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549	Feint and margin	160
558	Feint	256
559	Feint and margin	256
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578 1/2	Narrow feint	160
588	Feint	256
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6231	Single cash	288
6234	Double cash	288
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6424	Double cash	192
6428	Feint	192
6428 1/2	Narrow feint	192
6429	Feint and margin	192
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[Signature]
Director
Commonwealth Summit Directorate

JOURNAL

OF AN

HEADS OF
GOVERNMENT
MEETING
EXTRAORDINARY

Lusaka, Zambia, August 1979.

Other than at Marlborough House,

I was in Zambia p14-28. p57-138, 139 Conference 116-37

Nairobi p139

France p140-4 (Arnold Smith)

England p150-9 Lancaster House Conference

Dramatis personae:

ComSec Skidath 'Sonny' Raphael CSG Guyana
 Emeke Anjaku Nigeria
 John Small, Deputy Sq. economics. Canada
 Mory Mahotra, director Int. Affairs India
 Tony Hayday officer International Relations Britain
 Mike Faber CFTC economist Britain
 Saldana (Mr Fix-it?)
 Mohan Annar, secy to Sq (?)

Info Dept Charles Gnanawardena, deputy Sri Lanka
 Patsy Robertson, deputy ^{Director} ~~Chief~~ of Info Jamaica
 Bharani Rothman, Patsy's assistant India
 Barbara, my secretary Susan Grace Britain
 Yousoff Ali, radio (Trinidad) Geoff Turner - publications Britain
 Chris Laddlaw - NZ
 Peter Dunne, general admin Britain

Australia Duncan Campbell
 Roger Holditch.
 Ian Kortlang Vanguard 2nd Secretary Foreign Affairs
 George Bravinell Fraser's office
 Tony Sggleton former ComSec DoI and Fraser's right hand
 Punabantu, State House official

Zambia Humphrey Maunga. incompetent Director of Information.
 Christie Lawrence pre-independence DoI.
 John Mandona on political cttee,
 Dr Haswell Mwale Minister of Works Bruno Mweene DG/ZBS
 Henry Solomesi
 Kamanga 1/2 Political Cttee,
 George Mitchell 1/2 phones, telex
 Kochinga deputy editor ZANA
 Tambatamba Minister of Information
 Churchill Motale - Walubita Asst. Commr of B.I.A.

Preface.

Where should it begin? On the last day of the 1977 HGM, perhaps, when, in that tight packed room in which Victoria once listened to Chopin, KK reiterated his invitation to host the next meeting.

Of course, everyone then thought the struggle in Rhodesia would be over far before then. In the same way everyone had been deceived many times before, since 1965.

My first visit to Mulungushi Hall was in November 1977, when I seized a morning that the Sq was busy preparing for a meeting with KK, and went out there with Barnabas Jiri, a lively information officer soon afterwards bumped to the Agric Dept because he was Zimbabwean. Mulungushi seemed just about big enough - but that was before I realised that telexes filled the big upstairs room.

Others in Zambia

Peter Bralndi, manager of new Intercontinental Hotel
 Brenda Braunch, volunteer with me, driver etc. dear friend
 John Borrell, host to Britz/Americans. p 83 Telex fundi
 89, p 18 Willie Musururwa, ZAPU info man. old friend.
 Irene Beer then married to CISO worker, David Beer
 89-91 Vic Moore lively Canadian HC.
 Peter Kent ABC Canadian, now Minister of Environment.

20th February 1979.

London.

Tony Hayday tells Patsy and myself about his frustrating week in Lusaka. Main frustration seems to have been the number of courtesy calls Eneka felt he (plus Mari and Tony) needed to make: on Mwale, on the new F.M., and finally by himself on KK. All of this visiting cut down on worktime, and in particular they scrapped a flight to Livingstone. "Eneka says he knows it well. He used to come to Zambia a lot during the Biafran period." Another scheme, to fly to Luangwa, or was it Kafue, was also scrapped because Rhodesian raids had begun in retaliation for the shooting down of the second plane from Kanda, and the flight path to Luangwa lay over a camp (it might have been that the camp would fire on them).

Nevertheless Tony returned with news that (1) the showgrounds would be occupied with the agricultural shenanigans throughout, and (2) the facilities at UNZA left a lot to be desired. He detailed the ratio of toilets and washbasins to rooms, or rather vice versa: 8 rooms to a toilet etc. and said the building with lounges etc was unused and had broken windows. NIPA was a much better prospect, he thought.

Also brought gloomy word about Mavunga, who in front of Mandana had complained of lack of cooperation from Mitchell (PET). I hope the expatriate bogey won't stalk this conference. That's all we need!

21st February 1979.

Marlborough House.

(7)

The first Liaison meeting with H.C. Representatives in which Eneka works his way through the aide memoire. Meeting is called for 10.30, but Dr Mwale (ex FM), William (Secretary to Cabinet), John Mandana (panjandrum) and Benguela (EA desk officer) arrive after 11, blaming the driver's ignorance of Central London. Everyone, including a sombre NZ journalist and his Coli escort Susan Claypole, stand drinking coffee in the bar. I delay matters further by organising photos of the four (with & without Miss Chibesakunda, she taking some offence at her omission at first) taken by Mr Pudsey in the only space available - under a forbidding bust of Queen Mary.

Mwale takes the folk through the aide memoire smoothly, with several references to "putting the press" in UNZA and lots of assurances of preparations being "well advanced". Only moments of check were when Eneka called the High Commissioners "distinguished" once too often, and of PNG (who'd been concerned about inclusion as a non-resident) said "I'm not at all distinguished". Diplomatic questioning showed that a Sunday excursion to Kafue - "only 45 minutes by jet" - would really take up 4 hours of travel time to the Lodge, let alone game, and Mwale repeated that the "most ideal" would be two days in Livingstone. Absentees included Kenya, Tanzania, Ghana, Guyana I'd uncharacteristically thought of wearing my Kenya pin from Edmonton. Plenty of discussion about how the HQs would be fed in their village, and who'd be in the fourth bedroom of the villas: answer to the first was qualified chefs provided by the

potential
choice
for The
Retreat

21 February (2)

Intercontinental Hotels from their own Commonwealth network.

Afterwards the 5 Zambians, Eneka, Mavi, Patzy and I went off to the Steering Wheel Club in Shepherds Market (or 47 Curzon Street). Eneka switched there from the Africa Centre, for exotic reasons and obviously hit the mark as Dr Mwale said he used to race motorbikes in youth and loved driving at 140 mph. Patzy severely told him not to exceed 30 mph again. Mandona was also happy, finding the whitebait was very like a fish (Rabenda?) found in Lake Tanganyika, which Benguela called "little trout". The talk in mid table light and frivolous, mainly centring on Eneka's chauvinism and the fact that the Travellers Club hadn't given honorary membership to Miss Chibesakunda — even as an "honorary man" as one of the oil states gave the Queen this week. More prosaic talk with Willima and Benguela, although it became animated over Stabex (why wasn't copper included when iron was? because the committee chairman then came from an iron country). Willima had no problems with the idea of BBC film crew coming with SA passports, or with charter planes arriving from Joburg. "We trade with them all the time. Most of the materials we're using in Mulungoshi village are coming from there." So much for Eneka's vitriolic remarks, "If they ask me, I'll say that I, Eneka Anyakwa, am irreversibly opposed..."

Later, bicycle to Selfridges Hotel for a lager and lunch with (Major) Ralph Coleman, Trodeau's press officer who's just back from 4 days scouting in

(3)

(Victoria Falls)

(9)

Zambia. He thinks Mosi ya Tonga the perfect retreat, and that nothing will happen from Rhodesians. Worried about a shortage of international lines, and lack of restaurants/ amusements in the evenings. I decide I must get David Phiri (RST), Tanner Maluzi (AA) and others to put an evening affair for the press.

[Vaughan Johnstone also travelled to Lusaka. They expect to bring 40 journalists in Trodeau's/Clark's plane].

22 February (Thursday)

Short conversation with the SE, mainly on the cover design of the big Report. He had little time for industrial cogs, even with the Cuth logo as hubs; and discarded Geoff Turner's other one, of a map that put Guyana (and Canada) on the back, to choose more of a comet-trail of logos with the subliminal message of "the nearer she comes, the better she looks"... Pushing my luck, I told him that Willima had no hang-ups about filmmakers with SA passports or planes chartered from Joburg. He laughed his slightly embarrassed laugh and said "It's something we must know nothing about. It can blow up in their faces — and ours, too." I said, "Well, does that mean we're absolutely neutral, and let things go on?" No clear answer; and, when I added that Willima had talked about their building a temporary press centre alongside Mulungoshi Hall, the SE said "we must stop Zambia spending too much money on the HGR". He counselled me to "have a good talk" with Eneka before going to Zambia, and clearly Eneka is the source of all this cantankerous talk. Later in the day there came down an abstract from Eneka of in which a Zambian minister was claiming costs weren't excessive and would provide permanent assets.

23 February.

Norman Kirkham came to see Patsy with the tale that the British had doublecrossed the Zambians a second time over missiles; the BAC team that took them out didn't want to stay in Zambia, and left quickly even though it takes six months to train the operators. At the same time it's being said a guerilla camp near Lusaka airport is either having target practice or is very nervous and is popping off — one airline's pilots admitted they were making steep descents as a result. His other tale was that, when Njoroge as departing Kenya HC went to take leave of the Queen, she said "It's going to be very difficult in Zambia". As Patsy says, there's plenty of grounds for Fleet Street to go on about the possibility of switching...

Christie Lawrence (in to talk about Botswana and Solomons possibilities) had tales also to tell — of Humphrey Manga, when a youngish untrained talent in "Nshila". Police came to tell him Manga was going to be charged with instigating a political riot. Christie said OK, leave him in jail — then lectured staff on never being political. Dick Hall put him wise, told him Manga had actually been minding his business in a beerhall when a group started roughing up his father; as he went to the rescue, the police arrived and arrested everyone. This started a bigger fracas as Manga was the Lusaka goalie, and the crowd didn't want to lose him. But the police stood their ground. Christie put up £200 (and more later) Dick £50 to get Connorsham to defend him and after long case Manga was dismissed. Then it became Christie's ambition to get Manga on 3-year course in Royal College of Arts in London. He

editor
CAMact.

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worked hard, but returned with all his primitive talent gone, able to draw well but having lost all his power. As well, he'd lost any spirit and what mattered was to keep his nose clean with this stroke against him — he'd been acquitted, true, but the police had him listed. I told Christie Dick had said Manga was more likely to wring his hands than stamp his feet (no, it was Hayday) and Christie said: "He's a great hand wringer".

All this led me to thinking we need a presence in Zambia from now onwards. Is Christie the person? He was keen at the thought. On the other hand, Patsy pointed out he'd had no experience of an HC and all the little preparations. Merrick Needham had written hopefully from Jamaica, and "if a plug is needed there, Merrick would get it. He's that meticulous". But, said Patsy, sort it out with Eneka as well as Selvan before going south. Good advice, as usual.

24 Feb (Saturday)

— Sam BBC news that hundreds of wounded were being taken from a guerilla camp 20 miles west of Lusaka after the second Rhodesian raid on camps in a week. Blood donor appeal. Tachis said to be to strike early so as to deter interference with the elections on 20 April.

— at Dick and Sally Wilson's party in Cumberwell, where lots of Sinologists pleasantly mixed up with teenagers and chocolate mousses, a woman artist called Pettierbridge asked whether I (or Roy McPherson) ever lay awake in Africa "frightened by the drums, by what you didn't know about them". I said there were millions of Londoners making indecipherable phone calls at that moment, and I

24 February (2)

was more frightened of other things in Lusaka than drums. (all of which reminds me I was told the Zambian in charge of telecommunications is named Ngoma!)

27 February (Tuesday)

I played my hand badly with Emeke. After a discussion with him and Clive Laidlaw about the film proposal of Denis Toohy for £110,000 (he wasn't too concerned at its costing 6 times the CFTC film, as the makers are trying to find their own funding), I raised the topic of my Lusaka trip. Fathely advice about telling the H.C. soonest and phoning Mandona, "otherwise you'll spend your first two days making appointments" and an oh-so-polite request for me to take some chocolates to the children of Mark Chana. But when I got to the warty gritty and said that Mavunga "didn't have the force of personality" to get things done on his own, and I thought we should get Meyrick Needham down for two months as consultant, it was all African dignity and shaking of head. Mwale, Mandona and all were utterly committed to the HGM; they didn't make the distinction between press and other arrangements that we did, Mandona was in charge of everything, we had no objective evidence that Mavunga wouldn't produce. So we agreed that a second expedition, in April with Mary, would provide evidence of how he could perform. Emeke threw in the line that Nigerians were upset about "Laidlaw thinking it knew everything" in arranging for the 1966 meeting in Lagos, and Zambia was already accepting more visitations than Nigeria did. Are we, I wondered, more concerned about smoothing sensitivities or arranging a difficult conference?

Patsy's
recommendation

28 February.

Rhodesian Canberra bombers raided deeply (1200 miles round trip) into Angola to bomb a ZAPU camp near Luvo. 40 people said to be killed and more than 500 wounded. It was believed South African Mirage interceptors were ready in the Caprivi strip to come to their aid if they had been attacked while flying low over Angola.

2 March.

Message from Mavunga requesting latest chart of Commonwealth flags and black-and-white negatives of Heads of Government. What will he print with these? Elizabeth goes to Institute and buys 40 miniature flags at 35p each, and Sue sorts out our photos. We find more than expected going into discard pile (works to Mancham) Mwale phones up with a roly-poly voice to find out if we'd done anything.

4 March.

The sunniest day of the year — in fact, since Ridgeway days of last May. Dan's birthday, too, and he has a great time. Cordelia, Sylvia, Julia and Tina arrive at 10 am with cake inscribed DKS, an (empty) jero-boam — but they drank our brandy and splashed through the mud at low tide. I lingered on the way to last-minute chores at MH for almost an hour on the Embankment, photographing Outram and Portal, Boudicca's daughters and Plimsoll's seanymp, the beautiful Belgian trio and all. Back to cart the two months worth of garbage bags down the length of Narrow Street to the besieged/picketed depot near 24, and then to write to Matt, before riding to Victoria and out to rural Gatwick. British Caledonia flies a 3/4 empty 9.30 hours flight to Lusaka, over such unfriendly places as Chad, Central African Empire and

(my son,
aged 6)

4 March (2)

Zaire. But lots of kilted efficiency and reassuring trim ankles. And how could I forget the statue of Robbie Burns? A seagull perched on top, I poked up a pebble to dislodge him and a rottie smiled. Burns makes a reappearance on the menu, anyway.

I wonder if the emptiness of this 707 is due to Joshua's missiles, or just a poor route. Taking with me copies of Jeremy's essay on the Rhodesian "independence" constitution, prepared for the CCSA. Or was, until Eureka took line that any effort to criticize it seriously gave improper endorsement of it! Incredible view, which made Sue splutter and amazed Pen also. But it is the attitude of those who haven't got to grips with a situation — unlike Tekere, who's not feeling tainted by seriously analysing Smith.

5 March. Lusaka.

cheerful meeting at airport from John Maudona and Henry Silwesi. Humphrey Mawnga arrived late, having had problem in finding a vehicle. Things improved, though, when he produced a folder with a schedule for me, and a letter he had written on 20 February answering my points of 9 February — which hadn't got to London before I left. Reading it through at lunchtime, I became anxious that most of the facilities were being put in at UNZA — 20 of the 25 phones and apparently all the telex machines — while the Conference Centre working area was short of everything.

(Comsec
Legal Div
NIZ)

(University)

5 March (2)

15

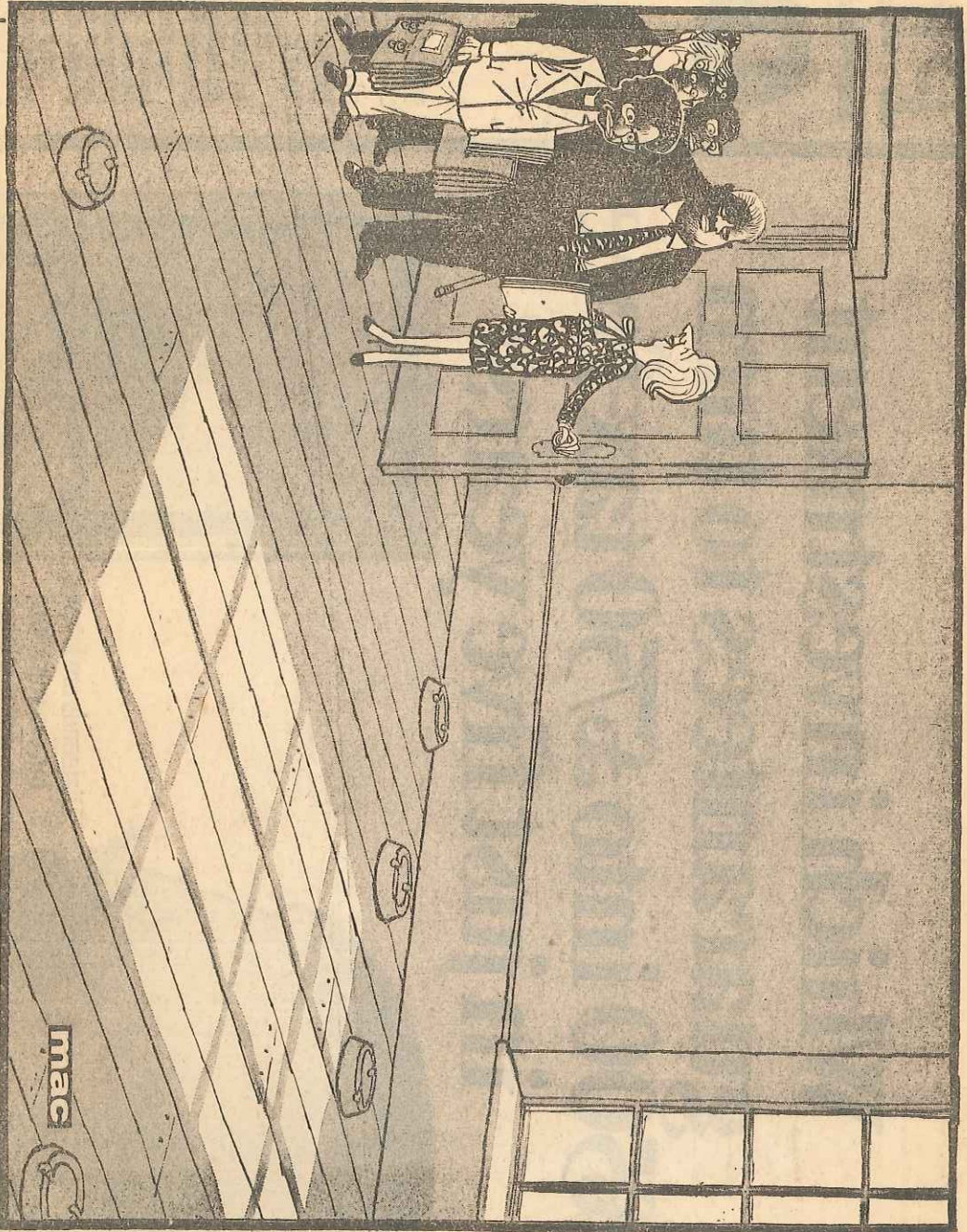
During expedition to Mulungushi in afternoon with 2 Asian architects and Silwesi, found little advanced since November, except foundations and slab walls gone up on delegate rooms complex. Struck me as very confined area for delegates to work in. The architects hadn't been told of plan for TV and radio recording studios on first floor, so must see Pattrick tomorrow (Tues); also the division of the third room was wasting space in long corridor. memo: Must walk the distance from UNZA to Mulungushi, to time it.

Found Mawnga prepared to work and quite organised ('I usually work weekends'), but hardly dynamic. He preferred UNZA to NIPA for media accommodation because it was "in a triangle with Mulungushi" and city moving that way as too much sandstone beyond Cairo Rd. Also, it transpired, because it could ease basic transportation problems.

Silwesi a character. Doing deals with Hayday over a Kw40 watch, and says he writes funny stories for the papers after being a Standard 6 leaver and being rescued by a 'Psychology' magazine run by Robert Heap — "I was humble then, and knew nothing" Heap helped many Africans, said Henry, although he never met him.

British Caledonian stewards said her parents anxious about her flying here, but didn't worry her. They liked "the pool" at the Interccontinentale, and lots of British around — "to be frank, we call them cowboys, but they have big horses and lots of things." Seems unecanamic, stopover from Monday a.m. to Thursday p.m.

Not a single call out of the hotel made contact in two phoning sessions. Silwesi says 'we can't leave you in 723' but hotels are isolated places.



'I've moved all the breakables just in case . . . but if you must fight, please bleed in the ashtrays . . .'

DAILY EXPRESS Tuesday September 11 1979



"Can he have a couple of dozen as souvenirs for a few of his friends back home?"

ZAMBIA

4 > 1/2 Zambia
Napoly Nyahungwe

Elias Chipomo
Comm Society

Dunstan Kamana
Christie
Chachacha Rd

Vernon Mwanza

Tanner Malinski
KAC

Bill Sandi

Television eyes on Rhodesia 15.6.79

SIR—In his prescient assessment of the Zimbabwe-Rhodesia situation, Mr W. F. Deedes maintains (June 11) "Our own righteous exercise to ensure that all is clean, off-white and above board in Salisbury, is going to be conducted through muddy waters." How right he is. The psychological warfare and venomous campaign against Zimbabwe-Rhodesia continues unabated as was evident in the BBC "Panorama" on Monday.

It would be interesting to learn how much money was spent on deploying BBC personnel in four continents in this global investigative survey maintaining there is inherently something evil in the Zimbabwe-Rhodesian Government defending itself and in purchasing the arms to do so.

Britain appears little interested in protecting its people in Africa from Communist aggression. Surely it cannot be suggested that there was the impartiality in this programme to which the BBC is obligated under its Royal Charter.

Not a word was mentioned about the most recent draft of over 1,000 tons of Russian arms moved to Lusaka from Luanda revealed by Mr Deedes. One might have imagined that the increasing number of regular Mozambique troops operating alongside Mugabe's Zimbabwe African Liberation Army groups might have been disclosed in the BBC programme.

Two months ago an adulatory programme on Mugabe, "The Portrait of a Terrorist," was given peak viewing showing in an obscurely deferential interview. It was then disclosed that Mr Justin Nyoko, who was previously operating for the BBC in Salisbury and was alleged to have been abducted to Mozambique, is now the willing and enthusiastic propagandist of Marxist Mozambique.

It would be interesting to know whether the overseas aid allocation in the current Budget will sustain support for the men and women backed by the pro-Soviet terrorist organisations waging war to overthrow the Zimbabwe-Rhodesian Government. They include students of Moscow's Lumumba University, Havana University and Bulgaria's Sofia University.

As Mr Gromyko observed: "There is not a single question of any importance in the international arena that could at present be solved without the Soviet Union or against its wish."

(Telegraph) HAROLD SOBEF
London, E.C.1.

Time to chuck it, Smith? By CHRISTOPHER MUNNION

A YEAR ago in Salisbury Mr Ian Smith signed an agreement with three black leaders which acknowledged the inevitability of majority rule in Rhodesia and swept what is technically Britain's last remaining African colony into a painful phase of transition. Today Mr Smith is still Prime Minister. Rhodesia, despite the inter-racial power-sharing, the removal of all discrimination, and the imminence of one-man-one-vote elections, remains unrecognised and besieged by terrorism and sanctions.

For many years after UDI the conventional wisdom prevailed, especially at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, that if Mr Smith could be removed, a solution to the Rhodesian issue would more readily present itself. It seemed a facile thesis, one which was advanced with the pettiness and spite of those who have repeatedly failed to come to grips with the basic problem.

Now the Rhodesian problem is even more personalised. The acceptability or otherwise of the country's so-called internal settlement is increasingly being made conditional on whether or not Mr Smith chooses to step down or resign from politics altogether. Mr Callaghan added his weight to the Smith-should-go campaign last week. Mr Smith, he said, should resign before the universal suffrage elections, due next month, in order to improve the prospects for a peaceful outcome. (It was noted that the pledge of recognition made should Mr Smith take Mr Callaghan's advice.)

The two main black parties involved in the internal agreement have also suggested that Rhodesian leader should resign. Spokesmen for Bishop Muzorewa's United African People's Congress, the Reverend Mphahlele's Zanu have said the departure would give the government more credibility to the accord. Finally, the Patriotic Front has suggested an alliance of Mr Joshua



Mr Ian Smith near to tears in Parliament as white rule in Rhodesia came to an end last week. Now that Mr Callaghan has joined the "Smith should go" lobby, Christopher Munnion assesses the Rhodesian leader's chances of survival and the effects his departure would have.

Nkomo and Mr Robert Mugabe would probably be reluctant to see Mr Smith quit at this stage as it would indicate that the internal settlement black leaders have succeeded in doing peacefully what the Patriotic Front has so far failed to do by force.

Is it now time, then, for Ian Smith to bow out gracefully and fulfil his frequently-stated ambition to return to the bucolic oblivion of his farm?

Mr Smith himself is only too aware of the suspicion and mistrust that attach to his continued pre-eminence in Rhodesian affairs. His public response is that, yes, of course, he is anxious to retire from public life, but that he is not a quitter and will see the internal exercise through before resigning. If the new State of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia is recognised after the April elections, that will be the time for him to go, he says.

However, he disclosed last week that he expects to be nominated for one of the 20 white parliamentary seats guaranteed in the 100-member House of Assembly by the internal agreement. If this should happen, it is certain that Mr Smith would get one of the

Cabinet posts that the whites are also guaranteed in the Government of National Unity that will be established after the April elections. He would probably take one of the key portfolios, such as Defence, and thus remain an extremely influential figure in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia's black-dominated Government. Such an eventuality, his opponents argue, would merely prove the point that the internal settlement was a cosmetic exercise designed to disguise continued white minority rule.

There is no doubt that Mr Smith is widely regarded as a symbol of all that is iniquitous about white rule in Africa. His stooping figure and baleful stare have become identified, in most cases unfairly, with colonial oppression and racism. In official British eyes he characterises the rebellion that was UDI. At the United Nations, at the Organisation of African Unity, in the World Council of Churches, he symbolises the arch-enemy in the path of the progressive march to Third World "liberation" and Socialist enlightenment.

So much for the imagery. In reality Mr Smith is nothing more monstrous than an old-fashioned colonial, a paternalist who sincerely believes in the White Man's Burden. He has admitted his great reluctance in accepting the principle of majority rule, but has persuaded his white followers to join him in swallowing pride and bowing to the pressures of international opprobrium and an increasingly vicious and costly war.

It is commonly held inside and outside Rhodesia that the black leaders who have treated with Mr Smith have lost credibility among their own followers for so doing. But there is no evidence that Bishop Muzorewa's widespread support has evaporated on any significant scale because of it.

The question is not so much whether Ian Smith should remove distrust and suspicion by removing himself but rather what effect his departure would have on the fragile and potenti-

ally volatile situation in Rhodesia. It is common ground among all the black contenders for power in the country that the white man, his skills, expertise and experience will be required for some time. They would prefer the white Rhodesian to the expatriate, having seen how the expatriate contract system has failed in other emergent states.

White morale is thus an important factor whichever way the situation develops. And Mr Smith is as much a symbol of white confidence inside Rhodesia as he is of mistrust at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. He proved this beyond doubt by winning overwhelming support from Rhodesian whites for the new majority-rule constitution in the January referendum, despite a complete volte face on political principles. The emigration of the white population is disturbingly high as it is. Without Ian Smith it could be safely assumed that the flight of the whites would turn into a panicky exodus.

Is Mr Smith irreplaceable? Other white political figures, such as Mr David Smith, his deputy, have been canvassed as successors with a more moderate, less astigmatised approach, but they certainly do not have the steady charisma among whites in general.

Apart from his rôle as a figurehead of confidence for the whites, Ian Smith is also, by a strange twist of irony, becoming a stabilising factor in black politics. As the black political parties shape up for the election, the familiar, tragic pattern of intimidation and party thuggery has resurfaced throughout Rhodesia.

Against this background, strong white influence embodied in Mr Smith can be seen as a barrier to black political violence and its ever-attendant danger of open civil war. Thus Mr Smith, in weighing up the attractions of rejoining his cattle, has much more to consider than the emotional, ill-considered demands that he should quit for the sake of it.

The Queen's trip—by Maggie

By ALAN YOUNG
MRS THATCHER was urged yesterday to switch the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference from Zambia to Kenya because of fears for the Queen's safety.

The Premier told the Commons that urgent talks

added: 'We will take their advice, and the information we have, into account before finally advising the Queen.'

She stressed: 'The safety of Her Majesty is a paramount consideration,' but she added: 'We hope she will nevertheless be able to attend the conference in Lusaka.'

capital at the beginning of August.

Anxiety about the visit was put to Mrs Thatcher earlier this week by the New Zealand Premier Mr Robert Muldoon and it is known that other Commonwealth leaders are also worried.

yesterday.

She criticised the failure of the United Nations to set up a world conference on their plight.

The Prime Minister demanded the conference a fortnight ago in a message to the UN Secretary General but

15 June 1979

I WRITE to support the sentiments expressed by the honourable MP for Luwingu East, Mr Webster Chipalo when he urged the Government not to host the forthcoming Commonwealth conference.

The funds to be spent can be utilised to ensure productivity thereby ending the current shortages of essential commodities.

The expenses involved in hosting such summits are enormous as was witnessed during the 1970 non-aligned conference.

No. Zambia is not economically prepared to host this conference.

With the escalating inflation, this year's expenses are likely to double those of 1970. The expenses will run into many millions

We can't afford to host 'Club' summit

of Kwacha as can be suggested by the likely items on the shopping list:

(1) TRANSPORT:

A fleet of comfortable and prestigious cars. The Mercedes Benz is the likely choice, other types and makes of lesser cars inclusive and these will have to be imported (and most probably airlifted).

(2) FOOD AND DRINKS:

Exotic foods like lobsters, crabs, salmon, New Zealand lamb, etc., on the menu. Barrels of champagne and rich rare wines, fruits etc. Considerable amounts of foreign exchange involved.

(3) ACCOMMODATION:

All good hotels in the capital will be fully booked, and the tourism industry will be adversely affected and consequently loss of foreign exchange earnings.

The prestigious mansions in Mchingezi Village will be suit-contained to cater for the comforts of the delegates.

Maintenance and repairs, being undertaken will not cost peanuts. Latest estimates indicate a total of K1.5 million to be spent.

And while condemning South Africa and the evils of colonialism, fascism, imperialism, racism, etc. the man in the street will continue to experience shortages of essential commodities, and will be told to tighten his belt as we are passing through trying times economically. Mr Lumumba's Budget speech testifies this.

Then comes the crucial question: How are we going to finance this mammoth and prestigious conference? The ever-dependable taxpayer will not disappoint us or probably we shall have to borrow from the international community and organisations, notwithstanding the conditions and implications of such borrowing.

Anyway, the taxpayer will have to bear the burden in one way or another. This year's Government expenditure will give priority to the success of the forthcoming Commonwealth conference, thus real and significant economic revival cannot be anticipated contrary to whatever measures the Party and its Government may take in this respect.

The honourable MP was dead right. Zambia is not economically prepared to host the Commonwealth conference.

JOE KAMBONE,
Kitwe.

6 March. Lusaka

Hardly the greatest day for phoning: I must have tried 40 calls, and the only one that connected was to Tim Pearce of Reuters. Numbers beginning with 5 are easier than 7s, I was told by Henry; Pearce's explanation was that different countries had contributed different bits of the system.

Other quirks: hotel doorkeys are very stiff. The locally made Biz pens don't run. and Zambians haven't mastered the style of a swing door: twice today I was ushered into a segment and, as it began spinning, found my companion right on my heels... charmingly symbolic of a fetching gawcherie.

Morning at ZBS with Churchill and his Asian assistant. By stages it unfolded that ZBS' submission for Kw2.3m had arrived late (Chellah wrote it on 29 Nov) and they'd been left out of original allocation. The Kw4 allocation went to a large extent on refurbishing Molungushi Village (govt said it amounted only to K1.7m later) and to the Hall. Also transpired that crucial meetings were taking place this afternoon and tomorrow with the Executive Committee and Political Overview Group. After Churchill had said we couldn't be guaranteed anything ahead of these meetings, and had shown us present facilities, I decided it was lobbying time. Henry & I went to Mandana, gave him Hayday's letter and two photos, to soften him for double request of O'Brien and color processing unit. He took it well, merely commenting that none from Infra & Broadcasting had been to him to make these points, and they needed to get lobbying. Obviously a big gap still exists with Information Working Committee.

I decided, though nearly 12.30, to try to catch Chitulangama the P.S. Information ahead of the Executive

meeting. Slightly awkward that Maunga saw our car coming, but good in end that he joined us. Very timorous in breaking in on Chitulangama, and we sat outside for 15-20 minutes while he dictated to large, pregnant secretary. Spent part of the time arguing with Maunga about usefulness of the color processing unit, and he was still unconvinced when we got into Chitulangama's den. P.S. looked very young, and impression strengthened when he excused himself after I'd started elaborating my two points and got himself a pad and pen, and started making notes like a student. Blithely thought Kw20,000 processing unit "pretty little", but Maunga put in his negative comment that it wouldn't help ZIS. At end, when I said I wanted to talk with him on last day, retreated behind "Deal through Mr. Maunga. We should do everything standard." Yeow!

University

Afternoon expedition to UNZA with Donald Solare, Zambian 1/2 Intercontinental's Sales, who noticed plastic cops with disdain ("Will your people drink foam plastic?") and Forster, a veteran of Singapore & Jakarta, who knew how to keep quiet at dismaying grime and broken cookers. Tour of typical rooms, with Dean of Students introducing me to 2nd year history girl as "your new room-mate". Broken down gymnasium attracted Maunga as good space for ZIS display and with an upper floor like a cobble bridge or (his term) "command centre". Low point reached when he said he'd rejected as "borderline" the idea of hiring media assistants. I gulped, and held back. Luckily, too, because later over beers he said he would spend his reserve fund on them. Relations improved after three beers to the point when he urged me "not to see too many people, so that you can spend more time with me"; slightly

6 March (page 3)

ironic, since it was he who'd gone off to two routine meetings in last 24 hours, to Henry's disgust.

"Wailing wall"
their term
for Intersect,
front desk.

Evening drink and supper with Reuters men Tim Pearce and David Storey, while Mike Holman had chocolate milk shakes. Pearce had written last Thursday of ZAPU shooting down two Macchi trainers of Zambian air force over camp 20 miles west of Lusaka, previous Monday and Tuesday. Holman said a private Cessna ^{was} also shot down in last quarter of 1978 in Southern province. Willie Musururwa had simply said it was Zambian defence ministry affair, and they never replied to Pearce's inquiries.* Punabantu is seen as best source, or at least best checking-point. * and story has been ignored in Zambian papers, while printed in Nairobi --

7 March

Woke at 4am to half-awake dreams of tumbling around trying to catch up with people in a very short time, remembering unfamiliar or odd names (Elias Chipimo or Anal O) as it somersaulted around. Hard to get up at 7am, but managed to be

(Canadian HC)

at CHC at 8, where Betty Armstrong announced her departure before the HGMs: "I'm so tired of the tension of other people's complaints, of their not realising they're insulting people I want to have as friends. They say 'we're not racists, we're Zambianists'. It's too much. And I've seen enough of visiting delegations to get no thrill from such a conference." We arranged supper for Thursday, and I suggested Willie Musururwa as well.

Supposed to see Mandana at 9, but the Political Committee under Kamanga had started meeting at Mulungushi. So a short while spent soaping Maunga, with a green Costa tie

7 March.

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and copies of Nick's invaluable notes on Kingston & London HGMs. Maunga zeroed in on minor points, such as the wording of the accreditation notice, even after I told him we did all of that. This is the pity of the man; he goes for the trivial (a hole in the floor of a radio interview room, not the general usefulness; the height of a counter etc) and hasn't any push in searching for solutions. Heaven knows, we had to search plentifully today. He'll settle for the first alternative, however poor it is — like UNZA — rather than think up and consider positively a second until it is pushed hard into him. "Why do you keep on about the Political Museum?" he asked as we walked round Mulungushi Hall after he'd agreed there was no more space to be had there. By contrast, Henry is a great grabber of the new and someone who says "Why not?" while Kachinga, still deputy editor of ZANA, threw out ideas left and right in a 20 minutes visit — he it was who said 'What about the Political Museum? There's only a few old muggle loaders there'.

(Posts and
Telegraph)

Before all that, though, a depressing morning spent at PTC with George Mitchell and a Welsh colleague. An impatient man even with his own telephones (that he slams down intently, he wanted immediately answers and we didn't have them. But I used the two hours to deudish, with his help, the idea of a press centre at UNZA: his two switchboards were up against deadline of six months' delivery now; there was no point in putting in 20 lines anyway if the bottleneck remains outgoing calls from Zambia. As it certainly remains. At present only 3 outgoing and 3 incoming calls to Britain, and the Erickson semi-automated exchange was now doubtful "they dived tools three weeks ago." I feel he enjoys the contemplation of catastrophe a bit. He had his moment towards the end when he blithely grabbed our two main rooms in the Hall for his

7 March (3)

telex and planes. So I gulped and started talking feverishly about margrees, like a dawager threatened with rain on the day her garden was on show. The calmer Welshman murmured that RCM had one; so I tried bravado along the lines that 'David Pluri's an old friend. He'll lend it.' Off we went, Maunga and Henry and the silent but stylish Kamungulu to find David at Kafue House. I bullied the rest to walk, saying I needed fresh air. Halfway along Maunga excused himself to see a friend (tangents, again) and the three of us remaining got the RCM receptionist to phone around, since David was of course away until the 11th. She talked to the company secretary, Mr Mulenga, who hearing my name said we'd been colleagues (Kevin it was, from Salisbury days) and down he came, with Eugene Yobe. They hadn't a tent as good as the Army, but they'd phone up Captain Smith Kalavi at HQ. Anything else we can do? says Kevin. Well yes, actually, throw a good party for the Press in August. Oh, bloody hell, he says. So I press it further. A letter to David the boss will be needed, though, I expect.

Henry, Nelson our driver and I spend a slightly subterfugeous hour after leaving Maunga, who didn't want to visit NIPA saying his desk needed him & we slipped into NIPA, where the principal Mr Muteke had been expecting us since 10am. Anyway he showed us everywhere very fully, and even had a casual interlude with his aged housekeeper (male) about how many double rooms, how many singles. After some fringes work, the housekeeper said 'I'll submit a report by 3pm' while the principal said 'But he's going now'. It was so much better than UNZA that I

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7 March (4)

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plumped for it. But how to make HM feel it was his decision, too? I'm bad at carrying a consensus. Henry, of course, was wholly positive. Only once in the day did he bow his head and said 'It's getting serious'.

Lunch at the hotel with Henry and Nasan revealing they had six boys and eight kids respectively, and saying it cost kw 140 a month to feed a family at the best, while shoes for boys that cost kw 7 a year ago now cost kw 17 — and wages hadn't risen since 1975. Still, they laugh and say family things like 'under Zambian tradition you are KK's father if he gave his name to your son' and great laughter about whether I should phone him up... A time of creative solution thinking with Kachinga and a rush into CTC where Vic Moore asks 'You prefer this rushing in and out, do you, like Gordon Goudrey?' and I showed him Toby's face on the poster. At a lights Henry suddenly spots an elder brother up from Manze in a pickup truck, and they clap hands in greeting through closed windows. At Mulungushi we make straight for the Political Museum and, when it's eventually opened, we all start browsing over the old labels. 'Bicycle used by KK as organising secretary' (had half frame missing, so I said the man took a big bite and had hastily to explain it was a joke to the young curator). Lots of old bikes, including two for solidarity from TANU, stacked there, the old gramophone used to entertain Nkumbula by Mrs — in 1950, a spirit level used in constructing UNIP headquarters in Chilenge, every old typewriter any brand secretary used, a splendid cloak worn by Mundia or some early hero during a hunger strike, and several tin plates alongside the homemade rifles of 1961, and the Sten gun recovered from Hammarström's plane. How could I suggest all these sacred relics be removed to

7 March (5)

accommodate 100 post colonial journalists? I did, saying harshly at first "It's a question of priorities" and then seizing on the idea of putting the best on display inside Mulungushi Hall in the Arts Centre.

Manga said we should see Mandana together at 8.30 and hastened off in his 'Film History of Zambia' truck.

But on the way into town it seemed best to strike at once, and lo! I found Dr Mwale grinning in corridor so blurted it all out and he seemed pleased with the idea while John Mandana appreciatively kept saying "All this comes at the right time. The ministers were most positive this morning and will accept what comes from the subcommittees next week." Apparently Chitubangama

took Churdull along to the Political Committee, where Churdull "made an attack on his own behalf". They took it well, said Mandana, and merely said it should come as a collective brief. Mandana even tried phoning Arthur Mofya, the excavator and collector of the Museum's memorabilia, after I suggested an informal but diplomatic approach. "He'll be directed by his Minister in the end" says Mandana. A great sense of pyramids in Zambia. As Henry says, we Zambians line up.

oddments: on the hotel menu "Chicken in the Basket" (chou fugaces Nyandoro et Chikereema!) is further described as "finger-leaking chicken". I left a note for Irene Beer "Help I'm a prisoner of the Intercontinental, cell 723 Come and rescue me". She came by, leaving a midwife's note "Distressed at your confinement!" In the Museum HM pointed out "his driver Fourpence" in photo of early UNIP man. I got a laugh by saying we called one son "Tickey".

8 March (Thursday)

Colorful Zambian use of adjectives (or omission) comes often in speech and in the papers. There's the usual "I'll pick you in the street" but the death of Greenwood Silwizya, (Minister of State for Foreign Affairs) while in Nairobi produces good examples today: Chakolya says "he always took up his duties seriously and, whenever he was called upon, he stood up and marched for the task to be done." The leader writes in a column length panegyric, said in the middle: "He was not cocky and stood as a classic symbol of humility and dedication in leadership... We know that his last breath was that all oppressed people in Africa and throughout the world must be free. This was his wish and he met his end moaning it."

News Item: InterContinental Hotels will lease Mulungushi village and town villas into a motel to "avoid costly damage to houses after the summit" Minister of Works Haswell Mwale says cost of repairs estimated at K1 million. Also said "no major improvements would be made to Government hospitals this year due to inadequate funds for such work."

Day spent profitably in four episodes relating to the HGM, and then the evening at Beth Armstrong's lovely rondavel house with Willie Musarowa and Anstam Chambati.

Episode 1: interview with Information Minister Tambatamba. Had to wait 20 minutes outside his studded door, and was just saying to myself "Did I fly all this way to serve out penance for the colonial crimes?" when he greeted us and proved a splendid listener. I threw everything at him: Political Museum, South African passports, lunchtime talks, involving the mining companies, NIPA. he kept saying "Have you other things to tell us?" until I said "you're like someone going to a well. This well is beginning to feel dry".

8 March (2)

But he seemed to accept all points, and told his boys (now supplemented by Roger Ngambe, an assistant secretary, with crossfix in lapel) to push these ideas along.

Episode 2: gathering of 15 or so journalists at Mulungoshi. A dapper S.A. black representing, I think, all the way to blonde German radio woman and quiet Hsinhua man. Tour of place was moderate success, but nobody suggested any changes. Visnews guy, when publicly asked what ideas for improvements he might have, said "We'll put our suggestions to them [Zambians]" which made me feel I'd talked too much, so I said that was "one of my failings" Mwanza, who warmed a lot today, said "No, you just remain a journalist;" which was kind. We walked round the new block of delegation offices, being thrown up with asbestos slabs. Henry said it was costing Kw 225,000 while concrete blocks would have cost Kw 190,000. Our Henry is a very free thinker, for his job in the Directorate!

On journey back, Henry began telling his Lozi hunting stories; of the hippo they killed, but which all disappeared when they asked boma messengers to carry bits back to their Landrovers. "They went off in all directions. All that was left were the little bones we took ourselves." And the time he shot four or five buffalo, but the car got stuck in water and he walked 13 miles and the rest "kept their lights going all night" for fear of animals — and the buffalo meat was never recovered. Somehow, Henry is too human to win very often.

Episode 3: sorting out with Government Printer Keenan and Tui Mwanza, his assistant, ("the boy knows his

8 March (3)

"stuff; you can trust him") the details of publications. Same old story: lack of parts and spare materials, but good bank machines. At the last, it became clear that the cammotype would take 2 hours or more, at the very least, to print 500 copies, ^{whichever} ~~what the~~ ITR plate master can Multilith or stencil and Gestetner approach taken. Moment of flamboyance from Keenan came when he suggested green lettering on caramel note pads (mixed with Zambian loyalty?). Humphrey stepped in sharply.

Episode 4. Churchill Mutale in better shape after his advocacy before the Ad Hoc Committee of Ministers. Churchill faces, on the back of his office door, 10 rules for getting on, the last two being Keep Calm and Smile. "I never notice them, I must have absorbed them into my life." He says he put in paper about implications for ZBS the month after it was announced in 1977 that Lusaka would host the next HGM; and two other papers later, "but nobody was interested until after we came back from Mauritius. We lost the chance of getting equipment cheaply and in good time." Now he's doing the best with a lick and a promise.

Evening: a lovely supper (pea soup, chicken piri piri with ginger, garlic etc, and mother's apple pie) at Beth's beautiful house. Anstan retold for us his escape story on New Year's Day, and Willie added his tale of escape in September with Special Branch warning. Beth commented on the way Anstan phoned police, it on the "Funeral in Berlin" type of interchange between ZAPU & Special Branch. Willie says "I hug Anderson (Law & Order Minister) when we meet" and Anstan was safeguarded for six days by Special Branch. After their departure, Beth told of her frustrations with ZAPU propagandizing, with their bullying the 3 CFTC secretarial trainees at Kafue, with Zambian men's chauvinism. She fights back well.

9 March (1)

Last day, and taken at a run. But, as far as top Zambians were concerned, it was given over to a massive funeral of Minister of State Silwiza. Saw Mandana at 0915, and he was hastening out: "I'll be here between 1730 and 1600, come around then." But none was back before 4pm. Only Viz Moore ducked out to the office at noon, stopped back at 4 to sign book of condolences. Climax of Youth Week was neglected. Moore said in evening, "If Kamuzi died in similar circumstances, Malawians would go ahead with program, keeping silence for a minute for the old man, but knowing he'd want them to be working."

Anyway, Humphrey wanted to leave our session until afternoon; so I left him my checklist ("everything that came into my head") and roughed out a press release on facilities. Churchill had gone to the funeral, too, so his efficient aide K. Herold ("K. stands for Ken, unfortunately") cleaned it up, and then read over his letter replying to my questions in a bureaucratic language so different from his speech — except one phrase "prospects for funding are dismal".

On to NIPA, for I'd burnt boats at the university by being quoted in the Z Daily Mail today as hoping to get NIPA accommodation. There all top Zambians at funeral, but Miss Turnbull coped firmly and cheerily. An old hand at training civil servants, she bustles along on lame leg, brightened at John Mandana's name ("we've had adventures together", telling of bush days beyond Kasama), and sorted out admin. details of our 300 nestlings. This still left the overlap question, but an afternoon visit to Mr A.E.C. Mulumena, principal of Evelyn Hare Institute, soon settled that. He

Canadian HC

9 March (2)

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hadn't enough food for more than 500, so would have 100 spare beds — as long as they ate elsewhere. Drank elsewhere, too, according to Eileen and Mike Hadden who said students were striking for lack of kaffee water. The Haddens were their old cheerful selves, despite worrying about a split between Brian and Beth ("she's too intelligent for the Cuso job, she shouldn't have left the CBE").

Back with Humphrey, to find him not too organized. He'd cleared his desk, but not read Nick's notes, nor had any comments on my checklist besides saying it was comprehensive. Spent most of the time discussing design of old publications. Said he'd been flustered at first, but now getting an idea. The week turned out well, and we parted cordially.

Oh, how Africa takes you! At dusk I had to walk out before supper into the furthest recess of the Intecan's garden and swing on the children's swing and stuff sweet frangipani flowers into my briefcase! A country of gentle people, turning up amusing phrases. Item: In the booklet on Rural Reconstruction, one caption bemoans that "Zambia still has not got many hair-plaiting cooperatives". Henry Sulemerii showed me his ZDM articles on humanism with a description of the author's career "meandering through the Cabinet Office." And at the last, Nelson Mandela turned out to have more English than suspected, revealing that he had been in the Force Publique and gone with Tshombe 1958-62. He fought against the UN "but they were too many. Those Ethiopians were tough, rough, killed women for no reason." Like Henry he wanted a Kw 30 watch, said they'd cost Kw 300 in Zambia. And the Haddens said my £2.70 bottle of Scotch would cost £15. His Muidico job may end and, "if ~~the~~ ~~job~~ fails, we'll go to Kenya" Not bad as a last resort — we joked at the close.

9 March (3)

— The contrasts visible even in Henry and his humanism. Like most Lambrians in government offices, he knocks so lightly on a closed door that I wonder how anyone inside hears it. Yet he has shot sable antelope, a lion, buffalo...

— Viz Moore protesting that the reason why André didn't last was because Sunkra and the SG didn't like a director "getting off with Presidents." This occurred when the Cyp regional advisory board met in Malawi in an effort to ingratiate itself with Kamuzu, who then decided to open the session. "He would have been brief, but André made the mistake — if mistake it was — of pointing out that, while there was violence in all quarters around, the Malawi police carried no firearms. At that, Banda lit up and talked for 2 1/4 hours!"

— one of the joys of this week have been the glorious avenues of cassia trees in full candlewick yellow bloom. Like a field of mustard flowers that has leapt upwards.

10 March. back in London.

Pleasant, too, to wake up a 6am Lusaka time after nearly seven hours' sleep across three seats, and realize we are probably near that famous oil well in southern Algeria, the landmark of many airlines, and safely beyond those scrofulous countries Zaire, Central African Empire and Chad.

... and we approach London from the southeast, gazing at the whole Thames delta, the river winding up to Westminster, the big loop around the India Docks and — wonders! — there's a puff of white smoke from what must be Robert Houghs. A welcome, Indian (or India Dock) style!

12 March Marlborough House

Commonwealth Day Reception. Two little episodes in the Prince of Wales Room. I was trying to find people for Mary Ngechu to talk to (while Mary Migotti was butterflies around in happiest style) and spotted Derek with an African in dinner jacket. The latter turned out to be Titos Mukopo, now an MP after years in oblivion. He's a member with seat in Luapula province, and he laughed at the memory of our 461 expedition there. On the HGM and ZBS' plans, Titos recalled he was given 10 weeks as Director of Information to extend TV from Kitwe to Lusaka, and have it ready for a presidential broadcast on Christmas Eve. He was skeptical about an OB van being driven up from Dar. On Humphrey he flakily said he was an illustrator who was used to carrying out orders, and not an administrator of any sort.

Second episode: the Queen's walkabout/talkaround was faltering. Ovinder Dharani says: "They need some journalists." Derek backs off: "I hate these things" I say: "Mary Ngechu is an educational broadcaster". Eventually a line is drawn up of seminervous racehorses. The SG introduces me first as Director of Info. The Queen looks tired and unsparkling. I open up "I'm really pleased to meet you (pause for reciprocation!) I'm just back from Lusaka — press arrangements for August..." SG leans over: "There are real problems..." CS: "Shortage of phrases... but Lambrians very willing..." Queen: "What about the satellite...?" CS: "Yes they're using it now. In fact, tomorrow night on the David Frost show (my sentence trails off, as I'm about to recommend her to watch Joshua and Ian Smith...)" On she moves to the two Marys and finally a safe resting place with Godfrey Nzanzu and Derek!

20 March.

London

Sent off a telex to Humphrey Mavunga, after 10 days of silence from Lusaka, asking if Ministers had agreed to NIPA and our using the Museum as working area; also if ZBS was getting its color processing unit; and when he was coming. Press attaché Mwelwa came up with the telex number and word that Mavunga had informed them he was coming, but no date.

21 March.

Australian recon team, Duncan Campbell and Roger Holditch (who were prominent at HQRM in Sydney) came in en way to scout Lusaka for accommodation for an office etc. They took a minimum 12 to 14 press will travel in Fraser's 40-strong party. I rehearsed the various problems - planes, telex, hotel space - and their faces set. They asked about the Intercontinental, and I caught myself mentioning Donald Solare, the sales manager, in ethnic terms ("He's a Zambian, but very efficient...") and looked up to see Patzy eyeing me coldly. The Australians brightened at the idea of accommodation at near the airport, but looked a little jolted when I said two planes had been shot down by ZAPU... I suggested they should cosy up to David Phiri, to get offices in the RCM block. ("Is he British?" "No, Zambian, but he has a golfing Blue". Laughter, then "cricket, too?")

Later, Barbara wanted a quiet word. After her encounter with insects at Bangalore, when she packed her bags and said she was flying home if she couldn't get a room in the Ashoka

21 March (2)

(31)

Hotel (she did, within the hour!), asked what the insect population would be like in Lusaka. "My experience of university rooms is that they will be all over the place." I had to admit to having met a cockroach at breakfast in the Intercontinental's coffee shop, but promised flatly she would be left entirely alone by little animals in August, and would sleep in a hotel, not in NIPA.

22 March.

Wardens! Having not had any reply from Mandana's telex to Humphrey, I (or rather Barbara) tried phony - and got through within 15 minutes. Humphrey hadn't received the telex but confirmed we had the right number. NIPA, he said, was accepted as ours and he and George Mitchell had that day been deciding on place for switchboard etc. Mr Mojya was reluctant about the Museum, but Mandana was working on him, and if necessary would go over his head. No decision yet on processing unit, although Dr Mwale had promised me before this. The OB van was approved. He didn't think he should come to London before these matters were settled, as he'd get questions he couldn't answer. I urged him to come during week of 2-6 April and to telex us next week, no matter how little advance had been made. He got vague about when the Ministers had last met - it wasn't 16 March but it was after I'd left. Reassuring to reach him, but tantalizing to be left with vagueness.

26 March.

a telex from Mavunga, written on the principle

26 March (2)

of good news first: ZBS is getting equipment and a switchboard is going into NIPA. Then "Saddestine (whatever that was pregarbling) opposition to museum", but planning working area in main conference room.

at Eneka's planning meeting that afternoon, I read out Maunga's telex, knowing he would jump at the phrase about "no objections to journalists from south nor to likely charter flights." To Eneka this was proof I had been pushing the Zambians to accept the "South African connection". I tried to assure him I had spent my energies trying to sell the color processing unit idea. Eneka quipped with approval the Mauritian action in clearing out all the S African tourists and stopping the SAA flights for the week of the OAU meeting on the islands, and I retorted: "That's like the Emperor of Ethiopia clearing all the prostitutes out of Addis — pure hypocrisy!" "Well, there's lots of hypocrisy around" was all Eneka managed. After this early spat (it's a pattern between us, it seems) things improved. He undertook to work on Miss Chibesakunda about the Museum, and Mari came through with the first word I'd heard on Marshlands, the teacher training wing of the university — but implying he'd already told me. He is slithery! A bit more talk about the printing problems led to talk of taking out our own equipment (an automatic or highspeed stencil printer?) as accompanied luggage.

At our divisional staff meeting today Yusuf engagingly says "I don't mind admitting I'm scared."

26 March (3)

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"I don't want to be shot down." So everyone told him to go by ship to Dar, and on by Tazara railway. Patsy said: "When your ticket comes, you go. You can't avoid it. You can get gangrene in your leg, just sitting behind a desk..."

Jim Ferrabee and Nick Hills (Southams) ask about security over green pea soup and duck at the Wig & Pen Club. "Of course there's a security problem," I say, "no doubt the Rhodesians could send in helicopters to Apolungushi Village and sweep up all 40 heads of delegations. But is Ian Smith that mad?" I hadn't an answer to my own question.

5 to 10 April London.

Humphrey Maunga paid his requested visit to London. It reassured Yusuf, but I'm not sure who else. A pleasant person, who likes nothing better than a drink in his hand and companions around, he just didn't want to be pushed at any speed or take on any commitments he could avoid. Patsy ended the five days depressed and apprehensive about August.

Mr Boghal did his early morning stuff at Heathrow, and we only required Humphrey to come at 3pm. (I had been to the Institute in late morning, and bicycled to the ODI to hear Gery Helleiner at lunchtime, stopping to interview Gen. Napiet on the way). Faced with all our division assembled to hear him, he chuckled embarrassedly. At the end of his opening statement, he said "Now you tell us what we should be doing more, or else not doing?" A pause, then Patsy said gruffly "We'll tell you on August 9." He looked downcast, so I

5 to 10 April (page 2)

horrified in to say "I like the spirit in which you ask it, but it's almost impossible for anyone here to say". In the middle, Mani phoned on the staccato internal line, in his sharpest tone to complain that he had only just heard that Mawnga was coming; he went on to assert that Tony Hayday had said nothing, and had received no word. "It is a bad start to everything," said he in his most prim way, and added it was no way for him to learn by being asked by Mam Mackie to attend a meeting in Eneka's office. Of course I was remiss, but this schoolmarish attitude is horrible.

An evening drink party was fine, Eneka coming in silkier style and John Dickie talking about a good interview he had had with Waldheim. Two from the Afro Caribbean Post gatecrashed, and then wanted funding to fly to Lusaka. Patsy was affronted, I more amused by the couple. Humphrey had fun, and went off with Peter Mwelwa for the evening, excusing himself from my invitation to supper. So I biked home.

On Friday morning, he was due to see Eneka - and Mani - at 10 and all the information attachés at 11. At 1010 a call from the Zambia HC, viz near the BBC, to say they were on their way; at 1030 they arrived and had only five minutes with Eneka. Mani asked only what would be the plan if the press were to work in the main hall; I couldn't decide whether he hoped that was all we would get. Humphrey had said Mofya was proving difficult at the Museum, but the Ad Hoc Committee had requested the Forestry Dept. to put up a temporary hut out back. Once or twice he murmured "It's difficult to know what is happening, with all these committees."

5 to 10 April (page 3)

The session with attachés went smoothly enough, except that Patsy & I found ourselves intervening more & more to put a positive answer; and despite Humphrey leading off by saying that S. African journalists or others based in S. Africa would be entirely free to come, as long as they passed security. I didn't know whether to step in with a demur, or let it disappear from sight, and went for the second course. When I told Eneka later, he rather forcefully suggested we should have rehearsed every line (as he said, they did with Mwale) so that Mawnga said only safe things. Another blunder! George Lambert (and a dozen others) asked for a 3-minute film and lots of advance material, Lorne Green wanted an evening slot on the satellite etc. ... We took him off to lunch at Colombina's, near St James Square, Patsy & I having to stay behind a few minutes. Charles & Josuff managed to lose the way, but eventually a cheerful meal. A visit to the Institute, for Nigel Waystaff's hard sell on the streetfront exhibit, and Humphrey liked it all, but promised little. He wanted to peel off then for the day; but ITN had set up a VIP tour for the 5.45 pm news, Peter Snow & Roy Matheron showing us round and the editor giving drinks later. On his second beer, he was heard by Patsy to say there was no real need for a colour processing unit, anyway, was there? ... He came back to Narrow Street for supper, and I left him for the weekend to the care of Patsy (who promised him Petticoat Lane) and Derek (who promised Sunday supper). ... Nothing happened, as he cancelled Derek and Patsy went down with a cold. Derek asked him to Monday lunch, and since he'd disappeared from the RCS without trace and didn't get in touch on Monday morning, I visited myself

5 to 10 April (page 4)

along to the Bistrings to catch up with him. He and Mwelwa made it on time, but only by dint of parking his VW on a double line on Fleet Street for three hours! At lunch he horrified Derek by saying they'd agreed with Fickens that the CPU should hold its international executive committee meeting at the same time as the HGM. (It turned out KK had said "immediately afterwards") Christie Lawrence happened to be there, and lots of comradely talk about goalkeeping days long ago. I moved them on to Reuters, and when the editor asked Humphrey what special facilities were being put up at Lusaka for the HGM, he replied "Nothing special!" I did my floundering in business. I left them on their way to see Andrew Walker (for no clear purpose) and Humphrey seemed slightly surprised that I was taking the next few days off (to drive with Dan to Cadbury and Slough). He left me with the impression he thought I was the leisurely one!

I learnt later he arrived at V&S on the Tuesday at 1345, rather than 1145, and Patsy, whom I had pressed to meet him there, wasted hours of time. What a visit!

12 April.

news that Rhodesian commandos had attacked a UNITA Nkomo's house in Lusaka, having crossed the Zambezi with their Zambian painted trucks — and done something similar in Francistown. Nkomo swears revenge, KK calls up police reservists. Obviously Smith's first motive is to keep the initiative during his elections; but is he also aiming to scare heads of Govt away from Lusaka? He may well succeed.

April
30 ~~Monday~~ (Monday)

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^ Back from script writing in Ottawa, I compare notes with Patsy after her week in Lusaka. She was reassured somewhat about Zambia's general arrangements though worried that Mandana has no staff beyond Henry. Patsy hasn't sorted out the Zambians to her own satisfaction: "They are so unaggressive. They seem to have decided that they don't want to be military at all. I suppose you can't blame them. But it does make them so easily overridden." And their attitude towards Rhodesia exasperates her: "Mandana's wife kept telling me how she regrets she cannot get to Salisbury to do her shopping." (JM's wife had a white father who "drew the boundaries or something" and she looks like a West Indian).

What upset her was Humphrey, and his inability "to do anything". In fact, she said she didn't find anyone in ZIS at all capable of work. His secretary didn't know if he was in his office; letters he had been given to pass or stayed on his table for days; he only remembered to ask ZBS assistant Saadi to a meeting with Mandana at the last moment — and he was busy organising a KK birthday programme. At the meeting, Mari pointedly passed a pad and pencil to him and he made no notes. When Patsy asked him about this, he tapped his head complacently and said "It's all up there."

So we talked about getting Merrick Needham to go there from mid-May for three months. On 1 May I pushed this idea with the SG, who seemed taken with it but hesitant when he heard MN was still in Manley's office. The Zambians might think the Jamaicans were looking too closely at them, was his view; and, after consulting Mari, he decided

1 May

against MN. So dear, quiet Mr Sardana is going down alone in mid May and will have to field things for us.

2 May.

Jim Porter tells of the visit Prince Charles paid to the Cuth Institute the day before, to greet the winners of a Multiracial Poster contest. (The Guardian had a picture of them, and they all three looked about 8 years old). Charles stood in Jim's office, looking first at the Declaration of Principles stuck on a styrofoam mount and then at a photo of his mother alongside. Eyes travelling between them, he said: "Singapore 1961. That was a cliffhanger. ... But Lusaka will be worse." And then added: "How can the Commonwealth guarantee my mother's safety?" Jim says he told him it was the job of the host government, not the Secretariat; "he's impartial, you know." Is he?

3 May

A letter arrives to Patsy from the manager of the London office of Argus Newspapers to say they intend to send three staff, including a photographer, to Lusaka and wanted to be "assured that adequate facilities would be installed in Lusaka, including landlines to Johannesburg." The letter incensed her. "I can't go to their country. Why should they go to Zambia?" She doesn't think the Zambians will base loose with SA passports — "how do they get visas in the first place? do they just turn up at the airport?" —

3 May.

and therefore the Secretariat will just need not to accredit them. This worries me considerably. It's the first time, I point out, that the Secretariat will have failed to accredit anyone who is acceptable to a host country... and it's a thoroughly bad precedent. At lunchtime, in Old Palace Yard with a lot of CPA MPs from Bermuda and Guernsey and NZeland, I draw Derek away from Andrew Walker and ask his opinion. He says he thinks anyone should be accredited; "Oh, that's Nigena," he says when I say Eneka is talking about the concerns expressed by other governments. "Yes, but exiles like Eneka are often more 'Nigena' than the ones at home." Patsy came back with the suggestion that I ask Donald Woods his opinion; we also discussed doing the same with Stanley Tys. A dilemma. I can see Geoffrey Taylor writing an editorial about freedom of access with which I'd basically agree; "Let him," says Patsy. Anyway, we agree to play it large, get an agreed position with Mwale and Mandana when they come next week, and make a careful statement of position.

Lighter fare in late afternoon, when visited by Branda Brainch whose husband Peter leaves tomorrow to take up general management of the Pamodzi hotel. She says the schedule is for the contractor to move out on 31 May, and for British Caledonian to fly in four plane-loads of furniture in the following days. He is planning for a "soft opening" of the hotel on 1 August. Branda says, "The conference begins on the 4th, doesn't it?" So we put her straight and also suggest they should have Secretariat staff there from mid-July as model guests of friendly understanding, to

3 May (page 3)

help it shake down. Branda offers to help the information team (she worked with UNEP in Nairobi) as she is keen to be out of the hotel!

Patsy tells of the scene Moni made on the Zambia Airways flight when he was sleepless at 2am and went aft looking for iced water as the aircraft was overheated. She had already been on the same errand, and had been told it had all melted when they poured boiling water on it to melt it from being a big block! Moni wasn't as humble as she (who retired quietly to her seat) and demanded to see the cabin supervisor. The steward went off, and returned with the message that the supervisor was resting and couldn't be disturbed. Moni was still fuming about this when he told her the story at Sam. The hardships we have to face!

9 to 11 May. London.

Another visit of the Zambian liaison group to London (Mwale, Willima, Mandana, plus new face in Peter Chasanda, perm. secy in Foreign Affairs). I'm a little lost to know how they justify the trip of so many of them, or what they do when not at MH. Some folk suggest it's an excuse for a shopping expedition. Anyway, in three days they spent 2 hours on Thursday morning with Emeka, Moni, Tony, Patsy and myself (with some of them away half the time with the SG) and then 90 minutes of a sonolent meeting with the 25 or so liaison officers from High Commissions. Then on Friday evening, a jolly reception at the Portman Hotel, at which they all relaxed, feeling a job well done, apparently!

9 to 11 May (page 2).

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Still it helped us somewhat. Patsy used it to press home the need for Maunga to have two strong leg-men immediately; and Miss Clubesakunda scurried out to send a telex from Willima that two assistant secretaries should be seconded. She (Patsy) had written a scorching trip report about Maunga ("he still has no concept of what is required of him, and he is still unable to grasp the scope of the HGM. He is also unwilling or unable to discuss in any detail the plans he is making for staff support and for undertaking his responsibilities as the coordinator (Press) for the meeting...") Let's hope we get two good assistants, and quickly.

Less confident that we got movement on the color processing unit. Dr Mwale tried to find it among the detailed items in the OB van. Later V3news gave us an exchange of messages with ZBS, which had tried to trim the £22,000 price tag. I gave a copy of this exchange to Willima at the party. Meanwhile, Dr Mwale plodded through the LO's meeting, and for us came up with the idea of a credentials committee to check on any doubtful applications for accreditation. This followed a lengthy discussion I'd had the evening before with Emeka about accrediting SAfrican passport holders, about which I'll record something later.

(Mwale'sho)
At the Zambian reception a man called Dominic came knowingly up to Patsy, and told me he was KK's economic adviser. He got excited when we told him to cash in on the Queen's visit with a film aimed to boost tourism. Is he really the top adviser? Penny overheard Tony in his drinks solemnly assuring John Mandana that he personally didn't feel a great weight of guilt for the sins of colonialism. And a man called Mwanza took 4 cartons of covers from me.

8 May.

Conversation with Eneka on accreditation of South African journalists:

Eneka argued that, if we were serious about the Gleneagles Agreement, then we had to cut off contact not just with South African sportsmen, but also with South African journalists. I asked him whether he'd give an interview to a South African journalist based in London, knowing he had done in the past. That was in a different context, he said, or else it was a matter of degree. I argued that some of the bravest journalists I'd known were South Africans, that they had to fight battles neither of us had ever faced. Eneka tacitly accepted this, while suggesting it was an irrelevant point. He resorted to argument that he and the Secretariat were reflecting the stray feelings (unspecified or unlocated) of various Commonwealth governments. I alluded to the situation in Kingston in '75 at which time he had argued on the opposite side (I had the files with me). He said the situation had moved on a great distance since then; as an afterthought, he asked for the files, which he didn't return. He's usually punchy about doing so, or Mary Mackie is for him. I had copies, so it didn't matter except as a sign of his embarrassment.

Patsy counselled me to play this issue down: there are very stray feelings both inside and beyond the Secretariat. An earlier talk with Nick made me determined I'd do all I could to keep it open, on a matter of principle about bona fide journalists being more important than matters of nationality.

16 May 1979

first meeting of HGM taskforce, the internal Secretariat body. 15 people eventually turned up to a meeting that went on more than 4 hours. at 6.30 pm Janet at my prompting signalled to the SG and pointed to her watch: "You want us to stop? But we're having a good discussion" and he hardly paused for the next 40 minutes — at which point Patsy and I both left (I to see 'The Taming of the Shrew'). Indeed, it was a good discussion, in the way that impresarios or puppeteers may enjoy planning their manipulative doings. Twice or so someone remembered to quote Trudeau's remark to his officials ("It is our meeting, you know") and Annas after a lengthy silence said 'You should give more credit to the Zambian wishes. They're the hosts'. But for the rest, they were chess players setting out their pieces. Who would speak on the opening day? Fraser, Harry Lee, 'Bangladesh' (nobody used Zia's name)? If Trudeau isn't around for a political tour d'horizon, who else? Fraser ought to open the economic debate. Should Thatcher speak on opening day? Yes, said Eneka, as the only woman. Yes, said Mary, it might flush her out. No, said two Brits (John Syson, David Anderson), we don't want to push the British thing. Definitely not, said Patsy, leave those places for the goodies. If she spoke on economics, it would revive press interest on the third day. But, says SG, she'd only talk about developed countries' interests, especially after Tokyo. On and on the permutations. Put Southern Africa into restricted sessions entirely? Try to delay discussion on it until the Friday? Use the Cttee of the Whole to push along Foundation & NGOs? No, says SG, their job is the communiqué. Lots of ribaldry about women in development — not a matter of money, but attitudinal, says SG in more serious moment.

5 June 1979.

Patsy back from Lusaka with a few horror stories:

— the two assistants promised by Wilhima (and reported on in a subsequent letter) turn out to ~~be~~ be Fred. (alias Alfred Kabungulu) who had been following Humphrey around silently already; and a ZBS technician who hasn't broken surface.

— the Mulungoshi village is far from finished. "The Yugoslavs ripped them off, putting up the villas in two months. In a group of four, there's no grass between, just big pebbles. The Brits have worked out a complex telephone system — to the BHC, to Downing Street etc. But George Mitchell has got only 6000 feet of telephone cable for everything" (I murmured something about copper wire and Zambia).

— the general working area for the press is yet unbuilt. The Forestry department dumped timber down on the site, then someone estimated it would cost Kw 17,000 to put up, and they started talking about a marquee. Patsy: "I told them you had gone through the whole marquee thing. There's not a marquee in Zambia" (I demurred). The Sq didn't help by saying the Press lounge would be needed for late-night refreshment for delegates; I pointed out they already had three lounges.

— nobody has taken the initiative to make block bookings at the main hotels. It must have fallen between committees, hospitality and accommodation etc. So some 60 (or 160?) rooms at the Intercontinental have gone to the Queen's party and to hotel staff. Mani started trying to pick up Marshlands and put Combee staff in the Parliamentary Hotel. The latter won't be ready until late July, while Marshlands isn't

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(page 2)

available. As for the Intercontinental etc, there aren't enough suites for the foreign ministers (CS. "They can go into the village" Patsy: "Mr Sanger, they cannot". CS. "Well, they'll have to accept they are in a poor country" Patsy: "That's going to be my answer for everything").

— Denis Cramm of Visions flew to Lusaka to explore the colour processing unit situation. But no letter of credit was forthcoming by 5 June, and Charles Curran left on holiday with orders to scrap the contract. Patsy quite cool on the brinkmanship of it all, believing the Zambians will eventually come through, just under the wire. ("We'll have an H&M, but one like no other one")

— "Now this will make you spit bootpolishi", she says. a London PR firm has been commissioned to do a glossy four-colour brochure, with pix of KK, the Queen the Sq. "Kw 25,000 wasted on it. people will just throw it away. Humphrey, I think, knows nothing about it; he's busy on all his little useless booklets. But it's another example of last minute extravagance. Like the beverage/food manager saying "I can't give you a menu. But the food will be there — flavoured"

— a Secret memo from Mani on SA passport holders arrives on Wednesday first thing, is hauled back before 10 am. It declares they won't be admitted, but the Zambian authorities don't want it laid on their door. This is not possible to avoid. Patsy's approach is the soft one, to hint to AP and others that British (passport) is Best, and not to ask what Zambian security does at the airport. "Lots of people don't arrive all the time," she murmurs.

12 June 1979.

Situation gets worse, and there's talk from SG of Emeke and Patsy/myself going down to Lusaka again shortly, and of himself going again before the month's end.

What's happened is perhaps inevitable. That's the SG's word. Security people in Zambia have woken, or been awakened, to the size of their job. One trigger will have been the visit of the Queen's security team, who no doubt talked their views around. On top of this, Muldoon who is in London for other purposes voiced his concern for the Queen's safety at a news conference and John Driskie turned it into the page one lead — indeed the only story on page one! He'd lunch with Thatcher & Camington beforehand, and it looked like the Brits' putting him up to it; but Mrs T sent a message to the SG stressing that Muldoon did it entirely on his own account; SG replied that he hoped the Brits would also inform KK.

Patsy says that a group of 50 Zambian security men climbed into her BCal plane back from Lusaka; it was explained they were a football team "but everyone would have known them if they had flown Zambian Airways, so that's why they came BritCal."

Sardana has been phoning Mani to say he cannot put anything into telexes, but it has been decided the Press cannot use the main conference hall for briefings and they won't partition upstairs for BBC, Reuters etc. Also they haven't found a marquee in the country! The trouble is that the Zambians themselves won't inform us and we can't just act without

a single word from them! What does Mwale do? According to Hayday, "Sits in his room but pretends he is still in State House, so that he can feel important — and sulks." No country has put an extrovert in a position that needs a nuts-and-bolts man.

On accreditation of SA passport holders, we've argued ourselves into position where we pass on the applications to the Zambians, but at least warn them of the difficulties likely to be met. KK says there are a few "fighters against apartheid" who are admitted normally, but doesn't want the responsibility of saying none can come now. We'll send details of facilities to all applicants but SA passport holders, and deal on the spot with those who manage to reach Lusaka. Not a very forthright position, but at least we're not making a precedent in barring a group ourselves.

Restricted sessions is another problem. I urged that they not cover an entire issue, but only sub-items, so that the press get the start of a subject. Also that such sessions are late in the day. SG could give no guarantees; but he did agree that we could inform the press of the subject being discussed, though not the substance.

Finally, restrictions on journalists. Mani used the word "snooping" for news, and Patsy exaggerated her correction "seeking other stories". But the SG warned that KK would put firm limits: "they've come here to report the conference, and they should stick to that." I said they'd come for two purposes CHOZM and the war scene. SG said we can't afford an incident involving a journalist being shot...

12 June 1979. (page 3)

All this contrasts with the slack or casual approach to security for the State Visit today of Arap Moi. I thought it was relaxed, the scene along the Mall, with Household Cavalry clapping as of old. But Bruce Banley's taxi driver complained strongly about tight security, which really meant traffic jams, and told by way of explanation, about his days "fighting Mau Mau"!

13 June 1979. (Wednesday)

This was Denial Day.

A call from McRory, "CHQM desk officer at FCO" to ask if I'd read the D. Telegraph as soon as I got in. I was struggling out of rainsodden cycling trousers, and said "Where I live, the Telegraph isn't allowed in; after the Budget, we've put up the barricades." The story by John Bulloch said it was likely that CHQM would be moved to Nairobi and "provisional bookings on halls and hotels" had already been made. I went to Smeke and over his tea and shortcakes (Mary Mackie: "So expensive from Fortnum's, but he loves them so!") we worked out a denial statement. Smeke said to keep out any mention of the Queen's role (not opening conference) as he thinks the Palace is playing a double game and encouraging the idea of a closer connection in her first Republic... The SE wanted strange language, and also a letter to the paper written. Also we had to track down Dr Waiyaki, to get Kenya's involvement in the denial: he was finally found at no 10, and hauled out of the

lane just before being greeted by Mrs T. "Brother," says the SE, "I won't keep you long." Later, to check through the letter etc, I break in on the SE's weekly session with Gantaf & Hussein of TW Foundation and SE introduces Gantaf chucklingly as "Blutto's press man". Deadline for Telegraph letters is 1pm, and I reach Shoe Lane on bicycle with five minutes in hand. The woman on the 5th floor says, "I didn't say we'd print it. I only gave our deadline". I say you've confused 40 countries (via a BBC broadcast of Bulloch's) and it's in the public interest that you print. They do. Bulloch is in the next room, so I break in to say "he'd filled my whole morning". He at first didn't recognize me, then put glasses on, and argued "Waiyaki perhaps doesn't know what his lower officials are arranging" and that "individuals" have made hotel bookings. It's obvious his story is speculative. SE thinks it is unchievous and part of a campaign from Salisbury that doesn't want the CHQM in Lusaka. Certainly Teedes' leader the next day (and feature earlier) and BBC Humphries' interview with Gen. Walls ("if I were to give my professional advice, I'd suggest Her Majesty didn't come") and Mujorawa's comment to the Globe that they would raid Zambia if need be, and Rhodesian interests came first — all are of a tenor. Bulloch's story had further backwash when V3news again withdrew the contract to install the Processing Unit, partly on grounds that they hadn't received details of letter of credit 4 days after a chaser-cable, partly because there was a possible change of venue. Patsy took tough line, and we prepare to wheel up the SE on Chas Corran if the worst happens. Later in week, we get details of letter in Zambian bank branch in London — and the bank itself can't find the letter! Ye gods! To cool

13 June (page 3)

off, I spend half an hour in Dr Johnson's house in Gough Square. Very peaceful, and interesting that there was such a stray women's literam group, that Goldsmith was an ass in conversation, golden on paper and that poor Dr Dodd ("eminent preacher & author") was hanged for forging an Earl's signature...

22 June (Friday)

Patsy and Emeke went off to Lusaka on Tuesday evening, Patsy for the third time in six weeks. It was precipitated by Sardana's phone call, a week earlier, reporting that Security had knocked damn nearly all the Press arrangements and that the Pamodzi could well not be ready... Patsy was understandably hesitant to go without checking these alarming reports. I had a call in to Mandana/Marunga for three days, but no joy in getting through (on the Friday the fault lay in Britain and another "industrial dispute"). On the spur of the moment on Monday she made a call and got through immediately to Mandana, taking the line that she was writing the final note on press facilities... and by stages it came out: the need for three margrees, not yet located etc. Emeke insisted on avoiding Tabora Airways, so they had a five-hour wait in Nairobi.

Meanwhile Neil came and went with his film Making Ends Meet. The disquiet about too little Asian content surfaced, and Neil and I did our best to bury it in technicalities. Finally the Sq had his say at the staff lunch, and with

Mike Faber buying himself as a broker, the Sq agreed to spending £6000 extra on a 3½ minute insert filmed in KL at the Asia-Pacific Institute of Broadcast Development. This stirred Neil to ask for \$4000 more fee, and I got it from Selvan. Selvan had whispered to me the basis for the Sq's concern about the Asian omission at this stage: the word that India was putting up a candidate to oppose his next term starting in 1980! It all became very explicable.

But values get skewed. £6000 is spent on those 3½ minutes; the £3000 that was in my Division's 1978-79 budget for "paperback edition of Sq's speeches" is increased to £5000 by the Sq speaking to Lynch-Skyllan but not mentioning it to me... and then Jeremy Pope asks me to ask L-S. for a cheque payable to the publishers for that amount. At the same time, the paltry sum of £300 is denied to Roger Fiddell and the Catholic Institute for International Reconciliation to produce Clare Palley's paper on the Rhodesian elections as a booklet to be distributed at the H&M. Mani's argument against is 1) it couldn't be accounted for internally as "commissioned studies" or anything else we do with Gemini and 2) it would be counterproductive to let it surface so neatly at Lusaka, as the British would put two and two together. I protest how difficult it is to let the truth be known. John Syson falls in a corner of the jigsaw puzzle when he says that, in her talk with the Sq, Mrs Thatcher referred to the Patriotic Front as "terrorists." Again, there's extreme caution in distributing the Roger Murray-Chris Colclough booklet on the Immediate Manpower and Training Needs of an Independent Zimbabwe. Syson blithely expected a general distribution of 1750 copies in June; I

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22 June (page three)

from new found experience suggested checking with Mari before writing a news release. The booklet wasn't distributed or indeed even discussed during the final meeting of the CCSA, where Antony Duff bent his earlier line to meet Mrs T's new one; yet the main conclusions of the Murray-Coldough report grandly survived in an annex to their two-year activity report! Eneka later encouraged me to write a piece for Currents, but I was pretty sure it would be held over until after the HGM. The main problem is that the immediate needs are based by the authors on an estimate that a minimum 50 percent and a ~~and~~ maximum 100 percent of all non-African employees in Rhodesia leave the country around independence. A red rag to Britain! John Syson says dismissively "you can always scale figures down, easily enough" but I say "it's the assumption that colours the discussion and produces reaction. Why didn't they settle on a 35-75% range and scale up?" "Well it was only the authors' estimate, not ours" And it transpires that this basic point was never discussed with Secretariat staff until the report was submitted. Syson says he is amazed how there is no machinery in the Secretariat for making policy or screening matters on sensitive issues of Southern Africa — "Some matters aren't discussed at all, and the Advisory Committee (which hasn't met for six months) was too cumbersome". .. an attempt by myself to talk to the SG about my successor was snubbed with a reply through Greta Commings that "the SG doesn't find it necessary to discuss this matter with you."

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22 June (page 4)

So much for continuity, and handing over. Today's later I tell John Small, who is mildly surprised and says "The SG likes to keep this kind of thing to himself" too.

Lighter final note. Geoff Turner & Patsy came up with solution to the problem of keeping the Biographies booklet up to date when ① Ghana was having a coup and a general election at the same time ② Daninza was taking its time in getting rid of Patrick John and ③ Lule was being ejected in Uganda. It is a looseleaf collection, & with detachable, throwaway heads of government, in an attractive envelope! So Mr Seraphine and Mr Binaisa can be tucked in at a late date...

1 July (Canada Day, whose evening Penny & I spent with George & Debbie Cowley, listening to Handel and Mozart and Tevye and Arnold in Holland House Theatre, and then over supper hearing George's tale of walking into Ethiopia to rescue a helicopter pilot hostage of the ELF).

Patsy phoned on her return from her third trip to Lusaka. She and Eneka had finally broken through to something worthwhile in arrangements. Their first big meeting was with the security people, who confirmed there was no chance of having offices in Mulungoshi. Still lots of talk about marquees, and Dr Mwale ("the Humphrey Manga of the Cabinet") was insisting that August was a fine, warm month. Patsy issued a challenge thereupon: have a big marquee up in Mulungoshi by next Wednesday, and we'll judge the night temperature in it. She was mainly wanting to check whether they had any

1 July (page 2)

marquees or not. During the weekend Eneka saw KK, and pointed out that all the expenditure (which Dr Mwale had gratuitously announced was costing Kw 9 million, i.e. Kw 4m more than originally planned) would be wasted if Zambia got a bad press. On Monday there was, it seemed, a ferocious Cabinet meeting at which several including Mwale opposed allowing the National Assembly to be used; but KK overruled them. If this decision sticks, it will be the best solution. Plenty of office space etc. Humphrey's contribution was to say that the briefing room could/should be filled with typewriters as a work room "since it will only be used once a day for briefings". Patsy detailed its multiple use.

NIPA worries Patsy a lot. She and Eneka went there on Saturday, to find a minimal crew at work refurbishing a common room and saying "very little to be done". What, she said, there are 268 rooms and Kw 60,000 has been voted for this work — obviously someone is ripping a lot off. Again KK was brought in, and she hopes they'll be hard at it on my arrival.

Humphrey has a constant way of mormoring "No problem, it can all be done" and then, of course, of doing nothing. He was still working on the text or design of their prestige booklet — "it won't be ready in time" — which is costing Kw 25,000.

Of the raid on the Roma suburb intelligence headquarters of ZAPU, Patsy said it took place at 6 am with three helicopters on the ground and one other hovering. Reuters had a figure of 20

1 July (page 3)

ZAPU killed, as well as the Rhodesian captain. Her driver coming at 8.30 am was the first to bear the news, and he voiced embarrassment at the way the Rhodesians got away with it. But she had concluded it was the better course for Zambia, not to get embroiled in this fight, otherwise South Africa itself would turn the screws on Zambia.

2 July

Following the Friday (29 June) papers' coverage of the Salisbury documents suggesting that ZAPU would demonstrate to frighten Mrs T (much hope!) and to stop KK seeing Mugorewa ahead of CLEM, the Rhodesians raided an ammunition centre 15m west of Lusaka, and Mrs Thatcher in a press conference in Canberra "did a Heath" by making clear she would not act to continue sanctions when the order expires in November, while extending recognition to the Mugorewa regime would (like proverbial miracles) "take a little longer." At the same time, she came close to saying that her "final advice" to the Queen would be not to visit Zambia. The Daily Mail, with all the headlong inaccuracy of David English, said that Fraser had "advised against the visit".

Derek said Mrs T was talking nonsense to say she couldn't get parliament to extend sanctions: she'd have at most some 40 rebels; Macmillan always dealt with the Biggs-Davidsans with aplomb. Derek developed his scenario:

South Africa, under Botha, was on the aggressive path, and wanted to consolidate its client states' belt up to Zaire: Mugorewa was in their pocket, and Mobutu. It was important to replace KK with

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Simon Kapwepwe, who was reputed to have taken SA money already. If CHQM could be pushed out of Lusaka, that would be a major (perhaps decisive) blow against KK. A first way to undermine CHQM would be to discourage the Queen. Mrs T, willingly or not, was playing the South African game. Further, there were waverers and schemers. Desai had been asking others, rather than relying on his good HC in Lusaka, about the merits of the venue. Patsy hinted there was a tie-up between India and Britain in another sense, i.e. to replace Ramphal with a candidate from India, a permanent secretary yet unnamed.

The Queen - bless her! - spiked Mrs T's guns promptly. Buckingham Palace announced swiftly, and without waiting for that "final advice", that the Queen had every intention of carrying out her plans. It sounds as if she was irked by this talk from the other side of the world, and no wonder.

Derek asks: what counter-move is being hatched? Will Obusanjo come, to lead it? Patsy and I reply that we believe everyone is mesmerised at the sight of Mrs T dashing all over the place and saying outrageous things. The SF has spent time cosying up to Lord Carrington who, says Derek, "is weak at the end of the day, unlike Douglas-Horne". They urge me to push the SF at Clark & Flora, and a chance meeting in Simpson's with Lewis Perinbam underlined the importance of my doing so. "Don't wait on formalities," says Lewis.

John Elizan, foreign editor of the Daily Express, spent 90 minutes in my office in most leisurely

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fashion, interested in the Commonwealth only so far as it touched on Rhodesia, it seemed. He looked alert while I agreed it was nothing like the EEC, accepted my line on the Uganda team under Seers, and then concentrated on saying Mugorwa was as good a nationalist as anyone. He tried out the canard that Kenya and Tanganyika had proportionately as many white MPs at independence as Rhodesia now, and I enlisted Annar's help to deny it. She phoned Jeremy Pope, who engaged in a 25-minute phone argument with Elizan. I said afterwards he was using all his journalistic skills to get Jeremy to say something outrageous, in his lights; he said no, nothing had been quotable. I wonder.

The Express and Mail are running campaigns to stop the Queen's visit, while the Telegraph has backed off. Derek thinks he must warn Fitzkerry that Vere Pottemer may face a ferocious Lusaka press, and that there is a stray anti-white press feeling a-budding in Zambia. Again no wonder.

Toby increasingly interested in the permutations of this drama.

8 July. to Lusaka "for the duration".

On 4 July we hold a second meeting for information officers, and produce a 4-page statement on press arrangements plus a map of Lusaka. An hour of what Tony Hayday calls "lacklustre" briefing - the attachés have little to ask except Canada's Lorne Greene who is finicky about press card numbers and also tries

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to organise Peter Mwelwa's distribution of a 15-minute film on Zambia.

The color processing unit drama goes on, with Denis Coavan sending copies of urgent cables to ZBS, but the details wash over me. Must check these this aft.

On 6 July Emeke produces four-para statement by Nkomo offering suspension of cross-border activities for 17 days. We make a "ceasefire" news release out of it, which COI refuses to distribute: "it's not our practice to distribute material from Mr Nkomo!" Patsy garrumphs "They're all scared of Attila the Hun. It's more than their life's worth!"

The Sunday papers are fierce about this: John Tuner in S-Express goes to the limit:

"Mr J.N. graciously promises a two week ceasefire during the Queen's visit to Africa. Her should be told to go to hell. The Queen does not need, nor does she seek any safe conduct from that fat bladder of terrorist lard.

There is one thing she needs even less - Mr Nkomo's presence in the welcoming party at Lusaka airport. Yet it appears he will be there. May we be given an assurance that at least she will not be asked to curtsy to him?"

Emeka & the SG played a role in getting Joshua's word, although Josh added some vitriol about the British press to his final draft, so we decide to leave the SG's name out of the connecting piece in our news release.

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Heading for Gatwick at 1735, the train spends half an hour shunting around Streatham junction, while passengers giggle at every shunt. I suggest to an Indian neighbour it would be better if people got angry rather than giggle. ("Oh, we've tried that, written letters and so on. Nothing happens") He lives in Horsham, spends £170 a quarter in commuter fares and service is "normal" about 4 days a week. I suggest we'll all come to bridging.

But B. Cal were at their smoothest. A "lollipop special" bringing all the schoolkids, their tennis rackets and cellos home for the hols. In their honour the film is "39 steps."

Flight goes over the most unsavoury places - Libya, Chad, CA Empire, Zaire - but all unnoticed from 35,000 ft. Dawn is a glorious golden band beneath blue, and we come down through low cloud to lights like an encampment at 6.30 am. Mohan Sardana has always until now been met as VIP, and takes the plebeian way with some hesitation. No taxis when we get out, but I burn a side on the back of a pickup truck owned by blonde Norwegian family. At Intercartier we see in quick succession the Pamodzi manager ("50 tons of furniture arriving tomorrow") the Singapore team, who had gone swimming to V.C. Falls, John Syson after SWAPO, and a Canadian team worrying about translation facilities. They said Clark was going to Cameroon now, not Senegal, and will visit Tanzania after the conference. Ouch!

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Tues. 10 July. (Intercontinental, Lusaka)

Awake at 4.30 am, and now up at 5.30 am, thinking of the horrific moments of yesterday afternoon. No good lying abed groaning, so up!

Small horrors first. Mohan Sardana and I went to Mulungushi, where the committee rooms building had roof on but not much finished else. All the telexes in place, though, in the Hall. A great number of suited men standing around, elaborately greeting each other as in a minor Shakespeare play. One in a fawn suit looks more important, and turns out to be Commissioner Mtanga. I'd turned up in short-sleeves and sleeveless sweater, and felt I'd gone into an officers' mess improperly dressed — then said inwardly "Hell, it's what you do that matters." No one seemed to be doing anything, except John Mandana, whose desk cluttered (framed portrait of KK lodged across a corner of it, two thin secretaries hovering uncertainly, while the bluesuits chose easy chairs and smoked in chorus).

Mandana's concern was the reported addition of 200 journalists to our list from the State Visit list.

Security was saying also that it wouldn't accredit State Visit press for access to the telexes at Mulungushi. I

sorted out this one later by finding Richard Wilkins at BHC. After chatting about the "Our Man in Lusaka" film and how he'd relaxed with his dogs thinking they'd never use those shots, we got to business under a color picture of Skye. Actually, the situation was the other way round: he had been expecting 300 accreditations for the State Visit — 60 on the total tour, 40 from

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Lusaka-based press, and 200 from visiting press accredited to CHQM. He had arranged aircraft for 100 to fly to the C'belt on two occasions, etc. We discussed how we'd sort out access to Telexes: either all his reporters will need to be accredited to CHQM or Security will have to let both kinds use Mulungushi. I find that John Barrell ("quite an entrepreneur" send RW) has rented many houses for BBC and others. We arrange to meet him tomorrow and check lists.

The blow falls when I finally come on Humphrey and his PS Chitulangama outside ZIS. They'd spent the afternoon with Minister Tambatumba touring press facilities: first NIPA, then National Assembly, finally Mulungushi. At the National Assembly the deputy clerk tells the Minister he's not sure the Press can use the place; at Mulungushi Tambatumba and Mandana go into a huddle, from which the PS deduces the Assembly is out. The Minister tells Humphrey to look at alternatives — the Jubilee Hall in the showgrounds, UNZA — and report by 10.30 am today. . . . All catastrophes. I moan through a 90-minute session that I lead Humphrey into with the Canadian trio, saying "things will really fall apart if we lose the Assembly" and berate HM for already putting it in the past "the NA was ideal".

Sardana brings some perspective later, saying Wednesday when the Speaker returns will sort it out. More of it later, clearly.

Meanwhile, the session with the Canadians. A mixed trio: Vaughan Johnston, crewcut ("It makes you look young." "Well it fools all the girls") and has been through it all several times since 1973.

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Inspector Davignon RCMP who smokes a pipe handsomely and nods encouragingly at my solutions to the questions posed by Hart Lyon, the Toronto solicitor who worked on the Clark campaign and has title of media logistics officer. He poses these questions at Humphrey and I have to say, "These are our affairs at the Secretariat", on accreditation etc. Humphrey by then was saying "Nothing is decided" or "That will be decided later" to everything, including half the things we'd made specific commitments about in our 4 July press arrangements. This document he hasn't read and says he hasn't a copy, although I put it on his desk.

The NIPA tariff; whether you pay cash for meals; where press on arrival can cash travellers cheques; a dozen matters are "not decided".

~~Hart~~ Lyon's face sets like the Shield. Under pressure Humphrey turns on me for refusing to accredit for the State Visit as well as CIGM!

Another good moment comes when he gestures to a carton in his cluttered office and says "Your reports have come". I gently ask him why they aren't distributed and he says "But they're embargoed for release on the 18th".

Mohan is drinking with the Singapore counsellor from London, who is celebrating his 38th birthday. We have rump steak and sparkling wine which is produced only after denials that any wine is available. Sardana takes the Tambatamba tale coolly. He then generalizes from his months here: "Nobody

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takes any decisions. Nobody wants to take any decisions. All they do is laugh" (I throw in an asinine remark about "their saving grace"). Humphrey is "an idiot", he says; Henry is no good at anything ("good company," I protest. "Company is one thing, decisions another") and Malama equally worthless. Though he doesn't say it, his secret is to get hold of a paper point (like the allocation of hotel rooms) and be around when meetings occur to hear it all.

He offers me advice "These people are very sensitive. Don't push too much. Things will work out."

All very fine. But some firm decisions have to be made.

Early in the evening, in his office, Humphrey turned pathetically and said "You know, I'm stuck". I didn't exactly know what he meant, and asked him. There wasn't any good answer.

The Singaporean was charming. He'd worked in Cairo and Bangkok and New York, and seen it all, too. About Lee he was admiring, "Doesn't waste a single minute, all five in the family are brilliant, Double Firsts. I tried to find out how they do it, for my own family." One of his jobs here was to check the Zambian assurance that an airport welcome would include national anthems played by a band ("I found eventually the welcome is very simple. I'd been wary because they'd never asked me for the musical score"); another was to work out a 25-minute jogging path for Lee and detectives. ("Last year it was bicycling, before that weights. The detectives had to carry the weights in their luggage!")

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final note from Peter Calamai to Beth Armstrong, who alas left on Saturday for Ottawa: "I am aiming for a July 24 arrival and begging for a bed in the Pamodzi Hotel until July 28 when all we unskilled hacks get kicked over to NIPA as a dorm." Oh dear! shades of resentment ahead. As Peter says, "I hear you (Beth) may be skipping town just before the big headache event."

Wed 11 July (evening)

The issue of the National Assembly still unsettled, although Mandana was cheerful this evening, according to Sardana. Earlier he had told me he had "a big gun" to bring up to retrieve it, if Speaker Robinson — remained firm. I said I had stayed off the subject, but if there was anything I could — "No, this is a matter between us Zambians."

On Tuesday I spent much of the day being driven round with the Canadians. The NIPA visit ended with plans to put all 32 Canadians in an upstairs wing, dividing the toilets male & female! The Australians today opted for the equivalent upstairs, but will fill only one side, so allowing for miscegenation. It's important to mix up the races in those corridors.

Australian ranger Ian Kortlang amusingly sardanz about his govt, and others. They had spent \$3500 in sending communications equipment as excess baggage rather than airfreight, then had been able to drive a truck up and take everything away without delay. "Wasting money on that, and

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"then cutting our transport budget so much that I have to charge this hired car to vegetables. Step into my £20 worth of bananas," he added as he opened doors of his yellow Fiat! Canberra, meanwhile, is under siege from striking telecom workers — no phones out, no cables etc.

With Canadians also to Robert Chanter, general manager of Ridgeway; young & wearing free foresters tie, and smoothly answering tricky press questions about UNIP members' harassment of prostitutes. His attitude to NIPA pragmatic: prepared to extend banking services there in face of ludicrous idea that all hotel banking facilities will be closed "so that banks will do all CLEM business and can estimate the revenue from it better." His big concern was that Henry Sulamesii hasn't done anything to get sheets and pillowcases for NIPA. When I report this (without mentioning Henry) to Mandana, he was saddened: "You shouldn't have to be doing this. We should have done it, and you should just go and feel proud of us."

One or two Munguzis: ① when I asked how the accreditation forms fared after I gave them to Mandana, he at first said they needed all to come to him "as principle", then admitted he never saw any of them, that Albert passed them on to the police. ② When with Churdull, he insisted the two Steenbeck editing machines be located at ZIS, although the processing unit and telecine machines are at ZBS. ③ he hadn't any figures for the number that can be seated at Munguzi, and kept mixing the opening ceremony up with the door patrol. But he has come to the conclusion he himself needs to

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 move to NIPA, to "escape routine work" (looking round at desk whose mounting chaos has been undisturbed for weeks).

Expedition to Phillips to see if they can produce a sound system for the briefing rooms. Indian by name of Shroff estimated its cost at Kw6000, so Art Lyar undertook to bring one from Canada, and I wrote Patsy to get the BBC to bring another. Posters on spectrometry on his walls didn't attract Art Lyar while waiting in ^{the} way a calendar of girls in wet T-shirts did.

Evening with Richard Wilkins in his luxurious bachelor pad on Twin Palms Road, ostensibly to meet John Borrell, whose entrepreneurial talents include housing 25 Brits and Americans, providing 20+ vehicles and 6 telexes and also running charter aircraft to Copperbelt. Rather dour fellow, in contrast to lolling Bassett hounds and the German girlfriend, Karen, of Richard's. I became loquacious about the Mashona and also the 1960s in East Africa. Richard an old school (Star) and regimental (17/21st Lancers) friend of John Doble, who used to putput up Thames to Westminster Pier on flood tide, sometimes arriving at 4am to camp outboard motor over shoulders across Parl. Square. Quite an artist, with paintings of Anvers Square in Islington and a "conversation piece" of five armored cars in Libyan desert. Had book on Marco Polo's journeys on coffee table. Fun.

Willie Muzorowa phoned, convinced his ZAPU group were being denied access to conference on grounds of politics. I disingenuously found SIO George Muzumbwe who was processing them,

got list from him of inside-Zambian applications, and gently questioned him. Finally extracted whole list for photocopying. Undertook to get Mandana's ^{explanation} for ZAPU people's lack of local press cards, as Canadians also without them. Anstan and

Willie and Dave Beer drank and ate here this evening, telling good examples of Smith's men blocking Muzorowa's moves: when M. proposed Simpson Mtangenge as Attorney-General, Smith said "My dear bishop, you forget the constitution. He has to be a judge first for x years." and when he wanted a new flag, with the Union Jack in the interim, Smith referred him to Gen. Walls who said: "I can't stop you, but will you pour out half my officers?"

At end of evening, when I asked Dave about a bike for hire, Willie said "You'll be a lamb among leopards. They knock you over very fast." Willie also told of Ndiweni's campaigning with symbol of an ox (= "Nkomo") breaching all other candidates. Chikema, he said, sent a messenger to ZAPU last week saying he was ready to pull it all down, while Muzorowa's overtures to Mugabe had got no distance. Much scornful laughter about the "Ghana schoolboys" who had been filmed on TV discussing whether to continue killing while "Gerry was saying we must worry about our international image".

Discussions about how to get a Mugabe-Nkomo press conference under way. I suggested the evening of 1 August. Also stressed importance of keeping to factual examples as above, "rather than general statements" (i.e. rhetoric). Ending by giving Willie & Anstan both Camsec ties, to Dave's screeches of "the old school!"

12 July (page one).

Today was the lowest point. At least I hope it was. But who knows? I shouldn't linger too much on its horrors, but here goes.

Started by waking at 5am and lying awake until in desperation started reading "freedom at Midnight." From giant India to today's infant independent, Kiribati... with its 29-year-old prime minister. I've been advising journalists to cosy up to him, since he was new and friendless, and he'd spill all the beans...

The morning half wasted at Mulungushi: nothing new on the Assembly issue, says Mandana. Albert Kamungulu a bit surly, and had all ZANU e ZAPU on a list lacking press cards. Albert said "too late now" and seemed unaware of political implications. Took color pix of Mulungushi, after plan was referred to Banson the Protocol! Quite an amount of activity around delegates' building, and this served to contrast with the lethargic scenes around ZIS. Manga was off at NIPA, organizing an office there, and hardly anyone else stirring. The Kenyan press attaché told me his 14 press people wouldn't take kindly to sharing a double room as though I was suggesting some crime. Claustrophobia set in, so I phoned Kelvin Muleya at RCM, and taxied down to see if industry had more life. Kelvin told me all the things "I am dying for you", but I was pleased since this can include an underground trip on the Saturday morning. On walk down Chachacha Rd, came on Chadwick House, and talked up the Wildlife Conservation people to show and tell with a film at NIPA. Then set out to find a hired bike, but only "CS Cycle Mart" was

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closed, bikes priced at K128 or more.

Taxi back to ZIS to desultory conversation with Humphrey, who couldn't locate text of Press Arrangements Booklet. Finally found copy with Albert, who said all other copies with Humphrey "but there are so many things on that desk you can't find anything." When Richard Wilkin walked in, SAfrican accreditation cropped up and Humph let slip that decision had been taken to exclude all SAs and all journalists working out of there. By whom? Who wrote the letter? Can I see it? (Do you doubt what I say?) When? He said Mandana was the source, and it resulted from Cuth countries' complaints about his remarks in April. I took car to Mulungushi, where Mandana confirmed it and said no chance of rescinding. Now 3pm and rushed down to CHC to tell Viz Moore, who asked irrelevant questions (How do you spell Manga?) and said he'd tackle Mwale, e KK if necessary, tomorrow. He said he couldn't act on hearsay. Sensible fellow.

Back at Mulungushi the irony of hearing Radio South Africa bearing news at 4pm, while John Humphreys (BBC), Peter Kent (CBC) e others were being barred by the listeners. Then things perked up with meeting with Gwan Kowie, pers. secy Tomzun who came alive when we moved from Social Programme for Heads e wives to how to keep everyone happy at weekend. My ideas about Livingstonia, and a mine and Chichele all picked up. I gave her a Cuth Cookbook at once!

Evening with the Beers, Irene cheering up at memories of her truancy from school in Lundazi, Dave swinging the short wave bands to pick up BBC, Salisbury dinner music e news, Maputo. Finally Richard W phones to say Punabantu trucks all will work out.

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LSAKA.

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Perhaps so, but what is little Koritabu getting itself into?! Does President Jeremia Tabai know?

Friday 13 July

Yesterday was so low that Friday could only go up. Lovely African sunny morning tempting a stroll round the hotel pool to the frangipani, and a walk alongside the Japanese Embassy on a path where watoto play dangerously with stickfires and an elderly man forks stones out of a wayside plot.

Richard reports on his talk with Punabantu. Full of grey areas, but he got the line that his people would get in if all stayed quiet. Punabantu rehearsed background, saying it was CanSec that wanted ban on SA passport holders and on those working from SA base, and KK had gone along.

This he repeated to me, when at 09.45 Humphrey and I arrived at State House fortunately early for a presidential bus tour of Mulungushi village and hall. He said to me that 20 SA journalists were among 1000 attending Third NonAligned, one had got into fight with a minister; he didn't think any "bad" ones would have come this time, and he said Zambia didn't want to make a firm ruling. "Some of them will come," he said in that vaguely certain Zambian way. "But it's not fair on those who don't get through," I replied.

Why do westerners push points over the line?! We decided, anyway, that I'd phone the SG and get him to give his view to KK on the likely excludees — BBC, ITN, CBC and VOA — and I told Allison & Moore this in a villa in M. village. Allison

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by now was saying this was stupid and they could not be stopped. I reached the CHC at

1500 to phone Rauphal by diplomatic line, and Moore gave me his room. Got through at 1530 (1430 in London) and could raise neither SG, Eneka or Patsy. After waiting another hour I kept the pleasant telex officer back a halfhour while I wrote a careful message to Rauphal, putting the onus on him to review these exclusions. I made a ridiculous error in my text, putting "working out of Zambia" instead of "South Africa", but luckily spotted it within a minute of transmission and sent a chaser.

After which Gordon Black, the telex man, and I repaired to the Lusaka Club for two beers and an account from him of the Rhodesian helicopter on Roma which he watched from his home for an hour. He talks without sarcasm of "freedom fighters" but respects the accuracy and efficiency of the Rhodesians. Says he doesn't understand the situation, likes to shop in Malawi where the people are great, and has a Japanese wife.

Two small advances with Humphrey. We inspected the film editors room, where we found a Minolta that should be moved to ZBS. And H. showed great relief when I said I wanted to write the Press Arrangements booklet. "I was going to give it to an officer who is away at present." A little awkwardness in the tour of M. village when H. came into a whispered conversation I was having with Moore, whom he didn't know....

The gathering at State House had character. The inner court with colonnades was pleasant to

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pleasant to stroll in, and I did my best to press the top knobs (nobs?) on getting the Assembly for the press working area. "There will probably be a message later today," said Williams, secretary to the Cabinet. "From your face I take it it will be a positive message" I said, and he allowed as much. Mainza Chona very charming and we chatted over the days of "the struggle" ("very recent" said Mainza) and also about "my brother-in-law Roland Brown" (he felt he had to explain his wordplay) and the hearing in Salisbury on excluding Chik, Samkanga & Dumbutshena etc from their seats. Mark Chona very friendly, calling me "an old hand" ("too colonial. say 'old friend'.") and remembering a story on the Lumpa I had written "which took courage at that time". I had forgotten it. Finally and belatedly out KK came to his terrace overlooking the blue grey peacocks and the nine-hole golf course. "Ladies & gentlemen, I was going to apologize for being late, but the President of the ZDR recently told me a president is never late, he is merely delayed. So I apologize for being delayed." Laughter, and half the group of high commissioners and senior officials clapped. KK and ^{Chona} Mainza stood at steps of first bus, so I at my turn offered him my hand and he said "We must get together some time" and then talked about me to Mainza. Nice.

As the bus went out the gates, a trumpet or bugle hurrah was sounded, with submachine guns at the Present! Then we headed around town with skittering outriders and two police car escorts and, in the middle, in the front seat of

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the bus, KK waving his white linen handkerchief to the wayside kids. A quite moving sight. Many of us are imprisoned kids, or think we are.

Lunch with Kelvin Muleya of RCM and Dennis Linewe of NCCM and five white mining consultants who between them notch up over 100 years in Zambia. One called Taffy felt the huge barbecue helpings too small and piled his plate high with sweets. "Bad for my figure, good for my morale." Lot of discussion about the shortage of coffee beans, about how far Zaire copper production had really fallen with exodus of "skills" (a euphemism for whites); and more talk about when the BBC comes through best, in which the Zambians also joined. "Evenwe listens to the BBC, including KK," said Dennis who does a weekly sports programme. Object of lunch was to get RCM/NCCM to host a group on the Copperbelt at the weekend, and they made this offer, which I trotted round to Gwen Kanie at ZNTB offices on Cairo Road. Driving me down to Cairo Rd, Kelvin said he'd seen my reply to John Bullock in the DT from their company's clippings system. We are watched. He also said the company was losing irreplaceable expats. Another tale told at lunch was about his TV show in which he asked Kapwepwe, then still VP, if he was planning a coup against KK (whom he calls Kenneth). Siman replied coolly how they'd been friends from childhood, "almost born in same house" etc ... and soon afterwards Kelvin was removed "without much ceremony" from his editorship. When Dennis went to talk to two army officers at lunch, Kelvin said "Insuring against a military coup..." AhAh!

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Saturday 14 July (page 1)

A shortish entry, because today was a rest day for most. By no means all. Humphrey's negative secretary Maureen was there, behind a locked door: H. had gone into town, but would be back soon. No joy in waiting, so after a quick check with Churdik Mutale on queries from West German TV, down to NIPA in a VW van driven by a Californian Noek Hanks with his SApzau girlfriend Karen Robinson. He added ABC and NBC to the list of big networks who'd be excluded if the SG doesn't reverse the directive. I warned him quite explicitly of the situation as we wandered round Ethiopia and China (the NIPA blocks).

Augustine Mukela, principal of NIPA, was out with a rake among the gardening group. "Uhuru na Kazi" I mumbled, while he said "Have to do this, to get them going". NIPA is really making an effort. Full tour of the eight blocks, to get numbers, toilets & everything straight.

On walk home, strayed into Cathedral at sunny time and light through chunky colored windows very lively. Two Americans playing saxophone and semi-jazz piano in rapt manner as I circled, admiring the 3-foot high tree-trunk carving "Passion of Christ" by a Tanga craftsman, Mvumbango Mulikela. Another carving, of woman gently ^{holding} a crucified Christ, equally striking.

Chatting with Mohan beside the pool a contrast to the flibberby air stewardesses (sorry, flight attendants) on other side. The night before he had told me of his dilemma: whether to go to India on retirement, to a house and plot in the Punjab; or to stay, as his wife wants, in London

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near his children. "I'm a very ~~detached~~ religious man," he said, "and you should not be too close to any other human being". But he hasn't reached that stage of detachment yet. His pension from the Indian foreign service 1949-73 is frozen in rupees - "if I went to India, I would be well off. But I know nobody there. If I remain in Britain, I will have to work". Poor thing.

Wrote all afternoon, after swimming and sunning, to get the Press Arrangements Handbook completed. Pleasant hour in Makumbi Bar with Pamodzi manager Peter Branch and jingling Branda, reunited after 10 weeks. Branda keen to work with us during conference, and would be very helpful. Bright eyed and resourceful. She recalled reading "Venture into the Interior" while crossing the Sahara. We all talked about getting away to Malawi.

I forgot yesterday to note the horrific figure of \$1300 to paint 4 maple leaves on the sides of three buses, and then remove them = more than \$100 a leaf. Other costs, which I may not have noted down: \$2000 for Lee Kwan Jew's Superintendent to write his 4-page report; and £5000 plus to fly out a collator for the pages of the communiqué. Peter Branch says the Zambians are overdoing things, stocking the hotels with wine and shops with food - "the delegations won't think Zambia needs any aid".

Final memory: workers painting 'all the trees up Church Road with white trunks 3 feet up "What for?" "For the Queen". "Does she like white trees?"

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Sunday 15 July (page one)

A pleasant, forgetting-problems day. To the Cathedral for Eucharist, with a pleasant sprinkling of races including many Indians (from Kerala?). A US-educated leader of prayers almost echoed Islam (and challenged it) with "There is no god but God" but the Rev. C. Chense preached less aggressively on the Prodigal Son. I was surprised afterwards at the shortness of memories in Zambia; Dean Klyberg (late of Battersea) didn't see the significance in Bongau's line "No lion shall him fight" until I told him of KK and the bicycle.

Lunch with Tim Pearce and a BHC secretary came after Peter Donne had delivered a letter from Patsy saying the "SQ has directed me to tell you" * that the Secretariat recognizes there may be problems if nationals of other... (* for transmission to Zambian authorities). Stilted and graceless, I felt it all was. I suppose it was a climb-down. Anyway, it's saved a bad day. I saved myself from telling Reuters, only just.

The morning was charming. Scott's porridge oats and bacon eggs and pappan cooked by Sonny on his first day with Richard. Then a hilarious mixed doubles with Richard's Karen and former girlfriend Jenny (now bride of a political officer Anthony Hawkes). Jenny just learning tennis, but a pretty sight when reaching up to serve. I said "With a little choreography, you would make a lovely dance to Summer."

Sought out Churchill in mid-afternoon drinking tea in mug in carpenter's shop at back of ZBS to check my Arrangements Handbook. Rest of day mainly spent on the handbook and on writing

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letters. Except for interesting supper with Peter Kent of CBC and unrecruited cameraman Ian Wilson. Main focus was Rhodesia, and the growing strength of Mugabe's "hearts and minds" thugs in the villages. Martin Meredith writing a book after 18 months' research.

Monday 16 July

First call at BHC to get some telexes away. "You just need a staff officer," says Richard. Across to ZIS where Humphrey arrives from Tourism Board at time he's supposed to be at airport with ACP Walubita. I decide to ride to airport with him, to get some talking time. He checks police HQ and doesn't find W., so goes to airport anyway. Walubita of course not there and Humphrey rebuffs about 45 minutes late for meeting called by Dr Mwale "Must be about National Assembly, nothing else is important." But it wasn't and he wasn't there, anyway. So it goes....

I decide to hand in my Arrangements Handbook to the Govt Printer with assumption that we have Assembly, so cheery meeting with Printer Keenan. On to ZDM, and broke in an editor Laxar Kaemba, made date with features editor; on same errand to Times of Zambia, which claimed they'd never seen SQ's Report Humphrey said he'd sent. Lunch in garden of Alan and Sheila Wateridge, discussing his five month suspension, then the best of Zambia, the bush. He led me on to phone Guy Scott of Commercial Farmers Board, about press visits to farms. Back to ZIS where I find Walubita has written "rejected" across applications of Ms

16 July (page 2)

Charlotte Maxwell and Mary Jane Games, and circled their organisation "SAfrican News". So I wrote a letter to the ACP pointing out the misunderstanding and citing the SAIF parallel. Humphrey had simply left their forms lying around.

In evening the opening of the Film Festival, and everyone (except KK and a few) was there. Dr Mwale in good spirits, accosts me when I'm with Kent & Wilson and asks them where they are based. I say over their replies "Canadian. They work for CBE" in case he was going to eject them then & there. Then he says my note re Sg has clarified matters, and I started explaining why K & W work from Joburg. All mystifying to them, no doubt. Annas was enjoying it all, and says "Oh it's good to be back in these parts". Lengthy introduction to film by Dr Mwale ("The Cuth is a rather unique...") and a sweet one by producer Paul Cavan before showing the 90-minute Games film from Edumantan. Afterwards Annas, Irene & David Beer back for supper here, and Annas makes sharp comments on Malhotra, the grand vizier, and on Sg. "When you're short an ideology and langan chanzima, you need your viziers."

Still the National Assembly issue unsettled. Minister Tambatamba at 3pm outside ZBS says "we hope for a response (from the Speaker) by 5pm" but in the evening Mwale is still holding up two crossed fingers and saying "Perhaps tomorrow. Time is not on our side." Incredible!

Tuesday 17 July (page one)

The day started in true pattern. Humphrey was at his desk, pencilling out the word "Zambra" for cover of his prestige booklet and murmuring "Oh, I have too much to do." By 9 we had met up with ACP Walubita, who had been commandant of police training school and 2 years in public relations. He drove his Peugeot 504 with dash, and his worst fault seems a short attention span. I'm in the middle of explaining the Maxwell-Games nonsense ("You'll have to abide by our judgement!") when he switches to another concern. We three drive to the airport, Humphrey saying "I always love coming out here. Airports have a special atmosphere!" and look round for immigration and protocol officers. It takes time, but Walubita is patient, affable; and this allows time for me to get my point over about SA-based journalists.

The contrast in attitudes came at a meeting with Ridgeway manager Robert Chantler, Draw Frayn (his man in NIPA) and Henry Sitomesii. Chantler has a short fuse, and flared at Henry, at the waiter bringing coffee, at the (absent) NIPA housekeeper. Several times I said in effect "cool it" and Henry was angered and adopted a sarcastic-bowing stance. It didn't bode well, but I arranged to see Frayn alone on Wednesday.

Off to State House at noon to see Ponaabanta. Lengthy wait among the Humanism booklets with, it turned out, the Belgian Ambassador and ... the Speaker! KK, having sent him a note on Friday, was seeing him in person today. The climax. Had he been summoned? Pona had told KK again that morning there was no alternative.

17 July (page two)

So we wait a little longer. With Pina we discuss accreditation (let's be flexible, he says) and I also tell him of ZAPU/ZANU side-tracking. He is pleased to know of this but looks at Juzzyman Zurto and says "I'm always suspicious of 'technicians'!" Back at lunch Peter Donne has collected his collar (it cost £5000 or more) but has found his room is fitted with doors 3'6" wide not 4', and it won't pass through. Mohan and I parade our different holy men who have outstared lions (I produce KK, he an Indian saint).

On with an old driver of "CHQM 13" who doesn't know Lusaka well and has slow reactions to the features editor of ZDM who seems most interest in Kiribati (perhaps because his own name is Gilbert) and Shell for 20 maps — now being sold at K1 each, and my own fuse snuffers at being kept 15 minutes waiting for receipt it didn't want while secretary's chat. Short time with Guy Scott, organising 8 Aug outings to farms, and a catch-up session with Richard, who's worried about press cessnas overflying Livingstonia. Then in evening to the Haddons to uninhibited, raucous supper cooked by Michael — lovely corn, strawberry meningue pie, stilton & home made bread. Paupan and strawberry wine rather heady. Walter Kamba out from Dundee as external examiner, and Zimbabwean geologist on way to Queen's University. Also trio of women including Australasian SA from Maputo. Fun.

Wednesday 18 July. (page one).

A few afterthoughts on State House. The huge loan spread out in the entrance hall, and on the left passage the head of a sable antelope turned quizzically towards you. Curious creatures for a man of non-violence. Little tribal axes wired in pairs and hanging from picturehooks. Two paintings by Ellison early the liveliest — a witchdoctor at work in dancing and colourful women in bright headgear. Contrasting with worthy bits of dingy collage of mothers carrying babies. On another wall a framed column by the editor of the 'Atlanta Constitution' welcoming KK in 478 and recalling his 460 trip to meet MLK. Copper plates with KK's image engraved. Unpushy vanity in the place.

A dash to Mulungushi, as word was that Dr Mwale would talk to the Speaker about our needs in the Assembly. Mandana thought Patry's list was good enough, so I was relieved of my job on an electric typewriter among the willowy Zambezi maidens. Back to NIPA, and had to agree to Frayn's putting a limit of 220 beds and meals. What we do to feed the overflow is tomorrow's problem. Richard came, and left depressed at the stained mattresses and no curtains; I told him later he was in the first stage, and later comes hope & expectation. But new Zambezi supervisor turns up, Simon Moande, fresh from three years in China, and he seems more on the ball than Henry. He actually makes notes! In the evening Richard produces another eight names for his State Visit list; they look like filling a whole three block wing. I worry about the racial mix. An hour with Robinson Makayi, news editor of the Times of Zambia, giving background; then a chance meeting in Nyalingwe's office with an old journalist

18 July (page two)

Geoff Purcell and — John Papworth, who took me home to lunch in a scum of kids with Kenya T-shirts. Papworth a warm person who came out with surprising views for someone I always thought a leftwinger — "some of the older Zambians still profess socialism but most recognize it has to do with consumption and capitalism with productivity ... the older I get, the more important is historical continuity: I'm happy to shake the hand of a woman descended directly from William the Conqueror — this country, like many others, should realize it is losing traditions. Instead of giving awards, the President should institute a peerage, Siss and Lords." He is a PA to the President and provides him with wholewheat bread and writes long letters to the Times damning white bread and sugar. His wife Marcelle from Cambrai is sweet and endearing, and has a Molsa bicycle! Je reviendrai!

Afternoon filled with a bus expedition to the Parliamentary Motel with the Grand Vizier asking polite questions of the parliamentary staff, especially Mr Mbeve who is of the "no problem" school. It is clear, though, that the motel is unlikely to be ready. Very little activity in the farmyard — the motel has a silo and farm buildings, quaintly rural. The sharp Australians are preparing to double up at the Pamodzi. A tell-all session near the pool, with air hostesses lazing in background, skims over accreditation and lays bare problem of Zambian Secretariat weaknesses. Mohan wants to bring more out from London. Anwar quite caustic about the lot not yet begun at Mulungushi.

18 July (page three)

Mari says I should get busy on the Evdgetone overflow scheme. True, but Bonell may save my day first.

A walk over to ZBS and on the air with Charles Mando. "A lot's been done, but a lot remains to be done." Then the end-of-day checkup with Richard, which netted me a huge photograph of Mrs Thatcher! On to the Commonwealth Film Festival, flagging rallies with poor Barbadian films (archivists and rara tourism) and a splendid Chinese film on Botswana which we must show at NIPA. The British Council man Walter Corrie gives me a lift back (I'm shameless at bumping rides), supper of corn with Mari's Joe who tells of the cash he left in Uganda, the photos he lost; and then a late night drink in my room with Australian vanguard Ian Kortlang and stenographer Janet. Bright and snark, he's on to all the plans Gwen Kanie has made; seizes my draft of the Press Arrangements Booklet; encourages me to push Big Mal as the great liberal successor to Trudeau. Several futile attempts to reach Brenda Braund by phone, and so to this journal...

Thursday 19 July (page one)

Some lively twists of the English language, to begin with:

— ZDM "bizlines" after increase in gas prices: "This is not the time for jolly rides"

— headline in today's ZDM "Pompous leaders to get it thick"

— policeman at parliament building, when asked if he did duties elsewhere: "No, I am stationary here"

Spent the morning taming the various battlefields

19 July (page two)

— ZIS, NIPA, National Assembly and Mulungushi— with Brenda Branch, a splendid windfall away the rains of Zambian ineffectiveness and the absence of more of our own staff. Calm and seeing everything, with an easy way with people, Brenda can save a lot of our troubles. I'm concerned that she doesn't end up at the NIPA end, though.

Peter, she and I called on Humphrey; told him where I was going for the day; discussed the green dustcoats his 20 media assistants would wear; and got going before the feeling became overwhelming that my feet were sinking into oozy, thick mud. Annar with her directness simply calls him a "slob". In afternoon I learnt he was making a similar round to mine, but never volunteered it in the morning. So we went separately.

Frayn bearing up reasonably at NIPA, gave me list to pass on to Simon Mwaunde. Brenda and he got together on Kenya hotels. Frayn said the cook at NIPA was feeding scores of gardeners on T-bone steak stew! Laura Borrell in evening said shops were suddenly full of SAfrican pears and apples: apparently ordered for CHQM but had ripened too soon. They were also eating butter for the first time in eight months. What effect does this all have on the thinking of the ordinary Zambian? One of the Australians in the "Melbourne 1981" group, George Brambill, saw it plainly: "This is one big ego trip: for the Zambian leaders, for Big Mal, for the lot!"

At the National Assembly we were in another world

19 July (page three)

The outside policeman did an exaggerated "attention" to the two counter clerks, and when we walked round with Clerk Administrator Nicholas Tembo (a Zimbabwean according to the Borrells) the counter clerks in turn sprung to attention. No wonder the Speaker is treated like Jehovah or de Gaulle! Tembo didn't hesitate to order the emptying of two rooms full of documents and stationery for our needs. The briefing room, so close to a clattering kitchen, may cause difficulties, but altogether a good scene. Later Australian Ian Kortlang and I went for a bush walkabout to blaze a path to Mulungushi, and gazed in wonderment at the burnt out car and earthmover or fixtures beside the Political Museum: "it must be the only humanist earthmover in captivity", he said.

I'll leave till tomorrow the mess Humphrey's made over Evelyn Hone and the students...

Tour of the Pamodzi was reassuring. Twelve Spaniards are going through the hotel from top to bottom with a 64 kilo pack containing everything for a single bedroom. Brambill most impressed and kept saying "Think we should move here". The Parliamentary Motel is unlikely to be as fine as this.

The ZNTB seems to be working hard. Messages to bring sports kit for the Munda Wanga picnic.

Supper in the evening with Annar, Bill Sardi & Derek lapsed into argument on the rights of journalists to be accredited/banned. Sardi after many beers was telling me I was threatened by the success of the vjamaa movement! Annar quoted Yeats as we walked on the rocky footpath.

Friday 20 July (page one)

A morning spent in the company of a well-dressed but diffident Information Officer, John Muyendekwa, whom I seized on after Humphrey had said he had been given responsibility for press accommodation. At the start of the day I came on as the colonial D.C., saying I wanted to have a baraza with the 20 media assistants on Monday and with all his information staff on Wednesday; and before then a framework of who would be working where. Humphrey as usual took the main point, while hawking on the hour ("they have to go to the factory to be fitted for their dustcoats").

Muyendekwa and I went to Evelyn Hane and met Mulemena the principal on his way out. A little teldy, and consulting his watch; but he took us to one block, before leaving us. We met the three matrons, asked about towels and the removal of broken chairs etc., and explored the way to NIPA through the bougainvillea bushes and fence. It needs a good clean, still, but is better than I feared.

How to feed 92 of them there, however? On we walked to the College Hotel, where Mr Kakkal the manager offered to feed five. I made the rather hot JM walk back to NIPA, and Frayn said he'd feed them as a last resort; but we got a ride to Pamodzi, climbed over the cardboard in the puddled entrance and found Peter Branch exuding after his visit from KK. He took us 32 and the Ridgeway the other 60. It seemed a good morning's work, and we had a drink at the Ridgeway with Derck e Bill Sardi. Humphrey arrived,

20 July (page two)

without explanation, and I continued my DC act: "Are you sure the police will allow State Visit passes without photos? Have you checked? Can I see Mr Jolly and we work out a transport schedule with him?"

Back at the Intercat the CanSec group was augmented by Tony Hayday whose only news from England was that England had beat India by an innings after Gower had scored a double century. Events fell back into perspective. A message to phone Mani after reading the ToZ editorial on accreditation, which basically argued my own case. "A totally needless bit of bad publicity is now occupying the South African press... the decision as to whether or not the South African journalists will be allowed... The decision is for the Commonwealth Secretariat to take... Zambia has nothing to hide from South African journalists." Mani, when phoned, was surprisingly flexible; so I said we needed to make a statement. I picked up Brenda at the Pamodzi, after phoning Pina at State House and reading him the editorial and agreeing that we wanted to play an open game allowing Zambia to admit whatever it thought a friend. On to the ToZ, where Derck e Bill Sardi had gone into Naphy Nyalongwe's office ahead of us but we bundled in. After explaining our practice, Naphy sat me down in the editor's chair to put it on paper; I wrote four paragraphs, which crystallised CanSec's policy and felt I'd been dealt an ace.

exited
editor
from
Bulawayo

A visit to the Tourist Board where a lovely Greek-African called Vlahakos ("Never seen that splendid mixture before," said Brenda) and John Chibange had worked out a full programme for the press; and then by cab to Mulungushi, where the Australians liked my statement, of course, and

Friday July 20 (page three)

Mari only wanted one sentence removed, and another word changed ("received" for "organized"). So back again to Topz, where Bill Sardi tried to raise Ndola. (In the end, they paraphrased all but the sentence Mari wanted removed, which of course they quoted! On Saturday I went back to Naply, to persuade him to run it verbatim in the Sunday Times, and then gave it to ZANA - and Borrells to get it to South Africa. Didn't want policy changed again by Eureka on Monday). On to State House uninvited, but Pina read it and said "Excellent"; I caught sight of KK across the patio rocking with laughter in a chair, and concluded he had won the High Court case brought by Kapwepwe & Nkumbula. He had.

Derck & I went to a CUSO regional meeting feast, Zambian style. Family affair, with charming mestizo girls (Tose and Mary & Edward Ndlovu's first daughter) and some top ZAPU. On with the elderly, kindly driver of "CHEM 13" to the Australian residence rented for Peacock, where an Indian cook who lectures at Evelyn Hare had made a scrumptious curry and moussé. Ian Kortlang had found the cook through an ad, and filled the house with 14 Zambian paintings he had persuaded the Mulungushi art centre to part with by some magic argument. He seems to have too much initiative to linger in the Foreign Service as a Second Secretary.

The coloured lights are being draped on the lamp-posts, but a third of them blew at once. Along Addis Ababa avenue the banners look a bit tawdry, but new Union Jacks at Independence

July 20 (page four)

Avenue - and all the night way up, unlike the one at the European parliament to which the Rev Paisley drew fractious attention ("On a point of order, madam chairman!")

Saturday 21 July (page one)

Breakfast with George Brownbill, of Fraser's office, who wants Australia to maintain a High Commission here and include an agricultural attaché; so I promise him to get him to farms.

Derck and I are driven to see Willie Musvorwa at the Mande Park bottle store, an incinerous centre for part of a liberation movement. The guards rather sleepy, sloping their AKs carelessly, the briefcases are checked but not our persons before being led to a prefab building where Willie has both Josiah Chinamano and Bryan Haddon. On the walls posters of "martyr" ZIPRA commander and a calendar with Castro. But Willie asks about BBC training and says "we don't want them trained in the East where they mix news with comment" ("Same down the West, too" I counter). We talk about the battle between Musvorwa's forces and auxiliaries, in which 180 were killed, and Willie's explanation is still confusing. He isn't sure Joshua will be around for CHOGM (Tanner later said JN "lives in Angola and only visits here") but we plan where and when he and Mugabe might give a news conference (I am on the Thursday at UNZA). We praise the Australians to him and Josiah, and in the evening Willie meets Brownbill and offers to show him Freedom Camp.

Back via ZANA, and Derck's lunch invitation with Viz Moore is extended to me as well. So an idyllic four hours follow beside his pool. "This is

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"every journalist's dream, to be served a gin and tonz in a swimming pool by a High Commissioner on his knee", and we take photographs to record this special moment). Viz is as full as ever of praise for Kamuzu, even saying he's cut his speech to 20 minutes now; and then says Canada is "pathetic" about Mozambique where the Lusaka-based ambassador quizzily made ground with his Spanish, learnt in Havana, and his crazy drive to Beira and Blantyre. "He's done it again this week, caught all the Malawians in Blantyre for the Queen and got 120 acceptances out of 200" (Strangely different indices we all have to measure our successes).

Swimming, and repairing to the savna and swimming again, under the moonflowers (Angels' trumpets to Jamaicans, says Viz) and climbing out to eat roast chicken and pineapple and icecream with Maple Syrup (!), splashed down with a Paarl Riesling and a rosé of the same origin was hedonistic to a joyous degree. We talked of the Youth Centre, one of Viz's favourite causes, of Eureka ("a mistake to make a career at the Secretariat") and André ("Samy didn't like the way he held his arm with ambassadors"). He also told his own horror story about the CHQM expenditure: 1.5 tons of apples had been ordered — from South Africa — and the decimal point got lost: 15 tons have arrived for Mulungushi Village. He also got fun out of the fact that Emmanuel Oba ("the chief") had to introduce the Edmaran Games film even though Nijenza "hadn't been there". A lot more gossip — about

July 21 (page three)

Mark Chona's disappearance and resurfacing (resigned on principle on the UNIP amendments that excluded Kapwepwe & Nkumbula? objected to the leftists on the argument over socialism for Zambia?) and other personalities (Mwale who often exaggerates, Lizwamiso who won't answer calls from anyone but HCs). On the way back through his house he pauses at a painting of a nude white girl standing near bushes or trees with a brownish man nearby and says: "I've told Kathermie (daughter) she can have it only after my death. I love it: the woman as cool as a cucumber and the man incandescent!" painted by a Jamaican called Hue.

Fortunately no word of complaint from Mani, who may not have read the ToZ thoroughly. I left Willie & Brambill getting acquainted, to go to supper with Derek and Tanner Maluki at the Kudu Inn. Tanner is now the affluent capitalist: a Range Rover, a taste for South African wines, and an expatriate hired as manager of his 5000 acre farm. Pricing policies drove him out of wheat, he says. People are asking why are South African foodstuffs (apples and all) being imported for CHQM and denied at other times. They don't like, either, the way City Radio was licensed to import liquor and foodstuffs, while other firms in that line get no licences; and he asserts Madam K is connected through State Insurance with City Radio. The village regrouping is going badly in Southern, Western, Eastern provinces where cattle are prized; Tazara hasn't brought ancillary development like the Afrikaners brought to Mazabuka in the 1900s; the Central Committee members were all-powerful over Ministers, echoed the socialism of KK*, and he would not care to risk his career on the displeasure

(* after presenting him with huge photo of MIST)

(* yet have horse, MBeans two servants etc on the state)

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July 22 (page four)

gone of them, as he would if he were in the place of Naphty - or Vincent Mugane "who's finished". Neither Vincent nor Sikota nor Alan he felt had done anything: "if you're guilty, the case ends quickly, otherwise it drags on for months". Tanner answers all Derek's questions straight. On Rhodesia he thinks Mrs T should call a conference in London "and settle it once and for all". Though his wife is Rhodesian (he doesn't use Zimbabwean at all) he keeps clear of ZAPU since Chikerema repaid his gesture of a Christmas party with a canard that the party was organized to plot against him! But he says the breaking point between KK and Joshua came after the latter's house was attacked. He refused to go to State House, and KK came to him to apologize. "How does this happen in your own grounds?" Tanner said ZAPU were most angry at Gray Zulu (Defence Minister) for restricting its troops to enclosures that couldn't be properly defended; asserted that ZIPRA troops were well disciplined, unlike ZANLA. Then we all got to the "might have beens": if Leopold hadn't dissuaded Joshua in 1961, if KK hadn't raised the "no election" line in October 1977, if Julius hadn't advised Mugabe to stay out of dealings with Smith in August 1978, ... Tanner says "Zimbabwe cannot survive another 10 years like these last ones."

Quite a gush of free speech dissenting from the government. And he gives KK credit: "he's no dictator, but isolated from real facts. He is meaning well, but strong on socialism." Earlier I said to Derek: "This country is aching to be like Kenya, but is being pushed to be like Tanzania". Right?

Sunday 23 July (page 1)

A quizkie. Out to Derek's hideaway down the Kafue Road, Dunstan's guest-house or Clubote Investments. The English manage to reproduce their parkland in unlikely parts of Africa... Bought the ^(Zimbabwe) Sunday Times and found it was nearly right this second time - Dyle Sanger's statement on accreditation, on page 7. A visit to NIPA to cheer on Draw Fagan and pick our rooms, and on to the Haddars, to find they'd suffered a heavy burglary and all Eileen's clothes were gone; K6500 loss, Mike estimated. A gang of eight with a lorry, who sent a Zambian neighbour off fast with a brandishing of guns. All I could do was telex Yusuff to bring bras and slacks for Eileen. A walk round Mulungushi, for Derek to absorb detail (is the table oval or a circle; the mottled forumza table for executive sessions; the modest sized portrait of KK. he registered all!) A quizkie meeting with Richard over his Basset hounds and back to lunch with John, Kashumba, driver of CHQM 13 and a Malawian expat of 23 years.

In the afternoon I made out more lists of "things to be done" - I had begun this list at 0330 when the din from a party next door kept me awake for two hours. What do you do on such occasions? Peter Dunne: "warn them, call hotel staff, then police at stated intervals." Peter Branch: "I once lowered an empty whisky bottle with the message 'Shot up or fill up'. They filled it up!" My answer was to play the Jam BBC news loudly and type for the next hour. ... Viz Moore went foraging for Dan Karobia (youth centre director) for us, but we missed him. Mary Mackie arrived bright-eyed and magical from Mambasa, and had the Australian cops around her in no time. I wrote to Sue ^{Grice} wishing she could be enjoying "the hubbub of the gathering circus. We, who are about to clown, salute you!"

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Monday 23 July (page one)

Best line in today's ZDM: "a chef of international standard assisted by eight assistants and five sauce chefs will be stationed at Mulungushi to carry out final preparation of food."

I missed the London mail by minutes, in the form of the departing British Caledonian crew. Patsy, Dharani, Barbara (and Greta) came in, though while Eneka was ensconced in the 4th floor suite. Eneka wanted updating before seeing ZANA and going to State House (nobody ever says whom they're seeing at State House, always implying KK). We skated lightly over accreditations, and Eneka told (privately) how Joshua's absence during CLEM & Queen's visit was "background understanding" of the ceasefire arrangement. Reason for Joshua to be out of the way: so that the Queen needn't greet him! Eneka: "They worry about this in England. Our feeling is to be tough at the centre, but soft on the edges". We discussed whether the Brits don't first take the periphery and then hold hard for the middle, too.

While the three tried to rest, Brenda and I went the nearby rounds: to the DG of ZBS Bruno Mweene, an energetic person who means business; to a BHC session of Richard with his Lady Clarke of the Master Sheet; then to Humphrey with Richard to sort out transport. Humphrey was still saying he didn't know whether the State Visit buses were to be shared with CLEM; and I in exasperation broke in, "Well, I know. They cannot be!" The decision makers were still "out there", he'd sent a message to Walea or some unknown functionary. I gave him my list of the jobs for the 20 media assistants who had reported today, as well as my note on transport.

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23 July (page 2)

Humphrey countered with some scribbled figures on the back of some sheet, his calculations of what shifts the girls should work. He'd got a third, night shift into every group! Meanwhile the girls were sitting in a dimly lit theatre with Alfred Kabungula, who had merely told them someone was coming to talk to them. Three hours waiting!! I talked for an hour, giving a corny performance ("You're the most important ... if I do something stupid, tell me quickly ... let's not talk about "you" and "me", it is us"). A bright lot, who enthusiastically trooped down for an Intercontinental lunch, talking of National Service in Mansa and Solwezi. One, Irene Mwamba, undertook to organise early morning pick-up, in which they hoped we'd pick the lot..! Our plans for Brenda to take them round Mulungushi etc tomorrow in the minibuses were wrecked by Alfred blithely dismissing them till Wednesday, because he had no transport. Nor did he show them round ZIS/ZBS. The lack of imagination! I boiled at that moment. Patsy simply said "It shows we must get together." We will on Wednesday, after losing more days.

Afternoon at NIPA, sorting accreditations. Total for NIPA/EH about 275. Willie Musuvorwa cleaned out my pockets of K22, saying he was sleeping around for safety. The police came with camera, found it too bright, dislodged partition curtain that fell with heavy thud. Found photocopier without paper and broken electric typewriter. Still same way to go! In evening the gentle Francis Kavambe sat listening to the jolly but sometimes tactless chatter of Peter Calamai.

Shortages still evident: maybe they're holding back the soap for VIPs but none in my room today.

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Tuesday 24 July (page one)

A day when I felt crumpled and drained by the mean bureaucracy in the high echelons of the Secretariat. Eneka called a staff meeting at 0930 which went on past 1100, with various of us listing the problems and shortcomings; in my turn I tried to accentuate the positive ("Churchill was working on the color studio until 3 am..." "Gwen Kovic vigorously...") but had to say that ZIS was effectively "a dead unit". Others said worse. We were rewarded by a lecture from Eneka about cooperation with our Zambian colleagues, not showing any spirit of condescension and ^{beware} of being the experts. Dear Mohan was the one to comment, saying as long as you didn't expect the Zambians to work long hours or take decisions, you could get on well... As it broke up, Eneka asked me to stay on and in front of Mari began an inquisition about Brenda: who is this woman, why is she on a table among Secretariat names, how could I have recruited her without getting in touch with Landan, and so on. To my protests, he added that if there were shortcomings I should have asked the Zambians for someone, and if that someone was incompetent I should go back to Mwanza, then to Chitulangama, then tell Landan... "There's no time, Eneka, the clock ticks on. We've 17 things to do in that time. We need a structure we can rely on; if you take a limb out of that structure, I'll be desperate..." We ended by leaving the matter open until I'd had the meeting tomorrow to integrate with ZIS. Eneka's concerns were at the level of seeing Brenda's name wasn't on any delegation list etc.

Moni

Malhotra/

She'd just returned from Mulungoshi, and we got

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24 July (page two)

a cab together to the Posters, to check over the Handbook, and then for what proved the "sanity half hour" of the day, into Moore's Pottery to send the mugs and commemorative plates done for CH&M and the Royal Visit. The clipped Englishman in charge, John Hudson, was easily unmasked as an ex DC. "Were you in Luapula in 1961?" "Bangweulu" "I went there with Titus Mukupo... It's all a bit like coming in on the third act of a play, with Titus an MP and you selling mugs..."!

It cheered us up, and lunch with CBC 'Sunday Morning' radio man Steve Wadhams led to reminiscences on Malawi in 1964 (Steve was a VSO there later). Brenda never showed any resentment at what I told her, ^{simply} asking if she should "drop out of sight". At the end of the day, when we packed up from Patsy's room after doing the accreditations, and as we stood by the elevator I said "I'm so ashamed - of Eneka!" At just that instant, the elevator opened to reveal Mari!! I couldn't get in....

Efforts to get to the bottom of transportation got a little distance. An 0845 call of mine on Libwaniso produced a promise of 4 coaches and 2 minibuses, and interest in starting a taxi rank at NIPA. (I told this to Humphrey in the evening, and he said "Magnificent" vaguely, but looked troubled when I said "You'll carry on the good work, won't you?" Patsy has the boldest scheme: to replace Humphrey in practice with Martin Luo, and return HM to running ZIS in the background. Since Humphrey is now to be absent from our big meeting tomorrow, as he's going to Luangwa, the scheme may take off.

Accreditation still presents problems. From Charles came two telex messages, the first saying

24 July (page three) Brusse

That a Dutch journalist had 'again' been refused a visa in London (and a Spaniard Muñoz and the former FPA president van der Zee probably will be, too) and the second saying a German radio/TV team had got a message from ZIS that they were too late. I went right after lunch into police headquarters and, without being stopped, to Walubita in room 207 (in contrast to the double security ring now around Mulungushi). He seemed to have nothing against any of them; so maybe they can be saved.

A 2½ hour meeting at ZBS to revise their rates. Denis Craven was extremely polite, and managed to alter most charges by first quoting British rates and then suggesting an addition of 50 to 80% "in the wilds of Africa." A good deal in their draft was misunderstood nonsense, but Brono Mweene took the meeting well. Afterwards Craven referred to the "Ford Kano" setup and said he thought they'd be overwhelmed by the organisations on the way here. Certainly there's a bad shortage of editing machines.

The phones get no better. When you dial out for local calls, you first dial '9'. Various responses are possible: the same tone continues, or it goes "engaged", or it drops to promising tone (once in 10). Even then, it may give up (it cannot digest six numerals, so I haven't reached Chanty Op yet) and just not try any more. So it's pleasant to read of the ideal displayed in a lobby showcase "Erizofon... the ultimate in pushbutton convenience... a clear crystal tone..."

Wednesday 25 July (page one)

I am beginning to feel I am entering the swirling waters at the head of some rapids in a large canoe without half the crew holding onto, let alone using effectively, their paddles! None of the exhilaration and confidence of the Tock River. And some of the whirlpools are stirred up by one's own Secretariat colleagues.

Early morning to ZIS to get an up-to-date list of Zambia-based accreditees. George had not got it, Humphrey said he must have a copy, his arm was lost somewhere in his desk's mess. I gave up; taxied (no official transport) to NIPA where Dharani and Barbara had been shoved aside by a Defence Dept man whose people refused to let them see the Zambian lists. I got angry, told them we were "a team and I am the leader". Went off with Brenda to get her going on Evelyn Hone's 92 rooms which need many improvements. Malasa, the PWD supervisor, was found saying "Have you problems? I can solve any of them." floor tiles, toilet seats, lights etc still to be done. By 10 I was back at ZIS for the big "integration" meeting, but only Mbasela, Bernard and Alfred of ZIS were there (Humphrey disappeared to Luangwa for two days, Martin Luo and George Mukambwe at KK's press conference. Same type of distractions in afternoon, when Minister Tambatumba did another tour, drawing off Martin and Walubita). The meeting went fairly well, and Patsy arriving limping from a turned ankle to make a list of jobs for the PIOs and the media assistants. Walubita arrived and inter alia told them to respect SAfrican journalists as any others - a matter Patsy retailed with disdain to Eureka in

July 25 (page two)

(Foreign
Press
Association)

the evening. He promised to tackle six bad immigration objections — three in the London FPA and a German team. In the afternoon came another rejection — a French journalist! The list Dharani finally got her hands on had many names omitted, and was all higgledy-piggledy. A hard day for them, although Walubita stayed behind the Minister to clear up some points.

I promised the PIOs and media assistants a tour round the various facilities and we managed to get into the National Assembly thanks to Nicholas Tembo. No luck at Mulungushi, which now has a double line of security. George Brownbill confided in me that Eneka's remarks were needed by some Secretariat there, and highhandedness was becoming evident. The worst incident had been over the moving by one half-metre of the partition in the Executive Session!

In the evening had a humdrum of a meeting with Eneka. Began with a Zambian entrepreneur, with whom Eneka had spent part of the afternoon discussing purchase of game trophies. O tempora! O mores! He insisted that the Canadian and Australian groups be scattered, which will be a big complication vis à vis transport, especially since Evelyn Hare eats separately. He finally latched on to Patsy's list of designated PIO/MA jobs and said "I take it this obviates the need to hire any locally based expatriate". I looked horror by saying Brenda's help at present was "indispensable". A lecture on principles followed, an admonition to "sleep on it" — and I went, angry and seppelers, to compose a tough letter in reply. Into the rapids!

(ie Brenda
Branch)

Thursday July 26 (page one)

The welcome machine grinds forward slowly. We have over four big buses — although Richard hasn't any and is getting panicky with the Queen 24 hours away; a Denis Healey asking Whitehallish questions from the FCO ("Who's in charge of transport? Who do the drivers report to?") and I spontaneously designate Bernard who is the one ZIS Patsy & I find we can rely on. Draw Frayn has his keyboards and receptionists all organised, and after expected grumble about splitting the Canadians & Australians scrub out part of his work. The press kit material takes all day to liberate from the airport, to Peter's chagrin but he arrives with trunks at NIPA at same time as Eneka (smiling & saying nothing then about my stiff letter re Brenda; later he said it was "exaggerated" to say CanSec was not grateful and graciously allowed me to keep her into the weekend!), and the Brits-in-a-state. There were other good encounters: Helen Zille, Rand Daily Mail and eager to get off her telex so she perforated her tape and got half away before senior engineer from PTC stopped her; I introduced her to Willie Muzumwa & his niece and she shook hands dropping a paper Queen Jack while clutching tape. In the middle arrived Josette Jodl & 8 year old Christiane & Egon in a Renault ~~of~~ which ended by ferrying Helen to a telex point. "We will have to go back in 2 years or we will never go!"

expat, and
C/SO?

The assigned jobs half started with the PIOs and media assistants. "When will we get our cards? Can't be at the airport for the Queen? What does media mean?" lots of questions as I walked the NIPA lot round the local

July 26 (page 2)

facilities. Tina the most sophisticated says she doesn't think much of ACP Walubita: "my uncle is a top cop, much higher than him".

"Don't pull rank on him, Tina, he's the best police friend we've got!" I plead. At Evelyn Home

two P10s design to be given the job of helping Brenda get the three hostels cleaned, but

Stanley & Kennedy disappear at lunchtime "to the Ministry" and aren't seen again. The

unlikely ones turn up bumps. A wispy Lusaka

P10 gets 1000 (he says) Zambia posters to enliven the place; Dixon the photographer works hard

on details of a darkroom. But Alfred Kanyika is away all day "at the graphic arts", John Mwachinda

bozzes in a car vainly seeking Henry Solomon. At the day's end Walubita sprays the big surprise joke

"we've passed all the journalists except four: Colin Legum; David Martin, Phyllis Johnson

John Borrell". I say "There must be a mistake... international repercussions..." The

PS Chitulangombe & Humphrey also arrive for an evening "anything wrong?" visit; we tell them

about the PWD & Evelyn Home. Humphrey, who is a genuine case of withdrawal, says PWD take a long

time perhaps notice was short; now that Canbec had told ZIS the problems, we can deal with them.

Silence of disbelief. Cheerful exit, with

Patsy, Barbara, Dharani hiring police car for hitch; Brenda & I gain access (chopped) green for neighborly

beer over mbonda(?) braziers with Dave & Irene^{Beer} and discussion on Zimbabwe politics. The Sgt

arrived, got installed in villa, had excellent meal, his liquor delivered. "All systems go" was maybe so!

(Colin the dean of Afrikanists, the other three resident in Zambia)

Friday July 27 (page 1.)

The flood began in the evening, but almost the entire working day was occupied by a row with two Zambian security guys over the role of the Secretariat in the accreditation process. So first to that.

Over the previous two days a reasonable relationship had been worked out, even if we thought the Zambians

slack in checking credentials of their nationals. Then two tough, wiry men arrived and began accusing Patsy

of not working to their list. Illogically they also said she should not have sight of the list. Speedily it escalated,

in front of some 15 to 20 waiting accreditees to a situation where the shorter one, with a walkietalkie as

sign of authority in his pocket, said "I'll clear all you women out of here!" Dharani was already feeling ill

in a corner. Patsy called to me over their heads "Go to State House, Clyde, and tell the Secretary General".

Hitching a ride from Nick Ashford (Times) and the girl from Le Monde, I got there just before the SG's car,

rode in with them, immediately was swallowed into its politeness and isolation, was invited by KK in to

greet him, got Puna to act - only to the extent of dressing down Munga & the PS on the phone. They

were quite ineffective against the pair of Members, although Chitulangombe (PS) is chairman of the credentials

committee. We thought, later, that they were also upset by the way their decision on Legum, Martin,

Johnson & Borrell had been challenged; KK hit the roof when being told of the committee's decision by Eneka.

The afternoon was consumed sitting at the end of a table, arguing with the Members, with Walubita on

the side with a lawyer (?), about the best procedure. Eneka arrived at one point to make a broad statement,

and Mandara puffed his pipe and told, in effect, the

(154)

July 27 (page two)

security men to grow up. Patzy and the deflated J. Membe later talked alone, but it remains to see today whether all is cleared. Meanwhile the 150 to 170 cards we have wanted three days for I traced to Room 56 in Mulingoshi where one typist was using two fingers and scribbling at the cards doubtfully, other typists (2) relaxing, young men vaguely checking and the all important signatory absent. But a vigorous man called Tembo, who endeared himself to me by saying he couldn't wait a minute while I fetched something, was prodding all.

The media girls got their cards, anyway, and six made it to the airport and right near the Queen. The scene there was fairly chaotic: none of Richard's carefully planned fixed points, more police than press and so a tumble among them, the BBC arrested near Stake Horse and held awhile... They burst as a flood on NIPA, dumping portables everywhere, curling around phones, bringing beer from the bar to the foyer to make it a real, live area, arguing with the telex man, hunting their luggage... Dan Turner, greying of beard, somewhere in the midst of the Brits. The strain was too much for the PTC, who got pictures out to Jaburg but not to London where they claimed a go-slow. Nonsense, said the party, we've phoned and they're waiting: we got through in 20 minutes from Dar & Malawi, and in Malawi the head of its PTC was around. Where was George Mitchell?

Michael Sine (Palace) held the main fire, but I walked into it too. They lost their best picture story, the Queen safe on Zambian soil! Disaster.

The Lusaka Hotel arranged to take over the Evelyn Hare 92-bed operation, after Branda's three

EXCUSO Nigeria
reporter with
Canadian Press

July 27 (page three)

valiant days there. Mulomena was in full charge and their staff really buckled down, the registrar offering to run the cashier's point etc. Then the hotel offer came through (it had been criticized earlier for laziness in the press). It's the best solution.

NIPA began to take shape. The State Party began referring to their (best) block as Stalag Luft 3, ~~or~~ and Viz Moore wrote an extraordinary ^{good} letter to Emeka after I'd split the Canadian group into three (not very far split, all but five are in the same building). Viz wrote, inter alia: "News media representatives are not juveniles or students who need to be mixed up for presentational or optical reasons"... This rearrangement of rooms will not be acceptable to our PM and his party and I ask you as a matter of urgency to discuss it with His Exc. the S.G. so that quick steps can be taken to reassemble the room reservations as before. The matter is extremely urgent..." When Peter Kent and Dan came, they didn't care a damn! How crazy out of perspective we all can get!

Now it's breakfasttime on the first day at NIPA. The State Visit people are gunheaps for us in many ways. Early sun on the light brann-green field to the south and the few towers of Cairo Road make a good vista — but must remove the barbed wire over which four fell in the dark last night! Do I also dare take down the aggressive posters put up by John Lickersan on the "Canada" corner? And think of their Maple Leaf boxes! They have been a bit ugly over this.

Saturday July 28 (page one)

We expected about 70 journalists to arrive today, and perhaps 15 came. The big 'Andrew Walker' special was, in fact, leaving today and arrives tomorrow. So it was a hanging-around sort of day: the State Visit group off to Kitwe at an early hour and delayed on their return until 2000. So NIPA was an empty campus most of the day.

In an effort to build some structure, I started making schedules. A transport schedule for a non-existent policeman who can, ACP Walubita says, become transport officer when "his credentials are ready". And a set of positions for 17 media assistants, helped along by Bernard. I gave a copy to Alfred, who received it without enthusiasm as an interruption of the nomadic life. Brenda partially handed over Evelyn Hane to the manager of Lusaka Hotel, who generously offered free breakfasts for 12 of the 'green girls' (they got their dustcoats today) for the length of their stay; and made a set of notices herself on dark rooms, freighting files, and departure schedules. Barbara typed everything out — one of the "green girl" secretaries had complained of tired eyes after typing two pages — and I pinned them on a board in the passage on the way to the Gents.

Lunch hour is celebrated as a two-hour break, and the buses disappear the same length of time. Patsy and I (from Derck's pocket) paid K30 or more to feed 13 of them lunch, because ZIS hasn't advanced them money at all. I taxed Humphrey with this matter, and he looked pained. The man who could solve the problem was not around, he said. Generously he added that the

'green girls'

July 28 (page 2)

girls had qualified to be paid, at some point in the limitless future. This little exchange followed a remark which nearly made me mad; Brenda said she would have flown at him. Humphrey, who was driving round all day in CHQM 6, which Patsy swears was allocated to us, said "I've been visiting all the points out to the airport, and we didn't see any information staff there. The PS was with me, and was most disappointed." It was said as though it was to blame, and I even began to explain to him they were between shifts when I collected myself and said that I'd spent a good deal of time trying to set up the structure, and it was up to the Zambians to take it on from here.

Parallel scenes at ZBS where the Visnews man Denis Craven is finding that no counterparts have been designated to learn about the colour processing unit. He has had two orders for units — one from the Germans — but, as Patsy said, it will be a pity if this unit isn't properly used after all the fuss we had

At 3pm our buses were "withdrawn" by the regional head of UBZ, no reasons given (or none that survived Alfred's memory). I told everyone I could see around later — Emeke, Walubita, another police chief — but none returned. When you ask why such catastrophic things have happened, you often get a tangential reply like "Have the two South Africans come in from the airport yet in that bus?" Is there a cultural thing, that catastrophes happen and you mustn't question them for fear worse follows? Patsy ends the day praising Esther, who got the NAMotel ready, complete with porridge on the first day. "She should be head of ZBS!" Barbara survived an encounter with a hairy spider under her chair, retreating until Dharani & I got it out the window!

Sunday July 29 (page one)

A very pleasant day, mainly because I decided to absent myself from NIPA and accreditation, and do something without trying to involve Zambians.. This was putting up the CanSec exhibitions. Branda had their car, and she, I and Jim the Labrador got into Mulingushi with no more trouble than a large growl at the policeman. Nobody about but cleaners and a couple of clerks at 0900. The crucial Room 56, whence came the accreditation cards as randomly as Sybilline leaves, was firmly shut. We couldn't find the fibreglass cases anywhere, dashed back to the NAMotel and caught Peter Dinne just off to the airport, discovered his hideaway and rushed back (growl at the gate). The first exhibition was a jigsaw puzzle, but the second which we set up at Kaunda Hall in the Agon. Showgrounds was simple - and both good. At Mulingushi the Asian architect showed us the path to the NA, I then asked to change my travellers cheques; an South African removals van man lent me his vehicle to take the cases to the showgrounds; and an expoliceman Jeff Mcnean at once gave us space, then a drink at the end. Jim settled down & didn't bark at the peacocks.

On to UNZA for the opening, rather ^{the} involving a plague, or the CYP promises. We walked across a stubble field to get there, came on a stream where Branda cheerfully kicked off her shoes to take the stepping stones in stride, and sat beside the CYP graduates from Mauritius. The royal car arrived unforgivably early, so the photographers were upset (they'd also crossed the stream, and saw no idyllicism in it. On the return journey, said P. Kealley, they were boling up to another letter of protest to KK, or the Queen). A fun occasion, with Prince Andrew

Patrick K,
The Guardian

July 29 (page two).

roaring with laughter at a CYP graduate from Ghana or Cameroon who "has designs on being a Minister" and hastening to tell his mother so. Back in happy state to find Charles & Yusuf sleepy and determined on a night at least in the motel. Lots of little problems persisting - the green girls unfed, Evelyn-Hane staff feeling neglected, ZANU rep. wanting a room for Edgar Tekere, a South African journalist complaining about broken shower tiles and dirt: it's a fulltime job of lightning conductor. Escape to the bar for vodkas and tanz with the amusing ZDF man Hartmut Stein and his crew.

Gina word...

ZANU-PF

Reactions are so different. The State Party group so haughty about NIPA. "Drinks with the Queen and then cockroaches" was the headline forming in one of their correspondents' heads. Grama Forbes was red-eyed, said FCO man Denis Healey (who has unfortunate manner of talking across unseen Zambians); her companion, when we saw a whole bunch of them sloping into the Redgeway on Saturday night, said they were writing to KK about conditions: "the girls were crying" he said. Four cockroaches in Grama's room was the final straw.. The Canadians (all except the CHC) are quite relaxed: Peter Kent "my only complaint is that the shower is always cold - and the towel frayed" his cameraman Ian Wilson "we always shaved ^{or} in cold water in Vietnam". John Lizabeth was laughed about at the evening wry at David Martin's & Phyllis Johnson's for having gone to ~~Dharani~~ and said "I'm here to correct the accommodation business". Some of the Brits, though, see a conspiracy, although ^{Mike} Woodbridge and I argued that Zambia like most parts of Africa was too inefficient to set up a surveillance system of any talent. A BBC man was saying at midnight "Can't you see it? The policemen in the bar all the

29 July (page three)

time; when asked they say they're journalists. And the media assistants, they're heavily briefed — can you believe they'd be so patriotic otherwise (they'd gone with Irene Mwamba to her family's home for an interview. Woodbridge cut in: "She said the things she thought you wanted to hear — like anywhere in Africa"). He wasn't to be dissuaded: the PTC, ZIS and all were "pushing us around. If the international press got together and told them it wouldn't stand such behaviour, it would stop." What do you tell? Where's your pressure point? Mitchell, Humphrey, KK? I said "I'd naively thought of having a party tomorrow to introduce journalists to the police assistants. It seems unnecessary". Woodbridge: "You've been preempted, apparently".

The Americans lying around Borrell's telex news factory (a bank of three telexes dominating one kitchen) were awesome. UPI's Steve Homan (?) known as the "pseudo-American" because he's Rhodesian born, sloped in a chair; Peter Kent said: "He's hardnosed... He took the prize of Ian Smith crying in the House & David Smith comforting". By contrast, the Canadians are tender, softboiled and hamely.

Amar at the Martins told of her frustrations. Mani was pushing Hayday to do everything ("he knows nothing of international affairs, but is good at nuts & bolts"). Mani had a new confidence, she said, and wondered why. "The Sq's # run out of steam; he's spread himself out too much. That's why he's become so reliant on Mani & Eneka."

Flora sent a cable saying she's delighted to meet a CWSO delegation. Most Canadians at the Martins talking of how they divide their work: "I'll have to do the Clark story"

Myself to Derek at breakfast. "Zambians have suppressed feelings of nomadism. Like two-hour nomadism."

Flora
MacDonald
Canadian
7.M.

Monday 30 July (page one)

Little fantasies occur. After being told how the State Visit girls cried when they found cockroaches in their room, and after Derek had recalled how Clare Hollingworth went to Japan for one week's story and stayed 18 months with only a small bag and her inseparable mackintosh, I had a daydream of Clare being surrounded by an army of cockroaches and swiping her magic mac over them all...

Daily
Telegraph

Monday was a day full of bugs, anyway. Breakfast a time to meet newcomers, and to hope that the trickle of accreditations could increase. ZIS man Ingasda followed up the BBC 7am news of a 5-president Front Line Summit with an invitation to journalists to "attend" (an ambiguous word, I said in my briefing). It was postponed, then cancelled, then happened in the evening when Machel and Neto descended on the one-day old Pamodzi ^{Hotel} with tired Portuguese pilots. From the supper room with Peter and Brenda, I saw the flashing police lights and bonnet flags in a platanus frieze...

Moz &
Angola
leaders

A large briefing at NIPA, which went reasonably, then a dash in a security girl's car to Mulungushi for the Sq's big staff meeting. Invited to recount press problems, Patsy & I swung legs on the rear table of the room and summarized the accreditation and transport nonsenses. Sq asked about accommodation: "would it help to move some into Marshlands?" I said it would not help, merely upset Evelyn Hane students. "By then, we'll be gone. You must think of the immediate." Eneka was more immediately worried about the protest note of the 7 on the State Visit who appealed to Philip Moore (Queen's private secretary) to find them hotel beds in place of unsanitary NIPA conditions. This also exercised Minister Tumbatumba who spent

Monday 30 July (page two)

lunchhour at NIPA inspecting beds and, when I led him to Graeme Forbes' former E17, we pounced on an unoffensive couple of cockroaches. It was easy stuff and he was in charge... I kept telling him the Canadians loved it all, even the cold showers.

But back to accreditation, which dominated the day. After the SG's meeting, a tour of Mulungushi ferreted out the PS Chitlanguambwe and his assistant secretary, who was told by the SG we'd type the missing 80+ names on cards ourselves. I tried this on the PS in the carpark, he hesitated only a second before deferring to his driver, who of course turned out to be a Membe, larger version.

Membe =
Secret police
(3)

No go from this Jo. I challenged the PS "As chairman of the Credentials Committee, are you not in charge of the whole accreditation and screening process?" "Er, well, I coordinate the business." On to Sineka who got it all straight, then phoned Pina (who was however too busy on airport duty later to do much).

Back at NIPA, among the ministerial cockroaches, Walubita promised a list by 4 pm, came at 1800 without one. Meanwhile Commissioner M'tanga in civilian clothes slouched in a chair by Barbara, while we presented "lost souls" in Moi's office and on Time magazine; came alive more when I told him of Peter Kent being woken by a night time woman with keys to every room. He promised police security, then added "but don't deny her business".

Towards evening briskly came George Brambill & Sina M'yaonde wanting the list of "lost souls", to take the case up through the night. George had already discovered in Room 56 a pile of 90 signed press cards; where then was the holdup? was the explanation in the

30 July (page three)

ways of opposition, even subversion, in a one-party state? an intriguing thought, disturbing to KK friends.

Meanwhile lesser things happened. As the BBC said, Mrs Thatcher goes to the front line" and John Dizkie tells us about it all. The tlex at NIPA refuse Bell Canada and European cards, and I argue hard with all the financiers. Dear Mike Faber arrives with a hired car, having resolved to help the hardest pressed of the day; so takes me to the post office to nail George Mitchell for this morning's briefing. George has an urge to brain the BBC/Buckingham Palace lady Barbara Saxon who is so laudable in the public places while I try to raise Pina. At the close I am glad to get away from the madhouse to the Pamodzi, even though Peter & Albert are like tense sheepdogs starting up at every concern. Branda talks about Kenya, even Toad Hall. Jun waits patiently in the car, her back no obstacle for leavetaking.

Tuesday 31 July (page one)

A jam-packed day. But the jam broke. When I heard that George Brambill & John Mandana had traced the fault over the 114 missing souls to Security, my heart dropped. But by the time we got through our first briefing at the National Assembly, word from Mandana was that the cards were all being typed. Too soon to say ones pressure had succeeded wholly, but it did seem like spring breakup and the river flowing again. We found, of course, that the lists were garbled and had to use this to get some proper ones accredited. Yet at end of day Colin's name was still not on the list with us.

Colin
Legum

31 July (page two)

Margaret began had a calm lunch with Brenda and myself, talking of her 'Xray' magazine's perceived neutrality.

The briefing at the Assembly was fine. Two notable absentees, whom I'd impressed should be there, were Humphrey & Churchill. Humphrey turned up at Mulungushi, murmuring "There are so many meetings..." Later back at NIPA he asked "Now that the meeting is under way, what is there for me to do?" as though his mission was magnificently accomplished.

Moving from Assembly to Mulungushi was like the Peninsula campaign. The little green gate to Mulungushi was securely locked against us. Half of us, including stalwarts like Marilyn Dunlop, footed it down to the main gate. Then everyone was shepherded into 'male' and 'female' tents to be frisked. The ZDF film crew had good shots of this bit of genteel autocracy. I remonstrated with Walubita, to prevent its recurrence, but am not confident. Marilyn told of the Pacifica Radio girl's tribulations in the tent, explaining every screwdriver.

A lay saviour round Mulungushi Hall, journalists flooding everywhere. George B & I are convinced they'll penetrate into most corners this week. Police kept locking Patsy & others into wrong parts, while she gathered bids for photographic positions. We were able to walk out the gate without further frisking — and all was set for the S's press conference, and he was waiting outside, when the lights failed!! Casterman is too strong a word with ZIS. Muelwa & later Mawnga asked the NA police if there was a

31 July (page three)

technician. Muelwa had simply replied to Patsy: "I'm looking after the microphones" as though the power failure didn't affect that. Having little confidence that an electrician would come in five minutes, I urged an alfresco affair, and by 12:10 we gathered on the Speaker's sacred turf. The S's was as unfazed (?) as ever, spoke and answered questions standing for an hour. Hard ones about Joshua he turned neatly, and John Dzikie's on review of Glenageles, also.

The afternoon spent working on accreditation and big arrivals. Canadians upset that their dollars weren't exchanged at NIPA. An American looked at the maple leaf spangled boxes and said: "We used to do that once..." Off in it, anyway, to Viz Moore's party for Joe Clark & Flora. Just a sentence with her, and longer with Joe telling him of acerbic comments in Lusaka & London papers but saying atmosphere better than supposed. Josette and Dirk took me back to NIPA with many laughs.

Canadian
PM (1979)

Tohl
(1950)

Lots of bilateral meetings starting. The most intriguing a dinner à quatre: KK, Mark Chena, Mrs T and Carrington. Earlier Mrs T saw Dr Banda. Derek sees a Britain-Malawi-Singapore-NZ lineup on Rhodesia, agitated over his Open Letter to Mrs T for the Times of Zambia. Malcolm Fraser very busy also, Tony Eggleston & Barnett scurrying out of Pamodzi. The five frontline presidents stayed overnight, keeping Peter & Brunda up till 3am "waiting for Angola" with the Spaniards relaxing over the waiting bar! Evelyn Hare hostel began filling up; first customers happily were Nesta Wynne-Ellis (Harpers, Queen) & husband

July 31 (page four)

who writes for plushy Saudi paper.

Wednesday 1 August (page one)

The Opening Day. And it went off well, with surprisingly few hitches.

The giving out, by Patsy myself, of the Special Press Passes (merely a yellow card I got printed by Mr Keenan) was a shouting affair. The briefing room full of hands and bids, like an unruly auction. The Malawians and especially the 14 Bangladeshi men who came very late were problems.

Patsy cut the air dramatically: "Absolutely nothing more for Bangladesh!" What you can do if you have a chocolate skin... Meanwhile Yusuf had gone down the hill to make sure the gate was open, ended in a DIY role with pliers.

Everyone still frisked with metal detector as we went down sidepath, and Peter Kent finds it having to go round front way and the frisking tent.

Anywhere I stopped, I was besieged by people wanting Yellow Cards, and I gave to hundreds. But the hall was capacious and everyone fitted in. Bad moments when S's speech found locked in cupboard, but in end all OK.

The scene in the big hall was handsome. They filled the circle up with spouses, Denis Thatcher alongside Mrs Fraser. Big clap when Joshua walked in to back seat of Zambia delegation. Missed the girl's choir etc in my behind scenes dashes, but everyone seemed pleased. KK spoke very clearly, repeating whole sentences for emphasis. Bangladeshi president went on interminably, Fraser rushed his.. Mrs Thatcher

Nikomo

1 August (page two)

managed to be conciliatory, although the ZDM hardly right in saying she "changed her mind"! We got the S's, Fraser and Thatcher speeches out, and Bangladesh had theirs all printed as a booklet; but KK's speech was lost between ZIS and State House, and copies weren't around. Humphrey moved round corridors morning "I don't ^{know} where it is.."

The S's reception a punchy success, to the point that Patsy afterwards was quite tiddly, didn't eat lunch and came into executive session to say we had to find 10 photographers for royal banquet when I'd given her the list of six (four to come) at lunch.. Carrington had an overt row with a Nigerian over the takeover of BP's last 20% that morning. Peter Snow thought timing might be smart, showing tougheners two days ahead of the SA debate. Doug Roche being confidential on Clark holding off an S's visit; he's prepared to weigh in later as a conciliator if need be. Lots of Heads came, Arap Moi carrying a kind of sceptre. Branda made the party, despite no delegate's card, in peacock blue dress recognisable halfway down the assembly steps.

At lunchtime Brian Redhead with twinkling eyes recounted conversation with Mrs T who allegedly asked him "But you can't name all the flags?" "Well, the one with BP in the green field is Nigeria..". ZIS assistant secretary managed to be upset as senior Zambians were, he said, excluded. What had happened was George Mukombwe had made inadequate list, which we asked to be revised, then they hadn't got invitations round.

First executive session quite relaxed, and David Anderson commented on KK's "extraordinary style". KK said things like "her Majesty the King"

TV

Canadian
Cons MP

BBC

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1 August (page three)

and "you see I'm being a stooge" (meaning someone's front man, but conveys political commitment here.)

Before session began, he spotted me across room and waved with big smile, and I waved back. Table, covered with green baize, worked out OK.

Lee Kwan Yew
Singapore

After preliminaries, he asked Harry Lee to speak and there followed one of his better but sombre performances. Nyerere took off his glasses, folded arms in patient way; but great quiet in room. Julius was announced next to speak, David A and I said 'Wow', expecting fireworks; but there following only a few teasing questions about China. "So they won't be any trouble for 20 years?"

Cyprus

Later, Cyprianou went on for 30 minutes, on line to upgrade Cuth Ctce on Cyprus to ministerial level, really a cosmetic business as it would remain probably dormant, but it drew Moslem reaction from Ziour who read out '77 communiqué' to show everything in UN hands.

Gloomy briefing which I handled poorly, fumbling with only two speakers to disguise. Then back to Mulungushi to find how late telex would stay open. Hitched ride with Abanahle Mursheid, to arrive at NIPA in time for film "Gony the Distance". At 2300 ended at Pamodzi, Peter offered Brenda and myself late meal (chips still raw but fine Mordun à Vent at K26!) and we talked first with the Legoms & Tony Hughes about dhows & narrow boats, then with hotel brass about opening new hotels.

Tony Hughes
Daisy Nabiam
Nbi

P.S. Forgot the Group picture. Set out with Patsy little paper notes to show where everyone should stand

1 August (page four).

or sit. Someone opening door blew them away, but replaced. When Heads came out, mingled with officials etc, we did best to shepherd. "You're just beyond PNE" Tanga had his specially wide green chair. By this time, 20 other photographers involved, and Col man took about 10 while ZIS chief photog Waire got his second off. Peter Dunne & I signalling over the heads of crowd. I took opportunity to reintroduce myself to passive/Banda. Evenpa took the milkie thing quite early; Afiza does it again.

Malawi

Thursday 2 August (page one)

Hectic days. The debate in executive session goes well, warming up for the Southern Africa topic on Friday morning and Monday afternoon. Outside the ZIS structure is quite non-existent. First the debate.

Australia

Nizomo

Fraser has set out to make a reputation and build bridges. He's doing well. Joshua is said to have made critical remarks when he showed 74 journalists round the camp in the morning (this was Victoria Camp, and an Australian networker is reported by CUSO to have said to camera "I'm standing in a guerrilla camp..." thereby causing a furor and a demand for his videotape). But generally the Australians are highly regarded. In the background, I hear they have come prepared with a Declaration on Racialism which Roland Brown is maintaining work on; Roland says it's a technical document, a compilation mostly of other statements previously endorsed by these governments. He has to consult eight or more govts about it.

ComSec
Law

Anyway Fraser spoke twice today with strong

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NZ Premier
Chinese media
Uganda

effect. His first speech was a heavy castigation of the Vietnamese Government, and Alan Griffiths (PM adviser) encouraged me to tell all - except what they called "the clash", very much, with Muldoon. So I ended the day giving it straight to the Hsinhua. Other speakers who were memorable in the morning's debate were Binansa, who used wit to get people on his side, and Nyerere who said it was "ridiculous" that Tanzanian troops should be in Uganda. Since they were the only two to speak on Uganda, I broke the rules and gave it undisguised. Mrs T only spoke to slap down Joe Clark, who had suggested "perhaps the most important instrument" was to put pressure on the USSR. "There's no earthly point in trying to do that. I tried it in my Moscow stopover." She's an unloveable person. KK, when inviting her to make her first substantive contribution, said "She's been beating man after man." He got it right, gently.

One difficulty in briefing I found was how to mention her without revealing it by the gender. I evolved on the spot my solution, referring always to "This prime minister". In the evening briefing, some showed they'd got the code when the Pacifica radio girl asked why I hadn't summarised her remarks.

Jamaica

In the afternoon a tremendously high standard in the economic debate. Fraser's lead paper was good, and it was followed by a sparkling 40 minutes from Michael Manley. At its end Julius came round the table to say to MM: "You are the spokesman for the babies under of the poor."

2 August (page 3)

I joined others shaking his hand and saying "magnificent" and Patsy was proud of him. Dan Mills worked quickly and arranged a press conference for today. Mrs T was not simpatico as she rehearsed what the Tokyo Summit had concluded, lecturing as though she was down from the mountain with the tablets. Muldoon much better and drew laughter, and Julius' comment "When you speak as a farmer you are quite progressive." Finally Julius for 20 minutes was Mwalimu, lightly teaching about overconsumption and oil prices. It was very flat, my account in the briefing.

The briefing in any case was delayed because President Kyprianou grabbed my 1800 hours spot and then didn't swing through the Assembly gates, airside and all, until 1830 - and had 40 minutes worth. Beautiful, watching the dusk from these steps, but I've now a cold and showed my impatience too to George.

Impatience is worst, of course, over Humphrey's hopelessness. I thought I had put him in the hot seat at the noon briefing by inviting journalists' comments on transport, and these came ("one bus an hour" "buses downtown" etc). Humphrey said two awful things: the minibuses were for local journalists (first time that came out) and they couldn't run buses if not well loaded, it was uneconomic! I came back in front of all by saying "12 round journeys is 120 km and we'll pay for the gas." Nothing moved that stupid man. Patsy said: "Why are you still persevering with him?" She's not speaking until she has recovered her temper from his saying that the delays in accreditation are the fault of the Secretariat in confusing the Southern Africa issue...

As bad as this is, the nonpayment of the Green Girls

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2 August (page 4)

is outrageous. I had written Humphrey a note on Monday about it; he'd said it was his first priority. He's done nothing. Today they say they had no food, and I ended by giving Tina and Irene and Anna Phiri an KS supper each. Irene Mwanba (daughter of an agriz. minister) took a huge plateful of dessert — to keep for breakfast.

Preparations to show the CFTC film to delegations went back a fortnight. Brenda, despite a turned ankle, lived up the British Council; then it was postponed a day. Didn't catch up with her in the evening, as she had a B. Cal party. Derek too I hardly saw: he went off to breakfast with Joshua and the Indian HC Natwar Singh.

Friday 3 August (page one)

and Saturday 4 August

A good day for Zimbabwe.

It was the day on which the debate on Southern Africa began. Mrs T was to her seat early, a stunted Camryn behind. Julius excused himself for paying more than usual attention to his notes "for there are occasions when a careful word is better than a colorful one". His speech was quiet and conciliatory, if with a firmness underneath. He introduced his Resettlement Scheme with the right diffident persistence. Moi mumbled a bad speech, but David Anderson called it useful in serving notice on Mrs T. that she could not make an ally of him unless she moved to the middle ground. Her speech went a long way in that direction, if it left several ambiguous points (a ceasefire before a settlement?). In the evening Derek was gloomy because a British briefing compared notes to suggest she hadn't changed

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3/4 August (page two)

her line. Nonsense, said Peter Snow later in the Pamodzi coffee shop, it's a smokescreen (Derek today agrees that, is depressed at Camryn's transparent lying). The others in the first stage of the debate expressed scepticism, after 14 years of Britain "shirking" the issue. Nigeria the most so, saying nothing had moved on with and if something concrete doesn't come out of this CFTC on Rhodesia it will be judged a failure and Nigeria will reassess the worth of an association whose 1977 communique hasn't been honoured. The SG said don't mention this statement, but of course the word went out (via Singapore? the rumor was) so at the evening briefing I read out the text of what the Nigerian commissioner had said.

On Saturday morning, 20 photographers were allowed an hour on the lawns of State House, and Julius took my elbow, saying "You fellows smell things, what do you think is happening?" I murmured something about the good start. He said he trusted that now Britain was planning for a new constitution without trying to amend the last one, and that sanctions lifting should be done as a Commonwealth move, not a unilateral British effort. Also he thought the problem of return to legality could be turned to advantage for Britain, who could take control in the transition time. I said was that in the Gambian president's form — a formal surrender, raising Umar Jack — and he didn't answer straight. He did a little gagging for photographers alongside Mrs T and Manley, she murmuring something about "I'm sound — that's why I'm conservative!"

A tangent about the Retreat. I went asking what recreation anyone was indulging in: she replied

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"work is my recreation, as you know" very primly. KK took ~~fraser~~ off to the first tee, and Fraser obligingly hooked his drive, KK murmuring that the fairway was very narrow. Mrs Fraser & Maureen went off to tennis, which Manley plays in early morning. "Where?" "I shouldn't say, it will blow my cover". The small islands huddled in ~~the~~ canvas chairs under mango trees (Seydelles, Fiji, Mauritius). Moi with a red rose talked to Binaiza, who said he played no games "I'm the immovable object!" Julius said he was "ashamed" he didn't do any sport: I said he had nothing to be ashamed of.

Mosuff and I went back in the evening to show the two films (Making Ends Meet & I can still hear the drums). Samare (PNG) came an hour early, Mrs T 40 minutes late: we got under way 30 minutes late, and the SG put me up to explain the significance of the films. The only time in my life I am likely to address 30+ heads of government. A Maltese minister said later "You'll be one yourself?" "No, I won't, I don't make long enough speeches", I replied. The films were both applauded, Manley congratulating me warmly; Mrs T rolled her car window down on departure to thank us, and the Swazi colonel held my hand over the easy chairs while whispering rude remarks about the UN and nice things about Mananga. The two films together managed to mention most countries, which pleased them. My one regret was that Neil couldn't be there.

We stayed on for the HG barbecue, sitting with

McTeer, wife of
Joe Clark

McKee, who
made 'MEM'

3/4 August (page 4)

Mark Chona, Ponabanta, Damunz, Mularsha and Sandy Kazunga. Mark said he'd told Mrs T to produce the full proposals ("I know you have two drafts"). Mrs T, Carrington and Tony Duff separated themselves to have a working supper at the other end of the lawn. Between arrivals I told KK about Toby and his interest in alternative technology, and that he might come "to your country." "He's very welcome. It is his country" was the charming response.

I should record also the previous night's (Friday's) reception - the Queen's for Commonwealth officials. We were given drinks, then immediately a fussy Palace man said "Please put them down. You'll be presented in two or three minutes." We shook the white glove in turn, I being the last finding she had none else to talk to, so I said I was being spokesman. She at once asked "Were you one of those who went to Nkomo's camp?" A good political interest! I tried at second hand to describe it all, the CFTC and Indian government support etc, all the time thinking how she'd like to see such places. A man with drinks approached, I said "Do you mind?" and she waved at the tray "do you want white wine?" All quite maternal. I asked Michael Shea to introduce me to Andrew, who likes the outrageous question. When it was said Niyera was half-breathingly to leave the Commonwealth, he said "Would that be much loss?" "Well, 90m people, for a start?"

A 90-minute session at the Ridgeway with ZANU Secygeneral Edgar Tekere, who chewed a minute steak and drank beer while giving his impressions. I made out a scenario in which Mrs T was using her November Sandhans lifting deadline to get PF to a conference.

FCO

Toby
Sams etc,
his
godson

3/4 August (page five)

Edgar said: "Harlech should have told her we'll come to any conference. We'll sit with Mugorewa, ~~but~~ we'll welcome elections. What we won't accept are elections under an administration controlled by Smith and Mugorewa". He said the British didn't understand the army integration issue, as it hadn't had a polarized army. "We have two opposing armies who ^{have} both been polarized". He said the "spears of the people" auxiliaries had recently been defecting to them at the rate of 50 a day. Was this genuine — or massive infiltration? ZANU took the risk, gave them reorientation & brushed up their military skills. He and the rest were dead against Julius' resettlement fund: why pay whites to leave, we want them to stay and adapt. I must get Flora to meet him, instead of leaving it to Shenstone. The Canadians are cautious, following the British lead rather than the Australians — Peacock saw Tekere, while Fraser is going to Victoria Camp. Flora gives great dance performances, went to Livingstonia and talked about border problems, but may be missing opportunities here.

ADM Africa

Sunday 5 August

"Breakthrough" day in Rhodesia.

(Sydney Morning Herald)

Already at 9am the Australians (Tony Eggleston) was briefing bullish. Peter Bowers of the SMH went strongly in "Britain has agreed that Rhodesia should have fresh elections under a new constitution" and then a paragraph of praise of the bridgebuilders from Sydney. I was embarrassed because the SG had told me nothing beyond the fact that

5 August (page two)

there was a meeting of key people at 1130.

What happened, in fact, was this: a "contact group" formed itself during the Retreat on Saturday, consisting of KK, the SG, Fraser, Nyerere, Manley, Adefope, Thatcher and Carrington. The basic agreement was made then; what was left to Sunday's meeting was the question of how much of this agreement went into the communiqué. That was settled by 1400, with a draft to go to the other Heads of Government at Fraser's dinner for them at the Intercontinental at 2000. The SG was still nervous it might fall apart, and Mark Robinson (whom Branda and I found at the motel at 1600) advised me to take a cautious line. Between 1400 and the dinner two unfortunate things happened: Mrs T was told I had briefed people that she was to hold a Cabinet meeting on Friday; and the Archbishop of Lusaka (Emmanuel Milongo) delivered a polemical sermon about the injustices of the Rhodesian regime which bounced like skipstones off the blue cartwheel hat of Mrs T who had just read the 1st Reading in lullaby voice (John 15: 12-17). I climbed over the rope at the end of her pew to tell the British HC (Len Abelson) the allegation — me was pure fiction — it turned out that Fraser had said it — and he passed it on. But the atmosphere was still twitchy.

SG's
assistant

I had buffet supper at Vic Moore's (only a few sentences with Flora, who said she didn't know whether she'd meet the Zimbabweans) and when we dropped John Small at the Ridgeway, we came on Patsy and Mark distributing the text of the Southern Africa agreement. They said it was

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being leaked by the Australians, so the decision had been to put it out tonight (it was then nearly midnight).

Back at NIPA there was hubbub around the three on-line, two off-line telexes and six international lines. Geoff Stevens and Norman Webster said a dozen calls to Canada were lined up before them and telexes overloaded. The curse of fragmentation.

17 telexes up at Mulungoshi left unused. Fortunate I asked for the third on-line.

As for the statement, it is a good demolition job. But how to get agreement to build? what to do about the armed forces? the

Zambra HC to Canada, a former Lt General, thought integration wdn't be too difficult - but I think it will. Tekore was guide to that.

Other happenings: pleasant three-hour midday break near the pool at Peter and Brenda's, the poem about the Ngongs being happily received, Tom Arms (Transvaal newspapers) flinging little Jade in the air, a contrast to the weight of events elsewhere.

Horror story from the media assistants with word, two days stale, that Mawya had held a meeting and "suspended" (ie sacked) Tina, Irene and Felicitas. No pay, no food, no reference to me. I told the story to Doug Roche who was mortified. I am thinking of writing the whole tale to John Mandana.

Derek continues to have good meetings:

Mawley, Lee, and on Monday Binansa. Uganda deputy director of Juba Luke —, at breakfast spoke of need for training of journalists. I was tempted to take up this challenge with Schwan's aid.

Globe & Mail

(see page 148)

Monday 6 August (page one)

The clinching of the Barbecue Agreement (who's to be roasted? Julian Haviland deeply regrets ITN never got a picture of Mrs T and the flickering fires) The text agreed at Fraser's supper party, which turned itself into a restricted session, was given to the executive session. The Ghanaian woman FM mildly asked if she could have clarification, explaining she had first heard of the agreement on the BBC News. KK blandly said he'd given an envelope himself with the text to the Ghana head of delegation and, since she was young and beautiful (erring in his flattery somewhat) she'd been tucked up asleep when the head returned home! Neat way to avoid opening up the subject again.

Tony Sggleton tells me the Brits were angry with the Australians on the "British Cabinet meets Friday" story. He thinks a Daily Express man told Mrs T. of a remark at an off-record briefing; anyway Tony was dispatched to ~~take~~ "hose down" Carrington, tell him it was a British ^{govt} story circulating in the first place. It illustrated, though, the twitchiness of the Brits through the weekend.

Monday night was Mrs Thatcher's, anyway. She was giving the Lusaka Press Club 479 awards. She cut her appearance to arriving at the Pamodzi ^{after} the dinner, made a speech saying she'd move fast on Rhodesia; and then KK did his charm act - danced with her* and sang "Tiyende Pamodzi" in her honour. The Zambians have a way with them, on the best occasions.

Discussion in executive session interesting but not highly newsworthy. The morning spent on economic matters, broken by my running up the hill to the National Assembly while police sirens wailed to get in time to greet Michael Manley quite out of breath. He

* to tone "Now come and dance, we Maggie, you've nothing to fear."

"Maggie's a good lady, KK's a good man"

6 August (page two)

was amused, and also modest "Tell me if I should say something first. You know best." He fielded questions on the contact group for 25 minutes until Margaret Legum asked about NIED ~~and~~ and Manley said "Thank you for reminding us other things are happening outside." In the afternoon the Industrial Development Unit and the CFTU. Tom Adams was excellent in introducing the CFTU debate.

The Canadians have had their reservations about the whole format; this from Doug Roche when he came to supper at NIPA with myself and Bob Dubberley. They felt, he said, the conference went on far too long at eight days and that there should be more than three (say, five) in the executive sessions. Perhaps more sessions restricted to Heads alone, and the rest with five from each. They were appalled that items requiring expenditure of no more than £55,000 (an adobe on women in development) took up the time of 40 mins. (In the event it detained them no more than 10 seconds, being approved on the nod, with KK saying in his briskest way "para 62 (or whatever) d'accord" in his best OAU style.

Poor Doug came to watery grief after supper, while walking sideways and chatting with Geoff Stevens. One foot in a goldfish pond, then right up to his shoulder, luckily nothing grazed or broken. Kitted up in my oversize clothes, he watched the CFTU and arts films, and then recalled Eva's fall in the ornamental gardens. "Where's your barefoot doctor?" he demanded.

Drinking in 'A' block bar till after 1300, with Yusuf, Brenda and others. But feeling very tired.

Tuesday 7 August

The day the conference closed - one day early. (Almost as if the Canadians had been heeded). An extra day more than needed (Monday aft and Tuesday morning) had been allotted, in case Southern Africa took longer. But the weekend's confab around State House had done its part.

More tales of the Barbecue Agreement. Mostly how the church scene had more upsetting features than even I supposed. Camington was passing up notes to Mrs T to say the Australians were leaking the sections; Julian Haviland was having a supper meeting with the SG before Fraser's barbecue when his own anger with the Australians was evident. Other tales are of Julius going for a lengthy walk (some say arm in arm) with Mrs T in State House grounds, and of Mrs T and Camington walking all the way back to Mulungushi on one occasion. Tony Duff (a good BBC in Nairobi, Brenda says) and the SG are credited with putting the statement together.

Tuesday, anyway, a busy day. A little fuss at its start, as I'd lined up Julius for a news conference at 1100 when the Indian FM was also due to speak and the ever protective Mani said 'impossible'. The SG said to send the FM, and eventually he fitted in at 1415, after Julius answered a battery of mostly hypothetical questions about the Southern Africa issue, followed by Mrs T's effort at 1215. Julius had been preceded by Michael Manley on Monday, and on both occasions I broke the CanSec rule and stayed on the platform to direct the traffic of questions. Julius as ever handled all questions well except one on the Kenya-Tanzania border ("it takes two to make a border") and used humor to dismiss allegations of favoritism to Obote ("heavens, how stupid we've been not to install him now, while our troops are there")

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Mrs T. did her own choosing of questioners, in a schoolmistressy way ("we haven't heard from any of you in this corner...") and gave a revealing or at least rationalising answer when asked why she didn't agree to the present terms before she came, if she insists she hasn't changed her tune. "You have to have something to negotiate," she said. Derek is worried about her instability, believing the story that on the first Wednesday (1 August) she was actually crying and in a state of panic before the first session (in the big conference hall) as she thought she might be assassinated. The Daily Express gave some basis for it with a telescopic picture, Maggie in foreground, Nkomo ringed several rows behind and the page one headline "The killer behind Maggie". The other revealing moment was when Mrs T at the Press Awards dinner said "if you are soft inside, you have to have an iron exterior." That ties up somewhat with the airport booklet on Mrs T compiled by the woman lawyer, detailing her kindness to colleagues in trouble.

Anyway, lots of questions to Manley, Julius and Mrs T on how the Barbecue Agreement might be implemented. Who'd be asked? What if the PF won't come? Who runs Rhodesia in interim? The armed forces? The general response was "let's cross those bridges later..." but David Owen on the "Thursday, four hours" program on Wednesday echoed the scepticism. Mrs T said emphatically that British troops would "under no circumstances" be used in Rhodesia. It sounded like Wilson in the weeks before UDI in 1965. Surely there are circumstances in which troops might be needed.

7 August (p 3)

To the communiqué... I had warned journalists it could take three hours to pass, ninety more minutes before a news conference - and it came out roughly like that. An introduction of the Indian FM, Mishra, (twice I reached to shake the wrong hand) hastily down to Mulungoshi to pirate two copies of the draft communiqué and give one to Reuters (managed discreetly enough, except on my second journey when John Borrell in cloth cap came into the room with a dark glance), and introduction of ZANU's Edgar Tekere. Then an awkward 40 minutes' wait in the executive session, with Fraser, Mrs T, Kyprianou and others sitting expectantly for the Third Worlders to polish up some amendments (on energy, I suppose, and also on the Lusaka declaration). KK took it all at a great pace: "paragraph 7 d'accord... paragraph 8 d'accord!..." but we got ridiculously stuck on the balance of payments deficit para for 20 minutes or more until Joe added two adjectives "serious and persisting" that Manley liked. Manley slipped in a whole new paragraph on energy, d'accord. Solomon Islands made first opening into conversation, to explain there was no "the" in front of his country's name. It ended by 1815 and Peter Dunne had his copies ready by 1930, but then a wait for KK to return from a Kenya party. A rather sleepy news conference around the huge table, and I ended it with a pointed remark aimed at Eneka: "On behalf of all of us, President Kaunda, I'd like to thank you for not only for your appearance here tonight, but also for the trouble you have personally taken to make sure as many journalists as possible came and that their working conditions were as good as they were. You made our time here memorable and cheerful" The SG nodded approvingly!

7 August (page four).

Suddenly it was all over. Everyone seemed to have got their stories away. Reuters filed over 40,000 words on their leased line to London that day, and nearly 30,000 every other day. Hardly a complaint - except cold water in NIPA, no transport when you need it and so on. We sat at counters in the foyer of Mulungushi, chatting to Manley's press man Louis Mamiott. I ended up at the Pamodzi, having a coffee shop supper with Michael Wall and half listening to his tale of being overruled by the cold warrior Brian Beedham.

Wednesday 8 August

An extra day without any program. The CPU wasn't starting until Thursday. Bob Dubberley was depressed at not getting any mention of the Arts Committee into the communiqué. He'd not followed George Lambert's approach of getting a govt to submit even a skeletal paper. Brenda took him off to the Intercontinental early, and sadly that was the last either of us saw of him: he'd disappeared to Nairobi by afternoon. We packed up the two exhibitions, from the Agnes Shaw and Mulungushi; I sat through an hour of the SG's staff meeting where he was going on "the next steps" which didn't concern me much; we had lunch with George at the Interconty, dropping into the K100 he'd won at the casino. He offered a free seat to Larnaca that aft: "Three years ago I'd have gone like a shot..." We walked to NIPA, deciding to relax with the films yet unshown. Josette came in on the second, so we three walked in the sunlight instead, then listened in the bar to a depressing account by Steven Hane of the

Cyrus DoI

Brownhill

8 August (page 2)

military situation in Rhodesia. No letup expected; casualties among the white sergeants and subalterns rising; but they'll keep on... much more indiscriminate killing from helicopters these months. Supper at the Kodu Inn and an escape from NIPA jollies (Secretary to Cabinet William's party under my window) to spend the night with Peter and Brenda. A lovely winding-down day.

Thursday 9 August.

Another slow-paced day. Lingered over coffee at the National Assembly Motel; but hearing from Yusuf, as we took him to golf, of the animosities with Dhasani. A pleasant opening of the CPU by KK, who stayed to answer 30 minutes of questions. Then after lunch I had my hour, explaining our side of the CLEM operation (including a reference to Mavunga, advising anyone later to revert to the fulltime secondment of Akelhurst & Needham). A series of questions brought out that Cambrian journalists felt discriminated against by only having my framework briefings ("why don't you name the speakers?") and no national briefing. Packing up from NIPA, and bringing bags to Brenda's "grot plot", which will soon be a pleasant place if not a Kenyan idyll. Yusuf came out, and we drove him to the airport under a huge yellow moon. In the VIP lounge I hugged him tearfully, realising we wouldn't be working together again. "We never quarrelled once in two years," he told Brenda several times. Tam Arms, the zany boyish Thomson reporter, had given Peter a bottle of champagne, which went well with steak and siltan.

harvest

Friday 10 August (page one)

Musarurwa We were supposed to visit Victory Camp in the morning, but when Dave Beer drove Brenda & me to the bottle store at 0930 there was no Willie around. A marathon policy meeting was in progress elsewhere. So back to Chula Road to write letters of thanks to Gwen Kanie, the Speaker, the Evelyn Howe principal and all. Getting rather limp and depressed, but fortunately Richard Wilkin came out to lunch of quiche and Stilton, and chattered on about the Queen's prize giving at State Lodge: all are lined up, and the quota is known, but what is yet to be revealed is who gets the perfume/photograph and who gets the medal. It all came well, and Richard was given an MVO.

Victory Camp In the midst of this, Lollie phoned to say "where are you? we've been waiting!" So off to Sheke Sheke Road again and we eventually got to the camp at 1615, after picking a Swedish journalist and getting a Defence Dept man to accompany him (new rules).

An intense 90-minute tour of a camp that began at the clothes making shed. Knitting machines that made one sweater a day were for the elite workers, others more humbly sat on schoolbenches knitting. A lot of Singer domestic sewing machines busy making jeans and khaki pants, as well as a few jackets. (Willie was wearing one of them). A little cagey in answers: the jeans material came from "our friends". They made 150 pairs of pants a day. On the wall among political posters was a map of the Land Tenure system of Rhodesia, and ZAPU officials nodded approval as I explained to Brenda the division of land, the white hold on the high veld. Then through some holey tents, where pregnant women were together (a nurse

10 August (page two)

by
Rhodesian
forces

told Brenda there was no family planning taught) to a section of round tents where three beds (like all the others raised on cement blocks) just fitted in. In one tent two had survived the October raid by hiding in a pool, reddened with blood, from 1100 to 1800, and then escaping in darkness. Others had to stay there for three days. They had scars near the ankles which they said came from bullets.

Feeding time twice a day. Sadza and cabbage without relish for evening meal, but children seemed to get special helpings of boiled-up dried fish from SDR, and the WFP provided dried milk that was reconstituted in black middens. Great organisation and discipline to get the 8000 camp inmates fed in an orderly way. They lined up at points in the dusty camp remote from the tureens, then moved off at a run to take up other places. The kids took food back to the concrete floors of their huts, where flies buzzed round them and anything edible. The nursery huts were full to overflowing: beds jammed beside each other, a person's few belongings piled in castors on the bed or under it. A South African brand of baby cereal much in evidence.

The CanSec's group of 120 girls of Form 3 or 4 background who are doing the Secretarial course makes up an elite group that stick together. They have bright green skirts and tops that were made in the camp, and live in a more spacious hut. They were moved from Kafue after a raid. We walked with them to the new classrooms and studied their Pitman's and the typed letters (one concerning a shipment from Birmingham, the other related to the Scottish Arts Council exhibition of some knight's paintings). They also get political instruction, but I didn't see this in detail.

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Friday 10 August (page three)

The refugees were clearly of all sorts. Some on the secretarial course had been primary teachers before: one of these I asked if she wanted to teach or be a secretary. "I want to be a good secretary". One called Beauty told Willie she would be his PPS (personal private secretary). An older woman involved in the CanSec course had had her two parents murdered by Smith forces. Yet the overwhelming atmosphere was of friendliness and happiness. Amazing. I trust Muldoon and Lee and Flora were just as impressed.

NZ, Singapore, Canada

Evening spent with Josette & Dirk Jöhl, together with a free speaking physical planner and wife, and a SWAPO official and shy Tambran wife. We sat on floor for dinner on door-table set on concrete blocks. afterwards so weary I nodded off several times until allowed to wash the dishes. Home by midnight, and awakened at 4am when Peter & Branda returned. They'd asked to be woken at 0630, but finally struggled up at about 0900. Flashy errands in town, leaving K100 for CUSO projects before heading for airport.

Nairobi. 14 August.

lovely unwinding days, starting with party at Trevor Chandler's sparsely furnished house to say farewell to Virginia Guerrero, off to Venezuela via Sussex. Sunday morning visit to Sid Darney and his aviary; Sunday afternoon, persuasion of Peter & Mary Calamai to drive me (with Norman Webster, Carl & Tracy Hopkins) to Ngany, back via Windy Ridge; Monday morning seduction in bookshops and afternoon with JEN and Jean, merging into supper at

Tuesday 14 August

Westwood Park with Spurgeons, Jean & Mary Ngedin. Tuesday morning at UNEP with Pat Orr and Euid Burke & Christina McDougall, all bemoaning its tight finances. Lunch at Norfolk with JEN, Jackie, Mam, Kalini, Margaret-Anne Wampamba (IDRC's last survivor, from Cheltenham Ladies College & Buganda) Anita Horwich, Guy Arnold and David. Afternoon dash to Kenyatta Conference Centre to see Habitat Visian - reassuringly alive under Ed Moyo - and to Abdullah bin Abdullah for a kikoi and khang'a.

Afternotes on Lusaka:

— fervent words for Queen: ZDM: "she can be elected Queen of all the world" Weekend World: "The second coming: Queen as Jesus?" (a report of a Tambran priest's sermon) — an editorial in the (Nairobi) Sunday Nation arguing that developed Cuth nations had the advantage because they briefed their nationals properly. good point. The Standard followed it on 14 August with editorial headed "Africa backs Mrs Thatcher." well, not quite.

Aux Anjeaux, près de Marsempan-Libos. 18 August 1979

I can't resist a few notes on these final three days before reaching England:

The first are spent on travelling south from Paris, starting at the modernist Charles de Gaulle airport where you feel you're in a transparent plastic tube everywhere. Inevitably you bump into the Controller of Zambia television, Ignatius Chideshe, heading off on a six-months course. "Have you French?" "Pretty good; but the first four months are spent in Vichy improving it!" A talkative taxidriver hastening through the empty streets and squares of Paris - it was a fête day, though nobody knew quite why - and telling how he'd found little French spoken in Ottawa on a visit in '76. Gare d'Ansterlitz full of rickshaws and collapsed kids, and the baleful effects of technology: a long line-up for train reservations, with an automatic typewriter and visual display unit centralising and slowing all efforts. It took an hour to get seven passengers sorted out, including my own switching of trains. But once on the train (first class) a beautiful floating journey. Girl across the aisle wearing a T-shirt printed "Six days in a row - Royal Canadian Henley Regatta" turned out to be a French emigrant to Melbourne, Christine Batremieux, who'd won the lightweight eights at St Catharines. So hours of chat about Australia, Canada, Karen Blixen, Southern France... until arrived at Cahors in wine-mellowed state. A 90-minute bus ride around the villages of the Lot valley to Libos, and Arnold and prehistorian son Matthew (named for M. Hutton) waiting. Alex and Harry on their last night in the little house that in 1967 was a barn for cows. Lots of questions on Lusaka. Matthew affects a cloth cap in the house, but grows pleasanter daily and is concerned to find a teaching post at Makerere, after 4 years at Edinburgh and two at Christchurch: his interests

Arnold Smith
CSG
1965-75

Aux Anjeaux (page 2)

in Rwanda and Lamu. He and Arnold have handsome new Canons. A family that welcomes you into their idiosyncrasies openly: Eve concernedly calls "Cool it. Your blood pressure!" when Arnold starts an unusually vehement sentence, and Matthew at midnight last night said he expected his father to "drop down" one of these days" as he'd had two heart attacks (one in 1974). Eve says, as we drove through maize fields and pinewoods to Cuzorn station, "You've saved our marriage for another three years. I've been on at him to document it all since the start. Not that I make a damn of difference. If it was a failure, it needed documenting. And if it was a success." She has an astringent, affectionate way with phrases: President Carter on his Mississippi paddlesteamer working holiday is "saving energy... hopping ashore once in a while to enlighten the populace"; cousin about Ramgoolam trying to certify his wife to take up with his niece, and over Janet Singh ("Surrogate daughter or mistress? she's not surrogate anything!") On her last audience with the Queen, she remembers her looking out the window to the preparers/caterers of a garden party and saying "What would I do without Mr Lyons?!" and herself asking "Do I have to back out all the way?" and the Queen replying "Well, seeing it's your last time, don't bother!" During my stay, the news of Dief's death came through, and she flung it over the balcony, going into Matthew's room, in the form "Arnold's the only CH left in Canada now." She and her two men became most excited of all in a discussion on modern Russian art (1900 to 1930) and talked of a painter who established a position through employment at the Canadian Embassy, then bargained to get one-third of his paintings to the west. An amusing way of darting in with a remark on the top of her head, and then skipping out to leave the

Arnold's wife

we were planning to write 'Stitches in Time'

Ramphal's personal secretary

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Aux Anjeaux (page 3)

men to their deliberations, a technique she must have perfected in diplomatic posts decades ago.

Arnold and I talk in our wanderings everywhere for two days: at lunch at Chez André (soup with vermicelli, artichoke hearts with truffles and mushrooms — it's ^{such} a great place for mushrooms people come to buy from Paris — and noix de veau with Boursin cheese); fishing for trout at Faraday's little lake; walking up to "the third house" to choose wine from the cellars there. We use an African walking stick (not one given him by Ho Chi Minh, though that's remembered) to club the livelier trout; lots of memories pour out round the pool that looks down to the Lot valley and on to the Pyrenees on the clearest days. "We are lucky, aren't we?" he keeps saying. He talks a good deal about "humility, it's a capacity for growth" and about those who haven't had it: Heath "a great non-listener", Trudeau who "didn't care to keep his Cabinet involved". Carrington, Home, Obote come out well. But not Lee. Kenyatta he asks me about, ("Did he change, as the British say?") and recalls that the two of them first met over the Marlborough Horse urinals which have the appropriate trademark Zambesi!

Little things please: Arnold counts "173 adult purps" — psychedeltic little flowers surrounding his pool — and Eve & Matthew return from a walk with a spring of beech. Wine has its proper place, twice a day, and he leans back well satisfied after supper (lamb one night, trout with almonds the next) in a horizontal deck chair. Eve plays cards, Matthew reads Graham Greene's 'Human Factor' until past midnight. I skinny dip in the dewy early mornings. We walk over rolling fields, where his "sharecropper" takes the hay, and he explains

Aux Anjeaux (page 4)

that "we were going to put a tennis court here" and "we'd have made this a big dininghall, but the contractor was so bad we had to sue him to break the contract, and it took six years; now costs have gone up 12 times" but with little regret. The smaller house, dark red roses on the yellowing wall, the chestnut and pines trees enclosing the little courtyard, serves them well.

Leaving by the "schooltrain" from Cosson to Agen, and a 40-minute wait in Agen, home of des pomeaux, is lightened with a stroll to the cathedral (where your souls are sought for "les âmes en purgatoire"!) and with a café and armagnac at the railway buffet, reading in the Ind Herald Trib of the disastrous Fastnet Race where 17 yachtsmen drowned and 24 yachts sank.

"We're very lucky here," says Arnold quietly... Beyond the storms of life.

When Sue ^{Prize} Dale read the above pages, they said they wished there was more explanation or description of some of the Zambians mentioned. So I'm adding a little here, for myself & others:

John Mandana:

rather heavy-set, with a pipe always in hand or mouth, very much in the DC mode.

The Ngongs.

Lusaka, 4 August 1979

Haunting words of an old Danish woman,

Opening her book:

"I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of
the Ngong Hills."

Much has changed around them. They've not changed
Since volcanic time and wind
sculpted them female,
made of them a gathering place,
as men and infants gather to the breast.

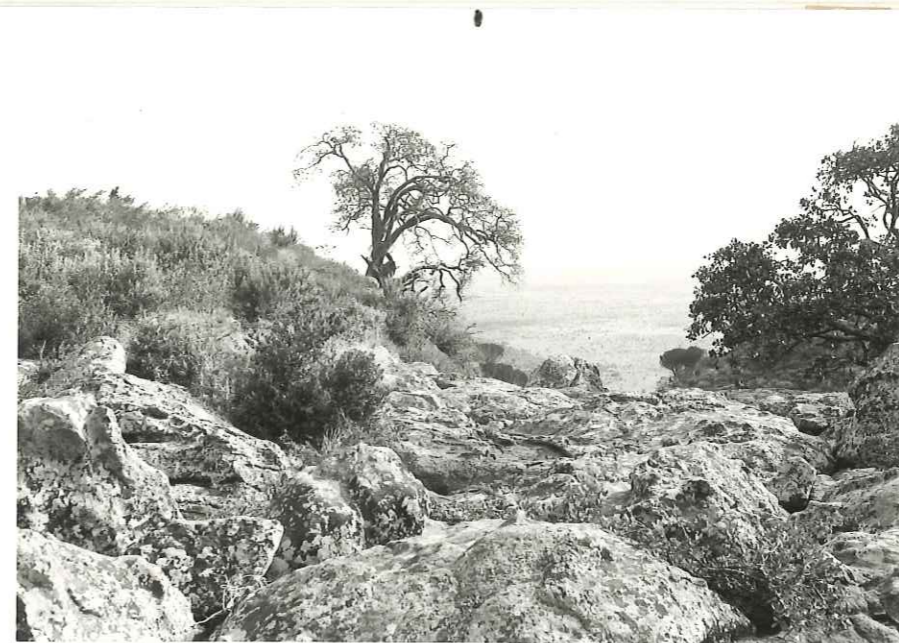
Much has changed. The iron snake
crept from the coast and curled around Nairobi,
heading for the lake. Traders made a town.
And the Kikuyu recovered from pestilence,
sipped the white man's schooling,
and shouldered their way forward to these hills.

Only after some setbacks. Like the time
Gichuru brought a dozen busloads to a rally,
where they roughed up the Masai elders
and the moran seized their hidden spears
across the stream and chased them to their buses.
Afterwards we drank beer, not blood, among
the spears in a little bar;
and went to picnic on a quiet ridge.
Later they came back; jembes replaced spears.
The westward land grew shambas.

Thus the change.

But not to east and south. There the hawks
swirl in the updraughts. Twigs find the folds

to browse in. A puffadder suns himself upon the path.
Mangatha smoke curls from a ring of thorns.
A hyrax scurries on the rocks, facing to the South
And wondering by what natural law
He'd not evolved into an Amboseli elephant



Gazing with the hyrax across the Athi plain
— and not so far beyond to Olduvai —
you feel there's time enough to think
while evolution slowly plays its tricks.
A century of centuries. And every dawn is beautiful.

Karen found solace there after her lover
crashed in the hills. Farah, too,
whose son we knew, so busy in the butchery.
And all those herdsmen climbing from the plain.
"I had a farm in Africa..." sad words
Unless you know the place it was, the memories it leaves.

I'm happy, Brenda dear, your spirit seeks these hills.
We all — our hearts at least — are gathered there.

Two of the 'green girls', media assistants.

Grace

Frene Mwanza



STUDENTS who are doing secretarial course at the Evelyn College in Lusaka on Tuesday visited the Zambia Daily Mail offices. They were shown how the newspaper is printed. In the picture, Mr Kenneth Wowa explains to the students how a computer works.

7.9.79 ZDM

Scenes in LONDON during the Rhodesian

constitutional conference

10 September - 20 Sept

Lancaster House

Saturday (8 Sept) cycled to London Metropole Hotel (Edgware Rd by Marylebone flyover) to see Willie Nyusururwa, telling him he should concentrate on being in the press centre. Mark Chana also staying there.

British press kit rather pointedly mentions Mark as having signed Pretoria Agreement in 1975. Willie says they stopped Cwta combies at Havana non-aligned conference from trying to get a reference to Lusaka HQM into communiqué.

Showed him a copy of the Carver Plan for reducing the armed forces, and he said cheerily "Seems to have good points".

But when in afternoon I recalled it for Robert Mugabe at Royal Garden Hotel, he said equally cheerfully "It was atrocious. It would have eliminated our forces."

I'd cycled through Hyde Park & was mooding in the lobby wondering how to get to Josh or Robert when I spied Justin Nyoka getting into a lift with a photographer & jumped in too. Photog turned out to be Neil Libbert, on way to snap Mugabe who came out of room & greeted me. In there with a Sunday Express general reporter who made wide vagueness like "It may be hard to contain all the parameters".

Robert out to be most accommodating, or reasonable.

In evening phoned Lord Carver at his Hampshire home, wife said he was in bath, but was actually glued to 6 o'clock news & slightly peeved at being unstick; but talked ~~pleasantly~~ later, if pessimistically.

Sunday (9 Sept) cycled down again to Carlton Towers (Lanthes Sq off Sloane St) to see George Nyandoro. Rival groups outside waiting for Smith, and line of policemen who didn't question my chaining bike to nearby pole and walking straight in. (ZAPU)

(9 Sept)

George in silk dressing gown by ruffled bed under painting of Henley Regatta, talking to niece who's been nurse for 12 years in Britain. She went off "to join protesters" soon; talked at length about his plans as Lands Minister. marvelled quietly how he'd gone 180° since he opposed Todd's Land Consolidation Bill — now he wants to give title to TTL farmers for bank loans. wrapped up somewhat in saying enough farmers will move from TTL to "commercial land" (i.e. exwhite) to let others "stretch themselves". Said Peter Mackay was in thick of things helping the Tonga to farm again. "Tonga on our side were moved earlier & with less trouble. More oppression." Had been sent to Caux as leader of govt. delegation to MPA conference by Bishop, and said MPA had helped bring internals together, but not needed now... Said scornful things about ZANLA guerrillas (illtrained, poorly disciplined and alienating locals with thuggery) which sounded more plausible from him than other UANC.

Davustarts just in time for ^{Jan} Smith's entrance. Headed straight for elevators (don't people like him ever check in?) talking at a tangent about Turckenhain and "good to see nice green turf" (aimed for rugby section who've defied Tony wish to keep S. African multiracial Barbarians away?). I giggled a little as grown journalists repeated his wambies to each other after he'd gone, and ^{John} Dickie (DM) James McManus, Ellison (Express) etc went into huddle to agree on what exactly he'd said. Outside, bumped into Bishop Colin Winter of Namibia, who'd just missed Smith by taking bowling kit to end of block. Picked "wanted for Murder" poster off spiked railings while nodding to show sympathy.

Manday (10 Sept). Protesters out early (1000) at corner

of St James & Pall Mall. Lines of short-sleeved police (many bearded — does that make them fiercer? are they encouraged not to shave?) on median sidewalk. A host of old Lusaka friends emerge at Press Club — Peter Kent, Norman Webster, Henry Van Der Zee... and do! John Burns up from Joburg and feeling them an ant 3½ years — waiting at barriers until cars flash by with intentions so dark it's impossible to distinguish faces. Muzorawa's cars carry flag with Z-bird. Police stop a red saloon full of hopeful Africans. Pro-Smithites had increased their numbers near Marlborough House. One banner said "Welcome Ian Smith, Stay & Save Britain". PF supporters had new flag of green, yellow, red & black, and kept chant of "murders" up for long time.

Briefing by Nick Fenn centred on whether seating arrangements had been altered, and whether everyone drank some preliminary tea. questions went round circle several times, and Fenn able to show his dry wit. Colin Legom with 7 stitches on forehead, having cut himself in garden shed; colleague David Martin called him "Scarface". Julian Haviland called Peter Snow (now with BBC) "channel crosses", then off to drink beer together. A tangle like exchange between Joshua & the Bishop ("the ignorant little bishop" "band of bandits", which got big play in Sundays).

Willie & Eddis Zwogbo do double act at Press Centre to announce a boycott of Camingtan's reception "would be like inviting IRA murderers, to drink with Muzorawa's lot after Mozambique attack" (when 300 killed, by Rhodesian claim). At reception in gilded dining room of Lancaster House, ringed with portraits of decolletée Hanoverian dames, Rumphal tuttats over boycott, I call it "predictable", meaning understandable. Extraordinary collection present:

(10 Sept)

at far end Garfield Todd & attendant Judith & Richard (saying of gathering "we're pretty motley"); plenty of Ministers — Gilman, Duggie Hurd who said he was finishing new tanker, Blakes etc — and old timers like Bottanley, Judith Hart & Callaghan who didn't circulate much. Ian Smith came only 20 yards into room, talked mostly to journalists. Michael Palliser besieged by Dorkie, Elison, Adamsan ("the three leeches", says Derek) — Walter Martin talks to me across Simpson Mtanganyane who acknowledges constitution must go. Ndaba Sithole at first sleepy, when I say he can be pivot in talks, later comes up on arm. George Nyandoro says I should phone Mubane & help him arrange tour in Canada! In middle stands the little Bishop, with dapper black & white shoes and tiny white cane under left arm. Raphael introduces himself, says he wants to talk later. Bishop says "You know where to find me" Sq convinced Bishop hasn't a clue who he is; Derek says "Yes, he's very vague." Derek Day, back from 3 months in Marimba House, says it's unreal & peaceful. Patrick Kealley arrives at 2000 as party closes...

Derek gets ride home with Zambian deputy HC, Emanuel Nyorenda, which is bad mistake as he stays nearly two hours sipping whiskey and talking over top of Panorama film on Rhodesia. Joshua appears on programme to insist Carrington has to discuss transfer of power before constitution. Fails to explain himself properly, and Robert apparently refused to appear. Am afraid they're off to really bad start in public's eyes. Already DM & Cummings cartoons homfz, along bloodshedding lines. Cummings had pair with knives raised at table while obsequious Carrington as waiter prepares to bring in slain country; DM has Thatcher showing them empty room & saying "we took out all the furniture; if you bleed, do it in ashtrays!" Lgh!

15 September 1979.

Interviewing Joshua Nkomo

Saturday starts with a breakfast at eight date with Willie Nyusorwa at the Landa Metropole, tucked under the flyover up the Selgware Road. Owned by Tiny Rawlands, who may be hedging his bets but banks most on ZAPU. Willie still dressing, but eventually we reach coffeeshop cluttered with American tourists, after buying Express for its Elizan lead story "Purge of the Whites" and the Mail's "Plan to drive out whites". These were based on the PF constitutional proposals which offered no special representation. Willie had said PF considered special rep was racism. Zogbo went too far, said Willie, beyond his instructions: this was in talking about land reform and criminals and massacre people "having their day in court" when responding to an unlikely Australian journalist (sounded more like a lawyer, working for Packer's papers) on the Bill of Rights. Willie eats a boiled egg quickly, says he's been summoned... finish meal with John Nkomo, no relation, who's Secretary for Administration. He's not optimistic, talks levelheadedly. Willie writes me to Room 326, past the ZAPU guards reading the Int. Herald Trib on a marble sideboard. Room 326 is the holding room for interviewers of Nkomo, who is down in 330 where a desk has replaced the bed. We're behind BBC Scotland religious reporter Susan Stray Steel ("Stray is Scottish for stray" she explains with threatening smile) but ahead of Dutch pair. When we (Derek now along) get to Josh, we wait to be last — and alone. SSS asks questions like "How does a religious person like you feel about killing people?" Joshua stutters a bit, demands an explanation of question. "Well, your weapon is a Bible on Sunday, a gun on Monday". Joshua weathers this without anger. The Dutch girl next asks him the usual hypothetical questions: what will

15 Sept Nkomo interview (page 2)

you do if their talks fail? "Let's not talk of failure.

But if they fail, they'll be one more failure, that's it" How will these talks here help the ordinary people? Isn't it all a quarrel between leaders vying for power?

I squirm a bit, feeling how much politicians put up with. Joshua

has his own back in a quaint way, with a story about someone in Asia trying to kill the previous Pope (Paul?). A reporter looked at Pope

and said he "seemed shaken". Joshua asks:

"Why should he be shaken. He keeps telling us the next world is wonderful. Why does he mind if someone speeds him there. He's ready, isn't he?"

All this after saying Communism and Christianity promise you everything -- the Dotted girl furthively switches on taperecorder at this bit, explains she is just testing voice levels.

She tries to stay for our chat, but we show no friendliness.

Alone with Joshua, he says he's been left in vacuum with Lusaka HQ trying to turn it all over to Britain and cutting his line to a UN Zimbabwe force.

No, he says, he hasn't raised this with Sany, "didn't want to embarrass him". Incredible, when a country's fate is in balance (Eureka later says CanSec working as an admin. force, but under wraps until timely).

Two other things worry us: Joshua has no idea who Canada's SSTA is, surprised to hear it's a woman; and he doesn't take in my point that he needs to explain that his remark "we're fighting against Britain" is in an historical sense.

Derek and I walk down to laundry, saying that the PF may have all the hardware -- beautiful tape

(page 3) Nkomo.

recorders with sword-wires, on which they record every interviewed word he utters, but they fall down on software -- on the style and phrasing of the message itself. They don't give thought enough to the question of how to avoid screaming stories like that morning's Express ("Purge of the whites") when they all admit they'll accept special seats for whites.

I must describe the briefings given by Nick Funn of the FCO, who is wearing four hats (spokesman for Comstar as conference chairman, as British delegation leader; spokesman for conference as whole; and FCO). ~~Someone else~~ wears dark glasses against floodlights, and adopts a clipped, veering to stilted style. No names to questioners, all 'Sir' and 'Madam'. a lot of ~~classical~~ ^{classical} words like "exegesis" thrown in.

20 September. Conversation with Enoch Domboshena

Zimbabwe Times was banned by Mugabe after it published an article on a cultural society that has great influence on the Manyika leaders of the VANC, and listed their names. It is a very tribalistic society.

The bishop refused to hold the annual VANC congress (after one in QueQue in 1977) for fear Chik took over. He altered the Central Committee lists for the elections on the last (Sunday) night all by himself, dropping us Zezuru all to the bottom.

After the election he tried several manoeuvres: have a group of youths assault Chik in a conference room (thwarted by a guard with an AK rifle, who was then dismissed); deny him a ministry; expel him from the party at an 800-strong provincial meeting.

If elections are held in six months' time, it will depend on what understandings are made (i.e. alliances). One of Mugabe's weaknesses is that he's detained the Karanga leaders (Hauradzangpi). If the Karanga & Zezuru make an alliance, they will be the largest single group.

Pre-independence arrangements: we prefer a Commonwealth force to a UN one. There's an element of corruption in the UN. But in the Commonwealth we couldn't accept Nigeria, Zambia, Tanzania — those who've made up their minds about a future government being PF. It would be very difficult for a Commonwealth outsider to do an effective job, not knowing the entry points of guerrillas and the people properly. (CS. spoke of ZANU's three-in-a-jeep idea, which he viewed sceptically).

Mugabe has disadvantages. Unlike ZAPU, he has never tried to build a civilian structure inside the country. Again, because his guerrillas are mostly inside Rhodesia, as Machel insists they be, they're liable to come under disarmament rules of a settlement; with most of his in Zambia, Nkomo would escape this.

On Nkomo's chances, Enoch said he was now a liability to Mugabe electorally. Also pointed out that Bulawayo is 65 percent Shona.

The lack of ZANLA activity in the pre-election period (up to April 79) was mainly due to the concentration of security forces, and secondly to the expectations the people had of Mugabe as man to bring peace (a ZANLA offensive would enhance this desire?).

After the election, it became a struggle of guerrillas against voters. There was a military vacuum, as some reservists were stood down, and while the auxiliaries were being dealt with. But do ZANLA guerrillas think they can achieve much by brutality?

We came to London because we were encouraged by Derck Day, who said Carrington would want to see us. We haven't seen him yet.

Mugabe has got a formidable army. Not just Walls' army, but the African defence regiments that are being built up.

Points for Rotu Cragg

- 74/p64 - choice of media accommodation NIPA
- p69- 74, 78, 87 - exclusion of South Africa-based media Smetka
- Mrs T's effort to keep RE away, and Botswana's
- pp 55-6 manoeuvres to replace KK with Simon Kapere
- p68 - press access for ZAPU-ZANU
- 85, 72 - getting National Assembly for press area
- 75, 84 - great help from Brenda
- 84, 86, 94 - Green Girls - media assistants 109, 121-2, 128
- p112, 116 - further accreditation problems ("lost souls")
- p116 - Conference prep
- 117 - Nigerian takeover of BP
- 136-8 - ZAPU's Victory Camp