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When Others Speak, Or Peripherality's Interlocutors

The center does not hold.
The margin, the periphery,
the edge, now, is where silence
and sound should meet.
It is where the action is.

— *Robert Kroetsch*

I

The questions that most preoccupy those who take the peripheral narrative seriously may be put into two groups. First, there is the difficult question of where peripheral writers, and people in like circumstances, colonials or ex-colonials, fit in.¹ Do they belong to the core or are they always "*en marge*" of history and reality? If they are "outsiders," where is the inside? Second, how are we to interpret the use of the colonizer's language, and is it possible for the peripheral writer to utilize it without surrendering to its ideology? What is the relationship between a peripherality represented, say, by Salman Rushdie, and another by Tahar Ben Jelloun, two interlocutors locked up in the same plight, that is to tell, in John Berger's phrase, "by some other way of telling," their stories from the inside while remaining outsiders? These are the questions that arise as we think of the peripheral writer who attempts to break up boundaries. To examine them, we might unpack a series of interdictions prohibiting such crossings, the

kinds of interdictions that appear as both historical and geopolitical proscriptions, reminding us that the peripheral writer, his or her work, and its grounds cannot be considered apart from each other.

The notion of peripherality, to speak first about the second part of my title, inhabits a rather agitated and somewhat turbulent field, and demands a counter-discursive strategy. From the geopolitical angle, it stands for the various domains of the European powers' world influence in the "core," "semiperiphery," and "periphery." Subjugation therefore comprises the expansion of royal hegemony in the English-Welsh-Scottish mainland (the internal colonialism of the core), for example, as well as the extension of English influence in the semiperiphery of Ireland, and the diffuse range of British interests in the extreme periphery: the Caribbean Islands, Africa, India (Wallerstein, I, ch. 2). In the case of France, one need only point to Algeria, the greatest, the most enduring and profitable of all French colonial possessions²—Algeria where 132 years of *présence française* resulted in a cultural genocide of extraordinary dimensions. The *pied noir, chez lui* in "his" *Algérie française* pillaged, raped, killed, starved, tortured, and above all, misrepresented a people, a culture, a history. His presence was to construe the *indigènes*, the natives, "*les autres*," as the imperial writer Albert Camus calls them in his *L'Etranger*. The *indigènes* therefore can never rest, they are viewed as degenerate types on the basis of racial origin, in order to justify subjugation and domination and to establish systems of administration and instruction. Hence de Tocqueville in 1847: "The Muslim society in North Africa was not uncivilized; it only had a backward and imperfect civilization" (qtd. in Home 37). This is the civilizing mission that Edward Said speaks of. He tells us that the pursuit of *la Gloire de la Patrie* caused not only an usurpation of a *Watàan* (homeland) but also overdetermined and overrode the natives' historical reality, subdividing it into one thousand and more objects that were to be designated, catalogued, disciplined, and punished.

A narrow historical—or, to be more precise, narrative—impulse has been part and parcel of the concept of peripherality since its appearance as an expression. The term "Third World" was first used in an essay that appeared in *L'Observateur* of 14 August 1952; the author Alfred Sauvy, was the founding director of the Institut National d'Etudes Démographiques and certainly an important—if not the single most important—figure for subsequent conceptions of the development/underdevelopment debate. The passage reads in translation: "[T]his Third

World, ignored, exploited, and despised, exactly as the Third Estate was before the Revolution, would also like to become something."³ The historical ramifications of this sentence which led to the very designation of the "Third World," for the term entered into widespread use almost immediately, are no more striking than the conceptual ramifications of the theory it espouses. Rhetorically the expression is stated as existing and then is defined negatively as the passive object of a subject that performs operations upon it; the subject performing these operations—of domination, subjugation, exploitation—is unnamed but obvious, for it is the subject that has already achieved a status that the Third World can emulate. The comparison between the Third World and the third estate (*tiers état*) opens up a historical dimension that exceeds the comparison, for, as the sentence continues, it not too subtly implies that the 1789 Revolution which altered the situation of France's third estate furnishes a paradigm for Third-World revolution. To a certain extent, one could say that Sauvy foresaw the epoch of political recolonization and indicated the form that it would typically take: a consolidation of state power in different hands but not any change that would endanger long-term stability and the vested interests it served.

The theory of history that informs Sauvy's description is a seductive one that continues to exert a strong influence: whereas the first part of the sentence qualifies the Third World as an object, the second part personifies it, attributes to it will, desire, or, perhaps, the ability and capacity to act, and inscribes it within a recognizable Saidian schema of *becoming*. The Third World thus makes the transition from an object to subjecthood, entering the historical course that leads to ever greater self-consciousness. This view of the Third World as a conceptual entity has been the prevailing one in the writings of both critics and supporters of the established modalities of power. To cite only one recent example, Fatima Memissi considers peripherality in the Saidian terms of master and slave, although in this case the slave is valorized for possessing a greater materialistic consciousness that is not automatically accessible to the idealist master. The new imperialism is not an economic one, she argues, it is more insidious: it is a way of controlling, calculating, evaluating. The enemy is rooted in our small calculators. He is in our heads. He is in our way of consuming. Memissi suggests that in order for us to vanquish such imperialism, we must face it and face it *now* before it leads to even more scarring results (27).

In a number of discursive situations, The third modality of peripherality opens the way to situate it within a psychological context. The "savages" abroad were often seen as "childish" creatures, living in a state of arrested development, needing the mature rule of their superiors. Childhood innocence serving as the prototype of primitive communism is one of Marx's main contributions to the theory of progress, which he conceptualizes as a movement from prehistory to history and from infantile or low-level communism to adult communism. The periphery (in this case India) to him always remains a region of "small semi-barbarian, semi-civilized communities," which "restricted the human mind within the smallest possible compass, making it the unresisting tool of superstition" where the peasants lived their "undignified, stagnant and vegetative life." "These little communities," Marx argues, ". . . brought about a brutalizing worship of nature exhibiting its degradation in the fact that man, the sovereign of nature, fell down on his knees in the adoration of *Hanuman* [sic], monkey, and *Sabbala*, the cow" (166-72). It follows, according to Marx, that "whatever may have been the crime of England she was the unconscious tool of history." Such a view is bound to contribute handsomely to the racist world view and the ethnocentrism that underlay imperialism. A similar, though less influential, cultural role was played by some of Freud's early disciples who went out to "primitive" societies to pursue the homology between primitivism and infantility. They too were working out the cultural and psychological implications of the biological principle, "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny," and that of the ideology of "normal," fully socialized, male adulthood.⁴ This means that racism and ethnocentrism can be distorted and presented as science. French universities taught that the Algerian was a savage killer who acted without a motive. Professor Porot and the Algerian School of Psychiatry elaborated this ideology in "scientific" terms. The "North African" was intensely aggressive and had a predatory instinct. The Algerian could not be trusted, was insensible to shades of meaning, could not reason logically, and was incapable of self-discipline. He lacked emotivity and curiosity, was credulous and obstinate. Lacking a true moral conscience and inner life, the individual rid him or herself of worries by attacking other people. The problem was biological: the Algerian was a congenital impulsive. According to Porot, "the native of North Africa, whose superior and cortical activities are only slightly developed, is a primitive creature whose life, essentially vegetative and instinctive, is above all

regulated by his diencephalon." Racism is scientifically justified. The conclusion of the Algerian School was similar to that of Dr. A. Carruthers of the World Health Organization: the African, every normal African, is a "lobotomized European."⁵ There can be no doubt that Europe was convinced that its cultural mission would be complete and that the barbarians would become civilized. Thus, in the eyes of European civilization the colonizers were not a group of self-seeking, rapacious, ethnocentric vandals and self-chosen carriers of a cultural pathology, but benevolents who worked for the underprivileged of the world. This at any rate formed the pretext for the French settlers, later called *pieds-noirs*

[de] rayonner en regardant comme une aventure toute expansion vers l'Afrique et l'Orient. . . . Proclamer partout la loi du travail, enseigner une morale plus pure, étendre et transmettre notre civilisation, cette tâche est assez belle pour honorer une grande entreprise coloniale. Un devoir supérieur de civilisation légitime seul le droit d'aller chez les Barbares. La race supérieure ne conquiert pas pour son plaisir, dans le but d'exploiter le plus faible, mais bien de le civiliser et de l'élever jusqu' à elle. (Montagnon 188-89)

France's "mission civilisatrice" in Algeria produced what Malek Haddad has described as "le cas le plus perfide de dépersonnalisation dans l'histoire, un cas d'asphyxie culturelle" (131).

On the archaeological plane, peripherality stands for "wild corners." Hayden White discusses the threat to civil society posed by the very proximity of antisocial man: "He is just out of sight, over the horizon, in the nearby forest, desert, mountains, or hills. He sleeps in crevices, under great trees, or in the caves of wild animals" (20-21).⁶ Many of these characteristics are shared by the more socially specific production of offspring of witches and devils or Calibans; always forgetting that Caliban is also a *producer* of a genuinely fictional world of his own, one possessed by storytelling demons.

To ask what happens "when others speak" is to realize that the question of representing otherness/otherhood is so unstable as to split quite dramatically into fundamentally discrepant meanings. On the one hand it reverberates against a whole background of colonial conflict in which it searches for itself, and on the other is driven desperately to fit within the categories formulated by colonial authority. To explain this vacillation between a state of being compliant, of what the French called

in Algeria *évolué*, and someone who, like Fanon's native intellectual, simply refuses to talk because only a radical solution is possible, is perhaps more to explain the showy display—at least on the surface—of a few visible peripheral writers. Take Salman Rushdie, for example, whose importance to peripherality is capital, and compare him with another much discussed peripheral writer, V. S. Naipaul, and the drama is immediately heightened, the contest fully situated. Both are Third World natives, both displaced Indians, both eminent writers in English, both restless migrants to the world's trouble spots, analysts of problems that will not go away. Naipaul, however, has travelled in the post-colonial world mainly to experience its failures, its tawdry hypocrisies, its sordid tyrannies. He is a good example of a peripheral writer who has become a brown Englishman as a result of his youthful exposure to a typical colonial education, transmitted out of context to uncritical and passive clients, victims of unrecognized and much prized imperial propaganda. Many recipients of such an education internalized imperial, British or French values underpinned by a belief in the inherent superiority of European civilization. Such cultural hybrids, whose mental landscapes were permanently colonized by the English or French language and English or French literary culture—the case of Tahar Ben Jelloun comes to mind—would almost inevitably feel themselves to be misfits in their indigenous culture, distanced and alienated by a superimposed sensibility. When Naipaul writes about the periphery, he sees it through Western eyes, although it must be said that there is also a Western perception of the periphery that celebrates its incomplete industrialization and retention of ways of life that evoke a nostalgia for Europe's rural past. The more sympathetic and less censorious tone of Naipaul's recent narratives on the periphery may well reflect a greater maturity. His long sojourn in Wiltshire seems to have deepened his understanding of himself in relation to India, the loved and hated country of his ancestors. *The Enigma of Arrival* bears witness to his slow and painful realization of the inauthenticity of his early education—even at its best, a second-hand and even second-rate education. Ironically, such self-realization by the culturally dispossessed of former colonies seems possible only after long years spent in the so-called "mother" country, whose cultural mores bear little resemblance, it begins to seem, to the ideas embedded in the illustrated pages of long distant but vitally influential colonial textbooks. Rushdie's novels, on the other hand, are scathingly critical, not to say

insurrectionary, about the rulers of India, Pakistan, and recently the Muslim world as a whole, but one never gets the impression from *Midnight's Children* and *Shame* that the critique is disengaged, or haughty, or somehow disapproving of the entire post-colonial enterprise. Moreover, Rushdie's journalism, unlike Naipaul's, argues for an ongoing political and cultural engagement not only with countries such as India and Pakistan but with the politics of representing them in the great metropolitan centres.⁷

For Rushdie, the difference between metropolis and peripherality, or in/out, has been effaced, despite the bounty put on his head by the late *Imam*, and which forced him to "dive for cover," as he has recently put it. "I feel I have been plunged, like Alice, into the world beyond the looking glass, where nonsense is the only sense. And I wonder if I'll ever be able to climb back" (In Good Faith 53).⁸ Being forced to go underground means being deprived of the outside world, living in exile within another exile. As a Bombay-born Muslim, a Cambridge-trained Indian who lives in London, he projects a profile that has similarities to other writers of the same breed—for example, Ben Jelloun, another peripheral Muslim writer born in Tangiers, raised for the most part in Morocco, and placed in Paris. We have here artists for whom "hegemony and acculturation" have become impossible on both sides of the cultural dividing line. Operating within a *world* literature whose traditional national boundaries have been blurred, they speak with authority in the world of fiction. Hence, Rushdie:

If you are an extra-territorial writer you select a pedigree for yourself, a literary family . . . Swift, Conrad, Marx are as much our literary forebears as Tagore or Ram Mohan Roy. . . . We are inescapably international writers at a time when the novel has never been a more international form . . . cross-pollination is everywhere. ("Imaginary Homelands" 34)

This is an apt illustration of Said's observation that "the exile experiences life as multiple," meaning that the exile's diversity allows him better to engage in dialogue, to embody that Bakhtinian *heteroglossia* valorized in recent North American criticism; or that, being from nowhere, he is also from everywhere in the sense of the exile's "plurality of vision [which] gives rise to an awareness of simultaneous dimensions, an awareness that—to borrow a term from music—is *contrapuntal*" ("Mind" 34).

Like Rushdie, Said signifies what might be called a partial transfer. Born in Jerusalem, he later studied in the United States where he is now permanently located. A mis/placed writer of a displaced narrative, Said has made of dispossession and disorientation a subject uniquely his own. Though dispossession confers certain responsibilities of witness and engagement (Said is still actively involved in the affairs of the homeland), it also puts the exile in touch with a larger truth of loss: "that life cannot be pushed back. Biology is not a reversible process" (qtd. in Leader 706). What all this amounts to is that Said, Rushdie, Ben Jelloun are inverted, but their inversion has given them a detached, guarded scepticism about notions of collective, nation, language, narrative, place. It also shows how the work of the exile becomes converted from a challenge or a risk, into a positive mission whose success is, in fact, a cultural act of great importance. "Critiques like Said's," writes James Clifford, "are caught in the double ethnographic movement. . . . Locally based and politically engaged, they must resonate globally" (11).

Is it altogether innocent then that the metropolis is embracing this kind of "pluralism"? Or is it because the peripheral writer is once again "discovered" as an exotic text to be read, deciphered, and deconstructed? We have witnessed the vogue of what Rushdie has called "Raj revivalism" occurring in film and television, the purpose of which has been to attempt to restore the lost prestige of the British Empire. There have been television serializations of *The Far Pavilions* and Paul Scott's Raj Quartet and films like *Gandhi*, *Octopussy*, *A Passage to India*, and recently, the rerelease of *Lawrence of Arabia*, all reaching an enormous audience both at home and abroad. "And when Britain takes 'Great' out of 'Britain,'" Rushdie so brilliantly argues "(since the idea of a *great* Britain was originally just a collective term for the countries of the British Isles, though repeatedly used to bolster the myth of national grandeur), only then can she celebrate her imperial past in motion-picture" (87)⁹ and now in exhibition—one may add. The point I am trying to make is that Britain, like France (of which I will speak later), having ruled a quarter of the world, must now content herself with gazing at large and lavish illustrations characteristic of that period. Take, for example, *The Raj: India and the British 1600-1947*, a catalogue of about 500 illustrations compiled by, we are told, a team of scholars headed by Christopher Bayly. Both book and exhibition tell of British domination and representation of her colonial past. A striking young Maharaja,

dressed in silk and jewels, stares commandingly out from the National Portrait Gallery poster. He seems the "romantic" embodiment of Indian sovereignty, but both the regal pose and the Indian setting are misleading. As the exhibition catalogue explains, the original portrait was commissioned by Queen Victoria and painted in England by Franz Winterhalter. The *subject*, Maharaja Dalip Singh, had been deposed some years earlier when the British annexed the Punjab in 1849. Deprived of his State and the Koh-i-Nur diamond, Dalip Singh arrived in England at the age of sixteen, an "exotic" ornament to Queen Victoria's court (the diamond was, of course, to end up among the crown jewels). The historical background is clearly that of "power-knowledge-pleasure" which Foucault expounds so well in *The History of Sexuality*. The encoding of pleasure within the production of useful knowledge for the advantage of civil power (represented here by the queen) is specifically described by Foucault as not simply disruptive; something produced by the other to deform or disturb the civil subject; it is a vital adjunct to power, a utilization of the potentially disruptive to further the workings of power, in this case the empire (Foucault, *passim*). In courtly fictions we can see this movement in operation: the other is incorporated into the service of sovereignty by reorienting *its* desires. Put into simpler terms: by soberly gazing at young Maharaja Dalip Singh, Queen Victoria hopes to capture not only a spectacular pleasure but also to consolidate her possession both in reality (the Punjab was after all annexed) and in fantasy.

The exhibition spans two and half centuries, starting with the foundation of the East India Company in 1600 and ending with Indian Independence in 1947. The complex story of British commercial and territorial expansion, of Indian co-operation and resistance, is narrated through a wide variety of exhibits. British and Indian paintings, prints, photographs, weapons, textiles, and furniture are carefully arranged so as to reveal Britain's domination of India at the height of colonialism (1870-1947), just before the whole edifice began to split and crack.

Armed conflict played a central role in Britain's colonial progress, and this is celebrated in several grand paintings of British triumphs in India. Robert Home's painting depicts two princes, diminutive and "exotic" in their long robes, confidently placing themselves in Cornwallis's care: a telling tableau of British imperial intervention. An illustration, titled "Miss Wheeler defending herself against the sepoys at Cawnpore," shows a dishevelled heroine firing a pistol at one of four Indians, who have been

made to look villainous. Two of them lie dying. This is what one may call the politics of representation, which tells us how the peripheral (Indian) was (and still is) viewed as dangerous, a murderer, a rapist. It is shown in one of the most intriguing paintings, that of Sir Joseph Paton, "In Memoriam," which caused a critical outcry when first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858 because it depicted, in luminous Pre-Raphaelite detail, the agonies of a group of Englishwomen and girls awaiting what may happen to them as Indian sepoys advance through an open door. This was too much for Victorian sensibilities, and Paton was obliged to paint out the "offending" sepoys, and replace them with a rescue party of Highland soldiers.

What both film and exhibition tell us by some odd way of telling is that the colonial project in India was long, vast, and scarring; a means of imposing order on a bewildering variety of peoples. The display of paintings recreates a sense of the world we (British) have lost. Indians are divided into castes and tribes, classified by physical type, occupation and costume, and represented in the form of miniature models, life casts, and photographs—some with their subjects posed or even clamped in front of a measuring grid. This is what Said terms "European undeterred Eurocentricism." He speaks of how the culture plays a very important role in the domination of many peoples.

At the heart of European culture during the many decades of imperial expansion lay what could be called an unrelenting Eurocentrism. This accumulated experiences, territories, peoples, histories, it studied them, it classified them, it verified them; but above all, it subordinated them to the culture and indeed the very idea of white Christian Europe. This cultural process has to be seen if not as the origin and cause, then at least as the vital, informing and invigorating counterpoint to the economic and political machinery that we all concur stands at the centre of imperialism. And it must also be noted that this Eurocentric culture relentlessly codified and observed everything about the non-European or presumably peripheral world, in so thorough and detailed a manner as to leave no item untouched, no culture unstudied, no people and land unclaimed. All of the subjugated people had it in common that they were considered to be naturally subservient to a superior, advanced, developed and morally mature Europe, whose role in the non-European world was to rule, instruct, legislate, develop, and at the proper times, to discipline, war against and occasionally exterminate non-Europeans. (*Nationalism 7*)¹⁰

Put differently, the great culture-processing machines of T.V., cinema, and blockbusting art exhibition reveal to us that there is some small value in being able to see, as we can see, how the imperialist legacy in its many aspects still lives, and that domination of peripheral peoples by Whites simply did not end and it will not go away with decolonization or independence. It persists with extraordinary tenacity, and with much generosity it animates all those institutions, like the National Portrait Gallery, designed to remind us (peripherals) that subjugation did not only take place in both time and space, but is still celebrated in book, motion picture, and exhibition.

As to the world that France has lost, I should like to point not only to the "big-budget" film *Adieu Bonaparte* but also to Bernard Pivot's well-rehearsed and impressionistic "Championnats du monde d'orthographe," which, in the finest traditions of linguistic imperialism, must entertain and educate those who do not "write" or "speak" like us across the periphery. And lest we begin to console ourselves that the painful "dictée" is disseminated from the metropolis throughout the periphery, we are reminded that the use of "our language," whose survival by the way depends to a large degree on those who speak/write it in the periphery, must still meet "our standard": that of "l'orthographe française."¹¹

To return to peripheral voices is only to remind ourselves that they belong neither here nor there. Exotic and outlandish to those who read them in the metropolis because they happen to be black, or "brown," speak with "accents," bear different names, peripheral artists are changing the landscape of the language of the metropolitan tribe, while refusing assimilation through any one-way process. Being invited to speak as intellectuals "*en marge*" of the centre, they seize the convenient hour to castigate too, and with the aid of their global awareness, state in clear accents that the world is one (not three), and that it is unequal. Rushdie, Ben Jelloun, Said, and others, all play an important intermediary role in the reception of peripheral narrative. They hover between boundaries, the products of that peculiar "weightlessness" that Rushdie saw in his and others' "migrant" consciousness. There arise from this restlessness and rootlessness questions about the accidents not so much of place or privilege but of political attitude—an attitude that translates into certain shared aesthetic strategies which do not finally amount to a common program. In peripheral writers' epic narrative, satire, language, metaphor, allegory are always a combination of formal elements that are context-

specific and therefore resistant to an imposed norm. Suffice it to add that peripheral writers belong together, quote one another, and enter the public sphere as a distinct community without a "proper name." None of them, however, except perhaps Rushdie, captures this sense of belonging on both sides of the dividing cultural line. "I am a bastard child of history," he says. "Perhaps we all are, black and brown and white, leaking into each other like flavors when you cook" ("In Good Faith" 54). Rushdie plays some kind of interdependence of territoriality and caste that no other peripheral artist does. And this owes something to his hybrid background. It is a situation, Rushdie points out, in which English "no longer an English language, now grows from many roots; and those whom it once colonized are carving out large territories within the language for themselves" ("Imaginary Homelands" 70). Indeed, Rushdie, like many others, is the offspring of an empire that has left so many distinct traces of its legacy as the dominant power in India and elsewhere: high tea, the Bombay servants, public schools, Cambridge O Level, cricket, Shakespeare, field hockey, the English language, all remnants oddly enough revived by the natives themselves after the white man's exit. Rushdie would feel as many misgivings about portraying the lives of Pathans, Punjabis, and Gujeratis in Bombay as in London, for his views veer from theirs at more than one angle. His "Englishness" or "Indianness," or both if necessary, are fungible: not merely a distinction of language or habitation, but the aesthetic tracing of caste—what Gramsci would call his "bookishness" and "Intellectualism." Once the imperial interchange is set in motion, narrative between tribes illumines narrative between tribes-in-a-tribe (Brennan 37-87).

Nowhere is Rushdie's "hybridity" more raw than in *The Satanic Verses* which teems with so many lives: Persians, Jews, Arabs, English, Indians, gays, lesbians, the National Front, fanatics, fundamentalists, vegetarians, Thatcherites, mountain climbers, terrorist Sikhs, Imams, prophets, schizophrenics. The work is encyclopedic. And if it spawned "anger and hurt," it is because the novel is a piece of literary eschatology: in his essay "In Good Faith," Rushdie mentions his affection for Melville's *Moby-Dick* and his admiration for the sceptical stance of the "trimmer" Ishmael—the only survivor of the wreck of Ahab's ship (53).

Obscured by the controversy over the "offense and hurt to one billion believers world-wide" is Rushdie's exploration of the migrant condition. He has focused on England, but his treatment of sexual and cultural

identities, of the potency of its empowering myths, of the political choices open to the migrant of "the tinted persuasion" who makes a home in Europe, resonates with realities elsewhere. All his fiction has dealt with the implications of being "translated" from one culture to another, one identity to another—one history to another. And since in his books the migrant experience of this process is post-colonial, movement can also seem like "translation" from history to anti-history, from wholeness to denial, from conviction to doubt. His first novel, *Grimus*, is the story of a man, Flapping Eagle, in search of healing, who is washed upon an island inhabited by immortals. In his quest for the Healer, he meets allegorical representatives of different cultural epochs; it is through being denied that he realizes he does not trust his knowledge of himself, that he lacks a sense of identity. A similar discussion of competing selves is also there in the one thousand and one children who were born on the hour of India's independence in *Midnight's Children*. In at least two of them, Saleem and Shiva, contradictory moral forces coexist. In Saleem moral sensitivity is given material substance by a long, supernaturally alert nose, while Shiva's authoritarian cynicism is substantiated by his extraordinarily powerful knees. Yet the nose comes to serve authoritarian ends while the knees make Shiva a military hero. The same underlying preoccupation is evident in *Shame*: Iskander Harrapa disowns his culture in order to dominate it, while the powerful women hidden from view and denied even the appearance of power except in their command of the tales of the tribe, are able to wreak havoc despite their grotesque bondage. Rushdie, like Flapping Eagle, Saleem Sinai, Shiva, Iskander Harrapa, Gibreel, anathematizes a host country's institutionalized fear and hatred of its immigrant population. "Translation" and "transculturation" are key words in Rushdie's works: "I, too, am a translated man," he writes. "I have been *borne across*. It is generally believed that something is always lost in translation; I cling to the notion—and use, in evidence, the success of Fitzgerald-Khayyam—that something can also be gained" (*Shame* 24). The experience of being "translated," of being brown or black, in London is recounted in many stories that are bitter, funny, and painful.

II

Vico's notion that history is not only made by men and women but also remade by them in cycles, may help clarify the point I am about to make concerning the reality of discipline in metropolitan academia. After the violent demonstrations at universities during the late sixties, students are once again attempting to harness the university curriculum, and if the demands of that time included Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization*, Sartre's *Critique de la raison dialectique*, Lévi-Strauss's *La Pensée sauvage*, Trilling's *Beyond Culture*, today's are concerned with what Raymond Williams has aptly called a "genuinely emergent way of thinking," meaning "those texts" written, not by Dante, Milton, Racine, Freud, but by "Other cultures," to quote former U. S. Education Secretary William Bennett who, speaking at Stanford University in April 1987, castigated that institution for abandoning its (so-called) popular and successful course in the Western classics—and for doing so in response to the pressure of campus radicals. "My judgment is this: Stanford's decision of March 31 to alter its Western Culture program was not a product of enlightened debate, but rather an unfortunate capitulation to a campaign of pressure politics and intimidation," he said. "The damage to Stanford promises to be serious, if slow in becoming visible: Intimidation works" (*New York Times* 16 April 1987: A12).¹²

In 1980, Stanford established a required course for students called Western Culture. This course was built around a core reading list of fifteen significant works in Western philosophy and literature by Western, white, male writers. In the spring of 1986, "a small but very vocal group of students" demanded that the course be abolished. Western Culture, they charged, was a culture of racism, sexism, imperialism, and elitism. The administration began to wobble. A preliminary report by a faculty "task force" recommended that Western Culture be replaced by a potpourri called "Culture, Ideas, and Values" (CIV) which, its most ardent advocates say, would have been innocent of the previous course's sin, Eurocentrism—a close relative of racism and sexism. Some of the classic works of Western thought would be retained, but henceforth students would be required to read books by "women, minorities and persons of color." They must address issues of race, gender and class. On Martin Luther King's birthday in 1987, students staged a march. In fact, Democratic Party presidential candidate Jesse Jackson joined the marchers

chanting "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western culture's got to go." On March 31, Stanford accepted the new program. The vote was 34 for, 4 against.¹³

What the anecdote illustrates is something Edmund Husserl laid stress on in a series of lectures given in Vienna in 1935 on the crisis of Western humanity. He attributed the disasters of twentieth-century history to the "mathematisation of the world" inaugurated by Galileo (156-57). The root of the crisis, he argued, goes back to the beginning of the modern era when Galileo, Newton, and Descartes set modern science and philosophy on their way to what Husserl's pupil, Heidegger, aptly called "*Das Vergessen des Seins*"—he forgetting of being (Heidegger 34). The crisis of Western culture that Husserl speaks about was taken up again by Foucault and Derrida, among others; in Derrida's textual theory of grammatology, a science of reading that is committed to overthrowing the bourgeois régimes of language, ideology, and narrative realism, while Foucault's method of writing concrete histories of practical attempts to gather social, psychological, and moral knowledge reveal their complicity with an age-old metaphysic which subjugated writing to reading, active *production* to the passive consumption of *eisteme*. The true motive behind this dislodgement is aimed at a desacralization of the Western ethos, by breaking the links that placed it in a position of absolute expression. In Foucault's words:

This rupture implied that the next movement would be to desacralize absolutely and to try to see how, in the general mass of what was said, it was possible at a given moment, in a particular mode, for that particular region of language to be constituted. It must not be asked to bear the decisions of a culture, but rather how it comes about that a culture [the Western culture] decided to give it this very special, very strange position. (*Politics* 151)

That of a superior position, the one on top, one might add. Derrida, in turn, announces the demise of the Western philosophical tradition from the security of a professorship which the prestige of that selfsame tradition helped to found and maintain. The purely rhetorical element in the oppositional stance of Foucault, Derrida, and others is the result of a particular intellectual investigation, the aim of which is to make language and discourse reappear. This project of "new reading" is best summed up by Foucault in three complementary and interrelated stages: 1. an *Archéologie*, a systematic study of texts and things; 2. an *Investigation*

trying to reveal the existence and meaning of texts hitherto neglected and swept aside by the history of culture; 3. a *Critique* that must find out from which ideas or system of ideas (or pseudo-ideas) have developed these famous "sciences humaines" from which extends today, in an irritating manner, an ambiguous imperialism (*Les mots* 95-97). The thrust of Foucault's archaeological investigation is to put an end to the narcissistic view of the western ethos. The most general form of this "new" paradigm or model that Foucault defines is the notion that reality is a text, an elaborate system of codes for decipherment. Hence, the role of the intellectual historian: to unpack, decode, deconstruct, and gather together the archives that have suffered a loss. Only then can we speak of the effectiveness of this new kind of historical enquiry. Its task is to make us discern the potential for a politically responsible, emergent critical attitude.

To return to Derrida, although Said's brilliant account of him in "Criticism Between Culture and System" states an intellectual deficiency in his thought, it does not engage with Derrida's writings as a symptom of the society in which they have emerged (*World* 178-226). Why should Derrida have gained such prestige among a closed-in, ethnocentric, imperial, intellectual elite? Professional self-interest is clearly one answer; deconstruction can crank, crack, and dissect the wheel of interpretation so that new texts can be produced in a seemingly endless revision of the literary canon. But there is more to it than that. Derrida's stress on the all-encompassing nature of textuality emerges from a narcissistic society already *saturated* in representations of itself and in which it is difficult indeed to know where representation ends and reality begins. The threat that this fact poses to a politically responsible and radical criticism should not be underestimated. But it is precisely at this point in the debate that Derrida brings to light what Abdelkebir Khatibi has called "déconstruction/décolonisation." Khatibi observes:

La déconstruction, en tant qu'ébranlement de la métaphysique occidentale . . . a accompagné la décolonisation dans son événement historique. Nous remarquons, ici même, quelques effets de cette rencontre qui n'est point un parcours de hasard. Rencontre entre décolonisation et déconstruction. (Maghreb pluriel 48)

I should like to add that in the metropolis, decolonization had also had a favored place, for here was the greatest concentration of peripheral

intellectuals anywhere in the world. Think of C. L. R. James, Raja Rao Mohan Roy, Aimé Césaire, Franz Fanon, Kateb Yacine, and many others. Flocking to the metropolis after the Second World War in the wake of a massive labor recruitment by both British and French industries came Punjabi Sikhs, Pakistani refugees, Arab Algerians, West Indians, Black Africans, and others, constituting a unique expression of the national question as a community within "established" Britain and France. They were to form later an alternative French and British subculture of which Ben Jelloun and Rushdie are the products.

III

I will now attempt to draw a map of both English and French languages, their territorial variations, their usages and neologisms. The fascination the English language has for peripheral writers may stand, next to cricket and Shakespeare (production of whose plays onstage and on television makes powerful contributions to English "invisible bullets," to use a phrase from Greenblatt) as the most enduring legacy of British imperialism.¹⁴ This English language has the characteristics Roland Barthes ascribes to myth: it turns history into nature and thus impedes critical analysis. But the peripheral writers who use it do not accept it as it is—it is often re-examined in relation to other tongues, dialects or pidgins. They must also adapt French to "le Petit Nègre, le Québécois, le Créole" (Dash 49-58). Thus, both languages cease to be the idioms of the occupier only and are appropriated by various writers for whom they become *homemade* products. For many of the writers, however, writing in English or French is a choice that poses certain problems: in places like anglophone Africa, where vast segments of the population have little access to education, any text in English presents an insurmountable obstacle. In the French context, Khatibi has this to say:

Je pense que la littérature [maghrébine] est inscrite dans un *chiasme*. D'une part, elle appartient à la tradition de la langue française, que les intéressés le veuillent ou non . . . D'autre part, cette littérature est travaillée par la langue maternelle, émergence du récit oral, parole proverbiale. Travail qui a ses effets partout: ce qui paraît parfois comme perturbation ou une subversion de la langue française indique un processus de traduction (conscient ou inconscient) d'une langue à l'autre. C'est cet écart qui décide de l'originalité de tel ou tel texte . . . Encore

faut-il en prendre acte, dans le texte même: assumer la langue française, oui, pour y nommer cette faille et cette jouissance de l'étranger qui doit continuellement travailler à la marge, c'est-à-dire pour son seul compte, solitairement. ("Lettre," Preface ii)

In both cases, however, the reading public is limited to the educated classes and to the foreign market.

Understandably, it has become the project of the peripheral writer to combine historical subject matter with the contemporary scene and language. Syed Amanuddin has a trenchant comment in this regard.

The Third World writer using English as the language of creative expression encounters such concerns of identity and national and international consciousness. He is likely to vacillate between exploring the national or ethnic identity and following British, American or European models of literary expression. He also faces the problem of using a regional brand of English or "Queenji's English" (as Khushwant Singh humourously puts it). The writer needs to situate his work in a contemporary scene that is relevant to his creative purpose unless his interest is in historical subject matter. Even the historical subject matter must have contemporary relevance. (123)

Surely, but to what extent is the peripheral writer really free in his use of the occupier's language? And how should he use it? As early as 1937 the Indian novelist Raja Rao wrote that the quick "tempo of Indian life must be infused into our English expression, even as the tempo of American or Irish life has gone into the making of theirs." Chinna Achebe writes that he hopes no African writer ever learns to use English like a native speaker, for such an English cannot carry the rhythms of African life. "How choose / Between this Africa and the English tongue I love?" wrote Derek Walcott of the brutal British response to the 1950s Mau Mau uprising in Kenya.¹⁵

For some Caribbean writers in particular, the answer lies in exploring the dialects—and hence the vitality—of Créole culture and language. Louise Bennett and her poems in Jamaican speech are an example of what can be achieved by using a popular medium. In *Anancy Stories and Dialect Verse*, she writes:

Once upon a time, Bredda Anancy an Bredda Pigin (Pigeon) was good, good frien'. Well Anancy notice how Pigin wasa to a feedin tree every

day, but Anancy didn't know weh de tree was. One day him ask Pigin fe kea him wid him, but Pigin tell Anancy sey him kean goh deh except' him can fly. Anancy tell Pigin fe len him some a him fedda (feather) and him wi' fly goh deh to. So Pigin len him de fedda dem, an de two a dem start out fe de feedin-tree. As soon as Anancy spy de tree, him fly wey leff Pigin an pitch pon all a de big ripe fruit dem undah de tree an halla out, "One, two, t'ree an a spawn. Not a man touch but me." Anancy nyam off all de ripe fruit dem an po' Pigin coundn't touch one, him jus haffe pick-pick roun de few green fruit dem pon de tree. Wen Anancy dun eat, him belly was soh full dat him drop asleep undah de tree, an Pigin draw out de whole a him fedda outa Anancy an fly wey leff him. (25)

Bennett's popular success bears witness to the tremendous response such experiments may stimulate. From a younger generation, Linton Kwesi Johnson, the West Indian poet and singer, has chosen to express himself in the language of the black community in London. His *Dread Beat and Blood* goes so far as to fashion a new language that speaks directly to the people through a medium which does not falsify the experiences they wish to convey, experiences which have meaning for every Black person in Britain and which illustrate the impact of the frustration and pain felt in their community today. His aim in doing this can be compared to Achebe's purpose when he decided to tell his fellow countrymen that their past had not been a long dark age. Johnson gives literary form to the language—and therefore to the experience—of the West Indians living in England. Like Bennett, he has returned to the fruitful sources of oral tradition.¹⁶ In both cases "the language is regional, ritualistic, proverbial, metaphoric, and therefore, quite distinct from language in the European novel" (Kirpal 144-54).¹⁷ As a matter of fact, the European novel has not for many years been the most important fiction published in the metropolis. It has been going through a kind of bankruptcy, what Ben Jelloun has aptly called "la littérature d'une crise. Non une crise de l'écriture, mais crise des rapports au monde. Les «nouveaux romans» sont des oeuvres d'auteurs qui ne savent plus quoi dire ni comment raconter leur société" (Rolin 138).¹⁸ It is in the works of such writers as Bennett, Ben Jelloun, and others that the vitality of the novel lies today. In England itself the novel remains as entertaining as ever. But the entertainment it affords seems inseparable from its conventionality, its reliance upon a seriocomic examination of the limitations of being English.¹⁹ In France, Anthony Burgess notes:

Ce que je reproche au roman français d'aujourd'hui, c'est surtout d'avoir tué le personnage. . . . La grande tradition de la fiction française me paraît morte. . . . En fait depuis la fin de la guerre, la littérature française n'a donné que deux grands personnages: Astérix et Obélix, qui sont typiquement rabelaisiens. (23)

The French have, of course, been busy reading Alain Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute, and Marguerite Duras whose narratives are so frigid that they arouse in the reader a feeling that the novel is dead and that they themselves are the cadavers.

These examples I have spoken about show that the choice of language for peripheral artists depends very much on local conditions and on the type of public that the writer primarily writes for. Certainly, in many cases, writing in the language of the occupier corresponds to an acceptance of a foreign medium for purposes of a wider audience. Yet, in the case of the Congo, for example, when the Belgian rulers encouraged the development of the local languages to the detriment of French, the choice of the colonizer's language was an important political act for the Congolese and corresponded to the artist's desire to open out to the rest of the world (Durix 23). In India where the vernaculars support a well-established tradition and have a public, anglophone novelists tend to be less numerous. In other regions like the West Indies where English and French are the normal languages of the people, the problem is more a choice between some literary adaptation of the local English and British English or between "le Créole" and metropolitan French. Transported into a new country on board the slave boats or, later, in the immigrant ships, the newcomers had no real choice about what they should speak. Thus, unlike African writers, they could not fall back on a native tongue. Yet the language imposed by the colonial master was often a debased idiom, deprived of inflections and tenses, because it was only meant to transmit simple orders. Despite the handicap, West Indians managed to fashion a common tongue, still widely understandable by the average English and French speaker and capable of carrying all the subtleties of human feelings. George Lamming sees this question in terms of his favorite Caliban and Prospero opposition borrowed from Octave Mannoni's *Prospéro et Caliban*. For him, the West Indian artist is a Caliban who must alter the set of presuppositions that came with Prospero's language (the idiom of the colonizer). (See Tiffin 253-74). In the discourse and

discipline of domination and subjugation of the colonized by the colonizer, Césaire's politics of neologisms brings the whole incredible landscape in which syntactic, semantic, and ideological transformations occur. Césaire writes in French, but the neologisms in a line like "Marronnons-les Depestre marronnons-les / Comme jadis nous marronnions nos maîtres à fouet" defeat the most well-intentioned translator, for the only possible equivalent of the coined *marronner* is "to maroon," which, though derived from the same root, is dominated by images of shipwreck and abandonment. To engage with this writing is an active work of rethinking. How does one grasp, translate a language, like Césaire's, that blatantly makes itself up? Many translators have gone to great lengths of accuracy and daring; but Césaire still sends readers to dictionaries in several tongues, to encyclopedias, to botanical reference works, histories, and atlases. He makes readers confront the limits of their language, or of any single language.²⁰

The reassessment carried out in this essay has been an attempt to show how the exportation of English and French languages and literatures was a crucial component in establishing the ideological hegemony of the British and French empires in Asia, Africa, the West Indies. English and French languages and literatures were strategically employed in the service of colonial education and had a major role to play in what Gayatri Spivak has termed the "worldling of the Third World" (247). And even though Spivak's phrase implies a passive colonial subject it nevertheless raises the problem of curricular in the periphery where the presence of the English and French canons in the peripheral classroom does not only make a straightforward and by now tired statement about colonial hegemony, it also subjugates its occupants. English and French languages and literatures as former disciplines of study in British and French institutions both fulfilled the demands of colonial rule and were themselves shaped by what happened overseas. As my next and final investigation will show, the encounter between Western tongue and text on the one hand and peripheral readers and listeners on the other, has been the site of a complex enterprise where imperialism, colonialism, post-colonialism interact.

A case in point is the nationalism that emerged in the early decades of the twentieth century in Algeria. It began as a demand by the natives for full rights as French citizens without surrendering their personal status as Muslims. Even this agenda, however, proved threatening to the French

sense of their own cultural and political superiority, and they undertook a program of active efforts to divert and neutralize any tendency to develop an independent Algerian national identity. With the suppression and neglect of Arab schools, education became the domain of the French, and Algerian Arabs were schooled, if at all, in French language, history, and culture. Excellent as was the general standard of French education, its content sometimes struck Maghribians as painfully incongruous: as for instance the history textbooks beginning "Our ancestors, the Gauls. . . ." And then they were sooner or later confronted by the inevitable factor of discrimination; Ahmed Ben Bella recalls that in his childhood at Marnia he "did not feel the difference between Frenchmen and Algerians as much as I later did at Tlemcen," because in the first football teams were integrated, whereas in the latter Europeans and Muslims each had their own.²¹

The cases of the Congo, Algeria, India, are reminders of those political and racial separations, prohibitions, and exclusions instituted ethnocentrically by the ascendant European culture throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The situation of discourse hardly puts equals face to face. Rather, discourse often puts one interlocutor above another. Accordingly, Albert Memmi situates both the colonizer and the colonized in a special world, with its laws and situations, just as Fanon does in *Les Damnés de la terre*: the colonial city is divided into two separate halves, communicating with each other by logic of violence and counterviolence.²² But nowhere is the "*différance* qui écarte" (to use a term from Derrida) one interlocutor from another better expressed than in James Joyce:

The little word seemed to have turned a rapier point of his sensitiveness against this courteous and vigilant foe. He felt with a smart of dejection that the man to whom he was speaking was a countryman of Ben Jonson. He thought:—The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine. How different are the words *home*, *Christ*, *ale*, *master*, on his lips and mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. . . . My soul frets in the shadow of his language. (189)

Joyce was an experimenter in pure form—form divorced from content. And his point about discourse may have a double meaning: one, discourse as discourse, two, discourse as vocabulary, of the differing meanings or associations of words. Take *garden*, *house*, *plantation*, *gender*, *estate*, for

example: these words mean one thing in the metropolis and something quite different to the people from a periphery, say Jamaica, an agricultural colony, a colony settled for the purpose of plantation agriculture. "How, then," observes Naipaul,

could I write honestly or fairly if the very words I used, with private meanings for me, were yet for the reader outside shot through with the associations of the older literature? I felt that truly to render what I saw, I had to define myself as a writer or narrator; I had to reinterpret things. . . . My aim was truth, truth to a particular experience, containing a definition of the writing self. (Sudha 44)

Telling the truth caused Naipaul to be severed from the roots, a heavy cost he seems to bear well.

The upshot of all this is that the peripheral narrative has inevitably the air of a footnote about it: whereas in reality nearly all the creative energy has passed to those on the other side of the colonial equation. In the works of writers like Ben Jelloun, Rushdie, Bennett, we find some of the strongest, freshest, and most exquisite narrative of the last quarter-century. A sample:

J'avais déjà quitté ma Djellaba et ma robe. Doucement je m'approchai du lit et déboutonnai le saroual du Consul. Je laissai la faible lumière allumée et j'enjambai son bassin. Lentement je le laissais pénétrer en moi, mettant mes mains sur ses épaules pour l'empêcher de changer de position. Il jouit très vite. Je restai sur lui, sans bouger, attendant qu'il retrouvât son énergie. L'érection revint peu après et ce fut prodigieux. Mon manque d'expérience était pallié par l'absence de pudeur ou de gêne. Le désir dirigeait instinctivement mon corps et lui dictait les mouvements appropriés. J'étais devenue folle. Je découvrais le plaisir pour la première fois de ma vie dans un bordel avec un aveugle! Il était insatiable. Tout se passa dans le silence. Je retenais mes râles. Il ne fallait pas qu'il se rendît compte de la supercherie. (Ben Jelloun 126)

Such a narrative is, however, energized by the tension between a feeling of discovery, belonging, on the one hand, and rejection, exclusion, on the other, as Khatibi observes: "Est écrivain national celui qui se considère comme tel et qui assume ce choix. . . . On peut se demander à juste titre si les écrivains nord-africains qui se sont installés depuis plus de dix ans en France, font encore partie de la littérature maghrébine" (*Le Roman* 70).

One need not look too far to understand Khatibi's comment, for to be outside the periphery is to be out of context. Or, to put it otherwise, the modern third-world narrative is not constructed without a sophisticated knowledge of structuring fiction. The difference is that its structuring principle is borrowed from the indigenous narrative forms, and it is the native world view that it aspires to picture and imagine with genuineness. True. But whatever theories of human growth we may adhere to, growth in the peripheral narrative is by necessity a swift-moving process, for we must experience a person's coming to maturity in the course of one or two decades. The dialectical contradictions that jolt us along the way can, in fact, be viewed as a means of speeding up a process which, in other forms of literature or in "life itself," may proceed in a far more gradual and continuous way. Between *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* Joyce shifts from a traditionally novelistic, slowly evolving conception of growth to one which is essentially dramatic and dialectical. The peripheral narrative, too, depends for its effectiveness on its informal language, not merely in its themes, but in its reflection on and in "les autres," their lives, their interrogations, displacements, "hopes and impediments," to borrow Achebe's phrase. There can be no second thoughts on that. The result of decolonization and the development of newly independent peoples, like the emergence from obscurity of various and variously suppressed minority voices, have demonstrated that all forms of knowledge about human history are forms of engagement in it. This is particularly true, of course, in the social and humanistic disciplines, where we have come to realize—if not always to acknowledge—that the modern formation of such sciences as peripheral fiction, anthropology, and history occurred within those sites of intensity and contest we have tended to associate only with political struggle. The scientific images of inferior races that occur in the nineteenth century are, to use a notion elaborated by Said, part of the production of these beings as second class, and hence as dominated by the wielders of the scientific discourse about blacks, Arabs, women, and "primitives." I think it is correct to say that today's peripheral fiction is a topic, a subject, a "matter" about which interests and knowledges have evolved, but like all other such knowledges they are implicated in the contest over and about the periphery. In its larger framework, the peripheral narrative also charts a pattern of growth that explores the plight of Third-World consciousness and her struggle to decolonize a mind that has been ranked "THIRD!"

NOTES

1. My argument as to the peripheral writer is that in spite of ready adoption by the metropolis—take Rushdie, Naipaul, or even Ben Jelloun—he remains on the margins politically speaking. This *problématique* becomes all the more important when we are face to face with the notion of outside/inside construction as peripheral by the dominant discourse.
2. From the time the first French expedition arrived there in 1830, until the last French settlers departed in 1962, Algeria acquired an increasingly massive and influential role in French life, in commerce and trade, in industry, in politics, ideology, war, and, by the middle of the twentieth century, culture and the life of the imagination. In French literature, art, and thought, the list of great names who dealt with and wrote about Algeria is astonishingly impressive. It includes Robert Randou, Jules Roy, Jules Lecoq, René-Jean Clot, Roblès, Delacroix, Ingres, Charles Julien, Aimé Dupuy, André Gide, and of course Camus, whose role in the definition, the imagination, the formulation of what Algeria was to the French empire in its mature phase, just before the whole edifice began to split and crack, is extraordinarily important. For more details on this matter, see Barbara Harlow's introduction to Malek Alloula, *The Political Harem*, trans. Barbara Harlow (Minneapolis: U of Minnesota P, 1986). Alloula's reading of the photographs of Algerian women under French occupation locates them in their historical context and examines them through the lens of contemporary critical theory.
3. A cogent view of what I am talking about is to be found in Edward Said, "Representing the Colonised: Anthropology's Interlocutors," *Critical Inquiry* (Winter 1989): 207. The term "Third World" or "peripherality" has less to do with what a country essentially *is*—what color its natives' skin, what longitude or latitude it occupies, what size its GNP—than what it *does*. From the first meetings of Nehru and Nasser in the 1950s until the era of the "Non-aligned Nations," "Third World" has meant simply those countries decolonizing from what E. P. Thompson once called "Natopolis." It has a political and sociological meaning. For a cogent view of this point, see Brennan 34-35.
4. I am indebted to Patrick Taylor for the formulation of certain remarks. For more details, see his brilliant essay "DuBois, Garvey, Nkrumah, and Fanon on Development," *African Continuities*, eds. S. W. Chilungu and S. Niang (Toronto: Terebi, 1989) 333-65.
5. On the theme of Freud's disciples, see Mannoni. Every Westerner who came into contact with Gandhi refers at least once to his child's smile; his admirers and detractors dutifully found him childlike and childish respectively. His "infantile" obstinacy and tendency to tease, his "immature" attacks on the modern world and its props, his "juvenile" food fads and symbols like the spinning wheel—all were viewed as planks of a political platform which defied conventional ideas of adulthood. For more on the subject, see the brilliant portrait that Ashis Nandy draws of Gandhi.
6. See White. Hulme offers an important commentary on Caliban as a savage.

7. *The Jaguar Smile* is a good example of Rushdie's journalism. In it he shows a strong interest in Nicaragua, culminating in his membership in Britain's Nicaragua Solidarity Committee and his acceptance of an invitation in 1986 to attend the Seventeenth Anniversary Celebrations of the Nicaraguan Revolution in Esteli, which forms the basis of his reflections in the book. For more details on this point, see Brennan 71-72.
8. See also Marrouchi.
9. See also Rushdie, "Outside the Whale."
10. I am grateful to Edward Said's seminar on "Culture and Imperialism," given at the Centre for Comparative Literature, University of Toronto, in the fall of 1986. The book under the same title will be published in 1992 by Knopf.
11. Bernard Pivot's "dictée" is taken once a year. The "dictée" for the "championnat du monde d'orthographe" is held in Paris. What should be pointed out about this event is the staggering number of participants from all over the world. The 1989 event saw between 30,000 and 40,000 participants representing 46 countries. This is what I should like to call "the revival of the empire through language." For more details on this point, see Gilbert Nencioli, "Championnat d'orthographe," *Lire* janvier 1990: 133-34.
12. An excellent account of the controversy raised by Bennett is to be found in Donald Lazere, "Literary Revisionism, Partisan Politics, and the Press," *Profession* 1989: 49-54. See also my essay "Literature Is Dead, Long Live Theory," forthcoming in *Queen's Quarterly* (Winter 1991): 1-40.
13. The march that was staged to celebrate King's birthday included, besides Jesse Jackson, Dick Gregory and Coretta Scott King, among others. See *New York Times* 20 January 1987: B1.
14. Stephen Greenblatt and his school of "New Historicism" argue that the relationship between the political and the aesthetic has been a complexly overdetermined one in modern Western culture. Since the sixteenth century, the discursive domain of the aesthetic has been neither fully differentiated from other cultural discourses nor fully integrated with them, although from certain perspectives it can seem to be one or the other. Capitalism is the name of such an unfixed fluctuation of discursive boundaries, for it is the one socioeconomic system that characteristically produces "a powerful and effective oscillation between the establishment of distinct discursive domains and the collapse of such domains into one another." This oscillation creates a proliferating network of possibilities for cultural circulation and exchange, and consequently a seemingly inexhaustible production of what Pierre Bourdieu has termed symbolic or cultural capital. A brilliant view of New Historicism is to be found in Veese 1-132.
15. There is a brilliant account of this problem in Bhabha, 144-61. He celebrates the fact that English is no longer just an English language. The essay by Sneja Gunew is particularly good in pointing out the various changes the English language has undergone.
16. A generous discussion of the Caribbean use of language is to be found in Durix, 23-44.

17. The theory that Kirpal develops is that the Third-World artist can no longer ignore the native elements present to him in his writing. They must be infused at all cost. Only then can he break away from the European model. He is for a total Africanization, Indianization, or Caribbeanization of the novel.
18. Ben Jelloun is the first Maghribi writer ever to win the Prix Goncourt in its eighty-nine-year history. To ask a rhetorical question if El-Maghreb were to create a prize of the same value and prestige as the Goncourt, would it wait eighty-four years to crown a French writer?
19. The death of the English novel is fully explored in *Granta* 3 (1984).
20. Among the various translations of Césaire's works, *Aimé Césaire: The Collected Poetry*, trans. Clayton Eshleman and Annette Smith (Berkeley: U of California P, 1983), brings forth the various difficulties of the language that Césaire uses to write poetry. The coined "marronner" stems from Spanish: *cima*, "mountain-top," leading later to *cimarron*, "wild," running away" (thus the marron, or fugitive slave).
21. In his impressive book, *The Savage War of Peace*, perhaps the best ever written on the Algerian Revolution, Alistair Horne gives a convincing account of the scholarization of Algerians under French rule.
22. Albert Memmi, *Portrait du colonisé* (Montréal: L'Etincelle, 1972); also A. Memmi, *L'Homme dominé* (Paris: Gallimard: 1968); finally, Franz Fanon, *Les Damnés de la terre* (Paris: Gallimard, 1976) 310-32. The passage where Fanon describes the two cities, that of the coloniser and colonized, is too long to be quoted here. It is, however, a dazzling discovery to see how the colonizer operates in order to divide, dominate, and rule.

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