When A Crocodile Eats The Sun: A Memoir Of Africa
**Synopsis**

Hailed by reviewers as "powerful," "haunting" and "a tour de force of personal journalism," When A Crocodile Eats the Sun is the unforgettable story of one man’s struggle to discover his past and come to terms with his present. Award winning author and journalist Peter Godwin writes with pathos and intimacy about Zimbabwe’s spiral into chaos and, along with it, his family’s steady collapse. This dramatic memoir is a searing portrait of unspeakable tragedy and exile, but it is also vivid proof of the profound strength of the human spirit and the enduring power of love."In the tradition of Rian Malan and Philip Gourevitch, a deeply moving book about the unknowability of an Africa at once thrilling and grotesque. In elegant, elegiac prose, Godwin describes his father’s illness and death in Zimbabwe against the backdrop of Mugabe's descent into tyranny. His parent’s waning and the country’s deterioration are entwined so that personal and political tragedy become inseparable, each more profound for the presence of the other" -- Andrew Solomon, author of The Noonday Demon"A fascinating, heartbreaking, deeply illuminating memoir that has the shape and feel of a superb novel." -Kurt Anderson, author of Heydey

**Book Information**

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**Customer Reviews**

If anyone wants insight into the plight of white Africans, I would unhesitatingly point them to Peter Godwin’s two books (this one and "Mukiwa"). As someone who was raised in Kenya, then spent time in Rhodesia, South Africa and Zimbabwe, but nearly 30 years ago bade farewell to Africa and have watched with sadness but without surprise as the continent has sunk deeper into crisis, his
books ring many familiar bells. I long ago cut my last psychological links with Africa, because the
Kenya and Rhodesia I knew no longer exists; Godwin’s book is a sad reminder. It is easy for
armchair critics to point accusing fingers at colonialism, and to say that whites created many of their
own problems, and bequeathed to Africa many of the problems it faces today, but it’s not as simple
as that. Whatever white Rhodesians did, they did not deserve to be treated the way Mugabe has
treated them in the last decade. Black Zimbabweans are by far the biggest losers, though, have
suffered on a far greater level, and must regret the manner in which their country - once the great
hope of Africa - has been driven into the ground by the venal and short-sighted thuggery of Mugabe
and his acolytes. But it isn’t just Africa or Zimbabwe - this is also a story about how bad leadership
can lead to widespread social collapse, and bring out the very worst in human nature. Godwin’s
story about the way his family’s maid Mavis was encouraged to turn against them is symbolic of how
easy it is for even the best human souls to be turned by fear and intimidation. The case of
Zimbabwe shows that the line between stability and anarchy, between security and insecurity, is
often very fine.

This book will break your heart with its sparely narrated stories of individuals of all colors and
classes in Zimbabwe. Events of great irony, courage, tragedy and humor are related with
understatement that increases our sympathy and our outrage at the injustices being done to both
black and white since 1980 under Mugabe’s rule. I picked up this book because a branch of my
family settled in Southern Rhodesia sometime during the fifties; my cousin and her husband died
there, as did my aunt who emigrated there from Virginia after her husband’s death in the eighties.
Communications from them were brief and free of political comment. I once asked why they did not
write more and was told, "The mail is censored and it would be dangerous." I knew that they were
moderates politically and were not in favor of the conservative Ian Smith government which
determinedly maintained white minority rule from 1965 to 1980. I had no idea why this would be so
dangerous, but now I know. The book covers the years between July 1996, when Peter goes back to
Zimbabwe because of his father’s failing health, and February 2004, when his father dies. Only
during this illness does Peter learn that his father was born Kazio Goldfarb, a Polish Jew who met
and married his mother in England after serving in World War II, and who emigrated to Rhodesia in
1949 as George Godwin, "a new man...fleeing racial persecution and war, mayhem and genocide."
We come to love Peter’s parents George and Helen. They are honest, fair, thoughtful and loving
people who show unbelievable courage and inventiveness in dealing with declining health in a
society that is sinking into chaos.

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