Dr. Robert Hickson

1 April 2016
St. Hugh of Grenoble (d. 1132)
Nativity of Maike (b. 1972)

Evelyn Waugh's Perceptive 1959 Journey to East Africa: Tanganyika and Zanzibar on the Way to "National Independence"

--Epigraphs--

"I came abroad to Africa [in early 1959, at 55 years of age]...with the intention of eschewing 'problems' and of seeking only the diverting and the picturesque. Alas, that is not possible. 'Problems' obtrude....One cannot long travel in that [inattentive and culpably complacent] way [in 1960]. From Algeria to Cape Town the whole African continent is afflicted by political activities which it is fatuous to ignore and as fatuous to dub complacently an 'awakening.' Men who have given their lives to the continent can do no more to predict the future than can the superficial. All know there is no solution in parliamentary democracy. But, ironically enough the British Empire [now strategically withdrawing] is **being dissolved on the alien principles** which we ourselves imported [into Africa], **of nineteenth-century Liberalism**. **The foundations of Empire are often occasions of woe; their dismemberment, always**." (Evelyn Waugh, *A Tourist in Africa* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1960), pp.156-157—my emphasis added)

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"But, then, as James Burnham [in 1964] reminded us, '**Liberalism is the ideology of Western suicide**.'" (Pat Buchanan, "Is ISIS Faithful to Islam?" (*Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture*, March 24, 2016—my emphasis added; James Burnham's book, which Buchanan alludes to, is entitled *Suicide of the West: An Essay on the Meaning and Destiny of Liberalism* (1st ed. 1964; and 1975—with only an added 8-page Afterward, pp. 313-320))

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"Tanganyika [in February-March 1959] is a pure bureaucracy, the number of officials has doubled since 1945; they [the largely British Liberal Imperialists, the "LIMPS"] **attempt to run a Welfare State on an exiguous budget**. They [the British Trustee Administration with an added UN Endorsement] regard themselves as **temporary caretakers who will quite soon hand over their responsibilities to the natives.** The head of the 'Nationalist' movement, Mr. [Julius] Nyerere, is universally well spoken of (though 'nationality' in a people as heterogeneous as those arbitrarily assigned to the territory has less meaning there than almost anywhere in the world.) There are very few white settlers of the sort that abound in Kenya and Southern Rhodesia... [and yet they somehow still dwell safely there amidst Tanganyika's own varied tribes and stunning "linguistic diversity" of almost 100 distinct languages]." (Evelyn Waugh, *A Tourist in Africa* (1960), pp. 58-59—my emphasis added)

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"The Austro-Hungarian Empire fell because **the component peoples** were urged [by the progressive ideology of the Liberal Imperialists and promoters of Self-Determined Democracy] to attribute their ills to **thwarted nationalism**. No one, I suppose, in their former dominions had a happier or better life as **a result of 'self-determination'**, though Czechs and Croats and Magyars were enormously more civilized in 1918 than the native nations of Africa today [in 1960]." Evelyn Waugh, *A Tourist in Africa* (1960), p. 157—my emphasis added)

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"Democracy is the theory that the common people know what they want, **and [they] deserve to get it good and hard**." (H.L. Mencken, *A Little Book in C Major* (New York: John Lane Company, 1916), p. 19—and, 33 years later, thinking now of Harry Truman not Woodrow Wilson, it was still impishly and ironically to be applied and re-printed in his collection, *A Mencken Chrestomathy* (1949)—my emphasis added. That is to say, Mencken had thus moved from dealing with the spreading "self-determination illusions" of President Woodrow Wilson (1913-1921) to the ongoing post-War democratic illusions of President Harry Truman (1945-1953).)

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By considering the refreshingly candid insights to be found in *A Tourist in Africa* (1960)[1] — Evelyn Waugh's last book of travel[2] — we may also thereby shed valuable light on the current challenges and limits to be faced by discordantly multi-cultured and overloaded Europe, given the stark underlying realities of geography and of demography (births, deaths, **and migrations**).

In order to keep manageable proportions, however, I shall concentrate in this essay on Waugh's revealing visits to Zanzibar and the Tanganyika Territory. For, these two East African entities themselves, especially Tanganyika, had not only once been a part of German East Africa (1891-1919), but also later — after World War I and after the League of Nations Mandate and the extended United Nations Trust-Protectorate — were both placed under the British Imperial Administration (1916-1961).

1 Evelyn Waugh, *A Tourist in Africa* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1960). The first edition contains some helpful maps of Africa and of Waugh's route and sequence of travel in 1959, but it has a slightly different pagination from the "Republished 1986" text which was later brought out by the very same Boston Publisher. However, for ease of access and quotation, this latter, republished text will be used in this essay—although the republished text now lacks the helpful maps earlier printed in the first edition. Page references will henceforth be placed above in parentheses in the main body of this essay. Evelyn Waugh was still 55 years of age when he made this two-month journey to Africa in 1959, amidst the larger and ongoing process of de-colonization, and not only by the British.

2 Evelyn Waugh's wide-ranging and multifarious travel writings—commencing in 1930 when he was still in his twenties and concluding thirty years later—have now been collected in a 1064-page volume, entitled *Waugh Abroad: Collected Travel Writings (*New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2003). The collection thus includes: *Labels*; *Remote People* [including East Africa in 1930—also first visiting Zanzibar and Pemba]; *Ninety-Two Days*; *Waugh in Abyssinia*; *Robbery Under Law* (Mexico); *The Holy Places* (Palestine) *a*nd, finally, *A Tourist in Africa*, in 1960.

Moreover, they finally became politically united (on 26 April 1964) in the new nation of Tanzania, whose first President was the well-respected, British-educated, Roman Catholic, Julius Nyerere. The Zanzibar Archipelago had been a separate British colonial jurisdiction and had attained its own independence and sovereignty only in 1963, whereas Tanganyika had become independent slightly earlier, on 9 December 1961.

It will be further helpful to our understanding of Waugh's character and understanding, if we consider where *A Tourist in Africa* is to be located amidst his various and versatile writings. A note in *The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh* will first help us here.[3] Sunday, 28 October 1956 (Waugh's 53rd Birthday) had been his last entry for four years:

> With Waugh's move to Combe Florey House, near Taunton [in Somerset, Southwest England], the diary breaks off for four years. *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* [a semi-autobiographical work of fiction] was published during the summer of 1957. Waugh spent 1958 researching his biography of [Monsignor] Ronald Knox [d. 24 August 1957], visiting Southern Rhodesia earlier in the year to discuss Knox with Lady Acton and to consult her collection of letters and papers. Waugh made a further visit to Africa in 1959 [January-March 1959], as a tourist, writing newspaper articles to pay his way. During 1959 [after his late-March return from Africa] and 1960 he was also occupied with the third and final volume of his wartime trilogy [*Sword of Honour*], *Unconditional Surrender*.[4]

Before quoting Waugh's 1959 letter to his beloved wife, Laura, sent to her from Tanganyika, I offer a deft depiction of that loyal couple, as Waugh himself was once modestly to present their Roman Catholic religion, though in a veiled and purportedly fictional way, in *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*:

> The Pinfold's religion made **a slight but perceptible barrier** between them and these neighbors [mostly Anglican or Protestant], a large part of whose activities centred round their parish churches. The Pinfolds were **Roman Catholic, Mrs. Pinfold by upbringing, Mr. Pinfold by a later development**. He had been **received** into the Church—"conversion" suggests an event more sudden and emotional than **his calm acceptance of the propositions of his faith—in early manhood**, at a time when many Englishmen of humane education were **falling into communism**. Unlike them Mr. Pinfold **remained steadfast**. **But he was reputed bigoted rather than pious**. His trade [as a writer] is liable to the condemnation of the clergy as, at the best, frivolous; at the worst, corrupting [as in that travel book, *Remote People* (1931); or in the succeeding novel, *Black*

3 Evelyn Waugh, *The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh* (Edited by Michael Davie) (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1976), p. 772.

4 *Ibid*. The moving last volume of the *Sword of Honour* Trilogy (1975), *Unconditional Surrender*, was given a different title in the American edition, namely *The End of the Battle* (1961). The Trilogy's final edition came out only in 1975.

> *Mischief* (1932)!]. Moreover, **by the narrow standards of the age his habits of life were self-indulgent and his utterances lacked prudence**. And at the very time when the leaders of the Church were **exhorting their people** to **emerge** from the catacombs into the forum, **to make their influence felt into democratic politics** and to regard worship as a corporate rather than a private act, Mr. Pinfold burrowed ever deeper into the rock. Away from his parish he sought the least frequented Mass; at home **he held aloof from the multifarious organizations which have sprung up into being at the summons of the hierarchy to redeem the times**.
>
> But Mr. Pinfold was far from friendless and **he set great store by his friends**. They were the men and women who were growing old with him...[to whose homes still often] had **descended the larger hospitality of a happier age**.[5]

While still in Tanganyika in early March 1959, Evelyn Waugh wrote a rather lengthy letter to his beloved wife Laura, in which he said in part:

> Darling,
> It is only 5 weeks today that I said goodbye [in the cold and damp winter in England]. It seems much longer. I am a very different creature—all melancholia gone. In 5 weeks & three days we meet again....I return to the coast tomorrow where it is too hot to move a pen....I spent one day with the Masai....They paint themselves with ochre & spend all day doing their hair & bedizening themselves. They all carry spears & shields & clubs & live in mud bird-nests and are only waiting for the declaration of independence to massacre their neighbors [especially the peaceful and competent Chagga]. They had a lovely time during the Mau Mau rising [in Kenya, 1952-1960]. They were enlisted & told to bring all the Kikuyus' arms & back they came with baskets of severed limbs. Yesterday I spent with the Chagga, the neighbors they particularly want to massacre as they are rich & civilized. So civilized indeed that a coon came out to greet me—believe it or not—with a copy of Stopp's magnum opus [which was entitled *Evelyn Waugh: Portrait of an Artist*]. I dined with the paramount chief [of the Chagga

5 Evelyn Waugh, *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (London: Chapman & Hall, 1957), pp. 6-7—my emphasis added. The strange tale itself was largely set during a sea-voyage to and back from the Island of Ceylon (now called Sri Lanka). Moreover, as a sequel, on 11 June1960—from Combe Florey House—Evelyn Waugh wrote a letter to "Tom Driberg," wherein he made an acutely memorable remark concerning a suspect media-man who was due to come to his home for and interview: "I did not hear the wireless [presentation of] *Pinfold* [a discussion of the Novel]. **I have let myself in for cross-examination on Television** by a man named **Major Freeman** who I am told was a colleague of yours in the **Working Class Movement** [*i.e.,* John Freeman a 1945-1955 Labor Party Member of Parliament; the editor of The New Statesman 1961-1965, and later the British Ambassador in Washington, D.C. 1969-1971.] **Do you know anything damaging about him that I could introduce into our conversation if he becomes insolent?**" (Evelyn Waugh, *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh* (Edited by Mark Amory) (New Haven and New York: Ticknor & Fields, 1980), p. 544—my emphasis added.

> tribe], who said: "Don't dress. Come in your tatters & rags." He was born in a mud hut but has a brand new villa with five lavatories, all of which he showed me. Also an extensive collection of neck-ties in a specially constructed cabinet, six wireless sets and many bottles of spirits and an album of souvenirs of the English coronation [of Queen Elizabeth II on 2 June 1953]. He was very jolly—and much more lively than Ann Grant's Basuto [one who spoke one of the southern Bantu languages, Constantine Bereng himself (b. 1938), who had been at school in England at Ampleforth, and since 1966 is called King Moshoeshoe of Lesotho]. Tonight we are stopping in the hills at a little German hotel at the head of the valley over a waterfall. It is coolish & very pretty. I wish you were here....All love
>
> E [Evelyn][6]

It is now fitting to consider the larger developments transpiring at a fast pace while Waugh was in East Africa, and how the strategic geography of the African continent may be more wisely understood, especially in relation to Europe and to the Mediterranean Sea and North Coast (the Maghreb) of Africa as a key Strategic Threshold to Europe itself — as we see in the current 2015-2016 migrations, too. In his strategic-minded 1967 book, *The War We Are In: The Last Decade and the Next*, James Burnham will help us to understand many important things and even some of their current analogues.[7]

> Military geographers call some regions a "strategic threshold" because if "a hostile power [is] to gain a base in this region [it] is comparable to an armed intruder's crossing the doorway of a private household"; and that is why we must be "most sensitive to the first signs of a stranger's entry therein."[8]

The Caribbean threshold is to the United States what the Mediterranean Sea is to Europe in geographical terms. And, writing on 7 December 1955, James Burnhan adds a fuller example:

> A hundred and thirty-five years ago [1820] the Monroe Doctrine was a preventive reaction to the chance of such entry. On many subsequent occasions, Washington's response to signals from that area has been prompt and firm enough to belie some of our ideological pieties about self-determination.

6 Evelyn Waugh, *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh* (1980), p. 517. This was the letter dated 4 March 1959, and coming from Tanga, a seaport on the northern coast of Tanganyika facing the Indian Ocean and near the Kenyan border. In this more lengthy letter he also said to his wife: "I rather dread returning to the heat of the coast."

7 James Burnham, *The War We Are In: The Last Decade and the Next* (New Rochelle, New York: Arlington House, 1967). Although the entire book of some 350 pages should be closely read, I propose to consider only certain portions of his Chapter VII, entitled "The Third World," pages 206-239.

8 *Ibid*., p. 208.

> Proceeding from an identical geographical analysis, Moscow has tried for twenty-eight years [since 1924] to press or squeeze or crawl within the Caribbean threshold. In Venezuela, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, British Guiana, the Bahamas, Guatemala, she has sought but so far failed to hold a firm grip.[9]

Just after Evelyn Waugh returned home to England with his own experienced and fresh perceptions, James Burnham wrote, on 4 June 1959, an incipient analysis, entitled "The Explosion Out of Africa." Without yet mentioning East Africa, Burnham complements Waugh and lucidly says:

> Few of us in this country [of the U.S.] have as yet comprehended **the pace of events in Africa**. Even in our dizzying epoch of wars, revolutions and supersonic travel, there has never been anything quite like it. Within a twenty-year period [1949-1969], along which we are now at midway, the political, economic and social structure of **the world's second largest continent** will have been transformed. I have been trying to lighten somewhat the darkness of my ignorance concerning the Dark Continent, **I here note a few of the tentative generalizations toward which the data I have encountered seem to lead**.
>
> The platitude that "the era of colonialism has ended" **is indeed true**. The principal colonial powers [as of mid-1959]—Britain and France, and Belgium also, though with a slower planned tempo—**accept this as an axiom**....In most of these new nations **a genuine democracy in the Western sense is out of the question**. **The social premises simply do not exist. Moreover, the rivalries among the native Africans are too deep for a democratic system, once the focus of unity is lost with the retirement of the whites**....
>
> The boiling African development is wholly fluid, and thus unpredictable....
>
> These Malis, Congos, Cameroons, Togos, Somalias, and even the Ghanas and Nigerians are *not* nations and never have been. They are [as in the case of earlier **German** and still-current **British** East Africa] **a set of arbitrary administrative divisions negotiated at the Berlin conference of 1884-85** and there drawn through reference not to African realities but to convenience and relative power positions of the colonial nations of western Europe. **The boundaries**, generally speaking, have **no "natural" foundation**: **neither geographic nor ethnic nor linguistic nor economic nor historical**. What held each unit together, and enabled it to function was solely the power and administrative skill of the European colonial state....
>
> The boundaries of the new and forthcoming UN members do not coincide, positively or negatively, with tribal residence. Many large tribal associations

9 *Ibid*.

stretch over part of four or five "nations." On the other hand, most "nations" include within their borders portions of many, often fiercely opposed tribes.

But the irrationality of the emergent African structure [as of 8 October 1960] is still more extreme than this tribal patchwork indicates. The **dividing lines** among Moslems, Christians and pagans **overlie** the tribal and administrative **crisscrosses**. Most of the units are impossibly small in population—many with fewer inhabitants than a provincial town of a genuine nation. None are wealthy by Western standards, but some are enormously poorer in income and resources than others. Some could never conceivably become solvent.

To complete the preconditions of chaos, the cultural level of most of the population is incredibly low: for the most part the natives are—and, who knows, may perhaps long be, **perhaps prefer to be be**—at the stage of primitive, pre-civilized barbarism; quite simply, savagery.[10]

A year and a half later — on 14 January 1961 — Burnham added to his 1959-1960 strategic analysis in another learned and thoughtful piece, entitled "The African Shambles," in which he will also teach us more about geography and its importance:

The West's retreat from Africa is already a rout, and will soon be a catastrophe.

What is Africa in world geography? The northern littoral of Africa is the southern flank of Europe, as the Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals and Arabs knew in their day as well as the Russians in ours. Northeast Africa is **the gateway** to **the land bridge** between Asia and Africa. **East Africa is the western flank of the Indian Ocean**. South Africa is the *point clef* for the channels between the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, critical for East-West sea and air world communications in the southern hemisphere, for Australasia and the Antarctic. Africa's central regions are an essential staging point for air communication in the equatorial and southern latitudes, and the North-South line from Europe. West Africa is the eastern flank of the Atlantic, with the western bulge suspended over the Caribbean and Brazil....

The great statesmen and strategists of Europe's past understood Africa's geography. **The strategic framework** that they built stood intact as recently as General Eisenhower's inaugural day [20 January 1953]. The West [until the 1956 Suez Crisis] still manned **the gate**, at Port Said, Suez, Aden, protected by **a far-flung network of posts**—Cyprus, Jordan, Dahran, Oman, Kuwait, on into Iraq and Persia right up to the [Soviet Imperial] enemy's **formal boundary** along the Caucasus. Newly strengthened positions, **with mobile reserves**, watched on the

10 *Ibid*., p. 217, 218, and 219-22—my bold emphasis added; italics in the original.

> East, **from Kenya, Tanganyika, the Rhodesias** [North and South]. **The southern pivot** was firmly held, strongly manned and armed. In the center of the west coast, Portugal and Belgium guarded **the ports, river and land transport, and the vast new air bases**. The French held the crucial positions on the western bulge (Casablanca, Dakar, Conakry) supplement by the British at Accra [Ghana]. Gibraltar, backed by Malta, Minorca, Toulon, anchored the northern line held from Tangier to the Jebel by the Spanish and French. Its **decisive center** was the Europeanized strip of Algeria-Oran-Algiers-Constantine—with **the hinterland** stretching down through the sand-ocean of the Sahara into the [African] **continent's heartland**.
>
> **That brilliantly conceived structure intact, just eight years ago [in January of 1953]! Today [in January of 1961], it crumbles toward total dissolution**.[11]

James Burnham's lucid and formidable assessment not only will help us better savor Evelyn Waugh's less ordered observations in 1959; but it will also give us a better sense of the weakened will of the West still today, now more fully in the face of migrations, which are socially overloading invasions, for sure. Back in February of 1958, and thinking of Communism then, and not Islam, James Burnham wrote an insightful — and still applicable — analysis, entitled "The Disintegration Tactic," in which he commented on an Ideology that Evelyn Waugh himself so wholeheartedly, and even more sardonically, detested: the smug and self-sabotaging Ideology of Liberalism. Burnham wrote, now almost sixty years ago, as follows, and added his own touch and tone of irony:

> **The Liberals** [to include the British "Liberal Imperialists," the "LIMPS"], **by their own principles of anti-order**, cannot rest until, the chaos having become complete, the communists take over [or even, perhaps, "the self-managing socialists" and indigenous "tribalists," as well as the Martial Islamists now?]. Then at last, as with China [in the 1949 Maoist Communist conquest], the Liberals can sit back. **One must, you see, accept the inevitable**.[12]

Will this fatalistic passivity now also happen and then spread in Europe, as well as in the United States? In addition to some new religious factors and aggressive ideologies — Islam, Environmentalism, Evolutionary Pantheism — some of the earlier long-range plans for a United Europe have already openly stated that they want to "bypass" or to "do an end run around the Nation State."

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11 *Ibid*., pp. 222-223—my bold emphasis added; italics in the original.
12 *Ibid*., p. 216—my emphasis added.

Moreover, one of my cherished mentors — Arnaud de Lassus — told me some time ago (in the late 1980s) that the "New Europe" was effectively now proposing **to diminish the sovereignty or blur the borders and boundaries of the historical-cultural nations of Europe**, and "**to form a Europe of the Provinces, instead**" — which would then become more specialized and increasingly co-ordinated by a new "Democratic Centralism" and its indispensable "Overworld": a trans-national *Nomenklatura* (Managerial Directorate of "Chaos Managers"). The revolutionary principle of "*Solve et Coagula,*" as it seems, is to be dialectically applied once again: "first dissolution or fragmentation and, then, a re-aggregation and a new coagulate." This vision and this intended implementation will also make us think again about the various borders of Africa — especially about the externally manipulated boundaries and about the vulnerable strategic thresholds amidst the chaos. One acute critic from Europe once summarized for me the likely convergent outcome, or synthesis: "**Criminal (Financial) Capitalism for the Elites, Socialism for the Masses**."

Let us now return more concentratedly to Evelyn Waugh's *A Tourist in Africa* — especially his visit to Zanzibar and Tanganyika, going first inland from Mombaso, Kenya on the Indian Ocean by car to Mount Kilimanjaro on the northern frontier portions of the Tanganyika Territory adjacent to Kenya:

> I self-indulgently had a big car with a driver from the Chagga tribe who live around Kilimanjaro. As will appear later, **the Chagga are a remarkable people, very much more civilized than their neighbors** [such as the Masai]. The road follows the line of the railway, which is itself the old caravan route to the lakes [for example, Lake Victoria]. **Wherever you find old mango trees in East Africa, you are on the Arab slave-tracks** [of the slave-traders]....Somewhere on the way we crossed the frontier from Kenya into Tanganyika. There was no police post. No one asked whether I had lately been vaccinated. A few **Indian** shops [Pakistani or South-Asian Indians] round a railway station; then we turned off to the right and began the climb. Within a mile we reached a different country. The summit of Kilimanjaro was hidden in cloud....At the end of our journey was a small, solid, old-fashioned **German** hotel [once part of German East Africa]....**Indians are not allowed to settle in this area**. (48-50—my emphasis added)

It is 16 February 1959 and Waugh goes on to speak about the qualities and history of the Chagga tribe in the region, of which his keen-eyed driver is a proud member:

> Kilimanjaro was visible in the [fresh] morning, **a snowy camel's hump**....I spent the day with my driver, who was very happy to be at home and proud to act as guide. At every turn we met friends and relations of his. **I shall have more to say of the Chagga later, the most prosperous and intelligent of the native peoples**

> **of East Africa**. **The Germans gave them security against their war-like neighbors**; **Catholic and Lutheran missionaries** and a revered commissioner named Charles Douglas **taught them the arts of peace**; but before the white man appeared they had shown themselves **an ingenious people, excavating deep caves for refuge from the slave-traders** and building a stone-walled canal which follows a valley contour **and irrigates a village ten miles distant**. **Many streams from the snow-line fall in green fringed cascades....Save for its sturdy black inhabitants it might be in Polynesia. Then into this arcadia** there came strolling two elegant, arrogant old men, each dressed in a single cotton length, very tall, upright and slender. "**Masai**," said my driver in a voice he had used [with his keen eyes] to point out the game in the reserve, but **with an unmistakable note of fear in it**, as though he were **warning me of something more dangerous than beautiful**. (50-51—my emphasis added)

Then Waugh will give us a little history to account for this expression of fear:

> For it is **not fifty years** since the Masai used to raid here and drive the Chagga literally underground, **and the memory survives**. These two men [Masai] had come in from their lands beyond on a peaceful errand, carrying long wands instead of spears, to visit a doctor; **but their shadows cast a brief gloom as they passed**. (51—my emphasis added)

On his return visit to the Zanzibar Archipelago (Waugh had visited there almost 30 years earlier, in 1930), he first visited Pangani, "an Arab town thirty miles down the coast" from the "busy provincial capital" at Tanga (52). On the way to Pangani he saw "**a ruined mosque** at Tongoli, rather like all other ruined mosques to the untrained eye," and he saw a "Swiss-owned sisal estate" on that coast **where "a Swahili workman showed a taste for mural decoration** and his employers have kept him, as it were, **as their official artist**." (53) Thus, the walls of the village ("full of loungers, many rather drunk") as well as "the white-washed, concrete habitations" on the sisal estate "are now almost totally covered with vivid, naïve life-sized **scenes of local life**" (53):

> Dancers, animals, white men, Indians, natives of various tribes, askaris, police, convicts. They are not painted to survive the centuries, but for the time being they provide a lively spectacle. (53)

After situating his reader in the larger geography of that northern coast, Waugh presents other acute perceptions and insights about the Arab town of Pangani:

> Pangani stands at the mouth of the river of that name which rises on the southern slopes of Kilimanjaro. Opposite it, across a ferry where the road leads **uncertainly** to Dar-es-Salaam [then the capital of the territory, but no longer so in the new Tanzania], there is **a bright green hill and an old mosque**. On the Tanga side [to

> the north] there is a fine waterfront and promenade, a grand Arab fort, now the [British] District Commissioner's house and office **and some tall, impenetrable Arab mansions where the descendants of the slave-traders and dhow-builders** [the distinctive lateen-rigged sailing boats] **live their decadent lives**. **It is said that a mild form of domestic slavery still survives behind their blind white walls**. (53—my emphasis added)

Always attentive to architecture, and quite knowledgeable about its longer history, Waugh then gives us a glimpse of the German history and building there in that town, and of how the British replaced them; and he adds some perceptions about the current Moslem youth before his modest ending with an elegiac summary of the town:

> A small hospital and prison, **German built** of local materials in the local manner, have **a deceptive and agreeable air** of antiquity. British occupation [during and after World War I] is commemorated by a tablet marking the place of a landing during the first World War and by two nasty little buildings erected by the Public Works Department. No European lives there [now] except the [British] Commissioner, and a few Indians. There is a "Lucky Bar" **where the younger and more decadent Arabs openly defy the precept of the Prophet. They are said to be weak in intellect and deplorable in morals**.
>
> That is all there is to see in **Pangani**, but it is **well worth a visit. Perhaps it will not survive long. It has no function in modern Africa**. Should I scruple to disturb **its gentle decay** by recommending it to tourists? I don't think so. **There are no gracious dreams in its present tranquillity. In its heyday the place was cruel and grasping and philistine**. There is only **physical beauty** here [now] and that **of a low order—the picturesque**. (53-54—my emphasis added)

As Waugh's ship soon afterwards approaches the island of Zanzibar in the high heat, he has some memories from his first trip there, back in 1930, an adventure which he had then also written up in 1931 in his book, entitled *Remote People*, Chapter 2.[13] On 19 February 1959, he again approached the archipelago:

> We anchored off Zanzibar at dawn. A day of fierce heat. The island is said to enjoy a cool season. I have never struck it. An hour's stroll ashore sufficed to revive old memories; then I retired to the ship for a cold bath and an afternoon under the electric fans.
>
> To elderly Englishmen Zanzibar is **most famous for** the great Bloomsbury rag, when Virginia Woolf and her friends **inspected an English man-of-war** at

13 See Evelyn Waugh, *Remote People* (published in November 1931), to be conveniently found in the larger travel anthology, *Waugh Abroad: Collected Travel Writing* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2003), pp. 304-313 (in Chapter 2 of *Remote People*).

> Portsmouth **in the guise of the Sultan [of Zanzibar] and his entourage**, **and for** Bishop Weston's **occupation of the Anglican see**. Weston was the hero of many sermons in Lansing chapel [a place in West Sussex Waugh himself attended while at school in Lansing as a youth] and his cathedral [in Zanzibar], built on the site of the old slave-market, **the symbol of British beneficence in East Africa.** (55)

Waugh's brief words, written in *Remote People* (1931), about his first trip to Zanzibar (in December of 1930) will clarify this last point, I believe:

> **British imperialism takes on an odd complexion in some parts of the world. In East Africa its impetus was neither military nor commercial but evangelical. We set out to stop the slave-trade**. For this reason, and practically no other, public opinion **forced on the Government the occupation of Zanzibar** and the construction of the Uganda railway. In the last two decades of the nineteenth century, zealous congregations all over the British Isles were organising bazaars and sewing parties **with the single object of stamping out Arabic culture in East Africa**. There was an alliance between Church and State as cordial as it always should have been, but rarely was, between Papacy and Empire. **The Mohammedans were to be driven out** with the Martini rifle and Gatling gun; the pagans were to be gently elevated with the hymn-book....They [the Arabs] have failed to adapt themselves to **the economic revolution caused by the suppression of the slave-trade**, and they must consequently be submerged. There was nothing the British could have done about it. All this is true, but the fact remains that if the British had not come to East Africa the change [about slavery] would not have taken place. **We came to establish a Christian civilisation and we have come very near to establishing a Hindu one**. We found an existing culture which, in spite of its narrowness and inflexibility, was essentially decent and valuable; we have destroyed that—or, at least, attended at its destruction—and in its place [have now] **fostered the growth of a mean and dirty culture. Perhaps it is not a matter for censure; but it is a matter for regret**.[14]

Returning to the saga of Bishop Weston, Waugh — with some fine irony and elegy — will especially now have us know that:

> Weston it was who, just before the first World War, threatened a schism in the Church of England by delating [denouncing!] his neighboring bishops for collaborating with nonconformists. Readers of [the Anglican Convert and later Catholic Monsignor] Ronald Knox's *A Spiritual Aeneid* will remember the intense excitement of his coterie about the incident which, he said, the [Anglican] Lambeth committee found "**eminently pleasing to God and on no account to be repeated**." The Cathedral [on Zanzibar] has a rather forlorn appearance today [after Weston!]. One clergyman presides where there was a "mess" of six. The

14 *Ibid*., Chapter 2, pp. 308-309, and 310—my emphasis added.

> main activities of the mission are now on the mainland [of Tanganyika] and **the historic little edifice has**, with its brass plates commemorating British officials, **the air of Riviera chaplaincy. No church has made much progress in this last of the Arab sultanates. Eighty years ago [c. 1880] it was hoped that a province was being added to Christendom. British rule has merely created an Indian settlement.** (55—my emphasis added)

As Waugh had also noted and discussed much more thoroughly in 1931, in *Remote People*, he once again touches on the matter of the occult and magic in Zanzibar still, and especially in the nearby island of Pemba to the north:

> There are no beggars or touts in Zanzibar [the city]. The narrow lanes are clean and fragrant and shaded. I saw no changes [since December of 1930 when he was last here] except that the fort has been tidied and made public....There are genuine Arab and African antiquities to be found in the shops. **The money changers have vanished**....where venerable, turbaned obesities once squatted by their scales ["whenever the Arab dhows put in port"]....**Magicians still frequent the north island of Pemba, coming from as far as the lakes** [*e.g.*, Lake Victoria and Uganda] **for their final schools in the black art. The reigning Sultan succeeded in 1911 and has been on his throne longer than any other living ruler. His subjects have no nationality, part Arab, part Indian, part Swahili; British administration is pure, effective and benevolent. No doubt we shall soon [even in 1959-1960] read in the papers about "Zanzibar Nationalism" and colonial tyranny**.[15] (56)

Part II

Tanganyika itself was granted independence in 1961 and Zanzibar would be granted its own independence two years later, in 1963, but would then soon enter into a political union with Tanganyika in April of 1964, forming thereby, and rather peacefully so, the professedly new "Nation" of Tanzania: its formal title being "The United Republic of Tanzania." The Roman Catholic, Julius Nyerere, would, as expected, become the First President of both independent Tanganyika and also then of Tanzania itself.

In his 1960 book, therefore, and after having dealt with the Zanzibar Archipelago, Evelyn Waugh

15 On the very next page—page 57— the last page of his Chapter 3 ("Voyage Continued"), Waugh has a compact, ironic description, first quoting some actual local newspapers and their own social-engineering, utopian modernizing proposals "to clear" parts of "the old stone town [of Zanzibar] with its narrow streets and houses with intricately-carved Arab doors," in order, purportedly, to "provide improved living conditions"; and thus "the inhabitants will be moved to new areas where **proper amenities** can be provided." However, as it turns out, "the estimated cost of **the scheme**, which **ensures the balanced progress** of housing, communications, commerce, industry, education **and all community services**," is indeed rather high, and actually almost five times higher than what now "can be allocated **because of the lack of funds**." And Waugh's comment to all of this: "**The last sentence is comforting**." (57—my emphasis added)

designedly composed his following two chapters (four and five) on the Tanganyika Territory, which was still then a British Protectorate.

Before moving on to the "Rhodesias" (north and south), he will first visit (and tell us more history about) the southern coast of Tanganyika (and its heat), down towards the border with the Portuguese Colony of Mozambique — first visiting Dar-es-Salaam (the Tanganyikan capital) and then flying to the "three Kilmas," two hundred miles further to the south. Afterwards he will move inland again, with the help of a good car and a generous, as well as competent, driver: a former "sapper" in the military. By ship he approached Dar-es-Salaam at dawn:

> [On 20 February] I made a grateful leave-taking with the *Rhodesian Castle*, **where I recovered from all the malaises of the English winter** [after "Childermas," 28 December 1958, Feast of Holy Innocents] **and landed in extreme heat in Tanganyika**. Dar-es-Salaam, too, has its cool season during the English summer. Its most loyal citizen could not claim that the climate in February is pleasant....It is a port, a rail-head and the seat of government—unlike Mombasa [on the south coast of Kenya] it is the capital city, **a distinction which means more every year as political institutions multiply**. There is sailing and fishing and a hospitable British society. Tanganyika is [now] a pure bureaucracy, the number of officials has doubled since 1945 [fourteen years ago]; they attempt to run a Welfare State on an exiguous budget. (58—my emphasis added)

Even if this grown and impecunious apparatus in Dar is not — or not yet — a Beadledom, it reminds us of what Waugh had earlier said about the professedly progressivist planning officials in Zanzibar.

It is not long before Waugh gives us some more history, and some fresh historical understanding. For, as of early 1959:

> There are very few white settlers of the sort that abound in Kenya and Southern Rhodesia [now called Zimbabwe], a few farmers, mostly industrious Boers, round Arusha [in the north, near Mount Kilimanjaro], **a few reputedly eccentric English** of the old "Happy Valley" kind [putatively hedonist or decadent Anglo-aristocrats settling from the 1920s through the 1940s in and around Nyeri, Kenya and nearby Uganda]. There are a few sisal estates owned by Greeks and Swiss. Over great areas the tsetse fly keeps man away. **The great European settlement was made by the Germans** at the turn of the century. **They were evicted in the first World War**. In the 1930s the Germans began to return. They were very uppish, openly making lists of [tribal] chiefs they would hang **when Hitler recovered the land for them**. (**It was never properly part of the British Empire but a territory under a mandate of the League of Nations** [and later, after World War II, as a sort of protectorate-trust under the UN].) In 1937 it

> seemed quite probable that he [Hitler] would succeed. **The history of Africa and perhaps of Europe would have been very different had he done so**. In September 1939 the British authorities neatly arrested the lot, taking them quite by surprise, and interned them for the duration of the war. There are very few of them in the territory now. **Whenever one finds a building of any attraction, it usually turns out to be German**. (59—my emphasis added)

By way of contrast, if not satire, Waugh returns to comment upon the British officials in Dar-es-Salaam, especially about how they dress by day and generally deport themselves in the Territory. Somewhat impishly he makes his serious observations:

> During the day the officials, who are the main white population, wear **white shorts and open shirts, looking like grotesquely overgrown little boys who have not yet qualified for the first eleven at their private schools**. Those who wish to add **a touch of dandyism** to this **unimposing** uniform sport monocles. **I wonder how much the loss of European prestige in hot countries is connected with the craven preference for comfort over dignity**. (60—my emphasis added)

We are then immediately introduced to the former military sapper, himself once a race-car driver and who now drives a large and powerful Mercedes-Benz: "At Dar-es-Salaam I met the ex-sapper....He received me with urbane warmth. I will call him R. To him [and one hospitable and resourceful ship's agent]...were due almost all the pleasures and interest of my [remaining] weeks in the territory. Then, after "Mass at the Cathedral (another German building), very full, mostly of brilliantly endimanchés [Sunday-best, well-dressed] Goans, hardly a white face to be seen," Waugh took further physical and ironical delight *en route* to see a "government archeologist":

> In R's Mercedes-Benz we covered the very bad road ["forty-five miles up the coast"] in an hour and a half. **Word had gone before me of my zest for ruined mosques**. There are two [in Bagamoyo]—one mediaeval, the other of the eighteenth century—some little distance from the present town, which is **an agreeably decrepit** nineteenth-century **place**, **part German, part Arab-slaver**, with the **spurious air** of greater antiquity typical of the coast. The archaeologist has a charming house built in the traditional materials—**a sharp contrast to a row of mean concrete villas lately erected for official occupation by the Public Works Department**.
>
> Bagamoyo was the starting-point of most of the [Christian] missionaries and explorers of the last century. **The Germans made it their headquarters before they developed Dar-es-Salaam**. (61—my emphasis added)

Because there was a memorable incident there in December of 1859 "to welcome the return" of explorer Henry Stanley (author of *In Darkest Africa*), Waugh then regales us with the complicated and

protean character of Emin Pasha:

> Born a German Jew, **he worshipped indifferently in synagogue, church and mosque**. He represented himself at times as a Turkish subject, at times as an Egyptian; he seems to have considered becoming both British and Belgian. He had a Turkish wife (deserted in Prussia) and an Abyssinian mistress. Emin was a name he adopted in preference to his patronymic, **Schnitzer**.[16] (62—my emphasis added)

Waugh soon reluctantly took an aircraft 200 miles down south from Dar to Kilwa on the coast, and to the once-famed island, Kilwa Kisiwani, just off the coast. He tells us, moreover:

> My resolution to eschew aeroplanes—**like Belloc's [vow] to eschew trains** on the *Path to Rome*—had to be broken. The road is impassable at this season....The Kilwa airstrip is near the boma [the administrative office]. Here I was met by the District Commissioner and his wife and carried off to their house. ["His wife and he are **an exhilarating couple**, both devoted to **their large, lonely territory**, without any regrets for the amenities of the towns."(68)] (His isolated position gives him **a larger measure of freedom from bureaucratic interference** than is enjoyed by any of his colleagues in Tanganyika. With the help of two young district officers he governs **3,000 square miles of territory**. **Inland it is said, there are more elephants than tax-payers**. (66, 67, 68—my emphasis added)

Now to the historic island, and to some more history:

> A narrow channel separates the boma from the island of Kilwa Kisiwani. We crossed early in the morning by motor-launch, embarking at the [mainland] pier and wading ashore up the sandy beach. **Once the Sultan of Kilwa ruled from Mafia** [Island] in the north **to Sofala** (near the modern Beira [in Portuguese Mozambique]) **900 miles to the south**. **It was by far the greatest of the East African sultanates**....The Persians probably came here first and set up a dynasty in the tenth century. **It was under the Arabs of Oman that the place became great**. **The Portuguese came there at the beginning of the sixteenth century. In 1589 the Zimba ate all the inhabitants and left a waste that was irregularly re-occupied**. Once, in the eighteenth century, it recovered some prosperity, again **under the Oman Arabs**. It then declined steadily until the last sultan [of Kilwa] was **deposed by the Sultan of Zanzibar** in the middle of the last century. (68-69—my emphasis added)

16 Later on Schnitzer had a serious accident—while having a feast with "the Germans in command at Bagamoyo" (64)—for the Pasha fell, rather, he had "taken a header off the balcony." (65) Moreover, says Waugh: "He lies in a coma for many days and **when he comes to his senses it is not Emin, it is not Schnitzer**. It is **something quite new in his history**; he is **a junker**. He who has acknowledged [his fealty] to the ancient thrones of Constantine and Suleiman, of [King] David, of Pharaoh and Cleopatra even, **indirectly**, of [Anglo-Saxon King] Alfred and [Queen] Victoria **recognizes [now] only the brand-new, upstart empire of the Hohenzollerns. A telegram from the Kaiser has done the trick. He renounces all previous loyalties**....**But he was not long happy in his new allegiance**." (65-66—my emphasis added) Among other worthy details, Waugh also explains that "His eyesight began to fail" and, while he was at table in camp by the river, "**the Arab-slavers**...unceremoniously cut his throat." (66—my emphasis)

Lest we miss the distinctive quality of Waugh's short vignette here about the Zimba tribe and their conduct, we mention Waugh's earlier and vivid account of their tribal ways when he spoke of the Portuguese missionaries farther north up the East African coast near the Kenyan city of Mombasa. For. an exuberant Mr. Kirkman recounted to him, while Waugh was again in Mombasa, the history of "the Portuguese Government House of the seventeenth century," since the history of that settlement is also "microcosm" of "the history of the East African coast **from Cape Guardafui** [near the Gulf of Aden, on the eastern extension of the Horn of Africa, west of Socotra Archipelago] **to Sofala** [already mentioned above]":

> The Arabs were the first comers to the island [Mombasa Island]. In the sixteenth century the Portuguese set up a small trading station under the protection of the Sultan of Mombasa but relying for its defense primarily on the Sultan of Malindi [another coastal city northeast of Mombasa some 75 miles]. **In 1588 a Turkish pirate raided and sacked the coast**. The Sultan of Mombasa appealed to [Moslem] Constantinople, the Sultan of Malindi [appealed] to [Portuguese] Goa. The Sultan of Mombasa then decamped. Later the Turk reappeared and occupied the island [of Mombasa] as a base for attacking Malindi. **A fleet was sent against him** from Goa. **Meanwhile, for several years a ferocious cannibal tribe from the south of the Zambesi, called the Zimba, had been making a leisurely progress up the coast, eating their way through the inhabitants**. They appeared on the mainland just as the Portuguese fleet anchored off the island. **The Turks invited the Zimba to cross over [to the island] and help against the Portuguese. The Zimba came, ate the Turks and**, gorged, **shambled away to the north**, leaving Mombasa to the Portuguese. They [the Zimba] were repulsed at Malindi and disappeared from history.
>
> In 1591 the Portuguese began work on Fort Jesus. It was so attractive that their old ally of Malindi [the Sultan of Malindi] invited them to stay. (42—my emphasis)

We shall vividly now remember the Zimba, I believe, as well as the disloyally protean Schnitzer.

We return now to Waugh's visit to that island of Kilwa Kisiwani, once important to the Sultan and the Moslem religion, but no more:

> A very faint, inexpungible tinge of luxury lingers in this desolate island....Once there was a long wall along the seafront; the walls to landward survive in various stages of dilapidation with towers and intervals; in the centre the Sultan's palace....The only mosque in use is a humble shed which serves the present population and a few fisherman. The only man of importance is a nonogenarian Dervish, on whom I was taken to call by the D.C. [the gracious District Commissioner]. He looked like a black Father Christmas....While the D.C. was exchanging politenesses in Kiswahili I noticed over our [nonogenarian] host's

> head a framed picture of King George VI [d. 1952, the Anglican King of England] with an inscription signed by a former [British] Governor in the name of His Majesty "as a record of **the valuable services rendered** by him [*i.e.*, by the Dervish] to his own Country and People **and** to the British Government **in advancing the Moslem religion**. " **It seemed an odd tribute from** [the professedly Christian, publicly Anglican] **Defender of the Faith**.
>
> On saying good-bye, the genial old man [and Advancer of "the Moslem Religion"] produced from his bosom a hen's egg and presented it to me. That afternoon [24 February 1959] the D.C.'s wife had a sewing class on her verandah for the few native girls of the station....[In Kilwa Kivinje, too, eighteen miles away on the coast to the north] the D.C. and his wife **knew everyone in the place and were plainly welcome at every door**. He had lately **on his own initiative** repaired the sea wall, **thus preserving a promenade dear to Arab social tradition**. (69-72—my emphasis added)

After the aeroplane "came in the morning [of 26 February] to take me back to Dar" (72), Waugh was soon to see his ex-sapper companion and generous driver again, and for more missions of adventure inland and up country in Tanganyika:

> R. has arranged his business so that I can accompany him on a long "safari"—a term now used to designate a luxurious motor car tour. He has been **a racing driver in his time** and **his affection for his car is tender to the point of infatuation**. It is a worth object of devotion, a large, new, fast and extremely comfortable Mercedes-Benz.
>
> R. has a fixed smile of fascination and an air of self-confidence rarely found in civil servants. He is a large, handsome euphoric man in early middle age, **as near a dandy as local custom allows; a latecomer to the colonial service**. He has—or rather had for he has just been promoted—**an office requiring great tact, patience and diligence**. He is in charge of "personnel"; that is to say of all postings in the government service; most dissensions, discontents and scandals come to him for treatment and part of his **task is to** make periodic tours of the "bomas" and **see that everyone is reasonably happy and sane**. With us, engaged on some rather similar errand whose precise nature I never learned, is **a retired brigadier; a regular soldier of imperturbable geniality**. I don't know if they enjoyed my company. I certainly enjoyed theirs.
>
> We set out in the early morning [of 28 February, a Saturday]. **If** brigadiers have **an occupational weakness**, it is **a neurotic solicitude** about their baggage. **Not so our brigadier who was blithe and carefree**. Indeed, as will appear later, he was **deprived** of a portfolio of highly confidential documents during our tour **and accepted the loss with admirable equanimity**.
>
> We drove due west **up the old slave-route**, which is now the path of road and

> railway. **A road heavy with wicked associations**. No one, I suppose, except a **zealot** of some **recondite** [and occult?] natural science, can find much pleasure in the coastal plain of East Africa. **We sped where, not very long ago, we should have met caravans of yoked and ivory-laden captives**. (75-76—my emphasis added)

On their inland tour "plantation soon gave place to bush." Moreover, for Waugh himself,

> It was pleasant to be out of Dar and it was quite joyfully that we reached Morogoro [up country] before noon. Here we lunched with the District Commissioner. **The conversation was of witchcraft, political agitation, tax-evasion, big game and secret societies—the staple, engrossing topics that greet one anywhere up country in Africa**. (76—my emphasis added)

Then Waugh treats us to a matter of language, or of cultural stereotypes, as he considers, perhaps, even an earlier form of "political (or cultural) correctness":

> [At Morogoro, there were also] a few Indian shops. Yes, I know, I ought to write "Asian"; Pakistanis don't like to be called "Indian" nowadays, but I grew up with a simple vocabulary in which "Asian" did not exist and "Asiatic" usually meant a sinister Chinaman. **I hope this little book will not be banned** (like the Oxford Dictionary) **in Karachi** [Pakistan] **as the result of my antiquated habits of speech**. No offense is intended. (76-77—my emphasis added)

After framing his longer background to "The Groundnut Affair" (c.1947-1950), which is also a kind of Parable or Moral Tale, Waugh says:

> There was [is] **no injustice** in treating the fiasco as a matter of [British] party politics. **The scheme was conceived in an ideological haze, prematurely advertised as a specifically socialist achievement and unscrupulously defended in London when everyone in Africa knew it was indefensible**. No one at the top made a penny out of it....**Africa has seen many financial swindles. This was not one of them. The aim was benevolent**; the [post-War] provision of margarine for the undernourished people of Great Britain. **The fault was pride; the hubris which leads elected persons to believe that a majority at the polls endues them with inordinate abilities**....
>
> But the imagination is moved by the human elements of the story [which should be read in full, if possible, in Waugh's own fair-minded book]. The Labour Government conceived it **as their duty as trustees of the native races**....The **equalitarian** ideas of the [British] home government found no sympathy in Africa. The infinitely graded social distinctions among the workers...came as a surprise to the English **socialists**. By the end of 1948 there was a turnover in the labour force of twenty per cent. per month.

> The pity of it is that many of the original "ground-nutters," like my host [the generous D.C.] in Kilwa, had come out to Africa with high, altruistic motives. These mostly left [the encampment at] Kongwa in the first two years. **It is ironical now to read** what Alan Wood (who himself resigned **in protest at the obliquity of public utterances in London**) wrote **in 1950** [in his book, *The Groundnut Affair*]: "**I believe that in Africa, as in Europe, the only real reply to Communism will be Socialism**. The best answer to **the Africans who dream of Soviet Russia** is to boast that the groundnut scheme can be as remarkable an experiment as anything done under the Five-Year Plans; that it is based on some of the same principles, **something new in Colonial development**, a huge co-operative venture **not run for private profit**, which will **eventuall**y be run by the people who are working for it; but which represents **an advance on anything in Russia, in that large-scale economic planning is combined with political freedom**. (78-79, 80-82—my emphasis added)

Could we not imagine (and would we not welcome) a candid conversation now between James Burnham and Evelyn Waugh on these same topics? And, while they were *en route* with us, both in R.'s Mercedes-Benz and at table, to hear them speak especially of the Illusions of Liberalism and the Illusions of Socialism, as such, and of their cumulative cultural consequences.

After they had slept inland at Dodoma — which now is the new National Capital of Tanzania, but then, for sure, merely "a railway town, scattered, unlovely, noisy" (82) — Waugh went to Mass early the next morning, Sunday, "at the shabby, crowded little church" (82). After a hundred miles further north by car into the hills, they briefly stopped at Kondoa, "**a pretty oasis with an unfathomable spring**, **a German fort and granary, Arab houses still largely inhabited by Arabs**, and **a vertiginous suspension foot-bridge over which daring District Officers have been known to drive their motor-bicycles**." (82—my emphasis) But, as a further sign of the new orientation and seeming itch for innovation, there is to be seen another infliction by the progressive bureaucracy:

> The Public Works Department [the P.W.D.!] is engaged on **replacing the spacious and cool houses which the Germans built** with the **cramped, concrete structures** which are **mysteriously preferred by the authorities in Dar** [then still the Capital of the Tanganyika Territory]. The District Officer, **a young man of an earlier and happier type than his contemporaries, still occupied one of the old houses**, but **his superior**, the District Commissioner, **had been moved into an ignoble little villa**. (83—my emphasis added)

From Kondoa — where they "saw **the last of the Arab influences until** [they] returned to **the coast**" — they had 150 miles to go, uphill "all the way through **the Masai steppe**," to "Arusha, the provincial capital." (83—my emphasis) Arusha is also roughly "midway between Cape Town and

Cairo" and the hotel even "stocks some potable South African wines in good condition" (83) — an important matter for Waugh, as it also would have been for Hilaire Belloc!

For some eight pages (84-91) Waugh introduces us to the culture and characteristics of the tall Masai, and he was also allowed to make "an excursion among the Masai," and even purportedly be privileged to arrive when it was thought that there was to be "a great assembly of this nation for the ceremonial initiation of elders." (84) As it turned out, the assembly was regrettably to occur only after Waugh would be departing. I shall now attempt a worthy summary, largely in his own perceptive and deeply discerning words, of what Waugh himself has written here about the admirable and formidable Masai — which will also be a good preparation for another visit to the Chagga, their traditional enemy:

> The Masai are, I suppose, the most easily recognizable people in Africa. Their physical beauty and the extreme trouble they take to adorn [themselves]...every writer on East Africa has paid his tribute to their pride and courage. A generation back they still carried the long spear, hunted lion with it and defended their grazing rights over a huge region much of which is now the "white highlands" of Kenya. They gleefully pointed out at the time of the Mau Mau rising that it was the English who introduced the supposedly docile Kikuyu into those lands and they [the fierce Masai warriors] enjoyed their small part in the pacification [sic]. For a generation they had been punished for raiding the Kikuyu; now they were paid to do so [cf. Brigadier General Frank Kitson's gang-countergang strategy]....Fighting, hunting and herding cattle, sheep and goats—but primarily cattle—are the only occupations suitable for a man. The Matabele, an equally brave people, when conquered, immediately became the servants of their conquerors. No one has ever made a servant of a Masai; nor were they ever conquered; they have been cheated a little, but they have always negotiated with the white man as equals....**Four Holy Ghost Fathers work among them, but by far the greater part remain pagan and polygamous**. Nor have they been influenced by **the Mohammedan missionaries** who are making **more** converts than the Christians in some areas around the Lakes. At the time of [this] writing [on 1 March 1959], it is announced that they [the Masai] have elected **a Catholic paramount chief**. There was no paramount chief before; **authority resided in an intricate system of local chiefs and elders**; **the new office is, I think, that of an ambassador rather than of a ruler**. They have found it convenient to appoint an educated spokesman to deal for them...[especially] with the educated **Africans of other tribes who will shortly be assuming power**; **who would like to despise them because they do not wear shorts but have inherited an ineradicable awe**. **The Masai** are not primitive in the way that pygmies and bushmen are. They **are an intelligent people who have deliberately chosen to retain their way of life**....I had always thought Sikhs a remarkably handsome people until I saw him beside the Masai....Thirty years ago it was predicted that the Masai would become extinct. In fact [as in 1959] they have slightly increased in numbers. (84-86—my emphasis added)

After some comic complications (and trials of patience) with his disoriented driver, Waugh came to realize that "there was no assembly of the Masai, such as I had been led to expect" (90); instead, it would be in the future; "but I gathered **the initiation ceremony would be convivial rather than devotional**." (90—my emphasis)

Less than sixty miles away from Arusha was "Moshi, the capital of Chagga country." (93) By way of contrast,

> Arusha is a colonial town. **Moshi is a model liberals hope to see in a self-governing dominion**. The Chagga number about 300,000; their land is fertile and healthy. They have in recent years evolved something like a constitutional monarchy. **When the Germans came** they found a number of local chiefs divided by rivalries which sometimes became violent. They hanged a number of chiefs and **appointed** one Marealle as paramount. **It is his grandson who now reigns as Mshumbree Marealle II**. He is not infrequently spoken of a "King Tom." Under him sits the Chagga Council...There is an independent judicature. By all accounts it works well **and the Chagga have ambitions of absorbing their neighbors, the Pare**....[But] **I am not much of a connoisseur of social and political progress**. Another pen than mine is needed to do justice to the really remarkable achievements of the Chagga government. (94, 95—my emphasis added)

About "**the model liberals hope to see** in a self-governing dominion," Waugh had earlier very memorably mentioned, especially with reference to neighboring Kenya, that, in addition to the "apartheid" at one time between the resident British Settlers and the British Officials:

> There was [also] then a simple division between two groups of Englishmen, **one trying to run the country as a Montessori School, the other as a league of feudal estates**, each sincerely believing that it understood better the natives, and knew what was best for them.[17] (38—my emphasis added)

Waugh nonetheless depicts some hilarious and incongruous words and odd conduct of the current Paramount Chief of the Chagga, Marealle (informally known as "King Tom"):

> Marealle is a very engaging young man, who has qualified for his high office by

17 On page 92, by way of counterpoint, Evelyn Waugh further says: "**The British officials in Tanganyika are of three groups, none wholly sympathetic to one another**. Near the top are those who were young men of military age in 1938 and 1939. They considered at that time that they could best serve the country at a great distance from the European war which they all foresaw. These are now in many cases...enjoying seniority to men of their own age who came to Africa after serving, often with distinction, in the armed forces. This second group...are inclined to resent this precedence. Below them are the young men who have been produced by the Butler Education Act. **These fear that before they can rise very high in the Colonial Service their jobs will be taken by natives**." (92) One may learn much more, and with sympathetic understanding, if one reads closely, in its entirety, **page 92** in Waugh's elucidating book.

> taking courses in Social Administration, Economics, Sociology and Psychology at the London School of Economics [LSE], **without suffering from any of the radical influences popularly associated with that institution**. He has also served in Tanganyika as a Welfare Officer and Programmes Manager of the Tanganyika Broadcasting Station **and has translated Kipling's "If" into Kiswahili** [*i.e.*, Kipling's Stoic Poem, dedicated to his only and very beloved young son, who was, devastatingly, later to die in World War I]. He put me in charge of a subordinate to be shown the beauties [sic] of his offices and **dismissed me with an invitation to dinner** that evening, saying: "**Don't trouble to dress. Come in your tatters and rags**." (95—my emphasis added)

After a delightful intervening incident in a Chagga classroom later on that afternoon (to which we shall later return) — where Waugh is suddenly called upon by the teacher to make a extemporaneous speech about the English language, and also about how to write the English language well — he then goes on to tell us about his dinner with his companions at the home of Paramount Chief Marealle:

> Dinner that evening was highly enjoyable. R., the brigadier and an English accountant and his newly arrived wife and an elderly Greek doctor and his wife comprised the party. Marealle was anything but "tatters and rags"; **a dandy** [dapper and fashionable gallant] **with great social grace**. His house not fifty miles from the nearest Masai bomas, is of a date with everything in Moshi, entirely of European design and furniture; tiled bathrooms with towels to match their pastel tints, a radiogram in every room, the latest illustrated papers from England and the U.S.A., **a grog tray on the verandah**. Only the cooking was African [sic], two delicious curies. **I cajoled the accountant's wife into asking our host to turn off the wireless**.
>
> Marealle talked with humour of his experiences abroad....He had...made an enormous collection of neck-ties, which after dinner he displayed, all hanging in a specially constructed cabinet. **He is a Lutheran by religion, but no bigot**; **of his brothers**, both of whom hold high positions, **one is a Catholic and the other Mohammedan**. **"It simply depends what school you've been to," he explained**.
>
> After dinner, when we had fully appreciated the ties, we saw the album of souvenirs of his visit to the Queen's coronation [in 1953]. We sat on the verandah. Glasses were filled. **The wireless was on**. In almost every official utterance homage is paid to the idea of "the Tanganyikan advance in nationhood." For someone as unpolitical as myself it is difficult to guess **what is meant by "a nation" of peoples** as dissimilar as the Chagga, the Masai, the Gogo, the Arabs of Pagani, the fishermen of Kilwa, the Greek and Indian magnates of Dar-es-Salaam, **whose frontiers were drawn in Europe by politicians who had never set foot in Africa**. (97-98—my emphasis added)

Back at the seacoast, Waugh unexpectedly now visits a German couple and presents us with an

unforgettable elegiac portrait of the life and the character of "one of the relics of German colonization, a handsome elderly junker and his wife [now] living in a sawmill they built in the bush" (100) near the Indian Ocean coast "in the hot belt of Tanga":

> He [the Junker] waits resignedly to see the [British] administration surrendered to the natives. He is not very prosperous now. He does not expect to prosper by the change of government.. [His "father fell, serving under von Letow"—"in the first World War."] His grandfather to practice himself in arms had taken a commission in the British army and had fallen at Sebastopol [in the Crimea]. **He spoke with pride of his brother who was one of those Prussians who ensured the integrity of the military tradition** by going, after 1918, [with the *Freikorps*] to train the Russian army. What had become of him? Oh, he had fallen at Sebastopol too in the last war [World War II], fighting the soldiers he had helped train, who [then] confiscated the [family] estates in Prussia and Saxony. He saw no irony in this fate; **merely the fulfilment of his family's warlike vocation**. **There was no element of self-pity or of self-doubt in this much dispossessed person**. (100-101)

Near the end of *A Tourist in Africa*, Waugh succinctly said: "In Tanganyika I found nothing but good-will towards the Africans darkened with grave doubts about the future."

These summary words and forebodings recall what the elderly priest had earlier said to him in Mbeya in the mountains:

> **We stopped briefly at the Consolata Father's mission, a fine group of buildings like a small Italian town**. "They are the most powerful people in the district," said Mr. Newman [the official driver of the Land Rover up the steep road from Iringa to Mbeya, where "at the end one is chilly and breathless"]. With the sinking of heart always accompanying the inspection of school laboratories [as just recently Waugh had done at the Chagga school in Moshi, a multi-cultural Commercial School!], I was shown the thriving schools. Then **the old priest** who was guiding us, **an Italian long habituated to Africa**, **spoke of African "nationalism." The mistake**, he said, was **to introduce "Africanization" through politics instead of through service**. None of the young men now filling the lower government offices should have been sent from England. Natives should have filled those places and an all-African administration **should have been built up from the bottom**. Instead we contemplated handing over the highest posts to [African] men who had nothing except the ability to make themselves popular. Like everyone I met he [the Consolata Priest] spoke well of Mr. [Julius] Nyerere [who is himself a professed and sincere Catholic], but he [the Consolata Father] doubted the ability of his party to govern [when Independence came].
>
> It was not a new point of view, **but the speaker gave it authority**. (104—my emphasis added)

When we combine and counterpoint James Burnham's strategic insights with Evelyn Waugh's perceptions and sobering revelations, we may learn many things of moment to man, and apply them to Europe today, especially given the strategic migrations and the other factors of cultural demography.

CODA

We may now, in conclusion, further see the versatility and perceptive insights and energy of Evelyn Waugh at fifty-five years of age, to include his humour. We hope thereby further to encourage the reader to savour Waugh's *A Tourist in Africa* in its variegated entirety. Two shorter passages of special tonality and pluck will first be presented, and then a slightly longer vignette which shows his discerning and humble comments about the adventure of learning and conveying the riches of the English language.

1. In Mombasa, Kenya on 17 February 1959, after he returned from his trip to Mount Kilimanjaro:

> That night [on the seacoast island] I found a jolly, bearded doctor who was willing to go with me to the [notorious] Star Bar. **It was his first visit and it was he who decided after a very few minutes that it was no place for us**, **after a girl from Zanzibar**, who, he diagnosed, was intoxicated with hashish [and also maybe with dancing!], **had taken an unreasonable and demonstrative dislike to his benign appearance**. I must admit I was enjoying it awfully. (52—my emphasis added)

2. On the island of Kilwa Kiswahili, on 24 February 1959, after Waugh had met that venerable Mohammedan activist in his nineties, he additionally reported on his Islamic classification:

> The only man of importance is **a nonogenarian Dervish**....**He looked like a black Father Christmas**....[He] was recumbent in a low chair, unable to rise to greet us, but attended by a pretty girl who carried a baby he assured us was his own. I once supposed that Dervishes employed themselves either spinning like tops [in dancing] or in breaking British squares [their close-order infantry formations in battle], but I have since looked them up in the encyclopedia and learned that the term ["Dervish"] is so wide as to be almost meaningless; they can be orthodox, pantheistic, mystical, political, ascetic, orgiastic, magical, ecstatic; they can live as members of strict communities or as hermits or nomads, mendicants, scholars, revivalists—almost anything it seems. (70—my emphasis added)

3. On 3 March 1959, furthermore, at Moshi, the capital of the Chagga country, Waugh more personally faces the students of a distinctive and multi-cultural Commercial School, perhaps the only

one in Tanganyika:

> Here I found a mixed class of male and female, Chagga and Indian (male Chaggas predominating)....**I should have known better to put my head into that classroom. I have been caught in this way before by nuns**. I smirked and attempted to get away when I heard the fateful words "...would so much appreciate it if you gave them a little address."
>
> "I am awfully sorry I haven't anything prepared. There's nothing I could possibly talk about except to say how much I admire everything."
> "Mr. Waugh, these boys are all wishing to write good English. Tell them how you learned to write so well."
> Like a P.G. Wodehouse hero I gazed desperately at rows of dark, curious faces.
> "Mr. Waugh is a great writer from England. He will tell you how to be great writers."
>
> "**Well," I said, "well, I have spent fifty-four years trying to learn English and I still have recourse to the dictionary almost every day. English," I said, warming to my topic, "is incomparably the richest language in the world. There are two or three quite distinct words to express every concept and each has a subtle difference of nuance**."
>
> This was clearly not quite what was required. Consternation was plainly written on all the faces of the aspiring clerks who had greeted me with so broad a welcome.
> "What Mr. Waugh means," said the teacher, "is that English is very simple really. You will not learn all the words [like "Dervish"!]. You can make your meaning clear if you know a few of them."
> The students brightened a little. I left it at that. (96-97—my emphasis added)

Amidst the light humour Waugh conveys some profound comments and additional reasons for gratitude. He therefore also remembers the grateful G.K Chesterton when he is in Rhodesia and is stunned by the visual noise and jarring disproportions of a certain African Temple:

> A visitor from Mars to the Catholic Cathedral in Salisbury, Rhodesia, would recognize that he was in **a building made by the same kind of people** (living in a debased age) **and for the same purpose** as in Salisbury, England. But "the Temple" at Zimbabwe leaves the visitor from Europe without any comparison, It is **an example of what so often moved G.K. Chesterton to revulsion** [as in one Father Brown Story, especially]. **It is the Wrong Shape. Something utterly alien.** (122-123—my emphasis)

Utterly alien, utterly incommensurate, and revolting: like the current manifold incursions into

Europe from Africa and the Middle East and elsewhere, to conquer a Remaining Christendom and the attenuated Catholic Church into submission and humiliation. The Mohammedans, the Jews, and the Tribal Indigenists still want to "Undo 1492!"

--Finis--