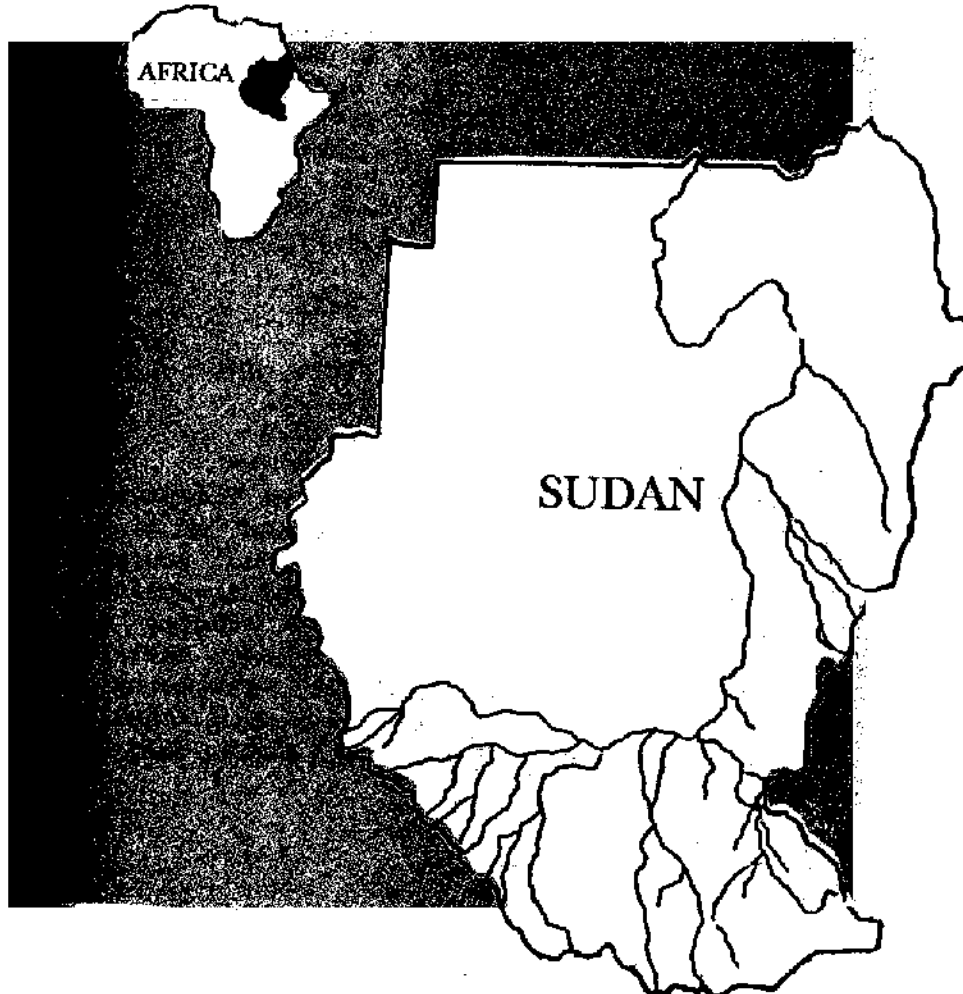


SSA

NEWSLETTER

A PUBLICATION OF THE
SUDAN STUDIES ASSOCIATION

نشرة جمعية الدراسات السودانية



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The Sudan Studies Association is an independent professional society founded in the United States in 1981. Membership is open to scholars, teachers, students and others with interest in the Sudan. The Association exists primarily to promote Sudanese studies and scholarship. It has a cooperative relationship with the Institute of African and Asian Studies, University of Khartoum. SSA works to foster closer ties among scholars in the Sudan, North America, Europe, the Middle East and other places.

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FROM THE EDITORS NOTEBOOK

Events in the Sudan have receded from the front pages of the newspapers. Does this mean that Sudan and Sudanese are now free of major problems? I think not. Perhaps in our upcoming April conference we will learn more about current events in the Sudan, and by so doing we might become able to offer some insights about solutions to major problems. But we readily admit and fully understand that any viable and lasting solutions to political and social dilemmas in the Sudan must come from Sudanese, both at home and abroad.

As you all know our association president, Muhammad Ibrahim El Shoush, has been in poor health for some time. On November 19th, Muhammed Ibrahim underwent open heart surgery and a double bypass. He will be recuperating at home until February when he is expected to be well enough to return to classes. If you wish to contact him, send him mail at: P.O. Box 60636, Edmonton, Alberta, Ca T6G2T1. He would be happy if he were remembered. We hope he will return to good health for he is a major critic and Sudanese adib. Wish him well!

I will be on leave during the Spring semester, and will be out of the country until April, when I will return in time for our conference in Boston. During my absence please send any information for the newsletter to Dr. Ismail Abdalla at: Dept. of History, The College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, 23185 U.S.A.

Have a pleasant and productive New Year, until we meet in Boston in April.

PRESS RELEASE PRESS RELEASE PRESS RELEASE**"Plans Underway for Third International Conference of Sudan Studies, April 21-24, 1993, Boston, MA"**

Plans for the Third International Conference of Sudan Studies under the theme "The Sudan: History, Identity and Polity in a Time of Crisis" are progressing well now that the deadline for the submission of panels, paper titles and abstracts has passed. The conference will be held April 21-24, 1993 at the Mid-Town Hotel in Boston in conjunction with the local co-sponsoring institutions, Northeastern University's Program of African-American Studies, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and Boston University's Program of African Studies. The third international conference is being hosted by the Sudan Studies Association, the Institute of African and Asian Studies of the University of Khartoum and the Sudan Studies Society of the United Kingdom.

More than 65 paper titles and abstracts have been submitted to the program organizers, a number of which are part of specially organized panels. The panels are organized around scholarly themes such as ancient and modern history, education, women's studies, geography and the environment, refugees and population displacement, the civil war and current politics, democracy, and Christian-Muslim dialogue. Local educators who have participated in Northeastern University's "Nubian Institute" will speak about the incorporation of Sudanese studies into American elementary and secondary education.

There are conference participants from all over the world, but especially from the Sudan, Egypt, the United Kingdom, other European countries and from the United States and Canada. Highlights of the conference will be the Morse Lecture, to be held at Boston University, the Friday night banquet address, and a Sudanese cultural performance at the Museum of Fine arts on Saturday. The Museum has one of the finest collections of Nubian antiquities in the world and has recently opened a new permanent exhibition on Kush. Also, the National Museum of African American Art in Boston is completing a replica of a Meroitic tomb from Sudanese antiquity, and may host a special exhibition of Sudanese modern art.

For further information contact the Program organizers: Carolyn Fluehr-Lobban and Richard Lobban, Rhode Island College, Providence, Rhode Island, 02908; tel. (401) 456-8006/ Fax: (401) 456-8379/ e-mail: FACLOBBAN@RIC.EDU

Congratulations to the Fluehr-Lobbans, from all of us, for your excellent planning and scheduling of events.

Dr. Jan Unruh, Faculty of Social and Behavioral Sciences, the University of Arizona Harvill Bldg, Box #2, Tucson, Arizona 85721, has organized a panel on "Refugees" for the April conference. He invites interested participants to contact him.

NOTE: SINCE THE DEADLINE HAS PASSED FOR SUBMISSION OF ABSTRACTS, INTERESTED PARTICIPANTS SHOULD CONTACT THE ORGANIZERS.

PAST CONFERENCES

THE 27th ANNUAL MESA MEETING held November 11-14, 1993 at Research Triangle Park, North Carolina presented four special Sudan Studies events:

M.I. Abu Salim, director of the national archives in Khartoum attended the MESA meeting and gave a presentation at a special session.

Four scholars from Sudan in health studies and education attended the meeting and gave presentations at a special session.

The Sudan Studies Association breakfast hosted the five Sudanese scholars on Friday, November 12th.

The Sudan Studies Association panel: "Sudan: The Democratic Impulse" was held on Friday, November 12th.

PAX SUDANI, and the Black Studies/African American Cultural Center at Cleveland State University presented a symposium on SLAVERY and GENOCIDE in the Sudan. It was held on Saturday, August 28, 1993, 2:00 - 9:00 pm, at Cleveland State University.

The conference assembled a panel of distinguished scholars on the Sudan, including Professor Martin Daly, Dr. B. Yongo-Bure, Dr. Victor Wells, Dr. George B. N. Ayittey, and Mr. Elias Nyamlell Wakoson. The issues addressed included the nature, scale and intensity of slavery and genocide in the Sudan today; historical background to Arab slavery in

Sudan and Africa; economic, socio-cultural, and political/legal that support and promote Arab slavery and genocide of African Sudanese, and suggestions for a comprehensive resolution of the crisis.

THE AMERICAN RESEARCH CENTER IN EGYPT

50 WASHINGTON SQUARE SOUTH

NEW YORK, NY 10012

(212) 998-8890

sponsored a program of lectures including several lectures on the Sudan!

November

28 Dietrich Wildung

Director, The Egyptian Museum, Berlin

"GOLD OF MEROE: REUNITING A TREASURE"

Place: Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum

of Art (MMA Lecture)

December

5 Timothy Kendall

Associate Curator, Department of Egyptian, Nubian, and Ancient Near Eastern Art, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

"THE PYRAMIDS OF THE SUDAN"

Place: Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of

Art (MMA Lecture)

11 William Y Adams

Department of Anthropology, University of Kentucky

"NUBIAN ART"

Place: Uris Center Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (MMA Lecture)

12 William Y. Adams

Department of Anthropology, University of Kentucky

"THE QUEENS OF MEROE"

Place: Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (MMA Lecture)

CALL FOR PAPERS**NEW YORK AFRICAN STUDIES ASSOCIATION**

18th Annual Conference

April 29-30, 1994

Cornell University, Ithaca, New York

POSITIVE PERSPECTIVES FOR THE 21st CENTURY is the theme of the 18th annual conference commemorating the 21st anniversary of the New York African Studies Association, hosted by Cornell University. The conference co-chairs are Locksley Edmondson, Director of the Africana Studies and Research Center and David Lewis, Director of the Institute for African Development at Cornell.

Scholars, practitioners, and pre-collegiate teachers are invited to reflect on Africa's past and current difficulties and to establish positive thinking and new perspectives for the 21st century. Cultural events and a concurrent teacher-training workshop are also being planned.

Interested individuals are invited to submit paper proposals (accompanied by a 200 word abstract) or panel proposals (accompanied by a 600-800 word summary including names and addresses of three or four panelists and abstracts of their papers. Topics may include all aspects of African Studies and come from every discipline, but presentations on African in the curriculum and on the development of the field of African studies are especially encouraged.

**PLEASE SEND PAPER/PANEL PROPOSALS BY
FEBRUARY 1, 1994 to**

**Locksley Edmondson
NYASA Conference co-chair
Africana Studies & Research Center
310 Triphammer Road
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York 14850**

**Phone (607) 255-5218
Fax (607) 255-0784**

DR. RICHARD LOBBAN, Professor of Anthropology and Director of African Studies at Rhode Island College, Providence Rhode Island, is taking a Tour Group to Tunisia - January 8 to January 20, 1994.

NUBIA UPDATE

August 20, 1993

Since the opening of the gallery in May, '92, interest in ancient Nubia, its art, history archaeology, and our collection in particular has been unceasing. In fact, Nubia has become one of this year's biggest successes, with important articles in *Smithsonian* (June, '93) and *Ornament* (Summer, '93), and inspiring a new Time-Life book, to be called *Africa's Glorious Legacy*.

With our announced intention in the 1980's of opening a gallery exclusively of Nubian antiquities derived from our museum's years of excavating in Nubia (i.e. southern Egypt and the northern Sudan), other museums also quickly followed suit, so that the last two years have seen new permanent galleries or temporary exhibitions of Nubian art mounted by the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, the Oriental Institute Museum of the University of Chicago, the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, and the British Museum. A collaborative exhibition by the State Museums of Berlin and Munich of ancient Nubian Jewelry is also being loaned to the Metropolitan Museum in New York and will open in November. Both the Dallas and San Antonio Museums of Art have requested loan collections of Nubian objects from us, as well as the Museum of the National Center of African-American Art in Roxbury, which is undertaking to construct a 1-to-1 scale model of the crypt of the tomb of the Nubian king Aspelta, complete with original objects and a plaster cast of the king's 12-ton sarcophagus. The latter remains here at the MFA - regrettably still in storage due to lack of exhibition space. The last three shows are scheduled to open in 1994.

Although our own gallery opened over a year ago, new objects are still appearing after long and difficult conservation. One of the most difficult assignments given to our conservators was the reconstruction of the two opposing walls of the pyramid chapel of a Nubian king of the late third century A.D., brought back in some thirty heavy blocks by our expedition in 1920. At the time the gallery opened, only one wall had been reassembled. Hopefully by October, the second wall will have been

installed in the gallery. This monument is unique in this country, and has never been previously exhibited.

The largest Nubian monuments, like the sarcophagus of Aspetta still in storage, the colossal granite statues of Aspetta and his brother-King Anlamani, still remain apart from the Nubian collection due to their large size and weight, which renders them exceedingly difficult to move. Preliminary engineering studies have allowed us now to plan the initial removal of the two statues to the entrance of the gallery on the first floor, and funds are being raised for the project. Meanwhile, the statues may be seen in our second floor gallery.

During the month of July, Northeastern University and the Museum of Fine Arts hosted a "Nubia Summer Institute" funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, which was taken by twenty-five Boston area elementary and high school teachers. Taught by Timothy Kendall, the program also allowed for lectures by some of the country's leading Nubia specialists: Bruce Williams (formerly U. of Chicago), David O'Connor (U. Penn.), William Y. Adams (U. Ky.), Frank Snowden (Howard U.), Richard and Carolyn F. Lobban (R.I. College). The seminar was such a great success that some form of it may become a regular part of our program in the future.

The sudden fame of the Nubia gallery has even resulted in Boston's being chosen as the site of the Third International Conference of the Sudan Studies Association, which will meet here April 21-25, 1994.

We thank you all for your continued interest in and support of the Nubia gallery. If you have any suggestions for future programs, please do let us know.

Rita E. Freed, Curator
Department of Ancient Egyptian,
Nubian, and Near Eastern Art
Boston Museum of Fine Art

The **Edwin Mellen Press** has recently published **PERSPECTIVES AND CHALLENGES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF SUDANESE STUDIES** edited by Ismail Abdalla with David Sconzers. These are the selected conference papers for the First International SSA Conference held in Khartoum January 1988.

The collection of papers in this volume identifies the areas of strength in Sudanese studies both in the Sudan and in Germany, and points to the direction future research should take in order to fill gaps in our knowledge, especially with regard to the origin of Nubian languages. More importantly, the book tackles some of the problems facing Sudan: its financial relations with the World Bank; the difficulties with its regional development projects; the questions of drought, famine and refugees; and the problem of Sudanese identity, more specifically how the search for a Sudanese identity impinges on the north-south conflict, and the extent to which the historical experiences of the Sudanese people have complicated this conflict.

PUBLICATION ANNOUNCEMENT - KULUBNARTI I

The Kentucky Anthropological Research Facility announces the publication of Kulubnarti I: The Architectural Remains, by William Y. Adams. This is the first of three volumes that will report on excavations carried out by the University of Kentucky on the island of Kulubnarti, about 130 km upstream from Wadi Haifa, in 1969 and 1979. The present volume describes and illustrates the outstandingly well preserved castles, *kouffas*, houses, and churches at the main Kulubnarti village (21-S-2), and 19 other sites on the island. Included are descriptions and illustrations of the murals in the Kulubnarti church, most of which have not previously been reported.

Kulubnarti I and the succeeding volumes should be of outstanding interest to all scholars concerned with the late medieval and early modern periods, since the Kulubnarti sites are the only remains in the Sudan that span the late Christian and post-Christian periods, and that have been systematically excavated. Volume I is in 8 1/2 x 11" (22 x 28 cm) format, with durable paper covers. It includes 247 pages of text, with 69 maps and plans. There are also 191 photographic illustrations, including 10 color plates of the church murals.

Kulubnarti I sells for US \$35.00, including shipping and handling. Orders payable in US dollars may be sent directly to the Kentucky Anthropological Research Facility, c/o Department of Anthropology, University of Kentucky, Lexington, KY 40506-0024, USA. Orders payable in other hard currencies should be sent to William Y. Adams, at the same address.

It is requested that you bring this publication also to the notice of your university, museum, or institute librarian, since the Kentucky Anthropological Research Facility has no budget for advertising.

THE SUDANESE STUDIES CENTRE

35 Chempion

Flat 12

Cairo, Egypt

Tel./Fax: 769878

Background

The Sudanese Studies Centre (SSC) is an independent, non-governmental organization established in 1991 by a number of Sudanese academics and intellectuals, and officially registered in Egypt on the first of October, 1992. SSC is not subject to, nor affiliated with, any political party, religious organization, or racial or ethnic association or group.

SSC is a scholarly non-profit organization which depends for its funding on its own resources: sale of its publications and remunerations for research and consultancy activities. The Centre accepts unconditional grants and donations from known and appropriate sources.

Objectives

The main objectives and concerns of the centre include the following:

- Collection, editing and publication of writings and research pertaining to the Sudan.

- conducting research and offering consultation on the following fields in relation to the Sudan: Development, political evolution, democracy, civil society, human rights and fundamental freedoms, political parties, religion and the state, trade unions and interest groups, local government, rural areas, minorities and cultural diversity, Sufi sects and popular Islam, study of social groups such as children, youth and disabled persons, the status of women, issues of work and the labor force, foreign relations and the role of the Sudan in the Arab world and the Horn of Africa, population studies, irrigation and water issues, environment, pollution and desertification, voluntary organizations and associations, the media and press, issues of cultural and artistic creativity, folklore and popular arts, languages and local dialects.

Activities

The Centre publishes a journal called "***Sudanese Writings***", specialized books and a series of occasional papers on figures of Sudanese history. SSC also plans to publish a "Strategic Report" on the Sudan at the end of each year.

SSC offers information services regarding the Sudan, and in relation to the Horn of Africa in general. Background information, news, comments and analysis on these countries will appear in periodicals and occasion papers to be published by SSC.

The Centre organizes seminars, conferences, discussion groups and workshops and offers training to those interested in the Sudan.

SSC offers translation and Arabization services.

SSC cooperates and collaborates with similar organizations at the local, regional and international levels which share its interest and concern about the Sudan.

SSC is directed by a distinguished group of experts and intellectuals which reflects the cultural and geographical diversity of the Sudan.

STORY

CACTUS DOG

By Ali El Mak

When Costa, the grocer, looked at my face, long, long after he had left the country, he said "You've gotten so skinny!". These were kind words, from the old days when people themselves were kind. Then they would ask how you were, how you were getting on - Costa the grocer, Isa the cobbler, and Bakhita who distilled the araqi. Those were the days of my youth, when the very world was young. I was plump and well-fed. A sense of well-being seemed to emanate from everything around me. We used to go to Costa's shop almost everyday, in our long-ago youth. You remember Costa's shop. The mingled aroma of wine, olives, and different kinds of cheeses would hit you in the face like the hot winds of May.

We would often drop into his shop, Abdel and I. Now Costa's shop is owned by Native Sudanese, so the trade continues there. It's lucky it wasn't put to some other use. "Tell us about your history," said Abdel Haqq to Rahmatallah, the Sudanese grocer. Abdel Haqq was a

great one for joking. Rahmattallah replied, "My history is that my tribe, the Jaayyyin, would do anything to avoid paying taxes".

"Very good," said Abdel. Then he continued, "So every piastre that comes into your shop is well looked after. It stays with you in the warmth, and grows. The piastre gets fatter while you get thinner. You're nothing but skin and bones." Rahmattallah laughed. In Costa's time, in the old days, we used to drop into his shop every day and he would ask how we were.

We bought a kilo of olives. He said, "You should buy more. Tomorrow Greece will become very distant and olives don't grow in your country." How far-sighted he was! Greece indeed became distant, more distant than El-Fasher or than truth, than the Phoenix and the loyal friend.

"Tomorrow you will find out," said Costa with half a laugh, half a kilo of laughter.

Tomorrow came years later. You don't know whether we found out or not. Anyway, by that time, no trace was left of the market which we used to call "Al-Malaja". The covered arcades looked onto an open space where cars gathered and all kinds of people - we had no idea where they came from - as well as green dogs, cactus green. They looked as if they were descended from the devil himself. Then people said that the trees which grew along the river bank had been afflicted by something called "the virus", an unknown disease. It was the kind of disease that the doctors fear will strike humans. Since its cause is unknown, it would wipe them out completely. The trees died. The virus ended their seventy years in one night. Then the red wines uprooted them. Their trunks disappeared without a trace.

"Green dogs?" they asked/

"Yes," we replied.

"They are not descended from the devil," they said. "The green of the trees has passed to a generation of dogs which have prickles".

Whether we found out or not is not important.

"Tomorrow you will find out," Cosat had said.

We said "Costa, things have changed. We have started to urinate standing up, like our dogs!".

Costa laughed in Ammonia Square at the memory of a bygone age. He was silent for a while, then he mentioned that he had tried to return to Sudan, no doubt intending to make me think well of him. But why would he want to return? Today he has a place among his own people.

"How are you?" he asked. He laughed and added, "you used to be fat".

I laughed. It was my turn to laugh. My laughter was swallowed up by the air of the square and enfolded in its cavernous hollows. My laughter made punctuation marks on the air passing between us. Perhaps what I said about dogs urinating had stuck in Costa's mind for some time, for he said "So you are not alone - now its you and your dog - ha!". He laughed.

In the old days Kulfah was the leading dog of the village. He would hunt rabbits and gazelles. No one would use him as a watch dog. Hunting dogs don't bark. I don't know of any hunting dog who would stoop to such mundane tasks as keeping watch and barking. "Costa, have you seen a cactus dog that looks like Kulfah?" Kulfah came to me one night after I had eaten beans without bread. We looked for bread, but didn't find any. Our friend, the doctor, said it wasn't important, since whatever went into our stomachs would all become one and the same thing eventually. Abdel told him to write that in the examination of the Royal College, saying that what mattered to us was the taste of things, not whether sweet baklava or wonderful beans with fresh eventually turned into coal or oil or natural gas!

Because Kulfah was a hunting dog he didn't urinate standing in public places. He wasn't like the cactus dog, who, as I would later come to know, would urinate on car tires. Kulfah would go out into the open to answer the call of nature concealed behind the hills at the edge of the village. Before I came to town to be educated, Kulfah used to hunt gazelles for us. We would eat their meat and he would compete with us in silence. One day we found him dead. Robbers had poisoned him, thinking he was a watch dog. Don't you understand? The dog never barked; but who will wait to hear the truth?

Abdel and I came from the Gezira to pursue our education. We wanted to stay with our relatives in the town. Archimedes likewise came by train from somewhere. Costa sold wine and cheese and olives and so on Archimedes was dishevelled and dusty. Do you know what it's like to be travel weary? In Khartoum they slammed the door of the Faculty in his face. "Please," said Archimedes, "I want the Faculty of Science, that's all." The people laughed at his appearance and at his iron suitcase. The great, tall, broad academic registrar said to him, "You're just who we've been looking for. Your papers are incomplete. Your English isn't up to standard so it'll be difficult for you to be enrolled in the Faculty of Science".

Archimedes' mouth gaped in amazement. The iron suitcase fell from his grasp, terrifying the great, tall, broad academic registrar with the sound. The latter said, "It appears you have studied philosophy and mixed with subversive elements in ancient times. You have tortured the

world and history with your 'Eureka, Eureka, Eureka'. What did you find? If we open this door to you we will be breaking admission regulation number three thousand and ninety-nine. Then the wind and all the atheists will enter - like that one who invented the pendulum and the one who watches apples falling from the tree and Ibn Al-Muqaffa. It's impossible. Go back to your grave. Go on, hurry up, back to your grave!"

Archimedes picked up his iron suitcase and left, his face expressionless. When Kulfah was angry with his master he would go out into the world. He found that the dogs in the village didn't look like him. How strange! One day after he had been hunting, before the robbers killed him, he had gone to sleep angry. When he got up he didn't think about his master and was not aware how much time had passed. But he had resolved never to return to the hunt or the chase again.

"A contemptible profession; despicable work," he said. "When they let you run they tell you how far you can go, not to turn aside, and so on. They have made me a pet dog that sticks close to women's bodies or a watch dog".

Kulfah went to the market, not thinking of his past, not looking back. He looked into the faces of those he met, who in turn were looking at his face, but everything was not as he was accustomed to find it. Many things had changed. Two female dogs were standing near the market. His sense of smell led him there. He walked smartly as if the wind was pushing him on. First he walked briskly, but then quickened his pace to a swift run as he used to do in the past when a rabbit or gazelle or some other valuable quarry sprang out in front of him. A black chest and a slim belly. His coat mostly dust-colored with white hair on his chest in a shape almost like a cross. The female dogs attacked Kulfah. He looked at them. Although they were small they were alluring, yes, really alluring... Once upon time the female dogs would contend with one another over their pleasure. They led this dog (who came they knew not from where) to the market, after Kulfah (who had slept angry or became angry in his sleep) awoke.

Chorus:

Where are you bound 'Eureka, Eureka, Eureka'?

Is it to where fate and destiny await you?

Archimedes is a man of great patience and endless endurance.

When will fate lead him to his destiny?

I subsequently met Archimedes in Ammonia Square. I was carrying a suitcase; I don't know what it was made of. I was awaiting the departure of the plane returning to Sudan. The air laughed in Costa's mouth and he became younger.

"Do you want to come back?" I asked him.

He was silent for a while then he replied, "No."

I felt that he would he would have liked to come back. The summery air laughed in his mouth every time he opened it to speak.

"Your neck used to be short and fat. Now it's long and thin." He still asked about my health.

"That was a cyst. The surgeon removed it and it was very painful."

"At least you're still healthy. You should be thankful he didn't kill you!"

We laughed at the mention of cysts and surgeons. The air laughed in Costa's mouth only.

Chorus:

The plane is returning to the homeland.

In its belly are fetters and chains.

And an iron suitcase.

When the people went back to the village market months after Kulfah had descended upon it, they found that a new generation of dogs had appeared. Their bark was dust-colored mixed with white. Kulfah had said what he had to say and left, no one knew where. He became angry and slept, then he slept angry until he became angry in his sleep and disappeared. His descendants were not fitted for the chase. They were watch dogs. Then they killed Kulfah one day. The people in the market said, "That's a demon, not a dog." Now Costa inquires about our health, work, and other affairs. I remember one day not too long ago, the chief editor told me that he had decided to transfer me to the accounts department. "But I'm an editor in the miscellaneous department!" I said.

"That's not important," he said. "We are now applying the concept of total administration. Haven't you heard of total football, total warfare?" I laughed. For he is a very strange man indeed. Firstly, there were several employees in his department who were my seniors. Now he was approaching me without the knowledge of my immediate superiors. A strange man. Secondly, in support of the theory of total administration, football, and possibly warfare, during his early days he had been a vet who was no good at his job. Since he wanted to stay in Khartoum he was trying to avoid working in camel or cattle-breeding areas. He came to the newspaper on the strength of the poetry he wrote for occasions, such as graduation ceremonies which were attended by important officials and others.

"But I'm an editor," I said laughing stupidly.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked, frowning at me.

"Because laughter has become rare..."

"You're going to say 'like the Phoenix and the loyal friend'?" he interrupted. His frown deepened.

"Actually," I said, "it's because an opportunity to laugh arose so I took it."

He said and this time the frown on his face neither lightened nor deepened - "Editing, accounts, internal auditing - they're all the same: fabrication upon fabrication."

This made me so angry that the laughter was wiped completely off my face. The man was envious of that rare laugh of mine the Phoenix. My laugh was the Phoenix - can you imagine it? I said angrily "Listen, Mr...Dr., I don't know anything about fabrication."

"Then the dictionary you use has a word missing," he retorted. "You aren't helping yourself you know. I have transferred you for your own good!"

I remembered the air, that most democratic of elements, passing between me and the chief editor. There was plenty of it for both of us, I once stated that I couldn't stand the sight of his friend the undersecretary, I told my colleagues that he was very fat and looked as if he must be very greedy. As I contemplated the undersecretary yet again, I said that he was the kind who would make friends with butchers in the hope of getting fat meat, or whom their wives send to the market. My colleagues in the newspaper, performed their duty assiduously. They reported the most important news of the day to the chief editor: what I had said about his friend the undersecretary.

Chorus:

This air loves places.

Gives life to mountains and valleys.

Fills lungs with its beneficence.

I saw it in the Acropolis and took it
with me to Omdurman⁵.

The air laughed in Costa's mouth and an air-colored laugh emerged. Archimedes was carrying his iron suitcase and his patience, stretched to the limit. He would go into an office and someone would throw him out. He spoke to himself.

"Your problem in life is curiosity. Why did you go to the bath that day? Eureka, Eureka, Eureka! If you had gone an hour later or if the water in the Athenian wells of thought had run dry you would never have found it and the university would have welcomed you with open arms."

Like the undersecretary, the friend of the vet, Abdel also liked food, but he was thin. The malicious man in our neighborhood said that what Abdel ate did not settle in his stomach. As you can see, Abdel was

an object of envy. I did not know much about anything. Every day I would go from Costa's shop to the house and from the house to Costa's shop. I was in the prime of youth. The democratic air would do as it liked with me. My uncle sent me on errands. So did my mother. I would often see Suad the only daughter of Hajj Zuhair opening the door to throw the rubbish out into the street. I didn't pay much attention. Why should I since her father had no strong relations with anyone in the neighborhood.

Hajj was an extremely short man who wore spectacles. On the occasions when I saw him down the road his shortness took me aback. The steps he took indicated that he wanted to give the impression that they were great strides. He would hold himself erect in a valiant attempt to look taller. This only made him seem even shorter. The malicious man of the neighborhood said, "May Allah rest Maymouna the wife of Hajj Zuhair. She was like a mountain, so enormous she almost blotted out the sun. You didn't know his wife. She died a long time ago leaving him with Suad. Maymouna died giving birth to Suad. You do know his donkey though it is as huge as an elephant. Hajj jumps onto its back and perches himself on the saddle. He looks like a cap on the donkey. A huge donkey and a huge wife."

Suad pulled me hard by the arm into her father's house. I was in the first flush of youth, knowing nothing. She slammed the door shut and said, "Did anyone see you, you miserable wretch?" I told myself that I wasn't used to strength like hers. Inside the house, where the walls hid us from the streets and prying eyes, Suad pinched my cheek hard.

"Don't you understand?" she said. "You're too old now to be sent on errands. Why do your uncle and your mother insist on treating you like a child? And my, how tall you are! How well built and handsome, handsome!" She pinched my left cheek. I turned the other one. A bigger pinch. There is nothing like the first time.

When Abdel Haqq married Suad, the malicious wise man of the neighborhood said, "Your friend's got his eye on the little half pint's money." I didn't say anything. Suad had filled my youth with delight. I didn't tell Abdel He said that he lover her. The air laughed in Costa's mouth as I was giving him news of Abdel.

"Has he made any money?" Costa asked.

"After Hajj died he got everything."

"Did Hajj have anything? does a shop selling dates, beans, and lentils, opening onto the street make that much money?" Costa asked.

The air laughed in Costa's mouth in Ammonia Square. When will the plane return to our homeland? When an iron suitcase comes into existence. We had never seen such persistence as that young man had.

"Listen, they've already told you, you won't get into the Faculty of Science."

He replied, "I want to remove 'Eureka, Eureka, Eureka' from the faculty along with all the theories and treatises that were based on it."

"You are just resentful," they said. "You're tired and covered with dust. No one is going to put in a good word for you."

The chief editor said, as I stood before him, "Don't think that your long service with the paper will make any difference. We know that you've written about the markets, and about donkey grooms and fold art, about medicine in the Ice Age, and the Arabisation of sciences, and the admissions regulations, about the writing of poetry. Imagine that you have gone to sleep for three hundred and nine years. Say you've woken up, but not found any of this. Say you've found the audit department."

Kulfah's from filled the market for generation after generation of his descendants. He had been a hunting dog, but his descendants were watch dogs. Year by year their decline into ignominy was swifter. When the cactus dogs came, born of the virus stricken trees on the river bank, I saw the biggest of them approaching, followed by an enormous throng of people and dogs. It was as if I had an appointment with him. I had only just finished urinating on the tire of my car. He came up to me. He stopped for a moment then cocked his back leg and urinated on the tire as if he was greeting me and doing exactly what I had done, only better. The two streams of urine mingled. What a fate! He stood near me. Looking at me. His eyes were brown and his ears made of cactus with spikes at the edges. All his limbs were strong, pointed cactus spines. He panted.

"What did you have for supper last night?" he asked.

I replied, as if I had been expecting the question, "We had a feast. We forgot to buy the bread."

"Did your friend, the doctor, say that everything is ground up in the stomach and becomes one single entity? And that, therefore, there is no difference between one food and another or one class and another?"

"Who told you that?"

"Be quiet! There are no secrets in this town."

"Yes, the doctor did say that, but the time has not yet come for the class system to collapse."

"And did anyone mention that he didn't care what happened in the stomach and that the pleasure of food comes from its taste?"

"Yes?"

He was silent for a moment, but it was not long enough for me to look at his eyes. I imagined that they were still brown.

"I read your article about donkey grooms," he said. Then continued, "And the other one you wrote about folk art. But this is the age of science. You have to support your ideas with charts and statistics."

"That's not necessary. It's just a way of trying to appear more academic," I said.

"Really? Don't you read the chief editor's articles?"

"Sometimes."

"Whatever the case, your last poem, which you called 'The Sorrows of Archimedes' contains a recognizable symbol. When a symbol is recognizable, it loses the quality of symbolism and becomes no more than a blunt instrument."

"Thank you. I see you read our paper closely. But it should not escape your attention that creativity is the remembrance of past ages. Have you forgotten the Arab lover? And an age that has passed? Even if it returns?"

"I know everything about you, even what is wrongly said about you. I also know about the new car which the chief editor bought. That was your opportunity to pounce on him and the board of directors. Where is this internal audit department which you've been transferred to?"

"On the second floor!"

"Oh, witty! Don't try to be witty!"

Chorus:

Costa pronounce the letter "ha" as "Kha"

His olives are a panacea

Anyone who does not take two bites of one

Has lost hope.

In Costa's time, we rushed to the swings on the day of the Eid⁶. "You boys, you're too old for that sort of game. Even if your families do send you to the shops, it doesn't mean that you are children," said the malicious man of the neighborhood. Just like Suad's words, that first time.

This man seems to be made of time itself. We don't know how old he is or where he came from. All age groups have dissolved in him, like the stomach where everything becomes one. The men of the neighborhood said they didn't think he had an age. One of them said, "Ever since I first set eyes on the neighborhood, this man has looked exactly the same, with seven white hairs in his moustache. I first saw him over forty years ago and those seven hairs are still there."

We said to the malicious wise man of the neighborhood, "Suppose we are too old for this sort of game, what do you want us to do?"

He was silent for a moment, no doubt looking to see how tall I was. Meanwhile I was counting the number of white hairs in his moustache. There were seven. The people of the neighborhood had been right. He spoke after this short silence, saying, "Play whist, it's an English game. Don't you dare play rummy; it's only for those types who frequent cafes, Greeks, and layabouts."

"But we have tried whist," we protested. "It's boring. It really is an English game."

"And what's wrong with the English? They taught you whist and their language." We were silent, looking at the Eid swings which were flying with the colors of shirts and dresses, brilliant yellows and reds.

The cactus dog was silent, gathering his thoughts. After he had accused me of making a false claim to being witty his train of thought had been broken, but only temporarily. He returned to the subject of internal auditing.

"I have talked till I'm hoarse about the chief editor's car," I said. "They said it was a decision of the board of directors."

"Of course, everything committees do is right. Isn't that what they're paid for?"

"Yes then I was transferred to the public relations department."

They don't mean you any good, you know. If they had, they would have sent you to the stores. Isn't that what total administration means?"

"That is the chief editor's business."

"That large man? I know him well. A fine man who always says his prayers. He's charitable and ..."

"Oh!"

"By the way, you didn't mention in your poem 'The Sorrows of Archimedes' that your beloved learned yoga in order to forget you."

"Yes."

"Yoga may be of some use to her, thought you are indeed an unforgettable person." Before Kulfah took his nap he would bury his urine out in the open. He would refrain from touching his prey and would not eat it uncooked. After he had slept somewhere or other and was three hundred and nine years older he went out into a world to which he was unaccustomed. When he died, he had left his mark on thousands of stray dogs in the town. People had given up hunting and taken to guarding their homes.

The cactus dog got up from his place near me as if warmly invited to urinate. Strangely enough, I felt the same urge and went towards the back tire. Before I had begun the rites, his voice rang out like thunder. His voice was green.

"Get back!"

I went back to my place as if the urine had been stopped in its tracks. He glowered at me and said, "Do you know a dog called Kulfah? Don't lie!"

"Yes he was my friend before he went to sleep."

"What do you mean?"

"Before he went to sleep in his anger and awoke to become a watchdog."

"What was he before he went to sleep?"

"He was a hunting dog and didn't bark. When he got to know someone he would wag his tail. The watch dogs who are his descendants are like him."

"Do you mean that Kulfah turned the behavior of dogs upside down?"

"That was one of the praiseworthy deeds of the great Kulfah."

I felt somewhat more confident. I realized this when I was overcome by a renewed urge to urinate which somehow transferred itself to the green, cactus like dog.

He again went to the tire and urinated on it, I forgot. I started to move, intending to do what he had done. But I had hardly left my place when he shouted: "Get back!"

I went back. The urine was returned in my body awaiting his permission. He looked at me. His eyes had an amber light in them. The same color you find in every Sudanese passport - color of eyes: Amber.

"You suffer from diabetes," he said, "the doctor told you that you should avoid bread and macaroni. You ate too much of them and overdid the baklava and sweet things as well as overeating generally. I ask you, where was this audit department that let the chief editor buy his new car?"

"I said on the second floor."

"Don't be clever. I have never heard of a loophole in the financial regulations big enough to let such a car through!"

"But according to the theory of total administration, the personnel department could be involved, or the design department, or..."

"You are an excellent employee. You are concerned with all departments," he said.

"Eureka, Eureka, Eureka." Abdel cried, running joyfully towards us.

"What have you found, damn you!" we asked.

He said, "The malicious wise man of the neighborhood isn't called Muhammed! I've found out everything about him from A to Z. He lived in the Sayyed Al-Mekki area. They said when it was first being built they found him there and that his name is Rabi, but if it was up to me I would call him "Hard times" because when he came to this neighborhood he brought the devastating floods of 1946 with him. And meningitis."

Chorus:

He comes to you on a day when the wind is like fire
And in winter the ice gives off sparks.
The winds raged
Continually killing the day.

The malicious man said, on the day of the Eid, "You boys are too old of the swings." He really made us furious. That day he looked hard at Abdel. I didn't know what that look signified. He struck me violently. I got up and the group of friends followed me. We got behind the malicious man and grabbed hold of him. We had him completely at our mercy. Abdel got a small pair of scissors out of this pocket. The man's eyes jumped widely when he realized what Abdel was going to do to him. The scissors came towards the man's moustache and he began to put up some resistance, but we didn't give him a chance. There were seven of us. Abdel cut off the first white hair. The man cried out but no one came to his rescue. The day of the Eid was dawning in the streets and did not want to hear anything. Next came the second hair and the third. His cries became less penetrating. He gave up. By the time Abdel's scissors had reached the seventh white hair, the man's face had broken into a sweat. All his weight was thrown on us; a body succumbing to its own heaviness. Then he fell to the ground at our feet, motionless.

We stared at him in amazement, afraid that we had taken his life. He remained there on the ground for a time. Abdel looked at the man's moustache. Then we saw his body move and his breathing return to normal. He opened his eyes and in one violent movement jumped up and tore off to the swings like a hurricane. He sat on a swing and from it did battle with the Eid and the air, his white jallabiya⁷ flying behind and in front of him. We seven stared in astonishment without saying a word. The swings were brilliant yellow and red and the singing of children filled the square. We left when Abdel shouted "Let's go!" having recovered from our bewilderment. We raced to the swings and the square flew with every color.

I was telling my story while the cactus dog sat looking at my face without blinking an eyelid. He was panting. If you let him alone he pants

and if you attack him he pants. His eyes are brown. He is the color of cactus.

"You have talked too much about Abdel Haqq and the malicious man "Hard times" and your boss. Where is Suad?"

"The mother of seven children, seven like the white hairs in the malicious man's moustache."

"And did you...?"

"God forbid! She's my brother's wife..."

"Since when was he your brother? Don't lie! Don't fabricate!"

Then he attacked me, squeezing my neck until my eyes popped. My whole face was desperate for air to breathe in or out. He let me go. Blood gushed from my neck in fountains, but my neck didn't hurt. It was outrageous! He strangled me and the blood poured from my neck, but I felt the pain robbing the strength from my legs. I tried to forget the pain and looked into his eyes. Their brown had become tinged with white. I looked past him and as far as I would see cactus dogs were standing as if they were his assistants. They were crouching as if to give me the opportunity to look into their eyes. These I saw for the first time - brown eyes mingled with white as far as I could see. Then Suad appeared, I don't know where from. The dog didn't move. She was green and her eyes were brown mixed with white. A cactus woman. She sat down without anyone asking her to. I had learned how strong those cactus spikes were when they pierced my neck and the blood gushed like fountains and I felt the pain in my legs, but not in my neck.

The cactus dog asked:

"Suad, what happened to your father's money?"

"It's all there. It will provide for his seven grandchildren in the future."

"And what do his grandchildren eat now, before the future has arrived?"

"Their father's work provides for them."

"Has he got any work - apart from keeping watch over your father's money?"

"Yes, keeping watch over my father's money in itself requires patience. And patience is hard work."

Then addressing me, the dog said:

"Did you hear? Your friend Abdel has become a watchman. His work is patience."

He asked Suad, "Do you know this man, Suad?"

"Yes, he is...he is...?"

The brown color left the brown eyes of the cactus dog. The only color remaining in the eyes of all the dogs was white. I remembered his

words, speeding from ear to ear. "Your friend Abdel Haqq has become a watchman." He has become a watchman and he used to hunt. When the fountains of blood gushed from my neck I did not feel it. But I felt the terrible pain in my legs.

As my neck was violated, I felt a daze coming over me. The blood spurted a long way. The eyes of the cactus dogs were robbed of their brown and turned completely white.

The words stumbled in Suad's mouth, "What's the need for all this? Those were mere impetuous acts which took place several years ago. But these people are very painstaking and have an overwhelming interest in history."

The cactus dog repeated the question:

"Tell me, do you know this man? We know that you know..."

"Yes, he...he is...he was..."

Then she burst into tears, their flow interrupted only by her confession. Do you remember the first time, that day when I was facing an unknown fate? She pulled me through the half opened door. Desire or instinct? And so here she is. The white in the eyes of the green cactus dogs disappeared.

In his hunting days Kuffah was a champion. Then he went to sleep and awoke and founded a generation of village dogs which look exactly like him. Suad disappeared. Abdel came and sat down. He was a cactus man. The cactus dog did not speak when he came, but got up and urinated for the third time on the back tire of the car, lifting its left leg. Strangely enough, my desire to urinate had completely left me by this time, just as the fountains of blood from my neck has stopped for no reason, had I become cactus colored?

Abdel said to the cactus dog, as if he didn't know me, "You were asking about Hajj Zuhair's money. They only freedom which I can exercise, now is to write 'to order' on a check." Abdel laughed after saying this, but the cactus dog broke in saying,

"You are like your friend trying to be witty." Abdel laughed a meaningless, cactus-colored, pointed laugh then he said, "the world has changed. It's as if I'm being taken to account for misdeeds committed long in the past. Is this life after death?"

Then the cactus dog sprang up and encircled Abdel's neck, squeezing it till his tongue stuck out and his eyes bulged and turned brown. Then he left him alone. No blood came from Abdels' neck, but his legs were bleeding. But he did hold his neck in some kind of pain, which I couldn't begin to guess at. He was laughing and laughing. Then the cactus dog abandoned Abdel completely and come towards me. He attacked my neck. I didn't put up any resistance, but something inside me

said, "Look long into this dog's eyes." I looked into his eyes for a long time. The brown gradually began to be replaced by white. His grip on my neck slackened the longer and deeper I stared into his eyes. I didn't feel the pain in my neck nor the other pain in my legs. His strength was draining and finally gave out as my gaze into his eyes transformed them to the purest white. The cactus dog collapsed, and fell at my feet. He fell heavily, the green color fading. I looked beyond him and saw that all the other cactus dogs had sunk to the ground, deathly-hued, without a clamor or even a whisper. The sweat sprang to my face and gushed in fountains. My face was covered in a layer of water and salt. I was overtaken by a feeling of tremendous strength. I immediately made for the door.

Chorus:

The great Archimedes came to you with evidence and convincing proof.

In his iron suitcase where all the termites of the earth and a staff.

And the Great Pyramid.

And enclosed in its depths, the Hanging Gardens.

Before I knocked on the door, he was already there. It seems he must have heard my footsteps. I was full of vitality and my tread was brisk and firm. The door opened. Archimedes was holding out his hand to me in welcome, a radiant smile on his face.

Notes:

1. *Araqi*: A Sudanese, liquor made of dates.
2. *Jaalyin*: The largest tribe in Norther Sudan.
3. *Gezira*: Fertile delta in Sudan.
4. *Ibn Al-Muqaffa*: A great writer and translator with the status of a genius. He was accused of being an atheist, and was executed without trial in the days of the Abbased under Almansour. He was 36.
5. *Omdurman*: Largest City of Sudan.
6. *Eid*: Three days of festivities after the muslim fasting month of Ramadan.
7. *Jallabiya*: A Sudanese man's dress.

This story was translated by Judy EL Nagar.

BOOK REVIEW

Gerd Baumann, 1987, National Integration and Local Integrity, The Clarendon Press, Oxford University Press, New York.

The fringes of Islam, to borrow Richard Hill's felicitous phrase, have always been a fascinating area of study. One current reason for this study is the conviction by many that the dominant Northern Sudanese ideology leaves no room for subaltern groups. These groups, whether Berti, Fur, Uduk or Nuba, are supposedly faced with two alternatives: complete assimilation or stubborn resistance. neither alternative seems very attractive, yet both are evident in the contemporary reality of a fragmenting Sudan.

Gerd Baumann takes this problem of national integration and turns it on its head. The small community of Miri, in the Nuba mountains, was not integrated 'into' the dominant Sudanese culture and national economy, or into Islam. Rather, the Miri took the basic elements of the outside society and refashioned them to fit into their own society. In the process, of course, their own institutions were reshaped (or 'reintegrated', as Baumann puts it: 'made whole again').

The strength of the book is the precise analysis of the process of this reformulation of Miri culture and society. Baumann uses a writing technique I found very appealing. He starts with conventional observations about Miri integration into wider Sudanese society. Four aspects are highlighted- (1) the farming economy and labor migration, (2) community and policy, (3) religion, and (4) music and dance. Then in successive chapters Baumann probes each of these aspects using different ethnographic tools. As he puts it, each chapter tries to come closer to the Miri's own view. He looks at what Miri informants say about the process; he looks at the actual things the Miri have done in relation to the process; he tries to understand the historical contingencies that shaped the process; and lastly he tries to go beyond presenting discourse and facts and into Miri meaning and interpretation.

This last section is most problematic. Baumann cleverly uses the bilingualism of most Miri to compare and contrast Arabic translations of Miri

vocabulary (the Arabic translations are *hilla*, *hesh*, *ahal*, and *khaf*, which are also represented in English as: village, farming, kinship and awe). Baumann wants to use these "key words" (words that are difficult to define without understanding the context of their usage) to deepen the sense of what 'reintegration' means of the Miri. He is unable to go beyond the analyses presented in the preceding chapters, though, because he limits himself to what "the Miri" think or understand.

To borrow Baumann's own analogy of Heidegger's ship (whose parts are continually changed and yet whose integrity as 'the ship' or 'the Miri' remains the same), I would have liked to see more about the different kinds of ships that are created in the process. A more successful chapter might have tried to break down "the Miri" into the discordant voices that certainly exist and which are hinted about throughout the book. He does attempt that in a limited way in the conclusion, with an excellent discussion of the problem of labor migrants. None of the migrants had returned to live in the villages, and yet they retained their problematic identities as villagers. Two other processes deserved closer attention.

First, Baumann never fully confronts what seems to be a central problematic in Miri society- the changing power of women within households. Their expressions of dissatisfaction (voiced in grindstone and other songs) are instead used to illustrate other aspects of Miri society (male political struggles, economic change at the village level). In that regard, the question of how female circumcision came to be dominant in one generation is not addressed.

Second, Baumann asserts that the community is very equal, in terms of economic power. Yet there is no data that would validate such an assertion, and the book is peppered with details that suggest otherwise- some households are much larger than others, some households are connected to labor migrants, some households are shopkeepers, some participate more actively in the government agricultural scheme. Does this differentiation influence people's views about their community? Does it influence those shared standards that define local integrity?

Ultimately, it might have been better to think of Miri 'meanings' instead of 'meaning'. In that regard the book resembles other ethnographies that have been thrown into the fire of the anthropological discipline's own internal discourse. It seems only fitting that Baumann's book should be enmeshed in a process that sounds awfully similar to the process enveloping the Miri.

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Gabriel R. Warburg, Historical Discord in the Nile Valley, Northwestern University Press, Evanston, 1992. Text to page 191, bib. to page 201, index to page 210. Price 49.95. Hard Cover.

Professor Warburg, a long-time student of modern Sudanese history, introduces us to the rather neglected theme of Sudanese historiography in this concise and well-written book: Historical Discord in the Nile Valley. The work is a blend of critique of historical literature on the Sudan and a historical discourse that brings fresh insights into the history of the period it covers.

Warburg contends that historical writings on modern Sudan are held hostage to the political and sometimes national goals and ambitions of the writers themselves, be they European, Sudanese, or particularly, Egyptian. The views of European writers about the Sudan are influenced by their conviction that both the Turko-Egyptians and Mahdiyya misruled the country, a view also shared by some Sudanese historians. By contrast, the British colonial administration that replaced the Mahdiyya is portrayed in such writings as benevolent and constructive, a thesis which is contested by Sudanese historians, specially with regard to British administration in Southern Sudan. On the other hand, Egyptian historians and politicians set out to underscore the inevitability of the "Unity of the Nile Valley", a political ambition shared by all Egyptian writers, to the vexation of the Sudanese people and Sudanese historians and their British counterparts. Egyptian writings, but especially Egyptian policy during the pre-independence period, suffer from this single-minded commitment to the idea of a united Nile Valley, which made it almost impossible for Egyptian historians to appreciate alternative historical interpretations.

Halfway through the book Warburg's emphasis shifts somewhat from criticism of historical writings to analysis of historical events during the period immediately before and after independence. Here he is primarily interested in highlighting what the Sudanese politicians wrote or said in those crucial years, and the implications their words or deeds had for politics in the Sudan. The critic gave way to the narrator. Thus, what started as a promising proposition of critical discourse of historical writings became ultimately another historical narrative, albeit, one with fresh and illuminating new ideas. One would have wished that Warburg had stayed the course he set for himself in the first part of his book. Then, we would have as thorough a criticism of historical writing about the post-independence period as we now have on the historical writing on the Turkiyya and the Mahdiyya.

A few other shortcomings could have been avoided. Words like "primitive tribesmen" (p. 82) and "pagan" (p. 63) are an unfortunate choice. The fact that a prominent southerner has used the term (p. 148) is no excuse. Again, the author's decision to deal separately with writers and politicians of European, Egyptian or Sudanese nationality has led to much repetition. But these are minor problems. On the whole, Historical Discourse in the Nile Valley is a balanced work that provides a much needed appraisal of historical literature about modern Sudan. It should, thus, prove useful to many students of Sudanese studies.

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Normal activities of the SSA include the publication of the Newsletter, organizing meetings for the exchange of ideas, and recommending research candidates for affiliation with appropriate institutions in the Sudan. The Association also sponsor panels and programs during the meetings of other academic organizations. It occasionally publishes the proceedings of its annual meetings in book form.

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