

and food, he cannot help himself. He is tiring, both physically and mentally.

As his body stumbles, so does the narrative. His chapters become shorter and less patient. Although it contains a quarter of Africa's population, Harris has little time for Nigeria. It is a place 'I never wanted to visit again'. He devotes just eight pages to this large and complex country. The final part of Harris's journey finds him at home in Zimbabwe and South Africa, countries with the Western infrastructure which he has occasionally yearned for. Here the author seems prepared to suspend some of his critical judgement in order to enjoy a respite from the nightmare that has been his journey. He visits Soweto: 'They eat. They work. They drive expensive German cars. Many live in fairly nice homes. But they cannot vote. I guess I'm not the best judge.'

Native Stranger is in the tradition of African-American texts in which the African-Americans use Africa as a laboratory, while casting themselves as experimental subjects. At the head of this tradition of racial return and experimentation are Alexander Crummell and Edward Blyden, who, in the second half of the nineteenth century, settled in Liberia. Both have been spoken of as the 'Father of Pan-Africanism', for they both believed that Africa was the true home of the negro and that a return to the land of the fathers was the only way for the negro to advance himself. However, they both shared a profound distaste for African traditions, cultures and languages. According to Crummell, 'Darkness covers the land and gross darkness the people ...' Their Africa was an Africa in which one was encouraged to look beyond the inconvenience of people's lives and hopes, their weaknesses and strengths, their essential humanity, and focus on the idea of Africa. Pan-Africanism and racial salvation were to be partners and 'base' African practices were merely indicative of the amount of work that still needed to be done. Crummell and Blyden were cultural imperialists and, although Eddy Harris stops short of treading squarely in their footsteps, others before, and since, have done just this.

Richard Wright's *Black Power* was published in 1954. In it Wright presents his readers with reflections and insights gleaned from a trip to pre-independence Ghana as a result of an invitation from the soon-to-be president, Kwame Nkrumah. The first epigraph to the book is a stanza from Countee Cullen's poem 'What Is Africa to Me?'

What is Africa to me?
Copper sun or scarlet sea
Jungle star or jungle track,
Strong bronzed men, or regal black
Women from whose loins I sprang
When the birds of Eden sang?
One three centuries removed
From the scenes his fathers loved
Spicy grove, cinnamon tree
What is Africa to me?

Indeed, Cullen's central question informs the whole of Wright's book: 'What is Africa to me?' Sadly, it soon becomes clear that Wright's Africa is not too dissimilar to the Africa of Crummell and Blyden. Wright had thought about calling his book 'Stranger in a Strange Land', which betrays the degree of anxiety with which Wright entered Africa. At each turn the author meets individuals of whom he is suspicious, whom he distrusts, and who engender panic, or more properly, paranoia in his soul. He is disappointed with Africa and with Africans:

there is too much cloudiness in the African mentality, a kind of sodden vagueness that makes for a lack of confidence, an absence of focus that renders that mentality incapable of grasping the workaday world. And until confidence is established at the center of the African personality, until there is an inner reorganization of that personality, there can be no question of marching from the tribal order to the twentieth century ...