—the fabled mines of King Solomon. Treasure hunters plundered the monuments for decades, compounding the mystery for archeologists.



"I felt a little tremor," David Livingstone admitted in 1855, as his canoe surged toward the thunder of the mile-wide falls he named for Britain's Queen Victoria. A plane (above) now carries tourists above the torrent of the Zambezi River, where the explorer saw "a dense white cloud with two rainbows." Pale moonlight recaptures one such rainbow in a haunting time exposure (right) that also records a star track.

But there is another land the tourist seldom sees. On a remote shore of Lake Kariba and in a forgotten village near the Matopos, I went among people seemingly untouched by the 20th century. Nearly two-thirds of the Africans live in Tribal Trust Lands, many under primitive conditions that few Americans can imagine (map, preceding page). Photographer Tom Nebbia and I also made a foray into the "sharp end," as Rhodesians call their bloodstained northern frontier.

PHYSICALLY, then, there are two Rhodesias, the old and the new, and I love them both. Ken Mew, the white liberal who heads Salisbury's multiracial Ranche House College, once said to me, "It's a difficult country to get mad at because it's a country of paradoxes." I found that quite true, and the paradoxes are not well known:

More than half of the Rhodesian regular army is black. So is two-thirds of the police force. More than a third of the 1,500 students attending the University of Rhodesia are black—and they, unlike the whites, virtually all get scholarships. By law, 10 of the 23 members of the Senate and 16 of the 66-member Assembly must be black.

A park bench is for anyone. So is a seat in a bus or airplane. The best hotels in Salisbury and Bulawayo are desegregated, and it is commonplace to see nonwhites in them.

However, hotels, restaurants, and bars may be segregated or not at the option of the owners, and the government imposes on blacks a 7:30 p.m. curfew in some Salisbury bars. In practice, little is open to Africans outside the two principal cities. Schools are segregated, with separate facilities for white children, black, coloured (those of mixed blood), and Asian. There are also separate hospital facilities. Housing too is segregated. Indeed, tens of thousands of Africans live in government-built and government-owned "townships" outside the cities. Except for national land, Rhodesia is divided about equally between the large African and the small European populations, and the cities and towns have grown up in the white-owned half, where most of the jobs are.

Jobs—that's a word from which sparks fly in Rhodesia. Blacks complain that they are poorly paid and that many jobs are reserved for whites. Moreover, 50,000 young Africans come on the labor market each year, and the economy can't provide jobs for all of them.

As Ken Mew says of his paradoxical land, "Here are opposite ends of the human spectrum... a cross-cultured world. And oh, the agony!"

Agony to touch anyone's heart was in the voices of so many people, of all races:

Cecil Smith, a leader of the coloured community, said bitterly: "We arrived here nine months after the first whites. We are people who do not have any other homeland. The Asians and the Europeans do. But we have no ancestry anywhere else. We are Rhodesians."

"We hope for a settlement that will be to the benefit of all races, but we coloured have

more reason to thank the blacks than the whites. At least our black mothers raised us."

Ronnie Sadomba, a Member of Parliament and a firm supporter of the powerful African National Council, the principal black organization, said: "It is up to the white man in this country to change his attitude if he wants African cooperation. The African wants discrimination uprooted."

Michael Ndubuva, an African social worker who told me his advancement was blocked because of his race, said, "We've suffered enough. Why must we settle for crumbs?"

But agony also tinged the voice of a government spokesman: "Look at the record of black nations to the north of us—tribal warfare and mass slaughter in some, dictators and juntas governing ruthlessly in many, one-party systems in others. We have counted 28 successful coups in those countries and 16 unsuccessful ones. Elspeth Huxley, a writer who lived in Africa for years, has been quoted as saying that you cannot translate 'Leader of the Opposition' into many African languages. The nearest you can come is 'Chief Enemy.'"


"Must Rhodesia sink to that? It will if we cannot ensure a meaningful and influential European presence, lacking now in every country to the north."

"As for helping the Africans, we do all we can afford—often more. For example, we will spend R\$19,000,000 [U. S. \$33,654,000] this year on Tribal Trust Land development. And we will spend R\$30,000,000 on African education. That latter amount is the third largest item in our national budget."

But of all the voices, the most agonized was that of a young white farmer: "I know I'm going to lose my land, my home, my country—everything. I'm one of those blokes who was born here. Where do I go? What do I do?"

TO ME the confrontation seemed all the more poignant because of the beauty of the land. It linked the hearts of everyone in a shared love. Whenever the politics of Rhodesia weighed upon my mind and the sad voices burdened my spirit, I left the cities and became a wanderer amidst beauty.

In 1855 Dr. David Livingstone's African guides paddled him to an island in the Zambezi River, then led him to its edge. He gazed awestruck at one of the mightiest cataracts on earth. His guides knew it as Mosi oa Tunya, "smoke that thunders." We know it by the name Livingstone gave it, Victoria Falls.



"Living he was the land, and dead, his soul shall be her soul." Thus Rudyard Kipling eulogized Cecil John Rhodes, here towering in bronze in Bulawayo. In 1890 he sent out from South Africa the Pioneer Column, Rhodesia's first white settlers.

It extends across the entire width of the Zambezi for a mile, and its waters plunge down vertical walls as high as 350 feet. Spray rises from it continually in writhing plumes and clouds in which rainbows glisten (pages 646-7). Zambia shares this wonder, but the best viewing has always been on the Rhodesian side of the river, where paths for strollers wind through a rain forest laved by the eternal spray.

Wankie National Park, to the south of the falls, is a wildlife sanctuary larger than Connecticut. Publicists call it "Tusker Territory" in honor of its 10,000 elephants. But most of the magnificent African animal species wander there in profusion.

Indeed, some become too profuse. For example, elephants; recent aerial photographs, when compared to those taken 24 years ago, show far fewer trees in Wankie. Many have been felled by elephants. Says Ohio-born John Herbert, a park biologist, "It's not that they are overbreeding, it's just that they are condensed." Human pressures drive the animals into refuges.

LONG AGO I succumbed to an inordinate fondness for wide waters. That's why I became so smitten with Lake Kariba, a man-made body of water 170 miles in length. High hills encircle the lake, and the giddy roads in and around the town of Kariba command superb views of sapphire waters.

A dam 420 feet high blocking a deep gorge of the Zambezi impounds 2,000 square miles of water—an area the size of Delaware. Generators on the Rhodesia side can produce 705,000 kilowatts, and the output is shared about equally by Zambia and Rhodesia. They built the huge installation while both were members of the now defunct Central African Federation, and through a joint corporation they still cooperate in running it.

Several big motels stand high above the lake near the town, but elsewhere much of the vast lake frontage remains unchanging bush, rich in game (pages 660-61).

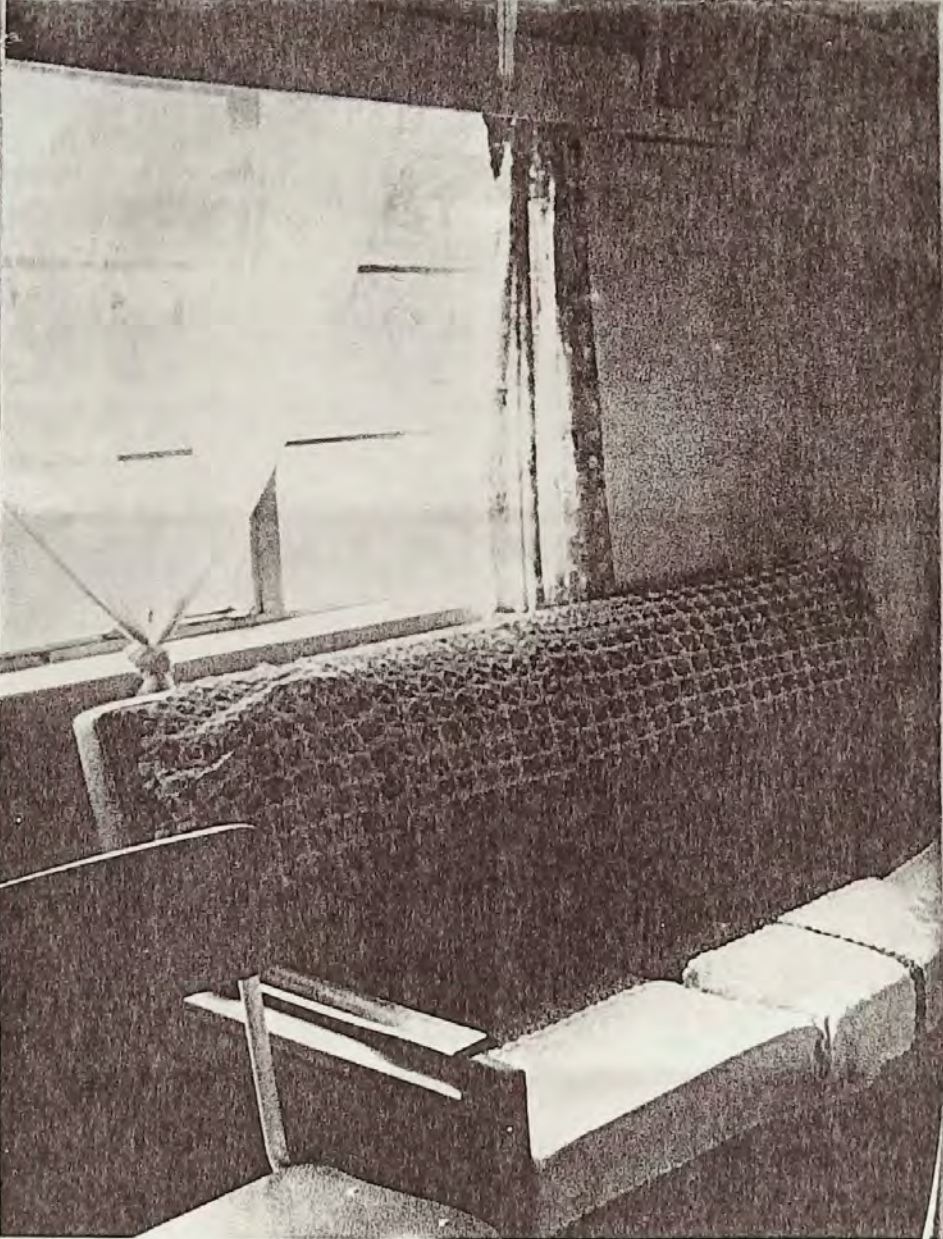
Ever watch elephants swim? Or water-buck? Or buffalo? With a little luck you can actually see this near Spurwing Island and the Matusadona Game Reserve. Jeff Stutchbury, a professional hunter, will ferry you from the town of Kariba to the island, where he has a comfortable tent camp, and he will take you on waterborne game-viewing trips or on foot safaris into the Matusadona.

We spent a magical day together, cruising near animals that seemed placidly unaware of our presence. Then, as the quick dusk of tropical Africa became imminent, Jeff nosed the boat quietly through the gray stumps of a drowned forest where birds perched in unbelievable variety: greater white heron, darter, reed cormorant, jacana, black crane, lilac-breasted roller, pied wagtail, bee-eater, crowned plover.

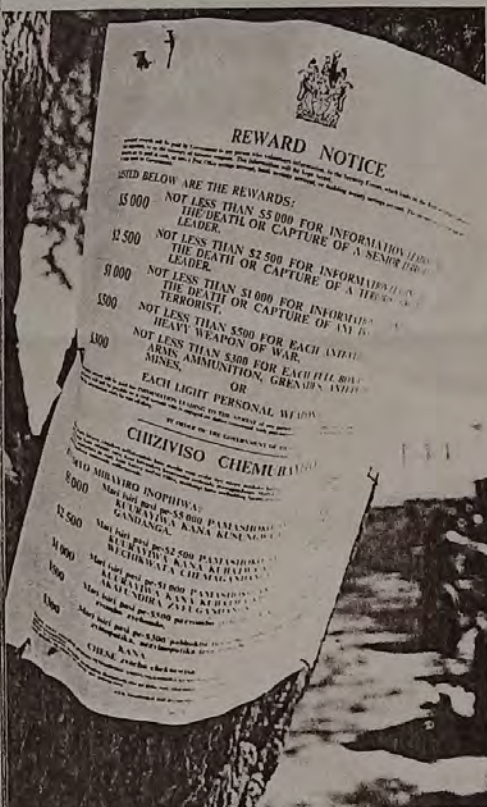
With so much of Rhodesia remote and underdeveloped, guerrillas can infiltrate it with relative ease. In recent years they have gained footholds only in the north, including newly



Straw-topped school chums clown on the sidelines during a nationwide meet in Salisbury featuring cricket, rugby, and polo. Establishing international scholarships in his will, Rhodes stipulated "success in manly outdoor sports" for competing students.



Couched in modern comfort, Chief Mtonzima Gwebu displays full ceremonial regalia in his European-style house, built and furnished for him by the government—which also pays him a salary. The chief, whose name means "strong medicine," rules several hundred



Dead or alive: Tribesmen willing to turn over guerrillas or knowledge of their whereabouts to authorities can claim huge bounties, as this notice proclaims (above). On the other hand, failure to do so can mean 20 years at hard labor.

The real fight against the rebels, however, falls mainly to the regular army—itself more than half black. For Africans facing high unemployment, a soldier's life is one of the most stable and best paying. "The army is my tribe," say members of the Rhodesian African Rifles, such as this machine gunner (opposite). Since 1967, hundreds of paramilitary police from South Africa have helped fight the guerrillas.

Mission. Here, a year earlier, guerrillas had kidnapped 295 children and staff members.

Armed soldiers guarded the school, and it seemed they were on the alert for something out of the ordinary (pages 642-3).

En route to the farm Stacey cut through the fields on a barely discernible track, finally stopping at the foot of a rocky hill.

"We originally intended to build our house there," he said, "but changed our minds. It is a lovely spot though, isn't it?"

His guests agreed, and for a few minutes we visualized the brushy little hill topped by a farmhouse. When we returned to the Stacey home, we found two helicopters flying about and troops sweeping a distant field. One pilot landed and spoke to Stacey, who shrugged off the explanation that guerrillas had been reported in the area. Not long afterward Tom and I left, flying low over the hill.

Later we learned two guerrillas had been killed and two captured near that pretty little prominence just two hours after we left. Apparently they had been hidden, not far from us, when we drove by. Perhaps they could have killed us, but didn't because firing would have betrayed their position.

MANY OF THE ANTIGUERRILLA forces are black, and I had wondered: Did these army volunteers mind fighting men of their own race? But a day on maneuvers with the elite Rhodesian African Rifles gave an emphatic answer to my question. "They are terrorists. We kill them wherever we find them and as fast as we find them," said one African soldier.

"If he comes after me man to man, that's one thing," a noncommissioned officer said. "But the terrorist goes into a village and says, 'Give me food,' and if the villagers have no food, he kills them. Is that freeing the country from the white man?"

"Do we mind killing Africans?" An Ndebele warrant officer repeated my question as if surprised I should ask it, then he smiled mirthlessly. "What do you think we have been doing for a thousand years?"

From the Stacey farm we flew to Mukumbura, a back-of-beyond place bordering Mozambique in the Zambezi Valley. Historically this has been an area for the tsetse fly, malaria, wild animals, and some of Rhodesia's more primitive tribesmen. Until recent years there were few roads and little evidence of the government. Guerrillas changed that.

Their presence brought in troops and road builders and resulted in the construction at Mukumbura of three protected villages housing 6,000 Africans.

At the time of our visit only one village had been completed. Hundreds of round grass-thatched huts, the traditional home of the African, stood in row after row. I was surprised to find that these were the tribespeople's own homes, disassembled and trucked, with all their possessions, to Mukumbura. Among the houses, the government had built concrete structures with running water, toilets, and showers.

Thirteen small villages had been grouped together, each with its own area. Outside the completed village, women tilled large vegetable gardens. Grazing areas had been assigned livestock, though the move had forced the sale of many cattle. Clinics and community centers had been built. A wire fence surrounded the village, but people went in and out at will during the day.

JIM LATHAM, a young district commissioner, planned Mukumbura, and its people are his charges. "Their initial reaction was confusion, fear, consternation as to how long, and finally relief," said Latham. To my question, he said, "Yes, relief. They now know they are not in a prison, that they are in a secure haven."

Through an African interpreter I questioned a number of villagers, and only one condemned the move. I can't believe this a candid reaction, however. No one wants to be taken from his home and shut up with strangers. Ronnie Sadomba, who represents in Parliament the district in which Mukumbura lies, told me, "They feel offended and bitter."

Latham had journeyed to Mukumbura from his headquarters at Mount Darwin to seek the help of a spirit medium, an old man revered by perhaps a million Africans in northern Rhodesia and neighboring Mozambique. Their confrontation proved extraordinary. Jim Latham, an acknowledged expert in African affairs, said he could not recall a similar meeting in his lifetime. Indeed, it proved to be something out of the mists of an

older Africa, changing but as yet un-

Ancestor worship is still virtually un- in Rhodesia, as it is in many other countries. A tribe, a family, does not consist merely of its living members. The spirits of ancestors, including those recently dead, may inhabit human hosts. When in seizure these hosts, mediums, go into trances and speak the words of the spirits. If not neglected or forgotten, spirits will watch over and guard their descendants, who venerate these ancestors and consult them.

As Jim Latham put it, "Everyone lives in the shadow of his shade."

THE MORE IMPORTANT tribal spirits are great chiefs and storied warriors of centuries ago, and the mediums who speak for them wax powerful and influential. In a man was Mawonda, the old medium who would meet with the district commissioner. Mawonda spoke with the voice of Parengeta, son-in-law of Dzivaguru, great-grandfather of an inland empire half a millennium ago. In the Shona language Dzivaguru translated either as "big pool" or "reservoir of God," an indication of how important an ancestor he had become. Years ago Parengeta's son, Karuva, had spoken through mediums, but these men had died and the spirits of the deities had not yet selected new mediums. Meanwhile, Parengeta was the powerful spirit in a vast area.

I saw Mawonda the day before our meeting. A tall, thin old man, he had the appearance of an ascetic. On his head he wore a wreath of black and white beads, and he clutched a bundle of black cloth to his skinny frame. He wore strands of beads, all black and white, around his neck for a single multicolored strand, swayed by his neck (right).

That night drums beat insistent rhythms long after darkness shrouded the village. Shouts and singing carried far into the night through the late bush, and figures danced tirelessly around campfires. Jim speculated that Parengeta was speaking through Mawonda. The next day, tomorrow's meeting, to be held in a small hut pitched in the heart of the village.

The next morning at least 1,500 Africans

Wisdom of the ancients flows through Mawonda, a spirit medium revered by a million Africans; here, he performs a lion dance. When in a trance, he represents a powerful ancestor. One such forebear warned long ago, "I shall not see you people without knees [trouser-clad Europeans], and they will defend me."

surrounded the tent, and in it the old man sat as immobile and inscrutable as a Buddha. Jim had warned us not to wear any red clothing, for red is the color of blood, and taboo. We also removed our shoes and socks, for the ground would be made holy by the presence of Parengeta.

Mawonda said the people had grievances. Several villages, old antagonists, had been put together; they should be separated. One village should not have been included at all; it belonged in a different protected area. Road builders, and also soldiers constructing a cordon sanitaire along the border, had disturbed many homes of the spirits, although Jim had marked all of them on maps and had ordered them left undisturbed. Village headmen wanted permission to go back and protect the spirit dwelling places: a baobab tree, a hilltop, a hut.

Jim agreed to put all these things straight. The villages would be sorted out, the spirit homes would be restored wherever possible. Headmen could not live in the terrorist areas, but they could visit the shrines. Then Jim—because, as he later said, "I am responsible for the acts of my children, the road builders"—agreed that he should pay the tribesmen a fine of ten rolls of dark-blue cloth, ten of black cloth, and ten rolls of tobacco.

Perhaps only a young and imaginative man would have agreed to a fine. But it won immediate murmurs of appreciation. Then it was Jim's turn to get what he wanted—cooperation from Mawonda and his people in reporting and tracking down guerrillas.

TO SOME IT MAY SEEM incredible that ancestor worship should still flourish. Yet a prominent, well-educated African told me, "I doubt there are more than half a dozen Africans in all Rhodesia who do not believe in the spirits."

Indeed the government claims guerrillas obtained footholds in Tribal Trust Lands by forcing mediums to tell their people ancestral spirits favored the invaders.

As the name implies, TTL's are areas set aside by law for African use in the old tribal manner of communally-held land. Today

there are 166 such areas, and no white man can own land or operate a business in them.

"That's for the protection of the African," a government spokesman said. "Europeans, with their greater education and wealth, would soon own most of the land and local businesses if they were not kept out."

African spokesmen acknowledge the truth of that statement, yet land apportionment remains a very sore point with them. In 1890, when Cecil Rhodes's Pioneer Column crossed the Limpopo and claimed mineral rights from Lobengula, the Ndebele king, there were only 500,000 Africans in what is now Rhodesia. Today there are 5,800,000, including some 3,490,000 in the Tribal Trust Lands. Overcrowding, overgrazing, and poor farming techniques have turned much of the tribal areas into virtual wasteland.

NEXT DOOR to him in a European area the African sees thousands and thousands of acres that are not being farmed or put to productive use," a black social worker said to me. "Why doesn't the government buy these lands and put them back into Tribal Trust Lands?"

That is a typical complaint. Yet the answer is not simple. Many Africans do not practice crop rotation, watershed protection, and other land-management techniques. Moreover, the difference in productivity between the black and white areas is vast. Africans in the TTL's raise farm products with an annual value of R\$16,200,000 (U.S. \$28,771,200), but they consume most of their output. European farmers raise crops worth R\$195,200,000 and sell nearly all of it.

"If the land were apportioned strictly in accordance with population, we could not even feed our present population, let alone make provision for the future," a government spokesman claimed.

The government has introduced into the trust areas many irrigation projects and marketing cooperatives. Its most ambitious project has been the Tribal Trust Land Development Corporation (TILCOR), charged with establishing commercial, industrial, agricultural, or mining projects in all 166 tribal areas.

Snowballs of cotton swell the gathering bags of field hands near Chiredzi. Most of this premium-priced crop slips through the trade blockade, planters told the author, but the government remains silent on how much is exported—and to whom. On the horizon looms a baobab tree, sacred to Africans if they believe it shelters spirits.

IN A CHARTERED PLANE I flew across rugged mountains and plateaus to Rhodesia's eastern border, then hill-hopped to a landing strip near the junction of the Rwera and Pungwe Rivers. There, at Katiyo, TILCOR has covered 300 acres with tea plants and will soon increase that acreage to 750. Tea is a particularly beautiful crop. Emerald plants, closely spaced and as even in height as the pile of a carpet, covered all the nearby hills. At the foot of one hill I walked beneath acres of wattle screens shielding 2,100,000 cuttings that one day would mature into tea plants.

For centuries the overwhelming majority of Africans have been subsistence farmers on communally-held land allocated by the chief. But the Rhodesian Government is bringing several thousand African farmers into the cash economy by settling them in African Purchase Areas. These are farmlands acquired by the government for resale to blacks. Other lands are leased to them by TILCOR.

At Katiyo TILCOR is training and establishing the vanguard of some 60 Africans destined to be tea planters. Eventually each of these farmers will get 10 to 20 acres.

Edward Sanhanga, the project's clerk, will be getting land. "I've got the experience, and I'm sure I can do it myself," he said.

Chisumbanje, another TILCOR project I visited, lies in southeastern Rhodesia's lowveld, stark, dry bush country. But the soil is fertile, and irrigation transforms it almost beyond belief. We flew over 3,300 acres in cotton and wheat; a total of 30,000 acres soon will be under cultivation. Here TILCOR eventually will settle hundreds of families.

"I came here to take up land because I wanted money," said Taundi Mutekwa. "If I have money, I can build a good house, and I also want to buy a grinding mill. I will grind maize for my neighbors."

The previous year, on five acres planted in cotton, he had made R\$868. Picking cotton for TILCOR had brought his income to R\$1,200 (U. S. \$2,130), a princely sum for an African farmer. As a reward for ability, he was permitted to farm 2½ additional acres.

At Chisumbanje TILCOR operates a modern agricultural school for 100 African men 18 to 25 years old; they come from all over Rhodesia for a one-year course. I found a class grouped around the model of an irrigation system. Another class studied a tractor engine's components, and still other students practiced with surveying instruments.



Sweet but sharp-edged harvest of sugarcane calls for rubber armguards on a worker (above) who bundles stalks in Rhodesia's southeastern lowveld. Canals lace lush fields of the crop (facing page), one reward for the 45-million-dollar investment by the Sabi-Limpopo Authority in five dams and a vast irrigation system for the semiarid region.



Creation teaches satisfaction in the Farayi Art Center, named for an African word meaning "to be happy." The young sculptor, Godfrey Chatambarera, exhibits a soapstone carving depicting a rural scene—the lowering of a beehive from a tree trunk.

Man from inner space: A worker takes a break in a chromium mine (facing page). Despite U.N. sanctions, some 50,000 tons of Rhodesian chromium have been imported annually in recent years into the U.S. as a strategic mineral.

"There is nothing stopping a man here," one of the African instructors said to me.

Black leaders label such government efforts too little and too late. They see steady deterioration in tribal area conditions. Cephas Msipa, employee of a large cotton firm (page 671), said: "For example, the government tells people, 'Let your council build the roads,' but these councils do not have the money. As a result, roads are in a shocking condition, yet in some areas people must walk three miles or more just to get water."

But Rhodesia, cut off from foreign aid and investment, does all it can afford, government spokesmen said repeatedly. TILCOR alone, they pointed out, spent R\$10,000,000 (U.S. \$17,760,000) on development projects in 1974. In Rhodesia that is a large sum.

Manufacturing has outstripped agriculture as the mainstay of the economy, yet Rhodesia is becoming that modern rarity, a food-rich country. Much of the arid lowveld has been transformed by the Sabi-Limpopo Authority, which wrought quick miracles with irrigation.

I FLEW over one tract of 20,000 acres planted in wheat and cotton. We had been following the sluggish trickle of the Sabi River as it wound its sinuous dry-season way through desolate but wildly beautiful bush and occasional hills. We circled a huge phosphate plant that supplies most of Rhodesia's needs. Then, suddenly, we winged over an endless expanse of green where thousands of sprayers plumed water that glistened like showers of pearls. Moments later, with the new wheat behind us, we gazed down upon huge fields snowy with cotton.

At present the Sabi-Limpopo Authority has some 34,000 acres in production, and development continues. Bob Hack, who helped plan the project, said: "We have the potential and people here in the lowveld to do this ten times over. Moreover, much of this country can have the same kind of development."

Rhodesia also has a rich mineral potential. It holds 86 percent of the world's known reserves of high-quality chromium, plus copper, nickel, asbestos, gold, iron, and coal. Indeed, it mines some 50 different minerals.

But realization of the land's riches depends heavily on the labor of black workers, many dissatisfied with their share in an economy with a reported 6.5 percent annual growth rate. Africans comprise 99 percent of the work force in agriculture and mining. Yet in

1973, the most recent year for which figures are available, the average African in those industries earned only R\$31 (U. S. \$55) a month, compared to R\$444 for the white.

Many Africans spoke of hunger and want among unemployed. Near Bulawayo, an African storekeeper said, "Every night I feed six people who can't get jobs. The sanctions hurt Africans more than Europeans."

He gestured toward some painfully thin children playing outside the store. "What do they know of politics? They come here every morning asking for stale bread."

For a moment he paused to get a grip on his emotions, then continued: "The son of my brother could not get a job. He looked for two years. To an African it is a disgrace if he cannot support his family. Finally he said, 'I cannot commit suicide. But I can die a warrior's death.' And he went north into Zambia to join the guerrillas. That was two years ago, and we have not heard from him."

DESPITE LOW PAY, some Africans with city jobs can live comfortably, but most have large families and must support relatives in the tribal areas. Each city has its municipally-built townships; Salisbury alone maintains ten. These are ghettos, an offense to the pride of any black, but I was impressed by the appearance of many. High-rise buildings for single people looked much like apartments anywhere but had small, crowded rooms; houses were all tiny, but mostly quite neat and clean. In Salisbury's oldest township, Harari, single people paid as little as R\$3.50 a month for rent; families paid more.

Municipal authorities had provided swimming pools, stadiums, clinics, and day-care centers for children. Nowhere did I see anything approaching the wretchedness of slums that have shocked me in South America and some United States cities.

In a few areas Africans may buy their own municipally-built masonry homes, three rooms with bath. I saw one area near Salisbury where well-to-do Africans—a bus-line owner, a retired member of Parliament, a physician, a businessman—had built luxurious homes without government help.

All townships, however, are much too crowded. "For some years we have not kept up with the increasing number of Africans," said William Alves, the mayor of Salisbury. "We have a crying need for money, and the government is reluctant for municipalities to take European land for African housing. So we are trying to pour a quart of housing into a pint of land."

Dr. Eugene Gordon, Bulawayo's young, liberal mayor, conceded the need for African housing, but added: "Our biggest problem is the need for skilled and technical people. I feel strongly that the government has to start training Africans for more skilled jobs."

Rhodesia remains heavily dependent upon nongovernment schools, many run by religious groups, for the education of African children. Some 726,000 black youngsters receive such education, compared to only 83,000 in government schools. The government, however, gives financial aid to all schools and sets strict standards.

But the educational system too has many critics. An African university graduate voiced a frequent complaint: "From grade one to grade seven there are lots of schools in the Tribal Trust Lands, but there are not enough secondary schools. The children have to compete for entry into schools far from home."

CAN paradoxical Rhodesia solve its white-versus-black confrontation? The moves toward détente came after I left Rhodesia, but while there I found few optimists. Rhodesia used to have a common voters roll; then it established two, one for whites, one for blacks. Qualification of voters became complicated, and the constitution limited African representation in Parliament. This nettled blacks, whose demands have included an easier franchise and equal representation.

Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa (page 657) heads the United Methodist Church in Rhodesia, and also the African National Council (ANC), which represents most of the country's blacks. The bishop is a diminutive man and would appear boylike were it not for his clerical garb. But he spoke toughly about one of his principal demands, equal representation of

Horse of a different color gets a kiss from a cousin, but the zebra's swift kicks await the dogs, should they try to usurp this jealous pet's place in the life of Tom Warth. The Chiredzi farmer's menagerie also includes warthogs that gambol freely over his grounds and baby elephants that share sugarcane treats with the cattle.

blacks and whites in the House of Assembly.

"Our people will not accept anything less than parity. That's the minimum. Many want immediate majority rule," he explained.

At the time of our meeting, Bishop Muzorewa foresaw the possibility of civil war. "It seems we are talking into dead ears," he said.

"Our goal remains majority rule," said Dr. Gordon Chavunduka, a university lecturer. "How we get it is a matter for discussion. We want a number of changes, the main one being equal opportunity, but we won't interfere with property rights, and the future would be secure for all citizens."

YET in the past the government has seen little but doom for white hopes and white rights under majority rule. It has acknowledged the goodwill of moderates like Bishop Muzorewa and Dr. Chavunduka, but has doubted that they could control radicals within the ranks of the ANC.

I soon found that not all whites felt that way. Rhodesia's two daily newspapers both have criticized Prime Minister Smith and urged a settlement. Mayor Alves and Mayor Gordon have favored settlement. One of the strongest voices has belonged to Allan Savory, a former member of Parliament (page 657). He and Dr. Ahrn Palley were the only white members of recent Parliaments to speak out in support of African aspirations. They saw friends and colleagues turn their backs, but they still spoke on.

"We go back to a common voters roll or we have civil war, and if we have civil war, whites will lose," said Savory, a 39-year-old ecologist. "The trouble with our whites is they don't think black."

Sir Roy Welensky, the last prime minister of the Central African Federation, also saw the situation in a grim light. I had hoped the grand old man of Rhodesian politics would offer some hope. But Sir Roy turned his craggy old face from me when I mentioned hope, and suddenly all the days of his long years weighed upon him. He shook his head.

"I feel like an onlooker at a Greek tragedy—and there is nothing I can do about it."

Rhodesia's situation did not seem so grim

when I talked to Prime Minister Ian Smith. He is a tall, spare man of grave countenance, and in conversation he sounds like a professor reading a dry treatise to students. But he also gives an impression of strength, poise, and inflexible will.

Leaning forward in his chair to give emphasis to his unemotional words, Mr. Smith said: "I see no reason for my optimism to wane. We've been through some difficult periods, particularly when we declared our independence. If people can overcome that sort of situation, the problems they face today seem small by comparison."

Seeking a solution to racial differences, Mr. Smith has negotiated with Bishop Muzorewa for some time. Once the prime minister thought he and the bishop had an agreement, but the ANC's central committee rejected it. But, said the prime minister, "We must continue; we must never give up trying."

And he added, "If I were prepared to sell out, I could get a settlement tomorrow. But this is our problem: to ensure that we get a settlement which does not sell out on our standards of civilization and doesn't undermine the position of the European and what he has built up in this country."

AFTER LEAVING RHODESIA, I became guardedly optimistic about its future. Allan Savory expected a black government in Mozambique to close Rhodesia's rail links with the vital ports of Beira and Lourenço Marques. He also predicted guerrilla raids all along the border with Mozambique. Both predictions may yet prove true, but neither had happened at our press time.

Indeed, Joaquim Chissano, prime minister of Mozambique's provisional government, has been moderate in statements about Rhodesia and South Africa, and both those countries have replied in kind. Prime Minister John Vorster of South Africa and several leaders of black African nations were instrumental in bringing the antagonists closer to the conference table.

May black hand clasp white in friendship and give Rhodesia peace to match the beauty of the land. □

Smiles belie the bitterness of Cephas Msipa and his wife, the former schoolteacher, now employed by a cotton firm, spent five years in detention for political activity deemed illegal. Late last year, about 100 other detainees were freed—part of an abortive cease-fire agreement—as Rhodesia's blacks and whites explored a word still new to southern Africa: détente.