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PATRICE LUMUMBA

By Serge Michel, et al

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FOREWORD

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PATRICE LUMUMBA

Following are translations of an article on Patrice Lumumba by Serge Michel, former secretary to Lumumba, published serially in Vjesnik (The Herald), Zagreb, 29-31 January and 2-7 February 1961, and two introductory articles, published in Vjesnik 27 January 1961 and Le Courrier d'Afrique, Leopoldville, 24 September 1960, respectively/

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SERGE MICHEL, THE MAN WITH "WHITE SKIN, BUT A BLACK HEART"

The following sentences appeared in an announcement in the 27 January 1961 issue of the Croatian-language newspaper Vjesnik (Herald), Zagreb, which informed its readers that it would serially (9 installments) publish the memoirs of Serge Michel. These were apparently specially written for this newspaper.⁷

In a special service for Vjesnik, Serge Michel has described the situation in the Congo as he saw it while he worked with Lumumba. Serge Michel had to emigrate from the Congo before the usurper Mobutu. He is an Algerian, formerly a man without a country, of Slavic origin, and sentenced to death by the French. To those who were surprised at the presence of a white man beside Lumumba, the Congolese premier answered: "He has a white skin, but a black heart." The New York Herald Tribune has asserted that his heart is very black, but Mobutu has added that Serge Michel does not have a heart at all.

THE TRUE IDENTITY OF SERGE MICHEL

Following is the translation of an article in Le Courrier d'Afrique, Leopoldville, 24 September 1960.

In an article on Communism in the Brussels daily newspaper La Libre Belgique, a correspondent gives the true identity of Serge Michel.

Who is Serge Michel? Some consider him French; others, Georgian or naturalized French Armenian. In reality, in accordance with what we have been able to learn during an investigation, this spokesman of Lumumba, who has, moreover, just made known that he has parted company with his boss, is of Polish origin. His true name is Mieczyslaw Kokoczyński. He was born about 50 years ago in France, near Paris, of emigre Polish parents. When still quite young, he was already a confirmed Communist. In 1936-1939 his trail appeared again in the imbroglio of the civil war in Spain. He was then working as an agent of the Comintern. Highly esteemed by his superiors, he contributed to the training of the famous international brigades.

His trail is then lost for a certain number of years, but he emerges again in the 1950's. This time, North Africa is this Communist agent's field of action. Like many Communists, he placed himself, on orders of Moscow, at the service of the North African nationalists. In Tunis, "Minister of Information" Yazid of the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic (GPRA) employed him for rather vaguely-defined tasks. Whatever his function was, he was often found in the offices of the Information and Press Service of the Algerian National Liberation Front, where he was on regular salary.

Sentenced to death in absentia by the French, he suddenly put in an appearance in Leopoldville last July, where he immediately became the adviser and spokesman of Lumumba and where he began to play a first-rank role. Is it the GPRA which put him at the service of Lumumba? This is not at all certain, but this question has not yet been finally cleared up. However, having recently left Lumumba, he reportedly has resumed his former duties at the Press and Information Service of the Algerian rebellion.

MY FRIEND LUMUMBA

Following is the translation of a series of articles by Serge Michel, former secretary to Patrice Lumumba, in Vjesnik (The Herald), Zagreb, 29-31 January and 2-7 February 1961.⁷

The Man Who is Feared by Half of the World. People's Rejoicing. The Premier Among His People. Majestic "Parliament" at the Stadium. Lumumba's Opinion on Kasavuvu

During the last days of June 1960, Patrice Lumumba solemnly declared before the King of Belgium, the guest of honor at the celebration of the Congo's independence "The era of slavery has ended."

One evening while we were attending a popular celebration in Stanleyville, Lumumba told me about this remarkable event and made me privy to his dreams, his hatreds, and his plans.

The Prime Minister and his Press Attache were participating in a celebration held in the zoological garden located in the tropical forest in the geographical center of Africa! I tried to comprehend this situation, to realize that we were actual persons. In my head there whirred eight-column-wide headlines: "This man instills fear into one half of the world.... This is Africa on the move; it destroys all that stays in its way."

But now he was only a man who, like everyone else, was trying to make his way into an overcrowded dance-hall, watched by the confident eyes of those who already had their places: a tall, slender, elegant, smiling man who bore such a resemblance to all in the crowd that he might have been anyone's brother. He was set apart only by the presence of a white man: myself. How could one not be conscious of the color of his skin when he is reminded by six thousand pairs of eyes of this difference, which is something between the fourth sex and a principle? This was a white man, and the women were making this plain.

They Approached Us With Smiles

We became an attraction immediately. The silent band players stood up to take a better look at us. Women, sitting, expressed their admiration by nodding, and their escorts stood up impassively, reluctant to move away from their chairs. It seemed that even the vague murmur from the loudspeakers added to the solemnity of the moment.

The former notables remained reserved, but the younger ones came toward us smiling, and extending their hands, urging us to sit down at tables where the Prime Minister obviously knew no one.

When he finally reached the table which had been reserved for us, universal silence set in. The crowd which had gathered around us suddenly found itself at a loss for what to do next and sought a way out of this parody of protocol.

Suddenly, the blare of a trumpet resounded; everybody clapped gratefully. The unrestrained trumpet drew pairs of people into the whirl of the "Oha Cha Cha Lumumba" dance. The guitarist accentuated the frenzied, collective rhythm with spasmodic gestures.

Lumumba seemed as if he had forgotten that the band existed. Sprawled in his chair he let his eyes roam over the tops of the palm trees around us and sang "Manuela", or "Bolero of a New Wave," as the man who sat next to him explained.

The Cassist, the maraca player and the clarinetist were playing a combination of the "Independence Cha Cha Cha" and "Tropical Mostafa." All this was just an excuse for stressing the rhythm. The drum player, beating on his red and gold tom-tom, conducted the entire proceedings. The confined wild beasts, the proximity of which could be felt, answered with cries of rage and defiance.

For the last time, the furious sound of the trumpet drowned for a moment the infernal din; then it faltered and ebbed away, mingling with the solitary murmur of the Congo River. Lumumba looked at me with a smile. "This is better than "Leo" (Leopoldville), he said. I acknowledged with a smile that there was no question about it. Just as he, I felt at home here. "This is people," he added, caressing the throng with his eyes.

There were thirteen of us at the table. In the middle, facing the people, sat Patrice Lumumba, the Prime Minister of the Republic of Congo, and at his right sat Jean Finan, the chairman of the provincial assembly. At his left, there was an empty chair which nobody cared to occupy permanently. Then there was Bernard Salumo, the District Commissioner; Jeanine; then Captain Michel, aide of the Prime Minister; Langema, the Secretary of State, and Cecile, a fat mulatto wearing a gown of violet satin. To the right of Finan sat his aide and two silent guests; a timid merchant and the Minister of the Provincial Government, owner of the dance-hall.

We were served champagne, Coca-cola, gin, whiskey, and mulled wine. Patrice Lumumba drank champagne, toasting the victory. Cecile drank wine, and the rest of us "masut," a mixture of whiskey, Coca-Cola, and everything else that our imagination and stomach would let us drink. "Toast to the Congo, to Africa, to the people, and to all peoples;" "To Mr. Patrice," said Jeanine. All stood up and drank the toast. "To Africe," said Lumumba. The Prime Minister and I were the only ones left at the table while our company danced to the tune of "Stan Mambo."

Forty Thousand People Shout "Uhuru!"

"Tomorrow," resumed Lumumba with sadness in his voice, "we shall sink again into the jungle of Leopoldville. This, here, is my city. This evening you have seen the proceedings at the stadium. They made their decisions, they gave new names to their roads and streets, they will form municipal councils."

Indeed, I had attended the evening meeting, where more than thirty thousand people gathered at four o'clock and the crowd swelled to forty thousand by eight o'clock. When we arrived, approximately at 9 PM, the stadium was already sunk in darkness. Thousands of determined voices made the cry of freedom "Uhuru!" resound. At that instant, the lights flooded the enormous crowd with their beams. The uninterrupted chanting made any speech impossible. A crowd of forty thousand men, women, and children gave vent to their impatience, pent-up by prolonged waiting. Lumumba, wearing a grey suit and a tie of the same color, lifted his hands, requesting silence. After a few tries he succeeded and then slowly began to speak. He spoke for two full hours, expostulating in his way the planned reforms, proposing the actions that had been agreed upon in consultations with the functionaries of the province in uninterrupted sessions which lasted from Monday morning until Tuesday evening.

The provincial leadership has decided to abolish the institution of tribal chiefs and to relocate isolated groups of inhabitants. It has decided to establish new forms of local government, with elections following immediately. Finally, it was decided that the local government would take care of the unemployed and organize reconstruction work, road repair, and other public works. It was here where the participation of the audience began. "Do you want the Flemish to return?" The roaring laughter of the crowd came back as reply. "Have you forgotten the blows, humiliations, and injustice of your bosses?" At these words a deep but expressive silence urged the orator to continue. "We want no more of that! We want no more papers for the sale of Negroes and no more passes. We are free!" Thousands of hearts were beating with the rhythm of liberty: "Uhuru! Uhuru!" A tide of enthusiasm carried the undecided and the weak toward the man who commanded the crowd with his hands, standing upright in their midst.

"We are free, free men on our soil, on our rich soil which is being courted today by the same powers who only yesterday were here plundering. Do you wish to possess this country again? If so, then it is necessary that all those who collaborated in the colonial system, all those who used to seal our fathers to the Flemish administration, disappear. Do you agree with this? This drew sparks of wrath from the crowd.

"Then," continued the speaker, "we shall plunge into work. We shall work for ourselves! The Flemish cared only for the mines. We shall work in the mines, too, as well as on the surface. We shall build roads, How?"

The conversation was conducted in such a natural way that everyone proposed his solution without restraint. Of course, soon it was impossible to hear anyone. Elderly women were especially ferocious; it was for the first time that they were allowed to make their views known.

The tribal chiefs who came only out of curiosity suddenly found themselves speechless and shocked, the butt of thousands of merciless censures: they had to bear the brunt of the centuries-old hatred that the old women harbored against them. When the Prime Minister pronounced their dismissal, they virtually disappeared in a storm of boos and derogatory cries. Lumumba smiled: he had won with no difficulty. Next, he began to enumerate the principal points of his program. Each paragraph was approved by shouts "Heye!" The only voice of dissent came from an elderly woman who was disturbed by the largeness of the proposed taxes.

The era of whites and blacks had ended, and even the memories of it had to be erased. The names of the streets were de-colonialized. The Stadium bore the name of Lumumba, and the largest square became "Liberty Square" -- the liberty which was liberally celebrated with drinking at the feast.

The West and the United Nations Can Not Understand Us

Lumumba bent himself over the table as if he wanted to confide to me the secrets of his position and the true reason for his "destructive fury," as those who do not wish to understand him call his policies.

"What will become of Congo?" (He pronounced the word "Coenge!") "Look around you. They trust me and no longer fear the boss. There were times when the mere word instilled fear. Tonight, they are free with me." "The Congo," he continued, thinking aloud, "will be created by all of us working together. Neither Hammarskjold nor the United Nations could ever create it. Nor could Kasavubu, for he lacks faith in his convictions. They are afraid of everything. They came here with their habits, accustomed to their comfortable life, on a mission to spread civilization; they want to set up Congo according to their own ideas, but with whose help are they going to do it? How can a person in these circumstances draw a distinction between them and those who came before them in the name of civilization with which we had nothing to do? Our words may be the same, but I am speaking the language of my nation, of an entire nation. "For all those people who came with the crisis that was provoked by the Belgians the Congo is some kind of a market place, where everything is for sale. It is true, I know, that some of my ministers, even some of my closest associates, can easily be bought. I know this, but at present I have to work with them. The Westerners and the UN can not understand us, they will find out too late what is at stake here. Therefore, I specifically demand that only Africans -- black and white, regardless of their origin -- be allowed to come to our aid. Africans will not be confused by our problems and our habits as are the Americans and the Europeans, whether coming from the East or from the West.

"Inexpertly, perhaps, but in our own way we propose to establish clearly the human rights of suffering second-class nations as our own. Bluntly, we pose the question of actual independence. Yes or No? Can a nation and its African government freely choose its own path of unconditional independence? In answer to this question we see attempts to solve this banal crisis in the context of the very social order which we question. We need not choose between blocs. Our bloc is Africa."

The Case of the Moroccan General Ketani. African Tiger With and Without Tail. Africa Will Not Depend on the Old World, Which Does not Understand Her.

There was dancing at the pleasure grounds in the zoo. I was there with Lumumba, listening to his observations concerning the current problems of the Congo. The following are his words about the two big powers, the US and the Soviet Union:

"Each of these two powers is trying to give me advice which stems from their own interests. I know that everybody acts according to his own interests, but theirs are not necessarily the same as ours. Their culture and civilization is their own matter; why should we be concerned with it? I believe in Africa as I believe in my mother. It hurts me and, indeed, I refuse to believe that there are Africans who willingly or under compulsion serve the interests of those foreigners. I do not understand, or maybe I should rather say that I fear that I understand only too well the role of General Ketani (of Morocco -- Ed.) in the conspiracy which has been formed against me.

I trusted him in spite of what I heard about him from other Africans. He told me: "The Congolese must make their army national." Why, then do such officers as himself advise our soldiers to refrain from taking a stand in the present crisis? Are they perhaps no longer Congolese, or should they perhaps forget all about their government.

It would not bother me if General Alexander (serving in Ghana) should betray us; this would not surprise me, since he is an Englishman. It does seem strange, however, and I find it hard to believe that, in the words of a Moroccan diplomat, the only African general in the UN forces betrayed our cause. True, he should be considered a soldier of the United Nations' forces rather than a Moroccan, but what is the meaning behind all this? He is here in the Congo just because he is a Moroccan. As a matter of fact, I heard that it was the French who made him a general, but I do not know whether this is true.

At present, the army represents our basic problem. To emerge from this crisis we must look for support only to dedicated men and not to the illiterate mercenaries hired by the Belgians. The Moroccan General himself furnished proof for this when he informed me that there is growing discontent in the army because the soldiers have not been paid. This week Joseph Mobutu will receive a sum of five million to clear up these problems. Our soldiers are not politically conscious activists; they are not even necessarily patriots. They are black and have guns -- that is all.

Lumumba on Americans

Lumumba and I remained alone at the table. After each dance, our company returned to our table, listened, and then hurriedly left, determined "not to bother with politics" -- until tomorrow. Some young activists used this situation, and, under pretense of greeting the Prime Minister, quickly emptied the glasses left on the table. The Premier was inexhaustible; anyone who dealt with him will confirm this.

I wanted to know his sincere opinion about the United States.

"The United States," continued Lumumba with a sly smile, as if he were narrating a funny story, "the United States helps the old colonialist Europe hang on to the tail of a tiger: the African tiger. The tail of the tiger was strong and the tiger was vigorous, but the Europeans were wearing themselves out. One fine day the tiger got tired of hauling all this weight around and fled back to his hunting grounds. There he bit off his tail and swallowed it, together with all that was tied to it, knowing full well that a single three-year plan can easily replace it all. To that tail there hung also a gentleman who had loaned his rifle and traps to the European. In addition, there was also found a shred of paper, an unsigned IOU written in French and acknowledging the received loan."

"Then," said he, growing more serious, "the United Nations move in with the proposition that they be allowed to attach a new tail to the tiger, a plastic one that was carefully designed by experts and made in the USA.

Moscow did not furnish us with artificial dentures; we have healthy teeth, an advantage of us Africans. Yet they keep attacking and insulting us as if we were not capable of shedding off the foreign yoke by ourselves. Even the Russians are confused about our ways of life and thought. No, Africa never did and never shall depend upon the Old World, which refuses to understand us. They are afraid because we do not hide the facts that we intend to enjoy our own resources and that we shall give help to our brethren in order to break the colonial fetters which are choking us. Rhodesia is not merely a trail for the clandestine running of gold; rather, it belongs to the same category as Angola, Tanganyika, Uganda, and those regions under the factual control of France which form a band of steel clasped around our neck and which must be destroyed. I am not a pretender to the leadership of Africa, but the voice of Africa must resound over the entire continent. If I am benefiting by African solidarity, I am at the same time a witness of its existence."

Again he gestured broadly toward the dancing crowd as if he were entreating their testimony: "They believe in me. For many of them I am a kind of a prophet, without a family or a past. I am their past, the very history of the ages... I love them."

It seemed as if the saxophone echoed the "Uhuru!" cry along with the nostalgic blues. The crowd on the dance floor was thinning out. It was the time for love; I could sense the sighs and laughter under the majestic trees where the lovers had withdrawn.

Patrice Lumumba slowly assumed his previous composure as the Prime Minister. His aide called for his official limousine. The man of the Congo took me by the arm. "The jungle is waiting for us tomorrow," he said, "the jungle of Leopoldville."

Author's Self Portrait

I shall now make up for the absence of introductory explanations regarding myself and the land in which my narrative takes place.

To those who were surprised to see me, a white man, at the side of Lumumba, he would answer, "His skin is white but his heart is black!" The

New York Herald-Tribune claims that my heart is crimson red, while Mobutu asserts that I have no heart at all. In fact, I am an Algerian, an expatriate of Slavic origin. Since Kasavubu has not yet revoked my appointment, I am still the press secretary of the Prime Minister of the Congo, P. E. Lumumba.

What is the Congo? It is a land in the heart of Africa, a continent which, in spite of its innumerable pressing problems, promptly mobilized its forces at the first call of a nation whose existence is being threatened. The Algerians, who are themselves carrying on an unwavering struggle for liberation, offered themselves as volunteers; I am one of them. Why? Because the question of the Congo is the question of all of Africa. The Congo crisis has brought forth the question of materialization of the principle of political sovereignty of newly-liberated nations and the question of their unconditional liberation, starting from the absolute "zero" of colonialism.

Only four years ago, the world public identified the Congo with a few adventure novels and travelogues. After three hundred pages of important "discoveries," one author drew the following conclusion: "Actually, no one has yet come to know the spirit of this land and no one has succeeded in bridging the gap that was put by three millenia of civilization between the Europeans and the 'savages.'" This, coming from an advocate of the colonial system, is the heaviest indictment of colonialism. The same reporter continued: "The natives are so few in number and so backward that it is impossible to foresee what will happen to them in a few generations, but the land is the valuable thing: an enormous reservoir of supplies for the existence and progress of human race. This is an America of tomorrow."

The Tragedy of the Congo: Its Wealth; System Leopold; A Miners Story; Trickery with Blankets.

The drama of Congo is based on these incredible natural resources: at least two-thirds of the world's production of uranium (in spite of primitive equipment), five-sixths of the deposits of cobalt known in the world today, most of the diamonds, huge deposits of tin, copper (99.5% pure), manganese, gold, silver, petroleum, and coal.

This is known to all the world, as well as the fact that the United States of America produced its first A-bombs with uranium from the Congo. It is also known that thanks to this same uranium the devastated Belgium of 1945 could again attain its economic prosperity; this was attributed to the hard work of this northern nation. You should also know that Kasai, the unchallenged metropolis of diamonds, is the richest and at the same time the poorest place in the world. The annual income of this new Eldorado is less than \$25 per capita.

Did you know that under Belgian law all the gold in the Congo belonged to licensed companies under the supervision of the Belgian "Societe Generale?" There is no private ownership of mines. The only known exceptions are a few subcontractors who are compelled under the penalty of forced labor to deliver their entire output to the "Societe Generale" at the prices established by the "Societe." The miners of the "jungle" have no other

alternative but to seal the product of their toil to various smugglers for one fifth of the actual value. At the same time they are running the risk of the heaviest reprisals from the companies' private police, which nevertheless can not prevent the drain of considerable quantities of this precious metal into Rhodesia and Ruanda Urundi through underground dealings.

A Belgian colonist who had retired to the Leopoldville hotel "Memling" once told me: "A controlled mining and prospecting open to everybody so that people could compete on open market would be of immense value. The national income would be considerably enhanced by the influx of the ores from remote parts not yet known to the companies."

Companies? There was a host of them. Mining, electricity, oil, cattle, crops, and cotton -- everything was in the hands of the companies. The long list of the Congo's wealth and poverty is briefly expressed in the abhorrent motto: "Forced labor and trade with manpower."

With the advent of the Belgians, all goods and resources were seized. Everything has been already said about the "exclusive" owner of the Congo, Leopold II, King of the Belgians and proprietor of all the natural resources of this land. Everything has been said about the methods used by the first colonists in order to amass as much wealth as possible in the shortest possible time. Englishman Sir Basil Davidson wrote: "System Leopold has probably exterminated more Africans within a few decades than the slave trade destroyed during all the previous century."

This "system", naturally, has been evolving, but its results remained the same. The law which, as late as 1959, abolished flogging gave the employers the right to "avail themselves of the natives" for physical work. The companies had availed themselves of this right to the fullest. The working conditions which they set up were such that no worker could last longer than two years. The policy of systematic recruiting of manpower began to assume the form of systematic extermination of entire Congolese tribes. I am not the only one who states this; I can hardly quote all the reports of the Belgian Governor Generals which I barely had time to leaf through during my sojourn in Leopoldville.

With a monthly payment of 10 cents, a Congolese was bound to his employer, who due to the lack of manpower would not even consider releasing him from his obligation and signing the blue booklet which was his working permit and pass; without it, a native was an outlaw with no rights whatsoever in his own country. Without a proper letter of dismissal, a laborer was not permitted to move to another job.

Until 1957, no miner ever received a wage higher than \$6 per month. On the eve of the proclamation of independence, a miner digging gold in the Kivu province was paid a little over \$2 monthly while he "earned" one of the most terrible diseases: silicosis. How did they come to this hell?

The recruiters of manpower undertook the task of supplying those whom the tribal chiefs, paid by the companies, had not already commanded or turned over to the companies.

One such "volunteer" who was recruited by these procurers told me his story, which is the story of the victims of such trade. "I am from the Eastern Province by origin, the country of Mr Patrice. One day there was

a fair in my village although it was not a market day. The traders, not our people, were passing through. They were offering us textiles and blankets. To the men, they were offering beer. Indeed, it was like a holiday. They were telling us stories about the travels they had to make just to see us. The chiefs and the elders were very proud of the attention they were paying to all of us. Women listened to the strangers, dressed in the custom of whites, who were telling them stories about the cities of white men where all were wealthy and equally respected, where there were many lights, movies, and beer to drink every day. The strangers began to press materials into our hands and to entreat the women to feel their textures. The chiefs began to nod approvingly. 'Do you want one?' the traders asked, and gave us blankets. I took one, and so did my brother and many others of my tribe. Then the leader of the traders shouted that we had just accepted an advance payment. Thus I left next morning because our chief said that we must go, since our wives accepted the materials and blankets. I worked for my blanket one year without payment, and then two more years deep in a copper mine. Some became ill very quickly, but I was strong. The sick were freed and went elsewhere. Those who were freed were practically petrified by silicosis, but any compensation or demands were out of the question because it was 'strictly forbidden under the law and punishable as such'."

This worker, a delegate of Lumumba's party at the Second Conference of African Nations in Tunis, summed up the socio-economic and political situation in the Congo as follows: "To achieve the largest possible profits, colonialism has kept African workers in the most miserable living conditions. It furnished them only with the bare essentials to stay alive. Our fathers could not raise their voice against this, because until some time ago the Africans had only two rights: to work and to be quiet, or they would be flogged and shot."

The Past and Its Consequences. "Polar" and "Primus". People Around Lumumba: Madame Bloin

Despite all this, in 1935 the miners had organized the first strike in the history of the Congo; another strike in 1942 was savagely suppressed. 100 deaths were officially admitted. The massacre of the "rebelious prisoners" occurred in 1943 in the province of Buta, followed by the revolt of the Congolese garrisons in Luluabourg; the rebels there had forced the colonists and the officers to perform manual labor. In March 1943 two "God's emissaries," Jesus II and Alleluia, urged the people of the northern part of the Eastern province to establish social justice, they proclaimed the land the property of those who worked on it and distributed parts of large estates among the poor, leaving to the colonists, in accordance with the principle of equality, just enough land for their bare existence. They were shot, and their collaborators hanged....

In 1952 the Belgian authorities officially announced that they were holding 3,818 political prisoners. This is what the well-known French author and Catholic activist, Mr Ch. A. Julien, has to say:

"They (the political prisoners) come from the best segments of the population; they are becoming increasingly susceptible to the ideas of demanding rights for the Africans, and can no longer endure brutal oppression or a regime of forced labor. The clerical paternalism which tries with all its might to stop negroes from raising their voice runs the risk of creating a situation which will favor the victory of extremism and violence."

Leopoldville is the tropical continuation of Avenue Louise, which stretches from Brussels to the Colonial Museum in Tervueren; it is the anteroom of the colonial museum of the Congo. It is also the nightmare of the settlers who vainly endeavored to revive their memories and their habits in a city built like the playground of a missionary station. Leopoldville has bi-lingual French-Flemish streets, off limits for the Congolese only yesterday, with avenues which do not know how to stop and flow uninvitedly into squares surrounded by nothing.

Jazz in Leopoldville is quite different from that in Stanleyville. Like everything else that depends on the public, jazz could not escape political antagonisms. A weekly paper noted: "Following the example of the Congolese political parties, our music is beginning to acquire the habit of creating factions within an orchestra."

In this musical parody of political life, each faction was challenging the other not only with the guitar and trumpet but also with beer brands. The thing was to either praise the quality of "Polaris," the beer that brings into the tropical climate the freshness of the polar snows, or of the competition's "Primus," which is "the queen of all beers and the only beer for sportsmen." People were getting intoxicated by politics. By drinking "Polaris," they expressed their loyalty to Patrice Lumumba, who once had been commercial director of that brewery. In return, the young members of the Abako party expressed their opposition to the Prime Minister without endangering themselves by swallowing liters of "Primus" favored by the pro-Kasavubu paper "The Congolese Presence."

Madame Bloin was much talked about during this crisis which shook the Old World. All participants in the drama, however, had assumed dimensions in accordance with the African scale.

"Madame Bloin, the Black Passionaria, born in Ubangi-Shari of a French father with Guinean citizenship, a follower of Seku Ture, the driving power behind Lumumba," etc., -- thus had the daily France-Soir introduced her, as usual a little too quickly. Madame Bloin a Passionaria? This would presume a similarity with the original model, an analogous political action, origin, or at least, appearance.

Paris-Soir, the precursor of France-Soir had in 1936 thus introduced the Communist representative from Oviedo to its readers: "A peasant woman, wife of a miner and a leader of men.... A tall woman, dressed in black and mournful as a widow, she lives, rifle in hand, among those who defend Madrid...."

Madame Bloin prefers a gentleman; M. Bloin is a mining engineer. A

French engineer, respected, a strong man (physically strong, that is), 45 years old, he was known to the public only as the husband of Madame Bloin. And the husband of Passionaria was a mine worker.

Madame Bloin a leader of men? This betrays ignorance of the role of women in African countries. Certain rules govern the actions of Madame Bloin as well as those of any other woman in the Congo.

Dressed according to the custom of the Congo, where she had spent her childhood in a religious school, Madame Bloin does not have the tragic mien of the famous Spanish political activist. Actually, she has nothing of the "activist," as it is understood in Europe. Is she an activist at all?

A follower of Seku Ture? She proudly claims that she is, but this is only in order to attain the pleasant feeling of general esteem. Her citizenship -- she has a French passport -- as well as her convictions are of recent date.

At the most critical moment of our sojourn there, on the day when the warrants for her's and my own arrests were issued (among others), she came to visit me at the Tunisian Embassy, where I had found refuge. She was dressed in a brightly-colored dress with a plunging neckline, for which I envied her in that heat from the bottom of my heart.

"My dear friend, these people cannot be trusted any longer," she told me. The "people" were Mobutu and his commissaries. "You see, my dear, I was right." These words characterize her better than any analysis of her past.

It was rumored that she had an influence on Patrice Lumumba. She seldom saw him, and even more seldom had a chance to work with him. For some time she performed the duty of the Chief of Protocol, but many of the visitors who were to be shown in an presented by her turned out to be more important than she was. Too many intimate friends of Patrice Lumumba and officials whom she hardly knew came to see him.... It must be added that protocol there had no practical importance at all, and that this symbolic, although formidable, duty in exclusively male company could not have been performed by a woman in any case.

Madame Bloin took her work very seriously. It seemed as if everything depended on her good graces. But actually, we must admit that it became increasingly difficult to be received by the Prime Minister. So she saw her little world of importance in the large reception room of former Belgian Governor-General Cornelis. One had to wait for hours, and all one could get to see were the guards, servants, friends, and children of Patrice. But not Lumumba.

Patrice Lumumba was working in his room guarded by his young and elegant secretary Olongo.

The Fleming Grootaart in Lumumba's Waiting Room. Pro-Belgian Constitution. General Janssens' Demand.

There was another character, troublesome and much less likeable, who was maintaining with all his might a true blockade of the chief executive: one of those loathsome white Flemings, who are the source of all evil: Grootaart.

What was he doing among us, engaged in a struggle of which he had no comprehension and which he condemned for moral reasons?

Before independence, Grootaart was a judicial officer in Stanleyville. Hence, he maintained the extraordinary ability of using the slightest chance to freeze the action of the cabinet. "This fellow was paid to make trouble," an American newspaperman whispered to me one day. Out of the Constitution he made for himself a sort of freakish surrogate for the Bible, a pedestal for the statue of the great lawmaker he intended to become. For two full months he was drafting texts inspired by the Constitution which Lumumba never signed.

Grootaart was the incarnation of the Constitution, of that story written by whites for negroes and signed by three Belgians, one of whom was a king.

In its essence, therefore, the Supreme Law of the Congo was not specifically Congolese; it was Belgian, as were its creators who renounced it even before it became known to the people concerned. General Janssens buried it the day he provoked a revolt of the armed forces by declaring that the Congolese would gain nothing new by their independence. The General had demanded from Prime Minister Lumumba that before giving any speech he must submit the text to him, under the threat of an insurgence of the Belgian officers in the Congolese army!

The general's attitude actually reflected the spirit of the Brussels Conference, which was summed up by one of the Belgian officials as follows: "From now on the Africans can reign in Africa, but the Europeans will do everything else!....."

All this was legalized in the ill-famed Constitution, which had foreseen the crises and had provided for a convenient way out for the Belgian law-makers. According to the Congolese Constitution, any minister who is accused of violating the law must be tried before a Belgian court in Belgium! This is not surprising. The creators of the Constitution drew on Belgian constitutional law! The legal officials in Brussels were enthusiastic. Indeed, what could be more desirable for others than their own institutions? The point is, therefore, that the old regime had appointed a new constitution, conforming to all the Belgian traditions and habits and enforced upon a country below the Equator by a Nordic people who were neither able to live there nor to create liveable conditions for others.

However, for once the Constitution afforded a disservice to the Belgians. This happened in the clash between Kasavubu and Lumumba. The Constitution unequivocally establishes the principle that sovereignty rests with the Parliament, which twice gave a vote of confidence to Lumumba, and not in the hands of the President, in this case Joseph Kasavubu. In the name of this Constitution and unsupported by any law, "King" Kasavubu had "dismissed" the Prime Minister of the Republic.

The day following the "dismissal" -- which the Parliament has not confirmed to the present day -- Grootaart was feverishly leafing through the official gazette looking for that which was not listed, i.e., Kasavubu's action. After a long search, he exclaimed: "It is not here!" Turning to me, he added: "You ought to issue a communique."

Grootaart maintained his prerogatives of assistant-chief of the cabinet so jealous that he literally kept hidden all the documents that strayed to his desk: letters and notes of the Secretary General of the UN, "urgent" reports from the presidents of the provincial councils, or very confidential notes from the cabinet members, which he considered so confidential that no one after him had a chance to see them.

One evening, however, the fate of Grootaart was sealed. It was done the Congolese way, i.e., nicely, regardless of what those who do not know better think and write. He died of the same cause which had made his life so comfortable: a quirk of the Constitution. Some of us wanted to be arrested; others suggested that he simply be sent back to his beloved studied. The solution was found by Lumumba: Mr. Grootaart is to be placed at the disposal of the Secretary of Justice

Grootaart asked only one question: "Why are you keeping Serge Michel, that Communist whose influence nobody will be able to neutralize now that I am not here?"

Did he ever neutralize me? No. Am I a communist? Who am I?

If you choose to believe a part of the American press, then there is no doubt about it. Still, according to my profile in the New York Times, I would be a pink of the worst kind; for a daily newspaper in Brussels, I am an organizer of the international brigades and an agent of the Comintern since my 12th year; for a French paper, which by its circulation and endeavor had become the confidential paper for Brigitte Bardot, I am an inciter of unrest in the "turbulent countries!" The Paris Presse, though specializing in anticommunism, sees in me only "a strayed leftist, a product of the last stages of surrealism." Confronted with this self-assured confidence of the big press, I ask myself what is true in this unrestrained imagination..... Everyone rediscovers over and over again his own obsessions; for the American press I am a Communist agent, for the French, a French leftist. But why do the French journalists want me to share their nationality? Do they think that France is so big that nothing in the world can happen which does not concern it? Does one necessarily have to be a Frenchman to be a man?

I am stateless, and do not consider myself inferior because of it, especially since I had the luck and the honor to acquire a great and numerous family: Algeria, whose tragic destiny I share. If, therefore, there is any connection between me and France, if I have any account with France, my part is that of a creditor. But all her riches, all her inexhaustible imagination is in vain. She can never return my brothers whom she took away from me, my brothers who made me a man of Algeria, an Algerian. My slavic origin does not matter; my sons, Nuredin and Nadir, are born Algerians. Why these names? I will try to explain.

They will go to school with children of the people whom I accepted as mine; they will learn to live on this land which has become mine and which is also theirs. But in order that peace and freedom return, any trace of racism and colonialism must first disappear. I did not make them Moslems because I am an atheist. I simply gave them the names of their country.

Seen with Western Eyes. Versatility of Patrice Lumumba.
A Day in the Life of a Premier. Organization of the Press.

The best journalists from all five continents gathered in the Congo. Human relations in Africa are simple, eased by a collective civilization under open skies. Besides this -- and here I appeal to the professional conscience of all my colleagues sent to Leopoldville -- we had done all that is humanly possible to facilitate their duty. However, the best among them admit to not having understood much. All had collected extraordinary anecdotes, some of them wrote extensive chronologies of the events, but who had accomplished more than to admit that Western logic had been "transcended?" "Incomprehensible for the Westerners" -- who wrote this? Practically everyone. There was nothing left but to adhere to superficial appearances, cliches, comfortable illusions. For the West, anything that is not strictly Western is necessarily Russian, Communist; chewing on this well-gnawed bone is always profitable; "A Soviet agent of Slavic origin who lives exclusively by the death of others and appears at the first sign of an international conflict," "a second Korea," "the Soviet infiltration into the Congo from Algeria via Guinea," or even worse.

The Congo -- a second Korea? Let's not be ridiculous. None of the more astute politicians in the international arena believed this. Nobody in his right mind really had the intention of starting a world conflict because of the Congo, and this does not belittle the role of the UN at all.

The State Department, whose days were numbered, had decided against Lumumba in the Congo crisis. The advisers of the Embassy did not conceal this in the least; on the contrary, they showed their enmity so openly as to distribute to the papers of the opposition, anticommunist propaganda materials in which Lumumba was ridiculed. Materials previously published in special editions were generously presented to the paper Presence Congo-laise, and the naive Congolese published everything without any restrictions. Thus, this paper had "studied" the solution of the Hungarian crisis, asking after a full four years whether because of the acuteness of the situation the protection of the United Nations should have been requested? It was necessary, the strategists thought, to prove the influence of Russian Communism upon Lumumba, or the influence of a Marxist adviser. All that was necessary has been done, and more. But what will these fiction writers with their rich imagination look like when it turns out that Lumumba is the indisputable leader of the Congo? The majority of the African nations is already convinced that he is.

The only adviser to whom the Premier listens is ultimately he himself, Patrice Emery Lumumba, the only one whom he can really trust and who always does everything on his own.

Every morning at seven o'clock he sat at the huge desk, embellished with the forgotten coat of arms of colonial Belgium; a golden lion in a blue shield. There the Premier first received his immediate assistants, set up the schedule for the day, went over correspondence, which he answered. Without a stop until evening he was receiving salesmen, petitioners, donors, experts, businessmen, and diplomats, the most variegated crowd that ever

walked on the market. Thus, he became the Secretary of Labor, of State, of War and Transport, of Commerce, of the Treasury, of Education, and his own Chief of Cabinet, his Chief of Protocol, Building Superintendent, and the Manager of the Estate. The special delegate of UNESCO, the delegate of the Ford foundation, directors of large international press agencies, directors of various commercial companies, experts -- everybody wanted to deal exclusively with Lumumba. I tried to explain to them that the Premier could not physically attend to everything, that there were secretaries of state, of education, finance, trade, and information who were responsible for problems falling within the competence of these offices. Without exception they answered that they were important people, that I should understand that they could not waste their time, and that they could trust only the Premier. This was an unintentional but unequivocal admission from the most competent side, from the professionals who could judge the people.

Perhaps it is not generally known that Patrice Lumumba as Prime Minister has solved for some time to come the problem of training experts: the problems of education and of institutions of higher learning. In the beginning of June 1960 he signed an agreement with the Ford foundation for aid in forming an educational system in the Congo, which provides for the financing and development of universities, elementary and secondary schools, as well as for the foundation of an institute for the training of administrative personnel in the Congo. The country has preserved the last word in selecting the teachers recommended by the foundation and in setting up the curriculum. Thus Lumumba has solved the most difficult problem confronting the Congolese, at the same time maintaining the complete sovereignty of the Government in this field.

Today the missionaries have returned with their curricula in "lingal", a compromise language invented by the "reverend fathers" which is the obligatory Congolese Esperanto in elementary schools and which, at the same time, makes any secondary education impossible. This precisely explains why today there are only 16 natives with higher education; this includes the only two bookkeepers in the entire Congo...

When I arrived at Leopoldville, the Congo was connected with the rest of the world only via the special correspondents who came from time to time and the Agency Belga, which was representing only Belgian interests. "This is a detachment of paratroopers for the sector 'information'," Lumumba used to say. He was right.

I had submitted to him without exception all contract bids made by the international agencies. He, not I, had decided in favor of the offer of United Press. The contract provides for the participation of the correspondents of this agency in the creation of a national press agency and in the training of newspapermen.

First of all, Lumumba wanted to organize a national radio service. I can testify that requests in this respect were made to all possible governments. Washington had preferred to answer Tshombe's bid, and had installed a transmitter in Elizabethville. The Soviet technicians, on the other hand, came to Leopoldville.

The paper "Congo" has reported that the talks between Congolese officials and Soviet technicians pertained solely to the technical functioning and development of national radio installations. I can only confirm this.

Mobutu, A Nervous Man Who Could Not Assert Himself. How "Operation Deposition" was Performed, Four Million Francs Pocketed

To unfold here the story about the Russian "Ilyushin" planes would mean to repeat what has already been said. This request was sent to all governments, just as the one for military aid. The West had smugly publicized our notes to Moscow, Prague, and Peking, but why did they not mention those sent to Tunis, Addis Ababa, and Washington?

It is very possible that the circular letter to Washington -- for these notes were just circular letters which I ran off on a mimeograph -- had never been forwarded to the addressee by his diplomats accredited in Leopoldville. This "forgetfulness" could be compared to that which "happened" last summer to Justin Bomboko, the country's Secretary of State. He was not at all concerned with the fate of the letters and telegrams recognizing the Republic of the Congo. We found them by accident under a desk in the Office of Protocol. Mr. Justin Bomboko is now the head of a group of young men who took over the command under the guise of "technicians," "experts," etc.

By the way, consistency is not a strong point of Mr. Bomboko. The last time he went to see Patrice Lumumba was to present a statement in which he criticized the role of the UN in the Congo. A month later, Justin Bomboko triumphantly entered the UN in New York, while Mobutu's men in Leopoldville shot at the Tunisian "blue helmets," killing several of them.

One fine day, Mobutu declared himself the "strong man" of the Congo, solely responsible for the destiny of the Congo. Who is he?

He is a tall, nervous young man, an unstable man who, at the age of 30, has not yet found his way. For some time he was an assistant book-keeper, an auxiliary gendarme in the Colonial Army, and then a correspondent-trainee for a paper which has not kept the promise contained in its name, L'avenir (The Future); it soon disappeared. Nor has Joseph kept his promise. He swore loyalty to the Republic and to Lumumba, and has practically ruined the former and arrested the latter. As far as his would-be journalistic career is concerned, he soon realized that it is much more comfortable to be a colonel than an editor; no matter what people think, it is less hazardous and much less strenuous.

The failures which he experienced on his life's path, his inability to affirm himself, his pride that he had become somebody after all, his fear of falling back into the life which he knew too long -- these are the motives which propel him...

On the evening of 5 June, I was present as Lumumba sat for more than two hours for an official portrait of the Prime Minister of the Republic, the President of the same Republic had started the long-planned "operation deposition." Mobutu was with us following the different phases of this posing session. This was his alibi, as the conspirators were not sure of the success of their undertaking.

A young activist of Lumumba's party informed us about the plot. Recovering from the shock, Lumumba rushed to the radio station in his Cadillac and forced his way through the circle of guards organized by -- Chief of Staff Mobutu!

Now he was already sprawling in the armchair, sipping the champagne of the "deposed" one, served to him by Mrs. Lumumba, who was standing there like a maid.

On the advice of Belgian professor Van Bilsen, who lived in Kasavubu's house, Kasavubu, as the President of the Republic, dismissed the Prime Minister "because of his arbitrary conduct." "Kasa" asked the army to maintain order within their ranks and to lay down their arms (!), promising that they would be paid...

Lumumba replied; "The Chief of State has no authority to relieve me of the confidence which does not originate from him, but solely from the representatives of the people who created my cabinet." He concluded his appeal by ordering the army to remain in their combat positions.

On the following day, the Belgian cabinet met in Brussels, and Tshombe and Kalondzhi congratulated Kasavubu "for preserving the unity of the Congo...." Kalondzhi used the opportunity to openly declare the "independence of the mining country of Kasai...."

The UN forces are occupying the radio station and Kasavubu, at the invitation of his friend Filbert July, freely uses the French radio station in Brazzaville. The Congolese Parliament reaffirms its support of Patrice Lumumba and his cabinet, emphasizing at the same time that Kasavubu, the president of the Abako Party, was elected President of the Republic thanks only to the National Block (MNC, Lumumba; PSA, Gizenga; CERE, Kashamura; Balubakat, Sendve from Katanga).

In New York, Hammarskjold recognizes Kasavubu in the name of the same Constitution which the Congolese Senate cites in declaring its support of Patrice Lumumba. The Premier protests against the interference of the UN Secretary-General in the internal affairs of the Congo.

Mobutu seemingly does not do anything; it suffices for him to receive a sum of five million Congolese francs, intended for the pay of the army. He hands over only one million; and four million he sends to Brussels together with his wife and children. Regardless of the decision of the people's representatives, Kasavubu informs the Security Council of the UN of the formation of a cabinet headed by Messrs. Ilgo and Bomboko.

I organized a press conference, then a second and a third; Bolikango, the former Director of the Belgian Colonial Information Service, did the same.

Mobutu does not tell anything. Every evening he is a guest at the table of Lumumba. "Joseph, you drink too much," Lumumba used to say.

This was a piece of advice, but also a threat. Mobutu's hypocritical game became too transparent.

As on the motion picture screen, events now followed each other with lightning speed: Kasavubu dismisses Lumumba's uncle, General Lundulu. Mobutu informs us about this, but we already know that he was the originator of this action. Thereupon, the cabinet legally in office dismisses him. He is to lose his office and his rank. He drinks up his last bottle of champagne at Lumumba's, bids us good night, and goes to carry out his coup d'etat. How?

Very simply, he declared at a press conference that from now on he

would be the sole master of the Congo. This is the complete history of the crisis, which still is not settled and which made the whole world laugh. Also, this was intended to be the end of the second duel between Lumumba and Kasavubu.

Combinations With the "Republic" of Mongo. Belgians Fear Lumumba. "Union Miniere" Pro-Tshombe; "Lambert" and "Solvay" Pro-Kasavubu and Bomboko

In the beginning of 1960 the present President of the Republic, Kasavubu, used to emphasize his being a citizen of the "Republic" of Mongo, which comprises the province of Leopoldville and part of the province of Equator, while Lumumba defended the principle of unity of the country against the neighbors dominated by the French and British, and against the even more rabid segregationists of Rhodesia. He rightly considered that it would be harmful to break even the administrative unity. Also, it must be noted that economically the Congo lives primarily on its mines in the Katanga province where the Baluba tribe, which comprises the majority of the population, has formed an alliance with Lumumba; and on the mines in Kasai province, the homeland of the Premier.

In May of last year there were only two possibilities for creating a Congolese government: a national coalition headed by Patrice Lumumba, or a "holy alliance" of Lumumba's foes, which would gather all the separatists and favorites of the Belgian Colonial Administration, such as Bolikango and Tshombe. This would mean forcing Lumumba and his friends into the opposition. At first, the people of Katanga, supported by the large mining companies, favored the anti-Lumumba cartel and Mr. Kasavubu attempted to form the first cabinet. But the cartel did not have the majority in either one of the houses of Parliament. In June, Parliament again supported Lumumba's cabinet against Kasavubu. It is therefore quite understandable that Kasavubu finally dismissed this parliament for an indefinite "recess."

Then Kasavubu threatened to proclaim the independence of the Republic of Mongo. Kasavubu, who today represents the entire Congo in the UN, has given an example to Tshomba....

At the beginning, the friends and European advisers of Tshombe asked to be granted only the administration of economic affairs. They were fully gratified, but in return Jason Sendve, Chief of the Balubakat Party and an adversary of Tshombe, was named State Commissary in Elizabethville.

The General Secretariat for the UN later entrusted Sendve with the task of establishing order in Katanga. On the eve of 30 June, the attempt of the federalistic coup ~~d'etat~~ had been squelched in Elizabethville. As European and American businessmen had been badly compromised in this situation, the whole affair was hushed.

Finally, Lumumba became the first Premier after the first crisis, which was exactly like the present one.

On the day of the proclamation of independence, Patrice said "You will see what abilities the black man possesses." This was a black day for the Belgians. This was a declaration of unconditional independence. Lumumba

did not conceal that it was out of the question that the Belgians should maintain their monopolies. The Belgians were panicstricken.....

And yet, at a time when no one yet accused Lumumba of Communism, an avowedly Catholic French paper wrote: "It is in the general interest to safeguard the political stability of the new regime and the first cabinet. The overthrow of the present cabinet certainly would not mean progress for the independent state." These remarks should be carefully considered, especially by Belgian Catholic circles, where "Antilumbism" too often acquires the form of a true mania."

A few days later, the Catholic Courier d'Afrique and the ultra-catholic daily newspaper Presence Congolaise started a campaign against Red Lumumba....Tshombe has finally formed an alliance with Kasavubu, and the Catholic priest Filbert Julu was the mediator.

For these three, for certain functionaries of the UN Mission, also for some Africans, and especially for the businessmen of the classical type, this liquidation of Lumumba should have made possible a regrouping of all Congolese leaders, as well as the return of Katanga to the Congolese community. For the Belgians, however, this operation, which was conducted by Rothschild, the chief of the cabinet of Paul-Henry Spaak (Secretary-General of NATO), meant the gathering of the Congo around Tshombe, around the Katanga mines under foreign companies. This is the main reason for the generous aid of the Belgian government to the Katanga secessionists. Still, we must not assume that the imperialists from Brussels were unanimously supporting these decisions.

While Tshombe enjoys the unlimited support of the mining company Union Miniere, Kasavubu and especially Bomboko (the external Secretary of State) enjoy the confidence of the bank Lambert and the Solvay trust. It seems that the latter two are not too favorably inclined toward the separatism of the Tshombe type, which they do not consider sufficiently effective/ They think that time has transcended the classical colonial methods of their competitors from the Union Miniere. Their ideas, known under the name of neo-colonialism, have a considerable number of sympathizers not only in Brussels and Paris, but also in Washington.

It is important to note that the Union Miniere had requested its prospectors as early as 1957 to draft a plan for a systematic high-priority exploitation of the richest ore deposits. At that time, it was planned that the mines under exploitation would be exhausted by 1961-62. "Operation Katanga," therefore, meant for the Union Miniere just a postponement until the job was done. Contrary to this, the group Solvay, supported by a part of the Societe Generale, is planning the prolonged exploitation of the Congo's riches with the co-operation of the local government, which is supposed to maintain order.

Kasavubu and Soustelle. Mobutu's Connections with the Belgian Police. How S. Michel Evades the Police of Leopoldville

Today Lumumba was jailed. When it was established that Mobutu organized an attempt to assassinate Lumumba told me with defiance in his voice: "The Congo has created me, and I shall create the Congo!" His former secretary, Bernar Salumo, and Vice-President Gizenga have begun to carry out

the plan of liberation which Lumumba himself had worked out while confined in Leopoldville, a plan which he would have translated into reality himself, had not his love for his family and his daring lured him into the trap. He was apprehended the moment when he attempted to free his wife and their three-year-old son.

"The strong man" of the Congo is Lumumba. Deep in his cell, he had become the incarnation of the struggle for liberation. The men whom the Belgians and other foreign interventionists imposed upon the Congo as the authority are desperately begging their protectors for help against the steady advance of Lumumba's soldiers. In contrast with their adversaries, the Congolese of Stanleyville do not hide their intentions and goals, which are: the liberation of Kivu Province, three-quarters of Kasai Province, Equator Province and two-thirds of Katanga before the final onslaught on the three last entrenchments of colonialist mercenaries: Leopoldville, Elisabethville, and Bakvanga.

The enemies of true Congolese independence have never been helped by the people, nor could they ever marshal sufficient strength for the realization of their goals. They had to rely exclusively on intrigues, sabotage, and conspiracies. In their front line is the cunning Kasavubu, who in his obsequiousness to M. Eydoux, the Cabinet Chief of the French ultra-colonialist Jacques Soustelle, stated "that he could not believe the stories about the French in Algeria." There is also the arrogant Mobutu, whose close connections with Lahaeye, the high functionary of the Belgian police, and with Nussbaumer and Cawdol, the "high commissioners" of the Congo's Secret Service, are commonly known.

The morning after the coup d'etat, according to the report of UN Representative R. Dajal, our lives and especially the life of the Prime Minister were "in grave danger." Mobutu, who could never forgive me for the press conference at which I exposed his maneuvers, ordered his policemen to arrest me; his French and Belgian associates under the auspices of the UN Mission eagerly endeavored to do the same.

Mobutu boasted publicly that he would capture Felix Mumie and Serge Michel and turn them over to the French authorities in Cameroun and Brazzaville, respectively.

Pursuant to the orders of my government, i.e., the Provisional Algerian Government, I have taken refuge in the Tunisian Embassy. I did not go without a body guard for full two weeks, and this situation lasted until the day that a warrant for my arrest and an order of deportation were issued against me.

What was the reason for these two contradictory orders? The maneuver was clear: The warrant for arrest would make sense only if the authorities intended to extradite me to the French colonial policemen in Brazzaville, as Mobutu vowed. I telephoned to Mobutu personally to resolve all doubts.

Mobutu answered my question as follows: "I do not care what they do with you. You and all other friends of Lumumba must disappear." This was perfectly clear and definite, without equivocation.

Thanks to the aid of progressive and neutral news correspondents, among whom there were also Frenchmen, I succeeded in boarding a plane for

Italy, thus evading Mobutu's henchmen. I must admit that the security at the airport turned out to be a pushover. My experience gleaned in Algerian fighting enabled me to fool the gendarmes of Leopoldville without difficulty.

Nevertheless, all the way from Leopoldville to Rome a short man some fifty years old never let me out of his sight. He sat behind me in the airplane and behind me again in the glass cage reserved for undesirables in Rome. His threadbare clothes gave him the appearance of a civil servant, but his pretense of reading and the suspicious glances cast in my direction revealed him as a policeman of a special kind.

He traveled with a Swiss passport. He was an official on a business trip. What was his assignment? He wanted to make sure that my destination was really Tunis and not Geneva or Frankfurt. That was all. But what are those Western cops afraid of? And why do they assign their most expensive agents to such ridiculous tasks?

The West is afraid. The West writhes in fever. The West is troubled with its empire, which we are systematically destroying because it oppresses us, because we want to live as free men.

We? We are the 220 million Africans.