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# Africa addio

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The Africa of the great explorers,  
the huge land of hunting and adventure  
adored by entire generations of children  
has disappeared forever.  
To that age-old Africa,  
swept away and destroyed  
by the tremendous speed of progress,  
we have said farewell.  
The devastation, the slaughter,  
the massacres which we assisted  
belong to a new Africa...  
one which if it emerges from its ruins  
to be more modern, more rational,  
more functional, more conscious  
will be unrecognizable.  
On the other hand,  
the world is racing toward better times.  
The new America rose from the ashes  
of a few white man, all the redskins  
and the bones of millions of buffalo.  
The new, carved up Africa  
will rise again  
upon the tombs of a few white men,  
millions of black men,  
and upon those immense graveyards  
that were once its game reserves.  
The endeavor is so modern and recent  
that there is no room to discuss it  
at the moral level.  
The purpose of this film is only to bid  
farewell to the old Africa that is dying  
and entrust to history  
the documentation of its agony.  
The age of compromise has begun.  
For the first time,  
the gardens of the Ocean Road Palace  
are open to the new African bourgeoisie  
for the grand farewell party.  
Old and new masters search in the lanes  
for imitation and symbiosis  
in the eagerness to find  
something in common.  
And that's how two centuries of history  
draw to a close.

The last representative of  
Her British Majesty  
leaves the scene graciously  
in that climate of festive cordiality  
that always accompanies the departure  
of a guest who has overstayed his welcome.  
In this remote immensity,  
the wail of sirens and firing of cannons  
make no more din  
than a child's birthday party.  
Europe is in a hurry to leave  
and on tiptoe  
even if, all things considered,  
it has given far more than it has taken.  
Europe, the continent that nursed Africa,  
can no longer manage this big black baby  
that grew too quickly,  
keeps bad company  
and what's more,  
hates it because of its white skin.  
And so it is abandoned,  
still cranky and immature,  
just at the moment  
when it needs Europe the most.  
Africa comes out of its long Middle Age  
and exchanges the spear for the gun.  
The soldiers of  
the most famous African regiment  
formed by white men who've lived  
in the country for three generations  
lay down their arms  
without military honors,  
and trust the defense of their homes  
and families to new hands.  
The first spontaneous demonstrations  
take place  
controlled by  
the new African police force.  
Products imported from African countries  
that aren't yet independent are destroyed.  
First to go  
are colonialist Portuguese eggs.  
Next it's the turn of  
oranges from South Africa.

And South African beer.  
Once the popular enthusiasm is unleashed,  
the new police must prepare to contain it.  
The first elections in the history  
of the Dark Continent are imminent.  
The crowd presses impatiently  
toward the polling places.  
They're all afraid of arriving too late  
and ending up empty-handed.  
For this great day of Uhuru,  
every party has promised its voters  
the prize of the land, livestock, houses  
and cars of the whites that remained.  
In the highlands of Kenya,  
the property of the white colonists  
the big, green plateau  
that for 100 years  
was the fortress of  
the rural aristocracy,  
the Uhuru is late to arrive.  
After 100 years,  
the ancient African landscape  
is transformed  
into the Scottish countryside.  
There are even foxhunts,  
even if there are no foxes here.  
All that's needed is for a black man  
to drag a piece behind him  
that just arrived by plane from England,  
in order to leave the scent for the dogs.  
The fox is a harmful animal  
that does not exist in Africa.  
If the white men  
want to hunt it so badly,  
they have to teach someone  
to act like one.  
But the fox is a treacherous prey  
and should never be underestimated.  
Your honor, in force of  
Articles 7 and 19a  
of the Repression of Mau Mau  
Criminal Activities Act of April 4, 1953  
I ask that Jeroke Camau  
accused of arson, theft, robbery,

attempted murder and aggravated murder  
be given the maximum penalty.  
These weapons,  
made by him and his accomplices  
were used to carry out  
the crimes to which he confessed in full  
during the investigation.  
On the night of April 6, 1961,  
Rashidi Singhida entered  
the farm at Aberdare Point  
of the British citizen, John Fletcher  
where the defendant strangled  
the Askari guard, Josephi Nathaeli.  
The defendant's second victim was  
Miss Elizabeth Reagan  
the farmer's sister-in-law  
killed by a gunshot fired by  
Singhida through the window of her room.  
Mr. Fletcher ran down the outside stairs  
where he was hit by several gunshots  
that shattered his legs.  
He dragged himself inside the house  
in the attempt to protect  
his wife, Mrs. Jane  
and two daughters, Lois and Mary,  
ages 15 and 18,  
who had looked for shelter  
under the table.  
The corpses of the three women  
were found headless and without limbs.  
The body of Mr. Fletcher,  
a former Navy officer,  
was found stabbed 72 times  
with a panga.  
Defendant Rashidi Singhida,  
do you confirm the inquiry transcript  
already signed by you?  
We take the liberty  
of pointing out to your honor  
that the defendant knows English  
and doesn't need an interpreter.  
I will reveal to you the facts  
that emerged from the investigation.  
For nine years, you were the nanny

of Memsa Fosset's three children:  
Richard, two years old,  
Mary, four and Victor, nine.  
You knew them from birth.  
You watched them play.  
You ate and slept with them.  
On the night of February 6,  
you opened a window  
to let Kimathi and his gang  
into the house.  
Juana Fosset was grabbed and  
his throat slit on the big green table.  
The mother and the children  
ran toward the door.  
Kimathi caught them  
and cut them into pieces  
right in the doorway in your presence.  
The trial of Jomo Kanari  
self-styled general  
of the "Land Freedom Army"  
escapee from the Voi prison  
where he was spending 30 years  
for theft, burglary, assault  
and triple murder.  
The inquiry determined that  
the defendant organized more than  
whereby domesticated  
and wild animals were tortured,  
and obscenities, together with  
the crime of cannibalism, took place.  
Besides, the accused,  
along with his accomplices  
severed the tendons  
of more than 400 cattle  
that then had to be destroyed  
by the farmers.  
Irrefutable evidence  
of the defendant's guilt was provided  
by one of the main victims of Kanari's  
acts of vandalism, Mr. Wordsworth,  
who along with his son  
followed the accused's trail  
for 72 days and 72 nights.  
In Narok, Kanari was captured

and turned over to the Magadi police.  
I consequently ask that  
the accused be found guilty  
and sentenced to the maximum penalty  
provided for by the special law.  
Land for the brave Mau Mau!  
Amnesty for all Mau Mau!  
Kenyatta proclaims them national heroes.

**Reasoning:**

For the triumph of Uhuru,  
yearned for by the blacks  
and denied by the whites,  
they killed 27 whites  
and 5000 blacks.  
Kenyatta announces that in addition to  
the undying gratitude of the nation  
the Mau Mau will be granted the lands  
and houses of the white colonists  
in which they carried out their deeds.  
The whites are itching to get out.  
The windows of real estate agencies  
are covered with sale offers.  
Easy payment terms seem absurd  
to anyone who doesn't know how  
to savor the bitter irony.  
Installments for up to 99 years.  
Gloomy irony in the graphic composition,  
desperate irony in the text of the ads.  
Everything that belongs  
to the white colonists is for sale.  
Those with time turn to Indian merchants  
to hold an auction in the garden  
of everything accumulated by three  
generations that cannot be carried away.  
The Indians do a good business.  
The new black bourgeoisie  
spare no expense.  
The ancient home is quickly emptied.  
The family watches on the sidelines.  
The seized houses, empty and silent,  
await their new owners.  
In the entire immense  
East African territory

English colonial law  
permitted whites to build a house  
and acquire property  
here and only here.  
In two centuries, the new colonists  
transformed it into an oasis of green.  
The Africans learned to admire it,  
then to desire it, and finally to claim it.  
When the Golden Age is over,  
the Plated Age begins.  
In the highlands,  
where 150 whites lived yesterday  
The agrarian reform ignores  
the arid immensity of the Lowlands  
to express the new spirit  
of Uhuru only here  
on these freshly seized fertile estates.  
But on the whole, it can distribute  
just one acre per family.  
So this land that earlier was perhaps  
too much for too few  
becomes too little for too many.  
Uhuru has nothing more to conquer.  
Only the dead have remained  
to occupy a little land.  
Now they, too, have to clear out.  
The Indians have sold that off, too.  
J. B. Johnson was the most famous  
breeder of racehorses in the highlands.  
He was killed by Kimathi's Mau Mau  
on the steps of his farm.  
These were his stables.  
Before turning them over  
to the new owners,  
his sons chased out the horses  
and set them free in the savanna.  
Six months later, all the  
"old land" horses are living in freedom.  
But when the Africans surprise a herd  
at the mouth of a narrow valley,  
they're trapped inside  
by the sound of shouts and old gas cans.  
For the Africans, the horse is  
the symbol of the white man.



Just like the whites,  
it refuses contact with other species  
and withdraws from  
the contagion of mixture,  
surrounding itself by an emptiness  
that runs from itself to the horizon.  
For the Africans,  
the horse is physically racist.  
It fears the black  
and refuses to be ridden by him.  
Without the presence of the whites,  
its back is bare.  
Its natural architecture is mutilated,  
like an equestrian monument  
from which the hero was toppled  
by a sudden act of violence.  
Like the white man, the horse is noble.  
It has delicate skin.  
It's sophisticated  
in its choice of food.  
Like the white man,  
it is timid.  
Just a little noise  
will frighten it away.  
Like the white man, the horse is useless.  
All that it's good for is to be eaten.  
The Boers are returning to South Africa.  
They have revived the wagons on which  
they arrived 400 years ago  
in search of a homeland.  
They could have chosen  
boats or airplanes  
as the English did to return to Europe.  
Instead, with controversial intentions,  
they loaded their families  
and possessions on old wagons  
from their wobbly epic and now move back  
across 1000 miles of history.  
The demonstration is hard and trying,  
just like the entire destiny  
of the Boer people.  
Its meaning is tragic and precise.  
The long African adventure is not over.  
It starts here.

The old laws are no longer valid.  
The new ones are yet to be written.  
There's no one to protect the savanna  
from vandals or hunters seeking meat.  
For those who want to rob Africa  
of all they can as quickly as possible,  
the right moment has arrived.  
If before it was absolutely forbidden for  
Land Rovers to leave the roads or tracks,  
now they enter the savanna with impunity  
and wildly weave back and forth  
among herds of elephants  
to frighten them, divide them  
and separate the mothers  
from the babies.  
Here's the quickest way to get  
your hands on a little elephant today.  
You exasperate the mother little  
by little. You provoke her reaction.  
Then you draw out her pursuit  
as long as possible  
giving the illusion  
of letting her reach you  
and when the poor beast  
can't go on any longer  
she'll be too far from her baby  
to be able to defend it.  
The price of a baby elephant  
is around \$3000...  
assuming, of course, that it arrives  
safe and sound to the ordering zoo.  
The average is one out of ten.  
The others don't survive  
without their mother's milk.  
But today,  
Africa is an infinite reserve.  
Where you can't go by foot,  
you go by jeep  
and where you can't go by jeep,  
you go by helicopter.  
Of all the types of safaris  
that a hunter can choose from today  
this is the quickest.  
It's called

"elephant safari in a quarter hour."  
The helicopter leaves from the  
hotel terrace and drops the hunter here.  
Then it goes to find the elephant  
and chases it toward him.  
The hunter fires, usually poorly, but with  
a caliber big enough to bag a dinosaur.  
Then he finishes it off  
at point-blank range.  
Just enough time for a souvenir photo,  
and then he's off.  
In the absence of modern transport  
and the power of guns,  
the Africans make do with numbers.  
Up to 10,000 of them gather together and  
surround an area as large as a big city.  
Then they squeeze the vice.  
Across the great line  
traced by the Zambezi  
the Wildlife Society has established its  
headquarters in an old abandoned farm.  
It's a large organization supported  
mostly by private Anglo-Saxon capital  
and does what it can to save what it can  
in the midst of so much disorder.  
Every message received or sent by radio,  
every motion of the rake on the  
large table in the operations room  
corresponds to a massive displacement  
of animals in some remote area.  
The goal of so much feverish activity is  
to collect at least some of the animals  
from the areas most infested  
with poachers  
and transport them to territories  
that are safer and better controlled.  
After millennia of fascinating silences,  
mysterious habits,  
pathways covered in obedience  
to the orders of nature,  
man has imposed upon African fauna  
wild tourism by train, bus, plane  
helicopter, and even balloon.  
Operation Crocodile calls for the

transfer of all the reptiles in the park  
away from the mouth of the Rovuma  
that is infested with poachers.  
The traps are set during low tide  
and marked with colored balloons.  
It's estimated that in these waters  
more than 20,000 crocodiles  
have been killed in the last six months.  
The operation in progress  
saves 82 of them.  
They will reach more peaceful waters  
after having slept for 300 miles.  
Animals injured by poachers are cared for  
by the Wildlife Society's blood bank.  
Teams of veterinarians and nurses  
carry out tests, administer medicine,  
check the temperature  
of huge injured elephants,  
and keep them happy  
with several pounds of tranquilizers.  
On February 18, 1964,  
a Wildlife Society helicopter  
surveying an area on the coast of Kenya  
and the Tanarive area  
found the carcasses of  
a full 750 elephants.  
The poachers were surprised  
by the helicopter  
while they were still  
cutting out the tusks.  
They ran and hid among clumps of grass.  
It was the first inspection operation  
after more than a year of total anarchy.  
The governments of Kenya,  
Tanganyika and Uganda  
following serious disorder  
and the rebellion of the Armed Forces  
urgently requested the return  
of English troops.  
The old laws that had lapsed  
came back into force.  
The former Anglo-Saxon administration  
retook control of the game reserves.  
A brief interlude of order was opened up

which, however, would be closed again  
after only one month.  
But the level of damage  
suffered by the fauna is shocking.  
In a first round up,  
the police capture 410 poachers.  
The great massacre  
comes to a standstill.  
The police discover  
hundreds of caches of ivory and furs  
hidden in the underbrush  
and dry stream beds.  
The gangs of poachers  
have used grenades  
to kill over 300 young elephants  
without tusks  
just to get the tails  
to make bracelets and necklaces  
to sell to tourists for a few coins.  
Large tents set up by police  
house 82 tons of confiscated tusks.  
An even more frightening number  
if one considers  
only one-fifth of slaughtered animals  
are usually found  
by the game warden patrols.  
In a valley in Semliki,  
the police find 2800 skins of zebra,  
leopard, gazelle, lion and cheetah  
that the poachers left to dry  
in the sun.  
The underbrush is strewn with carcasses  
that foul the air  
which the alarmed vandals  
did not have time to skin.  
In the ancient breeding grounds  
that are the richest in the world  
columns of acrid smoke now rise  
and flames crackle at the pyres.  
While the police chase the poachers,  
other patrols comb the savanna  
to aid the injured animals.  
The initiative,  
clearly based upon good intentions

is certainly not adequate  
for the amount of damage and butchery.  
Africa is afflicted by a hundred evils  
and no one  
vigorously combats their causes.  
Only a few, here and there,  
do their best to heal the effects.  
There's nothing to do.  
They won't give us permission to land.  
We decide to try it anyway  
on an old landing strip further north.  
We're preceded by our sister plane,  
rented by three German journalists.  
We've flown here together  
from Tanganyika.  
Neither they nor we want to turn back  
without first having done  
everything possible  
to document the worst genocide  
in the history of Africa.  
It all started last night  
when an African named Okello,  
backed by Russia  
overthrew the thousand year old  
government of the Sultan  
and, naming himself  
revolutionary general,  
ordered the massacre of  
the entire Arab population of Zanzibar.  
All communications have been broken off.  
The radio is silent  
and the airports are closed.  
The only way to know anything  
about what's happening in Zanzibar  
is to come in person,  
as did we and our German colleagues  
whom we glimpse for a moment as  
they are hauled away by the insurgents.  
For today, it's better to skip it.  
That cloud of smoke down there  
rising from the runway  
is the Germans' airplane that's burning.  
At least we know  
there's no one on board.

We try again a day later, January 19,  
with a helicopter.  
We waive a red flag  
to confuse the rebels.  
They direct us toward  
the interior of the island,  
where it appears that during the night,  
Okello has distributed 850 guns  
that mysteriously arrived on the island  
which the Africans  
do not yet know how to use.  
It's open hunting season for Arabs.  
The propaganda tells the new generations  
the Arabs are cursed slave traders  
who sell Africans to slave merchants  
along the coast.  
It, of course, omitted that  
this all happened ten centuries ago.  
This footage  
is the only existing documentation  
of what happened in Zanzibar  
between January 18 and 20, 1964.  
Entire villages destroyed,  
trucks filled with corpses,  
testimony that's uncomfortable  
and embarrassing for all...  
for those in Africa today,  
spreading false promises,  
fomenting a new African racism  
and for those  
hastily abandoning Africa to itself  
in the false modesty  
of antique colonialism  
authorizing a new Africa  
flooded with misery and blood.  
Look at these images.  
Look at them with pity.  
But above all,  
look at them with shame.  
Endless lines of prisoners marching  
toward the site of the massacre.  
Hundreds of motionless Arabs,  
waiting for death  
wrapped in their white sheets,

already more similar to ghosts than men.  
Muslim cemeteries transformed  
into fields of imminent extermination.  
Women and children  
trembling under the threat of guns.  
Enormous common graves  
already half-filled with corpses.  
Perhaps the most pitiless mass shooting  
in the entire macabre anthology of death.  
The exodus toward the sea  
of entire villages.  
The desperate boarding of boats  
stuck in the sand at low tide.  
The hopeless run  
toward an impossible salvation.  
Then, the day after.  
These were the national parks  
that the mystical  
Anglo-Saxon love for animals  
and regulations written with the fervor  
of an inquisitor  
had transformed into  
real-life sanctuaries of nature.  
Man, who in the text of the English law  
protecting national parks  
was classified  
among the harmful animals  
did not even have the right  
to set one foot on this land.  
He could walk around the edges  
in absolute silence  
under the watchful eyes  
of the game warden  
and in full respect of a code  
that did not tolerate ignorance.  
The most ancient Africa,  
the Africa of great navigators  
and great geographic discoveries,  
is awaking from  
a sleep of four centuries.  
At the fortresses sown by Vasco de Gama  
along the coast of Mozambique  
nothing has passed  
except for time.



The glory of past centuries puts up  
a decrepit resistance against new times:  
Battlements in ruins,  
bastions eaten away by centuries  
silent bronze cannons  
and an act of faith  
in humility and resignation.  
Just on the other side of the walls,  
in the invisible guerrilla camps  
is the new reality  
still draped with the morning fog  
where the soldiers move hesitantly  
like ghosts of the past.  
Wherever man is present,  
nature is silent.  
The silence of the animals and birds is  
the unequivocal sign of a human presence.  
The rebels in Angola  
avoid forests that are too quiet.  
They know that Portuguese patrols  
are inside them, lying in wait.  
The cleverness almost always works.  
Animals and guerrillas  
rush to the call of the magnetic tape  
and in one moment, the forest is  
filled with life and death.  
This is the destiny of a people  
who wanted to ignore the color of skin.  
Aqui es Portugal.  
This is Portugal.  
Branços y pretos as todos portugueses.  
White or black, we're all Portuguese.  
But the rebels of Angola don't agree.  
This is Africa.  
Only blacks are Africans.  
Black and white, brancos y pretos,  
wart en blank, blanches et noires  
a dilemma which is present,  
current, universal  
that is more and more being colored red.  
January, 1964.  
The Watusi,  
pursued by the Bantu in revolt  
flee toward the Ugandan border

carrying their wounded.  
The war of the Bantu against the Watusi  
is nothing more than racial persecution  
fomented for political purposes  
by the presence and propaganda of China  
in the state of Rwanda Burundi.  
In just two months,  
the Bantu have massacred 18,000 Watusi.  
The underbrush hides the  
still-fresh proof of a ferocious horror.  
On the banks of the Kwoni River,  
under the trunk of a tree still wet  
with blood, used as a chopping block.  
The border police caught them in the act  
and arrested 25 Bantu guerrillas.  
But aside from this,  
no government, black or white  
has lifted a finger  
to stop the bloodbath.  
Meanwhile, the waters of the Kagera  
send thousands of corpses downstream.  
For days,  
the fishing is macabre and abundant  
carried out with lazy diligence  
by the residents along the river.  
The feeling of compassion  
doesn't exist here.  
What exists is a good source of  
drinking water that has to be kept clean.  
Because the river is life. Because  
it is life that kills, not death.  
Ten days and nights of exodus  
along the roads of Uganda.  
The Watusi were a people with  
a thousand year history as herders.  
A people of survivors  
who continue to flee toward the unknown  
failing to understand and in shock.  
It is a people that no longer exists.  
This is more or less how Noah's  
terrestrial paradise must have been.  
Hearing the far-off rumble of thunder,  
he set about constructing the great ark.  
The same ancient silence,

the same sovereign harmony,  
the same divine balance  
that man still has not managed to upset.  
Image and likeness  
of that terrestrial paradise  
destroyed with that same divinity  
by the sudden wrath of a vindictive God.  
It's dawn on February 25, 1964.  
After having put down the rebellion  
of the African armed forces,  
the English troops have left again.  
The ancient British law to protect  
the fauna having lapsed a second time,  
the African governments decide to open up  
even the national parks to hunting.  
Faced with the most severe measures,  
white and black game wardens  
now employed by the African authorities  
have no choice but to obey and organize  
the details of the "cropping" operation  
or "harvesting the animals."  
From now on, once a week, on Friday,  
the harvest operation will resupply  
local markets with fresh meat.  
For the first time in the history  
of the last refuge of African fauna,  
in the inviolate sanctuaries of nature  
where it was considered sacrilege  
to even speak loudly,  
men are entering armed with guns.  
The take from one day  
of hippopotamus harvest amounts to 160.  
The park authorities sell them  
to butchers for 300 shillings each  
or about \$45.  
The number of animals to kill  
is established each time  
based upon the demands of the market,  
but not one more nor one less  
so as not to disrupt the prices.  
The rest are left alive  
for the next day, completely at peace,  
yawning right next to the river where,  
up until yesterday

tourists came to photograph them.  
Killing them is child's play.  
You just have to choose,  
like the targets at a shooting gallery.  
Babies, adults,  
males, females and pregnant females...  
Since this is the world's richest park  
and hippopotamus will always be abundant,  
up to the day  
when there aren't any more.  
The request for 45 elephants has also  
been fulfilled without difficulty.  
Now they're butchered on the spot  
to simplify the transport  
of prime and choice cuts.  
Among the butchers,  
not even one injury.  
Elephants, which hunters described as  
the most ferocious animals in Africa  
in reality allow themselves  
to be slaughtered like goats  
whether it's those miserable males  
suffering from toothaches  
or the legendary pregnant females.  
The truth is that in all of Africa  
there is only one truly ferocious animal:  
Man.  
Wounded animals that go to die  
at the edge of the parks  
must be destroyed much more quickly  
than the vultures normally would do.  
The tourists must not know and,  
above all, must not see.  
And now we'll offer you a souvenir photo  
of the butchery from 1964,  
the richest storehouse  
of hippopotamus meat in the world.  
Don't worry.  
Look over there, in the water.  
A few have remained  
for next Friday.  
And here's another.  
Look long and hard,  
especially since today is Friday

any Friday in any season.  
It's the most recent souvenir photo  
in our journey  
through what were the safe refuges  
of African fauna  
the centuries-old game reserves,  
the inviolable sanctuaries of nature  
where it was considered sacrilege  
even to speak loudly.  
Now you can scream, shout,  
swear and even curse  
without the fear of disturbing  
anyone or anything.  
The most harmful of animals, man,  
has passed by here.  
You can follow his tracks  
for miles and miles  
along this dusty white road that today  
crosses the heart of Africa,  
always winding along scenes  
of nothing but desolation and death.  
We just left behind  
an Africa that's disappearing  
and immediately we enter an Africa  
that's already disappeared.  
The division is a clean crack.  
On the other side,  
confusion and indiscriminate death.  
On this side,  
order and discriminating life.  
This is the view of Cape Town from above,  
one of the largest cities in South Africa,  
the country today with  
the most enemies in the world.  
To the universal cry that proclaims  
"Africa for Africans,"  
the South Africans respond,  
"This is not Africa."  
And this, at least, is true.  
This is a view  
that suddenly and unpredictably appears,  
an ignored and distant landscape  
that seems to have wriggled away from  
the network of parallels and meridians.

If it isn't Africa,  
it also isn't Europe or America.  
There's nothing that can give sense  
to a geographic expression.  
It's not an African mirage  
because it exists in time and space.  
It's not a Promised Land because  
it lacks the biblical requirements.  
All that's left is to define it  
as a miracle...  
a weighty miracle carried out  
over three centuries  
by a persecuted people wanting to prove  
that only its God is the true one.  
A miracle that,  
despite its physical reality,  
transcends the limits of time and space,  
wrapping men and objects  
in a soft blanket of bliss  
in a delicate balance between  
the transient and the eternal.  
The black Africa of tribal dances,  
of swollen breasts offered  
to the glory of nature  
survives only on movie sets.  
A film is being shot in South Africa  
about the Zulu,  
the proud African tribe that made things  
so difficult for the Boers.  
Today, Zulu maidens  
come out of the academy,  
speak excellent English,  
and receive union wages  
for putting on nylon underwear and  
dancing the dance of their grandmothers.  
During their breaks,  
the ancient rhythm of the tom-tom  
gives them a few variations  
on the theme.  
The African female has discovered  
she is a woman  
and is beginning to behave as such.  
She wants to be modern because  
she feels the past is against her.

When she was naked,  
she had two mammary glands.  
Now that she's clothed,  
she has two breasts.  
She does not want to display herself.  
She wants to be looked at  
to make you guess  
what's under her alluring clothes.  
She covers her intimacy not  
out of modesty, but to be flirtatious.  
She undresses to surrender  
and dresses to attack.  
Naked she was prey,  
like a black female.  
Clothed she is a tyrant,  
like a white woman.  
Africa covers itself consciously  
and all wrapped up in the veils of its  
consciousness, Africa disappears.  
For their part, the authorities  
encourage or even impose modesty.  
In the southern regions of Sudan,  
thousands of pairs of underwear,  
all one size  
are distributed to the tribes in  
the interior by the "Legion of Decency".  
The unconquerable warriors  
entrusted with them  
must maintain them  
with the care owed by every good citizen  
to everything that is state property.  
Among all things to hide,  
underwear covers what's most urgent.  
That's enough to decently begin to march  
toward the conquest of further dignity.  
Never before has a warrior put on pants.  
Never before has a lion climbed a tree.  
The fact is that times have changed,  
and in the new republics  
the ancient kings  
have fallen into disgrace.  
Let's take the poor ex-king  
of the animals with the stiff muscles.  
Today, his roar doesn't scare anyone.

While zebras and gazelles flee,  
pursued by gunshots,  
the once invincible, ex-aristocrat,  
ex-hunter of noble prey  
climbs trees and hunts lizards.  
Poor king of the jungle!  
His old reputation haunts him,  
making his humiliation public.  
The tourists crowd the parks  
to see him, only him.  
Where's the lion?  
There's the lion.  
Wait, let's see  
what the lion's doing.  
It's like that the whole day,  
and they don't even leave him  
a moment of intimacy.  
Encouraged by his ancestral laziness,  
the African lion has given up hunting,  
seeing as how the park rangers  
do the hunting for him.  
Fresh meat is delivered to his door,  
that is, to the areas  
most accessible to tourists  
where the park administration  
has a great interest that he stays.  
So, over time, the ancient, nomadic,  
independent king of the jungle  
has become a stingy retiree  
with middle-class habits  
forced to defend his steak  
against those who up until yesterday  
would not have dared to come close.  
A new rebellion  
has broken out in Tanganyika.  
The mob has massacred Muslims,  
including women and children.  
The mortuaries are full.  
The corpses have to be lined up outside.  
The vultures wait patiently  
for the operation to finish  
so they can start their own.  
Dar es Salaam  
is in the grips of anarchy.



Everyone is in revolt:  
The people, the police,  
and even the army,  
which has mutinied.  
President Nyerere has disappeared.  
No one knows who's in charge.  
For us European journalists,  
going out on the streets in search of  
footage is a nearly suicidal endeavor.  
Everywhere we go, they chase us away.  
They insult us. They threaten us.  
We try to get to the outskirts.  
On the bloody streets, a crowd hides  
the victims of the massacre from us.  
In one neighborhood,  
a Muslim tries to flee from a lynch mob.  
He jumps off a seawall.  
The mob reaches him and drowns him.  
They destroy the houses and shops  
of businessmen  
accused of having taken over  
from the whites in exploiting the people.  
With great effort, we push  
through the crowd in Uhuru Square.  
Someone has killed  
three African soldiers.  
The police prepare the reprisal,  
dragging all the Muslims  
out of their homes  
and lining them up against the wall.  
They yell at us to leave,  
they threaten us with guns.  
We try to equivocate, to win time,  
while the camera continues to roll.  
One of us is injured.  
They open the doors  
and drag us out.  
They arrest us.  
They put us up against the wall.  
We are saved by a miracle  
which the newspapers would later report.  
Moise Tshombe has returned from exile  
as a liberator,  
father of the country,

and special envoy of the UN.  
Three quarters of Congo is in  
the hands of rebels and communists.  
Tshombe promises to clean house  
in three months.  
Two months later, Stanleyville,  
stronghold of Simba leader Nicholas Olenga,  
has been conquered  
by Belgian paratroopers and mercenaries.  
The city is a cemetery without graves.  
During 100 days of occupation,  
the Simba have tortured  
and, in part, eaten 12,000 Africans.  
Guns in hand, regular Congolese troops  
force the Simba prisoners  
to carry out this gruesome cleaning.  
In the final days, 80 schoolchildren  
were burned alive.  
Four nurses were raped and killed.  
Sixty-four people were shot including  
Europeans, Indians and Pakistanis.  
Many bodies have a long gash  
in the belly  
where the Simba cut out the liver  
and ate it.  
Nine nuns, seven missionaries  
and four white children  
were tied up with wire  
and shot by the rebels in the mouth.  
The heat is unbearable.  
The air is thick  
with the stench of corpses.  
There's fear of pestilence.  
At the Leopoldville airport,  
American C-130s land with the survivors  
of the Stanleyville massacre.  
Just yesterday, they had been  
massed together for execution.  
The machine guns had already started  
cutting them down  
when 320 Belgian paratroopers  
dropped from the sky  
and, in 10 minutes, managed to pull them  
out of the hands of 7000 rebels.

Despite the lightning operation,  
The injured were pulled out  
from under a pile of 40 corpses  
among which were identified Americans  
Carlson and Rain  
and Belgians Brinkman, Masqueau  
and De Smitter.  
Five of these wounded, among whom  
was a woman who had been raped,  
were to die soon after  
in a Danish hospital in Leopoldville.  
The evacuation of survivors,  
the transport of the wounded,  
food and medicine,  
was carried out in a few hours  
by the US Air Force with 40 planes.  
Two days later, November 27,  
the governments of the new African states  
demanded that Washington  
make a broad official apology  
for the abusive interference by the USA  
in private Congolese affairs.  
Beyond Polis and Beni, on  
the northern border of Congo with Sudan  
an attempt is made at the aerial  
resupply with food and medicine  
of a mission occupied by rebels.  
The life of the priests, nuns  
and over 100 children is in danger.  
The 6000 rebels of the Kirlis army  
who rule the area  
have threatened to wipe out  
all of the besieged  
if even one paratrooper  
or helicopter tries to land.  
For eight days, the planes of the ANC  
take turns in the sky above the mission  
making drops that end up  
in the hands of the rebels.  
At dawn on the ninth day,  
planes and helicopters take off  
and we're with them.  
But this time,  
there's no one to await us.

We got to know them one at a time.  
They are the white mercenaries  
of Tshombe's army.  
They're the last surviving  
soldiers of fortune from another century.  
They're former citizens of a world  
that kicked them out  
or that they're running from.  
Dead and survivors,  
all of them are or were ex-something.  
From a restless past,  
an uncomfortable present,  
a ruined adventure, lost faith.  
They're ex-"Pieds Noirs" from Algeria,  
ex-English commandos,  
ex-German engineers,  
ex-farmers from Kenya,  
ex-residents expelled from Sudan, Egypt,  
Ethiopia, Uganda, Tanganyika,  
ex-veterans of Katanga,  
ex-professional hunters,  
ex-students from  
South Africa and Rhodesia,  
come to pursue  
with a macabre academic spirit  
the idea of glory and adventure.  
Two days ago, 15 of them  
plucked 400 rebels from Kisala.  
Tomorrow, 40 of them  
will attempt an endeavor  
that 93,000 UN soldiers could not manage:  
The conquest of Boende.  
The attack plan for Boende calls for  
the use of massive aerial forces.  
The "massive" aerial forces are  
these two 20-year-old P6s  
held together as well as possible  
with bolts and wire.  
They're the personal property  
of Tom O'Keefe and Somerset Wilson  
former Rhodesian pilots whose families  
were massacred by rebels from Angola.  
They've hired out themselves  
and the planes for \$500 a month

which no one has paid for six months  
and a life insurance policy  
that up to now  
no insurance company has underwritten.  
This time, as always, before leaving  
they've filled out the forms  
at the airport in the usual manner.

**Destination:**

Reason for flight: Personal matters.  
The Simba fled without having time  
to slaughter the missionaries  
who've lived for three months  
under the daily nightmare of the massacre.  
Propaganda teaches the Simba to strike  
the white man especially at his God,  
a white-skinned God responsible for the  
centuries-long arrogance of his faithful.  
Along the path to Boende,  
the skeletons of the Simba  
are rotting in the puddles  
without glory and without burial.  
They advanced unprotected,  
dazed by drugs,  
intoning the "Mai Mulele,"  
the magic spell that was supposed to  
transform the lead of bullets into water.  
They fell, incredulous and amazed.  
They died for nothing and for no one.  
Africa has no fallen soldiers  
on either side.  
It has only corpses.  
Boende has fallen.  
The last Simba come out of the forest  
with their hands up.  
Today it's their turn,  
but tomorrow  
when the mercenaries leave the city  
headed toward other objectives,  
they'll be on the other side of the gun.  
It's an absurd and tragic ballad  
that's been going on for five years now.  
Whites against blacks  
and blacks against whites.

They take turns killing and dying,  
like a cruel children's game.  
No one wins and no one loses,  
once and for all.  
No condition is definitive  
except for white and black deaths  
that together infect the ruins  
and dissolve, amidst the buzz of flies,  
into absolute biological equality.  
The ethics of the Congolese guerrilla  
are that to the victor belong the spoils.  
The mercenaries have aimed right at  
the safe of the revolutionary government  
and have blown it open with a bazooka.  
Inside was 50 million Congolese francs.  
These were the funds destined for  
the famous "OK Plan"  
according to which General Olenga,  
at the head of his 3000 Mulelist warriors  
was to invade the United States.  
America has been saved.  
In the streets,  
the soldiers divide up the small change.  
The ambitious "OK Plan" has been  
postponed for centuries,  
just like all of their  
naive delusions of grandeur.  
Meanwhile, they go into raptures  
over a victory as squalid and useless  
as their raid,  
sharing in a miserable little celebration  
from which they get only the crumbs.  
For centuries they were poor  
out of necessity.  
But now that they're rich to excess,  
they load themselves up,  
even if they will never  
be able to carry it away.  
Bent under the weight of useless trinkets,  
they pursue an ideal of wealth,  
robbing only their own misery  
from themselves.  
The right to plunder  
is valid only for 24 hours.

Time ran out 10 minutes ago.  
But why could you steal  
up to 10 minutes ago, and now you can't?  
A good Congolese soldier who fought  
for the homeland will never understand.  
Nor will he ever understand  
why the whites make such a fuss  
to find out who ate  
this peasant's liver.  
Or why there has to be a trial  
to condemn to death this Mulelist  
who burned 27 children alive.  
Or why they're arresting the soldiers  
who raped those Mulelist bitch  
prisoners in jail.  
And why you need so many guns to kill  
one single little disarmed Mulelist.  
While to kill a bigger and stronger one,  
you only need one shot.  
But despite everything,  
Africa continues to be  
an uncontrollable sea of life.  
Here in South Africa,  
for every baby born with white skin,  
five come into the world  
with black skin.  
Racial separation,  
which is called "apartheid" here  
is a short-lived, provisional dam.  
It is the hysterical reaction  
to the hysterical situation  
that threatens to darken the smile  
of the new generations into hatred.  
Soweto is one of the largest  
black cities in South Africa.  
The apartheid laws  
prohibit whites from entering.  
If it's a prison,  
then it's a strange prison  
where the doors lock on the inside  
and open out.  
On the other side of these lines,  
there's another big prison...  
that of the whites.

It's called Johannesburg.  
Apartheid prohibits blacks  
from entering.  
This is another strange prison  
where the doors lock on the inside  
and open out.  
Apartheid has locked up two races  
in two different prisons  
whose locks work the wrong way.  
Two gilded cages  
in the richest country in the world.  
The Boers discovered gold  
a hundred years ago  
when they had been working this land  
as farmers for hundreds of years.  
There's no question that the Boers  
also have a right to this wealth  
because the Boers are Africans, too,  
even if they're white Africans.  
But it's also true that to extract  
just one of these gold bars  
requires one day of labor  
from 1000 black Africans  
and the technical assistance  
of 100 white Africans.  
Because this is a country  
of 3 million white Africans  
and 11 million black Africans.  
And although each needs the other,  
they live in suspicion  
of the numerical disproportion  
and in the misunderstanding  
of certain slogans arriving from Europe:  
"Whoever is white is not African,"  
a racist affirmation.  
"Only those who are black are Africans,"  
another racist affirmation.  
So day after day,  
the gilded prisons continue to close  
and open to the wail of the sirens  
that call white Africans  
and black Africans to work together.  
As long as it was a poor land,  
it was an uninhabited land.



Then, when the Boers  
opened the mines  
the Bantu came down from the mountains  
in search of work.  
They spread the word and new crowds  
crossed the uncontrollable borders.  
Then it was the turn of the refugees  
from Congo, Sudan, Angola.  
Today there are 11 million  
and still growing.  
They come in waves  
to the entrance of the mines  
They flood through the labyrinth  
of tunnels that run under the big city.  
The great vein of gold, half a mile thick,  
winds under the city of Johannesburg,  
the ceiling that separates  
peppered with holes  
like a huge Swiss cheese.  
Crowds of miners dig like termites,  
crawling from one shaft to another  
like Christians in the catacombs,  
following the path of gold with  
a secret, methodical, muffled grinding.  
Over here, the roof creaks menacingly.  
The miners run for cover.  
Over there,  
the big city vibrates and trembles  
from the dull explosions of dynamite,  
but no one moves.  
No one has paid attention for years.  
The stock market goes up continuously.  
Share prices are steadily high.  
Buy orders for mining shares arrive  
from the markets of London,  
New York, Geneva and Paris.  
On March 10 of this year, Moscow bought  
On May 12,  
Peking requested 50 tons of gold.  
Down below, the great vein of gold  
climbs from low to high  
just like the stock chart.  
Millions of picks and shovels follow it  
in a relentless, solid march

toward the surface.  
The great floor separating the two worlds  
is growing thinner and crumbling.  
The growing clamor of the Stock Exchange  
mixes with the ever closer  
and louder boom of the explosions.  
Almighty Lord, now that another day  
dies in your glory,  
bless and protect our lives.  
Bless and protect our forces  
as it is written that  
the hyena shall prevail over the lion  
when the lion has no more claws  
with which to rule.  
Grant that this sea whence we came  
shall always lie before us  
and never at our backs.  
Bless and protect this,  
our last refuge  
which you led us to find unspoiled  
on the day we came  
and in which we have resisted  
hatred and violence.  
Lastly, bless and protect  
the waves and the winds,  
that the fury of two oceans united  
shall not wrest us away forever  
from these final shores.  
Amen.

At the end of the Ice Age,  
a warm current  
broke this little colony of penguins  
off of the glaciers of the south  
and carried them here on huge rafts  
of ice that then melted in the sun.  
Isolated and without the possibility  
of returning to their original homeland,  
they have for centuries been  
strangers in a strange land  
that is becoming more and more  
heated and hostile toward them  
surrounded by a sea that grows higher  
and more and more filled with rage.  
Perhaps a little peace will descend

upon these waters sooner or later,  
before a wave stronger than the others  
tears them away forever  
from this last rock that forms  
the geographic end of the Dark Continent.  
To close, we would like to apologize  
to our families  
for having been  
away from home for three years.  
This film, born without prejudices,  
does not attempt and has  
never attempted to create new ones.  
It has only tried to document the reality  
of how blood spilled anywhere  
represents a loss of wealth  
for the entire world.