

Munger **Africana**
OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE **Library Notes**

JAN 04 1982

LIBRARY AIME CESAIRE:



*Some African
Poems in
English*

*Translated by
Clayton Eshleman
and
Annette Smith*



November 1981

Munger **Africana** **Library Notes**

ISSUE 62, NOVEMBER 1981
Three Dollars

AIME CÉSAIRE:
Some African Poems
in English

Translated by
Clayton Eshleman
and
Annette Smith

US ISSN 0047-8350
© California Institute of Technology

A Note on the Translators

We are particularly proud to present the work of two colleagues at the California Institute of Technology. The translations of these poems on Africa, written in French by Aimé Césaire, are available here in English for the first time.

Clayton Eshleman was born in Indianapolis in 1935. His B.A. degree in philosophy and M.A.T. in Creative Writing and English Literature are from Indiana University.

In 1979, along with co-translator José Rubia Barcía, he received the National Book Award in translation for *Cesar Vallejo: The Complete Posthumous Poetry* (University of California Press, 1978).

His most recent collection of poetry is *Hades in Manganese* (Black Sparrow Press, 1981). In all he has published 47 books, of which 37 are collections of poetry and essays and translations of Vallejo, Césaire, Neruda, and Artaud. The Black Sparrow Press had brought out eleven collections of Mr. Eshleman's poetry since 1968.

From 1967 to 1973, he edited and published *Caterpillar Magazine* in 20 issues averaging 200 pages each. Earlier this year he published the first volume of *Sulfur: A Tri-Quarterly of the Whole Art*, sponsored by Caltech.

Mr. Eshleman has read his poetry at more than 150 American and European universities, including three tours of Germany for the American Embassy in Bonn.

These are only representative of the activities of Mr. Eshleman, apart from his continuing research on "paleolithic imagination and the construction of the underworld."

Our co-translators have already received the Witter Bynner grant-in-aid from the American Poetry Society to support their translation of Aimé Césaire. Mr. Eshleman has also received Fellowships from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Guggenheim Foundation, and the California Arts Council.

Annette Smith was born and grew up in Algiers in a French family with strong anti-colonialist commitments and of which one member contributed, along with Césaire, an introduction to V. Schoelcher's *Esclavage and colonisation* (1948) and wrote the Preface to Césaire's *Toussaint Louverture* (Présence Africaine, 1962). Her degrees (B.A. in Classics, M.A. in English, Doctorate in French Literature) are from the Sorbonne. She taught at the University of Wales, at the Sorbonne (École Supérieure de Professeurs de Français à l'Étranger) and was a tenured faculty member in the Claremont Colleges before coming to Caltech, where she has been teaching French language and literature since 1970.

She is the author of two elementary French textbooks (Ginn) and of numerous articles (*Claremont Quarterly*, *Women's Studies*, *AUMLA*, *Études gobiniennes*, *Nouvelle École*, *Journal of Social and Biological Structures*, *Nineteenth Century French Studies*).

She has just completed a book on the influence of natural history on French literature in the nineteenth century, which explores some of the sources of racist philosophies.

These translations were encouraged by a translation fellowship from National Endowment of the Humanities.

NED MUNGER

INTRODUCTION

Aimé Césaire is too much of a figurehead in the world of Black Studies to require more than a very brief introduction. The few poems presented here are a selection from *Ferrements* (*Ironwork*). *Ferrements*, Césaire's third major poetical volume (following the *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal* in 1939 and *Les Armes miraculeuses* in 1946), was first published in Paris (Le Seuil) in 1960 and immediately received the René Laporte literary prize. However, some of the poems in this collection had been previously published separately. Such is the case of "Hail to Guinea" and "A Salute to the Third World," which we include here and which had appeared in the June-July 1959 issue of the well known journal *Présence Africaine*. As for "The Time of Freedom," what is assumed to be a section of it—subsequently deleted—appeared in the Russian *Literaturnaja Gazeta* in March 1950. *Ferrements* was published again in the 1976 edition of Césaire's *Oeuvres Complètes* printed in Fort-de-France under the editorship of the author's son, Jean-Paul Césaire.

The title *Ferrements* conveys in itself a typical Césairian combination of grief and bitterness over the past and optimism and constructiveness about the future. The word designates devices used in ancient days for tightening the locks of slaves' shackles at the same time as it puns on the idea of a "ferment" brewing a better future for the black race. Although the volume still shows Césaire's usual imagery derived from the Caribbean landscape, fauna and flora, and, especially, from an everpresent sun, it reflects his increasing preoccupation with the future and with concrete political action. More topical themes and a simpler mode of communication often replace the obscure surrealist lyricism of previous works.

Césaire's desire to address a larger audience, to put an end to the geographical isolation and political provincialism of Martinique, to renew contact with the womblike African continent was not new (it already existed in the 1939 *Cahier*); but it was precipitated and better focused by the political upheaval which French Africa underwent in the 1950s and by Césaire's trip to Africa in 1960. These concerns are clearly conveyed by the four poems included here. "The Time of Freedom" was elicited by the tragic bloodshed of the Yamoussoukro and Dembroko revolts in Ivory Coast in February 1950 and coincides with Césaire's unceasing anti-colonialistic campaign in the French National Assembly. "Hail to Guinea" was conceived as a homage to the only French African country to have (under the leadership of Sekou Touré) voted for total independence from France in the 1958 referendum. "A Salute to the Third World," dedicated to Léopold Sedar Senghor, and "Africa" are in similar spirit.

The translations that follow are excerpted from our second and quasi-final draft of *Ironwork*. In their final form they will be part of our edition of *The Complete Poetry of Aimé Césaire*, to be published by the University of California Press in 1982.

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN and ANNETTE SMITH

Salut à la Guinée

Dalaba Pita Labé Mali Timbé
puissantes falaises
Tinkisso Tinkisso

eaux belles
et que le futur déjà y déploie toute la possible chevelure

Guinée oh
te garde ton allure

déclinant
jusqu'à l'ombre du nuage
le bâillon de cendre sur ton primordial feu

Volcan flambe ton mufle attentif
à la garde farouche de ce plus rare trésor
Toi golfe
de ta langue de ton souffle de ton rut
caresse et l'allaitant du lait premier
la forme nouvelle et berce
oh berce
d'un maternel méandre
ce sable
ce roulis
de liberté fragile

HAIL TO GUINEA

Dalaba Pita Labé Mali Timbo
mighty cliffs
Tinkisso Tinkisso

the beauty of their waters
and let the future now display there every possible
hair

Guinea oh
let your gait protect you

refusing
as far as the shadow of the cloud
the gag of ashes over your primordial fire

Volcano blaze your muzzle attentive
to the fierce vigil over this most rare treasure
You gulf
with your tongue with your breath with your rutting
stroke the new form also nursing it
with the first milk and rock
oh rock
with a maternal meander
this sand
this rolling
of fragile liberty

Le temps de la liberté

Le whisky avait dénoué ses cheveux sales
et flottait sur la force des fusils
la carapace des tanks
et les jurons du juge

O jour non lagunaire
plus têtu que le bœuf du pays Baoulé
qui a dit que l'Afrique dort
que notre Afrique se cure la gorge
mâche du kola boit de la bière de mil et se
rendort

la T.S.F. du Gouverneur avait colporté ses mensonges
amassé le fiel dans la poche à fiel des journaux
c'était l'an 1950 au mois de février
qui dans le vocabulaire des gens de par ici s'appellera
la saison du soleil rouge

Cavally Sassandra Bandama
petits fleuves au mauvais nez qui à travers vase et pluie
d'un museau incertain cherchez
petits fleuves au ventre gros de cadavres
qui a dit que l'Afrique se terre frissonne
à l'harmattan a peur et se rendort

Histoire je conte l'Afrique qui s'éveille
les hommes
quand sous la mémoire hétéroclite des chicotes
ils entassèrent le noir feu noué
dont la colère traversa comme un ange
l'épaisse nuit verte de la forêt

Histoire je conte
l'Afrique qui a pour armes
ses poings nus son antique sagesse sa raison toute nouvelle
Afrique tu n'as pas peur tu combats tu sais
mieux que tu n'as jamais su tu regardes
les yeux dans les yeux des gouverneurs de proie
des banquiers périssables

belle sous l'insulte Afrique et grande de ta haute conscience
et si certain le jour
quand au souffle des hommes les meilleurs aura disparu
la tsé-tsé colonialiste

THE TIME OF FREEDOM

Whiskey had untied its dirty hair
and was floating over the power of rifles
the carapace of tanks
and the cursing of the judge

O non-lagoonal day
more stubborn than the Baoule ox
who said Africa is asleep
that our Africa clears its throat
chews kola drinks millet beer and goes
back to sleep

the Governor's wireless had peddled his lies
gathered the bile in the newspapers' bile sack
it was 1950 in the month of February
which in the vernacular of the folks around here shall be called
the season of the red sun

Cavally Sassandra Bandama
little rivers with bad noses that forage through mud and rain
with uncertain snouts
little rivers their bellies swollen with corpses
who said Africa huddles shivers
in the harmattan frightened and goes back to sleep

History I tell of Africa as it wakes up
of men
when under the heterogeneous memory of chicotes
they piled up the black knotted fire
the anger of which pierced the thick
night of the forest like an angel

History I tell of
Africa which has for weapons
its bare fists its ancient wisdom its quite new reason
Africa you are not afraid you fight you know
better than you've ever known you look
right into the eyes of the governors of prey
of the perishable bankers

Africa beautiful under the insult and heightened by your
elevated conscience
I tell of that so certain day
when in the breathing of the best men the colonialistic
tsetse will have disappeared

Afrique

ta tiare solaire à coups de crosse enfoncée jusqu'au cou
ils l'ont transformée en carcan ; ta voyance
ils l'ont crevée aux yeux ; prostitué ta face pudique ;
emmuselé, hurlant qu'elle était gutturale,
ta voix, qui parlait dans le silence des ombres.

Afrique,
ne tremble pas le combat est nouveau,
le flot vif de ton sang élabore sans faillir
constante une saison ; la nuit c'est aujourd'hui au fond des
mares
le formidable dos instable d'un astre mal endormi,
et poursuis et combats — n'eusses-tu pour conjurer l'espace
que l'espace de ton nom irrité de sécheresse.

Boutis boutis
terre trouée de boutis
sacquée
tatouée
grand corps
massive défigure où le dur groin fouilla

Afrique les jours oubliés qui cheminent toujours
aux coquilles recourbées dans les doutes du regard
jailliront à la face publique parmi d'heureuses ruines,
dans la plaine
l'arbre blanc aux secourables mains ce sera chaque arbre
une tempête d'arbres parmi l'écume non pareille et les
sables,

les choses cachées remonteront la pente des musiques
endormies,
une plaie d'aujourd'hui est caverne d'orient,
un frissonnement qui sort des noirs feux oubliés, c'est,
des flétrissures jailli de la cendre des paroles amères
de cicatrices, tout lisse et nouveau, un visage
de jadis, caché oiseau craché, oiseau frère du soleil.

AFRICA

your solar tiara knocked down to your neck by riflebutts
they have turned it into a spiked collar; as for your clairvoyance
they've put out its eyes; prostituted your chaste face;
screaming that it was guttural, they muzzled
your voice, which was speaking in the silence of shadows.

Africa,
do not tremble this is a new fight,
your vivid bloodstream secretes unfailingly
constant a season; night today is, at the bottom of ponds,
the frightening and unstable back of an incompletely asleep star,
and persevere, and fight—even if the only space you could conjure up
were the space of your name irritated by dryness.

Snoutholes snoutholes
land ripped with snoutholes
sacked
tattooed
great body
massive disfigure where the hard snout dug

Africa the forgotten days which always advance
in the shells bent in the doubt of eyes
will spring to the public face amidst happy ruins,
on the plain
the white tree with willing hands shall be each tree
a tempest of trees in the unparalleled foam and the sand,

the hidden things will again climb the slope of dormant musics,
today's wound is an oriental cavern,
a shivering issuing from black forgotten fires, it is,
sprung from blemishes from the ash of bitter words
from scars, all smooth and new, a face
of long ago, bird concealed spewed, bird brother of the sun.

Pour saluer le Tiers Monde

à Léopold Sedar Senghor

Ah !

mon demi-sommeil d'île si trouble
sur la mer !

Et voici de tous les points du péril
l'histoire qui me fait le signe que j'attendais,
je vois pousser des nations.
Vertes et rouges, je vous salue,
bannières, gorges du vent ancien,
Mali, Guinée, Ghana

et je vous vois, hommes,
point maladroits sous ce soleil nouveau !

Ecoutez !

de mon île lointaine
de mon île veilleuse
je vous dis Hoo !
Et vos voix me répondent

et ce qu'elles disent signifie :
« Il y fait clair ». Et c'est vrai :
même à travers orage et nuit
pour nous il y fait clair.
D'ici je vois Kiwu vers Tanganika descendre
par l'escalier d'argent de la Ruzizi
(c'est la grande fille à chaque pas
baignant la nuit d'un frisson de cheveux)

d'ici, je vois noués,
Bénoué, Logone et Tchad ;
liés, Sénégal et Niger.
Rugir, silence et nuit rugir, d'ici j'entends-
rugir le Nyaragongo.

De la haine oui, ou le ban ou la barre
et l'arroi qui grunnit, mais
d'un roide vent, nous contus, j'ai vu
décroître la gueule négrière !

A SALUTE TO THE THIRD WORLD

for Léopold Sedar Senghor

Ah!
my half-sleep of an island so indistinct
on the sea!

And here from all the corners of peril
history makes the sign that I was waiting for,
I see nations grow.
Banners, green and red,
I salute you, throats of ancient wind,
Mali, Guinea, Ghana

and I see you, men,
not awkward under this new sun!

Listen:

from my remote island
from my watchful island
I cry Hoo to you!
And your voices answer me

and what they are saying means:
"It is daylight here." And that is true:
even during the storm and the night
for us it is daylight here.
From here I see Kiwu descend Ruzizi's
silver stairway toward Tanganyika
(it is the tall girl bathing the night
at each step with a shiver of hair)

from here, I see Benoué,
Logone and Tchad knotted;
Senegal and Niger, bound.
A roar, silence's and night's roar, from here I hear
the Nyaragongo roar.

Hatred, for sure, either ban or bar
and the grunting array, yet
in a stiff wind, once we were bruised, I saw
the slave-master's muzzle recede!

Je vois l'Afrique multiple et une
verticale dans la tumultueuse péripétie
avec ses bourrelets, ses nodules,
un peu à part, mais à portée
du siècle, comme un cœur de réserve.

Et je redis : Hoo mère !

et je lève ma force
inclinant ma face.

Oh ma terre !

que je me l'émiette doucement entre pouce et index
que je m'en frotte la poitrine, le bras,
le bras gauche,
que je m'en caresse le bras droit.

Hoo ma terre est bonne,

ta voix aussi est bonne
avec cet apaisement que donne
un lever de soleil !

Terre, forge et silo. Terre enseignant nos routes,
c'est ici, qu'une vérité s'avise,
taisant l'oripeau du vieil éclat cruel.

Vois :

l'Afrique n'est plus
au diamant du malheur
un noir cœur qui se strie ;

notre Afrique est une main hors du ceste,
c'est une main droite, la paume devant
et les doigts bien serrés ;

c'est une main tuméfiée,
une-blessée-main-ouverte,
tendue,

brunes, jaunes, blanches,
à toutes mains, à toutes les mains blessées
du monde.

I see Africa multiple and one
vertical in the tumultuous upheaval
with her flab, her nodules,
slightly to the side, but within reach
of the century, like a back-up heart.

And I cry again: Hoo mother!
and I raise my strength
lowering my head.

O my earth!

let me crumble it tenderly between thumb and forefinger
let me rub my chest, my arm,
my left arm with it,
let me stroke my right arm with it.

Hoo my earth is good,
your voice is good too
with that soothing which comes
from a sunrise!

Earth, forge and silo. Earth showing us our paths,
it is here that a truth is perceived,
quieting the flashy rags of the old cruel parade.

Look:

Africa is no longer
a black heart scratched
at by the diamond of misfortune;

our Africa is a hand free of the cestus,
it is a right hand, palm forward,
the fingers held tight;

it is a swollen hand,
a-wounded-open-hand,
extended to
all hands, brown, yellow,
white, to all the wounded hands in
the world.

Back issues are available at the cost listed plus \$.50 per issue for postage and handling. To order, write to
 Munger Africana Library
 1201 E. California Blvd.
 Pasadena, California 91125 U.S.A.

Volume I / 1970-71

- | | | |
|---|--|-----|
| 1 | A Black Mauritian Poet Speaks
<i>Edouard Maunick</i> | \$1 |
| 2 | South Africa: Three Visitors Report
<i>George Kennan, Leon Gordenker, Wilton Dillon</i> | \$2 |
| 3 | Choiseul Papers. Unpublished ms 1761 on secret British and French machinations in West Africa | \$4 |
| 4 | How Black South African Visitors View the U.S.
<i>E.S. Munger</i> | \$1 |
| 5 | Current Politics in Ghana
<i>John Fynn, M.P.</i> | \$1 |
| 6 | Walking 300 Miles with Guerillas Through the Bush of Eastern Angola (Map)
<i>Basil Davidson</i> | \$2 |

Volume II / 1971-72

- | | | |
|----|---|-----|
| 7 | An Exploration Near Agades and Timbuktu in Advance of the 1973 Total Solar Eclipse
<i>Jay M. Pasachoff</i> | \$2 |
| 8 | A Brown Afrikaner Speaks: A Coloured Poet and Philosopher Looks Ahead
<i>Adam Small</i> | \$1 |
| 9 | Dialogue on Aggression and Violence in Man
<i>Louis Leakey, Robert Ardrey</i> | \$3 |
| 10 | The Past and Future of the Zulu People
<i>Gatsha Buthelezi</i> | \$1 |
| 11 | The Anya-nya: Ten Months Travel with Its Forces Inside the Southern Sudan (Map)
<i>Allan Reed</i> | \$2 |
| 12 | "Dear Franklin . . ." Letters to President Roosevelt from Lincoln MacVeagh, U.S. Minister to South Africa, 1942-43
<i>Comment by John Seiler</i> | \$3 |

Volume III / 1972-73

- | | | |
|----|--|-----|
| 13 | Eritrean Liberation Front: A Close-Up View (Map, Photographs)
<i>Richard Lobban</i> | \$1 |
| 14 | The Uganda Coup and the Internationalization of Political Violence
<i>James Mittelman</i> | \$2 |
| 15 | Sierra Leone Notebook (1893) Revealing important deletions from official despatches of Governor Francis Fleming (Map)
<i>Comment by Kenneth Mills</i> | \$3 |

- 16 Blood Group Frequencies: An Indication of the Genetic Constitution of Population Samples in Cape Town \$3
M. C. Botha, M.D., with Judith Pritchard
Comment by R.D. Owen
- 17 The Ovambo: Our Problems and Hopes (Illustration, Maps) \$2
Bishop Leonard N. Auala of Southwest Africa/Namibia
- 18 Inside Amin's Uganda: More Africans Murdered \$1

Volume IV / 1973-74

- 19 Report on Portugal's War in Guine-Bissau \$5
 (206 pages; 27 photos, maps) Also available in hard cover
Al J. Venter
- 20 Will Bophutha Tswana Join Botswana? (Photographs, Maps) \$1
Chief Minister Lukas Mangope
- 21 Demographic Trends in the Republic of Zaire \$1
Professor Joseph Boute
- 22 South Africa's Homelands: Two African Views \$2
Chief Minister Cedric Phatudi of Lebowa and
Chief Clemens Kapuuo of South West Africa/Namibia
- 23 Pragmatism and Idealism in Brazilian Foreign Policy in Southern Africa \$1
Professor Roy Glasgow
- 24 In Search of Man: Some Questions and Answers in African Archaeology and Primatology \$1
Campbell, Clark, Dart, Fossey, Hamburg, Hay, Howell, Isaac,
M. Leakey, Van Lawick-Goodall

Volume V / 1974-75

- 25 The Role of Kiswahali on the Development of Tanzania \$1
George Mhina
- 26 The Afrikaner as Seen Abroad \$3
Edwin S. Munger
- 27 Equatorial Guinea: Machinations in Founding a National Bank \$3
Robert C. Gard
- 28 The Founding of the African Peoples Organization in Cape Town in 1903 and the Role of Dr. Abdurahman \$3
Dr. Richard van der Ross
- 29 South African Political Ephemera: Pamphlets, Broadsides, Serials, and Manuscripts in the Munger Africana Library (42 illustrations) \$5
Charlene M. Baldwin

Volume VI / 1975-76

- 30 Leadership Transition in Black Africa: Elite Generations and Political Succession. (14 tables) \$3
Professor Victor T. Le Vine
- 31 Female Power in African Politics: The National Congress of Sierra Leone. (Photographs) \$4
Dr. Filomina Steady
- 32 David Livingstone's Letters to John Washington. (Photographs, Map) \$4
Edited by Gary Clendennen

33 Bibliography of Books and Key Articles on Africa. Published in Poland (in Polish, English, etc.) Since 1960, with a note on African studies in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. \$3

34 Machel's Marxist Mozambique: A First-Hand Report. \$4
Robin Wright

Volume VII / 1976-77

35 Africa and the Islands of the Western Indian Ocean \$4
Philip M. Allen, John M. Ostheimer

36 Genital Mutilation of Women in Africa \$2
Fran P. Hosken

37 Sources of the First Black South African Novel in English: \$2
Solomon Plaatje's Use of Shakespeare and Bunyan in *Mhudi*
Stephen Gray

38 The Nara Plant in the Topnaar Hottentot Culture of Namibia \$4
Ursula Dentlinger

39 An Inside View of the Ethiopian Revolution \$4
Mekasha Getachew

Volume VIII / 1977-78

40/ Savimbi's 1977 Campaign Against the Cubans and MPLA— \$8
41 Observed for 7-1/2 Months, and Covering 2,100 Miles Inside Angola
Leon DeCosta Dash, Jr.

42 A Maasai Looks at the Ecology of Maasailand \$2
Tepilit Ole Saitoti

43 Zimbabwe's Year of Freedom \$3
Ndabaningi Sithole

44 South African Women: The Other Discrimination \$2
Adele van der Spuy

Volume IX / 1978-79

45/ The Medical History of Menilek II, Emperor of Ethiopia (1844-1913). \$5
46 A Case of Medical Diplomacy
Chris Prouty Rosenfeld

47 A Tswana Growing Up With Afrikaners \$2
Samuel M. Motsueyane

48 A Zulu View of Victorian London \$2
Bernth Lindfors

49 What's Going Up in Zaire? OTRAG's Rocket Base in Shaba \$4
Stanley Cohn

Volume X / 1979-80

50 The Rule of Law and Public Safety in Contemporary South Africa \$3
Dawid P. De Villiers

51 A Black South African Trade Union Leader Looks at the Role of \$2
American Companies in South Africa
Lucy Mvubelo, Edited by Bonnie Blamick

- 52/ Luganda Names, Clans, and Totems \$7
 53 *M. B. Nsimbi*
- 54 Nationalism and the Nigerian National Theatre \$3
Dr. Joel Adedeji

Volume XI / 1980-81

- 55 The USSR, Its Communist Allies, and Southern Africa \$3
Dr. David E. Albright
- 56 The Buthelezi Commission \$4
- 57 Reproduction of "Some String Figures from North East Angola" \$7
M.D. and L.S.B. Leakey
- 58 The Long Journey of Poppie Nongena \$2
Elsa Joubert
- 59/ Sino-African Relations 1949-1976 (map) \$7
 60 *Dr. Jack Birmingham and*
Dr. Edwin Clausen
- 61 Mugabe's Zimbabwe: Lessons and Problems \$3
James Kamusikiri
 Sam Nujoma: Portrait of a SWAPO Leader
Colleen Hendrik

Also published by the Munger Africana Library

The Hunter and His Art: A Survey of Rock Art in Southern Africa
 Jalmar and Ione Rudner

60 color plates; 87 black and white drawings; maps; diagrams

288 pages; hard cover; 10 x 11-1/2 inches

\$32.00 plus 85¢ for postage and handling

The Rudners are well known both inside and outside South Africa for their work in archaeology and ethnology. Their studies in many remote corners of South Africa, South West Africa, Rhodesia, Angola, Lesotho, and Botswana are reflected in this survey of rock art in Southern Africa. During their 20 years of travel, the Rudners made hundreds of tracings from the original paintings and engravings, selecting 60 to be reproduced in color in this book, along with numerous other drawings in black and white.

Africana Byways

Edited by Anna H. Smith

28 drawings and photographs

189 pages; hard cover; 6 x 9 inches

\$14.00 including postage and handling

The Afrikaners

Edited by Edwin S. Munger

Timely essays by South Africans, chosen by the editor and individually introduced. Personal foreword by the editor, photographs of the contributors, and an index.

\$12.00