# DEMOCRATIZATION:

# A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE WORLD, 1989-1992

Patrick Manning

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# Part A. General Introduction (2007)

It is now some twenty years since the demonstrations at Tinanmen Square, the fall of the Berlin Wall, the release of Nelson Mandela, and the other extraordinary events and social movements that broke out in 1989. The twenty-year anniversary of 1989 provides an opportunity for reflection on the events, their significance, and their consequences. Here is a document from that period, providing evidence of the events, the perceptions, the language, and especially the global interconnections

From May until August of 1991, I traveled to ten countries in eleven weeks, exploring current events and current debates in the midst of the great wave of social movements of that era that were known, often, as "democratization movements." I had obtained a travel grant from Northeastern University that covered most of the cost of my voyage. I had been developing my own specialization in world history for a few years, and I made the argument that the events launched in 1989 provided the best case for the global and interactive character of human society that we would ever see. I proposed that my voyage and a book based on a historian's interpretation of contemporary change and interaction would provide a clear statement on global social processes, and that it would help us understand earlier processes as well.

The university gave me a check and I bought a complicated set of plane tickets. I traveled, in order, to Poort-au-Prince, Cap Haitien, Miami, Salvador, São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, Cape Town, Durban, Johannesburg, Kinshasa, Brazzaville, Cotonou, Prague, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and ended to voyage at Juan-les-Pins on the Mediterranean coast. I carried my Zenith portable computer and mailed off weekly disks with my journal. I spoke to old friends and new, academics, some political figures, lots of taxi drivers, and others; I collected newspapers, books, music, and scribbled notes as I watched television.

On my return to Boston, I began writing and editing immediately. The result was the two texts that follow here. First, I edited the journal of my travels, providing versions at various lengths. Second, I wrote an interpretive manuscript to summarize and analyze the events of 1989-1992 in world-historical context. By the spring of 1992 this manuscript had taken the form reproduced below, and the title "Songs of Democracy: The World, 1989-1992."

I then circulated the manuscripts to readers, especially "Songs of Democracy." I contacted numerous presses and several literary agents. The manuscript was regarded as interesting and well written, but somehow not appropriate for publication. Agents and publishers are generally laconic: their answer is "yes" or "no," and that is all one learns. By the end of 1994 I had largely given up on publishing either work; occasional discussions with publishers since then have led no further.

Part of the problem, I believe, was that readers did not know how to categorize a text that ranged so eclectically across the worlds regions: the term "globalization" had hardly been invented in 1991 and 1992. In addition, perhaps readers were uncomfortable with having a historian write about contemporary affairs.

Now, after nearly twenty years, I seek again to publish these manuscripts. Before, I presented them as quick commentaries on the global interactions that were then unfolding; I now present them as documents on the events and perspectives of an extraordinary moment in world history. Readers may compare the observations and interpretive priorities penned in 1991-1992

with the interpretations we now give to the era from 1989-1992. For me, of course, reading the manuscript provides a chance to review the evolution of my own thinking about world history.

Below are the virtual entirety of my journal of May – August 1991, and the full "Songs of Democracy" manuscript as it stood by mid-1992. For the journal of my travels, the chapters reflect the breaks each week as I shifted from saving files on one floppy disk to the next. I reordered certain sections in the first week for clarity, and I deleted most notes to myself on finances of the trip. The journal preserves many of the original typographical errors from my writing on the road. sIf this project goes ahead to publication, I expect to add some notes for clarification.

Just preceding "Songs of Democracy" is an introduction to the manuscript, looking back at it from the vantage point of 2007.

(Not included here are some additional manuscripts prepared in the same period and in similar fashion. First of these is the journal of my stay in Benin Republic in December 1989, as the country was undergoing the turmoil that led to the February 1990 National Conference, a process of governmental change so successful that it led to a wave of imitation all over the African continent. Second is the journal of my travels around the U.S. in the spring of 1991, before leaving for my Atlantic tour: I made presentations on world history at several universities and discussed plans for my tour. Third is the transcript of a July 1991 interview with Karel Henes, a Czech trade unionist, member of parliament, and communist party member who was central to the 1989 collapse of the Czechoslovakian socialist state.)

# Part B. Journal (1991): Around the Atlantic in 80 Days

Week 1. Haiti and Miami.
Week 2. Brazil: Salvador
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Week 4. Rio and São Paulo
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Week 6. Johannesburg, Kinshasa, and Brazzaville
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# Week 1. Haiti and Miami.

[Port-au-Prince] Thursday, May 23

I flew in on the American Airlines flight, arriving a few minutes early at about 1:15. We saw bits of the Bahamas, and were then cut off by cloud cover. We descended and cut through the clouds, and seemed just a few hundred feet above high, steep, dry and very rocky mountains. I was lost at the time, but later we figured we had flown right over the Northwest. We saw Ile de la Gonave on our left, and then I got a full and clear view of Port-au-Prince as we landed. The port—I saw no container facilities (but found them later), the one- and two-story buildings filling up the whole basin and covering many surrounding hills, the huge white edifice of the presidential palace, the market along the northern stretches of Bl. Dessalines, filled with teeming humanity visible underneath the rusting corrugated roofs, and then the airport itself.

Formalities were easy, and then I was led (in the way one is in these situations) to a taxi. Happily, the taxi driver was good, experienced, and we hit it off rapidly. His name is Joseph, he has been an airport taxi driver for 15 years, has four children (boys 13, 11 and 4 and a girl 9) and has them speak French at home. He understood my historian's task and rapidly came up with appropriate ideas—more of them than I could use. On his advice I went to the Holiday Inn, on the Place de l'Independence. Nice garden, well run, boring restaurant. I got settled, lay down at 4 or 5 pm and didn't wake up until 1 am; then soon went back to sleep until after 7 am.

[Port-au-Prince] Friday, May 24, 1991

Did proper morning exercises for the first time in weeks. Joseph picked me up at about 9:30 (starting the day right didn't mean I started it fast). We went in search of the historian Roger Gaillard and the Societe Haitenne d'Histoire et de Geographie; in effect it ended up as a nice tour of the town. We went to the Institut de Geographie at the port and they sent us to the Ministere de l'Education nearby. They sent us to the Institut Pedagogique National, up the hill, and the latter sent us next door to the batiment Radiodiffusion Educatif. There we were told that the Societe had been there but left after the 1989 conference (the one I didn't get to go to at the last minute). Further checks revealed that it had moved to the Clinique Beaulieu, but since that had been burned on February 7, it was not necessarily still there. We found the clinique, and they showed us the burned-out section where the Societe had been. Bad luck. So we tried to find Gaillard's home. We didn't, but Joseph recognized him in the next car—he speaks from time to time on the TV. We hailed him, and I introduced myself. He's an energetic rotund man of about 60. He vaguely recognized my name. Asked what I do, I said Africa. Asked what I'm doing here, I said I'm studying democratization movements '89-90. 1789-90? No, now. Well, historians usually specialize in earlier times. OK, I'm writing a book on the world 1700 and since, and want to use the present global interactions to argue that global interactions made themselves felt over national boundaries in earlier times. He seemed satisfied with this and invited me to a meeting of the Societe, saying I should come to his house at 4 pm Tuesday. He showed us the house, with a big red rooster and the name Lavalas painted on the fence.

Next Joseph and I went downtown to the Galerie Nader, the leading gallery in town. There I saw a wide array, nicely presented, of painters living and dead, plus wood sculpture. I saw that I should come and in a few months learn the painters, the styles, the workshops (?), and

begin to fit it into my own framework. I saw some nice books, cataloguing work of Haitian artists since 1800, but still no critical, comparative art-historical work is evident. I saw work by Sully Obin and Michel Obin, both apparently sons of Seneque Obin (1895-1977), with a continuity in their styles.

I forgot to say that first we went to see Sainte Trinité, the Anglican cathedral, and the murals done in 1951. They are beautiful and remain in remarkably good shape after 40 years of exposure. Colors are strong; I saw water damage to the Last Supper. They look busier in reality than in reproductions, and I found the current commentary in them more prominent—especially in the panels by Wilson Bigaud, who had something of the cartoonist in him. We were also shown the fancy organ and the concrete—or stone-cast stations of the cross. Joseph and the guide reminded me that the cathedral was built in about 1923-24, during the American occupation. Thus, it's sort of a symbol of that occupation. Then DeWitt Peters, the American conscientious objector, got them to let Haitian artists make it into the second great statement (after the UNESCO exhibit of 1947) of Haitian art.

Now we drove toward Pétionville, on a plateau above Port-au-Prince. Joseph spoke of it derisively as the place where the bourgeoisie lives. On the way, we stopped at the house of Mahogany, a warehouse and outlet for sculptors. There I saw the black American woman who sat near me on the plane. In Petionville we passed by LeKinan, a hotel where the restaurant serves good Haitian as well as French food. We check out the hotel de ville and the Eglise St.-Pierre, and then went to the edge of town to the lavishly Spanish styled El Rancho hotel, where I had a beer and he had a glass of water. Then Joseph dropped me off at about 1:30. I had the hotel's buffet lunch, and dropped off to sleep for a couple hours.

On waking I took a walk to see if one can get across town and back within an hour and found that one can. Yves attached himself to me at this point. A sometime student with good English, he came along though I told him I'd pay him poorly if at all. He steered me into two galleries on rue de ;"etat Magasin—Gal. Dambala and Gal. Palette. Tons of paintings, falling into a recognizable set of about a dozen genres, signed by lots of different painters.

Back at my room, I turned on the TV. The cable has a Canadian station (in French), lots of US stations, and some Spanish-language station (maybe from US). So the good English-speaker at the desk was able to give me chapter and verse on Larry Bird in the playoffs. The Haitian channel was on from 7:30 to 8:45 when I watched. I saw news in Kreyol; sports in French, with lots of emphasis on European football. They have a charming mulatto woman who does a culture program—she interviewed four men who are doing a benefit for Ti Mounes—the orphanage and its musical instruments were also burned February 7. Two of the men played guitars and sang; then they played as an orphan boy sang a song—the longer he went on, the more he got into it.

The highlight of the evening's TV news for me was the anti-AIDS ad. It showed young couples getting it together, and then death sneaks up on them—in a black cape with a white skull mask. Time and again, when death is about to pounce on the couple, people pelt him with condoms and he is driven away. The last scene is a veritable shower of latex, almost covering his writhing black cape.

I also saw a few music videos—one elaborately produced, "A.K.I.K.O." by Emmeline Michel—I bet it's from Martinique or France—and two made by Haitian groups in New York, including "Bonjour Boujoly."

At 8:45 Joseph came to pick me up to go, as I had asked, to a nightclub. We went to Le Roxy at the port, but it was empty. When we came back two hours later it was about the same,

though now with one or two miniskirted Dominican women at the front door. Not enough money flowing for a good night out (well, there was a $5 cover charge), so we gave up and went back to the row of bars just south of the Place de l'Independance.

Now on to some of the issues I've been hinting at here: the February riots and burnings, prices, and Joseph's political outlook.

Aristide was elected in December, Lafontant tried a coup in January and failed, and in February after some vacillation, Lafontant was reconfirmed as a prisoner (I forget just what happened). At this point, a couple days of rioting and burning erupted. According to Joseph, partisans of Lafontant burned the old cathedral (next to the next one, where Baby Doc was married), the Beaulieu clinic (confusing it perhaps purposely with a Beaulieu they saw as an enemy), and so forth. According to Yves the next day, it was a popular riot—workers in the cathedral hadn't been paid, so they stripped it and burned it; people entered theaters and ripped out chairs, saying that it was the blood of their families taken by the Macoutes. Most theaters still aren't open. Anyhow, unraveling the nature or natures of this mob or mobs seems important.

Prices. Haitian really do account both in Gourdes and in dollars, at 5G= $1. Joseph got $30 out of me for day 1. Then I found and reported to him the tariff posted at the hotel-- $10 to airport, $30 for half day, $50 for full day. He maintains that is old and outdated, and costs have risen. I ended up giving him 400G for day 2: $57 or $80, at 7G actual or 5G official rate per dollar. I met an American hotel owner art treasure finder who claimed that prices are very high here. I was surprised at the $15 bus fare. I still haven't learned real prices—that takes time and help—but it does seem that prices are held high here, perhaps even by the tenuous ties to the US market.

Joseph got me a sheaf of newspapers and wanted me to report back on their lines. Maybe I'll do it tomorrow. He presented himself first as a conservative, and I've heard from him remarks reflects Joseph's upwardly mobile aspirations. I fed him some lines by discussing my global perspective and emphasizing that the Haitian case underscores the continued interference by great powers in the affairs of smaller countries. But a couple times he really exploded with deeply felt resentment against the Americans—or the government, as he would reformulate—for its occupation of Haiti, its blockage of development, and its refusal to provide substantial aid. He quite good in his history (he had a good high school teacher) and in his current affairs, world wide, and can pick at the Americans skillfully. As with most such analyses, he overemphasizes political policies both for the US and Haiti, and underemphasizes the global and economic dimensions. Still the strength of his feeling, if it is representative, is an important well-known term, it seems, for the view of Haiti's successive rulers that the welfare of the nation is in the ruler's pocket. He labeled the US "un dictateur progressiste," a term I liked because it reminded me of Sukarno's "guided democracy."

Yves argued that "le people" is already grumbling at the failures of the new government and could act, though he thinks Aristide is very smart and well –respected. He said that necklace burnings took place in February, of people accused of being Macoutes—he didn't mention any South African connection, and I think may be unaware of it. But it's there, I guess.

Cap-Haitien, Saturday, 25 May 1991

I never imagined that my computer would die on me at the first opportunity, but it has done just that. The screen blanked out just after I booted up. Little hope of fixing it on the trip: only hope I can think of is finding Zenith miracle-workers in Miami.

So I'll begin with today's trip and work back. From the Holiday Inn in Port-au-Prince I walked down Ave. Paul VI (lots of cute repair shops below Bl. Dessalines) to the Institut Francais d'Haiti and got an intro to their library, gallery, film series, etc. then walked (with the ever-present Yves) through the port (curio shops, post office, night clubs), past the marche du port to the gare routiere.

Arrived at a quarter to 12- the bus left at 2, with another 20-minute halt at the gas station across the street for securing the load: 61 passengers jammed in, ultimately, at $15 (or 75 Groudes) each. Dashing young driver hopped in at last minute, turned the music up even higher- then chatter and argued out his window for 10 minutes, and we left. So far, this was my record for all Third World travel.

Port-au-Prince to St. Marc. The strip extended out endlessly from Port-au-Prince- industrial park, bars and residences. Then along a narrow coastline, with dry and incredibly rocky terrain on the inland side where I sat. After a while, some can plantations and banana fields. I assumed it had all been burned over at some time, and some fires later on encouraged one to think so. We zipped through Arcahie, where Dessalines created the Haitian bicolor in 1803 and Aristide just celebrated a fete du drapeau. I missed any signs to Kaliko Beach, the nice resort, in part because it had begun to rain. By the time we got to Deluge, water in the river running through town was high and muddy, and the name made sense. At 3:30 or 4:00 we passed through St. Marc. The town is small and hasn't grown much. Lots of 19$^{th}$- early-20$^{th}$-century buildings with wooden columns and porticoes, closely set and quite attractive.

St. Marc to Gonaives. We headed up and inland, through dry and rocky terrain with cactus. At Lafond we encountered the Riviere de l'Artibonite, and suddenly we were in a flat and rather broad plain, much of it inundated because of the rain that had just happened, but then I realized it is often inundated. Neat little rice fields, of perhaps 10 by 15 meters, abutted on each other across the plain. Some were newly planted, others in various stages of growth, and some had been harvested. I saw only hand-built ridges, no fancy fates for water, but the various fields seemed to get the appropriate water. Later I saw two men with hand-operator tractors for working the fields. Habitations along road's edge were inundated or nearly so – little wooden walkways crossed the deeper trenches, but many people seemed simply to be wading back and forth. I saw several storehouses for bagged rice, one group harvesting in the fields, and another processing at a storehouse—women working at this stage made it look very labor intensive. About halfway along the valley (shared by two rivers, I guess), the terrain got to the road, and an incredible series of potholes showed up. The music was by now at a mad pace, while the bus crept in a weaving pattern around the potholes for much of an hour. We made a rest stop just before Gonaives—lots of people clambered out and bought food and drinks. As they returned to their places, they were energized by the food and conversed loudly. We drove through Gonaives—more growth and hence more disorder, with lots of potholes and plenty of mud. I saw a modern concrete cathedral, and several signs supporting Bazin for president. Not a very thorough picture of the town that set off the rebellion against Baby Doc.

Gonaives to Cap-Haitien. We went east and slowly uphill through a more-low-lying, potholed and dry terrain. Then we rose into a forested region—the first I saw. At Ennery, a fork in the road and a neat little foothills town, we turned to a sharp climb. Up spectacular mountains, densely populated all the way with farms growing maize surrounded by beans on incredibly steep hillsides, with farms growing maize surrounded by beans on incredibly steep hillsides, with very mature mango trees, orage tress and later breadfruit trees. As we went over the summit, the music had changed to Dominican boleros and waltzes. My seatmate knew of

some of them and sang the words in Spanish. Meanwhile, boys waited on the uphill climb to run and catch a ride on the bus. The bus was too fast for them, but they probably catch trucks. Coming down on the north side, the scenery was even more spectacular—steeper mountains, bigger clouds, lusher vegetation, more picturesque farms and apparently a higher level of living. (I noted the wide variety in house styles on the trip—from Akan-style thatch to woven walls with and without mud or plaster to various styles of cinder block—it made me wonder whether remnants of African architectural styles still hold out in various regions in Haiti.) We continued down the steep and wooded valley, above the rushing torrent of the river below. By the time we crossed it at Limbe (same as the town in Cameroon!), it had lost its force. We dropped off our first passenger there, then rose over a set of hills, to get a lovely view of the surrounding Cagnette. At Limbe I saw the first and only obvious manioc field of the trip; saw endless banana fields and maize fields, and some pineapple. We passed the bay and worked our way into the suburbs of Cap Haitien. At every few hundred feet, one or two passengers got off—including the driver—until a roar went up from the rest, and the substitute driver (with the now screechy tapes still blasting at full volume) refused to stop until he passed the pillars marking the entrance to Le Cap, and he pulled into the gare routiere.

I took a taxi communal to the Roi Christophe, found it to be an old style place reminiscent of the Grand Hotel in Abidjan, ate a big meal (poisson creole, with salad, cake, beer, and coffee) and sat down to be disappointed by my computer.

[Cap Haitien] Sunday, May 26

I got up at 6:15, exercised and showered; the generator and electricity went on at 7:45 as I finished up.

Haitian newspapers [comments on the papers Joseph got me May 24]:

L'Union (Port-au-Prince) No. 510, jeudi 23 Mai 1991. "Dignite comme encre et democratie pour boussole." Supportive of government. Front page: visit of justice minister Raoul Elysee to national prison, showing Lafontant and supporters of his coup manque behind bars, but asking why others are still there. Speech of consul-general Desir (NY) on flag day 18 May: "Yon sel nou feb, ansanm nou fo, ansanm nou se lavalas." Long open letter from A. Riviere Mystil, "Cultivateur de la 4e section Communale de Marigot" to senator Bernard Sansaricq, responding to an article in Observateur accusing Aristide of violating the constitution of 29 mars 1987. Articles on India, Mideast, lectures at Institut Francais d'Haiti, Ads are all Haitian.

Haiti Observeteur (New York) Vol. XXI, No. 22, 15-22 Mai 1991. "Le manke gid, pep la gage." Published by Raymond Joseph and Leo Joseph. Best financed of the bunch, but transparent and heavy handed in its critique of Aristide and the Lavalas government. Front page turns visit of Renaud Bernarden (minister charged with external cooperation) to Libya into a secret mission seeking Libyan aid. Other front page story emphasizes problems in justice ministry—arrest of Anthony Alouidor for helping a dishonest judge escape (Alouidor is pictured in jail in l'Union), and minister of justice Bayard Vincent dismissed for revelation of his duvalierist past. Next edition announces a critique of Aristide Michel (daughter of commerce minister Smarck Michel) says he never sleeps—on page 12, Observateur suggest Aristide sleeps all the time. Articles seeking to show that the Vatican is moving toward Aristide, that Caribbean countries are moving toward free trade, that Aristide is rewarding friends from CEP (Conseil electorale provisoire). Long article labeling Aristide a man of the past. Profile—in English—of

Sandra Dominique, who does Voice of America's Haitian program. University youth unsatisfied with Aristide. Supporters of Bazin in election?

Haiti Progres (New York), Vol. 9, No. 8, 22-28 mai 1991. "Le Journal qui offre une alternative." Front page shows Aristide visiting customs to ensure that prices and duties are at correct levels; installation of new justice minister Carl Auguste; teaser labeling Libyan affair a tempest in a teapot. Page 2, dialogue between Titid and university students (FENEH). Page 3 Aristide and Arcahie, "un seul drapeau, un seul rendez-vous, le rendez-vous among Haitians. Direct attack on Observateur for its handling of Bernardin's Libyan trip. Popular demonstration of public service. Dixieme department—New York, and also Boston. (Newly-named consul in Boston just resigned.) Critique of imperialism in Middle East.

Haiti en Marche (Miami) Vol. V, No. 14, 22-28 mai 1991. front page Aristide at Arcahie; arrest of Alouidor and dismissal of Bayard Vincent. Page 3 "Youn sel drapo; youn sel randevou. Randevou bo tab-la." Aristide plie mais ne rompt pas. Article on Bernadin rejects Observateur's accusations, but asks assurance that his trip was private—such a key negotiator should not be exposed to criticism of the bailleurs des fonds. Interviews with local populations at Arcahie fete. Murder of a second Haitian radio figure in Miami, Fritz Dor, killed March 15—one arrest. Letter from Howard French of NYT, in English, rejecting criticisms of him in Haiti en Marche as anti-communist, pro-Bazin, and complaining about plagiarizing of his columns. Intro note protests that letters to NYT critical of French are never published. French's letter is to Marcus Garcia, editor. Houngan Herard Simon, founder of Zantray (Zanfan Tradisyon Ayisyen) in 1986, died at 58. Organization to protect vaudou against attacks of catholic and protestant youths. His successor, Reginald Bailly, also of Haut Artibonite.

Progres has an article on workers in Artibonite protesting against manager of the development organization, who never shows up for work.

Crudely, I would say that Observateur takes the line of the bourgeoisie, Progres takes that of the workers, Haiti en Marche mixes those of petty bourgeoisie and peasants, and l'Union takes that of professionals based in Haiti. Too neat, of course.

On music, l'Union has nothing. Haiti en Marche lists events held in Haiti. Progres has the most ads and the best coverage. Promo of Zap Zap album by Tabou Combo (New Jersey); sales in Brooklyn of albums of Emiline Michel (so she's Haitian after all), Yves Mardice, Orchestre Tropicana d'Haiti and more. Observateur lists, as does Progres, the New York area concerts of Haitian groups, and has an ad for Zap Zap by Tabou Combo.

[Cap Haitien] May 26, 1991. Notes on the 1989-90 book.

I now have enough narrative information (with the promise of more) that it is tempting to let the book grow. That is, Chapter 2, the events of 1989-90, could grow to several times its size. Here I need both my own take and the advice of readers to decide how far to go. I could leave the remaining chapters as a second, analytical half. I could turn each of the analytical chapters into a narrative, retelling the story from a particular point of view. Or I could write the whole book like Grapes of Wrath, alternating chapters of narrative with chapters of analysis.

What did I learn about narrative from Perry's thesis? More about how to take apart a narrative than about how to construct one. He argues that historians used the present in creation of their national past, addressing certain critical questions of identity and key values, and then used that past to create a present (or, one might say, a future). As for specifics of their devices, he focused on presentations of processes, events, and personalities, with each being chosen to get

the right effect. Just how historians do the latter seems to remain unexamined: historians just tinker with their materials until they get their story and their message right.

My problem is that I'm trying to write history for an order that is not now organized, a viewpoint that is not clearly articulated. This requires more activism and imagination than did the work of national historians in established nations—though I would hope to have at least as much devotion to a realistic reconstruction of the past. It's a bit more like the work of Marx, who sought to derive a history and a program appropriate to an emerging working class. But in a sense I have more variables to deal with, though I am making less of an effort to predict changes. That is, I'm accepting that national, class and gender distinctions will remain, though they have changed and will change. But I'm trying to specify an overarching global identity in which all have their stake (this is sort of an extension of national identity), and then to raise the question of who gets the most say in defining the interest and direction of the global community. The argument will come down to specific processes, events and personalities, chosen well or poorly for their effect.

Non-sequitur. Consider the range in economic and social conditions from one part of the Caribbean to another today, despite great similarities in population, ecology. The difference is greater than the range of domestic policies; it's the range in international conjuncture—the international relations, in effect, of Cuba, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, French Antilles, Jamaica, Dutch West Indies and so forth. Haiti's poverty isn't inherent and isn't just a matter of bad governments.

The world of events and the world of letters. This comes out of my rethinking of Dana Frank's question in Santa Cruz, in which she asked whether it wasn't foolish for Third World thinkers to try to develop a conception of a world community in an academy dominated by the West. I acknowledged the difficulty, but argues that this is the only academy we have, and that it would be even more wasteful to try and create one from scratch. But the issue goes far deeper, and here are my thoughts on it to this point.

Let us distinguish the world of events—the economic, social and political changes, including cultural and religious affairs—from the world of letters—writing about the events of the world, plus writing in literature, philosophy, religion, and science. For the latter, even if we give a full account to writing in Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Hindi, Farsi, and so on, it's heavily concentrated in the West. And once we allow for hierarchy in the world of letters, the key texts are focused on a few people from a few places.

I'm arguing that, in the world of events, we have been in an interactive global community for at least three centuries. I can win the argument in economic, social and political terms, and in some areas of culture. But the world of letters is different. There is a cosmopolitan Western tradition which tends to present itself, with considerable success, as the world tradition in letters. The traditions in the Islamic world and in China remain quite cut off from this tradition, with only a few interpreters to link them. I think Japan had integrated Western thought into its tradition, without the West taking much from Japan; China has adopted Marxist thought and thus, in a sense, a portion of Western thought. Latin America has been accorded a very junior position in the hierarchy of Western letters, only recently modified by the recognition granted to some writers.

The world of letters, its structures, its texts, its values, its universities, its publishers, its library acquisition staffs, its book reviewers, its philanthropic foundations—all of these structure profoundly and unevenly our interpretation of the world events. This world of letters has many subdivisions—by language, religion, nation, political outlook, social prestige – but it is

fundamentally a single world of letters. The hegemony, with that world of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Harvard, Yale and Stanford, is awesome.

So we have a world that is changing, and some hope of apprehending its changes through direct experience. Those direct experiences are what I'm trying to collect on this trip. Popular culture and mass media provide, in part, a way to communicate these experiences by doing an end run around the world of letters. Mostly however, the changes in the world must be explained through the mechanism, the lens, the filter of the world of letters. Facts and foci that don't fit the established wisdom are likely to be edited out. I'm not sure that letters correspond to science, but one could attempt a modified Kuhnian analysis of this situation and old science continues on, squeezing the new facts into complex modifications of old national and racial views of the world. The additional factor, which Kuhn didn't analyze, is that of a sharply expanding constituency demanding knowledge of this world. Perhaps that will break up some of the traditions of the world of letters. The case of demography fits here—tenured, senior white male demogaphy trained on US and European materials, now preside over departments with younger (or less senior) white female colleagues and Third World grad students, studying issues in Third World countries because they are socially pressing and scientifically interesting. But I don't think such a smooth transition is likely for my projects, to identify the world of letters for what it is (and, certainly, to sharpen and improve the concept over what I have done here), and to make clear its elitism, its narrowness, its conservatism (if only in the structural sense that it responds to its own traditions and not just to empirical reality), not to mention its close ties to the power structure in every nation, but especially where it is strongest, in the US. (The growing struggle over whether the US should become the university system for the world—that is, whether we should pay to educate foreign students—is of interest here.)

Debates on world history. I started some notes over the weekend trying to distinguish various lines (ideological) in interpreting world history. I tried just to focus on ideology and to set aside the question of who is included when we speak of the world. I thought that by making a simplification of haves vs. have-nots, capital vs. labor or some such I could clarify the choices and yet still work in perspectives based on identity in religious (e.g. Muslim) or civilizational (the West) terms. I admitted defeat. Instead, I concluded that I must first affirm a framework—the planet as the unit of analysis. I can't get out of arguing that first. Second, I must develop more sharply the contending viewpoints that have expressed themselves or will express themselves in that global framework. That means sharpening up on my viewpoint. So far, I would say that my line is that the world is the planet—that we're all in the world, and have been for centuries. My viewpoint so far: in the past the leaders of great firms and great nations have had disproportionate but not unlimited power to define the world and its direction; those patterns are now giving way to a broader definition of the world and a broader participation in setting its direction. In short, my program (wait: are we doing past or future here?) is democracy and peaceful coexistence. I think that the other, partial frameworks will re-emerge as viewpoints within the planetary framework: Western Civ, OECD, Islam, Afrocentrism, national pride, proletarian internationalism.

Probably most lines on the world community are partial rather than comprehensive—it is common for people to speak of "the world" and refer only to a small part of the planet. The world as the West, the South, Islam, etc. But the various lines tend also to select out an essential factor of change, such as technology, economic institutions, business acumen, the state, class interests, or subjective qualities of civilizations.

I realize now that the Soviet bloc was rendered, in Western thinking, into a civilization—with an essential, Eastern, and inscrutable behavior built in. According to this reasoning, should we think that by an act of the will they could snap out of that civilization? Or is it we who will away their Eastern bloc civilization and re-establish them as part of the West? When were they last in the West?

I keep feeling that the ideological dispute on world history will come back to capitalism vs. socialism, though now with some revision in terms. Haves vs. have-nots, once extended to a global level—has implication here. So far, within the US and in some other countries, it has proved possible to extend reasonably full political rights without upending the country and without really challenging privilege. Can this work at a global level? Is it being proposed?

To return to the beginning of this section, I do now believe that I must open a fight about who is in the world. Then we go on to the fight about whose interests should dominate the world so defined.

What is the upper (or outer) limit of the notion of the world? What is the lower (or inner) limit? "The world" is a flexible, elastic concept—expansible and contractible for all sorts of purposes. I simply won't get away with defining it in a certain way and expecting my audience to respect those limits. The world of an infant goes no further than the reach of his fingers or the sound of her voice. We speak of the social world precisely to distinguish it from the world of work. So if the world of France was limited to that of her empire, or if many thinkers see Western Civilization (whatever its limits!) as the world, there is no need to respond harshly. The trick is to find a terminology and a logic that will focus attention where I want it—at the planetary level—and that will develop an appropriate conceptualization of history at that planetary level. If I can find a way to do that, I will be happy to let my audience return thereafter to all of its own worlds.

So I have projected a section—in the since 1700 book and maybe in the historiography article—entitled "a world of terms" –in which I advance this argument. I'll distinguish terms which have indeterminate range (world, region, global) from terms with determinate ranges (national, continental, planetary).

Revised outline of <u>Democratization, 1989-90</u>

1. Democratization: a global perspective. June 4, 1989: clearing of Tiananmen Square, Polish elections: two crisis points precipitating nearly two year of global turmoil, centering on widespread popular demands for representative democracy and reduced governmental economic controls. Describe some of the international connections—fax news to China, dominoes in Eastern Europe and Benin, South Africa to Nepal, Mandela's tour. Two common representations of this wave of movements fall short. One presents it as a collapse of communism—a Cold War interpretation of the end of the Cold War. It focuses on the obviously important weakening of some communist regimes and collapse of others, but neglects the important and linked yet quite different movements in Haiti, South America, and several African and Asian countries. The other, more apparent with the passage of time, interprets various of the movements in national terms, taking each case as isolable from others and thus underplaying the importance of the global dimension of this series of outbursts. Thus, the experience of China, Germany, Haiti, Nicaragua, even the Soviet Union tend in some cases to be presented without reference to surrounding events. So the point of this book is to give a global narrative and a global interpretation of the

democratization movements of 1989 and 1990. It is a study in current history, and a study in interactive history. Much of it is narrative, but it is a narrative set upon a wide stage, and with many characters and many subplots combining to present an overall story of a rapid change and profound social conflict in our era. (I might as well confess that the use of similar dramatic devices in soap operas and dramas such as LA law have given me courage to try this approach on an audience of readers of history.) Then I should go ahead and describe my trip around the Atlantic 1991, in a attempt to retrieve impressions of what has happened while they are still fresh in people's minds, and to experience for myself a wide variety of national experiences to test for myself the belief that it was one global wave of movements with distinct yet interacting national manifestations. I can't finish the chapter without some strong and clear (but yet to be developed) statements on how to show that democracy was the issue, what democracy meant, why it became the issue, and what were the main immediate results of it having been raised to such a level. I probably need to develop an initial social anlysis. Start with "the people" vs. "the state," then work in issues of class, representative institutions, economic conjuncture, economic policy, and great-power influences. Plus nationalism and ethnicity.

2. The precedents. Immediate precedents: Philippines and Haiti 1985-86 overthrowing dictators; South Korea thereafter. Iran 1980-87; Poland with the rise of Solidarity. Before that, Czechoslovakia 1968. These provided tactics for popular movements. I need also to trace precedents in the ideology of democratization and economic liberalism.
3. The trigger: end of the Cold War. If I do this as a chapter, it will end up highlighting Gorbachev and hence human agency. But it makes sense to underline his initiatives in arms limitations. And it permits a focus on nationalism and sentiments for democratization in the USSR. Plus class and economic conflicts. For this version of the outline at least, I'll put the Polish developments of early 1989 in this chapter.
4. The conflict at Tiananmen Square, April-June 1989. Chinese events, emphasizing their international links, but also some on the initial impact of Chinese events elsewhere.
5. July-October 1989. Expanded version of this section in my chapter at end of since 1700.
6. November- December 1989. focus on events of Eastern Europe, but also Benin and South America. Panama.
7. January-March 1990. More Eastern Europe, but also Nicaragua, Benin. Focus on South Africa.
8. April-July 1990. Mandela's tour. Apparent consolidation of the movement's gains.
9. August-October 1990. Iraq and Kuwait—US responds by organizing UN Security Council action and blockade.
10. October 1990-January 1991. US increases troop size, forces UN ultimatum and invades. Haitian election. Complete US victory, frustration of US political goals. Halt the narrative here. (Until I change it again.) Have to stop with some world on global democratization.
11. The professional class.
12. The great powers.

13.International links.
14.Underlying causes.
15.Nationalism, ethnic rights, and meanings of democracy.
16.Earlier global uprisings.
17.The ideal of democracy (conclusion).

Chapters 11-17 are taken from my first outline, where they are chapters 3-9. This is therefore an outline for a 500-page book instead of a 250-page book. I might actually do better at greater length, though I risk losing the particular control of the narrative I seek.

It will be hard to write on any of these chapters without a computer, because all I can do without notes and library is put down bits and pieces of ideas without being able to revise them a million times.

[Miami] Wednesday, May 29, 1991

I'm in Miami for the night at the airport Quality Inn. I'd better write up the last couple days, or I'll risk turning my ragged notes into dust. The table on which I write is as wobbly as any at the Holiday Inn in Port-au-Prince.

Monday the 27th I took the bus back from Cap Haitien. Price was only gdes 35 rather than the 75 I paid going north. No music and a more prudent driver. In Chatard we encountered a large demonstration marching down the road toward us—flags in front and a couple signs in Kreyol I couldn't see or read. Joseph later thought it might be demands for land. I munched on cashews as we went, and learned the map a bit better. L'Estere is a town in the valley of the Petite Reviere de l'Artibonite, not marked on the map but sizeable—in the middle of the rice-growing area.

More observations on the road back from Cap Haitien. The sizeable villages have cemeteries with cinder block mausoleums. I was struck by apparent absence of names on them—maybe they're in small print, but maybe they're not there. I talked with the guy who drove us up, before I came back. I mentioned his music and he was pleased—he seemed to se it as a distraction both for passengers and himself, and had clearly selected his types with some care. I forgot, I think, to mention that he honked his horn at every opportunity—it's a fearsome diesel horn—and he did so in time to the music. I observed "banks" in every village—they still sell lottery tickets. A couple portable bars came by as I waited ("machan fresco") – with ice bloc, shaver, bottles of liquor, and plastic cups. Plenty of taxis in le Cap, as in Port-au-Prince. Driving is a bit wild, with lots of honking, but I have yet to see an accident, nor did I see hulks of cars and trucks alongside the road as in Nigeria. As we drove along at noon and thereafter, we passed lots of school children in uniform, walking home. All sorts of uniforms, because of so many confessional schools and so few state schools. The protestants seem very strong in the Plaine de Nord. Since I ride the bus, I am thought by many to be a missionary, so some are surprised when I don't speak Kreyol. Monday was wash day all along the road, with girls washing at every available source of water no matter how muddy.

We passed the remains of the Club Med south of Deluge, and then the Kaliko Beach resort and a couple smaller ones. Back at 4, I took it easy, had lambi (conch) on creole sauce, and could do little therafter but watch part of the NBA game (Lakers and Trailblazers) on the Haitian channel. Magali, the hostess at the restaurant, uncompromisingly but charmingly began my Kreyol lessons at dinner.

Tuesday morning [May28] I read at the Institut Francais d'Haiti. I think they have a pretty good run of newspapers from about 1986 on. I saw a number of bound volumes. They are reconstructing the magasin, and all back issues should be available in a few weeks. There are many readers, mostly male. It seems like a good place to work—has a classroom, gallery, theater, and a little café.

The shelves have lots of books on Haiti; history, literature and whatever. I found reference to Roger Gaillard, La Republique exterminatrive (Imprimerie de Natal, port-au-Prince), which covers 1804-1915 and includes two volumes, 1) Une modernization manqué, and 2) l'Etat vassal. Later that day I found out her wrote 2 or 3 earlier volumes on the period of the US occupation—all, I think, published in Haiti.

Magazine section is popular with the readers—it gives them contact with Europe, Africa, Latin America. I found a summary of African press including the following, from La Gazette du Golfe (28-3-91). After the arch elections in Benin, there were attacks on southerners in the North of Benin, and no governmental attempt to stop them, so many health and education cadres were fleeting to the South. The article argues that politicians in North and South encouraged it.

I found reference to Jean Bernabe, Grammaire creole (Harmattan, 1987). I found nothing written on Kreyol in Haiti—we'll see what I find in Boston and New York ("le dizieme department").

Thinking about tontons macoutes (or zenglendo, as their ancestors are known), I wondered about similarities to Renamo, contras, Inkatha warriors, and Afghan guerrillas. Is there something general about this type of young toughs? What holds them together?

I read through most of the current issues of newspapers, to learn about events and to get a sense of each paper. Here is what I noted.

L'Union—a new university is in formation, maybe to be named for Jean Price Mars. Article noted failure of various earlier attempts. Implicitly, the University d'Etat is considered hopeless (will, limited) because it was staffed with Duvalier loyalists.

Le Journal de Commerce, 20-27 mai 1991, Serie II, No. 257. Will the planned North America free trade zone undermine the Caribbean Basin Initiative which was to bring Caribbean export to the US?

Le Matin (Journal Haitien pour le people Haitien) 24 mai 1991, 84e annee, No. 30.172. Franck Magloire, Directeur. Societe Haitienne d'Histoire—sac des bureaux (a la clinique Beaulieu) le 7 janvier. Nouveau siege 98, Lalue, apt. 102 (Secteur Poste Marchand). Banks were exchanging money from abroad at gdes 5/$, and maybe taxing that, when actual rate is 7 to 1. April 31 government required banks to pay full value. No electricity en province, for lack of fuel for generators.

Le Matin, No. 30.174 (28 mai 1991). Open letter to PM Preval from Societe Agricole de Deluge, claiming big landowners never took land away from peasants. (Interior of paper is filled with copies of documents of surveys and ownership.) Peasants of Piatre revenged selves on proprietors. A 1987 judgement drew a line between the parties. The battle continues.

L'Union 28 mai 1991. Hydro Quebec suddenly interested in Haiti. Joint interview of Canadian ambassador to Haiti and PDG of Hydro Quebec who was visiting. HQ policy changed when the new man came in last year, he's interested in power export and francophone links. They brought generators on 6-month loan for Port-au-Prince. They ran into anti-Haitian prejudice in business community: manufacturer of generators didn't want to sell them for Haiti, claimed he had a better deal in Kuwait; HQ had, I think, to get them cash. Then nobody would insure them—finally Lloyds of London did. HQ PDG made the argument for economic support

of Port-au-Prince, and also for political stability of the new government. Asked about the Americans, both said this was independent policy. Bibliotheque Nationale, directed by Mme Colette Audant—on rue du Centre between rue Pavee and Paul VI. (I passed it later—it's shiny outside, but it apparently has leaky roofs in places and a staff that's slow to communicate books.) The paper supports Mme Audant's energetic reforms.

Le Nouvelliste (Le plus ancient quotidian d'Haiti) No. 30, 474 (27 mai 1991). Letter from parliamentaires du Nord-Quest. Always ignored by government, those from northwest became boat people in 60s, dominate Haitian community in Florida, and now send back lots of money to Haiti. Letter from landowners in Deluge to Preval is also here. Nouvelliste and matin each have sections chatting on Petion-ville—is their relationship centered there?

Afternoon [May 28]—Joseph drove me around the south side of town a bit. We went to Le Resto again and this time it was open. I asked him for the street name and got "rue Toussaint Cricoeur"—the closest I could find on the map was rue Louissant. Anyhow, it's a very charming little place, clean and cool, with a good Haitian menu. Then he dropped me off chez Gaillard.

Before going to see the historians, I asked Joseph about Lavalas, the name of Aristide's movement. It's an image of a rushing torrent of water, flowing a l'aval, and it set up in time for the election as a response to the macoutist threat that they would use magical means to frustrate the movement against them. Then Titid's side chose a cock since the macoutes had used the gray pintade (guinea hen) as a symbol. So now wall artists all over town show the cock stomping on the guinea fowl, often with the word Lavalas as caption.

Now I'm back to the Societe Haitienne d'Histoire, but it's bedtime. I'll try tomorrow.

[Miami] Thursday, May 30, 1991

Back to the Societe Haitienne d'Histoire [meeting May 28]. I waited for Roger Gaillard at his home for a while. He arrived, having just received the packet I had sent in March. I had sent it to Alain Turner, who had died, and I sent it to the office they had in 1989. The members of the Comite de Direction of the SHH gradually arrived. First were Georges Corvington and Edive Etienne. Corvington is white but there's a street with his name, so I guess he's Haitian. Etienne is younger and a bit more energetic. The two of them were sent as a delegation to the North to identify the site of the Bois Cayman, where the slave revolt started. As the minutes said, "Tout semble indiquer de preference le site de l'habitation Choisoul Lemarquis au Morne Rouge." But there remain big controversies. Then Pierre Buteau arrived. I soon found that he was the one who had revised for publication the paper I sent to the 1989 conference; he complimented me on it nicely. The actes du colloque will appear in a two-volume set. Buteau is the youngest of the group. Then came Michel Hector, who acted sort of as the conscience of the SDH, making sure they didn't take on too much, but also making sure that each point of business was fully completed.

Gaillard circulated my materials, and allowed me to give my pitch. I realized later that I was too general, and that I should have posed more precisely the questions: what global influences did they seen on Haitian events, and what global impact did they see from Haitian events. Still, they got the point and launched into a discussion of the arrival of transistor radios in the country about 20 years ago. More to the point, they argued that broadcasts began in Kreyol and these broadcasts included world news. It was particularly the Protestant missionary groups that led in these new radio stations. By now Jean Liautaud had arrived. He's French, in his 70s, and is treasurer of SDH as well as working on fund-raising. An argument erupted

between Corvington and Liautaud as to which denomination led—Liautaud thought Baptist, but Corvington won the argument with his focus on what I think is the Adventists, Eglise de Dieu for example. Anyhow, the point is that Kreyol-speaking Haitian now were in touch with the events of the world.

Last to arrive was Susy Castor. I introduced myself and the Northeastern connection ("la visite qui n'a pas eu lieu") –and I don't think the others knew of it.

Now they turned to the main agenda. The death of Turner, burning of the office and all their books and records and the economic and political crisis of the country have set the group back, but they seem on the way to regrouping. Gaillard just presides, Hector keeps track of commitments, and all volunteer for their share of the work. All was in French, and not I think simply out of deference to me. Issues in the minutes included financing publication of the 1989 conference volume, adding members to the supporters, getting furniture for the office, preparing to mark the 70th anniversary of the Revue Haitienne d'Histoire in 1993, and preparing for a general assembly of the SDH in about a year. New business focused on formulating a plan for a celebration 1791 and 1792 (I'll have to figure that out), the difference between SHH activities and those of other groups—like UNESCO and national TV—the difference between collecting oral testimonies about the revolt (which is apparently being done by others) and collecting modern commentary, as SHH seems to be proposing. They seem to be moving toward an essay contest (Kreyol or French) for either high school students or for teachers (as Susy Castor suggested), to be held in November. Hector and Buteau took on primary responsibility. Buteau asked me if I was bored as they finished up and I said that it made me feel good to observe and participate in the deliberations of historians here as elsewhere.

Liataud noted a plan to send copies of microfilms of the Seville archives dealing with Santo Domingo to Haiti, with assistance of the Spanish embassy. I wonder if Gwen (?) and I might want to consult them here.

I exchanged addresses with Gaillard (38, rue Camille-Leon), Hector (B.P. 1461), and Castor (I have her card). Office of the SHH will be 98, Ave. John Brown, apt. 102.

Next day, on the way out of town—lots of ads for Haitian rum, Barbancourt. Plus a discussion with the taxi driver on "banks"—they have three drawings: New York, Santo Domingo, and Haiti. Lots of banks- Toto, Abdalah, Simplex—but a single drawing unties them all. Can it really be that Haitians throughout the country are so tied in to a lottery? Who gets the profit?

# Week 2. Brazil: Salvador

I'll run my weekly journals from Thursday through Wednesday. I did the one for Week 1 by hand, so it isn't listed in this directory.

May 30, 1991. Miami.

Activities for the day. Breakfast, notes. Bus to metro-rail, metro-rail to Okeechobee, then taxi to Zenith (taxi driver was Haitian, said he arrived in 1986; he said he was from the Northwest, but spoke French). The guy at Zenith fixed the computer in 5 minutes, and showed me how to check the connection if it fails again. Taxi to metro-rail. Downtown, took metro-mover. Found P.O., bank, office supplies, drug store. Wrote letters, sent packages. NY Times office, 28th floor with nice view. Carrie the interesting secretary: she's crippled with something like MS, but is apparently valuable for what she keeps in her head. She called Caribbean reporter Howard French at home but didn't reach him, so I wrote a note to him while sitting at his desk, overlooking the bay. Carrie then got me started talking about my project, expressed interest in the book, and gave me pointers on the various exile communities in Miami. Then I walked, and found the Miami-Dade Community College (MDCC) downtown campus. There I got the bus, rode it through Little Havana, and through the airport with its nice landscaping, especially along the access roads and in the parking areas. Miami is sparsely settled, not as glitzy as the interior of its airport. I had a beer, wrote and sent the last of the letters on my list. I sent a card to John with a glamorized picture of downtown Miami, concentrating all its big buildings artificially; I told him the card was overpriced too.

May 31, 1991. Rio.

The Varig flight was luxurious and pleasant, though I hardly slept. Probably excitement and anxiety: about a new country, Portuguese language, and meeting Joao again. Fancy dinner, with menu in French, plus translations to Portuguese and English. Polish broccoli, Belgian carrots, Swiss dumplings -- only the coffee was listed as being from the west side of the Atlantic. Then an American film, followed by a monster breakfast at 4:00 in the morning -- well, 5:00 if we allow for the time change. The Varig office in Miami, Varig at the airport and the Rio airport all give the same impression: all scrubbed up clean, working with apparent big crowds and waits, but everything gets done fine. I'm not sure the rest of life in Brazil will work out so neatly. The Rio airport is laid out in the standard two-level, circular format with jetways, etc. Computerized flight announcements in Portuguese and English. A bit quiet, though it is 7 a.m. A crew was scrubbing down the men's room as I came in to shave -- one handed me paper towels. A baggage handler offered to change money at black-market rate (280 cruzeiros per dollar); I held off.

June 1, 1991. Salvador.

In Rio I slept for an hour and a bit, checked in my bag, paid my $3 airport fee, and found that the money-changers don't do travellers checks. At the currency exchange bureau I got 308 cruzeiros per dollar. Then I went through security to the waiting room, where they had TV for travellers with scenes from around the world, including kayak surfing in Australia. We loaded on the plane just before takeoff time, but left almost on time. I had an aisle seat and didn't see too well, plus there were clouds on the way up. Still, we got a look at the extent of Rio and its bay, some of the land and coastline, and a view of Salvador as we came in, showing it to be more extensive than I had been led to believe (about 2.5 million people, says Joao), and with high-rise buildings spotted all about.

Joao found me shortly after I got my luggage -- neither of us now with beards. We drove south along the coast to town, passing the area where speculators are hoping to build high-rises along the beach, and preservationists are hoping to maintain the 3-story limit. We went to the university campus, Universidade Federale do Bahia, and Joao stopped at the bank (long line, as the previous day was a holiday). While waiting I saw my first oil palm in the New World, sitting along on a hill. Joao explained that people use lots of palm oil in cooking here, and that evening we had fish in a sauce of palm oil and coconut milk. We stopped at a store to get bread, and Joao explained that prices tend to rise at the beginning of the month, though bread prices are held down by regulation.

We came to Joao's apartment, a spacious 6th story flat near the campus that he bought at a low price from an owner fearful that Lula would win the election. Joao brought out bits of his music collection, on records and CDs. Paul Simon's “The Rhythm of the Saints” includes drummers recorded in the streets of Salvador for "The Obvious Child"; other recording was done at 2 studios in Rio (Transamerica & Impresao), plus the Hit Factory in New York and a few other places. Then he played Lazzo, who does light Reggae, very pretty stuff; and Edson Gomes, who does very straight and militant reggae, including "Sistema do vampiro" which explains the system as a vampire sucking people's blood.

I met Joao's daughter Natalia, who is just a year old. She was born without the fingers on her left hand. I had heard something of this from Al Isaacman, who suggested that it had been very hard for Joao and his wife. By now the adjustments seem to be made, and the cute and energetic kid seems to be doing fine. Joao had to go meet with his students, but first set me in a room which belongs to his son Jorge, who is 18 and is now with his mother in Sao Paulo, where he is hoping to get into university. I unpacked and then slept a couple hours on Jorge's hard but somehow comfortable bed. I awoke to meet Amelia Conder, Joao's wife. Joao was divorced from his first wife about six years ago, and has been with Amelia for about four years. Amelia is charming, direct, relaxed -- she works for the state government of Bahia, I'm not sure in what capacity.

She and Joao spent two years in England at the Latin American center at the University of London, where Joao finished his second book. His first book, on the Muslim slave rebellion of 1835, is out now in a second edition. His second book is a bigger study, on death in Brazil: it centers on great demonstrations in Salvador in the late 1830s, when the state tried to end burial in churches and give a monopoly for burials to a private cemetery at the edge of town. Result was great demonstrations and destruction of the private cemetery. Then he did archival work in Britain, France, Rio and Salvador to document several related aspects of death and attitudes toward it. It draws on the approach of French historians. The book will appear soon.

In the evening, when we went out to check out the town, we came to music in a square, and found it to be a Haitian merengue, to which a couple was dancing lambada. It was lambada

for sure, but the guy was emphasizing versatility of steps rather than sensuality; the girl was very good, but she was the one who tired first. As the next record played, I saw kids doing the basic lambada step. Next an American tune went on, and two guys did some impressive, mechanical break dancing in the middle of a crowd they created.

The economic crisis is serious here as elsewhere. Joao says GDP fell by 4% a year ago and is still declining; the immense investment in roads is threatening to be lost, and so forth. He reminds me there are 150 million in the country, and that it's a major industrial power, so that economic collapse here is of a different order than in Haiti. Unemployment might be 1/3 in Salvador.

One of Brazil's scandals is that of the killing of street children. Hundreds of them have been murdered, apparently by those claiming to be saving them from a life of crime. It has been getting worse.

Friday evening we began our night out at the Casa do Benin, a beautifully rebuilt 4-story mansion in the old section, set up as part of the sister-city relationship between Salvador and what I presume is Cotonou (nobody knew the town name). As we arrived, lights shone out through all the many windows, and drums were heard within. It was a brief dance and sort of reception, a buildup to a local preparatory meeting for the coming national meeting of black people and organizations, which is to set a black agenda for the country (I don't know where the meeting will be held). Dancing stopped just as we got there, but we toured the art exhibit on two floors: metal statuary (Esu-Legba with his forked spear and dominating phallus), wood sculpture, paintings (romantic portrayals of nubile women in each case, plus candomble symbolism in wood), and fabrics. A display on pano da costa, the pagnes from the African coast, and on continuation of the industry (just barely) in Bahia. Two Senegalese were at the Casa do Benin, and I talked briefly with one. Amelia mentioned to me the problems of architectural preservation in the historic district. There isn't money, but there's a need for quick work since some of the buildings just collapse from time to time. There have been attempts to get international money (UNESCO and the like, I imagine) because of the interest of the old capital. Preservation means not just the main streets and big buildings, but also the side streets. But there, preservation results in displacing the many residents, and it's never clear how to find them new homes, so nothing is done.

(I mentioned to Joao my project of digging up trade statistics between Bahia and Bight of Benin from the Jornal do Comercio, and he said I can easily get access to the newspaper in Rio at the national library; he liked the idea of the project.)

We then went to a bar for a couple of beers -- two large bottles of Brahmin cost Cr$500, or under $2. The music was uninspiring. Amelia would have only a little beer -- she likes it very cold since she doesn't much like the taste of Brazilian beer. Joao told me more about his reggae campaign. He was in Minnesota in 1981 when Bob Marley died; he and a friend took a long walk and smoked a giant memorial spliff. He came back toBahia, and organized a memorial celebration for Marley a year later, in which he had to navigate between competing black groups. But the annual celebration went on, and the tenth anniversary was pretty big. Joao had for some time the best reggae collection in Bahia, so that placed him well. Even now, he plays lots of it, and Natalia will now go to sleep at night only in the front room, and only with reggae playing.

I read a bit of newspaper this morning, A Tarde, and find I have made some progress. Amelia pointed out a play, "Dende e Dengo" referring to palm oil (dende) and Bahian demeanor (dengo), a play of social critique, on colonialism in Bahian culture.

Last night Joao told me a bit about Peter Clark, at King's College, London, who works on African Islam.

June 2, 1991. Sunday.

I woke up at 7:30 on a bright and beautifully sunny day, exactly the sort of contrast Amelia said we might have to the clouds and rain of yesterday. She wants to go to the beach, and advertises it as the main pastime of Baianos; she promises me an introduction to the social stratification of the beach as well.

Yesterday was mostly a quiet day around the apartment, with Joao and Amelia worried about Natalia's fever -- it's down but not gone this morning. Joao and I got to talk quite a bit about history, especially that of Bahia. When slaves from what region of Africa came to Bahia, etc. He gave me a citation to Castelnau, "Renseignements sur l'Afrique centrale ..." (Paris, 1851) in which this French consul in Salvador interviewed 20 African slaves and got detailed itineraries of their movement to the coast -- by this time, most were from the interior. Verger used it, but Joao offers a correction in the second (English) edition of his slave revolt book, to appear at Johns Hopkins Press.

We also discussed current economic affairs -- Collor's dismissal three weeks ago of Zelia and her economics team of Sao Paulo economists, and her replacement by Marcilio Marques Moreira, appointed by Sarney as ambassador to the U.S., who brings with him a team of old Sarney folks. (Joao thinks Collor has done more damage, especially to the economy, in one year than Sarney in five.) Trade unions tried a general strike last week, but they are split into 3 or more centrals and it failed. Centrao Unica de Trabajadores (CUT) tied to Workers Party; two different CGT organizations, and a metal-trades-dominated central tied to the Labor Ministry. General Motors recently announced it is moving its Latin Americian HQ from Sao Paulo to Miami -- another sign of the times.

More citations: (1) Scarlett O'Phelan, a Peruvian, wrote a book on Tupac Amaru, published in Peru, and maybe also in English in Germany. There is another good narrative of the revolt in English, to which Joao will give me the citation if I remember to ask. (2) Pugachev -- Joao has a citation he can give me. He also mentioned Boris Poshnev (sp) who wrote on 17th-century peasant rebellions in France. (3) Joao Reis and P.F. de Moraes Farias, "Islam and Slave Resistance in Bahia, Brazil," pp. 41-66 in « Islam et Societes au Sud du Sahara, » No. 3, mai 1989 in « Cahiers annuels pluridisciplinaires, » Maison des Sciences de l'Homme. (4) John Ryle, "There's an Awful lot of Collor in Brazil," New York Times Magazine, 6 January 1991. This is the piece printing gossip about Collor and cocaine, rape and bisexuality, and for which the Times printed an apology; it's also a well written expose of Collor's manners and rhetoric. Joao and Amelia got to know Ryle well during their two years in England. (5) John Ryle, a piece on candomble in Wendy James and Douglas Johnson, eds., “Vernacular Christianity” (1988), done as a festschrift. Ryle's piece emphasizes the variety in the Yoruba version of candomble, and emphasizes the greater extent of Central African versions.

In the afternoon Joao took me on a remarkable drive along the littoral. Armed with a book of excellently reproduced photographs taken in the 19th century, he showed me place after place as it was in the photo, and as it is today; this especially for the north coast of Salvador where he lives. Forts, the Spanish hospital, the English cemetery, churches. A map in the book showed how all population hugged the coast in those days; now the city has filled in the interior in a great semicircle. One well placed and well preserved church was specialized to slave traders. There we met Joao's friend Jouca, who had spent years in exile in Chile and Sweden,

speaks French (so Joao ran the conversation in French while Jouca was with us), and who now directs a charity for boys and girls of the street which is supported by an Italian charity. The Italians support efforts in 9 countries, 4 or 5 in Latin America and most of the rest in Africa. Jouca is also the local leader of the Green Party and runs periodically for office. Joao says Green issues have great potential in Brazil, especially because of the Amazon, but they don't go far because they have to compete with so many other big issues.

We drove on, stopping to look at the church in each parish, while Joao described the constituency of the church and the brotherhood that went with it in the 19th century. The brotherhoods are pretty much gone now, but in the 19th century they were the mainstay of civil society, handling all sorts of political and social interventions. Every family had its members in the brotherhoods; a given person might have been a member of several brotherhoods. We passed the railroad station, built by the English, and through the low area of the coast south of the port. This included an immense factory and warehouse complex built at the end of the 19th century, with a complex of company housing built around it. Some great entrepreneur tried to set up this great paternalistic enterprise along the terms set by the papacy in Rerum Novarum; it failed because it couldn't compete with Sao Paulo. We went to the mariners' church. Then we drove on to a point from which one can see three ways: north to the port and the city, west to the island, and south along the coast and to the Reconcavo, the area where all the sugar and tobacco production was done. Joao said it would be good to take a canoe trip up the main river of the Reconcavo: what was an area of very dense rural population in the days of slavery is now almost abandoned, with population only in the towns. Earlier, Joao mentioned the report he found from a British admiral who sailed into Salvador in the mid-19th century, and who began his log my saying it was the most magnificent view he had ever seen; Joao has used this quote to begin his book on cemeteries. We stayed and talked on this point for a while, and had a beer; Joao said it is where he used to bring his girlfriends because of the romance of the spot.

I mentioned my ideas for maps in the since-1700 book, one on population density and one on cities. Joao said I should set the city population limit at about 30,000, so that Salvador would be included. He also suggested I try to find a way to amalgamate population of city and surrounding countryside, again to be able to include Bahia and the Reconcavo, and to get past the European pattern where cities stood more on their own. I'm not sure if the concentric rings of population density around cities differed much inside and outside of Europe, but I do take Joao's point that it's worth rethinking how to present population density, so as not to give unthinking primacy to European models.

We watched Saturday night news on the TV: it's tabloid style, about mayhem and disaster. A baby who spent four days on the high seas in a boat, a car that spun off a road and landed on top of a house, the capture of Brazil's most famous kidnapper. Dinner was pumpkin soup and a mixture of fruits and vegetables -- manioc, fried bananas, and so forth. Lots of fruit. I have the impression that Brazilian cuisine really is quite distinct. I retired at 11, practiced some tango and rumba steps, and eventually went to sleep to the sounds of the neighborhood Saturday night party. Amelia said it was a samba party, but to me it sounded mostly like a bunch of guys singing old songs.

June 3, 1991.

I wrote this section last night, but failed to save it, so here goes again. Sunday morning we got up slowly, especially Joao, who doesn't sleep well. After lunch we went to the beach, about 20-30 minutes north of here, before the airport. Amelia's older brother came along, while

her mother and a young woman stayed with Natalia. The brother has almost nothing to say to anyone, so communication between us was zero. The beach is a nice stretch of dark but fine sand, separated from the highway by a grassy area and a row of thatched huts, where people set and buy food and drink in the summer, when more are on the beach. It was a partly cloudy day, temperature about 75.

We walked along the beach, and soon came to a life-size sand sculpture of a couple making love -- very life-like. The sculptor was standing there proudly, and when we stopped to look, a crowd gathered around. Joao interviewed the sculptor, and found from him that the quality of the sand is such that one has to work very fast. So I suppose he completed it in about a half hour, and then built the little wall around it. I told Amelia and Joao that now I really felt I was in Brazil. Later, as we were walking back, we saw a couple stretched out and kissing at water's edge: Joao called over to me, "That's the real thing." Further on, we passed the sculpture again and found that the rising tide was washing it away. A romantic end as the sea dissolves the couple after their sandy climax.

We left as the sun came near to setting, and drove north a bit. We stopped for some coconut water out of the shell, and then stopped to look at a lagoon which had been a major scene in the hippie days of the 70s. It still had the beautiful blue-green water, but the sand dunes, white in the old days, are now mostly covered by vegetation.

I was impressed by Joao's confidence and by the ease, independence and yet communication in the relationship between Joao and Amelia. Joao told me of his purchase of his flat for $45,000 cash after his return from two years in England, relying in part on money saved during that time; the apartment would now sell for $200,000. Meanwhile, I was happy to be on the beach, and got into the sand, water, and sun, and the people playing. Joao and Amelia said people were watching me on the beach, and that Baianos always like to inspect the tourists. I took it as a compliment, but I hadn't noticed, because I was wrapped up in myself. Happy to be there, but also lonely and feeling a bit sorry for myself. I had no one of my own to be there with. Plus I was feeling the isolation of not knowing the language. And I was envious of Joao and Amelia having a house. I am worried about whether I will be able to get a nice home of my own within the next few years. No sense in being envious of Joao and Amelia, of course: they have problems of there own and will have many more, especially as Natalia grows up. And I imagine I will have less problems with depression on weekdays rather than on weekends, as I will be swallowed up in work. But I did play my recordings of JoAnna this morning, for the first time on my trip.

Other notes. (1) Joao suggested (as others have) that I contact Ruth Simms Hamilton of the African Diaspora Research Project at Michigan State, to get her to participate in the Africans in World History conference. She has Ford Foundation money, and Joao is on her international advisory board. He gave me a copy of her newsletter. (2) Richard Morse is a Latin American historians who Joao finds to have a very good global outlook. He may be at the Wilson Center; Joao says I can find him through Stuart Schwartz. (3) Joao said (a day ago) that slaves in Bahia were wearing medallions of Dessalines within a year of the independence of Haiti -- an indication of the effectiveness of communication which I should put in my comparative chapter. (4) I am commanded to read Joao Ubaldo Rebeiro, “Long Live the Brazilian People,” or “Viva o povo brasileiro.” (5) Amelia and Joao began thinking of hotels I might stay at in Rio, and people I might see. (6) Joao wants me to see the forest, Floreste Chijouca, in Rio; Amelia disagrees.

We watched TV until 11, then I wrote, did some dance steps and turned in, but didn't sleep well, I think because of an after-dinner cup of coffee.

One more note: Joao is giving me the tour of the man who loves his town. To a degree it's designed to orient me and to give historical background and evidence of current issues, but mostly it's the places he loves and why he loves them. It's always nice to see someone who is well rooted in an interesting place, and who can make it seem like the center of the world.

June 3, 1991. Evening.

Two citations to start the day: (1) Joao Jose Reis e Eduardo Silva, Negociacao e Conflito: a Resistencia negra no Brasil escravista (Sao Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 1989). (2) Douglas Grant, "The Fortunate Slave" (London: Oxford UP, 1968), on Job ben Solomon of Gambia, who ended up as a Royal African Company factor back in Gambia. (3) Sidney Chalhoub from the history department at U.C. in Sao Paulo will be at the Univ. of Maryland this fall (see Ira Berlin to find him). His first book is on the end of slavery at the court, and his second is on urban development in early 20th-C Rio, and black community self-defense. Joao says I should invite him to Northeastern to talk.

At midday Joao and I were talking about religion and modern politics. He passed on the joke that the white elite consults the Yoruba candomble, and that the mulattos and white trash consult the Angolan candomble. I related a bit of Ulrike's work on Kerekou and vodoun. He responded with the case of Cuba: there Castro seems to have defeated the leaders of santeria, but incorporated the followers by recognizing their religious practice as folklore. A Brazilian liberation theologist did an interview of Castro, published as Castro on Religion (maybe only in Spanish?). In it, says Joao, Castro talks at length about the lack of contradiction between Christianity and socialism, but says no word about santeria. So in both cases he had success in reaching over the heads of leaders to the believers (leaders of santeria had been tied to some degree to Batista), but in one case he can talk about it and in the other he can't. This just reinforces the importance of figuring where religion and religious controversy fits into democratization movements. We also talked about the evangelicals. They are very aggressive in Brazil as elsewhere, but there are no battles among religiously defined youth groups, as was rumored for Haiti.

After lunch and after some delay, Amelia and I ran a set of errands downtown. She had to go to the labor ministry to make a claim for money owed her; I walked around and then sat down at the square as all sorts of interesting humanity passed by. Then we bought some fruit -- I looked at breadfruit and at xuxu, the green pear-shaped vegetable with all the wrinkles. Then we got some sherbet -- I had mango and jaca. She exchanged one bit of clothing for Natalia and bought another. And we went to two different places, where I bought a total of six tapes. They are a good sample of what's going on in Bahia and Brazil, though I'm not thrilled with any of them. On the way home, just before 5, we stopped at a street corner in the neighborhood, and each got some acraje from the women cooking at a little stand. It's bean flour, cooked in a ball, then opened up and filled with little shrimp cooked (I think in palm oil), with pimento. They also have abara, which is pretty much the same thing, only the flour is boiled and then wrapped in a banana leaf.

After dinner, Joao and I talked more about how to build links among our institutions, or how to build an international university. He relies a lot on Ford Foundation, which has indeed put a lot only black studies in Brazil, and may put in more. I promised to send him copies of the African-American Studies Dept newsletter. In the course of it, as I described Bill Lowe, he said that Rebecca Scott has a student with a calypso band, who is studying calypso with her.

One big failing in my journal is that I have not recorded the incredible variety of food I have had since arriving in Salvador, most of it at home with Joao and Amelia. First, the many varieties of fruit -- citrus, melons, a sweet avocado drink, and several fruits new to me, coconut water. Starches: manioc, homemade wheat bread, rice, beans of various kinds, noodles, couscous (but with coconut and without meat). Soups: one dominated by pumpkin, another tonight with dried peas, xuxu, onions and greens. Meat seems to be at midday -- beef, chicken. There's more I have missed. Joao and Amelia may be extreme, but I think this variety is characteristic of Bahia. I'll see what I learn about cuisine in the rest of Brazil.

Wednesday, June 5, 1991. Morning.

I woke up with a jolt this morning at 8 a.m., dreaming I had climbed on the last car of a train with all my baggage and a friend, hoping to wash my clothes (somehow, the last car had such facilities) and then get off. Without warning the train started up, with my friend in the bathroom. I ran between throwing my baggage off the train and trying to get his attention. Finally I leapt off, safely, and began trudging back, hoping to find the rest of my luggage. As I woke up, I realized that in the dream I had grabbed neither my computer nor my purse. I guess it's getting near time to travel again.

Yesterday morning around 11 we got in the car to head downtown, in the characteristic mix of great hurry and many things to do, on the one hand, and utter leisure on the other. We went to the same central shopping area. Joao found a parking place on the street, and paid a young man waiting there who gave him a receipt to be placed on the dash -- so it's walking parking meters. Then Joao went to a tailor in a 5th-floor shop to get measured for a pair of pants for which he brought the fabric. Joao pointed out the religious imagery on the walls of the front room, and said that there was pornography on the walls of the back room. He said this mixture has been characteristic of Bahia for centuries, and that churches used to have erotic drawings hanging not far from images of the saints. He said it had to do with the outlook of the baroque period, but as I pointed out, that didn't explain its survival to now.

I looked out the window of the tailor's shop and saw the Sociedade Historique e Geographique, a very attractive building constructed in 1923, and Joao took me around to the other side of it and into its entrance hall. The library wasn't open, so we sat in some neat 3-seated conversation seats and talked for a while. The society is private, owns land and thus sustains itself, and gets grants from firms and philanthropists. It has a good collection of books and some manuscripts, and is useful for research. On the wall around us were portraits of the various heads of the society. This got me started on Latin American art. Joao saw in London the exhibit from which I have the catalog. He mentioned the Brazilian sculptor Aleijaddinho ("little maimed one" -- he may have had use of only one hand) who worked in the 18th century, especially in the towns of Oro Preto and Congonhes in Minas Gerais -- he did sculptures of the prophets. Joao mentioned a book by John Bury on Brazilian and Latin American architectural history. He also mentioned John McLeod's description of West Africa of a dance form that was clearly a round samba (samba gijoda? -- I've got spelling wrong), in which dancers enter the center for solos, one after another.

We went out to the street and found Amelia and her younger sister, who we had picked up on the way to shopping. (Gloria, the sister, was trying to get her driver's license. She went to school, but then failed the test. Joao accused the schools of just teaching the test and not teaching how to drive, as he found his son unable to drive in practice though he had passed the test.) We stopped at various stores, then went into a book shop. The window had a display for

the "dia dos namorados," 13 junho -- lovers' day -- with books on all aspects of love. Joao showed me how many of the well-placed books were translations. Included was the three-volume history of family life by Aries et al. We found Verger in Portuguese (with the quotes translated from French back into Portuguese). I found a hagiography of Collor which included some of his campaign materials -- cartoons playing at once on fears of being robbed by the poor, beaten by the police, or shaken down by the rich; a scale showing a balance between workers and employers (and equal numbers of each!), and a handsome man to care for us all. I bought a map of Salvador and a 1990 book on democracy in Brazil.

At lunch Amelia seemed unhappy. After she left for work, Joao explained her brother's situation, and I could see why she would be unhappy. Her brother is deeply depressed, and has been for about a year. He was always a person who wanted to be important and to be recognized. He studied to be an engineer -- electrical, I think. He joined the military left when it was active. He was arrested, imprisoned, and tortured. After his release he had an engineering job of some sort, and when he lost it he had a first episode of depression, but recovered. He remained active in the PC do B (parti communiste de Brasil, which followed an Albanian line). He set up a consulting firm including a couple brothers and a couple others, with himself to do the main technical work. When the left came to power in the state of Bahia, he got a job in a ministry doing urban planning for electricity. Then he was in his glory: he had a car, authority, lots of ideas, and he travelled to other states to consult and improve his ideas. He was very popular at the start of his employment, but his style was very authoritarian, so that he had lost most of his popularity by the time he left. What caused him to leave, however, was a change in the government: the governor of Bahia left his job to run for national vice president, and the right-wing lieutenant governor took over and cleaned house. Soon after this, Amelia's brother fell into depression. He simply stopped working in his firm, and it collapsed. He lost his marriage at the same time. His wife, the daughter of a top judge (vice president of the state court) got a job through her father, as a judge in the rural areas, with a salary of perhaps $5000 a month. But she calls him every now and then, knowing that he has no income, and asks him for money for their son. They have tried everything from psychotherapy to shock treatment, and nothing has worked. Shock treatment gave only some short- term results. He took a bottle full of pills a couple weeks ago, and slept 24 hours. It made me think that the hard times Brazil has been through, over the past 30 years, have imposed costs on Brazilians that are hidden or that show up in unexpected ways -- the situation plays on any weakness a person has.

Joao then went on to describe his father, now retired, and who experienced a deep depression as he went into retirement, though he has now recovered to a significant degree. He's a very generous person, always with a house full of people, always providing food for everyone. He was vice president of a rural bank, then moved to the city to Banco Economico, then left Banco Economico just as it became really prosperous. He had surgery for an ulcer, and that might be the reason he left there. So he got another job, at lower salary, and still did alright. But he never enriched himself, and at lunchtime he often took as many as ten people out, and paid the bill himself. He didn't think of retirement, so when it came he was unprepared financially and emotionally. Joao's father and mother live in the same house in the baixa cidade where Joao grew up.

Joao went off to teach and work at campus, and I put in a couple good hours on the since 1700 manuscript. At about 6 Joao and Amelia called me out and introduced me to one of Joao's master's students, who will be doing a thesis on 19th-century priests in Bahia. Then the four of us hopped in the car and went to the Bahian academy of letters for a book party. Thales de

Azevedo, an 86-year-old anthropologist who began with a medical degree, had published a little book on problems in the church, and had got a full page interview in A Tarde for it (Joao says A Tarde is 80% of the readership in Salvador). He has a weekly column in the paper, and Joao takes him as a role model for how to keep going. Book parties are a must for Bahian intellectuals. For Joao's first book, it was a party with 250 people, reggae music and lots of food -- and all 250 copies of the book sold out. He had a party for his second but not his third book, and will have a big one for his next book.

Then we drove through winding back streets, trying unsuccessfully to avoid the traffic jams which resulted from the rains, to the Territorio (have I got that right?) de Jesus, and to the igreja Sao Francisco. Inside was a statue to the black saint, Sao Benedict, and more than that, the whole inside of the church was gilded with the most incredible baroque decoration. At the front, the priest was dousing communicants with hold water with such gusto and enthusiasm that Amelia and I wondered if he were drunk -- he wasn't, it turned out.

We walked out into the square, where the regular Tuesday night group had gathered despite the off-an-on rain. The square has churches on three sides -- one is the Basilica (cathedral), while the other two go with brotherhoods. Many covered stands had been set up, most of them either to sell beer or to play a sort of Bingo in which the person running the game has a plastic bottle filled with letters, shaking them loudly and then removing one letter at a time, while the players moved markers around their cards in response. Other sorts of food and drink were to be found as well.

We had picked up another of Joao's students from the crowd. He said he had heard from Amnesty International that there was an upswing in imprisonments and tortures in Benin, and wondered if I knew anything about it. I told him what I had read of the flight of people from north to south, but otherwise thanked him for alerting me to an issue I should ask more about when I get to Benin. And of course it was interesting to me to learn of his reliance on Amnesty International for news on Benin. Later, at the Moroccan restaurant, he asked me (through Joao) about ties between Egypt and Africa, according to the theses of Cheikh Anto Diop. I gave my disagreement with the strong form of the thesis, but noted that the university in Dakar has now been named after Diop. Joao and I had talked earlier about Goree and the slave trade monument -- Joao is associated with an international board of advisors overseeing the monument project.

From the square we walked downhill, through thickening crowds, until we could hear the drums characteristic of Bahia. We worked our way up to the nightclub run by Olodum and where one of their second-string groups was playing -- the main Olodum group is now on tour. Cover charge was Cr$ 800, which was an increase and which Joao considered too high -- not so much for us as for the Baianos, I think. Olodum (as I learned from their Jornal, which I bought later) is now 12 years old, and has begun to get lots of international attention, as with Paul Simon's visit and recording. So they are charging more at their club and at their new house, and it is tending to cut into their base among people of the community. Indeed, most of the people I saw through the window, dancing to the music, were white. People there and outside were dancing what seemed to me to be a lambada step. Anyhow, I got my first look at the drums. They are snare drums and bigger drums on the same model -- not conga drums, as I expected -- slung around the neck. They are painted in green, yellow and red stripes. The orchestra is about 6 or 8 drums and a singer. I recognized the sound of the drums as the same as what I had heard Saturday night in our neighborhood, but Amelia emphasized that that had been a samba, while this was a different beat. It is indeed the same beat as on the Olodum tape I just bought.

We worked our way back up through the thick crowd on this narrow street, around the corner and up to the Casa do Olodum. This was opened up perhaps a year ago, a restoration of a nice old building, apparently done by the same firm that did the Casa do Benin: attractive though severe, modern concrete walls and pillars, with a nice open staircase done entirely in reinforced concrete. We went into the bar, which filled up the downstairs, and sat down for a beer. Beer here as elsewhere was Cr$ 200 a bottle. The music, meanwhile, came from the bar across the street, and it was all reggae. Most of it was Bob Marley, though at the end of the evening we heard some Edson Gomes. At first I thought there was a competition between the styles of reggae and of Olodum, but I guess that is not really so: a poster of Bob Marley was the only poster hanging on the walls of the Olodum bar. Those in attendance were almost all black, and a number of
the men were in dreadlocks. We were joined for a bit by Lina (I think I have his name right), who we had seen earlier arriving on his motorcycle. He's in magnificent dreadlocks, and he has a reggae program on the radio in Salvador. He got invited once to a program in the U.S., and got Joao to write a letter of acceptance disguising the fact that he didn't know English – he wanted to go, and would worry about the rest when he got there. He gave our student companion an address in Jamaica. When it was my turn to buy a round of beer, I saw that they were also selling a promotional Jornal do Olodum, and bought an issue for Cr$ 100. It gives a clear overview of the perspective and experience of the group.

Eventually we left, found the car, and drove to a Moroccan restaurant for a late evening snack in place of dinner. There at the bar was a man who wanted to talk. He relayed me a question, giving part of it in English, asking whether I thought the key to the third world was Brazil or Africa. I said the third world was in trouble if forced to choose, and in any case that the key seemed now to be the policies of the U.S., the IMF and the World Bank. It turned out he's an economist, a Paulisto, who had been part of Zelia's team until its recent dismissal. Joao thought he had had and still maintained a lot of illusions about special treatment that might be accorded Brazil because of the end of the Cold War. So Joao didn't want to talk with him, and I don't yet have enough Portuguese to carry it on myself.

Joao reminded me that he had translated several Marley songs from English to Portuguese in 1983. Meanwhile, I asked Joao about fancy handshakes. At Olodum and
elsewhere, I noticed handshakes that were the same as black power handshakes in the U.S., followed by snapping of fingers (though with hands separated, not still together as in West Africa). Joao says fancy handshakes are described for Bahia in the literature of the 19th century and perhaps earlier. So in one sense it's a continuity here, though in another sense the tradition might have died down, and might have been reinvigorated with American and West Indian influence. So what about fancy handshakes in the U.S.? Maybe there too the tradition persisted, but had died down to a few corners of the black community. Then it expanded with the black power movement and moved into the white community in the Vietnam War era. And then maybe it moved to Brazil, to reinvigorate the old tradition there. In any case, I was struck during the course of the evening by the similarities in traditions and manners to U.S. and West Indian black patterns, focusing on reggae in particular, and I am curious about how much of this is cultural borrowing, and how much of it is a little bit of imported gingerbread wrapped around patterns that are basically those of Bahia, and more similar than we might have expected to those further north.

Joao mentioned Robert Farris Thompson's occasional short visits to Bahia. He was scornful of Thompson's quick research trips, though he acknowledged his strength as a lecturer

and a publicist. He agreed with me (though in interesting language I have lost) that Thompson focuses on continuities from Africa to the Americas, and that the result denies the Americans any recognition for the innovations.

This morning Amelia made me watermelon juice, and I was entranced. It's very simple: cut up watermelon, put it in the blender, and strain it to give a nice, sweet, substantial juice. I like it a lot more than watermelon itself.

On the TV at noon today we saw film of the book party, with Thales Azevedo signing books vigorously; we also saw the French cultural center, with a brief interview of Pierre Verger.

This afternoon at about 2:30, Joao and I went over to the Humanities faculty for my talk. First we met with Julio Braga, who has been head of PENDA, an organization for study of black culture within the university, which has some Ford funding, and who now will be head of African and Asian studies at the university as well. Braga is a Yoruba-rite Candomble priest, and he did a Ph.D. at Lubumbashi, I think in ethnology and religious studies. He spent the years from about 1967 to 1970 in Dahomey, much of that time in Sakete (the same town Pierre Verger worked in), training as priest and diviner. We talked about Benin and a bit about Zaire. I should ask through Zaire to get his articles on Brazilians on the Bight of Benin.

In the discussion before my presentation, I learned that candomble groups used to have to register with the police, and that they had to register any ceremonies they planned to perform. Enforcement of this rules declined in the 60s and 70s, and by the mid-1970s there was complete "decriminalization," as Joao called it, or complete religious freedom.

At 3:00 students began filing in. All are in the middle of their second year, and are just beginning writing their theses, which they will complete at the end of their third year. The history MA was separated from that in sociology as of 1990, and this group began in February of 1990. The faculty agreed not to admit any more students until the end of year 2: that is, until February 1992. Those in attendance: Horacio (thesis on Bahia and World War II); Onildo (thesis on priests in 19th-C Bahia); Alberto (thesis on sexuality based on early 20th-century court records); Tadeo (social banditry as seen through a biography of Corisco, the lieutenant of Brazil's most famous bandit); Celia (black women in 19th-C; she's daughter of a Candomble priestess and a priest herself). I gave my pitch, and Joao translated quite ably. After a few introductory remarks, I listed my chapter titles and gave about one example each of the contents of each chapter.

Here are my notes on the questions I was asked.

1. Horacio: What do you mean by culture?
2. Alberto: Do you see your study as a history of capitalism? If so, what about those left out of capitalism?
3. Alberto: What about Trotsky's concept of unequal and combined development?
4. Cecilia: With a 5-day trip to Bahia, how will it be possible to get accurate local information into the study?
5. Joao: a question I failed to note.
6. Joao: Culture and ecology are now understood to be important issues, along with those I listed in chapter titles. Why don't I focus more on culture?
7. Onildo: Postmodern social theory takes class as too reductionist a concept, and focuses instead on groupings such as ethnicity, gender (he might have added community). Does this not challenge my focus on race and class in the 19th century?
8. Joao: Why not give gender, ethnicity, etc. a higher priority, especially in recent times?

9. Joao: How would you feel about thematic studies in world history, focusing on such issues as ecology, women?

10. Cecilia: How did patriarchalism (or is it paternalism?) advance under slavery in Africa? Are there studies to show whether patriarchalism developed similarly among black populations of the New World? (The term paternalism is a bit problematic, especially among those thinking about the term in Genovese's usage.)

At the end, I told them that they had given me the most intelligent and incisive comments I had yet encountered on the project, and that the next time I came back for 5 days in Bahia, I would make my presentation in Portuguese.

# Week 3. Brazil: Salvador, São Paulo, and Rio

Starting the afternoon of Wednesday, June 5, 1991.

June 7, 1991. Writing in the Lorena Flats hotel in Sao Paulo.

The afternoon of June 5, in Salvador, I gave my presentation to Joao's students (described earlier) and met various of his colleagues. One of them was Julio Braga, who grew up in the Yoruba tradition of candomble, but did a Ph.D. at Lubumbashi, I think in anthropology and religion. He had spent two or three years in Dahomey, much of that time in Sakete, training as a diviner. He will head the African and Oriental Studies program at UFB.

Joao gave various comments on my Since 1700 book plan, mostly aimed at filling in the analysis. One important parallel he noted, which I had missed, was the similarity between the Kuwait war and that over the Malvinas between Britain and Argentina. He noted that, according to the OAS treaty, the U.S. should have defended Argentina.

He also pressed me on whether I could justify saying that the end of the 1980s saw the end of the division between North and South. He thought it sounded like an argument that world poverty was over (my words, not his). I said that I was trying to say that the lines between rich and poor can no longer be presented as following national boundaries; that third-world poverty can be found in the U.S., and that the differentiation among third-world nations is more clear-cut than before. Still, it's not the same as the collapse in the distinction between East and West. I began searching for ways to speak about a transformation in the relations between North and South rather than an end in the categories. Anyhow, I'm glad he focused my attention on this problem.

I saw an ad for Jo Soares's interview show on TV, and it was very entertaining. He is elderly and quite rotund, but does all the crazy things a late-night TV host does. It was nice to see him, as it provided background for thinking about his crazy piece in Veja (where they had to dynamite 9 buildings to destroy 2, and where he linked this to the fall of Zelia and one other minister, but the survival of poverty, illiteracy, hunger etc.) and his interview of Felipe de Alencastro and his opponent on the question of whether Brazil should be a monarchy or a republic.

I also saw, when Joao called me out to the TV, a horrible scene. Some people in the village of Matupa (I don't know where) had captured some suspected robbers, and did a vigilante execution of them. The captives were bound and soaked with gasoline, while the executioners stood in a great circle around them. Someone did a home video of it, which was the only reason it became an issue. The gas was lit just as I came into the room. A great cloud of flame and smoke arose; the legs of the victims flailed upward for an instant, and then all was charred remains. This appears to have happened a while ago; it seems that arrests were made only when the video became known. Another example in support of the Brazilian claim that theirs is the most violent society in the world.

In the evening, Joao took me out to dinner. I voted for Northeast rather than Bahian food, so we went to a Porteira with Antonio Sergio and Michel Ager. Both are in the research institute within UFB, the one Joao describes as the institute that works, and as CEBRAP North. Antonio is director of the institute, and is a sociologist with a Wisconsin Ph.D. (under Orik Olin Wright) whose work centers on petrochemical workers in Bahia. Michel is an anthropologist (I think), who has worked for CNRS (and maybe still does), and who coordinates research on blacks and the black movement in Bahia. He is French, and much of the evening's conversation took place in French; the rest divided among English and Portuguese. Michel and I talked about his two years in West Africa. How Lome could never become a metropolis; his work on the Hausa zongo on Lome and its links to the north of the country (the Yoruba Muslims apparently lived in the zongo as well, while the non-Muslim Yoruba were called Nago, which became a derogatory term); his strong preference for Cameroonian cuisine over that of Togo and Benin; and his close tieis to Emmanuel Konou, a Togolese geographer who works at ORSTOM in Cotonou, and who he asks that I carry his greetings to.

In the midst of this, Joao had another book for me to read, on Haiti. It's something like Andre Depetre, "Adrianne a mes yeux."

My talk with Antonio Sergio brought me more that was new and interesting. We talked about TV and O Globo. He said that Globo has dropped significantly in its share of viewership, because it has become closely linked with Collor's government and is seen as presenting the official line. Thus, within the world of Brazilian TV, a certain democracy of the market is making itself felt as other channels or networks struggle for their portions of the market. But the reason Globo allows this to happen is that the TV network is only part of a larger financial empire, extending into other areas where government support is necessary; so the loss in viewers is compensated by the gains elsewhere in the financial empire. He also emphasized the endless surprise in Brazil that the country had not grown to economic greatness (my terms, not his) by the end of the century (he did give the time span of about 1950–2000), as accentuated by the current recession. Emigrants now leave the country; such a thing was unthinkable in earlier decades.

This and one other theme he emphasized struck me significantly, and I asked him if they were linked. His other theme was the need for fundamental rethinking of how to analyze human society and predict or create its future. Marxist thinking in particular, he felt, in its focus on overall economic structure, did not explain all the children in Brazilian streets. He felt the new thinking would have to include a much stronger moral dimension (and I think he meant ethical as well), as these developments don't come simply from political economy. When I asked him whether he saw a link between his focus on the failure of Brazil to grow as expected and the need for a new and broader thinking, he asked how one measures growth. That is, any up-to-date measure of growth would have to consider equality and how to achieve it -- that is, a moral dimension. The answer was effective if incomplete.

I asked him about outside events affecting Brazil, and he said that events in Eastern Europe had a big effect, and a discouraging effect on the Brazilian left, and that the decision of the Italian Communist Party to change its name caused many leftist Brazilians to lose heart. The left's electoral campaign, while effective in some ways, has dissolved to very little now. So he reaffirmed his call for a complete rethinking of how to analyze society.

The food, by the way, way great though plainer than other food I had had in Brazil. A big hunk of meat, a big like London broil, that we pulled off hunks of. Two or three kinds of starch, though I didn't get the label of each. And we had the lighter, pilsner-like beer, Chopp.

On the way home Joao and I talked about metaphorical models in history, and about my search for work on psychology in history. Joao basically recommended that I read the mentalities literature. He mentioned Peter Gay, Freud for Historians, and mentioned the French historian (I lost the name) who wrote the History of Fear, and whose introduction includes a review of the psychology literature. (A day later, Felipe was critical of treating mentalities history as a hot new issue: the term was first developed by Marc Bloch in a 1929 issue, and when Felipe studied with Dubuy and the group at Aix, mentalities was only one of many issues - one was expected to know social and economic structure and political narrative as well.)

On Thursday, June 6, I was up and about ready to go at 8:00 when the taxi which Joao had called the night before arrived. Amelia had him wait while I finished breakfast. We rode out to the airport, and I paid him Cr$ 5700 rather than the Cr$ 5000 that Joao had said it would cost. That was OK, except that I forgot where I had placed the rest of my money, and thought I was out of cruzeiros. So I was rattled, and anxious in any case about going to the next place, and about whether the revision on my ticket would be recognized. I got in line to register, but hadn't paid my airport tax and was sent to another desk; there I was told that it had to be paid in Cr$ and travelers checks wouldn't work, and was sent downstairs to the bank. The bank was just opening, but I changed $140. Back upstairs to check in: the alienated woman behind the desk gave me a boarding pass without even looking at the date on my ticket. I went through security to the single waiting room for all flights -- this seems to be characteristic of Brazilian airports, and works well enough - and waited most of an hour. We boarded and left on time: it was open seating, and I got a window seat behind the wing on the right side of the place. It was then I learned that our intermediary stop would be in Brasilia.

The flight to Brasilia took us over Bahia de Todos os Santos, and then all was lost to cloud cover for a while. As we moved south the clouds thinned and we saw dry terrain, though with fields marked, then a river, then an irrigation canal, and then some round sprinkler-irrigated fields. As we got closer to the capital the land got greener and more populated, and the roads improved. Then satellite cities appeared, and finally the capital. I was on the wrong side of the plane to see it well, though I got a good view of the poor neighborhoods in some of the outskirts of town. I did see, briefly, the great square buildings of the central city. Once on the ground one could see the relief -- the monster governmental buildings are along a ridge in the center of town.

I was sleepy by this time, and slept much of the way to Sao Paulo. But I awoke as we flew over a ridge of mountains to the east of the city, and I looked out to get a clear view of the expectedly immense expanse of the city. A great bowl filled with habitations and roads. High rise buildings were scattered throughout the urban area, though were more concentrated in the center. We turned sharply and made a short approach to the runway (there aren't as many planes in the air in Brazil as in the U.S.), and landed. As I made my way into the baggage retrieval area I saw Felipe right away, and called to him that I had to await my bag. Meanwhile the multinational band, A-ha (they're Brazilian and English and maybe Swedish), which had come with me from Salvador, lined up for a group photo while they awaited luggage.

We found Felipe's car in the parking lot (that was a bit of work) and drove in on roads far better paved and better marked than those in Salvador. Felipe and I were instantly deep into his critique of Brazil, his new ideas, and old discussions we had had. He told me the story of Brenda Lee, a transvestite from a poor community, who began to take care of one and then several transvestites with AIDS. This was despite rejection by the rest of the transvestites, not to mention everyone else. Brenda Lee, however, managed to get some support from Sao Paulo health authorities. Felipe is thinking of writing a story on the issue. He also described the

universities for me. Sao Paulo state has three state universities: USP, Campinas, and one which is spread over many locations. These were founded by the Sao Paulo elite under the Vargas dictatorship, when they declined to have their children educated by the federal system which was indoctrinating students according to the Vargas line. So they set up state universities, and invited a bunch of French faculty members. By now, USP and Campinas give out half of the doctorates in Brazil; all the rest of the universities give out the others. Meanwhile there is a catholic university and a bunch of other private universities in town: they are for those who can't pass the entrance test to the state universities. Ironically, the rich who have the best (often private) secondary education get free schooling at the university; the rest can't pass the test and have to pay more for an education that is strictly vocational and not as strong.

We got to CEBRAP, which is located in a pleasant house, with far more room than it appears to have: the institute bought the house some years ago. We passed by the door of Guillermo O'Donnell, the political scientist (Argentine, I think) who heads up their investigation of Brazilian politics. I soon met Jose Arthur Gianotti, the philosopher who founded CEBRAP. He was an undergrad at USP, did his doctorate in France, and was dismissed from USP under the military dictatorship. In response he founded CEBRAP as a private research institute; the first funding they got was a Ford grant for demography, and all worked on demography for a while. Now everyone at the institute is supposed to be funded ⌐⌐ this is hardest for historians and philosophers. Gianotti said my trip sounded more like a vacation than a research trip: he is friendly but critical. He may miss my talk because he's going to Brasilia for the meeting of the national commission which decides governmental research funding. He proudly said (in his excellent English) that he was elected to the commission by university faculty, not appointed. Anyhow, he also has the task of trying to steer funds toward CEBRAP. They do now get government funding. The other luminary of CEBRAP is Fernando Enrique Cardoso, the early theorist of dependency, and now a senator. I met various graduate students. CEBRAP has been awarded succeeding groups of six two-year doctoral fellowships. Students come in various disciplines, but work together as a team, then write their own dissertations. Each of the students I met was good at introducing himself (or often herself) and giving their research group and the particular focus of their own group. The discourse is active and rigorous here.

Felipe mentioned, while we were talking about the capital, Gene Holston, and his U of Chicago book on Brasilia. We met Pedro Paulo, a publisher who works closely with CEBRAP and who has wonderful English, and he mentioned Peter Winn, in Latin American history at Tufts, who he wants to bring through, I think for a stay at CEBRAP.

Then we went o meet Giuseppe Vacca, Director of the Gramsci Institute in Rome, a Deputy (in the Italian parliament?) and a director of the new PDS, who gave a talk. As Felipe explained it, he and others were being sent on missions to explain the abolition of the Italian Communist Party to their allies, to try to retain support for the new organization. In a small meeting at first he described his institute: its expenditures are about $100,000 per month (while those of CEBRAP are about $50,000); it includes 5 permanent staff members and a total staff of 24. In response to a question by Gianotti he first said they study lots of things, then he finally gave a list, including philosophy and political economy plus more. I felt that the Brazilians wanted a bit more depth in this answer. In the subsequent, larger meeting (in a lecture hall with room for about 60) he talked about the PCI and the PDS. He spoke in Italian, and had the Sao Paulo correspondent for l'Unita at his side to translate as necessary; it wasn't because he spoke quite clearly, and I was surprised at how much Italian I was able to understand. Vacca explained the renaming of the party mainly in domestic terms, saying it was one aspect of a great

restructuring of Italian politics. Most of his talk was a pitch for adopting a new, European framework for politics -- saying, for instance, that to try to get shorter hours for workers at the national level won't work with the new Common Market. He spoke way too long, and I left before the questions began so Felipe could get me to my hotel. Felipe felt he fell into a trap which he thought Meillassoux had earlier fallen into: that of underestimating the sharpness of this Brazilian audience. I noted that he was advancing a framework (Europe), but that he didn't yet have any theses to advance within it. And I felt there was little sense that he was representing a constituency, which seemed a serious lack for a politician. So we were left with a paradox: a lean and handsome, articulate man calling for a new European framework but unable to give any more detail than lists of areas to work in.

We drove to the hotel. Felipe continued to talk of the experience of coming back to Brazil after twenty years of absence. One of the things he can't get used to is the continual confrontation with the poor. Those of the middle class who have been here all along have found ways to give and to accommodate, but without becoming personally involved in the lives of the poor. Felipe argues that it is better to analyze explicitly what to do: hence his plan for the article on Brenda Lee. His thinking on the dictatorship bears some of the same marks. He wrote an op-ed piece sharply criticizing an official - now minister - of the government who served under the dictatorship, but who now speaks a democratic line. The official wrote back indignantly, and Felipe responded in turn. The official began asking around about who Felipe was, including (I think) to Cardoso. Felipe was a bit afraid, his wife was more afraid, but it ended up with him achieving his goal: carrying on a continual critique of the dictatorship so that people won't forget it. Felipe said they killed three of his friends, a woman and two men; one of the three was a historian. I said that the move to Brazil seemed to have worked out very well for him, as I remember that he was excited yet anxious when we met in Nantes. Yes, he said, it has worked out well for him, but he underestimated the difficulties for his wife and son. Housing is expensive for him, and he is just moving for the fifth time; Vera was mugged once; Matthias has to go to private school, and they have to try to provide social correctives for its narrowness; Vera misses Paris and the amenities and pleasures of life there.

At last we got to the Lorena Flats, in the garden district of the center of town. It's where CEBRAP puts up a lot of its guests: Meillassoux stayed here. Once arrived I found myself exhausted - a headache had been building up all afternoon, maybe from travel and anxiety, maybe from smog. I slept a big, then got up and went, as Felipe suggested, to have a pizza for dinner. Not much bread in my individual pizza, but lots of cheese and nicely cooked onions. I watched a bit of TV and went to sleep.

June 8, 1991. Saturday eve, again at the Lorena.

On Friday, June 7, I got up slowly. Felipe picked me up at about 11, and we went to pick up his son, Matthias (he's about 8 or 9), at the private school where he goes. Felipe and his wife Vera named him Matthias because it was a name that would be spelled the same no matter what country they ended up living in. We met a nice crowd of kids and parents at the school, and eventually found Matthias, who was bringing two friends, both girls, home to play for the afternoon. Felipe explained that private schools grew during the dictatorship, as people sought to avoid indoctrination for their kids, but that weakened the public schools to a degree from which they have not recovered, so his son goes to a socially homogeneous school, and parents have to add in the rest of socialization to the real world, to fight prejudice.

As we drove, Felipe told me he wrote an introduction to a book on South Africa, one of few to be published here, and said he will send it to me for comment. I agreed. He also mentioned Anton Sampson The Gold and the Black, a book on South Africa published by a New Statesman journalist.

We also talked about mentalities history in Brazil. Felipe was critical of over-stressing that approach. He noted the irony that he was the one who studied with the mentalities historians in France - Dubuy at Aix was his director all the way through, and he studied with others - but others are now focusing on mentalities here. I discussed this a big above.

Felipe and I went to a local Lebanese restaurant for a light and pleasant lunch. Then he took me to the local dance studio, which I think is called Casa da Danca. There I met Vera, who was in the middle of a stretch class of four women and a very good teacher. I was introduced to Tais, the teacher, and brought into the classroom to watch. On one wall was a poster of Baryshnikov, and on the other was a set of photos of dancers from the school, most of them featuring Tais in both classical and modern poses. Tais took them through a lot of exercises, which involved remembering many short routines. Vera is remarkably flexible: she and one other woman were good, while the other two were far less advanced. Vera and Tais had asked me if I wanted to join at first and I wisely said I can't; by the end of it I saw that I'm not that far behind the slower two.

During a break and at the end I spoke with Tais, who speaks French. She described the difficulties of keeping dance going in Sao Paulo: no strong central organization, but a bunch of small schools and companies specializing in one thing or another. She said things are tougher now because of the recession - less students. I asked her to list what she thought were the best things going on in dance in Sao Paulo or Brazil, and she listed the following: Signo negro (modern); Ballet da cidade de SP; Corpo, of Bel Horizonte (this she thought was the best); Ballet classique de Rio.

We walked back to Felipe's apartment. Felipe had already gone off to CEBRAP, and Vera put me in a taxi back to the Lorena. I had dinner at the hotel, wrote, and turned in before the Big Show (widely advertised at the hotel) got started.

Saturday, June 8.

I got up at 7, staggered through exercises and some dance steps, and made it downstairs by 8. I had breakfast and got an English-speaker at the front desk to try to get me through to Perry. But (1) he insisted on asking for an international line and (2) the person trying to get through (it was then I learned that the hotel intervenes here) never returned the call to the desk. While waiting for Felipe, I read Folha de Sao Paulo. I found an article saying Leonel Brizola, governor of Rio state, claims more violent deaths in the state than in the Vietnam war. He links it to ECO−92 (Conferencia das Nacioes Unidas sobre Meio Ambiiente e Desenvolvimento). 800 died in urbance iin the last year: victiims mostly "jovens e criancas negras" -- death penalty, in practice. Brizola says it's organized. The death penalty phraseology was one Joao Reis used. Felipe later said Brizola was a sort of caudillo, populist leader, but who had worked hard to make links to blacks. The death penalty issue raises for me the issue of death squads -- here, El Salvador, and where else?

I found Doonesbury and Hagar the Horrible on the comics page. Plus an extensive article on Joao Gilbert at 60, which reviews Brazilian cultural history for 60 years, and highlights his Carnegie Hall concert in 1962.

Felipe arrived a bit past 9. We drove to the Catholic university near his house, but stopped for a coffee on the way in. On the way he noted the fog, "garoa," which comes from the intersection of Antarctic and tropical air right here. He asked me about Polanyi and ports of trade, for revisions to his book where he argues Luanda was less of one than Ouidah. I promised to send him a copy of Lovejoy's JAH article.

He gave me his interpretation of the 30 Years War and Brazil. 1618−1648 was indeed a time of big events in Brazil. The Portuguese were under Spain to 1640. With Dutch attacks on Portuguese colonies, Portugal was too weak to send metropolitan armies and navies. So they encouraged Brazilians to defend themselves, and gave them autonomy to go with it. Such was the case in the reconquest of Pernambuco. Similarly, the reconquest of Angola was from Luanda. Portuguese troops defended Rio, while Salvador da Sa took Angola. The Brazilians, once part of the government of Angola, changed things to fit their model -- no more accommodation with African states, it was more conquest and rapine.

The army developed according to Brazilian patterns. Barefoot soldiers, mulattos. They used flintlock rather than matchlock guns: they fired easier in humid climates, and the Indians could smell the matchlock smoke. More importantly for my purposes, the Brazilian soldiers lived on manioc: the carried manioc flour and beef as they fought. So manioc was exported from Rio and Sao Paulo to Luanda to support the army there. Then it was exported there as provisions for slaves being shipped. Then (presumably in the 17th century) it was grown in Angola to supply ships and to supply armies -- though the Brazilian growers sought to preserve their export market. But at the same time, the Jaga armies picked up manioc as a crop useful for supplying armies, and it spread further through the hinterland. This is a more convincing argument for the early spread of manioc than any I have heard before. I think Felipe believes the same was true in lesser degree for maize. I'm not sure the same mechanisms would have worked.

We entered the Catholic university and found the lecture room where theconference was being held, paid our Cr$ 500 each, and sat down. Comfortable chairs! Title of the conference was: "A Produçâo do saber e sua especificidade - a experiência negra na universidade." As we arrived, Prof. Milton Santos was speaking. He's a geographer at USP, and apparently about the most highly regarded black scholar in the country. He did his doctorate in France and taught there before returning to Brazil. He has the easy and confident manner of the experienced scholar and good academic politician. Next to speak was Prof. Fabio Rubens da Rocha Leite, of the African Studies Center at USP, the only white person to speak. He's an anthropologist. I found him quite easy to understand. He labeled Brazil as the second black country in the world, and did a critique of Western intellectual domination of African studies and of Afro-Brazilian studies. But he talked for too long, in too authoritative a tone, and ultimately had nothing to say about the what-do-we-do- next agenda of the folks in the room. Next speaker was Prof. Kabengele Munanga, also of USP. He's Zairian, teaches about Africa and also has begun some research on Afro-Brazilians (Felipe says he saw a grant proposal of his, and it wasn't good). He spoke briefly on criteria for classification of black intellectual production of Brazil. He described three eras: one of protest, I lost the second, and the third focusing on black identity. He timed the latter to the 1944 establishment of a black experimental theater. He noted (and Felipe confirmed) that there was a strong black political movement in Sao Paulo in the 1930s, crushed by Vargas. [How about parallels to Dahomey?] He spoke of Candomble as a "carte de visite" to African political leaders visiting Brazil, to demonstrate Brazilian democracy.

Last speaker was Prof. Henrique Cunha, a physicist at USP. He presented a sociological study he has done as an official of an organization of black academics. He found there are 400 black researchers in Sâo Paulo universities, of whom 70 are at USP --out of 40,000 total in the state. (Those included are professors, researchers and maybe graduate students.) He argued that blacks are fewer in number but better in organized, in intellectual life and elsewhere, in Sâo Paulo than in Bahia. Best places in Sâo Paulo are old urban black families led by holders of permanent jobs, and these were especially in the public sector ⌐⌐ railroads, hospitals, etc. These jobs were obtained by exam, so blacks did better in public than in private sector. Their children went to university. USP now has more blacks in natural science than in social science.

We took a break for coffee and a sandwich, then reassembled. Felipe intervened first, to give his optimistic pitch on the position of blacks in intellectual and political life. He also gave a pitch for my talk next week at CEBRAP, focusing on Haiti, Benin and South Africa. The next questioner asked about the relation between popular culture and academic work. Santos responded that intellectual work needs political inspiration and a political dimension, but the intellectual need not be a militant ⌐⌐ most important is that he say what he thinks. (Felipe thought this was a relatively courageous statement for a top academic.)

What about taking money from Ford Foundation? -- asked the next questioner. Santos began by saying that academics were cut off from research funds by the military, and turned to Ford as a way out; he argued that dependence on Ford is now declining. But then he turned to argue against international funding of research. (Felipe didn't like this, and said that the model to follow is CEBRAP, which gets money from lots of agencies, and is thus beholden to none. I called this the Ethiopian strategy, referring to the turn of the 20th century.)

Then came a question of black identity, and Kabengele Munanga said there's no need to reconstruct black identity: it exists. How many black researchers work on anti-racism? Cunha answered that it doesn't matter. Even if a black rejects black identity, he has it. Then he restated it more strongly -- its better if black academics don't work explicitly on anti-racism. (This reminded me that this question works out differently in Brazil than in the U.S. -- white academic hegemony is stronger in Brazil, and there is no such strong (if embattled) tradition of black scholarship.) A psychology student rose to defend being a militant of the black movement and a researcher. Milton, pressed to respond, said the danger is that the discourse (on identity) replaces analysis.

I didn't verify this with Felipe, but I thought the order of interventions reflected the hierarchy. First came a professor and soon after a priest; the two white interventions came early; then came the men; then women; with the more militant intervenors speaking later.

During the session I had two thoughts on topics to emphasize in one book or another. (1) I should make Ford and the foundations part of the analysis - their influence on research throughout the world. Is it liberalism? progressive research? damage control? (2) I think I should model explicitly how local difference reproduces itself in a world of global influence. That is, I should postulate a series of spigots or some such, each with its own characteristics, but of varying output: the currents flow out of the strongest, and over the weaker. The weakest are indeed eliminated, or their remains remade in the image of the strongest. But in between are those whose patterns are changed, but whose initial configuration is sufficient to give them a distinct, local configuration even after the deluge. This will take some work.

After the session we went to Felipe's apartment across the street. Vera had ordered lunch for Matthias to be delivered, but she (or, in fact, Felipe) had to go down 15 stories to the front gate to get it, because the security rules won't let such folks in. Vera is unhappy with all this

closed-in feeling that comes from fear of being attacked, and misses Paris. But because there are in practice no police on whom people can rely, people set up what she called "parallel police" to protect them. I loved the phrase because it invokes the parallel market.

I found Le Monde, sélection hebdomadaire, and found a good article from 8 mai 1991. "M. Mitterand, modernisateur du capitalisme": how he shifted in 1983 to free market, breaking with socialist policy and French practice -- a nice world-wide summary of the wave of liberalism, in US, UK, Third World, and how that hit USSR and Eastern Europe. Mitterand got on the train to avoid being run over.

Postma's book -- Felipe gave another of his insightful interpretive statements. Postma (despite his failure to cover recent literature) shows that the Dutch took over the slave trade from the Portuguese, and that this was more important than their learning and improving sugar technique in moving sugar industry to the Caribbean. This is confirmed, says Felipe, by the fact that the Dutch West India Company never gave up its monopoly of slave trade, though it gave up its other monopolies.

Next the group of us left. After long negotiations, Matthias had agreed to go a birthday party of one of his school friends, and we dropped him off at a house near the Praça Pan-Americana, across the river from the university. By now I was trying to follow our path on my map, with only partial success in that I would lose us pretty completely when conversation got going. Felipe and Vera and I went back north and then east, through the center of town and to the Japanese section, which I think is in the Liberdade barrio. There we walked around for a bit, looked in a few little shops. Vera thought it was a poor and dirty neighborhood. True, it's not glamorous, though it looked not too different to me from Asian downtown sections of American towns. From there we drove north, in search of the North shopping center. While still in the central section, we passed the first bidonville I have seen in Sao Paulo. Tightly packed tiny dwellings of scrap wood and tin, but some of bricks, and with narrow byways leading through them. Felipe said these people all work in town, and that they are in a great battle with the city and with developers who want to dispossess them of this now-valuable land. Many of the places appeared to have electricity, probably (as Felipe said at my prompting) by just tapping in directly rather than by paying. I verified that the East and West shopping centers, the newest and fanciest, were both build on the metro, thus making them centers for people coming from a distance.

Traffic around the shopping center was jammed, the parking lot was jammed, and there were lots of people inside. It's an enormous place with lots of marble and an atrium; 3 floors, I think. We looked at one place, then bought a table cloth and some silverware for Matthias and his girl friends at another, and went to a big cafe with very fast service to have a cheese pastry and a coconut milkshake. There I got Felipe and Vera talking about Carnival in Paris. By the 60s there was a carnival put on by Brazilian students at the Cite universitaire. With the military government, however, and the arrival of Brazilian exiles in Paris (including Felipe), they wanted nothing to do with that celebration, and they started their own, better celebration. African students joined, filling places of any missing Brazilians. The celebration was held at Bataclan, a place (a club?) near République. I wouldn't be surprised if this has something to do with the rise of Paris as a center for African music.

As for Lambada, Felipe says it began in Belem, but among folks who had ties to Martinique. From there news of it got to Paris, and there two Frenchmen put together Kaoma, stole all this stuff, and among other things added the Bolivian dimension which wasn't there to begin with. Continuing with tracing this sort of linkage, Felipe said that rap is now big in Rio,

but that well before there was another trend like it. He agreed with me that it was likely that some rap-like tradition lay in the African substratum, and that it is drawn to the surface every now and again.

On bossa nova, Felipe said I must read Ruy Castro, Chega de Saudade, published by Companhia de Letras. Bossa nova represents one wave of Brazilian music that swept much of the world. A second is the quieter music of Roberto Carlos, which was felt all through Latin America and the Pacific, but not the Caribbean (I noted, in contrast, the bolero tradition of Dominican Republic). Third is xuxa, music for kids, very strong in Argentina and Chila and now (says Vera) making itself felt in France. Then they mentioned a much earlier wave, maxixe, in Paris at the beginning of the century. Brazilians in Paris were put into something called fandango. And then (said I) came Josephine Baker. So this circuit of musical innovation has been in place for some
time. All this is of interest for its historical depth, and also as background for the current centrality of Paris in African music, and as a center for exchange with the Antilles.

We drove me to the Lorena, and I talked about plans for going to Rio. I decided to go on Sunday and come back Tuesday, and simply to arrive at the airport and see what I can work out. I'll drop my suitcase and computer off with Felipe, and see what happens. Once at the Lorena, I watched a bit of TV: Salome, a soap opera set in the 1920s. Then I got a package of cookies for dinner and washed it down with a beer from the frig in the apartment.

June 10, 1991. Copacabana, Rio.

My 50th birthday. Wherever I'm going, I'm halfway there. It's 9:30 a.m., the temperature is 24 C (75 F), and the sun is still peeking out from behind the gathering clouds, after a brilliant display of early-morning blue sky. I'm sitting at an outdoor cafe, across the street from the beach, where the early morning hikers and joggers are still moving in large numbers along the beautifully curved black and white designs of the cobblestone walkway.

I wished myself a happy birthday as I woke up at 7:00, and I hope to make the day a bit special, at least by taking a break from trying to learn so much, and to treat myself and to reflect a bit on my past.

Yesterday the excitement was in getting here, though it went well enough. I got up at 7:00 and began packing and fixing. Then all the electricity went out at the Lorena, though the only inconvenience to me was having to carry my bags down 13 flights of stairs. I had breakfast, checked out, and got a taxi to Felipe's. I arrived there at 9:30 and woke him up (well, it was Sunday). I dropped off my computer and suitcase (as he had insisted), then continued in the taxi to Congonias, the downtown airport where they have the shuttle or ponte aera. I was relieved to find that they accepted my ticket (from the international airport), and had a nice laugh with the cashier when the Cr$ 800 he was asking for (the airport tax) came across as Cr$ 18.000 in his English. It was then 10 a.m., so I waited an hour got on the 11 a.m. flight. It wasn't crowded, and I got a seat at the front of the Electra II which Varig uses for its shuttle. OK as long as they don't fly it too fast. The flight took about an hour and 15 minutes, and it was too clouded over to see much. We landed at Rio in low clouds and light rain. On entering the baggage area we were each given a little blue card. When I got to the taxi stand, this was taken and I was shepherded into a red car with three other travelers, and we were driven into town to a large in-town air travel terminal.

[I later learned that this was the downtown airport, and that we had been diverted on arrival to the international airport because of fog: this explains the free ride into town.]

We drove on elevated freeways alongside the port, which impressed me as being very large. We were discharged at that point, and I got another taxi that took me past the Pao de Acucar, through a small tunnel and into Copacabana, and then to the Hotel Debret. As I registered I found that the Cr$ 14.000 daily rate would be reduced by 30% if I paid in cash. So I agreed.

From about 2 to 4 I took a walk along the beach, in cloudy weather with occasional drizzles, but feeling most pleased with myself for having arrived. Somehow I made this a symbol of getting somewhere I wanted to get. I walked south and west, guessing correctly that if I went past the point and the fort I would get to Ipanema. I bought a thick guide to the city at Cr$2.300, and gradually learned to use it. One side of the double drive along Ipanema was closed on Sunday so people could walk, run, ride bikes and roller skate. I heard Bob Marley, and found a small crowd gathered (with big speakers) for a surfing contest that looked like it was going nowhere. The surfers wear wet suits, thus confirming what I have hearb about the water.

Back at the hotel I took a nap for a couple hours, had pizza for dinner at the hotel, took an evening walk (stopping for a Coke under an umbrella when it rained for a bit) and watched some TV. In the evenings, the beach and surf are lit up by great lights, and people continue strolling along the edge.

While on Ipanema, I was reminded of two images from my childhood that made me interested in faraway places or in the world as a whole. One was a game based somehow on a world map, and on sailing from one place to another. Recife, Ppernambuco and Santiago de Chile are three ports I remember being on that map. The other was a sort of atlas John and Marian had, which pictured great sections of the world, showing the relief but also showing the curvature of the earth in such a way as to provide a very graphic reminder that this is a globe. The sea was a very deep blue. I remember looking from the Pacific to Japan, the Kuril Islands, the Kamchatka peninsula, and the mainland of Manchuria and Siberia. I suppose these did more to reinforce an existing interest in the globe than to create one, but they graphically reinforced it. Now I remember as well a large green book called "My First Book of the Pacific," with very charming, rather powdery illustrations of the Pacific islands. I think it included Magellan's voyage and his demise in the Philippines. It also included Pan American clipper ships flying, with a scene of the plane in the harbor at Pago Pago or Papeete. [Yet another image is that of the globe we had when I was a child, which was made of paper glued on the sphere, and which therefore had the advantage of being far more precise in the shape of each country and body of water than did the later plastic models.]

In Folha de Sao Paulo I found the TV page, giving ratings of the various channels and programs, and showing Globo programs with over half the market. Salome, which I have been watching, has over 30% of the market, but that means it isn't their top show. I had been watching MTV (with Brazilian hosts), which I think is only available in Rio. I was noticing its heavy emphasis on interracial love and sex, thinking that that represents another set of US values being propagated widely (plus the fact that the leading singers and apparently much of the artistic direction comes from black people). But the Folha figures on market shares made me think that such an impact should not be exaggerated: most Brazilians watch Globo, and there's not much space for black folks on Globo. No black news anchors, for instance.

Radio, in Sao Paulo, included a very great deal of English language music. Including Milli Vanilli. And on MTV I saw a video from The Real Milli Vanilli.

I slept pretty well, though the usual anxiety from changing places made itself felt. No room for dance practice in the tiny rooms at the Hotel Debret, but it is an interesting place. The

halls have numerous prints of the lithographs of Debret, a French painter who did lots of scenes of Brazil in what I guess is the early 19th century but could be the 18th. Carnaval, Christmas gifts, the streets in the morning (putting oil in street lamps), Indian houses - the paintings cover a wide range of daily life.

On the beach I saw a crew of life guards exercising at the start of the day -- dark skinned, with dark red outfits. Later I saw a crew of men in the orange overalls of the Prefeitiura, sweeping the walkway alongside the beach, and another crew repairing holes in the cobblestone sidewalk in front of the hotels and restaurants. "Rio -- prefeitura trabalhando" -- the city that works, proclaimed a sign on a block walled off for new construction.

Last night I went over where I was at each tenth birthday. 1951 - finishing up grade B-5 with Mrs. Jensen. 1961 - finishing sophomore year at Caltech, getting ready to work at Standard Oil. 1971 - just married to Marj, doing AFT work, and getting ready to have the girls for the summer. 1981 - my book was in press, Marj was in Baltimore, we were to meet and teach together in Chicago [Marj and Jan Reiff gave me a birthday at the top of the Hancock building as I arrived on the 10th], and we were preparing to certify CTA in 1982. 1991 - I'm divorcing, I'm on this Atlantic tour, dancing, and wondering if I can create an agreeable future.

Today I tried going over each summer, starting from 1959. It was pretty easy to catalog each summer until the mid−80s. Then it got hard to think about and hard to remember. The last few years have been harder and more upsetting than I realized. Later on, I'll go over them carefully and face the music. For the earlier years, it's a remarkable range of activities, but with the common threat of taking on travel etc. in the form of investments greater than I can afford. And here I am, doing it again, especially because of the disasters on my two apartments.

That makes me want to resolve to do a serious campaign of saving over the next about 3 years, and see if I can put aside enough to buy a nice house with a mortgage payment that won't kill me. This will not be easy. But if I put time and energy into finding a good literary agent, it may ease the task somewhat.

June 11, 1991. Sâo Paulo, at the Lorena Flats.

To finish off the narrative of my birthday, here is dinner and the buildup to it. After a short afternoon nap, I went out for my errands. I walked up to the American Express office to ask about changing and buying travelers' checks. There I was told I would do better at Banco do Brasil (rate of 313 rather than 300), so I walked over, arriving at 2:30, half an hour before they stop giving foreign exchange. A very attractive blond woman in black and denim changed by $300 efficiently without ever getting off the phone. Then I bought post cards and Jornal do Brasil, and sat down at a cafe table to write post cards to Pam, Gina, Marj, Gail, Debbie and JoAnna. I mailed them and my diskette for Week 2 at the post office. Back at the hotel, I looked through the yellow pages and found five restaurants within the CEP (postal code) in Copacabana -- the ads don't otherwise list the section of town. I mapped out the order in which I would check them out. But when I saw that the closest one, "La Pomme d'Or", was next to the Hôtel Martinique, I was charmed and stopped at that point.

Still, it wasn't yet 8 p.m., too early to eat at a restaurant. So I took a seat at a cafe and ordered white wine. Well, they only give it in a carafe, so I took that, but made sure to drink only half of it. There I reviewed the day and pursued some new ideas. In the book store I visited, the book on wines of the world gave only two pages to South America, and most of that was to Chile. Does that mean Brazilian wine production is really at a low level? Or does it mean instead that it never makes it out of the local market? Brazilians are beer drinkers far more

than wine drinkers, but a small portion of the consumption of 150 million Brazilians could still be a lot of wine. I also got the impression, from the streets of Copacabana, that Brazilians expect to run for buses. The same seemed to be confirmed later in Sâo Paulo. They are generally a pretty lithe group, but it also must mean that those Brazilians who are not lithe get ignored badly. Then I remembered the article (did I clip it before I left home?) about the Philippine guy who introduced yo-yos to the U.S. early in the century, and about the American guy who got from him the full rights to market them, and of course made all the money.

Then I started outlining an article (or at least a section of one piece of writing or another): "Models for the reproduction of social differences within a shrinking world."

Diffusion and cloning are the initial models, but they allow for no interaction. Try: patterns of shifting sands, currents of water (or ether). Or light sent and received through prisms. To clarify the argument, I will have to distinguish among the sending entity, the receiving entity, and the signal sent, and the relations among these. It's not the same as an invading species -- as of grass (though that has its local evolution). Crystallization is another metaphor. Or wave patterns in fluid mechanics. Or quantum states under irradiation. Or the image of a planetary system (held together by gravity; most of the heat comes from the star, but the complex atoms and molecules are found only on the planets). Gravitational force attracting distinct bodies: the illusion, for those on one body, that the others are approaching it as a result of its attraction, while in fact all are attracting each other. Or the development of species within each order to fit each ecological niche. How to compare social evolution to biological evolution? Inheritance of acquired traits in society. Local cultures do reproduce themselves, different ways in different times. The survival of Buick holes over time. This stuff is promising, but it has a long way to go before it can make any sense to the uninitiated, and before it does more than invoke the belief in local variation among the believers. There's another point: the difference between survival of local differences (the Robert Farris Thompson approach, in art history) and reproduction of local differences (more like the Jahnheinz Jahn approach in culture history). When a locally variant cultural trait is identified, it could be sheer survival -- that is one option -- but it could also be a local evolution resulting from an interaction of an earlier local variant and various external influences.

Now it was dinner time. I was escorted into the restaurant by the Maître d'hôtel. La Pomme d'Or is beautifully appointed: a bar and a sitting room in front, then a foyer, then a nearly square dining room with just over 20 tables. Leather seats around the edge, comfortable wooden chairs elsewhere. Mirrors and glass on the wall, including three large etchings of apples; dark wood paneling. Also on the walls were copper engravings of paintings: I didn't get a good look at them, but I thought some were copies of French paintings and other of Dutch paintings. As I ordered, they brought me bread, olives, a big glass goblet stuffed with sliced carrots, green pepper and cucumber; a little dumplings of bread and meat. First I ordered crabe farcie, with a half bottle of Brazilian wine -- the first one I asked was out of stock, so they gave me a Riesling which was tasty. The Crab looked great -- two crab shells neatly stuffed -- but it was too bland, with not enough spice or crab and too much breading. The main course I ordered was crevettes à la Pomme d'or. The shrimp came cooked in a white sauce with little round balls of apple, so that it was rather sweet. It was served with rice and almonds, which did make it more interesting. It was nicely served, with the waiter giving me another thimblefull of wine every few minutes. The best part, though was dessert. I ordered bananes flambées, and the waiter spent 20 minutes preparing it as I watched from a distance of a few tables. On a gas burner he set a copper pan, heated butter, worked in sugar, added cognac and one other liqueur,

then the bananas, and flamed it up. By the time it was served to me, it was four pieces of banana surrounding a heap of vanilla ice cream, and swimming in the sweet sauce remaining from all the cooking. It was delicious, too. Coffee came automatically. I passed up a liqueur so I could have one at the hotel.

One more remarkable occurrence: as I was having dessert, the music changed from Brazilian pieces to Linda Ronstadt and Nelson Riddle and "What'll I Do?" Under other circumstances the tune might have drawn out the sadness in me, but here it was an old friend who showed up at a most welcome moment, so I was cheered and sang along quietly.

The price for dinner was about Cr$ 12.500, or $40. There was a staff of four waiters plus the host. I thought about the more general issue of dining out in a recession, and the problem of nice restaurants in Third World countries. Beautiful table settings, a large staff ready for anything, and almost nothing happens. One couple (German-speakers) was there as I arrived; I was alone for much of the time; by the time I left at near 10 p.m. about six tables were occupied. Of course it was Monday night, not Saturday. Still, running a business like that, even in Copacabana, must be difficult.

When I got back to the hotel I found that Felipe had called and left me a happy birthday message from him, Vera and Mathias. Very sweet. I opened up one of the little bottles of Amaretto in the room, and polished off the day with this nightcap.

This morning, the 11th, I woke up at what is becoming my usual 7:00 a.m. I packed, went down for breakfast, then took a walk along the beach front. The double drive has traffic going inbound (East and North) on both sides at this hour: I later learned that it changes to two-way traffic at 10 a.m. I pass a couple Brazilian flags and remind myself to ask Felipe about it: it must be some nice story about republic vs. monarchy. Anyhow, the sphere in it might have something to do with O Globo the newspaper and Globo the TV network. At 9:30 I checked out, also reserving a room (a suite, so I'll have room for writing and dance) for my return on Thursday. The bellman got me a taxi, who is one of this tour guides. He's the carioca equivalent to Joseph in Port-au-Prince, but he has a printed card and a nicer car: he's Adelmo Medeiros do Amaral. He's from Minas Gerais, I think from Belo Horizonte: likes Rio, but finds people here are too laid back, and it's not the best place if you want to find work. He told me of a night club with a samba show, called Plataforma 1, and also pointed out a strip tease club just as we left Copacabana. He clarified for me the limits of Copacabana, Flamengo and Centre. He dropped me off at the airport, which I now learned was in fact an airport, the one at which I was supposed to arrive two days earlier.

I bought a round trip ticket to Sâo Paulo for $149 – rather more than I hoped for, and squeezed into the waiting lounge. While waiting I started sketching out my finances and the associated projects for 1991−92, and found at the end of it that things are not looking too bad. Flights are indeed scheduled every 15 minutes to Sâo Paulo, though the folks on the 10:15 flight had been delayed, and left only about 10 minutes before my 11:00 flight. Again I got up at the front of the Electra II. We took off to the north, but then circled around clockwise over the bay, giving me an incredible view of the center, the port behind it, and Flamengo. We passed rather close to the sugar loaf, and at about its height, and right in front of Copacabana: I could make out the Hotel Debret easily. As we were climbing, clouds obscured parts of Ipanema, but I still got a good look. We stayed off the coast for most of the trip, and when clouds were not in the way I saw that the coastline is more mountainous and more indented than I had expected. Several pretty bays, and rather isolated little towns. Then we moved inland: lots of mountains,

and lots of artificial lakes. I'd like to know whether they are for water supply or hydroelectric power - I guess the former is the best bet. Some roads and a railroad line pierced the range of mountains, and on the plateau (or is it inner valley?) there was much more habitation and agriculture. Then, through the haze, the monster urban agglomeration began to show up. Two big freeways coming up from the coast. We circled around the city from the east to the south, and landed at Congonias, on the south side of town, pointing mostly toward the north. I know this from the map, but in fact I was unable to orient myself as we flew into Sâo Paulo -- there are too many centers with lots of big buildings, spread out over too wide an area, for me to know which was the real center. The map I have is too much focused on the center: from the air I saw lots of waterways which could give the lay of the land, but which are beyond the boundaries of my map.

I got a taxi, but was unable to give him an address for the Lorena, since it wasn't on the hotel card I had kept for that purpose. So the driver ended up taking me the full length of Alameda Lorena, a very slow street. I was unhappy at the end of it, though my lack of Portuguese was certainly much of the problem. He was unhappy at not giving better service. The meter had worked its way up quite a bit in the slow traffic: I paid it, but he refused to accept a tip. A decent compromise. At the Lorena they had failed to record my reservation properly, and first put me in a poor room. I went back down, found the guy who had reserved it for me, and he got me a better room (though still not as good as before), and assured me I would have the same rate. Then the slightly perplexed bellman got me a taxi, and I went to Felipe and Vera's, was welcomed by the gateman but got lost trying to find which of the 8 elevators in four buildings was the right one to take, met Vera, chatted for a few minutes, then took my bags back to the taxi and to the Lorena. My Portuguese is inching ahead as I go through such experiences.

A little irritated by the extra costs I have incurred in flying and taking taxis, I calculated. The total amount I have spent on taxis in Sâo Paulo and Rio is about $64, of which about $20 is for taking my bags back and forth to Felipe's. Then I spent an extra $149 on air fare, since I stayed an extra day in Salvador, delayed my talk at CEBRAP by a week, but still went to Rio for my birthday. That's also because I allowed Felipe to discourage me from taking a train to Rio, which would have been cheaper. Looking at the facts eliminated most of the irritation: a total cost of $200 is small on this trip, and I'd be foolish not to take the advice of friends on how to travel when I am inexperienced in the country and don't know the language.

At the Lorena this afternoon I went through a set of dance steps, went over my schedule for the Fall with some care, double checking that with the anticipated costs, and read through text of Chapter 9 etc. as background for my CEBRAP talk. Then I went out to the Monty Python pizzeria, where I had eaten before, and had the Monty Python special (mozzarella and ham). Not a word of English is spoken at the Monty Python, though lots of English-language music plays on their radio. From the stores I passed I confirmed what I have been seeing on the streets: Brazilian women are into browns and blacks in their clothes; that is, when it isn't denim. Then back to the hotel to write this up. Felipe called -- my talk is at 5:00 p.m. tomorrow, and I should arrive at about 4:00 (tell the taxi driver it's near the Instituto Biologico); though maybe I should arrive earlier if I want to talk to the journal editor about Debret's paintings, as he is working up to doing an article or book on the subject.

June 12, 1991. Lorena Flats.

I staved off a threatened cold last night: Vera was sick for two days, and just recovering as I saw her yesterday. Three topics I have been leaving out of the journal, though I've spent plenty of time with each: dance, JoAnna, and Portuguese.

With the small space available in hotel rooms, I've been limited to basic steps and primarily to footwork. In accommodating to this reality, I think I will improve my footwork a lot this summer. Focusing first on Latins, I've been emphasizing sharper timing (that is, hold longer), staying forward (use toes, and in that way keep feet turned out), and keeping the inside front of the foot on the floor. In smooths my focus has been to hold and accentuate the toe-heel step leading into the heel-lead steps. Plus special tricks for each dance. I've been trying to do lots of samba, to get ready for the showcase in mid-October (I have 10 weeks to prepare it when I get back). My plan for the rest of the trip: keep working on basic footwork; then review steps in my notes and memorize the syllabus; then practice the steps. I should return with a list of places where I need help from Debbie and Gail. Aside from all this technique stuff, the most important thing is that dance practice gives my body a nice stretch, and does a lot to keep me feeling optimistic. Movable roots, providing daily sustenance.

JoAnna asked me to think of her when I was in Haiti, and of course that only encouraged me in what I was going to do anyhow. I haven't mentioned her much here, but that's because I tend to be secretive about the things and persons most important to me. In fact I imagine her with me at each point, think what it would be like to visit each place with her, and try to collect stories I think she would find interesting. I do wonder what will happen between us. Still, strongly as I feel, I find myself to be amazingly relaxed about it.

Portuguese. I'm past the worst of the emotional block of having hidden from Portuguese language for all these years, and I'm getting past worrying about the pain of trying and often failing at basic conversation. So now it becomes a technical problem. I don't want to devote too much time to it, as I'm on this trip to write and to get ideas for writing. But if I don't start a systematic program soon, I'll never learn the language. So I have decided to try for an hour a day for the rest of the trip, allocated as follows. I'll spend half an hour a day working on verbs, learning verbs, tenses and conjugations until I've got them down pretty well. I'll spend another half hour a day on vocabulary, writing words as I encounter them in my little cahier. As I get better at verbs, I'll allocate more of the hour to vocabulary. One more issue: before leaving Brazil I have to decide whether to try to make recordings, get videotapes or whatever in order to hear conversational Portuguese.

Evening of the 12th. From 9 this morning until after 12 I worked on Chapter 1 of the Since 1700 book, and was pleased with the progress. Then I walked up to Avenida Paulista, had a coffee and a croissant, and came back to work on the same for a bit. Then I wrote up notes for my CEBRAP talk, fixed myself up nicely, and left by taxi at 3:30 for CEBRAP. The first taxi driver I talked to didn't know where Rua Morgado de Mateus was and said so -- he said Sao Paulo is a big place, and I could only be glad for his honesty. I went upstairs and got my map, and came down to get another taxi. Now the driver was older, unshaven and black, and obviously more experienced, more competent, and just as honest. He asked me about the Instituto Biologico which is the local landmark for CEBRAP, and I was only able to say it was near where I was going, not my destination. He took me the full length of Paulista, which was interesting, and around (but inevitably also through) the traffic jams to my destination. Price was Cr$ 1600+, but I was short on change, and happily gave him Cr$ 2000.

I found Felipe at CEBRAP. He sat me down with coffee and returned to the meeting (on telephones) he was in. I went over notes while waiting, and otherwise sipped coffee. Guillermo O'Donnell came by to talk for a bit: he is Argentine, a political scientist with a chair at Notre Dame, where he works about half the time, and he has taken on about four funded programs at CEBRAP, which means he is forever writing up reports. Giannotti came over to say hello, and we were interrupted just as I got him started talking about the current problems of CEBRAP -- he is called away frequently to telephones.

At about 5:15 Felipe escorted me into the lecture hall to give my talk. He introduced me in English, very nicely, and I began my presentation. Over forty people were there at the high point. I spoke pretty slowly from thoroughly prepared notes, but it was clear that many people were struggling to keep up with my English -- nobody got the jokes. As Felipe suggested, I focused significantly on events in Benin, South Africa and Haiti. As preface to these, I summarized my since 1700 project, plus the analytical chapters of the 1989-90 book. I spoke from about 5:20 to 5:55, or a little over the 30 minutes I had set myself.

For the first question, Felipe asked me to talk about world history studies in the U.S. I responded at some length. Then Gainnotti asked me whether world history wasn't "un recit de faits divers." ("One damned thing after another", I translated.) Again I responded cautiously and at length, but ended up by giving my dictatorship chapter as a more theoretical response. He responded by asking whether that was an extended concept or just a metaphor. I said both (again at length). Then I got a question/comment that suggested that my interpretation of the global village was from the viewpoint of the village chief – I misunderstood it at first as the viewpoint of an African village chief. Another questioner asked about my assumptions in the long-term world history study.

What I learned. For one thing, Brazilian academics are reluctant to commit themselves on world history. They didn't offer statements on their own experience as the Haitians did. As Felipe suggested, they are caught within narrow disciplinary restrictions, and dare not speak beyond them.

At the end, John Monteirou came up to speak with me: he's a U of Chicago Ph.D., married to a Brazilian woman who has done a Ph.D. in Brazilian history (at USP, I think), and who has worked on 17th century Sao Paulo, plus has just finished a book in press in Brazil on the native populations of Brazil -- likely to be a blockbuster. He argued, similarly to Felipe, that Brazilians were all caught up in dependency theory (especially at CEBRAP), that the demise of that sent them into agnosticism (or anarchy, as Monteiro said), and that they are reluctant to speak in global terms.

Felipe focused on the African angle. They don't know about Africa, they won't comment on what they don't know in professional terms, and it was good for them to hear about Africa from me. They also have no experience in global thinking.

I was a bit more charitable. Their questions were a bit vague and general, and so were my answers. But they did strike on the main intellectual questions: whether it is possible to comprehend the globe, whether to do so neglects important local factors, the distinction between global and comparative work, the distinction between proposing hypotheses (as I claim to be doing) and testing hypotheses (as they are used to doing), and so on.

Felipe is a bit irritated with the professional narrowness of Brazilian academia. When he speaks or writes for the general media, he feels people are following him to see if he speaks beyond areas judged to be within his formal confidence. He can see that his book, focused on Brazilian-African relations, will be less attractive to Brazilians than books on ties to the rest of

Latin America. He can already feel this in the lack of interest in ties between Brazil and South Africa.

So I learned about the limits on this group, and I could also see the difficulty of presenting my material at this early stage. They would have done better if I had presented, as I did in Salvador, the logic of the since 1700 book. But Felipe wanted them to hear the recent stuff and the black countries, and it may have given them some useful food for thought. Felipe, meanwhile, seems to me to be idealizing the progress of world history in the U.S., and I told him so. But perhaps he's just trying to prod Brazilians in the direction of what is, for him, an immense strength. I was more impressed with him than ever, learning as I did how he sustains his broad approach in the midst of so little reinforcement. That is, the Brazilian academics give him little formal and explicit reinforcement. On the other hand, the realities of Brazilian life and history give him immense reinforcement, and provide the inspiration for his impressive conceptualization of the country's history.

Eventually we broke away from the place, and Felipe drove me to the Lorena. I proposed to return in a couple years, to deliver a talk in Portuguese, and to focus on Brazilian as well as African elements of world history. Once back in the hotel, I had dinner at the restaurant, including getting stuck for an expensive bottle of German wine (one more incentive to learn Portuguese), and here I am. Tomorrow: back to Rio.

# Week 4. Rio and São Paulo

Rio de Janeiro, from Thursday, June 14, 1991.

June 14.

Evening, back at the Hotel Debret on Copacabana. Getting the suite was a great idea. I'm on the 9th floor, overlooking the beach, with a lot more room and a better bed. The two problems are (1) cockroaches, my first encounter with them on the trip, but there have been more than enough already, and (2) the continuing problems with making phone calls from hotels. I did complete one local call, but all the others get mysterious busy signals.

Last night I had dinner at the Lorena. Too much food. And when I wanted a bit of white wine, I got a whole bottle, and of German wine at that with the obvious imported price. So I was tired after my talk, and let my guard down. I paid enough of a price that I probably won't slip up again: little sleep last night.

I got up at 7:30, had breakfast, packed, and called Felipe on my way out of town. We went over everything one more time. He did everything he could to make my visit pleasant and a success, and I'm more impressed with his intellectual breadth and depth than ever. But life is somehow complex for him, so many little things get left undone. For instance, he recommended a book on bossa nova, then told me not to get it because he was going to get it as a birthday present for me; but he didn't. No problem: I've seen it already at the Lorena, and I'll buy it.

I couldn't get change at the Lorena (again) so I ended up giving a big bill as a tip to the bellman who was very attentive to me. Taxi driver on the way to the airport again warned me about all the robbers in Rio; on the plane I read that the U.S. State Dept. will be giving an official warning about Rio, and the Cariocas are worried about that blemishing ECO-92. I've got the Ponte Aerea system down pretty well now, and got on the 10:30 plane, which left a little before 11. I sat on the right (starboard) side with a window seat. I was disoriented again as we flew out of Sao Paulo—I don't know the map well enough, and there just aren't such unmistakable landmarks—but I think, on reflection, that we took off to the northwest, then turned clockwise to give me a view of the center as we went east. I think I was the Jardim section, and we flew over railroad tracks that I think are on the north side of town, but there are so many groups of big buildings that I just wasn't sure where I was.

Clouds interrupted the view for much of the way, though I saw again the many reservoirs in the hills south and east of Sao Paulo. Then we saw sections of the coastline, including sections I had seen before. Rio seemed fully clouded over, though I could see we were going inland. We broke through the clouds having turned to the south, and we were just over (or really, just before) the international airport. Then it really got neat. Rather than go straight into Santos Dumont, the downtown airport, we circled around the left. So I got a good view of the port and the bridge. The Centro was to the left, where I couldn't see it, but on the right we saw the steep little hills, covered with tiny houses, that I remembered from Black Orpheus. We passed several of these as we circled left. Then we were over Flamengo, and I looked through an

opening in the hills to see Ipanema, with a full view of Lago Rodrigo de Freitas; next we were over Botafogo and beyond the hills I saw Copacabana. We completed our circle by flying right next to the Sugar Loaf (well below its summit), followed by a clear view of the entrance to the harbor and the old fort on the other side of the entrance. I could see how the combination of huge harbor and narrow entrance were perfect—same strength as San Francisco had.

Once on the ground, I got baggage, taxi, and set up in the hotel. After a couple busy signals from the room, I got through to the New York Times with a phone at the desk. Brooke had to go to Colombia to cover release of a prisoner: he'll be back Friday night. So I unpacked, relaxed a bit, then took an hour on the beach, since the temperature was 27. For most of the rest of the day I tried to get myself writing (Chapters 2 and 3 are going to be rough, but I'll keep at it). As breaks I took a couple walks, bought some cookies and had a coffee instead of dinner, and made a few attempts to call Gilberto Velho, getting through once to find out that he wasn't home yet. I made plans for Friday, including calling Perry at 8:00, trying to find South African Airways, and maybe going to the Museo Nacional to find Gilberto Velho since I can't make the phone work for me. I'll hope to get in touch with Brooke Friday night or Saturday.

June 15. Saturday morning after breakfast.

Friday morning I got up and focused right away on phone calls. The telephoniste is right next to the desk, and this one knew about MCI Call America, so I was able to get right through to Perry. Gina had called on my birthday and sang me a happy birthday message. (Perry was a bit embarrassed and perplexed by this, but I thought it was great. Nobody loves birthdays more than Gina.) She also said she was graduating from Valley College on Thursday the 14th (that very day), then finishing her one more course this summer. I had lots of calls from realtors about the condo, including perplexing ones from Patrick at Townhouse—Chris was just supposed to go ahead and act. Plus a call from Gwen Hall saying I must call Don Helmuth to OK a budget change that eliminated my summer salary, and not to worry. I called Helmuth's office and left a message. Then from downstairs I called South African Airways to confirm my flight—I found a number in the directory, but the bell man had a better one in his book. It's a relief to have that set.

I worked for a couple hours on Chapter 2 of Since 1700, and felt I had made some progress. Then I decided to see if I could find Gilberto Velho in person if I couldn't get him on the phone. I got my trusty guide, then asked the guys at the hotel desk for help in finding a bus to Botafogo. They gave me three numbers. I waited on Avenide Nuestra Senhora de Copabana and watched dozens of buses go by, none with my three numbers. So I took one that said Botafogo, paid my Cr$ 70, and sat down as we slowly worked our way through the traffic to the end of Copacabana, turned left and went through the tunnel, and I got off at the second or third stop in Botafogo. I figured it right, and walked only about 4 blocks to the Metro station. There I paid Cr$ 160 for a round trip (it's Cr$ 90 one way), and was embarrassed when I failed to understand that the lady behind the counter was asking me for another Cr$ 10 ("dez!") to make change easier. Rio is an obvious town for a subway, in that it's strung along the edge of the water. The marble stations are a bit drab, but seem clean and efficiently cared for. The cars are American-made, roomy, and with plastic seats that are fairly comfortable and so far have resisted being defaced.

Los Angeles has been unable to build a subway despite Tom Bradley's plesge of one. But Rio has built (is building) one despite hard times in Brazil, Sao Paulo has built one despite a

problem of decentralization just as severe as that in LA; Washington and Baltimore have built them, and even Miami had an aerial rail system. LA has no excuse.

I went six stops to Carioca, in the middle of town. It was indeed the middle of town—people bustling at great speed, banks, small shops and street vendors all mixed together. On Rio Branco I soon found the Museo Nacional das Belles Artes, but I also found that the workers were on strike—they are striking on even-numbered days for the month of June, I think to demand opening of negotiations on their salaries. So I retraced my steps. As I came out of the Botafogo station I saw an exit labeled "Nelson Mandela," so I took it. Once on the surface I couldn't find signs to say whether it was a street, place or what. But I did find myself standing next to the Alliance Francaise, so I went inside, found French-speakers, and asked. The name is applied to the intersection (of Rua Sâo Clemente and Rua Muniz Barreto), it was given about a year ago, and there was a sign but somebody took it. (Supporters or critics of Mandela?) The bus back to Copacabana was slow because of traffic, and took a different route, a little higher up, and through a different tunnel.

Back at the hotel at about 2:00, I took an hour on the beach because it was the best beach day yet—the temperature up to 29 and sunny. I came in as clouds gathered, showered, and went to a late lunch. I had thought of going to one of the stand-up places, but went instead to the St. -Tropez, on the beach front size of the Hôtel Debret building. There I ordered frango grelhada ao St.-Tropez, and had more chicken than I wanted, though it was pretty good, with ham and liver pate on top. I ordered a Cuba Libre in honor of Joseph in Port-au-Prince. The big, smooth glass was slippery, and I dropped it about halfway through, making a mess. The waiter took the rap, since he was just then preparing to serve me, and got me another drink. I hope my tip to him was sufficient to cover any portion of it they charged him. Then I went back to the hotel room and spent most of the rest of the day writing. I took occasional breaks, including for TV. I called Brooke's home and got his wife, I think; he wasn't back yet, and she knew nothing about my visit, which bothered me a little. I said I would be around all day Saturday. I watched news and a bit of O Sorriso do Logardo, without collecting any amazing observations.

I did make a few observations of my own while traveling about the city by bus and on foot. One was to remember the image of the opera house in Manaus, which I saw in a classroom film in elementary school, and which stuck in my mind. Castle Films made up a bunch of classroom shorts, and I think it was in one of these. I vaguely remember that another such film showed an African village, though I have no idea where it was. I also remembered being on the Art Linkletter show, the first time, and I remember the embarrassment of showing off—claiming I had been to Mt. Palomar six or seven times, when in fact it was the Griffith Park observatory. And then a discovery in the middle of the night, when I was doing dance steps for lack of sleep. The sharpness I have been adding to the latin steps is beginning to carry over to the smooths. I did the repetitions of "What'll I Do?" and "Weakness" and found I was holding each step longer so that the next one could be sharper, quicker, and come down right on the beat instead of ahead of it. I'm also finding that my feet are much stronger, and that I can now hold the toe step and come down on the heel much closer to the right moment. It was very exciting, so I sat up for a couple beers and speculated about dance and other things for another hour. This morning I was not good on my feet—weight was back rather than forward, and I was less sharp generally. Guess I was still sleepy.

June 16, 1991. Sunday morning after breakfast.

Yesterday morning, Saturday, I wrote on Chapter 3, filling in some first-sketch prose on the description of the world in 1700. Nothing very good, but it will help me get there. It was a beautiful day, with temperature up to 32 and hordes of people at the beach, so I joined in for an hour from 11:30 to 12:30. Then back up to the room to write some more. At about 2:30 I went out again to stroll Ave. NS Copacabana, and found a pretty good record-and-tape store. I selected two samplers of recent vintage: one of lambada and one of samba. Each cost about Cr$ 2200, so a bit expensive. I played them later and, of course, liked the sambas better. Brazilian lambada is about as exciting as Dominican meringue, but people seem to like the dance anyhow. I avoided getting samba samplers from Carnival, thinking they would be less interesting to dance to, but I may go back for one on my last day here. Then I went to the Livraria Siciliano to buy Chega de Saudade by Ruy Castro, on bossa nova, for Cr$ 7200. Lovingly documented with tons of photos. While there I saw a book translated from English but by Brazilian, on structuralism. José Guilherme Merquior, De Praga a Paris: O surgimento, a mudanca et a dissolucâo de idéia estructuralista. Editora Nova Fronteira, Rio, 1991. I should look it up when I get home.

I had a late lunch at the Churrascaria de Copacabana, one of the many barbecue restaurants in town. As at the Pomme d'Or and the Saint Tropez, they bring a large assortment of appetizers: bread, butter (no pâté this time), olives, pickled carrots and bell peppers, chopped tomatoes & cucumbers in vinaigrette, and this time four (not one, as at Saint Tropez) cute little spottled eggs. I had one and found that they are simply hard boiled, but I don't know from what bird. I ordered Linguica de Rio Grande, which was a simple barbequed sausage, in huge quantity as seems to be normal in such restaurants. Then I had dessert, a really nice cake layered with custard and topped with a crust of sugar. And coffee, to get me back to work.

Well, first I played the tapes, then I got to work. More on Chapter 3 and a bit on Chapter 4. I watched the beach in the late afternoon sun, and saw two amazing scenes. The first was a game of volleyball played by teams of two people each, one guy and one girl. But they did it soccer-style: no hands. They served by kicking it over the net, then batted it about with their heads, chests and feet. There were some remarkable shots and a few astonishing volleys in which they kept the ball going three or four times over the net. Three teams alternated, and they played for over an hour. I thought one of the guys and particularly one of the women were very good indeed. This was not totally surprising in a country where soccer is so well straight in toward the beach, right toward my building. Then it turned and, as if about to land, it flew just above the waves for the length of the beach, finally pulling up way at the other end, just before the morro which marks the end of Copacabana. It must have been underneath it: safety regulations would prevent any such display in the U.S.

That's it. In the evening I went out for a walk, had a beer at the beach and wrote up plans for how to finish up my trip here, package and send things off. Then some TV and bed.

June 16, afternoon.

A few things came to me during a nice hour and a half on the beach. In the bookstore I saw a French book on wines of the world, which I think I mentioned above, with only two pages on South America, and about a quarter of that on Brazil: I'm sure that wine production figures (though probably not wine quality judgments) would give the lie to that. Same bookstore had a book on how to emigrate to the U.S. Complete instructions. I think it was in English.

The wine observation got me thinking about global comparisons or total on GDP. Typically, these figures show an immense proportion of the total from OECD countries, so that they can almost be taken as the totality of the world economy. So here are some ways to break

that down, emphasizing the distinction between value of output and volume of output. (This is of interest, since GDP is supposed to standardize value to give an indication of volume.) First we take the example of automobiles (or televisions). They are produced in industrial countries, and purchased throughout the world at prices that don't vary that much, so the official statistics are a good reflection of the reality both of production and consumption. Then take the example of wine. Prestige wines are produced in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, California, and a little bit in Chile and Australia. These sell at high prices all over. But wine is also produced in Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, the Soviet Union, Algeria, other parts of the US, Brazil, Argentina, South Africa, and so on. (Not to mention rice wine in Asia.) What I want to get are volume figures for output in all the producing countries, and compare them to value figures or export quantity figures, to show how we overestimate the French and Californian portion of the total. Third example is that of mangoes. A few mangoes enter international commerce, going from Mexico, the Philippines and the Caribbean to the U.S., and equivalently from wherever to Europe. Meanwhile, all the tropical countries, where they are counted, though at domestic prices which are very low by comparison to export prices. But most of them are consumed in rural areas and small towns, and don't make it into national statistics at all. Fourth example, inspired by this one, is a guess at total caloric intake for the world, comparing The West and The Rest. If total OECD population is 500 million and total world population is 3 billion, then The Rich are 1/6 of the total. I could assume the average caloric intake in The West is twice that in The Rest, which already seems excessive, but I could account for the large number of small children in The Rest who eat less, and assume even more extravagantly that average caloric intake in The West is three times that in The Rest. In that case, The West is 1/6 of the world's population, and it consumes 3/8 of its calories. So food consumption by The Rest is over 60% of the total. Maybe food exports from The West to The Rest have become significant, but I find it hard to imagine that more than half the total is produced in The West.

So these are some illustrations I can use to put GDP figures in context, and to argue that the economy of The Rest is more important in the world than is reflected in standard statistics.

They led me to a more explicit observation on the role of the framework in my analysis, which should go into Chapter 1 of these examples, and with my idea of comparing slave and wage workers in the 18th century. Well, it didn't make me come up with the ideas, but tinkering with it meant that I would eventually discover the logic of these comparisons and totals. So the framework isn't the same as a thesis, but it structures theses—it reinforces some as relevant, and undercuts others as failing to fit the structures of the framework.

As I scribbled this note into my pocket booklet earlier, I made my Freudian slip for the day, writing the last framework as "famework." Oh, well, that too seems to be part of the motivation, so I might as well give it its due.

A repeat and extension of my observation on blacks and whites in Brazilian cities. In Salvador blacks are everywhere, at every level, though they were few in number on the airplane. In the central parts of Sao Paulo I saw few blacks, though I did see them in low paying jobs. In the parts of Rio where I have been there are quite a few blacks, and they are by no means restricted to the lowest levels. But most of the men and women trudging up and down the beach hawking food are black. On TV, blacks are few in number; they are in menial positions in the dramas, but show up in interviews as artists.

Same day, but after dark.

Felipe called earlier. I told him of my new idea of counting slaves and wage workers throughout the Atlantic. As I talked with him, the conception grew clearer. Looking at the economy in global terms really will help me sort out the difficult and important issue of whether capitalism itself starts with the mercantile phase. That is, the Dobb-Sweezy controversy, or more latterly the Wallerstein-Brenner controversy. (Now I see a reason for studying the Genovese/ Fox-Genovese volume on merchant capital closely, and a way to evaluate it.) Mercantile capitalism is step one. (even that isn't quite so clear, because there's the question of whether the commercial system of the Muslim world corresponded to mercantile capitalism; there's also the issue of the various false starts to industrial production, in Italy and the Low Countries; and there's the distinction within Europe between the domestic-market and the overseas-market dimensions of merchant capital.) Step two is a range of labor systems, serfdom, wage labor and who knows what else. The issue of artificially cheap labor is important in figuring out whether to set these next to each other or in a hierarchy. Marx's idea of primitive accumulation set them in a hierarchy: slavery and serfdom were first, and did not really enable the work force to reproduce itself; wage labor comes later and permits the work force to reproduce itself, if only barely. That's looking at it from Europe. Wage labor did indeed become the dominant labor form, or at least the dominant labor form in the dominant part of the world economic system. Merchant capital created it, but also the other forms; the other forms could be seen as phases or as dead ends, but they could also be seen as functional parts of the whole system. So I should look for the continuation of slavery, serfdom, sweated labor, and a full range of labor systems, and consider how they combine with wage labor to give the full logic of the modern economic system. Aside from getting the logic of it straight for myself, I suspect that phrasing it as an intervention in the "transition from feudalism to capitalism" debate will get it a better hearing than just to state it flat out.

Meanwhile, after a brief nap and bit of dance practice this afternoon, I went out for lunch at about 3:00. I went across the street to Café Alcazar, which had a very big Sunday afternoon crowd. I got the impression that it's a regular place for local families, as all seemed to know the waiters well. It's bigger and a bit cheaper than the Saint Tropez. There I had a Chopp (well, 2), and a Sandwich Alcazar, which is a chicken patty and a little omelet with some nice sauces on toast, plus lettuce and tomato. Just right. Then I had abacaxi for dessert—two nice slices of pineapple, served in a bowl full of ice—and cafezinho. Then I strolled up Copacabana, and came back down (that is, west) along the beach. There I saw two full soccer games. One was kids, the other was men in uniform, with goals and a referee. They were playing very hard, and I watched for a few minutes. One team had a clear advantage, but getting a goal is a different matter in that game. Most of the players were black. Further down, I again passed the volleyball court where they play soccer style. Again mixed couples, different people today than yesterday. Some of the rallies were very long and good; I'm especially impressed with the women, because I wouldn't have thought they'd be able to build up the soccer skills the men have. I think today's players were probably better, but nothing will take my breath away like seeing that game played for the first time as I did yesterday.

June 17, 1991. Mid-morning.

[Review of my finances for the trip.]

June 18, 1991. Mid-morning.

I'm now packed and ready to fly to South Africa, though I don't go until tonight. It looks too hazy to go to the Sugar Loaf, but I might go to see "Cobra Verde," the Herzon film based on Chatwinn's Viceroy of Ouidah. I just talked to Don Helmuth, confirmed my acceptance of the revised budget from Gwen he sent me yesterday by fax, and learned that Harlan Lane just won a MacArthur grant for $125,000. That's very exciting, and I send him a card of congratulations.

Yesterday I finally saw Jim Brooke, and we talked for a bit less than two hours. At 5:00 I started walking over to Ipanema. It's quieter than Copacabana, more residential, with a narrower walkway on the beach, and the street lights have to do for light on the beach, as there are no special beach lights like the ones on Copacabana. More runners on the walkway at Ipanema, in contrast to the walkers on Copacabana. I passed the Colegia Sao Paulo as the kids were getting out: black domestics picking up white kids were part of the end-of-day scene.

The New York Times office is on the 20th floor of a building two blocks off the beach. The first three floors are a shopping gallery—including a music store with only CDs. Then I took the elevator up, waited a few minutes, and entered at just before 6:00. Brooke was alone, finishing up at the end of the day. He sat me down with my fax, then gave me a tour of the office. I asked for a look at the view, and compared it to that in Miami, about which he didn't know. He mentioned Carrie, with whom I spoke there, and learned her terrible story. She was in the Pacific, maybe Hawaii, interviewing a Vietnam vet, when all of a sudden the guy went crazy and sliced her up, so that she lost most of her motor skills. Apparently she's regaining them slowly. Brooke asked me for details, and as I remembered she was in a wheelchair, but feeding herself lunch, and the other woman in the office was afraid she might have to move to answer the phone. In any case, I had already appreciated her interest in my project, and this sad story makes me want to maintain the contact with her.

Brooke told me that he had moved the office from downtown to Ipanema after he came. He had just gone on vacation to New Hampshire, and learned that thieves had taken all the equipment from the office. He argued that it was too dangerous there, and moved it to Ipanema, near where he lives (Leblon). Since his beat is most of South America, and even in Brazil he goes to Brasilia a lot, there's no special advantage to being downtown.

We went down the elevator, he got the guys to bring his car down from the garage, and we drove to a little bar on the beach at Leblon. I had a Cuba Libre, he had a fruit drink and apologized because he was still nursing the flu he caught the other day in Colombia. We chatted randomly at first, then I began moving toward my agenda, especially as I saw him getting anxious to get home to his wife. I wrote up notes as I walked back to Copacabana, and the order is all confused. That matters little.

He asked me of my impression of Brazil, and I didn't have a prepared statement. I told him I was glad to have started in Salvador, mentioned my visits with the black movement, and we made comparisons of Brazil and the U.S. he pointed out the absurdity of having all white elected figures in Salvador (except one, I guess); he noted two dark-skinned governors in Brazil, one in Spiritu Santo and one in Rio Grande do Sul. He was interested to hear of the new building opened Olodum.

He had just got in to interview Collor, the first since the John Ryle interview; Brooke did a story on the finance minister that made the first business page, then wanted to do another, more on Collor, but the paper wouldn't take it. He was very critical of Zelia, as someone who lectured businessmen and diplomats, and critical of Collor's economic policy, but thought that he had made some progress on inflation. A Bush began pushing the free market for the Americas, Collor upped the ante and proposed 1994 as a date for implementing it, especially in the southern

common market, to include Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Argentina, and Chile. The others seem to be going along, all in a precipitate attempt to respond to 1992 in Europe.

He thought the collapse of communism had made a difference in Brazil, alos the rise of the Tiny Tigers in Asia. Collor relied heavily on images of the falling Berlin Wall, along with portrayal of Lula as representing the old ways (like campaign against Aristide, I thought) in the election. I concluded that Brooke liked Lula a lot more as a person than Collor, but preferred Collor's policies.

He discussed protectionism—it is and has been extreme in Brazil. He mentioned a list of 1700 goods prohibited from import. All cars and buses are made in Brazil. The computer industry is only the famous case. The result, Brooke argued, was inefficiency in production.

He spoke of emigration. Japanese are leaving Brazil—and also Peru and the other South American countries (is it Colombia and Venezuela?) in which they live. Similarly, those who can demonstrate Spanish and Italian ancestry in the last couple generations can get to Spain and Italy. So Brazil is becoming blacker in that way too.

He spoke of Bahia as a colonial situation, but said that a Bahian politician had become very angry on hearing this. In contrast with the U.S., white and black people are easy and comfortable around one another, but there is no Brazilian equivalent to the black middle class of the U.S.—though he mentioned as well the huge number of young black men in jail in the U.S.

He paralleled emigration from Brazil with that from Albania to Italy. And he argued that the same will happened for Cuba. He said that from the U.S. point of view, it's very important not to be seen as giving even the gentlest push to bring Castro failure but as the Americans destroying a fine revolutionary tradition. Castro came to Brazil a year ago, and a bunch of Sâo Paulo intellectuals signed a statement of support for him and Cuba, which Brooke thought was absurd.

So Brooke does keep track of events all over the world. That is, he reads his newspapers. He says the Brazilians don't understand that he should visiting and covering such places as Ecuador. This confirms what I found in talking at CEBRAP, even among people educated in France and the U.S. Joâo and Felipe, then, are unusually cosmopolitan Brazilians. Brooke covers Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, and Paraguay. It occurred to me later that it's pretty much the viceroyalties of the Andes, of New Granada, plus Brazil; the other viceroyalty gets left to Shirley Christian in Buenos Aires. Brooke covered some Argentine events when she was sick—those were the first of his stories that I saw from Latin America.

Brooke finds that Brazil is behind other Latin American countries both in its economic life and in its ideas. He mentioned that Brizola (governor of Rio) told him that inflation came from the foreign debt, at a time when in fact Brazil hadn't paid any on its foreign debt for 18 months.

He said that investment is flowing back into Venezuela, Mexico, and Chile, but not to Brazil. Investors just aren't sure of the country—its inflationary and protectionist traditions.

We spoke of the violence in the countries. Brooke thinks there will be more vigilante action and lynchings. For instance, the kidnappers, who made such a big splash by collecting ransom on the wealthy, were pursued by the police and some of them caught. Now, thinks Jim, they will move to kidnapping people of more moderate income and less visibility, so that the police will not pursue their cases. Then people will respond with vigilante killings. He mentioned cases in Bahia where people just had no patience with thieves, and beat them to death.

He hasn't been to Sâo Paulo much, or maybe not at all. He asked me about the traffic there, and I said it wasn't as bad as in LA. I mentioned that Rio and Sâo Paulo have built metros,

and how that shows that LA has no excuse. He complained that construction in the Rio metro has slowed at Botafogo, since the elites in Copacabana and Ipanema don't want the riff-raff to have easy access to their neighborhoods. I recognized this issue from San Mateo County. Jim pointed out that, in Washington D.C., the metro goes right underneath Georgetown without any stops there, for the same reason.

We talked a bit about Africa, and about his techniques for covering large areas. I compared him to David Lamb and said he did a better job of covering the area, while Lamb tended to stay in Nairobi; Brooke defended Lamb as having traveled, but not too vigorously. When Brooke was in Abidjan, his wife was in New York, so he just worked flat out. My impression is that he loved the African work a bit more, though he must surely get more recognition for his work here.

His secret, is he has one, is good files and reading a lot. He spoke of going into Sierra Leone with about 100 articles drawn from West Africa, Jeune Africa, the AFP clips, and so forth, having lined them up in chronological order. In his office he showed me his little archive—shelves of neatly stacked newspapers, magazines, and clippings. On his office floor was an ordered set of daily newspapers.

Mandela hasn't come to Brazil. He was invited, and all sorts of politicians would like to be next to him, but Mandela is too wrapped up in the complexities of South Africa itself. OK, but I still think the issue of two big black communities being out of touch with one another is important.

After we spoke, I thought of his concern that Brazil was just not leading in the way it should. It occurred to me top compare it to Czechoslovakia. Countries where people get along, where though they are not the leaders they do have a substantial, modern sector to their economy. Czechoslovakia doesn't have Brazil's problems of poverty and alienation. Anyhow, there is an issue here to be made more explicit.

We finished up at a little before 8:00—he drove off in one direction, and I walked off in the other.

((Send him Francophone book.)

# Week 5. South Africa: Cape Town, Durban, Johannesburg

Starting June 18, 1991

June 18, 1991. Evening.

I'm at the Rio international airport, with about an hour to wait before boarding the flight to Cape Town. Finishing up today was hard, and I'm tired at the beginning of what will be a short night on the place tonight, plus a hard day in a new country tomorrow, so I have to make sure to take it easy and be careful.

After checking out just before noon (it cost Cr$ 70.000, or about 10.000 more than I had guessed), I went to the post office, mailed one package at a cost of Cr$ 5.000 and decided, wisely, that I didn't have the cash to mail the second. Then I bought post cards, had a beer while I addressed them, and took a last sit on the beach while I wrote them. Then I mailed post cards and letters and my weekly disk to Sue. Next I walked to the north (it's north, not east) end of Copacabana, and found the Estacao Cinema where "Cobra Verde" was playing. I had already got the review out of O Globo the day before, after Jim Brooke told me it existed and that it was playing in town. The showing began at 2:40 and I arrived at 2:50, so I paid my Cr$ 600 and went in.

I think it's a terrible film. It's certainly historically inaccurate, and it doesn't follow Bruce Chatwin's novel either. (I guess I'll read it again: my recollection is that it followed the facts of the da Souza family history pretty closely, just that it put a pretty lurid spin on them.) The African part was filmed in Ghana, with no attempt to make things really like Dahomey. The dynastic history of Dahomey is garbled, though with use of names from the real history; Herzog's hero isn't like de Souza and didn't live like de Souza. Certainly not in Elmina coaste. Those are the historian's obvious quibbles. I don't think Herzog would have dared to take such liberties with the historical record or with cultural representations for a film set in Europe. Still, I wouldn't except non-historians to get upset about such problems.

The bigger problems are that this is a replay of a 20s or 30s adventure film. Everything centers on the hero, and people simply bend to his will. The king of Dahomey is simply labeled as mad and bloodthirsty, and that's it. No other characters are developed but the lead. At the end we are told that slavery is bad, and that the hero ("Francisco Manoel de Oliveira") realizes that he has condemned himself by his participation in the crime of slavery. But the Africans are such cardboard characters that, despite the apologetic humanitiarianism, but film seems racist to me. I think Chatwin got closer to presenting the bloodthirsty side of life in Dahomey while still including real people.

I wrote, in my pocket notebook, a list of a lot of the scenes in case I want to go into this more deeply. All the slaves were male. (Only in the last scene do we see some female slaves.) The whole army for putting the hero's friend Gankpe in power is women, all of them topless, and all trained personally by Oliveira. The ladies looked lovely as they marched and fought, but I think real Amazons wore shirts, and the idea of Oliveira training them, and leading them in battle, is ludicrous. The male soldiers who appear at the beginning of the film wear strange horned headdresses made by costume designers, not by African warriors. And so forth. At the

end, just after we've seen the female slaves and one of them is handed over to Brazilian who comes over to cheat Oliveira once in a while, a small troupe of teen-age girls comes in to dance. They dance charmingly, and are led by an incredibly lovely and seductive little girl whose shoulder and eye moves would melt an iceberg. They sang in what I imagine was Fante. This was the one part of
the film -- aside from women dusting themselves in front of the king -- that felt to me like Africa. They showed the dancers again with the final credits, focusing on the lead. Maybe she'll get a break.

I wasn't angry at the end of it, but I was very surprised and very disappointed. I read over the review in O Globo. It mentions that the "senhor de engenho" is José Lewgoy, who I have seen on O Sorriso do Logardo. Here is the last few sentences. "Se na primeira metade o filme lembra o Cinema Novo no retrato que faz do sertâo, a partir do momento em que Cobra Verde desembarca na Africa é o choque de culturas que sustenta a narrativa. Herzog abomina artificios da narrative e o suspense facil: para ele o cinema é uma aventura, no quaal o espetaculo é decorrência natural da veracidade de cada cena. Num momento em que o cinema europeu parece tâo carente de idéias, a força de Herzog soa como um alento." If I understand this, I think it's bullshit.

I took a bus back to my neighborhood, had a sandwich and beer, then took a taxi to the airport. It was rush hour, and lots of cars and busses were on the roads. We passed the lake and went under a couple of tunnels near the Redeemer statue. As we got back to the port, just before going on the elevated portion of the road, I saw hundreds of people waiting at the roadside for buses. There were dozens of buses, too, but it gave me the impression that going home from work in Rio involves most of an hour of waiting for a bus, then standing up in it for another hour while it lurches through traffic. I knew there were sides of life in Rio I was missing in Copacabana. I started counting the number of persons per car: about half the cars had only one person, but a fair number had three. I guess it's about the regular distribution.

Getting through the airport hassle wasn't too bad. The airport tax is always a surprise, though -- I was ready to pay the Cr$ 800 I had been paying on domestic flights, and found out that I needed to pay Cr$ 4500. They took my last Cr$ 3000, but also took $6 to fill it out. Now my battery (that is, the computer's battery -- but mine too, I guess) is telling me it's time to quit before I lose the file, so I will. I wonder what's the human equivalent of losing a file. Umberto Eco would know.

I see that I never mentioned the immense cemetery above Botafogo. I saw it both from the air (where one was impressed by its extent) and from the ground (where one was impressed by how crowded it was with large monuments).

June 19, 1991. Cape Town. Evening.

I had a window seat behind the wing, and got a beautiful view of Rio at night with the takeoff. There were lots of ships in the harbor, lighted, on both sides of the bridge. I now have a better idea of layout of the north side of town, where I imagine most of the population lives. More picturesque, though, is the center, Flamengo, and Botafogo. Copacabana sticks out like the Giants stadium in New Jersey because of that battery of beach lights -- a glimpsed the Sugar Loaf silhouetted by them -- and then I could see Ipanema, Leblon and beyond. But I also got a good look at the north and east side of the bay. It isn't Rio and it isn't on any of the maps, but it houses a lot of population, and it must surely be nice to drive out the point, across from the Sugar Loaf, and look at the city.

Meanwhile, in the way airplane trips do, I had already been precipitated into South African life. The flight was pretty full, but went in an orderly enough fashion. I was naturally struck by the whiteness of the crew, the passengers, and the illustrations in the airline magazine (a young black girl on the cover, but that was it), plus the cosmopolitan sports show everybody puts on their airline videos. Not much in the way of hints from the airline food (which was made in Brazil in any case), but the wine service was interesting. I asked for white wine to drink, and was asked in response whether I wanted it dry -- the other choices were sweet and semi-sweet. The attractive but overly meticulous flight attendant who did wine in my aisle seemed to conduct a discussion on varieties of wine with each passenger. The video, meanwhile, emphasized a prestigious South African wine competition. The film was Hamlet, with Mel Gibson, Glenn Close and all. I was too tired to take it all in, but I liked the sets and staging, and I liked the stars. I should get the video and watch it with a text of the play.

I was fidgety and slept only a little. The airplane braked and I thought we had started our descent, but in fact we were in our final stages. I looked down to see Cape Town harbor. A nice neat, small harbor, with two or three large ships at dock. (From The Argus that day I learned that they were pleased to have this many big ships, as the port had recently been in decline. Quite a contrast in volume to Rio.) I saw the gridiron layout of downtown, then all disappeared below the coastal clouds. Then in just a little bit we were over water again -- False Bay – and then over land as we came in to land. As I went through the visa check, the official put a zebra code on my visa, then looked up my visa on his computer. So is this simply using all the technology that is available, or is it South African state anxiety about infiltrators? I picked up my bag, and went to the little bank guichet to change money, which I got at the rate of R 2.86 per dollar. With help of a friendly guy I met while shaving, I took the bus into the railroad terminal in Cape Town: R 10 for a 20–minute ride. The airport isn't very big – even the domestic terminal didn't seem so.

The baggage handlers and other such folks reminded me of the images I have seen of people from the Cape going back centuries, so I find it hard to think that any populations disappeared. We drove (on the left side, of course) along a freeway, past suburban neighborhoods that were all black. On roads and railway lines I saw groups of workers, and a few people walking the residential streets. We began to come into town -- up the hill next to Table Mountain, which gave a nice view of the area we had passed through, which is not within the city limits. Both whites and blacks were driving -- I don't know if I saw any cases where blacks and whites shared a car.

Once in town the next step was to find a hotel. Somehow I decided not to ask a taxi driver for help, hoping to find a place right near. I did, and I'm here at the St. George, part of a Southern Sun chain -- a nice place, but it will cost me $100 a day. Even before getting the hotel, I went into the American Express travel agency to find out about getting to Transkei. I found out right away that I had arrived at the exact moment of school holidays, and that virtually all air, train and bus (bus?) reservations were filled. In the hotel I started calling around. Fairly soon I got hold of Jeff Peires. He was as nice and helpful on the phone as in letters; he couldn't help emphasizing that he thought I had taken on too much for this trip, and that things go slowly in this country. I left a message at the History Workshop at Wits and with Belinda Bozzoli. Then I walked about town a bit to get a newspaper (I had expected to be able to find Johannesburg newspapers at least at the train station, but it was only the Argus and some tabloids) and maps of the town and the country, bought a sandwich, and later a pastry and coffee.

It turned out that the only way I could move from here was to take the Blue Train, the fancy overnight train to Joburg, at a cost of over R 900, and that I leave Friday the 21st at 10:50

a.m. and arrive Saturday at 11:00 a.m. So I bought the ticket. I think Jeff Peires was sorry I couldn't come to Transkei after all -- he and Luli Callinicos are going to participate in an open day in the rural Ciskei on Saturday, the day after I leave for Kinshasa, and he thought that would be the sort of thing I should see. I agree. He then gave me a phone number for the Transvaal Rural Action Committee and urged me to get into the countryside with their help. So I will do that first thing tomorrow. Then I called Belinda, told her my schedule, and she confirmed that I will give a lunchtime talk to the History Workshop on Thursday, the day before I leave. I call her on Saturday when I'm in Joburg.

First impressions of Cape Town are of a city, but one far smaller and less bustling than Boston or Baltimore. There were few signs of apartheid, aside from what appeared to be new signs on restrooms, and a door on a restaurant marked "service door, please use main entrance." I think it's always the case in city centers that social relations are more easy and open. I heard English and Afrikaans all over, and saw people of all complexions interacting with one another in a sensible and often friendly way. The hierarchy, of course was clear enough. While people of all colors sold clothes and jewelry etc. in the stands just outside the railway station, only Africans were selling
vegetables, and only Africans were wearing the sandwich ads offering to buy gold, even broken (does that mean people sell their fillings when times get rough?). At the lunch counter where I got a good sandwich and a Fanta for under R5, the Indian (Coloured?) man behind the counter worried about the small black man who, obviously a beggar, was talking with a tall white man. The white man told the shopkeeper that it was alright, he had been offering to buy the beggar something to eat rather than give him money, because you know what they will do if you just give them money.

So I was struck in a particular was because I just came from Brazil. In Brazil, there has never been any apartheid, but the racial hierarchy remains intact; in South Africa they're just getting over apartheid, and the racial hierarchy looks just about like that in Brazil, without any evident rancor among the various strata. But I bet there are less public displays of affection among people of different racial backgrounds here than in Brazil. I'm not trying to argue that formal racial discrimination makes no difference, but that the notion of institutional racism was the right one for the U.S., and remains the right one for explaining differences in social status in Brazil and even South Africa -- but I don't know how far any sociologists have got in actually showing how institutional racism works.

I walked around town for most of an hour, though I stopped then because I had overdone it in the previous two days. I did walk over to the Houses of Parliament, not so much because of what parliament has been, but because of the possibility that there may be a real parliament in South Africa. It's a big square building, 4 or 5 stories, sedately brown, and nestled into park-like surroundings including a museum, cathedral and so forth.

Jim Brooke had mentioned to me that the story on South Africa was the end of what I think was the Population Registration Act. I saw nothing of that in the Argus, but I did see articles on the results of a struggle in the House of Representatives, the 'Coloured' third of the tricameral legislature. The Labour Party, led by Rev. Alan Hendrickse, used to hold almost all the seats. But within the last year or so, many of them switched to affiliate with the Nationalist Party. It seems that De Klerk, losing support on his right, tried to confirm the growth of support on his left. So the Nats made a resolution of no-confidence in the House of Representatives, but Labour won it by 43 to 40. Labour Party members sang We Shall Overcome, shouted "Viva Hendrickse" and raised fists as they won; Nats Minister of Finance Barend du Plessis called

Hendrickse's speech racist because it attacked whites and those blacks who had crossed the aisle, and the Argus editorial said that Labour's policy of trying to fight apartheid from within the tricameral system was ineffective, so that the National Party with its own reforms won over 40 members from Labour and came close to transforming Labour from within. The question is the strength of the various parties in the coming multiparty negotiations.

June 21, 1991. Morning.

This is Friday morning, and in a couple hours I get on the Blue Train for my 24−hour ride to Johannesburg. Yesterday morning I woke up slowly, as a result of exhaustion from the previous couple of days plus the 5−hour time change. After a couple cups of coffee and different places I began both to remember what I was up to and be able to make change in South African currency (the small change here is confusing in a way that stems from its British origins). I got on the phone and reached Bill Freund in Durban, as he was having tea with Heather Hughes, so we confirmed my arrival there for sometime Sunday and my talk for Tuesday. Maybe I'll be able to arrange to fly back from Durban to Joburg Tuesday night. I tried Joanne Yevitch, as recommended by Jeff Peires, but found she no longer works at TRAC (Transvaal Rural Action Committee); the person to whom I talked gave me the TRAC number, 833−1063, but I was reluctant to call, as I would be dropping out of the blue. So with this I decided to go out to the University of the Western Cape.

I found that the station was Unibell, bought a railroad ticket, asked my way to the train, and within a couple minutes it pulled out of the station. Lots of tracks, lots of trains, lots of passenger cars on the sidings. We passed mounds of coal being moved around by a steamshovel. For the first time I noticed signs (in the railroad car) in Xhosa as well as English and Afrikaans. We passed through neighborhoods of steadily poorer families, though virtually all the streets were paved.

We got to Unibell, a station off by itself. The UWC campus was obviously off to the left (north), but I asked a woman who rode in my car to be sure. We all walked a few hundred feet along a roadway sheltered by a double row of eucalyptus trees, and groups broke off at varying points to enter the campus. It has new buildings, and is attractively built in brick. (One of the buildings, I learned later from Leslie Witz, was originally built as a hall for the coloured section of the legislature; the whole area of Bellville South was set aside as a coloured area, and was supposed to get a shopping complex etc., but none of that ever happened.) I entered the library, an originally conceived and pleasantly executed structure. In the center of the building is a great spiral walkway. To one's left, walking up the spiral, are fourteen successive sections, organized topically: reference, law, business, African studies, and so forth. Only the African studies section was closed off −− I didn't find out why. I walked through the student union, a nice open room. At the cafeteria I saw a sign asking that patrons wait for a late opening that day because the staff was having a union meeting. Walking through the halls on my way to the History Dept., I saw a spray-painted slogan on the wall: "NEW UNITY MOVEMENT SAYS NEGOTIATIONS = COLLABORATION". So the Unity Movement is at it again, or still.

I got to History just at noon, and there I met Leslie Witz, talking with students. He recognized my name, then introduced me to a colleague and to the department chair (I moved too slow and lost the name of each). They had just finished exams and were marking them; students were anxious to know the results, as some of them will need to take a second exam in ten days. But Leslie took me into his office and we talked for about an hour. He is new at UWC -- is it just since January, or has it been a year and a half? In any case he has taken responsibility, along

with Susan Newton-King, for the first-year course in History 1, The Making of the Modern World. UWC has 3000 enrollees in history courses. History 1 has six lecturers (sections in English and Afrikaans), and twelve tutors; I think the tutorials have 35 students each, so they're really jammed. Most students are daytime students, and they have financial aid. That is, the go to the Department of Education (national level, wherever it fits into this country's complex bureaucracy) and pledge to become teachers, and get loans that they will pay off once they begin work. About 300 of the History 1 students, however, are already teaching (many are above 50), and they take classes in the evening.

They put lots of work into the course. Leslie gave me their syllabus and packet and exam for the first half of the course, just completed. Readings include the first and last chapters from my Slavery and African Life, and the additional tutorial readings include Chapter 7. I thought the course showed more originality and coherence that any of those I saw in April, though the basic problems are still there. They chose not to use a text, and structured assignments and exams to force students to study concepts, not just memorize. This was hard for all of them, but especially hard for the practicing teachers, who have been habituated for years to memorization, and who prepared for exams, for instance, by memorizing an essay and writing it regardless of the question. They put up quite a struggle.

Leslie also gave me the packet of readings for their oral history course. Everyone has to take the course and do a bunch of readings before doing any interviewing. Leslie thinks that helps, and he likes the packet -- says he finds it useful to read himself. I looked at it on the train back in, and found it would help me in thinking about history and psychology.

At 1:00 p.m. Leslie had to go off to a meeting on faculty salaries. I checked a few offices on campus, hoping to find a university catalog, but all were closed for lunch, so I went back to the train station. There I waited about an hour (I didn't have a schedule). Eventually, large numbers of people showed up, all from UWC, and then a train. I took a seat; boys of ten to twelve stood in the doorways and leaned out as the train moved along; at the next station one boy waited until the train began moving, then hopped in through a window. I saw that most passengers got off at Mowbray and Langa stations, about 20 minutes from Unibell, while the Cape Town terminus was a little over 30 minutes from Unibell.

Then as I got off the train, I learned about apartheid on the train system. When I got on, I saw the first two care had "1" (first class) on the side, so I passed them and got on the next car, marked "3." As I got off and walked to the station, I saw a sign saying this exit was only for passengers with first-class tickets. So I turned about and went the other way, thereby joining most of the passengers. I studied my ticket again, but could see no indication of whether it was first class or second. I walked up the ramp, handed my ticket to the gate man, and asked him if it was a first-class ticket. He didn't want to answer, and motioned that I should go on through. I asked again, and finally he said that it was a first-class ticket. So I looked around and found myself in the second station, the second-class station. It was built just about like the first-class station, but it had a lot more people in it, all of them black. I walked through it, and found it had a few more vegetable sellers than the other. I saw a big billboard proclaiming "Free Enterprise is Working." Once outside, I walked back to the first-class station, about two long blocks (the trains have nearly twenty cars). I passed by a jitney station, with lots of 10 passenger vans labeled with different parts of town, which I had not seen before but which presumably move people about town in the usual African fashion.

I went to the hotel, got a sandwich, collected a message from the History Workshop but was unable to get through in calling back, and went back to the train station, this time to go to the

University of Cape Town. I verified that Rosebank was the station, and bought a ticket. I didn't say first class, but the man automatically gave me one, and this ticket clearly said "1" for first class. So that's one part of the system - white folks get first class unless they ask for different. As I went through the gate I saw the sign I had missed before, indicating that this was for first-class tickets only. I noticed that there were more first-class cars on this line (to Simon's Town) than the other line I rode, and more white passengers.

To complete the story on trains: it didn't take much study for me to figure out the pattern. White folks take first class, black folks take second class, coloured folks take first class, but ride in the section of first class next to second class. Each of the stations has two sets of restrooms, one at each end of the platform - each now with a sign simply indicating men or women. (The terminal stations have restrooms, again indicating men or women.) Individuals can and do use whatever restroom is closest, and ride in whatever car they wish. I saw just a couple whites in second class, and a fair numbers of blacks as well as coloured in first class. The old system, as Leslie Witz and Patrick Harries verified for me, was whites first class, coloured second class, blacks third class. The tickets say first and second, but the trains say first and third - that does seem to help keep white folks out of black cars. One other dimension of the terminal station. As I got back from UCT it was rush hour, and a saw lots of blacks walking into the first-class station and then up a set of stairs to a walkway leading back to the second-class station. So I think that in the old days the coloured, second-class folk got to use the front station. Mostly, I imagine, people ride the trains today in the same way they rode them before, simply out of habit. Leslie and Patrick were a bit amazed that I had taken the train; neither of them has ridden trains in some time, and they spoke of the train to Unibell as being on a dangerous line. But there were plenty of whites on the Simons Town line.

Anyhow, it was 15 minutes out to Rosebank, and then I walked up to find the University of Cape Town, arriving about 4:00 p.m. I kept going until I found the administration building, and there I found a woman at the office providing information with nice photos on the wall of what the call the lower and upper campuses -- the two are divided by a highway. She told me to go up, pass the tennis court, to the tunnel, "over the tunnel" (I liked that), then past the athletic field and two buildings left to Beattie Hall, where I would find history. Up I went, and just above the athletic field I found the statue of a seated Cecil Rhodes, overseeing and pondering the Cape landscape laid out before him (he was looking east and a little bit south, not toward Cairo). Below him was an inscription. "Cecil John Rhodes / 1853−1902 / "I dream my dream / by rock and heather and pine / of empire to the northward / ay one land / from Lion's Head to Line" / Rudyard Kipling. I wasn't able to determine what "line" is. Above the statue was a great staircase, and above it a building prominently labeled Jameson Hall. I didn't have to ask which Jameson - it's Leander Starr Jameson of the 1895 Raid. Patrick Harries told me later that money came to the university from Jameson's widow. Groote Schur the house and Groote Schur the estate are just next to UCT, to the south; the house has been reopened by De Klerk as a residence, and it was there that he and Mandela met for one set of negotiations. Up above the campus is the Rhodes Memorial. Patrick noted that, even with the influx of black students at UCT, there are no complaints about either the Rhodes statue or Jameson hall. He pronounced Jameson with an open a.

I found Beattie hall, went to the second floor and noted the office doors of the historians and economic historians. Too bad I missed them. It's a nice big, pleasant old academic building, one of many such on the campus. I walked back down to the train, on brick walkways through acacias, eucalyptus and camellias, some of the latter quite enormous. The tan-to-orange brick of

the buildings gives a very pleasant effect. No matter how nice the UWC campus is compared to most African universities and many elsewhere, they will never be able to get over their envy of UCT. Shades of Northeastern vs. Harvard.

June 21, 1991. Noon.

Now I'm on the Blue Traiin, passing through Paarl and what I think is the Paarl Valley (we just passed the Huguenot train station), so I'll pick up a narrative mixing last night & today, and with a break for lunch in a bit.

When I got back from UCT I stopped for a cup of coffee and a kidney pie, and then went to a newstand at the station when I picked up Drum in addition to the Weekly Mail and South that I had bought earlier. Back at the hotel I found Leslie had called and asked me to call at 6:00. I did so and he and a colleague (Suresh Rasul, I think) wanted to meet me for drinks. Meanwhile I called Patrick Harries, and found that he was happy to join us. We met in the hotel lobby at just after 8 pm -- only Suresh didn't come, as he had free tickets to a Hugh Masekela concert -- his first tour since returning to the country. (I remember having a nephew of his as a Western Civ student when I taught at Bryn Mawr. Smart but didn't finish the course.)

We went downstairs to the restaurant, then Patrick figures we could go upstairs to the club, which we did. We had the place to ourselves, and had KWV brandy. We chatted about history and about South Africa until nearly 11:00; only toward the end did I begin to take notes. Patrick asked me about my research. He saw the move from slavery to democratization as a big one, so I tried to fill him in on the links - Capitalism and World History project, world history PhD, world historiography, and the 1989 visit to Benin. When I said the 1989–90 book will be as much journalism as history, he cheered (and I was cheered).

It's been another 20 minutes and we're still passing through the Cape's wine country. There are more vineyards inland from Paarl than before it. It is, of course, the beginning of winter, and everything has been cut back. But I find these far less extensive and much more ragged looking than those of northern California. Paarl itself is a nice little white town of single family homes packed together. Few workers in the fields now, but all of them are black. Stands of eucalyptus here and there.

June 21. 5:00 p.m.

Lunch went from 12:30 to 2:00, then I took a nap and woke at around 4:00. I went for tea in the lounge to shake off grogginess, then came back to my room and practiced a few samba steps.

So I'll finish up on last night. On Cape Town, Patrick mentioned a book by Bill Finnegan, Crossing the Line, written I think in 1978. Patrick, by the way, is still maintaining his relationship with Elizabeth, the Swiss woman he linked up with about eight years ago, though she continues to work in New York.

They discussed the census, completed earlier in 1991. For the black areas, the census is being done by aerial photography. No kidding! It's an update of the old colonial gimmick of counting houses and multiplying by some given figure. Indeed, Patrick said that in the northeast, he knew of cases where officialdom asked the minister's wife to be census taker, and she did a very approximate estimate of houses. Leslie's wife, perturbed by the appearance of the census taker, asked if they couldn't just take a photo there too. (For whites they mail a form, then pick it up in person.) This in a year when representation in a constituent assembly and in parliament are at stake.

From Patrick and Leslie I confirmed that (for white South Africans at least, as I gathered from newspapers) the key date is February 2, 1990 - De Klerk's speech - rather than Feb. 11 (I think that's it), the day of Mandela's release. The latter is certainly the date for Americans; I wonder about black South Africans.

UWC was given a museum and an Institute for Historical Studies early on. The diea was to celebrate the specificity of the coloured past. Now the museum has been made into one on the history of apartheid - jokingly known as the "struggle museum" to the likes of Patrick and Leslie. And the institute is becoming a real institute, specializing in history. It seems that Colin Bundy, who just moved from UCT to UWC a year ago, may move next to the institute, perhaps dividing his time between research there and teaching graduate students at UWC. Patrick volunteered a critique of those returning to the country who hoped to move into top research positions, leaving teaching for those of lesser status, at a time when teaching is so crucial. He went on for a bit about the difficulty of bringing the African students, with their weak backgrounds, up to the level of the elite white students at UCT. I soon saw a sort of parallel between UCT and USP. They send their best undergrads off overseas for PhDs - these will now be black rather than white, and they will go to the US rather than Britain - and bring them back for faculty positions, thus ensuring continuity and standards, but not challenge of ideas.

I described for them the Princeton conference on the RHR issue, and Phil Bonner's interpretation of what Richard Rathbone had in mind - that is, no fundamental critique, and that he drew back a bit once Phil arrived. I mentioned Rob Schell's critique from the Cape point of view, and they agreed. They reminded me of the sharp grad student, Shamil Jeppie, who is at Princeton and was at the conference. They discussed the SAHJ critique - a set of four reviews by radical authors in a basically liberal journal, with the critique being centered apparently on the lack of sufficient black representation among authors, and on the Bozzoli-Delius introduction as something making HW the teleological end of historiography. I'm sure I'll find out more about this before I leave.

I asked about music. They hesitated for a moment, then gave me fore than I could handle. Leslie mentioned a TV2 series, "Our Kind of Music." I think TV2 is the African language station (or one of them), though the program is in English. It's a history of South African jazz, going back to the turn of the century. The last episode was somewhere in the 20s or 30s, and included clips of maravi music. I think much of the work was done by Victor Ntorni (sp?) of the U of Natal music department. It shows at 8:30 Monday on TV2.

Then they listed Brenda Fassie in disco, Lucky Dubay in reggae, Mango Groove (a fusion group drawing on pop music from all over Africa), Sakhile (sp), Dellabrand - or Abdullay Ibrahim as he has been known while playing for years in the US. His tunr (album?) "Mannenberg" has become a sort of hymn of Cape Town. This sort of jazz is also called African Fringe. Then Roger Lucy (sp), a white protest singer of the 70s (album "The Road is Much Longer") who has just recorded again. And Jennifer Ferguson, who Patrick described as South Africa's Joni Mitchell.

I launched the thesis that there had been some sort of linkage of white and black professional classes that had been influential in speeding change in South Africa. Their first response was to emphasize the very white nature of History Workshop, its emphasis on academic standards maintaining that distance - you can't come to a HW conference without a paper. They gave the counter-example of the sociologists, who for some years have been holding very open meetings. The result has been a lot of dispute, controversy and confusion, but nonetheless

contact. The academic quality of papers has suffered but they go ahead anyway. I hope I get to ask Fatima Meer about this.

I tried to sharpen my argument, saying that the ideology of ANC had combined with that of white radicals to discredit apartheid ideology. Patrick raised his eyebrow at the notion of ANC ideology - he sees it as disparate and unenunciated - and he argued that the liberals and liberal ideology will be back in South Africa. I persisted, arguing that ANC projected a critique of capitalism, and that for American blacks, ANC and Mandela provided a model that was not only anti-racist but also critical of capitalism, and that this was influential when set against the other models they face.

I need to work more and ask more on this notion of a linkage between white and black folks at the professional level. Leslie did point out that the jazz TV program draws heavily on Charles Van Onselen - type views of urban life.

We were tired and winding down, and chatted for a few minutes about teaching. Patrick said his black students really do seem to believe that life before colonialism was utterly lacking in contradiction - that the chiefs were good to their people. Still, Leslie got his students to do role-playing in their study of slave trade, and they did very well. I suggested that examples from further north might even put a timer on this outlook. Everyone preached unity at the moment of independence, but within ten years the disputes between descendants of slaves and of masters had broken into the open, so both social controversy and academic analysis of slavery began in the late 60s.

I talked a bit about Joao Reis's idea of an international university, and of the need for global institutions in the study of world history. They said that historians in South Africa do South Africa and one other area - Patrick does Algeria – and are not really up for taking on the world. (Yet they are teaching it.) They see the relevance of this larger framework, but don't see how to tie into it. I can only agree that it will take a lot of thought to learn how to fit them into a network. But they could see as well as anyone else the absurdity of an American national school of world history.

Both, but Patrick especially, were interested in opening contacts with scholars elsewhere in Africa, and I recommended particularly the group in Benin. I have written letters with addressed and details on Benin and Brazil, so all I have to do is mail them, and we'll see if they can follow up on contacts.

Both are pretty widely read and are dedicated teachers. Leslie is a bit deferential toward Patrick, but the power and directiveness of his History 1 syllabus suggests to me that he is formidable in the classroom.

I walked them to the hotel lobby and we said goodbye. It was too late for dinner, so I pulled a chocolate bar, some peanuts and some red wine out of the mini bar and watched a bit of TV. It was the West Indies (the veterans) catching up to the English (the upstarts) to even their series at 1-1.

I slept very badly (what's going on here?) but did manage to get up shortly after7:00. On the TV I saw an interesting interview on the sports boycott. Steve Brittain and Bonghi Sishi were the interviewers, and they were talking to Sam Ramsamy, head of INOCSA, and Moss Mashishi, head of NOSC. INOCSA is the interim national Olympic committee of SA; NOSC is the national Olympic and sports council. Brittain began by saying there was a lot of confusion, as ties are opening with some countries and in various sports. Ramsamy distinguished the IOC and the IAAF - the latter meets more frequently but the former decides. What he's trying to do is get agreement with the IOC and with the African Olympic committee on how to demonstrate

unity in all SA
sports. I think unity means single national federations for each sport, linked to the national committee. The problem is that some sports, the formerly white sports (rugby & polo are two examples I have since run into), have been going ahead and opening up ties, without waiting for the international go-ahead, and maybe without internal unity. On the other hand, Ramsamy emphasized that there will always be laggards and those who jump the gun - the point is the maximum of unity feasible. There is to be a national sports festival this weekend, and both men expressed hope that many of the remaining sports will be able to unify and join it. Mashishi noted that some of the groups in IAAF are competing to be the first to have ties to South Africa (Kenya has just made such a move for their marathon). He didn't condemn it but did discourage it.

This takes me back to a final point from last night. Both Leslie and Patrick, but especially Patrick, expressed surprise at how fast and how fully things had changed in South Africa. Patrick (without giving specifics) said he saw changes in whites he would never have believed possible. He's very confident that the process will continue and a new constitution will go into place. Leslie is less sanguine, and fears as I do that such issues as political prisoners may hang up the negotiations badly. But I'll take the point - the newspapers, for instance, still represent an establishment viewpoint, but there is no cheap carping at non-whites. (Well, I saw Trans-Africa listed as an anti-Pretoria lobby.) The racism will be back, surely, but perhaps never again in its special South African form.

This morning I worked on my journal, packed, and then called History Workshop. I got Madhu Kanji, who turned out to be a bright and friendly woman. We confirmed my lunch Thursday, and I told her the rest of my schedule. She asked if I were being met Saturday, and I made the mistake of not asking to be met. Oh well. Then I called TRAC, found that one number was 2 years out of date, and got no answer at the others.

So I checked out (R 500) and walked over to the train. I was assigned compartment 6C. The attendant introduced himself as Atie and settled me into a plush compartment with seat/bed, table, wash basin, and a set of dials for heat, blinds, and the radio. I opened my information packet and read about the history of the Blue Train and its predecessors, plus the route and the composition of the train. The chief attendant came to tell me that lunch would be at 12:30 and dinner at 8:00. The conductor came to take my ticket. We left at 10:51 (one minute late) and moved slowly through the north side of town and to Bellville. As we did, Atie knocked and said they could put me in a bigger compartment, and so we took my bags down to 4E, where I have nearly twice as much space and another seat/bed. Enough space to practice a little samba, which I did.

I watched the open, dry countryside for about an hour, until we got to Paarl. From there we went north toward Wellington. The vineyards went on further than I expected - we still saw some as I finished up lunch at 2:00, by which time were at Worcester.

Lunch was fancy enough. I salmon trout terrine, followed by fried fish (kingklip), then broiled kudu steak with a nice sauce and overcooked yet tasty carrots and Brussels sprouts, banana merengue for dessert, then cheese and crackers and coffee. I had a 250 m. bottle of Riesling with it. My table-mate was a retired Afrikaner man from Johannesburg who flew to Cape Town for holiday, stayed in the St. George's, and is heading home. We talked about countryside and trains. He noted that an early decision had been made for narrow-guage rail here, and that it couldn't be changed. It means slow trains in particular. He's right, for South

Africa and the rest of the continent. Cars on the highway passed us by. But the slowness of the train is also for comfort. It is a very smooth ride.

I came back to the room at Worcester, and lay down for a nap, thus missing the set of four tunnels, the last of which I think is 13 mk, taking over 20 minutes to get through. So that's the summit, rather than the high point before Wolseley that I had picked out as summit - it was just a high point in a valley. I awoke a bit before we passed Laingsburg, a town I would guess at from 5 to 10,000 - whites and downtown on one side of the tracked, blacks on the other. By now we were in the Karroo. Mountains above alluvial plains in much the same design as at the Cape itself, only the vegetation was different. Low scrub, a bit like sagebrush. No trees except at habitations. As Bill Freund said, not as dry as the Mojave. Iit got dark by 6:00, before we got to any other landmarks I noted.

June 21. 11:00 p.m.

I'm having a brandy in the lounge, having finished dinner and then an hour of sketching the preface to the 1989-90 book.

We arrived at Beaufort West at 7:30 - actually, 7:28, which I think was 6 minutes ahead of schedule. We had a half hour wait while they changed from electric to diesel engine. The charming female recorded voice announced that we could walk about, and that the train would leave at 8:00. The same woman spoke in English, Afrikaans, and German - the latter, I guess, in response to German tourists, of whom I saw none though this is surely not the season. So I hopped off. It was cool and breezy, but I was OK in a cotton shirt. I walked up to the front of the train. The electric engine was already gone, and in no time the diesel showed up. So it could have left by 7:35. I noted the engineer was wearing a tie. Then I realized that the power remained on even without the engine (in contrast to Amtrak) and wondered how they did it. I walked to the back of the train and there encountered the car noted on my list of cars as the power car - it had a diesel engine running, so a concluded this was it. Then I walked back up the platform and into the station. One black man at the far end of the platform asked if I could help him - reminding me only that one needs a policy on handouts in each place, and it takes a while to develop one. In a sense it's really as simple as give when asked, but somehow that's not quite it. Still, I don't give enough. In any case, I said no to him. I entered the station (over the door was a sign saying it was for 1st and 2nd class tickets). Inside, several black people were sitting in a small waiting room. I went through to the other side - a parking lot, and I couldn't see much of the town. I looked up to check out the stars, as I had done from the window of my compartment, but I saw a half moon overhead and street lights all around, so I was disappointed in my hope of seeing a sky full of stars (which, it seems, I do miss). Then I saw two signs in the parking lot. The first said, in English and Afrikaans, "White taxis, 2 parkings"; the other said, "Non-white taxis, 7 parkings." I'm sure there are a million such examples.

I found Atie and asked him about the power without the engine. He said that the power car was for the air conditioning only, and that the lights were kept going by batteries. Amazing. I asked him a bit about his work, and he said he lives in Johannesburg. He happens to have two days off at the end of this run, but normally he goes back and forth each day. Now I've just figures out this can't quite be the case, as the train coming in at 11:00 can't be the one leaving at 10:50, and the trains don't go every day. I think it's M,W,F, so there must be 2 trains and a one-day layover for each. I'll ask further. He also said there is a train to Durban (once a week, I think), and trains to Kruger National Park in season. Anyhow, Atie spoke of the need to keep feeding his children, so I asked further -- he has 3, the eldest is a boy of 15 who he says is in

school and doing well. I asked what he was working toward and got no answer. Well, 15-year-olds don't necessarily know where they're headed. Plus it was none of my business, though I'm not sorry I asked.

Dinner call came at 8:00, just before we left. I put on my suit and a tie - probably the only time for the trip – and headed for the dining car. I ate alone, as my lunchtime companion had joined the group he had somehow moved away from at lunch. To begin, it was crocodile terrine. Well, that's what it said. I guess the crocodile part was the little meaty part in the center of the same pate we had at lunch. Then I had Duchess Cream, which was a fairly thick chicken soup. I had another small bottle of the Paarl Riesling with this. Then came fried Yellowtail maitre d'hotel. I guess that makes this a hotel. Then I had a choice of pork with Cavados sauce or Karoo lamb. I asked two waiters, got a split decision and turned down the offer of some of each to have the lamb. It was pretty good. The vegetables, however, were frozen (as I realized those at lunch had been), so that's what "in season" means. I had a 250 ml bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon from the same Paarl winery; I liked the Riesling better. For dessert I had a date cake in brandy sauce - the latter was good, the former OK. Then cheese and crackers again, and tea. Then I ordered a brandy, the 20−year KWV (i.e. local best) brandy, at about R5.

As I got toward the end of dinner, I thought about my whole trip and began formulating an initial chapter of the 1989−90 book in which I would simply recount the trip; then I began to get prose for a preface leading into that chapter. I got rather emotional as I did so, and as I wiped away the tears I concluded that I must be on to what I wanted to do, so I headed back to the room to start capturing the prose before it got away.

The ironic experience of being on this train is helping to force the prose into the open. This re-entry of South Africa into the world is in one sense a relief, and in another it makes one look at everything twice. The wine and the brandy, which I have avoided religiously over the years, are all produced by black workers, and I am now consuming them with pleasure. The compartment attendants are all black, the waiters and cooks are all white Afrikaners. I note a string of arguments between one waiter, whom I judge to be barely competent, and a black man who is a kitchen attendant. It all takes place in Afrikaans, so I am in the dark. Is it old-style baaskap, or a joking relationship? It is so sadly clear that what will happen here is not the end of hierarchy, not even the end of racial hierarchy, but the end of formalized, apartheid hierarchy.

I told Leslie and Patrick yesterday that I though South Africa should abolish the distinction between first and second class in the trains. That would bring progress, but it would get South Africa no further than the US is.

I occasionally listened to the Muzak on the train. I was so struck by the contrast beetween interesting (if mournful) black music and boring muzak for white folks, as portrayed in Last Grave at Dimbaza, that Ikeep checking to see if that's the real story. Lots of boring muzak on this train. But at lunch we had Ladysmith Black Mumbazo playing quietly, and at other times I heard muzak clearly inspired (especially in flute solos) by black music. Dinner was accompanied by American show tunes. Now (at midnight) we get some jazz and some pop instrumentals. Investigation to be continued.

We've been sitting for a while in De Aar - perhaps another engine change. That's enough for tonight.

Oh, yes. They put your name on your door. When they move you, they move your name tag too.

July 22, 1991. Saturday morning.

Up at 7:00, exercised, and sat down for breakfast at 7:30. I saw frost on some tank cars as we pulled into Klerksdorp station. Signs seemed to have been adjusted on the station. Countryside is flat and straw-colored now - I've seen a few stands of dead maize stalks. The towns include lots of low trees; a fair number of eucalyptus are in the countryside. Past Klerksdorp I saw a series of mine tailings - rather huge accumulations of earth.

Got back to my room to find it made up (of course), and with a copy of today's The Citizen, a Joburg tabloid. Runners won't be going to Kenya, as NOSC and runners council agree to adhere to the international moratorium. Israel is ready to drop sanctions (when US does). ILO votes for keeping them. Govt is ready to move on a Multi-Party Conference (MPC) right after the July ANC conference. CP disbanded its Information and Strategy Committee, headed by Koos van der Merwe, after he called for political accommodation with blacks in White South Africa. Nelson Mandela spoke to metal workers union, admitting problems in reporting back sufficiently, and on mix of mass action and discussion (with government), promised corrective measures. Deputy Minister of Law and Order called on new members of (national) police force not to allow service they render to public to be affected by their own political beliefs or by the color of the person who needed help. Mugabe called for abandoning East European models, 3 days after inviting head of SA trade mission in Harare to a diplomatic function. Western Australian sports group visiting Cape Town to set up contacts. Columnist says trade with US will not boom. Albanians cheer as Lenin monument is removed from central Tirana, hours before a visit by James Baker (on June 21). Parliament - 1991 session ends. "Pillars of Apartheid," Group Areas and Population Registration repealed, also about 5000 acts, ordinances, by-laws and regulations repealed. CP fought against all repeals. 1990 government established R 3 billion fund for social upliftment, from savings from not having to stockpile oil, and added R 1 billion 1991. De Klerk visited England, Ireland, Denmark, then Kenya and Swaziland. Planned visits to Nigeria and Egype. Joe Slovo "not shocked" by US Congress decision to stop funding the ANC unless it breaks with SACP. Sarcastic film banned in Cuba. UWC conference July 6-7 to discuss forming a women's alliance to ensure participation in negotiations for new constitution and bill of rights, listing a wide range of invitees. UN report on lagging position of women in economic, social, political affairs. Australian commission called for killing feral animals - wild water buffalo, horses, cattle, donkeys, camels and pigs, especially in N Terrs. Russian ice skaters Ekaterina Gordeeva and Sergei Grinkov head a show in Cape Town. Outgoing Chamber of Mines president Clive Knobbs, announced on Tuesday plays to relaunch the Krugerrand. But Eli Levine, chair of SA Gold Coin Exchange, cautioned against high expectations on its sales. (EC set sanctions on the coin 1985.) Govt proposes to subject local Krugerrand sales to the new 12% VAT from October. Gold sales down generally. On my pillow last night was a chocolate coin - good night on one side, Beacon chocolate on the other, but the portrait of Kruger too.

South, June 13-19, 1991. Candidates for seats on ANC exec reserved for women. Struggle over dominance of 2 taxi associations in squatter community. Claim of police brutality, beating of a suspected meat thief. Police union at Robben Island struck last year; state now pursuing disciplinary measures against members. Human Rights Commission reports on political prisoners, claims 972 still behind bars June 3. Women on the rise - Hilda Ndude of ANC Women's League National Exec, Elaine Salo of UWC Sociology Dept, Linda Bam, senior consultant at Norwich Life. Hugh Masakela, recently returned, and his Sekunjalo Tour of "40 world musicians in a 5-hour musical experience." Shawn Slovo. Interview of Tambo in London - to return to SA late June. ANC moves to close gender gap. I took a bunch of clippings.

The Weekly Mail, June 14−20, 1991. Minister of Education and Culture closed 5 white teacher training colleges, claiming an oversupply of teachers. Then a warning some black education colleges may close. Southern Life donated 300 Primus stoves to people of Phola Park, E Rand, 6 months ago after violence and burning of shacks there. Winnie Mandela led wives of businessmen to visit, and donation came then. Weekly Mail asked ANC about stoves they were promised, but still haven't showed. Book Gatsha Buthelezi: Chief with a double agendaò (Zed, 1988), labeled defamatory by his lawyers, pulled of shelves by U of Natal, Rhodes U; Wits and UCT were deciding. Factory-made fold-up spears show up in Soweto hostels, sold by whites for R 12 then R 25. Dispute is over whether assegais are traditional or factory-made. Editorial page. On social democracy and SACP, on origins of Weekly Mail, on Buthelezi in US, on VAT, and on ANC conference. I clipped the last sentence-full.

Cape Times, 20 June 1991. ANC activist Mziwonke "Pro" Jack, of Nyanga, assassinated in his car by 4 gunmen. Steve Biko case reopened in Parliament, after adoption of a resolution in House of Delegates. Tambo calls on government to give Walvis Bay to Namibia, not wait for new govt. Bush faces battle from Kennedy on attempt to end sanctions (in court). Sam Ramsamy ended nearly two decades of exile in London yesterday (19th) to take up residence in Joburg. I clipped article. A bank economist predicted a growth in SA GDP of 4.5% over the next 2-3 years.

Business Day, 21 June 1991. Published Joburg. JSE rose by 50 to 3391 on 20th, just under record high of 3392 on 20 March 1990. ANC International affairs director Thabo Mbeki addressed SA Property Owners Assn conference, said constitutional negotiations could begin soon if violence and other obstacles could be overcome, but quality of life for blacks had to improve to help prospects for peaceful change. Squatters on a government farm won right to appeal an eviction order. SA Motor Corp (Samcor) Mazdas to go on sale in England in July. Article on ANC conference - I clipped it and editorial on habeus corpus.

Cape Times, 21 June 1991. Pope to visit SA in 1992?

(We are being delayed for an hour in the midst of a cornfield. The conductor just came by to say that, apparently because of the cold, a connection to the engine's linking to the electric line had broken, and we had to wait for a repair unit to be sent out. He asked if I had a plane to meet, but the delay is causing me no problem. Engine power or no, the air conditioning continues and so does the electricity.)

Drum, "Africa's Leading Magazine," July 1991. Photo off Mandela standing with his image at Mme Tussaud's wax museum in London. A letter of praise for De Klerk. "Who is responsible for killing four people?" On Swanieville massacre May 12. Inkatha men and 3 whites wearing balaclavas opened fire, 28 died officially, more in fact. Jesse Jackson column, on U.S. "Is Satanism gaining ground in our townships?" Reports of babies with throats slit. Madala Mphahlele, invited March to become general manager of SABC unit covering TV 2, 3, and 4. SABC went to headhunters, they picked him out (he was an advertising exec). "Have our exiiled musicians lost their popularity?" Hugh Masakela's 3 concerns brought a total of only 9000, and the 4th was cancelled. Brenda Fassie and Yvonne Chaka Chaka are more famous. Focus of the magazine is South African urban life. Then links to the US, and bits on blacks in Britain and on English-speaking Africa. Big emphasis on sports, also on media. Mike Tyson and his girlfriends. As for Jesse Jackson - are his visits to SA a cause or a reflection of this linkage?

June 23, 1991. 10:30 a.m.

I'm on the Greyhound bus, bound for Durban. We've just got onto N3, and from the occasional rise one can see across the plain, under the brown haze, the warehouses and factories of the east side. We've just passed the turnoff for Germiston to our left. Beyond groves of eucalyptus marking open fields between warehouses, I can see smaller trees which must shelter residential areas. I'm reminded that, on the map, Soweto and the other townships seem not so far out, not as isolated as I thought - or perhaps as they once were. I should ask about the structure of municipal govt - it seems to me that integrating all municipal govt might be feasible, and might help address the problems of inequality. [That evening I talked with Bill Freund, who reminded me of the unrepresentative municipal governments set up in black areas under apartheid, how these folks survived and crooks, and how their patterns survive in demands for local control of black neighborhoods.]

We're just passing a set of fairly new township houses on our right, separated from the rest of the urban area.

On yesterday, Saturday, we entered the metropolis about noon, and got to the station just before 1:00. Randfontein was the first sizeable town, and next was Robinson. From Krugersdorp on it's all inhabited. At Roodeport I saw a huge, square hill of old tailings, now with trees on them.

Once off the train, I found they had no hotel service at the station, so I found a taxi and talked with the driver a bit, asking for a modestly priced hotel. He suggested we move out of the center, where hotels are either expensive or noisy. He first suggested Holiday Inn, and then suggested what Ii thought was Travelodge but turned out to be City Lodge.

We drove north on the freeway for about 15 minutes, and into a suburban motel. The room there was at R 108.50, and it was nice, so I did alright on that score. I asked for a local map and confirmed, as the taxi driver said, that I was in Sandown. I rapidly learned that it's a very plush neighborhood. Also that no rail lines run north & south, so it would be difficult for me to get into the city. On the other hand, as my map showed, I was not far from Alexandra, a small black township, but one I had heard of often.

I called Belinda and didn't get her, but I did get Bill Freund in Durban. When I mentioned Sandown, he said it was the site of the mall where Winnie Mandela loved to shop. I didn't want to commit myself, yet, to taking taxis back and forth downtown at R 35-440 a clip, so I took my map and walked out into Sandown.

It's a wealthy suburb, with a combination of individual houses and groups of flats, in one or two story buildings. All are behind fences, and many are lavishly landscaped. A lot of the fences have barbed wire - the new kind rolled in circles with numerous, razor-edged points. I had seen the old version of this in Bahia, with broken glass in concrete, and plenty of fences in Sao Paulo. But these fences on homes (later I saw others around businesses) seemed somehow even more unfriendly. I walked toward the center of Sandown, gradually orienting myself. As with suburbs, it's built for driving rather than walking. Yet there were walkways - or paths, at least - and quite a few people walking, almost all black. Then I saw what looked like a convenience store, and next to it was a little restaurant, the Gypsy Cafe. I resolved to eat right away, and sat at one of three tables in the sun; I ordered a beer and chicken in a pita, which was nicely spiced. Refreshed, I walked up the hill toward what seemed like a small shopping center, followed two black women through the underground parking lot and into what turned out to be the monster Sandown shopping center. There were three levels, and what must have been over a hundred shops, including 3 or 4 large department stores. The customers were 80–90% white, the staff was a bit darker, but everyone in the restaurants was white. I found a music store, with

more American music than from anywhere else. The African section was dominated by Johnny Clegg and Savuka - I didn't see any of the names Patrick & Leslie gave me. I did have the presence of mind to look for the adapter I needed for my computer, and was directed by the woman at the information booth to the hardware store, where I found it right away. I got a brief chance to observe relations among black and white workers, and saw the usual close and friendly relations among urban folk. [Bill Freund reminded me later that these have been loosening up over the past 15 years.] Then I looked around the rest of the mall, but didn't have the energy to attempt an analysis of what was being sold there, and walked back to the motel.

Then I rested and made phone calls. I got Belinda, and she offered to drive me around Joburg if I could stay later on Sunday. I had made plans to go on the 8:00 Greyhound to Durban, but found I could go at 2:00. I also got a plane reservation from Durban back to Joburg on Tuesday evening, flying from 8:30 to 9:30. Thinking that Belinda would drive me around Joburg and drop me off at the bus station, I gave up on the idea of taking a cab in an exploring the city on Saturday night. Instead, while it was still light, I decided to walk over to Alexandra.

I walked along Grayson, which is on an embankment crossing a stream and then a bridge over M1, the freeway heading north. So it was a narrow dirt path outside the barrier at the edge of the road. I passed a few people on the way; one had to step aside gingerly on the embankment as one passed. In crossing the freeway exit, I passed a man begging from cars - he had a sign saying he was without a job. Then I walked for 3 blocks along Rautenbach - paved road and sidewalks, and warehouses and small industrial firms on both sides, and in fact surrounding Alexandra on 3 sides. Following those ahead of me, I walked through a dirt area leading up a small hill (Rautenbach Square on the map). I passed a barber working under a tree with a small crowd of teen-agers around him. Later I passed two more barbers working in the open, cutting boys' hair. On the other side of the square, along Watt, was the commercial center of Alexandra. For Saturday afternoon, there was an impressive number of vans parked and moving. The vans, almost all gray VWs, looking new and shiny, had bumper stickers saying ARMSTY and I love (heart) ARMSTY, which I assume refers to the taxi association. Supermarkets were on the corner - Alex Supermarket was one - and stores specializing in meat, fish and dry goods lined Watt. Little wooden stands lined the north side of the street, and there vendors sold mostly fruit and vegetables. Lots of oranges in filets (much like those in Salvador), and also plenty of potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, onions and so forth. Several of the vendors had packaged assortments in clear plastic - potatoes, tomatoes and onions, for instance. I turned left at Second Street, and in a block came to First Ave., which marks the edge of the residential area of Alexandra lying beyond. I didn't enter the residential area - I knew no one there and hadn't been invited. The town sloped downhill to the east, so I couldn't see for down the streets. But what I saw made it look like a difficult place to live. Some stucco houses, painted, with cars. But also lots of shacks of wood, corrugated iron, jammed together. The streets are laid out in a gridiron, but I think there are smaller passageways winding through the dense network of shacks, though maybe these are only at the edges.

As I walked down First Ave. I came first to a church - I didn't get the denomination. On a wall nearby were inscriptions from a whole range of viewpoints - Jesus is Lord, Inkatha, Azania, and IDF (I didn't recognize that one). On the west side of the street were poultry stores, with chickens stacked in cages on the sidewalk. On the east side was Paul's Inn and Restaurant, crowded with men and women having beers at the end of the day. The street was littered badly - I saw piles of trash in the residential areas. Such a contrast to white areas. People use lots of plastic packaging and there seem to be no provisions for street cleaning. This disjuncture

between cleanliness and filth, order and disorder, must strike people every day as they move back and forth to work.

Whites rarely walk the streets I was on, though plenty of white managers must drive to the industrial firms right there. Most people just walked past, minding their own business and leaving me to mine. A few looked at me, and a few spoke. As I got further into town, people lost their inhibitions a bit, and were more likely to look. Finally I ran into a group of teen-age boys who were joking, and they called to me, "Allo, oo-um." What is the term? I thought of Afrikaans "oom," uncle; maybe I'll find out. No one was unfriendly or perturbed. But I was trained in West Africa, where kids especially come up to address visitors, and this is different.

At the end of First Ave. I went back into the industrial park, trying to get back across the freeway. Following the tracks of people walking home, I got to the end of a street next to the highway but could see no way to continue, and so retraced my steps. About 40 minutes later, now in the dark, I saw I had been only a few feet from a footbridge. How I missed it I don't know. A costly display of both my good instincts (locating the path) and my bad instincts (giving up too soon). I walked north on Pretoria Road to where M60 (Marlboro and North Roads) crosses under M1. The paths were well worn, reminding me that even in this day of ample mini-bus [taxi seems to be what they are called] service, lots of people walk to work here. I came to Katheriine and walked along it to the motel. This leg of the walk was about 2 km. I did get my look at the stars while out there - the Southern Cross was right in front of me in the evening sky. The first half of this walk found me in the midst of office buildings, each a great granite structure, set back from the road and surrounded by lawns. Black and white folks work on both sides of M1, but on the east it's assembly and warehouse and the blacks dominate, while on the west it's professional and office work, and whites are far more numerous. But the footbridge makes clear how many people walk to work here too. I continued on, through the valley of the little stream, up the other side and finally to the motel. It was a little before 7 p.m. My shoes were very dusty: as I cleaned them off, I imagined how often those who walk to work must do the same.

I couldn't see a way to have a light dinner, so I had none. I took a bath to soak my legs, worked at the computer, and watched some TV. I saw a program in Xhosa (or Zulu) where contestants were drawn out of the audience to answer questions on rules for road safety. On the same channel's news (TV2, I think), I saw Oliver Tambo's return. It got less play than I expected, and it made only the second page of the Sunday Times. Tambo didn't speak, and moved slowly. He will speak at the ANC conference. Mandela spoke, saying that the press had been conducting an election campaign for the ANC; we will have the conference, and then the ANC will conduct its own election campaign. Witty, I thought.

This morning I got up at 7:30, fixed up a bit hurriedly and was back in the room after breakfast by 8:30. Belinda called to say she was sick with flu and couldn't take me around. She was sorry and I was too. I asked her about a hotel in town and she gave me the Braamfontein, which iis just a few blocks from the Rotunda and train station. I called and got a reservation for 3 days; I think the rate was R 210 - thus confirming the analysis of my taxi driver. There are so many white people here that it's difficult to get beyond the usual limits within which whites are supposed to live. It's not that things are really slow here, but I am getting a sense of ritualized behavior that feels a bit constraining. On the other hand, it would be wrong not to mention the pervasive good will and the sense that a reconciliation between black and white will be found. Everyone seems to know, to, that it won't be a millennium.

I checked out (R 143, all told, including phone call) and got a taxi into town. We had the same view of the tower and buildings downtown that I had crossing the bridge into Alexandra- it reminded me of looking into Boston from JP. We got a good look at the Wits campus - the driver pointed out the planetarium with a certain price. He asked if I were going to Sun City. Good heavens no, and I had forgotten all about it - the fleshpot which had become a focal point for the cultural boycott, on the Botswana border. When I arrived at the bus stop, I found there was indeed a bus leaving for Sun City.

Imagine a Greyhound bus with a driver plus an attendant, and with yet another person to direct us to our assigned seats. (The driver took over from another man who bulled the bus into position.) Driver was black and steward white; announcements in English and Afrikaans. We have just switched crew at the Fort Mistake Motel in Natal, and our new driver is again black and male; the attendant (she said hostess) is black (coloured in the old terms, I guess). The attendant served us coffee, tea, juice and cookies, and gave us earphones for the movie, which was Hayley Mills and George Sanders in an Agatha Christie story. Only about 18 on our bus, all white but three women, one of them Indian. (Other buses has a smaller portion of whites. We saw a second video later in the trip.)

We drove east then south through Joburg - I saw people gathering to look down into a tunnel where a rail accident had occurred - I saw a bent and burned [no, that was a mistake] passenger car on one track and a bent gondola opposite it. [Later I learned 2 had died and 3 were injured as the train derailed, and was surprised more weren't hurt.] We passed many warehouse and industrial sites, and also plenty of mine tailings.

Once into the countryside we passed fields of wheat and corn, though much of the land is uncultivated. I was writing rather than observing closely. We stopped in a couple towns, but found no passengers. Then we pulled into Volksrust, the last town in Transvaal, and into the town square, which had an old railway engine as a monument, and we let off one passenger. A metal archway over the entrance to the town hall had a place for a sign, but I think the sign had been painted over. Otherwise the usual - whites driving, blacks walking; I saw a gray mini-bus or so. Many of the white houses had fences, but none so high or sharp as those of Sandown. (By the way, I saw a couple security fence firms in Alexandra.) We went up the hills which are all there is of the Drakensberg at this point, and came down in another half hour to Newcastle, in Natal. A bigger town. I saw a bit of sugar cane in one yard. More people walking and standing at the side of the road, but no sign of black housing. I guessed we would find a township, and in 5-6 km there it was, next to the coal mine that must be where Newcastle got its name. [Bill told me later that they have a steel mill there as well; perhaps I got it wrong. I do remember the long pipeline which served, I think as a conveyer belt for coal: either to the steel mill or from the coal mine.]

In between towns were a few rural dwellings - houses of poor people, with metal roofs held down by rocks, some with mud (wattle) walls, other stuccoed and painted nicely.

I'm trying to figure out this rapid pace of change in attitudes (especially) and also in social reality. The change here is much more rapid than was the case in the US South, where organized racists dragged their feet for a generation. But who else is left as an official racist? That's part of it. Another part is that blacks and whites have in fact been working together here for a long time (under unequal conditions, but still working), and now it's an acknowledgment of their mutual dependence. Of course this was and is true in the US South, so it's not a full explanation. I note in the Sunday Times a boycott struggle in Krugersdorp, in which local

leaders affiliated with ANC & CP are preparing to work out a settlement. So maybe, as one ANC leader (Thabo Mbeki?) said, it is only the AWB that is refusing to cooperate.

Sunday Times, 23 June 1991. FW's son Willem set the date with Erica Adams ⌐⌐ they're in England. FW to visit Israel. French arms firms negotiating with ANC for military training and arms sales to new govt. Gerrit Viljoen, Minister of Constitutional Development, has offered ANC & other parties a say in the running of the security forces. Tambo arrivies. Umkhonto we Sizwe (MK) to launch itself as the ANC's domestic army, so that SADF and MK can be integrated into one army – idea is that Chris Hani or Joe Modise will lead the new SA army. [Bill Freund is very dubious about this happening.] Yesterday's peace summit in Sandton - so it was there as I was there! – I saw clips and interviews on TV - included all groups except CP. Committee of the present facilitating committee plus 3 each from govt, ANC & Inkatha; Tutu and head of SA Chamber of Business were there. Angela Davis to visit SA. KwaZulu police are handing firearms permits for rifles and pistols to Inkatha supporters - G3 automatic rifles. British Commonwealth countries will talk about human rights after avoiding doing so for years. Race Relations Inst survey suggests 1/5 of supporters of ANC, UDF, SACP boycotts and protests felt coerced, and 2/3 of Azapo and Inkatha supporters felt coerced. (I clipped several of these, plus Francis Fukayama's WSJ column after his visit here.)

Ladysmith is quite a sizeable town, though I didn't remark anything special about it. Our next stop was Estcourt, and as we pulled into town we were delayed by the remains of a 3-car accident: all three seemed to have been hit very hard on the driver's side. We continued our gentle descent: from Mooi River we began to see pines. It was 6 p.m. by the time we got into Pietermaritzburg, and we had to descend a long and steep hill to get to it. The town has a very attractive square dominated by opulent Edwardian municipal buildings. There was not much I could see after that except that there was yet another steep descent before we got into Durban an hour later. Once downtown, we passed a huge, vertical sign in red and green neon: "Read al-Quran, the Last Testament." As I arrived I learned that this was the milk run, and the earlier and later buses go almost without stops on the main road; we had actually arrived a bit early.

Bill Freund showed up just before the bus was due to arrive. He drove me through the Univ. of Natal campus on the ridge, and then to his very nice house. We had a beer and chatted, and then he presented me with a wonderful curry dinner. The conversation was interested, but I must have been tired because I didn't retain much of it. On the bus I had come to wonder whether there was not much black inter-city movement because of old restrictions, and in what ways apartheid had inhibited black commerce. Bill's responses tended to emphasize the considerable movement nowadays (I had not been on the main road, and had not seen all the taxis there). He noted that about 30% of the households in Soweto have domestics. We talked about the cultural and sports boycotts. I told him what I had seen of Sam Ramsamy, and he argued that the sports boycott was what was important to South Africans, and that it was being handled pretty well. The cultural boycott, he felt, had fallen into the hands of people who weren't so central, and most South Africans cared little about it, so it ended up with some people being denied contact while others went right ahead. I told him my Sun City story and he noted that Transkei is a gambling center; the Dutch Reformed Church(es) keep it from taking place within official South Africa. We talked to near midnight, then I settled into his guest room on the futon, and he prepared his class for the next day.

June 24, 1991. (I collected notes that Monday evening the 24th, but didn't actually write them up until June 27.)

After breakfast we went to campus. Bill took me by to see Dhianaraj Chetty, once my student at Columbia, and he took me on a tour of town. First we talked with his coworker, Lynn (her last name was something like Hotz). I described my tour, including mention of the protestant activists in East Germany. Lynn noted that the church in E Germany kept things peaceful, and that mothers took children into the streets, which would not have made sense in South Africa. I liked this point as I saw it as reflecting a South African outlook, and providing a point I would never have thought of. We spoke also of the TV debate between Joe Slovo and Ken Owen of the Sunday Times. Where Patrick Harries' conservative secretary had simply thought that Slovo did the best, Chetty went on for a while about the absurdity of Owen's anti-communist attacks, and argued that that's what it's like in South Africa.

The drive around Durban with Chetty. (Sadly I never got a street map of Durban.) First we saw Cato Manor, Durban's District 6, a huge empty area just behind the University; population in shacks cleared 1950s. 1949 riots between Indians and Africans over jobs. Durban - 3 million, 1/2 million squatting (see Urban Foundation report on this). South and West sections incorporated by annexation 1930s.

Overport, on the ridge: colored to W, whites to E, Indians to N. Ridge Road.

Technicons - technical colleges - last colleges to integrate.

Gray Street. Indian businesses. Thokoza Women's Hostel; black commuter rail station, surrounded by informal trade. Buses and taxis - private to Indian towns, state owned to African towns. West Street, the main commercial street – non-whites may now sell there. Point (street?) to harbor.

The buses to the African townships are owned by PUTCO, the Public Utilities Transport Co. Est by an Italian in the 50s. Chetty and friends used to call the buses "Green Mambos." Boycotts, '85−6 helped build taxi companies, though it took until a couple more years before taxis began to be numerous. We found later from Java that fares, from Umlazii, are Taxi R 2, Bus R 1.20. PUTCO may fail or be taken over by blacks. It is national.

Chesterville township and Canaan squatter community (500 families). Reservoir Hills, along M19. Gwamashu (sp) to the N. U of Durban ⌐ Westville ⌐⌐ built in 1970s for Indians, now has 7000 students, is where ANC conference will he held. One road in, one road out, guarantees police control. New Rector, Jaywaram (sp) Reddy, widely respected, may be able to make its standards higher.

South on N2. Townships Mobeni (African), Chatsworth (Indian). [Hospitals: Addington for whites and colored; King Edward for blacks and Indians; the latter is huge; the former has extra beds but wards have been closed.] Mobeni area is fairly heavy industry. Umlazii township is beyond. There I saw hostels, must have been 50 of them, each huge; they are now being converted slowly to family housing - so it'll be like the south side of Chicago. To get electricity in the townships, you have to pay for installation. Squatters don't have water, usually buy it from those with, at about R 12 per month, then have to carry to their own place.

Chetty: TV has done an about-face, now with shows on poverty. Two big press empires: Times Media and Nationaalpers (sp). The New African and The New Nation are each supported by money from church groups and from the EC. State media - sudden amnesia, FW is seen as above politics and ideology, not tainted with NP history.

On Pietermaritzburg and the ANC−Inkatha clashes, John Agerson (sp) has done a study. Territorial disputes. '79 Inkatha/ANC split, '83 UDF, community vs. Inkatha for control of townships. Buthelezi's idea has been to extend KwaZulu governmental control to the African townships next to the cities. State of Emergency, mid 80s: UDF and MDM strategy to make

townships ungovernable, with ironic result that they remain ungovernable. On Buthelezi, Zed book plus An appetite for Power, Jerry Mare & G. Hamilton.

Chetty stopped in Umlazii to see if a co-worker wanted a ride to work and, indeed, Java joined us after a bit. She has done the Zulu-language translation of a book based on oral history: Flashes in her Soul. She explained the hand signs for taxis, used by drivers and riders alike: thumb up is to go into town, hand curved is to go to south-side industrial area. The taxis are mostly Toyotas, not VWs, and all are made in SA. Across the gully from her house were a set of squatter homes, including one very nicely built of wood and with a neatly thriving vegetable garden. Java said the squatters get water by buying it from those with formal homes: at R 12 a month, for instance.

We drove along the south-side industrial area, past the port, and into the downtown area before heading up to the ridge and the university. We passed through an area where a number of trade union headquarters are located. Textile Workers & Garment and Allied Workers join to form SA Cl & Text Wkrs Union: hence, a new SACTU. Chetty worked for Garment and Allied Workers once; Iris Berger was through recently, finishing her study.

Chetty dropped me off with Bill at about 1:30, and we went to lunch in the faculty club. He was testing my ideas on conceptions of the world. He argued that F.W. De Klerk et al see the world, with contacts among economic and strategic leaders throughout, and thus gained the sense that it was time to make their reform; ANC leaders see Third World Marxism, the experiences of Palestinians, Cuba, Angola. (Belinda later spoke of "Township Marxism" when referring to her students, in which hegemony and oppression are overwhelming.) He argues ANC leadership is weak, out of contact, unaware, unskilled (I have lost the language he used, which was more nuanced and precise than this). I try out some counters.

From 2:30 to 4:00 I went to the book store and worked on getting my plane ticket to Joburg. I went into the Rick Turner memorial section of the student union to the travel agent; they were able to arrange my ticket, but I had to pick it up the next day. I wanted to see if I could get a view at once of the harbor (to the east) and Cato Manor (to the west) from the new E.G. Malherbe Library, but it doesn't quite work out. In the book shop, aside from the things I bought, I found:

Mike Nicol, A Good-Looking Corpse (London: Martin Sedur and Warburg, 1990). Rosalind Miles, The Women's History of the World (London, Paladin, 1989). Sa. Amin, Delinking (Zed 1990). Amin La Deconnexion (Paris, ed. la decouverte, 1985). Neil Parsons, A New History of Southern Africa (Macmillan). Karen Dawisha, Eastern Europe, Gorbachev, and Reform, 2nd ed. (CUP, 1990) - she's at U of Md., at East-South Project. Includes a chronology. Paul Harrison Inside the Third Worldò (Penguin).

At 4:00 Bill took me to his house, dropped me off, and he went for three hours of touch rugby, a regular Monday afternoon ritual for him. I worked in a bit of my own ritual, making some space and practicing a bit of samba. At the end of it he arrived with Rob Morrell, and we went downtown for pizza. Rob is doing a dissertation with Bill, but he's a tenured member of the education faculty at U of Natal. He teaches graduate courses in education, mostly doing social history, and likes working with the black (I use the term broadly) grads. Rob is just undergoing the second and definitive split in his marriage, so Bill is providing a bit of extra support. Conversation was interesting, but I didn't get notes on it. Back at Bill's place we watched a bit of TV, and I turned in at 10:30.

On Tuesday, June 25, we worked our way through another leisurely breakfast, and went to campus. We looked for Heather Hawkins, and not finding her, I hung around with Bill until time for tea, at about 10. Eventually Heather showed up. In the meantime two guys named Ian and one other joined us. They have their merry little gathering every morning, it seems. Discussion centered on the upcoming ANC campus at U of Durban-Westville. One of the Ians is doing some arrangements work for ANC, and there were lots of jokes about the contingent of international observers to arrive - speculations that Arafat would arrive and that Khadafy would arrive with a retinue of a hundred and a camel to provide fresh milk. I was torn between finding it distasteful and thinking that it's nice to joke from time to time. Mostly it made me feel that they read their papers avidly but were a bit out of touch with people.

Heather and I then went off. She's a tenured sociologist, but working on a history Ph.D. with Shula Marks at SOAS. She and her husband were active for years in detainee support work, but she now has a daughter aged two who dominates her time. She's under a deadline for her dissertation, and Bill isn't sure she'll make it. She found that Sam Decalo was in and sent me over to him.

I know Sam Decalo's name well from the Historical Dictionaries he has written on Benin and elsewhere, and for his work on military regimes, but I had no idea he was at U of Natal. I adjusted pretty rapidly, giving him a compliment for the very full bibliography which is the best part of his historical dictionary on Benin, and for which he was grateful. He spent last year at Emory, and did his Ph.D. at Penn; he has joint American and Israeli citizenship. I told him I thought African studies was concentrating in the US; he thought it was dying there. Emory didn't want him to teach on Africa, as there were no students, so they had him teach Middle East.

He asked me about my current project, and I had a bit of trouble answering. I summarized my trip, and began telling some African stories. He said he knew the African stories, and asked me to explain how Latin America fit into the democratization story. I should have had a better answer. He asked me my thesis, that is, why it all happened, and I responded by listing my analytical chapters. But the whole experience suggested that maybe I should work a thesis statement up toward the front of the 1989–90 book. (The parallel to the movements of 1789 etc. isn't a thesis statement, but it helps.) He ended up not coming to the talk, but it was helpful to me to have the challenge from him.

Decalo gave me a copy of a paper he will present in Buenos Aires on African democratization. I hope I can send him a comment on it.

We talked about affairs in South Africa, and he argued that nothing is changing, and that the racism remains as deep as ever, as evidenced for instance in the disregard for the rest of Africa among white South Africans. While he is blunt and quick in his judgments, and while I know Bill thinks little of his scholarship, I felt he had more sympathy for and involvement with Africans than many other whites I had met here, and liked him for that.

Heather picked me up at 12:30, and we went over to the faculty club for lunch. I had had kingklip the day before, and this time I joined her for curry. For much of the time we talked about slavery in South Africa and the controversy over Julian Cobbing's papers in which he argues that it was more important than previously known for one area. Much of the controversy comes from Cobbing's style - for instance, when Shula Marks suggested that Eltis's figures were helpful, Cobbing damned Eltis and his figures. Then I went to pick up my airplane ticket, and Heather delivered me to the basement of the library, where I was to give my talk at 2:00, and left me with a few minutes to prepare.

In the talk I explained how I got from West Africa to world history and then to 1989−90, talked a bit on the balance of the global framework and the theses to emerge within it, listed the analytical chapters, and illustrated the themes with stories from Benin, Brazil and Haiti. Questions went primarily to the approach. I neglected to take notes as questions were asked (I did better on that in Salvador and should establish that as a habit), but here are the notes I was able to put together later on.

Q. Can you look at things globally without doing so from the center? A. I hope to show multiple perspectives.

Q. You've already decided everything you're going to do. What remains? A. Execute it in a readable fashion - I don't know for sure that a global narrative will work.

Q. IMF is becomiing the center. Does this project fit with IMF views? A. Democratization at the global level is a problem for IMF control, since IMF is in effect an authoritarian body.

Q. What does my approach share with George Bush's view of the world?

Q. How can this be history? Or where is the theory? A. I tried to summarize my methodology in this study. This is developing a hypothesis, not testing it. Historians need to conceptualize the world. Framework helps to develop theses. Comparison is a tactic for analysis, but this is not basically a comparative study.

Bill. I can see this as a key moment, parallel to 1968 and 1848, only not such a happy moment for the left.

So in validating the study, Bill also revealed his doubts about it. I was vague and slow in responses, not clipped nor full of examples. I need to sharpen the rhetoric on what I am doing to convey the nature of this project. Only when people get the idea will they be able to start discussing the specifics. (On the other hand, it has been beneficial not to specify my focus too precisely, as I have found that people take "democracy" to mean a wide variety of issues; I hope to collate them and come up with a more general statement of the issue.)

Bill and I didn't discuss it much after it was over; when I talked with Chetty later, he wanted to know whether I was pleased with the results, but wouldn't volunteer any comments himself.

We went to Bill's house, relaxed a bit, picked up my bags, and went to the supermarket. Bill described it as just like an American supermarket, and that was pretty much true. Then we drove to the airport on the south side of town and I said goodbye to Bill.

Two other notes from Bill. He noted that Rio and Cape Town had once been together, before the continental drift, and that the regions do look similar. A he noted the creation of a common white South African culture, an accomplishment of the Republic of 1960 - most all whites are somewhat bilingual, so I tend to agree with him.

There was confusion getting on the plane, because I wasn't guided to the right boarding lounge. At nearly the same time as a regular SAA flight from Durban to Joburg was a 747 going to London. I was to get on the latter, it turned out, and so I did. The plane took off, I saw just a bit of Durban from the air before the clouds cut us off. Within the hour flight I had a snack and two little bottles of dry white wine. Meanwhile, the cabins were dominated by an amazing video display. It alternated among maps of South Africa and all southern Africa, showing the placement and the direction of the plane. Then it gave numerical displays of the altitude, speed, temperature, distance traveled, elapsed time, and heading. These flashed relentlessly for the whole trip, so that I didn't notice for a while that the Transvaal was clear and that we had a beautiful view of the Witwatersrand as we flew into Jan Smuts airport on the east side of town. I

was literally the only one to get off the place. I was worried about my bag, but it plopped out promptly, though I jokingly complained to the woman overseeing the baggage area that no sign had indicated which carousel would have my bag.

I took the bus into the rotunda, and got a taxi to the Mariston Hotel, where I was set up in a nice roomy space on the 9th floor, looking east.

June 26, 1991. Late in the night of the 26th; really the 27th.

I found TRAC in the phone directory on Wednesday morning the 26th, called and went over to visit. I talked with Ken Margo, who is their press liaison. It turns out he worked for several years in Bolivia with radio stations in a Catholic church project. He contrasted South America, where one has the right to open up radio stations in any little town, almost, with South Africa where radio is strictly government controlled. (Same is true elsewhere in Africa.) He thought colonialism was at the root of this, and I think it's a good generalization: contrast New World with Old World on this; one could compare Caribbean colonies as test cases. So he explained the work of TRAC to me - providing support to rural groups trying to maintain or regain their land - and he gave me plenty of literature. The literature is quite good on confrontations with the state: forced removals, the complexity of land-holding arrangements and the difficulty of making any simple law fair. The biggest document was submitted to parliament in discussion of the land bill just passed, arguing against simple freehold as the solution. The South African pattern has been and will be, argues Ken, that the law is vague, and an administrative commission is appointed to handle all the complexities. But that means people can't sue for violations of the law.

Other important issues are not highlighted in the literature. One is the role of women in councils. During the week, villages are inhabited by women, children and the old. The women know what the issues are. The men come home on weekends, and they sit in the councils to decide: women have to pass their comments on through their husbands. In cases of real hardship, crisis committees have been set up, and these include women; if the committees continue to function, then women have a direct voice. The other issue is intimidation and the response of ANC. He gave me a couple cases of rural areas, one in eastern Transvaal and one in the west, which formed ANC chapters, and then met with repression from Inkatha, the state, or whoever. ANC responded slowly (after 3 weeks in one case), and therefore risks losing that support. So within ANC the question is the relative focus on urban and rural constituencies, and so far the urban constituencies have got the attention. Ken also thought ANC has done a weak job in the press, not contesting Buthelezi enough.

TRAC has two main types of activity. One he called lobbying - lobbying the state, but also the ANC. The other is mass action. Reoccupations of land, or calling together the media to witness removals. One of the latter recently at Goutgefonden (sp, see lit) resulted in the state pulling back and giving the group the right to appeal their case in court.

I'll see Ken and a black colleague of his for drinks Thursday at 6:00.

I walked up Sauer Street, over the Queen Elizabeth bridge which spans the rail yard west of the station, and up Station Street to the Wits campus. I saw that PUTCO bus stations had now been taken over by taxis. Hundreds of taxis are parked in midtown for much of the day. I thought that meant they only had two runs a day, but I found out later from Candy, the taxi driver, that they do several runs in the morning and several runs in the afternoon.

The Wits campus is a big, concrete, central city university. I asked directions in the library (a newer building) and found that the History Workshop is right across from the History

Dept. in what is called the Central Block, a great neo-Roman construction. I met Peter Delius in the hall, then Madhu Kanji in the office - she's the administrative assistant with whom I had talked, and has worked there for about three years. Luli Callinicos came in soon, suffering from what turned out to be a floppy disk drive that had given out.

Luli asked about my project, and rapidly concluded that democracy meant that within unions, the ANC, and so forth. (I'm finding that different people have different foci for the meaning of democracy, and it's in my interest to encourage each of them to go their own way with it, and record their outlook.) She did a Perspectives in Education 1989 article in which she documents a bit how 1970s work by organizers of trade unions developed a rhetoric (e.g. "accountability") and institutions that became important to the democratic movement. She worked for Metal Workers as an organizer for a year, early in the 1970s. Trade union influence in ANC is important and will bring different practices. I mentioned the nomination of Cyril Ramaphosa as ANC secretary-general, and she agreed with that as an indication of the trend. I asked what happens to trade union independence under an ANC government, and she said that trade unions may become oppositionist under a new government.

Madhu and I talked about violence. She said the violence in communities began only 1990. We talked about Mozambique as an example, and I noted how much difficulty there has been incapturing and identifying the disruptive forces. She noted the Kevoet of Namibia as specialists in perpetrating and provoking violence. She convinced me that they provide a good example for showing how such forces have been organized and how they work. She collected me a pile of literature from the Human Awareness Programme. This included fact sheets up to 1989. (With the end of the repression, people took a sigh of relief, and as a result such publications ceased.) I was interested in the pamphlets on how to hire an employee for an organization, how to fill out
forms for workmen's compensation etc.

I tried out, on Madhu, Bill Freund's idea that the inclusive use of the term "black" had begun to fall into abeyance, so that the terms African, coloured and Indian were back in use. Madhu didn't think so - she thinks the term "black" is used by non-whites to refer to themselves. So I'll take her word, though I'll take Bill's point that the government is finally using "black" to refer to Africans.

I walked over to the campus book store, to which Madhu directed me, but didn't go in. I had lunch at a student-oriented fast food place (bland curry on white rice), and walked back to the hotel. Lots of big buildings, very little left over from early days, many small stands with vegetables (mostly) and cigarettes etc. on the busy streets. The rotunda is just west of the rail station; east of the rail station is a largely black section. I walked past great numbers of parked taxis, and found many of them to be new and shiny, several of them with brightly colored imitation furs on the dash. I bet their average age increases with time. I walked through the PUTCO station, and at the end of it I realized they were dismantling it - taking down the metal roof on the stand, and cutting down the metal pillars. End of an era.

Back at the hotel I ran into Candy Nxumalo, the taxi driver who had taken me to TRAC in the morning and who suggested a drive through Soweto. I dropped off my packages of pamphlets, and we drove off. We went west along Anderson, then worked our way over to Crownwood to go south about 3 km, then got on the freeway in Crown Gardens for a couple km. Just as we got off, we saw a new shopping center built up to service the white community of Mondeor but also Soweto.

Now we were on Potcherstroom Road, headed west. To our right was Diepkloof, with nice new houses. It was originally started as a community separate from Soweto, but is not considered to be part of Soweto. At the beginning of Diepkloof was a Blackchain outlet - this is a black-owned chain of supermarkets and other types of stores. The logo is a small "bc" with the links of a chain across the letters. To our left was the Baragwanath Hospital, a huge installation that is the only real hospital in Soweto. Beyond it are an eye clinic, a maternity hospital , and huge dormitories for nurses. We turned into Diepkloof, past the Funda Centre (a social services center funded by whites) and the Lesedic Clinic (a clinic of Soweto doctors), and stopped at the house of Candy's brother.

Candy is 53, his brother is probably a bit younger. He has a two-story house, built up via additions on the standard brick cottage. We went into what seemed like the garage downstairs, but there were dozens of men's jackets and pants hanging from wooden racks. There was Candy's brother, in a bright red shirt and no pants, getting ready to try on a pair of pants. "Don't take a picture of me like this!" he cried out jokingly. I said that I didn't have a camera, but he pointed to my leather bag, saying he was sure there was a camera in it. Candy explained that I was a professor and that we were touring, so I was welcomed and we chatted for a few minutes. All the clothes were because the brother had got hold of used clothing from overseas, and was preparing to repair it and sell it. I told them my story of being in Sandton, and the brother got the point, joking that people overseas must have heard of Soweto and Alexandra and Crossroads, but might have no idea where Johannesburg is. As we left he remarked about the problem of clothing shops which don't have change rooms so people have to try on clothes in the open.

From there we drove along several streets in Diepkloof. The houses are not large, but they are built in attractive brick with tile roofs, and have yards and low fences. We saw one school, and another one in Orlando. We passed west and into Orlando, where the first township housing was built - Candy said it was in 1938. At the juncture of the two was a taxi rank (formerly a bus rank), with clothing spread out all over the sidewalks, as hawkers were waiting for returning workers. To our right was a squatter community, formed perhaps three years ago: the usual set of close packed, corrugated iron structures. The brick structures in Orlando are very small – two-room houses, I think. As we drove along the south fringe of Orlando I remarked on the amount off plastic trash in the field on the uninhabited side of the road. Some streets were clean, some were dirty, though what I saw of Soweto was kept cleaner than Alexandra. We drove past the great nuclear powerplant which is near to the geographical center of Soweto. There is a walled, fenced, barbed wired section of white housing for some of the workers at the plant. We got back on Potchefstroom Road and headed back into town after a drive that took most of an hour. Candy expressed his support for Mandela right away, saying that he had earned leadership through his years in jail, and that his younger critics should still led him lead. (He said he himself would never have done two days in jail.) He said the whites were stupid to do their group areas thing, as whites and blacks worked together anyhow. It's only in the past five years that he has been able to buy his taxi, which he does own; before that he had to work for a white owner. His hope would be to own maybe five taxis. His son, Edgar, is 19 and in a technical school (I think he's studying electronics), and is looking for a way to go overseas to study - so Candy gave me his address later on in case I might be able to offer some help. He's lived for over 20 years in the same place in Soweto, but is hoping now to go to Cape Town, and maybe to live there for a couple years. When school is out, he'll take his daughters on a visit to Swaziland.

So there's a theme - blacks in South Africa just using their new opportunity to travel. But he agreed with me that intercity travel is still limited.

I asked about music. He's a jazz fan, bought his first record in 1956, and has continued collecting. On Sundays he plays gospel in the morning (he is a Catholic, however) and jazz in the afternoon. He mentioned Dizzy Gillespie, and other American and South African artists I didn't note, and claims he can tell who's playing just by hearing the sound. He also mentioned an old community music, which I noted as Baitqala - maybe I'll find out more about that. But the younger generation doesn't understand or appreciate this music, and he doesn't know about their music. I mentioned Brenda Fassie, and he said that if someone gave him a Brenda Fassie record, he doubted he would ever play it. It would mess up his Sunday routine.

As he dropped me off, he offered to drive me free on Fridayto the rotunda to get on the airport bus.

I had dinner starting at just past 7, hoping to get back to work thereafter. I took up the hotel on their offer of a free bottle of wine, and had another dry white. I went to the Huntsman, their international and game restaurant. It's a nice place, nicely run. As an appetizer I had smoked ostrich, with quail egg and red caviar, lettuce, tomato. As a main course I had medallions of impala in red wine sauce with potato balls. Then I had a banana split for dessert, and coffee. I complimented the maitre d, saying that his main dishes were the equal of the Blue Train, and his desserts and vegetables were better. But I shouldn't eat so much or drink. Back in the room I simply went to sleep, and then woke up at 2:00 a.m. and stayed awake until nearly 6:00.

# Week 6. Johannesburg, Kinshasa, and Brazzaville

June 27, 1991. Notes Thursday evening, text Friday afternoon, the 28th.

I felt poor (poorly, I guess) all day Thursday, partly from drink and partly from threatening illness. I think I rested enough to chase away the threat.

Thursday morning I found the post office on Smit St., and was told that a 2 kg package of books would cost R 30 air mail to U.S. to check it.

Then I found the SAA office (at the rotunda) for my plane ticket, but found that the reservation had been made on Air Zaire. The previous afternoon I had called TAP, the Portuguese airline, to confirm my flight to Kinshasa, and was told that Zaire had cut off landing rights for TAP, and that flights to Kinshasa had been cancelled for about two months – immediately after I bought my ticket, presumably. So I called SAA and got a reservation for Friday at 3:10, though they wouldn't quote me a price over the phone. So I was surprised to find out it was on Air Zaire though I hadn't been told. Then I began to pay with a Visa, but was told that SAA couldn't charge an Air Zaire ticket on a Visa. Now I got very suspicious and careful. One young woman, who was going to be competent, was being trained by a middle-aged woman already competent, and they switched back and forth from Afrikaans to English. Ultimately they got me a reservation on the SAA flight the next Wednesday (the one I had been on from Durban), sold me a ticket for that one, then put on a sticker for the Air Zaire flight. Nice going, but I still made them go over it very carefully. The price was R 1390, pretty stiff, and I have to hope I can get a refund from TAP when I get back to Boston.

I walked on to Wits, and spent about an hour in the Campus Bookshop. I bought the two latest issues of Work in Progress and the ANC magazine, and listed other things I found. Here's the list:

Donald L. Horowitz, A Democratic South Africa? (Oxford, 1991).

Hugh Thomas, An Unfinished History of the World (London: Pan, 1981).

J. M. Roberts, The Penguin History of the World. First published as The Hutchinson History of the World, 1976.

Penguin Atlas of World History - translated 1978; published Munich 1966.

Merle Lipton, Capitalism and Apartheid: South Africa, 1910-1986 (Cape Town, David Philip and London Wildwood House, 1986).

Jacqueline Matthews, ed., South Africa in the World Economy (Johannesburg, McGraw Hill, 1983).

W. M. Scammell, The International Economy Since 1945, 2nd ed., Macmillan, 1983.

Anthony Sampson, Black and Gold, Coronet, 1987.

Valentin Goradnov, Soweto (Moscow, Progress, 1988). Published 1983 in Russian.

Tom Lodge, Black Politics in SA since 1945.

At noon I went to the History Workshop office, where Madhi was talking with two women teachers (high school, I think, both white and one quite alive), who were collecting materials, getting on the mailing list, and generally trying to get past their official curriculum which they hate.

About 12:30 we began to get ready for lunch. Peter Delius arrived and walked me down to the Hofmeyr House, a faculty club sort of place, but where they have recently lost their wonderful French cook. There we met with Belinda, Deborah James (who did the music article in the RHR issue), Luli, and three people in education: a man named John, and two women whose names I lost. For most of lunch I talked quietly with Deborah, and the gang showed little interest in getting me talking. But an interesting discussion of white education did start up, since one of the women is writing a master's thesis, and discovered some big problems. She was interested in working on white education in the 50s–60s. She wanted some background on South African education generally, and found there really isn't any. People work mostly on black education but also on white education, but on little institutional projects, so that nobody has any idea about the overall trends in South African education. Vocational education turns out to have been a bit issue in both white and black schools, but surely with different meanings. Meanwhile, neither white MA students nor the current faculty is likely to be able to or willing to, respectively, do anything about this. I talked with Deborah about music and dance.

Luli asked at the end about my work. I summarized world history writing, graduate study, and contact with African universities, and promised to send Peter a list of African contacts. He showed no more interest in following up on this than on any other aspect of my visit, but I will send him some names and addresses.

Belinda dropped me off at the hotel and went home to continue recovery from her flu. I rested too.

Ken Margo called at 5:00 and cancelled our session for 6:00, saying he was moving and too busy. In one sense I was sorry, as I was hoping to meet the person he promised to bring along, but in another sense I was happy to just take it easy.

I went for fish & chips in the hotel cafe and talked with Sylvester of Namibia - who just decided to join me at my table - who lived in Zimbabwe, works as a commercial artist in Joburg, has kids in school in Zimbabwe, and has been in New York, Europe, and Rumania; he also had ties to ZANU-PF.

I called Jeff Peires, talked with his wife; called Bill Nasson. Bill told me of the British program on Great Trains, in which Michael Wood did the Blue Train while it was still going to Rhodesia. And he told me of 1985–86 and the UCT rugby field, where a game would be going on, but police were chasing demonstrators across the field, sometimes with tear gas; the players would persevere through it. Bill could watch from the Beattie Building; it is a lovely metaphoric statement of South Africa in those days. The Argus or Times may have photos on it in their files.

June 28, 1991.

I finally had English breakfast at the hotel: good bacon, bad eggs, as my sunny-side ups were cooked quite hard.

I packed my suitcase, then packed books into three sizeable packages, total weight of near 9 kg. At the post office, I naturally found that it cost more than I had been told, and I ended up sending them air parcel post, at a cost of R245 or virtually $100. Two Afrikaner women spent a lot of time getting me the best deal, so they were like regular pretty good postal employees. Then I got in the regular line to mail my disk and postcards. One young guy behind the counter was especially rude to all the blacks in line, so I concluded that he is first an asshole and then a racist. I got the white girl who was new and totally lost in each of the three transactions I gave her; she asked for help from the young black woman next to her who could

do the work well (though she was the one who gave me the overly optimistic information the day before). One elderly white woman complained to a black man who appeared to be jumping the line; he was getting a form for a telegram. She figured it out and apologized as she left, and he was cordial in response. Meanwhile, a young black woman got another woman to handle her telegram form for her. It seems to be the way to communicate to the Transkei.

I wanted to call Perry at 1 p.m., corresponding to 7 a.m. in Boston, but was afraid about getting on my plane. I arranged to call from the hotel though I had checked out. Perry had no new messages of consequence for me. I called a taxi but, fearing that I'd miss the 1:00 bus from the rotunda to the airport, took the taxi straight to the airport. So that was $20, and I had already cashed $40 in travelers checks that day. At the airport I found that South African Airways was handling registration for my Air Zaire flight, so I checked in my bag easily at a first-class counter.

Then I waited. The flight was due to take off at 3:10, but wasn't called for boarding until 4:00, and didn't take off until 5:00. The Zairians knew something I didn't, for they seemed to arrive in the boarding lounge a little before 4:00.

June 29, 1991. Saturday morning.

As we took off last night I saw some of the northern side of Johannesburg; as we turned northeast and climbed, I saw glimpses of townships going quite far out. Only one other sight on the trip, but it was magnificent: in the dusk, I suddenly saw a great expanse of water crossing our path. It was the Zambezi and Kariba Lake, reflecting the remaining light from the sky to the west of us.

Our flight went to Lubumbashi, so I was excited about that. I was on the left side of the plane, however, and the airport is west of town, so I saw only a few flashes of lights through windows across the plane. We arrived after a two-hour flight at about 6:00 Zairian time (one time zone west of South Africa). Everyone got off, and entered an airport which remains amazingly small, unchanged for years. Terrible confusion of where transport passengers should go, and whether we should surrender passports. I ended up following a tall and lovely woman whose face reminded me of Joyce Scott, an airline official who ushered me and a few other folks through various barriers, and then dropped us off in a waiting room. I think it may have been the departure lounge rather than transit room, because when I got back on the plane I was about the last of the transit passengers. I realize now that my visa never got an entry stamp. Anyhow, I bought a Fanta, paid in Rands and got change in Zaires. (But Rands don't circulate in Kinshasa.)

The flight to Kinshasa included less wealthy Zairians, but quite a few Belgians (maybe 1/4 of the passengers). I sat on the right side of the plane, hoping to see Lubumbashi on takeoff, but we took off the other way, and I saw nothing either at takeoff in Lubumbashi or at landing in Kinshasa.

I was tired and didn't watch carefully enough at the airport. A guy in uniform attached himself to me and got my bag off the truck before it got to the carousel. But then outside the fight took place between this guy and his friend the driver, on the one hand, and the unionized taxi drivers. I overpaid the first group, and my mistake was to get shepherded into the taxi without first getting the price straight. Amazing that I should make such a mistake, but those fights serve in part to disorient the customer with this effect. Anyhow, the guy said the price was Z 250,000 - that is $50, at the rate of Z 5000 per dollar. I argued with him all the way in, and ended up paying 10,000 CFA, or $40. He left angry. He took me to the Hotel Estoril on Flambeau in town, where the room cost Z 200,000 or $40 per night. No television, no breakfast

included, but it does have air
conditioning, and I haven't been bit yet.

This morning I got up, walked downtown and found the UTA office and reconfirmed my flight from Brazzaville to Cotonou. At least I did a good job on that. Then I found the money changers, and changed $100 at the rate of Z 5500, though I could have got Z 7000 with currency. Then I came back to the hotel, paid for two days, and had breakfast. A much fresher and better (not to mention bigger) piece of papaya than in South Africa, a nice cheese omelet, warm bread, a croissant, butter and jam and good cafe au lait. But it cost Z 3000, or $6. So this feels a bit like Haiti, in that the inflation is serious, but real prices are pretty high.

My list of writing projects to keep on (from last night on the plane):

1. Fukuyama response.
2. Curtin response.
3. Global historiography article for Winter Quarter.
4. Emigration paper for OAH, to be presented in April.
5. Since 1700.
6. 1989–90.

July 30, 1991. Sunday, 1:00 p.m.

I've been in semi-collapse for the last day. Not much in the way of symptoms, except for the headache I've had off and on since Cap Haitien, and which I tend to associate with all the mosquito bites I got there. So it seems to be physical and emotional exhaustion. From the trip overall, and from all the concentration during the South African leg of it. Plus some bad luck coming into Zaire.

I'm ending up staying all four nights in the Hotel Estoril, though I don't like it much - it would be too much work to move. Problems here are prices, no television (either in rooms or the foyer), and I don't much like the woman (I believe she's Portuguese) who runs the place. Food is OK - I had a nice couscous last night - but costs more than I want to pay. The hotel has three buildings: the main one with the dining room, bar and reception (and rooms upstairs), and two buildings on back, one with two rooms (I'm in that one) and another with more. A very pleasant patio spreads out to fill most of the space between the buildings, shaded by a monster mangrove tree whose tendrils have hung down over the years and then grown into the trunk to give it an elegant, elongated and reinforced appearance. A few people come to the patio, for breakfast or for a beer, but I'm the only one I've seen in the dining room, though it is set up every day to accommodate 10 tables full of people. The top section of the dining room wall is painted with scenes of ducks and other waterfowl hanging around reeds, and the ceiling itself is done with calligraphic designs in gold. The Zairian tradition of painting has been and remains active. Meanwhile, all day yesterday and all day today has been filled with intermittent pounding. A Mercedes has been pulled up to the edge of the patio, and an auto body repairman has been pounding its back fender back into shape. Maybe the white man who owns the car is the hotel owner, though I've never seen him inside. In any case I'm appalled at the imposition of the noise, but when I saw Zairians sitting and having coffee at the table right next to it, ignoring the pounding, I confirmed my decision to say nothing. (Later I saw the P for Portugal sticker on the car.)

My plan was to visit Sabakinu Kivilu at the university, as I had written him I would. I learned how to get there by "taxi express" at about Z 50,000, and how to get there by communal

taxi - to Victoire, Rond Point Ngaba and to the campus - at about Z 7000. But first I rested from noon to 12:30, then another half hour, then another hour. I was sad to break my commitment, but decided the most important thing was my health and my books, not covering each step I had hoped to.

So yesterday I alternated between sleeping, working on the computer, and reading Misha Glenny's The Rebirth of History, to get ready for Eastern Europe. I had dinner from about 7 to 8, and read to midnight. For the moments when I felt energetic, I practiced dance steps a bit.

I slept to 8:30 this morning (that would be 9:30 in South Africa), exercised the stiffness out of my back, and had breakfast Z 15,000 without the omelet. Then I reviewed my finances and walked down to cash $150 with the money changers. It was very quiet at 10:30 a.m. Sunday, but I found woman I liked a lot. One or two of the guys I had seen yesterday tried to bully me away from her, but relented when I said I wanted to talk with her, and moved instead to imposing themselves and doing everything for her. If I had unsigned travelers' checks, I would have got Z 7000 per dollar. As it was, the woman gave me Z6000 per dollar. After I left she ran after me, having found that the going rate was Z5500, as I had paid yesterday. I agreed readily to yesterday's rate. The guy was with her and again imposed himself in all the calculations; he tried once to take Z10,000, but we counted carefully and everyone ended up happy. The woman liked my calculator watch; the guy had taken her calculator to do the figures. Part of the difficulty for me, aside from not being used to Zaires, was that this time (with the woman) it was in smaller bills. She gave me packets of 25 bills of Z5000: each packet totals Z125,000. The little paper band holding the bills together says that it is 25 bills of Z100, for a total of Z2500: inflation by a factor of 50. So I walked away with a huge wad of bills in my pocket, feeling uncomfortable and concluding that I would have to carry my purse, just as so many Zairians do. So this is hyperinflation.

The walk to and from the money-changers gave me an idea of the Zaire I could see if I had more time and energy. A block from the hotel, on Senegalais and near the train station, women sold bananas, pineapple and papayas on the street. There were fewer there on Sunday than on Saturday, and their displays weren't as elegant as those I saw in Brazil or expect to see in West Africa. White folks stopping in cars seemed to be the main buyers. Beyond them, at the Marche d'Ivoire (just in front of the space in the concrete wall that led to the main railway station), the artists had set up. I didn't go over to see, but I was impressed with the number of tables of sculpture set up, and with the number of canvases skillfully propped up on the grass with sticks. The market for them has to be mostly domestic, though Europeans too must buy a fair portion of them. Beyond the sculptors and painters were makers of bird cages, who had set up a display of large cages - I was distant, but they looked to be nicely made. I walked along 30 Juin, the main double drive that starts from this square, and passed enough joggers that I thought for a minute that there was a race in progress. A man offered to see me Liberation and France Soir; I declined and asked for Zairian papers, and he sold me Mambenga. (I paid the interior price of Z3000, since that was the price I read, but should have paid the Z2500 for Kin.) I was amazed to see a call for the resignation of Mobutu on the first page, and learned thereby that something has changed. When I got back to the hotel, one of the workers told me that he too could start a newspaper now if he wanted. Mostly, however, economic pressures seem to keep people pretty distracted. The other event on my way home was meeting a very determined prostitute who held on to my arm and tried to lead me away. Plus after that, a very muscular man in his twenties pulled up in a new, maroon Mercedes and honked at the gate (as one does); a

barefoot man from ran down from the next building to open it, and I saw at this point that the muscle-man was pulling into the gym for his morning workout.

So the poor side of Zaire has a lot in common with Haiti. But there is also a layer of wealth here, plus a European presence, for which there is no equivalent in Haiti. Of course the sheer scale of Zaire, plus the mineral wealth, accounts for much of the difference.

On yesterday's walk I went a slightly different route. I passed the Memling hotel, the former luxury hotel, and found it closed and at least partially under reconstruction. But the beggars and shoe-shiners who hung around it in the old days are still there, so they kept me busy for a block or so. As I walked back along Livingstone, for over two blocks there were women seated on square stools, about 5 to 10 meters from each other, all along the street. They were near a fancy club and across from the Kin Center collection of boutiques. One of them called to me about changing money, but I suppose they are prostitutes. It looks pretty boring, sitting there on those stools.

I also saw a wonderful bit of artisanal work, right near the hotel. About three teen-age boys were working with strips of metal - aluminum, I think, but maybe stainless steel - to make model trucks. The results they came up with were elegant poids lourds about 4 inches in width and of length to scale. One was a truck with a detachable cattle car behind, which showed remarkable attention to detail. I saw one that had been painted as well; I don't remember seeing any with wheels. I didn't stop to look or talk, but the guys seemed to be working with the most minimal possible tools, and producing impressive results.

July 30. 1991. 8:30 p.m.

After an afternoon rest, I worked for a while on the 1989−90 text, concatenating and trimming my journal for what I currently plan as the third chapter, the 1991 travelogue.

Then at a little before 5:00, I decided to take a walk, at least for some fresh air and maybe to get a cheaper dinner than I would find at the Escoril. (By the way, somewhere in here I realized that Escoril is the town where the Portuguese have led the negotiations between MPLA and UNITA to arrange elections in Angola.)

I was lucky to get off as easily as I did. I walked down Senegalais to the Marche d'Ivoire, noting the art salesmen to my right and the two armed soldiers sitting discreetly to my left. I started down 30 Juin, and passed a prostitute, this one rather elegantly dressed. (I just now realized she might be connected to the guys I encountered.) I was walking past the monster ONATRA building and its extensive gardens when a man in brown but not in uniform stepped forward from the fence and called to me. He began asking me questions on who I was and there I was going, and showed me a big ID with stamps, claiming to be from the police. He asked me where I was staying and I said the Escoril. Then he asked to see my passport and I showed it to him. He said that with the expansion of democracy they had to check people more closely, and so I would have to go with him to the Escoril. At this point a car pulled up with two other men in it, and he asked me to get in. By now he had my passport. None of the men were in uniform, and I asked the others to show their ID. One pulled out a small ID like a driver's license, and I backed away from the car and started to walk away. The first guy now followed me, saying that he would have to take me by force if I did come quietly. He grabbed hold of my shirt, and I slung my arm around, breaking his hold. I was a little bigger than he, though perhaps lighter, and had nothing to lose by this point. I kept walking, rather than run, and made no effort to get my passport back. My plan was to get back within sight of the soldiers, and I told the guys so. Ultimately my pursuer got back into the back seat, and a guy in the front seat held out my

passport. I grabbed it and walked on; they drove off. I checked every car and every person as I walked the two blocks back to the hotel. I said nothing to the police as I passed them; I saw the prostitute again, across the street from the hotel.

When I told the hotel staff that some fake police had tried to arrest me, they said they had gone after me when I left, hoping to warn me about going about on foot, especially on Sunday. If it were in a car, or if I were with someone, it would have been OK. They were relieved that I was alright, and asked again a couple times just to make sure.

I broke some rules I should know pretty well. It's a dangerous part of town, and I left myself exposed. I also reacted a bit slowly. Here are the ways I got into this situation. First, I court these social boundaries as a matter of principle, to find out what's going on. I came to Zaire, which is always to ask for an extraordinary experience or so. I am underfunded, as usual, and reluctant to spend the extra money to take any of the many steps I could have taken to avoid this mishap: hire a taxi and guide, have a secretary call around the world to set up appointments (as with Sabakinu). I was tired and disoriented by the changed travel arrangements, plus the wearing effects of the week in South Africa.

The hilarious part of the encounter, of course, was when the guy used democracy as a justification ostensibly for arresting me, and really for ripping me off. In fact, of course, democracy loosens the hand of the state and permits an increase in unofficial crime; it probably cuts down on the amount of official crime.

So I sat down and had a beer in the Escoril's patio, and finished up the Glenny book. Then I went for dinner, and had Moambe. Moambe is half a chicken, served on rice, with a thick, dark brown sauce that was tasty (though I couldn't guess any ingredients). It was served with manioc leaves as chopped and boiled greens. The latter added a nice tart taste (milder than mustard greens yet reminiscent). As I had the night before, I polished it off with a pot of tea. I thought over problems of safety and travel in several countries. In particular, I went over the second Haitian visit I have been dreaming up, wondering if I have thought up an adequate number of protections against surprises in case JoAnna comes along. I remembered her questioning me about the security at the Strand theater when I took Pam there; it turned out (as has happened other times) to be less a question than a story. I think I had better find more practical and thoroughgoing ways to respond to the questions and warnings.

Here, by the way, is the text of a poster on the wall, next to the entrance to the hotel from the patio.

Le Ministère de la Culture et dess Arts
avec la collaboration de
La Symphonie des Arts
organise une Quinzaine Culturelle

La Démocratie

avec tous les artistes
zaïrois contemportains
du 7 juin au 22 juin

Meanwhile, it has been nice to be back at work on the manuscripts. Here are some of the ideas I have been tinkering with.

One is understanding the mechanisms for interaction in global history. Consider how social strata ignite each others' activity without direct contacts, or with very restricted contacts. I have worked this up for colonial Dahomey in the 20s and 30s. Maybe the same restricted contact is sufficient to ignite social responses across international boundaries. I'll write some comments on Glenny below, but here is one now. The timing of loans to Eastern European countries – the early 70s - links them to Third World loans, the oil boycott, gold prices, and economic stagnation. Helleiner on IMF and World Bank should help me figure this out. Meanwhile, Glenny notes that the US and the banks are asking full repayment - in part because of domestic pressures. Anyhow, the second Marshall Plan isn't going to happen.

The European Community belongs on my list of great powers. I need to pay more attention to the 1992 deadline as a factor motivating many other changes.

Soviet TV began to be piped into Bulgaria in the late 80s, thus providing information of developments in the USSR, and another twist on the cosmopolitan culture argument.

I am reminded of the fake interview I heard in 1987 in Brazzaville, in which the pompous minister creates a scene, then joins in the laughter, thinking the mike is off. I hope I can find my notes on that one - it and the Haitian AIDS ad show some of the media leadership in Third World countries.

July 1, 1991. 4:00 p.m.

When, at the end of a long errand getting myself a laisser-passer to Congo, I found myself with my pants unzipped - well, I knew that I'm still having a hard time, still feeling the effects of stress and exhaustion. So I decided once again, and sadly, not to go out the university in search of Sabakinu. The best I can do is write him and Lututala, try to maintain contact, and hope to come back.

I went to bed last night at 9:30 and slept a lot of the time, waking up just before 7:00 this morning. There were long and complicated dreams, involving swordplay of some sort – I think it was exhausting, but nobody seemed to be getting hurt. And I think there was a dream about my black suitcase. I did some dance steps first, then exercises. Then I had breakfast - I've been forgetting to mention the slice of lemon they serve with the papaya here. Coffee was weak but plentiful.

My mission was to get permission to cross the border. I asked the woman at the desk where to find Immigration. She said their are two buildings, but the one on Tombalbaye gives out the laisser-passer. So I found my way to it. There were about ten people waiting at the window, and the 2 or 3 women behind the women were doing nothing. First they folded their money, then in came soft drinks and sandwiches. Eventually I figured out they were taking a break. When it was over the two who stayed wrote out laisser-passer forms feverishly, while the crowd of now 25 forced arms with identity cards and money forward - it's supposed to be Z3000 for an express job (though it says Z500 on the form and on the wall), but I think people were giving more, and little change was being made. When I held my hand forward, the woman said I should go to the other immigration building, on the boulevard - 30 Juin.

I went to the UTA office to ask their opinion of how I cross the border, and the guy who confirmed my reservation said yes, I go down 30 Juin past the Regie des Eaux and Immigration will take care of everything. (Well, I hope my reservation is OK.) I walked west, then asked a soldier and he gave me Tabaczaire as an additional landmark. A man talking with the soldier

decided to accompany me, mainly with the idea of selling me a diamond ring. He was a nice man, but he was angry with me when after starting at something of a million Zaires, I still refused to buy at Z30,000 or $6.

By then I found immigration. After discussion at the gate I was led in to a man whose desk was just about totally clean. I explained my needs. He looked at my passport and asked how I got into the country without an entry stamp. Oh, boy – more problems stemming from my Friday night entry. The guys just swept past all officialdom, and I failed to insist on getting stamped. He asked me a few more questions, said it would be OK, and that I should go to the Congolese embassy for a laisser-passer. It was straight ahead on 30 Juin, just 30 meters past Royal.

He assumed I was driving, of course. It was about another kilometer further. Thanks to my trusty map I found it, between the embassies of Cameroon and Angola, with no identifying flag. I entered, and the woman at the first desk told me that it would be easy, but that I did need a letter from the American authorities. This was new to me, so I asked again if it really was required, and she was firm. It was then just after 11, and I asked when her office closed. She said at 1:00, but that I would make it. Just to be sure, I asked when they open tomorrow: it's 8:30 a.m.

So now I found a taxi with only 3 passengers and flagged it down. I paid Z2000 going one way, but found it was only Z1500 coming back. Along 30 Juin the signals are a hand pointed straight ahead for those continuing on the boulevard, and a hand pointed south for those going toward Victoire. I got out when we got to the center, and walked over to the U.S. embassy, passing through the money changers who recognized me and called to me eagerly, though I was in too much of a hurry to chat. At the embassy they told me I had to go to the consulate in the American Cultural Center, which is at the Marche d'Ivoire. So I walked over there and in the main entrance, only to find that the consular service was at a different, more distant entrance. I walked in, and within about 5 minutes had a neat form letter handed to me. I remained standing and anxious during that time, however, as there were over a dozen Zairians waiting in the room for what was clearly going to be a long time. I headed out to the street, past the bird cage display, and got a taxi to Royal. It was just past 12:00 when I arrived at the Congolese embassy, and I had my laisser-passer (another neat form letter) by about 12:20. I got another taxi and was dropped off just past the Memling. I noted that one man in his 50s who got in after me addressed the driver as "tu" in an imperious tone. I walked back to the hotel, looking for newspapers I had seen on the street, but found none.

I got another look at the young guys making toy trucks. They work from coffee cans and the like. The trucks don't have wheels. What I called a cattle car above, meanwhile, is a very exact replica of the "City Train," a giant people-mover pulled by a truck, with a lower level in the back and an upper level in the front, over the hitch to the cab. Certainly a hundred people in each of the four or five I saw moving along the boulevard. The old Sonatraz buses I saw before are also still in service, though not on the boulevard.

I passed the Alliance Francaise on the boulevard - I guess I can add it to my list of such installations around the Atlantic. I saw the poster on the spelling competition at the door, as I had seen it in the IFH in Haiti. Near Royal I passed a building being fixed and painted, and labeled UDI, Union de Democratie Independante. Political party, I suppose, though there are now so many that it's not necessarily an important one.

Back at the hotel I had a beer and a sandwich. Work was progressing on the body of the white Mercedes. There were three young men pounding and fitting. They had brought a metal

bottle of what I assume is acetylene gas for when they get to the welding part. Then two neatly dressed guys arrived in a car and did some active overseeing for a while. One of them surely was the boss. One of the workers was wearing dark glasses (for safety?), and the boss pulled them off his head and threw them on the car seat while the worker hung his head in silence. After other small interventions, the boss and the man in the blue African suit went on their way.

July 2, 1991. 9:30 a.m.

One more shock to complete my visit to Zaire. As I was setting my alarm last night it finally hit me that the next day was July 2, but that I leave Brazzaville for Cotonou on July 3. I had never even checked my calendar, as I did religiously up to this point, to make sure I had counted days correctly. I got a hint of it earlier in the evening when I noted that my Congo laisser-passer had been made out for 2 days, from the 2nd to the 4th, but I hadn't checked then.

I'm still trying to figure out what's been going on for the last few days. No doubt that Zaire is a difficult place to be, and that I was very upset by the airport scene. But in 1987 I got through Kinshasa far more successfully. I had a base in Brazzaville, and came over just with my back pack, so I had much more maneuverability, but on the other hand I had recently undergone the trauma of losing my wallet in Cameroon. So I think my semi-collapse must have stemmed mostly from the South African visit. A lot of the stress must have come from the extra expense that I found impossible to avoid. Much of it was just bad luck - no plane reservations available for East London and the cancellation of my TAP flight - and I think I responded to the bad luck pretty well. But something about being constrained within white society bothered me a lot, and I only got a couple glimpses of how to break through those limits. Plus I seem to have worked very hard, observing and recording observations, and in a situation where I feel sure that my observations will be challenged and must therefore be defended with care. And maybe, underneath that, worrying about whether South Africa really will change for the better or not. Still, the problem is that I didn't feel the effects of all that until I got to Zaire.

One of the reasons I forgot about the extra day is that I would dearly love to be in Benin, where I have so many more friends and where I feel so much more at home. Even there, of course, I will have to be careful of my every step.

July 2, 1991. 8:00 p.m.

Well, today went fine. We'll forget about how little I slept last night; I seemed to have plenty enough to worry about. I got up a little after 7, fixed myself, packed carefully, and had breakfast. At a little after 9:00 the charming and polished waiter who handles breakfast etc. in the patio got me a taxi, and we zipped down to the ferry, just a few blocks away. The inevitable helper attached himself to me right away - this one proved to be exceptional, and I do hope he writes me as he promised, as I didn't get his name. He didn't worry about me carrying my bags. The ticket cost Z90,000 ("novente milles zaires," in Zairian French - I thought the lady said "trente" the first time), so it was a good thing I had set aside an extra Z50,000 in addition to the Z50,000 I had set aside for the ticket itself. I had only Z15,000 left to give the helper. I had to explain a bit to the guy handling passport control about my lack of an entrance stamp, but he accepted my explanation. One ONATRA (the Zairian company) ferry pulled out as I was filling out my fiche d'embarquement, but I wasn't in a great hurry. We waited a bit, and a small ONATRA launch came up, with room for about 30 of us, and off I went.

While waiting for the launch I talked with my helper. He's obviously well educated. He's from Haut-Zaire (Shaba, in effect, I think), and came here for school. He went to a college

(high school, I think), and to a technical school of a sort I didn't get, but here he is doing gopher work. I wanted to talk with him about political change in Zaire, and he got right into it.

I said that I had found newspapers only on the boulevard, and had the impression that most people were just carrying on a difficult economic life without much reference to politics. He argued, on the contrary, that people were discussing politics quite a bit. I asked if Mobutu had really lost public support (thinking of Kérékou), and he said yes. I said that, from afar, Mobutu's April 1990 speech led to no difference, but now I was getting a different impression. He said that the newspapers began to appear right away, and that the discussions of what to do opened up as part of the same process. Radio and TV haven't changed yet (I remember Chetty saying that it's only now that South African TV will show poverty). I told the story of media coverage of the Benin conference, and he said the same had happened in Congo, where the national conference had gone very well. It's only as I write this that I realize the impact of having full coverage of the Congolese conference on TV, because the Kinois watched it too. An unprecedented case in which Zairians will have the details of a precedent fresh in their minds as they watch their own conference!!

I went over with him the triad of civil society, opposition and le pouvoir - but he filled in the blank for me by following civil society with the military. That's one twist on it; another is to remember the colonial triad of state, church and industry. Still another twist is that the church is part of civil society here, while it was a separate estate in France. I asked him about how to make sense out of so many parties. There wasn't time to launch into details - we still hardly knew one another - so I had to be content with his clear (if cautious) willingness to be associated with the opposition; with his statement that aside from all the ex-associates of Mobutu there are some parties and some individuals who comprise a real opposition; with his inclusion in this opposition of exiles recently returned and others not yet returned; and with his statement that Zairois hope to be past regionalism. He repeated what is obvious to me, that Mobutu doesn't want to go, but he is relieved to see that Mobutu accepts it as a possibility.

It was nice to have at least one such conversation before leaving Zaire. It was different from being corralled by la jeunesse revolutionaire or whatever for having a camera, as happened on my last visit. I think it's fair to say that Africans speak a lot more freely today than in the recent past. Maybe even more freely than in the era of independence. But this is more obvious for men than for women. Still, I bet some talkative women are coming through the school system, for instance.

As I got off the launch in Brazzaville, a taxi driver picked me out right away. Since his name is Patrick too, I learned it early on: he's Henri Patrick Mongo. He walked me through the fiches de débarquement and passport control - with few people, it was easier than last time. I suggested the Hôtel du Marché, but he said it cost 13,000 CFA, while the Hôtel Domingo in Poto-Poto cost only 10,000. So we went to check it out - I noted that the doors in his taxi lock and that, as before, the taxis in Brazzaville are in better shape than those in Kinshasa. I took the room, deposited my suitcase and computer, and at Henri's suggestion went to Air Afrique to reconfirm. As we drove I asked about the conference, saying that the Zairois (newspapers especially) believe it went very well. He responded strongly in the affirmative. He's happy with the prime minister, and he understands that the Americans will be happy with the prime minister because of his world bank connections. I asked how Sassou Nguesso had come out of it, and he thought he had done very well - he stayed out of it until the very end, then appeared at the end to express his regrets for the problems the country had had, and his support for the work of the conference. (The responses I saw in the newspapers were less forgiving but more cryptic.) We

passed the Avenue Nelson Mandela, with a nice portrait of Mandela, and I noted it on my Brazzaville map so I could go back. We arranged for him to pick me up at 3:00 tomorrow, and he left me at Air Afrique.

This office was staffed by women as attractive and smartly dressed as last time I was there, when a woman whose last name was Quénum helped me. I was OK on the flight, but the woman was disapproving of my staying at the Domingo: "Il y a des hôtels plus propres", said she, and she recommended the Hôtel Regina, near the airport and run, I think she said, by some Dutch folks. In any case it's relatively new. Then I asked for directions to the bank and was off.

The bank is right down the street: UCB (Union congolaise de banque) is the only bank. But it was 12:20 when I got there, and it had closed. The gateman told me it's open from 6:30 a.m. to noon. So from Av. Amilcar Cabral I walked along Av. Serg Malamine to the Rond Point of the Bureau de Poste Central. Along the way on this quiet street I passed a group of men standing in front of a display of what must have been a dozen Congolese newspapers on the ground. They were involved in about three intense political discussions. I wanted the papers, but didn't feel I should break up the group. At the P.O. I saw curios rather than newspapers, so I headed back to Cabral along Av. Alfassa, passing the monster French Embassy (I had already passed the American Embassy, opposite the bank). Then I found the area with cafes by going up Av. du Camp. In this fancier area I found guys who wanted to sell me U.S., French and German publications, but they had nothing from Congo.

So I sat down at a cafe and had a beer (Kronenbourg) and a ham sandwich which included some nice pickles. I had forgotten that they make Kronenbourg here (factory is on the river, on the north side), though I had just seen a sign in which 1664 (one of their beers) is sponsoring a week of African cuisine and other cultural events. While I sat there, I wrote a note portraying Kinshasa as Chicago and Brazzaville as Boston. I love all the greenery in Brazzaville, and its sort of tidied up, correct demeanor. Missing is that underlying hostility of Bostonians. The waiter had a few moments to talk, so I was voicing my impression that Brazzaville was filled with readers, and that there was less so in Kinshasa. So he pointed out to me the Zairian book salesman who was patrolling the cafes on the street. That's a reminder that Kin is so monstrous that one can miss important dimensions of it, and it put limits on my comparison above. He was pleased with the transition, noting that there had been no violence, though there were strikes at the Hôtel de Ville and in other areas of public service. As I got up, a young man came by with three Congolese papers, and I bought all three at 300 CFA each.

I walked up to Rond Point de la Coupole, planning to walk up Av. Nelson Mandela to the Faculté des Lettres. I got lost a bit and ended up at the railway station, and then went on to take a look at the unlabeled new tower at water's edge. I saw a shoe store with women's shoes at as much as 65,000 CFA (well over $200), but I also saw a nice newsstand and a music shop with quite a few tapes.

I worked my way over to Av. Nelson Mandela - it was listed as Av. de Pavie on my map. At the entrance to the street is a large, well executed portrait of Mandela in 1990, about 6x4 feet. Behind it, and still standing but obscured by the new portrait, is a portrait of Mandela in the 1960s, also a faithful execution of a photo, but some of the paint was chipped on this one and some rust spots were visible from the metal behind. The street name sign was also not new. At the other end of the street is a copy of the new likeness of Mandela, but not the old one. I had already concluded that streets were named after Mandela upon his release rather like they were named after Kennedy upon his death. This one, however, goes back some time. It might well have been there when I last came in 1987.

I walked up the hill and found the Faculté des Lettres and the office of Abraham Ndinga-Mbo with some help; he wasn't in, but I left a card with a note that I would come back the next morning. Walking to the hotel, I saw the first amusement park I have seen in Africa at Rond-Point de Poto Poto; perhaps it's in operation on weekends. By now it was 3:00, so I lay down for an hour's nap. I had spotted a more extensive music shop, so when I got up I asked about it at the hotel, and ended up being accompanied there by a Senegalese man on his way to prayer at the Grande Mosquée which is right behind it. He travels back and forth from Senegal. And he told me that the people running the music shop are Guineans. I asked for the best in new Congolo-Zairoise music, and got three tapes: one by Mbilia Bel, which is more fully orchestrated than before and OK but not thrilling; one by Koffi Olomidé which is absolutely thrilling, so I'm thankful for the high recommendation they gave me on it; and one by Madilu, who continues the tradition of the Orchestre Tout-puissant of Franco - as with Mbilial-Bel, I have the impression that the tempo is slowing a bit. Mbilia-Bel now works with a male singer called Rigo Star. Then I went to the hotel bar to watch TV and drink a Fanta, and then had dinner. Dinner was soup, and boiled meat in a pretty nice sauce, with which I had manioc rather than rice. The manioc was rubbery, having been boiled into tubular form (in leaves, I guess), and cold - but it was OK when soaked in the sauce. A juicy orange for dessert. Not good food, but I was happy to be there rather than at the Estoril, and it cost $10 rather than $15.

July 3, 1991. Wednesday morning.

Zairian newspapers.

Mambenga No. 210 de 29 Juin 1991. Lots of space for Amnesty International, communique fromo MNC/L iin exile.

Images, première année, No. 2, 1 Juillet 1991. Seems semi-official, with lots of ads from govt services celebrating anniversary of independence, a story on Bindo emphasizing its complexity, a summary of Mobutu's speech, and a general expression of hope for national reconciliation.

Le Phare, 8e année, nouvelle série, No. 73 du 1 Juillet 1991. Some excellent cartoon work, critical of Mobutu; reports on several of the parties. Maybe it existed a long time, then switched its line in April 1990.

Le Softò de Finance, deuxième année, No. 34, 1 Juillet 1991. By far the biggest, and in tiny print. The -most intellectual of the four, it includes the best view of "civil society", and it also includes a full listing of radio & TV, including VOA, RFI, CNN, MTV, and French TV5.

Congolese newspapers. These are much harder to understand, because they are filled with complex jokes and allusions.

Madukutsekele, No. 006 du 27 Juin 1991, "l'irregulier satirique - journal officiel du P.O.R.C."

Maintenant, No. 10 du 25 Juin au 25 Juillet 1991, "Mensuel Culturel des Ateliers des Rêves."

Le Temps, première annee, No. 002, 26 Juin 1991, "journal indépendant d'information et d'opinion."

# Week 7. Brazzaville and Cotonou

Starting July 4, 1991, Thursday.

July 4, 1991. Thursday evening, in Cotonou.

On Wednesday morning, July 3, I got up, packed, then started taking notes on newspapers from Congo and Zaire. From 11:30 to 3:00 p.m. I read newspapers in detail, especially those from Congo, and began to get a good idea of what was going on. I made some marks on the papers themselves, but otherwise will have too reread them to catch up on events. I still think the dialogue in Congo is more complex and sophisticated than in Zaire, but the newspapers are much newer. Henri Patrick Mongo, the taxi driver, pointed out that Mweti was the PCT paper; now it has changed lines. Once coming to Benin I have learned more about how closely they followed the Benin model in Congo - down to the readoption of the old national anthem and flag.

Did I write this above? The Zairois will be the first to undertake a national conference having seen the details of a previous conference, as a result of Congolese TV. But now the Togolese conference will open Monday, July 8, and the Togolese followed the Benin conference on radio and perhaps TV. The waiter at the Hotel Domingo told me that a radio that doesn't get Zairian stations isn't a radio in Brazzaville.

So Tuesday morning I walked downtown, bought another five Congolese newspapers (the main one I didn't get was Le Soleil), then I went to the UCB to cash a travelers' check, then to a cafe for coffee and a croissant. They had to send out for the croissant. Then I caught a taxi up to the Faculte des Lettres. Ndinga-Mbo was not in: classes were over, and he had gone west on a research trip. I met two other members of the history department, and left a letter for Ndinga-Mbo, promising to send him a copy of my slavery book and of the francophone book if he didn't get it.

In the history office I met a student who introduced himself and explained his gift. He wrote the following in my book:

"Alain Daniel BACKALA
34 rue Bordeaux
149 rue Kimpandzou Ouenze
Brazzaville, Rep. du CONGO

Homme detenant une spécificité biologique qui est la transmission et la reception des emissions radiodiffusion et télévision. (Document detenu à l'Ambassade des Etats-Unis au Congo et à la Maison Blanche)."

Maybe one address is for radio and the other is for TV.

Then I was introduced to Mukala KADIMA-NZULI of the Department of African Literatures and Civilizations. He gave me the correct term for the cell telephones: télé-cel. He agreed, the Zairians have lots of them. You do need to have a regular phone number to use one. He described their efforts to teach Afro-American literature and civilization, and the difficulty of getting materials for it; he has been working with the American cultural center, which is

cooperative but not necessarily able to help, lacking inside academic knowledge. I promised to try to get him a copy of the Afro Scholar if and when it appears.

Then I walked back to the hotel. It would cost me another 3000 CFA to keep the room until 3:00, so I just moved to the cafe, had a sandwich and a Fanta, watched TV and read newspapers. Henri came to pick me up. We both looked at the papers and discussed them a bit, then we drove to the airport. At my request, we drove past the Palais du Peuple, built in about 1980, where the conference took place. It's a great huge structure, and it's not far from the stadium, so they really were able to adjourn the conference for a while to go see the finals in the national football championship, where the Diables Noirs, who had never won, finally became national champions.

At the airport I first tried to check in, was rebuffed, and waited an hour. Then I was told that Cotonou was not for today, it was for Sunday. Only then did I get serious about finding an Air Afrique agent to straighten things out, and even then it took about 10 minutes. I checked in. Then as I went through passport and health checks, I was handed 5000 CFA by the passport clerk and asked to get two bottles of White Horse Scotch. What's best in the circumstances - go along or not? I went along with the first one, but when I was already at the duty free desk and had paid for two bottles, I refused when the lady from the health desk asked me to buy two more. She persisted, and bought her own, slipping them through as part of my order (nobody was checking to control it, clearly). Nobody offered me anything in return. Finally the plane was called. It was an Air Afrique flight, but it was a Cameroon Airlines Boeing 737. We had to identify our bags before they would load them. As I did, the baggage handler asked me if the bag were really going to Cotonouu. So as I climbed up the staircase to the plane, I asked the attendant what was our itinerary, and she told me it was Pointe Noire, Cotonou, Lome, in that order.

The flight from Brazzaville to Pointe Noire took 35 minutes. Almost everyone got off. They were Congolese, almost entirely, and since I had taken the train trip (about 10 hours), I could see the advantage of going by plane. One strange thing was that the attendant announced everyone would have to go through passport and customs formalities in Pointe Noire - strange for a voyage within a country. The next crew to load up was almost 100% French, with lots of small children. I eventually found they were all going to Paris, but I never found out whether they were French workers in Pointe Noire oil rigs etc. and their families (going to France for vacation), or French vacationers returning home from Pointe Noire. My guess is the first. After an hour layover we flew for over two hours. But as we descended it became more and more clear that it was to be Lome, not Cotonou. Best I can guess is that the airline changed the route after I bought the ticket - one hostess tended to confirm that, but two months seemed like an eternity to her, and it was quite vague. By now the five of us traveling from Brazzaville to Cotonou were becoming a tight little group. In particular, a young Cotonoise became friendly with me. I learned that she lived and worked in Bangui, along with her family. She was coming to Cotonou for about a month's vacation; her parents would follow in a week or so. The logical flight pattern for her would have been Bangui - Douala - Cotonou. But air traffic is down and flights have been cancelled. So she flew Bangui ⁻ Brazzaville, spent the night in Brazzaville (happily she has an uncle there), then took our indirect flight to Cotonou. Once she had gone to Bangui from Cotonou by way of Abidjan, then across the savanna.

We took off from Lome, and in about 15 minutes were over Cotonou. We went past Akpakpa, circled over Lake Nokouoé (I think I saw lights from Porto-Novo in the distance), and then flew back across Cotonou - I saw Abomey-Calavi plus Ganvié and Sô-Awa off to the right. We arrived at about 11:30, and got through formalities and got baggage in no time because there

were so few of us. Soumonni arrived just after I did, having figured out the schedule change. I was very happy to see him and to be back in Benin. We went to the Croix du Sud, and I was given room B–28, way at the back, because the hotel was almost full - good thing Soumonni had reserved me a room. Conferences and business meetings are now held in Benin (rather than in Togo, for instance) - a small but remarkable change. Price of the room has risen from 9000 to 11,000 CFA. We had a beer, chatted a bit, and agreed to meet at 10 in the morning, after his 8:00 o'clock class.

Other thoughts during that day and the evening before. I have noted the télé-cel issue. Satellite dishes and receiving satellite TV stations is another issue. I guess I can learn in the U.S. which stations are available by satellite, and how one receives them. But that explains how MTV was available in Brazil (and Zaire), and how C-Span was available in Brazil. One point is that these stations are available only to those who can afford the equipment.

I remembered my childhood fascination with Mike Todd's "Around the World in 80 Days" - we went to Graumann's Chinese theater or some such to see it, and it's the only film score I ever bought as a record. Plus, years later, I bought Jules Verne's novel in French and read it about half way through - or maybe even all the way. So then I figured out that I can entitle my chapter "Around the Atlantic in 80 Days."

After sleeping this morning to 8:30, I got up for breakfast in the busy dining room, cleaned my room and went to the terrace to wait. Before Soumonni came, I was visited by the young guy who sold me some tapes during my last visit. Only now he has video cassettes, in VHS. Pornography has arrived for the VCR as it has for the theaters - the theater at the hotel has just reopened, and the skin flics are the main ones advertised. So that's an issue here as elsewhere. He had Walt Disney, and he had Burt Lancaster as Moses. The ones that attracted me, however, were put together by one Charles Enonchong (address: 1st floor, No. Community Complex, Satellite Town, Badagry Express Way, Lagos). He had produced at least three videos, at least two of them dated 1991: "Military Coup d'Etats in Africa," "The Liberian Civil War," and "The Secret History of the Gulf War." Cover designs were in French as well as English, and I wonder about the dialogue on the tapes. I imagine these are made as a pastiche of programs recorded from CNN and whatever. But this is the sort of a document that can have a tremendous opinion-forming effect (again: within the limits of certain social and economic groups) in Africa. So I agreed to talk to the guy again Monday, and to see what else I can find in the meantime.

Soumonni arrived about 10:30, after finishing with his students. He told me that there is a video of the Benin National Conference, with all the main speeches. So I must have one, if possible, though it will be expensive: we found one video store in Haie Vive, and I'll go there.

The FLASH has new officers: Albert Nouhouayi (a philosopher) is the new doyen; Félix Iroko is vice-doyen; the recteur is Jean-Pierre Ezin.

At the bank we met Azaria Fakorédé, founder and head of the UDRN (Union Démocratique de Réconstruction Nationale), a small party, but I think Soumonni wants me to meet with him again. We also met Mme. Dossou, wife of Robert Dossou (candidate for the presidency), and sister-in-law of François Dossou.

We went to the Bank of Africa so I could cash travelers' checks. It's a French bank, but with stockholders from Benin, and with branches in other African countries. I was very impressed. First, just to see a bank in operation in Benin after what they've been through. But more than that, to see the structure of the bank, the attitude it conveyed, and the way work was carried out there. It's one big, open, airy room. A nice lemon yellow. There's a counter

separating clients from employees, and there are boxes for the caisses, but the counter is low and the caisses don't seem like cell blocks. There were lots of customers, but lines were short. No yelling for attention or forcing hands full of documents through the crowd. Inside the work area were at least ten desks. There was a person at virtually every desk; plenty of paper on each desk, but the stacks were neat and seemed to have been put there recently. Elisée and I came up to the counter, and a man came from halfway across the work space to ask what we needed; we said change, and he pointed to a woman two spaces down. I waited until she finished with the woman with whom she was working, signed my checks, and handed them over. She filled out her form, passed it on to the cashier, and I had my money. All within ten minutes, and that included much of the time being used by Elisée to say hello to people in his usual thorough manner. I liked the lady at the bank in Rio more, but I liked the bank in Cotonou best of all.

We stopped to pick up some papayas and lettuce from a nice fruit stand (getting there through Cotonou's streets was a problem), then had coffee and pastries at the good bakery. We went to the Soumonnis' house, had a drink and chatted. I expressed an interest in learning the names and more about the women who seemed to me to be in charge of radio and TV at the time of the national conference - Elisée suggested someone who can help on that, now head of both services - but I seem to have lost the reference. There was a strike by radio and TV employees in 1989, in which the employees complained not only about working conditions but about what they broadcast. So that was a sign about the weakening of le pouvoir, if they can't keep control of the media; plus new stories then began to appear.

There is to be a VAT, and prices are rising in anticipation of it. Shades of South Africa. Everybody has to finance the social reforms being demanded. It's only the Americans who can claim, for the moment, immunity from higher taxes. (There are some useful comparisons to be drawn between the U.S. and other countries on taxes, on the breadth of rights now being acknowledged in constitutions and bills of rights, and on the meaning of a liberal economy.) The president of Benin has yet to name his government. The constitution provides for a strong president, and the proportional representation system makes for a multiplicity of parties. But one still awaits the name of a prime minister and of others to see the direction in which Soglo is going. Soumonni says he's a politician as well as a technocrat, in fact more politician than technocrat. Soglo himself said, I think to a French journalist, that it's even becoming a problem that no party will identify itself as an opposition: they all support his proposals. The other candidates for president are in the National Assembly, and they are vying to become president of the National Assembly, the second most powerful office in the country: Tevoedjre, Dossou, and others.

I thought briefly of trying to go to Togo for a bit of the conference there, but gave it up. I'll try to collect some papers, and maybe catch some radio or TV. Soumonni found that things have accelerated there, and that people speak with a freedom and strength totally uncharacteristic of Togolese even in recent times. He noted that they didn't have the problems of Benin - salaries have been paid, roads are paved in Lome – but demands have risen just the same, based on the Benin model.

Laurent Yai came by - another of the Save clan. He was elected a deputy, but resigned to take a position in Lome with a French organization providing support for research in Africa. Soumonni proposed 7 million CFA ($23,000) of support for the national history conference, wrote up a nice 2–page document on it, and we may know soon. Remarkable.

Maria arrived with Diron and Lola, and we had cheery greetings. Diron didn't recognize me at first, but then figured out that the beard was gone. We talked about that for a bit. Lunch

was a chicken salad, topped with manioc flour and surrounded with nice lettuce, plus spice rice and meat. They have a good cook, Bienvenu, whose fancy work I will get to taste in a couple days. It was after 3:00 by now, and we agreed to meet at 6:00 for the July 4 reception offered by the Americans. I took a taxi back to the hotel, and then went across the street to reconfirm my reservation with Sabena.

At 6:10 Elisee and Maria picked me up - the reception was moved from the Ambassador's residence to the Sheraton, for fear of rain. The announcement said something about "WESTERN" as a theme. Of course I was afraid that meant Western Civ, but it did indeed mean cowboys. The ambassador (I don't have her name yet, but she is the person who arrived just after I last left here) explained in her speech that she's from eastern Oregon, and so she proposed the American West as a theme - to emphasize the struggle to overcome the natural obstacles there, and to celebrate the heroes who built the West. She then congratulated the Beninois on their accomplishments, saying you are "tous des originaires du West." Her praise for the Beninois emphasized human rights, freedom of the press and a liberal economy.

TV monitors showed western bands, the American officials were indeed in cowboy outfits, and hamburgers and hot dogs were distributed along with plenty to drink and a big cake in the shape of a U.S. map, which was topped with sparklers before being cut by the ambassador. (I noted at the end that they had started at the West, so the eastern seaboard was left: I thought of Barry Goldwater.) Hundreds of people attended, and Soumonni thought they had all the people that mattered in Cotonou in attendance.

I met an architect, whose name I did not get, but who was interested in talking about problems of democratization. He asked me whether I thought there were cultural constraints that were harming the development of African countries. I responded warily, because to speak of culture in such terms begins to sound like race, and tends to put people into inherited categories they can't control. But I also thought it was best to hear the guy out, not just impose my own views. I told him my impression of the bank, and we continued talking. We arrived at a formulation that he proposed and that I could seize upon: it is difficult (in Africa) to have confidence in the persons one is working with. Now I've lost his wording, but I think I have the idea. If there isn't an immediate understanding between people carrying out a transaction, it takes time to work out either an understanding or the transaction or both. But in Africa people have often not said what they think. Even now, speech is much freer, but then free expression of ideas leads to confrontations, and it's only thereafter that one can re-establish a consensus. I think of colonialism as one of the main factors making it difficult for Africans to speak freely; obviously there are others as well. This issue is somewhat similar to that of the establishment of a national consensus, but my architect friend phrased it clearly in terms of individual interaction, and I had just read in Le Monde about Henri Lefebvre and his work on the philosophy of everyday life. This remains a bit vague for me, but it seems worth pursuing. This project is fascinating for the number of interesting issues it threatens to envelop. An attempt to resolve them all would lead to insanity or, short of that, simply failure, but tinkering with lots of them may help in developing a logic for addressing them which reflects some of the fundamentally specific characteristics of a global framework of analysis. Time to go to sleep.

July 5, 1991.

Morning. (Only on July 11 do I actually get this written up.) Soumonni picked me up to go to Calavi to the university. Traffic was very heavy, and was bottled up particularly at the railroad crossing just before Cite Houeyiho, where Soumonni lives. Rainy season makes it

worse: only a few main roads are paved and practicable, and everybody takes them. Some roads are now being paved, but with paving stones made of concrete – they are the ones of rounded and slightly interlocking shape in the Place des Martyrs, and the idea is partly to use lots of labor under the Structural Adjustment Plan. The driveway into the university was done with this paving stones and it's an immense improvement. For the sandy coast, these are probably a better solution than asphalt.

Me met briefly with Iroko, now in his new capacity as vice-doyen, and I talked about affiliating NU and UNB and about our conference plans. Then we met with the new doyen, Albert Niahouaye and discussed the same. Back at the History Department office I met the new secretary, and then several faculty members came through. Roger N'Tia, Jerome Alladaye, Alexis Adande, Gabriel Orou-Bagou, and Francois Dossou.

Roger N'Tia, on learning about the democratization study, immediately expressed his concern that it was an affair of intellectuals mostly, which left the common people with few benefits. He said it's been a democratic opening, with the restitution of certain fundamental rights, but the new structures are not yet established. He promised to write me up a statement, which he did in fact deliver on Moday. Here's his statement:

"Le mouvement socio-politique qui a ébranlé un peu partout dans le monde les régimes autoritaires à partiei unique s'est traduit au Bénin par un climat politique nouveau appelé Renouveau Démocratique.

"Ce Renouveau Démocratique se caractérise par une certaine liberté d'expression et d'association qui a entraîné une multiplication de partis politiques, de mouvements et d'associations de touute genre.

"Mais la vie politique nationale demeure le monopôle des Intellectuels (organisés en une multitude de partis et mouvements souvent sans programme), done le principal objectif est d'accéder aux portes de responsabilité politique pour satisfaire leurs besoins matériels. Quant au vrai peuple, objet de manipulations et de duperies, il est absent du jeu politique. On se se révère à lui que pour solliciter ses suffrages, sans vraiment se présenter de ses intérêts et de ses aspirations.

"Le jeu démocratique, si démocratie il y a, se situe donc au niveau des seuls Intellectuels qui cherchent à monopoliser la gestion de l'Etat à leur profit. Il y a donc lieu de parler de "Démocratisme" et non de Démocratie puisque ces Intellectuels ne représentent pas réellement le peuple et que leur action ne s'inspire pas des préoccupations de celui-ci.

"Ainsi, par exemple, les Députés ne doivent pas des comptes aux électeurs d'une circonscription electorale donnée. On dit qu'ils sont députés de la Nation. Qui réprésentent-ils alors?

"N.B. Il faut entendre par 'Démocratisme', cette manière des Intellectuels de vouloir diriger le Peuple sans en être les vrais représentants."

Also in the discussion at the office. Soumonni: Noriega was driven from his hideaway in the church by loudspeakers blaring day and night, so that the papal nuncio asked him to give up. Everyone knew about the LA police beating. Ghanaians have been migrating to South Africa (maybe they're active in setting up taxi systems). Paul Biya has three separate armies, which helps him stay in power; a general (Mengue?) saved him earlier. Togo: rumors that ministries have been promised to individuals even before the conference. Can it then be sovereign? Dossou invited us for lunch on Saturday, and I made plans to see Orou-Bagou on Monday or Tuesday (though that didn't work out). We went to meet the rector. On the way we

met Bienvenu Akora, a linguist with a doctorat d'état who is doing a new fon-français dictionary. We met with recteur Jean-Pierre Ezin for about 20 minutes. He's sort, of modest demeanor, but seems to be a firm and energetic person. We talked of his trip to the U.S., and of the visit to Northeastern and plan for an affiliation. I said his visit had impressed Ron Bailey a lot, but that we were still having trouble deciding where to orient our probes toward linkage with Africa. I think he may have called Ron before leaving the U.S.; I know that Olori did so before he left. I learned that Ezin will return to the U.S. in October, to give a paper in mathematics at two places: Northeastern and in Washington. He'll be in Boston from the 18th to the 20th.

I promised to arrange a reception for him (based on African-American Studies), and to try to have some sort of paper to sign, indicating an affiliation. I should try to have Curry president, since both are presidents.

Meanwhile, in the History office I read a recent thèse de maîtrise directed by Codo: Gnimavo Isidore Maffon, "Les Politiques de Commercialisation Agricole au Bénin (1962−1982)." It shows commerical statistics are available from ministries, and traces SONADER and the other marketing and processing agencies; it cites a lot of Sciences économiques thèses de maîtrise, so these may be useful in a post-1960 study. Also cited: P. Léon, Histoire économique et sociale du monde, tome 6, Le second XXe siècle, de 1947 à nos jourus (Paris, Armand Colin, 1977).

In a long chapter on colonial economic history Maffon doesn't cite my book, though its right there on the shelf. That makes me want to translate the book. Or maybe even do a new edition in French, update it and add a post-1960 chapter.

I also found Georges Mounin, Histoire de la Linguistique (Paris: PUF, 1970). I borrowed it, took notes, and filed them in the World\Notes directory.

Soumonni took me to lunch at his house. We drove toward town to a stand (labelled Mahi) where they made up pounded yam (igname pilée - they don't recognize the term "foofoo" here) and bought a container full. I learned that there are now electric machines to pound yams. They were designed by a Nigerian, but are produced by Japanese firms. Some people, of course, claim that hand-pounded yam tastes much better. So we had the pounded yam, meat & fish in sauce. After lunch Maria drove me to the hotel, as she went to drop off each kid at a different place. She is job hunting. Being headmistress of the Nigerian school sounds great, but she has no benefits and no job security. She applied for one position at the American Cultural Center and didn't get it; is now applying for another.

In the afternoon I went to the American Cultural Center to see Herman Henning. He spoke very freely and was very helpful. Here are my abbreviated notes.

He was surprised to see that people were able to bring down the government by doing nothing. All the ministries were simply on strike. The state couldn't even call out the military against folks.

France paid for the salaries 1989 - so "bailleurs de fonds" meant French treasury in that case. Henning spoke freely at that point, supporting democratic change, since US was paying no money. France appreciated it them, but not later. From Dec. 10, France had what it wanted from the Benin government. But public call for more precise guarantees. Nobody would go back to work until there was a conference.

Selection of delegates to national conference. Robert Dossou, minister of planning, drew up a list of organizations then of individuals. It gave PRPB a slight majority. [Henning seems the best authority for this point.] Response was no conference. So they adjusted it until it was

more balanced. [I later learned the list was really of organizations or "tendances", and that the organizations chose the requisite number of delegates by whatever means they chose, usually not involving much consultation of members.]

Liberal economy became the catch-word. French didn't want the liberal economy, just the end to Marxism-Leninism. The French wanted Tevoedjre, Soglo is closer to the Americans. Chirac came to Togo and spoke (when? election time 1991 or conference time 1990?) to make clear French support of Kérékou or Tévoedjrè.

A general spoke at conference, but was forced by the assembly to remove his pistol.

Henning's press release in February 1991 when it appeared Kerekou might be trying for a military solution. All the US visitors, all pleased with democratic advance. Reminder of $80 million the US had promised 6 months earlier.

People stood in orderly lines for elections - set a new standard.

People circulated rumors that the Americans were guarantors of Soglo. One told him there was a ship offshore.

He's pleased - one place where people are happy with the Americans. But he's tired, will work in a news analysis group in Washington.

Now it is becoming the Soglo govt: that is, Soglo is appointing too many of his relatives to jobs.

Henning got Soumonni, Hountondji, Ezin to US, along with Sabakinu from Zaire. (He knows Ngoh as well.)

Problems in getting students into US: he wanted to know why his candidates weren't

Henning said he organized a Pan-African conference in Cotonou, or participated in such - hence the first one since Ghana. Can this be so? Tutu came. But the war overshadowed it. Seven countries sent representatives.

Togo: not clear things will go as well. People there didn't suffer as they did in Benin.

Beyond that, it's not clear that people will treat each other well enough at the level of daily life.

We talked about South Africa. He thought ANC would have to get rid of socialism. I talked more about democratic process.

I invited him to come to Northeastern to talk. I thought Winter or Spring would be best. He agreed, and awaits suggestion of a topic from us. I'm sure black students would be much encouraged to see him and hear from him, so I want to make sure the make arrangements for his visit.

I had an appointment for 6:00 p.m. with Paulin Hountondji, made the night before by phone. Waiting for him at his office inthe Education Ministry was what I think was group of cadres from the ministry, who had a 4:00 p.m. appointment. They were talking about verification of diplomas, which I learned from the papers was an issue left over from the old regime, where supporters of the regime were awarded diplomas and jobs without passing the exams. One guy from the group talked with me - I thought he was a showoff, but very knowledgeable of world affairs.

Hountondji arrived, saw me briefly, and arranged to come by the hotel at 8:30. By 9:30 I was having dinner and he finally arrived. It's really just all the work of being a minister. He's going to Dakar, to Nairobi, to Europe where he'll see Eileen Julien. As for the economists in the government of transition, "Ces gens n'acceptent que dificilement la souverainete nationale." The story of founding his newspaper – a presidential candidate wanted him as editor. Houndondji

accepted on conditions that the paper be rigorously in support of democracy, pluralism, human rights. He was advanced over 4 million CFA (nearly $15,000). Then by December 1989 and January 1990, the patron decided against it as he had hopes of being appointed premier ministre by Kerekou. First edition came out, first one to appear without authorization of the state - fear for Paulin. Then it was OK and others appeared. The patron wanted back in, Hountondji said no. He took the money as a loan, and still promises to repay. But it's not clear he can repay and still keep the paper going.

Saturday, July 6.

At the hotel until 1:00.

I though more about pastiche and montage as tactics for communicating interaction - as is done on newspaper pages or on film. But pastiche is also a fact of life - things get piled up, on against the other - and we try to make sense of them as we encounter the pile. So this takes us back to Dadaist and constructivist art forms, where people made pastiches as a counter-establishment critique, as of World War I. Problem: with pastiche as the technique of presentation, what sense do people get of the mechanism of interaction among influences? Koffi Olomide's pastiche: Ghanain first name, Nigerian last name, Congolese music tradition, he borrows sounds from kora and from South African male groups.

Soumonni dropped by, saying he was having his car worked on. At 1:00 a car from Francois Dossou came to pick me up. I was joined by an engineer friend of the Dossous, M & Mme Dossou, Noureini Tidjani-Serpos and eventually Soumonni. Food was wonderful - fish and meat in a tasty and slightly tart sauce of yellow and green, shrimp salad to start with, wine along with and orange for dessert. Dossou and Tidjani-Serpos were in their usual fine bantering form. I recorded little from the conversation, though there was discussion of a 1977 plan to move the Cotonou airport to near Abomey, with a secret arrangement to use the terrain for toxic wastes. The airport director argued against moving it and was removed. But the airport stayed.

After lunch Elisee and I drove over to visit Bienvenu Olori. He invited us in for drinks, and we were joined by a young French man who has been in Benin since 1989 as a European volunteer, and his and Beninoise girl friend. We reviewed plans for affiliation, and I didn't remember much said beyond that.

Working at the end of the day Saturday I got a sense of the cumulative intellectual excitement of the trip. I suddenly saw the comparison between my trip and those of Humboldt and Darwin - each men traveling along around much of the world, on a scientific expedition but also a shoestring. (Big expeditions like Captain Cook's are a different category.) Among the differences: I'm working on social and not on natural issues, and I'm far less lonely in that, this being the 20th century, I run into colleagues at each step of the way. Tears came as I was working on dance steps. Part of it is that I was tired and lonely. But I was also very happy at the connections I'm finding, and excited intellectually: I feel as if I'm on the edge of some important discoveries or assemblages.

Metaphors. After thinking over the Mounin book, I came tentatively to the conclusion that I must add a fourth level of metaphor to the scheme I'm developping. That is: Mechanical images; Organic images; Psychological or Societal images (images of the mind of man); Mystical images (images in the mind of God). Well?

JULY 7, 1991. Sunday.

Le Forum, No. 38, 2−8 Janvier 1991. Institutions of transition: president of the Haut Commissariat de la République (de Souza), pres. of the republic, president of la Cour Suprême (Frédéric Houndéton). Big events of the year: 11 fév release of Mande.a, 19−28 fév conféerence nationale des forces vives; 1 août 30 ans d'indépendance; 2 août invasion du Koweit par l'irak; 5 oct emeute au Togo, le "Timonier national" dans la tourmente; 15 oct prix nobel de la paix Gorbatchev; oct réunification de l'Allemagne; 2 déc consultation référendaire. Evenements de 1990: 8 janvier les avocs dénient toute légalité à la Cour de Sûreté de l'etat; 18 janvier les membres du présidium charge é du suivi du PAS rencontrent la deuxième fois les travailleurs pour négocier les conditions de reprise du travail; 20 janvier UNSTB divorce d'avec le PRPB; 19 fév ouverture au PLM Alédjo des travaux de Conf Nat; 20 fév election du présidiumßéß 2a fév visite surprise du chef de l'etat; 23 fév début des travaux en commissioné; 24 fév séance extraordinaire, le CEN décide de restituer à leurs propriétaires les biens saisis 1975; 25 fév proclamation de la souveraineté de la Conférence, colonel Douandoté menace de mor tous les participants; 27 fév Sogle élu premier ministre; 28 fév clôture; 1 mars session conjointe Conseil Exécutif National - Comité permanent de l'Assemblée Nationale Révolutionnaire dissout l'ANR et le CEN; 2 Mars marche de soutien à Kérékou à Cotonou; 12 mars Soglo investi de son pouvoir, forme gouvenement de 15 membres; 17 mars ouverture de Bank of Africa; 23 mars Soglo press conference. Le Forum, no. 39, 9-15 janvier 1991. Elections legislatives 17 fév, results 22-25 fév then 2 mars. Elections presidentielles
10 mars, results 13 mars; 22e tour 24 mars, results 30 mars. Rentrée scolaire 3 jan auxu lycées, colleges et écoles primaires officials; grève des étudiants de l'UNB.

Le Forum, No. 40, 15-22 janvier 1991. Soglo déclare. Born 1934, DES de droit privé & public. 1960s worked in BCEAO, since 1979 has been at the World Bank. Publication of the electoral laws. Kérékou visited Morocco, thus smoothing over problems remaining from 16 janv 1977 invasiion of Bob Denard prepared in Morocco and launched from Gabon. 8 janv. UNB students march & demonstrate against Soglo and Hountondji; 9 jan conf at Sheraton of ONGs from north and south, trying too harmonize their work. Isidore de Souza, pres of Haut Conseil de la République. 1 janv Soglo declares.

Le Forum, no. 41, 23-29 janvier 1991. Privatization of the Société Nationale des Ciments (SONACI): Scandinavian group, then French-Spanish group - cement prices will increase. Emmanuel Karl criticizes the mass media for not reporting well enough on the news. Déclaration d'Avrankou (15 déc 1989): PRD, UDD, RDD and URD of Zinsou spoke up; unity of parties broke down in the atmosphere of Alédjo.

Le Forum, no. 42, 30 jan - 5 fév. 1991. Methodist church leader's article calling for a national constitutional commission in Togo. 24 janv. Soglo came back from Belgium with 2.4 billion FCFA. Congo: 24 janv. the government cancelled the privatization of Hydro-Congo, after threat of strike by workers.

Le Forum, No. 43, 6-12 février 1991. Continued attack on govt for privatization of SONACI, sold to SCANCEM, Scandinavian group. Isiidore de Souza, new Archbishop of Cotonou & president of HCR, suggested a day of national reconciliation before the presidential election. Mgr. Adimou has reached 75, and retired on janv. 27, de Souza having been his successor for years. Parti Social Democrate (PSD), center spread. 28 janv., after 25 days of strike, UNB students back to school, having gained some concessions.

Le Forum No. 44, 13-19 février 1991. Moïse Mensah & Nicéphore Soglo were both in 1965 govt of Christophe Soglo. List of legislative candidates (titulaires & suppléants), by dept. (1) Alliance PSD-UNSP (soleil levant encadré par 2 épis de mil; fond blanc). (2) Union pour la

Démocratie et la Solidarité (UDS)(bélier; blanc). (3) Alliance ASD-BSD (baobab; rose). (4) Alliance URP-PNT (caïman et poisson; blanche). (5) Alliance PNDD-PRD (coq chi chante le lever du soleil; blanche). (6) Démocrate et développement, Alliance ADP−UDRS (houe+attelage; blanche). (7) Alliance MNDD-MSUP-UDRN. (8) Union Nationale pour la Démocratie et le Progrès UNDP (colombe, blanche). (9) Union Démocratique pour le Développement économique et social UDES (vert et blanc). (10) Rassemblement des Démocrates Liberaux RDL-Vivoten (épis de maïs, blanc). (11) Rassemblement National pour la Démocratie RDN. (12) NCC Notre Cause Commune (blanc). (13) Alliance UDEP−MDPS−ULD (un soleil levant de couleur orange; fond blanc). (14) Batisseurs et Gestionnaires de la Liberté et du Développement BGID (carré avec ph.énix, blanc). Article by Emmanuel Karl on the split and collapse in RND since mid-janv, don't by comparison to Britain 1837−1991.

Le Forum no. 46, 27 fév − 5 mars 1991. 8 candidates had a press conference to protest fraud in legislative election; less than 55% voted. They attacked Soglo. PAS (Plan d'Ajustement Structurel); PAS I 1989−91; PAS II to be signed after March elections. French and German parliamentary delegations as observers were satisfied with legislative elections.

Le Forum no. 47, 6−12 mars 1991. Kérékou has announced. PAS proposes cutting 2000 civil servants a year for 4 years. Critique by Syndicaty des Travailleurs de l'Administration Centrale des Finances, proposing instead retirement for all those with 30 yrs service, a commission to verify diplomas, depoliticize adm, review salaries to make them fit work, limits on use of cars and gas, less jobs in ministerial cabinets. 27 fév Denmark gives 4.3 billion FCFA to Ben5n. CEE gives 40 billion FCFA in aid. 1 mars Parakou, supporters of Kérékou sack Soglo HQ; 2mars march for Kérékou in Cotonou. Le Forum special, 15 mars 1991. Economy in big trouble since 1982. 1st tour (1,1449,269 voting outu of 2.074,955), Soglo 36.2%, Kérékou 27.3%, Tévoédjrè 14.2%, Amoussou 5.7%, A. Houngbedji 4.6%, Mensah 3.4% etc.

Le Forum No. 49, 20-26 mars 1991. Hercules and the Chameleon. PCD and Convention du peuple call for electoral boycott.

Le Forum No. 50, 27 mars - 2 avril 1991. Deuil for les barons du PRPB. 2nd tour Kérékou 32.4%, Soglo 67.6%, with 1,290,312 voting. Article by Daniel Bio. Causes of the conférence des forces vives de la nation: explosion démographique; explosion politique (radio, TV, chute du systeme communiste); explosion économique; explosion sociale. Nature de la conference (nationale, indépendante, souveraine, réaliste, prospective). Atouts spécifiques de la conférence (volonté de tout un peuple, entente cordiale de Maga, Ahomadegbé et Zinsou; action de Mgr de Souza; role de Kérékou). Conditions d'un renouveau démocratique en Afrique (recourir à un nouveau type d'homme d'Etat; éviter les pièges du multipartisme). 21 mars violence in Parakou against Fons. 22 mars violence at Covè. 23 mars de Souza calls for calm. 24 mars elections, incidents at Natitingou, Banikoara and Parakou, 2 dead; elections suspended in Parakou and couvre-feu déclaré.

Le Forum No. 55, 1-7 mai 1991. Will those with accounts in liquidated banks (BCB, BBD, CNCA) get anything back They have formed an association. Caisse Nationale de Credit Agricole, banque beninoise du développement, banque commerciale du bénin. Who will head the national assembly?

24 heures (1er quotidien béninois indépendant), No. 7, 17 janv. 1991. Rentrée scolaire lots of problems remained; Métinhoué is cabinet director of MEN. interview with Dogblo Agbelenko, arrested 23 août 1990, accused of diffamation vs. Eyadema, verdict to be announced 5 oct, so riots took place. Robert Dossou defended him, along with 9 Togolese lawyers.

24 heures No. 9, 21 janv. 1991. Wm. Idelphonse Lemon, Min of Finances, declares for president, suggesting that things are not well between him and Soglo. Interview with Spéro Hounmey, president of GRAD, Groupe de Réflexion et d'Action pour la Démocratie, created 31 oct 1990 and légalement déclarée au Togo. For rights of the citizen. Repression of their protest 27 nov 1990. They sent press releases to papers, university and RFI. Slogans hostile to Eyadema painted on univi. buses 26th, so buses were halted; students walked to school, then were interrupted by police. They got to campus, negotiated with a student leader in the govt party for amnesty, but were still charged by police - at Lycée Tokoin. Several student organizations.

24 heures, No. 11, 23 janv 1991. UNB strike. After 18 jan meeting, Finance min Lemon promised to pay scholarships for Dec 1990, 2nd portion for 1990, for 1988, and by jan 31 for 1991. Student demands: concours d'entrée, more for food, transport, infirmary; arreats for Dec 1990 (half), paiement de trois mois de bourse au titre de l'année blance, and other amounts due for previous year. Second day of troubles in Bamako.

24 heures, No. 12, 24 janvier 1991. List of all the parties, their names, the leader of each.

24 heures, No. 13, 25 janv. 1991. Some parties got there after zero hour. Too bad. Interview with Godwin Tete, leader of Convention Démocratique des Peuples Africains (branche togolaise), formed Avril 1989. Mali - RDP in exile in Libreville exhorts Malian workers to general strike. Congo: govt renouces privatization of Hydro-Congo.

24 heures, No. 14, 28 janv 1991. 26 janv students at UNB agreed to go back. They got rid off 4000 CFA deposit for library, got concours d'entrée set for professional schools, back payment of bourses, 3 more buses, 1 month of bourse pour l'année blanche in fév & 2 more later, etc. Siad Barre in flight. Moreinterview with Godwin Tete.

24 heures, No. 16, 30 janv 1991. HCR asks the govt to go slow on privatization. Govt printing office will be cut by half. News has been in papers all along about Iraq.

24 heures, No. 17, 31 janv. 1991. Courses started 28 janv, but there are 1500 new inscriptions. Problems of getting there. Parties get their turn on the radio - times listed.

24 heures, No., 18, 1 fév 1991. Interview with Jean-Pierre Ezin, recteur de l'UNB. Need better communication with students.

24 heures, No. 19, 4 fév 1991. Africa No. 1 is 10 years old; initiated by Bongo. List of legislative candidates. Reaction of squatters in S Af to abolition of the land act.

24 heures, No. 23, 8 fév 1991. 72−hour strike by taxi drivers, decided by the conseil syndical of UNACOB 24−5 jan; widely respected. But the taxi-moto "Zémidjan" guys took advantage, along with some clandestine taxis. Strike began 7 janv. Issues were fees and fines they had to pay. They have to renew licenses. 7 parc-auto in Cotonou: ancien pont, nouveau pont, Missèbo, Jonquet, Ita-Djarra, Kounounouu, Agonlin-Gare. They siezed 20 clandestin taxis, emptied their tires. Porto-Novo, police used tear gas and occupied parcs. UNACOB had sent a note to each taxi owner arguing they would gain. All the bus lines shut down too in sympathy.

24 heures, No. 25, 13 fév 1991. 24 unions formed the Centrale des Syndicats Autonomes-Bénin, Leopold Dossou, Sécretaire−Général. These are the unions that adhered to principles defined in la Charte syndicalle adoptée en Novembre 1990. Defend workers' interests, contacts with similar organizations, respect for autonomy of unions from govts and political parties. Asked govt to stop any moves toward privatization and work on restructuring public and semi-public enterprises; asked for the rehiring of all laid off for political reasons, and asked an end to the 10% salary cut.

[paper seems to have just stopped during legislative elections; no results printed either.]

24 heures, No. 26, 25 fév 1991. Parties. NCC (Tévoédjrè). UDES (Gatien Houngbedji). UNDP (Zinsou). BGLD (un insolite). UDS (peu représenté sur le plan national). RND (alliance d'anciens partis, UDD et PRD). RDL (Sévérin Adjovi). Coalitions, led duos: PSD-UNSP (ici l'intellect retrouve le capital; Zoumarou, Codjia). PNDD-PRD (Maga's RDD is now PNDD, Adrien Houngbedgi PRD). ADP−UDRS (Amoussou-Yeye, Dassoundo). URP-PNT (Bamenou, Bello). ASD-BSD (la retrouvaille des sociaux-démocrates). Les trios: UDFS-MDPS-ULD (Adanlin, Francisco, Debe, soutenant N. Soglo). MNDD-MSUP-UDRN (Borna, Adebo, Fakorédé, Elegbé).

24 heures, No. 27, 25 fév 1991. 4 parties support Soglo: ADP, UDRS, UDS, UNSP.

24 heures, No. 35, 11 mars 1991. Photos of elections taking place in good order, on 10 mars.

24 heures, No. 36, 12 mars 1991. Le parti du Président Campaoré abandonne le marxisme-léninisme. Lots of discussion - Soglo or Kérékou?

24 heures, No. 42, 21 mars 1991. Govt gave in to demands of striking taximen and avoided a general strike. Increase in rates of 15-30% - from 175 to 200 FCFA for clients isolés, 50-65 FCFA pour les clients en groupes. All this within a day of the accord politique conclu entre le Front des associations pour le renouveau (FAR) and the Eyadema regime. Amnesty, freedom to form parties - that had ended an appeal for a 48-hour general strike launched Sunday by FAR. En octobre dernier, un mouvement des chauffeurs avaiti paralysé une partie de l'actualité économique et entraîné des affrontements avec les forces de sécurité - au moins 2 morts. L'annonce-surprise d'une nouvelle grève avait donc créé l'inquiétude au sein du FAR qui craignait la remise en cause du dialogue étable aprées les émeutes qui ont fair samedi au moins quatre morts et plus de cent blessés.

24 heures, No. 43, 22 mars 1991. Kérékou's score was a big surprise. Almost all the parties support Soglo. But feelings are mixed. "Pendant qu'ils sont de corps avec SOGLO, leur coeur demeure avec le Caméléon." Liberation of apprentices - la dot est supprimée - it was as high as 100,000 CFA. Tailors, hairdressers, mechanics.

24 heures, No. 45, 26 mars 1991. Grève générale bien suivie lundi matin à Bamako - service minimum assuré pour l'eau, l'électricité, Téléphone. Violence in Parakou; threats to those note voting for Kérékou.

24 heures, No. 46, 27 mars 1991. Moussa Traoré renversé mardi; he and his wife captured. Sudistes fuient massivement le Nord.

24 heures, No. 47, 28 mars 1991. No word from Kérékou, while the crisis in the North gets worse.

24 heures, No. 48, 29 mars 1991. Special envoy from paper, Anselme Bidé, to North. He talked with Mr. Mousse, membre du PNDD premier responsable du Comité de soutien à la candidature de Kérékou. 17 fév, élections leg, des bulletins de certains partis politiques dont le PNDD ont totalement manqué. C'est le fait des imprimeurs, mais on ne les a pas pu remplacer. They got through the leg election and then the 1e tour of pres. In 2nd tour voters from South in Parakou asked to have a separate place to vote, and took one over, sending northerners away. Argument. Then one voter ripped up Kérékou bulletins and the fight started. Then rumors that the Fon were firing on people. So it was an incident, not a plan. Then lots of southerners left. Article by Gabriel Orou-Bagou. The presidential electionrevealed that we still don't trust each other. Each candidate with a fief. Politics is tied to the man, not to a political or ideological program. Violence serves the cause of no one. So it came from the presidential candidates. Every Béninois should know the N and S of the country.

24 heures, No. 52, 5 avril 1991. Soglo to Paris after election for his health; inauguration postponed, then took place 4 avril. De Souza swore him in. Soglo met with Kérékou. More on riots - Parakou, Natitingou, Banikoara. All urban. It's not like those folks. Speech by de Souza invokes the image of fingers in the jar; all the religions. 5-year term.

L'Opinion, No. 16, février 1991. Députés titulaires (résultats provisoires)

| | |
|---|---|
| Abimbola A. | RND |
| Achode C. | Alliance ASD-BSD |
| Adamou N. | UDS |
| Adanklounon A. | NCC |
| Adanlin D. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |
| Adimi C. | PSD-UNSP |
| Adjoboyrihan S. | NCC |
| Adjiignon Keke J. | PPND |
| Adjovi S. | RDL-VIVOTEN |
| Ahyi G. | Alliance ASD-BSD |
| Ahomadegbe Tometin J. | RND |
| Ahoyo J. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |
| Ajanohoun G. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |
| Alissoutin Epouse L. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |
| Ametonou Ahoui C. | PNDD-PRD |
| Ami-Touré S. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |
| Amoussou A. M. Br. | PSD-UNSP |
| Baba-Moussa R. | PNDD¬PRD |
| Baguidii B. | UDS |
| Behanzin P. | RND |
| Bio Djara B. K. | UDS |
| Borna B. | MNDD-MSUP-UDRN |
| Boukary Mory I. | MNDD-MSUP-UDRN |
| Bourou N'GobiB. | PNDD-PRD |
| Chabi-Kao P. | PNDD-PRD |
| Codjia A. | PNDD-PRD |
| Codjia N. | PSD-UNSP |
| Dansou E. | PSD-UNSP |
| Dassoundo K. | ADP-UDRS |
| Degbe M. | UUDFP-NDPS-ULD |
| Detchenoou R. | RND |
| Djrekpo Y. | PSD-UNSPP |
| Dossou R. | Alliance ASD-BSD |
| Elegbe A. | MNDD-MSUP-UDRN |
| Fabouumy L. | RND |
| Fannou K. A. | RND |
| Francisco M. | UDFP-MDP-ULD |
| Gbadamassi N. | PNDD-PRD |
| Gbegan A. A. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |
| Gnonlonfound J. | NCC |
| Godonou A. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |

| | |
|---|---|
| Houessou A. | RDL-VIVOTEN |
| Houndonouggbo K. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |
| Houngbedji A. | PSDD-PRD |
| Hounkponou H. | PSD-UNSP |
| Lafia A. | MNDD-MSUP-UDRN |
| Monnou E. | RDL_VIVOTEN |
| Montcho T. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |
| Osseni K. | MNDD-MSUP-URDN |
| Ouoro A. | RDL-VIVOTEN |
| Ouorou B. | UDS |
| Pema S. | PNDD-PRD |
| Pognon A. | NCC |
| Pognon G. | NCC |
| Seko N'Goye B. | ADP-UDRS |
| Tagnon R. | UNDP |
| Tawema D. | MNDD-MSUP-UDRN |
| Tévoédjrè A. | NCC |
| Yayi L. | UDS |
| Zinzindohoué K. | PNDD-PRD |
| Zohou J. | UDFP-MDPS-ULD |
| Zoumarou K. | PSD-UNSP |
| Zoumarou W. | PSD-UNSP |

UDFP-MDPS-ULD a surgi comme un champignon, utilisant l'aura du PM Soglo.

Mohammed Amadou Cissé - l'Opinion says the country was run as his personal property. He traveled a lot, even stopped to say hello to Soglo. Was arrested in Abidjan and extradited to Benin 26 juillet 1990. Trial is going on. Is Kérékou preparing un coup de force? Vérification des diplômes – political appointees of Kérékou regime were awarded diplomas from 1981; 1991 new regime began invalidating those who didn't take exams: Certificat d'aptitude pédagogique de l'Ensseignement de base.

L'Opinion No. 17, 9 mars 1991. Les marches de sooutien à Kérékoou seraient conduites par des éléments de la garde présidentielle. Camp militaire de Ouidah: détails troublants dans l'affairde du vol de munitions. Articles backing up these threats behind Kérékou candidacy.

L'Opinion, No. 18, 22 mars 1991. Response by Me Edgar-Yves Monnou, lawyer for Cissé. Affaire Diawara, linked to Cissé and Kérékou; reminder that it's a thorn for Kérékou. Big article on Togo. Togo, "bon élève du FMI" - so financial collapse won't push the student movement as in Bénin. Case of a father turned in my son for keeping children out of parade on national holiday - the kid spoke up to explain his absence, father was imprisoned. [Rumor that most of the army is Kabié, Eyadema's group.] 1980 constitution provided for a national commission on human rights, and it was created in 1986. "Ce ne sera qu'en 1990, après avoir décrété en mars que le multipartisme nuirait aux intérêts de la nation togolaise, que le Pouvoir se décidera à instaurer le multipartisme en promettant des elections démocratiques pour décembre 1991." Centrale nationale des travailleurs togolais (CNTT) prélevait 100 FCFA de chaque fonctionnaire public togolais par mois. Ce servait à financer l'ajustement structure, mais avait pendant 5 ans été versée dans le compte privé du secrétaire général de la contrale, Barnabo Nagbog, ;a la fois à la banque et la caisse nationale de sécurité sociale. Déccouverte 1988, licenciement. Puis on paie 2% du salaire auu RPT, plus impôt de solidarit`natiional. Photo of a

man killed by presidential guard 1989, and of Michel Aikpe, killed by Kérékou 1975. Should abortion be legalizeed? (hope for another solution).

L'Opinion, No. 19, 18 avril 1991. Testimony of a victim off Parakou. Conference couldn't get Kérékou to resign, neither could the transition. More on the CEP - diploma issue. Kérékou himself liked the term chameleon. Interview with Guy Azais, ambassador of France.

La Gazette du Golfe, No. 22, 8 mars 1991.

La Gazette du Golfe, No. 67-68, 16 fév - 15 mars 1991. Big section on finances, critique of the old budget. Photo of computer - necessary for the new system. TVA adopted by the council of ministers 3 jan 1991, and transmitted to the HCR. Big interview with French director of Bank of Africa.

La Gazette du Golfe, No. 69, 16-31 mars 1991. Cape Verde, Sâo Tomé & Principe presidents Aristides Pereira and Manuel Pinto da Costa were defeated in elections and stepped down. Support for Kérékou from Eyadema, Bongo, Hassan II. Tévoédjrè really expected to be in the finals. [Soumonni: when he said make your own choice, that meant go with Kérékou, because he hoped to be P.M.] Benin election reported in the American press, but Noble relied on Western diplomats; critical of his simplistic handling of the northern issue.

L'Observateur, No. 9, 8 fév 1991. Most of the issue focuses on Ahomadigbé and Kèkê controlling the RND.

La Voix du Béninò, No. 7, 1 mars 1991. Poorly done, but it's all pro-Soglo.

Je Sais Tout, No. 14/91, mars 1991. Dossier déchets toxiques. 12 janv 1988, contrat Bénin – Sesco-Gibraltar Ltd., société britannique. 10 ans, envoi des déchets toxiques pouru entre enfouis dans la périphérie d'Abomey.

Tam Tam Express, No. 60, 18-31 mars 1991. Interview with Léopold Dossou. CSA, Centrale Syndicale Autonome. Support of the striking treasury employees, critique of PAS and 2000 layoffs a year.

[Soumonni - half or more of the National Assembly comes from the education sector.]

Tam Tam Express, No. spécial 22 mars 1991. Une autoroute Cotonou-Porto-Novo s'impose.

Tam-Tam Express, No. spécial, 29 mars 1991. "La brance ne se cassera pas dans les bras du caméléon." That was Kérékou at the start of the revolution. Cartoon of Kérékou packed and leaving, chameleon falling off of broken staff under his arm. Articles on Togo and Mali.

La Récade, No. 16, mars 1991. 26 octobre 1972, military overthrew Ahomadegbé. Said Kérékou in that era, "Ily a de l'argent dans ton pays. Je ne te demande pas de me le donner pour des fins personnelles. Je gagne 15 france par mois. C'est ma solde; elle me suffit. Je veux tout simplement que tu saches qu'il y a eu dans ce pays trois hommes, trois politiciens qui gagnaient chacun et inutilement 25 francs par mois. Désormais, et pour compter du 26 octobre 1972 ces 75 francs resteront dans les caisses de l'etat. Voilà la vérité. Et c'est une révolution." Country became RPB (with no form of popular consultation) 30 nov 1975. Kérékou designated president of central committee 1976, reelected 1979, president of the republic 1979, 1980, 1985. Reelected 1989. Assemblée nationale révollutionaire. But Kérékou was losing confidence of people. "Mieux, deux députés assez 'culottés', incarnant l'aile réformatrice de l'ANR se font l'écho de ces légitimes aspirations du people auprès du pouvoir. IIl s'agit de Me Robbert DOSSOU et du professeur René Ahouansou qui évoqueront avec le chef de lo'Etat lors d'une audience au Palais de la présidence de la République, le 28 juillet 1989, l'urgente nécessité de 'démonopoliser la vie politique nationale'. Par la même occasion un grant mot est lâché :

MULTIPARTISME, favorablement acceuilli dans les cercles de l'opposition qui commençaient à s'élargir, à s'organiser avec dynamisme et offensive.

"Pris de court et harcelé de toutes parts, le pouvoir annonce à la fin du mois d'août 1989 une importante decision allant dans le sens de la décrispation de la vie publique : l'amnistie des peines politiques."

Strikes, decision Dec. 7 to abandon Marxism-leninism, but demonstrations went ahead in Cotonou and Porto-Novo on 11 dec. National conference 18 feb, 488 delegates of 51 tendencies. HCR as the legislative body of the transitional period. Mohamed Cola CISSE, in civil prison of Porto-Novo since Aug 1990. New constitution adopted 2 dec 1990. Establishment of the supreme court 7 fev 1990. Robert Dossou was President du Comite preparatoire de la Conference nationale.

Another article, more events. Feb 1989, the Episcopal conference published a pastoral letter asking all Beninois to convert their mentality. Same month, the structural adjustment program hit the banks and public enterprise. UNB students had been out since Jan 1989 (is that true?), by April it extended to all orders of education. Marathon meetings among teachers and ministers who were members of the presidium of the PAS. 18 June 1989 elections for ANR - govt announces 85% yes vote, despite expressions of rancor during voting. July 4 (24?) meeting of education responsables and teachers at the maison du People in Cotonou. 28 July meeting of Kerekou with Dossou and Ahounansou. Then Kerekou reelected. 4 August he forms new govt with Dossou and with fewer military men. The whole public administration was on strike. 7 Aug K met finance officials, called for return to work 15 August. 22 Aug another meeting with teachers. 29 August general amnesty. 2 Oct rentree scolaire called for but didn't happen. 7 Dec decisions of govt. 11 Dec demonstrtions calling for resignation of K - shown for the first time on TV; K's counter demonstration, with rocks. 22 Dec installation of the preparatory commission; 29 Jan a commique from presidency announces the conference for 19 Feb.. Description of conference speeches.

Article explaining the HCR (Haut Conseil de la Republique). Adopted 36 laws, approved the constitution and oversaw the referendum. Ccommission de verification des biens; remplacement du personnel de commandement; representation diplomatiques... Loi sur la TVA. A good argument for separation of powers. New elections in Borgou for 17 mars for legislative seats.

Article on liberalization of the private sector.

La Croix (bimensuel catholique), No. 551, 45e annee, 15 fev 1991. Isidore de Souza becomes 4th archbishop of Cotonou. He was archeveque coadjuteur avec droit de succession since 1981. 14 candidates? Is it serious? News on gulf war, South Africa.

Elisee picked me up at 7:00 p.m. and we had dinner chez Olori: the French volunteer and his girl friend, M & Mme Dossou, Soumonni, me, Bienvenue and Marcelline. Olori has another wife, but she was never presented as such. Food was quite good, but somehow it was a quiet, almost stiff evening.

July 8, 1991.

(Notes on the 8th, written up on the 11th.) I found that ORTB is right next to the Croix du Sud, on the airport road. I walked over and went first to the radio building, then to the TV building. The place seemed busy and well run, but it's pretty tiny and they're not set up to do much independent production. I found the office with the videotape and exchanged cards with

Dieudonne Bocovo. The tape cost 25,000 CFA, but I wasn't about to complain. I got back to the hotel to find that N'Tia had come by with his note on the narrowness of political participation.

I also walked to other neighborhood points: to the new PTT Cadjehoun building, past the swell bakery Aux Delices, and to the video store which was closed. On the way I saw baskets of trash waiting for trash men across from the Haie Vive pharmacy, and as I walked back by I saw a tractor pulling a wagon, a woman from the house helping the trash men empty trash into the wagon. I saw kids sweeping nearby and was reminded how much sweeping was done on streets and yards when I first came to Benin. The trash problem is a new one, and maybe there are resources for addressing it. Elsewhere in Cotonou I did see traces of regular trash removal, though heaven knows I saw plenty of trash piles. Walking back to the hotel I walked past a nursery with lots of decorative plants nicely cared for. Soumonni confirmed that nurseries have grown in recent years. If only the streets could be made nicer, Cotonou could have a garden-like aspect of the same order as Brazzaville and the Brazilian cities.

As soon as I got back from this walk, it rained. Perfect timing. No thunder, just a rain that grew heavier for about five minutes, remained quite heavy for about 15 minutes, and then gradually slowed down for another 30 minutes. I sat on the steps of my cabin and watched it for a good while.

Later in the afternoon I took taxis into town to leave a message for Merrick Posnansky at the Hotel de la Plage (couldn't get through on the phone), buy postcards and stamps, and get money at the Bank of Africa.

I wasn't feeling well. Diarrhea and fever. But I got a call from Olori, saying he would like me to go with him to his school - meaning not the university but the private school at which he teaches. So I took a taxi to his place, and we went on his mobylette to Akpakpa, next to the Sonacop tank farm. There we found the Collège de l'Union or, more fully, the Collège de l'Union des anciens séminaristes et petits-clercs du Bénin. I was introduced to the director, Simon André, and to various of the teachers. We went to the little school library, to the computer room, to the teachers' room, to the infirmary, to a classroom, to a larger room where students were having an end-of-year party including a bit of close dancing.

The school was founded five years ago with three classrooms, meeting at the home of Simon André. Enrollments increased rapidly, they moved one other place, and about two or three years ago moved to this place, to an area they lease from the Bénin national army - it was once under control of the French army. They now have about 15 classrooms; they hope to expand to an adjoining section of the old army holdings (it's not a barracks, but I forget what exactly), and hope beyond that too buy and build their own place.

They benefited from the fact that the middle class didn't want its kids in public schools of the regime, but was having trouble affording to send them to France or to Dakar and Abidjan. School fees are 130,000 CFA a year. Teacher salaries are 2,000 CFA per hour of classroom teaching. All the teachers are part-time; they work from a minimum of an hour or so up to 15 hours per week. I met one who is a public school teacher, and who has had to rush from 8:00 a.m. classes in the public school to 10 a.m. classes at the Collège. I can never understand the French system of primary and secondary education, so I was confused about the exact level at which they teach. In general, they began with about the 3rd or 4th year of primary education, and are working their way toward offering students for admission to the university. They teach Latin at the school, and are working their way up to Greek. English, of course, and also German and other languages. So it's the endless appeal of the traditional curriculum. There were plenty

of students about, as they were just finishing up their school year: different levels were finishing on different days, but it would end up with a formal assembly and distribution of prizes.

The reason for bringing me there was that Olori, who is on the board of directors of the school as well as teaching English there, is hoping for outside aid for the school of some sort. I don't know about that, but it was interesting to see this element of the professional class project in Benin. It seems they are winning private-school students back from overseas, and that they may be able to attract students from other countries to Benin. So the project for the next move includes becoming a boarding school. I think Soumonni told me that university students are beginning to come from other countries to Benin.

As we were getting ready to leave, I was handed the information bulletin they give to parents, done in mimeo; a program for the end-of-year festival; and the Palmarès for 1989¬90 including all the prizes, neatly printed. But I was feeling very ill and feverish and asked Olory to take me home quickly, which he did. It was about 5:00.

I dove into bed, took an extra malaria pill (swearing at the fact that I had been limited to seven by the HCHP folks) and some Alka-Selzer cold medicine, and waited for the worst. I had got a message from Posnansky inviting me to dinner, but I didn't respond, fearing I wouldn't make it. I slept.

But by 7:00 I was feeling enough better to call Merrick and say I would come. Meanwhile I had arranged to meet Anignikin and Codo at 6:30. At 7:15 they still weren't there. Anignikin made it at about 7:30, and Codo at about 8:00 - each had been held up at their respective ministries. Even then, on the run – the way one does things in Cotonou or in the halls at Northeastern - we still worked in a pretty good conversation.

The National History draft I had sent via Soumonni never got to Anignikin, and that discouraged both of us. But I resolved to send several copies to participants in the enlarged conference group (me, Soumonni, Anignikin, Codo, Adande ...anyone else?) and to see if it goes anywhere. OK with Sylvain. We talked about street paving and he said that one could use granite from the hills of Dassa as well as cement from Pobè. I asked about how the decision was made to broadcast the national conference. They made clear that only radio broadcast the full proceedings, while Television broadcast selections. They focused on Batchko Ousmane, who was Ministre de l'Information. That is, the workers in the radio and TV services made a strong plea for broadcasting the conference. Ousmane was a member of the preparatory committee for the conference, and he brought their request to the committee, which approved it. The PLM-Alédjo is part of a French hotel chain (PLM is Paris-Lyon-Marseille). They emphasized how quick and cheap the Benin conference was in comparison to others: 75 million CFA in Benin, 3.5 billion CFA in Congo. No indemnities for any delegates, they just went out to eat in the area at break time, as opposed to the daily indemnity for those in Congo (something like 5000 CFA a day for those in Brazzaville, 10,000 CFA a day for those from more distant Congo, and 15,000 CFA a day for those from overseas). I saw the same figures and the same argument in the Jeune Afrique special issue on national conferences. Sylvain and Bellarmin emphasized that broadcasting meant that people could tell if someone was lying or trying to say different things to different audiences. One result of the process was to develop broad demands for equal treatment of all the parties, over all the time since the conference began. For the electoral campaign, each party got equal time on the radio, with full publicity of who was to be on when (I saw this in the newspapers.

I asked them how representatives to the conference got chosen, and gave them Henning's story of Robert Dossou proposing the list. They agreed that he proposed a list, but they said it

included groups not individuals. Maybe (this is my guess) his first list included individuals, and in responding to it people lumped the individuals into groups, and then renegotiated on which groups and how many for each group. Lots of political parties had already formed, and they sought representation. The government didn't want to recognize them as parties, but was willing to treat them as "sensibilités politiques." If this got one seats at the conference it was good enough, so on that basis they went ahead. Anyhow, a list of groups was finally agreed upon at the preparatory committee level, and the groups identified chose their own members by whatever means they wanted to. I wish I had a more detailed list of how many trade union, church, and other association seats there were.

I said goodbye to Codo, and Anignikin drove me to the Hôtel de la Plage where I arrived at about 8:30, just at Merrick was peeking out to look for me. He was looking hearty and very pleased to be there. He had been in Africa for a bit more than a week, I think, having been mostly in Lomé and partly in Ghana - he had seen Albert van Dantzig at Legon. We talked about the arrival of his students and the Ouidah archaeology project, but I was most interested to hear his report on developments in Togo.

Eyadema had removed his own statue from Lomé and had taken it to Palimé to his military camp. Another statue had been defaced, covered with shit and so forth, and he didn't want that to happen. Strikes have been occurring off and on in Lomé, and that seems to be associated with strikers harassing the rich. Adimado Aduayom is back in the country, active in the CDCA party. Kwebi (PDU) is a leading figure. Merrick noted that the various parties have drawn up position papers on major policy areas such as economic, political, social and insurance affairs, and that these are substantial documents of some 150 pp. each.

At the conference, he said, there are 22 parties, 12 delegates & 3 observers each. Big parties sponsor small parties. It seems agreed that, except for the expansion in the number of parties caused by the competition for seats at the conference, the number of parties would fall to perhaps 4 or 6. These wouldn't be alliances, as in Bénin, but more or less unitary parties. In addition, there are 55-6 assns with 1 representative and 1 observer each; 26 syndicats with 2 delegates and 1 observer each; and ministries and parastatals 1 representative each. The latter are there to answer questions on what they have done rather than to deliberate.

The conference was actually opened on time, and a terrific rainstorm fell as it opened. Merrick said that a rainstorm at the beginning of such an affair is considered in West Africa to be an omen of very good luck. Akalipo (sp), Mayor of Lomé, spoke. I think it was as he spoke that the crowd began to sing the old national anthem. This continued until Eyadema finally stood up and joined in. [In Bénin, they kept the old anthem, changing Dahomey to Bénin, so only the flag had to change.] Eyadema began speaking, very nervously (everybody had been spreading rumors about how nervous he was). Suddenly the TV picture ended, and music began. Merrick was not able to find out what happened thereafter.

He did tell me a story of the Samuel Doe airplane. There was a plane at the Lome airport known as the Doe airplane. Apparently Doe flew to Lome about a year before he fell, with a plane full of gold and diamonds, ready to quit. Eyadema argued that a soldier never leaves his post, and that Doe should go back. So he did, leaving the plane and leaving his hoard to be hidden by Eyadema. After Doe's death, his wife came to Eyadema and asked for the diamonds, but Eyadema wouldn't give the hoard to her. So the plane sits there at the airport.

July 9, 1991.

(Notes July 9, written up July 11.)

I called John in Prague in the morning, confirmed my arrival, and found that he had in fact sent me a letter with Gbaguidi's address. Soumonni and I went with Posnansky to UNB, in search of my letter, since a rumor had just spread that it had arrived on campus. On the way, Soumonni told of the time after the second election when he was on a mission in Lokossa, giving an exam - a rumor spread of a military coup. Taxis from Ouidah would not come to Cotonou. Finally the national radio said nothing had happened and the hysteria died down. But that's an interesting index of people's fears, even at that late date.

We visited the doyen and introduced Merrick to him. I learned that about 1/3 of UNB students have bourses. But their complaints were most important in holding up the opening of schools. The doyen also referred in vague terms to the political ties of students. I gathered from later talks with Soumonni and Adande that this mean, on the one hand, ties to PCD and its escalating demands; and, on the other hand, ties to political parties and leaders in elective politics - I wasn't able to see how this latter factor worked.

Later I saw Alexis Adande. (I recount in the next file the story of my chasing around to find Mme Gbaguidi and hence my driving about town with Alexis.) We talked about trade union structures. UNSTB still exists, though lots of unions left it. UNSTB includes most of the artisans - like couturiers. Second central is CSA: Centrale des Syndicats Autonomes, headed by Leopold Dossou. Third is a Coordination des Comites d'Action. PCD, Albanian-liners, formed comites d'action, and from it a Convention du Peuple. These were sources of movement in 1989, and reason why strike movement grew. (I was thankful for this reminder, as other accounts have tended to leave out the PCD and its impact on affairs in Benin. It remains a rather unique experience.)

History on PCD and action committees. PCD didn't join national conference. Adande cautiously suggested it was an error on their part, since they had built up a lot of credibility, even with people who didn't agree with them. Comites d'Action are now organized by ministry, thus representing an alternative structure to that of the CSA unions. But both are dominantly in public service.

I noted that the red and yellow signs with socialist slogans are gone from Congo; the few to be found in Benin are now gone; presumably all are gone in Czechoslovakia.

# Week 8. Cotonou and Prague

July 10, 1991. Wenesday morning.

I'm in the Brussels airport, with most of an hour's wait before we take off for Prague. This is really to start up this file on time, since in fact I still have a great deal of filling in to do on the last file, Benin.

The flight, a red-eye, wasn't especially pleasant. I think I was going to be a grouch anyway, but a couple things set me off. One was the last-minute drive across town in Cotonou to meet Mme. Gbaguidi and pick up a note from her. Then at the airport the Air Afrique attendant was rude in making me drag my luggage through a big crowd to his place, rather than walk five feet himself, and he punished me for getting angry (maybe he did so unconsciously) by not assigning me a seat, so I was bounced from seat to seat on the plane.

Still, I got a very full view of Cotonou at night, and also Porto-Novo and, I think, Badagri. Plus part of monster Lagos as we landed. Cotonou is becoming a real metropolis (perhaps the rush-hour experience draws this term out of me). Porto-Novo is big, but in contrast to Cotonou you can't see any street outlines from the air, just many specks of light.

The Gbaguidi story, part one, goes like this. I wrote John asking him to send me the Benin address of Cassien Gbaguidi, which he obediently did, by express. I didn't ask Soumonni for it. But I did call John yesterday morning, and he confirmed he had sent it. Then I heard from Soumonni that mail had arrived for him at the university. So when I saw him at noon I expressed interest in picking it up. We went to the university (with Merrick Posnansky), found that Alexis Adande had already picked it up. We stopped to introduce Merrick to the doyen, then stopped by Soumonni's house to see if Adande had dropped it off there. No luck. So we went to lunch at a newly opened "maquis" restaurant at Places des Martyrs. It was good (I had chicken brochette and avocado with shrimp) but it took forever. Back at the hotel I packed, then at 3:30 I showed up at the Hotel de la Plage, where I knew Adande would meet Posnansky. Adande told me he had dropped off the letter at the Croix du Sud, so I went back there (all these trips by taxi at 100 FCFA, easy enough trips). The letter had a phone number, so I called it and left a message. Then I walked post cards over to the Cadjehoun post office, and while I was gone Mme Gbaguidi called. She left a message that she'd call back. I waited. Alexis Adande showed up to check on me at a little after 6:00. We were soon to go to pick up Merrick and go to the airport when Mme Gbaguidi called. Her voice was faint (local connections are sometimes worse than overseas ones), but I learned that Cassien is still in Prague, but that she would like me to drop by and pick up a little packet she has for him. I got Alexis to find out where it is (in the geographic center of Cotonou), and decided there was time to go. There wasn't really - we hit the rush hour from all the offices. Took over 30 minutes to get there, and the last block was slow. Only when I arrived did Mme Gbaguidi begin to compose her letter. Nevertheless, she gave a nice greeting, invited me in (I declined), and dashed off a letter to her husband. I wrenched it from her hand, apologized and said goodbye, and we hopped back in Alexis' car to get to the Hotel de la Plage to pick up Merrick 35 minutes late, as he was going to the airport to pick up Ken Kelly, arriving to start the Ouidah project, on the same place on which I would leave at 9:00. Some of this is the craziness of driving around Cotonou, and some of it is the craziness that goes with leaving one

country and entering another on this trip.
Anyhow, on with the next stage.

July 11, 1991. Morning, in Prague.

A list of things John has given me to look at.

A booklet of 115 pp. by the Japanese Communist Party on the Socialist Party of Japan since the 1980 Socialist-Komei Agreement. John thinks the JCP does a good job of speaking up critically, but also doing its homework, for instance by distributing 3 million copies of its newspaper every day by hand.

An article in the Pacific Tribune (Vancouver, 3 June 1991) by Sam Gindin, under the title "Searching for alternatives to the corporate agenda". He says it isn't just failure of communism as an alternative to capitalism, but failure of moderate social democratic governments to create an alternative, notably in England and France. Canadians fought free trade by defending status quo. Canadian capital showed no interest in developing a strong economic base in Canada. The "competitiveness agenda" ⌐¬one can try to be competitive in a sensible way, but that's dangerous. Business says that to be competitive, one must weaken labor and social programs. He argues that to keep the idea of an alternative alive, work at the local level: workplaces and communities. That reminds me about modeling the reproduction of local difference.

From The Economist 18 August 1990, graph of union members hip as % nonagricultural employees in industrial countries (1970, 1979, 1986-7). US shows steady decline from near 40% to under 20%, everybody else is higher, and only Japan shows a trend of decline. Holland fluctuated near 40%, Belgium near 70%, Sweden shows a rise to over 90%. Economists David Blanchflower and Richard Freeman suggest American unions were too successful in winning wage increases, so employers had a greater incentive to oppose unions. Argument based on survey showing gap of union to non-union wages in US rose from 15% 1960s to 22% late 1970s, 3 times as big as average differential elsewhere. Canada has second biggest differential, but union membership remains at about 35%. (Explanation is too simple, but the issue is fascinating.)

LRA's Trade Union Advisor, Vol. 4 No. 12, 18 June 1990. Bridgeport's Bankruptcy. City will pay all bond holders but break municipal union contracts Lorenzo-style. Threat of municipal junk bonds, where towns pay high rates in order to get funds. Faced with takeovers by supra-electoral authorities, mayors will cut labor to avoid outside financial dictatorship and erosion of their own power.

Claude Julien, "La démocratie blessée par les injustices du système économique," Le Monde diplomatique, No. 4447, Juin 1991. Dramas of Kurdish oppression, Bangladesh cyclone, fear of African famine. Great dramas, miraculously concentrated in time and space, draw attention away from other issues. Deaths by malaria, by diarrhea, malnutrition. "Pour un Chhico Mendez, dont l'assassinat a frappé lle monde entier, combien de meurtres ignorés ou très discrètement mentionnées?" Or all the child laborers, especially in Third World; doubling of Third World debt in last decade, but North won't allow its reduction. France: lots of overall growth, but no decline in unemployment. Socialist voter feels left out of it. "Au nom d'une compétition internationale où tous les coups sont permis, beaucoup de valeurs humaines ont été immolées sur l'autel du marché." There's less police power than there was. Instead "entreprises de décervelage" - distraction by games of chance, cult of consumption, superficiality of political discourse. Ernest Hollings: last year we won the cold war, this year the Gulf war, next year the commercial war. Democracy will suffer.

Andrew Weil, Natural Health, Natural Medicine (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1990).

July 11, 1991. 11:30 p.m.

At the end of this day I have finally completed my journal for Benin and the JOURNAL.WK7 file. Still to go, and work I will do tomorrow (morning, I hope): my trip from Brussels to Prague, yesterday in Prague talking with John, dinner at U Markyze, visit to WFTU today and talk with Atchutan and others, call to Ulrike and plans for visits to Vienna and Berlin. Two important books from John:

Peter Dale Scott, Coming to Djakarta, a New Dimensions paperback - a long poem centered on the military coup and massacres in Indonesia, but offering a global perspective. Curt sent it.

Grigori Medvedev, The Truth about Chernobyl (NY: Basic Books, 1991). Pretty obvious what's up here. I'll buy it when I get home too.

July 12, 1991. 9:00 a.m.

Up by 7:00, exercises and a couple dance steps, a shower and a leisurely breakfast with John.

Wednesday morning, the 10th, I worked my way through the Brussels airport and waited for Czechoslovak Airlines to open up the gate. About 15 of us loaded on to the Ilyushin plane that's about the same size as a little 737. Announcements were in English only (I think this was the case before). But we were given maps of Prague, a flyer on the Universal Czechoslovak Exhibition, plus I picked up Le Soir, the Brussels paper. They fed us a fancy Belgian breakfast, offered us beer and liquor as well as coffee, and gave us a little bottle of liquor on exiting. Skies were clear for most of the flight. I saw Belgian villages tightly packed in among fields, and then the same in West Germany, though with large sections of forest too in Germany. At a certain point - Bavaria, I think - the shapes of villages changed: the Rhine Valley villages tended to stretch along main roads, while the Bavarian ones were very compact. Then we went over the hills and into Czechoslovakia, and got clouds: that regular grayness. Clouds were very low (John said they had been on the ground that morning), but I was able to see how much bigger the fields are in Bohemia. This, as John confirmed, is because of farmer cooperatives (not collective farms).

Most of those on the plane seemed like businessmen. One of them was a guy of about 30 who struck me more and more as a clown. He talked endlessly about his work to his colleague, and kept hopping up to get down his briefcase and pull out materials to show. He had three great volumes that he waved around sufficiently for me to see the label, "Bankers Trust International Limited." Then he dropped a volume or so on the floor, and then he dropped the entire briefcase - usually just as a cabin attendant was coming along. (Only now am I reminded of the person I met on the last flight to Prague: an airline pilot from Texas who had fallen in love with and married a young woman from Prague, and who was full of enthusiasm for the country though caught up in the difficulties of moving back and forth.)

The public relations push continued as we landed. Walking down the staircase to the bus, we passed between two young women waiting with smiles. They hopped out of the bus and we walked between them again as we entered the terminal. Next was passport control: there were fully six booths staffed with border officials, so that each of them handled about two passengers. But that didn't speed up the luggage, which took the regular time to arrive.

John met me and we headed to the car, but then he remembered the sign he wanted to show me in the airport. In English, black letters on a yellow background said that we could rent an office for a day, a month or a year, fully equipped and with secretary. Apparently it is an American firm which has bought or rented some space, and is ready to pass it out to visiting entrepreneurs. We drove into town, and as we passed what had been the big Tuzex store, we saw the Citibank logo on it: the bank will open in a few weeks. We stopped at a small Tuzex store, and John got some Curvoisier and other such things for celebration. We drove to Na Hrebenech, unloaded my stuff, and sat down to chat and sip brandy for an hour or so. Then I took a bath, had a nice lunch he made
up (sautéed chicken with veggies) and took a nap. Radus called later and suggested we meet for dinner, and she picked a place downtown called U Markyze. John and I showed up, found the place (a small place with about 6 tables, nicely decorated in a sort of turn-of-century style), and had becharovka while we waited. Then Radus called, saying she had gone out for drinks after work and was now too tired to come. That was fine, and we simply ordered. I had a veal dish, in which the veal was cooked with cheese and thinly sliced ham. Vegetables were canned peas, but the salad was nice, and we had a good, hearty, red Bohemian wine.

John had some suggestions of things I could do. One was to talk with a person from the Liberal Party to whom he has an indirect connection. Another was to talk with Karol Henes, leader of a new trade union federation in formation. (The Czechoslovakian federation, taken over from the old federation, has now joined the ICFTU.) He showed me Spigl, a new daily paper of 4 pages but 300,000 circulation, which takes a critical approach he likes. He said it showed that the student killed in 1989 was not a student and was not killed.

John on the democratization movement: errors of socialism were to carry on too much of the capitalist way. "We are a different civilization." So the civilizational logic can be applied here too!

John on George Meyers and the CPUSA. At the time Ernie DeMaio was being moved out, John visited the U.S. Unable to see Gus Hall to talk with him individually, John left a letter with his critique of party policy, especially on trade unions; he left it in care of George Meyers (Labor Secretary), and left it unsealed. He never heard from Hall, and concludes Meyers read it and did not forward it. Later Meyers said to John, "The party has lost confidence in you," but with no specifics because no real action had been taken. They sought a replacement for him, but found no one, so John stayed on until retirement.

John: "fighting fire with fire". This is part of his critique of Stalinism: that under Stalin communists used capitalist methods to fight capitalism, and became infected (not his term) in the course of it. Instead, different methods, and including complete openness and involvement, should be used.

Thursday morning I exercised and worked on the computer a bit, plus having a leisurely breakfast. At 11:30 we went to look for the new headquarters of WFTU. It's on Branicka, south of where John lives. He had the number 42, but that wasn't it, so we went to the previous HQ and there found that the number was 120. There we met Atchutan and John's Uruguayan neighbor (whose Czech name I keep forgetting). I learned about WFTU's displacement. The big building they were in on Vinohradska belonged to the Czechoslovakian federation; WFTU had never bothered to buy. The Czechoslovakian federation was taken over by new leadership with all the changes, and the new folks were not anxious to do favors for WFTU. Rents were raised sharply (this seems to have been happening generally, so it wasn't just punitive), and WFTU had

to leave. WFTU has been shrinking its operations in Prague, partly by sending some of the Trade Union Internationals to other places: teachers, I think, have just moved to France; public employees were already in Berlin and remain there. A move was made to a new building, and there a lot of air conditioning had to be done. WFTU paid 1.5 million Swiss francs for this work, sending it through the Czechoslovakian federation. But somehow no formal note was signed. Anyhow they ended up leaving this building, and for the time being they are simply out of the money they spent. (Atchutan thinks they can sue and get some compensation.) The second building was the one they were vacating as I arrived; the third is the building on Balicka. Meanwhile, they are negotiating to buy and/or build a place of their own. Well, it seems they were just assuming everything would be OK, and didn't do a very thorough job of preparing for possible problems.

I talked with Atchutan and the Urugayan about South Africa, as the latter was going to Johannesburg to the Cosatu congress. Atchutan gave me one citation and three names:

The ACP-EEC Courier. This is an EEC publication, giving good interviews with EEC leaders. ACP−EEC means African-Caribbean-Pacific/EEC. Its address:

Berlaymont 5/2
Commission of the European Communities
200, rue de la Loi
1049 Brussels, Belgium.

Jochen Meinel is head of the Trade Union International of Public and Allied Employees, at Wilhelm−Wolff Strasse 21, Berlin 1110. Phone is 480.05.01 or 482.79.14.

Two names of people working on African affairs: (1) Jacob Songsore, Dept. of Geography and Resouruce Development, Univ. of Ghana, Legon - an advisor to the OATUU. (2) Bade Onimade, Dept. of Economics, Univ. of Ibadan - an economist with UNECA.

Atchutan say WFTU hasn't tried for enough grants from international or philanthropic agencies, and has same problems as Third World countries which can't get grants because they don't have the personnel to fill out the application forms fully enough. He asked me to write up anything I can on how to respond to structural adjustment programs - best I could do quickly would be to recite what I found is being done in Benin.

We came back for lunch.

I napped until near 7:00.

Then we had a nice but smaller dinner.

I called Ulrike, and talked first with her friend Robert, who seems to be a charming, laid-back American. It has become almost certain that she has multiple sclerosis: she has one more rest on July 25 to see if it's a virus instead. She has had symptoms for about two years - occasional collapse and fits, plus just tiredness at other times. It must be very hard to confront, but she sounds very good. She has constructed a pretty long list of possibilities. In Vienna: GDR official, widow of Austrian CP head, philosopher from Romania, Yugoslavians. An uncle in Cracow who was a solidarity leader. Berlin: Wolfgang Harlish, philosopher; Ulli's ex boy friend; RAF, German terrorist movement (teaches in Vienna); African connections from Georg in Berlin and Leipzig; Lawrence Crader, American philosophers; Africanists working on the Horn.

July 14, 1991. Sunday morning.

Friday morning I wanted to buy and mail some postcards, so John and I took the metro went to Vaclavska. There, just below the statue of Vaclav himself, I saw the small and newly

placed stone for the death of communism, with a few slightly ironic decorations around it. I remembered the Lucerne theater where we had gone to head Helena Vondrackova on an earlier visit, so we walked through the foyer. Now it's playing "Bohemian Fantasy" - all the posters on the street are in English; I don't know if the show is as well. John looked for Spigl at newsstands, but it doesn't come out until later. We went to a big post office and got stamps. There John was served by a woman who had found his wallet when he left it there some time ago, and who remembered
him. We got on the metro at Mustek (moat, because there used to be a moat around the town) and headed for Muzeum. But the power went out just before we entered Muzeum station. Everybody waited for a few minutes, and finally they announced that the power was indeed out. People in the station headed rapidly up the steps; those in the cars waited until some bright folks figured out that they should pry open the doors. So John and I walked back to his apartment, except that the metro was running again by the time we got to the station before his, so we got back on at that point, after walking across the Gottwald bridge. Names such as Gottwald have disappeared or will disappear, but the map I was given on the plane, for instance, was made in 1988 and thus included no name changes.

Once back at the apartment, John and I stayed all afternoon and evening, with a mixture of eating, drinking, napping, writing, and a late evening walk out to look over the river. I put in a fair amount of time at the computer; it took John longer to get started, but in the evening he cranked out a lot of letters on his computer.

Saturday morning I tried to get up at 6:00 but didn't make it until after 7:00. We had breakfast, I finished packing and we drove to Sobeslav in the rain, arriving a little after 10:00. The house is all stuccoed and painted, maybe the nicest looking place in town now, though work will continue on it for months to come - roof, bathrooms, other rooms, and finally John's attic in which he has put all his stuff. We met Jarmila's mother, the Babicka, at the house, and found that Jarmila was on the square shopping. We drove down and found her there. She led us over to the grocery store, and there bought about 20 bottles of beer for the workers on the house; John and I carried them back to the car. At the house, I was given a room in the newly purchased section of the house with two windows opening to the street. It has an old wood floor, painted, with board that are probably more worn than warped. In any case it's uneven, but I have since been able to get back to dance practice on it, as there's enough room. The room next to mine is becoming the main dining room (though it's the other end of the house from the kitchen). It has windows onto the garden, and has the huge oak table and six chairs that Jarmila got in Prague. We went to lunch at the little hotel on the square, since there was news that they had a new cook: Jarmila said he was fat, so he might be good. As is common in this situation, I had something ordered for me without really knowing about the choices. Meat with potato dumplings. Nobody said anything special about the cook. On the beer spigot at the restaurant was a black and yellow sign saying, "Stop CSSRnobyl. Greenpeace" - it had a picture of a nuclear reactor, and I assume they were trying to stop its construction. It may be a couple years old since it says CSSR instead of CSFR.

I got a nap after lunch, tried out some dance steps and got some writing done. As I emerged in the late afternoon sun, the others were working and playing in the back yard, including two of the three cats who also make the commute from here to Prague. Jarmila asked for my dirty clothes and washed them up nicely. I got to work harvesting a potful of strawberries, then washed and prepared them. John got the fire going, and broiled enough meat for each of us to have two steaks; the steaks were covered with pepper and paprika, and were

indeed tasty. With dinner we had sopsky (i.e., shopsky) salad - celery and cucumber and such greens, covered with grated Istanbul cheese, and including a bit of dressing. It was terrific. Istanbul cheese is hard sheep cheese, so it's not the same thing as feta. We also had cold corn and bleu cheese. Plus red Hungarian pinot noir. And strawberries for dessert.

A while after dinner, John and I took a walk over to the Luznice rivier which runs north along the west side of Sobeslav and the highway to Tabor, where it turns west and later joins the Vltava. We crossed the footbridge, and then came back. The brook that goes right behind their house joins the Luznice just across the highway. I was settled down at about 10:00 to write some more, when Jarmila suggested we go to the local place and see about dancing. So, yes indeed. We walked over to the Lada, just past the footbridge. The iron gate was unlocked and we were admitted to the place in return for about 50 Kcs in cover charge, and sat down at a table with becharovka and water. A DJ was playing before a smallish dance floor, and one couple was dancing. Soon Jarmila was ready to dance and asked me, so we did early-evening freestyle. As we danced, the young woman who had been dancing asked John. I ended up dancing a lot with her, as well as with Jarmila. As Jarmila guessed, they were gypsies. It was Eva and her brother-in-law (we didn't talk with him except to say goodbye); she was born in Plzen, lived in Tabor and hardly ever went to Prague. She told Jarmila a story of how skinheads had recently beat up her people, and the police said only that they would do something about it if it happened again. Apparently Eva can be more outgoing than others among the gypsies because she has a lighter skin color and is less likely to encounter prejudice. I asked Jarmila if she thought they spoke Romany, but she thinks they speak only Czech, and have opted for settled, urban living. Jarmila's a better dancer than Eva (who's even shorter than Jarmila), so it was with Jarmila that I was able to work in a bit of rumba and, at the end, some hustle. As the evening went on, more people joined the dancing. Music was mostly in English, as usual, and people mostly did basic freestyle. We walked home a little before midnight.

July 14, 1991. 8:00 p.m. Sobeslav.

Today has been a quiet day. Cloudy this morning, then a big rain storm hit about noon and continued on an attenuated level all afternoon. I got up after 7:00, to the sound of workmen pounding on the roof, where various repairs were being conducted. I managed to hold breakfast to a bowl of oatmeal and tea, but lunch and dinner have each been big meat-and-potatoes affairs.

It's time to talk about the relationship between John and Jarmila, and between John and me. John and Jarmila proceed, quite remarkably, through banter. Where his categorical statements bring me to a halt, Jarmila provides him with a continuous stream of requests, small commentary, restatements, critiques, jokes, and so forth. Most of it, I think, is trivial, but it keeps the dialogue going forever. He obviously enjoys it, and the point becomes to enjoy it rather than to get things done; and, indeed, only a little gets done. That is, I watched the two of them work for over half an hour on a small problem having to do with the wording of a letter Jarmila was writing (or a form she was filling out) with regard to the translation she is having done for the Weil book on health. John ruminates over his constant ending up doing the things Jarmila wants him to do rather than the things he initially set out to do, but he's not unhappy with her or with himself. So I think he really likes the constant interaction and the constant need she expresses for his services; though on the other hand he still feels a contradiction between that and his desire to get political work done.

As for his relations with me, we fall back so frequently into the old situation off John reciting eternal verities while looking off into the distance or through me, and me being pushed

into a combination of passivity, seeking innovative ways to agree, or simply changing the subject. As I observe him and Jarmila, it occurs that perhaps he really was looking for an argument from me all that time. Not an intellectual challenge, but a response on the level of wit that would keep the conversation going. I was too young when I started this game, and I was playing it with my father, so I couldn't come up with the playful and innovative responses, if in fact that was what he had in mind. In any case I don't get as angry as I did, and this time I have my computer to retreat to, which I have been doing regularly.

Another problem has to do with Czech language. John mostly operates in Czech, and translates little for me. If I start talking a lot, Jarmila asks for a translation or simply starts up one herself, and that diverts the conversation from me. I'm a little disappointed that neither of them has shown more curiosity about my trip, but I don't have any need to force stories on them. When conversation, television or whatever are going on in Czech, John mostly lets it all pass. I know that part of this is a response learned from the frank difficulty of doing the translation. But part of it feels to me like two other things: not wanting to pass certain stories on to me, and not placing a very high priority on keeping me oriented. Jarmila asked about JoAnna this evening, and it made me want to talk a lot about her. But only some of it got across. Then I wanted to tell the tale of how I choreographed my last days with Marj in June a year ago. I asked John to tell Jarmila but he simply didn't. Maybe he will later, but I was pretty disappointed.

For all that, the visit has been not unpleasant. I have learned a little less about Czechoslovakia than I thought I would, but that's OK.

One note came across on the TV tonight. On Czech language TV at least, they continue to use the adjective "Ceskoslovensko" to refer to all aspects of the nation, rather than adopt some more complicated term about Czech and Slovak Federative Whatever. That suggests that the threats of national splits have diminished somewhat.

Here's a set of observations I made right away, and should have written down earlier. By the time I arrived, John had accommodated to the notions that these really were democratization movements liberating positive energies, that single-party governments lead systematically to abuses, and that plenty of abuses and inefficiency had taken place under the old socialist regimes. In one sense that vindicated my judgment that I should come right ahead to Prague and make him part of my project. In another sense it got me off the hook in that I never had to argue my case - I could again be agreeing with him on practically every point. He still didn't volunteer to talk about the cases of Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan, and I didn't push him. But I guess I'm pleased to confirm his own basic principles and his flexibility - that he is able to accommodate to these changes, work within the new situation, and not get bitter or demoralized. He is very proud of his communication with the Japanese Communist Party and their response to him, and he holds up their example of open, hard, unglamorized, critical work at every turn. On the other hand, he lapses into vague, rhetorical statements of what must be done, and it reproduces difficult moments of my childhood. Whether that's just a problem in the interaction between us or whether it's a problem in his outlook isn't clear. I noted a case where Atchutan mentioned an official (a Czech communist official, I think) now accused of taking money on the side - this is someone they know, and whom John thought well of. He seemed unbelieving and then disappointed. Of course.

July 16, 1991. 3:00 p.m.

Tuesday afternoon in Prague. Recovering after concentration on four hours of interviewing Karol Henes.

Yesterday morning we got up, and the three of us eventually got on the road for Prague, leaving Babicka and the cats in Sobeslav. We had breakfast, I packed and collected washed clothes, eventually I got back the comb I had left in my pants, and found that I had not left Gino's hair spray as I feared. But I did, after all, leave something: the power supply to the computer. I left it sitting on the black desk in the back room. No excuse, no way to pass it on to anyone else. Maybe it was just a fluke, or maybe I allowed myself to get disoriented by the banter there, but the point is that it's my biggest slip-up yet. I discovered it as I got out the computer in Prague, after John had taken Jarmila to the bus to return to Sobeslav. I thought it would mean either driving down to get it or my taking a bus down and back. I had a drink, and sat down to think about how to organize the interior of some chapters in the Democratization book to get myself back on track. Then I began to figure out that I might trade power supplies with John. He figured out the same thing, we tried it, and it works. So once again I get let off easy.

The drive back was in warm sun, in contrast to the rain going down, so I saw a lot more. The rain had flattened some big portions of wheat fields. At about 10:40 we dropped off Jarmila at the place where she would apply for her unemployment benefits, and at 11:00 we arrived at SOF for my appointment with Cassien Gbaguidi. John had suggested we call before going, but I wanted to go right there. We arrived, Gbaguidi wasn't there, and it was at that point that John said he is notorious for not keeping appointments. Somehow I had guessed that but decided to hold him to the standards I learned in Benin. We stayed at SOF until about 12:45, and I talked with Atchutan about the U.N. He reminded me that the Security Council is the executive body and the General Assembly is only a debating society (my term, not his). I had exaggerated the transfer of power from Security Council to General Assembly by forgetting that only the Security Council can execute - so I need to study this issue more. Maybe that's what Joao Reis had in mind when he criticized my interpretation of changing powers within the U.N.

John and I came back to the apartment for lunch. I decided to wait to call Ulrike until after lunch. But by that time the phone was not working. What seems to have happened is that one of the 10 or so others on the line left their phone off the hook for about 12 hours, and nobody else could use it during that time. So between 4:00 and 10:00, John and I made three visits to the main post office so I could try to call Ulrike. Each time we got no answer. First time we drove to the local metro station and took the metro to Mustek; second time we walked to the metro and took it to Muzeum, walking down Vaclavska to the post office; third time we drove down. Second time I had made my phone call, and John wanted to make two local calls, one to Radka. He asked a man and a woman in line if either had a crown for the phone. The woman said yes and dug into a deep bag. It took her a long time, but she came up with several crown pieces. John moved to give her change, but she refused adamantly but with good humor. He finally dropped a few coins into her purse and dashed off. Some time later, as John was finishing up making the phone call, the woman walked by and then spotted me. She came up to me with a big grin and put two crown pieces into my pocket. John tried to respond, but he was stuck on the phone. Off she went, very pleased at having won the little tussle, and saying something about welcoming visitors to Czechoslovakia. went Lunch. Phone disorder. Visits to main post office in attempt to call Vienna. The lady and change for John.

Czechs are very informal in summer. Women of all ages wear light summer dresses or T shirts. Many of them are quite attractive in an effortless sort of way. I saw several male bus drivers wearing tank tops.

John told me a story of me as an infant. When I fell while walking, I tended to get up, go back a few steps and cover the same territory without walking. John said he always keeps barreling ahead. I said I've been going back over old territory all my life.

John arrived in Prague October 25, 1977.

John seems both happy and angry in his personal relations. He seems dependent on women for approval, but feels manipulated and drawn away from his interests. He drops everything to do what Jarmila wants. On the other hand, he enjoys the banter, the play and the steady interaction with Jarmila regardless of whether it gets things done. Hope I can choose - how much work, how much play, what kind of each - and be content with my choice.

Back to politics, in our first day John expressed support for letting the Baltic Republics go if they want to. It's in the constitution, and hanging on will only make later relationships more difficult. I found this to be a major change, but didn't argue it through with him. Otherwise I would have raised Afghanisitan, Czechoslovakia in 1968 and so forth.

Havel piece in NY Times. On op-ed piece in the 15 July 1991 Intl Herald-Tribune, reprinted from NYT. John expressed anger at the piece but I later concluded it was anger at Havel not the piece. The piece called for US aid to USSR, and for US to support trade between Czechoslovakia and USSR. A piece making his pitch to Congress. At the end of it was a paen to NATO, the only part which was clearly begging for "big friends," as Henes would have it.

On TV in Sobieslav we saw a news story on the sale of hotels and restaurants: about six hotels and restaurants, for prices that came to a total of about $4 million. [We visited one of them later.]

On top of a building across from our metro station, a "World peace" sign. John notes that it is one of the few old signs remaining.

July 17, 1991. 1:30 a.m.

After dinner and drinking with John.

Former WFTU bldg now says Helios Let.

Paul Simon visited Prague, "Born in the Right Time" Concert 25 June at Stadiuon Sparta na Letne.

Visit with Radka Leszczynska. We met her for coffee at the Park Hotel. We drove past Fucik Park and Square - name changed with new govt - where the Prague Exposition is taking place. Then we went to the park on the ridge north of Jarmila's place, and walked among the trees there. Then John and I went to look for remains of plaque marking Lenin's meeting with other Russians, in the same neighborhood. It was at No. 16, but I didn't learn the street name. In fact the plaque had been removed.

Then I asked that we go see the exposition, and John agreed. The exposition hall was built for the 1891 exposition, so the government is holding a centellial. John was there for the 1978 WFTU Congress was held there. They met all day, but had lots of breaks for food, 5 times a day.

When the Exposition opened this year, anarchists demonstrated, complaining about the expense and the outlook. Police broke up their demonstration. Spigl complained.

In the main exhibit hall, on the right (east) side, we saw glass, china, shoes, nice clothing. Right away I got the impression that the exhibits were mostly in Czech, based on traditional Czech strengths, and really oriented toward the Czech public. Different from the foreign-oriented approach I half expected from the publicity on the airline.

We went to the next building, where things were being sold: more of same, in terms of goods, plus lots of books. Plus Playboy in Czech. I saw a computer which I thought might be Czech but was not. The music store had lots of Czech music but imported stuff too.

A huge, centrally placed fountain had lots of people sitting, in a pavilion, to watch a complex orchestration of jets of water in response to classical and romantic music. Large and small jets, in all directions, rising and falling, swirling, and so forth. It was entrancing, and some people seemed to be staying for quite a long time.

Back to Prumyslovy palac, east wing. There we saw several overlapping exhibits, all on artistic and creative work. One was a Slovak photography exhibit, 1850s−1990s. Then an exhibit of Czech posters 1980s−1990s. Only when I was most of the way through this one, and with help from an observation by John, did I see the political line of this exhibit. There are recent posters, again mostly on plays, and some involving avant garde work. One was a Civic Forum poster. It had a bit "89" in the center, and above it a parallelogram with the word "jaro" (fall), and above it "Obcanke Forum/Ceskoslovensko". Then if you turn it upside down the 89 becomes 68, and the parallelogram says "podzin" (spring), and above (i.e. below) it is again Obcanke Forum / Ceskoslovensko. Actually, the Civic Forum part is anachronistic for 1968, but otherwise it's very clever.

The posters were hung on a white wall of undulating shape. Then at a certain point a straight wire construction stuck out, made of squares of about 4 inches. On this were only four posters, two on each side. On one side were two Communist posters, 1946 (three men with Czechoslovak colors) and 1950 (meeting of shop committees). On the other side were two 1943 posters, hence from the Nazi occupation, one on new generation, the other on young women shoulder to shoulder. The exhibit had no other posters on political heritage of the country. So it was a heavy-handed statement rejecting any affiliation with or heritage from the period of socialist government.

They had set up in this hall the model of Prague Castle and surroundings, made in the 30s and usually on display in a museum. Surrounding it were photos of castles all over the country. This was the center of the exhibit hall.

Then was an exhibit on ten steps of Slovak architecture. 1900s a social house or kultury dum; the photo of this building had a yellow-lettered, red-backed slogan handing on the front of the building: "for progress and socialist revolutionary culture." It must have been the only photo available. 1910s. 1920s. 1930s bridge. 1940s apartments and water tower. 1950s apartments. 1960s resort. 1970s snow lodges. 1980s new construction in Bratislava castle.

Finally, a large exhibit on Czech architecture. 1889 a building (to mark the year). 1891 Prague exposition; the park and exhibit hall were built; miniature Eiffel tower (1/5 scale) went up then. 1900 Paris exposition −− Grand Palace (Obecni dum) and "Wilson" train station given as examples. 1908 more buildings, exposition unclear. 1914 Cologne art show, Prague constructions were a hit. 1925 Paris (which exhibit?) Soviets were into constructionism, Czechs at that time followed the European tendency. [I thought this was the one explicitly political statement of this section of the exhibit. On the other hand, I though this was architectural politics rather than current national policy making itself felt.] 1958 Brussels World Fair - Czech restaurant (now moved to Prague), plus the International Hotel and other constructions of the era. The guards moved us out before I could complete notes, but I think they gave a representative sample of major buildings during 60s and 70s before getting to 1991.

My point in listing details of these exhibits is to understand where people today fit the past 40+ years in their understanding of themselves. My guess is that 5 or more groups were

commissioned to come up with exhibits covering the last century. The two Slovak ones were most systematic and least political - a sample of photos and of buildings from the last century, showing some things from each decade. The poster one was the most didactic. Its real emphasis was on art posters, and in that realm focused on certain periods: about 1900, late 20s/ early 30s, and some from the 70s and 80s. One Civic Forum poster celebrating 1989. Then 4 posters set aside to reject communism and Nazism; none of them especially good art. But the argument is that there is Czech poster art, and then occasionally bad politics imposes itself. An alternative would have been to give a range of political posters from the whole last century as a theme secondary to the dominant art posters.

The architecture exhibit did what I thought was a more honest presentation of the past century. It had one explicitly political comment, but that was to distance Czech architects from Soviet constructionists in the 1920s. For 1958 it showed the restaurant which was at the Brussels world fair, and it also showed the International Hotel (what John had called the Stalin Hotel when he showed it to me as I arrived) and some other official or semi-official buildings. They may well want to move away from the heritage of the socialist period, but since its physical remains are ones they now utilize, they can't deny that it existed and that it influences them today, as was attempted in the poster exhibit.

John then took me to the Restaurant Praha, moved here from the Brussels 1958 exhibit. It's an aluminum-exterior structure (one may think of U.S. diners of the time), with upstairs fancy restaurant, downstairs section, and terrace overlooking the river and the old town. It was closed 15th July to be privatized. Privatization, as we saw it on TV in Sobeslav, gave 6 hotels and restaurants for less than $4 million. Included were this restaurant, the Albatross hotel, a ship pulled up to dock on the opposite bank of the Vltava, and others.

We looked across from the terrace; the Albatross was directly across the river, Revolution (Road) was to our right, crossing a bridge to Old Town. The new Atrium Hotel was to our left, on the river.

I was reminded at this point of Botanical gardens around the world - an 18th and 19th century preoccupation that barely made it into the 20th century, and that has been respected only in a few places.

We drove on. We passed a fancy black Tatra, parked obliquely, and I remarked on how some people left it to others to care for their cars. John said the new govt eschewed cars for a bit, then jumped to grasp them. Havel, he said, eschews Czech cars for the German, and has constituted a motorcycle corps, the first for Czechoslovakia, and all the motorcycles are BMWs.

We walked to the Obecni dum, the grand palace, built around 1900, and a starring attraction in the architectural exhibit. We went into the foyer, up to the cloak room level, and up again to the main entrance level. There was a Mozart festival with a concert that evening (like Boston!). It was to be held in the main hall, the Sale Smetana; many smaller halls were marked on the same floor. Back down to the ground level. I found a bit plaque put up 1931, honoring the 1918 meetings in the Sale Smetana forming the Czechoslovakian state. We walked around the back. John showed me where the hotel was - it has been a CP hotel, until they moved it to a super fancy one. John met Gus Hall there, and found the rooms to be immense. I suggested it was ripe for privatization; John thought it wouldn't sell.

We decided to go on to dinner. I saw a spray-painted sign on a wall, simply giving the name of Sinead O'Connor.

We went to U Zlateho jelena (at the golden stag), the restaurant where John had taken me and Marj in 1980 when we first arrived. Down two levels underground. We had red wine,

served only in an open flagon there and in other restaurants: Rulandske Modre. I ordered pepper steak rare, John ordered some sort of meaty mix. Over-busy waiter promised me rare and delivered.

John mentioned a book he has mentioned before: Lawrence Stallings, The First World War. It includes the photos of the four armies, with the caption "Oh God our hope in ages past." Both the title, anticipating WW II, and the set of photos recommend this book.

We talked and argued. We were both pleased with the visit with Henes. Then I raised the issue I had not been able to address while in Czechoslovakia: why people were alienated and insisting on change in 1989. John began with external economic propaganda: US TV, widely broadcast in Czechoslovakia, and through such propaganda, belief that a higher standard of living was readily available. After this, however, he moved to the errors of the Communist Party. Basically, substituting itself for workers, doing things for them, failing to involve them in decisions or struggles. So when a crisis came, most Czechoslovaks were not against socialism, but viewed it as an affair of the government, which had taken responsibility.

I raised issue of problem in Marxian thought that the moral issue, as the Brazilians called it, had not been integrated into theory. John reacted strongly. I responded, perhaps better than ever before, to say that our job was criticism, and that, in effect, the problem was not sympathy with the project but being critical while participating. Anyhow, we got past the hard point. Faced with the theoretical question, he opted for practice, though in a skillful fashion. Working from the case of Henes and the Ceskoslovenskos, he argued that theory is developed out of practice. I still maintained that we don't have the logic to integrate liberation theology, good heartedness, and Marxian political economy, but John tended to argue that in practice you settle practical problems first. To be fair, he declined to argue that practice is always first: on might come up with an idea in general terms before its application is found. During the argument, John spoke of Lenin's policy of openness, how he was moving to the New Economic Policy after the period of War Communism, but how Stalin saw that he could run the country efficiently if he could get rid of his opponents, then got rid of them. I responded that to put this problem in terms of the minds of two men, Lenin and Stalin, left a problem since there were perhaps millions of people then reading and discussing the works of Marx and other socialist writers, and that even with the predominance of the Soviet Union one was left either with the notion that people simply weren't paying attention to the theory, or that the theory was flawed and incomplete. I acknowledged that I have chosen a special interest in intellectual questions, but I do think theory retains a role in social change. John acknowledged the problem in seeing the change as simply one in the mind of Stalin, but sees no reason to neglect such personal factors and go to a straight determinism, economic or other. I offered a distinction among intellectuals, separating those based in a social struggle from those cut off from social action, and John accepted it as useful. This struggle enabled us to return\ to practical questions. I suggested that we shared an interest in getting the U.S. to become a positive influence in world affairs. That helped. And it helped John to say that his plan is to do what he can for linkages among trade union movements from Czechoslovakia. We moved for a moment to family affairs, and I suggested that he has a lot of power in his marriage, and can decide to work on his trade union stuff whenever he wants and that Jarmila will have to live with it. He heard me, but wouldn't countenance any implied criticism of her. Still, I was encouraged by the fact that my threat to him of some years ago - that he would die at age 90 in a terrible auto accident - had obviously not only been remembered but had influenced his driving habits.

I told him of my experience in Mrs. Jensen's class, when Billy Baldwin accused me of being a communist, and I said it was a very good guess. I said that it had presented me with a problem I have been working on since. John said he remembered that Marian had told him I had asked her, "Are we communists?" and that it had caused both of them some anguish. But no clear plan. Thus leaving the rest up to me. So here we are. Not really that bad as a result, I conclude.

John and I talked of the similarities and differences of Henes and Ernie DeMaio. Ernie could never be an open communist. John said he would have preferred to, but didn't because of party policy. Interesting irony. The most outspoken, most individual member of the organization, persecuted by it in the end, declines to reveal his membership in solidarity with its policies in order to protect others working under the same policy, and contradicts his own strong views plus probably weakening his own work as a result. Henes comes from a different situation: a communist long since, he naturally remains open. His new task is to be a communist and yet be leader of a non-affiliated, non-political trade union movement. It can be done, but I think it is difficult. I thought of the example of Fidel Castro being head of a CP, affiliated to the Communist International, yet being head of the Nonaligned Movement. This is what you might call post-modern thinking.

I really enjoyed this discussion with John. I was happy that I launched it, and I felt at the end of it that I can now make my arguments better than in earlier times. That enables me to speak my piece, air differences, resolve some of them, and leave others of them unresolved. It helps me in sorting out, in the rough spots of the relationship between me and John, which are personal quirks of us each, which are old patterns in interaction between us, which are disagreements that can be profitably discussed, and which are fundamental differences in outlook. The anger that had built up in me, based mostly on problems in petty habits, dissipated.

We came back to the apt, and John showed me, one after another, a volume of George Grosz illustrations on Germany in the 1920s (as painful as every to look at); a book of drawings of Heinrich Kley (1863 to 1945 or 1952), new to me, who did exquisitely drawn but bizarre and mad drawings labeled as Expressionist, mostly done between 1908 and 1914; and Dante's Inferno, illustrated by Gustave Dore. I reminded him of the trip down the Mackenzie River he had planned. I learned from him it was he and Johnny Druecker who talked of doing it. I also learned that I had never thought of how they would get out of the Arctic, only that they would go down the Mackenzie. In fact their plan was to get near the bottom of the Mackenzie, then go up the Rat River (the name was different when we looked at it on the map), portage over to the Porcupine River, and go down to the Yukon, eventually getting to Fairbanks. Amazing.

July 17, 1991. 9:00 a.m.

Here are my notes on the long interview I had with Karol Henes yesterday, July 16, from about 9:15 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. John and I took the metro out to Chodov (is that it?), and waited a bit for the arrival of Vladimir Ferus. I had met Ferus briefly at WFTU a few days earlier, a tall, bearded, friendly guy in his 30s who is the computer specialist for WFTU but whose English is quite good, and who John has taken before on visits to see Henes. He acted as translator, and I think he did an extraordinarily good job, as the work can be very tiring. We walked a few streets over to an apartment building, and took the elevator up to the 7th floor. (John was happy that it worked this time.) We were met at the door by Henes, shook hands all around, and were ushered in to remove our shoes and sit in the living room. Henes made coffee all around, and also served us a glass of zubrovka, a clear liqueur made from herbs in Poland.

Karol Henes is a little below average height, a slim man who is straight without being erect, appears to be in good physical shape, and has dark eyes which brighten up when he gives his occasional gap-toothed smile. He has dark, wavy hair, graying. He wore jeans and a pale yellow, open shirt. Very much the ordinary guy, and yet there is an underlying confidence and authority in him which is not at all ordinary. [He is just over 50, and was retired from the mines after he went back to work there in 1990; he works now as a porter for the Communist Party.]

I handed cards around, introduced myself as a historian of Africa and as a teacher unionist, and described my trip around the Atlantic. I said I'm doing a history of the world 1989−91, emphasizing a global and interactive approach rather than distinct national stories, and that I was interested in hearing from him the experience of Czechoslovakia in that time, his own involvement, and his impressions of the global changes. That was all I needed to say, and he took over from there. I'll let him speak in first person below; I'll add my own comments in brackets.

The view you will get from me is that of a normal worker. That outlook had led me into politics, and now into the opposition. I worked for 21 years underground in the mines, beginning in 1962, so I know the views of normal workers. As a trade union representative I took the outlook of these workers [a rank-and-file outlook, in American terms]. I was and will be a Communist Party member. I became a Communist not to be a fan of Husak and Novotny, but to help change the situation for ordinary people. My mind hasn't changed about that objective. The object is to facilitate, not to govern. That's my introduction.

The events of Czechoslovakia are mainly the results of an economic failure. So we can't find adequate economic tools to put our ideas [construction of socialism] into practice; we couldn't react in time to changes in the world and change our own approach. The results in 1968 demonstrate this. It was an experiment aimed at economic growth. The experiment was halted from the outside. Not only are the Soviets and the Warsaw Pact to blame, but the West is as well. If the West had acted as strongly as it did in Kuwait, it would have been different.

[At this point a conversation in Czech emerged, in which the three compared Kuwait and Prague. Then Vladimir told a story. He was a student in Kiev in 1973, where he knew a fellow Czech student named Pavlovsky, whose father was former Czech ambassador to Moscow. In April 1968 the father was reassigned, and had a last interview with Brezhnev. Brezhnev said: tell those at home in Czechoslovakia that we in Moscow see Germany as the key to Europe, and we see Czechoslovakia as the key to Germany. We won't give it up, even at the cost of war.]

We need to see the days of 1968 in the context of those times, not of today. Otherwise, I would conclude the U.S. should have invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968. But it would have meant war, and global war.

Back to economics, though it and politics are interrelated. The economy couldn't create enough wealth to sustain our social work. We couldn't manage our economic problems as well as the West managed its social problems. As a result, people here now conclude that in the West all social problems are solved. They try to compare Czechoslovakia with the U.S., with the U.S. as the case of prosperity. We don't deny the prosperity of the U.S., but not everything there is going well. There remain social and environmental problems. But Czechoslovakia never was and never will be the U.S.

The point is that there are lots of illusions here. But the illusions are the result of the previous politics. Now we have to drink it up. The saddest thing is that those who must drink it up are not those at fault in this situation: ordinary workers, myself included. What was created here in the last 40 years was the result not of capital but of lots of work. Those who lose the

results of their work will be robbed by a few. People have an illusion that there will be 10 million millionaires, and the rest will live as one lives in the U.S. People forget that the only way forward is to work, and to use in a claver way the resources - human and raw materials - at our disposal; to use our skills and our scientific strengths. No one will do it for us.

I think that in Czechoslovakia there is a skilled labor force, good scientists, but they will leave if we pursue the current policy. So we could become a democratic state on the level of the Third World. This nation doesn't deserve such a situation. In the West, they recognize that capitalists must give up some profit for social fields. Stock-sharing programs, for instance. Our government's policy is to go back to the brutal capitalism of the early twentieth century.

I consider the form of ownership not as an economic category, but as a political category. We are in a situation in which they are trying to convince us that the only solution is private ownership, even in fields where it doesn't make sense. We're forgetting that people didn't know what the fear of being unemployed or ill was. We didn't have to fight as we grew up. The effects of this weaken us a bit. People aren't prepared to accept the change that is coming. The change will lead to revolt in the future.

I don't think normal, thinking people, even Communists, intend to change things back past November 17, 1989. But the tools of change have to be socially acceptable to people. At the moment when approaches to economic reform become unacceptable to people here, the situation could become even worse than in the last 40 years. Then we wouldn't be far from a fascist dictatorship. That may sound too strong, but I fear it as a possibility which must be prevented.

So we try to do our work so that the economic transformation will be acceptable to people. We have to consider the fact that people here aren't used to moving to find work. They can't find housing when they move, and are locked in to their location by home ownership. Moving is a new experience, and it breaks up close families. Of high school and university graduates, numbering 200,000 this year, only 1/4 will find work. The generation expecting to inherit the country is losing its illusions. Those feelings will stay with the young people, so it creates problems for the future. Our government won't consider these problems enough. If we continue in this way, we will have a catastrophe, and a lot of people will have to pay.

In the Eastern European countries, socialism was profaned [discredited]. But surely the idea of social honesty is not discredited. This is true not only for Czechoslovakia. It is predictable that we will move to extreme right-wing politics. The question is whether this won't lead to a turn too far to the left. I personally wish to have neither alternative, of right or left. Because I think a socially honest society can be created only by the democratic way. That's the only way. The desire of people for social justice will win, and it will do so by democratic means.

One of the biggest mistakes of the previous regime was its use of force to introduce some things. This made the working class into a monster. [I asked for examples.] Artists were prevented from performing in the name of the working class, and people were jailed for their political opinions. It was one of the biggest stupidities of the regime. If our previous regime had let Havel put on his plays and publish his books in the time he wrote them, he would be an average playwright and author. But the previous regime made him a hero. Today his plays aren't staged and few buy his books. This shows the absurd approach of the regime and the Communist Party. It shows the absurd approaches in which the working class and normal party members weren't consulted and didn't even know about such decisions. From the other point of view, I didn't dig coal only for communists, but even to make heat for Havel when he was in jail. So this shows the absurdity.

Economic steps of the new regime: devaluation of the crown, attempts to attract foreign capital, and undervaluing the labor force. Those things influences me as a trade unionist, because the results in Eastern Europe will have bad consequences in the West, and especially in Western Europe. A cheap labor force in Czechoslovakia will press down on wages in the West. Investment in Czechoslovakia cuts down on investment and jobs in the West. Eastern Europeans are racing to create the best conditions for capital, not accounting for the environmental problems that will be created, nor for the fact that profit will be exported and the social problems will be retained. If we account for the projected westward migration of people, it won't be horrible for Czechoslovakia. But of those moving west, the worst will stay here, and others of the worst will stay here on the way back east. As economic reform is conducted in Czechoslovakia, in one year we will have one million unemployed, about 13%. One of the worst things is that if people emigrate to the West, they will be the best scientists, doctors, and skilled workers. That makes me feel bad for this republic.

These are my views on the problems. One reason for the work we are doing is to avoid making Czechoslovakian workers into a Trojan Horse in Europe. To prevent this is the reason for the work by me and my friends.

We live in the middle of Europe, and we can't think in a different way. If there is anything specific about Czechoslovakia, it is that we are in the middle of Europe. Some conclude from this that we are in the middle of the world. At the same time, they run from one big friend to another. I'm convinced the U.S. is more concerned about a united Germany than is Czechoslovakia. It's not appropriate for Czechoslovakia to orient itself toward German capital. It is strange to run from one dependence to another.

[At about this point, Henes went for a beer, and asked if we would join him. We said no, then I thought better of it and asked for a beer. He was pleased and said he had a comrade.]

[I asked about his fear of dictatorship. Shevardnadze spoke of a threatened dictatorship in the USSR. What is the relationship of his view to Shevardnadze's?] This is a specifically Czechoslovak problem. If the present situation continues, people may accept simple populistic solutions of either right or left - this comes from intentionally creating nationalism. Yugoslavia is a very bad example of this. Two days ago the vice-president of Slovakia proposed a separate militia for Slovakia. So our situation is not similar to that of the USSR. In the USSR there is a possibility of a leftist dictatorship [what is leftist here?] - a return to Stalinism. Socialism was discredited twice, since fascism was national socialism. Our present government creates conditions where\ people tend to accept simple solutions, and we can document it. The Republican Party is fascist in fact, and is increasing its support in the polls. It has supporters among the young people disappointed by events since 17 November.

[I said that I found it easiest to communicate with readers through specific examples and stories, and asked if he could tell me two stories: one from the time of the transition of power, and one of his work at present. In fact, his response began from the first and worked continuously to the present.]

One example to illustrate isin't enough. But here is one to show how the regime couldn't respond to the situation. The student demonstration on 17 November was attacked by the police. That was the anniversary of student demonstrations during fascism. This is not politics, it's stupidity. Nobody knows yet who made the decision to attack the students. November 17 was Friday. Until 22 November, neither the Communist Policy politburo nor the government met. They acted as if nothing had happened. Even when on 18 November there was a call for a general strike on 27 November. Any thinking person knew that a general strike would end the

system. The deciders didn't recognize this fact. So starting 20 November, power was on Vaclavska, and the question was who would pick it up. When the leadership met on 23 November, they created a new government with no change to be recognized by the public. All normal people thought all the government and politburo should resign. But only cosmetic changes were offered, and the result is as it is. Factories and workers had no information; students and actors wrote and agitated in factories. The press and mass media were still lying, so nobody believed them. The result is what it is. People lost their faith in the government, and rapidly. To be fair, one must say that there was no agitation at this point to liquidate socialism.

[Vladimir: the trouble is, everybody wanted a change. But not everybody wanted this.]

So the majority of people now have an idea that it will have the social benefits of socialism and the living standard of capitalism. Tension in the country started to grow from the time of the last party congress, which declared for economic reform. But the public didn't believe in the reform because there were no personnel changes. Our leadership wasn't able to consider the situations in USSR, Poland, Germany and elsewhere. All this together resulted in the fact that the game was over within ten days.

A similar situation in the trade unions. I became general secretary of RHO on the night of 26−27 November. The situation was already decided, as on the 27th there was a general strike. Everything was solved too late. Unfortunately, all the main decisions were connected with the politburo.

To illustrate how our leadership thinks, on the 26th they were trying to co-opt me into the party politburo, before I became General Secretary. I declined and said I will go into the trade union only on condition that I'm not a member of any party body. So it illustrates the way the politburo thought, in that they still thought, as of 26 November, that they could have a politburo member as general secretary of the trade unions.

[Vladimir: Henes has not been personally attacked, even in the most right wing press.]

I saw as the only solution to call a meeting of the secretaries of the enterprise committees. It took place on 7 December. Over 1900 secretaries from all branches and from all over the country. On 9 December, we had the situation of which I had advised the former general secretary on 20 November. Lots of factory presidents were changed by the workers. At the meeting on the 7th, enterprise secretaries voted no confidence in the Central Committee of the trade unions. At the same meeting, it was decided to form Action Committees with representatives from all branch unions. At the meeting on the 9th, the Central Committee met and accepted the decision, and the old organization was abolished. In plenary session of the old body on the 9th, the presidium resigned and 39 officers were expelled, including the former general secretary. All functions were delegated to the Action Committees. There were two new secretaries where there had been seven. I was general secretary as a communist, one secretary was a member of the socialist party, and one secretary was a member of the People's Party [Christian Democrats]. The Action Committee had 21 members, 7 from the Communist Party and the rest from other parties or no party.

At the same time, so-called strike committees were created in the enterprises. This created a rare situation in which one part of the trade union movement strikes against trade unions. Old and new leadership in the enterprises, both claiming the same membership. The idea was born to call a trade union congress in January.

[John and Vladimir added that strike committees were formed with aid from the outside, including the AFL−CIO. It was argued that it was necessary to change the trade unions to fit with a market economy.]

The Coordination Center of Civic Forum created or influenced the creation of the strike committees, fearing united trade unions. There were lots of changes in trade union personnel. In many cases there were no elections for these changes, under cover of the argument that it is a revolution. The main campaign was that all local and factory presidents who were Communist Party members should be replaced. The same happened for the selection of branch congress participants, and the same for the selection of trade union congress delegates. At the end of December, the Coordination Center of Strike Committees formed. They didn't succeed in calling the congress in January because we insisted that they first needed branch congresses. We used to have 17 branch [industry] unions. Now 92 were formed.

[John told me later that it was in selection of delegates to the congress that there were the fewest elections, so that these delegates were less representative of the workers and were closer to Civic Forum than the branch congresses. There was no careful check of credentials at the congress.]

The congress met March 2–3, 1990. There were two possible solutions: (1) proclaim that the old trade union central will continue, and that the opposition must go and form new unions; (2) allow the Congress to end RHO. The latter is what happened. Here I take responsibility for the decision I made. If we had tried to say that RHO stays, we would have put people under serious attack in a hot political situation, particularly people in the enterprises. We would have created a situation causing a split in the trade union movement, and we would be blamed. We would become responsible for losing the trade union rights that were going to be lost. It would have helped create more public anti-Communist sentiment. That's why I decided this way. I now think it was the right decision. When I handed over the papers of the old organization, I said I don't agree with the way the decision was taken. The next day I was back in the mine and working underground, despite the decision of the congress that I should stay on for 3 months of transition.

[John and Vladimir later said that Henes had been prevented from speaking, by a voice vote of the Congress. He was interviewed that day on TV. He was obviously tired, but said only "They didn't even let me speak." They were impressed that he had said nothing more inflammatory, though it was clear he was upset.]

From this congress to the end of 1990, Czechoslovakian trade unions lost 56 rights in law. They gave up representatives in parliament, were excluded in large degree from the ability to influence decisions in life and work. On the other hand, this helps people to understand what has happened. It helps us form new trade unions. It's hard, because we must start from zero in many activities. But no one can claim we wanted power or possessions.

On May 7, 1991, we formed our organizing committee. We have to fight for social conditions of people, which are worse than they were. Now we are acting in a period of factors such as fear - people are afraid to work in trade unions. Worker solidarity was destroyed to a certain level, inside and outside the country. Government maneuvers are setting one branch of industry against another. Still, after 3 months, we have 30,000 signatures of people planning to join our union. We now have 250 organizations [committees and more] in all branches of industry. We are preparing a congress to be held on a weekend at the end of October or beginning of November. Of course, we're attacked by the confederation and by some branch unions. The more they attack us, the more signatures we get. In fact now we need them to attack us more so we can get more signatures.

The branch union of medial employees decided to boycott us [word is the same as in English]. They refused to print any of our materials, and called on other organizations to boycott us too. We were prepared for that.

Czechoslovakia has about 120 districts, and we have organizations in 90 of them. Our goal is to have 200,000 members in time for the Congress. We may even beat that number. We claim independence from any political party, and we cooperate with any non-political movements. Retirees, women, environmental groups, farmer groups.

I'll say something I shouldn't. We're preparing for the elections to be held next year, helping all these organizations to form a political coalition to support candidates for parliament. Just how depends on the election law still to be adopted. Our goal is to make the coalition permanent as a political force. We're coming from the belief that in the next election no party will get a decisive majority, and governing party will need a coalition partner. Even if we become a partner in an opposition coalition, it will help. But please keep this quiet.

[John spoke up at this point to recommend proportional representation as advisable to prevent rise of a party system like that in the U.S. which is limited to two nearly identical parties.]

It won't be easy to impose a two-party system here, as they have problems inside their temples. We're studying alternatives. We think even with single-constituency elections, people will think twice before voting, and may favor non-political coalitions like this. Old style political parties are out here. The new political parties may be discredited. We have to be ready in time, in case they are discredited.

[John made his pitch for sending greetings from the new organization to Japanese and Peruvian trade union congresses, and for getting greetings in return. John gave Henes the Spigl issue that included the address and phone of the new confederation. Henes immediately said that the phone number listed was wrong, he corrected it, and he gave the corrected article back to John. John asked for a small statement of the objectives of the new organization and of the congress, to send to other trade union organization.]

We are now getting our office set up.

The mass media union may now lose to us all but their Central Committee. They were blind to the consequences of their boycott. They are still managed from backstage. It's a blindness we couldn't afford. I reacted with one sentence to the boycott. I said I'm sorry that those who should take care of democracy are declaring a boycott. And they will lose their organization.

For September we're preparing to announce an organization of paid political employees. Office workers. 79 organizations now. Employees of the Ministry of Labor now seek to affiliate. We're surrounding them.

[I asked for the mechanism by which new members are brought in.]

The mechanism for affiliation is that we find a person, analyze him to see if he is responsible, give him our program and constitution, and ask him to inform friends and co-workers. Three members are sufficient to form an organization, though usually it is more. We send a representative to talk once the group has reached 20 or 30. In 90% of the cases, we then form an organization there, and the whole current organization affiliates with us. The reason it's so easy is that people don't believe the current trade union leadership. Thursday I'll go to Kladnov [check spelling] to talk to 80 people from all branches of industry. [John later said Kladnov is a historically strong area for communists.] District committees are formed by factory

representatives, and it spreads this way. The organizational structure is based on 2 representatives from each enterprise committee. Next level up, 2 representatives from each district, and the national executive has 2 representatives from each region. This extends to all branches, including teaching, health care, and culture.

[Henes then gave me a copy of a book, Co Nam Daly Odbory, by Zdenek Pernes. John gave him the 20 Kcs price. It is published by the new federation, but isn't listed as such.]

The press run was 10,000, and 9000 copies have been sold. The former trade union newspaper editor commented on it in Praze and said it's a brilliant analysis, but he didn't describe it in detail. It was published in time for the May 7, 1991 meeting. We needed it to show that our work is based on facts. The trade union confederation asked for 20 copies. Enterprise committees ask for 3−5 committees, and we sell it to them. The publisher is a cooperative, and they took the risk of agreeing that we could pay after we sold the books. So far, the publisher has gained 20,000 Kcs profit, and we have gained the same amount. So the publisher wants another brochure.

[Introduction to p. 14. Pp. 15−54 are laid out as four columns. First lists the old law and the functions it delegated to ROH or other rights of ROH. Second lists the equivalent provisions, if any, in the law governing the transition period August 1990 to February 1991. Third lists eqivalent provisions for the later period (is this correct?). Fourth is comments. The layout shows great blank spaces in columns 2 and 3 in contrast to the detailed coverage in column 1. The rest, to pp. 128, is more detailed analysis.]

In our next publication we'll analyze developments in trade union events since 17 November. We expect to continue publishing: one brochure each 6 months. From September, we plan to publish a weekly; from October we'll add a daily. The weekly will be the specifics on trade unionism; the daily will be more popular and will present our views to workers. The Weekly will begin with Congress documents, publishing them in anticipation of the meeting. In No. 2 we'll publish the letters and articles we sent but which were never published in newspapers. In No. 3 we'll get reactions to the first two issues. [I said this seemed like an effort to train the readers to contribute.] That's the main thing. The readers must find themselves in these papers, and they must find that we represent their interests.

[John told the story of the two break-ins at Labor Research in New York, warning that such a thing could happen in Czechoslovakia. He said Zbigniev Brzezinski had proposed illegalizing the Communist Party in Czechoslovakia. The Procurator had followed the idea up, but the proposal was rejected. Vladimir said Egon Vonde, a long-time dissident spoke up, saying that if Mr. Salil (sp) succeeds in illegalizing the CP, that even though I stayed out of it for 40 years, I'll ask to join it, and I'll be the first to go to jail for it.]

Thus ended the interview. At a little after 1:00 p.m. we said goodbye and left. I told Henes I would write this up, and that I would check with him if I feared there were errors. He said he would like to have a copy of the eventual book.

On our way home, John and Vladimir went over some more details about ROH - Revolucni Odborove Hnuiti, which had all the trade union rights as the official central. The Congress in March 1990 divided up the property of ROH among the branch federations, which led to purchase of a bunch of cars and hiring of secretaries for these branches. The trade union resorts now cost too much to go to - the funds were divided up among the officials, so there's no more money for running the resorts. New officers immediately announced their departure from WFTU, and their affiliation with ICFTU. Then the Labor Minister said the WFTU should leave

the country since it had no members here. WFTU responded, arguing ICFTU was able to stay in the US even when the AFL-CIO was no longer affiliated. Lane Kirkland visited Czechoslovakia quietly, perhaps several times - his wife is Czech. Meanwhile, the new federation leaders leased to a Connecticut investment company the building in which WFTU was located. WFTU pulled back to 2 floors, but as the rent was getting higher and higher, left. Then the air conditioning issue came to light - Atchutan's point on how WFTU had paid for air conditioning that building, but got no compensation for it as all was done with a gentleman's agreement and no contract.

I mentioned to Vladimir my idea of using the Hussite example to introduce the concept of nationalism in my book. He argued on the contrary that it was an ideological movement, and that language was a limit to it; same for the Lutheran movement a century later, though on a larger scale.

"Roots". Vlaldimir said that he doesn't know if the concept of the nation will survive, but he feels that people have roots. We're each biologically different as individuals, but in addition we have roots in particular places that give us an additional level of distinction from each other. I was excited to hear this, even if I've heard the term a million times before, because I saw that I can use roots as a mechanism and a metaphor in my model for the reproduction of social difference. On nations and national identity, Vladimir said it's easy here: there are two nations, Czech and Slovak. And one state uniting them.

# Week 9. Prague, Vienna, Berlin

Starting July 17, 1991.

July 19, 1991. Vienna, 11:00 a.m.

On Wednesday morning, July 17, I got up slowly after the late night before, and transcribed part of my notes on the interview with Henes. Then John and I took my two packages, of papers and videotapes respectively, to the customs post office on the southwest side of Prague. Only it took an hour to get there because he stopped on the way to get some paint for Jarmila, which wasn't possible because the store had closed for the morning, and then we got caught in a bad traffic jam because they had closed off the drive on the east side of the river for some construction work. The chief customs inspector knew John and thus immediately marked the packages for dispatch, so we didn't need to fill out any forms. But it still took 20 minutes waiting for the actual postage to be put on. It cost a little under 500 Kcs, or less than $15.

John fed me lunch - kielbasa - and took me to the train station for my 2:50 train. It was 20 minutes late, as it was coming from Berlin, but John waited and then put me on it. The trip down was uneventful. I shared a compartment with a succession of Czechs, the first groups travelling to various stops in the country, the last group of three going to Vienna to start a back-packing vacation. We stopped in Tabor, and zoomed through Sobeslav. It began raining, and then continued raining through the end of the trip. Once we crossed into Austria at Gmund the house styles changed visibly, and the fields got much smaller. As we got closer to Vienna, a lot of nice vineyards came into view - some quite large, others were backyard affairs. I tried to write some notes on the Democratization manuscript, and got only as far as promising to have a large section of the manuscript done by September.

Suddenly we were crossing the Danube - a nice big, impressive river. The rails are good near Vienna, so the last part of our trip went very fast. We stopped at one station on the outskirts of town, then pulled into the Franz Josef station about 35 minutes late at 8:40 p.m. Ulrike and Robert were there to meet. Ulrike as bubbly and demonstrative as ever, Robert the model of smooth relaxation I had come to expect from the phone. Robert Davis is a black photographer who grew up in New York, went to school in Minnesota and then in the San Francisco area, studied with Ansel Adams and then one of his disciples, and settled down in Richmond Virginia. He and Ulrike met in the course of one of her visits to the U.S., and he has been in Vienna for several months, while he's finishing the tail end of his MFA requirements. His thesis exhibit involved him making paper in the form of masks, then printing photos on the masks to superimpose and juxtapose different faces, and hanging them with barbed wire to frame each pair of images. Technically and conceptually imaginative, and visually arresting. So we headed out to the street and got the S-bahn, and soon were at the immense third-story flat in the heart of Vienna where they are staying. The owner is an anthropologist out of town, and it seems Ulrike will stay here a while. We sat down for a drink, and then discussed possible restaurants. It came down to Italian or Turkish, so I chose Italian. Then we took a tram and a bus to a restaurant which was closed, then walked to another nearby. I had a very good pizza and we shared some

red wine. We exchanged stories of the last few months of our existences, and eventually walked back to the flat since it was after midnight. It was near 2 a.m. by the time I got to bed.

They mentioned a Peter Heller film on McDonald's called "Jungleburger." It traces the world-wide uniformity of its operations. Their own cattle, for instance. I thought it would be good to see it and treat it as an example of real-live diffusionism in the world. Heller has done work, I think, on Africa and the West Indies. He's German.

On Thursday morning, July 18, I got up slowly, and sipped tea and munched rolls with Ulrike and Robert until about 11:00 a.m. But we got right to work on planning the next few days, and by 9:20 I had called John to say that we would take the Saturday daytime train to Prague, arriving about 3 or 4 p.m., and that we would go on the Berlin by train a day later. So he agreed to pick us up, and he'll put us up has his place and go on to Sobeslav.

Then Ulrike went over the list of names sent by Georg Elwert of people to see in Germany. Here are my notes from her, with all my misspellings:

1. Peter Sebart. Berlin E. Academy of Sciences, and an Africanist. A PDS member.
2. Van der Heydent, his assistant. Was in the opposition.
3. Dr. Deitel Polock. Religious Institute, Leipzig.
4. Heinz Kuchler. Priest, Leipzig.
5. Kockot - this one and the next two at the Free University.
6. Kelcher
7. Kuterlund
8. Wolfgang Hare. Philosophy. East Berlin.
9. (Wolfgang Havich - Ulrike's friend)
10. Thomas Tittelman - Sociology at FU, works on Horn.
11. Thomas Bierschenck - Sociology at FU, works on Benin.

During the course of this and the next day, Ulrike made progress of various sorts on lining up these folks. I'll go over it later. Meanwhile, I told Ulrike and Robert that I would buy their train tickets from Prague to Berlin and from Berlin to Vienna, drawing from my grant money and in compensation for their help in my research. They only resisted a little.

Meanwhile, Robert asked me for an explanation of my world history projects, and I attempted to oblige. Especially as I learned the sort of work he does in photography, I asked for his comments on pastiche and montage, the type of communication that involves and so forth. He responded not with his own arguments, but with a pile of books. So here are the citations.

John Berger, Ways of Seeing (Penguin, first published 1972).

John Berger, About Looking (New York: Pantheon, 1980).

Victor Burgin, ed., Thinking Photography (Macmillan, 1982). Includes articles by Burgin,

Walter Benjamin, Umberto Eco and others.

Ulrike gave me Robin Law's Occasional Paper done with Martin Gray, Images of Africa (Stirling, 1990) including his article "The White Slaver and the African Prince: European and American Depictions of Precolonial Dahomey," pp. 22−41. Sadly, he wasn't able to get Judith Gleason's Agotime. I would like to get it myself through interlibrary loan, copy it, and send a copy to him and to Ulrike.

Ulrike said that the killing of Samuel Doe was broadcast several times in Benin. She saw it three times, and with different people each time. She also heard it described by people, and

found the descriptions to fit what she saw. The film showed them crushing his legs, breaking other bones, and cutting off his ears. The reaction of the Beninois was that this was backwards behavior, and that it was their hope to go forward. They argued that one should not treat a president his way. They noted that Doe was stripped of all his charms, of which there were many, before he was killed. He was finally stabbed to death. While torturing him, Prince Johnson was apparently arguing with him that he was not behaving with enough dignity. Doe had decapitated previous leaders and paraded their heads through town. It seems that he was not decapitated, or in any case his head was not displayed.

Ulrike showed me a photo taken of one of Charles Taylor's soldiers, wearing a Halloween mask. The idea is that soldiers are to look terrifying, so this was a way to do it.

We talked about films and film-making in Africa. I asked about screening the films in Africa, as I had seen little of it. Indeed, the films are screened in Europe at the film festivals. In Africa, if one can get linked to the French distribution network, one can get films shown in some regular theaters - Ulrike saw some African films at the Vog in Cotonou. But the main way to show African films in Africa is through the French cultural centers, which are all set up with nice theaters. The Burkina Faso exception to this is that there people will head into villages, set up a screen and sound equipment, and screen films wherever they can find an audience.

Robert sat me down to look at his terrific computer setup. He was a convinces Macintosh user, but has been won over to IBM clones through windows programs. So for about $2000 he got a machine that has about 4.5 megabytes of RAM permitting him to do the fancy graphic programs with which he scans and then modified photographs, plus 60 megabytes of storage, and a big color screen. Windows Overlay is the basic program. Then within it he uses Infoselect, which is a Hypercard imitation, and Winpost, which is a notebook. I better think about this lesson before I buy a computer this fall. Meanwhile, I showed Robert my files and my system for keeping track of notes as I travel, as he is likely to be collecting notes with Ulrike.

Ulrike put me on the phone with Lazare Sihoueto in Berlin. He's a Beninois student there, in sociology I think, who invited me to give a presentation in Berlin on July 25 (after Ulrike and Robert have returned). It's a conference on German colonial history. Sihoueto would like me to speak on "le rayonnement du colonialisme allemand aux colonies avoisinantes." So I'll plan some remarks on (1) the heritage of German colonialism as seen from the French period in Togo and Cameroon; (2) the interactions of German colonialism and affairs in surrounding colonies – Gold Coast, Dahomey, Nigeria, Chad, Congo; (3) German commercial and cultural influences in West Africa generally - merchants in Dahomey, Frobenius, etc. I better make sure to take some time to
make this sensible.

Then Ulrike and I went to the university to visit the anthropology department. We went up a Pater Nostra – an elevator that doesn't stop, and that you hop off and on of. She says it's the only one left in Vienna. There we met Manfred Kremser, an assistant professor who works both on Mali and on St. Lucia. He was in Mali in February and March, and told some remarkable stories about events there.

In February, workers demonstrated, threatening strike over back pay and perhaps other issues. So Mali is like Benin in that salaries weren't paid for some time. Manfred wasn't clear on which workers or unions were involved. I suspect teachers were part of it. Anyhow, the government arranged a settlement by promising the workers to address their grievances at the regularly scheduled party conference in March. That brought a truce with the workers. But the students didn't accept the truce, and demanded that the government make immediate

concessions. These are secondary and elementary schools. Then street kids began entering the schools and taking them over, or rather taking over the students.

About this time one began to hear calls that "la greve est arrivee. Le monstre arrive." Le monstre was a thousand kids, all with rocks. They set fires, attacked cars - attacking people and symbols associated with the state. The schools were closed, all over the country. Le monstre functioned not only in Bamako but in other areas as well. At one point the police, anticipating a demonstration, ordered a shipment of tear gas from Senegal. The students got wind of it, and halted the train at some point past Kayes. So it was the students who gassed the police in this case. Somehow the police got control of the train and sent it back to Senegal. Manfred's car was being shipped to Mali on this train, so he had to wait a while for its arrival.

The schools reopened, with the government acting apparently in response to student demands. But the street children closed them down again.

Throughout these events, a free press reported on events in detail - not only newspapers, but radio and TV. Manfred wasn't sure for how long the press had been this free.

The conference met in March, but it rejected a multiparty system. That did it. At some time before the end of the conference, a group of women and children had squeezed into the stadium (where the congress was apparently holding a session) to demonstrate, and the police fired on them. That was the end of the regime.

There was a recent putsch in Mali. That means the army is not disarmed. But it also means that a lot of Traore people are still in office, and people are impatient to be rid of them.

I spoke of mob behavior as a complicated issue in these movements. Manfred gave his view that when a mob reaches a critical mass, control changes, and they no longer respond to the direction that started them.

Manfred has access, through Malians in Vienna, to a good collection of Malian newspapers for this spring. I asked Ulrike if she would be willing to look through them and send comments on them to me, and she agreed. The trick here is to get some of the information without getting drawn into learning every detail of the story.

Ulrike began generalizing about the role of children in the demonstrations and fighting. They have full knowledge of guns. She mentioned Kurdish kids. After we left Manfred, I said that she had convinced me this was another major theme for recent times. Kids have been very important in South Africa, in Palestine, and we have just seen the Malian case. I need to generalize and theorize it a bit. The question also includes all the Brazilian kids without families. In a sense it may also extend to the economic power of American kids who determine what their parents will buy. (Later on with Ferdinand, we talked of the councils of youth under Sankara.)

Manfred went on to describe the work of his department. The are doing ethnohistory based on the method of the department head, centering on the Lesser Antilles. Two dimensions to it: (1) field work in the Lesser Antilles, and they have had students and faculty working on just about every island; (2) archival work on the emancipation period.

He brought out the thesis of a German, Stephan Palmié, on Santeria in Miami. He and Ulrike think this guy's work is good.

I asked Manfred his opinion on whether the West Indies should be classified inside or outside Western Civilization. He responded in depth and with feeling. A nice point he made in the course of it: the question of identity cannot be differentiated too much. That is, Barbadians see themselves as British, but they have lots of levels of identity. Only later on did I learn that the woman he referred to, with her very strong British ties and identity, is his own Barbadian

wife. He went on to talk about the racial dimension of this - white people see dark-skinned people, and conclude that they are non-Western. Then he spoke of the phrase with which he was trained as a child: civilization is if you have a toothbrush, culture is if you use it. In any case, I felt as if I got an independent and original confirmation to my approach to criticizing the civilizations paradigm, especially for the West Indian case. They got and liked my use of Trinidad to make the point.

He borrowed my slavery book and we agreed to meet the next day.

On the way out, talking about children and terrorism, Ulrike began to talk of her work, over the years on Armenians and terrorism. It was Armenians who instructed Palestinians and Palestinian children in terror. Jewish and Armenian movements have been in competition and often at each others' throats for over a century. Herzl was giving names of Armenian activists to the Ottomans at the time he was hoping the Ottomans would set aside a Jewish homeland. Meanwhile, Armenians have been carrying on a campaign against the Ottomans for a couple centuries. It involved attempts to capture the Sultan, or to take over the Ottoman bank, etc. Armenians taught the Russians their terrorist tactics in the 19th century. Well, this is a pretty rough summary of what she had to say, but it's based on a group project of the anthropologists in Vienna, studying various aspects of Armenian culture. Ulrike got to go to Soviet Armenia before the earthquake. Anyhow this is a story, into which I could dig later, that links up to the leading role children have been taking in political activism in recent times.

Then we went across the street to coffee with Ulrike's friend Ferdinand Stahl, a camera man who hangs around with musicians in Burkina Faso. (Ulrike mentioned Kilimanjaro, a night club in New York where she heard African music.) Ferdinand spent most of his time in Bobo Dioulasso, a town which is filled with music. Lots of ethnic groups, all with their own musical groups. People go to bars in evenings, or they just close off streets for music and dancing on a regular basis. Plus they have ties with France and Switzerland - almost all the finishing work on recordings is done in Europe. The Burkina film industry also has ties to Switzerland. Musicians get a tour of Europe, make some money, go back home and stop working. On the other hand there are marriages or liaisons of Burkinabe men and Swiss women, where the men make music and the women do the promotion. He's going to copy some of his own tapes, recorded himself in bars or at weddings etc. for me. They keep with traditional instruments. Balafon is included - one reason electric guitars don't work in this tradition is that the balafon is tuned to the tones of each language, and contradicts the tuning of the guitar.

He found that music is politics - the guys talk politics in their music. Ferdinand heard the name of Sekou Toure in a song and asked about it - it was a recitation of West African history. Musicians are much influenced by Sankara, and they hate the new one.

Once his friends asked him to hurry to see the TV. It was Kurt Waldheim. Ferdinand said he's an asshole. The Burkinabe asked how he could say that, since it's his president. Ferdinand persisted, and so did they. Ulrike recognized the same reasoning from the Beninois arguing against defamation of Kerekou or execution of Doe.

Ferdinand mentioned Burkinabe musicians who live in Geneva, who joined the anarchists there, lived in occupied housing. On returning home they wrote songs critical of old rituals or of certain people. But their criticism was indirect and worked through metaphor and proverbs, and Ferdinand couldn't hear anything critical in it. Still, one song was presented as one that would cause a lot of trouble, and when they began to play it the result was indeed to scandalize people. So their roots are in their village. Even if they have Swiss girls, they say, "we have to live here." That is, they have to be careful of the consequences of speaking up. But they do want to speak

up. Lots of the politics still centers around Sankara. He set up councils of the youth the counter councils of elders. Those who were in those youth councils are now getting older, but they still remember.

In a strange fact that Ferdinand was unable to account for, his Burkinabe friends in Geneva knew Sankara would be killed the night before the murder. Sankara was part Mossi, part Peuhl. But Ferdinand says the Mossi language doesn't even have a work for people of mixed ancestry. I asked about the term "toubab." He says it means white in Bambara (strike one against my theory). But he doesn't remember what the Mossi say.

In Farafina, Ferdinand heard a Bambara-language song on Mandela. We speculated on how well known Sankara is or was in South Africa. It's worth pursuing.

We talked about Europe for a while. Ferdinand said he had bad inner feelings about the united Europe. He thought it would bring what he calls "new economical racism". He thinks it will bring lower living standards in Austria, and that the results will raise aggressivity and nationalism. He and Ulrike discussed examples of racism in Germany.

We moved to films for a while. "Jaguar" is the name of the Jean Rouch film on the three guys from Somba country who go to Ivory Coast. Robert (who had joined us by now) mentioned an American film, "The Guys in the Hood." Hood is neighborhood, and it's about gangs in LA. Only when it opened the gangs showed up, and three people were killed. He couldn't find what it was about the film that did that. We talked about Cobra Verde. I learned that Bruce Chatwin has died from a strange degenerative disease he contracted while in China. He saw the beginning of Wernher Herzog's work on Cobra Verde, but not the end. He wrote up What Am I Doing Here? as a chronicle of his travels and writings, and it includes the story of his being arrested during a coup in Dahomey, and his beating by a woman. His broken nose and foot were what set him on the trail of the Viceroy. Then we turned to other Herzog films. One is "Aguirre", also with Klaus Kinski, about Aguirre travelling down the Amazon. Herzog used military force on the Chivaru (Quivaro?) Indians to get them to participate in it. Another film is "Vizcaino" on another adventurer.

Ulrike reported that the Indians of the Amazon Valley are now proposing that they should have a separate state, including portions of Brazil, Peru, Ecuador etc., as only they can protect the forest. Jesuit-educated Chivaru are the leaders.

We decided to go to dinner, but first stopped at the apartment of a faculty friend of Ulrike where she had charge of letting a Polish cleaning woman in and out. I was feeling as if a sore throat were coming on, and said so. The three of them began giving me remedies. Ulrike found tonic in the frig and some pills, plus the local equivalent of gatorade. Ferdinand showed me three acupuncture pressure points which make you feel better: (1) on the outside of the thumb, 1/3 way down the second bone; (2) about the same distance down the bone next to it on the forefinger; (3) on the inside of the top bone on the arm, a hand's width from the wrist. I got my sweater and some vitamin C as we stopped by Ulrike's, and Robert then got me a couple capsules of bee pollen.

We drove north of town to a garden restaurant on top of a mountain. We passed the hill where John Sobieski and his army appeared in 1683, and which is now marked by a church. Ulrike said that wherever a Pole prays, a church appears. It took us a while to find the place, but we got settled in, talked and ate. I had mixed grill, which meant an extraordinary quantity of meat - hot dog, pork, and two pieces of beef. We got back to the apartment by midnight, but Ulrike and I chatted until nearly 1:00 a.m. before I turned in.

Here's a list of more interesting books Ulrike has been showing me and/or mentioning.

Hubert Fichte has written books on voodoo in Africa, and traveled the triangle to do so. Two volumes, one called Petersilie (on Dominican Republic, Miami etc.) and one called Xango (on Brazil etc.)

Faustin Wirkus and Taney Dudley, The White King of La Gonave (New York: Doubleday, 1931). On an American sergeant who became king of the island.

W. B. Seabrook, The Magic Island (London: George G. Harrap, 1929). A Haitian travelogue.

John H. Craige, Black Bagdad (New York: A.L. Burt, 1933). Haitian travelogue.

Bernard Diederich and Al Burt, Papa Doc: The Truth About Haiti Today (New York: Avon, 1969). Detailed reportage on events of the Duvalier regime, including rather a lot of the period beginning with 1945. Ulrike thinks the reporter probably had a CIA connection.

Michel-Rolph Trouillot, Haiti: State Against Nation. The Origins and Legacy of Duvalierism (New York: Monthly Review, 1990. 4 chapters on the historical legacy, 4 chapters on the totalitarian solution.

Sam Greenlee, The Spook who sat by the door (London: Allison & Busby, 1969). A black man joins CIA to use it to organize a secret black army.

Afrika im Film. This is the publication Ulrike and Ulrich Steger pulled together to go with their film symposium and film festival. It has articles by Samir Amin, Yves Person, Franz Fanon. Then Ulrike, "Afrikanische Filme - Bemerkungen zu Stil, Struktur und Bildsprache," pp. 30–31; and Ulrike and Ulrich Steger, "Die kolonialisierte Leinwand - Kino in Schwarzafrika", pp. 33-36.

Then program of a Paris colloqium. Religion et histoire en Afrique au sud du Sahara. Centre Maher, 15/17 mai 1991.

ACHAC - Association pour la Connaissance de l'Histoire de l'Afrique Contemporaine, créée en 1990. 34, rue de la Folie-éticourt, 75011 Paris. Exposition, "La Colonisation s'affiche."

1991 calendar: Mémoire des peuples noirs. It has photos, maps, and an event in black history for each day of the year. Plus proverbs for each month.

So now I'm actually caught up to the present moment. It's now 2:30 on Friday the 19th, and I've divided up the day to now between this computer work and cleaning myself up. I called Perry, and the only clear new news was that Gwen Hall wants me to set aside ten days between my return and when school starts to work with her on the Louisiana project. So I should start thinking about that, and plan to call her as soon as I get home.

July 20, 1991. 8:00 a.m.

Ulrike called after a long session with the acupuncturist yesterday afternoon. Needles had gone all the way down her spine, and it hadn't been fun. Robert and I met her at the anthropology department, and we talked again with Manfred.

Manfred was very pleased with my slavery book, and said he would make it required reading for the introductory course. So I liked that. I said I was a bit worried about whether the social science methodology part of it becomes too difficult for undergraduate students, but he didn't think it was a problem, and that readers can skip over the parts they don't get. He asked me whether this directly addressing the emotional issues, as I do, is a trend in new writing. I only know for myself, not from what others have written, though I suspect the answer is yes.

Manfred had spoken to an Austrian friend who was in Mali, and recalled some further events from this spring. First was that a Malian friend, Gaoussou Traore, had given him a

thorough rundown of the crucial three days. But they didn't record it, and he spoke so fast that they couldn't retain it. Anyhow, one point was that the democratic opposition was well organized, had picked its priorities and its plans carefully, and was ready for some responses by the government. (I'm sure this means not the kids and the mob, but a group of politically active opponents to the regime.) At the party conference, Traore postponed his speech, several times I think, not wishing to make concessions. The speech might have been one that would open the conference. Finally the opposition attacked, and the brother of the prime minister was killed. The le pouvoir reacted with police forces. It's then that the women and children came to the stadium and were shot down. Ulrike and I left Manfred, I mailed off the Week 8 diskette for 12 schillings, and we went on a walking tour of Vienna. She told me of the catacombs under the city, which began as burial grottos in the middle ages and were extended by the sewer system of the 19th century. We passed Sigmund Freud park, newly named, and Ulrike mentioned that the University of Vienna has no chair in psychoanalysis - they never reversed the decision after Freud left.

Her acupuncturist has his own ideas on world history. He is a Taoist, but Ulrike also describes him as an anarchist. So he describes world situations in psychological terms. The state is sadist, the subject is masochist for accepting submission. He described Japanese society as sado-masochistic; he labeled European society as sadistic-parasitic-predatory.

I talked about my attempt to fit psychology into history, and about psychohistory and mentalites. Ulrike pointed out that there is a section of anthropology that deals with psychology: personality and culture. It began with the work of Kroeber and Benedict. It's not clear where the debate has gone now, especially since the rise of critical anthropology, but I should find out. I wondered if the anthropologists were using psychology to explain the way society is, rather than the way it changes - since my interest is primarily in the latter. She thought that the personality and culture approach addressed both questions. I should ask Christine Gailey for some references in this field.

Near St. Peter's cathedral we met Robert at an outdoor cafe, and I had an iced coffee, which had ice cream in it and whipped cream on it. At 6:30 we moved a few blocks over to the Esterhazy Keller on Haarhof. Esterhazy is the noble family that controls the eastern part of Austria, along the Hungarian frontier. A sign at the door says the duke gave out wine during the Turkish siege of 1683. There we met Walter Schicho, who I think is an assistant professor in the African Studies department at the university. He brought Maria Lettgib (sp?) with him - she's an economic history graduate student, doing a thesis on Mozambique: its integration into the world economy, 1700-1900. I described my trip to Schicho. When I got to the European part, he pulled out a book he is reading on Romania.

Antonia Rados, Die Verschwaring der Securitate (Hoffman & Campe Verlag, Hamburg, 1990). In it she describes how the securitate operated, how it got and maintained power. It seems that a lot of the meetings in Romania were videotapes - I think this means meetings of the authorities in the last days, as well perhaps as meetings of the opposition. Schicho says the videos, even of meetings that were quite secret, are circulating in the country.

We had red wine and Schicho kindly bought me the salads I had to eat - potato salad, tomato salad, and ham salad, plus a piece of big, flat bread. Conversation ranged to a novel written as the visit of an African to Britain in the 1920s, and to a person from Togo who had visited the Arctic and Antarctic. Ulrike and I walked back to her apartment, while Robert went off to pick up a camera we were to deliver to Berlin. As we sat and chatted for the remainder of the evening, Ulrike gave me some more references.

Christopher Walker is an Australian living in New York, who has done surveys on media impact in Hungary and elsewhere. He's done Third World film work, as on Air America, Bolivia, Cambodia. Address 105 W. 18th St., Apt. 5E, New York 10011. Phone (212) 243-3997.

Robert Pledge is of English and French parentage, lived in New York 14 years, but works with Contact Press Agency in Paris. He started as an anthropologist working on Africa. Then he moved into documentary film, and was imprisoned with other French reporters in Chad. He's good on images that are known around the world. Office: rue Oberkampf, 101, 75011 Paris. Office phone: 43.57.40.00. Home phone: 47.97.65.18.

Natalie Simonet is a Chinese linguist and translator, who was at Tiananmen as late as 3 days before the square was cleared. If I have trouble getting to the Chinese in Paris, I might check with her. Phone 42.61.08.28.

Pierre Baudry has a film school in Paris, called Varan. His phone: 48.06.68.86.

Harold Courlander, öThe Drum and the Hoe. Life and Lore of the Haitian People (Berkeley: UC Press, 1960). Includes a chapter on dance.

Ulrike and I spoke about literacy. She was remembering an argument Elwert is developing on literacy - something to the effect that you can't have political participation until you reduce illiteracy below a certain level. That reminded me that one big difference between Benin and Mali is literacy levels. I wondered whether (despite all the newspapers circulating in Mali) the reading public is restricted to a small or badly biased segment of the population. I wondered whether there is a way to tell based on the papers themselves. Anyhow, Mali and most other heavily Muslim countries in Africa have a lot less literacy than the other countries. Are the literate folk in Mali the non-Muslims? On the other hand, Senegal seems pretty literate in French to me.

So again I have caught up to the present. Now Ulrike, Robert and I will complete our preparations, and take the train to Prague, play for a day, then go on to Berlin. This is going to be a lot better than heading off to Berlin by myself.

July 22, 1991. 11:00 a.m. Monday.

Berlin. Arrived last night by train, spent the evening at the local Egyptian-run Italian restaurant. Talked with Thomas Tittelman and with Angela. Bedded down at Angela's nice two¬level apartment.

Prague Saturday. We took the metro down to Vaclavska. "Obetem Komunismu" is inscribed on a small gray plaque set in a round area with earth and a few photos and flowers. Victims, I think. Ulrike pointed out the photo of Jan Palak who burned himself there 1968.

In the evening we ran into guys selling things out of the back of a car: Russian buttons and military insignia, military hats. Plus a set of babushka dolls: Gorbachev, Brezhnev, Khrushchev, Stalin, Lenin. They wanted 1000 Kcs or $30 for the set of five. As we discussed it later, we agreed that these were not that different from American political commentary.

Tourists kept the restaurants and beer halls filled up, so it took us a while to find one. Dinner at pivnice u medvidku, 2 little bears. The Pladniye are tattooed, have been for over a century; the black market folk in Russia. New mafia is post-glasnost. Our station: prazkeho povstani.

The Rodney King beating video has been seen all over - I forgot earlier to note that Africans remember it.

Prague Sunday. Up to the castle, gold and alchemy street. To the cathedral, down to the crypts: Vaults for Karel IV, Vaclav IV, Jiri Podebran - one of the coffin-encasements was done earlier, but most of the work was interwar. So it seems it was the first Republic that made up the exhibit, and the new republic has reopened it.

Train to Berlin. Wolfgang Hare's daughter talked to Ulli. West Germans talk too much rather than just work. Westerners are cold. No time for groups or family relations. Young people are disappointed with the change. Couple in 40s from Chemnitz had hopes for unification, but factories where both work closed down.

Thomas in Berlin. Papers in Ethiopia - there are few Djibouti has a French-language weekly. Aside from that it's Le Monde, Liberation, etc. In Addis the Amharic-language papers of the old regime have changed their names, but now they celebrate the new regime in the same fashion as they did the old. People in Addis have taken a constructive attitude. The atmosphere is relaxed. You can't tell who's a guerrilla. Thomas visited Yemen briefly - I asked him about newspapers there and he didn't know, but he said that with the various factions (socialists in the south, the tribals and the conservative city folk in the north) there is definitely a dialogue in the country.

I asked about the Ethiopian conference. They had it, but not everyone accepted the results. Question of language. The Tigre folks proposed Amharic, seeking to reaffirm national unity, but others disagreed. Americans don't play too active a role now, or don't succeed in having much influence, except that they seek to influence by providing aid. Thomas thinks we will know about the new political relations when the rainy season is over and the normal time for fighting returns.

Somali and Afar are often written in Arabic characters - Thomas thinks it's easier for folks to do it. He saw a document signed by various participants in three different scripts - Arabic, Roman, and maybe Amharic.

The Djibouti moneychanger who refused to accept German marks because the mark has been doing poorly lately.

I asked Thomas about the future of the OAU in Addis. He said he thinks it will continue there. They have the infrastructure for it, including cheap women.

Angela joined us at last, around midnight. Right away she said I can do a piece for TRANSIT, a new publication with two or three numbers out, which centers on the new Mitteleuropa. We kept going until nearly 2:00 a.m.

Next morning I saw Zitty - Berlin weekly. The biggest city magazine. Plus Angela's travel books on the former DDR, made for travel by westerners, and she will travel to visit there.

Plans for Monday: Thomas Tittleman at the Institute midday, where we find Lazare Sehoueto, then Wolfgang Sandman in the afternoon.

Plans for Tuesday: Erhard Yacob, friend of Kurt Zeliger, correspondent for DDR, at Cafe Kranzler on Kurdam or Kurfurzendam, at 10:00 a.m. tomorrow. We see Wolfgang Harich at 4:00 p.m.

July 23, 1991. 6:30 p.m.

I'm sitting, at the end of a sunny afternoon, on Angela Martin's 4th floor porch, tired but pleased with the activities of the last couple of days. For the next day I will move slowly, rest, consolidate, and write things up. That means the Monday trip to the Institut fur Ethnologie, then to Das Arabische Buch, then to dinner at Osteria, then late-night drinking. On Tuesday it means

our meeting with Erhard Jacob this morning, and our meeting with Wolfgang Harlich this afternoon. Almost 40 pages in my little pocket notebook.

July 24, 1991. 11:30 a.m.

Didn't get far last night. Ulrike got hold of Maurice Godelier and we went to visit him at the institute on the west side of town where he is just finishing up two years of work on kinship. Then we went to dinner and after that (shortly before midnight) arrived at the apartment of Wolfgang Sandman, Ulrike's old friend, where he argued about the economic transformation of Germany. We left Ulrike there, and Angela, Robert and I came back to climb into bed at about 2:00 a.m. I woke up at about 9:00, and took to 10:30 to get to breakfast. A complete set of exercises, my first comprehensive set of dance steps since arriving in Europe, and a bath. So now I'll see how far I get in summarizing the events of the last few days.

In the afternoon of Monday, July 22, Angela drove Ulrike, Robert and me over to the Institut fur Ethnologie at the Freie Universitat. She drove us past the great golden building of Axel Spinger publishers, the right-wing group, built right against the old border with the east. We drove through Checkpoint Charlie, where there is a museum that Angela says shows how Berliners became so anti-Communist. An old sign from the checkpoint remains standing, and in the street were hawkers selling Russian military insignia and babushka dolls. We drove past another building which Angela pointed out as designed by Martin Gropius (I think it's the Anhalter Banhof); he was the uncle of Walter Gropius, the bauhaus architect. I asked Angela whether Berlin was still a place from which people fled (remembering Bob Wheeler's comments from the 1960s). She said it was a poor place to bring up kids, and so it was populated heavily by old people. But it was also the best place for a university appointment. We spoke of East German migration to the west, which she says leaves entire villages nearly empty. There's also a Polish migration to West Germany. (I think Ulrike argued that there's more Polish migration to Austria than to Germany. But she also spoke of the visa requirements imposed on Poland by Austria in the 1980s.)

Angela told of an interview of people in the East on the sharp rise in racism there. One skinhead argued that now we live in a democracy with free expression, and racism is allowed.

At the Institut fur Ethnologie we first met a Polish woman (her name was something like Margo Shovska) doing a thesis on German philosophical relativism. She seems to be arguing that the challenge to racist ideology came to the U.S. through German philosophy, and through the studies of DuBois and others in Berlin; they took it to Harvard and the philosophers there spread it around the U.S.

Then I sat down to spend the afternoon talking with Thomas Zittelman. He's an anthropologist who has taught along with Elwert at the institute for some time, and who has just submitted his thesis, a magnum opus on the Oromo. He spoke of a project supported by the Volkswagen Foundation to review German development work. It revealed (though probably did not argue) that development work began with an attempt to address the issues of poverty, but ends up in arguments about corruption and the problems in civil society. The poverty questions get lost, and development studies are centered on civil society.

The Oromo movement began in the 1960s, and it was linked to the introduction of international aid to Ethiopia: to then, there had been no aid. Western powers then imposed aid on Ethiopia - visits, preparatory studies, etc. Local pressure groups formed to figure out ways of utilizing and benefiting from possible aid. Networks of personal relations emerged from these pressure groups, and these could then be used for whatever.

The Horn has lots of conversion, Christians to Muslims and back - it's apostasy for Muslims, but in the Horn there's a long tradition of it.

The Syrians have just taken over Lebanon. The rich Lebanese came back from the U.S. and West Africa, demanded a clear economic slate, and this forced the hand of the Syrians, who then attacked the Palestinians. The result makes Lebanon a client state of Syria.

I argued Africa might be the continent where Christians and Muslims learn to live together. Thomas pointed out the Sudanese exception, where hard-liners have imposed shari'a. The Muslim Brotherhood is the only political organization with real continuity in the country - trade unions and communists were an alternative, but lost out.

In Djibouti (from which Thomas has just returned), he found caution about imposing shari'a; they have arguments to show that it must only be applied when people are at a high level of integration into Islam. I asked about Muslim education on the Horn. He said that in Somalia, from the 19th century Muslim education was better than Christian. University students go to al−Azhar. From the 16th century, al−Azhar classified its students by nations. That is, they had the rivak (doorstep) system: students join one according to their point of origin. People from the Horn joined the rivak al−javati. Only in the 1950s was this modified to distinguish rivaks for each of the
modern nations. In the 1960s, a university was established in Khartoum.

Radio, tapes and video for communication. Nasser opened Egyptian radio for Somali programs; with independence (1960) the Somali established a radio. BBC has a Somali−language program that everybody listens to, at 5:30 p.m. VOA Amharic service. The U.S. is seen as a place where life is better, but the idealization goes no further than that. For the Gulf War, the argument that the U.S. was leading in a just cause was not convincing to people on the Horn.

I learned at this point that Ulrike did an article on zombie movies, in German.

I raised the issue of the professional class, and Thomas responded with some interesting points. In Syria and Iraq, the Baath parties had lost of restive bureaucrats. Little of the conflict was open, but people who had gone through lots of education were unhappy about not being able to speak freely. The war silenced them. The case of Algeria is one of continuous development, but also of very antagonistic forces. People are fed up with restrictions on free expression. The regimes (Iraq and Syria) bought up intellectuals with a sort of welfare system, and then it stopped working, so they became restive. What are the links of these folks to the common people? Thomas felt he didn't know. Me either.

In 1978 some Oromo intellectuals tried for ties to Sudan, which was then supporting protest movements. Most of these left the movement once in Sudan, but became a mixture of refugees and labor migrants along the White Nile. These were people who had been recruited into the Ethiopian militia in 1976 - they were unemployed people from small towns, and they were early school leavers. Thomas's point is that they weren't peasants, and that the Oromo movement is not really a peasant movement. That's his critique of Jordan Gebre-Medhin's book: that he treats the movement in Eritrea as a peasant movement, when that's only a part of it.

The Oromo movement began after the fall of Haile Selassie, but it used an ideology developed under the regime of Haile Selassie. Now they share power in a situation which has changed yet again, and Thomas wonder's if the old basis of their ideology won't cause them trouble in making sense of things.

Ethiopia under Lij Iyasu was governed by a southern faction (Thomas rejects a label of Muslim for the government's ideology), a coalition of groups added to the empire under Menelik, based on Harar.

We switched to Germany. I mentioned the discrediting of the single party in Czechoslovakia. Thomas said that in parts of East Germany the CDU now acts as a single party. He gave the case of a southern city where the CDU made the argument that it was best to have CDU leadership at levels of municipality, Land and nation to ensure smooth handling of decisions. In fact, the practice in the West has been to have different parties at the national and Land level.

"Nationalism is a new ideology for being entitled to a share of what is produced." I think this phrase of Thomas's has great possibilities. The entitlement part of it is up-to-date. It can be seen as an Ossi response to feeling they produced and didn't get the value of their work.

Marx vs. List, class vs. nation. Thomas emphasized that List's program came from the U.S., and from the industrial development he saw there. List became the U.S. Consul in Germany. So the U.S. is more implicated in the development of European nationalism than may seem to be the case.

I spoke of the increasing use of the term "civil society" in the current situation. I began by treating it as an application of Gramsci. Thomas noted that for Kreder (the leading anthropologist here, to whom I may get to talk), civil society is a key term. The term comes from Hegel. But he says Ibn Khaldun also used a very similar idea, and that he may owe part of his conception to the Greeks.

Norbert Elias, The Civilising Process. This book goes over the development and use of the terms "civilization" and "culture" in the French-German conflicts of the 18th and 19th centuries. Seems fundamental.

Thomas says there is also a discourse on civilization and its meaning in the Islamic world. This, he says, is the most original part of his thesis (which he will publish). In the Horn, the word "zultana" is an Amharic term taken from Arabic, that means civilization. The Oromo worked from a Muslim term for the others (meaning those in the society but not pure Muslims), and turned it into a statement that "the other is us." So this has to be a different sort of "other" than the one in Western usage. Egyptians also extended influence to the Horn in the 19$^{th}$ century: the term "umran" was used in their cultural justification for expansion.

We now walked to the U-bahn, to go to the book store that Thomas and a few others own. We walked past the cemetery where Ulli Dutschke is buried - he was a major leader of the German student movement. Ulrike mentioned that she just learned from Lazare Sehoueto that in Benin there have been many sacrifices of sheep for Soglo. The assumption is that his severe illness comes from witchcraft, and the vodonou are working to show their support for him. While still Prime Minister, he allocated funds to the vodonou so that they could organize themselves, and they correctly took this to be a move for political alliance. The book store, Das Arabische Buch (Horstweg 2, 1000 Berlin 19), is on a street with other bookshops, near the center of the technical university. It is small but well organized and easy to get around. It's very much a parallel to Harmattan, as it includes multilingual books on the Third World, and they publish books as well as selling books of other publishers by catalog or on the spot. I bought two tapes. One is "rai" music from Algeria (rai means argument or discussion), the other is Egyptian - I got recommendations from Thomas. I saw that Joel Beinin has a new book, "Was the Red Flag Flying There?" on Marxism and nationalism in Egypt and Israel; he dates the beginning of the Intiffada to December 1987.

Peter Smith, The Bahai and Baha'i Religion (CUP, 1987).

Ulrike and Thomas convinced me that I should review the complete works of Jack Goody. For instance, he has a recent book which addressed literacy and politics.

Maurice Godelier, Le Materiel et l'Ideel. Also in English.

After the book store we sat down at a nearby cafe to refresh ourselves. It was now about 6:00 p.m. Robert launched the argument that education may have set the timing of the outbursts in 1989. I think there is some evidence for this. Benin stories and DDR stories suggest some changes in educational policy and some generational shifts that would make people express very strong grievances as of particular times. This is vague for the moment, but if I come back to it I bet I can sharpen up an educationally-based thesis for the timing of democratization movements.

We went on to Osteria for dinner. On the way we looked at city maps in the U-bahn. In the West, U-bahn and S-bahn maps were apparently always of all of Berlin. In the East, the maps were only of the East. So among the things in high demand by Easterners immediately after the opening were maps of the city, as they covered it all.

July 27, 1991. Paris, 11:30 a.m.

The above gets me into the evening of July 22. I still have to finish it up, plus write up Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in Berlin. But here it is Saturday, and I'm only starting on it, because Berlin cafe society kept me going so fast and up so late that I never got a chance to transcribe my notes. So I'll close this file and start the next one, which will therefore be dominated by my Berlin stories plus whatever I come up with in Paris.

# Week 10. Berlin and Paris

Starting to enter text on July 27, 1991, but with entries referring to the time from the evening of July 22.

July 27, 1991. Paris, 11:30 a.m.

Arrived safely from Berlin, got my bag after an hour wait, made it to chez Cahen where Laura Frader is staying, and joined her for dinner with a set of friends. Slept and got up slowly. Coffee with Laura and then with les Cahen, who just popped in from the U.S. on their way to the South. Laura and I will go get material for making dinner, and I'll work on the computer off and on today and tomorrow, trying to catch up on the last few days.

Back to Monday, July 22, in the evening, with dinner at the Osteria. Osteria is a place that has remained popular among left-wing and countercultural folks in Berlin since the sixties. It is now brightly lit, painted in a golden tan, with a few elegant posters hanging. In earlier years, said Thomas, it was darker and the walls were covered with all the posters and announcements of political and cultural doings of the time. Thomas spoke of "der Rotweinfraktionen" as a jocular term for those who hung about the restaurant, and indicated a guy in his forties, hair tied back, who presided over a table of slightly younger people, and who knew the restaurant staff well. The cuisine was mostly Italian; I had Fusilli.

My notes on conversation refer to East German politics: the SED has become the PDS. There was discussion of two leading Communist dissidents, Jancka (sp?) and Harlich. Both went to jail, but at some point Harlich talked to the authorities, and Jancka and Harlich remain enemies since.

Thomas told me that Der Tageszeitung, the alternative newspaper which was sold that evening and others in the restaurants and cafes, has put out two volumes - collections of their articles at the time of the big change in GDR. I can write them and try to get copies.

We talked for a while about whether people in the East were naive in their desires for more goods. My notes say "everyone wanted what they wanted," but I don't know what that means any more.

In previous times, Poles were able to come to West Berlin without a visa.

Another friend of Ulrike's arrived to join us - I have lost her name. I think she's a linguist. We ended up speaking French, as she preferred that to English. When I spoke of television as one of the channels of communication facilitating democratization movements, she took strong exception. Her strongest feelings were about the passive posture one adopts while watching television, simply absorbing whatever messages are sent out. I must admit that this is an appropriate challenge to my framework. Is it possible for people to be active participants in social change if they are getting their messages through television? A related issue for this person was the stimulation of desires for material goods and a reception of Western propaganda passed on by T.V. Those in the East became addicted (my term not hers) to Western TV, to the point where the area beyond reach of West German TV, in Dresden and the southeast, was known as "The Valley of Ignorance," even in GDR.

Other notes from that evening, mostly now scrambled. Internationalism vs. international consolidation. A joke on universities. Chaos theory (this has been popular in Germany.) The Gulf War is seen in Germany as a defense of Israel far more than as a defense of some principle. Stalin's architecture is taken from Chicago style architecture - Thomas said this is generally known. An Afar proverb (too bad I lost it.)

The relation of the U.S. to the world is maybe not just in the short run, but also in the long run. This formulation came to me in thinking about Thomas's argument that Stalinist architecture is Chicago style updated.

Talking to Angela at the end of the evening, I heard her say that East Germans can now say whatever they want, and nobody is listening to them. She expects all the worst from unification. She spoke of the fascists (skinheads) who hang out at the Lichtenberg station, and how they often harass people.

I noted, at the end of this evening, that I'm talking mostly to intellectuals, but that for once intellectuals are the class of people who are making the difference.

One more note - on railroads. German and South African railroads have shown me how people are kept in old structures even when some conditions change. Maybe I can use such stories to show the balance of mechanical and societal factors in social change.

On Tuesday, July 23, we began the day with a 10:00 meeting with Erhard Jacob. Robert came along with Ulrike and me. We met at the Cafe Kralitz, the official meeting place of coffee house folk, on Kurfurstendamm. He was recommended to us by his friend, now in Vienna, who Ulrike first contacted to learn about events in East Germany. Jacob talked at length and with great specificity, and with very interesting and thoughtful judgments. Here is the transcription of my notes from the interview, with my own comments or questions in brackets:

He worked for Radio Free Berlin as an editor in the political department, and as chief of the East-West staff. In his last years of work he did little because the disengagement policy prevented him from doing anything. Entspanungspolitik (sp?). He left RFB in January 1990, retiring, just as the change happened.

His interests lay in Eastern Europe: Hungary, Czechoslovakia, USSR. Many thought GDR would be the last to change. Leadership fit that mold. With the explosion in Leipzig (note that it was not in Berlin), everything changed.

First reason why the regime fell. East German cities are in terrible shape. Only special objects or places were restored, and the rest were left in disrepair. In Berlin, the Nikolai Quarter was restored carefully and expertly, other areas were left without restoration. Plattenbauwise - new construction [I think it means prefabricated]. They did some nice work with prefabrication in Nikolai, but elsewhere prefab meant cheap and ugly. All the money from GDR went to building Berlin, but as the wall came down it still looked terrible; the other cities, meanwhile, were angry.

Second reason. Access to goods was slowly worsening - food, textiless, durables. Either the goods came late or not at all. [Notable point - it's not just the level of living, but whether it seems to be improving or worsening.] People had to live with pensions of 60−80 marks. The exchange system worked to the eighties, then hit problems.

In 1983−85 insiders in GDR knew it was bankrupt. Tchaikolikowsky (sp?) - state secretary and minister of finance. He headed something called "coco" - commercial coordination department. His job was to get hard currency. He set up puppet firms all over W Europe to get hard currency to DDR. Nobody yet can trace results to tell if it worked. It included over 100 firms and it still exists. There is now a department of government criminality to undo its work.

Some of the hard currency went to the personal lives of political leaders. This too became an issue, as the leaders had isolated themselves.

Events in Hungary and Poland, perestroika in USSR - people in GDR expected change, but it didn't come. 1989 Honecker said the wall would last 100 years. They thought the travel opening was enough. Moscow tried to push the DDR to open up. The Soviet magazine Sputnik was forbidden in DDR - it included too much perestroika.

GDR peace movement, especially from church groups. "Schwede zu fingl..." (Swords into Ploughshares) was its name. It comes from the Bible, and from the minor prophet Micha [which prophet?]. DDR leaders supported Western peace movements. S to P focused its critique on domestic policy and not just international policy. "Peace without armaments" as one of their slogans. They were the core of the "soft revolution." Disarmament, and with that¥ calls for freedom to travel. Their activists lost jobs and got reprimands. They called for a free press.

Earlier, Soviet artists had built a plastic sword and ploughshare, a gift to the U.N. in the 1960s; it is in a garden at the U.N. The peace movement took it as a symbol, and then DDR forbade use of the image. [Almost as good as the PCD and the Lenin monument.]

As perestroika progressed in the USSR, people in DDR wanted it too and got nothing. Eighth party congress, and Gorbachev spoke. He told the joke that DDR meant "Dabei, Dabei, Robot" - go, go, and work. This was a direct rebuke of Honecker. At the DDR 40-year celebration, Honecker spoke to say nothing would change. On October 6, Gorbachev said that those who came late would be punished by life. [I later saw this on the Spiegel video - Gorbachev was speaking through a translator to a reporter while in a crowd.] By 18th October, Honecker was out. This open conflict with Gorbachev moved events along.

An earlier turn was in Poland in 1980. In 1972 DDR opened visa-free travel to Poland and Czechoslovakia. Then limits on currency exchange were gradually imposed, which had the effect of again limiting travel. [I remember limits on currency exchange from Jarmila's travels.] Then DDR closed the Polish border 1980, as Solidarity rose; other borders remained open. When martial law was imposed in Poland, December 3, 1981, the border was already closed.£

These factors of isolation caused the massive flights. In 1989 [?] occupation of American and West German embassies, Budapest and Prague. August 2 Hungary opened the border. [Ulrike noted here that along the Austrian border, people from both sides of the border tore down the obstructions; the DDR folks leaving left their Trabants in Budapest.]

Trabants. West Germans poured champagne on Trabbies, petted them. They were a major symbol, the object of many jokes. "Saxon racing-cardboard." "Sachsen-Porsche." After the monetary union, lots of easterners bought big Western cars, as a symbol of mobility. Accident rates rose in the east.

Church and other critical groups wanted a social-democratic DDR. They weren't linked to the mass movement, where people wanted to be like the West, and had no compromise in mind. No links between the two groups, and the mass movement overran the critical groups. The reform movement did not call for unification, just for an opening.

January 15, 1988, the official celebration for the anniversary of the death of Liebknecht and Luxemburg. Critics joined the official demonstration, then unfurled their own posters, with a Luxemburg quote: "Freedom is always freedom of the other." Thus did these groups use official occasions for their own uses. The result, at this time and others, was arrests and beatings. Some names [watch spelling]: Templin (a couple), Vera Wollenberger, Frieir Kliere, Stefan Kraftscher. Some of these were artists. The Templins were forced to go to exile in England.

Only a few knew of these events. The masses, meanwhile, wanted consumer goods and freedom to move.

Germany was the only divided country. They did develop a DDR identity. Now it lingers on as complaints against West Germany for second-class treatment of the East. [I concluded that Jacob too has a lingering DDR identity, and is in part trying to explain it. I asked whether the masses too retained such an identity.] Yes - mixed with their material demands is a pride in what they did build. It shows up in their response to unemployment now. Before, unemployment was covered by the state. Now people don't understand why the firm is bankrupt. [Part of this is therefore pride in what they did do.] Some industries were 60% manual labor. Output was sold in the Eastern bloc and Comecon, but they can't compete in the West. If goods are good quality, they are too expensive because too labor-intensive. Production is not profitable because it uses too much raw material. DDR was number one in Comecon in production and living standard, and DDR gave most aid to the rest of Comecon and to the Third World. Printing and photo equipment exports from Leipzig and Zwickau, especially to the Third World. Friendship brigades from the party youth. They built a hospital in Nicaragua, and FRG has now taken it over. Arms exports. The Ethiopian state security system was set up by DDR. So people in Ethiopia now hate DDR. No goods came into DDR from Third world countries, except Cuban orange juice, which thus became famous. Like the Cuban-Soviet sugar deal.

There were no more than 60-70,000 foreign workers and refugees in DDR, mostly from Angola, Mozambique and Vietnam. Animosity to them was and is serious. Small student exchange. In Ebenswalder [sp?] an Angolan man was killed on the street. Those with German wives and girl friends are beaten. Mayor of town said to the widow and her baby to go to the West – you can't stay here. West Germany has 4-5 million foreigners; Berlin 12−15% foreign. Whence the hatret? It's irrational - that is, people don't seem to fear their wealth, don't take things from them when they attack them. It is also terrifying that those who led the critical movement do nothing in this issue, especially now that they can speak freely.

Ravensbruck, close to Furstenburg - a camp for women and kids, where 130,000 died of starvation, exposure, torture. A memorial built there by DDR government. A road from town to the camp was built of paving stones - the women and kids had to build it. Now a building has been constructed on the grounds of the camp, and a supermarket chain rented it to open a supermarket. Then people observed that it's on the camp grounds. Minister-president of Brandenburg called together the mayor and other officials to discuss it, thinking that you can't buy bread and cheese where 130,000 people died. People in Furstenburg, asked by interviewers, said I don't care about the camp, I want food near my house. Maybe this attitude is linked to the SED cult of anti-fascism. Memorials were set up all over, as at camps, to distance the DDR from the FRG. Maybe people can't distinguish between symbols and the real past, and decide they care about none of it. [Me: or it could be a demonstration of antipathy to DDR policy.]

Forty years of indoctrination, with a single line, but with fragmentary information on world events. Fragmented information plus single-line indoctrination affects their actions now. Maybe the argument works - economy and material goods are the measure, so people accepted a simple set of distinctions: black/white, friend/enemy, imperialism/class struggle. That set a frame of mind. [Jacob posed this as a hypothesis, not as a sure thing. But I find it a thoughtful and original point, where Jacob could have taken a knee-jerk anti-communist approach.]

Cracks in Comecon under Brezhnev. Hungary made TV parts for Russia, but had to buy some of the constituents with hard currency, yet got paid only the amount of the transfer cost

from Hungary to USSR. Hungarians complained to Brezhnev about it and got nowhere. Point is that the contradictions and economic weakness were in the open already.

"Ein alten baum verplantzt nicht." [I asked Jacob about the age composition of emigrants from the East, and he said most are young people. The old people stay where they are. Maybe they don't have the energy to move, maybe they are indoctrinated by the old system, maybe they are tied to localities and family, maybe they haven't suffered such disappointments.]

[We left the cafe, since it was after noon, and walked over to the memorial at the Kaiser Wilhelm church, of which the entrance only remains; there is a photo exhibit of war damage inside, along with remains of the original mosaic portraying Wilhelm at his coronation. Photos also showed the building just as it was completed at the turn of the century; Jacob pointed out the building with the coffee house where the Europa Center now stands; we then went to the Europa center for lunch. Meanwhile we looked at the new church and bell tower, designed by Egon Eiermann. They look like concrete beehives from outside, but from the inside the church surrounds you completely with stained glass, mostly in dark blue. I thought of the effect of St.-Sulpice, where the plenitude of glass seemed to hold the roof in the air unaided by walls. Acoustics are apparently also very good, and concerts (chamber music I think) are held in the church now. It's far smaller than the old one; no society weddings now, partly because, says Jacob, there is no high society.]

Egon Krenz was sent to China for celebration of their 40 years: 1 October 1949 for China, 7 October 1949 for DDR. Krenz led a delegation. There are two versions: (1) the East German leadership gave support to the Chinese regime at that time; (2) Krenz says he didn't express support for it.

As tensions rose in DDR, there was fear of a Chinese solution. It's not clear yet what happened. Leipzig demonstrations. The police and army gathered at Leipzig. There was a rumor that Honecker ordered shooting in case there were demonstrations. [These would have been at the 40th anniversary of DDR.] Krenz says he managed to reverse a plan to shoot; Honecker says there never was a plan to shoot. Krenz was the party and state official responsible for security. Note generational difference between them: about 78 vs. 54 years. Krenz claims he had contacts with the Institute for Youth Research. This institute did polls among young people, though its results were never published - Krenz claims that through his contacts he had a view of what people thought. The politburo of the communist party had an average age of 75. Then there was the
Group off Six in Leipzig. These were six citizens who entered dialog with officials in Berlin to prevent shooting. Kurt Mazur, the conductor, was among them. Also the major of Leipzig, a priest, [and I don't know who else]. In Berlin, meanwhile, people were beaten and arrested. That's why Leipzig became so important. Monday demonstrations were held in the Nikolai Church in Leipzig, and had been held for 2 to 3 months already, beginning some time in the summer. Small meetings at first, and then thousands began to show up. The army expected an outbreak on Monday, October 8, and thus massed at that time. People called "Wir sind das Volk" at the demonstrations. Meetings were prayers for peace.

Recent TV interview with Honecker, now in Moscow. He learned nothing. [Helmut argued, at dinner on July 26, that people can't help changing their ideas in response to new situations, except for top functionaries steeped in the old ideas, and for people whose identity is caught up in the old roles.]

Honecker's wife was Minister of Education for 26 years. She controlled the educational system, and is seen as the evil spirit of the system generally - her rules selected who advanced.

Children of academics and church activists couldn't get into higher education. After World War II, workers and peasants had access to education, but now their children are restricted. Once educated they were identified as the intelligentsia and lost their working class credentials. Other groups of people, identified by the regime as workers, had to provide a quote of candidates for higher education even if it was hard for them to do so.

Jacob was at the University of Jena (founded 1548), and then was studying and teaching at Potsdam. His ideas were such that he was unpopular with the regime. [No details here and we didn't ask.] He had a teacher who suggested that he should go to the West before he was arrested, and he did, shortly before the wall went up. This teacher had been a German officer in World War II, had surrendered to the Russians, and had set up close ties with Russians as a result of that. Jacob thinks he preserved those contacts, somehow knew about the coming crackdown and maybe the wall, and warned Jacob so he would escape prison. The day after he left, security was looking for him.

Jacob quoted the line from the Brecht poem about how maybe the state should elect a new people. It was composed after the 1953 riots in DDR, and is in one of his late operas. The poem was published only in the West. Brecht's bank account and his will are both centered in Switzerland, and that's part of the reason the poem was published only in the West. [I mentioned that John too had quoted me this line. I would do well to find it and perhaps use it.]

Gorbachev started the talk about unification, though by a series of very subtle and indirect statements. West Germany and ostpolitik. SPD in west and SED in east set up a working group, and prepared a joint paper, on how to discuss problems. [But Jacob seemed to think that Gorbachev actually was trying to provoke unification, while the SPD had no hope of it, and was just trying to slowly open contacts with GDR.]

Modrow was Dresden party chief, became Prime Minister in November. In January 1990 he proposed a confederation of East and West for several years. Meanwhile, demonstrations at Leipzig had changed the slogan to "Wir sind ein Volk." East and West governments ran from the slogan. The demonstrations ended in 1989, as soon as the government fell. [I'm not sure if the demonstrations ended in October, November, or December. But in any case the new slogan was out there for a while before any political figures started to act on it.]

Round table. Communists, priests, experts, other parties [which still retained their legal rights in DDR]. They were built up in several places, and functioned until the 18 March 1990 Volkskammer elections. Round Table idea was imported from Bulgaria. It was only a forum for discussion, with no competence to decide. Some round table meetings, especially in Berlin but maybe also in Leipzig and Dresden, were broadcast. [I mentioned the round tables of Congo in 1960 and the use of the term in Africa today. Difference is that the Eastern European round tables seem to have no pretense of seizing responsibility or sovereignty. I hope I can trace them further and see if the two sets of institutions are linked.]

In the Volkskammer elections of March 1990, the communists got 30%. Lothar de Mazieres of CDU became prime minister, and he worked actively for unification.

Press - big change with currency union, and after political unification 3 October 1990. Same personnel for the radio, TV, newspapers. New chief editor from the west. [Which medium?] But the writers stay on.

November 4, 1989, big demonstration at Alexanderplatz. Christa Wolff, well known writer, spoke and gave a lexicon, describing issues and personalities in zoological terms. "Wenderhals" - "turn the neck" - it's a bird. She said there are many Wenderhalzer in our country. The term is now used in West Germany.

At present, 10,000 persons per month move West. The young, the skilled. Prices and wages are different in East and West, still. East Berlin hospital [it has a French name] with 20% unfilled staff positions. Problem of establishing a municipal government for all Berlin. [Me: some similarity to problem of establishing municipal government in South Africa.]

The Wall has fallen, but we have built a new wall in our heads. You and me, rich and poor, good and bad phones, good and bad roads - this discourse replicates the old wall. It will take time and money. People in East Germany have no patience - they want it all now. [I am reminded of how long it takes physically to build up a city.] They forget how much they gained in non-material areas - they forget what it was like under Communism. Bonn had no plan for unification, and it's a pity. Plans and studies by scientists existed, but the government ignored them, seeing no possibility of implementing them. Now it's too late. Theory now tails events rather than governing them - the chance has been missed.

[Europe - levels of unification: East and West Germany, East and West Europe. I asked is it a new Germany or an expanded Germany.]

Grundgesetz or Constitution. In 1949, FRG set Grundgesetz as a provisional constitution, waiting for unification to make it permanent. Now do we make a new one? Article 23 defines the procedures for adding new territory (Anschluss). The Saarland was added using this procedure. Article 146 provides for writing a new constitution. The purists favored 146, pragmatists favored 23. Five Lander were created, and each declared itself a candidate for admission. In 1952 the GDR had abolished the Lander and set up a centralized administrative system. In June of 1990 the De Maziere government repealed the 1952 legislation and reconstituted the Lander. The GDR government then appointed provisional governors for each Land. These provisional governors then requested admission of each Land to FRG, and that was done by Oct 3, 1990. Only on October 15 were the parliaments for the Lander elected.

The president of FRG said, "Deutschland ist ein schmitiges Vaterland" - a difficult fatherland.

We then took the U-bahn back to Angela's apartment, and after a while Angela drove us to East Berlin to the next appointment, a visit with Wolfgang Harlich. Meanwhile, I collected some information from Ulrike.

First: Fon terms for elder. Fon-speakers almost always use terms "fofo" (elder male) and "tata" (elder female) when addressing their elders, be it in chronological age or other sorts of seniority. For example, the first student in Germany becomes fofo to those who follow.

Second: the Austrian-Hungarian border. Hungary opened the border, some time in 1988. Travel was eased, and the Hungarian state removed the mines. Next step was that no visa was required, and large numbers of Hungarians simply showed up to visit Vienna. The Hungarian state undertook a slow dismantling of all the obstacles along the frontier. Then the Hungarians opened the border to East Germans wishing to go West. Ulrike was at Mobish. There, Hungarians and Austrians came out to help the East Germans get through, feeding them and so forth, and then they joined to take down the remaining fences - partly to ease the crossing, and partly to be rid of the obstacles.

Third: Leningrad, according to Ulrike, is and has always been called Peterburg by its inhabitants. Leningrad on printed documents, but Peterburg in oral discourse - and it's the German term because of the importance of Germans in building it.

At 4:00 p.m. on Tuesday, July 23, we arrived at the apartment of Wolfgang Harich in East Berlin. He spoke partly in English and partly in German. I gave my standard introduction to my project, and he got the English without trouble. Later, as I asked questions, Ulrike had to translate me to him; she translated when he spoke German. He labeled my approach as "conspective" - so I will have to look up the term.

Karl Lamprecht is important for the study of world history. He engaged in a late 19th-century debate on historical studies. The ruling group argued that history is politics only. Lamprecht argued a broader vision, and came to near to Marxist notions of history without knowing Marx. Bismarck fell 1980, and the socialists gained. Four years of liberals in power under Wilhelm V. Under Workers' Party pressure, Lamprecht got the freedom to fight against the political historians. He was not a sympathizer with the socialists, but they fought for him. [I didn't get what position it was that he gained through Workers' Party pressure.] In 1948 Hermann Dunke [sp?], his teacher, said one must read Lamprecht to get more material [on social change in history] than you can find in Engels [and I forget who else].

Decline and fall of the DDR. [He adopted the term with self-conscious reference to historical titles.] It is only an aspect of the breakdown [zusammenbruch] of the USSR. Germany seems to have a special importance in the geopolitical system. This turns a world problem into a German problem. Germany is always more happy or more unhappy than other countries, because it's in Central Europe. After World War II, Germans were more happy than others because of the geopolitical situation. The US feared the Germans would become communists, hence the Marshall plan. Soviets feared the West and made East Germany better off than the rest of Europe. So for Germany, in any case more.

Breakdown in USSR. First, they lost the armaments battle. Exception was Sputnik. The key factor there was Tseokofsky [sp] the magical rocket expert. Soviets were always trying to catch up. Three new weapons - Pershing II, Cruise missiles and one more [I think he means star-wars laser protection against incoming missiles, but it may be an actual weapons system – we couldn't get the exact term in either German or English] - and the Russians gave up. The computer in the Pershing missile, for instance, is based on a whole economy of miniaturized computer technology that exceeded Russian capabilities. Thus was fulfilled the prediction of Lenin that who is victor and victim depends on productive forces.

Second, the Russians overestimated their power and exhausted themselves by helping revolutionary movements in South America, Africa and Asia. Ruling Eastern Europe was too much.

So they had to capitulate. Maybe they should have done it earlier. But they believed in freeing the world of the chains of imperialism and oppression. The abilities of the Russians to persevere and suffer are extraordinary, but they have their limits. When should they have given in? After 1945. Stalin should have said that USSR would not take Eastern Europe or the Baltic states. We took them to fight Hitler, but we give it all back now, even Eastern Poland. We have no inherent interest in the A bomb. The USSR's interest is (Stalin should have said) to get the Allies and the former Axis powers to rebuilt our economy and heal our wounds. The worldwide sympathy for the USSR and for Stalin in 1945 was very great. The force of that sympathy would then have been greater than the force of class struggle. Stalin should have said we'll be pleased when Communists gain power in Italy and so forth, but we won't help them. This would have been an extension of the policy of socialism in one country. So Stalin's mistakes, said Harlich, were 1) he isn't Harlich, and 2) he didn't live in the world of 1991 where he could see this. This

is all hindsight. [I thought this was a nice, ironic presentation of a critique in which the critic remains clear on the specificity of his standpoint.]

There sat here a Russian Jew who was my boss on a newspaper after World War II, who said that the Russian soldiers were ready to stop at the German frontier when they got that far. The political commissars wanted them to go on, and thus built a campaign of hatred for Germany and Germans, to be able to carry the war to Berlin. But at the same time, Stalin told the newspapers to demonstrate that he had never hated Germans. So the commissars, to carry out their policy, saw that the soldiers got no newspapers. So maybe, said the journalist friend, Stalin would have done better to stop at the German border.

Trotsky 1930−33 called for a broad alliance against Hitler. Stalin's support for the Popular Front came too late, in 1935. And then Stalin stopped France and Spain from becoming socialist - he restrained the communists there so that he could have the British as allies against Hitler. But maybe it would have been better to have a socialist Spain and France at the Munich conference in 1938.

A communist like me goes back in history to see where we could have done better.

The GDR was nothing without a strong USSR, and without the wall. The moment the wall fell, it was one Germany.

Should we be happy or not? I'm not happy. The wall couldn't stay. But the West German bourgeoisie and what it makes of unification is terrible. It will destroy the social situation of West Germany too.

The FRG was a pretty lady with money, and 40 years old. Now she's a hunchback. [With the GDR added.] DDR was the best of socialist states. She was pretty too, behind her wall, but now she has cancer. And the cancer will spread into West Germany. It's horrible for both parts. But I don't see what else could have happened.

Critical groups had no plan, so one can't take them seriously. Every fifth one of them was a Stasi member. The remainder were very left wing. Their critique of SED was very limited. SED had learned to govern in its 40 years – given another 100 years it would have been wonderful. But then the USSR would be far advanced and West Germany would be socialists. Those are dreams.

Austrians. Nineteenth century it was more important to them to oppress Slavs than to be German. (This is a quote from Engels.) After 1945 they became a liberated nation. This was better than to be sinful and criminal Germany. That's the basis of Austrian national self consciousness. If Austria had been a socialist country from 1945 to 1990, it would want to join Germany now.

Germans have not enough national consciousness, rather than too much. My grandfather lived 1848-1939. He said his mother cried 1866 when the Prussians came to Hanover - then 3 days later her maid found out that the Prussians spoke German.

Today West Germans were content with the division of Germany. Only GDR and not FRG had paid reparations to Russia - so they were paid, but FRG could also call it Russian mismanagement. Now they dislike us and we dislike them. Before the union, a Deutschemark was wonderful in the East. Now it's nothing. A few professional groups are not unhappy - nurses get more money in the West - but they are exceptions.

[I ask: are national or international perspectives most useful at present?]

Global thinking helps. But there are national aspects too. Bonn or Berlin as capital - such an issue exists only in Germany. Imagine the French in 1944 deciding whether Vichy or Paris would be the capital. Politicians in Bonn are wondering whether they will get a better

girlfriend if they move to Berlin. Germans don't have enough national consciousness. My grandfather was forbidden by his mother to fight against the French in 1870, and was sent instead to Peterburg to learn to become a banker. Germany is a bunch of lands - German is a language.

Hitler couldn't pull Germany together with nationalism: it took a racial idea to do it. So we go from the extreme of the Saxon kingdom to that of the white race, but there's no space for the German nation.

Kant, Hegel, Goethe, Schiller were cosmopolitans, and laid the groundwork for Marx's internationalism.

One positive point is that there are so many cultural centers in German speaking areas. Another positive point is that Germany came late and to a small extend to colonies.

Notion of a German colony in Russia. Hitler thought of Russia in those terms. He thought Germany could make a colony of Russia, and the world would help us because we'll destroy communism. [Is this true? Can one document usage of a colonialist language or ideology in German ambitions toward the east? It's not impossible - it might have been covered up by oversight.] But Poland got in the way. Crossing Poland drew in the English and French, and they couldn't support the attack on Russia.

As we left he wished me and the Americans well, but he said please don't take over the world. ("Aber keine Weltherrschaft, bitte.")

July 28, 1991. 5:00 p.m.

Sunday chez Cahen on rue de Birague, overlooking the Place des Vosges.

Finances as of July 28. (My previous review was July 12.)

Spent from July 12 through July 28: $610 in travellers' checks. I gave John most of $150 for costs in Czechoslovakia; cashed $200 in Prague, paid rail tickets for myself to Vienna and Berlin, plus for Ulrike and Robert from Prague to Berlin and back to Vienna; cashed $150 in Berlin for daily expenses; cashed $50 in Paris for food and travel; plus another $60 I cashed along the way. No hotels for all this time, so my costs come only to $38 per day for those 16 days.

Overall costs for 67 days of the trip:

Minimum estimate (neglecting extra air fare and cash reserves) $3895 + 610 = $4505; 4505/67 = $67 per day.

Maximum estimate (including extra air fare and cash reserves) $4511 + 610 = $5121; 5121/67 = $76 per day.

I have $600 in travelers' checks remaining, and 11 more days on the trip. At $67 per day I would spend $737; at $76 per day I would spend $836. But since I may spend $70 per day for 7 days in hotels, plus $100 for clothes and tapes, plus $300−500 on travel, I may spend $900−1100. So I should plan on putting another $500 on credit cards.

My credit card expenses have been $2100, but I will have paid $400, so I will owe $1700 in August plus the expected $500 more.

Checking account balance on August 8 will be $1300; on August 15 I will receive $1400 in salary and pay about $2200 on credit cards. That gives me $500 to get along, plus what I will get for rental of my condo.

Back to July 22, just after leaving Harlich. Discussion with Ulrike and Angela.

Political prisoners were let out, before the end of DDR. Now they are suing for wrongful imprisonment, and the cases are in FRG courts. There are too many cases, so they are moving very slowly.

Harlich is a philosopher by trainingg, but he had a position in the Afbau Verlag, and he wrote some literary criticism.

Somebody mentioned a biography of Lev Kobolev, who helped Solzhenitsyn get published. Then he came from Russia to Germany, and translated German poets into Russian.

Angela has been working in the Staatsbibliothek, the former Prussian state library. There are plans to combine East and West portions, then divide them into the new building (where students will work) and the Unter den Linden building (for research).

There exists a Bauhausarchiv.

We drove past the Schaubuhne theater.

Ulrike arranged a visit with Maurice Godelier, who has spent two years at a research institute in Berlin, working especially on a general study of kinship. Angela drove us there; she and Robert went to do a bit of tourism while Ulrike and I met with Godelier. We met at 7:00 and were to talk for an hour; in fact we went on for a second hour and a bit more. Most of the conversation was in French; sometimes we moved into English for a while.

Godelier spoke of the problems of figuring out kinship, which leave him unsure, after two years, of whether he will be able to write the survey he intended. He talked of career strategies, and of those who move from place to place late in their career; since he has remarried and has a small boy, he won't be able to do that. He spoke of his disappointment in the political project of the left - he did his part with the socialist government of France but wants no more of it; still, he misses the activist dimension of his life. It was my feeling that his new family has become very important to him, and that many of his questions about kinship are linked to personal questions. The complexity and indeterminacy of kinship systems is certainly reflected in his multigenerational, multinational life (his wife Lina is Greek). Ulrike was skeptical about my judgment, noting that lots of academics lead complex lives but don't refocus them on kinship studies; I held to my feeling that, for the case of Godelier, the personal and the intellectual remain tightly linked.

He spoke of the general abandonment of theory in anthropology: "liquidation de themes, evacuation des positions." (He seemed ready to extend this to intellectual work generally, but we didn't get into the distinctions between specific disciplines and general patterns.) He saw this retreat of intellectuals (and particularly of left intellectuals) as parallel to and linked to the collapse of a socialist alternative before capitalism. Instead, intellectual work of today consists of brilliant and eclectic exposes - games. Intellectuals, he found, are bounded by the capitalist triumph, even if that triumph lasts only ten years. He's sure the triumph will be broken up, because there are so many conflicting forces at work, but he underlined the magnitude of the triumph for the moment.

As he spoke, I recognized a new problem. Intellectuals are backing off from previous theoretical statements, but at the same time intellectuals and what I have been calling professionals have been on the offensive in democratization movements. I need to sharpen up some distinctions and oppositions here.

Godelier spoke of German unification as something that would proceed in an orderly and successful way. He spoke of the digestion of East Germany by the West. He thought that Germany had a chance to make of Berlin the best modern capital in Europe, since there is a lot of space here to work with.

His forthcoming book: Transitions et Subordinations au Capitalisme (Cambridge Univ. Press/Maison des Sciences de l'Homme). An edited collection I should see.

As we left, Ulrike argued that capitalism creates and reinforces kin networks, especially in the Third World. Only way to survive capitalism is to be able to rely on kinship.

Ulli and I figured Robert and Angela had given up on us, and began to look for a bus. But they had been waiting in the garden, and they soon got over being sore at us for being so late.

Angela told me a bit about changes in life for women in DDR. They used to have 24-hour kindergartens, which cost 15 marks per month per kid. They could work whatever shift they wanted and still find child care. No such institutions existed in the West. Now the kindergarten system is closing down.

It's unfortunate that I wasn't able to pursue this and related issues, either with Angela or with others. We went for dinner at a German restaurant with a garden, but we arrived too late to sit in the garden - they close it down at 10 p.m. to cut down noise for the neighbors. Ulli and I each had a baked camembert and salad, and it was pretty good. Plus dark beer. Then about midnight we went to visit Wolfgang Sandmann.

Wolfgang Sandmann is an old boyfriend of Ulli's, who has set up a small business as a business consultant. He's expecting to profit as a facilitator of business growth in the East. Wolfgang told Ulli on the phone earlier that he had come to the Osteria the previous night at 10:00 p.m. but had not seen us there. Hard to believe; anyhow he was sore about being abandoned. Ulli, Angela, Robert and I came in and sat down as he got drinks. But immediately the conversation became quite tense and argumentative: Robert and Angela were squabbling with Wolfgang about whether unification and changes in the East were positive or negative. Robert in particular was thick into the argument. I was a bit irritated at this turn of events, because it meant I couldn't talk to Wolfgang and draw out his perspective on economic affairs. But there was little choice, so I tried to relax and see what was going on. I concluded there were three dimensions to the battle. One was that Robert and Wolfgang were in competition over Ulli. Ulli is so warm to everyone that one could understand it resulting in competition (though I don't mean to suggest she is being disingenuous). Second was that Robert had spent the last few days with me and world history, and that day had been through two long interviews with me, so it stimulated his ideas and expressions thereof. Third was that Wolfgang and Angela have an old antagonism over politics, which was reinforced in this situation. Beyond that, I didn't really learn much from the conversation, though I have made some notes below. I have found Robert's ideas occasionally insightful (his suggestion that education set the timing of the movements is clearly worth exploring), but I have concluded that he's an artist and not a social scientist. He's very sophisticated in handling artistic issues and personal interactions, but this was a reminder to me that manipulating complex social science concepts, though it may look a lot like ordinary conversation, is in fact a tough assignment and requires lots of practice.

Wolfgang spoke of "Interessenpolitik" - interest-group politics have confused and slowed the process of unification. Wages in the East are 50-65% those in the West, even after monetary union. But the government claims nobody will have to pay extra taxes for unity. Western trade unions asked last year for an average 10% raise, thus worsening the wage balance - they thought they had better get the raise now, as it would be harder later.

But he thinks the economic future is bright. Even the unemployed may be better of now than before the change. There are plenty of people from the West who are going East. The

Treuhand institution was set up to privatize the East. In ten years the East may be the more modern sector of the country. Wessies and Ossies. Altstalinists.

An Eastern lawyer gave up on his ideology - so if he doesn't get a bribe he'll do nothing. They expect to bribe and to be bribed.

The Lander now have money in the bank.

West Germany used to Gulf War to raise taxes, after having promised no tax increase for unification. Claimed the money would go to the U.S., but in fact most of it will stay in Germany and can be used for unification costs.

Phones - German Bundespost kept its monopoly, and will have terrific phones in the East by 1997. It should have been opened up so that ATT or whoever could install good systems right away.

Most people in the East don't know how much work it takes to keep an economic system running. A messenger firm found that a great, hulking East German worker couldn't keep up with the work.

Trade union unifications of East and West. Chemical workers etc. unify along the model of the political parties. An old Stalinist trade union guy is now in the West and is now seen as a good guy in the West. It upsets ordinary folk in the East.

Bundesamt fur Arbeit.

Big wave of layoffs in June - there had been a limit on layoffs until then, as part of unification.

Coops may continue in agriculture - Wolfgang says he only knows a little about agriculture. But farming is a sick business the world over and particularly in Europe, so some farming problems don't have to do with unification.

For a year, Easterners didn't want to buy any Eastern products, forgetting that this would undercut their employment. Now they are buying Eastern products again.

Left bank of Oder at Szczeczin [sp] is cut off from the rest of Poland - suggestion that it be made part of Germany in economic terms; there is precedent for this in Austria, where a valley is cut off and acts as part of the Italian economy.

Immigration - Rumanians, Bulgarians, Gypsies waiting to go across the Polish border to Germany. In Dresden, Gypsies are put on the train and sent to Czechoslovakia every day.

Russian soldiers are selling weapons before they go home. Neo-Nazis are buying.

Stasi equipped Western terrorists, and now we hear they equipped Neo-Nazis in the West. The Red Army Fraction killed Herrhausen [sp?], head of the Bundesbank and maybe head of Treuhand. Stasi people now serve as guards in the West.

Somebody in the East or from the East coined a phrase: 16 million victims hunting 16 million Stasi. Ordinary workers don't care. Above that, the higher up, the less you dare say. The Stasi fold took pride in molesting others. They would have little hope in an open society.

Ulli - Pamyats in USSR, the Russian neo-right.

Me: was the uprising over economic issues, or was it for freedom of expression?

Wolfgang: they go together. Can't have development in an economy without freedom of expression. But the most acute problems were economic. Freedom of speech would have been freedom to criticize the economy. [Earlier, Wolfgang was critical of a suggestion that careful planning had to be done for unification - some things, he thinks, have to be left open to individual enterprise. So he's a pretty consistently classical economic thinker.]

Main mistake since 1989 was to promise too much too soon. This was done because of party politics and narrow interest politics. Wolfgang favors high taxes, and if we don't need the

revenue, spend it as aid elsewhere and to slow immigration and hence the danger of right wing politics.

A recession will bring the right wing to power in Germany.

Struggle for morality in Germany. U.S. and Britain have a long tradition. It's just a few ideas that make themselves felt, despite napalm and the nuclear attack on Japan. Iideas never get as far out of control in the US as in Germany, where immorality was official policy. Even fascism in Spain didn't create the crimes of Germany. So West Germany searches for a moral order, a moral stability, and seeks it through business.

Angela gave her critique of the West. She emphasizes the sharp short-term changes in Germany from 1880 to today, Wolfgang focused on continuity. He argues the FRG hasn't had any crises yet, and that there is an underlying German attitude.

What is German?

Ulli posed a dilemma: Goethe's Faustus and the quest for knowing was on one side, and I lost the other - a literary image focusing on work and I think consumption.

Wolfgang seeks to add operating principles with a moral grounding. But his work is really practical building of the economy. And most Eastern people are right wing and they have to learn to cope. The Western system will change along with this, "or I hope so. I fear it may not."

The East needed the West, and the West didn't need the east. In Berlin we have everything. But I still think power comes from the provinces.

A survey statistic: 82% of West Germans don't know an East German. That's not true for Berlin, but it is for West Germany as a whole. Berliners see it differently.

Berlin peaceniks beat an African, thinking he was an American soldier.

Before going to sleep that night, I wrote a reminder to myself that in writing about Eastern Europe, I should present everyone as "us," and not accept a division into "us" and "them." That is, national and ethnic paradigms get reinforced in these heated discussions, and the global perspective can get lost.

On Wednesday, July 24 I got up slowly. Late nights were beginning to get to me, but I would have several more to go. Lazare Sehoueto came to Angela's to go over Ulli's paper on religion and politics in Benin. He and I were to talk then, but we were running late, as he wanted to shop and prepare Beninois cuisine for us. So Lazare and Ulli and Robert went off shopping. Meanwhile I took the U-bahn to Zoologische Garten to go to Air France, where I was able to move my flight to Paris from Saturday to Friday. Then I went on, following Lazare's directions, to his apartment.

July 28, 1991. 10:00 p.m.

I've taken a break of a couple or three hours. I had run most of my clothes through the washing machine, and then I ironed, for the first time in weeks, handkerchiefs, shirts, and even a pair of pants - such luxury! I think I have found a dry cleaners for two other pairs of pants. Then I had leftovers for dinner - salad from this noon, cold trout from last night, brie from a day before that, and Beaujolais left over from Steven's visit with Laura. After dinner I washed dishes, did a bit of dance practice, and took a walk.

After a couple days of rest, I'm feeling much better. I never got sick or depressed, just run down and quiet. Now the energy is beginning to brim a bit, and ideas and enthusiasm are starting to show up again. Along with this, I'm getting drawn into the romance of Paris.

Meanwhile, two thoughts struck me that I want to document.

One is an observation from Prague I failed to inscribe while there. Ulli and Robert and I were walking up the steps to the Prague castle. I noted the pattern of the cobblestones, and made a remark to Robert - the black and white pattern was interesting but rectilinear, in contrast to the curved pattern of the walkways in Brazil. Then a couple minutes later, Robert overheard some people walking down the stairs and past us – in the opposite direction, so they couldn't have heard. One person was saying to the other, "In Sao Paulo they do this a bit differently ..." That seems to verify that it is a limited social group touring around. Maybe I can do something with this to suggest patterns in movements around the globe.

The other is a comparison of dancing and swimming, in my experience. In swimming I could never pull through all the way with my arms, and that weakened my stroke. In dance I have had my feet too far in front of me, and haven't pulled me feet through. But now I'm learning it, and am getting my weight forward. Why is this easier for me to learn in dancing than it was in swimming? For one thing, I love dancing more. But the other is that gravity acts more strongly on me in dancing than in swimming. When I pull through with my foot the step feels better: I'm better balanced, and the next step goes better. In swimming I would have moved faster, but the main difference I would have noticed was that I'd have been more tired.

Back to the afternoon of July 24.

I got to Lazare's and there found Ulli and Robert. I also met Raphael Wendali, who is from the Atacora province of Benin, and who has just arrived in Germany. He is older than Lazare and has a position in the information ministry, but he is Lazare's little brother in German affairs, and they made some good jokes about that. Soon Wolfgang arrived, and then Christa arrived - she is a pleasant person, but I never got to talk with her in any detail nor to learn more about her.

Lazare told me that Franz-Josef Strauss of the CSU and the Bavarian politicos in general have provided support for Eyadema in Togo from the beginning.

He also said that Houngbedji [sp?] has just been elected President of the National Assembly in Benin. He is seen as a Soglo's tool and a person of no strength himself. So if Soglo dies there's potential trouble, in that he would succeed.

Robert argued the importance of education as a means of achieving social change. Wolfgang and Lazare disagreed. Lazare said that violence begins with symbols.

Wolfgang argued that education is not a choice, education is what you get. That is, the state decides, and imposes it, and that's that. He went on to talk about Helmut Kohl. He says Kohl is not a visionary but a practical man. Maybe that's why he was able to concentrate on unification rather than get distracted by other issues. Unification had to be in 1990, or it would have been greatly delayed. By 1991 East Germany would have crashed economically and politically, the Gulf War would have confused issues, Gorbachev would have been weaker.

Lazare and I spoke a bit about the national conference in Benin. He argued that an important precedent for the Benin conference came out of the student movement in Senegal. SNES (meaning?), about 1975−77. Students proposed the project of an etats-generaux (of students, I think), and they spoke of societe civile.

At the Benin national conference, a delegate who was a peasant from Aja country spoke up, in Aja, and took exception to the long and complex speeches of other delegates, saying that what was needed was a solution to the problem of what do we do next. Another delegate (who was from a firm) demanded, "Qui t'as appelé ici?" Only a few delegates spoke up against this rebuke, while others laughed. Part of the point is his use of the familiar; more to the point is the class bias and the reflection of the centrality of professionals and the marginality of peasants at the conference. Lazare said this was not made part of the videotape, and only a few people noted the event.

July 4, 1984, a student demonstration at UNB. A big meeting. Two students and Robert Dossou spoke up for freedom and for liberation of students and political prisoners. René Ahouansou was close to Dossou.

Radio and TV broadcast of the conference. Raphael Wendali gave me the names of the heads of the radio and TV services: Mme. Michèle Akan, épouse Badarou, was Directeur de Télévision; Mme. Marie¬Constance Egba¬Glélé was Directeur de la Radio. Lazare and Raphael debated whether the initiative for the broadcasts came from the workers or from the Comité de Préparation. Lazare argued that it was the Comité and that Robert Dossou was at the origin of it. Raphael argued that the workers in radio and television services proposed it, and that the heads of the services supported the proposal. The Minister of Information (I have noted his name elsewhere) was a member of the Comité de Préparation, and he gave support to the proposal for full broadcast. My guess is that it was the workers' idea, but that Dossou gave support to it early, and that the choreography was worked out through the Comité de Préparation.

Next we drove to Angela's to collect luggage for Ulli and Robert, and drove over to the Lichenberg station, where we had come in a few days before.

On the way over, Wolfgang told of his memory of seeing John Kennedy speak in Berlin. Wolfgang was only three at the time, but he remembers it. That is especially so because Kennedy was killed not long thereafter, Wolfgang remembers having difficulty in understanding how he could have been killed, especially since he had seen Kennedy himself. So this becomes one more element of Wolfgang’s love affair with the U.S. He has visited the U.S. a lot, and his admiration for the U.S. and his hope to emulate it (or his vision of it) shows up in many ways.

We put Robert and Ulli on the train. We had a twenty-minute wait with them, and the six of us sending them off outnumbered all the other well-wishers on the platform combined. Angela got them a couchette, Raphael and Lazare gave special wishes to their brother Robert, and we generally made a big deal of it. I thanked Ulli for coming with me, as the trip was entirely different and much better with her than it could ever have been without her. But I also told her of my concern that she learn new habits so that she not wear herself down so much. She is a brilliant field worker, finding out everything and making things happen by applying apparently limitless energy. I set requests before her that encouraged her to do more of the same. But I hope she will learn how to pace herself. Not that she can't go to 2:00 in the morning, but she can't do it four days in a row
without a rest. So I said my piece, and we went on with the farewell celebration. The train pulled out right on time.

July 29, 1991. 8:20 a.m.

Up before 7:00, exercised, did some dance steps, dropped off two pairs of pants at the cleaners, had a cafe au lait and a croissant. Hoping to have a pleasant and productive day.

Back to the evening of July 24. Talking with Angela and Wolfgang, I think after Ulli and Robert left.

Revanchismus.

It's only the actors who are real in a play.

Focus on finding the guilty in East Germany. Bierman, a musician expelled from SED, coined the phrase about 16 million prosecutors and 16 million victims.

I asked about music in Germany. I'm no longer sure whether it was Wolfgang or Angela who said there was no cultural outpouring as it wasn't a revolution. You can't be a hero and be fighting for a VCR. Hegel and a substantial goal. East Germany was an experiment and now it's over.

Work and consumption in socialism. They forgot work. East German pictures of work - it's collective and it's fun. A pretty picture. No competition, no stress. Work was connected with social reproduction. But the other side of work wasn't there.

Walter Ebbish, How German is it?

Angela invited me to come along to dinner with friends, and I decided to risk another late evening. The friends were Andreas, an androgynously handsome and charming guy who is a computer programmer but who has also taken literature classes with Angela, and Ann-Marie, a sociologist who works on development and knows a lot about Algeria.

Andreas seized on my framework immediately and launched right into the critique. Why call it democratization? He argued I should define democratization, and basically convinced me. That is, I will find a wide variety of definitions of democracy (or foci within democracy), and there's no sense trying to select one version. But the movement toward democracy is different, and I should try to define what I mean by it.

We talked at length, though I didn't try to keep notes. But the discussion did make me feel that I have come a long way in sharpening up my presentation of the issues, and that I have located phrases and concerns that reflect what is on people's minds about the current situation. It felt good to be able to get a lively discussion started.

After dinner I noted that we talk about our own national case as individuals; as scientists we make comparisons. Global level? It's a tiny part of our lives, which are mostly local. But the global level exists and we can prove it. How to talk about it without exaggeration is a problem.

Thursday, July 25. I was up by 10:00, and called both Lazare at home and Thomas Zitelmann at work, but got neither. So I got Angela to drop me off at the Institut. I arrived a little before 11:00, waited around a bit and then discovered that Thomas was having coffee with the secretaries. So I touched base with him and called Lazare. Lazare agreed to come out to the Institut to see me; it was a bit difficult because he had in tow two friends, Togolese students of psychology in the Soviet Union, who were in Berlin for a brief vacation.

While waiting for Lazare, I took an hour stroll. I started out toward the museum, a national art museum that is on campus, but I ended up at a bookstore. It's the Tell bookstore. Thomas said it was founded by a mother-son team, members of the West Berlin Communist Party. There was this story at the Free University, and one in the main commercial area of West Berlin. It was subsidized from the east, and they sold lots of East German books. Then the founder (guy) split to be a less orthodox communist, and separated the Free University store off

from the rest of the operation. The wall came down, the subsidies stopped, and the downtown store closed.

The store had a good selection on current German affairs (Zeitgeschichte). I looked for the Tageszeitung 2 volumes on the events of 1989, but didn't find them. I did find the Amnesty International Yearbook - I should look at it more closely.

Lazare arrived, and we spoke for just over an hour.

1979 there was a Conférence des Cadres - critique formulae à cette conférence.

1979 Sénégal Etats généraux de l'Education. Senghor took some ideas from it, and that allowed development of a real multi-party system. Links to Bénin: (1) Benin profs of 1989 were maybe in Sénégal as students and profs; (2) Senegalese met Béninois in Paris and got the ideas from Béninois there. In any case, documents of the university professors union in 1989 are often word for-word the same as documents from 1979 Senegal Etats généraux.

Parti Communiste du Dahomey. 1964−70 two groups: (1) JUD, jeunesse unie anti-impérialiste du Dahomey; (2) la Ligue. Liigue liée au PAI de Madjhémout Diop et en même temps au mouvement Maoiste-Stalinien. JUD liée à 1968, moins homogène. Fondateurs du PCD fonderont JUD 1972. Ligue soutena Kérékou. JUD - moins de soutien à Kérékou. AED, Association des Etudiants Dahoméens en France - discussion de comment faire face à Kérékou. AED et JUD décidèrent de soutenir Kérékou. Membres - 3 groupes: 1) soutenir, 2) wait and see, 3) refuser - Pascal Fatondji, Fidel Quénum. Ce dernier groupe fondera le PCD.

1974-75 dissolution des organisations - grande discussion. Second group took up ministries in the government, and they are now les grandes démocrates. Exemple Dassando [sp], qui se veut le seul démocrate : directeur de la SONICOG 10 années, etl'organisation s'est éffondrée. Il est alors premier questeur de l'Assemblée nationale.

PCD avait 3 chances historiques. (1) Crée au moment de confusion de discussion. Militants ne participèrent pas à discussion - le PCD a raflé tous voulant continuer la lutte. Then people left PCD as soon as they learned how it really operated. (2) La chance d'avoir face à eux une régime de rhétorique de gauche. Their critique of the regime was confirmed. People were caught between the PCD and the regime, and had to support one or the other. Ils ont puisé dans la masse hésitante. (3) La chance que Kérékou est un militaire - il les reprime et leur donne du crédit. Toute personne arête est considéré militant du PCD. Senghor savait reprimer sans laisser des traces. Eyadema est plus intelligent en torture.

La lutte du PCD. (1) tractes (2) quelques actions. Juin 1979. Avril-mai 1985. Appels à l'IGA, insurrection générale armée.

Union des communistes dahoméens créé 1976; devient PCD 1977.

1979. Coopératives universitaires. Il fallait labourer la terre pour avoir la bourse. PCD convoqua une assemblée générale des étudiants pour déclencher une grève générale. Kérékou reprime, arrête. 1983 a group of 50 students formed to start up the struggle again. Lazare was part of this group; it was separate from PCD. He didn't give it a name. Il n'y avait plus de cooperatives universitaires, depuis 1981. Leur but : mobilez les consciences et les ventres. Problèmes alimentaires et politiques - repas à l'université, autocars. Le groupe décide à relancer les coopératives universitaires (en contradiction aux mots d'ordre du PCD) et de les diriger eux-mêmes.

1984 le régime appel l'ANE, assemblée nationale. L'état exige des délégués des étudiants à l'ANE. Le groupe dit OK, mais nous allons écrire les statuts. PCD crie opportunisme.

Le groupe convoque une assemblée générale des étudiants, en présence des minisitres. Elections tenues, Coopérative établi. 1984 les élus posent les demandes de ventre, plus la liberation des prisonniers politiques (et c'étaient des membres du PCD).

Just then a PCD prisoner escaped. Regime shot up a student bus, thinking the prisoner was in it. Then the elected group called a meeting, threatened to call for boycott of exams. A big meeting on 4 July 1984, with students, faculty members, the doyen, and two ministers, minister of interior Alladaye and the minister of education. Demands of the students were 1) franchise universitaire (meaning cops off campus), 2) libération des prisonniers, 3) introduction d'un débat "plus réel" à l'université et à la société. Three leaders carried the demands. Two were students, the elected responsible of the cooperative and the head of the cultural section of the student group. The third, an unanticipated supporter, was Robert Dossou, doyen de la faculté de droit. He said things would just get worse if the regime didn't accept these conditions.

PCD said nothing at the meeting, though it had people there.

After the meeting, Dossou talked to the two ministers who were present. On 1 August the prisoners were released. Alladaye was close to Kérékou - he had led the coup which brought Kérékou to power. Alladaye was now names minister of education.

The prisoners had been in jail since 1979. As they came to the university in the Fall 1984, they now agreed to join the cooperatives, and they struggled to replace the existing leadership. They did succeed in winning elections and displacing the former leaders, arguing that they had been carrying on the struggle since 1979. Those displaced thought they would wait for the PCD group to discredit selves in the usual fashion.

Once in power, PCD leaders of coops declared a student strike April-May 1985. The strike was a response to Kérékou's decision to depose them and dissolve the Cooperative. The opposition had to support the PCD leaders. The PCD student leaders hid out, fearing arrest. They did not in fact lead the strike, but sent out tracts calling for continuation of the struggle. The anti-PCD activists did much of the practical work of the strike.

April 27, Saturday - decision to strike on 29 and 30 April. Grève d'avertissment. Then ministers didn't come to the meeting with students, so the strike was extended to 3 May. PCD folks wanted to burn cars and attack the buses. On Friday (May 3) PCDistes went to Collège Technique Coulibaly, beat the director and professors, and burned cars. May 6 another such attack. Troops then shot at students [where?], killed one, closed the university and called the professors together. The PCD, meanwhile, claimed the other group was taking money from Kérékou.

At 1:45, Thomas Zitelmann and I walked across campus to meet the anthropologist Krader. I don't have his first name yet, but he is the main professor of anthropology at the Free University. He has been there since 1972. Before that he was in the U.S. for a long time, perhaps back as far as 1940. I think he was born in Europe - perhaps Poland. Anyhow, he is the great man of the place, and strikes fear into all.

July 29, 1991. 4:40 p.m.

I'm sitting chez Cahen after a busy day running errands in Paris, and after a brief nap. Maybe this time I'll catch up the journal.

On Thursday, July 25, I arrived at the home and office of Prof. Krader. I gave my brief introduction to the 1989-90 project, and he responded with questions as they occurred to him.

How long a book? 300 pages. Footnotes? Yes. You'll lose readers. Do you have a publisher? Not yet. When will it be ready? I'll have a partial draft this fall and a full draft 1992.

He noted that I am more focused on the Atlantic than the Pacific, and concluded that I should limit the study to the Atlantic. He noted I left Japan out of my list of the big powers, and that I listed only the U.S. in North America.

Professionals? He's dubious about the term. Bush and Kohl would reject the term professional, they don't use jargon, and maybe don't appeal to professionals. The people demonstrating at Leipzig weren't professionals, just simple folks. Those who left GDR weren't an elite. I gave the Czechoslovakian example of Havel and students, and he accepted the term for that case.

He said I am using two sorts of interactions. (1) Those within movements, such as within Solidarity and demonstrators at Tiananmen. (2) Those between countries, such as the effects on TV viewers of events in other countries.

"Come with us." This was the phrase in Polish used by Solidarity from the early days in Danzig, as they shut down plants, and it preserves its special impact. In Tiananmen people put up posters ("placards," he said) at different points of the square, and people gathered in front of the poster they agreed with. So it was fifty demonstrations, not one. Demonstrators put gauze over their mouths, then wrote slogans on the gauze - another sort of communication. These are cases of interactions within the group.

I argued there has been little economic growth since 1972. Krader said there has been growth in the Pacific if not in the Atlantic. He sees Europe as ready to grow rapidly – especially Germany, after the east is absorbed - but not the U.S. The U.S. and for that matter the countries on Europe's Atlantic shore have heavy debt which will slow growth. French and U.S. investment patterns, he says, are to put massive amounts of funds in a few big projects, rather than invest in lots of firms and industries as in Germany.

He reviewed his interpretation of growth prospects for Europe by distinguishing "what gives the lead and what gives the tone." "There are lines and points around which things will integrate." I labeled this a mechanical metaphor, but he said "It's not mechanical, it's geometrical; I don't think mechanically." [Later, Thomas told me he was trained as a mathematician. I thought this fit: physics is more concerned with mechanical models and with causal logic; mathematics is more concerned with effects than causes.] The distinction between the lead (i.e., Germany and central European growth) and the tone (nuances in western Europe) provides a useful set of terms.

Loss of the head of the German central bank, killed by the Red Army Faction. Poehl [sp]. The bank has now become politicized. After 1923 and hyperinflation, Germany wanted a stable currency, and Bundesbank was kept non-political from Erhard to Poehl, and across party lines (Erhard CDU, Poehl SPD).

I mentioned ideology, and he made clear his feeling that the term ideology should be restricted to relatively complete sets of ideas, not just any idea crossing somebody's mind.

The free market, he said, is faith. Then he said the free market is the right to strike. Plus there is workers' self discipline. [Thomas later said this was a new addition to his arguments.] Mine workers in USSR struck, but then went back to work to keep the economy going; railroad workers in USSR never struck, but insisted on their right. But otherwise, the free market is a myth. GATT is a myth: try to export rice from San Francisco to Tokyo, or milk to the U.S. from Europe. To speak of free market in this area is hypocrisy.

I tried to argue that the World Bank and IMF push democracy inside small countries, but has autocratic relations with them. He responded with history of World Bank policy. Eugene Black ran the World Bank in the 1950s, and lended money to countries he thought fit. Others - including Krader in particular – argued that there was a need in the receiving countries for an infrastructure so that they could absorb the funds. He talked to Justice Fortas and Justice Douglas, and that helped move the World Bank toward a focus on infrastructure. McNamara adopted this policy and favored building infrastructure so that the country could accept the cement (for instance) and use it. Conable and de la Rosiere are there now. They politicized the World Bank. McNamara said we need to look to a Minister to receive the funds and spend them effectively. His successors got that mixed up with parliamentary democracy. So they began to push for democracy.

[In this and the German example, Krader argues for the existence of high-level, non-political expertise on handling of financial affairs, and that allowing this expertise to be diverted by electoral or interest group politics will ruin the policy.]

Nationalism. Here he makes a distinction between nationalism inside and outside a country. Germany and the U.S. are nationalistic inside the country, but not outside the country. He said that the U.S. has big racial problems inside the country, which may weaken it seriously, but he sees no hint of race in U.S. ⌐ Bonn relations. For the USSR, some areas have in effect already gone: Baltics and Georgia. Armenia seems undecided whether to stay or leave. Central Asian republics are staying so far because of the strength of the Communist Party network in them. Byelorussia will stay with Russia; Ukraine is divided into east and west, but will stay with Russia because if
independent it would lose the west to Poland.

He spoke of Shevardnadze being forced to resign because two lieutenant-colonels spoke out. One was Elsniss [sp], son of a lieutenant general who was 1941 deputy commander of the Soviet air force. Just now, two lieutenant-generals have spoken out, so that signals real trouble for Gorbachov. One was Varienikov [sp], deputy to marshal Yazov; the other was the deputy to marshal Gromov.

We finished at 3:30. I thanked him for his commentary, and he wished me good luck on the book.

Thomas and I walked over to a nearby restaurant for lunch. Thomas asked if I understood now why people never knew what Krader was going to say or do, and I guess I did. I wish I had been prepared with a bit more background on him and his work, but I think I probably got some useful things out of the discussion, including some tests of the framework.

Thomas confirmed that the Bundesbank opposed to FRG decision to grant parity to the Ostmark.

On Berlin and local culture, he recommended that I look at Von Tanner, Wanderungen in der Markt Brandenburg. He was a 19th century poet who wrote on the area, a sort of Robert Burns type who is still revered.

I mentioned the world tours of Darwin and von Humboldt, and Thomas mentioned Georg Vorster, a German ethnographer who went on a big expedition that was probably the last Cook expedition. He was an early relativist, and it is hard to find racism in his writings. Thomas agreed with me that this may partly be because he wrote before 19th-century ideas got fully developed.

At a little past 4:30 I got on the U-bahn and headed back to Angela's. I called Wolfgang, and he arranged to pick me up at about 6:00.

Wolfgang drove me around a lot of Berlin. First we went to Mitte and looked at old buildings and new. He thinks a few of the DDR buildings will come down; construction halted on some that were in process. We got a good look at the Rathaus, which is a very attractive brick building. We also looked at the royal academy, with its French dome and its German dome at opposite sides of the academy structure. Then we drove through Tiergarten and into Charlottenburg. Wolfgang wanted me to see the ICC, International Commercial Center, at the end of Kantstrasse.

I got two terms from Wolfgang as we drove. "Die Wenden" (the turn) is the term used for the period from the resignation of Honecker to the accession of De Maziere. The fall of the wall is known as the "Fall den Mauer."

Then we drove north, past the Tegel airport, to visit the machine show of Wolfgang's friend Selim Saglik. It turns out that Selim and Wolfgang have known each other for about ten years, from the time they were driving trucks together. Wolfgang acts partly as business consultant to him.

Selim runs a shop filled with machine tools, and does sharpening of fancy tools used in Berlin industries. He bought the old machines about 8 years ago, learned how to use them, and built up a business. Wolfgang notes proudly that few Turks get out of service work and into running industrial firms.

Selim came to Germany at about age 16. His father was an electrician, and he was taking high school courses in Istanbul in electronics. That is the only education he had, but it was clearly enough to launch him. He has three employees, and all are East Germans. They work for wages lower that in most West German firms, and it's the only way Selim can stay in business. I asked about work habits, and whether East German patterns of taking it easy were a problem. He said no, two of them work very hard and effectively, and the third (who does some front office work) is not as strong - he's also older. They don't understand the financial side of the firm, but they're OK on the rest. (Of course Wolfgang pointed out maybe Selim doesn't want them to know too much about the financial side of the firm.)

He has a few big firms for whom he does more or less regular sharpening, and smaller customers who show up every once in a while. Endless technical change means that he has to update his machinery too to handle new jobs. The market for his services won't grow much, and it won't shrink much.

Then Wolfgang suggested moving the conversation over to what it's like for Turks in Germany. Selim is happy with his experience, and feels a sort of long-term cooperation and interaction among Germans and Turks. He's not a religious person, but feels there has not been religious discrimination against Muslims in Germany. He also gave a pitch for the flexibility of Islam - it can be celebrated any place, even in a church or synagogue, and is fully consistent with modern technology.

I mentioned the Bulgarian discrimination against Turks, and he became a bit more animated. As he saw it, the displacement was difficult for Turkey, it makes the displaced people start all over again, and Bulgaria is now lacking in productive farmers and workers. Discussion moved on to problems of nationalism generally. Selim spoke of tribes and nations in much the same breath, referring to small Baltic groups as well as to Kurds and others. He invoked the image of a crescent of unhappy tribes from Slovenia to the Caucasus, seeing it as a possible

interruption to smooth progress for the world. He was quite critical of the Kurds - he told a couple stories showing them to be steeped in an old tradition of animal husbandry that kept them from profiting from opportunities in agriculture.

By now we had moved from the machine shop to a bar. With the beer, Selim moved on from the Kurds to an interpretation of European history in the last few hundred years. As he saw it, an imbalance had arisen with the development of Europe. I piped up with my version of relative growth in Western Europe, Africa, the Americas and Eastern Europe, and he was able to discuss its pros and cons in some detail. So he has managed to read widely and preserve a lot of interests, despite having too work around the clock to keep his business going.

Next we moved to Wolfgang's apartment. Wolfgang brought out the rose wine again, and Selim stopped at a nearby take-out place and got some good Eastern Mediterranean food. Wolfgang put on the Spiegel videotape on the events of October and November 1989. Here are my notes on it. Title: "Funf Wochen in Herbst."

4 October. DDR folk try to get into U.S. embassy - I'm not sure whether the film was of Hungary or Czechoslovakia. Then visa-free travel to Czechoslovakia was stopped. There followed a scene at a church, presumably in Leipzig, and of a public address by a person involved in the church-based protests. The Czechoslovakians wanted to send the DDR refugees to West Germany in trains, and DDR officials insisted that the trains go across East German territory, so they would return home before leaving. But then East Germans came to meet the trains at the stations to greet people. Meanwhile, preparations for the 40th anniversary of DDR.

5 October. The way to the West leads through the East (Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary). A skinhead is interviewed - I hope the GDR will change, says he. "Mahnwache" [sp] before the church. Images of those on the trains, singing "Deutschland uber alles." Football team meets the emigrants. Gorbachev arrives in Berlin.

People crossed the river to Poland to get to the embassy in Warsaw. Illegal entrants into Poland were questioned. Interview of a young man crying; he doesn't want to go back.

Ceremony leading up to 40th anniversary: "DDR – Unser Vaterland". This is our home.

Church - dissidents meet for strategy. Argument between those wanting to leave and those hoping to change DDR. [Wolfgang recognized several of the people on this panel before a large group - some are officials in eastern Germany today. In general, he disagrees with the argument that all the leaders of the church movement were swept out of influence. It would be nice to have a better measure of what has happened on this issue.] 7 October. Military parade. At 5:00 p.m. thousands gather at Alexanderplatz, shouting "Neues Forum." Stasi men in civilian attire arrest people from the crowd, while uniformed police watch. Crowd calls "Gorby," while marching. Also "Wir bleiben hier." Then "Stasi aus" as the Stasi men make arrests and drag people off. "Jetz oder nie" - now or never. Then they sing the Internationale. We get a clip from DDR−TV, reporting that rowdies have been acting out. "Keine Gewalt" - no violence. After dark, the Volkspolizei came and there were beatings.

18 October. Honecker resigns for health reasons. GDR−TV interviews Krenz.

Leipzig: a cabaret number, in which a man sings a funny song, then does a magic trick, repeating it then in the wooden style of a party bureaucrat, and making the scarf disappear rather than appear.

Dresden: 6000 leave. The heritage of the refugees goes to the state. Nurses and doctors have left in numbers. Posters of Neues Forum now show up in Hospital. Says a hospital

employee, "I'm skeptical, but if we don't do something now, we'll lose the chance." A plant director says we're losing good people because of the freedom to travel.

4 November. Sudden freedom of expression and press, and still it isn't enough. Interview with Grigor Gizy, now head of SED (or PDS as it has become). Interview with Shabovsky [sp], head of SED in Berlin.

9 November. Gates open. TV announced new travel regulations: every GDR citizen can cross at border stations. So people went out to see if it was true. We see cars and people getting through. But without a stamp and a passport, one could not go. One man rips up his ID card for the camera. [These shots were apparently drawn together from a wide range of sources, and not just West Berlin or East Berlin TV.] At 10:00 p.m. it's a mob. A happy mob. "Tor auf" shout goes up (door open). "We'll come back." "No violence." Pictures of people coming through. Then decision is made - however - to open up, and people walk through uncontrolled.

Midnight Thursday 9 November. Someplace in here the West German parliament got the message of the gate opening.

10 November, Friday. Mother and son, separated by east and west some time, meet by chance on bridge. She says to him, "Can you imagine that it stays that way?"

Brandenburg Gate, after midnight. People climb the wall - it's 3 meters wide there. DDR state calls people back from the wall and they come back. A woman cries that she wants to go across and will come back - she has two sons in the army. So an officer lets her go, though they previously said it was too late. Then people come from West to East.

GDR TV asks an official how the new regulations function. The official says he doesn't know. Everyone can have a visa, so why give one? People get stamps as border. Willy Brandt, "Berlin erlebt und der Mauer ... Fallen." Kohl speaks in West Berlin, to boos as usual. July 29, 1991. 7:45 p.m.

I took an hour off to shop at Monoprix, get some snacks to go with the remains of the truite, and eat it up. Chatted with Jim Johnson and Caroline Ford, who just arrived today, as I did so. Back to the Spiegel video.

East Berlin - Krenz and Schabovsky lead a rally. They sing the Internationale. SED leaders say they will accept the results of their policy. Meanwhile, Kurdamm is filled with DDR folk, mostly drunk. Night of 10th to 11th, DDR opened a new check point. People chip at the wall.

11 November. Crane lifting a section of wall from the East. Chipping at the wall from the West. Eastern police and then Western police restrain people from climbing and chipping on wall. 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month - Carnival. On Saturday morning the 11th, the whole population of East Berlin goes west. 100 marks for every Ossi, given out by the West. Potsdamerplatz.

12 November. New checkpoint at Potsdamerplatz. Big crowd. Brandenburg Gate - 2 new checkpoints. Lifting of a section of the wall. Wall goes to GDR export section.

13 November. Political figures from East and West meet. Kohl and Modrow. Mayor Diebken [sp]. Singing anthem.

New Year's Eve. Fireworks.

Flashback to June 17, 1953 uprising.

End. (Still lots of wall standing.)

[Border remained to July and August.]

Spiegel put out two more videos, second going to currency union, and the third going up to unification.

Marcel Ophuls film: "Days in November." It's a long film, and I saw only part. His main technique (or first main technique) is to show a film clip from November with an interview, then go find the person and interview some more. It included an interview with Gunther Schabowski at which he gave a critique of Krenz, especially his performance at the 9 November rally. Ophuls spent lots of time with Schabowski, as did Spiegel. He is at once an attractive and somewhat menacing personality. Of the many interviews, one sticks out in my mind: a woman speaks in English as she crosses to the West in November, saying that she wants to stay in the East and build it, but that she wants to be free to go to the West. Her husband adds more in German about their projects in the East. In the follow-up interview, however, they are discouraged and things are going badly for them in the East. There's an interview with a guy who was chipping at the wall. He later said people were calling out his name rhythmically, so that encouraged him to keep it up.

Wolfgang mentioned Marcus Wolff, who headed the DDR spy service, then traveled. He wrote a book of some interest.

Once again it was 2:00 p.m. by the time I got to bed. I still did a few dance steps on the way to crashing. Friday, July 26. I got up at 8:30, and so did Angela. We had a cup of tea together, and she headed off to work at 9:15. She certainly is one of the people I have liked most on this trip: bright, energetic, and yet relaxed. Very much on the left -sparks fly between her and Wolfgang most but not all of the time - but she's not dogmatic and not insistent. And I like her erect and sexy posture. I think she and Reinhard (an intriguing but shadowy personality mentioned repeatedly but with insufficient detail by Ulli) plan to get married - anyhow, Angela used that reasoning to argue successfully for a large apartment as she was moved out of her old one by urban renewal. I do want to send a card to Angela when I get back, and I want to try to send her an article on my trip for Transit, as she suggested.

Then I packed, and was done a little after 10:30. I called Lazare, and then headed over to visit him on the way to the airport.

Lazare argued that the Algerian movement to multiparty elections weighed heavily on French observers, who saw in it a possible solution to social conflict in Africa. The Algerian case is never mentioned as part of sub-Saharan democratization, but this is a possible mechanism for its influence elsewhere. [Another is the pages of Jeune Afrique.]

Burundi, same time, an uprising (soulevement), but no multipartisme - instead it moved on to civil war. [I have to get my chronology straight for Burundi and Rwanda. But Lazare's point is of interest. Maybe the nature of the conflicts in those countries didn't lend themselves to the national conference approach, but maybe on the other hand nobody pushed the idea hard enough.]

[So now I have the elements for a balance between Beninois, French and other influences leading to creation of the national conference model.]

Lazare and Thomas Bierschenck are doing a paper together. Le cas béninois - quelle impact la démocratisation a-t-elle eu sur le contenu de l'état? Quelle est la base sociale du mouvement qui l'a portée?

Les priviligiés d'hier ont porté la révolution. [Thèse forte et intéressante.]

(Qui t'as appelé ici?) Les paysans se sont repliés dans une commission à part, et à part des autres commissions; leur commission était une fraction de la commission de l'économie. Le Rapport général de la conférence - écrit par Albert Tévoedjré -n'inclut pas le mot paysan. Remarquable surtout puisque Tévoèdjré parle souvent des paysans dans ses livres.

Les professeurs d'université ont les salaires les plus élevés du pays. [Lazare isn't rigid about making profs into the ruling class, but he notes a strong correlation among prof position, ministries, and running top public firms. It may be that he underestimates the private sector, since he doesn't know it. Still, his thesis on "les priviligiés d'hier" is worthy of close study.]

Régime de transition : il y a eu des "désordres" dont la plupart ont été blâmées au PCD. On les a reprimé, maintenant parvoie de la justice.

Now it was time to go to the airport. The two Togolese psychology students came along as we took the bus out to Tegel. I learned that the girl has a Russian mother, and so grew up speaking both French and Russian. But both of them did a qualifying year at one university in one city, and both of them are going now to a different city - I think she'll be in Leningrad while he's in Moscow.

The guy mentioned to me that he had seen a newspaper story saying that the U.S. military had arranged for elaborate psychological studies along with the Gulf War. I think it included studies of Iraqi psychology and public opinion, and studies of the American troops before, during and after. He wanted to know more, and now so do I.

While waiting in line for the plane, we ran into Maurice and Lina Godelier, as we had suspected might happen. Maurice had sent off many boxes of books, and was now going to drive a car full of stuff to France. Lina and their son were flying, but they had 4 big bags when they are only allowed 3. So I was happy to register one of their bags as mine - the bags were going to be on the plane in any case, so there was no additional worry. I wrote three cards as I waited in line, and Lazare agreed to mail them: I complained about how late the Berliners kept me up to Gina, Pam and Debbie.

Godelier at the Maison des Sciences de l'Homme: 49.54.25.80. Ninth floor, I think.

On the plane I read the Financial Times and clipped some stories. Short and uneventful flight. In Paris we got Lina's bags, but mine didn't show up. As the Air France folks said, the workers in Berlin had put it in the transit container, so it took an extra hour to get to me. I said goodbye to Lina, assuring her that I would do fine in Paris; she and her son (still bouncy and happy, chasing around on his scooter) headed off.

I worked my way through RER, Metro and rue St.-Antoine to Laura's place chez Cahen on rue de Birague. The place is amazing: top (4e étage) floor, an accumulation of chambres de bonnes, overlooking the Place des Vosges, which is now almost fully restored and is beautiful. Two psychiatrists live here, Cyrille and Jane Cahen. Laura first got the place four years ago, and she comes whenever she can.

That evening I joined Laura for dinner with four friends. Helmut and Françoise hosted - they live in a nice apartment they have fixed up near Place d'Italie. He is an academic, who has just finished a book entitled Red Vienna. Then Jeff and Ulla Kaplow joined us. Jeff is now an art dealer, though he and Ulla (who is Swedish) talk mostly about old anti-war and other political activities. Jeff didn't remember Marj in connection with his RHR piece. Discussion ranged over whether the peace movement of the 60s, with its Scandinavian base, made any difference. Ulla argued yes, Helmut argued no. I was tired and didn't participate too actively. People were interested in a few off my tour stories, but mostly wanted to continue their old debates. Jeff and Ulla took us to a taxi, and we came home - again, at about 2:00 a.m.

Saturday, July 27 I slept in. Laura made coffee and Jim Johnson, the new historian of France at BU (who has come there after about 3 or 4 years teaching elsewhere) contributed

croissants. Jim is a piano player and is finishing up a book on musical performance at the turn of the nineteenth century. Laura introduced him to me as a dancer, having already described me as a dancer to him. He was modest, but then that's endemic to dancing. Before we got up from the breakfast table, Cyrille and Jane arrived. They had just come back from the U.S. where they had visited in northern California and with Charmarie Blaisdell in Marblehead. They were unpacking and packing and then going off to their place in the south of France for the second part of their vacation.

I went shopping with Laura. We got a fish, got fruit, herbs, cheese, bread, and a few things at the Monoprix. We made lunch, and Cyrille and Jane joined me and Laura and Jim. Conversation ranged across the U.S. and into the francophilia of the Bay Area. This led into the rage for deconstruction, and Jim gave a nice summary of the theory and its evolution for the Cahens, to whom it was news. The Cahens returned to packing and then left. I worked on the computer a while, but also napped.

At 7:00 p.m. Jan Goldstein arrived for drinks - she and Jim were to go out to dinner. She's an intellectual historian of France, working (I think) at the University of Chicago. Her research project is on psychological theories in early 19th century France, with a focus on perception of self. I was surprised that psychology had got so organized at that early date, but she explained it as a result of all the scientific advance and publicity for it during the revolution, which encouraged people to fill in the gaps in other areas. Laura spoke admiringly of the ability of intellectual historians to define bodies of documents and data for such general issues. Jan was interested a bit in my tour stories. [I guess I don't think I've got the mix right yet - I'm looking for a way to work in observations from my tour without focusing the whole conversation on it, which leads me to mechanically reciting the research design. But I don't want to be too modest and retiring either.]

After Jim and Jan left, Laura and I cooked the fish. The recipe is very simple. Get a whole fish - a nice big trout in this case. Rub butter on the inside. Then stuff it with herbs: don't use basil, as it's too strong; use dill and other mild greens. Cook it for ten minutes in a medium oven. Then add a glass of white wine, and cook it at the same temperature for another half hour. It was delicious. We had brown bread, a salad with vinaigrette, a Sancerre we bought, and tartelette aux pommes for dessert. Laura wanted to hear all about my trip, but I wasn't able to string together an endless set of stories, so that discussion flagged. But she also wanted to know how I had done and how I felt. I didn't tell her about keeping up with dancing. I did tell her that I appreciated the time away, but that I felt pretty much the same as before - meaning I feel the same about JoAnna. Laura was supportive but showed the signs of skepticism I have seen in her before. Anyhow, dreams are just dreams, and whatever will happen will happen. Then I had the good sense to go over my visit with John, and how pleased I was at our ability to talk about difficult political issues and to get past some of the old blocks in our personal relationship. Since her parents are both having a very hard time in old age, she thought of it as wonderful to have a father who is alive and running and changing. Indeed, so it is. We cleaned up, and it was no later than midnight when I went to bed.

Sunday, July 28. Up at about 9:00, coffee and a croissant with Laura. Then she packed, and I picked off of Cyrille's shelf an interesting psychology book, and actually read it by the time she finished up. It's Ludwig von Bertalanffy, Robots, Men and Minds: Psychology in the Modern World (New York: George Braziller, 1967). I'm putting notes on it in the World\Notes directory.

Then I walked with her over to the Musée Carnavalet, where she bought a book for her parents: Le Paris de Boubat, with Parisian photos by Boubat from 1947 to 1990. The museum is in one of the old hôtels, and we looked at the statue of Louis XIV and the bas-reliefs of the signs of the zodiac before heading back. We sat down for lunch, and at 2:00 the taxi came for Laura. Jim and I had helped take her bags down.

Laura didn't want to go. As she says, she is much happier here than in Boston. Walking around with her showed me how deeply she is tied into all the lovely little rituals of Parisian life: shopping, cooking, seeing museums, going out to dinner, reading and arguing. Plus the difficulties in her relationship with Steven are reinforced by the distance between them and by the intensity of each of their schedules. It's not that Laura is an unhappy person, but the day she left Paris was not a happy day for her.

With time, I'm beginning to feel some of the same Parisian pressures on me. But my association with Paris is one of occasional visits, usually short, and of Paris as a site of conflict as much as one of refuge. I'm not unhappy to be here, but I won't be so unhappy to leave.

After Laura left I did my wash and took a nap. Then I worked over my finances, and spent most of the rest of the day at the computer. I went to bed before midnight. Didn't sleep soundly until after 1:00, but I could tell I was catching up on rest.

Monday, January 29. After getting up early, exercising and dancing and going out for coffee, I sat down at the computer to 9:30. Then I went in search of Algerian travel arrangements and French money. I got the latter at the Lebanese bank across from American Express at 5.88 FF per dollar. I found from Air France that reservations are jammed to Algiers because Algerian workers are heading home for vacation. A one-way ticket costs 2150 FF, or 3710 FF for Paris-Algiers-Nice. Plus I have to spend 1000 dinars in Algeria. So how much is an Algerian dinar? Then I found that the Algerian embassy, which is in the 16th arrondissement, is closed on Monday.

So I went to Printemps, to the men's store in the basement, and got some nice underwear. By now I was plenty tired – which showed that I had been doing lots of Parisian walking but also that I'm still tired from the rest of Europe. So I took the Métro over to Odéon and had a 55 FF prix fixe lunch, with salad and poulet basquaise, which means tomato sauce and peppers and carrots.

Then I walked over to Harmattan. As I thought, bookstore and publisher are the same thing. I talked to Alix Willaert, a nice but slightly abrupt lady in summery denim garb. I made the pitch for the book orally and on paper, and made clear that I understood they don't have endless money for translating. I volunteered to send her copies of reviews. She'll read it, find out about rights to translate from Cambridge, and think about the market. She said I could expect to hear from her in a couple of months.

But as I'm talking to her, the man standing next to me calls my name, and it's Claude Meillassoux! I was so wrapped up I didn't even look at him. I was happy to see him, since I was convinced that he wouldn't be in town. He'll call me, and we'll meet.

Then I came home, napped a bit, got food, ate, talked with Caroline and Jim a bit, and sat down to work on the computer. It's now a little before 10:00 p.m.

I'll close off this file now and send it off. Week 11 will be a few extra days in duration, but the file will probably be short on text.

# Week 11. Paris and Antibes

Starting July 30, 1991.
This will be the last file for the trip, going to August 8.

July 30, 1991.

Up at about 7:30 this morning. I did a relatively thorough job of exercising, dancing and cleaning up. I did a bit of computer work, completing the previous journal file. I went out for coffee and a croissant.

I called the Algerian embassy and found that I can get a visa for a fee (I missed how much) and four photos; I must spend 500 FF there (that's 1000 dinars). But I'm still unsure as to whether I will go.

I called John in Prague, checked in, and asked him to try to find Hayder al-Hassan in Paris so I can learn a bit about Algeria regardless of whether I go there. Jarmila invited me to fly to Prague and go dancing.

Then I went to Sciences Po to find the Zoumenou thesis on Kojo Tovalou-Houenou. I was lost for a while, thinking that the building was west of Bd. Raspail when in fact it is to the east, on rue Saint-Guillaume. I managed to get a ten-entry card for free, got the volume, and copied 90 pages out of it with a copy-card I bought for 45FF. Not bad.

I got Pariscope and looked for African music. All I found was restaurants. Maybe from them I'll figure out how to check out the music.

I took the Metro to Gare de Lyon and picked up a schedule for trains to Marseille and Antibes. Then I went to FNAC-musique and looked at what's available. About 80-90% of it is in CDs, which I find disorienting. I'll have to become able to play CDs soon, but I don't know if I'll do it before leaving Paris.

July 31, 1991. 9:30 p.m.

Last night I joined Jim and Caroline for a mixture of leftovers and things they were cooking. Conversation was pleasant but not memorable. Then I worked on the democratization manuscript for the first time in a long time. I had called John to ask for Haider el-Hassan's phone number here, and he called back with it at about 9:00 p.m. Actually he had called at 6:00, but hadn't got through because Caroline was on the phone and it has call waiting - but if you don't know how to answer it, the caller thinks nobody is home.

I set the alarm for 7:00 this morning, but didn't get up until after 8:00. I had tea and a croissant Jim had kindly left, and then sat down at the computer, reading all the way through my journal and beginning to work on writing the travelogue. At 11:30 I got Haider on the phone, and he suggested we meet at his office (172 Av. de Paris, in Saint-Mandßéß; it's called GREC, Groupement de Recherches ... I forget) at about 3:30. With that in the offing, I took the Mßéßtro to St.-Michel, and found a Greek restaurant on rue de la Huchette for lunch. I was a grouch for a reason I couldn't figure out, though I'm sure it has something to do with the way the trip and the research are going. For lunch I had dolma, souvlaki, red wine, creme caramel and Greek coffee, so I felt better at the end of that. They played stereotypically nice, slow-but-accelerating Greek

string music. Then I walked across the river and the island to Hotel de Ville and took the Métro to St.-Mandé. At 3:10 I saw Haider entering his office, so in about another 20 minutes I went up to the first floor. Behind the door was the young secretary I had talked to on the phone, and behind a large piece of glass was Haider in his office.

He's such a pleasant person, so it was very good to see him again. He remembered Marj had been with me when we visited Prague in 1980, and he responded to the news of our split with a brief bit of warmth which conveyed that it was an unhappy development but that we get past it. He was anxious to hear news of John, so I quickly caught him up on John's retirement, the work on the Sobeslav house, and John's new work with the Japanese CP and with Henes's group.

Intl div of soc relns
Algeria - Constantine 1986 was the first open break, October 1988 were the big events.
Events are a response to the mistaken idea of the nation
You can't effectively invent a nation. Nation is an ocean, you can't seize it.
3 centuries of Turkish rule plus a century of French colonialism held Algeria in archaic structures
No building of links among regions and centers; quite aside from ethnic differences.
Social and cultural affairs.

Mohammed Harbi. FLN, Mirage ou réalité? (1980)
La Guerre commence en Algérie (1988?)
Les Archives de la Révolution algérienne
He was imprisoned 1965 with Haider at the time of the Boumedienne coup. He was in the provisional government, was a newspaper editor.
Fanon.
Remember Haider to Irene Gendzier - they met in DC at a conference, wrote for a while.

Algeria ingérable. Regression since 1980. Chadli regime has brought corruption, recklessness.

Islamic explosion - both regime and opposition are criminal.

Need "changement sociétaire, non pas simplement social."

The French don't get it. The problem isn't just Islam, but deeper economic and social problems of which the Islamic response is just a means of expression.

IMF has been in Algeria since 1984. So it's a regime of traitors, in that they used old rhetoric but worked quietly with IMF. No frank policy of regime. Go to capitalism if necessary, but not to capitalisme sauvage. Youth hit recently by army are not all FIS members. 1987 150,000 took test for the bac, only 30,000 passed - the rest go to the street. In 1988 160,000 failed the test, in 1989 190,000. No vocational education alternative. No employment prospects.

Gulf War - regime condemned US imperialism, but should also have condemned the local imperialism of Saddam Hussein.

African situation looks bad in general.

INSEE now proposes that France bring immigrants after 2000, but that they be highly skilled. So that will take skilled workers from weak countries.

USSR - future of Europe is social democrat. It will do things to build capitalism, taking steps conservatives couldn't take. As in France.

Split at the Tours conference 1920 maybe came too early. If communists and socialists had stayed together, some bad choices might have been avoided (he didn't really finish this thought).

30 years a Communist militant - he's 52. My preoccupation is opposing capitalism. Now Gorbachev doesn't oppose capitalism. But even the pope is critical of capitalism.

Nobody listened to Gramsci at the time. Me either. I didn't see beyond what I wanted to see.

George Meyers said sack De Maio, and I went along with it. I would cut off personal relations with people who opposed the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan. I was a proper apparitchik.

Rethinking it now. Thinking will go slow.

Collapse of organizations in the East. But when we saw that people didn't support the Communist regimes, that was it. Some people, however, want to give up on organization altogether.

Che said that power corrupts. He described ways in which people hold on to power.

We're coming back to Marxism. CPs broke with Marxism by not questioning. Taking power, they set up a security structure, and then the security structure decided what could be questioned.

From 1978 he worried, though he never said anything in public. He knew Suslov as he moved around. Susslov brought a beautiful big box for Brezhnev at his 70th birthday, and brought out of it a sword. This is a tsar!

Haider was 3 years in Algeria after he left Prague. It was too hard there, especially for May, so he managed to get some time in France. They arrived here last October. His daughter Sarah is now just over 3 months old. He leaves on a short vacation tomorrow, comes back the 10th.

John at least mixed with Czechoslovak life some. I was a proper apparitchik. I went back in 1987 with May to see Prague as a tourist, for the first time.

"Décriptage" from cassettes - he has to transcribe a text from cassettes during August.

Friend from Haiti, known as Leslie when he was in France. His name is Theodore, but last name is not known. He is now general secretary of PUSH, the Haitian communist party.

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Then I went to Bastille, collected my pants from the cleaners. Said I was glad they're there today, as I'm leaving today. The guy said, cheerily, "Je m'en vais demain - je n'entends que ça cette semaine." True enough. I dropped off the electrical cord and shaving cream I had bought, picked up my book and the Czech trade union book, and headed over to rue des Ecoles on foot. A great display of thunder and lightning on the way over, and rain began just as I got to Harmattan. I didn't find Harbi's books, but ordered them - they will send them to me in the U.S. I checked across the street at Présence Africaine and didn't find them, but I did find a brand new edition of the Dictionnaire Créole–français, which I bought for 170 FF. Then I got on the Métro. From Cardinal Lemoine to Austerlitz, to République, to Bellville, to Mesilmonet ‘s. Got there at 6:30.

Haider got there a couple minutes after me, and we had a coffee. Then we walked over to Mohammed Harbi's.

Harbi mentioned Arun Kapril, an American who is doing a Ph.D. dissertation on Algeria; he is well informed on recent affairs, and moves back and forth between France and Algiers.

National conference is consultative only, has no sovereignty. Plus the two main parties, FIS and Ait Ahmed's FSS aren't there: they have nearly half the electorate between them.

Haider noted that whenever a military person went into the government, he left the military and was not promoted. Two recent cases of people who have been promoted in the military since taking high government office.

Harbi said the state no longer works through populism. So le pouvoir wants to give people more rights, but on the condition that they not use them.

I mentioned the use of "le pouvoir" in Zaire and elsewhere, and also "les partis d'opposition" and "la société civile". I asked whether the "société civile" was Gramscian or Hegelian, and both said it was surely not Hegelian.

There's no political debate in Algeria, they said. Haider focused on Ghozali, the so-called technocrat, as an example of simple desire for power.

I mentioned Algerian music, Rai, and that it was played and produced here. Harbi spoke in some detail about the fact that musicians have rights in France, but have none in Algeria. So it's a problem of the market. Owners get nothing in Algeria. So they come to France, make their reputation, and then they can sell something in Algeria. There are good recording studios in Algeria, so it's more than technical. Then Harbi spoke of the translation of one of his books into Arabic in Lebanon. No one asked his permission, he never saw the translation, gets nothing from it. And, he is told, the translation is terrible. So that makes him into two personalities with two interpretations.

I mentioned my search for social causes of the events. "Nous sommes dans une grande phase de stratification, partout." Examples? Une couche de milliardaires, liés à la secteur politique et au marché international. Then I mentioned university professors. Harbi pointed out the Algerian professors no longer make enough to travel. He recognized my stories on salaries matching degree rather than publication records.

Nationality and citizenship. Nationality was posed by national movements, not citizenship. Citizenship was the issue to the 1930s, but then it got lost.

Personne n'a des garanties. High officials have lost their privileges. Only as they leave top positions do they learn that it's hard to live. So they become interested in the rights of citizens.

For ordinary folks, rights of citizens in the only demand they can have.

Multipartisme au Maroc.

I asked if there are institutions through which people can express their anger at present conditions. There isn't much. Only the U.N. Harbi noted that the whole Latin American critique of economics came out of the UNECLA - very insightful. I mentioned the UNESCO history.

Palestine. I suggested it must be an issue in Algeria. Harbi: "Il y a une très fort sentiment justicialiste en Algérie." This justicialist feeling ends up focusing people's anger on Palestinian issues. Haider: At the 1947 partition of Palestine, all the communist parties supported it, including the French and Algerian parties. But the few Arabs in the Algerian CP left in large numbers on this issue. Similarly, it was only through the Palestinian issue that

Boumedienne was able to speak in public after he came to power. He sent troops to fight in the 1967 war; then 1968−69 he began speaking in public and not just in small groups.

Harbi wrote an article in Le Nouvel Observateur, a special issue on France and the Arabs, on the Algerian feelings on the Palestine issue. The underlying reason for the feeling is that the Algerians underwent such a long and unhappy colonization.

Jean Copans, La Longue Marche de la Modernité africaine (Karthala). Harbi recommends this strongly. Copans has an American father, but grew up in France.

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Speaking of Harmattan, Haider told me as we left of an affaire Thoury [sp] during the past three weeks or so. This was a Moroccan author who published a book very critical of Hassan's regime at Harmattan. A branch of the French police seized him and put him on a plane to Gabon. His supporters took the case to court, and the judge had him brought back to France.

Back at the apartment, I got a call from Haider - he gave me the name of his friend Heidi in Aix (42.67.66.03) - and she can put me in contact with Theodore in Haiti.

So then I wrote out a sketch of the journal, and I'll patch it up in the morning.

August 2, 1991. 10:15 p.m., Antibes.

Having spent the day on the train, I am now comfortably installed in the hills above Antibes, at the Hotel Brasero, where I will spent four nights.

Yesterday, August 1, I got up slowly and sleepily. I took a bath, washed my hair, and made my dryer work - so that was a luxury. I called Claude Meillassoux, and we arranged to meet at his place for lunch at 12:30.

About 11:00 I walked to the Gare de Lyon to get a train ticket for Antibes. I waited through the reservation line, but couldn't get on a TGV, so I got Le Corail, leaving at 9:28 and arriving at 7:53 p.m. - 3 1/2 hours slower than the TGV, though it goes at a pretty good clip. Then I walked across the river, through the Jardin des Plantes (which was is bloom, notably the dahlias) and to rue de Mirbel.

Claude welcomed me into his living room, and I began relating stories from my trip. I told him Haider el-Hassan's story of the sword Suslov gave to Brezhnev, and that got him started talking about policies of socialist regimes and then of social classes and his new "corps social" theory. He finally gave me a copy of the paper. We went across the street to a Syrian restaurant and had mezza - a mixture of several dishes - and he insisted on picking up the tab. I told him Mali stories (about the monstre), and we talked about kids in politics. We divided our time between his work and mine. On his, we talked of his article submitted to Slavery and Abolition, on divine kingship and slavery (the paper he gave at Northeastern): they sent it to Richard Rathbone as reviewer, he suggested revisions in the introductory section which Claude didn't want to make, and everything stopped there, as much because of the journal as because of Rathbone. We talked about South Africa and railroads. I complained about narrow-guage railroads. Claude noted the new railroad the Japanese have built to export coal to them – he bets that it is not narrow-guage.

We went back to his place for coffee. He mentioned his project on kinship, so I told him of my meeting with Godelier and how he doesn't know what to write after two years working on kinship. Claude gave me his full story. He wrote Godelier when they were both just beginning:

Godelier then had an advantage in philosophy and Meillassoux had one in ethnography. They exchanged comments. Then Claude heard that Godelier wanted to drive him from the field. Years later, Godelier became head of social sciences in the early Socialist government of France, and cut Claude's position and funding at CNRS. Meillassoux says he is bright, but not an original thinker. He spoke of Goldelier and others as doing cut and paste - finding interesting ideas here and there in Marx and Freud, who both had lots of good ideas, extracting them, then presenting them as their own since by now not too many people read the original of Marx and Freud. Claude's student Bernard Vainqueur arrived. He was very enthusiastic about my project, and asked lots of questions. Claude said my narrative should touch on all issues at once, not be segmented thematically as was my 1880–1985 Francophone Africa book. Agreed.

I left at just after 2:30 and took the Metro to Sully-Morland, pretty near the apartment. By now my left knee hurt, apparently as a result of too much walking. I called Antibes, the tourist information office, and got a reservation at the Hotel Brazeros, a 2-star hotel. Then I took the Metro to Argentine and walked over to rue Faraday, in the 17th, in an unsuccessful search for the Chinese: the Federation for Democratic China, as listed in Hongfei's note. I gave up quickly, settled down for a beer, and then took the Metro to Bastille. I went to Fnac musique, then went to the apartment to get Clara Nunes's name, and went back to Fnac musique.

I asked a woman about CDs and tapes, and confirmed that music is now done almost uniquely on CDs. In Africa they get tapes by making them from the CDs, often illegally. Some of these tapes make it into France and are sold at stores near Denfert and Barbes. This made me think of Mohammed Harbi's views on the role of copyright law and morality in centralizing creative work in capitalist centers. I wrote down the name of the top five current CDs in music of the Antilles: Zouk All Stars (I got this one), Eddy Math "Soleil", Dikhlan, Souskay "Libertine", Kali "Racines". And I formally initiated my CD phase, first by buying an Emeline Michel disc, then Zouk All Stars, a World Beat compilation from the Antilles, and two discs of African reprises. Plus I got two Brazilian tapes - a Joao Gilbert and a samba collection.

Back at the apartment I listened to the samba tape and dozed for an hour. Then I packed some. Then I walked over to the Zairian restaurant, Paris-Kin, at 101 rue Amelot, in the 11th.

I arrived at 8:30. One table was filled - two men, two women; one French woman, a Zairian man who sang and danced, and two others, presumably Zairian. The lively guy wished me bon appetite as they left. The restaurant has about ten small tables - somehow they get over 100 in there sometimes. One wall has a big photo of coconut palms, surely from the Caribbean; a mirror across the back wall doubles this and makes the space seem larger. On other walls hang two masks and about eight paintings, all of romantic river scenes, but all very skillfully done, and most dated 1989. Music blared from a little boom box – poor quality of the speaker interfered with the music. It was mostly old-time fast rumbas with lots of male chants.

So there I was in another empty Third-World restaurant. Of course it was Thursday here, and the big nights are Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. But I came to the conclusion, reinforced for me later, that this little place is in fact one of the main centers for the Paris-Kin music culture. What struck me is that it appears utterly marginal in Parisian terms. So that's a set of contradictions worth working on: the cultural hierarchy within Paris, the centrality of Paris for Africa, the apparent marginality of Africa in Paris, and so forth.

I ordered Pondu, pounded manioc leaves with fish, and had it with manioc and hot sauce. The manioc was better (less rubbery) than at the Estoril, but all in all it was less than thrilling. I had salade des fruits for dessert, but there was no way for the fruit to be as fresh as it is in Africa. I had a whisky aperitif, then beer with dinner.

After dessert I was abandoned by the waitress, who didn't want to talk with me much in any case. Eventually I went out to the foyer, and there talked with the French man working on the books. He turned out to be the owner, and to be married to a tall and elegant Zairian woman who shook my hand as she entered the restaurant. We talked for some time, and eventually the waitress showed up and was introduced as Rose, and I paid my 185 FF plus 15 FF tip. The guy (I never asked for his name) said that all the big singers come in from time to time. Rochereau and his wife (I didn't know that) Faya Tess; Koffi Olomide. I asked about Koffi Olomide, and found that he is in his late 30s, and has been well known for roughly a decade. We talked about AIDS, and his first main reaction was that life was a lot less fun now, as men couldn't follow their normal tendency to have lots of women; he described how people simply don't contact each other now out of fear. But he also, under a bit of prodding from me, described being in an AIDS clinic where families were caring for those who were wasting away.

Then there arrived a tall man of jovial but military bearing. He was a regular at the place, it seemed. I learned that he had been military attache to the Zairian embassy in Bonn until recently, and had just been transferred to France. I talked with him a bit about all the changes in Germany, including moving the capital, and he said that the changes made it more interesting in Germany than in France, which he knew well enough. We talked a bit about real estate speculation in Berlin; he gave a figure, which I remember as 2500 marks per square kilometer - that doesn't seem right, but it still suggested that he knew what he was talking about. I had just learned from the French man that Mobutu had appointed the chief (?) of the opposition in Zaire as Prime Minister, and he had accepted; my friend thought that there would thus be no national conference. The military man, however, told me that the national conference had been put off another couple days, but would begin right away. He wouldn't speculate on how long it would last. Anyhow, he said, the problems in Zaire that worry him most are economic not political.

The military man went off to eat in the next room, and I talked with the owner some more. He talked of his trip to Benin, and of finding a village where people had neither money nor clothes; he argued that the arrival of money took a situation where everyone ate and turned it into one where some were hungry. Later he compared corruption in Africa to that in the West, arguing that corruption in the West is only at the top levels, where in Africa it is at all levels. Then he went so far as to assert that the African is not yet fully adult. "C'est un grand adolescent," he said, and in presence of his wife. I was amazed, and didn't pursue it to see what type of adolescence he had in mind. Meanwhile, he gave me a drink, a brandy, and a gold card for the restaurant.

I went back to the apartment, found that I could dance fine even with a sore leg, and went to bed.

This morning, August 2, I set the alarm at 7:00 and got up more or less on time, packed, cleaned up the living room where I had stayed, put sheets in the washer, checked in with Jim Johnson and Caroline Ford, and carried my luggage over to Bastille, taking the Metro to Gare de Lyon, and arriving at the train at about 8:40. I got a Fanta and a package of galettes for fuel, and found an unreserved, comfortable seat on the train.

We left on time, at 9:28, and were exactly on time at each of the many stops. I dozed, listened to my new samba tape, and studied Kreyon grammar and vocabulary. Didn't spend much time studying the countryside, and didn't try to do any writing.

After Avignon and Arles the rock outcrops and the vegetation take on that sun-bleached appearance that goes with the Mediterranean and reminds me of the light in southern California.

Then something inside me said to look up just as the train makes the sharp turn and breaks through a set of low hills to the Mediterranean. Polluted though it may now be, the Mediterranean is a beautiful blue, especially in summery late-afternoon sun.

In Antibes I got a taxi fairly easily, and was taken two kilometers up the hill for 60 FF to the Hotel Brasero. It's further away than I wanted to be, but the lady who runs it is very friendly, and her two daughters who serve in the restaurant (and presumably do lots else) are lovely. The radio was playing, mostly American top-40 tunes, and she described it to two men who were dining as "musique barbare." I asked her about that – she thought at first I didn't like the music, then said it's discotheque music, from which I concluded that she thinks "musique barbare" is a good thing.

Two women I spoke to today mistook me for French - a woman on the train and the hotel owner. They weren't listening closely. On the other hand, I think it also means that I've become comfortable in the country after about 5 days - that's the pattern for this trip - and that my French is getting warmed back up.

Tomorrow I must see about getting some money: perhaps in Antibes but probably in Cannes or Nice. Aside from that, I hope to set up a few days of routine of beach and writing, punctuated by eating, dancing and walking.

August 3, 1991. 10:45 p.m., Antibes.

I got up this morning at a little after 7:00, with bright sunshine streaming into my room, which faces east. Exercises drove away the grogginess, and I was able to practice smooth dance steps for the first time since I have been in Europe. (Actually I began the night before, but it will take me a couple days to get back in form.) Staying in other people's places has been pleasant and above all cheap, but it's nice to have complete control of space again, and to be able to unpack fully.

At a little before 9:00 I walked down the hill to the train station, and I got a 9:33 train to Nice. It was a bit late, actually, and the apologized on arrival in Nice. Then I found the American Express office, cashed $200 in travelers' checks and cashed a Shawmut check for $250. Only the latter took me on a detour of a half hour, because American Express in Paris wouldn't OK my check, saying that I had owed $204 for two months. I proposed paying the $204 right there, and that was ultimately acceptable.

Then I went across the street (the Promenade des Anglais) and stretched out on the rocky beach for most of an hour. I smoothed on my new sun lotion and did avoid burning. Lots of foreign tourists but also lots of French are still around. A man who I think might be Algerian was selling drinks on this stretch of the beach. He had his drinks buried in the rocks and underneath mats to keep them cool, and then marched up and down the beach calling out his wares in a mixture of German, English and a bit of French. At one point he picked up was in effect a 4-by-4, most of a meter long, of ice - and held it above his head as he walked the length of his territory. He did indeed sell a few drinks in his next couple of trips.

Meanwhile, across the fence at the paying beach next door, lifeguards suddenly pulled a man ashore and worked on him; within ten minutes emergency medical technicians arrived and worked on him for another twenty minutes. They left with him on a stretcher. He was completely covered with blankets as he left, and I don't know if he survived or not.

I took the train back to Antibes, getting back at about 1:30. American girls on the train were talking about losses of cameras, jackets and the like to theft. The woman running the hotel warned me last night of theft, as of my bag - it turned out that the hotel had been robbed in the

last couple of months, and so had other places nearby. That made me feel lucky, for one thing. But it also contradicts the impression one gets here of a world apart, a delightfully quiet resting place.

I walked around Antibes for a while - too long. I did get to the Picasso Museum, and was reminded of what a remarkable view one has there of the entire coast; airplanes landing and taking off at Nice served to heighten the visual experience. But I got tired of walking, and this will continue at least until Monday. So rather than go to the beach in Antibes, as I wanted, I stopped for a sandwich a beer, then walked up the hill, arriving at about 3:30. At least my knee isn't sore again - yet. Then I showered and napped. As I woke up, I found I had been dreaming of Larry Bordan, the CFT organizer. We were talking about working, and the working I had in mind was writing up my book manuscript, but he was asking me if I really worked hard for political reasons, and was expressing surprise that I said yes. He, I guess, was assuming you work hard but do it for the pay. But I apparently mentioned Al Shanker and said that working to counter his politics seemed to me like a good reason to work hard. I'm a bit surprised to see Al Shanker working his way into this book. Then I danced a bit, and finally got serious about writing up my travelogue. I stopped for dinner at the hotel from 8:00 to 9:00, and otherwise kept going. Here's hoping I can keep focused on it - if I put the time in, I'm sure it will begin to make sense.

August 5, 1991. 8:45 a.m.

Yesterday morning, Sunday, I got up at about 7:30 and breakfast at a little after 8:00. I worked on the travelogue to about 11:00, then took the long walk down to the beach. I spent just over an hour stretched out on the sand amidst everyone else, and dozed off for a few minutes. Then I went over to a nearby restaurant, had a pizza and some ice cream. The ice cream was my luxury for the day, and was delicious - praline, pistache, cassis, chantilly - but I ended up a bit sore because of lousy service. I walked back up the hill, and arrived at about 4:00. Showered, rested, and got back to work on the machine. Discovered that my neck was sunburned from exposure while walking, but the rest of me showed little sign of the sun. Stopped for dinner at 8:00, and worked again from 9:00 to 11:30. By now I'm into the Benin section of the travelogue, and am encouraged to think I may have a full draft of some sort before returning home.

I practiced all my dances, and some of them are feeling pretty good: samba in particular, last night. But dancing at that hour probably helped keep me awake. In any case I didn't sleep until perhaps 4:00 a.m. I think that what underlies it is writing: when I'm writing my level of mental activity and anxiety rises, and only a careful program of reading and relaxation at the end of the day can slow me down to sleeping speed. By that reasoning, I can expect to be short on sleep for a bit more than the next month.

The other elements of insomnia were more explicit and more obvious. I'm excited about going home: I'm on schedule, it's time, and besides, I'd like to get back in touch with my friends and my routine there, as well as show off my stories and accomplishments. And home, of course, means being back in touch with JoAnna. So I obsessed quietly about her, thinking of what I would say and what she would do when we meet up; and thinking of how to offer her a clear lead to see if she will take the next step. (I have felt very much suspended in the middle of an action since our last, warm encounter at the studio.) And wondering, since nobody knows yet, what will happen. I wrote eight lines of verse in her honor at about 2:00 a.m., and titled them "Traveling Companion." Then I turned to Jeune Afrique and read for most of an hour.

I staggered up this morning at a little before 8:00. Now back to my text for a while.

August 5, 1991. 10:40 p.m.

I wrote until after 10 this morning, then called to reconfirm my flight, then walked down to the tourist office to find a hotel for the next two nights. That was work; I ended up with a tiny, expensive room at the Hotel Welcome in Juan-les-Pins, but that will be fine. I had a sandwich and beer, checked out Juan-les-Pins beaches and then walked back over to the beach at Antibes, where I stretched out for most of an hour. Then I hiked back up the hill, arriving at about 3:00. Showered, danced, and wrote, going on to dinner at 8:00. After dinner I took a short walk, then danced some more, then sat on the terrace for a bit. Various end-of-trip thoughts have been striking me.

I think I understand, a bit more fully than before, the connections among some of my historic physical weaknesses, as seen through posture. From early times, I stood with ass back, belly forward. I remember teaching myself to walk fast: leaning shoulders forward, holding ass back, and swinging legs forward forcefully. But not pulling legs back with my weight on them. So upper legs and ass were perhaps strengthened, but not feet and not ankles. With no ankle strength, I was terrible on ice skates and poor in balance generally; learning wind surfing was thus difficult. So also did I walk with all weight on my heels, and on the outside of the heels to boot. In dance I began with weight well back. Only gradually have I learned to get weight forward, straighten my back, and with that I have used ankles and feet more, and have thus strengthened them. I'm still not straight, but am getting to the point where I can correct myself more easily. Learning greater speed in Latin steps would not have been possible without my having my weight forward so I could shift it quickly.

A smaller matter, but still exciting, is the breakthrough in mambo I began to feel yesterday. It has been the weakest of my Latins lately, as I have trouble with timing. Last night I suddenly found myself standing flat and heavily on the 4-1, with my foot really anchored to the floor. This was related to learning to do the same thing in rumba spot turns, forward and back. Today I found that the combination of the flat foot and shifting my hips before taking the next step gave me a much firmer sense of the timing - I got through a couple tempo changes in the music that usually trip me up.

Generally, I'm very happy that I've been able to teach myself so much in dance while on this trip. That is, I've remembered things my teachers said and learned new ways to implement them, and I've made new strides in figuring out the logic of each dance. What von Bertalanffy would call the separate logic of each algorithm.

I was thinking at one point today that I have changed a great deal in the last couple of years. That is, I do seem much happier with myself, and I have developed some habits I am quite pleased with. But then I thought that the differences are not so dramatic after all. I felt that I have just gone ahead to complete changes that began when I was with Marj - changes that she encouraged me to make. I seem to be too lazy to think up examples, but I'm sure there are a few good ones. To put it another way, I don't feel that I'm better off because I've split with Marj. Rather, I think she just gave up on me and on the relationship. It's too bad, but the fact that she did give up on me makes it impossible for me to consider taking up with her again, much as I do care for her. It would involve going through too many painful reverses. I do think that I tried my best to show her that we could keep it going. She wanted to believe that both then and later (still? - I have no way of knowing), but somehow she also had to make a complete break with me. And then the break was complete.

I have said to myself at various times that I feel as comfortable with JoAnna as I do with Pam and Gina. But then the very statement seems to create worrisome possibilities. So tonight a new formulation of it came to me that seems to resolve some of those worries. It is that JoAnna, Gina and Pam each confirm my manhood (thereby relaxing me), though in different ways. I helped bring Gina and Pam into the world; I like them, and they like me. That is a very reassuring confirmation of my worth. I now remember a time when the girls were small, maybe 3 and 5, and I took them into a Mountain View or Palo Alto restaurant or pastry shop. The young woman there was very warm in her reaction to me, and somebody pointed out to me (or was it she?) that the fact that I had reproduced myself (with these two charming girls) indicated a certain virility which became interesting to others. The case of JoAnna is thus the same and different. Her warmth and interest in me affirmed my manhood at just the moment when I had lost it. Marj had given up on me after 20 years, and manhood and sex were very much at issue. So why did JoAnna make the difference for me when there were other women who could have done the same? In fact the other women did make a difference, and perhaps I took their contributions to my recovery and projected them all onto JoAnna. But if I projected them onto her, it was because she crystallized my dreams and yet was a real person. Anyhow, after knowing the woman for about a year, I think I can make some progress toward distinguishing her powerful, short-term, symbolic influence on me from the way I feel about her after longer acquaintance and fuller evaluation. Except that I love her on both counts, so there remain grounds for confusion. Still, for instance, she might reasonably have thought at the beginning that I was looking to her for someone to worship, though I think it's more the case that I'm looking to her for someone to play with, and to work with. A partner, as I said to her in March. The worshipful element is there – check out the poems! - but I think that the sense of play she liberates in me is more significant.

August 6, 1991. 8:40 a.m.

Over breakfast I was recalling the feeling I had, while in Rio, of being near a conceptual breakthrough in the portrayal of world history. I didn't get beyond that point, but perhaps even that much thinking helped me do a better job in collecting all the information and impressions I have gained since.

Then I thought of Madagascar. Massive demonstrations and innovative methods of pursuing democratization have developed there, but the world press has chosen largely to ignore it rather than treat it with the seriousness of Prague or Seoul. The exception is Jeune Afrique, and the role of Sennen Andriamirado is perhaps key to the exception there. The lack of attention acts as a brake on the development of events, so that the hierarchy in prestige of nations (based first of all on GDP) reinforces the hierarchy in democratization, and Madagascar threatens to lose on both accounts, despite the originality of its movement.

I recalled "Battle of Algiers." The premise of the film - and, I think it may fairly be said, of the events - was that bringing the Algerian case to the United Nations was the best chance for independence. The Algerians needed to show the ability to maintain discipline and peace during that time; the French needed to show that the movement was sheer terrorism by provoking incidents. So the attention sought and the attention gained for domestic events, and the nature of the events observed from outside, become major factors in the evolution of events in each place. In brief, woe betide the country or the region left out of the loop of news reporting.

August 8, 1991. 9:00 a.m. Juan les Pins.

I'm at the Hotel Welcome in the busy district of Juan les Pins, having moved down here from the Brasero yesterday morning. I had a few pleasant words with the two owners and their beautiful eldest daughter before taking the taxi down. The woman appreciated my observations on how her business worked, and I appreciated the chance to talk about a mixture of business and family affairs with her. The taxi driver was an incredibly chatty woman who told me stories of her negotiations with the local Peugeot mechanics to fix her boite aux vitesses, plusstories off walking about towns, how to give instructions to taxi drivers, and so forth. My room wasn't ready yet, so I deposited my bags and walked over to Antibes to the beach, where I stretched out in the sun for an hour, me and lots of other people: the fact that it was Tuesday hadn't cut down the number of beach-goers. Then I walked back, stopped briefly at the hotel to put my bags in the room - well appointed, but quite small, though worth it for its centrality. Then I went for lunch, having cold chicken, salad and beer at a place calling itself the Cambridge Pub. Next out to the tiny public beach at Juan les Pins for a bit more sun. Only then, and after bathing and washing my hair, did I sit back down at the computer to pursue my Atlantic narrative. But it was going relatively well – the German trip was still fresh in my mind, and I probably gave too much detail there - so I kept at it (with occasional breaks for a few samba steps in my tiny space) until about 10:00 p.m. Then I went around the corner to the Vietnamese restaurant. It's strange to have a Vietnamese restaurant be expensive. Well, not really expensive by comparison to others here, but certainly expensive by contrast to the U.S. Anyhow, I was interested in a different taste more than in saving a few sous. I ended up with some little crab rolls, a strange little soup or sauce, and with chicken and bamboo, washed down by a pair of beers. I didn't get rice, by accident, but then didn't worry about it. After dinner they brought me a cordial - a clear, sweet liqueur surely made from rice wine, in a sake cup. Only the cup was original: looking into it, I saw through the clear bottom of the cup the image of a bare-breasted woman (Vietnamese, of course). Then, as I finished up the drink, I saw that the clear glass at the bottom of the cup was not flat but convex, so that I could no longer see the image of the woman. You can either see the lady or drink your drink, but not both. I then wandered through the noisy, busy streets of Juan les Pins. Everybody was out, and would be so until after midnight. It's very much an Atlantic City sort of atmosphere; I'm sure that Antibes is less populated and more refined. So I made it back to the hotel and went to bed. No sense planning on a quiet night's sleep, what with motorcycles in distant streets and Italian tourists arriving at the hotel and chatting their way up the steps. It wasn't really outrageous, it's just that it didn't stop until after 3:00 a.m. That's what it's like here in the summer. I awoke at a little after 7:00, and again at 8:30. Now I'll finish up my Atlantic narrative, and then I'll center my day around a visit to the Picasso museum.

August 7, 1991. 6:00 p.m.

Some notes I may use at the end of my travelogue.

I have come up with some of the most interesting ideas in the most unexpected places. I didn't focus on seeking out authorities or experts (though there are exceptions here), but I got some expert commentary. Just one example: Mohamed Harbi's commentary on copyright law.

A world history written by one person is of necessity a very personal and subjective venture. I think it is a valid venture, but I could never claim that its validity is of the sort that comes from meticulous sifting of all the relevant facts. The validity is to be found in the phenomenon that, if one sets the globe as the framework, a selection of evidence within that

framework - even, at the limit, an arbitrary selection of evidence - has the likelihood of sustaining useful and ultimately testable hypotheses about the history of the world.

In one sense, this telling of the tale of my voyage around the Atlantic has been a long preface to the narrative and analysis to follow. In another sense, it has already revealed my analysis, and subsequent chapters will simply restate it in different forms.

It was not bad to finish off the trip with Picasso. Picasso who started the century with such a bang, with his brilliantly executed but relentlessly anti-establishment works of art, his instinctive reaching out to African artists who, unknown to him, were crystallizing in their sculpture a similar critique of hierarchy in society. Picasso the critic of war. But also Picasso, the artist whose works came to dominate the modern market for art works, and came then to be absorbed by it so that he became a symbol of the establishment more than a critic of it. Finally Picasso, as much a lecherous man in is old age as in his youth, posing in his own way the endless dilemma of relations between men and women.

I have run into a couple cases of a struggle for balance between contradictory social forces, and am seeking a general way to discuss them. Mohammed Harbi posed the argument that creative workers - artists and intellectuals - in Third World countries have no adequate protection for their properties: tapes are simply pirated, and even books are published in pirate versions. On the other hand, only at the resultant cheap prices do books and tapes get into the hands of consumers there. I doubt he would try to contradict the relevance of this point, but his point was to show that the result was that this question off rights (and not just technical issues) forced Third World artists and intellectuals to do their work at the center.

I bet Roger Gaillard would have an interesting commentary on this point.

I saw an analogy between this issue and the problem in price theory that I tried to reveal in the last few years of my teaching economics. The theory of perfect competition shows that a unique price is determined by the costs of the firm in interaction with the consumers; similarly, it shows that a unique wage is determined by the cost of providing labor and the level of labor demand by firms. That led, ideologically, to the argument that firms had no choice but to pay the levels of wages they selected, and that labor unions were a restrictive impediment to competitive, efficient wage levels. But, I pointed out, as soon as one relaxed the assumption of perfect competition - as soon as one allowed for the existence of any market power, either for the firms or for the workers, but especially when both had market power - there is no uniquely determined equilibrium wage. There is a range of wages which should be acceptable to both parties; above the top of that range, firms must cut back production, and below the bottom of that range, workers must cut back their offer of labor. But within that range, the wage level is determined by the moral and political persuasive powers of the parties, not by economic factors. (Of course the wage level, once set, determines profits and earnings for both sides, and then sets different economic limits for the next period.) My point was to get students to see the issue of selecting the balance between the interests of labor and of capital.

More generally, social scientists are carrying on a search for determining factors in a world which is clearly patterned, but which still seems largely indeterminate. So I guess my wage bargaining example is a case where determinate factors put certain limits on wages, but within those limits wages are set in an indeterminate (arbitrary?) fashion. I imagine that Marx was fiddling with the same mixture of mechanisms when he began speaking of the move from quantitative change to qualitative change.

Anyhow, I got up at about 8:30 this morning, finished up my draft of the travelogue, and headed out at 11:00. I walked to Antibes, bought a croissant aux amandes on the way, bought postcards, made a dinner reservation, changed $60, and got to the Picasso museum just after it closed. So I walked toward the beach, found a nice care and had an omelette aux fines herbes and two glasses of beer for lunch, then stretched out on the beach for some sun and wrote six cards. Then I walked back to the square, mailed them, and went over to wait for the opening of the museum at 3:00. There was quite a crowd, and it took fifteen minutes for me to get in. The museum was much as I remembered it, only I had forgotten that Picasso's time at the Chateau Grimaldi was limited to June or July to December 1946. He gave his works from that time to Antibes, and the museum opened up in 1949. Lots of plates, so he was thinking about food. And lots of satyrs and goats, and painters-with-ladies, so he was thinking about sex. The art work, interspersed with photos of him, reveal the sheer energy, the restless creativity of the man. There are sections of the museum devoted to other artists of Antibes, but I was not drawn to them. So I too am caught up in the mystique of the appreciation of Picasso which is part of his phenomenon, part of the irony of his work and its effect. I had other things on my mind, so I didn't really study the collection, just communed quietly with it for about an hour.

On the way out I went to the gift shop, looking for presents for Perry and Sue for their work for me this summer. Ultimately I got each of them a guide to the museum in French. Of the two at the cash register, the fortyish blonde woman was seeming unhappy with her work. As I paid she first rushed me for the bill, then asked if I didn't have something smaller. So I said that if she had given me more time, I might have found a smaller one. Suddenly she changed, brightened up, and asked where I was from; she responded to my answer by saying that she would never have guessed I was from the US because of the quality of my French. I said that I spent a lot of time in Africa, and the peculiarities of my accent might come from that. By this time she had stepped away from the cash register, leaving all the work to the other guy, and said that I had a worldly outlook. I said she must study people rapidly if she could make such a conclusion so quickly. I asked her if people from Eastern Europe ever came through, and she said hardly any: she thought of a Russian couple, two Romanian artists, and an East German woman who I think was a doctor. By now the other guy left the cash register in retaliation, and customers had piled up a lot, so the woman went back to work and we said goodbye.

On the way back to the hotel I stopped at a store for a bottle of Orangina and a bottle of yogurt-to-drink; this thirsty boy drank all of the latter and some of the former.

August 7, 1991. 8:30 p.m.

I've been looking over both book manuscripts for the last couple of hours. Yes indeed, new ideas will come as I race during the next month to get them ready for circulation to publishers. For instance:

I have taken race and class as issues for the period from 1700 to the present. Not gender. In fact I have added in nation, though I didn't include it in my list. Still not gender. Race, class and nation, however, are collective groupings. One can try to separate them, and treat them as homogeneous. Those attempts have now failed, but the efforts went on for long and went to great extremes. The issue of gender, however, is more easily linked to questions of individual rights than to such groupings as class and nation. Mohamed Harbi made this point explicit for me when he suggested that the movement of colonial contestation focused on citizenship (and hence individual rights) for a while, but then focused on the rights of nations, and lost sight of

individual rights - for a long time, people in newly independent countries had privileges but not rights.

Crudely, the events of the past century have affirmed the equality of nations, the equality of races (insofar as they exist), and the dignity (but not the dominance) of the working class. Under such circumstances, it is possible to raise again for discussion the human rights of individuals (and of groups as well, of course) - political dissidents, women, children, gays, religious minorities. All of these have been issues before, and one must account for them in the analysis of any period in history, but the level of discrimination among major groups was so great that these individual-level issues could never gain the spotlight.

Well, there is much to clean up here, but this seems like a line of investigation worth pursuing.

August 8, 1991. 4:00 p.m., Heathrow Airport.

I dressed for dinner, and at just after 9:00 p.m. walked over to Antibes to the Auberge Provencale, where I had reserved a table for 9:30. This was the place where Fred, Jane, Marj and I dined when we visited Antibes in the summer of 1985. I took a wrong turn and got there ten minutes late, and was a bit irritated with myself.

First they asked me to wait for a table to open up, and sat me down for an aperitif. I had a Ricard, and they also brought some crackers and olives (with seeds, as always here). Then the waiter said I could come to the table when I was ready, and I soon followed him in. I sat next to a wooden pillar with a mask of a human face and a gas jet, burning, coming out of his mouth. (When the lights went out for a moment, later on, my masked friend provided much of the light for the room.)

I ordered from the menu, but not having the presence of mind to engage the waiter in the long discussion one ought to have about every aspect of it. But that was OK. First I had a half dozen oysters, which were delicious. For wine I had a half bottle of their house white; the waiter seemed a bit displeased by this, but I trusted their wine and was here to focus on the food. Then I had medaillons de langoustre. This was lobster tail, cut into medaillons, set on a bed of cabbage, green beans and mushrooms, in a vinaigrette sauce. Then I was given a tray with three different mayonnaises: one plain, one with fines herbes, and one I think with capers. I tried the bunch of them, and thought the fines herbes one was best.

The entree was a supreme de saumon. The salmon was cooked in a wonderful sauce of which it was not possible to distinguish the elements; it was set on a bed of spinach, and sprinkled with chives and the like, plus a little sprig of cilantro. Set elsewhere on the plate (an oblong plate of the Midi, same shape as those Picasso made and left at the museum) were a scoop of rice, and a scoop of grated carrots cooked with some green spices. Plus there were two small mussels, and a piece each of carrot and zucchini, cut with the intention of making them resemble miniatures of each, but I wasn't tricked. Finally, there was a piece of zucchini cut crosswise and scooped out, and
one more mussel (this one out of its shell) plus a bit of tomato fit into the hole. It didn't seem like much quantity, but the meal was very rich, and I was quite full by the time I got to this point.

Then the waiter offered cheese, and I agreed. I had only two: a piece of chevre, and a piece of grasse - I lost the details of the names of each. Then, for dessert, I gave up on my plan to have a pastry because I was so full. Instead, I had a parfait: it was a small cup of vanilla ice cream with plenty of Grand Marnier in it, and topped with chantilly. I liked it.

The meal came to 333 FF, and I left a tip of 37 FF. The waiter and I had a brief chat at the end, and I wandered off into the evening.

Stuffed, but with a feeling of well being, I strolled back in the very warm night to the hotel. I took a few minutes to walk around and look at the garden which they have put great effort into fixing up, and which is lit nicely at night. I mentioned that to the man at the desk. He responded with one of those nice corrections of French usage that I got few of (probably too few) on this trip. Half in jest, I had used the term "investiguer" to describe my study of the garden. He said that one would not use such a term in French, and we discussed alternative terms for a bit.

It was quieter that night than the previous, but I still didn't sleep until after 3:00. But I made it up, packed, and took the bus to the Nice airport. Now they are calling my flight to Boston, so off I go.

# Songs of Democracy: The World, 1989-1991

by

Patrick Manning

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# CHAPTER I. ENVISIONING THE WORLD

## Songs of Democracy

Voices rose from Tiananmen.

At first it was words of sadness. A few hundred called out the name of Hu Yaobang, the fallen hero of democracy. Then the echoes of their cries called forth more mourners, and within three days one hundred thousand Beijing university students raised their voices together. Soon the mourners transformed their sadness into demands, and themselves into demonstrators.

Reverberations of the demonstrators' voices reached the press. Reporters came to this public square in the capital of the world's most populous nation. Soon they beamed the images and the sounds of the demonstrators' actions by electromagnetic waves, reflected off satellites, to every corner of the world.

This music of democratization was not new. The students readily acknowledged the inspiration they had drawn from the "people power" movement four years earlier in the Philippines. Even their stage had been used before: earlier student groups held pro-democracy meetings at Tiananmen in the 1970s and mid 1980s. But somehow the rhythm and the lyrics of their expression in 1989 caught the imagination of a world in search of inspiration.

From late April to June of 1989, the eyes of the world focused on Tiananmen. Fluctuating waves of opinion interacted with the tones of the students' voices and the flashes of images such as the Goddess of Freedom and Democracy -- the huge, symbolic statue in styrofoam brought to the square in the waning days of the confrontation. The world watched as the state reimposed the old order. On June 4, the People's Liberation Army cleared the square and destroyed barricades set up throughout the city, at the cost of many lives.

For a month or so, it seemed that the call to democracy had been silenced. But echoes of the voices from Tiananmen continued to reach new ears.

In Leipzig, small numbers of citizens had been meeting each Monday night to speak for individual liberty. By August their voices were amplified by the footsteps and the automobiles of thousands of young East Germans seeking to flee their country. In a new language and a different key, East German voices now rose in a chorus reminiscent of that in China.

Only this time the state refrained from cracking down. As in China, the sounds of the call for democratic reform influenced not only the demonstrators but also the authorities, who divided into those determined to reaffirm authority and those fearing to repress an expression of the general will. By stages, the East German state acknowledged its rejection by its constituents. The Berlin Wall opened (almost by accident) in November and crumbled rapidly thereafter, as a numbed state and a joyous people competed to remove its remains. This monument to Cold War confrontation came down in the name of the individual rights of East German citizens and the collective destiny of Germans.

The music of democratization had now become rhythmic enough to sustain a dance. Perhaps the dance had begun earlier in Poland, where carefully choreographed elections, held on the very day of the repression at Tiananmen, brought forth a multiparty regime to replace the previous Communist domination of office. As the Berlin Wall opened, citizens throughout

Eastern Europe called out for direct representation in government and for economic reform. The chorus became irresistible, and government after government acted out the dance of reform, acceding to the calls for democracy.

By December of 1989, the whole world reverberated under the impact of waves of every length generated by the movement for democratization. The chants and songs of democracy generated sound waves; the sights and symbols of demonstrators radiated outward in the visual frequencies. There were waves of radio, television and telephone transmission of these sights and sounds. The very earth shook under the impact of marching feet.

Whence these waves of democratization? Were they the social equivalent of a tidal wave -- a tsunami? In such a case a cataclysmic earthquake (centered at Tiananmen, we can imagine) sends shock waves across the seas, which decline in speed but rise greatly in amplitude as they reach shallow-water areas, and create walls of water that crash briefly but with devastating effect on distant beaches. If Tiananmen was an earthquake, however, its sources came not from the bowels of the earth but from earlier conflicts in China and elsewhere on the earth's surface.

Or were the waves of democratization more like the tides? The earth and its moon, linked in perpetual interaction by the force of gravity, bring a regular fluctuation in the waters. Perhaps some tidal system of social interaction brings popular protest to a high-water mark every generation or so.

Waves of protest, waves of change.

If we cannot yet say with precision what type of waves they were, we can still feel their effects. Further, caught up in the waves were human beings, not inanimate particles of sand. People responded actively to the waves striking them, and set off their own waves of discussion. Whole societies, in absorbing the waves of democratization, transformed them rather than simply reflect them, and sent different waves of democratization on to the next society.

In nation after nation, the global refrain of democratization was found to harmonize with local songs of liberation. In South and Central America, an electoral verse, developed over the course of the 1980s in opposition to the military cadence of dictatorships, brought new and popularly elected governments to power in most countries. In Benin and then in many other African countries, a melody of political consensus led to development of the national conference, a complex minuet in which disenfranchised interest groups of the nation induced the tiny group holding power to relinquish that power to a prime minister and a parliament. Even the countries of every continent caught in bitter Cold War confrontation were drawn -- clearly if not decisively -- toward conciliation.

The sounds of gunfire returned to the democratization movement in December. The secret police of Nicolae Ceaucescu sought to repress a demonstration in the Romanian town of Timisoara, and instead brought rebellion, a brief but bloody civil war, and overthrow of the regime. Then in Panama the thud of bombs added a jolting element to democratization. The United States invaded Panama to rid the country of its dictator, Manuel Noriega, and to impose as president a candidate declared defeated in an earlier election. This two-week confrontation amplified the dissonance between the sovereignty of nations and the political rights of individuals.

Rigid laws, in South Africa, prevented the playing of the music of democracy outside the elite salons of a privileged minority. By February of 1990, however, the rhythm of drums and the steps of urban and rural feet brought down prison walls. They enabled Nelson Mandela to walk free and add his eloquent voice to the democratic choir. The airwaves brought an immediate effect in faraway Nepal. Demonstrators in Katmandu celebrated the release of

Mandela, then added a new verse to the refrain and demanded a parliament from their king. Mandela himself toured Africa, Europe and North America to spread his message of majority rule and social reform, while demonstrations continued at home. In Boston, Mandela spoke to an audience of 300,000 on a summery June day, and gave as his encore a spirited dance to the music of a South African band.

Then in August of 1990, the waves of democratization coverged on the Persian Gulf to provide a cruel twist. Saddam Hussein of Iraq sought to affirm his country's national prestige by siezing neighboring Kuwait. George Bush of the United States responded by organizing an unprecedented unity of purpose and program in the United Nations Security Council, calling on Iraq to withdraw. In a second step, the U.S. and other countries sent troops to the region to blockade Iraq; in a third step, the U.S. unilaterally doubled its forces in the Gulf in November. By December an ultimatum was given, and in mid-January the war began. In an overwhelming display of military might, the U.S. and its allies quickly devastated their Iraqi enemy.

The American song of democratization was directed not at domestic affairs, but at events elsewhere in the world. While there was hardly time to develop a song for the case of Panama, for the Gulf many voices -- millions, one could fairly say -- called out for democracy. But as striking as the amplitude of the American voice was its transformation. In eight months, the American song of democratization in the Gulf underwent two dramatic changes. It arose in August as an ode to international cooperation and defense of the rights of nations. By January it had become a nationalistic celebration of battlefield victory and a cry for punishment of enemies and slackers. Then wartime enthusiasm gave way to skepticism within months of the military victory.

Echoes of the Gulf war sounded in other debates and conflicts during the spring of 1991. Among these, the long and painful debates in the Soviet Union -- carried out openly since 1985 and under cover in earlier times -- grew in a crescendo. Opposing ethnic and ideological camps set forth their cases with operatic gestures. Then, at the end of July, a curious silence settled across this complex nation that was a collection of many nations.

The silence broke in August with the claim of a group of officials, supporters of the old centralized system, to have siezed power to end the humiliation of their country. They dared not use the drums of the military, seeking instead to appropriate the songs of democrats to proclaim their regime. But the sound was tinny, and a small number of vocal opponents, gathering around the populist voice of Boris Yeltsin, soon found themselves connected to the cries of condemnation both outside and inside the country. Within three days the putsch had collapsed, and Mikhail Gorbachev made his shaky but triumphant return from captivity to Moscow. The fate of the Soviet Union remained unclear, but the new power of democratic movements was unmistakable.

Precisely one month later, the experience of the Soviet coup was repeated in Haiti. The symbolic importance of this country had been established two centuries earlier, when Haitian slaves struck fear into landowners around the Atlantic with their rebellion. As the price of their success, their free descendants suffered global ostracism thereafter. Then in December of 1990, while the Americans were distracted by the Gulf crisis, Haitians had taken an extraordinary step. The song of liberation theology provided the vehicle for the rise to power of an alliance of the urban and rural poor with the election of Jean-Bertrand Aristide as president. Eight months after his inauguration, the military grasped a last chance to redress its declining power and siezed the government, though it allowed President Aristide to escape.

The sequel was both similar and different. As with the Soviet Union, foreign and domestic protest rose against the coup. But the press was not so quick to cover events in Haiti, and a larger number of deaths had less political effect. The very songs of democracy had changed -- from student demands for free speech and professional demands for multiparty governments to peasant demands for land. And a new dance developed as the Organization of American States, including representatives of newly elected South American governments, sought to negotiate a return of the elected government, and imposed an economic boycott on Haiti.

This brief narrative, taken from three years laden with events, includes but a few of many stories of that remarkable period. The demonstators reinforced each other. They took heart from each others' victories and expressed outrage at each others' defeats. They shared a sense of participation in a global movement of the general will. It would be too much to argue that they all sung in harmony with each other. There were too many clashes -- between ethnic groups, over details of reforms, and between supporters and opponents of socialism -- to suggest that the power of this movement gave it unanimity. But all joined in the new global anthem, and shook the world as they did. The songs of democracy -- the widespread demands for multiparty government, for freedom from government economic constraint, and the condemnation of privilege in high office -- were only the most tangible of the many waves causing the earth to shudder in its orbit.

Illustrations:

* Goddess of Freedom and Democracy, Tiananmen
* man before column of tanks, Tiananmen
* Berliners atop wall before Brandenburg Gate, Berlin
* Nelson Mandela walking out of prison, Cape Town
* explosion of headquarters building, Baghdad
* highway of Death, Kuwait
* Yeltsin atop tank, Moscow

## The Telling of Global Tales

Over the centuries, historians have recounted the experience of individuals, of tribes, cities, kingdoms and nations. Their tales provided our ancestors with a sense of roots and tradition, and revealed object lessons to be taught to their children. Now the world has changed once again: our community is not simply local and national, but also global. Historians, to keep up with their times, must learn to tell tales at the global level.

In one sense, telling stories of world history is not difficult. Evidence on recent world affairs is easily collected, and the techniques for moulding this evidence into historical tales are well known. Even the problems of scale are not that difficult: if we are comfortable with writing history of the 250 million people in the United States, or of the one billion people in China, why should it be much more difficult to write about the history of five billion humans?

On the other hand, thinking about history at the planetary level involves new complexities, of which I will emphasize four. First, world history must be inclusive. A world history must cross community lines -- those distinguishing races, nations, big and small powers, rich and poor people -- and draw them together into a planetary story. Second, world history must be interactive. It is not enough to lump all humanity together, nor to focus simply on the powerful or their impact on the weak. The mutual interactions of many communities are the

stuff of world history. Third, world history must recognize that our planet is a closed system. While one may immigrate and emigrate from a given nation, one cannot enter or leave the earth except through birth and death. This boundary gives the history of the world a dynamic different from that of its constituent communities. Fourth, world history is a new and unfamiliar way of thinking. We have been schooled in the history of our nation, and of that segment of humanity known as Western Civilization. Because of our training, we tend to slip into giving national explanations for events that can only be understood in global terms. The horrendous epidemic of AIDS, for instance, shows no respect for national boundaries, yet in the U.S. and in other countries we see efforts to explain and to treat the disease as if it were a national problem.

So, to repeat myself, one side of world history calls on us to tell the familiar sort of historical tale, but set on a larger scale. The other side of world history requires us to reconceptualize the meaning of history and of society.

Many stories can and will be told in world history. The story I have chosen for this book is, I think, the most important in recent times, and the one which most clearly conveys the idea that history does indeed take place at the planetary level.

This is a world history of democratization, human rights, popular culture and popular consciousness in the years 1989-1991. I argue that the events of our time reflect an extraordinary turning point in world-wide patterns, especially in the development of a global consciousness. Second, I argue that popular culture has provided not only the medium but the message for a new philosophy comprehending, at once, individual liberation, group identity, and human rights. Third, I argue that human rights have now become the central issue in world society, and that the wave of democratization movements from 1989 through 1991 is best interpreted in the light of new debates on human rights.

The full argument extends across the past five centuries and, in some comparisons, even further back. To illustrate the contours of my overall argument, let me dip into a few particulars. Along with many historians, I believe that a new era began in about 1500. The voyages of discovery, symbolized by the names of Columbus and da Gama, launched the process of creating a global community.

In contrast to many historians, however, I believe that by 1700 the act of creation had been completed. By that date, a single, loose network embraced virtually all the peoples of the world. This global community enveloped the distinct societies and civilizations of earlier times, and provided a planetary framework for their interaction. Since 1700, therefore, history has no longer been dominated by the creation of a world community, but rather by the evolution and transformation of a world community already in existence.

The existence of the post-1700 global community can be reconstructed in many particulars. Economic and technical links among the continents can be documented in straightforward fashion. More difficult to demonstrate is that the world has three hundred years of history as a single system in social, political and cultural affairs, for such a demonstration involves keeping track of complex interactions among regions and societies. Still, I think that music and art, as well as family structures and systems of government, can be convincingly shown to have had a significant global dimension for the past three centuries.

The reality of this global network of historical change did not, however, bring about rapid development of a global identity to match it. Popular consciousness remained riveted in more local identities: family, region, ethnicity and, more recently, class and nation. Over the centuries, only a few scholars, religious leaders, philosophers, dreamers -- and an occasional political leader -- have thought seriously about the earth as a single community.

But at the present moment, global consciousness and global identity are finally becoming widespread. The man and woman in the street have come to acknowledge the planetary scale of society, in response to the events of our time: two devastating world wars, colonization and decolonization, a generation of nuclear-armed Cold War confrontation, the rise of the United Nations, the growing prominence of multinational firms, threats of environmental disaster, and some extraordinary developments in communications technology. More than our parents, we now tend to see reflections of ourselves when we look at people from other continents.

Understandably, many of us also leap to the conclusion that the world community has just come into existence: only in this generation, and only as we have learned of it. In practice, however, many of the events in the world we are discovering take place in patterns that have been operating for several generations. A history of the world community over the past several centuries would reveal some remarkable continuities among all the changes. It would show the transformations of regions in contact with one another, and the rise of truly global patterns.

But that is another book.

This book focuses only on recent times. It gives the current-events version of my argument, focusing on the dramatic events of 1989-1991. In this tale, the main events consist of a world-wide set of democratization movements. The underlying motivation for the events stems from new claims to human rights; the claims to human rights result from fundamental changes in the social order; and all of these changes are channeled through popular culture.

In preparing to present this contemporary tale, I have worked to update both the staging of the drama and the form of the plot. The stage I have chosen is planetary: it is therefore not only broad in scope but spherical in shape. The stage devices include songs, shouts, flashes of light, and numerous crowd scenes.

The plot too is set at a planetary level: this makes it different from the forms we are used to. The stories we inherit from the distant past -- folk tales and epics telling us of heroes and ancestors -- are set in specific locales. The histories we learn in school recount the rise and destiny of nations and their leaders. These histories have developed in the last two hundred years, with rise of modern nations and their schooling systems. Now we must learn to tell the tale of the shared experience of all men and women, and to recount it in a form specific enough to touch us as individuals, yet broad enough to embrace humanity in all its diversity.

I offer this tale as a people's history. I believe that groups of people (defining themselves by region, nationality, profession, gender, age, etc.) are initiators and not just receptors of historical change. They define their interests, develop leaders, and work to impose their will on nature and on others around them. This is not, however, the story of a unified and triumphant people: the divisions and conflicts among groups of people are every bit as serious as those among their leaders. Rather it is a story of interactions and interchange among people all over the world, and of the world's transformation through the resulting contradictions.

The telling of such a broad and complex tale presents a difficult problem for the storyteller, not least because the story must conform to well-known facts as well as make good dramatic sense. For the facts, I turned to the traditional tools of the historian: collecting relevant documents of various sorts, and drawing a selection of facts from them in accord with a systematic framework. For the dramatic approach, I took comfort and inspiration from the television dramas which have found such great resonance in popular audiences. In the serial soap operas, drawing the highest audiences in the United States, Brazil and Mexico, very complex story lines develop as the scene alternates rapidly among a series of subplots. Not all of them are resolved at once, yet the subplots and their messages interact to give direction to the

story as a whole. This is the type of dramatic structure I have given to this tale of the years 1989-91. Though the medium of the history book is different from that of the television drama, the reader should find something familiar in the organization of the story.

I believe that something is to be gained by considering all the world at once: North and South, East and West, all the peoples and countries of our planet. The point is not so much that this broader approach will add more detail as that it will reorient our view of history. This global view will enable us to recognize the interactions that have been taking place among our constituent societies, and will enable us to discern a wholly distinct pattern of world-wide events which we either neglect or misconstrue when we study events at the national level. The balance I offer in the pages below is one which focuses both on the great centers of power and on weaker, poorer regions; which gives emphasis to the interactions among all of them; and which reveals the combined patterns of the world as a whole. It will focus, in this case, on the very recent past, but I will attempt to show traces of the deep historical roots which have nourished the startling transformations of our day.

The three short chapters of the first section set the scene by focusing on new ways of envisioning the world. In the previous chapter, I began by portraying the democratization movements through a metaphor of sound, centering on the demands of the demonstrators. In this chapter, the narrator introduces himself and his purpose. In the next chapter I show the peculiar characteristics of the stage on which world events occur, and the vantage points from which we will view the events.

The second section presents the framework of my analysis. It introduces two major forces for change in our era: popular culture, as reinforced in mass media, and an emerging philosophy of human rights. The fourth chapter documents the recent emergence of a global identity at the popular level, and describes its character especially through music. The fifth chapter, returning to the metaphoric approach of the first, presents the ideas underlying the democratization movements through a metaphor of light: the dreams and claims of demonstrators appear there as flashes of light.

The five chapters of the third section comprise the actual historical tale. Chapter six asks the reader to imagine the telling of a fireside tale on a planetary scale. Then the chapter goes on to portray world events from 1979 through 1988 as a prelude to the democratization movements. Chapters seven, eight and nine present, in turn, the events of 1989, 1990 and 1991. The combination is at once a chronological and a thematic narrative, recounting the main events but also emphasizing the interactions among the various subplots -- for instance, the links from Berlin to Cape Town to Katmandu. Chapter ten carries the story through 1992, but treats the events of that year as an aftermath of the main surge of democratization.

The fourth section presents the historian's explanation of the events we have just been through. What caused the unleashing of these extraordinary events, and what set their timing? Chapter eleven shows how an accumulation of changes in social structure, economic organization, technology, and education helped to set off the events. Chapter twelve offers an equivalent analysis in the realm of ideas: the developments in ideas on race, nationality, gender, religion, capitalism vs. communism, and the resultant new ideas on human rights.

The final section addresses the future we face. Chapter thirteen assesses what is new in the New World Order, in its political and social organization, and in the realm of ideas. There I present human rights as the central issue of our time, and argue that the main result of the events of 1989-91 was to open a new era in debate on human rights. The new debate makes our world a more complex place in which to live, and one in which eternal verities are hard to find. But it

opens the possibility of a more uniform standard of human equality, and permits a planetary dialogue to arise alongside the reality of our planetary society. Then, and because this book is written by a historian, the last word is about the past rather than the present. In chapter fourteen I argue that the recognition of the global nature of today's society requires that we reconsider our past. It is time to look beyond the national straightjackets in which we have written our past to find the antecedents to the global society of today.

In a world ringing with debate, I offer my interpretation of current history as one more position in the discussion. I want to contrast this global, people's history with what usually passes for the history of our time.

The dominant approach to the history of our time focuses on great powers and on leaders. At the limit, some writers even assume that the history of the great centers of power serves, in practice, as the history of the entire world. Let us consider the period 1945-1989. We often treat it as the period of the Cold War, of Russia vs. America, of the Kremlin vs. the White House. Nearly a half-century of struggle went on around the globe, but it was often convenient to think of it as a battle between two titans, based in Washington and Moscow. The Cold War reinforced a bipolar mode of thinking (one almost dares to label it as a flat-earth approach): capitalist and communist, free-market and command economy, Adam Smith and Karl Marx, democracy and dictatorship, us and them.

I have no interest in denying the chilling and powerful reality of that great conflict. Yet during the period of the Cold War, the world experienced great waves of decolonization and of expansion in education, the rise of mass movements for racial and sexual equality, the emergence of crucial environmental issues, and the technical revolution of microelectronics. It seems to me that the world has been multipolar for a long time.

For historical writers to escape dramatic forms based on great men and great powers is not necessarily easy. Those caught up in Cold-War mentality have tended to see the events of 1989-91 as the denouement of that battle of titans: various of them called it the "collapse of Communism," the "victory of free-market capitalism," the "betrayal of socialism," and even "the end of history."

These are Cold-War interpretations of the end of the Cold War. They are views which threaten to become Manichean, dividing humanity into good and evil, self and other.

I will offer a contrasting and broader interpretation. It presents the drama of our time as a people's history, though by that decision it is thrust into the complexities and contradictions of life with that vivacious yet ambiguous being, "the people." The interpretation presents the media not simply as the tools of its owners, but as liberators and channelers of broad popular culture, and as a cause of democratization movements. It presents the media and popular culture as a means of portraying the broader range of events in the democratization movements.

Human society is stretched as a thin skin around the exterior of our planet. The tautness of it is such that, if pressure grows at one point, tensions are felt immediately and spontaneously at many points, even distant ones. As we read about events, or as we watch them on the television, we play the role of observers. But we are still on stage, rather than sitting passively in an audience. So our reactions to the actions of others are also part of the drama of our time.

## A People's Drama on a Spherical Stage

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.

Jaques, in Shakespeare's
"As You Like It"

Shakespeare's familiar lines take on new meaning as we approach the end of the twentieth century. Art and life have become imitations of each other on a grander scale than ever before. On the small screen of our television we see images and reality transmitted, by satellite, from every corner of the earth's surface. In between programs, symbolically spinning globes dominate the screen. Our political leaders take on the roles of popular cultural heroes: Mikhail Gorbachev and Ronald Reagan provide examples of this duality, which is all the more obvious in Reagan's case because he spent his earlier life as an actor. Musicians and soap opera heroes have become the trend-setters in social values; the Catholic pope became the impresario for immense demonstrations and parades on every continent.

All the world's a stage, and the stage is all the world.

Shakespeare, writing four centuries ago, grasped the direction in which the world was evolving. When he said "all the world," he seems in fact to have meant all the world. The bard penned his appealing metaphor in about 1595, just a century after the voyages of Columbus and da Gama. The notion of the world as a globe was still novel, and was perhaps all the more impressive for its novelty. As a name for his London theater, Shakespeare chose The Globe. This and other evidence suggests that he and his troupe had in mind the recreation, on the stage, of the experience of the planet.

Further, when Shakespeare said "and all the men and women merely players," he may in fact have meant all the men and women, rather than a chosen few. If, in his dramas, the major players do much to set the tone and the story line, the minor players add color and insight to the proceedings, and at times turn the outcome in new directions.

The power of Shakespeare's words made his plays into a keystone of the modern English language; in translation, they assumed an important place in the literature of all the world. Yet Shakespeare wrote for a very specific and local audience: the urban population of Elizabethan England. Whether he wrote about Rome, Egypt, Denmark, Bermuda or a dream world, he wrote with care for the sensitivities of playgoing Londoners. At the same time, Shakespeare sought to engage the attention of his English audience by inspiring them with a sense of their participation in a wider human drama.

In Shakespeare's day, understanding the world was a matter of philosophical and popular sport. Today, on the eve of a new millenium, it has become a matter of basic necessity. In the four hundred years since Shakespeare penned his lines, the world has changed greatly, and his metaphor has become steadily more appropriate. As much as ever, therefore, his insights provide inspiration and direction for an understanding of the world.

I propose to rely on three of Shakespeare's insights in this project for understanding the world of today. As a framework for my tale, I will adopt his metaphor of the world as a stage.

Then for the structure of my story line, I will emphasize direct and indirect interactions among characters and subplots. And in the style of presentation, I will seek out links of the local and the universal, the tastes of the masses and of the elite. The result, as I have labelled it, is a global history and a people's history.

In my tale, as told below, the world-wide set of democratization movements provides the key events; a set of claims to human rights provides the underlying motivation to the events; and popular culture provides the medium for bringing these claims to center stage in the drama of democratization movements. To tell this tale, I employ the devices of a global stage, an interactive plot, and a popular cast. Further, to convey the character of the events, I utilize sounds, lights, waves and images of all sorts.

This book interprets the events of the years 1989 to 1991 as a tale of global democratization. It centers on the confrontation at Tiananmen, the fall of the Berlin Wall, the collapse of apartheid, the defeat of the Soviet coup -- and on equally dramatic if lesser known events on every continent. Utilizing and extending Shakespeare's metaphor, it treats each of these episodes as part of a single, world-wide movement of popular protest, rather than as separate stories.

The global stage has several peculiarities, beyond the fact that it extends to all the world, unlimited by national or regional boundaries. It is different from the stages we are accustomed to encountering in works of history. The usual historical stage is the flat surface of a given nation, or a larger space, also flat, occupied by the leaders of a few great powers. In contrast, since the stage in this exercise is spherical, the players cannot all see one another: they interact indirectly as well as directly. In addition, all of us are at once players and audience. The stage has no wings: we are on it for life, and the entrances and exits correspond simply to birth and death. The drama of human history is no longer limited to the speeches and actions of great men under the spotlight at center stage. Lights now illuminate the entire stage: the players move and interact, and the narrative emerges out of the lives and speeches of figures in many subplots. The relationships among the players, and not just the characters of the heroes, give the story its meaning.

A people's drama, whether at a local level or at the planetary level of this tale, gives emphasis to the role of ordinary people in making history. This tale is not lacking in heroes and villains, but such titanic figures are not alone on the stage. They interact not only with each other but with the people who grant, accept and revoke their leadership. The cast of characters is large and includes people of many viewpoints. The players are "all the men and women," not limited to the high-born, the educated, the wealthy, or those of pale complexion, but including us all.

If we look at all the world as our stage, and all the men and women as players, we gain a distinct perspective on the events of 1989-91. Some important scenes are indeed played out in the castles and board rooms of powerful heroes and villains, but these are more than balanced by scenes in the streets, the workplaces, the theaters and the homes dominated by that enormous but vague grouping known as "the people." The key action takes place in crowd scenes with, literally, a cast of millions.

As seen from this perspective, the themes of the drama of 1989-91 center on actions by the people, and reactions by their rulers. Popular movements dominated the action, springing to life and enforcing changes in the world order. Popular culture provided inspiration, encouragement and a basis for unity among those active in the movements. Mass media served to facilitate and interpret the changes. The term "democratization" arose to refer to the changes

and the demands for changes in government. And the term "human rights" became the focus of a broad and complex debate on how to balance the numerous and conflicting claims put forth by popular movements and defended in an evolving popular culture.

This is the tale I will present in the pages to follow.

From what vantage point shall we view it? Where are we to be seated? Or can we view the drama from several points at once? If we imagine ourselves to be videotaping the events of the world (along with those who have held camcorders during the events of Bucharest, Kuwait and Los Angeles), we can think of assembling a selection of close-ups, mid-level views, and distant, panoramic shots.

In this book I am working in the medium of prose rather than images, but my tactics are similar to those of a television editor. The overall plot develops at the planetary level, so much of my text will portray the global stage in its entirety. The key actions which advance the plot -- the confrontation at Tiananmen, the Gulf War -- take place at various points on the stage, so I will devote much of my text to presenting details on these national and local developments. In addition, I will give close-ups, and of two types. First, close-ups of such leading figures as Mikhail Gorbachev and Nelson Mandela. Second, close-ups of ordinary people experiencing and responding to the events of the world.

These last close-ups -- the outlooks and experiences of ordinary people -- are more than a footnote. The events of the world proceed not only through the acts of great leaders and powerful social forces, but through the experience, opinions and actions of all of us. I recognize that it is impossible for me to summarize the world's popular opinion: I have sampled only a tiny portion of it. Still, popular opinion is an essential element of my portrayal of recent world history, and I include what I have been able to learn of it.

Let me restate this range of vantage points through another analogy. Historians of nations (who are the majority of all historians) often speak of their surveys as a "bird's eye view" of national affairs. This is a useful image for national surveys (at least for the case of a small nation or a high-flying bird). In the chapters below, I shall frequently utilize this bird's eye view, portraying events in nation after nation.

My central emphasis, however, will be on a broader view. World historian Leften Stavrianos has coined the term of "the view from the moon" to emphasize the notion of the commonality of human history. This view from a greater distance has the advantage of skipping easily across national boundaries, to concentrate on observing patterns for the world as a whole. The view from the moon is essential for an understanding of the events of 1989-91 as a single, world-wide process.

To these vantage points I shall add a third: what I call the "ant's-eye view." From 1989 through 1992 I had the opportunity to travel widely and to meet people and collect documents all around the Atlantic. I shall relate some of my experiences, adopting the voice of one tiny being, rushing along the paths of the planet, touching my antennae to those of others, sharing experience, collecting and dispensing news.

The three perspectives are in many ways disjoint: ants spend little time looking at the moon, and the lunar observer cannot see ants on the earth. But the subject under study is the same: human society at a moment of epochal conflict and transformation. Combining the three views adds depth to our perspective, and brings us a closer to appreciating the full range of human experience during the crucial events of 1989-91.

To illustrate the ant's-eye view, let me introduce the first person with whom I touched antennae, so to speak, on my 1991 trip around the Atlantic. He was the taxi driver who drove me

from the airport to my hotel in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and who showed me around town for the next two days. Joseph (I never learned his last name) was one of an elite of Third World taxi drivers: those with priority on the airport and hotel circuit, in contrast to the heavily loaded, lower paying town taxi circuit. These same drivers specialize in showing visitors the sights of the town for rates that are negotiable. I found Joseph to be an amiable person and an intelligent commentator, and arranged for him to give me a tour of Port-au-Prince the next morning.

We toured the Galerie Nader, Haiti's leading gallery, which sells new paintings (and some sculptures), and older works as well. (I later saw other galleries, with great stocks of paintings: the creativity of Haitian painters runs far ahead of the ability of the market, domestic or foreign, to absorb their work.) We visited the famous murals of the Holy Trinity Cathedral (Episcopal), painted in 1950 by the leading Haitian painters of the time. Then we toured the city -- Joseph pointed out wealthy sections with disdain and poor sections with compassion -- and located people with whom I would later meet. There was much to talk about as we drove, for Haiti was then in the nine-month-long period of the elected regime of President Jean-Bertrand Aristide.

That evening, Joseph came to pick me up, and we went in search of night life. But the Roxy, the leading night club, was quite empty, with only a couple of Dominican prostitutes standing outside. The simple reason: no money among Haitians and no tourists.

Instead, Joseph and I went to two open-air bars on the street behind the presidential palace. There we heard plenty of music -- played on tapes -- and had conversation and beer. The day's discussion had taken Joseph and me through many of the issues in Haiti's current crisis. He spoke of his children and their education, of the strengths and weaknesses of the Aristide regime, and of the endless struggle to make a living. We spoke in French, though he introduced me to several key words in Kreyol.

As time went on, he was less and less able to restrain his anger at the restrictions in Haitian life, and at his belief that American pressures were the most serious problem for the country. The strength of his feeling brought home to me the long-term and complex impact of the U.S. in Haiti: the conflict between American influence and Haitian nationalism, but also the dangers for Haitians of giving full expression to the national sentiments they harbor. In the end I think Joseph was embarrassed and fearful at having expressed such criticism of the U.S. to me: I did not hear from him the next day as I expected to. My response, instead, was one of admiration for his articulate and informed commentary: I have taken him as a symbol of the intensity of debate taking place around the world.

# CHAPTER II. CALLING FOR CHANGE

## Global Consciousness and Mass Media

The 1990 World Cup soccer tournament took place in a variety of summery Italian stadiums. Most of those in the stands were Italian, but scores of thousands of fans came from other countries, not only from Europe, but from North and South America, from Asia and from Africa. Many Brazilians attended, as did large numbers of Japanese. Only a few thousand Cameroonians were there to cheer on their team, which narrowly missed gaining a spot in the finals, but they were supported by other Africans and by other fans won over by the energy and intensity of their players.

Television coverage of the tournament played to the largest, broadest audience in history. For most of the tournament, the lead image in the nightly video coverage was that of Roger Milla, the aging Cameroonian forward, in an exuberant dance with a corner flag after scoring the winning goal against the USSR. Milla's dance reflected the game as its fans believed it should be played. The Cameroonians became the sentimental favorite, not just of Africans, but of Europeans, Asians, South Americans and the few North Americans who paid attention: green Cameroon shirts sold out at stadium souvenir shops. Milla's goal, his dance, the style, skill and passion of the African nation captivated all. The Cameroonians, while narrowly and unluckily beaten by England in the quarter-finals, generated the most popular interest in a sometimes boring tournament. For a globe in revolt, searching for freedom, the symbolic defeat of a mechanical Soviet team by a freewheeling African side triggered powerful emotions. In this arena, Cameroon was more powerful than the Soviet Union, Costa Rica more powerful than Sweden, and Austria more powerful than the U.S.; Ireland was the equal of England, and Colombia the equal of West Germany. In the end, two billion people around the globe watched West Germany win the cup over Diego Maradona's Argentine team in a closely matched final.

Soccer is a single sport shared by players and fans in every corner of the world. Neatly uniformed American children are driven to practice by their parents; Zairian boys kick misshapen and undersized balls around makeshift fields. All of them dream of their national team and of the World Cup competition. The game, and especially the World Cup, provides a focus of common interest and common values for millions of people. The spread of soccer around the world and the development of the World Cup into a planetary competition are fascinating stories. For our purposes, however, we can simply take them as facts, and as evidence of an expanding global identity.

As the excitement of sport provides clues to the breadth of human identity, so also does the horror of disaster. In December of 1984, cyanide gas leaked into the night from the Union Carbide plant at Bhopal, India, and within a few hours some two thousand people had died in the world's worst industrial accident. Indian medical workers did an extraordinary job of treating survivors rapidly and minimizing the damages. At least equally extraordinary was the response of public opinion around the world. It was an outpouring of sympathy in every locale with access to newspapers, radio or television. Spontaneously, it seemed that people everywhere imagined that such a bizarre yet modern disaster could happen to them as well, and it drew them emotionally close to the victims in Bhopal and their families. In the same breath, people

everywhere expressed their fear and anger toward Union Carbide and other multinational corporations, which seemed able to escape the responsibilities that national governments sought to impose on them.

Four months later an even more terrifying disaster brought a similar response. Through mismanagement of a test, officials at the nuclear powerplant at Chernobyl, Ukraine, allowed the core to melt down and the plant to explode, irradiating the immediate area and creating a radioactive cloud that moved slowly westward. The Soviet government first minimized the accident but then, under domestic and international pressure, revealed the full story. Prominent in the early reactions to the story were examples of Cold-War posturing: Western condemnations of Soviet secrecy and denunciations of the inferiority of Soviet technology; Soviet claims that Westerners were exaggerating the disaster. Rapidly, however, these contentious reactions were replaced by widespread sympathy for the victims, increased concern about the dangers inherent in nuclear powerplants generally, and a broadly shared conclusion that governments everywhere should be more concerned with the welfare of the governed and less with their own image.

These examples reveal the existence of a global identity and a global consciousness, shared by people across all national and cultural boundaries. Public reactions to other disasters reveal similar feelings: the Soviet shooting down of the Korean Airlines flight over its territory, and the American shooting down of the Iranian Airlines flight on its way to Mecca. The reflections of global consciousness need not all arise from disasters: the holding of a series of immense concerts in Europe and America to benefit victims of famine in Africa is one example, and the huge crowds meeting Nelson Mandela in Africa, Europe and North America during his 1990 tour are another.

Not everyone participates in global identity, nor participates in it all the time. The end to the communist regimes in Eastern Europe allowed an increase in the activities of nationalistic "skinheads," angry and alienated young men who attacked Asian and African immigrants and guest workers. In the United States, the tendency to blame slow economic growth on Japan showed the continued strength of national exclusiveness in that large country. But in the U.S. as elsewhere, it was possible for people to sustain a range of identities: at once local, national, racial and global. What has changed is that the latter has now become operative, along with the others.

New technology in communications has been central to creating and sustaining the global consciousness that has now become evident. The new technology was crucial in the events of 1989-1991, not only for spreading news of the events, but also in influencing the course of events. Television, radio, videotape, fax and telephone played crucial roles in all the main events. The role of mass communications media, however, goes beyond simple improvement in technology.

Marshall McLuhan introduced us, two decades ago, to the interpenetration of medium and message in modern popular culture: "the medium is the message." His unidirectional formulation proved too simple, but his terminology remains useful. The media of popular culture have expanded and transformed during the twentieth century, and the message has amplified.

During the past century a succession of media has developed, mostly electronic: each has transformed the audience and the message. Photography enabled precise recording and transmission of images, and led to the rise of a new art form. Telegraphs first sped messages among a few centers, but soon allowed newspapers to print reports of world events within a day

of their occurrence. Newspapers evolved and expanded with the succession of changes in technology, and with the growing readership that came from steadily increasing literacy. Telephones permitted instant long-distance communication among all who could gain access to a phone, with private subscription, through friends, or through public phones. Phonographs permitted the recording of sound, and music became steadily reoriented around recordings; the recordings could be played anywhere. Radio, first in urban areas and then more broadly, showed itself to be a medium as flexible and wide-ranging as newspapers.

Motion pictures, the only one of the new media to draw clients into large theaters, developed an immense audience even before the advent of talking pictures at the end of the 1920s, and continued to expand in influence thereafter. Major film industries developed in leading industrial countries -- the U.S., France, Germany, and Britain. Not far behind, however, were film industries in the Soviet Union, in Mexico and China. The Indian film industry has, for many years, far exceeded the American industry in its number of viewers, though perhaps not in gross receipts.

Following World War II, a whole new series of media became available. In part, new means of transmission and declines in cost broadened the appeal and application of earlier media such as radio, phonographs, telephones and motion pictures. In addition, television, tape recorders, photocopiers, videotape recorders, fax machines and satellite dishes became available.

The new media were most densely used, of course, in the wealthier countries, but no area of the world escaped their impact. The Republic of South Africa long forbade television, fearing that its corrosive moral influence might undermide apartheid, but ultimately gave way: by the late 1980s the Bill Cosby show had become its most popular program. Brazil and then Mexico developed powerful national television networks producing, in particular, immensely popular dramatic serials. Brazil's "O Sorriso do Largo" and Mexico's "La Picara Sonadora" became fully as popular around the world as the American "Dynasty." Then with cable TV and satellite transmission, CNN (for news) and MTV (for music, dance and imagery) became available to all who could pull down the signal.

The role of secretly-circulated tape cassettes in bringing the Ayatollah Khomeini to power in Iran in 1979 foreshadowed the role of electronic media in politics in the 1980s. Telephone connections to contacts in the U.S. were crucial to the movement that brought down the Haitian regime of "Baby Doc" Duvalier in 1985. Local and international connection by fax kept information flowing in China during the 1989 demonstrations long after authorities tried to shut off all but their own communications. In Romania, virtually the entire course of the December 1989 revolution was captured on videotape, mostly through hand-held camcorders. In Africa, the Benin national conference of February 1990 was broadcast in its entirety on radio, and much of it was videotaped. This conference, called to calm the waters bubbling toward revolutionary upheaval, resulted in a peaceful and orderly transition from an unpopular single-party regime to a popular democracy. Copies of a two-hour video summary of the conference were sent all over the African continent, with the result that duplicate national conferences and regime changes took place in several other countries.

Let us speak of the message as well as of the media. In December of 1988, several months before the events at Tiananmen, a controversy arose surrounding African students at Chinese universities. Chinese students attacked African students, claiming that they benefitted from unfair privileges in housing and stipends, and complaining about their loud parties. This was a dispute involving not only racism and privilege, but also patriarchy. That is, Chinese men were angry that their women had been drawn into consorting with dancing, singing Africans.

The voices of the women were never heard on the international media, but one can imagine that they saw in cosmopolitan music and dance a chance to escape from the strictures of a domineering society. That hope would now have to wait for another day.

Mass media serve as instruments for creating and furthering global consciousness, but they do not work unaided. Also required is an ideology permitting a broader identity. The real growth in global consciousness followed a pair of changes: the arrival of powerful new media, and significant declines in racial and religious prejudices and in the enmities of the Cold War.

Happily, this new stage in world history brought not simply a broader consciousness, but also an innovative, cosmopolitan popular culture: in music, film, television and radio programming, sport, dress, plastic and graphic arts, and more. Here is an example of a new message on a new medium: on Haitian television I was treated to one a very clever piece of public-interest advertising. It was an ad urging people to use condoms to avoid contracting AIDS. The ad began with a man and woman talking and caressing, and evidently preparing to have sex. The camera pulled back from them to reveal the door to their room being cracked open by Baron Samedi (representing Death in the vodoun tradition), who wore a black cape and a white skull mask. Baron Samedi crept up on the couple, but the woman, unaware of his presence, brought out a condom, and the Baron was repelled from the room by the sight of it. The scene was repeated about three times, each time with Baron Samedi being repelled by condoms. The ad ended with him sneaking into an area where a number of people were having a party. This time they saw him and began pelting him with condoms. The ad ended with Baron Samedi lying on the ground, nearly covered by a growing pile of latex.

I thought the ad played brilliantly on the heritage of zombies in Haitian folklore, and it was a remarkable statement in a country with many Catholics, and where the new president was a Catholic priest. Of course, regular use of condoms is beyond the purchasing power of most Haitians, but the ad did put the full prestige of the media and the state behind the notion of safe sex and care to prevent the spread of AIDS.

Much of popular culture is light-hearted, even frivolous in tone. For this reason, it may appear to be a topic of less seriousness than such matters of state as economic policy, war and diplomacy. The most profound change in contemporary society, however, is that much wider numbers of its members have found ways to participate in the formation of social priorities, first through expression in popular culture, and second through political action. To phrase the same point simply in terms of the media: the media are one of the factors that unleashed the popular demonstrations of 1989-91. And the media provide us with a way of portraying the movement as a whole.

All the world's a stage.

Popular culture, while it forms a central element of the modern world community, is not thereby rendered easy to analyze. It exists and works on many levels, so that it is not a coherent entity one can seize and analyze neatly. In particular, our terms -- popular action, popular protest, popular culture -- all invoke "the people." The term is irretrievably ambiguous: "the people" is not a coherent group, and may entail many divisions and conflicting claims within its limits. A small and specific group can sometimes claim and achieve recognition as "the people" by voicing its outlook forcefully at a time when other groups are mute.

The divisions within the people show up even within families, as generation gaps. Candy Nxumalo, the Soweto taxi driver who showed me much of Johannesburg in 1991, told me of his years of collecting the music of Dizzy Gillespie and other modern jazz greats; his son was more

attracted to the contemporary South African rock style of Brenda Fassie. Father played his records; the son played his tapes.

What stands out, though, in an analysis of "the people," is the contrast to the assumptions of elite social science, in which it is assumed that leaders lead and others follow. In people's history, it is assumed that people do not just follow, and do not just respond. They initiate action and they lead. Leaders are heroes and major figures in popular culture and popular movements, but they are part of a network.

Popular culture is thus an arena of social change and struggle. Sometimes dominant elites manage to define popular values (Hitler's Nazi elite did so, for a while). Sometimes the masses impose their visions on their leaders (as with the overthrow of colonialism in Asia and Africa). The movement of popular entertainers into positions of social leadership complicates the issue, and reflects the complications. In any case, from this vantage point it is not leaders and elites who define the course of history on their own.

Popular culture sometimes serves to manipulate the masses, to mesmerize them. But it also must cater to their opinions, and must learn ways to mediate among their conflicting demands. Popular culture of today permits participation of unprecedented breadth in its performances and in its values. There is no need to idealize it: its importance lies in its force, not in its purity.

The old boundaries between popular culture and elite culture have become even less precise than they were before popular culture became global. The fluidity of the boundary may be illustrated by the case of Pablo Picasso, the Spanish-born artist who began the twentieth century by producing striking images intended as a radical critique of the established artistic traditions and of the social order. His work began as elite art directed against the values of the social elite. The ingenuity, creativity and beauty of his creations, however, made him both an artist with a mass following and an established, elite figure. Ironically, he was then drawn into the elite he had begun to criticize.

Picasso became a global hero of popular culture. He takes his place alongside other, twentieth-century global heroes of popular culture based in film, music, sport, politics, and religion. Charlie Chaplin had perhaps more name recognition around the world than any other person in the 1920s. Such other stars of American film as Greta Garbo and Clark Gable assumed similar importance in the 1930s.

Later, the best known artists became popular musicians. Elvis Presley set this standard with his rise to prominence in the 1950s: his version of rock 'n roll music, uninhibited and sensual, released a tremendous wave of enthusiasm among teen agers, who thereafter became dominant in the market for popular music. Though Presley was tamed after military service and exposure to the wealth brought by his success, the initial message of his music remained strong: it was a declaration of independence from adult life and organized society. While his popularity was centered in North America and Europe, his records and his legend found their way all around the world. The Beatles produced an analogous phenomenon in the 1960s, as did Bob Marley in the 1970s.

Heroes of twentieth-century popular culture have not all been artists, and have not all been from Western countries. The Indian political leader Mohandas K. Gandhi retains an influence around the world for his memorable advocacy of nonviolent political protest. Other Third World political leaders who have become global heroes of popular culture include Mao Zedong, Ho Chi Minh, Gamal Abdel Nasser, Fidel Castro, Corazon Aquino and Nelson Mandela.

Let us concentrate, however, on music, and on the period from the 1950s to the present. Popular music presented a growing audience with a new message and a new medium. Elvis Presley brought the new message of a youthful break with the constraints of social convention. In his early recordings he played an acoustic guitar, but with time he switched, as did so many other artists, to an electric guitar.

The electric guitar -- and electrical amplification of sound in general -- provided the new medium. It was an invention whose time had come, but as it happened, it was the American musician Les Paul who in 1948 perfected the Gibson guitar, the prototype of the modern electric guitar. Paul experimented for years until he developed an instrument with the right sound. Then he and his wife Mary Ford, using a tiny sound stage in their garage, developed the technique of multiple track recordings: their recordings enjoyed several years of popularity, and the new instrument and their techniques spread rapidly through the industry.

The guitar itself had diffused to all the corners of the world in earlier centuries. Musicians everywhere were therefore poised, ready for the invention when it came. New interpretations of many types of music now came forth from bands dominated by electric guitars, and the hits in rock music were heard everywhere. (I am reminded of the number of young people I saw wearing Jimi Hendrix T-shirts in West African towns as I travelled there in 1973.) The electric guitar and popular music became almost synonymous.

But to see the real potential of popular music as a social and political force, we will do best to turn to reggae. Reggae music developed out of the cauldron of social pressures in Jamaica during the 1960s. On this island of two million people, which gained independence from Britain in 1962, crime and violence had grown to a fearsome level. The rapid growth of the metropolis of Kingston had magnified the country's social and economic conflicts. At the edges of town and in some rural areas, meanwhile, the Rastafarian movement rose to offer an alternative. It began as a religious movement focused on solidarity of African peoples, and combined strong social protest with pacifism and self-help. Its celebrants relied on marijuana -- "ganja" -- to elevate their consciousness. And they developed their outlook with music, as did every other group in Jamaica.

Out of this cauldron emerged the Wailers, a group of young men looking for a niche in Jamaica's musical world. Bob Marley wrote many of their songs, and became their most effective singing stylist. Their songs referred to details of the island's social and political conflicts; some of their early songs, emphasizing peace and love with an activist tinge, became great successes. They linked up with a British producer, and released an album which launched them on an international career. Reggae then became known to the world as music of social protest: music celebrating the people (black people in particular), and music tied to an uninhibited social style that included use of marijuana.

The popularity of Bob Marley in popular music thus bears a certain parallel to that of William Shakespeare in drama. In both cases, the artist wrote to a very specific, local audience, yet with a view to inspiring that audience to feel a sense of its universality. The result, in each case, was that audiences around the world were able to adopt this art work as their own. Shakespeare's plays are performed everywhere; Marley, even as he lived, toured North America, Europe, and finally Africa, and played to huge audiences.

Reggae music, under the leadership of Marley and the Wailers, relied on lead and bass electric guitars, and on a characteristic, slow, lilting beat. The sound of the music carried its message to its many listeners who did not know English or the meaning of certain lyrics. The lyrics carried a message of the solidarity of poor people, of their ability to make peace among

themselves and bring about social change, and the belief that God would help them to create a just society. Bob Marley became a prophet, and his music became prophetic.

In only one of his songs did Marley speak explicitly of his mission. "Redemption Song," recorded within a year of his death from cancer in 1981, offers his vision of how the world could be changed through song.

> Old pirates yes they rob I,
> Sold I to the merchant ships.
> Minutes after they took I
> From the bottomless pit.
> But my hand was made strong
> By the hand of the Almighty.
> We forward in this generation, triumphantly.
>
> Won't you help to sing these songs of freedom.
> 'Cause all I ever had, redemption songs, redemption songs.
>
> Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery
> None but ourselves can free our mind.
> Have no fear for atomic energy
> Cause none a them can stop the time.
> How long shall they kill our prophets
> While we stand aside and look?
> Some say it's just a part of it
> We've got to fulfill the book.
>
> Won't you help to sing these songs of freedom.
> 'Cause all I ever had, redemption songs, redemption songs, redemption songs.

The song begins with a reference to slave trade and slavery, then celebrates the advances of black people in the last generation. Marley emphasizes the power of the human will to overcome "mental slavery," and combines a reference to atomic energy and time to refer at once to advanced technology and the elite powers that control it. The killing of prophets would remind Americans of Martin Luther King, Jr., Africans of Amilcar
Cabral, Indians of Gandhi, and Christians of Jesus.

Marley's own action "to fulfill the book" was to sing. He performed the song as a quiet solo, accompanied only by his acoustic guitar. The song ends with the final chord unresolved -- as if to remind listeners that the work of changing the world through song remains unfinished.

These lyrics give us an example of the social power of popular music, at least as seen by one of its most original artists. But it is the sound, far more than the lyrics, that give a piece of music its appeal.

Rhythm and melody tap deeply into our emotions. They have the power to elicit the full range of our feelings: from sadness to joy, from peace to palpitation. It is beyond my powers to write a description of how the choral conclusion to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony elicits a sense of joyful uplift in those who hear it. The music has its direct effect on the emotions: we recognize it

but do not understand it. On the other hand, we can explain some of the more indirect ways in which music links ideas and emotions in our minds.

Musical sounds are very rich and compressed symbols, and we have trained our ears to hear their richness. After hearing one or two chords, we can clearly identify a style of music: reggae, country-western, Hawaiian, Zairian, rock & roll, and so forth. Three or four notes are sufficient to invoke well known national anthems or other songs. If the lyrics of a song are well known, the sound of a bit of the melody will cause a listener to remember the words or to think of their message. Surely, then, a melody, if it can carry the message of lyrics grafted on to it, can also carry the message inherent in its own sound. We will never get that message into words, but we receive it, and we pass it on.

Johnny Nash's "I can see clearly" was the first Jamaican reggae song to be successful outside of Jamaica. The lyrics draw on commonly used Jamaican symbolism in which sunshine and rain refer to good and bad times: "I can see clearly now, the rain is gone; gonna be a bright, bright sunshiny day." The slow reggae beat utilized an orchestration including saxophones, which thus invoked the ska style which had preceded reggae in Jamaica. And various stylistic twists in the recording invoked several strands of black American music, on which Jamaican musicians relied heavily. The listener can pick up each of these references and more in hearing just a few bars from the recording.

Music can convey a multitude of emotional, stylistic, cultural and historical references through its sound alone. Song lyrics and titles reinforce and extend these references. The role that music plays in our lives is precisely to give us complex and multivalent messages. We would not listen to a flat tone from a single source.

Further, of the many musical traditions alive today, contemporary popular music perhaps goes furthest in emphasizing the cosmopolitan. In melody, rhythm, orchestration, style and lyrics, each musician gives complex references to other musicians, to their cultures, and to their ideas. The Beatles adopted the sitar, and thereby signalled all the culture of India and South Asia. Sunny Ade of Nigeria adopted the Hawaiian guitar style. More explicit signals are given when the lyrics follow the sound: Zairian artists of the 1950s sang in Spanish, to signal the Cuban inspiration of their music; similarly, Russian artists of the 1980s sang in English. By 1989 the Zairian musician Koffi Olomide, working in Paris, used synthesizers to add, into a Zairian musical base, tastes of Senegal, South Africa, France and the U.S. (Another reflection of his pan-African outlook is that he adopted a Ghanaian first name and a Nigerian surname to make up his stage name.)

By the 1980s the synthesizer had come to play a role in popular music almost as significant as those of the electric guitar and the drums. The versatility of this electronic keyboard instrument was such that it could mimic the sound of most any instrument -- the African kora, the Indian sitar, the European oboe, the South American flute. The eclectic and cosmopolitan sounds of popular music developed by yet another stage.

To generalize: sounds have messages. A given sound creates a given emotion; a given sound may give reference to another sound. Lyrics and titles of songs have their own messages, which become linked to the sounds with which they are associated. Verbally and non-verbally, consciously and unconsciously, music communicates messages among us. It communicates feelings and ideas; it creates identities and allies.

Some of the ideas of contemporary popular music seem clear. The new music gives value to independence and self-sufficiency. There are many songs of individual aspirations: songs of this generation, as compared with those of earlier times, include less work songs and more love songs. But there are also songs of collective identity: a remarkable number of songs from the African

diaspora sing a litany of countries and cities on several continents where black people live. The music appeals to young people at a time when the controls of older generations have slackened, and conveys desires for material goods and for equal treatment. It is conveying other, deeper messages that we cannot yet decipher.

One important lesson of this tour through musical communication is that all of us, as listeners, have experience in thinking interactively. We hear the multitude of references in music, and we hear the contributions not only of the immediate artist but of many previous artists on whom he or she has drawn. The world of music is multipolar: it is not composed of a few great powers who are the source of all progress, and we would not want it to be.

For the project of trying to understand the global and interactive complexity of the modern world, therefore, we can turn to musical analogies. In the world of music, we can hear the interactions of North America, Latin America, Africa, Europe and Asia, sometimes within a single piece of music. Music therefore provides us with a metaphor for the interconnections of our changing world.

Consider, for instance, the view of leadership one gains from music. Certain artists become well known because of their technical skills, but especially because they convey musical messages that resonate with a wide public. Sometimes these artists actually lead, innovating and drawing performers and audiences in their wake: Bob Dylan's fusion of folk and rock music traditions is an example of such leadership. At other times they follow their public, attempting to adjust to changing tastes: Madonna's repeated changes in identity exemplify the leader as follower. One does not study leadership in music by identifying powerful leaders and following the responses to their power -- as is sometimes done in the study of politics. To study leadership in music one analyzes interaction among artists and their public, and interaction with composers and financers of musical performance as well. Could we not apply this approach to leadership in social and political arenas?

Music is more than a source of useful metaphors for historical change. It is a cause as well as an effect of changes in our world. Because music crosses the language barrier, it is more effective than the spoken or printed word in communicating across cultural boundaries. Only visual images -- as in television and dress -- can equal it in this regard. Music is the most fully cosmopolitan area of global popular culture, and it plays a leading role in testing the ideas and alliances which may crystallize more broadly at the planetary level.

Once we recognize the importance of music -- and of other areas of popular culture -- in the changes of our day, we gain in motivation to understand it in depth. Such understanding will not necessarily come easily. The "people" can not be neatly isolated for analysis, for it is a broad and indeterminate grouping. The tastes of the people change as rapidly as its sub-groups enter and leave the arena of discussion and choice. Any given work of popular culture is itself a complex production, drawn as it is among the conflicting desires of the artist, the audience, and the proprietor of the record firm, the theater, or the television network.

The very complexity and ambiguity of popular culture provides one of its strengths. It escapes the full control of the authorities. Under cover of this ambiguity, people throughout the world develop and express their feelings through popular culture. They rehearse. Their visions take form and brighten as their expression gains in clarity and confidence. When the time comes for them to take up an active role on the world stage, they are ready to sing, to march, and to speak.

## Visions of Human Rights

The passions of the democratization movements spread a luminescence around the earth. The brightness came less from physical flames than from the incandescence of ideas: philosophies, hopes and dreams put into practice by people calling for political change. The glow of visions both new and old illuminated the paths of men, women and children.

Such visions are purer, simpler, and more elegant than life itself. They provide beacons, lighting our path, telling us of life as it is meant to be lived. The students at Tiananmen hoped for the freedom to debate openly the ideas they had worked to master, and they hoped to earn jobs through the merit of their work. The young adults of East Germany hoped for freedom of movement, and they hoped for access to the material possessions long promised them both by their government and its enemies.

Even such simple visions, once expressed in action, elicited glaringly conflicting visions that interacted strongly with them. Were not the Chinese students challenging the leadership of the Communist Party? Were they not placing their own interests above those of less privileged workers and peasants? Were not the East German emigrants naively accepting cynical propaganda sent from West Germany?

Debates and conflicting visions sprang forth in every quarter. As Niger became the eighth African nation to hold a national conference to restructure its government, an organization of women demanded a voice in the 1991 meeting, but the women found themselves drawn by their critics into a debate covering every element of the family. Lithuanians, upon successfully claiming their national independence, turned to restricting language and other rights of the remaining minority of Russians in a fashion reminiscent of the injustice against which Lithuania had rebelled. In the United States, mutually hostile groups of demonstrators faced each other at small clinics: one group asserting the claim to life of each unborn child, the other asserting for each woman the power of decision over whether to give birth.

The guiding light of simple visions thus engaged, through debate, the fuller visions of philosophy and ideology. Rather than a single flame, these broader visions entail whole constellations of guiding lights. They include the ancient beacons of religion, now reignited by new fervor; the newer beams of national and ethnic patriotism; and the complex lanterns of socialism and of liberalism.

For the complex philosophies as for the simple visions, expression of ideas led to debate and conflict. The brightness of the earth in the era of democratization was thus more than a summation of the warm glows provided by the visions inspiring each individual. To that glow were added the sparks, flames and patterns of interference resulting from the clash of visions. If the ideas of mankind were visible, a viewer from a distance would have seen the glimmer of intense reflection in every populated region, and the flashes of conflict and debate at each of the many points where people have given voice to their visions. For the years 1989-91, the combined intensity rose to an unprecedented level, as luminescent visions sped from region to region at an accelerating rate.

Ultimately, as I will argue, the interaction of the conflicting visions gave rise to a new, popular philosophy of human rights. This grand, global vision emerged out of the many debates and began to encompass (though not to replace) the specific visions which brought group after group of people into the social movement. How this global vision emerged is the main topic of this chapter.

The glimmering visions that catapulted millions into action were fueled in part by ancient teachings and by old loyalties, but mostly by new claims to rights. Students in China claimed the right to free expression of the ideas they had worked so hard to learn in their studies. Young people in East Germany claimed the right to freedom of movement across their nation's borders. Black people in South Africa claimed the right to representation in government. Such claims to rights, burning in the hearts and minds of believers, nourished visions that shone with growing intensity. Women in Niger claimed rights of participation in their national conference. Lithuanians claimed the right to national self-determination. The list goes on at length.

What are rights? They are principles by which society agrees to protect the sphere of action of one person, and limit the actions of another. Is a right absolute or relative? Some are argued to be absolute rights, or entitlements. But any right is relative in that it is limited by society's ability to sustain it. To achieve the right to vote in a national election requires that there be a recognized national unit, and that it select leaders by election. To achieve equal rights for women requires that the rights of men be identified, and that the equivalencies of men's and women's rights be formulated.

Rights refer either to individuals or to communities. In practice they overlap. Rights to free speech and against false imprisonment are cherished individual rights. Most violations of those individual rights, however, correspond to limitations on the communities whose leaders suffer. The 1989 jailing of Czech playwright Vaclav Havel for a political protest was a violation of his individual right to freedom of speech, but it was also a statement of state limitations on the speech of all in Czechoslovakia. When Havel was then pardoned and freed, the exercise of free speech returned not only to that individual, but to all who shared his criticism of the government.

The two best-known statements of individual rights are the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, adopted by the National Assembly in 1789, and the American Bill of Rights, adopted by Congress in 1789 and ratified in 1791. They proclaim the rights of persons to free speech, free press, freedom of assembly, and to fair trials. But these protections of individual rights and individual welfare were closely linked to demands for safeguarding the rights and welfare of communities, especially the national community. Thus, while France of 1789 is renowned for its proclamation of individual rights, France of 1792 found itself at war with the powers of Europe, and concerned with defense of the nation. The government asked people to sacrifice their individual advantage for the defense of their common nation, and the response of many thousands saved the nation and brought the formal birth of French nationalism.

In the United States, the 1770s and 1780s were a long period of developing a consensus over the nature of the nation, which was first confirmed with the adoption of the Constitution in 1787. The leaders of the new nation found they had gone too far in expanding central power, and had to support a Bill of Rights to guarantee individual rights as protections against abuses the national government might inflict in its efforts to maintain the collective welfare.

Thus the complex interplay of individual rights and group rights has been at the base of more than two centuries of debate. Each generates the other, yet the two contradict. The claims of individual rights have the longest historical standing, and have been most consistent over time. In part this is because an individual born at one time is much the same as another individual born in a later century.

Communities, on the other hand, are not born. Rather, they are defined and redefined by the individuals that make them up. New communities are defined as historical circumstances change: an ethnic group may change its name, a nation may expand its boundaries, an occupational group (such as "professionals") may declare itself in existence. North American

Indians declared themselves to be Native Americans. Germany and Italy defined themselves as nations in the nineteenth century; India did so in the twentieth century, then redefined itself with the secession of Pakistan.

Each community has its own claims to rights; all of them benefit by protection of individual rights of their members. The claims of communities emphasize their distinctiveness from other communities, and emphasize unity within the community. They include not only the rights of nations to self-determination, but the right of a group to insist on the loyalty of individuals within it, and to combat interference of other groups in its internal affairs.

The mere listing of claims to rights reveals some of the conflicts among them. The conflict between rule of a majority and the interests of a minority is commonplace. So also is the conflict between the principle of free speech and the protection of dominant social mores: in the many countries where press censorship has declined in recent years, the first test of press freedom has been the public dissemination of pornography.

Yet if individual and group rights conflict in some ways, they overlap in others. The freedom to assemble peaceably is an individual right which is also the right of a group. Similar conflations of individual and group rights emerge in rights to form trade unions and in claims against discrimination by race, sex, national origin, sexual preference, and age.

Some claims to rights, especially of groups, extend to more complex and abstract issues: the notion of honesty and fair play, rather than corruption; the destiny of a nation; the protection of the land; calls for an end to bitter and divisive warfare; claims by groups to reparations in compensation for past injustice. These complexities show that individuals and groups claim freedom of action, but they also assert demands on the polity in which they live. Such demands now include rights to education, to gainful employment, and to equality in legal, political, social or economic affairs. In short, the list of rights under discussion is long, complex, and contradictory.

Such a categorization of claims to rights, however, while underlining some important distinctions, is a dry and pale reflection of the burning social reality of men and women acting out their visions in the global drama of the years 1989-91.

Why should these visions have illuminated the world with such force and such suddenness? Why should the claims of rights which fueled them become so numerous?

My response, in a word, is that many people found a new and sturdier framework in which to set their visions. This framework, a popular philosophy of human rights, gave a broadly acceptable justification to their own claims of rights which at the same time drew them into providing tangible support for the claims of others, including people of distant lands and distinct cultures. To support this argument, I will first digress for a brief speculation on the changing character of popular philosophy and the notion of human equality. Then I will return to the discussion of human rights.

The major modern philosophies -- the visions that men and women follow in practice -- are philosophies of rights. That is, they focus on maximizing our own freedom of action; they also focus on limiting the powers of others, and on constraining others to act for the common good. This is true for the secular philosophies of capitalism and communism, and it has become true as well of the major religious philosophies. It has become true during the past two centuries, as notions of rights have grown greatly in importance in societies around the world. Our notions of rights are still developing, and they are still incomplete, but they have long since assumed central importance in our views of the world we live in.

To base a philosophy on respect for one's rights is to assume that man and society have the power to grant or to deny such rights. This is an optimistic assumption, for it assumes that human will can make or remake the world we live in. We assume, therefore, that the will of mankind either dominates or acts consistently with the forces of nature and the will of the gods.

It was not always so. In earlier times, man's philosophy assumed that the will of the gods and the forces of nature determined the lives of men and women, and that human will had little effect on the course of events. The priests and prophets who learned to align themselves with the will of god and with natural forces might, through their good fortune, exert their own wills, but they were the exception. In those times, man's visions were dominated instead by fate. The power to cause events and the reasons for events lay with the natural and the supernatural, beyond the limits of human understanding. Only in man's most ambitious and most desperate moments did his vision permit him to attempt to influence fate, through manipulation and propitiation, through ritual or sorcery. For most times, however, visions of life taught people how to accomodate to the inescapable consequences of omnipotent fate.

Time and the development of human society have changed the fuel for our visions. As civilization has grown in technical sophistication and social complexity, man seems now to be master of the world and the source of its problems. In our philosophical visions we devote less evergy than before to worship, less to propitiating fate, and more energy to harnessing the forces of nature and to staking out rights that will govern conflicts in our relations with mankind. The place of fate in our visions has been taken by rights.

God has not departed from the visions of mankind. On the contrary, the resurgence of religion throughout the globe is unmistakable, and it intersects greatly with democratization movements. The widespread search for an updated morality, a code of behavior consistent with human welfare, with natural laws and with divine will, has brought new strength to religious faith, and has brought that faith forcefully into the social and political arena. If God has yielded His role as the daily intervenor in our lives, He remains as judge, and His apostles remain as mediators. In religion, the earlier focus on fate has been replaced by a focus on ethics.

The advance in mankind's technological mastery is not the sole reason for the rise of a philosophy of rights. Of at least equal importance is the doctrine of human equality. In recent centuries, a belief in the equality of humans has progressively displaced previous ideologies of division and distinction. The source of this new doctrine of human equality has been daily experience. It gained currency not through diffusion of a pristine idea from the philosophers of eighteenth-century France, but through independent invention and emergence from the interstices of hundreds of social situations throughout the globe.

In early times, and well into the twentieth century, the sorting of rights was handled by neglecting the rights of many. Religions provided a certain counterweight to social inequality. From their early days, the religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam preached the equality of all believers in the eyes of God. But the equality of all souls did not bring with it a belief in the equality of all persons on earth -- at least, not until recent times. Under empire and colonialism, subject peoples dared not demand equality with their masters. Doctrines of male supremacy posited a difference between men and women so fundamental that women dared not demand representation in councils of their men. The doctrine of racial hierarchy arrogated all the rights of men to the most superior race, and meted out only portions of these rights to those defined as belonging to inferior races. Under dictatorship, the rights of the majority are abridged, in theory for the benefit of the community as a whole, but in practice, for the benefit of the governing elite. Under nationalism, rights of non-citizens are restricted.

Most of these types of discrimination were justified as reflecting differences in the natural order: they were god-given, rather than being imposed by men. So it was with the hierarchy in race, in civilization, in sex and, arguably, in age with which our ancestors lived.

We have come to deny that differences in nationality or in sex are set in a god-given hierarchy. In consequence, we assume that man and society have responsibility for relations among people across lines of sex and race as well as within those limits. Ironically, then, as man renounces an earlier and discriminatory human intervention in the social order -- racial, national, and sexual discrimination -- he broadens the area for which he takes responsibility.

The result, in any case, sets the groundwork for the declaration and codification of a broad range of human rights.

If this updated philosophy gives man a wider range of responsibility for determining rights, however, it does not yet resolve the conflicts in claims to rights. While the new philosophy renouces discrimination by race, religion, and gender, it does nothing to reduce the distinctions along those lines. Peoples of the world, in moving toward adopting this common philosophy, held on firmly to the specifics of their identity -- by religion, nation, gender -- at the same time as they asserted their universal rights.

How are we to sort out the conflicting claims to rights? Which representations of human sexuality, for instance, are so explicit or deviant that the artist's or publisher's rights to self-expression must be restrained in favor of the maintenance of a community moral code? To take quite a distinct case, even such apparently clear-cut issues as the self-determination of nations and of ethnic groups turn out, in practice, not to have solutions that grant equal rights to all. Individuals do not have neatly packaged identities, and communities do not have neatly drawn boundaries. The region from the Balkans to the Caucasus, for instance, is so overlaid with conflicting national and ethnic limits that no solution, except that of numerous micro-states, could avoid creating political units whose frontiers cut across significant ethnic and historical units.

There have been four major steps in sorting out this dilemma. While they overlap greatly, I will discuss them in an order which is part historical, part logical. The first response to the dilemma of conflicting claims to rights has been to declare the existence of human rights in manifestoes and charters. In fact, the declaration and codification of human rights preceded the work of their implementation by over two centuries. The English have an early tradition of such charters; the American Bill of Rights and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man launched a whole series of declarations defending the rights of women, of the new nations of Latin America, and so forth. The Universal Negro Improvement Association adopted a charter of rights for people of African descent in 1921. The United Nations adopted a Universal Declaration of Human Rights in 1948. In 1952 Egypt's president Gamal Abdel Nasser led in drawing up a charter, a general set of principles which, it was hoped, would lead in constituting a broad Arab unity. Use of the term "human rights" declined somewhat in the 1960s, but returned in the 1970s, as indicated by U.S. president Jimmy Carter's emphasis on respect for human rights as a new basis for U.S. foreign policy.

A second response to the dilemma of conflicting claims of rights has been that of monitoring rights and their violation. The work of the League of Nations and of various church groups in the early twentieth century continued and extended the tradition of the nineteenth-century anti-slavery movement. But only in the Cold War years did systematic monitoring of human rights begin, especially with the formation of Amnesty International.

This small, independent organization, launched in Britain in 1960, took as its responsibility the monitoring of certain individual rights around the globe. It focused particularly on imprisonment for political reasons, and on torture or other mistreatment of prisoners. Its reports followed national frontiers. But because it reported with relatively similar standards on almost all countries in the world, it came to have a global impact. National governments felt compelled to respond to the reports of Amnesty International, thus giving them more credence.

In Salvador, Brazil, I met a college student who, when he learned I had been to the West African country of Benin, said he had heard from Amnesty International that there was an upswing in imprisonments and tortures in Benin, and wondered if I knew anything about it. I did not, but thanked him for alerting me to the issue. I was impressed to learn that a Brazilian was collecting information on Benin through Amnesty International.

The third step in sorting out conflicting claims to rights has been an explosion in activism and debate. The accumulation of declarations and charters, complemented by a stream of reported violations of rights, served to reinforce open debate. In 1989-91 an extraordinary range of rights was being advocated and debated at once, and the debate took place in almost every country of the world. New levels of generality and new levels of contradiction showed up.

Demands for freedom of movement arose not only in East Germany but in South Africa. Demands for the end to government censorship were followed by the appearance of independent newspapers on the streets of dozens of African cities. Cries of protest against police repression arose wherever demonstrators and police forces clashed, and governments had to set up commissions of inquiry for incident after incident. The Iraqi occupation of Kuwait brought about condemnation, from almost every quarter, of the violation of Kuwait's sovereignty. The United Nations adopted strong resolutions of protest when the military rulers of Myanmar (as they had renamed Burma) kept under house arrest the leader of the political party which had won the national elections. Talk led to action in the case of Haiti, after the military had overthrown recently elected president Jean-Bertrand Aristide. The Organization of American States, led in practice by South American states, called an economic boycott of Haiti and negotiated for over a year to pressure the military into stepping down. Single-party governments everywhere came in for stern criticism: especially the governments of Communist parties, but also those of other single parties in Africa.

New terminology arose as the debates proceeded. The term "civil society" came to be applied, especially in French-speaking countries, to the public at large, as opposed to "political society," dominated by the governing elite. The term came from the thought of Antonio Gramsci, the Italian Communist philosopher, through liberation theology, but it had been used by the earlier philosophers Hegel and Plato. "Transparency" was another term to enter the political lexicon: the brightness of the political order should be such that all political actions and decisions can be seen as transparent, rather than opaque. In fact, this term had been used in precisely this same way during the French Revolution of the 1790s.

In the formerly communist-led countries, there were moves to outlaw the previously governing Communist parties. In some countries such laws were passed; others declined to do so, arguing that prohibiting parties is a violation of civil liberties. More broadly, the question was whether the new order was to be a rule of law with rights for all, or whether the new leaders would simply take their revenge on the old. Similar debates emerged on the need for national consensus versus the dangers of suppressing dissenting views. Communist systems had not really allowed for openly dissenting views. Capitalist systems, in contrast, had allowed for

dissent at least within the limits of those not labelled as disloyal, though the label of disloyalty was sometimes applied widely.

Over the longer run, the greatest debate over the political and social order has been between capitalism and communism. Of all the visions glimmering on the surface of our planet, these two great beacons, centered in Moscow and Washington, have drawn the most attention of recent generations. Each of them, in practice, has been an accumulation of greater and smaller lamps. Their beams swept all around the globe, but focused most heavily on combating each other.

The terms "capitalism" and "communism" have many meanings: each refers at once to an economic system, a political system, and a philosophy. Defining the two sides is complex, so I will sidestep this issue, except to note that I use the term "capitalism" in a broad sense, so that it includes the propositions shared by both the "liberal" and "conservative" wings of pro-capitalist thought. Recent events have served to focus all the variants of capitalist thought, as through a prism, to yield a powerful force that appears to carry unity and unanimity.

The communist beacon, in contrast, faltered from 1989 to 1991 and then splintered into contending visions. The importance of this sudden change -- in philosophy as in politics -- is not to be underemphasized. In one interpretation of events, a century of planetary tension came to an abrupt resolution as the capitalist, free-market, liberal vision suddenly vanquished the false collectivism of communism. The capitalist philosophy, with its higher valuation of property, seemed to have provided more for the rights of man than communism, which had proclaimed the defense of man against property. In a second irony the capitalist philosophy, which proclaimed the primacy of the individual, seemed to have performed better at advancing the general economic welfare than communist philosophy, which gave highest value to protection of the group against individual privilege.

Is capitalist philosophy now triumphant and unchallenged in the world? Certainly capitalist philosophy has won a great victory at the expense of communism. But this interpretation -- "we won and they lost" -- is too narrow to summarize more than a portion of the events of 1989-91. Such an interpretation can only result from a selective, regionally specific and monochromatic approach to the visions borne and the songs sung by people around the world in those years.

Instead, I think, a victorious capitalist outlook is itself being engulfed by the emergence of a philosophy of human rights, half-enunciated but widely supported. Many new lights began to glow as the beacon of communism flickered, and as a result the relations among all of the visions changed. The brightness of the world beginning in 1989 was not the uncontested brilliance of the beacon of Washington and New York; it was the interacting glow of visions based in every part of the world, and at every level of society.

This, then, was the fourth step in unraveling the dilemma of human rights: the crystallization of a new philosophy. What could have been a blinding clash of conflicting claims developed into a remarkable resonance of mutual reinforcement. In the glare of their interaction, parochial claims became transformed into human rights. As universal standards of human rights began to clarify, they took a new form: no longer as charters of inalienable rights, but now as codes for balancing each right against others.

The emerging vision is a live-and-let-live philosophy. It recognizes the wide range of differences among people, yet assumes them all to form part of a single community. It assumes that, at some basic level, our standards for behavior and for judging each other must be uniform. It poses the belief that the universality of all lies in the distinctiveness of each. In its first steps

toward ritual, the new philosophy celebrates the specificity of each group of humans as a sacrament in the worship of our global unity.

Many new rights and new groups claiming rights have achieved wide recognition. One right used to be recognized to the exclusion of others. Now one can assert one right only by recognizing others -- that is, by recognizing the limits on one's own rights, and the interdependence of all rights. The recognition of the claims of Soviet republics to self-determination and to independence served to reinforce the seriousness of the similar claims of Kashmiris, and of Native Americans and the French-speaking minority in Canada. The spread of the concept of human rights has produced a fundamental relativity in the grand philosophy of rights.

The emerging, brokered conception of human rights has become a restated basis for global identity. That common identity is justified not by a reaffirmation of our ancient parentage, but by recognition of our modern shared fate. Though we share a common if distant ancestry, the recognition of each other as long-lost brothers and sisters is only a subordinate element of global identity. More importantly, we encounter each other at every turn, and we each encounter the conditions of the globe we share. We enter into bargains with each other as to the limits of human rights, and through these bargains develop a relationship and a commonality.

We are learning, therefore, not just of the existence of rights, of their hierarchy from the more to the less fundamental. We are learning of the interactions and the interdependence of rights, of their inconsistency and their incommensurability. We are learning to be more consistent in handling these inconsistencies, and that no set of rights can be implemented to its logical limit.

The new philosophy showed itself in responses to various of the crises of 1989-1991. The military coup in Haiti was a clear violation of constitutional guarantees in Haiti, yet respect for the national sovereignty of Haiti made it impossible for other powers simply to intervene. Instead, the Organization of American States imposed an economic boycott on Haiti, and then conducted months of negotiations among the parties in Haiti, in attempt to bring about the re-establishment of civilian, constitutional rule. The United States government, which had taken the initiative in violating the sovereignty of Grenada, Panama and Iraq to redress evils perpretated by their leaders, now joined (reluctantly) in this multilateral restraint.

The United Nations boycotted Iraq for its violation -- by occupation and annexation -- of the national sovereignty of Kuwait. The U.N. then delegated to the American government the decision on whether and when to invade. The invasion was a military success, but the question of how best to command an international military force remained open to debate. The U.S. pulled back the invading forces before toppling the government of Saddam Hussein, in part to limit their violations of Iraqi sovereignty. But the question came back in a new form after the war ended. Kurdish populations rebelled against Iraq, and were put down fiercely by Iraqi forces. The United Nations then crossed the borders of Iraq to give relief to the Kurds. U.N. Secretary-General Javier Perez de Cuellar went so far as to suggest that the U.N. Charter might best be amended, to allow violations of national sovereignty in some cases in order to protect individual rights.

Such questions are now discussed at a global level as issues in rights, rather than simply be resolved in favor of the powerful.

Because of the complex nature of human rights, discussions of them can never be neat and decisive. This chapter has been a brief exploration of the patterns of their disorder. As a last

point, let us turn back to reconsider the relationship between human rights debates and the mass demonstrations for democratization.

The relationship was this: the timing of the democratization movements of 1989-91 was set by the crescendo of debates over human rights. Broader democracy was necessary to permit the protection of human rights, and to permit the elucidation of the popular philosophy of human rights. Democracy and pluralism in government provide the framework for the bargaining and compromise of conflicting claims of rights. It is not just that rights to democratic political representation in government were one more claim in the debate over human rights. Democratization holds out the hope of guaranteeing that debate over rights can take place. In order for people to apply their developing philosophy of human rights, with its give-and-take among conflicting popular interests, they had to have democratic governments.

# CHAPTER III. DEMOCRACY'S GLOBAL FLOWERING

## Prelude, 1979-1989

Here is a planetary tale. In preparation, shall we imagine all of humankind gathered around a giant evening fire? One might envision men, women and children sitting in anticipation, as the elders prepare to relate a tale of our common past.

The image is fleeting because of its improbability. Could there ever be a modern-day equivalent for the nostalgic vision of people in communion with their history? There are far too many of us to sit around one fire: the hoped-for sense of unity is counterbalanced by the enormity of our numbers. The global community is not and cannot be simply a larger version of our local communities. Yet for global as for local historical tales, the audience is as essential as the words of the narrator.

Perhaps we could attempt to adjust to the global scale by projecting an image of the fire on each television screen and translating the narrative into hundreds of languages. Even then, our different locations around the globe make it impossible for us all to experience the evening at once. Still I expect that, in some future day, modern telecommunications will convey history (and myths) of our common past to a planetary audience.

Rather than wait for that day, I offer this tale in the traditional format of a book. It will reach a few thousand readers, most of them within a single country. Through it, however, we can begin to imagine the stories that may later be told to the whole global audience.

This is a story of our discovery of each other as ourselves: it focuses on the waves of events from 1989 to 1991 which made it more clear than ever before that we share a common identity. My story of democratization movements has two main themes: the flowering of the movements themselves, and their encounter with other elements of world affairs.

If we think of global identity as a rapidly growing vine, stretching its growth all around the earth, we should not be surprised to see it begin to flower along one limb, and then to produce blooms elsewhere, along other limbs nourished from the same roots. Each flower, while modeled on the others, gains a uniqueness in its encounter with its local environment. The democratization movements, in contrast to ordinary flowers, were creations of thinking, communicating people: those who fashioned the bloom of each movement added modifications to the forms they inherited.

Over a season of a thousand days, the blooms of democratization stretched out their petals, reached the limits of their colorful display and of their nutrients, then faded and wilted. Even then, the fading of the flowers was not the end of the story. Connections among the blooms had been such that most were fertilized, and as they gave way they produced the seeds which would bring new and vigorous blooms in another season.

The second dimension of my tale is the encounter of this new factor in world affairs with the web of factors already in place. Democratization movements, fueled by a global identity at the popular level, intruded into a world tightly interconnected in many other ways. They encountered the network of world political structure including national states, international

organizations, regional and ideological alliances of states, and migrating populations. They interacted with the global economy, which linked big firms, powerful governments, struggling small enterprises, and masses of employed and unemployed workers in a system which brought rapid technological transformation but little economic expansion. The democratization movements also became entangled with the network of the world's ideas, in which great powers were set against each other, especially in Cold War struggle, but in which identities conflicted at levels of nation, ethnicity and religion. These and other elements of the global web trembled and then responded to the impact of democratization movements.

Results of the encounter seemed at first like a series of collisions, in which the forces of democratization would either prevail or suffer defeat at the hands of the state. Tiananmen seemed like a straightforward collision between the student movement and the intransigent state. Eastern Europe seemed at first to feature irresistible democratization movements displacing the immovable object of the state. The abrupt decline of apartheid in South Africa seemed to confirm and extend this mechanical logic. Democratization movements wrought direct effects on many facets of life. Their influence brought wars to an end in Angola and Cambodia. Unpopular governments yielded power through elections, through national conferences or simply through resignation. Democratization movements transformed politics toward fuller representation.

With time, however, it became clear that encounters in the era of democratization were more than mere collisions of opposing influences. The image of melding is more appropriate for the cases of South American countries, where the influence of democratization movements interpenetrated with existing political, economic and ideological factors. In other cases, such as that of Haiti, democratization movements and politics-as-usual reacted almost chemically, creating heat, steam, and by-products. One may even risk offering the image of mating, in that democratization movements, in encountering some social situations, contributed to the birth of whole new sets of phenomena. The rebirth of nations through national conferences in Africa and the birth of new nations out of the Soviet Union provide examples.

The wars of 1989-91 -- military collisions -- can best be explained as more complex interactions of democratization and other factors. In Panama democratization, if that is what it was, made itself felt not through popular demonstrations but by the troops of the United States invading a tiny but sovereign nation, and later bullying the papal legation until it pressured Manuel Noriega to leave his asylum there and surrender to the Americans, so that he could be tried on drug charges in the U.S. rather than in his own country. The Persian Gulf crisis and war provided a still stronger indication that the impact of democratization was not simple. Many analysts have chosen to leave this episode out of the story of democratization because, in its complexity, it seemed not to fit. I prefer to risk a crude interpretation rather than give none at all. The Gulf confrontation and war were only marginally about democracy, but they would not have taken place as they did without the impact of global democratization, and they influenced the course of democratization fundamentally. Democratization, militarism and nationalism interacted in strange but influential manners in the Persian Gulf.

The story of democratization, its flowering and its encounters, is a tumultuous narrative. Still, I seek to impose some structure on the tumult. I present the main story line through a range of subplots, large and small. The large subplots center on the events of five regions, each predominant in world affairs for a period of several months: China and Eastern Europe in 1989, South Africa and the Persian Gulf in 1990, the Persian Gulf and the Soviet Union in 1991. The smaller subplots trace other events -- on every continent -- that rarely dominated headlines. They

provide the connective tissue for the main story: the small stories, by linking the larger events, turned isolated instances into a worldwide movement. In each subplot we see both dimensions of the story: the unfolding of democratization movements, and the encounter of the new movements with other elments of current history. I will begin, as did the global democratization movement, by scrutinizing closely the events at Tiananmen. Then I will extend the horizon (as did the movement) to trace more numerous sets of events, their parallels and their interactions.

One more remark. This narrative, in common with most historical tales, is dominantly political. Too political. In order to condense the story and still provide some detail, I have chronicled the decisions of states and the actions of leaders. The people themselves become blurry at times. All the more blurry, in this rendition of history, are their songs, their ideas, and their family lives. Yet it is the people -- in all its divisions and contradictions -- which launched this story. Perhaps a coming generation will learn to tell its history in a truer and more lively fashion.

With that, let us recount a great transformation of our time.

It all began quietly enough at Tiananmen Square. On April 16 and 17 of 1989, university students gathered in memory of Hu Yaobang, former general secretary of the Communist Party who died of a heart attack on April 15. Hu had taken a conciliatory approach to student demands in disputes of 1979 and 1985, and his removal as general secretary of the Party came with the defeat of his conciliatory policies. A few hundred on the 16th and then a few thousand on the 17th of April marched from various universities to Tiananmen Square, where they placed wreaths in Hu's honor at the base of the Monument to the People's Heroes. On the 17th, a group of the students proposed a set of seven demands to the Standing Committee of the People's National Congress, China's legislature. The demands included a reassessment of Hu Yaobang, restrictions on corruption by state leaders and their children, greater freedom of the press and of assembly, and more funds for education and for remuneration of intellectuals. By the end of the day there was a rumor that the Standing Committee had turned down the students' petition; several hundred students stayed overnight at the square. A similar march took place on the 17th in Shanghai.

These initial demonstrations, in memory of Hu and in favor of state and party dialogue with students, struck a positive chord with other students, and the demonstrations grew rapidly. On April 18 between ten and thirty thousand came to Tiananmen Square, and on April 19 the number had grown to perhaps 100,000. Smaller numbers of students marched in Shanghai and then in Nanjing, and students at Nankai University in nearby Tianjin sent word of support to the Beijing students.

From April 18 at Tiananmen, successive delegations of students marched into the square, bearing banners and placards which they placed on the Heroes Monument at its center, after which they settled down to discuss their demands, listen to speeches, sing songs and chant slogans. The demonstrations rapidly spilled out of the great square. On April 18 a group sat in at the entrance to the Great Hall of the People, refusing to leave until until they were met by representatives of the People's National Congress. Later another group moved to demonstrate at Zhongnanhai, the government palace, and to the Xinhuamen Gate. On April 20, armed police showed up shortly after midnight and attacked the crowd, successfully clearing the square for a time. Students showed up again before dawn, and again the police cleared the square, this time sealing it off.

Heavy rains for the next two days made demonstrations more difficult, and cut the number of participants. Still, several thousand students made it through police lines to Tiananmen Square and to the steps of the Great Hall. Meanwhile, demonstrations continued in other major Chinese cities, and students from provincial universities begin making plans to come to Beijing. In Beijing, and largely in response to the violence against demonstrators, students at various universities began to organize boycotts of classes; to coordinate their activities, student groups founded the Autonomous Students Union of Beijing Universities on April 22.

The funeral for Hu Yaobang was to be held on April 22. Just after midnight, large groups of students -- 50-100,000 -- poured into the square in disciplined ranks and took up positions until the next morning. They sent a delegation to the Funeral Organization office to demand their safety, to view Hu's body, and for an explanation of police violence. Officials did agree to guarantee the students' safety. The students remained, and they listened in the square as the funeral service was broadcast by loudspeaker from the Great Hall. Perhaps a million people lined the streets as Hu's coffin was taken at noon from the Great Hall to the Babaoshan Cemetary. Students on the square remained after the end of the ceremony, chanting demands for a dialogue with Prime Minister Li Peng, and calling for an end to dictatorship; at 1:30 they marched out of the square.

Thus, within a week, a modest initial action of memorial and protest had blossomed to become a mass movement, centered in Beijing but with visible support in other major university centers, rapidly developing an organization, challenging the state on major issues and demanding dialogue on its own terms. Further, news media all over the world were following the demonstrations in detail.

How had such an immense movement sprung up with such spontaneity? And why did the rest of the world take it so seriously?

The movement to honor Hu Yaobang linked a range of issues of fundamental concern to Chinese university students and to many other Chinese -- especially inhabitants of cities. These issues included the desire for freedom of expression, the desire for greater morality in public affairs, the desire for advance through merit rather than connections, and a critique of inefficiency and inequitable distribution of economic benefits. While the specifics behind the demands were based on the details of Chinese experience, the actual demands voiced by demonstrators were very general: free speech in social and cultural affairs, a free market in economic life, democracy in political affairs, and merit in moral affairs.

These became the political demands of the democratization movement world-wide. It was the generality of Chinese student demands that gave the movement its force and brought it world-wide attention. The demands for democracy, no matter how vague, had meaning for observers in many countries. The images of huge crowds and the words of concise slogans were sufficient to draw the sympathy of observers outside China as they had drawn the commitment of participants within China.

The strength of feeling of the demonstrators, and the resonance of those feelings in others around the world, grew out of earlier events. We must give those events their due. So I will interrupt my narrative of the events of 1989, and devote the rest of this chapter to looking backward in time, to review some of the factors that made the confrontation at Tiananmen into such a crucial dispute.

Roots of democratization movements

Where shall we begin? It is certain that some roots of these events go far back in history. The events of our day, linked as they are to ideas and patterns of action inherited from our ancestors, tap deeply into the past. We carry forth the logic of earlier conflicts even though our short-term memory may be oblivious to our repetition of earlier patterns. In this interpretation, however, I will limit myself to a focus on the previous ten to twenty years, searching there for factors leading up to the democratization movements of 1989-91. The events of the seventies and eighties were recent enough to have had a visible effect, and remote enough remind us of the deeper roots.

The 1976 uprising of children in Soweto, demanding an end to apartheid in South African education, served as a harbinger of social movements to come. In 1978-79 a popular rebellion in Iran, with both religious and secular leadership, brought down the ruling Shah and replaced his pro-American regime with a strongly anti-American outlook. In 1979 the newly elected pope, John Paul, made an official visit to his communist-ruled Polish homeland. Within a year a broad-based independent trade union movement, Solidarity, drew on the strong Catholic allegiance of many Poles to pose demands for major changes in the economic and political order to the government. In South Korea, student groups organized massive demonstrations calling for recognition of student rights. And in China, a movement of university students called as well for recognition of wider rights. Also in 1979, the Soviet Union accepted the blandishments of its faltering allies in Afghanistan, and sent troops to defend the communist-led government there against an armed opposition led by regional power-brokers who had gained military and financial support from Pakistan and the United States. The resulting ten-year war would become a major focus of Cold War confrontation, and would cost the Soviets heavily in prestige in Third World countries. The cost of the war to Afghanistan was to be incalculable.

These events set symbols and patterns for political disputes of the 1980s. In Iran, the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's tape-recorded speeches, condemning the Shah's subservience to the United States and calling for a return to the tenets of Islam and to popular sovereignty, circulated widely and uncontrollably. They served as a remarkable metaphor for the Shi'ite Muslim claim to represent, at once, technological modernity and the piety of the early days of Islam. Under religious and secular leadership, people of Iran demonstrated in front of the troops of the state. The armies soon tired of firing into the crowds and laid down their arms. (The women who supported the revolution later found that they had to give up as much as they gained in the change.)

The Polish movement of protest swelled to an immense size, but was contained in 1981 through the declaration of martial law by General Wojciech Jaruzelski. The South Korean student demonstrators, though repressed repeatedly, led the way in opening a cautious development of national electoral politics during the 1980s. The students of China had no such impact on national politics, but the population of university students did continue to grow in number and in potential influence.

These protest movements of the late 1970s shared a certain political style: activists developed techniques for mass expression of public sentiment, to gain recognition and concessions from the state. These were mass movements, not those of disciplined parties. They were movements for reform, not for seizure of state power (Iran was an exception here). Sometimes, however, they led to revolutionary social change.

During the course of the 1980s, one issue and conflict after another took form. In the Middle East and in South Africa, several conflicts were overlaid: the disputes there drew on the colonial heritage of each region, but included ethnic disputes, the impact of racial ideology, and a

strong Cold War dimension. In South Africa, in 1985 as in 1976, children demonstrated against the misdirection of their education, and drew their parents into their challenge to the state. In a decision with serious long-term implications, these children gave up years of their education to make this challenge. In a somewhat similar uprising, the Intifada, young Palestinians in territories occupied by Israel rose to confront the state demanding changes in education, in work, and in recognition of their nationhood. The young demonstrators of Palestine were less successful in forcing change than were those of their age in South Africa.

Then in the Philippines, the regime led by Ferdinand Marcos shot down opposition leader Benigno Aquino, with TV cameras rolling, as he stepped off the plane which brought him home from exile. His wife took up his role, and Corazon Aquino found herself at the head of a "people power" movement which, within a year, survived a rigged election and brought the Marcos government to its knees.

Haitian peasants, Kreyol-speaking and with little education, had gained access in the 1970s to radio programs giving world news in their own language, not just in the French of the elite, thanks to the work of Protestant missionaries, many of them American. Popular music punctuated the news programs, and became associated with the new independence of thought. By 1986, a combination of rural and urban demonstrations had driven Jean-Claude Duvalier and his dictatorial regime from the country.

These and other political disputes, widely followed in the world press, penetrated the foundations of politics as usual and became the roots of global democratization. To clarify the patterns in this complex global network of changing politics, we need a terminology and a framework for explanation. My simple framework focuses on three categories of political disputes, and three groups of participants in the disputes.

I think it is convenient, for understanding the affairs of nations, to describe political disputes as taking place on three levels. First, disputes take place constitutionally, within the established political institutions of any country -- be they electoral, monarchical, or dictatorial. At the other extreme, disputes may take place through warfare --civil war in this case. In between these poles, disputes take place through popular demonstrations going beyond politics as usual, in which people attempt to change the rules of politics.

The participants in national political disputes are, first, the individuals and groups within the nation. Secondly, great- power nations influence events in smaller countries near and far: the U.S. is the world's greatest power, but India, for instance, is a great power in South Asian affairs. A third set of participants in national political disputes consists of the United Nations and the numerous other international bodies which have grown to such prominence since World War II.

These, then, are the categories for my analysis of political disputes: constitutional disputes, warfare, and popular demonstrations; national participants, great-power intervention, and intervention by international organizations. The popular demonstrations which became known as democratization movements became, ultimately, the most important element in the global politics of the 1980s. So I will discuss them first, and then turn to the other elements in my picture of the recent evolution of global politics.

Democratization movements grew out of a critique of the state. They reflected a search for new and effective means of popular protest against well armed but unpopular governments. This critique, voiced by various social groups, focused on issues of political rights, economic welfare, regime corruption, and foreign domination of national affairs. In South Korea it was the right to a multi-party political order; in Poland it was the right of workers to negotiate their

conditions with state-owned enterprises; in Haiti it was a demand for an end to the enrichment of the Duvalier family; in Iran it was a call for an end to subservience to American leadership.

The social groups expressing their criticism of the state varied from country to country, and over time, yet with an overall pattern of increasing clarity. The most prominent leaders in this critique were professionals: university students, professors, religious leaders, middle-level officials, cultural leaders, journalists, and sometimes lawyers. Students in South Korea, religious leaders in Iran, the Philippines and South Africa, and writers in Poland were among the most prominent democrats. Next in prominence was the general urban population, including wage workers, the self-employed, the unemployed, children, and organized women. The workers of Poland and the city people of South Africa -- especially the children -- brought force to the pronouncements of intellectuals. Rural populations participated with occasional force in democratization movements. Then ethnic groups, in both rural and urban settings, organized to articulate and defend their interests. Eventually even the governing elites, pressed from all sides, responded with their own critique of society and government.

Democratization movements could only make themselves felt if they forged alliances among disparate social groups. Corazon Aquino's phrase, "people power," crystallized the idea of an alliance of professionals, city people and rural people in a demand for an end to elite corruption and for creation of new and more broadly based political institutions. The vagueness of the phrase served at once to cover the conflicting objectives of participants in the alliance, and to express their feeling that all would benefit by working together.

While the accumulating cases of mass demonstrations did most to set the tone leading to the events of 1989-1991, other political conflicts -- disputes within regular political institutions and instances of open warfare -- were also important contributors to the world climate of opinion by 1989.

"Established political institutions" meant different things in different countries. This category included the multiparty democracies of the North Atlantic countries, Japan, India and elsewhere. It also included the one-party governments of the communist countries and of many Third World regimes. Further, it included politics as usual in the military dictatorships of South America and in the autocratic monarchies of such countries as Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Nepal. All of these served as legitimate institutions insofar as people did not challenge their validity.

The Soviet Union in the 1980s provided one of the most important examples of change within established political institutions. There the death of long-time leader Leonid Brezhnev suggested a period of reorganization. After the brief regimes of Yuri Andropov and Konstantin Chernenko, the Soviet Communist Party chose as its leader the relatively young and energetic Mikhail Gorbachev. Gorbachev announced policies of glasnost (openness) and perestroika (restructuring) -- the terms rapidly became known world-wide -- and brought the debates of the Soviet Union from the kitchen into the formal political arena. Within months of his assumption of power, Gorbachev faced the responsibility of managing the crisis in the wake of the nuclear disaster at Chernobyl. The fears, the passions, the destruction and the disputes generated by this disaster were enormous, but they were addressed within the institutional framework of Soviet politics and international relations. (The same had been true for the response to the deaths by cyanide poisoning at Bhopal, where the government of India, the Union Carbide firm and even the aggrieved citizens sought to respond to the disaster through normal political institutions.)

In the United States, the formal political system was sufficiently broad to contain disputes over taxation policy, drug consumption, racial discrimination, and political corruption. The controversy over abortion rights, however, spilled over the boundaries of institutional politics

and moved into mass demonstrations by contending groups. In Western European countries, disputes in the formal political system focused on issues of immigration, regional autonomy, and economic union. In Canada ethnic minorities -- French-speaking in Quebec and native populations in the Northern Territories -- sought to acheive autonomy through constitutional means.

In South America, a curious process of political transformation took place within existing institutions. The military regimes in Brazil, Argentina and Chile began to allow for more open political activity, and set up a process of slow transition to electoral politics. These transitions appeared on the surface to take place for purely local reasons, but in fact they depended heavily on the developing international climate of detente and recognition of democratic rights.

The remaining major political disputes of the 1980s took the form of warfare. I have mentioned the war in Afghanistan. In addition to this war, there were other Cold War confrontations and wars of national liberation inherited from earlier years, including those in Nicaragua, Angola, Mozambique, Namibia and Cambodia. Here the wars continued mainly because either the Americans or the Soviets or both continued to provide military aid to their allies, and resisted political compromise. (The military power of South Africa had similarly to do with the continuation of war in Angola, Mozambique and Namibia.) The eight-year war between Iran and Iraq was in one sense a regional conflict erupting from old jealousies, but it was fueled by substantial arms shipments from both Western and Soviet sides, going especially to Iraq. Civil wars simmered in a number of countries. Some were conflicts of long standing, as in Ethiopia, Sudan, Kashmir, Sri Lanka, El Salvador and Colombia. On the other hand were cases where new civil wars broke out, often in countries which had been heavily armed as a result of Cold War alliances. Liberia and Somalia were to become the clearest such cases.

The wars were either fought out to their military conclusion or interrupted through conciliation and pluralistic consensus. In the case of conciliation, the parties entered the list of countries undergoing democratization movements. In the case of war to the end, the victors announced that they had brought democracy, but their behavior generally gave the lie to their pronouncements.

The changing relations among the great powers did much to mould the character of political disputes in nation after nation. During the 1980s the Cold War declined in some ways and expanded in others. Actual fears of global war seem to have declined from the 1970s, but the Reagan administration in the United States, beginning in 1980, accelerated the previous Carter administration's increase in military spending and opened newly confrontational policies. Then from 1986, a series of arms-reduction agreements began to create a sense of global detente. Why did the arms agreements come about? Was it Gorbachev's skill and determination in negotiating reductions? Was it rather that he capitulated to tough American bargaining? Was the Soviet Union exhausted and unable to continue? Was the United States at the limit of its ability to support an expanding military? All these factors seem to have played a part. In some areas of the world Cold War confrontations continued unabated; overall, though, detente gained ground.

The United Nations acted as an additional important element in world politics. The importance of the United Nations as a forum for global discussion and occasional consensus should not be underestimated, but since its formation in 1945 the organization had almost no power to act as a force based on world consensus. That began to change during the 1980s. To explain why calls for a brief review of its structure and its history.

The United Nations is composed of many distinct bodies, of which three are most important in political affairs. The General Assembly includes all member states, each with a single vote, and makes most of its decisions by majority vote. The Security Council includes five permanent members (the U.S., Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and China) and about fifteen nations serving terms to which they are elected from the General Assembly. Voting in the Security Council is by majority, except that any one of the five permanent members may veto any action of the body with a negative vote.

The third body is the Secretariat, headed by the Secretary-General, and including the U.N.'s main administrative staff. The Secretary-General acts based on resolutions of the Security Council and the General Assembly. Real action by the U.N. is possible, therefore, only in cases of virtual unanimity of the community of nations.

For the long period of the Cold War, the enmity of the capitalist and communist camps rendered the Security Council virtually useless as anything except a forum for world opinion: it could adopt no substantive resolutions. During these same years, the end of colonialism brought the membership of the General Assembly from fifty nations in 1945 to well over 150 in 1990. Third World voices grew in strength in the General Assembly, and they began to pass resolutions contradictory to the policies of the U.S. and its close allies. For instance, the General Assembly, in expressing its majority support for the self-determination of Palestinians, adopted a resolution declaring Zionism to be a form of racism. The U.S., a strong military and political supporter of Israel, opposed the resolution strongly but was unable to defeat it. Such resolutions could not be given any practical implementation, however, for lack of equivalent resolutions from the Security Council, where they would be vetoed.

The U.N. as a whole lay paralyzed, and governing circles in powerful countries, notably the U.S., became contemptuous of it. This frame of mind caused the United States to drop its membership in UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization), and to claim that UNESCO money was being wasted in corruption and on projects that were unfairly critical of Western countries. For non-Western countries, in contrast, UNESCO was a lifeline, providing support for academic and cultural activities that could not be supported through their meager national budgets and weak systems of universities and museums.

Then in the late 1980s, the growing sense of detente among the big powers became linked to the credibility of the U.N. among the world's smaller nations, and created new opportunities for consensus within the organization. U.N. participation in gaining independence for Namibia from South Africa was one fruit of the growing consensus.

By the beginning of 1989, a world full of tensions and conflicts was susceptible to being galvanized into new directions. Three sets of events -- on three continents -- went a step further to prepare people in many countries to demand big changes. In Algeria, the Arab country with the strongest sense of national purpose because of its revolution against French rule, disillusioned students and city folk rose in late 1988 to demonstrate in protest against the frustration and stagnation in their lives. Whether socialist or fundamentalist in outlook, demonstrators listened to the rebellious Rai music, a lively form of rock music which had grown up in North Africa and in immigrant communities in France. The initial government response was a direct and brutal repression. In early 1989, however, the government sought to release some of the pent-up pressures by introducing a plan for multiparty municipal elections. Thus were born new hopes for an extension of democratic rights.

Second, in Afghanistan, where Soviet troops had been engaged since 1979 in a war with some similarities to that of the Americans in Vietnam, the Soviet government announced a unilateral withdrawal of its troops, which was completed on schedule by February 15, 1989. The Soviets sought to follow their withdrawal with a negotiated settlement to the war, but the Americans and their allies decided to press for a military solution. And third, in Poland, the governing communist party and the opposition Solidarity movement negotiated an arrangement for national elections that would ultimately lead to a change in power. Negotiations were completed in February, and the election campaign began in March.

These three developments suggested that powerful governments in unpopular positions could be induced, under certain conditions, to withdraw from their positions of crude domination and act in conciliatory fashion. These moves did not guarantee either peace or success to the opposition (the war continued in Afghanistan, and the government maintained the monopoly of power in Algeria), but they did open new hopes.

This brief interpretation of the world from 1979 to early 1989 relies heavily on hindsight. I have reassembled the events to highlight the threads of democratization as they began to cohere into a global movement. But before 1989, if some claimed to see a democratic momentum accumulating in the events of the 1980s, most did not. Despite the range and connections of these events, it remained possible for people to interpret them as separate national phenomena, or to interpret them in terms of a bipolar Cold War confrontation between Americans and Soviets.

Events in China from April to June of 1989 changed all that, and made it logical to speak of a world movement for democracy.

## 1989

Demands for democracy: Tiananmen, April-June, 1989

Democratization bloomed in the streets of Beijing in the spring of 1989, and its images attracted the attention of people everywhere. At the same time, flowers of democratization burst forth in other countries: in Poland, where a national election campaign permitted all parties on the ballot; in Namibia, where United Nations officials supervised a process that would lead to the end of South African colonial rule; in Argentina, where national elections would confirm the removal of the military from office; and in Afghanistan, where the withdrawal of Soviet troops raised hopes for an end to a decade of civil war.

Those who followed the events of Tiananmen in the media also heard the stories of Poland, Namibia and Argentina. One story was placed next to the other -- on the same page of the newspaper, or in sequence on the radio. The artistic logic of the media is that of collage or pastiche -- the producer places items next to each other because they seem to fit. The observer, in observing their proximity, assumes they are related and even seeks to explain their relationship. Thus, out of the rapidly shifting images of spring 1989 emerged a global consciousness of a popular movement for democratization.

As the streets of Beijing cleared following the massive funeral procession for Hu Yaobang on April 22, 1989, university students gathered to consider their next step. One group called that very day for formation of an Autonomous Students Union of Beijing Universities, to give the students a formal organization of their own, distinct from that recognized and to an extent controlled by the party and the state. On April 23, student representatives from major universities throughout China agreed to call for a boycott of classes, to protest police attacks on

student demonstrators, and set forth a list of demands including a revaluation of Hu, an end to corruption, improved conditions for students and intellectuals, a dialogue between government and students, and accurate reporting on violence against students. The actual boycott began April 25.

In their initial public statements, student leaders revealed the disarray in their midst. In seeking recognition from the government, leaders denounced students of the city of Xian who had become embroiled in a battle with police. Various leaders differed on the nature of student demands, and the difference remained between leaders of the official student federation and leaders of the demonstrations and boycott.

But these differences vaporized in the face of the official media reports on the boycott. State television and the People's Daily condemned the students as extremists and saboteurs conspiring to overturn the Communist Party. On April 27, some 150,000 students marched to Tiananmen to proclaim their patriotism and maintain their demands. During the next week, support for the demonstrations grew substantially, and the government began groping toward dialogue with the demonstrators.

May 4, 1989 was the seventieth anniversary of the student demonstrations in Beijing against the territorial capitulations of the Chinese government favoring Japan during World War I; it was a day hallowed in the revolutionary annals of China. Journalists joined officially in the demonstration; people of the city helped the demonstrators break through police lines to reach Tiananmen. Newspapers now turned more favorable and began publishing accounts and photos of the demonstrations.

China's complex leadership structure debated its response. Prime Minister Li Peng, head of the government, was the main object of student criticism, and he in turn took a firm line against concessions to student demands and against meeting with any but official student leaders. Zhou Ziyang, General Secretary of the Communist Party, sought ways to open a conciliatory dialogue with students. The People's National Congress, China's legislature, was not in session, but students attempted to open dialogue with its standing committee, chaired by Wan Li. Deng Xiaoping, officially retired from his posts but still the most influential man in China, began as early as April 25 to gather support for repressing the demonstrations.

Now the dynamic of the conflict began to clarify. The first of the overlapping and conflicting centers of influence was that of the university students -- those gathered with increasing frequency at Tiananmen, those at the many university campuses in Beijing, and those elsewhere in China. Confronting the students was the state, a complex structure including the Communist Party, the military, and the government (national, provincial, and municipal). The city of Beijing as a whole formed a broader center: the general population was mostly workers, but also shopkeepers, high and low officials and, of course, students. All of China participated in the struggle -- for instance, the recent repression of dissension in Tibet was necessarily part of the drama of the democratization movement. So also did the rest of the world, sometimes through direct action, as was the case in Hong Kong and for overseas Chinese, and otherwise through discussion of the events.

From May 4 to May 18 the possibility of dialogue and compromise remained open. Student demands escalated from day to day as new and broader support came in. Student leaders were periodically rebuked and dismissed for offering compromises based on positions that were a few days old, and for recommending and end to the boycott or demonstrations based on what they had seen of the raw power and resolve of the state in their brief and unequal discussions with officials.

Mikhail Gorbachev was scheduled to make a state visit to China May 15-18. Student leaders sought to demonstrate at Tiananmen during his visit, and invited him to speak at Beijing University. Under these conditions of steadily growing opposition, party and government leaders now saw the need to make concessions and open dialogue with the active leaders of the movement. On May 13, the State Council finally agreed to a demand for a high level meeting with ASUBU leaders.

It was too late. On May 12, leaders of the ASUBU, frustrated with the unwillingness or inability of the government to open a dialogue with them, had decided to begin a hunger strike at Tiananmen. They cancelled the meeting offered by the State Council. Three thousand students feasted, then marched to Tiananmen, sang the national anthem and the Internationale, and began their hunger strike.

The hunger strike and the permanent occupation of Tiananmen were the phase of the conflict which received the widest attention worldwide. For six days it seemed to be strengthening the hand of student demonstrators. Party, government and municipal leaders made visits to the hunger strikers, asking them to stop their strike, but also expressing concern for their health. On May 17, as a second hunger strike began in Shanghai, Mikhail Gorbachev spoke positively of the student movement and of the need for greater freedom of expression. Zhao Ziyang and Li Peng met with hunger strikers at a hospital.

On May 18 an official dialogue between students and government was televised from the Great Hall of the People. Prime Minister Li Peng listened to student demands, presented by ASUBU leaders Wuer Kaixi, Wang Dan and others, but flatly refused them. Dialogue broke off after an hour. At a Politburo meeting later that day, Li declared that dialogue had been tried and failed, and won enough votes to reject Zhao's policy of seeking accomodation in favor of a policy of repression.

In the morning of May 19, Zhao went to Tiananmen, told students he had come too late, and asked them to stop their hunger strike; student leaders did later agree to end it. But at the same moment, Li Peng was leading a meeting of party central committee members and other officials at which it was agreed to impose martial law. On May 20 roughly a quarter million troops of the People's Liberation Army took up positions around Beijing.

Student leaders prepared, during the first three days of martial law, to withdraw from Tiananmen and moderate their protest. But a surprising show of protest against martial law, both inside and outside China, prevented an end to the protest. As many as a million Beijing citizens protested on May 21, building roadblocks to obstruct the army; the same day brought a demonstration of similar size in Hong Kong.

For ten days the students wavered between holding out and calling off the occupation of Tiananmen. They were tired, under great pressure, and the month-long occupation of the square, often with water shut off, had led to a collection of refuse and a severe stench. Still, they had earlier spoken of staying on until June 20, when the standing committee of the People's National Congress was to be convened. Ultimately this argument won the day, and a reduced number of students, now dominantly from universities outside Beijing rather than from the city, continued the occupation. The ASUBU, now allied with groups of intellectuals, journalists and workers, founded the Joint Association of Protecting the Constitution (JAPC). On May 24 Chai Ling took an oath as General Commander of the Command Post at Tiananmen. She then led the demonstrators in an oath to fight to the death in defending their post.

Twists and turns continued up to the last moment. Military leaders objected to any involvement in repressing students and nearly cost Li his majority in the politburo; Chai Ling

called for a nationwide strike by workers while other JACP leaders called for withdrawal from Tiananmen. But the buildup to defiance and repression continued.

In the last few days, demonstrators focused on symbolic statements. The most memorable was the arrival, on May 30 of a ten-meter tall statue of the Goddess of Democracy and Freedom. This styrofoam icon, an enlarged version of a statue that had appeared ten days earlier in Shanghai, was clearly recognizable as a cousin of the American statue of Liberty. News photos and television images of her flew immediately around the globe.

Then at about 10:00 p.m. on June 3, troops began their advance from the outskirts of Beijing toward Tiananmen. The front line troops had recently served in repressing demonstrations for autonomy in Tibet, and were therefore considered dependable. Fighting their way through barricades, the troops used tear gas, beatings and then live ammunition to force their way past large numbers of citizens, reaching Tienanmen by 3:00 a.m. The four or five thousand students remaining in the square held on until 5:00 a.m., and most left as the troops took over the square and dragged off resistors. The number of casualties at Tiananmen was thus relatively small, but it seems that thousands of people were killed elsewhere in the city by indiscriminate fire of advancing troops.

Only on June 8 had the government's control of the situation been established with sufficient clarity for Premier Li to appear on television, praise the troops for their work, and call on dissident student and worker leaders to turn themselves in. In the days to follow, arrests of dissident leaders were given wide publicity. A rapid set of trials was organized, focusing on workers rather than students: three Shanghai workers were sentenced to death on June 15, and eight more workers were sentenced to death on June 18. Seven were executed with wide publicity on June 22.

On June 24, with the country nearly quiet again, the Communist Party announced the dismissal of Zhao Ziyang from all his posts.

Much of the world's press denounced the repression of the demonstrators, but governments were reluctant to speak strongly. The Soviet government responded cautiously to the Chinese crackdown, and Soviet television described the end of the demonstrations using footage provided by Chinese state television. The United States government, while criticizing the crackdown, declined to undertake diplomatic retaliation against China. In contrast, and within a week of the June 4 crackdown, the governments of Vietnam, Cuba and East Germany gave support to the Chinese state and criticized the demonstrators as counter-revolutionary.

The events in China created contradictory impressions in the minds of those who observed them from a distance. On one hand they showed the power of public demonstrations and simple moral stands to create massive alliances in a short period of time. They made "democracy" refer to a living, pulsating group of humans rather than to a dry and abstract principle. On the other hand the events showed the fear created in the minds of authorities by such demonstrations, and their ruthlessness in repression. Overall, the demonstrators in China and their visible supporters elsewhere had done much to ennoble the idea of presenting peaceful though extra-legal demands for new democratic rights, but they had done little to make the achievement of such demands appear feasible.

The case of Poland conveyed a somewhat different message. On the very day of the repression in Beijing, June 4, Poland held its parliamentary elections. In the complex arrangement negotiated earlier in the year, the Communist party and other parties in its coalition were reserved a certain number of seats, but candidates allied with the Solidarity movement gained a majority in the election. Continuing the delicate compromise between rising and

declining political forces, the Solidarity-dominated parliament then elected the Communist Wojciech Jaruzelski to continue in office as president. The conciliation in Poland was as strong a contradiction to the message of Beijing as could be imagined. As time passed, it became clear that while the Chinese state could crush the movement for democratization within its borders, it had not crushed the sense of global community which gave birth to the Chinese events, then took inspiration from them.

In South America, the slow transition from military dictatorship to elected government passed three important steps in the spring of 1989. In Chile, preparations for the first presidential election since 1970 brought nomination of Patricio Aylwin of the Christian Democrats as the main opposition candidate; in Argentina the second presidential election since the military regime brought Carlos Saul Menem of the Peronist party to office. In both cases, the military opposed these candidates; Menem's confirmation in office brought a national sigh of relief in Argentina. The success of these transitions contributed to a more abrupt change in neighboring Paraguay, where a military coup deposed long-time dictator Alfredo Stroessner, and brought a promise for rapid elections. The widespread condemnation of repression by Chinese troops can only have encouraged South American troops to stay in their barracks.

In Namibia, South Africa finally made decisive steps toward relinquishing its colonial rule of the territory, as the United Nations transitional team officially took control of the country on April 1. But the United Nations, short of funds, hired South African troops as its police force. The big powers -- the permanent members of the Security Council -- declined to increase the budget for Namibia, and instead they hired the fox to guard the chicken coop. United Nations rule then began not with peace but with a new burst of war, as the South African troops killed scores of troops of SWAPO, the main political party, as they moved from exile in Angola in search of UN posts in Namibia. All parties to the transition plan threatened to pull out, but somehow an agreement was re-established, and plans for UN-supervised national elections resumed.

In two other actions during this period designed to defuse long-term confrontations, the government of Vietnam announced that it would withdraw all of its troops from Cambodia (where they had been since 1978) by September of 1989, and the Palestine Liberation Organization announced a new political program asserting its readiness to recognize the state of Israel.

On the other hand, war continued unabated in Afghanistan. The fedayeen opponents to the Najibullah government launched a siege of the city of Jalalabad, near the Pakistani border, as soon as Soviet troops completed their withdrawal, expecting rapid collapse of the defenders. Instead, the siege met with little success, and the war dragged on.

Then in an evident violation of ethnic rights, the government of Bulgaria reaffirmed its policy of forcing Turkish-speaking Bulgarians to change their names and give up their language, to the point where large numbers of Bulgarian Turks gave up their homes and farms and emigrated to Turkey. The government used the astonishing rationale that the ancestors of these people had been forced by Ottoman Turkish invaders to adopt Islam and Turkish language centuries earlier, so it was not oppressive to require these descendants to adopt Bulgarian ethnicity today.

None of these events was caused by Tiananmen. But in each situation, claims to democratic rights inevitably included references to the demands of demonstrators in China. The terms "democracy" and "democratization" became more prominent in the political lexicon of the time. The widespread condemnations of the repression in China appeared as a global consensus,

and heightened the impression that international consensus could be achieved on other issues as well.

Breakthrough: Eastern Europe, August, 1989 - January, 1990

When the Chinese state cut back the bloom of democratization, the effect was not to kill the weed but to stimulate new growth: the vine of global consciousness sent out new shoots from every limb. During the last half of 1989, protest movements expanded in one after another country of Eastern Europe, each gaining inspiration and ideas from the movement preceding it. Dense and surprising though this Eastern European flowering was, it was not alone: the vine already had roots on every continent, and produced blooms at the same time in Cambodia, in Benin, in Southern Africa, and in South America.

In Panama, the deeper complexities of the story began to unfold, as the idea of democratization became entangled with great-power politics, drug trade, and nationalism. I shall recount the events of this exciting period -- best symbolized by the opening of the Berlin Wall -- through alternating, in periods of one or two months, between events in Eastern Europe and events elsewhere in the world.

As the crisis in China ebbed during June and July, events in Hungary quietly set the stage for the next great chapter in the movements for democratization. The governing Communist party, assessing trends at home as well as in nearby Poland, launched moves toward opening political dialogue. In June it permitted a funeral ceremony to be held for Imre Nagy, the long-dead leader of the rebellious Hungarian republic of 1956. Just three weeks later Janos Kadar died: he had been the leader of the regime established with Soviet support in 1956. The two countervailing funerals thus served informally as the introduction of multiparty politics into Hungarian life.

In the course of this political reorientation, the Hungarian government expanded its contacts with its neighbors to the west and reduced the restrictions on movements of Hungarian citizens that were part of the heritage of the Cold War. At the beginning of August it became publicly known that Hungary, in the previous several months, had assisted as many as 1600 citizens of East Germany to go to Austria and West Germany. East Germans, and in particular young people of modest means, began seeking in growing numbers to emigrate to West Germany, where the goverment promised them immediate citizenship, housing and work. The number of those fleeing grew during the summer, as they took advantage of their vacations to go to neighboring Hungary -- and later Czechoslovakia and Poland -- to seek a way to go west.

On August 6 the Hungarian government announced it was considering granting asylum to some German Democratic Republic (East German) citizens. On August 14 the Federal Republic of Germany (West German) government announced it was closing its embassy in Budapest, as it was filled with over 180 East Germans seeking to emigrate to the west. The number of refugees grew, and on September 10 Hungarian officials simply opened the border with Austria. Citizens of both Hungary and Austria came to the border, joined in removing the remainder of the barriers at this Cold War frontier, and offered assistance to the migrating Germans.

A second and distinct element of East German dissidence now grew to prominence. Members of the Lutheran clergy, appealing to established and professional elements of the population, called for reform and liberalization of political and economic life. Every Monday, beginning early in the summer of 1989, supporters of this outlook met at the Nicolai Church in Leipzig to hear speakers on the subject of democratization. The meetings grew in size as the

emigration crisis developed. By September 13 a group calling itself New Forum had formed, to enunciate policies reminiscent of the "socialism with a human face" of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

The summer of 1989 brought the emergence of massive pressures for change in Eastern Europe, for which it became easy to see parallels with the earlier demands of Chinese students. Similarly, comparisons with Chinese events played a part in the affairs of many other countries during that time. In South Africa, for instance, the Mass Democratic Movement -- a coalition of many black organizations -- carried on a program of civil disobedience to protest the exclusion of blacks from the legal politics of the country. These demonstrations had their effects. State President P. W. Botha resigned from office three weeks before the September 6 whites-only elections, and F. W. de Klerk became State President as well as head of the Nationalist Party. The Nationalists lost seats to the anti-compromise Conservative Party, but De Klerk immediately made plans to visit neighboring African heads of state.

As an even stronger statement of conciliation, on October 16 de Klerk released Walter Sisulu from prison. Sisulu, a leader of both the African National Congress and the South African Communist Party, had been serving a life sentence along with Nelson Mandela and others on charges of treason for his support of armed resistance to the government. His unconditional release and his vocal espousal of the program of the ANC at large meetings opened a new level of dialogue in the country.

Next door in Namibia, events inched toward the planned November elections. Long-time rebel leader Sam Nujoma of SWAPO returned to the country on September 15 and soon spoke to a mass rally. On the other hand, two days before Nujoma's return a leading white member of SWAPO, Anton Lubowski, was assassinated
-- conceivably through the actions of the South African police still in Namibia.

In another governmental initiative to reduce tensions, the Vietnamese army completed its unilateral withdrawal from Cambodia in mid-September. As in Afghanistan, however, the withdrawal of foreign troops led not to an immediate dialogue but to continuing stalemate. The governments of China and the U.S. made clear their continued support of guerrilla movements opposing the Cambodian government led by Hunn Senn. In Afghanistan, the battle for Jalalabad had now gone on for six months, and revealed considerable bickering among the guerrilla forces and their Pakistani and American supporters. The Kabul government of Najibullah, in turn, found that its counterattack bogged down rapidly. Its repeated calls for negotiations brought no response.

The politics of international conciliation had advanced a few steps further in Central America, where the five national presidents made an agreement to disband their armies. But one of the five nations, Nicaragua, was unable to extricate itself from confrontation with the United States. The U.S. government continued its support of the anti-government contras in Nicaragua, pledged to contribute money to anti-government candidates in the coming Nicaraguan elections, and declined to support the regional agreement for disbanding armies.

Elections in the Americas played in a different way on the Chinese events during the summer of 1989, focusing on the hope for orderly institutions for expressing the will of the people. In Haiti, under military rule since the fall of the Duvalier regime in 1986, General Prosper Avril announced that elections would be held in late 1990. The newly elected president of Bolivia, Paz Zamora, took office. The Columbian election campaign was marred by the assassination, by the powerful drug interests, of the presidential candidate who had most firmly opposed them. In Chile and Brazil, opposition parties struggled through their long national campaigns.

By October in East Germany, the drama of the refugee crisis collided with the choreography of the 40th anniversary of the German Democratic Republic. October 4 was the 40th anniversary of the People's Republic of China, and GDR President Erich Honecker sent fraternal greetings to the Chinese leadership. October 7 was the 40th anniversary of the GDR. Mikhail Gorbachev arrived on October 5 to participate in the celebration, but was openly critical of Honecker's reluctance to accept reforms. Meanwhile, the Monday meetings in Leipzig had grown so large that the government fearfully sent troops there. Rumors circulated that the troops would have orders to fire on demonstrators. A committee of Leipzig leaders negotiated with the Berlin government, and avoided a confrontation.

October 7 in Berlin brought not only the huge official celebation of 40 years of socialism in East Germany, but an equally huge though informal counter-demonstration at the end of the day. The Monday meeting in Leipzig, on October 9, attracted an estimated 70,000 persons; the crowds of the succeeding two weeks were estimated at 120,000 and 300,000, respectively.

On October 18, Erich Honecker resigned his position of president of the GDR, ostensibly for health reasons: he was 80 years old. The spectre of Tiananmen Square must surely have haunted those in the East German leadership who voted to overthrow Honecker rather than risk firing on fellow citizens. The new president, the gregarious Egon Krenz, assured citizens that major reforms would be forthcoming.

Nobody, however, was prepared for the form or the rapidity of the changes. On Thursday, November 9, East German television announced the adoption of new travel regulations, according to which every East German citizen had a right to a visa to visit West Germany. At the end of the day thousands showed up spontaneously at border points in Berlin to exercise their new right. The cheerful crowd grew in size, waiting through the slow checking of visas. By midnight someone made a decision -- it probably came from one of the ministries -- and the gates were opened to the free flow of pedestrians and vehicles. Thousands flowed west, many gathering at the Kurfurstendamm, West Berlin's elegant shopping street, and then most returned home and to work on Friday. In the happy chaos of that night, many people brought out their camcorders. It was one of these which recorded the chance meeting, in West Berlin, of a mother and son who were otherwise separated by the wall. The microphone picked up the mother's exclamation, as they embraced, "Can you imagine that it would always be like this?" At that point, of course, nobody knew.

East German authorities opened an additional checkpoint on Friday, and growing numbers of people began chipping at the wall. On Saturday morning, November 11, almost the whole population of East Berlin went west, visited and reveled in the streets. The "Wessis" (West Germans) greeted the "Ossis" (East Germans), fondled their "Trabis" (the small East German Trabant cars with their noisy two-cycle engines), and the two groups joined in climbing and dismantling parts of the wall itself. Political figures were not far behind: on November 13, West German Chancellor Kohl and the new GDR Prime Minister Hans Modrow, the mayors of East and West Berlin and others joined in the singing of the national anthem, "Deutschland uber alles." The wall had fallen, and all celebrated in the new freedom of movement.

The focus of events shifted rapidly to Czechoslovakia. The government there had been reluctant to offer assistance to East German migrants, and had made numerous arrests in Prague at an August demonstration commemorating the 1968 Soviet crackdown. On November 17, the anniversary of a significant student demonstration held during the Nazi occupation, university students led a demonstration on Vacslavska, Prague's wide, central boulevard (known as Wenceslaus Square in English). Police attacked the demonstrators. In response Civic Forum, a

newly formed reform group, called for a general strike on November 27 to protest the police violence.

The government and the Communist Party misjudged totally the level of public alienation. The government had lost much credibility by announcing major economic reforms in the spring of 1989, then implementing them slowly; the concessions announced after November 17 were therefore received with skepticism. The general strike went ahead on November 27, and with it went any credible claim of the government to working-class support. Civic Forum and other elements of the opposition, while lacking any clear organization, nonetheless had the initiative.

Changes throughout the world now seemed directly influenced by the magnitude of events in East Germany and Czechoslovakia. Hungary proceeded with the reforms initiated early in 1989, and changed its constitution to allow a multi-party political system. In Bulgaria, party leader Todor Zhivkov resigned under pressure both from within the Communist Party and from public criticism. In Namibia the elections for the constituent national assembly took place in November, and gave SWAPO a strong majority which nonetheless fell short of the two-thirds majority which would have given it complete control over writing of the constitution. National elections in Brazil, on November 15, brought forth as leading candidates the millionnaire businessman Fernando Collor e Mello, a conservative, and Workers' Party leader Luiz Ignacio da Silva, known as Lula, a socialist. The Indian parliamentary elections, held November 22-27, brought a great setback to the governing Congress party.

In the middle of December presidents Bush and Gorbachev met in Malta: they seemed to ratify the changes taking place in Europe, and sought further to reduce military confrontation between their two blocs. In East Germany, events seemed to be stabilizing. Prime Minister Hans Modrow's energetic reforms led to opening of discussion with the West German government on new relations between the two countries. At the popular level, calls for unification of the two Germanies began to be heard, but political figures remained cautious about discussing the idea. Meanwhile, charges of corruption were filed against Honecker. The East German Communist Party changed its name to the Socialist Party; the Italian Communist Party made a similar change at roughly the same time.

In Czechoslovakia a new coalition government formed by appointment rather than by election. On December 10 a new cabinet formed, without a Communist majority. In another week president Gustav Husak resigned, and for another week negotiations continued on who was to replace him. Then on December 28 parliament elected Alexander Dubcek, the Slovak political leader who headed the 1968 reform government of Czechoslovakia, as the chair of parliament. The next day parliament selected Civic Forum leader Vaclav Havel, a Czech, as president of the republic. This complete transition of power had taken place within two months.

The transformation of Romania was even more rapid, but far more costly to life and property. In the town of Timisoara, in the northwestern Transylvanian region, a confrontation built around the outspoken Laszlo Tokes, a young pastor of the protestant Hungarian Reform Church. When units of the Securitate, the powerful special police, arrived to deport Tokes on December 15, neighboring Romanian-speakers joined the Hungarian-speaking parishoners of Tokes to protest. Securitate forces ended up firing into the crowd. The result, however, was not intimidation but full-scale revolt.

President Nicolae Ceaucescu felt secure enough to leave the country for a visit to Iran, but his situation was virtually lost by the time he returned. As news of the revolt spread throughout the country, especially via television broadcast, demonstrators came forth to espouse

the cause of the citizens of Timisoara. Suddenly, factions of the army more loyal to the country than to its government broke with Ceaucescu, and entered into conflict with the Securitate. The Romanian Communist Party split as well, with leading figures who had been alienated from the Ceaucescu regime rapidly forming a National Salvation Committee: Ion Ilescu was among the first, and was to remain the leading figure of this group.

On December 23, Nicolae and Elena Ceaucescu escaped from party headquarters, where they were besieged, by means of a helicopter. They were soon captured by their opponents, and were held in secret for two days. During that time their captors tried and executed them on charges of genocide. The trial, like many other events in the Romanian revolution, was videotaped and broadcast on television. The end of the fighting was accompanied by revelations of extensive prisons and torture chambers operated by the Security Police. (Disputes arose, however, with accusations by reporters for the French newspaper Le Monde that videotapes had been falsified, portraying corpses taken from a cemetary as victims of executions.) The army and the anti-Ceaucescu faction of the party joined in the Committee of National Salvation which took over the government.

Reform now proceeded in most parts of Eastern Europe. President Havel of Czechoslovakia visited both East and West Germany. The Soviet Union announced a plan to withdraw troops from Hungary. In the Soviet Union, the reform leader and Nobel laureate physicist Andrei Sakharov died in December: he had often been in conflict with the government, but president Gorbachev led in national mourning for him.

In the West African country of Benin, the socialist government was months behind in paying its salaries. The government offered some modest concessions to postpone a general strike threatened for December 8. Anti-government demonstrators in the streets of Cotonou became more cautious, after December 15, as they saw television reports of the brutality of the fighting in Romania.

In South Africa, president de Klerk met with the imprisoned Nelson Mandela on December 14. On the same day, Patricio Aylwin won election as president of Chile, successfully invoking the events of Eastern Europe in his support. On December 17, Fernando Collor won the presidency of Brazil: in a close election, he successfully argued that policies proposed by his socialist opponent Lula were now outdated, and that it was time to adopt his free-market approach.

A great-power version of democratization unfolded beginning December 20, with the U.S. invasion of Panama, intended to displace Gen. Manuel Noriega from his position of dominance over that country's government. The invasion took place just after the Soviet-American summit at Malta, and after the Brazilian elections. The U.S. accused Noriega of drug trafficking and of falsifying results of the recent Panamanian national elections. At U.S. urging, the Organization of American States had passed resolutions condemning Noriega's actions.

The invasion, announced as a defense of democracy, was very popular in the U.S., and brought forth many supporters in Panama. Its success was compromised, however, by a number of factors. Noriega had earlier worked closely with the U.S., particularly in opposition to the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua. Most Latin American countries quickly denounced the invasion for its violation of the sovereignty of Panama. Noriega himself could not be found for days; he was induced to surrender from his asylum in the Papal legation on January 3 by intense and noisy American pressures.

In three other notes at the turn of the new year, the United States formally declined to rejoin UNESCO, arguing that it was dominated by Third-World critics of the West; the Emir of

Kuwait rejected the demands of demonstrators for the reconvening of a parliament which the Emir had disbanded in 1986; and new ethnic violence broke out in Punjab, on the border of India and Pakistan.

On Monday, December 11, 1989 I arrived in Benin for a three-week visit. The gates to the Berlin Wall had opened precisely one month earlier, and a new cabinet had been appointed in Czechoslovakia the day before.

Support for my travel came from the U.S. Information Agency, on whose behalf I was to give a week of lectures on Benin history to graduate students and faculty members at the university. My visit was timed so that I could participate in a conference on the heritage of king Glele, who ruled from 1858 to 1889 as king of Dahomey, the most powerful state in what is now Benin. Beyond these two activities, the real reason for my travel to Benin was to work with Elisee Soumonni, chair of the history department at the national university, on a plan for yet another conference. Our hope was to get U.S. funding for an international conference gathering about fifty scholars on Benin history -- half of them from Africa and half from other continents -- for their first opportunity to discuss their common interests.

I managed to complete all these tasks in my busy three weeks. In practice, though, all this activity was set into the background by Benin's democratization movement, which hit one of the peaks of its activity during that precise time.

Benin is a country of four million, ruled as a colony of France from 1892 to 1960. In 1972 a group of young officers siezed power, and by 1975 they had changed the country's name from Dahomey to Benin, and proclaimed it a people's republic governed by the principles of Marxism-Leninism. By 1989 the government and the country had fallen on hard times. From talking with Soumonni on the phone before leaving, I knew that events were brewing in Benin. I scoured American and French newspapers in the week before I arrived, but found not a word on Benin.

As soon as I got off the plane in the capital city of Cotonou, however, my ears were filled with stories. On that very morning there had been a demonstration at Dantokpa, the huge central market of Cotonou. Market women protested the government's failure to pay salaries for the past three months, which had reduced their sales. Troops responded by firing, mostly over their heads. That afternoon, president Mathieu Kerekou appeared in his limousine at the market. He ended up walking the streets, then found himself fleeing, pursued by women hurling shoes and eggs, until he took refuge in the St.-Michel cathedral. Troops again fired volleys, and some people were hit. By the time I left Benin, I had heard nearly ten versions of this story.

In a nearby part of the city on the same day, demonstrators attacked the nearly-completed Lenin monument, pulling off the shrouds above the statue and defacing the statue itself. The curious part of this event, though, was that the demonstrators were led by activists of the PCD -- the Communist Part of Dahomey. (The PCD preferred the old name of the country.) Where else would communists attack a Lenin monument? The issue here was that the state had lost all public support: stories of corruption and incompetence in government spilled from the lips of every Beninois. The PCD, representing a different strand of Marxism-Leninism than the government, had its strongest support among the unemployed youth of Cotonou. They attacked the Lenin monument as a symbol of the state they wished to bring down.

Another set of events, perhaps more crucial, unfolded in the week before I arrived. Friday, December 8, was the deadline for a general strike. Public employees, sparked by the university teachers union (led by Leopold Dossou of the history department), had quietly ceased work in earlier weeks, but this promised to be an open confrontation. The government, pressed

heavily by the French ambassador, acted just in time to halt an insurrection. (France preferred the known quantity of a discredited Kerekou government to the possibility that the PCD might come to power.) After a two-day meeting of party and state leaders, Kerekou announced on December 7 that party and state would be separated, that Marxism-Leninism was no longer the official ideology, that the term "comrade" was no longer required in public discourse, and that a "conference of the active forces of the nation" would be convened soon. At the same moment, word came from Paris that funds would be provided to enable the government of Benin to pay three months in back salaries.

These announcements were sufficient to cause postponement and then cancellation of the general strike. The events of December 11 were a mere shadow of what would have taken place without the government's concessions. Demonstrations subsided, but debate did not.

Use of the term "comrade" became a contentious symbol. At the Catholic cathedral in Porto-Novo, the second city, a massive funeral was held for Sourou Migan Apithy, an early president of the country. Kerekou did not attend, but sent a minister who began his address with the words, "Dear comrades." Instantly, the thousands assembled in the cathedral broke into a ten-minute riot of boos, whistles and derision. The apparent spontaneity of this demonstration only confirmed that its organizers had correctly judged the mood of Porto-Novo's leading citizens. During the rest of my visit, I was able to determine the political tendency of speakers by the way they used or avoided the term "comrade."

Many Beninese were angry at France for propping up Kerekou. I heard of a Franco-Beninese reception held on December 12, at which some Beninese men married to French women spoke up and asked how France could support the international banks paying off salaries just as the strike was becoming national on December 8. At this point the French diplomats left the room. Some of the younger French technicians remained to argue lamely that the country was suffering and something had to be done. "You discover that only today?" came the retort. The French women were ultimately able to calm the tempers of their men.

Another twist to the story began emerging on December 13. The names of eight university professors were announced over national radio, and they were instructed to appear at the presidential palace. Included were four historians: Elisee Soumonni, Leopold Dossou, and two others. They declined to appear. In a day it became clear that they had been appointed to a "Commission for Verification of Goods" to determine whether high officials had appropriated public funds and goods. But the professors had not accepted the appointment and had no chance to negotiate the terms. They wanted no part of a whitewash for corruption. The government persisted, for more than a week, in announcing the commission and convening the appointees. The appointees feared they might be arrested, but they obstinately refused to appear.

Then, in the three days before Christmas, the national treasury opened up, and long lines of public servants collected the back salary promised December 7. The problem was that only two months' salary was paid, rather than the promised three. Everyone took the money offered, and everyone concluded that the third month's salary had been appropriated by the corrupt officials they sought to bring down. It was a national Christmas bonus, accepted with pleasure and with cynicism. The markets and the night spots of Cotonou remained lively even later than their normal late hour.

Throughout these national events in which they were deeply involved, Elisee Soumonni and the other historians worked with amazing diligence to participate in the lectures and discussions of my visit, and to organize the conference and celebration in memory of king Glele. Thus, though the university was on strike, Soumonni and I met with the Minister of Education to

make plans both for the Glele conference and for our later conference on Benin history. Contacting participants, typing and copying their papers, moving people and materials from Cotonou to the old royal capital of Abomey -- somehow it all got done.

There was even time to discuss world events. Soumonni reported to me on the Voice of America and Radio France International stories on Benin and also on Eastern Europe. From December 20, events in Romania attracted great attention from Beninois who felt that they risked a similar confrontation. I listened to one conversation in which people sought to determine how long Ceaucescu had been held before he was executed, and how long it took to produce his body, because of the immense amount of killing that took place while his fate was in doubt. Soumonni, Thierno Bah (of Cameroun) and I stopped in front of the TV in my hotel lobby to see the film from Romania revealing the corpses in torture chambers. It was a painful moment for us all. Soumonni reported with anguish that the Securitate had burned the university library in Bucharest.

In those same days we heard reports of the American invasion of Panama -- events of less interest to Beninese than the European events, but worthy of note. I remember riding in a taxi (they rarely move with less than three passengers) and hearing, in the mixtures of Fon and French language of the city, "where's Noriega?" during the days when Noriega had escaped detection by the American forces.

I left Benin on January 2, 1990, with three hundred pages of handwritten notes on the events and debates I had experienced. I had become deeply identified with those experiences. It was strange, during the months thereafter, to be cut off from them. Letters, phone calls and magazine articles helped a little, but not much. Even for myself, I found, consciousness of the global nature of social change is not the same thing as actual participation in the events of faraway places. You have to be there.

Now it was 11:00 p.m. and time to think of food. Wolfgang wanted to show me videos of the fall of the Berlin Wall, so we went to his place, and Selim stopped at a nearby good and got some good Eastern Mediterranean take-out food. We spooned down the food and sipped rose wine as Wolfgang turned on the VCR and played the first of three videotapes made by Spiegel, the news magazine, of German events from the October 1989 crisis of East German emigrants to the October 1990 unification. The advantage of seeing it in this way was that Wolfgang could stop the tape to comment or translate portions of it, and of course to replay key sections. The tape did an effective job of recreating the moments and recalling the rhetoric of those involved at all levels in the events. The happy chaos of the actual opening of the wall to free access from East to West was the focus of the tape, which was pieced together from a wide range of official and unofficial sources. It was one of the latter which recorded the chance meeting, on that night, of a mother and son who were otherwise separated by the wall. The microphone picked up the mother's exclamation, as they embraced, "Can you imagine that it would always be like this?" At that point, of course, nobody knew.

Then we looked at a portion of another, much longer film, made by Marcel Ophuls. Ophuls, who speaks good German and English as well as his native French, collected clips of many people who were interviewed in the days of the collapse of the GDR government and the opening of the wall, and then he sought out those people and intervieiwed them again. These included GDR officials, but again the most striking interviews were with unknowns. One couple, interviewed in English as they came through the wall, said firmly that they did want to visit the West, but that their dreams projects were in building the East. By the time Ophuls interviewed them, the couple seemed despondent, as they were out of work.

## 1990

A global movement: South Africa and the world, February-July 1990

By early 1990 it had become clear that the events of 1989 represented a global movement, not just an accidental collection of heroic national cases. To recognize the movement and to explain it, however, were different matters. At first, people turned to familiar categories in search of an explanation. Thus in the spring of 1990, almost before the ink was dry on the newsprint, the New York Times published a collection of dispatches from Eastern Europe and titled it The Collapse of Communism. It was indeed a collapse of Communism, but this Cold War view of events narrowed the focus, and excluded from discussion the flowering of democracy in Africa and South America.

The events of South Africa in the first half of 1990 made clear that democracy was not the same thing as anti-Communism: the South African Communist Party won back its legal status at the very time when other communist parties fell from power. But South African events could not dominate the spring of 1990 to the same degree as had Tiananmen for the spring of 1989 or Eastern Europe for the fall of 1989. South Africa, while including over thirty million people, was smaller than China or Eastern Europe, and its events were less conclusive. Further, the South African story had to compete with many others: stories centered in Nicaragua, Germany, Romania, Liberia and Algeria, among other places. Nonetheless, the story of South Africa had particular meaning for a world in search of democracy.

The confrontation in South Africa went back for generations: the African National Congress, founded in 1913, came into existence in protest to the expropriation of African lands and the elimination of black votes by the then-new government of South Africa. In 1948 the Nationalist Party came to power on a program of "apartheid," defining and segregating racial groups in every area of life. But the world-wide decline of colonialism and racial segregation combined with the militant protests of young South Africans to put pressure on South African whites to find a way out of their confrontation. White conservatives stumbled into the leader they needed in F. W. de Klerk, an old-time nationalist politician who showed himself capable of great flexibility.

Nelson Mandela, on the other side, was a remarkable combination of a powerful symbol, a visionary, and a sharp political tactician. At age seventy, he had served over twenty-five years in prison for seeking military means to oppose apartheid. His infrequent and indirect contacts with supporters, while in prison, suggested that he maintained the personal power of his earlier years.

On February 3, 1990, president de Klerk announced that Mandela would be released unconditionally from prison. On February 11, Mandela emerged from the Pollsmoor prison and walked to join the waiting crowd, his fist held high in triumph. (The importance of these days is agreed by all, though I have noted that whites in South Africa tend to see February 3 as the turning point, while blacks tend to see February 11 as the key date.) Mandela spoke in Cape Town, and his remarks were broadcast around the world: he called for national reconciliation, but also for rapid political change. After several more speeches in South Africa, Mandela left immediately for Zambia, where the exiled headquarters of the ANC were located in Lusaka, and then he travelled to other African countries to offer thanks for years of support.

In freeing Mandela, de Klerk's government also legalized the banned political parties -- the ANC, the PAC, and the Communist Party of South Africa. The conflicts of the country were by no means healed, but they would now be debated openly at every level. The openness of Berlin had now come to Cape Town and Johannesburg.

The impact of South African events, in turn, showed up in unexpected places. The day after Mandela's release, demonstrators gathered in Katmandu, Nepal, to celebrate his freedom. Then, identifying his cause with their own, they raised demands that their king should convene a parliament. The demonstrations grew, reinforced by the news from abroad suggesting that old political obstacles might now give way. Within a month the demonstrators had in fact gained substantial concessions from the government, and Nepal lurched suddenly from autocracy to multiparty government.

Meanwhile, the momentum of transformation continued in those countries where sharp political changes began in 1989. Vaclav Havel, president of Czechoslovakia, visited the U.S. Hungary confirmed its old Catholic tradition by opening relations with the Vatican. In Namibia, the constitutional convention elected in November moved rapidly to complete the delicate work of balancing factional interests, and in February it elected Sam Nujoma of SWAPO as president of the nation.

Benin, which had backed away from the abyss of civil strife in December, convened a remarkable national conference in the last ten days of February. Stormy and articulate debate, among the five hundred delegates representing most of the country's interest groups, was followed closely by the nation on radio and television. The conference asserted its sovereignty over the country, and induced president Mathieu Kerekou to accept its leadership. It then selected a prime minister (World Bank economist Nicephore Soglo), gave him powers to replace Kerekou as the dominant influence in government, and set up mechanisms both for writing a new constitution and for supervising the government.

In this same week, the February 26 national elections in Nicaragua brought defeat for the Sandinista government, and brought to power newspaper owner Violetta Chamorro. In one sense it was a great-power victory for the U.S., which had pressed Daniel Ortega's government in every possible way, and finally achieved its ouster. In another sense, it was a step forward for democratic process: voting was free and open, and most voters chose the option of replacing the incumbents with an opposition in the hope that it would bring better social and economic conditions. The transition to the new government passed remarkably smoothly.

In South Africa, the excitement of announcing the path to consensus began to give way to addressing the many practical obstacles along that path. If Mandela and de Klerk had hoped for a rapid agreement on a new government, they were to be disappointed. In February the Pan-Africanist Congress announced that it would refuse to take part in the ANC-government discussions on the nation's future, arguing that the government had made insufficient concessions. Meanwhile factional fighting broke out in the black townships of South Africa's major cities. These were party and ethnic disputes among blacks who now would have some hope of political power. They were struggles between supporters of the ANC and supporters of Inkatha, a party seeking to be a middle force between ANC and the government; they were battles among groups of Zulu-speakers, and between Zulu-speakers and Xhosa-speakers. In addition, as later evidence revealed, the disputes were fueled murderously by police, army and other elements of the state that disagreed with the new policy of conciliation.

Still, the political opening continued. In April Joe Slovo, secretary of the South African Communist Party and a leader of ANC as well, returned from years of exile and gave addresses

to large audiences. And on May 2, the formal dialogue between the ANC and the government began with a week-long set of meetings. During May and June, the government of South Africa repealed a number of basic apartheid laws.

At the beginning of June, Nelson Mandela left South Africa for a three-week trip through Europe and North America. He was met everywhere with huge audiences -- in person, and in television broadcasts of his speeches. Mandela spoke in a broad and topical language of democracy that struck his listeners with its immediacy. It alternated between vagueness and specificity as effectively as the slogans of the students at Tiananmen, and drew a sense of commitment out of people based on their identity as blacks, as workers, as Africans, as the economically deprived, as supporters of the Western democratic tradition, and as supporters of human rights.

A flood tide of democratic developments appeared to be rising during the spring of 1990. On March 21, Namibia gained its formal independence from South Africa. National elections took place in a wide range of countries. In Hungary, the Socialist Party (formerly Communist) lost power as two other coalitions, one urban and one rural, won most of the parliamentary seats in the March 25 voting. On May 20, elections confirmed the leadership of the National Salvation Committee in Romania. In Peru, the unheralded Alberto Fujimori led the first round of the presidential elections. In May, parliamentary elections in Myanmar (Burma) were won by parties in opposition to the governing military clique; the problem was that the new parliament was not convened. In June, elections were held in various Soviet republics: Boris Yeltsin was elected president of the Russian republic by the new parliament.

In the same period Lithuania declared its independence from the Soviet Union, Helmut Kohl began a campaign for the unification of Germany, and president Chamorro of Nicaragua negotiated with both her United States supporters and her Sandinista opponents to establish a secure new government. In Chile, president Aylwin provided public compensation to the family of Orlando Letelier, who had been assassinated in 1975 in Washington D.C. at the direction of Chile's military rulers.

Elsewhere, the progress of democratization was slower. Some of the difficulties of democratization showed up in Brazil, where president Collor tried to implement a tough anti-inflation policy, and in Argentina, where public employees responded to a similar policy with large-scale work stoppages. In Kuwait, the emir conceded that a parliament might be selected, though he said it would have advisory powers only. On March 25, India withdrew its troops from Sri Lanka, but this would not bring an end to inter-ethnic violence there; in India itself, political bombings took place in April. In Cote d'Ivoire, demonstrators critical of the government gained a promise of a multi-party system, but the governing party retained a near-monopoly on power. Zairian president Mobutu announced that the country would have a multiparty democracy; the press became freer, but little else changed. In Haiti, Gen. Prosper Avril declared a state of siege in March as opposition to him grew, but gave up and resigned in April as the opposition continued to mount.

Further, there were instances of major conflicts developing in the course of democratization movements. In April, elections in two of the republics making up Yugoslavia, Croatia and Slovenia, revealed ethnic disputes that would eventually tear the country apart. In Czechoslovakia as well, differences between Czechs and Slovaks began to threaten the nation's stability. And in Afghanistan, critics of president Najibullah within the regime attempted a coup on March 6.

In June and July, a similar balance was evident in world events: many important steps toward democratization, but a strong countercurrent of conflict and repression. The most dramatic new development came in the July municipal elections in Algeria, held in response to the demonstrations of late 1988. In these elections the Islamic Solidarity Front (FIS) won the largest single number of seats. Opponents of this religious-political coalition, both inside and outside Algeria, argued that it was impossible for a Muslim theocratic organization to be democratic. Others, however, argued that the expression of the will of the people, as they cast their ballots, was sufficient to label this as a move toward democracy.

Elsewhere, Czechoslovakia held parliamentary elections on 8-9 June, and Mongolia held multi-party elections, won by the governing Communist Party. The socialist government of the tiny Atlantic island country of Cape Verde prepared for multi-party elections. The United Nations prepared to send observers to oversee the upcoming election in Haiti. In Chile the Truth and Reconciliation Commission began its work, and issue of human rights were debated in Brazil and Argentina, especially in reference to military and police activities. The Soviet Communist Party held a congress to plan its response to the events of the day, and the Vietnamese Communist Party underwent a series of reforms.

Other events of June and July reflected increases rather than decreases in tension. In Gabon a national conference was organized hurriedly to short-circuit public protest. In Liberia an armed rebellion broke out against president Samuel Doe, who had come to power by a military coup. In Somalia rebellion broke out against president Siad Barre. In both countries, ample weapons supplied had built up through close military alliance with the U.S., and the wars took heavy casualties. In Ethiopia the long-term civil wars heated up as rebel groups gained strength; in Afghanistan the battle for Jalalabad continued after more than a year of fighting on the city's outskirts. Elsewhere, street battles broke out in Romania between supporters of the governing NSC and opponents drawn from urban professionals and from some rural people; and refugees began leaving Albania for Italy in a pattern reminiscent of the departures from East Germany. On the diplomatic front the United States, which had agreed to open a dialogue with the Palestine Liberation Organization in mid-1989, now broke off those discussions.

The world is large and complex enough that no single pattern of events could dominate it. Still, by the middle of 1990 a remarkable sequence of democratization movements had brought a clear sense of momentum in political change, and in popular involvement in major political decisions. The move toward reform and reconciliation in South Africa provided the strongest example of that sense of momentum. Because of the breadth of interest in South Africa's changes, as reinforced by broad media coverage and by Nelson Mandela's travels, people on every continent gained a sense of participation in global change through that case alone. In addition, the South African case was reinforced by national conferences in Benin and elsewhere in Africa, by elections of reform governments in South America, by the continuing transformation of Eastern Europe, by the local elections in Algeria, and by popular demonstrations in such other countries as Nepal and Myanmar.

Detour: Persian Gulf confrontation, August 1990-February 1991

The cold realities of confrontation and war in the Persian Gulf disrupt my tale of democracy in flower. The massing of armies, the looting of Kuwait, the high-tech battlefield experiments, the destruction of Iraqi infrastructure, Iraqi retaliations against Kurdish dissidents -- these events seem far removed from free speech, free elections and free market. But these events

were prominent in the story of their time, and to leave them out would be to step back from telling a fully global tale.

The Persian Gulf confrontation was not another flowering of democracy. But it can be seen as an encounter of the global democratization movement, then at its peak, with a range of other forces. Democratization does not explain why Saddam Hussein chose to invade Kuwait on August 2 -- though Hussein was able to argue that he was fulfilling Iraqi national destiny, and was able to point out that the Emir of Kuwait had recently snuffed out a movement calling for creation of a parliament and multiparty government. Democratization does not explain why George Bush put such effort into organizing a powerful global consensus against Iraq -- though Bush was able to argue that Iraq had violated the national sovereignty of Iraq, and was able to obtain almost unanimous support for his response at all levels of the United Nations.

The democratization movement was now caught in a maelstrom, centered on the Persian Gulf, of political and economic forces. The movement survived the conflict, but emerged transformed. Still, during the buildup to war and in its aftermath, the vines of democracy continued to bloom in other locales. The story of this period must therefore alternate between events of the Persian Gulf and those other locales: Germany at the time of its unification, Haiti at the time of its national election, Angola during the settlement to its long civil war, and the Soviet Union as its divisions grew more severe.

At the beginning of August, what had seemed to be a recurring dispute over price policy within OPEC turned suddenly into a new conflict over the sovereignty of nations. With lightning speed, Iraq sent thousands of troops into Kuwait, and proclaimed that it had annexed the emirate as its nineteenth province. Other governments, in and beyond the region, responded with shock, surprise and caution. Then rapid intervention by the U.S. led to making the Persian Gulf the hottest spot in a very warm world.

The immediate dispute was indeed over oil price policy -- cash-strapped Iraq favored high prices and restrictions on output of crude oil, while tiny but oil-rich Kuwait favored low prices and unlimited output. In addition, the two countries shared the large Rumallah oilfield spanning their borders, and Iraq accused Kuwait of draining oil from the Iraqi side. Further, Iraq had historic territorial claims on Kuwait, going back to the time when the whole region had been under Turkish and then British imperial rule.

Beyond oil and territorial claims, Iraq's Baathist regime, led by Saddam Hussein since 1974, had long worked to build itself into a regional power. The occupation of Kuwait was not totally different from the 1979 attack on Iran or the periodic attacks on Kurdish populations battling for autonomy. In that sense, the difference was that the great powers had encouraged Iraq's assault on Iran and had ignored the assaults on the Kurds. For most of the 1980s, and right up until the occupation of Kuwait, the U.S. provided military and economic support for the Iraqi regime because of its role in the complex chessboard of regional and Cold War politics. The Iraqi regime, meanwhile, had fallen into an accumulation of debt threatening political as well as economic disaster. The invasion of Kuwait seemed at first to be a bold but foolhardy initiative by a regional power broker. When the full story came it, the invasion appeared as a desperate tactic by a leader caught in the contradictions of his own policies.

Most governments responded cautiously to the invasion, but U.S. President Bush sought a way to take rapid action. In a moment of brilliant insight, he saw a way to turn the "New World Order" from a public relations phrase into a practical program of diplomacy. The two prongs of his response were a military confrontation and a United Nations-based diplomatic initiative.

Within five days of the occupation, American officials had gained assent from the government of Saudi Arabia to the stationing of a large number of U.S. troops on the country's northern border, facing Iraq and Kuwait, ostensibly to protect against an Iraqi invasion.

Then Bush had his diplomats quickly work the U.N. halls in New York, and gained a strong condemnation of the Iraqi occupation of Kuwait from the Security Council. Iraq showed no sign of making the immediate withdrawal demanded of it, and responded by taking as hostages the nationals of the U.S. and other capitalist countries in Iraq and Kuwait. The United Nations then imposed economic sanctions on Iraq. In the weeks to follow, the American delegation to the U.N. obtained support for sending troops to the Persian Gulf to support the American troops already there.

The normal American approach to world conflicts was bilateral, or based on agreement of close allies. Instead, Bush succeeded in making an aggressive American response into the policy of a unified United Nations. The Soviet Union, tied to the United States by the policy of detente and weakened by the intensity of its domestic debates, was in no position to oppose or even modify the U.S. proposals in the U.N. Bush had rallied the normally divided U.N. into a global consensus based on a principle of international law, and the credit to the U.S. as the organizers of that consensus was undeniable.

In the context of the democratization movements of the previous year, this was an extraordinary moment. People throughout the world, in harmony with their governments, joined to call on a renegade state to desist from violating the sovereignty of a member state of the United Nations. In the United States, the old bickering about the U.N. was forgotten and the popularity of the organization soared. Elsewhere as well, the notion of unified world purpose was equally popular.

Not everyone supported the U.N. position, of course. Saddam Hussein posed the conflict as one pitting a small country against the great powers, and as one involving defense of the destiny or the Arab people and of believers in Islam. On each of these issues he gained some support. Meanwhile, during August and September, most of a million guest workers streamed out of Kuwait and Iraq, trying to reach home. This sad migration revealed that the economy of Kuwait had been sustained by the cheap labor not only of Palestinians, but of immigrants from Sri Lanka, the Philippines and Vietnam.

Elsewhere in the world during August and September, pages continued to turn in the various chapters of the grand saga of democratization. In South Africa, the ANC announced that it would suspend armed struggle in order to participate in dialogue with the government. In Nepal the new constitution was adopted, and preparations for parliamentary elections began. In Cambodia, efforts to end the long confrontation began to bear fruit: a series of meetings convened by Indonesia resulted in the formal creation of a Supreme National Council, in which all parties to the conflict would have membership. Alberto Fujimori took office as president in Peru. In elections, the Communist Party won parliamentary elections in Mongolia, and the New Democratic Party won elections in the Canadian province of Ontario. In the former case, the incumbents moved fast enough in their reforms to avoid losing public support. In the latter case a socialist party won election at a time when many socialist parties were falling from power, but the New Democrats campaigned effectively on the electorate's desire to see a periodic alternation in power.

In October the confrontation in the Persian Gulf took a further twist. Iraq still showed no sign of capitulation. A division developed between those favoring the maintenance of existing pressures, economic and diplomatic, and those favoring more forceful action. President Bush

and the U.S. administration concluded that more forceful action was needed, and unilaterally doubled the size of the U.S. forces in the region.

The United Nations more generally had the choice of accepting this fait accompli, or of confronting the Americans and rendering the dispute more complex. The American gambit succeeded. In practice, the policy of the United Nations in the Persion Gulf was no longer established by consensus, but was determined by the U.S. and then implemented, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, by other nations. There would be no immediate negative consequences for the U.S., but the sudden contrast in visions of the U.N. was sharp enough for all to see. In August the response to the Iraqi occupation of Kuwait seemed to be a spontaneous statement of principle, with the U.S. as coordinator for actions of the group. In October the military escalation was implemented unilaterally by the U.S., and others were invited to ratify the action.

In a word, Bush undercut in October the multilateral global consensus he had created in August. The hastily composed, short-term military goals of the U.S. in the Persian Gulf were apparently of a higher priority than the establishment of consensual global leadership through the United Nations.

The U.S., having achieved this predominance in the Persian Gulf confrontation, was able to prevail in the next escalation with only a little bit of difficulty. In November the U.S. pressed on members of the Security Council to adopt a deadline --eventually set at January 15 -- after which sanctions might be followed by military action against Iraq. In an innovation for U.N. resolutions, this one allowed the military action to be taken not by the U.N., but by national armies on their own.

Confusion grew as the conflict moved toward its more deadly phase. The confrontation was to oppose violation of Kuwait's national sovereignty. Yet included in the army facing Iraq were troops from several nations involved in clear violations of the sovereignty of their neighbors: Morocco, Turkey, Israel, and Syria, to mention just those in the Middle East. Under cover of the gulf confrontation, other regional conflicts continued. In October, Syrian troops moved to dislodge Michel Aoun, military leader of the Christian forces in Lebanon, from his position of strength in opposing the elected Lebanese government. In Jerusalem, a battle took place at the al-Aqsa mosque between Muslims and Jews.

Germany unified in October of 1990, with East Germany being legally absorbed into the west. Other sequels to earlier advances in democratization were the election of Solidarity leader Lech Walesa as president of Poland (where Jaruzelski agreed to resign early in his term in order to permit the new election); the beginnings of a consensus among the warring parties in Angola, brokered by Portugal; election of the nationalist leader Ziad Gamsakhurdia as president of the Soviet republic of Georgia; and negotiations in Afghanistan between president Najibullah and certain rebel groups.

Also under cover of the American preoccupation with the Persian Gulf, a long-simmering democratization movement advanced to a new and explosive stage. Presidential elections for Haiti were scheduled for December 1990, and the leading candidate was Jean Bazin, a World Bank economist known as a reformer, and acceptable to the United States. At the last minute in November, however, a new candidate entered the race: Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the Catholic priest imbued with liberation theology and known for his passionate espousal of the cause of Haiti's poor, both in city and countryside, and for his militant critique of the remaining elements of the Duvalier regime. In the December election, Aristide won with about 70% of the vote. U.S. policy makers were unhappy with the result, yet entered into discussions with Aristide as he prepared to take office.

Meanwhile the Asian Games unfolded without incident in Beijing, thus fulfilling the ambitions of the Chinese government to rebuild its national prestige and distance itself from the memory of the 1989 demonstrations. In Argentina a section of the army rebelled; in Panama the police rebelled; in Zaire the army attacked a political demonstration.

In the Soviet Union, Gorbachev shifted his political tactics once again in late 1990, and moved to align himself with Soviet leaders who were cautious about the pace and the direction of reform. The main step in this tactical reorientation was his support for the candidacy of Gennady Yanayev as vice president of the Soviet Union, a proposal which Gorbachev had to bring to the Supreme Soviet twice in order to gain approval. It was under these circumstances that Gorbachev's long-time friend and ally, foreign minister Shevardnadze, abruptly resigned from office, warning vaguely of the possibility of a dictatorship, and leaving office before war broke out.

## 1991

War in Kuwait and Iraq began, as scheduled, just after January 15. Last-minute alternatives came to no avail: Soviet president Gorbachev proposed a compromise plan to which Saddam Hussein gave tentative approval, but U.S. president Bush saw it as unsatisfactory. The high-technology weapons of the U.S. and its allies proved devastating. Iraq launched Scud missiles against Saudi Arabia and Israel, though without great effect. After ten days of relentless bombing, the ground advance began with virtually no resistance. Then at the end of January, Bush ordered his troops pulled back rather than continue ahead to occupy Baghdad and remove Hussein from power.

Disorder and Disaggregation: the Soviet Union, March-August 1991

By the spring of 1991 it had become commonplace to speak of the Soviet Union as being in a state of economic and political crisis. The union's tolerance for crisis was considerable: the elements of its troubles had been in evidence for the six years of Mikhail Gorbachev's leadership, and had existed below the surface for years before that. So it was not obvious that events were building toward a decisive stage. The decisiveness of this period in the long Soviet crisis is clear only in retrospect.

To a world becoming inured to the outpouring of dramatic events in country after country, the conflicts in the Soviet Union during the spring and summer of 1991 seemed like nothing out of the ordinary. The aftermath of the Persian Gulf war drew more world attention, from the smoke-filled skies of Kuwait to the flight of Kurdish refugees across the borders of northern Iraq. In a small story that became big, the Los Angeles police beating of Rodney King flashed across video screens on every continent. It was followed by the much bigger story of the assassination of Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi. An extraordinary range of political changes shook the African continent: a peaceful national election campaign in Benin; the violent overthrow of Mali's dictatorship by a broad popular movement; the conclusion of Ethiopia's long civil war and the convening of a national conference; a peace settlement in the Angolan civil war; cancellation of Algeria's parliamentary elections by a government certain it would be defeated by its religiously-based opposition;
and the remarkable but ultimately unsuccessful demonstrations by the democratization movement of Madagascar.

Still, it was the Soviet Union whose struggles would do most to determine the character of this period. Many of the problems of the Soviet Union may be sorted into four great categories, two political and two economic: the overlap of party and state in governance; the overlap of republics and union in governance; the economic weaknesses of central planning, and the damages caused to the economy by heavy military expenditure.

To these may be added two other problems of ideological and institutional nature: the contradiction between the relatively strong system of education, and the system of promotion, where criteria were far more political than technical; and the limits on free expression reinforced by fears of authorities that unlimited critique would undermine the system as a whole.

In March of 1991, Soviet President Gorbachev issued a decree forbidding the inhabitants of Moscow from holding political demonstrations. On March 28, in response, a hundred thousand Moscow citizens took to the street to demonstrate in Moscow against this ban on political expression, in sight of fifty thousand troops and police. In retrospect, this can be seen as virtually a rehearsal for the events to come in August.

The events of April and May 1991 in the Soviet Union presented a contradictory set of developments which not only display the ethnic, economic and constitutional disputes within that giant federation, but also reflect elements of all the tendencies then at play in the world more broadly. On the last day of March, voters in the republic of Georgia cast a clear majority of votes for independence in a referendum. On April 2, substantial price increases on basic goods took effect throughout the USSR. The next day, however, the Soviet government was able to announce a pay accord with coal miners, who had been on strike since mid-March. On April 5, President Boris Yeltsin of the Russian Republic was granted special powers to act by decree by members of the Russian Supreme Soviet.

The Federation Council of the Soviet Union met on April 9, to consider Gorbachev's current anti-crisis program. The Council, composed of the presidents of each of the republics plus the president of the USSR, had been created through the constitutional revisions of the previous year. This new body became a significant center of power, in that the republics and their presidents (some of whom were popularly elected) were gaining power and public recognition at the expense of the administrative bureaucracy and the USSR Supreme Soviet.

On April 15, Yeltsin argued publicly that reformers should press for conciliation with Gorbachev. The next day, in contrast, Communist Party leaders of thirteen cities criticized Gorbachev for what they called his passivity. (At this time, Soviet troops began to leave Poland, most of a year after they had begun to leave Hungary and Czechoslovakia.) Meanwhile, Gorbachev left on April 17 for a three-day visit to Japan, where he met with Premier Toshiki Kaifu on the possible return of parts of the Kurile Islands to Japan in return for economic aid; no real progress was achieved.

Following Gorbachev's return, Yeltsin led in the signing of a "9+1" agreement between Gorbachev and leaders of nine republics. (The republics were Azerbaijan, Byelorussia, Kazhakhstan, Kirghizia, Tadzhikstan, Turmenistan, Ukraine, Uzbekistan, Russia.) This group was in effect a subgroup of the Federation Council, and included those republics planning to remain in the union. The agreement addressed the revision of the union treaty, and new constitutional and economic provisions. Immediately after the signing of the "9+1" agreement, Gorbachev faced down an April 25 attempt to displace him as leader of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. He would hear from these opponents again in July and August.

Meanwhile the settlement of the dispute with coal miners, as announced in early April, had fallen apart immediately. Now the Russian Federation government intervened, and brought

the issue to short-term resolution. On May 1, the Russian Federation asserted control of the coal mines within its frontiers by decree. On May 6, the Soviet central government transferred control of the coal mines to Russia. Two days later, the strikers voted to end their walkout. These events provided a tangible example of the transfer of practical power from the central union government to the republics.

In another move to strengthen the institutions of the Russian Federation, the republic's Supreme Soviet voted on May 22 to create a popularly elective presidency, and set June 12 as the date for the election. The Republic of Georgia had already moved in this direction, and on May 26, Zviad Gumasakhurdia, a Communist Party leader who had become an outspoken advocate of Georgian nationalism, was popularly elected president of the republic. Meanwhile, on May 15 the USSR and China signed a border agreement, thus lessening tension along their long Asian frontier, and on May 21 the United Nations World Health Organization published a major study reviewing the nucelar disaster at Chernobyl.

Meanwhile, from March through May, the Persian Gulf region continued to simmer in the aftermath of the war. At the end of March, Iraqi troops launched a drive to remove Kurds from the cities of northern and eastern Iraq, and by April 10 a million Kurds had fled, mostly to Iran but some to Turkey. In response, first the U.S. and then other countries in the U.N. coalition moved to provide aid to Kurdish refugees. By April 18 the U.N. had induced Iraq to accept U.N. centers for humanitarian aid in both the north and south of Iraq. Under these conditions, Kurdish refugees began to return home, and their leaders opened discussions with the Iraqi government.

The power of videotape, brought home in one way by reports of war in Kuwait and Iraq, was brought home in another way by an amateur photographer in Los Angeles. On March 3, Los Angeles police arrested and beat Rodney King after capturing him at the end of a highway chase. The video recording of his beating by four officers, including some sixty blows within three minutes, was shown around the world. The fact that the officers were white while King was black added a dimension to this incident: it was not only a documentation of police brutality, but a documentation of violence against blacks by white authorities. The officers involved were charged and a trial began.

Events in Mali provided a reminder that, as in Eastern Europe, democratization could proceed by consensus or by confrontation. The military government of Moussa Traore, overthrown by popular rebellion in March -- in which children of the schools and of the streets played a leading role -- now gave way to a search for consensus through a national conference. The conference, however, had to maintain a delicate relationship with the military officers who had succeeded Traore in power.

In the same period, Benin completed the formal transformation of its government. In a March 24 runoff election, World Bank economist Nicephore Soglo, prime minister since the national conference, won election as president over Mathieu Kerekou, who had been president since the coup of 1973. As the transition in Benin reached its completion, another national conference opened in Congo. There the conference would take three months rather than a single week, but the script was otherwise very similar. The Catholic archbishop chaired the conference, the conference successfully asserted its sovereignty, and it elected a World Bank economist to become prime minister, wrenching all effective power from the long-time president.

Elsewhere in Africa the pace of political change accelerated. On May 21 president Mengistu of Ethiopia fled to exile in Zimbabwe, and his government collapsed, to be replaced by a coalition of rebel groups working closely with U.S. diplomats. At virtually the same moment, an agreement was signed in Portugal between the MPLA government in Angola and the rebel

UNITA group, supported by the Soviets and Americans, respectively, that would lead to a cease fire and to national elections.

During June and July in the Soviet Union, the fault lines that would crack open during the August coup became clear. In the June 12 Russian republic elections, Yeltsin won confirmation of his post as president with 60% of the vote; former Soviet prime minister Ryzkhov gained under 20%. Reform candidates Popov and Sobchak won election as mayors of Moscow and Leningrad, and in a nonbinding referendum, 53% of voters in Leningrad supported changing the name of the city to St. Petersburg. Immediately after the election, Yeltsin made a three-day visit to the U.S. He was inaugurated on July 10 in a religious ceremony.

On 17 June Valentin Pavlov, the Soviet Premier, asked the Supreme Soviet for sweeping powers. His plan was a "conservative" call for return to centralized control: the legislators rejected it on June 21. In the next few days, however, other prominent political figures published speeches calling for firmer central control: three of these were later to become leaders in the coup. (On June 26, phone service was mysteriously cut off to Lithuania.) The "conservatives" were gathering their forces.

Meanwhile, Soviet reform continued to evolve. The last Soviet troops left Hungary and Czechoslovakia by June 21. On June 24, Kazakhstan approved the new union treaty; the Ukraine, in contrast, was more cautious about signing the new treaty. Comecon, the Eastern European economic union, disbanded on June 28; the Warsaw Pact disbanded on July 1.

Soviet reform, however, was several movements rather than one: splits among the reformers became increasingly evident. On July 2, long-time Gorbachev ally Aleksandr Yakovlev published a critique of the Communist Party. The next day Eduard Shevardnadze resigned from the Communist Party to take up full-time work with the with Democratic Reform Movementin association, along with Yakovlev and other reformers both inside and outside the Communist Party. Boris Yeltsin, who had left the Communist Party much earlier, was not part of this group.

Economic issues were central to the dispute within Soviet leadership. At the beginning of July, Gorbachev met with German Chancellor Kohl to discuss German aid for the Soviet Union. Gorbachev pledged to present a plan for Soviet economic reform in London at the G-7 meeting of the big economic powers, and said he would ask to make the Soviet ruble into a convertible currency. Prime Minister Pavlov immediately retorted that he would not do either. Yeltsin and eight other republic presidents argued that Gorbachev should go ahead with this plan. Gorbachev was invited to come to the last day of the G-7 meeting, on July 17. He did not speak in great detail on the economy, and gained no more than a promise that the USSR would be invited to a partial membership in the IMF.

The confrontation grew. On July 23, twelve Communist Party "conservatives" appealed to the military and other "healthy forces" to save country from humiliation. The next day, Gorbachev announced agreement on revised terms of the union treaty, and that all the republics but the Ukraine wanted rapid ratification. On July 25, Gorbachev spoke against the "old ideology" at a meeting of the CPSU Central Copmmittee. He called for a party congress to be held in November (four years early -- the previous congress had been held in 1990), citing a membership decline of four million who had resigned in last 18 months, cutting membership to 15 million. On July 30-31 Gorbachev met with Bush in a Moscow summit: they signed the START treaty on strategic arms. The lines of confrontation grew still firmer.

Outside the Soviet Union, the summer of 1991 brought aa number of events that did not bode well for democracy. India's Prime Minister, Rajiv Gandhi, was assassinated in the midst of

an electoral campaign. The curious case of BCCI, a rapidly growing Asian-based bank with world-wide financial tentacles, emerged into the light of such stories as the American supply of arms to Iran in return for arms supply to the contras in Nicaragua, the illegal purchase of American banks, and other issues. In Yugoslavia, competing nationalisms within the country led to its progressive disintegration. Civil war continued in Mozambique, where the Renamo guerillas were reported to have killed a thousand civilians in Nampula province on July 23.

In Algeria, the government declared a state of emergency on June 5, and halted the parliamentary elections set for June 27. The opposition FIS appeared headed for victory in those elections, and the party leadership had demanded that presidential elections be called at the same time. The government thus halted the process of democratization, claiming that the opposition could not be democratic. This approach began to be known as the "Pinochet solution" to political unrest -- imposing order with military power from above, and allowing for a very slow expansion of formal democratic processes.

In South Africa, the agonizing search for political consensus continued, punctuated by street battles between supporters of Inkatha and ANC, and by accusations of intransigence and bad faith between leaders of ANC and of the Nationalist government. The old structures of apartheid crumbled visibly in education and public accommodations, yet economic inequality remained as severe as ever.

Elsehwere in southern Africa, one of the most remarkable of all democratization movements continued, almost unheralded. In Madagascar, a crowd of some 200,000 demonstrators camped out permanently in the capital of Antananarivo, calling on president Didier Ratsiraka to permit establishment of a government responsible to the people. The crowd appointed a shadow government, which occasionally occupied the ministries, but which never gained power. Ratsiraka hid out in his fortress outside of the city. While he could not govern, he could not be removed from power. After two months of confrontation, the movement of opposition quietly subsided.

The summer was not lacking, on the other hand, in developments toward democracy and conciliation. In South America, moves toward political healing and economic reconstruction became evident. In early June the Organization of American States agreed to oppose any regime taking power by military coup. In July, Colombia raised the state of siege in effect since 1984, and adopted a new constitution. And in a diplomatic result of the Persian Gulf war, the U.S. succeeded in convening the major parties in the Arab-Israeli conflict, to hold the opening meetings of a peace conference in Madrid.

On August 17, Mikhail Gorbachev flew from Moscow to Crimea for a holiday. Once installed there, he found on August 18 that he had been cut off from the outside: the attempted coup was in process. At the beginning of August 19, the coup was announced on Soviet media. A Committee of National Salvation, headed by Vice-President Gennady Yanayev, was installed to govern in place of president Gorbachev, who was ill and unable to serve.

Later that day the leaders of the coup called a press conference, and opened themselves to questions. While some questions facilitated the junta's justification of its action, others were hostile. When Yanayev argued that he had consulted with leaders inside and outside the Soviet Union, and had gained their assent, an Italian reporter asked, "Did you consult with General Pinochet?" Many in the hall laughed. But because the reporter had asked a two-part question, Yanayev was able to respond without referring to Pinochet.

Troops occupied the Baltic republics, and the coup leaders declared a state of emergency in Moscow and Leningrad. Later in the day, Russian President Boris Yeltsin emerged from the White House, the headquarters of the Russian Republic government, and stood on a tank drawn up there, where he declared the coup leaders outlaws.

For two days the fate of the coup remained undecided.

Then on August 21 it crumbled. Foreign minister Bessmertnykh spoke out, dissociating himself from the coup. Lokyanov flew to meet Gorbachev -- to negotiate his release, according to some accounts, and to beg for mercy according to others. From the Baltics came reports of troops withdrawing from their positions. President Bush reported that Gorbachev had called him to report that the coup had failed. At much the same time it was reported that the Supreme Soviet revoked the emergency decrees imposed three days earlier.

Gorbachev returned to Moscow late on August 21. On August 22 he held a news conference, at which he reaffirmed his desire to reform the Communist Party. The Party had been split on the issue of the coup. The leaders of the coup were party members, but they had not dared to use the structure of the party for their attempt to sieze power. Still, it was widely perceived that the party had failed to serve as a bulwark in defense of the constitution. (Mixing hostility toward state and party, a crowd formed at the headquarters of the KGB, the state security force, and cheered as the statue of its founder was pulled down.) On August 23, Yeltsin moved to ban the Communist Party in Russia. Gorbachev, speaking at the Russian parliament, disagreed. But he could only hold out for another day. On August 24, Gorbachev called on the central committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union to resign and to dissolve the party.

The coup was a last-ditch, half-hearted defense of the old Soviet order by defenders of centralism, and by those who had spoke out in previous months against the "humiliation" of the Soviet Union. Humiliation was perhaps not too strong a term, for the relentless military and economic pressure from the U.S. and its allies made most of Gorbachev's concessions into capitulations. For instance, the USSR had made no appreciable progress toward membership in the IMF and World Bank by the time of the coup.

Yanayev and his associates chose to act in time to preclude two important events: signature of the new union treaty, which would have decentralized the Soviet Union but would retained it as a political unit; and the extraordinary congress of the Communist Party, which had the potential of drastically restructuring party life. By attempting and failing to sieze power, the conspirators ensured the collapse of the Soviet Union into its constituent republics, and ensured the liquidation of the CPSU and of the parties in most republics. Gorbachev acknowledged the doom of the party on August 24; on that same day, the Ukrainian parliament voted for independence from the Soviet Union, and set a referendum for December 1.

The limits of democratization

At the beginning of September a somewhat analogous coup took place in the island republic of Haiti. Military forces removed from power the popular president, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, but allowed him to escape the country. The coup was widely condemned, though news coverage of Haiti was not as detailed as that of the Soviet Union. The Organization of American States, following its newly adopted policy, moved to pressure the coup leaders into permitting the elected government to resume power. But these efforts came to nothing.

The flowering season comes to an end. The energies and the conditions which brought it about use themselves up, and life moves on to its next stage. In the short term, the flowers die

and it is sad to see their colors go. But when there had been enough contacts among the blossoms, they are fertilized and their seeds will result in new growth during the next season.

By the end of 1991, in one region after another, the sense of participation in a broad movement of democratic renewal ebbed away. The Soviet Union disappeared as a political unit. In its place, fourteen republics struggled to define their new sovereignty. The larger republics formed a Commonwealth of Independent States, an updated version of the earlier Federation Council or "9+1" structure, but its identity and its structure remained vague. The Russian Republic emerged as the regional great power, but its great ethnic and regional diversity plagued it with divisions reflecting those of the previous union. The sense of democratic participation in political affairs was much stronger throughout this huge region than it had been before defeat of the coup, but the issues of economic and political change were now too complex to be expressed in a single mass movement for democracy.

Yugoslavia, another nation constructed as a federation of smaller nations, began its disaggregation before the Soviet Union, and to the accompaniment of warfare. Serbia, the largest republic, took control of the Yugoslav federal government and army under the leadership of Slobodan Milosevic, and militarily carved out a growing area where the population was then or had earlier been largely of Serbian ethnicity. This military pursuit of national destiny continued despite efforts of the United Nations (under U.S. leadership) and the European Community to mediate the disputes.

In Haiti, the military remained in power despite the diplomatic efforts and economic boycott of the Organization of American States. In a twist to the class composition of democratization movements, many in Haiti's professional and managerial middle class accomodated to the military regime, while the restless but intransigent supporters of deposed president Aristide came primarily from the urban masses and the peasantry.

Elsewhere, democratization movements fell short of their objectives. In Togo, the results of the national conference were negated as the previous military regime, with a nod from French diplomats, siezed most power from the new prime minister. In Zaire, President Mobutu was able to halt the national conference from completing its work.

## Aftermath: 1992

But this list of disappointments in democratization is not sufficient to demonstrate that the movement had come to an end. In the spring of 1992 a powerful popular movement in Thailand forced the dismissal of a general appointed as prime minister; demonstrators in neighboring Myanmar continued to press the military government to hand over power to elected civilians. And in South Africa, despite the painful slowness and endless controversy, the parties continued to move toward agreement on a new constitution.

Reduction of arbitrary state power: this was the most consistent demand from democratization movements. For the Soviet Union the demand was fulfilled by dissolution of the state, and in many other countries it was addressed with dramatic reforms. Yet many powerful states survived unscathed. So as well did the structure of the United Nations' most powerful body, the Security Council.

Great Britain held the presidency of the Security Council during its January 1992 meeting. The Council faced the question of what to do about the elimination of one of its permanent members, the Soviet Union, as a sovereign state. This issue raised a broader question

about whether the five permanent members of the Security Council were actually the world's great powers. Not included were Germany and Japan, both more populous and richer than Britain and France. India, the world's second most populous nation, was not included. Other countries with claims to membership based on their size and economic power were Brazil, Indonesia, Nigeria, Mexico and Italy. Nonetheless, under British leadership, the Security Council moved rapidly to pass the Soviet seat on to Russia, and to close discussion of any further changes in Security Council membership. It was a triumph of the past over the present.

In one sense, the world followed the leadership of the United States as never before. The U.S. was at once the single great military superpower and a key source of inspiration for popular democracy. In another sense, the U.S. found itself in contradiction with much of the world. Other economic powers, notably Japan and the European Community (and within it, especially Germany) challenged American domination of the marketplace. In political terms, American interventionism, as in the Middle East and Central America, brought reaction against its dominance. Further, the very ideology of democratization, the critique of state power, could logically be turned against the most powerful government by critics inside or outside that nation.

The U.N.-sponsored world conference on environment and development, held in Rio de Janeiro in early June of 1992, reflected the new state of the world community as seen through government action. It was a meeting of sovereign states, with no structure for decision-making beyond the pressure for consensus. Nations formed themselves into blocs based on their economic status and political policy, with the differences in wealth being most evident. In the face of widespread demands that wealthy nations should subsidize development and environmental protection for poor nations, the United States took the lead in refusing to provide such subsidies. During his visit to Rio, President Bush had to bear the brunt of resentment from many national delegates and environmental organizations.

Resentment of authority revealed itself in another fashion with the Los Angeles riots, beginning at the end of April. A year earlier the world had seen the amateur video of the beating of Rodney King by Los Angeles police as he was arrested following a highway chase. The trial of four officers for excessive violence, displaced to the bedroom community of Simi Valley to insulate it from the pressures of the city, resulted virtually in the acquittal of the officers on all charges.

The world now saw the responses to this apparent condoning of police brutality, ranging from prayer to rage to revenge. Police chief Daryl Gates ensured that revenge would dominate, by preventing police or fire officials from intervening in the disturbances as they gained momentum for half a day. In the early hours, middle-class, middle-aged blacks gathered at a church to plan a response, while some enraged young black men assaulted white and Asian people found in their community. Rapidly, however, the mood of crowds shifted to revenge. Their attacks were not on people or the political system, but on property. Latinos and whites, and not just the young and unemployed, joined in the looting of stores all over the metropolis, and then stood back as the buildings burned.

Shudders passed through those who discussed the riots in country after country. Just as the image of police brutality had evoked its local equivalent in the minds of observers, so also did the image of a burning city evoke the sense of economic alienation and potential ethnic conflict in each corner of the world. In this sense, the events of Los Angeles could have happened anywhere, and observers could readily identify with the plight of the city. On the other hand, observers in distant countries could not help noting that the U.S. -- its government and to an extent its broader society -- had asserted its role as the dominant power in the world's military,

political and even economic affairs. The power to dominate seemed weaker because of this revelation that the nation was not able to provide for the economic welfare or for social consensus for many citizens.

The world in 1992 was a somewhat different place than it had been at the beginning of 1989. The difference in the years 1989-91 was not the elimination of the old conflicts, but the addition of a new and powerful force: the aroused public, linked in common understanding around the world. This public might not stay on permanent alert, and its various sections were certainly not united in their program. But millions of people gained the experience, in this period, of recognizing the comradeship of each other across national and continental limits. Global consciousness, at the popular level, now became a factor in human history.

The problems and the debates of the world continued as before, and there is no easy way to say whether a balance sheet would show that there had been more progress than regression in world-wide social welfare. But something had changed in the quality of our perceptions. There was little more discussion of democracy as a set of ideas and institutions restricted for use in "advanced" sectors of the world. Those who had seen themselves, in earlier generations, as the harborers and shelterers of democracy, now would have to share democracy and its benefits with many more people. Soon enough, this would pose the question of whether democracy around the world also means equality around the world.

# CHAPTER IV. EXPLAINING THE EVENTS

## Shifting Tides of Society

The events and conflicts of 1989-91 arose unexpectedly. They were a great wave of passions washing across the shores of the global landscape. If some saw the hand of the almighty in that wave, most considered that it could not have been an isolated act of God. The democratization movements resulted from forces propagated through the seas of human society, which somehow converged to bring this extraordinary moment.

How and why did these events happen? What transformations in life precipitated so many people into sudden action? Such questions will occupy generations of historians. From time to time, new evidence and new perspectives will come to light, and the controversies and the prevailing interpretation will change with them.

This chapter provides half of my early effort at explanation. It is a quick social-science analysis of the origin of the events: the role of families, economies and governments in shaping them. The other half of my effort, in the next chapter, includes a search for ideological and cultural origins of the events.

I would like to be able to report that I have located the causes of the events of 1989-91. Instead of neatly defined causes, however, we shall probably have to be satisfied with a network of factors related to the events. This is partly because the debates of our time have rendered dubious the notion that one can divide the world simply into causes and effects. These debates (more precisely, the post-modernist critique of positivism and modernism) have suggested that the interrelations among factors we label as social, economic, and ideological are so complex that we should replace our search for one-way interactions (from cause to effect) with an analysis of multiple interactions. This is a reminder that the study of history always leads one into philosophical debate: it is never limited to the accumulation of facts.

In practical terms, if I argued that rising economic expectations brought the democratization movement in China, someone would surely counter with the case of Benin, where democratization came out of economic collapse. The cases seem opposite in some senses, yet the student movements of the two countries include some remarkable parallels. So by "explanation" I mean that I will seek to reveal a network of interaction over time rather than attempt to isolate a prime cause and a set of its effects.

### Social Change and Democratization

In democratization movements, it was the voice of "the people" that rose to claim new rights and new recognition. In case after case, "the people" revealed themselves to be composed of many groups, with overlapping and conflicting agendas. The heterogeneity of the movement did not undermine its strength, as long as people felt themselves to be more unified by their common humanity than divided by their parochial identities. For a brief time, a sense of units and common purpose reached across the normal fissures of society, linking the masses and the middle classes, the educated elite and the man in the street, city slickers and country hicks, mothers and daughters, husbands and wives.

In this section I have picked out the categories of people which, in my view, had the greatest impact on democratization movements, usually because their lives had undergone important changes in recent times. First among them was the category I have labelled as "professionals." Second was the category of students, at all levels, and with them the families and employees closely tied to education. Additional important categories were wage workers, women, children, and migrants. If we included all members of each of these groups, they would total most of the world's population. We know that not all workers and not all children participated in democratization movements. But conditions were such that significant numbers of professionals and students, plus women of whatever status, became activists for a time. Those are the conditions under scrutiny here.

Professionals, including university students and some managerial employees, were the most prominent social fraction in the democratization movements. Beijing had over 100,000 university students in 1989, so that they themselves represented a significant social force. When added in number to university employees, journalists and university-trained government employees, they could join with close allies to fill up major boulevards and the city's main square.

In East Germany, Lutheran ministers gathered others from the professional stratum to protest restrictions on their lives. In Czechoslovakia the dissident Charter 77 group was led by writers and artists who had undergone long professional training. In Benin, one of the essential signals for the protest movement came when the university teachers' trade union withdrew (in August of 1989) from the official trade union central, arguing that the central had done nothing to protest the government's non-payment of salaries. Other trade unions, most representing employees in government service, soon took similar actions. Worked stopped in practice, and by December the unions were threatening a formal general strike.

Even in South Africa, some of the pressure forcing the release of Mandela came from an informal coalition of white and black professionals -- teachers, doctors, lawyers, religious leaders, artists and bureaucrats -- who demanded change in the country's governance. The same was true for the more gradual changes in South American countries, and for the jolts and shifts in the Soviet Union, elsewhere in Eastern Europe, and in numerous African and Asian countries.

These professional employees and their families -- the "middle class," as they are often but vaguely called -- played prominent roles in most of the democratization movements. They could not succeed without alliances to less privileged workers, peasants, and unemployed people, but we must still acknowledge their leading role. Why did members of this relatively comfortable stratum choose to lead in contesting the authority of their governments? Why did they choose to act with relatively unanimity, and at this time?

As I will argue below, professionals were affected by problems of education, economic stagnation, and frustrating political structure similar to those affecting other social strata, and their position of relative privilege placed them in a strategic position from which to respond.

Wage workers were the next most significant economic group in the democratization movements. In wealthy countries they are the largest single economic grouping. In poor countries, where they are outnumbered by the peasantry, workers achieve disproportionate economic influence because of their higher productivity and their location in urban centers.

Workers never form a neatly defined group. At their more privileged extreme, wage and salary workers include many of the people whom I have described above as professionals. At other boundaries of this great category, workers overlap with and shade into the self-employed and unemployed people of the city and the peasantry of the countryside.

During the 1970s and 1980s, in industry after industry, the slow but relentless process of industrialization continued to drive many people off of the farm, to replace self-employed artisans with wage workers, and to replace skilled labor with simple machine operation. Total wage employment grew, but individual earnings remained stagnant in most economies. In rich countries and poor, the proportion of women in the wage labor force grew sharply, without increasing family income by more than a little. In response to the changing structures of industry, trade union organizations grew in some countries: Poland, South Korea, South Africa. In most countries, however, the result was a decline in trade union membership or, as in the socialist countries, a decline in the effectiveness of unions even though their membership remained large. At the same time, another grouping has developed in the cities, and at a rapid rate: the chronically unemployed. Members of this vast group, who must grasp at opportunities for wage work or small-scale commerce, survive at the margins of society.

For professionals, for workers and for others, the issue of education helps explain the depth of feeling of the demonstrators, and even the timing of their action. The issue was most fully developed among professionals. Those who obtained the qualifications of professions had undergone years of schooling, at the expense of much time and sometimes a great deal of their family's earnings. On one hand, students who had struggled through such preparation expected to be rewarded with prestigious jobs and good salaries. On the other hand, they also had expectations for the quality of their work. Having studied to learn the ideas of others, how to articulate their own ideas and how to analyze critically, they resented suggestions that they refrain from expressing their viewpoint or offering their criticisms.

Limited access to higher education and its benefits brought expressions of anguish from parents in many locales. The peculiar case of East Germany illustrates the problem in a striking fashion. As the German Democratic Republic sought to establish socialist institutions and the primacy of the working class at the end of the 1940s, the new education ministry sought out bright children of workers to groom for higher education and top government positions. A generation later, these educated children of workers, having served the state loyally in the name of the working class, sought to gain admission for their own children to universities. Instead they found that they no longer qualified as workers, in the eyes of the education ministry, and that children of rank-and-file workers would have preference for admission to university. These professionals of working-class origin turned their resentment against the education ministry and against the long-time minister, who was also the wife of the nation's president.

Another dimension of the education issue refers more to the popular strata than to the elite, and refers especially to countries of the Third World. Before World War II, the general level of literacy in most Third World countries was very low; by the end of the 1980s it may have been true that most adults on every continent were literate. This dramatic expansion in literacy and basic education was clearest for countries which had been colonies. Under European rule, education went only to a tiny elite. But with independent governments, responsible to constituents inside their countries rather than to colonial ministries in Europe, the proportion of national resources devoted to education rose rapidly, in response to the demands of parents and communities. Elsewhere, the establishment of revolutionary regimes depending on broad popular support led to sharp expansion in basic education. This had been the case for the Soviet Union, Mexico and Turkey after World War I; it became the case for China after World War II. African countries, most of which gained independence in about 1960, rapidly expanded their network of primary schools and secondary schools, and they founded universities.

The changes brought by widespread public education were not simply the literacy and other skills learned in school, but changes in the socialization of children. Rather than spend their childhood with their families, learning trades and values from their parents and neighbors, children now spent long times away from their parents, and learned the values of national patriotism from their teachers.

Social and economic categories overlap In discussing wage workers, we have already described one fourth of the adult female population. If we add peasants, we will have included the occupations of over half of all adult women. But women also play other economic and social roles in society; they typically have more than one occupation. Women's special role in reproduction of the species, and also in the sustenance and reproduction of the family, is what unites women of every social station.

The social conditions of women changed substantially in the 1970s and 1980s, but they changed in different ways in various parts of the world. (The new conditions also changed ideas of women and about women, but those ideas are for discussion in the next chapter.) Crudely, we can distinguish the lives of women in the professional strata from those among the masses, and we can distinguish the lives of women in wealthy countries from those in poor countries. But the same categories of social change appear for each of these groups.

First, wage work expanded significantly among all groups of women. In South Africa that meant an expansion in agricultural labor for rural women; in the industrializing countries of East and Southeast Asia, it meant assembly work in electronics and sweatshop work in textiles. But it also meant an expansion in managerial work for women, especially in wealthy countries.

Second, the control of conception and birth became technically easier. Beginning in the 1960s, birth-control pills circulated widely in most Western industrial countries. Abortion became a common method of birth control in Japan and in Eastern European countries. The availability of such relatively safe and dependable measures for birth control raised a moral dilemma, especially for the pro-natalist policies of the Catholic Church. As a result, birth control devices were prohibited in many Catholic countries. In South America, the number of sterilizations rose sharply as a result. Overall, childbirth became more than ever a matter of planning and debate, and less a matter of fate.

Practices in child rearing changed, transforming the lives of the parents as well as the children. As primary education became more and more widespread, children spent long periods away from home. Much of their basic socialization now came at the hands of the school rather than from parents. Parents had more time on their own, but they were less able to rely on the labor of their children to keep the household going.

For all the above reasons, the division of family labor changed. Servants remained available in poor countries, but they all but disappeared in wealthy countries. The absence of women during the hours of their wage labor added to the length of their day at home, and put pressure on men to take up the slack. For children who worked in the household or in the labor market rather than go to school, the limits on the potential of their future were made clear.

The family structure as a whole changed under the force of these pressures. Women, as the central figures in family life, expressed the changes most fully. The organized feminist movement of the industrial countries had its counterpart in the quiet assertion of equality by women in poorer countries. Divorce rates in Zaire and elsewhere in Central Africa, historically high, rose to an even higher plateau in the 1970s and 1980s.

The changes varied considerably from location to location, so that global generalization is difficult to propose. One oversimplified formulation is this: In earlier times, women acted as a cushion to the crises in society. Their domestic labor kept the family going when the market economy collapsed; they absorbed the sorrows of their children; they absorbed the frustrations and sometimes the blows of their husbands. Now they were stretched thin with work both at home and in the wage economy, and their outlook had changed with their changing conditions. Women absorbed less of the sorrows of society: they spoke up for themselves, and they left their men with no alternative but to speak up for themselves.

Social and demographic changes gave a new importance to the role of children, male and female, in the world scene. The changes were different for children of the elite and the masses, children of rich and poor countries. In poor countries death rates, while still high in comparison to rich countries, declined until the 1980s, so that children were more likely to survive than in previous generations. As a result the absolute number of children grew in the world, and the proportion of children in the population of many countries grew as well. In the industrial countries, on the other hand, population growth slowed in this period, and children declined as a proportion of the population.

Educated children were literate, they were less under the control of their parents than previous generations. In this sense they were more privileged. Another set of experiences left large numbers of children less privileged than before. In Brazil, many children -- perhaps millions -- grew up on their own, abandoned by their parents. They had no family to care for them, no state social service network to care for them, no regular employment, no schooling, and so they lived by begging and stealing. They were an alienated reflection of society's failures.

In South Africa, another group of children became a political force in the country. Black children, who had ascended the educational ladder to secondary school through their own efforts and the sacrifices of their parents, rebelled -- in the mid-1970s and again in the mid-1980s -- against an education that degraded them by denouncing their culture and elevating that of their Afrikaans-speaking white oppressors. In contrast to the case in Brazil, children in South Africa organized themselves as a political force. Thousands were arrested and detained in the 1980s. By the early 1990s, as the anti-apartheid movement gained victories moving the country toward equal rights, the children felt they had the right to ask why voting rights should be restricted to adults.

In Mali in 1991, it was again children -- an alliance of school children and street children -- who led the crucial protests against the state, and provoked the downfall of the Traore regime.

Children in industrial countries did not play such a visible role in politics. They were proportionately fewer in number, and were more fully constrained by the institutions of family and school. On the other hand, the role of children as consumers was not negligible. Immense sectors of the market in television, music, and games of all sorts were directed toward child consumers, and the children negotiated effectively for a growing portion of their family budgets.

For all the world, however, one can say that the status and importance of children grew in the 1970s and 1980s. One Nigerian farmer explained it well to economic historian Sara Berry: "fathers work for their sons." In the old days, he said, sons used to work for their fathers. Fathers could depend on their sons for work on the farm, and fathers could expect that they could retire one day, and be supported by their sons. Now fathers work for their sons: fathers work additional hours and invest great sums of money in their children's education, and the children

then go off to set up their own households, leaving the father with no hope of support for retirement.

Many of the conflicts of the years 1989-91 pitted ethnic groups against each other. Kurds and Arabs in Iraq, Turks and Bulgarians in Bulgaria, Tamils and Sinhalese in Sri Lanka, Armenians and Azerbaijanis in the Caucasus, Zulus and Xhosas in South Africa, Serbians and other south slavic groups in Yugoslavia -- as well as French and English speakers in Canada, Scots and English in Britain, and Castilians, Catalans and Basques in Spain.

Similar conflicts pitted religious groups against each other. Sunni and Shi'a in Iraq, Catholic and Protestant in Ireland, Sikhs and Hindus in Kashmir, Muslims and Hindus in Punjab. In Yugoslavia, the Serbian-speaking Muslims were defined as a separate ethnic group, though their religion was the sole basis of this ethnicity.

For all the prominence of ethnic and religious conflict in the events of 1989-91 and before, I do not believe they are a primary cause of democratization movements. Ethnic and religious differences are cultural distinctions. Some are ancient, some are newly established. They have no automatic impact on social conflict. To put it simply, conflicts among religious and ethnic groups are best explained, in the short run, as the result of other pressures (social, economic and ideological), not as inherent and irremediable emnities.

The contrast between Africa and Eurasia points out the contingency of ethnic and religious disputes. In the 1960s African nations, after demonstrating broad inter-ethnic unity in their campaigns for independence, rapidly broke into contending and often warring factions along ethnic and religious lines. "Tribalism," it was called -- placing one's own ethnic group above the nation in political priorities. Civil wars in Nigeria, Congo (Zaire) and Sudan highlighted Africa's political fragmentation. At that time, the multi-ethnic national states of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union appeared as models of balanced coexistence.

During the democratization movements of 1989-91, in contrast, the tables seemed turned. African countries went through dramatic political change without allowing ethnic differences to interfere with a new sense of national purpose. In Mali, Zambia, and Congo, governments changed without major ethnic rivalry. In Ethiopia, the end of a long civil war enabled representatives of the various ethnic groups to seek out a regional consensus. Ethnic conflict brought violence in South Africa, but fell short of breaking apart a broad consensus among blacks. Only in Liberia and Somalia did civil warfare become unlimited, and Somalia, ironically, is one of Africa's most ethnically homogeneous countries. Africans had studied the lessons of the 1960s, and went to great effort to affirm national unity and to avoid treating ethnic differences as a reason for national division.

In Europe, meanwhile, Yugoslavia fragmented, the Soviet Union collapsed into its constituent republics, and these then fell into disputes among majority and minority ethnic groups. In South Asia, ethnic and religious conflicts led to murderous results in Kashmir, Punjab, Sri Lanka and elsewhere. I was often tempted to suggest that the Yugoslavs look to African countries for leadership on this issue, but it was not so simple a matter.

Ethnic and religious rivalries, once they are engaged and reinforced by a cycle of political confrontation or violence, become important factors in social conflict. Yet the examples of cordial relations and even tight alliances across ethnic and religious lines are so numerous that we cannot presume hostility to be the normal state. The question becomes, then, what causes ethnic and religious differences to be exacerbated into open conflict?

Migrants are one more group that experienced significant changes in the 1970s and 1980s. And as above, it is helpful to distinguish the experience of elite migrants from those of the masses. Students, professionals and merchants moved around the world in search of education, good jobs and new markets. During the 1970s there was a commonly-cited statistic to the effect that there were more Iranian medical doctors in the U.S. than in Iran. Undocumented workers flowed in increasing numbers across the American border, mostly from Mexico and Central America, but in some numbers from every corner of the world. "Guest workers," as they were known in Germany, flowed into Europe from Asia and Africa. The Iraqi invasion of Kuwait caused a huge reverse flow of guest workers fleeing to their homes, mostly in Asia. In other desperate migrations, millions of refugees moved across borders in the course of African civil wars. Soviet Jews emigrated by the thousands, once regulations permitted, to the U.S. and Israel. Palestinians, awaiting the creation of a homeland, took skilled and unskilled positions throughout the Middle East, Europe and beyond.

Migrant communities had their successes and their failures. But because of their movements, they were attuned to affairs in more than one locality and they remained in contact, when possible, with families at home and along the route of their movement. Migrants of all social stations became an important element in communication around the world.

Economic Stagnation, New Technology

The economic and technical changes of the world provided both positive and negative encouragement of what became the democratization movements. The technological revolution in mass media opened new vistas for communication among citizens of the world; the technological revolution in military hardware provided new techniques for repression. Global financial arrangements in stock markets enabled a far more efficient system of moving investment funds to profitable opportunities; the global accumulation of debt, particularly in poor countries, became a major grievance and a cause for rebelliousness in those countries. Perhaps most remarkably and most importantly, in the two decades leading up to 1989, and despite the impressive transformations in economic structure, the world economy as a whole exhibited almost no net growth, on a per capita basis. Let us begin with the last of these issues, and then turn to consider the other economic and technological issues I have mentioned here.

From the end of World War II to the early 1970s, the world economy experienced rapid and sustained growth. It seemed for a time that modern economic policy -- in both capitalist and socialist economic systems -- had overcome the destruction of war and the crisis of periodic economic recession. A very different economic message came across for most of the 1970s and 1980s. A number of East Asian and Southeast Asian economies managed to prolong or even increase their earlier rates of growth. For the industrial economies of the Americas and Western Europe, overall rates of growth remained positive, but per capita income did not increase. In the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, rates of growth dropped behind those of Western industrial countries. Middle Eastern economies grew or shrunk depending on whether they were oil producers. African economies, including even oil producers, experienced declining per capita income.

If growth in the world economy slowed, structural transformation did not. The world's currencies became much more tightly linked in this time. Investment became not only global but instantaneously global: the stock markets, currency markets and commodity markets of Europe, the Americas and Asia became linked by computer as well as by newspaper, and one or another of the major marketplaces was open at virtually every hour of the day.

Other global networks grew up under these conditions. One of the most curious was BCCI, the Bank of Commerce and Credit International, founded in 1974 as a consortium of Pakistani and Abu Dhabi interests. With aggressive recruiting of new depositors, the bank managed to extend its operations throughout Asia, to London, to the Cayman Islands, and into the United States. On one hand it presented itself as a strong and well run financial institution in Asian hands. In another guise it emphasized a sort of Third World consciousness -- this dimension of the firm financed a glossy news weekly, South. In yet another guise it sought to provide favors for high officials of powerful governments, and to obtain favors in return. This element of BCCI provided assistance to Oliver North in transferring proceeds of arms sales to Iran into funding of the contras in Nicaragua. BCCI had been able to violate banking regulations of many countries with impunity, but somehow this came to an end in the spring of 1991, and prosecutors in both the U.S. and Britain moved to place restrictions on the firm, which then collapsed. One would not be surprised that other firms, perhaps in other industries, found imaginative ways to exploit the interstices of the globalizing economy.

Of the new technologies emerging in the 1970s and 1980s, the most spectacular was that of microelectronics, which facilitated the dramatic advances in electronic media on which I will concentrate here. We have taken to using the collective noun, "the media," in an all-inclusive sense to emphasize the interactions among the media and their powerful overall impact.

My emphasis here will be on the distinctions among the various media, in their structure, their ownership, and their public. In that way it will be easier to envision to complex ways in which democratization movements have used and been used by the media. Different media, different effects. So we know to distinguish the technology, the owners, the performers, and the audience.

We can begin with network television. Three private television networks dominate the airwaves in the United States. Brazil, one of the world's largest television audiences, was long dominated by the Globo network; in recent years, competing networks have cut into its share of the audience. In Western Europe, private networks compete with national television services.

Most countries get television through their national television service. Some of these are open and freewheeling in their programming, as in Mexico, Canada and Britain; others are tightly controlled by the state. In most cases, however, the programming produced within the country counts for only a portion of the broadcasts. Dramas and music videos from the U.S., Brazil, India, Germany, Mexico, France and Britain account for much of the programming even on national television services of small countries. In 1987, on the national television of socialist Congo, I watched a German detective drama, followed by music videos from India, Brazil, and France. Sports events too are shared around the world. In Haiti, for instance, I observed that games of the French national soccer league are broadcast regularly.

Cable television expanded earliest in North America, where CNN, MTV and C-span each became powerful institutions during the 1980s. Then each began overseas sales, and used satellite transmission to reach the distant markets.

Now television signals were available to anyone who could call them down with a satellite dish and unscramble them. In country after country, the wealthy elites, then government officials, then ingeneous entrepreneurs began catching television signals and diffusing them to friends and customers in their locale.

Radio had done the same in earlier generations. Broadcasts on AM and FM frequencies served cities and their surroundings. In wealthy countries, the network format gave way to

independent stations serving various linguistic, cultural and economic sectors of the population; in poorer countries, the national radio service tried to serve the full range of constituencies.

Short-wave radio, with small audiences which listened very carefully, remained in the hands of government broadcast systems. The Voice of America, BBC, Radio France International, Radio Moscow -- along with services of many other nations -- broadcast news, debate, and cultural programming in numerous languages, in order to be heard by their friends and their enemies. A distinct example from more recent years is Africa No. 1, broadcasting to all of Africa from Libreville, Gabon, mostly in French. This pan-African enterprise, subsidized by oil revenues from Gabon and by French cultural ambitions, has been important in shaping cosmopolitan African tastes in music, and in providing an independent source of news and opinion for the continent.

Among the print media, the leading institutions were the major daily newspapers. These were privately owned in capitalist countries, and government owned in socialist countries. Most countries also had official newspapers. Beyond these were the small-scale press -- weeklies and monthlies for smaller towns or for more specific audiences. The print media relied, for international stories, on several major news agences. Associated Press and UPI (United Press International), based in the U.S., are private organizations, as is the British-based Reuters and the French-based Agence-France Presse. Somewhat equivalent to these were the national press services of the Soviet Union (Tass) and of China (Xinhua). Broadcast news organizations, especially for television, became equivalent in the electronic media to the roles of these news services in the print media.

The economics and technology of newspapers worked in contradictory fashion during the 1980s. In one direction, the profitability of large newspapers declined, so that major dailies were threatened either with closure or with being added to the media empires of such moguls as Robert Maxwell and Rupert Murdoch. In another direction, however, the ease of producing small newspapers with microcomputers increased such that newspapers began to crowd the streets of poor countries where they had not been seen for decades.

Beyond newspapers, weekly and monthly news magazines grew steadily in circulation. Time and Newsweek in the U.S., Veja in Brazil, Jeune Afrique in Africa and the black diaspora, l'Express in France and others fed news and colorful photography to wide audiences.

The telephone is a medium of individual communication, rather than for broadcast. Telephones have steadily expanded in number with time, but the quality and quantity of long-distance hookups have increased dramatically. Microwave and then satellite transmission of long-distance telephone signals brought dramatic reductions in cost. The development of practical cell phones spread the web of communications even more densely. (While I was staying at the Hotel Estoril in Kinshasa in 1991, most of the dinner guests at the hotel brought their cell phones to the table with them.)

Telephones could now be used to link copy machines via fax or computers via modem. The story of fax communication during the events of Tiananmen is one of the best illustrations of the difficulty of preventing communication in the world today. Chinese characters cannot be sent by typewriter or Morse code. The government could shut down the mails and the airports, and it could control radio and television. But as long as phone lines and fax machines were available, demonstrators inside China could communicate with each other and with friends outside China, sending detailed documents in a short time. Ultimately, the government resorted to closing off international phone lines in order to stop this flow of information.

In Moscow, similarly, a small press agency, Interfax, had fortuitously opened up a link by modem to a Colorado computer firm, within a week of the August 1991 coup. It was able, therefore, to send a steady stream of detailed reports out of the country without interruption. The Colorado firm reported much of this information to the U.S. government, whose public resistance to the coup was strengthened by its knowledge of the many threads of opposition, otherwise unreported. Interfax established its reputation, and grew greatly in importance as other Soviet news agencies crumbled.

New and portable audio media spread widely. Transistor radios, a development of the 1960s, expanded the radio audience, but the audience was limited by the availability of adequate radio stations. The development of audio tape cassettes and cassette players in the 1970s gave significant new control to the listeners. Tapes could be made cheaply, and for the price of a tape one could listed to whatever one wanted, wherever and whenever. The arrival of powerful boom boxes in American cities and then around the world made this point clear.

The next development in audio technology, the compact disk, had a more ambiguous social impact. CDs provided a better quality sound, plus the option of easy location and complex programming of recordings, but the disks and players were expensive, and the disks could not easily be copied. For a time, then, it appeared that wealthy countries with strong copyright laws would be dominated by CDs, and poor countries with weak copyright laws would hold on to tape cassettes.

The tension between centralization and decentralization in information rose to a global level. In one sense CNN provided a new and independent source of news worldwide; in another sense a homogeneous official story that could be managed. Tape cassettes could be played on demand by the listener, but concentration of the recording industry limited the tapes available. On balance though, I think that the 1970s and 1980s brought a wider range of information sources, and a greater opportunity for audiences to make themselves heard.

Media technology represented one sort of new development; military technology represented another. The Persian Gulf war featured the use of sophisticated new weapons by both sides, and demonstrated the overwhelming superiority of the forces and weapons of the United States and its allies. The social impact of this new technology was rather the opposite to that in the media. The new military technology strengthed the power of central governments as against any opposition forces, and provided particular strength for the wealthiest governments able to produce and purchase the most sophisticated weaponry.

The issue of weaponry was not simply that of its use in battle, but of its sale in global markets. The Iraqi military forces were built up not so much from domestic production as from purchase of arms manufactured elsewhere. Two forces led to a sharp increase in the level of armament around the world in the 1980s (an increase that was both general and concentrated in particular nations). First, Cold War political pressures caused the big powers to seek out allies and arm them. Second, economic pressures caused the private arms-manufacturing firms to seek new opportunities to sell arms abroad, with subsidies from their own governments where possible.

During the 1970s and 1980s the world economy became steadily more tightly integrated. Each national economy became progessively less autonomous. The major market economies experienced serious readjustments. In the U.S., for instance, the steel and automobile industries contracted sharply because of intense competition, notably from Japan, Europe, and South Korea. Smaller market economies experienced even more serious readjustments. Mixed economies, with

large public and private sectors, encountered problems in both public and private sectors. Most serious of all, however, were the problems of centrally planned economies.

In 1989-91 the centrally planned economies of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union appeared as failures. They did not collapse and they were not instantly dismantled, but they were acknowledged as failures, and economic leaders began a rapid transformation of their structure toward the "free-market" model of the leading capitalist powers.

In the same period of time, though at a slower pace, the central-planning efforts of many Third World countries met a similar fate. Some of these countries were formally allied to the Soviet Union and sought to emulate its economic structure -- Benin, Angola, Vietnam -- while others were socialist in a vaguer sense (India) or firmly non-socialist in official ideology (Brazil, Cote d'Ivoire, and South Africa).

Central planning and active government intervention in economic affairs had not always seemed a failure. The collapse of centrally-planned economies was not simply the inevitable implosion of the empty shell of Communist economic rhetoric. Something had changed in the structure of the world economy that undermined the sort of planning that had earlier worked. The Soviet economy grew rapidly in the years after World War II, as did those of East Germany and Czechoslovakia. South Africa, with heavy state economic intervention, grew rapidly. Brazil, where the state regulated trade and production closely, became a major industrial power. Japan and South Korea, two of the most successful "free-market" economies, grew with private capital but with the aid of intricate government economic regulation.

The internationalization of capital and of product markets seem to have eliminated the ability of national governments to allocate resources within their borders. The consequences of this loss of control were more serious in some countries than in others. The world monetary system inched toward unity. Nations seeking to isolate their monetary system from that of the rest of the world were frustrated -- both by automatic workings of the system, and by punitive actions on the part of major bankers. The World Bank and the IMF grew in power as regulators of the world economy, and of the domestic policy of all but the most powerful nations.

By the late 1980s one of the sharpest distinctions in the world economy was that between a few creditor nations and a large number of nations in debt, some of them desperately so. The countries in debt -- owing other national treasuries, private banks, and consortia of the two -- made frantic cuts in their national expenditures, and still managed to pay only a part of the interest owed, without making a dent on the principal. It appeared, in most of the news stories broadcast around the world, to be a clear case of the difference between sound economic management by the rich countries and the banks, and fiscal incompetence on the part of the poor countries.

At the simplest level, one may dismiss this sort of a story as an example of "blame-the-victim" logic. More importantly, the misunderstanding of the debt crisis is an example of our tendency to treat the world economy as a set of distinct cases rather than as an interlocking system. So let us review the origins of the debt crisis.

In the late 1960s, after a quarter-century of nearly uninterrupted economic growth, banks had substantial balances of loanable funds. Development theories then in vogue suggested that investment in more infrastructure would lead to continued growth in the poorer national economies. The World Bank and the International Monetary Fund had grown greatly in size and influence, and their advisors were in a position to press for implementation of their policies in many countries. At the beginning of the 1970s, many Third World countries borrowed funds from the IMF, the World Bank, individual industrial countries, and consortia of private banks and national treasuries. The

terms of the loans appeared generous -- they were at the low prevailing interest rates, and repayment was stretched over a long time.

Then the price and interest patterns of the world economy changed. The most obvious jolt was the 1974 boycott of oil deliveries by the OPEC countries. It led to rapid increases in petroleum prices, and to increases in prices of goods requiring petroleum inputs. But that was not all. Gasoline prices in the U.S., for instance, increased far more than could be explained by the higher cost of imported crude oil, and for a time petroleum firms made roughly half of all the profits earned by American firms. As dollars and other currencies began to inflate, large holders of liquid balances shifted from currencies to gold, whose price soared. As prices began to rise at a 10% annual rate in even the most stable of national economies, interest rates rose sharply.

It was then that the indebted nations reread the fine print on their loan agreements. They would have to pay the prevailing interest rate on their unpaid loan balances. So while the value of the dollars and marks they had borrowed declined rapidly, the amounts of their annual interest payments rose by as much as a factor of four. Soon they had to borrow more money -- at similarly unfavorable rates -- simply to make interest payments. The debt crisis had arrived.

Consequences of the debt crisis were manifold. The holders of debt, concerned about their own declining liquidity and profitability, held firm against pleas that the borrowers be forgiven their loans. A contract is a contract. The IMF and the World Bank became more and more interventionist, attempting to bridge the gap between borrowers and lenders mainly by proposing new ways in which the borrowers could pay both principle and interest. These proposals came to be known by the generic term of "structural adjustment programs." They were austerity programs -- the indebted governments were to cut back on domestic social services, cut salaries, eliminate or sell off state-owned enterprises, and lay off employees. Those nations which accepted IMF and World Bank leadership had access to loans that would enable them to pay current interest charges; those that resisted structural adjustment programs did not qualify for further loans.

As Wamba ya Wamba, the distinguished Zairian-born historian, said to me: in Africa we used to have ministries of planning. Now we have them no more. Instead, we have visiting experts from the IMF.

Political Structures and Democratization

Democratization movements were first of all a story of ordinary people. Even when they were people of relative privilege -- university students and religious leaders -- they participated as individuals and as members of ad hoc groups, not as cogs in a great structure of political power. They were the people, mobilized. Immediately, however, they encountered the state: the national state. The demonstrators of 1989-91 focused their grievances and their demands on their national governments.

And why not? Governments came to power with solemn promises to their constituents, pledging to improve the quality of life and to protect the dignity of the nation. Whenever conditions improved, national leaders were there to claim credit for the brilliance of their policies. By the same logic, the state had assumed responsibility for all the ills of the nation.

In a world of influences flowing across national borders, the national states lacked the power to manage the issues for which they had assumed responsibility. This was most obviously true for small countries. The French-speaking countries of Africa, for instance, had the advantage of a currency tied to the stable French franc, but by the same token they lacked control of their monetary policy. Botswana's government could emphasize parliamentary democracy and free speech, but could not prevent periodic incursions of South African army and police.

The great powers played important and contradictory roles in the democratization movements. The reduction of Soviet pressures on Eastern Europe permitted opposition movements there to express themselves forcefully; Chinese support of the Khmer Rouge was sufficient to delay a peace settlement in Cambodia for years. As in other times, the great national powers jostled each other on the global stage, reaching for political and economic influence: the main powers were the United States, the Soviet Union, Japan, West Germany, China, France, Britain and India.

In contrast to earlier times, a whole new set of great powers emerged in the years after World War II, in the form of international organizations. The character of world politics changed as a result of the emergence of these new powers. First of these was the United Nations, formed in 1945 and including, by 1989, almost 170 nations representing nearly the entirety of the world's population. If it was relatively weak in its ability to implement policies, it was very influential as a sounding board for world opinion. Other key international organizations were the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and the European Community: these economic organizations prepared and implemented policies which influenced life in every corner of the world.

Alongside these new world powers developed a full range of international organizations. Taken as a whole, they added a new level to world politics, and presented opportunities both for new sorts of oppression and new sorts of liberation. They included regional organizations: the Organization of American States, the Organization of African Unity, and the Arab League. They included formal military alliances, constructed around Cold-War emnities: NATO, the American-dominated North Atlantic alliance; the Warsaw Pact, in which the Soviets and their allies confronted NATO from Eastern Europe. The European Community was the most successful common market, linking most of the economies of Western Europe; common markets in other regions struggled along with far less success. The most successful producers' cartel was OPEC, the Oranization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, which in the 1970s raised the prices of crude oil and the profits of the oil-producing countries. Ideological and political organizations linked groups of states. The large capitalist industrial states linked themselves with overlapping organizations, including NATO in military affairs and OECD (Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development) in economic affairs; the Soviet Union and its allies had parallel structures. A third type of ideological organization sprung up, almost entirely among formerly colonized countries: the Nonaligned Nations Movement.

This list of international organizations, already long, is only partial. My point in presenting the list is that world politics are no longer simply bilateral relations or interstate relations. World politics in our lifetime include international organizations as a fundamental part of the equation.

For the story of democratization, the most important international organizations, aside from the United Nations, are the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. Both were founded at the end of World War II; both have headquarters in Washington, D.C.; and the two are closely linked. The IMF was founded to help stabilize exchange rates among major currencies, and the World Bank (formally, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development) was created to channel investment funds for recovery from the war. Both were established as membership organizations, with voting strength of the member nations determined by the amount of funds each had contributed to the organization. With the strains and
transformations of the postwar economy, the IMF and World Bank were drawn into a whole series of new ventures and into close mutual interdependence. Eventually, their work ended up concentrated on overseeing the immense debt of poor nations to rich nations and banks.

During the 1980s, great-power relations developed in three major theaters. First was that of the Cold War and East-West conflict, in which the major protagonists were the United States and the Soviet Union. Second was that of global development, colonial ties, and North-South conflict. Here the protagonists were the IMF and the World Bank, dominated by the outlook of the North, and various groupings of countries in the South, most of them members of the Nonaligned Nations organization. The third area of contest was the struggle for economic advantage among the major capitalist industrial powers -- the United States, Japan and the increasingly unified European Community.

During the 1980s, steady growth in American military expenditure pressured the Soviets to match that growth or renouce their claim to parity. The American Central Intelligence Agency frequently exaggerated Soviet military threat in presentations to Congress, successfully adding fuel to the fire. In the last half of the 1980s, the Soviets give up the contest, and yielded to detente on American terms. This leaves us with the historical question of whether the American military escalation helped speed the end of the Cold War. One can argue that, yes, it broke the back of Soviet will to compete. One can also argue that, no, the Soviets continued with military competition longer than they would have otherwise through fear of American expansionism. Similarly, one may debate whether American military and political pressure on the Soviets helped to speed or to retard the expansion of democratic rights within the Soviet Union.

One important result, in any case, was that by the end of the 1980s the Soviet Union was determined to minimize the exercise of its great-power pressures. In withdrawing its troops from Afghanistan and abstaining from interfering in the Polish elections, it provided an important opening for new political activity to the local populations -- and to other great powers.

A related result was the contrast between the Soviet withdrawal from great-power pressures and the maintenance or even expansion of American great-power pressures. In such areas of continuing Cold War dispute as Afghanistan, Angola, and Nicaragua, the U.S. continued to press for military solutions. The U.S. government's decision to minimize criticism of the crackdown at Tiananmen had much to do with the hope of maintaining China as an ally against the Soviet Union. And for the Soviet Union itself, the U.S. government pressed for ever-stronger indications of economic reform before allowing bilateral or World Bank economic aid.

Nevertheless, the Soviet-American arms reduction treaties had as dramatic an impact on the outlook of Americans as it had on citizens elsewhere. The notion of irrevocable emnity -- between Americans and Russians or between those in capitalist and socialist economies -- died down. One response was to transfer the hatred of old to other enemies: to Iran, to Muammar Qaddafy of Libya, to Saddam Hussein of Iraq, to Palestinians. Another response was to consider abandoning hatred of enemies as a principle of national outlook.

The second theater of big-power relations linked the issues of development and decolonization. The most serious issue was that of development -- really, of poverty in much of the world --but it could never be disentangled from the recent history of colonial rule and neocolonialism.

The most prominent problem was that of heavy international debt, especially of nations undergoing rapid but troubled industrialization: Mexico, Brazil, Poland and Zaire. The IMF, the World Bank, and groupings of banks known as "clubs" pressured them to pay up, and then relented to allow for rescheduling of the debts. In response, the IMF and World Bank imposed structural adjustment programs on as many debtor nations as possible, forcing sharp cutbacks in all public expenditures. This raised the question, for governments of the nations concerned, of whether their

real constituency lay with the citizens of the nation or with the international organizations to which they now had to report.

In the context of these tense debates, old colonial and neocolonial differences were exacerbated. France interfered directly in the politics of Benin, its former colony, to enforce a structural adjustment program and to press for a certain design of the country's national conference. The United States intervened politically and militarily in Panama (a nation created out of Colombia by U.S. intervention in 1903), with a focus on drug trade, but also to change Panama's political and economic policies. Iraq brought out its old territorial claims stemming from the period of British colonial rule in order to support its occupation of Kuwait.

The third theater of big-power politics, the competition among economic giants, played a lesser role in the great demonstrations of 1989-91. But it and other sorts of global factors retained the potential of influencing world events in expected fashion.

Shifting Tides

A confluence of changing social forces helped to unleash the democratization movements of 1989-91. To describe a range of these changing forces, as I have done here, is not yet to show how they fit together and reinforced each other. But a rapid summary of some of the main changes may provide some sense of their resonance with each other and the new directions in which they thrust global society. Professionals, newly important in an age of technological transformation, spoke out about the contradiction between their elaborate training and the minimal rewards they received. Workers faced the disappointment of long hours, no increase in wages, and growing threats of unemployment. For both the elite of society and ordinary working families, education represented at once a promise of advancement, an opening to a wider world, and a heavy investment of time and money that now threatened to go without a commensurate return. Women of all social stations underwent changes in their lives: more wage work, the possibility of controlling the birth of their children, the changes in family life as their children spent longer times in school. Such changes were sufficient to cause women to rethink every aspect of their lives. Children's lives changed in quite different ways in rich and poor countries, but growing numbers of them gained access to a cosmopolitan youth culture. Migrants, from the wealthy to the poverty-stricken, set up new sets of communication links along the paths of their movement. New communications media spread these and other stories around the globe. New military hardware became available to resolve disputes with unprecedented finality. And though the education systems of the world were celebrating the nation as the basic unit of human existence, national economic and political autonomy were declining in several dimensions, including with the rise of a debt crisis affecting nations large and small.

The results of these and other changes was to set a growing number of people free from the constraints of their normal lives. Their lives had changed, and in response they sought more control over events, more reward for energy invested. They saw that the problem was not each other. And since governments typically claimed credit for any improvements in people's lives, it made sense to blame governments for the problems of society. People turned to critique of the state in search of redress.

Structures became linked so that stories could no longer be contained within national boundaries. Effects rippled with new speed and amplitude.

So we have seen an accumulation of changes in social, economic and political life, focusing on the twenty years before Tiananmen. The deep, underground movements of social forces led to pressures which would eventually rip the surface soil of society in an earthquake of readjustment. Perhaps the relentless pressures of the changes were such that the timing of the outbreak was

arbitrary -- sooner or later it would happen. In some cases, however, as with the buildup of pressures in education, we can see hints as to why in 1989, rather than sooner or later, the pressures should erupt into demands for reorganization of society.

But we are not machines, responding automatically to the pressures on us. For the democratization movements to unfold required acts of the will. People had to reformulate their thinking and develop a logic for their unprecedented actions. Certainly it is true that much of the motivation of the millions of demonstrators was unconscious -- responses to unarticulated feelings of anger, of hurt, of yearning for community and a sense of worth. The emergence of a global consciousness -- a willingness to see a person in another country as the equivalent of oneself -- is not only a conscious formulation, it is a gut feeling. For most, it was a new feeling.

So we cannot hope to succeed in explaining the democratization movements until we address the network of changing ideas and culture which made it possible for people to create and participate in this global popular movement. To these fascinating questions I now turn.

## The Roots of New Beliefs

Defining Democracy and Nation

For all the discussion and celebration of democracy in recent years, it is remarkable how little energy has been devoted to defining the term. Its meanings, in fact, are numerous. The type of democracy in the minds of Beijing university students of 1989 was distinct from that in the minds of American voters in the same year, and different again from that in the minds of South African trade unionists. Yet by avoiding debate on the fine points of meaning, these groups and others preserved the impression of a world-wide consensus on the need to expand democratic rights.

"Democracy" does have an irreducible, common core of meaning. To the ancient Greeks, who coined the term, it meant "rule by the people," and this has remained its essential meaning. The word became central to the eighteenth-century political debates of Europe and the Americas, and through those debates the Greek term spread to languages all over the world.

It is a governmental term. In addition, the prestige of the ideal is such that it has been applied to many areas beyond government: to the economy, to relations between groups defined by ethnicity, gender and age, and to the struggle for dominance in ideas. At worst, the range of possible meanings of democracy is so wide that, since it can mean anything, it means nothing. At best, it is a broad and flexible term which has a core of meaning, yet is too general to be appropriated by any one faction as its property.

The most common meaning given to democracy during the upheavals of 1989-91 was one of political form: multiparty electoral institutions for national governance. This was clearly the dominant interpretation of the term given in the Eastern European countries where single-party, communist-led regimes were brought down, and in the African countries where single-party regimes were brought down by national conferences, elections or military coups. In contrast, the demonstrators in China were calling more for a change in the substance than in the form of government: not multiparty government but an end to corruption and an increase in government accountability to the public. The term "accountability" was used quite explicitly in South Africa, where protestors used it to demand recognition not only from the state, but from their own organizations, notably the African National Congress. In South Africa, more than in China, democracy meant the right and the opportunity to replace governing individuals and

parties. Thus there is ample room for debate about the best forms of democratic government, and about its underlying goals: for instance, the means for safeguarding majority rule, but at the same time for protecting the rights and interests of minorities. The idea of democracy calls for representation of various segments of society in government, but it does not tell us precisely how to achieve that representation.

Often, however, the term "democracy" has been used in ways that have more to do with sloganeering than with the structure of government. During the long and grim Cold War struggle, both East and West used it to mean "our side" as against "the enemy." Those in the West spoke of a struggle between democracy and communism: "democracy" was "us" and "communism" was "them." Murderous dictators such as Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines and cruelly discriminatory regimes such as that of South Africa, by allying themselves to Washington and NATO in opposition to the Soviets, became part of "us" and hence part of "democracy." Those in the East called it a struggle between the people's democracies and imperialism. Regimes such as that of Nicolae Ceaucescu in Romania, in which the ruler's personal power developed to an extreme, held themselves forth as examples of democracy and socialism. It is remarkable that the underlying meaning of democracy withstood such rough handling.

A more subtle issue in the definition of democracy had to do with one-party vs. multi-party political regimes. In periods of crisis, it was common to form governments of national unity, in which all parties agreed to act as one. Even in peacetime, communist-led countries faced the threat of subversion from their capitalist enemies; Asian and African colonies, on gaining national independence, faced severe pressures from their former colonial masters. Under these circumstances, the argument developed that the best guarantee of democracy and national independence was a single political party, and that the essential political differences within the nation could be worked out within that party. This was the idea of "one-party democracy." In Tanzania, it even went to the point of having multiple candidates for office, all of them members of the single political party. Still, the long-term effect of single-party regimes of any sort was to restrict political debate, and to permit officials to act in self-serving ways that caused them to lose public trust. The democratization movements of 1989-91 succeeded, therefore, in affirming the principle of multi-party government almost everywhere except in China and in monarchies such as Saudi Arabia. Still, many political parties remain outlawed.

How directly, under democracy, should the people rule? In the 1960s, members of the conservative John Birch Society in the U.S. emphasized that "this is a republic, not a democracy" -- they believed voters had the right to select leaders through election, but the actual decisions were to be made by the leaders alone. Another approach to popular involvement in government is that of the plebiscite: here the government makes a decision, then asks the electorate for a yes-or-no judgment on it. Plebiscites have been fairly common in France from the days of Napoleon to the recent vote on whether France should approve the new European Community treaty. They have usually worked more to reinforce the power of a strong leader than to decentralize decision making. In the present day, with the advanced state of television and other telecommunications, we have new proposals for plebiscites, now in the form of an "electronic town meeting," in which the public could respond to a series of questions posed by the government.

Linked to the question of popular involvement in decision-making is that of whether the people are qualified to make decisions. One form of this issue arises for secret information: if a government must hold information secret for the defense of national security, it must make decisions in those areas without consulting the people. A second form has to do with degree of

expertise: even if all information is available, it may be argued that officials know and understand the issues in greater detail than the people, and should make decisions based on that expertise. A third form has to do with the inherent capacity of the people to make political decisions. Rather commonly, it is argued that people are inexperienced with the ways of democracy, or that they are steeped in a traditional and authoritarian culture, so that their judgment is neither mature nor dependable. Sukarno, the founding president of independent Indonesia, diagnosed his country as having this problem, and offered "guided democracy" as the solution. In this way, the nation could maintain the ideal and the rhetoric of democracy, but the authorities could make the practical decisions of state without being encumbered by party politics and public disputes.

In political democracy, therefore, the range of definitions is such that, in all sincerity, a government seen by one person as democratic is seen by another as dictatorial. Yet for all the disagreement about the meaning of democracy, one great change has emerged within the past generation: it is now widely believed that democratic government is best for all the peoples of the world. Support for the notion of benevolent dictatorship has, for the moment, virtually disappeared.

Democracy is also an economic term as well as a governmental term: "economic democracy" and a "free market" became a common rallying cry. Most basically, people calling for economic democracy were asking for more freedom of choice in their economic life. They wanted choice in the work that they performed, choice in the products they purchased with their earnings, and choice in their residence -- where they would live, and in what sort of housing.

As always, a call for freedom for some is a call for limits on others. "Economic democracy" includes three main variants, calling for limits on government, limits on economic inequality, and limits on trade unions. The most common meaning of the free market in 1989-91 was that the economy should operate without state intervention. This was an opposition to taxation, to quotas on production and consumption, to price regulation, and to monopolization of resources by governments. Governments were thus seen as an impediment to economic democracy, and minimization of their role in economic life was seen as the solution.

But in that large area of the world where the economy was dominated more by private capital than by government, the idea of economic democracy focused as much on limitations of inequality as on freedom from restriction. Here economic democracy meant assurance of basic economic needs, as in medical care, education, employment and housing. And it meant restrictions on the ability of large corporations to gain control of whole markets. In this view, monopolistic private capital was seen as an impediment to economic democracy, and restriction of their freedom was seen as one part of the solution; the other problem was seen as the inequality that results from various social forces, and an attempt to compensate for that inequality was seen as the other part of the solution.

The third variant was the argument that organized workers, by pressing their employers for concessions on wages and job security, were restricting the free flow of resources. In fact this argument has had remarkable success, in that trade union organizations weakened considerably, after economic growth slowed in the 1970s, all over the world: in the leading capitalist and socialist countries, and in Third World countries. (Exceptions of interest were Poland, South Africa and South Korea, where trade unions grew in strength in the 1980s.) Supporters claimed in contrast that unions were a bulwark of democracy, not a hindrance, in that they enabled workers to develop common policies and represent their own interests to their employers.

While the main meanings of democracy were centered in politics and economics, the term was applied, at least experimentally, in many other areas, for instance to ethnic and cultural groups. For a nation of varying ethnic groups, the notion of democracy could be invoked in contradictory ways: it could mean that each keeps own identity, or that all must contribute their identities to the construction of a common "melting pot", or all must conform to the standard national identity. A multilingual nation faces the question of whether democracy requires it to have a single official language, or whether several languages should have official status. For gender relations, in contrast, the term "democracy" is rarely used. Relations between men and women are normally fought out in the family and other social structures rather than in governmental institutions. But the relevance of the notion of democracy to gender relations seems clear enough.

The idea of democracy, that the people should rule, raises the question of whether all the people should rule, and whether they should all have an equal voice. The link between democracy and equality cannot be severed, and yet the two cannot be made into the same thing. In particular, the ideal of democracy implies majority rule and respect for the dominant values of a society, but it also implies respect for minority rights and traditions.

The idea of democracy has developed in the framework of the modern nation, so we cannot complete the discussion of democracy without asking how people have been defining the nation as well. The recognized nations of the world range from such tiny Caribbean states as Grenada, with 100,000 citizens, to China, with a thousand times as many people. Nations have recognized borders and governments, within which are established a common set of laws and rights. The national government has the responsibility of setting economic policy, and of protecting life and property. Educational systems in each nation reaffirm the common traditions and history of its people.

Nations of this sort emerged just over two hundred years ago, among the national monarchies of such western European countries as Spain, France and Britain, and then in the New World, where colonies gained independence in the United States, Haiti and Spanish America. Later on a few Asian monarchies gained recognition as nations -- Japan, Thailand and China. But it was only with the end of colonialism after World War II that all the territories of the world gained recognition as nations. Over two centuries, the term "nation" has changed its meaning from one primarily cultural to one primarily political.

During those two centuries, debates raged about the qualifications of a nation. Publicists of national identity emphasized the linguistic, cultural, and historical unity of their nations, and dismissed the claims of competing nations. At the end, it became clear that not even the Dutch or Portuguese nations -- and certainly not the Spanish or Canadian or Nigerian nations -- had the cultural unity needed to fit the extreme definitions of nationhood. And yet each was a nation. Ultimately the debate became circular: whoever was able to define a nation and gain wide consent to that definition had created a nation. Thus, Kemal Ataturk created the Turkish nation, Mohandas K. Gandhi created the Indian nation, Boris Yeltsin created the Russian nation out of a larger Soviet nation, and Slobodan Milosevic created the Serbian nation out of a larger Yugoslavia. Nations, once recognized, have a regular set of paraphernalia and institutions: flags, anthems, governments, United Nations seats, Olympic athletic teams, national airlines, and courses in instruction of national history. It has also become the case that each nation expects progress in its economic and social conditions, as a basic part of its existence.

What has changed, during the past generation, is that everyone now lives within a recognized nation. The institution of nationhood has spread democratically throughout the human population. Whether each nation has democracy is a different question.

Culture: Symbolic Statements of Belief

We express our belief in the ideas of democracy and nationhood not only through formal statements, but through our use of symbols. The woman who cleans the building where I work chose to express her identity through dress: when I commented one day on her orange sweatshirt with the word "Barbados" emblazoned in large black letters, she enthusiastically responded, "That's my country!" Her words added a gloss, but the shirt had already made the statement.

In recent times the human population has become far more literate in several ways. Most adults can read books, newspapers and instructions in their first language or in the official language of their country. In addition, we have developed an improved visual literacy based on film and video images, and a musical literacy based on experience with a range of types of music. Through use of visual, musical and written symbols, we communicate our beliefs to each other with increasing sophistication and unprecedented intensity.

The first case I will discuss in detail shows that symbolic expression of belief can be subtle and complex -- it can lead beyond one-dimensional statements to complex conversations. The symbolic statement in this case reflected a decision on what to wear and not wear. At the end of the 1960s and into the 1970s, many young women in Western countries, during the warmer months, ceased wearing their brassieres, and revealed the natural outlines of their breasts to greater or lesser degree. This began as no organized campaign, but simply spread as a fad. It was a cultural statement, for in revealing more of themselves women challenged dominant values. These women were not necessarily drawn into verbal debates, yet each individual went through the experience of presenting herself differently, and of encountering the responses of others, however subtle, to the change she initiated. It shows that ordinary women, often quite powerless, were able to make a statement which drew attention to them and which launched a discussion of fundamental values.

It was a symbolic statement of beliefs. The living contour of a woman's breast, as with other symbols, could have multiple and contradictory meanings. For some women, it might have been a frank statement of sexual liberation, an invitation for admiration from men. In this case, the brassiere was seen as an obstacle to expression of sexuality. For others, the meaning might have been quite opposite: removal of the brassiere might have meant escaping the socially conditioned role of sex object. In this case, the brassiere was seen as forcing women into an image desired by men. For still others, removal of the brassiere might simply have provided one less thing to worry about, and a savings in time and money.

(In addition, a few women condemned bras explicitly, to convey a feminist critique of society, and the reaction against them created the term "bra-burner," which came to stand for rejection of any feminist ideas. Rather than focus on this explicit and verbal argument, I have chosen to concentrate on the spontaneous decision of many women to make bras an option rather than a necessity, as it emphasizes the degree to which everyone expresses cultural beliefs of one sort or another.)

Through this modest change in dress, women got the attention of men, and the attention of society generally. Manufacturers of undergarments invested time and money into making better and more attractive brassieres to win women back. Television grasped at the market opportunity presented by a franker sexuality, and in the U.S. a whole new genre of shows came

to be built around "jiggle." These directly economic and sexual elements of the issue are perhaps the most trivial and the easiest to pick out. More importantly, this became an important example in the widespread debate over dress codes, the nature of interactions between men and women, and the rights of individual women to choose their own patterns of dress and behavior. While the fad died down with time in many but not all areas, the issues it raised remain under discussion.

As I have noted, this change in fashion was centered on women in Western, industrial countries. As another part of the same process of global cultural change, women in African and Asian countries now came to wear bras where they had previously often gone without. This too was a symbolic statement of belief, and it was one of accomodation to the vision of progress so dominant for that period in the Third World. It may yet have been protest: for women to wear bras was to spend more on themselves, and it may have helped distance them from the incessant demands of children and of men. In any case, Third World women were adding bras to their wardrobe at the same time Western women were setting their bras at the back of their closets.

There are many other examples to show the ways in which dress can provide symbolic statements of beliefs. Blue denim jeans, created in the days of the California gold rush, had long been worn by both children and adults in the American southwest and in the north of Mexico. Then they exploded onto the world scene as an accompaniment to rock music. Jeans provided an informality that could be worn to tatters, individually decorated, or made into expensive designer outfits without failing to convey a broad and popular identity. By 1980, an American president made blue jeans an important symbol in conveying his common touch. Similarly, the changes and migrations of hair styles are rich in symbolic content. In all of these cases an individual, by joining others in adopting a manner of dress, conveys at once a vision of self and a commentary on the world.

Quite a different symbolic expression of belief is one in which an individual draws wide attention through an unusal act of creation -- or, in the case I have selected, of destruction. This is the case of self-immolation as political protest. The long and brutal conflict in Southeast Asia, with its elements both of the Cold War conflict between East and West and the imperial conflict between North and South, created a number of powerful images. In South Vietnam Buddhist monks, seeking a middle ground between the two warring sides, turned to self-immolation to dramatize the dilemma of the nation. They doused themselves in gasoline, struck a match, and prayed for peace as the flames consumed them. The horror of the event and the sincerity of the sacrifice did indeed bring wide reconsideration, on all sides, of the necessity of continuing the growing war. For this and other reasons, a resurgent Buddhism was extending its beliefs and practices to people in many corners of the world.

The tactic of self-immolation as an act of devotion to the nation spread as well. In some cases these acts were soon forgotten, but in others they were not. In Czechoslovakia, in the years after the Soviet crackdown against the reform government of 1968, the young Jan Palac burnt himself to death similarly at the high point of Wenceslaus Square in Prague. When the communist government fell in 1989, a small memorial to Palac was soon placed at the site of his death.

But to retreat a bit from such powerful and final examples of symbolic statements, I want to note that people make symbolic statements of their beliefs even by the simple act of being a spectator at a sports event or a musical event. As spectators, we express our approval of the values underscored in the performance.

My own favorite example of the spectator's symbolic statement goes back to the time I saw Pele, the legendary Brazilian soccer star. My memory of him is exaggerated, in a manner probably similar to that of millions of his other fans. The year was 1971. Pele, then long past his prime, was passing through the San Francisco area as part of an exhibition tour, and I grasped my one chance to see him. Much of the excitement of soccer is built around the long anticipation of the instant of superb and decisive play. My patience was rewarded. I recall seeing the ball in the air, not far from one goal, and suddenly recognizing Pele's body, in flight but inverted: his foot reached up to propel the ball sharply into a corner of the goal. I have no recollection of whether or how he touched ground after that spectacular shot. With thousands of others in the Oakland Coliseum, I participated in exultation at the triumph of this extraordinary individual over his adversaries and over the forces of nature, and at the same time felt a sense of solidarity with the team of which he was a part. To attend the match was to be entertained, but also to have those values reaffirmed.

The cultural statements of the world today are not all positive. We have only to consider the prevalence of alcoholism and the growing addiction to a variety of drugs, notably cocaine and heroin, produced and marketed through a network which parallels the other innovations in global economy and society. The individual seeks solace from life's drudgery and disappointments in the momentary relief of intoxication, and risks being caught in a downward spiral. The use of these drugs raises the full range of issues debated in discussions of democracy: the right of the individual to freedom of choice, the right of producers and merchants to freedom from government restriction, the right of society, through government, to prohibit dangerous activities.

Drug use has occasionally been a means of social protest, not just of individual escape. The Rastafarian movement of Jamaica made the smoking of marijuana into part of its collective identity. The world-wide popularity of reggae music, which emerged from the same plebian culture, celebrated "ganja" as a social good at precisely the moment when use of the drug was spreading in association with the counter-cultural movement of the most intensive years of the Vietnam war.

Overall, a cosmopolitan popular culture expanded and intensified steadily in the years after World War II. In some dimensions, it has stemmed from the broad and popular masses, as in the early days of rock-and-roll music, of reggae and of rap music. In other dimensions, its origin and nurturing come from semi-elite groups, as in African popular music and the student movements of the 1960s. But boundaries among social strata have dissolved, at least in matters of music, dress and video images. Elite culture remains alive and well -- theater, novels, classical music -- but we have seen the dignification of mass popular culture, which has achieved near equal prestige and a far greater audience. In mass popular culture far more than in elite culture, the artist's work came to be conveyed to the audience through recordings rather than through live performances. The artist's control over the conditions of presentation gave way to the convenience of the audience.

Ideology: Philosophic Statements of Beliefs

Let us turn now to a more familiar sort of discussion of beliefs: the explicit statements of belief given in philosophy and ideology. Of the various and contradictory goals we pursue in our lives, the contradiction between a need for dominance and a need for equality has become central in our era. Our struggle for dominance over nature and over each other is the most obvious theme in human history. In recent times, however, as the complexity of human society has

grown and as the benefits of cooperation have increased, demands for equality have risen to challenge and transform the ancient pressures for dominance. Sigmund Freud, writing as both psychologist and philosopher, published an influential discussion of this contradiction in the shadow of Europe's disillusionment with progress after the disasters of World War I. In Civilization and its Discontents, Freud argued that human society is going through a difficult process of maturation, and that the very process of becoming civilized required each individual to suppress some elemental drives in order to participate in the wider society.

Of the many debates ringing throughout human society, I have chosen three as being particularly relevant to the rise of democratization movements. All of them, in one way or another, involve the search for a better balance between dominance and equality in human affairs.

The struggle between capitalism and communism stood out most clearly of all the debates. The Cold War confrontation of two social systems underscored differences between two systems of government and two systems of economic organization. The arguments between the two sides, as I shall interpret them, centered on how best to achieve progress.

Modern capitalism and the socialist critique of it arose, in the early nineteenth century, as opposite dimensions of the same phenomenon. The growing size of the industrial working class, and its growing alienation from the owners of land and industry who retained control of society, led to class conflict and ultimately to revolution -- in Russia and elsewhere -- led by Marxist theorists. Thereafter, and especially after World War II, the character of the conflict changed: class conflict within nations was subordinated to the larger conflict between capitalist-dominated nations and communist-dominated nations.

In the years after World War II, all governments accepted responsibility for bringing economic and social progress to their constituents. In the years through the 1960s, it was a wide-open contest, confused mainly by the heavy expenditure of both sides on nuclear and conventional arms with which to threaten each other. When Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev visited the U.S. in 1957, during a brief period of detente, he boasted of Soviet economic growth in a speech: "We will bury you," he predicted. He was wrong, as it turned out, but his phrase summed up the competition as well as any could.

The capitalist system was based on private enterprise, with economic decisions made dominantly in the marketplace, and with government to regulate certain areas of the economy. The communist system was based on public ownership of enterprise, with key economic decisions made by central planning. The forms of government in each system included a legislature, a judiciary, and an administration with a set of ministries. The ideal type of capitalist government (for which the term liberal democracy is appropriate) involved multi-party debate, private contributions to campaigns, and rotating governments. Communist government, relying on the notion of the dictatorship of the proletariat, involved a single party or a coalition of closely allied parties, and few rotations of governments. The party was expected to be responsible to the people as a whole.

Public debate was institutionalized in the capitalist world through the contest between political parties, and through a press affiliated with the various parties. Debate was sometimes restricted for those labelled disloyal, especially communists.
Marxists were able to speak in the capitalist world, but anti-communism was the center of much political discourse. Class consciousness, labor organizations, or public expenditure of any sort were likely to be labelled communist. In the communist world, meanwhile, public debate was far more restricted. The governing party debated behind closed doors -- sometimes fiercely --

and announced the consensus once debate was closed. The press followed the official line, with critical perspectives coming only from individuals, rather than from opposition political parties. Pro-capitalists could speak only with difficulty in the communist world. Thus, while the extremes of wealth and corruption were far greater in the capitalist than in the communist world, the opportunities to expose corruption in the communist world were more restricted.

(I have greatly simplified this discussion by leaving out the many governments of capitalist countries that were authoritarian, without the realities or even the trappings of liberal democracy: Saudi Arabia, Chile under Pinochet, and South Korea under military rule. One might justify leaving them aside by arguing that they were marginal cases, small in comparison to the United States, Germany and Japan. On the other hand, it might be that there was a global pattern creating a sort of balance, within the capitalist world, between countries governed democratically and countries governed without democracy. In that case, the contrast between capitalist and communist government should be far more complex than I have suggested.)

The resolution to this political debate was clear: in the years 1989-91 Marxism, as a governing philosophy, suffered near total discredit. Communist parties fell from power in most countries where they ruled, and they retained power in China, Cuba and Vietnam only by relying on a combination of liberalization, repression, and appeals to national solidarity. Single parties and restrictions on debate became intensely unpopular.

In the economic debate, one fundamental distinction between the two systems and outlooks was on how to allocate scarce goods. In the capitalist world, goods were produced and displayed yet made inaccessible to most buyers because of high prices. In the communist world, prices were kept low, and goods were produced but rationed out slowly to consumers. In the capitalist world consumers could blame producers for the prices but not for an absence of goods; consumers tended to blame themselves for their lack of income. In the socialist world consumers could blame the state for the shortages of goods.

In sum, communism promised equality and progress to workers by maintaining dominance over their class enemies. But the workers' party, set up to dominate the remnants of the bourgeoisie, ended up dominating the workers, rather than be dominated by them. Communism did not fail to bring progress -- its economic growth was roughly as rapid as in the capitalist world -- but it did fail to eliminate the gap in the wealth of communist and capitalist countries. Its focus on one sort of public welfare brought a strong network of medical care, but its pursuit of short-run progress led to neglect of environmental safety and protection.

Capitalism, in contrast, assumed the dominance of employers over workers, but promised workers progress in their subordinate role, and a chance to escape it as individuals. Political parties were dominated by the wealthy, but ordinary people saw a chance to advance their own interests in the competition among parties of the wealthy. Capitalism, organized to give priorities to employers and to individuals, appeared to give better satisfaction to the needs of workers as a group than did communism.

The second great debate of recent years centered on the feminist protest of male dominance. This debate over the role of gender in human society centers on problems of interdependence: interdependence of men and women, but by extension social interdependence in general. Feminists found that, in the family, in work and in governance, men were dominant and women played subordinate roles. Their simple call for women's equality brought complex responses. It was claimed that the nurturing of children and the maintenance of families required the particular work that women have historically done; for women to play roles equal to men

would mean abandoning their role as nurturers, and the entire structure of society would be threatened.

The social and economic changes in women's lives led occasionally to sharp changes in perception. In a survey of rural organizations in Brazil, Chile and Mexico, my Northeastern University colleague Lynn Stephen found that, as rural families sought new ways to protect their interests in conflicts with landowners and employers, it made sense to give explicit value to the work of women -- not only the increased labor they put into the wage economy, but also their unpaid labor in sustaining their families. The result gave women a new voice in these local councils -- they could no longer simply be represented by their husbands or fathers.

The identity of women as individuals, apart from that of their families, grew stronger. The existence, and sometimes the availability, of birth control devices provided women with a basis for challenging their society's patterns for childbirth. Ideas of women and ideas about women underwent scrutiny in discussions among individuals, and at international forums. The United Nations, for instance, held great conferences on women, development and society in Mexico City and in Nairobi, Kenya.

Some women challenged the notion of interdependence; most ended up seeking to renegotiate the terms of interdependence. Thus, since women did the essential work of reproducing the species, they had the possibility of pressing men for equal rights as a condition for continuing that work. This type of debate could then be extended to other sorts of human interdependence -- for instance among children, adults in their productive years, and the elderly.

The third debate has centered on the issue of discrimination and the identity of the nation. How do we define the limits of membership in the nation? Who will dominate the nation and its destiny? This complex and multipolar debate linked membership in the nation to distinctions of race, religion, empire and colony.

Early theorists had romantically assumed that the nation was based on an ancestral population which shared language, culture and history. In particular, they saw the German nation as the descendants of vigorous, wandering tribes who had fought the Romans. The theorists erred because of their European focus: the nations of the Americas, created from 1776 through the 1820s, were polyglot groups of diverse ancestry, whose unity developed through rebellion against European overlords. The theorists were right only in the sense that each nation developed a myth of its origin and of its defining characteristics. The American myth led back to England; the Mexican myth led back to the Aztecs as well as to Spain; and the Haitian myth of national origin led back to France, to Africa, and to the Arawaks. Still, these myths allowed for discrimination between first-class and second-class citizens of the nation.

The existence and expansion of great empires raised the question of whether persons in the colonies were members of the British nation (or the French, Japanese, or American nations), or whether they had any nation at all. In one solution, after World War I, all the peoples of the Russian empire became citizens of the Soviet Union, but also became citizens of republics within the union. In another solution, after World War II, peoples of African, Asian and Caribbean colonies demanded separation from the imperial center, and formed new nations: India was the largest of these. In 1991 all the republics of the Soviet Union declared their independence, in effect moving from the first to the second solution. Overall, the idea of empire was discredited: all colonies sought national equality with their colonizers, and even federations of equal nations were viewed with suspicion.

The anti-colonial vision of nationalism -- that any colony had a right to self-determination and independence -- was only able to triumph because of the progressive discrediting of racial discrimination. In a long and complex debate, with both social and biological dimensions, the idea of classifying people by race and then setting them in a social hierarchy had largely been defeated by the notion that people of any racial description had equal rights within their nation. This meant that African and Asian nations could claim rights equal to those of European nations, and it meant that people of African, Asian and Native American descent could claim equal rights within whatever nation they were born in.

The problem of religious discrimination was not resolved in so decisive a fashion. Various world regions have alternated between religious tolerance and intolerance over the centuries: Christian Europe and the Muslim Middle East, for instance. In general, there has been a broad decline in religious discrimination along with the declines in national and racial discrimination. Yet there remained limits on how far this could go. Particularly for the monotheistic religions which claim unique revelations from God, it was difficult to treat an unbeliever as an equal without undermining the principles of the religion.

Among the governments of the world, the pursuit of dominance continued as in days of old: great powers shifted in their alliances and emnities, struggling to maintain or improve their rank. Yet the extension of nationhood to all peoples and the formalization of the principle of national sovereignty set a powerful principle of equality in tension with that of dominance. While the idea of great and powerful nations was reinforced, the idea of empire -- the domination of other nations -- was rejected step by step. The notion of a racial hierarchy in intelligence and creativity, which became most influential when European empires were at their greatest extent (from about 1890 to 1940), came to be challenged by a vision of racial equality which resulted in the steady removal of the many institutions of racial discrimination within nations and between nations.

The 1990-91 crisis and war in the Persian Gulf revealed the complexities of the debates on dominance and equality in the affairs of nations. The response to Iraq's occupation of Kuwait began as a classic defense of the sovereignty of nations. But the coalition pulled together to defend the inviolability of Kuwait's frontiers included nations implicated in regular violation of the frontiers of their neighbors (Israel, Turkey, Morocco, Syria, the U.S., etc.). And at the end of the war, suggestions arose about overriding national sovereignty in defense of human rights: that is, crossing the borders of sovereign Iraq in order to protect the Kurdish populations being oppressed by the government. Crude and practical power-politics continued to be a factor in this dispute. Still, the expansion of principled opposition to discrimination by race, religion and nationality set forth a new framework within which power-politics had to operate.

## The Idea of America

Each nation, large and small, may play a role in our conception of the world. Since 1990, Iraq has played a a significant role in conceptions of the world; Israel, since its creation in 1948, is another small country that has importance in defining our world. But for a really important and durable symbol in world affairs, we must turn to America. This symbol --America as the attainable utopia -- has gained its influence in part because of the achievements of Americans, but even more because people everywhere have worked to create a vision of the world as it should be. Through accidents of history, this vision came to be projected on the United States.

The idea of the American utopia came to life five hundred years ago. Europeans dreamed of America as a new land, where civilization would be constructed without the errors of the past.

This America seemed to them as an area of rapid change, great social mobility, and a place where an individual could make his mark. Even for those who stayed home in Europe, the idea of America helped guide their choices and actions. In these early days, Europeans thought of "America" as the Caribbean, Mexico, Peru and Brazil. (The Africans who were sent to these places to labor and die had a right to be skeptical about the utopian view of America.)

With the American revolution, the idea of America, the global utopia, began to focus preferentially on the growing territory of the United States. The United States, gaining its identity at the moment when the ideal of progress first became widely accepted, adopted the pursuit of progress as a component of its national identity. The ideas associated with the American symbol centered first on freedom -- political, cultural, ethnic, and economic. (This became a more straightforward perception after the abolition of slavery in the U.S.) With American industrial expansion, the idea of America expanded to include great national wealth and power.

By the opening of the twentieth century, people in Africa, Asia and South America had incorporated the idea of America into their vision of the world. People of China, India and Japan developed a vision of America through stories from emigrants who settled in the U.S. For Africans, the United States was the place where black people, though subject to severe racial discrimination, had achieved intellectual, cultural and economic distinction that provided inspiration and leadership for people of the African continent.

There were critiques and alternatives to America as the image of the world to come. France, with its own revolution and universal pretensions, has been a center for critique of the American dream, focusing on the racism, the emphasis on material wealth, and the crude culture of the United States. With the Russian Revolution and the creation of a socialist society, an alternative vision of the future competed, for most of the twentieth century, with the American dream. Still other dreams emerged, based on the experiences of other countries.

The idea of America and the reality of America are distinct, though related, issues. Within American politics, the failure of the reality to match up to the dream is a common basis on which candidates seek to displace incumbents. Incumbents, in turn, speak as if the dream were reality, and speak as if their policies were responsible for implementing the dream.

What keeps the dream alive? First, there is a need for the dream. If it is not projected on the U.S., it will be projected onto another country. Second, the relative openness and diversity of American culture, and its practical celebration of change, have enabled it to respond to the needs of each generation among those native born and among its immigrants.

Thus, while the United States did not create the role of symbolizing the future of mankind, it has acted in that role for over a century. During that time, it has surpassed some competing symbols in maintaining that role. We should be careful, though, to distinguish that part which is symbolic from that part which is real. The United States is manifestly not the source of all claims for freedom and democracy in the world, nor is it the source of all cultural and economic innovation. Yet it serves as a symbol for all of these.

Because the U.S. has come to symbolize progress, it also symbolizes the problems brought by progress. The 1992 Rio de Janeiro conference on the environment and development showed how that symbol can concentrate scorn as well as adulation on the U.S. People all over the world have become aware of environmental degredation and its threats to life, but most of them have enjoyed far too little of the economic growth and development which degrade the environment. So it was natural for them to identify the United States -- the symbol of power and development -- as the main threat to world environment.

The response of American representatives at the conference -- that American policies for environmental protection were stronger than those of most other countries -- was hopelessly weak and ineffective. To get the pressure off the U.S., its spokesmen would have had to lead in proposing a convincing new interpretation of global interactions, and a new set of symbols to go with it.

The task of making sense of the world is far from complete.

Global Identity and Human Rights

Changes in beliefs cannot be given a precise chronology: our ideas are too nuanced and contradictory. But over the past generation there have been big changes in beliefs around the world, and these have developed in interaction with changes in social and economic structure. Education and telecommunications have expanded vastly, women have assumed new roles, and yet for most these changes have been accompanied by the frustration of economic stagnation. A cosmopolitan popular culture expanded, emphasizing greater individual autonomy from authorities. In the realm of ideology, this same approach emphasized free speech, an end to single-party government, to corruption, and to government restrictions on the economy. Nations were recognized for all people, and discrimination by race, religion and nationality was placed in disfavor. In every area, ideas of equality have advanced at the expense of ideas of dominance. The impulse to dominance remained strong and effective in many areas, but it has come to be questioned at every turn. The result of all these changes greatly increased the number of people around the world who could participate with full rights in society. The restraints to speaking up were fundamentally reduced.

Expressing a global identity and making claims on human rights are, virtually, two elements of a single phenomenon. One cannot claim human rights without a sense of participation in all humanity; nor can one claim a global identity without protecting that identity through defense of the rights of all. Each person must assert himself or herself as an individual, and in so doing must both offer support to others and claim support for oneself. This set of relationships may help in resolving the paradox that the movements of 1989-91 enunciated both the principles of human rights generally and the specific destinies of nations and ethnic groups.

One big difference, at the end of the 1980s, was that people in a wide range of countries now felt free to criticize the state. Overcoming schooling in loyalty and subservience to the state -- loyalty reinforced by bloody wars and by fear of police retaliation -- people began to raise voices of complaint, and to fix blame for their complaints on the inefficiency of the state. States which had attempted to meet demands of their constituents by providing a wide range of social services were held to account for insufficiencies in those services, and held to account for the heavy tax cost of providing them.

The global consciousness of 1989 was based not on a single class, but rather on a coalition of classes and social fractions: workers, students, bureaucrats, peasants. It was a vague and populist movement, not susceptible to being organized into trade unions or even political parties. Nor was it organized in opposition to the capitalist class; it formed rather to offer a critique of the state. It demanded not revolution but reform: a weaker and broader state, a state based on representative institutions and systematic consultation of the governed.

The identification of human rights as a global issue owes much to the work of Amnesty International. This organization, founded in 1961 through the initiative of British lawyer Peter Benenson, found ways to mobilize international opinion against persecution of political prisoners, regardless of the political outlook of the prisoners or their governments. It used letter-

writing campaigns and other publicity as a means to enforce the Declaration of Human Rights adopted by the United Nations in 1948. It campaigned on behalf of individual prisoners, selecting roughly equal numbers from communist countries, western countries and Third World countries. The organization rapidly developed an organization of national chapters, with an international secretariat and research department to coordinate activities.

Through its significant support in numerous countries (western European first, but then many others), and through its factual and persistent approach, Amnesty International was able to improve the conditions of many individual prisoners. This in turn gave credibility to its reports, published for many nations, so that national governments found themselves unable to ignore its critiques. Amnesty International was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1977, and continued to grow in extent and influence thereafter. Based on the model of its structure, other international human rights organizations sprung up (Asia Watch and World Watch, for instance).

Concern for other sorts of victims was significant in the expansion of global consciousness. The Nigerian Civil War, for instance, began in 1967: its disruptions halted normal agriculture in the war zone in 1969, and by 1970 a wave of starvation became evident. In international campaign brought much sympathy and some help, but roughly one million people died. The ineffectiveness of the aid campaign centered on the fact that many months had been lost -- it should have been obvious from mid-1969 that there would be no harvest in Eastern Nigeria.

Failure of the rains in Africa's drier zones haunted the continent for a twenty-year cycle beginning in the late 1960s. With time, international programs of food relief became more effective, and they drew support in part from campaigns of popular artists: Live Aid, organized by the British musical promoter Bob Geldorf, was the best known example. These were acts of charity, and hence paternalistic in part, but the imagery of the campaigns, with time, conveyed more of a sense of emergency aid to distressed community members than it did a sense of condescension. Still, when starvation struck Somalia in 1992 as a result of the disruptions of civil war, international attention and aid arrived months later than it should have.

Our global identity, while expanded, remained incomplete.

A historical example may shed some light on today's coalescence of global consciousness. This is the case of Pan-Africanism. Pan-African unity and identity served as a forerunner of and contributor to broader global identity. Black people have been through the conflicts and transformations of the modern world in extreme forms. They have done so as subordinates. So as we seek to draw out the experience and the destiny of ordinary folk in the modern world, the example of black people is especially appropriate.

Black people, a century or so before others, were confronted with a common fate (first racism, then colonialism) which caused them to turn about and accept a common identity. (Unity of white people was proclaimed by the theorists of Western Civilization, but this myth was not reinforced in the daily experience of common white people in the way that the common fate of common black people was reinforced in their daily experience. White people don't address each other as brothers and sisters in the same way black people do, for lack of this experience.) The myth of ancient unity helps to clarify the reality of common modern conditions. The unity of experience is transformed (in the mind) into a unity of heritage. One side of pan-African unity was that it was organized in response to an other -- to Europeans, or whites, or rulers. This side of pan-Africanism is exclusivist. The other side of pan-African unity emphasized human rights generally, and the equality of Africans with people of other ancestry and other traditions. This side of pan-Africanism is universalist. This latter dimension to pan-

Africanism foreshadowed the non-racial global popular consciousness of our era. It did so not only in its general support of human equality and human rights, but in the specific ways it recognized the cultural and economic diversity among peoples of African descent, and reaffirmed their unity through their diversity.

Pan-Africanism is not the sole ancestor of modern global consciousness. The secular traditions of the French revolution and the American revolution, the visions of global class unity of the socialist and communist movements, the claims to a world community of believers in Christianity and Islam -- these and other sets of beliefs have each laid groundwork for a modern global identity. Pan-Africanism is worthy of particular attention, though, in that its origins were not so much in a well-articulated ideology as in the repetition of blunt facts of life: Africans were categorized together and were treated badly within that category, mostly by people of European ancestry. Their common identity resulted from their common fate.

In a somewhat analogous fashion, the modern global consciousness results not from any articulated ideology, but from the repetition of blunt facts of life. Those blunt facts were not prejudice, as for pan-Africanism, but the limits on resources, the contrast between a growing ideology of equality and the facts of persistent inequality, and the frustrations of repeated social transformations.

To summarize, several important changes in global society and thought served as precedents -- and perhaps as preconditions -- before a global consciousness solidified at the popular level. The establishment of a global system of nations, all with equal legal standing, underscored the formal end to second-class citizenship in world affairs. The expansion of literacy and of national systems of education gave many more people a sense of participation in their national affairs. Formal renunciation, in many national and international declarations, of discrimination by race, ethnicity, religion or gender, extended principles of non-discrimination into many new areas. The changing social conditions of women and the rise of feminist critiques of society launched a range of debates not only about gender discrimination but about the nature of human interdependence. Many new claims to human rights would result from these debates. The technical advances of modern telecommunications arrived to spread instantly the word of new events and new ideas. With all these changes in place, the decline in tensions brought by the Soviet-American arms treaties -- in effect, the end of the Cold War -- provided a signal to those who entered the streets in 1989.

# CHAPTER V. FACING THE FUTURE

## A New World Order?

Let us peer through the dust still settling from the dramatic events just past, and attempt to identify the reshaped outlines of life on our planet. How different will it be?

Leaders of major industrial nations, especially the United States, began speaking in 1990 of "a new world order." This catchy phrase drews attention to the newness of the situation and to its global dimensions. But it had some disadvantages as a label for the changing world. The term "order," because of its other meanings, tended to suggest that the new order has been imposed from the top, as if the application of enlightened policy were making sense of an otherwise confused world. Not only did it leave aside the considerable disorder of the events of 1989-91, but it drew attention away from the spontaneous acts of common people which were so important in redrawing the global map.

Further, the "new world order" was itself a phrase coined in a play on an earlier term. All through the 1980s, a coalition of the world's poor nations sought to wring economic concessions from the wealthy nations. A "new international economic order" was their call to action. The phrase served as a label for the package of demands by the poor countries -- the South -- in the off-again, on-again negotiations of the 1980s between North and South over trade, aid, debt and investment. Thus, while the demand for a "new international economic order" reflected a call for changes in economic policies of the major industrial countries, the proclamation of the "new world order" reflected the satisfaction of the industrial leaders with their past policies, both economic and political.

Because of this background, the "new world order" will probably end up referring not to the totality of global change, but to the efforts of the U.S. and its major allies to oversee world politics through the agency of the United Nations Security Council and through their traditional bilateral and multilateral arrangements.

For the broader aspects of change in the post-1989 world, we will need another term. The term I offer -- "realignments" -- is less catchy than the "new world order," but it is more flexible. It refers to world changes resulting not only from decisions by leaders of states, but also from the wider range of human actions; it can even include developments not traceable to human will or purposeful action. Since the political and military realignment of the world is in many ways clear and straightforward, we will begin there. The realignment of economic and social affairs, while predictable in some areas, is uncertain in others. The cultural and ideological realignment of the world is the most complex of these three groupings, but it is perhaps the one most worthy of study. The conclusion to this chapter addresses the question of what America and Americans will do in the future.

### Politico-Military Realignment

In military terms, the world now has one superpower, unopposed in its supremacy. The Gulf War made clear the technical, tactical and strategic superiority of the American war machine, and made clear the subservience of all other major military powers to American leadership. In that sense the world has become monopolar. The military dominance of the United States seems assured for some time, though the burden of military expenditure seems likely to ensure that American economic growth with be somewhat slower than that of other major powers.

Since Cold-War confrontation of big powers has come to an end, one could imagine that arms reduction might continue to the point of elimination of nuclear arsenals. So far, however, there are no indications of a move toward general disarmament. Instead, to the degree that all major powers have continued to cut back on military expenditure, it seems to be more a response to economic hard times than to a strategic decision.

In the immediate future we may expect two types of military conflict: fratricidal conflicts between adjoining nations (or within nations), and great-power punishment of small nations or revolutionary movements attempting to expand their power base.

The Gulf War, in which a great-power coalition repressed Iraq's attempt to sieze Kuwait, is the obvious example of the latter. Other recent examples are the periodic American attacks on Libya, and American military support for the Peruvian government's struggle against Shining Path revolutionaries. The thriving world-wide arms trade will hold open the possibility for ambitious national governments to attempt to create regional hegemony even at the risk of offending great powers.

The other type of military conflict, fratricidal conflict brought by social discontent, has been far more common and is likely to remain more deadly. The collapse of Yugoslavia provides the strongest warning of this possibility. A country of some 25 million inhabitants had survived most of the twentieth century as a federation of republics whose inhabitants, mostly speaking the Serbo-Croatian language, were distinguished into nationalities based partly on language and partly on affiliation with Catholic, Orthodox or Muslim religions. As the communist regime fell so also did the coalition of republics. Rekindled ethnic hatreds led to widespread warfare, and to the conquest by Serbians at the expense of all their neighbors. Possibilities of similar wars are evident in the republics of the Caucasus, in Kurdistan, and along the border of India and Pakistan.

The Yugoslav debacle was not primarily a result of the Cold War. Other fratricidal wars, however, were greatly reinforced by Cold War pressures: such was the case in Cambodia, Afghanistan, Angola, Mozambique and Nicaragua, where at least one great power actively supplied its allies in the civil war. In still other fratricidal wars, notably Somalia and Liberia, the Cold War had a significant through indirect effect: in each case, the U.S. had done much to build up the military forces of an ally, with the result that, when civil strife broke out for other reasons, the arms and trained soldiers were at hand to bring the conflict rapidly to the level of full-scale war. Presumably, the absence of great-power emnities in the years to come will bring fewer instances of such conflicts.

It seems unlikely that any single great power will be able to contest America's global leadership in the near term. Over the longer run, one could image the emergence of new confrontations between blocs of nations. One possibility is that of new blocs arising based on competition among industrial great powers and their allies. One might

imagine the rise of a resurgent and nationalistic Russia (somewhat in the image of Germany after its defeat in World War I), or an ambitious China, or a successfully integrated Europe. Another possibility is that of a confrontation between rich nations and poor. Such a confrontation might seem hopelessly one-sided in economic terms. But if the relative deprivation and dissatisfaction of poor nations drives them to desperation, they have certain strategic strengths: the new links of communications and global identity reduce the formerly gaping divisions among them, and the existence of potential allies among the numerous poor and alienated people in the rich countries suggests that such a confrontation might not be easily resolved.

In diplomacy as in military affairs, the global realignment since 1989 has left the United States as the single hegemonic power. But where America's dominance of military affairs seems secure, the dominance of American diplomacy is shaky at best. As regime after regime changed in 1990 and 1991, American Secretary of State James Baker travelled to each country to establish alliances, and to promise the economic aid which the new regimes so desperately sought. But Baker was unable to promise the large amounts of aid each country requested, and the U.S. government was equally unable to provide even the small amounts of aid Baker promised, because of a stalled national economy. Most of America's new allies were destined to be disappointed from the beginning.

Aside from the difficulties of providing economic aid, the American Department of State was bureaucratically unable to keep up with new developments. Africa, for instance, had not been a high priority in U.S. foreign policy, so that the rapid changes in a score of regimes overwhelmed the ability of American diplomats to monitor affairs, much less direct them. In the future as in the past, the U.S. would have the resources to focus on a few issues and a few regions in global affairs, but would be unable to to oversee the totality of global diplomacy. The problem was that the unexpected emergence of new issues would constantly call for revision of diplomatic priorities.

This new situation faced the U.S. government with a choice: it could attempt energetically to direct the affairs of the world, and exhaust the nation in failing; it could retreat to a position of offering leadership in world affairs, seeking to create new patterns of cooperation without assuming ultimate responsibility for the outcome; or it could vacillate between the two.

The new world of diplomacy will be multipolar. The old diplomatic concept of spheres of influence may become useful again. Regional powers would surely include Japan, Germany, Russia, China and India, plus France and Britain; one might add Brazil, Mexico, Indonesia, Pakistan, Nigeria and South Africa. The continuing fragmentation and conflict in the Middle East emerges clearly from this consideration: Israel, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Syria, Iraq and Iran each have significant power, but their enmities ensure that outside powers will continue to play a key role in the region's future.

The United Nations Organization has now emerged as a significant force in diplomacy. The UN has been undergoing great pressures for change, which are driving it in contradictory directions. For the Gulf War, the UN acted through a consensus of nations, led by the big powers through the Security Council, with the Secretariat and the General Assembly in support. This was the UN as a reflection of global consensus, or the UN as instrument of hegemonic power.

In its recent history, however, the UN has also reflected the division in the world: the long Cold-War stalemate in the Security Council; the struggle among capitalist, communist and nonaligned blocs in General Assembly; and a Secretariat tied to all three factions, yet restricted by the unwillingness of large powers and small to pay their dues. From 1980 the U.S. boycotted UNESCO, the UN's Paris-based cultural organization, on grounds it condoned the anti-Western cultural policies of nonaligned and communist states. The Cold War is over now, of course, and the divisions of old need not be carried into the future. But since the UN is a world-wide structure with a large and complex bureaucracy, it will be some time before old habits disappear.

Looking to the future, there are reasons to expect new divisions within the United Nations. The Security Council is unrepresentative of the distribution of global power, and likely to remain unrepresentative. Germany, Japan and India, three of the world's most powerful nations, are not permanent members. Indonesia, Nigeria, Mexico and Brazil, each significant in population, wealth, and in diplomatic influence, are left out. Even within Europe, Italy is larger than Britain and France in population, and is larger than Britain in gross domestic product.

The General Assembly, according to the UN Charter, is only a debating society which cannot implement policy without Security Council approval. For many years, however, the Cold War stalemate of the Security Council made the General Assembly into the only world forum where decisions could be made -- if not implemented. This situation enabled the small and poor nations to play a central role in world debates through the development of regional and ideological coalitions, such as the coalition of island nations -- countries whose very existence is threatened by the prospect of global warming and a rise in the level of the seas. With the end of the Cold War, the General Assembly lost center stage to the Security Council. But as soon as significant differences emerge among major powers, the numerous small countries whose base is in the General Assembly will find a way to reassert their individual and collective concerns, and to exploit the differences between big powers. Surely the UN will grow in importance in years to come, but just as surely there will be bitter debates and titanic power struggles over its structure, its policies, and the extent of its authority.

The division of East and West is gone now. Dissolution of the Soviet bloc was complete at the end of 1991. In addition, the many changes of government in Africa dissolved the "capitalism-communist" confrontation on that continent. In fact the communist bloc fragmented as early as 1957, when China broke away from Soviet tutelage. The remaining Communist-ruled countries no longer constitute a bloc. China can be largely autonomous in domestic policy, but has been going along with hegemonic powers in foreign affairs. Vietnam is more subject to pressures and discrimination, and Cuba even more so. The calls for reform in each country are growing, but the force of nationalism in sustaining the regime in each country is not to be underestimated.

The blocs of North and South are in some senses reinforced by global realignment, and in other senses they are dissolved.

Among capitalist countries, the line of division between Third World countries and the wealthy industrial countries (the term "First World," while implied, was almost never used) could never be fixed with any certainty. The Nonaligned Nations organization, in effect an organization of the South, began to chart its course under new conditions.

The possibilities for new unions or federations of nations do not now seem strong outside of Europe. Even in Europe, the move toward federation in the European Community is encouraged primarily by the economic advantages of federation, rather than a strong sense of political community. The Soviet Union, for seventy years a nation made up of nations, exploded definitively in 1991. One can expect future moves to recreate a federation of some of its republics, but reconstitution of the union as a whole would seem to be quite unlikely. Similar trends toward creation of new and smaller national states are visible not only in Yugoslavia but in Canada, Britain, Spain and India. It is not necessarily the case, however, that such fragmentation will continue to the limit. Here the African countries provide a strong counter-example: ethnic rivalries have often become severe, but there is no general trend toward national fragmentation. On the contrary, Africa holds forth the possibility -- faint at present but not negligible -- of federation to create larger regional or even continental units. The ideology of Pan-Africanism remains potent, though any practical moves toward continental unity have been frustrated, partly by political rivalries, but in particular through the interference of great powers.

Nationalism, meanwhile, is as strong as ever. The reaffirmation of nationalism within the former Soviet Union is one obvious way to make this point. But equally strong nationalistic feelings are expressed in the U.S., Israel, among Palestinians, South Africans, and in the Philippines. Nationalistic ideology is sometimes tolerant, sometimes intolerant. In 1990 the Moldovans, reacting against Soviet overlordship and Russianization, moved to impose Romanian as their official language, thereby threatening a similar overlordship over the ethnic minorities (including Russians) within Moldova. The continuing international migration makes it harder than ever to assume that nations are uniform national and cultural blocs. The case of France, whose citizenry now includes a large minority of Arab ancestry and Muslim religion, illustrates this change. Still, what emerges is a situation in which every person can claim a nation, every nation has hope that its claim will be recognized, and the principle of the equality of nations comes closer to universal recognition.

Yet as the claims of nations come closer to full recognition, the limits on the national state and its powers become more clear. This is true in Africa, where planning ministries hardly exist any more, and where economic planning is now done as much by World Bank and IMF missions as by national governments. It is true in the remains of the Soviet Union, where the governments of the union and of the various republics cancel each other out. It is true in Europe, where the national governments are cautiously ceding parts of their sovereignty to the European parliament and the European Economic Community. It is true as well in the United States and Japan, powerful and insular nations whose national governments nevertheless find themselves limited by competing interests within the nation, and find their foreign policies frustrated by world forces beyond their power to control.

Economic and Social Realignment

The end of the 1980s brought the collapse of the twentieth-century lines separating North and South, East and West not only as political groupings but as distinct economic and social systems. The ideological dispute between capitalism and socialism, between the outlook of business and of workers, will now be fought out more within

countries than between countries. The distinctions between rich and poor countries remain in existence, and the gap may even grow, but the neat division between The West and The Rest is now muddled: every country has its rich and poor, every city has its homeless. Countries outside the old list of great powers now have significant economic and military influence: Brazil, South Korea, India and, for a while, Iraq.

The end of the Cold War opened up flows of trade, investment and labor migration between the former capitalist and communist blocs. By stages, all the world's currencies are becoming convertible for the first time since World War I -- or, in another sense, for the first time ever. The world economy is undergoing a great lurch toward full integration. Restrictions on labor flows and on national price systems are not behind us: many would-be labor migrants are held back for lack of visas. As for prices, on a recent bus trip from Zlin, Czechoslovakia, to Vienna, I paid the hard-money price of 300 Kc ($40), while Czechoslovakians paid the local-currency price of only 60 Kc. But workers manage to cross borders through the assistance of families or through sheer determination, and the investment of foreign funds is driving Czechoslovakian prices up.

As the global marketplace extends and integrates itself, some governing institutions are reaching out in attempt to control it. The global institutions of the capitalist world -- notably the IMF and the World Bank -- now have truly global reach. The World Bank oversees national investment programs in many countries, now including former socialist countries. The International Monetary Fund not only oversees the debts of many individual countries, it leads in the discussions now taking place about possible integration of the monetary systems of all the world. The expanding network of stock exchanges, now monitored through indices reported in all the global media, provides a platform from which investments may in the future be regulated at a global as well as national level.

The productive economy of the world spills steadily over national boundaries, affecting the fortunes of nations and social classes in unexpected ways. The computer industry, once held under near-monopoly conditions by IBM in the United States, continues to spread to new areas of production and design. Some of the new developments, as in super-computers, tend to provide an additional advantage for heavily capitalized, large firms. Other new developments, as in the expansion of notebook computers and cheap, effective programs for word processing, spread sheets and desk-top publishing, act to undermine large firms and provide new resources for small and innovative participants in the economy.

The rapid growth of Asian economies raises the possibility that, in both industry and agriculture, this region may come to share center stage in world economic affairs with Europe and North America. In contrast, the absence of significant economic growth for most of Africa, compounded over the past twenty years, serves at once to reinforce the deprivation and marginalization of that continent, and to concentrate attention on it as a region of possible future development.

Meanwhile, the global debate on environmental issues can only accelerate. Questions of atmospheric changes and disposal of toxic wastes dramatize the inequality of rich and poor nations with particular insistence.

What will happen to distinctions made by race, ethnicity and religion? One is surely safe in predicting that the old discrimination and the old battles will continue. In recent times, racial stereotypes have been deployed repeatedly in the confrontations in the

Persian Gulf, between Israel and the Palestinians, within France and Germany, in the former Soviet and Yugoslav republics, and so forth. On the other hand, racial and religious discrimination may well be declining in influence, in part because they are condemned regularly by the world's moral leaders. The discrimination which remains most potent is national -- hence, divisions by race, ethnicity and religion become lines of antagonism when they are thought to coincide with national divisions.

The future of divisions by social class is difficult to anticipate, in part because the social and economic strata of the world, out of which we may define classes, are in considerable flux. Mobility of production and of occupations is such that it is difficult to speak today, as one could in the past, of an industrial wage labor force. Still the internationalization of production, along with changes in the nature of production that have brought great overlaps in white-collar and blue-collar work, and in skilled and unskilled work. The work force of today is no longer specialized and segmented, as it once was, by race, gender, nation, religion or social system.

The ideology of the democratization movements -- free speech, free elections, free markets -- has centered on demands of consumers and of business firms. Workers, to the degree that they are also consumers and to the degree that they share in the fate of their employers, supported and benefitted from these demands. It is conceivable, however, that with time workers will develop a somewhat different set of demands, emphasizing their identity as consumers but stressing the conflicts in their relations with employers. Conflicts between workers and their employers have taken very sharp form in the Russian coal industry, in South African industry and mines, in the Nicaraguan public sector, in American coal, and in the rubber and timber industries of the Amazon. The ideological battle between capitalism and socialism is thus likely to continue.

Since the barriers among nations are being reduced by the sudden increase in global economic integration, migration is almost certain to expand. As before, there will be sharp distinctions between the character of elite migration -- skilled and well connected persons able to command secure positions in the lands to which they go -- and migration of the masses. The latter move at their own expense, often skirting the law, to find low-paying and insecure work. A third type of migration -- the exodus of refugees -- is likely to continue as long as civil war and governmental oppression breaks out. Efforts in wealthy nations to stem the incoming flow of migrants will, if previsou patterns provide any guidance, be only partially successful.

The patterns of migration may underscore the contrast in demographic conditions of rich and poor countries. Rich countries, with slowing birth rates, will have a growing proportion of elderly people to support through pensions and medical care. Poor countries, with high birth rates, will have a high proportion of young people, dependent in the years of their childhood, but potentially productive as they reach maturity. The problems of age and gender at the two demographic extremes will be quite different; the influence of each group of nations on the other must also be considered as a factor in the history yet to unfold.

One way to phrase the question of the coming history of human society is to ask who will be "the people" in the time to come? In the years 1989-91, the moment of planetary realignment during which a global popular consciousness congealed, "the people" were drawn disproportionately from professional classes

-- students and bureaucrats, for instance. They demonstrated their right to be called "the people" because they gained the support and sympathy of a much wider range of social strata. But we should consider the possibility that, the next time "the people" choose to act and speak in such unison, their leaders may come from different strata.

Cultural and Ideological Realignment

Culture does not respond neatly to a political clock. We may not find clear and immediate responses of cultural trends, at either national or global levels, to the end of the Cold War. As rapidly as culture can change -- for instance, in the new, popular music of the past generation -- cultural forms remain deeply conservative, so that new tunes and new instruments can still evoke feelings and ties from the distant past.

The rise of a cosmopolitan popular culture at the global level raises the question of whether minority cultures and local variants will be absorbed and eliminated in the years to come. Similar questions have been asked, in the past, about the suppression of regional variants as national cultures formed. In part the answer is certainly yes: individual creations, particular art forms and even whole languages are lost as each group is integrated into a larger unity. On the other hand, no: through mechanisms that are not well understood, the uniqueness of the artistic and cultural traditions associated with any given place or any given group of people have a remarkable tendency to reappear, though perhaps transformed and translated, as nuances to the wider culture.

The example of rap music is instructive. Rap appeared in the 1970s among young black men on the streets of eastern American cities, as a uniquely urban response by artists who might have seemed to be cut off from all previous cultural influences. The originality and distinctiveness of rap was indisputable, and yet it also had a certain similarity to other trends among black musicians, in which they spoke rather than sang to the music: a reggae-based version of rap emerged in the Caribbean (perhaps related to calypso, which is sung but emphasizes verbal dexterity), a Brazilian equivalent to rap had thrived briefly in earlier years, and the singers of Zaire -- notably Franco -- often spoke through segments of their recordings. The logical hypothesis is that there exists, in the substratum of the musical tradition of Africa (and especially West Central Africa), a heritage of spoken lyrics in song; this heritage, passed on by a mechanism that is unconscious and yet unknown, emerges anew every now and then. The lineage is more cultural than genetic: versions of rap emerged among Spanish-speakers of Caribbean ancestry, and then among French and Russian artists.

In the realm of ideology, the development of a global consciousness presents some new problems. Local and global identities will now react as part of one system. Of course not everyone will adopt a global identity, and those who do not may feel free to believe that there are "others" -- people so different that the normal protections of society to not apply to them. But among those who accept a global identity, conflicts with other people, no matter how bitter, will henceforth be seen as conflicts within the family. This may not halt murder, but one interprets murder of a family member differently than that of a total stranger.

Similarly, the notions of democracy and equality may change once they are applied in principle to all persons. In the past, democracy among some groups was always accompanied by deprivation among others -- for France before 1944, men had the vote but women did not, and almost no one in the colonies voted. The question now is, if

all are to have democratic rights, whether there is enough democracy to go around. The dilemma is posed even more insistently by the issue of equality. For wealthy persons in a divided nation like South Africa, and for most people in wealthy nations, the notion of economic equality surely means that they would lose much of their wealth.

The list of issues to debate is long: religion, the environment, economic policy, and many more. Indeed, one of the questions is how one should seek to understand the world as a whole, with its multitude of movements and claims to rights? How much time should one give up from one's own parochial concerns to consider those of others -- or rather of those who used to be others, and have now become distant comrades?

A related question is who will have to work hardest to comprehend the newly realigned world. Here the answer may be surprising. People in the wealthy industrial countries have the advantage of greater schooling and greater access to news media than those in poorer and smaller countries. On the other hand, the practical life experience of people in such countries as Trinidad and Bangla Desh may have given them a clearer sense of the patterns of global interactions. Those who live in France and the United States know about the national state and believe in its efficacy; they know little of multinational corporations and international organizations. Those from Trinidad and Bangla Desh know about ex-colonial powers, foreign-dominated companies, international aid organizations, large-scale labor migration, overseas remissions of currency, and they experience movies, music and video programs from countries other than their own.

Who will claim the world? Who will take credit for inventing the world community, for defining and explaining it? Great power governments have already begun to do so. Global media have also staked their claim as creators of the world community. Publicists and policy-makers for the world economy are staking their claim as well. These will be top-down views of the world, and they will have their influence. Yet the developing nature of global popular culture will surely provide us with other claims and other explanations. Popular interpretations of the world will emerge in music (in the sounds, and not just in lyrics), in dress, and in religious expression. The last two decades, for instance, have been characterized by a sharpening hostility between Christians and Muslims. Whether the two religions remain in hostility or turn toward conciliation will be determined not only by great-power relations, but by the interactions of people in regions populated by significant numbers of both Muslims and Christians: East and West Africa, the U.S., France and Germany, Lebanon, the Caucasus, and the Philippines. The popular culture of these areas will develop and diffuse messages either of conciliation or of conflict.

## Some American Lessons for a Global Future

For Americans, understanding the world is both easy and difficult. On one hand the U.S. reflects the world community as a whole, because of the size and the diversity of its population. To that degree, if we understand the U.S., we understand the world. On the other hand, the U.S. is the greatest world power, and is therefore distinct from every other nation and from the world as a whole. In that sense, we can understand the world only by looking beyond our boundaries.

I am concerned that Americans may misunderstand the world by exagerrating our uniqueness and our importance. I fear that we may give the appearance of arrogance, or may actually try to dominate the world: the result might be resentment, combativeness,

and a great and disastrous conflict. American understanding of our role in the world will be a key element in the events of years to come.

The United States exerts its national influence in the global community through two levers: the policy of its national government, and the actions of its population. The first of these is specific, identifiable, and lies in the hands of a limited number of elected and appointed officials. The second is general, diffuse, multifaceted, and is moved by individuals, groups and corporations throughout the nation. While both are important, I think the key element is public opinion and action, on which any democratic government must rely.

Comparing ourselves to earlier world powers. The tiny Dutch nation was able to dominate the world for a time in the seventeenth century. When the Dutch lost out to England and France, they succeeded admirably in becoming one nation among many, looking forward rather than back. The Portuguese nation, equally tiny, had far greater success in world domination and over a longer time, but less success in adjusting to the end of its world leadership. Rather than recover from the loss of world domination, the Portuguese fell into a nostalgia for the past that they have even yet to overcome. Britain was a far larger nation, yet still a small one by today's standards, and its world domination from the eighteenth to the early twentieth century hangs over its present. Britain's response to its loss of world domination has been more ineffective than angry.

The cases of the twentieth century are more ominous. Germany and Japan sought world domination, but succeeded only in causing disastrous wars in which they were crushed by a coalition of enemies. The Soviet Union sought to challenge American dominance, and ended up exhausted, defeated and dismembered. Perhaps the lesson is that the U.S. is invincible. Instead, however, I suspect that the lesson is that no country can dominate the world.

The essential problem here is: how do Americans envision their role in the world community? At the risk of blasphemy, let me use a religious metaphor to pose several alternative ways to envision American leadership in the world.

Is America playing God to the rest of the world? Our government has sometimes acted as an Old Testament God: it has demanded utter loyalty, and commanded its believers to perform the rituals of anti-communism. Those who do not obey have been punished: with invasion, as in Grenada, Panama and Iraq; with isolation, as for Cuba and the entire Soviet bloc.

American public opinion has been less ruthless than the government. But perhaps the American public has acted the role of a New Testament God in world affairs: loving and forgiving, but still the source of revelation and the only means for salvation. Salvation is achieved through faith in America and in the doctrines of political pluralism and the market economy.

My assertions may be too strong. Americans may not be God Himself, but may be agents of God in world affairs. Perhaps we are angels of God -- or, as the Ayatollah Khomeini argued, the Great Satan. Perhaps instead we are prophets revealing the word of God and the direction of society to mortals around us; perhaps we are priests, schooled to lead our global congregation in celebration of God. Or perhaps the good fortune of America in the past two centuries means that we are God's chosen people, set aside from the rest of humanity for a close relationship with the divinity.

On the other hand, we Americans may find ourselves to be no more than simple pilgrims, sharing with people from other nations the road to Jerusalem. In this case we will continue to share our knowledge and experience with others, and draw on theirs as well, in celebration of good fortune when it comes our way, but in humble contemplation of a world and a destiny that exceeds our understanding.

We are a proud nation. Though we rarely label ourselves as nationalistic, the widespread American belief that ours is "the greatest country in the world" is a clear statement not only of pride but of nationalism. That very statement makes clear that American outlooks have been globalistic as well as nationalistic from the first. Ralph Emerson's image of the battle of Lexington in 1775 as "the shot heard round the world" provides another linkage of American nationalism and globalism.

But what kind of nationalism and what kind of globalism? Is it the kind that sees the global community as the imposition of American values or of textbook Western Civilization on the planet? The kind that envisions Western Civilization itself as the creation only of white, Christian people? Is it the kind that defines millions of people as second-class global citizens by labelling them as primitive, illiterate, Muslim, or communist?

The problem with pride, therefore, is that it can go beyond intelligent self-esteem to conceit, arrogance, parochialism and self-righteousness. It can create misunderstanding and angry retaliation among people of other nations who, by the same criterion, are labelled as inferior. Americans are not the only people for whom national self-respect leads sometimes to arrogance. Yet because of our relative centrality in world affairs, arrogance from Americans might have greater impact than that of other nations. Former Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau once described Canada's relations with the U.S. as "like sleeping with an elephant." This was an amusing statements of the problems of Canada. But it presents a useful view for the American dilemma: what is the answer to this problem from the point of view of the elephant?

I don't propose to ask Americans to give up their nationalism: it wouldn't work no matter how great my powers of suggestion. But I do propose that Americans work to learn a tolerant version of nationalism. I think that, as Americans are learning to be tolerant and respectful of groups within our own nation, we can learn to be tolerant and respectful of other nations.

As food for thought on this topic, let me offer four examples of common American perceptions that have the effect of underrating other peoples, and which may therefore cause resentment. First is the idea of America as the source of progress. When we Americans conceive of ourselves as missionaries of democracy and the free market to the rest of the world, we put others in the position of accepting innovations made elsewhere. We are the givers, and they are the receivers. This vision of progress is probably inaccurate; more to the point, it tends to be demeaning for non-Americans.

Second is the issue of Americans and change. The more Americans change, the more American we are. But when foreigners change, we think they are giving up their heritage and becoming American. When a McDonald's restaurant opens in Moscow or Beijing, we seem happy to label this as a step in Americanization of the world. Some of this is an optical illusion. If all the cultures of the world are converging and becoming more alike, we can only label this as Americanization if we assume that America remains unchanged while other cultures move toward ours. But we know that America is

changing. So it seems easier to explain the convergence in world culture by assuming that some force is pushing all nations towarde a common future, rather than assume that some special type of American gravity is drawing all other nations to us.

A third point is the frequent hostility of Americans to other nationalisms. As American nationalism coalesced in the overthrow of British overlords, so have many other nations created national identity out of defiance of would-be overlords. The Vietnam war was about capitalism and communism, but ultimately it was tenacious Vietnamese nationalism that forced the U.S. to admit defeat. In the bitterness of that defeat, Americans refused to grant the post-war aid they had offered Vietnam during negotiations. The conflicting nationalisms of Israelis and Palestinians created a confrontation that cannot be wished away. The recent American invasions of Grenada and Panama brought out crowds to cheer arriving American troops, yet there can be no doubt that each of these small nations suffered a profound humiliation though its occupation by a foreign power.

I mention all of these cases to draw attention to the long confrontation between the U.S. and Cuba, which is not resolved as of this writing. The U.S. government, in giving a Cold-War interpretation to the Cuban revolution, has pressed relentlessly to isolate and subvert this defiant nation of fifteen million, whose history for the past century has been acted out in the shadow of American domination. Cubans are now deeply divided, both within the nation and among expatriates in the U.S., and the regime may soon change. The question is whether the U.S. will take a conciliatory approach to Cuba and Cubans, or whether the American government and people will insist that Cubans utterly renounce their attempt, during some thirty-five years, to break free of American dominance. If Americans take the hard line, it will ensure that a large faction of Cubans will retain nationalistic anti-Americanism as an article of faith.

My fourth example of American ideas about the world has to do with the fact that America, in addition to being a real power, is also a global symbol. The U.S. has become the utopia that inspires people around the world with the possibilities for the future. This is not necessarily because the U.S. is the only good place to live, but because the world needs a utopia (within the U.S., after all, we have California as a utopia), and we were lucky to become that utopia. Because of America's symbolic leadership, people around the world will expect aid from the U.S. -- more than the country can reasonably provide. (It is true, however, that for two decades the U.S. has provided a much smaller proportion of its output as aid than Japan, Germany, Sweden and France, but that is not the point here.) We will inevitably receive more demands for aid than we can meet, and we will inevitably feel the resentment of nations whose hopes of American aid are dashed. If we respond viscerally to the resentment, we will find ourselves in confrontation with many countries. Only by thinking creatively about how best to utilize America's symbolic world leadership will we be able to make an effective response to this dilemma.

The world has become both smaller and bigger. It is small in that we communicate with each other far more easily. It is bigger in that a very large proportion of the world's population now has the rights and the means to participate in world affairs. The world is now too big for one country to dominate.

The United States has a large population, a wealthy and diverse economy, an excellent strategic position, and a great accmulation of prestige. It has in fact been the

dominant power on the globe for fifty years. No other single power can hope to exceed it in power. Americans might understandably nurse hopes of maintaining and perhaps increasing that dominance. That is the danger. The choice is between a backward-looking policy based on preserving dominance, and a forward-looking policy based on offering leadership for solving problems we all share. In the former case, American identity is kept firmly distinct from that of all others; in the latter case, aspects of American identity become part of a broader, planetary identity.

## The Future of our Past

The past is as diverse as it is immense. This very instant disappears as we speak of it, swallowed up by a past that reaches back through recent years to the time of our childhood. The past extends still further to the times of our ancestors, and to times so far back that we have only stone and earthen ruins by which to recall them. Out of this immense heritage we assemble a usable and workable history: that portion of the past which we can and wish to retain. No wonder that each generation rewrites its history.

If we look in the other direction, toward the future, we find that it too has a new shape. Where our parents saw a future based on life within competing nations, our future includes not only nations but our participation in an inclusive global community. Attempting to understand this future -- a future both comforting and fearsome -- occupies a growing portion of our energies. Yet our view of the future also depends on our view of the past.

What should we think of our past, now that we have a new understanding of our future? It is tempting to conclude that our rapid rate of change has cut us off from history. The past, recorded in tales of separate nations, warring tribes and occasional empires, would seem to have nothing to do with the modern existence of global contact and global conflict. Yesterday's life unfolded within nations, and today it is played out on a global stage. Naturally, we feel the pace of change to be dizzying.

Or is it? In part, the drastic pace of today's change is a mirage. Historians have done much to reaffirm this mirage: they have labored in a sort of intellectual desert filled with national sands but lacking in global waters. By training and by inclination, historians write of the past within national units: France, Britain, Japan. Historians writing studies of individual towns or families usually present them as representative of some national tradition: Chinese peasants, Dutch artisans, the Russian aristocracy. Even when historians address such larger units as the Roman Empire or the British Empire, they do so with a clear sense of the boundaries of the empire: beyond were the barbarians, the other. In rewriting our history, the first step must be to remove the national blinders from historians.

The emergence of a global consciousness at the popular level, as I have argued in these pages, is an achievement of our time -- it is a new fact. Historians have been neither faster nor slower than the general public in gaining a global identity. But the practical existence of an interdependent human community goes back for centuries. Now that we see the importance of our interdependence, it is time to put historians to work on tracing the nature and the problems of human interdependence. When this work is done, we will surely find that "globalization" began not two decades ago but centuries ago, and that it has been proceeding for a longer time and at a slower rate than is now apparent.

For the past five hundred years, virtually all human communities have been in cosmopolitan contact with others, even if reluctantly so. Histories of disease, of the movement of crops, of military technology and of religious missionary work give ample confirmation of global trends in times far removed from our own. We have the possibility, in seeking out an understanding of earlier world history, of learning that the changes between yesterday and today are less drastic than it now appears. We may even find that we have previous experiences on which to draw, to help us face the challenges of today.

The history to be assembled by the coming generation, out of the accumulated records of our past, will surely be a world history. The assemblage of this new world history, in turn, requires us to address two major problems: the problem of scope, and the problem of continuity. That is, how can one compose a history of all the world's peoples and cultures at once, and how can one make sense of history in a world which has changed so fundamentally over time?

In this book I have attempted to address the problem of scope. I have done so by showing that, for the case of the democratization movements of 1989-91 and their aftermath, we can discern the common causes and intimate interactions of events and ideas all around the world. Regional specificity and local developments remained significant, but each regional pattern played a role in constituting the grand global drama of democratization, and each region underwent the effects of developments elsewhere. To repeat my favorite formulation of the problem of scope: if we are content to generalize about the history of China, with one fifth of the world's population, it should not be much more than five times more difficult to develop generalizations about the history of all humanity.

The second great problem in writing a narrative of contemporary world history is that of continuity. Our planet is changing so rapidly as to seem utterly different from the world of our ancestors. Sudden waves of transformation, especially in technology, appear to wash away tradition and heap its remnants into new patterns. We speak daily of the new trends covering and erasing the old. Yet in the same voice and at almost the same moment, we speak of human nature as unchanging. We bemoan the repetition of ancient social patterns: wars recur, governments barricade themselves in power rather than serve the governed, wealthy and powerful interests protect their advantages at the expense of the less advantaged, and conflicting communities carry on age-old disputes.

Our generation, the same as any other, surely overestimates its uniqueness: we magnify the newness of our hopes, and we exaggerate the irreversibility of the devastation we have wrought. The sands of time flow in such a way as to even out the great differences among the epochs. Only a few periods qualify as major discontinuities.

Are the changes of our time really significant? Yes, one must still respond in the affirmative: the changes of our time, centered on the explosive realignments of 1989-91, are fundamental. Are we then entering a new and unfamiliar world? No, the changes of our time, though they point society in many a new direction, do not cut us off from our past. The year 2000 will place our calendar at the beginning of a third millenium, but we have learned that the magic of numbers is not so great as to cut one time period off from another. The old conflicts among social classes will continue; conflicts among nations and ethnic groups are, in some cases, growing more severe. Powerful governments continue to impose their will on weak factions within their borders and on weak

governments elsewhere in the world. The search for profit in the economy leads to innovation and expansion, but also to failure and collapse, inequality and exploitation.

The great discontinuity in the history of our day is not the sudden creation of a world community, but our sudden realization that it exists. The difference in the years 1989-91 was not the elimination of the old conflicts, but the addition of a new and powerful force: the aroused public, linked in common understanding around the world. This public might not stay on permanent alert, and its various sections were certainly not united in their program. But millions of people gained the experience, in this period, of recognizing the comradeship of each other, virtually without exception. Global consciousness, at the popular level, now became a factor in human history.

The organization of historical studies by nation and by region is no small matter. History courses are taught for individual country after country. In bookstores, history books are shelved not by topic but by country. The world, if it is ever represented on these bookshelves, is in a separate section, almost as if it were a on a separate planet. Employment of historians in colleges and universities is by the country of their specialization. There are exceptions: my own job is defined as the history of a continent -- Africa -- but then students often get confused and think of Africa as a nation, not as a continent of some forty nations. They see Africa as one nation not only because they are ill-informed about Africa, but because they know history is the study of nations.

In the Cold War days of my youth, our news media devoted a certain amount of energy to ridiculing claims advanced, through equivalent media in the Soviet Union, that Russians had been the first to invent automobiles, telephones and any number of other technical advances. Of course, we were told, all of those inventions had been made in the United States. Underneath the surface, both sides were working not only to glorify their nation, but were assuming that human progress takes place through the invention of a new idea in some center of excellence, and its gradual diffusion to other areas.

What if we had thought about inventions in terms of global interactions, not in terms of national rivalry? Imagine, if you will, what we might have learned if the energy wasted in that dispute had been diverted to study of what it was that caused so much creative energy, in countries all over the world, to be focused on technical innovation in the late nineteenth century. Or, to bring that old style of thinking up to date: who invented democratization? The question is not entirely absurd, but after so many millions participated in democratization movements, under such varying conditions, we must conclude that democratization belongs to all who claim it, and not to some tiny group of putative inventors. Times have changed a bit: no one claims to have patented democracy, nor claims that other have broken restrictions on their patent.

This is not the place to begin an analysis of world history. It has been daunting enough to survey the global patterns of three or four years in our lifetime. But with these notes on our more distant past, I want to remind the reader that our picture of the immediate past cannot come clearly into focus until we can set it in an appropriate context of long-term human history.