

**JOURNEYING WITH THE FORGOTTEN AND  
RESURRECTING THE DEAD: STORIES FROM THE  
EUROPEAN PAST AND THE AFRICAN PRESENT**

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Opening Speech

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## ABSTRACT

First slavery, then colonialism. Europe and Africa are inked with, and linked by, two of the darkest stains in human history. As the 19<sup>th</sup> century recedes from memory, new generations of Europeans increasingly believe that Europe's history in Africa is in the past. Meanwhile, in Africa, new generations continue to be affected by the power of Bismarck's rule. For Europe, Africa is part of a past it would prefer to forget. For Africa, Europe is part of a present that, unless addressed, will lead to a troublesome future.

In her speech to open the Berlin Literature Festival, the Zimbabwean lawyer and writer Petina Gappah reflects on why this history matters to both continents, and how historical fiction may be the most empathetic way of dealing with the troubling questions that this history raises. By looking at the lives of the forgotten figures from this common past, and, especially, by going beyond the history of elites to bring the subaltern from the margins to the center, Petina argues that imaginative fiction can give us the insights we need to heal the wounds from our shared past.

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*Berlin of 1884 was effected through the sword and the bullet. But the night of the sword and the bullet was followed by the morning of the chalk and the blackboard. The physical violence of the battlefield was followed by the psychological violence of the classroom. But where the former was visibly brutal, the latter was visibly gentle. ... The bullet was the means of physical subjugation. Language was the means of the spiritual subjugation.*

—Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o

*For the whole earth is the tomb of famous men, not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men.*

—Pericles on the Athenian dead,  
from Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*.

## The Gift of Time

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*(This section to be delivered in German)*

Before I go far into this speech, I want to thank most warmly the taxpayers, of Germany, some of whom are present in this room.

From March 2017, I lived for a year in Berlin, as a guest of the DAAD Fellowship. In a spacious apartment in Charlottenburg, I wrote my fourth book here, the historical novel that I am launching at this festival. In addition, I wrote a play, I planned my next book, I wrote about 6 different essays and read more dozens of books. I also watched a lot of Netflix. Just as importantly, I reconnected with my favorite continental European language, and met new and dear friends.

I came to Berlin after many years of working as an international trade lawyer in Geneva. Leaving my job in Geneva was not an easy choice, in part because I was working with truly some of the best and most committed lawyers from five continents, in an organization that was dedicated to ensuring fairness for developing countries in trade law.

I gave up interesting work with wonderful colleagues. I gave up a job that, all things being equal, would have taken me to retirement age. I gave up life in the city in which my son was born and in which both he and I had made deep and abiding friendships. I gave up Switzerland, a country of stunning beauty, ferocious efficiency and ridiculously high standards. But leaving is something I needed to do to shake myself out of complacency and focus on the book that I knew would be my forever book.

The DAAD fellowship gave me armor against loss. I was taken care of here, and supported. I met many friends, met wonderful readers and critics. As part of the DAAD family, I communed with artists and writers from around the world. My son Kush and I loved Berlin. I spent much time with our German teacher Silke Urban, translator Patricia Klobusiczky, publisher Jan Weitendorf and editor Ulrike Ostermeyer at my first publishing house Arche. My German family has grown since then to include my new editor Teresa Pütz and my new publishers at Fischer. Rather incredibly, in a matter of months I will have not one but two books coming out, making Germany the only country after England to have published all four of my books.

I fell so much in love with Berlin that I decided to settle here and I found an apartment in Prenzlauer Berg, where, I was certain, I would slot well into that hipster quarter, writing my books while watching the latest films, enjoying the latest books, drinking organic coffee and worrying about the miles travelled by the food I ate.

It would have been a lovely life for me and my 15-year-old son. But my plans to stay on in Berlin were rudely interrupted by Mugabe's departure from power in November 2017. At the end of my fellowship, I returned to Zimbabwe to assist with my country's transition, and for the last 12 months I have been working as an adviser on how to open Zimbabwe to investment and trade, how to respect our international obligations and how to create an enabling environment for business to thrive.

My reasons for returning to Zimbabwe to contribute are the same reasons that motivated me to write critically about my country. I want to live in a Zimbabwe of fairness, justice, respect for human rights, equality and inclusiveness. Returning to Zimbabwe meant working with a regime whose policies and attitudes I had disagreed with, but I was willing to take a chance to be the change, not just write about the need for change.

This the hardest job I have ever done, but I am enormously privileged to have been one of the change agents who were brought in to alter the course of my country. I hope that the death of President Mugabe last week, and the divided legacy he leaves, will provide the opportunity for reflection and introspection from his successor, President Mnangagwa, so that he sees beyond the temptations of power and takes the hard and painful actions needed to set Zimbabwe on the path to true democracy. I plan to do all that I can, both in writing and in action, to assist with that transformation.

A bit more about my Berlin family. This family includes Uli Schreiber, the host of this wonderful festival. I first met Uli in a lift in Auckland, in New Zealand, May 2016. I was in a dressing gown, coming back from a sauna. And under the dressing gown, I was wearing nothing. It was in this state that Uli pitched this festival to me. I must confess I only said yes because I was keen to escape the lift and get dressed.

I have since found out that he is persuasive in more ways than one: he has an iron fist in a velvet glove. Thank you Uli for persuading me to give this talk in what is now my third appearance at your wonderful festival.

*(from here I speak in English)*

The DAAD calls the fellowship they offer the gift of time, and time is my subject tonight. Time, not as it is represented by hurrying, by urgency, but by the past, by history, by memory, by remembrance. I want to talk about why Europe's history is still very much Africa's present, and conclude with how historical fiction can bring empathy to our shared pain, and allow us to enter that painful past in a way that humanizes it.

## II

### Across the Sea, a Field of Water

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In four weeks in May and June this year, I took an extraordinary journey. I boarded a French container ship, a CMA working boat with a crew of 30. It was called the CMA Fort-de-France, named for our destination, the capital of Martinique. I literally ran away to sea to write in tranquility, to escape persistent connectivity, to retreat from my life the better to reflect on it, and to plan my future. On board, I found a crew of 20 men, led by 10 French officers. I was one of three passengers.

From the port of Dunkirk, where I boarded, we made our leisurely way around 4 European ports before striking out across the Atlantic towards the Caribbean. As we found ourselves surrounded by an endless field of water, and I became inured to the repetitive life on board ship, moving from the officers' mess to the gym, from my room to the ship's library, and as I took daily walks on deck, the Atlantic in every view, I began to reflect on the many Africans who had made this trip to the Caribbean, not from Europe as I had done, but from Africa, and who made it too without the tools that I had: a Schengen visa, travel insurance and a doctor's certificate testifying that I was fit enough to climb up a ship's gangway and make a sea journey. Above all, I had the freedom and the will to travel.

And when we arrived in the Caribbean, to Guadeloupe and Martinique, in what was my second visit to those beautiful, sun-struck islands, it came to me with a visceral shock that just about everyone I met was here because his or her ancestors were brought here as captives. These are people living in what Nathaniel Hawthorne called "unaccustomed earth," their ancestors

were transplanted as cargo from Africa. Almost every black person I saw was the descendant of a slave. Entire nations, whole nations, descended from slaves.

There in the Caribbean, it struck me forcibly that the European past is very much the Caribbean present.

### III

#### The Red-Bottomed Climbers of Trees

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First, a brief family history:

I come from Zimbabwe, from a land in which knowledge, information and understanding were transmitted from one generation to the next through the oral tradition. Until colonization, we had unwritten codes on the law and social contracts, on governance and on family and communal living. We had history, but it was an unwritten history, passed down in stories and legends, in song, and most of all in our totems.

Zimbabweans are a totem people. Totems, almost always animals, or parts of animals, were used to mark what Marx and Engels called “degrees of consanguinity”; they were how we identified family relationships before the introduction of surnames; they were a mechanism to avoid inbreeding and to avoid incest. To marry a relative of the same totem meant you had to find and slaughter a pure white cow to appease the ancestors. White cows are extremely rare, so it was an effective taboo against incest.

Totems also provided a form of conservation. You are not allowed to eat your totem animal, and if you do, your teeth fall out. I believe that this was so that that we did not all hunt the same animals, and thus keep the animal kingdom in balance. I think there was some laziness involved too, the lazier ancestors chose totems that you would not want to hunt, like a monkey, or like the leg of a cow, which takes a lot of preparation.

One of my favorite legends, which comes from the 1400s, from the land of the Mutapa empire, is of a Portuguese trader who fell ill in the court of the Mutapa, who was then the emperor ruling over what is now Zimbabwe and parts of Mozambique. Expecting the trader to die, his countrypeople abandoned him to his fate and returned to Portugal. But he healed and fell in love with his nurse, a maiden called Gambiza who was the daughter of the emperor. They married and had children.

But what troubled the court of was the question of totems. Totems come from the father, so what totem were they to give to these strange children born of this union with a totemless man, with their light skin and slippery hair. They remembered that the Portuguese men had called each other by the title “Senhor”. And so a new totem entered the lexicon of Shona totems: they called the children “Sinyoro,” and that is the totem of that Portuguese man’s descendants. This is the only totem named for a person. They are also the rare totem-holders who honor their female ancestor; to this day, the Sinyoro men give the title of Gambiza to any woman they marry, no matter her own totem.

It is in totem poems that we find these legends, giving clues to our unwritten history. I first heard our family totem poem in full flow on the day in 1976 that my father drove his new car, a Peugeot 404, to show it off at his rural home in Gutu. My grandmother and my father’s sisters leapt and ululated as they let flow the full poem:

<i>Hevoi Shoiko</i> <i>Bvudzijena</i>	Regard, the monkey You of the white hair
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<i>Makwiramiti,</i>	You climb up trees
<i>Modzoka makasunika</i>	And come back upside down
<i>Vemagaro matsvuku</i>	You of the red bottoms
<i>VaMbire</i>	You of the Mbire
<i>Vakaera mutupo umwe nashe</i>	Of the same totem as kings
<i>Vana VaPfumojena</i>	The children of Pfumojena, of the white spear,
<i>Vakabva Guruuswa</i>	You who came from Guruuswa, the place of long
<i>Shoko Mbire yaSvosve</i>	grass
<i>Vanaisi vemvura</i>	You of the Mbire, of the Svosve
<i>Vakawana ushe neuchenjeri</i>	The bringers of rain
<i>Vamazvikongonyadza</i>	You gained power with your cunning
<i>Zvaitwa mukanya rudzi rusina chiramwa</i>	You walk with a hunched gait
<i>Mahomuhomu, Shoko Bvudzijena!</i>	The hunched one, who bears no grudges

These totems tell us where we came from, and of our past exploits. I have yet to hear a totem poem that does not speak to past glories, and ours is no different. Most of the totems speak of Guruuswa, which means the place of long grass. Historians believe that this “place of long grass” was somewhere in the Great Lakes region, and that our ancestors trekked southwards until they found themselves in the land between the Zambezi and the Limpopo.

It was to these lands that colonialism came, lands that had their own lives, with their own histories and traditions expressed in their own rich languages.

In 1890, my father’s father, a Shoko Mukanya who was called Chikwiro, the names of whose own ancestors have receded into unrecorded memory and thus into the mists of time, suddenly found himself living not on his lands, but on those of Cecil John Rhodes’s British South Africa Company, the corporation that, fueled by tales of the gold of Ophir and King Solomon’s mines, conquered Mashonaland and Matabeleland in what is now Zimbabwe.

By 1923, his grandson Mureri was a direct subject of Queen Victoria in the Crown Territory of Southern Rhodesia. My father was born in 1940, and became the first Shoko Mukanya of our line to deal with modernity; to adopt a surname, which he took from his grandfather, Gapa; to get an education; and to move to the city to find a job.

#### IV

#### In a Music Room, the Greater and Lesser Powers

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The fate of Chikwiro, and his generation, the fates of subsequent generations, down to me and my son, were decided here in Berlin. Almost the first thing I did when I came to Berlin was to look for the building in which my fate as an African was decided, and where it was agreed that my ancestor Chikwiro would be a subject of Queen Victoria.

Here in Berlin, it was decreed that I would speak English, not Portuguese like next-door Mozambique, or German, as in Namibia, or French as in Senegal. And so I looked for the building in which my ancestors’ fate, and my own, had been decided.

In 1884, facing an extraordinary scramble for territory in Africa, 14 European powers gathered in Berlin. In this city, the history of the modern states of Africa began, based on boundaries

drawn by a handful of men in court dress, who, like children playing a game of Risk, sat around a table and divided up a continent.

The building they sat in was called the Palais Schulenburg. Before it was purchased for Count Otto von Bismarck, to serve as his Chancellery after the unification of Germany, it had been the residence of Prince Antoni Radziwill.

In his magisterial book, *The Scramble for Africa*, Thomas Pakenham, a historian who writes with the lyrical beauty of a novelist and the laser sharp detail of a forensic scientist, describes the setting of Bismarck's *Congokonferenz*, or West Africa Conference, as follows:

The Conference began on Saturday, 15 November 1884. Winter had come early to Berlin; snow fell every night that week in a rococo blizzard which decorated the grey fluted pilasters and coarse yellow bricks of Bismarck's house ... and then reverted to slush each day when the delegates alighted from their carriages. On Saturday afternoon, just before two o'clock, the nineteen plenipotentiaries, with fifteen assistants, representing fourteen great and lesser Powers, climbed the stairs to the large music room and took their seats at the horseshoe table ready for the inaugural session.

I found out that the building, at 77 Wilhelmstrasse, had been turned into Hitler's first Chancellery and was consequently bombed in the Second World War. I wondered whether this history had also been erased from the history books.

I wondered how many German schoolchildren know that in that music room of the old Palais Schulenburg, where Count Radziwill had hosted salons in which was heard the heavenly music of Paganini, Chopin, and Beethoven, the great and lesser powers resolved simmering fights over African territory and divided up a continent with clinical precision.

In this room, the great and lesser powers applied the "principle of effective occupation": agreeing to take as theirs those areas already in their control, and extending their control to those territories and neighboring areas within their "spheres of influence."

They resolved quarrels that had arisen as they scrambled for a continent.

In the South, Portugal and Britain had been fighting over what are now Angola, Mozambique, Zambia, Zimbabwe, and Malawi. They agreed that Portugal would take Angola and Britain would get the rest.

Over in the Nile Basin, and in the basin of Lake Chad, France and Britain had been fighting. The Congress agreed that the border would pass between Ouaddaï, which would be French, and Darfur, which would be British. In between was to be a "no-man's-land."

In West Africa, where France and Germany and Britain were fighting, they agreed that Miltou in what is now Chad would be French, the territory south of Miltou would be given to Germany, and a boundary line would be drawn between the territories controlled by Britain and Germany, passing through Yola, on the Benoué River and Dikoa going up to the outer extremity of Lake Chad.

Where no natural boundaries existed, they drew precise borders determined by geographical coordinates. Thus, in a dispute between France and Italy, they agreed that Italy was to own the land that "lies north of a line from the intersection of the Tropic of Cancer and the 17th meridian to the intersection of the 15th parallel and 21st meridian."

They acted as though Africa were one borderless land. They ignored the various city-states, kingdoms and, yes, empires that existed in what they called Darkest Africa. Families and nations were torn asunder, villages divided. Instead came oddities like those straight lines in North Africa and Namibia, the creation of teeming populous states called Nigeria and the Belgian Congo, made up of different nations and city-states, and the insertion into French-speaking Senegal of an English-speaking sliver of land in the form of an entity called The Gambia.

At independence, African nations adopted a strategy that would have long term consequences: they doggedly insisted on respect for those colonial borders. We have seen on our television screens some of the aftereffects of that decision: wars of secession in Biafra, Katanga, the Niger Delta, and Darfur, and the breakaway of South Sudan, the only modern African nation to exist in defiance of colonial borders.

Back to Berlin: the Reich Chancellery is no more, it was bombed by the allies in the Second World War. The original building has been erased from Wilhelmstrasse, from living memory.

After the First World War, Germany was stripped of its colonial possessions under the Treaty of Versailles, but even now, in Bagamoyo, you find testimony to Germany's presence in Africa. Overlooking the ocean in their tranquil rest is an old graveyard where you find neat rows of the German dead.

*Hier ruht in Gott, der Unterliutenant zu See, Max Schelle*

*Franz Grouca, Oberlazarethgehilfe, Kaiserliche Schutztruppe*

*Karl Koetzle, Leutenant, Kaiserliche Schutztruppe*

*Peter Merkel, Zahlmeister*

Germany was in Africa only all too briefly, but even that brief encounter left its traces. Your history, Europe's history, is our African present.

For us, for the nations considered to be *les Damnés de la Terre*, the wretched of the earth, the erasure of that history is not possible. Bismarck's Reich Chancellery may be gone, but the decisions reached around that table in that music room long ago left their permanent marks. Because Europe's past is Africa's present, it is the present of a continent and its wider diaspora.

Colonialism was not something that just ended with the independence of African nations. Like slavery before it, it was a debilitating and dehumanizing process accompanied by conquest.

Colonialism's most damaging effects were not in the physical transformation of African nations, but in the binary opposition it created, of self and other, white and black, good and evil, superior and inferior. This is territory that Fanon has trodden well. These binary oppositions ultimately led to the racial discrimination that marked relations between the white settlers and the native populations. Europe could enjoy supremacy because it convinced the rest of the world, and the conquered peoples, that it was the responsibility of Europe to carry the "White Man's Burden," and that its mission was not an exploitative, but a civilizing one.

Rudyard Kipling was writing of the United States in the Philippines in his famous poem justifying imperialism, but his words were equally applied to Europe in Africa:

Take up the White Man's burden —  
Send forth the best ye breed —  
Go bind your sons to exile  
To serve your captives' need;  
To wait in heavy harness,  
On fluttered folk and wild —  
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,  
Half-devil and half-child.

And more, satirically, here is Hillaire Belloc:

Whatever happens, we have got  
The Maxim gun, and they have not.

There is a joke much enjoyed in Zimbabwe that goes: when the white man came, he had the Bible and we had the land. He said, close your eyes, let us pray, and when we opened them, we had the Bible and he had the land!

Like the best jokes, it is a joke that speaks to a truth. Our religions, our oral traditions, our communal life, our languages, our music, our totems, our poetry, and our dances, and yes, our very food, were called primitive and inferior. The best hope for the native was to approximate European civilization in dress, manner, food, and language.

In my country, the white settlers taught that the mighty stone city of Great Zimbabwe that gave my country its name was built by the Phoenicians who presumably travelled down to Zimbabwe, built that great city, and then vanished, leaving nothing else behind, no bits of pottery, not even their bones. A white Rhodesian archeologist called Peter Garlake lost his job because he exploded this nonsense theory and insisted that Great Zimbabwe was built by black people.

The only civilizing influence was Europe, the only civilization European.

## V Living with the Past in the Present

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This is not a flagellation, or a history lesson. It is a reminder that the things that tied us in the past may not matter to you today, but they still matter to us. I have identified the problem, so what is the solution? How do we deal with this painful past? I believe the first important step for Europe is acceptance and acknowledgement. Accept the role that you played in our history, and how that past affects the present.

The second important step in acknowledging that history is to teach it.

It is possible to approach even the most painful past with empathy. Germany has given the world many lessons about how to deal with a painful past: to confront it unflinchingly. It is important that even those periods of history that we are most ashamed of should be taught to our children.

I believe it creates a more empathetic and compassionate society if we teach Africa not as some exotic place over there, but a place with which Europe shares a history, a place indeed, that would not exist in its modern borders without an understanding of that famous scramble and the subsequent carving up around a table in Berlin.

Beyond acceptance, beyond learning, must come action. I am not necessarily a believer in financial reparations. Colonialism was an entrenched system, just as slavery was a system whose effects were felt for years. I believe that one effective form of reparations, perhaps the truest form of reparations should come in the form of a more equitable international economic order. Trade justice in Europe's Economic Partnership Agreements, perhaps even a return to the non-reciprocal preferential trade schemes of the past, fair trade, equality of access to international finance, debt forgiveness, investment that does not breed exploitation, all these are part of a wider system of reparations.

What cannot happen is the kind of amnesia that a British cabinet minister showed in a letter to the government of my country in the 1990s.

We do not accept that Britain has a special responsibility to meet the cost of land purchase in Zimbabwe. We are a new government from diverse backgrounds without links to former colonial interests. My own origins are Irish and as you know we were colonized not colonizers.

As for we in Africa, we need to do some important things to deal with the continuing present of the past.

Firstly, we need to accept responsibility for our own failures. I believe it is possible to acknowledge the painful past without being hostage to it.

I am inspired by the words of Chinua Achebe, who was clear-sighted about both the legacy of colonialism and the failures of Nigeria:

I am not an apologist for Nigeria's failings. I am hardheaded enough to realize that we must not be soft on them. I am also rational enough to realize that we should strive to understand our failings objectively and not simply swallow the mystifications and mythologies cooked up by those whose goodwill we have every reason to suspect.

I agree with this sentiment.

It is not enough to talk about what colonialism did to us; we should talk about the failures of governance for which we alone are responsible. We can no longer talk about human rights as imposed Western constructs. From next week, world leaders will gather for the United Nations General Assembly in New York, the largest jamboree in international affairs. Members of the United Nations, among them every recognized African state, have voluntarily signed up to a raft of human rights conventions and other agreements on everything from governance to human rights and climate change, many of whose norms have worked their way into national constitutions.

As an international lawyer, I am a strong believer in the normative function of international law, and I believe that the world would be a better place if the both the great and smaller nations would agree not only to be bound by their international treaty obligations, according to the principle of *pacta sunt servanda*, but also to implement these obligations to which they willingly bound themselves.

In Africa, we need to address the corruption and inequities that make life miserable for the majority. It is easy to tilt at windmills as we march against the statues and other symbols of the past. But what good is it if Rhodes falls in South Africa, when the benefits of wealth are not equally shared? Is it not better to make peace with Rhodes's statues and bones, as we did in Zimbabwe, and instead focus energy on weightier matters like land equity? It is true that

our land reform was chaotic and unnecessarily violent, and though much needs to be done still, by addressing colonial grievances, we faced the business of colonization head on.

I believe strongly that Africa is the future. Our time is coming. We need to learn from those with both similar and different experiences of colonialism. We need to cement our friendships with each other, and with the Global South.

This may all seem to be at the level of governance and statecraft, but there is something that we can all do, all of us in this room, and that is to read, to reflect, to find the stories in the painful past that speak of joy and resilience and love.

## VI

### Who Built the Seven Gates of Thebes?

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And it is on that note that I want to end: on the power of reading, particularly, reading fiction, to bring understanding and healing. I want to posit that beyond these questions of governance and statecraft, reparations and global equity, there is yet more that we can all do. It is to read.

It is to read history, particularly where it is written by the subalterns. And to read fiction, the only real means we must enter the soul of another. I believe that historical fiction can help us understand the past with empathy and compassion.

I do not mean to say that reading replaces any or all of what is needed to redress this past and make the future equitable, or that fiction can replace history, but reading fiction creates empathy and understanding.

Especially if we bring the subaltern to the center so that we read that history in a way that humanizes it, that looks not only at conquests and battles but the people who fought the battles, or who were conquered in those battles. What is the story of Peter Merkel, *Zahlmeister*. How did he come to die in a far-off land? And who dug his grave, and put earth over his coffin, what were they thinking as they did so? I believe that we should bring the subaltern to the center of history through learning about the unheralded figures of history, particularly when they feature in historical fiction.

I want to end with the words of Bertolt Brecht, in the original language in which he wrote this magnificent poem. Here is an anthem for the foot soldier, the common man, the mason, artisan, the slave, the cook. If you can think of Africa in the way he asks us to think of Classical Rome, of Thebes and Lima and fabled Atlantis, we will have reached far in our understanding of our shared past.

Who built Thebes of the seven gates?  
In the books you will find the names of kings.  
Did the kings haul up the lumps of rock?  
And Babylon, many times demolished  
Who raised it up so many times? In what houses  
Of gold-glittering Lima did the builders live?  
Where, the evening that the Wall of China was finished  
Did the masons go? Great Rome  
Is full of triumphal arches. Who erected them? Over whom  
Did the Caesars triumph? I lad Byzantium, much praised in song  
Only palaces for its inhabitants? Even in fabled Atlantis  
The night the ocean engulfed it  
The drowning still bawled for their slaves.

The young Alexander conquered India.  
Was he alone?  
Caesar heat the Gauls.  
Did he not have even a cook with him?  
Philip of Spain wept when his armada went down. Was he the only one to weep?  
Frederick the Second won the Seven Years War. Who else won it?  
Every page a victory.  
Who cooked the feast for the victors?  
Every ten years a great man.  
Who paid the bill?

So many reports.  
So many questions.

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your kind attention.

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