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Oral Cultures and the Empire of Literature

Craig Tapping

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Abstract

Mudrooroo Narogin's (Colin Johnson's) novel Doctor Wooreddy's Prescription for Enduring the Ending of the World^ is a hybrid cultural artefact, and can be situated between two discourses each of which are generally regarded as mutually exclusive. It is a novel - that is, its form is derived from European traditions of literate discourse - which nonetheless seeks to articulate the breadth and riches of non-book, pre-literate oral culture. It is an Australian novel by an Aboriginal writer, and thus presages the possible shape of Commonwealth writing to come.

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Mudrooroo Narogin's (Colin Johnson's) novel *Doctor Wooreddy's Prescription for Enduring the Ending of the World*[1] is a hybrid cultural artefact, and can be *situated between two discourses* each of which are generally regarded as mutually exclusive. It is a novel – that is, its form is derived from *European traditions of literate discourse* – which nonetheless seeks to articulate the breadth and riches of *non-book, pre-literate oral culture*. It is an Australian novel by an Aboriginal writer, and thus presages the possible shape of Commonwealth writing to come.

How we read this novel, how we contextualise Mudrooroo's *writing* within the frames of Australian literature is not difficult. Nor is it too difficult to position the narrative in the realms of new literatures in English; but this last context opens what is the novel's strangeness for non-aboriginal readers. In this way, Mudrooroo's novel suggests some of the literary, theoretical, discursive and – to return another repressed to the realms of critical discussion – ethical demands made by similar texts now being published in the white-settled Commonwealth.

Commonwealth literary studies – either in terms of the broad international perspective, or in the more specifically domestic – cannot contain and mediate these new texts which, written by or from native perspectives, demand a thorough-going and more severely self-critical awareness of just what it is we do in the name of literary studies in the academies of this former empire than many Euro-American theorists of late have suggested. I think here, for example, of the pedagogical dilemmas posed by writing such as, from Canada, Anne Cameron's *Daughters of Copper Woman* and *Child of Her People*, Beatrice Culleton's *In Search of April Raintree*, or Jeannette Armstrong's *Slash*, and, from Australia, Sally Morgan's *My Place* or Mudrooroo's *Doctor Wooreddy*.

What is difficult, and obviously alien, about *Doctor Wooreddy's Prescription for Enduring the Ending of the World* is its very status as new writing from the margins of empire. It is a writing which derives from oral culture. As Mudrooroo's chronicle of Aboriginal contact with European prisoners and

the administrators of settlement develops, his concern to represent this other, the oral mother-culture, is refracted through the various modes of representation employed within the text, and generates the revisions and figures of history which occupy this new territory in the narrative.

Describing the possibly difficult access non-Aboriginals might feel on beginning to read such work, Bob Hodge writes that 'Aboriginal culture seems intrinsically alien and incomprehensible' to Australians of European descent and then describes the chasms across which literate discourse struggles to perceive oral culture.[2] White culture traditionally appropriates the myths, fables, themes, and images of Aboriginal culture through the coffee table book, he claims. Therein, exotic pictures and distorted text guarantee that whatever mythic power the tales may carry – or for that matter whatever account is being offered of material or social reality – is lost, untranslated, and unperceived because the conventions which govern such cross-cultural translations (appropriations) cannot contextualise the actual performance of the pieces which are oral in their first language. Nor do such misappropriations allow for an individual performer's personal signature through inflection and stress of both syntax and theme. Instead, we – the non-Aboriginal consumer of coffee-table books on Aboriginal culture – read snippets wrenched from all contexts, and are informed textually that this piece or that comes from this tribe or that. We are denied the full insights that a truer translation – crediting both linguistic and speakerly difference and variation – might allow. Of course, the great blindness is our own indifference, personally and institutionally within the English-speaking Commonwealth, to indigenous cultures and the languages which might allow us some perception of the distinct otherness and its richness which exists often on our doorsteps, at the margins of our affluence and studies.

Hodge argues that such cultural blindness is generated by a predetermined and 'tacit assumption that the original would have been so incomprehensible in form as well as content that there is no point in trying to do justice to it' (p. 278). In other words, Aboriginal culture is preconceived by white discourse to be foreign, untranslatable, quaint and otherworldly. And white culture consumes artifacts which prove this, thus justifying the consequent indifference to native voices in the definition of its national cultures. It is a remarkably efficient practice, and one which is directly applicable to social practice in Canada, too.

The model coffee-table book purports to make accessible and to popularise otherwise inaccessible indigenous mythologies. This process is accompanied by its justifying claims for the value of such exotic stories: 'One has only to consider the incalculable influence of the myths of ancient Greece

on the literature, drama and art of the civilized world for over 2,000 years, and that of the Nordic myths on the music, drama and literature of Northern Europe, to realize how the living myths of the aborigines, which belong so fully to Australia, could contribute to the cultural life of this country'.[3] In order to popularise these timeless myths, however, the myths must be dislocated from their topology as performance pieces, and forcefully translated into the reflexive, verbal and mimetic modes of representation through which we, the intended alien 'readers', have been taught to access, consume and privilege our own culture and its models of reality. This disjunctive process destroys those traces of non-literate culture which the tales in merely verbal translation might retain:

> Is there beauty, artistic skill or any aesthetic quality in the myths themselves? We would not know ... The myths are attributed to no author, no tribe, no language. If there is a budding Homer here, her name has been erased. All traces of the specific oral form of the texts, the narrative devices and strategies, the situation and purpose, have been effaced. What is left is content without form: or rather, since that is impossible, a ruthless extraction of the content from its original conditions of existence, re-presenting in summary form, in pedantic but childlike prose, without life, energy or the possibility of beauty. Homer treated in this way would not have inspired the civilized world for a minute, much less two millennia.[4]

But, you may well ask, what is required of us before we can grasp the otherness of native cultures that are oral? This question confronts the ways in which we have organised our culture-specific discourses, and begins to suggest how the imperial expansion which begets Commonwealth literature also carries with it the germs of its own refutation.

In order to understand this 'return of the repressed', we must attempt to understand just what it is that oral culture does not share with literate culture. First, and most importantly from the perspective of colonial encounter narratives, oral cultures do not have archival documents. There are no historical records, charts of the land, or narratives that a group of people might transcribe for another group of people: there are, in short, none of those kinds of 'documents' or 'texts' which European culture not only privileges with notions of authority, but through which that same invading culture defines itself, and the concept of civilisation and humanity itself.

This may sound ingenuous but when Aboriginal explanations of unheeded and unrecognised land claims and rights begin with the furious recognition that 'everything must be put in writing. That's a demand that they put and it's one that Aboriginal people, and all other people in fact, have to adhere to',[5] the gap between discursive orders is clear. In the systems

of empire – and post-imperial, domestically independent government administration is even yet within that discourse for non-accredited native cultures – there is no authority without documents; and, without authority, there can be no 'truth' or 'meaning', 'purpose' or 'justification'. Groups of humans who do not use script are – by definition – inferior, and often less than human.

Should an inquisitive European intelligence seek to discover other kinds of texts, there is very little in book culture which allows that intelligence to conceive of such cultural practices in the first instance, and less to nurture such a questioning should it perceive the existence of another way of articulating human existence and cumulative experience. To imagine even a part of what non-written histories can and do preserve of that articulation across generations and epochs, without storable records, however, has been beyond the grasp of our discursive practices. Not recognising such oral systems, literacy has historically categorised its agents as ignorant, underdeveloped, uncivilised and savage.

Such categorisation, too, justifies the subordination of non-European peoples wherever literacy has confronted orality: an encounter always already pre-determined by the power which literate culture derives from failing to recognize the full humanity of its antagonist.

Let us hypothetically assume, however, that we can encounter orality from this late twentieth-century post-literate vantage. Having imagined the hitherto unimaginable, a vital and self-authenticating non-book culture, we are still damaged in our attempts to interpret that way of being. As Hodge explains,

> There is the problem of language, for a start. There are very many Aboriginal languages, some with only a few living speakers. No white Australian knows even half of these languages, and most know none. But Homer's Greek, by the same token, is a dead language. Translation may be a necessarily imperfect mediation of an original, but even so, good translations can still be attempted, from carefully established texts.
>
> Equally important is the cultural knowledge required to read a text, the reading regimes which map the processes of production and consumption of meaning on to other social practices. Anthropologists make strong claims about specific modes of insertion of Aboriginal myths into their way of life. 'Mythology, sacred or secular or in-between, is the basis upon which Aboriginal life is constructed,' write the Berndts, in their influential introduction to Aboriginal life. Exactly how the truncated stories (which circulate through white Australian culture via the coffee-table book) ... could be the basis of a way of life is not clear. Stories of motiveless murders, casual liaisons between people and animals, and inexplicable transformations seem hardly an adequate account of material or social reality. Their simple prose, which seems to have no place for any speaker, Aboriginal or white, may seem a carefully neutral literary medium, avoiding irrelevant and misleading associations for white readers. But it isn't possible to write without any relation to generic conventions ... (and there

> is) a particular set of conventions for rendering Aboriginal myths in English: conventions which have close affinities to those used on books with a quasi-educational purpose for children, about such topics as dinosaurs, or astronomy. In the process, ... [the translator] leaves no clues in his text about the discursive practices in which the originals were embedded. It does not even seem to be the case that he has tried to translate these aspects in some way but has found it difficult. In the tradition he writes in, there is no recognition of a problem here in the first place. (p. 279)

Our inherited canons and modes of representation, then, do not permit of an aesthetic based on performative values. Even where we might admit some congruence, in the ways in which drama has been incorporated into the textual discipline called literary studies, again we study texts, not performances, and invest integrity and authenticity in the ideal of an uncorrupted, properly typeset script. What happens under the mis-guidance of individual directors, or in the pressure of performance on isolated actors, is at variance with the authority vested in such a figure as Shakespeare.

It is tempting, at this point, to digress into a new historicist recognition that what it is we do in English departments throughout the European-settled Commonwealth is determined by this literary figure, his texts and our practice of them. Plays written and performed at the time of imperial first contact and massive expansion – and thus, part of the systems of empire – now block our own recognition of their very play-ness. Beyond this, our practice and our reification of these plays found and articulate a discourse which cannot figure or represent a non-literate cosmology. Caliban must learn Prospero's language, we decree, even if only to spit. The self-declared magic is always already in the hands of the self-declared magician cum European, who is – after all – merely a subject in the literate discourses of international economy, trade and exploitation.

However, one must leave such digressions behind. Like the studies they generate, Renaissance texts not only demand competence in their terms before we speak, they also carry such a long-established body of practices that our own interests are lost in the shadows of their language-systems. And generating their own arguments, for and against whatever position we may assume to take, these texts block newer words. Similarly, although we must at times, and do at others unacknowledgedly, borrow from Euro-American critical theories, this horizon of textuality must also be suppressed if we are to focus on non-literate narratives and their attendant cosmologies. Our quest, returning to the repressed of oral culture, is to un-block, to learn to hear and see the cultures which exist not – as is currently fashionable – in or on the margins of, but actually outside our documents and archives.

And here, the very old begins to look like the very new. So-called primitive cultures – systems wherein shamans, historians, bards or even ordinary representatives of another generation or time stage and recount communal stories and collectively shared narratives – value what is told, not for its content but rather for its form. Form is always a message, part of the content or narrative. Similarly, in post-modern artifacts, form is frequently *the* most significant message any such cultural product conveys. A performative aesthetic operates: just as it does when we read the most up-to-date postmodern document or text. What we value is not what we're told, but the play through which the artist-creator reveals what we're told.

Look at any postmodern building, if you doubt this – for example, the new Babylonian palace which houses LePage Realty at the corner of Smythe and Hornby Streets in downtown Vancouver. Functionally, it's just another office building (the content is boring); but we are invited to admire, we are assaulted with an aesthetic that demands we admire, the architect-designer's ability to perform in any number of various structural and thematic conventions (form is exciting, the message of the construction). And that's what is missing in the coffee-table version of oral cultures: the dramatic presence of the story-teller's idiosyncratic and social dynamic performance – the 'play' buried in the description of 'dis-play'.

Therefore, as we move to understand the social construction of our own realities with ever-increasing self-consciousness (which is what looking at a postmodern building is about – or watching a film or listening to music or reading a book which is about its own production and our watching/listening/reading of it), so we have the opportunity to recognise that what begins by looking alien and exotic, or primitive and uncivilised, is actually very close in many ways to our post-industrial existence.

This is what motivates Hodge in his essay to argue for new lenses, new acts of mediation, with which to learn about the hitherto silenced voice of Aboriginal Australia. His essay is very ambitious: initiating such an inquiry, Hodge turns the tables. The last part of the essay 'reads' the most widely popular of contemporary Australian cultural products – the Mad Max films, with focus on the most recent installment, 'Beyond the Thunder Dome' – through the lens of Aboriginal narrative form and mythic content. What should be obvious, the comparative study of two narrative modes, is unfortunately eccentric.

It may sound all very bizarre, to learn what we're about at this late stage of Western technological 'culture' by looking to pre-technological human habits of experience and societal organisation. Our very reticence is the revelation of our continuing imperialism.

And again, an anomaly confounds us within our very academies: comparative literature, its study and departments, is always concerned solely with the family of European languages and literary cultures. It's all well and good to think of studying other cultures, but usually we carry psychic baggage with such intentions. Studied cultures are always chosen for a pre-determined ideal dialogue and sharing. We must be equal, first, by popular consensus. We ignore our own to learn from our masters.

Inter-disciplinary study, an empowering concept if ever there were one, is also neutered and made irrelevant by our neglect of the obvious: that in Southern Africa, Canada, New Zealand and Australia, comparative literature is undeniably a domestic concern.

What I mean, using for me what is an obvious example – Canada – is that our own literatures are already comparative, and yet we are already blind to this fact because we constitute our academies on that European 'civilised' norm. In Canada, for example, we in English departments have the audacity to teach so-called 'Canadian' literature (the singular is very operative here) with little attention, if any, to even the second national language. Ethnic studies allows non-English speaking immigrant fictions in the door, but not into the limelight: a tactic which preserves, despite some bureaucratic claims to the contrary, an inalienable Anglo-Saxon complexion to this nation's literature. Native people's narratives stand little chance of inclusion.

But the academy also carries its own repressed. It is while studying the grandeur of truly alien literatures – those from another continent, epoch and dispensation – that we learn how to change our perceptions and discourse itself. In those literatures and in the vast critical commentary which grows even now like some incubus-appendage, we learn that cross-cultural exchange must be a full dialogue, or else be revealed for sham and pretence and unworthy of any degree or similar accreditation.

We can only legitimate what fulfils a pre-given charter of 'humanistic' studies. The exclusion of native cultures from our studies of Commonwealth literatures, and the refusal to alter our disciplinary bounds and modes of knowledge-production which such inclusions would demand, hides what Mudrooroo Narogin has called 'cultural and genocidal imperialism'.[6] And the fact of the matter is that – aside from an inquiry like this, which is so obviously, sadly, modelled on the kinds of information storage and retrieval which literacy mobilises and defines – the presence of oral cultures is only infrequently admitted by our discourse. Anthropologists sometimes attempt to teach students of literature, and contemporary theorists of literature reach towards anthropology for the occasional insight: both avenues assert the need for new, inter-disciplinary modes of inquiry, transcription and analysis.

We perpetuate the oppressions of empire if we admit to our study of Commonwealth literature only those forms of text which metropolitan culture (the invader/colonist/settler – our white, European canons) allows the name 'literature'. We oppress because we do not admit, that is we negate as unworthy to be heard, the voices of oral culture – the myths, narratives, songs and celebrations of the invaded, colonised, usually destroyed, and always non-white original inhabitants of the Commonwealth territories.

Mudrooroo, of course, has another programme. *Doctor Wooreddy's Prescription for Enduring the Ending of the World* is very obviously a novel and, as such, can therefore be inserted into the discourse of English Departments across the world with little formal difficulty. There is always the confrontation with the canon, of course, but that battle is no longer fought by and for solitary texts. What is important to recognise is that this novel does not present forms of discourse, ways of being and achieving meaning, in any way that is different from the kind of dialogue with its reader that every novel initiates. That is to say, as Bakhtin reminds us,

> The study of the novel as a genre is distinguished by peculiar difficulties. This is due to the unique nature of the object itself: the novel is the sole genre that continues to develop, that is as yet uncompleted ... We know other genres, as genres, in their completed aspect, that is, as more or less fixed pre-existing forms into which one may then pour artistic experience.[7]

In other words, each time we pick up a novel and begin to read, we enter into a new contract, a new dialogue with text, which redefines how we think of reading, and of the worlds within and beyond the text.

Mudrooroo is not challenging our notions of book culture but is, rather, offering us a variation on the novel which may suggest the otherness of oral culture – through the discourse of *literature* and a not uncommon set of familiar readerly expectations. In this way, *Doctor Wooreddy's Prescription for Enduring the Ending of the World* might appear to sidestep the issue of Aboriginality, but it actuality foregrounds non-European consciousness in a form learned from Europe. It is, therefore, an example of what Mudrooroo has called the appropriation of the forms of imperialist culture, and the filling of these forms with indigenous, non-European content.[8]

Mudrooroo prefaces that essay, 'White forms, Aboriginal content', with an assertion that links such new directions in Australian literature with an emerging international literature of previously colonised peoples. His argument also reveals a common purpose with other similarly recent revisions of colonial history such as George Bowering's *Burning Water*, Patrick White's *A Fringe of Leaves* or Robert Hughes's *The Fatal Shore*. In

these, and in most of what we now read as Commonwealth literature, inherited notions of what passes for history, and inherited models of representation, are examined and modified. Indeed, some scholars claim that such consciously and self-reflexively post-colonial texts are, in fact, the first writing genuinely deserving of the label, postmodern.

In order to create an arena, claim a forum, in which those voices which have been silenced or erased by official histories and canons of literature might articulate their truths and the primacy of their experiences, this revisioning of history and of narrative modes begins with very clear stylistic or aesthetic, political and ethical intentions. White, for example, destroys any complacency we might have preferred, as readers faced with a somewhat conventional narrative of nineteenth-century English life, quite simply by forcing us to realise that how we read determines how we construct our realities and our social values – especially, in *A Fringe of Leaves*, the discourse of class, power, wealth, gender, race, and empire. In *Burning Water*, Bowering is equally concerned to de-naturalise such normative mediations, and moves us to re-consider how we articulate native and white or nature and culture, by foregrounding the games our inherited language plays against our perceptions.

As Mudrooroo proclaims his project, such initiatives are clearly no longer marginal, but crucially central to the study and theory of literature. The silent voices of previous chronicles can now be heard. And the clamour is international:

> ... Aborigines do not occupy a unique position in this world. They are just one of the many peoples that became immersed in the European flood which flowed out from the fifteenth century onwards. The Aboriginal response to this threatened drowning has been and is similar to that of many other peoples. Unfortunately many white settlers in Australia have little or no sense of any history or culture apart from their own, and too often it seems that a lot believe that they were created in Australia sometime in the recent past after Captain James Cook and Governor Arthur Phillip (two Poms) arrived in Australia. Naturally we all know better than this, and how important our roots are.[9]

Mudrooroo clarifies this bond common to the literatures we should be studying from the Commonwealth, and asserts the presence of a unifying discourse to be constructed in the wake of the canon, or 'majority literature' as he terms it in his essay's concluding remarks:

> Australian aboriginal literature is a literature of the Fourth World, that is, of the indigenous minorities submerged in a surrounding majority and governed by them. It must and does deal with the problems inherent in this position and it must be compared to similar literatures, for example the American Indian, for the correspondences and contradictions to be seen. It should not be compared to the

> majority literature. Perhaps the most that can be said for modern Australian literature, or rather current literature, is its utter complacency and the fact that it is becoming more and more irrelevant to the society with which it seeks to deal. Aboriginal literature is and can be more vital in that it is seeking to come to grips with and define a people, the roots of whose culture extend in an unbroken line far back into a past in which English is a recent intrusion. (pp. 28-29)

The most evocative concept here (which is to say, useful for my immediate purposes in this paper) is that of 'fourth world' literature. Not only does Mudrooroo thereby offer us a guide into such works, he also historicises and internationalises this writing in frames which transcend that of the British Empire.

To read these new Commonwealth fictions, we must read comparatively through other such strivings for voice and presence: we must learn to read American native works, and learn from them how to read and contextualise Aboriginal Australian writing, or native Canadian. *Doctor Wooreddy's Prescription for Enduring the Ending of the World* cannot be critically examined without the critic situating it within a discourse bounded by texts such as Hugh Brody's *Maps and Dreams*, John Cove's *Shattered Images*, Joan Halifax's *Shamanic Voices*, or Brian Swann and Arnold Krupat's recent collection of theoretical, analytical and interpretive essays, *Recovering the Word*.[10] It's a very big order, self-representation, but the rewards are the ontology of our enterprise as scholars of Commonwealth literatures. Indeed, as Ngugi wa Thiong'o and others involved in the criticism of African literatures have suggested already,[11] such indigenisation of our English departments is the first step towards an apprehension of just what these literatures are. Such study engages dialogue, subverting the monologue of our inherited and imperially-derived disciplinary frontiers.

Thus, we begin to appreciate the significance of just how Mudrooroo, wearing the critic's cap this time, has articulated the course of Aboriginal literature: that new writing from previously oral cultures. Mudrooroo explains the dilemma of a critic looking for models ('I would have liked to have used another minority literature for the comparison, but I have been unable to collate one as yet') and then attempts to explain how Aboriginal literature can be read. It is also a part of his task that such 'theorising' should entail some description of representative works:

> The first stage we should note is *the movement away*. This may be represented by biographies showing how the Aborigine is being assimilated into the majority society ... It must be pointed out that until the 1960s, except for a few legends, this was the extent of Aboriginal literature in English, and these life stories were put together by whites. Aborigines everywhere were on the outside looking in. Then in the sixties came the awakening of the Aborigine. He and she became conscious of his or her

position in Australia and with it came a profound disillusionment ... but from this hopelessness came a search which resulted in perhaps the best piece of Aboriginal literature written – I refer to Kevin Gilbert's *Because a White Man'll Never Do It*. The search appeared at an end and poetry such as that by Kath Walker and Jack Davis confirmed this. As a result their work began a movement back, the counterpoint in literature to that of the homelands movement, and this movement is still continuing today. It is a homecoming and a re-entry. A return from exile and alienation into Aboriginality. Thus in my novel, *Long Live Sandawara*, I try and show this return through the actions of my main character ... At the end of the book he is shown as returning home, in a sense to rediscover the roots of his culture and his being. He has succeeded in doing this, but at a cost, and others have fallen by the roadside. In my next novel, *Dr. Wooreddy's Prescription for Enduring the Ending of the World*, I re-enter Aboriginal history and culture and give the story of Wooreddy, the husband of Trugernanna. I believe we should recapture our history and culture and a means of doing this is through literature.[12]

NOTES

1. Colin Johnson, *Doctor Wooreddy's Prescription for Enduring the Ending of the World* (New York: Balantine, 1983). In 1988, as an anti-bicentennial gesture, Johnson changed his name to Mudrooroo Narogin – the second term of which indicates a tribal affiliation.
2. Bob Hodge, 'Aboriginal Myths and Australian Culture', *Southern Review*, 19, 3 (November 1986), 277-90.
3. Cited in Hodge, p. 278.
4. Hodge, p. 278.
5. Bruce McGuinness and Denis Walker, 'The politics of Aboriginal literature', in *Aboriginal Writing Today: Papers from the First National Conference of Aboriginal Writers Held in Perth, Western Australia, 1983*, ed. Jack Davis and Bob Hodge (Canberra: Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies, 1985), p. 47.
6. Colin Johnson, 'Guerilla Poetry: Lionel Fogarty's Response to Language Genocide', *Westerly*, 31, 3 (September 1986), 47.
7. M.M. Bakhtin, *The Dialogic Imagination: Four Essays*, ed. Michael Holquist, trans. Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1981), p. 3.
8. See Colin Johnson, 'White forms, Aboriginal content', in *Aboriginal Writing Today*, pp. 21-33.
9. Ibid, p. 21.
10. Hugh Brody, *Maps and Dreams: Indians and the British Columbia Frontier* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1983); John Cove, *Shattered Images: Dialogues and Meditations on Tsimshian Narratives* (Ottawa: Carleton University Press, 1987); Joan Halifax, *Shamanic Voices: A Survey of Visionary Narratives* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1980); *Recovering the Word: Essays from Native American Literature*, ed. Brian Swann and Arnold Krupat (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1987).
11. See Ngugi wa Thiong'o, *Decolonising the Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature* (London: James Curry, 1986) and 'On the Abolition of the English Department', in *Homecoming: Essays on African and Caribbean Literature, Culture and Politics* (London, Ibadan and Nairobi: Heineman, 1972), pp. 145-50.
12. Johnson, 'White forms, Aboriginal content', p. 29.