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Language, Landscape and Consciousness

by

Joseph Sealy

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in Comparative
Literature in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York.

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This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in
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Language, Landscape and Consciousness

by

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Abstract

This study is generated on the hypothesis that the landscape treatment by victim and victor is a valuable concept for any analysis of the dimension of the post-colonial dilemma. It exposes the dialectical relationship between victim and victor which has for so long silenced and excluded many and has given voice to only a few. Most of all it is this very relationship which has posited West Indian literature in its present state. The works of James Anthony Froude, Grainger and Lady Maria Nugent, Franz Fanon, C.L.R. James, Marcus Garvey, George Lamming, Jacques Roumain and Edouard Glissant have all displayed various concepts of self and other which I use to assist in the analysis of their works. However, despite their regional and historical differences, they are all propelled by the same spirit of Nationalism and reclaiming. As a result, these texts possess an energy which helps to form a rich and complicated structure displaying powerful intertextual relationships, due

mainly to their similarities and/or differences in historical background and discourse.

Therefore, by comprehending and confronting the exclusion of the African experience from the hegemonical and epistemological constraints of the Eurocentric historical discourse, the Francophone and Anglophone writers have presented a new vision which highlights the Afro-Caribbean constitution of history and landscape.

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It becomes incumbent upon me to extend eternal gratitude to a vast community who have contributed to the completion and accomplishment of this task. These individuals have given invaluable encouragement in this pursuit. It is this very encouragement and trust which have been a beacon along this journey.

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Also, I use this opportunity to share this success with my family: my biological parents and my sister Cheryl and her daughters, Cherdona and Chanda. Most of all, Aunt Winnie, now deceased, who of all people contributed to the upliftment of my self esteem and was always kind to me in my formative years in Barbados when I was lost in my own developmental environment. The memory of my maternal grandmother, whose values and influence upon me have been a shelter in the times of storm.

Most of all, my everlasting gratitude to my wife Harriet and two daughters, Johana and Fiara, who have been robbed of my time because of my painstaking dedication and involvement in this project. Their time lost can never be recaptured. My children's belief in me has made this endurance worthwhile.

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Table of Contents

Introduction	1
Chapter One	
Lady Maria Nugent, Anthony Froude, and James Grainger: The Vanquished Landscape	17
Chapter Two	
Marcus Garvey, Franz Fanon and C.L.R. James: Preparation of a New Landscape	75
Chapter Three	
Lamming, Roumain, and Glissant: The Reclaimed Landscape	119
Chapter Four	
Intertextualizing Landscapes for New Consciousness	191
Bibliography	259

Introduction

The history and experience of the Caribbean can be described as one filled with many problematics. As a result, any attempt to speak of the Caribbean in any context must embrace all the complexities which have arisen out of the middle passage and diverse rhetoric which have arisen, making claims in determining the consciousness of these people who have fallen victim to the most inglorious voyage, placing them in the world of the marginalized and dispossessed. In reality, whether viewed from the perspective of the victor or the victim, there are certain underlying claims which lend themselves to various levels of predicament in both authors and their characters depicted, when one attempts to pry into the consciousness of either. For at the core of any discourse of protest literature, the “voice” and the “word” become the major point of departure in determining what new depictions and reclamations are made. It is the very nature of colonialism which stands responsible for giving vent to national consciousness, whether for the victim or the victor. As a result of its silencing some and giving voice to others, it is quite right to say that any

colonial text not only embodies confusion and chaos, but it dichotomizes all those who are caught up in this phenomenal machinery.

Therefore, the major pursuit in this dissertation will be to examine and explore how language, from both a polyphonic and dialogical perspective, tends to lend itself to various levels of predicament in reclaiming, redefining and disseminating a voice. One of my many contentions is that even though these authors which I'm studying, whether in the Francophone, Anglophone, or metropolitan region, have written at different times, they may bring with them a distinctive discourse which embodies the same struggle and resistance. This resistance can be either economic, psychological, or historic. Nevertheless, any form of it has resulted from that encounter of East and West. This most definitely is a contributing factor to the creating of hegemonic dialectic in the same way as it does with the master/slave relationships. However, it is the plethora of collectivity of experiences of the capitalist oppressive society which has become most dominant in the consciousness of these oppressed and muted societies.

Most of all, decolonization is now not only "voice transforming"; it is vision and word. This vision and word, most of all, of the Adamic individual are posited against a narrative of colonial exploitation, causing landscape of victim and victor to cross paths. Thus, it is the victims who, once in a state of purdah, must now remove and burn those veils of

annihilation and entrapment. By doing this, the victim must then address the memories and experiences of a raped landscape, whether topological, psychological, or historical. It's through this unveiling that national consciousness will and can take root, demonstrating most clearly that the battle and struggle against colonialism are in no way parallel to colonialism and its effects. It is by juxtaposing colonization and nationalism that the real problematic of the post-colonial dilemma will surface.

This dissertation will entail a comparative textual analysis of the landscape of protest as treated by six writers, as it is used in their respective works, as a means of exploring consciousness and history of the muted group each in given context. This will be a diachronic analysis, since the set of writers have written at various times in history.

Primary texts to be studied are as follows: Lady Nugent's Journal by Maria Nugent, James Grainger's *Sugar Cane* and Anthony Froude's *The English in the West Indies*. These were English travel writers and pseudo-historians who had spent portions of their lives as colonial agents in the Caribbean during the 18th and 19th centuries, and utilized most of their time observing aloft the natives in their landscape, which was quite often coupled with an exotic imposition.

Also being studied are Franz Fanon, Marcus Garvey and C.L.R. James. George Lamming's *In the Castle of My Skin* is a work by an Anglophone

writer from Barbados. Jacques Roumain's *Masters of the Dew* and Edouard Glissant's *The Ripening* are works of two Francophone writers. These two are sons of their indigenous soil and products of the metropole, attempting to put the peasant, the muted group, in their perspective place in the landscape. Whether consciously or subconsciously, they become emitters of their own text. However, despite their regional and historical differences, which will become most apparent in this study, they all are being fired by the same spirit of nationalism and reclaiming. Most of all, these texts all form a rich and complicated structure displaying powerful intertextual relationships worth scrutinizing, due mainly to the similarities and differences in historical background.

I will be exploring the idea the landscape as it appealed to many 18th and 19th century historical narrators. For various reasons, it always bore a superimposed reality within its realms no matter how indigenous its qualities might have appeared to be; this is quite evident in Grainger and Froude. It never became complete for them without the embroidery of the metropolises. For example, in referring to a lush Caribbean scene, Froude states:

Beautiful, however, it was beyond dispute. Before a sunset a carriage took us round the savanna. Tropical human beings, like tropical birds are fond of fine colors, especially black human beings, and the part was as brilliant as Kensington Gardens on a Sunday. At nightfall the

scene became yet more wonderful; air, grass, and trees being alight with fireflies each as brilliant as an English glowworm. The palm tree at our own gate stood like a ghostly sentinel clear against the starry sky a single long dead frond hanging from below the coronet of leaves and clashing against the stem as it was blown to and fro by the night wind, while long-winged bats swept and whistled over our heads. (Froude pp. 66-67)

As a matter of fact, this embroidery managed to infiltrate itself upon the whole Caribbean world, making its claims as it runs at all levels of existence in colonial and post-colonial settings. Indeed, the symbolic implications of all this destructive machinery is most apparent when the depiction placed upon the landscape was one which could only have meaning when the Mother Country was imposed upon it. For example, Froude states later:

From Government House we strolled into the adjoining Botanical Gardens. I had long heard of the wonders of these. The reality went beyond description. Plants with which I was familiar as shrubs in English conservatories were here expanded into forest giants, with hundreds of others which we cannot raise even Lilliputian imitations.... (p. 69)

Thus, the landscape was not the domain of its inhabitants; their place at times was reduced from secondary to non-existent and when it carried any weight of significance, it was only for the sake of mimicry, ridicule and stereotyping. Hence, from inception, the peasant has been alienated from his landscape. My intentions here are to explore new literary dimensions in some of the criticisms which already exist in this area of landscape and the imposition made on it, namely landscape of nostalgia and landscape of consciousness.

This dissertation will set about to examine the common and justifiable ground which these authors have used in order to produce in literary form, firstly, in Grainger's and Froude's case, a perception of the Vanquished and , secondly, in the case of the Francophone and Anglophone authors, a perception of the Self/Victim in their landscape, as these characters are allowed to germinate national consciousness through misery and anguish; for even though these sets of Anglophone and Francophone writers attempt to put the peasant in his proper place and perspective, giving him a new collective voice, they are engaging in various forms of revolutionary discourse. However, for them, the landscape is no longer a romantic, pathetic fallacy, but art and history now become implicit in the landscape.

Selwyn Cudjoe extends Sartre's conviction that writing is a way of wanting freedom. This concept of writing, freedom, resistance and reclaiming is one that truly permeates the texts of many Caribbean writers and is a major tool which they have used as a vital point of departure in their attempt to use the landscape of their respective communities as a revelation of consciousness, by using freedom and resistance to recreate history and shape their futures, and using atmospheric effect rather than descriptive detail. Edouard Glissant states that nature is not only *décor consentant* or pathetic fallacy, but, as landscape, it is central to the process of self-possession. Because of this, the landscape offers to the creative imagination a metalanguage in which a new grammar of feeling and sensation must be externalized. It is upon this tenor that the whole scope of this dissertation will be formulated.

My concern is not mainly to study the degree of falsity or validity of history, but simply to explore the photographing of history from the speculum of the Victor and the Vanquished, and set grounds to put back, as Jacques Roumain has in his *Masters of the Dew*, the space of the colonized in its proper perspective, "so that day can break over again, so that day can break on the dew" (p. 158).

My first endeavor is to expose the issues of the landscape as tool of consciousness, and the difference in the act of writing and rewriting the

landscape, examining the elemental aspect of it for the justification of a given people's fate in history. Next, I will examine how both the victor and the vanquished deal with the problem of writing that history/landscape of the vanquished. Next to be discussed will be the authenticity of the depiction of history and experience, as it is created by the given subjects. This will generate the need to explore the problematic of travel literature as a specific genre, since this type has both autobiography and ethnology at work, and also information and invention. Thus, one may ask what then constitutes value in travel literature? what are the authorial functions being used, and what narrating strategies have been used for arriving at specific authorial claims in speaking of the other?

While studying these authors and texts, both divergently and convergently, my attempt will be to expose the similarities and differences that have existed and contributed to the melding of history and fiction to create, and at the same to, to destroy myth in the literary world. It must be noted that even though Nugent, Grainger and Froude are writing at different historical periods of time, they have played a major role in these modern writers reasserting and replacing their characters in their own landscape and creating a rhetorical voice to rectify the contradictions between the governor and the governed, thereby using that voice to

transcend displacement and retain and reclaim a sense of wholeness. As Roumain states quite clearly:

“He who was apart will unite, and peasants will no longer act like dogs to other peasants. Each man will recognize his equal, his likeness, and his neighbor. And here’s the strength of my arm if you need it to work your fields and if you knock at my door saying, ‘Honor,’ I will answer, ‘Respect, brother! Come in and have a seat. My food is ready. Eat, you’re more than welcome!’”
(Roumain p. 45)

Although the inclination will be to couple the Francophone and Anglophone writers, my intention is not to argue that there is a single uniform Caribbean literature. One can quickly perceive that even though there are similarities, for example the urgency of peasant life, the dissatisfaction with Europe and the repugnance for its formulae of thought which limit and constrict, there also exist many differences. As George Lamming states quite clearly:

The colonial experience of my generation was wholly without violence. No torture, no concentration camps, no mysterious disappearances of hostile natives, no army encamped with orders

to kill. The Caribbean endured a difference kind of subjugation.

It was a terror of the mind; a daily exercise in self-mutilation.¹

My objective will be to show how these authors share many experiences which are emphasized in their texts, as they immerse themselves and their characters in their respective landscapes in attempting to examine the whole act of colonization through discourse and dialogue, as they are to understand the relationships which take place between their inner-self and the outward worlds and the will to formulate their social and even psychological world. Indeed, man and landscape are linked on a compulsive, imaginative ideal and not by symmetry and order once associated with and imposed by the empire. Again Lamming states:

“We are going to the garden again, free again, and especially those who here on earth belong to the Empire, the others will perish. Those who refuse to go back to the garden because they are stubborn, they will perish and not only thorough fire. My mother says it’s loneliness. They will be lonely in a way that they can’t stand. The loneliness will make them giddy. Giddy and sick. Because they were stubborn. You can’t live without God, my mother says, you can’t unless you’re prepared to be

¹ George Lamming *In the Castle of My Skin*: p.3.

lonely and sick. And that's more than an ordinary man can stand. Those who choose the garden will find things different.”
(p.64)

This comparative analysis of texts then would set about to be instrumental in adding new insight to present, existing modes of critical discourse on the landscape of the vanquished in relationship to those preconceived ideas of 18th and 19th century theory of exoticism and the other. This will be juxtaposed to existing thought on post-colonial theory and discourse.

Among areas to be explored to strengthen this issue of landscapes of consciousness are those of examining and discussing some of the dialectics and problematic of history that exist between the colonized and the colonizer, and the similarities and differences that the landscape as an instrument of consciousness and rhetorical discourse tend to imprint upon the minds of the master and his subject when viewed from the respective specula.

Other areas to be explored will be how different regions with the same past of dispossession and disenfranchisement can be spoken of in literary discourse, for example, the violent, bloodstained history of Haiti and the comparatively tranquil development of ex-British colonies. In exploring this

idea of the landscape viewed by the victim and the vanquished, it will become especially necessary to examine the various narrative techniques and strategies used by the authors as a means of character revelation and consciousness awakening to history, as these authors themselves set about to give a voice to the silent, or open a space for the vanquished, while at the same time probing the destructive purity of the other. As Glissant states:

When one knows the terrible strength of their roots and the arid fraternity among them, their conventional exotic image fades away. In this place of acceptance and denial this thin line of trees

contains the essentials of wisdom: it teaches moderation and at the same time inspires audacity.²

In studying this function of the voice as it permeates the landscape, genres of thought of Bakhtin and Wilson Harris will be used as points of departure in order to examine the relationship of the subject to the other voices in the texts being studied, when self and selves fuse, lending literature the opportunity to articulate history and at the same time to impose a contemporary perspective on the past, combining past, present, history and fiction. This will lead to the clarification of the idea of self, and the other, as a literary construct and how it is used as an instrument to recreate or reclaim a place in both time and space, in history, recreated. As the narrator in *In the Castle of My Skin* says:

Our capacity for feeling had grown as large as the flood, but the prayers of a simple village seemed as precariously adequate as the houses hoisted on water. Of course, it was difficult to see what was happening outside, but there were paddling splashes of boy's feet and the choke of an engine stuck in the mud. (Lamming p.2)

² Edouard Glissant *The Ripening* p.15.

Since colonialism attempted to erase the subject's history so that it seems never to have existed, which is a way of simultaneously excluding it from its potential part in history, the major germ that encapsulates this discourse then is to explore what it is that these authors are doing to historicize reality. At the same time, it will examine how the various texts have been used as tools for the discovery of the self through the effects of the landscape restored by the respective authors, allowing for the creating of a new paradise, making a heaven of hell or hell of heaven, simply by exploring this past through heightened sensations of the present.

I shall be exposing what the texts tell about the authors' strategies in their attempts to fuse past and present time in order to envision the self futuristically, by acknowledging and then denouncing the brutality of colonization and aspiring to rename the future, by spacializing all diachronomy in order to create a new holistic liberated world. As Edouard Glissant claims that the aim is not reuniting of the black diaspora but a federation of islands. He explicitly states:

Sometimes I dream of islands, all the islands around us....It seems absurd that they should have separate existences....They ought to be joined together. (Glissant p. 12)

I foresee that in terms of methodology, my dissertation will fuse both Western and Caribbean thought in literary criticism as a means of explication. Even though there exists a large body of Third World literature, my aim is to be able to extract germs of thought from Western literary criticism as applied to colonial discourse. Among the major inclusions will be such literary critics as Todorov, M.M. Bakhtin, Edward Said, and Albert Memmi, *inter alia*, since these have been important in elucidating the dialectical encounters between Europe and the other. My conviction is that recent approaches have recognized most assuredly that the strengths of post-colonial theory may lie in its inherently comparative methodology which have been able to hybridize and syncretize views of the modern world. Thus, I hope to help strengthen the claiming of a place in the world at large for Caribbean literary thought, since the Anglophone and Francophone authors to be exposed are heralding a universal message.

The structure of this dissertation will be divided into four chapters. Chapter one will present a comparative analysis of the works mentioned by Lady Maria Nugent, James, Froude, Grainger as they have perceived and placed the vanquished in their landscapes (The Vanquished Landscape). Chapter Two will entail an analysis of the philosophy of Franz Fanon, Marcus Garvey, and C.L.R. James as it can be applied to the overall essence

of Caribbean literature. Chapter three will explicate both critically and analytically the works of Francophone and Anglophone writers mentioned, as they set about to regenerate and give new meaning to, and identify with, their own landscape, restoring a new rhetoric to that voice once lost in the utterance of colonial stereotypical discourse, radiate a different light and add new meaning to the landscape of protest. And, finally, Chapter Four will intertextualize Chapters one, Two, and Three to give complete form to the content of the overall discourse of this dissertation.

Chapter One

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

The Tempest

I, ii, lines 351-62

I have found the above quotation quite apropos to this dissertation for the main reason that its very language tends to be the encapsulation of binary opposition. Because of the overall gist of this hermeneutic exercise, I find

it to be the crux of the pretext of the overall discourse of self and other, of conflicts between name and being named within its ambiguities of certain and uncertain, of knowing and unknowing, and, most of all, of that distancing "I" and "You." Given the trend of what might be called post-modernity or post-modernism, hopefully the terms will not be confused. I can say that this citation maintains a certain transparency that undoubtably contributes to or results from its opacity. The two terms are being used simply to show the nature of language as one being darkened, shady, or impermeable to light, as compared to one being free and completely void of deceit and deception. But within the imposed opacity or transparency of these texts, there exists a language of difference which to an extent has resulted in a language of silence and deliberate non-existence. To a certain extent, looking at the texts to be studied for a post-modern perspective within their given situation, one of the major problematics of the word is that it has fallen short of reciprocity and an intersecting of the knowledge of things. This tends to valorize the three authors being studied as suffering not only loss of self, but also loss of control over the very word which is not only theirs but which must be used to validate their own existence and their own will to power. Most likely, this has evoked injunction to silence and most of all invisibility.

In this part of the dissertation I will be treating three authors' use of the landscape as a means of writing self and other. By self I mean those persons who have been used or seen as representatives of the imperialist powers, and by other I am simply making reference to those metaphorical calibans. Caliban is being used as a symbol for the West Indian or people of the African diaspora in the Caribbean. These three authors are Lady Maria Nugent who wrote her journal in 1839,¹ James Anthony Froude in his *The English in the West Indies* (1888) and James Grainger, *Sugar Cane* (1764), a long poem of descriptions of the cutting of sugar cane.

I found these three to be an interesting group worthy of being studied together for the reasons that the time frame in which they wrote was rather close, they possessed a certain fixed thought and, above all, most assuredly, their being pseudo-historian and travel writers has helped to contribute to the other aspects of discourse which have been important in speaking of the many conflicts that have been so prevalent in contemporary West Indian literature. This aspect of landscape treatment I find both meaningful and helpful as far as coming to terms with and understanding those revolutionaries, writers such as Fanon, James and Garvey and more contemporary writers like Lamming, Glissant and Austin Clark who set about to rectify differences and shatter the myths arising out of this "self and other" discourse. Also they help to make

emotive those voices so long lost in the wilderness of time and space created or painted and determined by the imperialist powers. For whether consciously or subconsciously, those were the progenitors of the cultural conflicts, schizophrenia, displacement, dispossession, historylessness and all those other elements that help to fashion, confuse and complicate this landscape of consciousness of the other.

J.M.W. Turner¹ sees the landscape as growing out of fertile intercourse with reality and artistic preconceptions. Even though this statement could hold some truths, in part, it tends to be problematic when speaking of these three eighteenth and nineteenth century writers because one could quite easily question "the fertility of their intercourse" as it pertains to the other, as opposed to "reality." For most apparently, not only is their preconception artistic, but it is also destructive, this being so as a result of all three of them coming from a system of "sameness" and "difference" expressed in terms of possession and non-possession.

To speak of the consciousness of the other during the 18th and 19th centuries, specifically when the others are of the new world African diaspora, one needs to be aware of the system of thought so prevalent at that time. There is a great inclination to label the idea of "consciousness and the other" as a misnomer. One might be inclined to say that there is

¹ J.M.W. Turner, *Politics of Landscape* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1987).

no history of ideas of value of these victims of circumstance. Or, should it be said that it was not given to them since they were regarded as the "abhorred slave, which any point of goodness will not take, being capable of ill." Furthermore, they were pigeon-holed as *les sauvages naturels*, a term often used in the 16th and 17th centuries to describe that which was not of European likeness or features. Famous for this were those in the tradition of Du Tetre and Rochefort's contemporaries. For example, Rochefort in his *Histoire Naturelle et Morale des Antilles habitués par les français* (1660)² was inclined to use the term rather loosely and indiscriminately. But at the same time, and in the same breath, they sought to usurp the space of these savages by creating a petit paradis which could only be completely so when embroidered or accentuated with elements or artistic edgings of the metropolis.

Ironically and interestingly enough, these writers about others and their environments, at times, possessed the most Christian-like qualities, but at the same time were operating from a specious and hostile base. Most certainly, one of their many entrapments was their inevitably oscillating between the idea of the noble savage and the Christian view of the benighted pagan. It must be noted that the great French writer Montaigne was a very popular author of that time and had influenced

² Henri de Rochefort, *Histoire Naturelle et Morale des Antilles habitués par les français* (1660)

many of the perceptions of the privileged class at that time. For example, he strongly believed that those referred to by terms such as "sauvage," and that the natives of the new world were not barbarous or a supposedly uncivilized people. He asserts that the natives of the new world are superior to Europeans because they are closer to nature.

Nevertheless, some interesting questions arise such as how can one set about to give these "noble savages" not only a definition, but also how can they be appropriated to a proper or rightful place in both the time and the space of their own landscape, be it literal, topographical or metaphysical, against these hegemonic preconceptions and traditions? Most certainly, by trying to invent or discover a third nature is produced which is neither pristine nor historical.

John Fairchild has often referred to these "others" as free and wild, drawing directly from nature's virtues. But yet they are often written out of their own natural surroundings or habitat to make space and comfort for their usurpers. However, a host of interrogations begin to unfold themselves and one begins to ponder any presuppositions of a kind which not only ignores but denies the presence of a given group. But also, in the meanwhile, these very interrogations successfully evoke a multiplicity of dialogues. For example, what portrayals are made by certain authors in relation to character differences in race and sex? What are the sources of

images used by them for these "savages" being depicted, be it out of ignorance or out of a deliberately pejorative intention? Do the character and characteristics show specific traits whether primitive or otherwise? And, above all, since included among these writers is one female writer, Lady Nugent, one is inclined to ask how different are the images portrayed or depicted by a male or female of the given era? A major point to bear in mind and note is that gender is a relation, not a thing, and that masculine and feminine can always be defined against each other. Above all, obviously, is the fact that womanliness and manliness can vary immensely. The African philosopher V.Y. Mudimbe states that just as an African was invented by the Westerner to serve the purposes of imperialism by claiming to discover it in primitiveness, prelogicality and immorality, it is necessary to read critically the Western experience from many perspectives. As Mudimbe states: "critical reading of Western experience is simultaneously a way of inventing foreign tradition. This is done in order to master its techniques and an ambiguous strategy for implementing alterity."

But in using such words as inventing, master, and alterity, speaking of the colonized and the colonizer's discourse tends to harbor many questions bristling with thorns. This makes imperative the need for

definitions. Indeed, it is definitions or the lack of them that have been the major source in the understanding of that which was different.

The mere fact that definitions have to be sought, and sifted out heralds the possibilities of ensuing problematics at many levels: semantic, linguistic, psychological, or even ethnological. At all levels of manifestation, "primitivism" and "savage" depict that which is closest to "nature" whether in a positive or negative sense. In the case of writing "self" and "other," one may then ask, what are the epistemological issues that seep through these texts? Are epistemological strategies being used really philosophies or judgments based on knowledge? Or do those theories of knowledge so inferred by Lady Nugent owe excessive loyalty to Western conceptions? Do they abandon objectivity and overvalue the "self"? A point to be made here, to paraphrase Sandra Harding in *Whose Science. Whose Knowledge*, is that specific knowledge can only be claimed when beliefs are true and grounds are sufficient. At the same time, that can only be determined by the grounds laid which are appropriate to the source from which that source is drawn relying on this as a major premise at the beginning of the dismantling of the imperialist narrative. Thus, from an epistemological perspective, the concern is whether or not one can be justified in claiming knowledge of truth, or whether or not knowledge is possible at all when individuals, whether

Prospero or Caliban, have a tendency to be victims of specific doctrines. But in looking at this from a justificatory approach, which gains its origins in Hegel's slave-master insight and his standpoint on perceptions into the proletariat standpoint, one can assert that human activity in any form and at any level is always predisposed to set limits, barriers and boundaries, and may be instrumental in shaping what is known and what can be known. Indeed, the opposite can be done also.

Lady Nugent, Froude and Grainger, coming from the same tradition based on preconceived notions of "otherness" or "difference," can be seen as representations of inversion and conversion. It appears that with them implicitly comes a certain amount of fear resulting from unlikeness within the idyllic, and the fear of coming in contact with what might appear to them as as not only strange, but barbaric. As a result, then, this tends to call not only for an extension of a forced space, but also a division of that same space. As a result, this has set up what some modern literary critics might call binary opposition: for example "self and other", have and have nots, "blackies" and whites, and mountains and valleys, only to mention a few. However, these are fundamental to understanding both human thoughts and natural order itself. Yet these binary forms have always been a part of human thought and made

premises for forming or adding to different levels of epistemological inquiry or theory, if there be such.

However, to give these authors' texts some kind of inevitably modern or postmodern analysis, one can say, apart from the condescending elements of their texts, along with the evidence of superiority and offensive ethnocentricity, that the subject or "others" being discussed have become mere figures and creations of artists at work. So removed are they from themselves and their topographical landscape in their deliberate, imposed negation, that they appear hopeless, homeless, and selfless; therefore, in speaking of those oppositions of binarism, self/other, self/selfless, reject/accept, place/displace, one can say then that they are generated only out of cultural oppositions. Just for argument's sake, at the same time, some structuralist schools of thought would argue that it is these very oppositions that are the core of human language, cognition and communication; consequently, it is then necessary that shape be given to human experience and that of the universe, whether or not these experiences eventuate in strengthening or weakening "self" and "other" or colonizer and colonized. Yet, binary oppositions do not always have to imply value and absence of it. For structuralists, such oppositions are more often than not value-free.

But in speaking of binary oppositions eventually becoming cultural ones, many things must be taken into account in dealing with Lady Nugent's subject matter. For example, most likely, as a woman and white of the privileged colonial class, her journal might have been created out of her leisure time; those idle moments which women of her class and status were so accustomed to. This might have been some means of entertainment for her and at the same time can affect her subjects in myriad ways, most likely to their detriment. It seems her only aim is to domesticate the other.

In any genre of literature, whether journal or any other, one of the major attempts is to treat consciousness of self or other. Therefore, Lady Nugent's repressing or denying consciousness of the other, depicts her journal as inherently and automatically self-reflexive. Thus, she is unable to give to these sable children, or even the window view landscape, a sense of rhythm. As a result of this text's exclusion, it necessitates inclusion of her subjects and attention to them also; for as a result of her narrative stance, she is not only remote but is Olympian in character, both unreliable, subjective and nullifying. In one of her journal entries, for example, she states:

As soon as I could get away from the party, I went to my own room; the better to enjoy the landscape, as from my windows

it is enchanting indeed. Imagine an immense amphitheater of mountains, irregular in their shape and various in their verdure; some steep and rugged, others sloping gently, and descending the thickest foliage, and the most varied tints of green, interspersed with gardens of the little settlements, some of which are tottering on the very brinks of precipices, others just peep out from the midst of cocoa-nut trees and bamboos, the latter looking really like large plumes of green feathers. The buildings are like little Chinese pavilions, and have a most picturesque effect. In front is a view of the sea, and the harbours of Kingston, Port Royal, Port Henderson, &c. full of ships of war and vessels great and small; the whole affording an exceedingly busy and interesting scene. The plain, from the Liguanea mountains, covered with sugar estates, pens, negro settlements, &c. and then the city of Kingston, the town of Port Royal, all so mixed with trees of different worlds, and all so new to an European eye, that it seemed like a paradise; and Clifton, where I stood, the centre of the blissful garden. (Nugent p. 25)

Modern literary criticism is claiming the autonomy of the text, necessitating the need to refer more to the author's narrative discourse than to the author herself. So, by doing this, one can see how her

narrative discourse tends to embody many symbolisms which then inadvertently give more meaning to the binary oppositions previously mentioned. And by simply rejecting the presence of her little blackies from the Olympian-like stance and her blissful garden, she accepts the inadequacies of her other "selves". As a result, her narrative then echoes imprisonment and subtle repulsion against traditional patriarchal ideologies. As a result, her constant descriptions alluding to the edenic fauna and flora of the Jamaican landscape is not one of total external delight, but one of internal oppression and imprisonment. For example, her constantly absent husband leaves her with her present self which is always in a state of loneliness and despair; for it's not only the state of the chattels that oppresses her but also her state of being which results from her husband's colonial assignment as governor. What her narrative subtly does is show her as being an appendage of her husband and a hostess of colonial recreation and, above all, a victim of time, space, circumstance and her very own narratives. After these short stints of entertainment are over, she is always left alone. She then breaks her silence by means of venting her disdain on the less fortunate. For under the surface of her glamour and leisure and superficial contentment, she reeks of fear and melancholia. For example, she states: "of late I have omitted to mention illness; for it only makes one melancholy and miserable." (p. 39) But

there are in fact three subjects of communication here: debt, desire, and death. It is indeed truly shocking.

It appears that everything revolts her, firstly the planter, then the mulattos disturb her. For the blackies, she feels a sort of pity which sooner or later results in contempt. At times she herself claims that her efforts to conform to the status quo are useless. She says that it is indeed a sad and immoral country, but "it is no use worrying myself." (p. 63) But it is immoral at all levels. At times she hints at the immorality of the plantocracy, of slavery, of every element of her existence in the island, to use her words, "the center of this blissful paradise." (p. 70) Quite often she echoes that she is the only woman, which can be both a privilege and an underprivilege as a result of her status.

According to bell hooks,³

The white woman's legal status under patriarchy may have been that of property, but she is in no way subjected to the dehumanization and brutal oppression that was the lot of the slave. When white reformers made synonymous the impact of sexism in their lives, they were not revealing an awareness of sensitivity to the slaves' lots, they were simply appropriating the honor of the slave experience to enhance their own cause. (p. 18)

³ bell hooks' *Ain't I a woman: Black women and Feminism*.

Thus it's interesting how lady Nugent from the beginning of her journal can be seen as such. This is probably one of the many reasons why she sees the slaves as being so particularly pitiful and helpless. Quite often the very tone of her text demonstrates opportunities for her to escape from the historical realities of her space and time, thus giving her the opportunity to distinguish her intermediate need for space between her Scenic Romantic depictions of the landscape and the slaves at work. It is the distance in space that can be attracting and both repelling at the same time for Lady Nugent. Yet it gives her a voice to make the other seem almost non-existent. Thus, therein, her narrative becomes filled with many ambivalences, each depiction showing itself as a detail in a greater composition. These ambivalences can then diminish her creation and, at the same time, while endowing her with considerable power and supremacy, eventually diminish her while she tries psychologically to liberate herself, by further enslaving and oppressing her slaves. In totality, she becomes a silent, frightful warrior. For example she says,

The maroons received us as if they were much pleased with our visit; then some danced, and the men went through their war exercise for us. The dancing was exactly like that of the negroes at Christmas, and their military maneuvers seemed to consist entirely of ambuscade; taking aim at their enemy from behind trees, leaping

up, and rolling about, to avoid being wounded themselves.

Altogether it was so savage and frightful that I could not help feeling a little panic, by merely looking at them. (Nugent p. 75)

This is a silence which has arisen out of her very place in the patriarchal state. For quite often she reminds us that she is the only woman of her class as a result of her silenced, neglected status, this endemic blissful paradise, which, both positive and negative, not only frightens her but wages war within herself.

In every one of her journals, Lady Nugent's voice is one that reeks of fear and pain, a pain which is one that's imprisoned in a repressive secretive, nocturnal and unconscious setting. Yet, there's a powerful capability within that voice, in that it is able to absorb so much that ironically gives life and death to her characters and their experiences as she superficially and aloftly observes them, and is consequently unable to understand them. For example, she says

The road to-day was beautifully romantic, but tremendous. Merton is an excellent house, and delightfully situated, having a fine view of the sea, and Manchioneal Harbour. It does not stand above ten yards from the edge of a precipice. Mr. Bryan is in England, but his agent, Mr. Milner, received us. Salutes were fired from the block-house, and the ships in the harbour. -- I walked about the

lawn, and talked to the negro children, who were weeding, superintended by an old woman. I gave them a little money, and this brought almost all the negroes of the estate about us; for I found that the works were stopped, and the negroes had been given a holiday in consequence of our arrival. Poor creatures, they seemed much pleased, and talked a great deal, but I could scarcely understand a word they said. General N. returned, and we sat down to dinner, profuse as usual, at half-past six. I was glad to get to bed as soon as possible after. (Nugent p. 71)

An entry such as this makes her journal seems to run parallel to the woman's gothic words of the 18th and 19th centuries. It is apparent that every act of speech and depiction of her landscape seem to be one of an escapist, filled with entrapment, fear and horror of the other, the other's environment and herself. Paradoxically, it gives her a temporary feeling of exhilaration and freedom in that it delegates her space for her self to escape, to create and to ponder. In reality, without the others, she has no existence, no space, no status. Thus, without them, she is both a prisoner and a victim of silence.

I must note that although it might be problematic to secure a space for Lady Nugent's text in the realm of gothic of the 18th and 19th

centuries, one consoling fact which renders her mentally so is that of boundaries. The boundary of the self which then extends itself to that of the other, and more often than not, the patriarchal boundaries which deny, enclose and encompass her, violates, oppresses and isolates her, much the same. In reality this is what she does to the other as she so deliberately sees them to be part of her artistic creation. But the Governor's wife must not be a victim of boundaries and enclosures. So then, she has to show her power by attacking the less fortunate. Indeed the text lends itself to many facets of interpretation: Gothic, Romantic, and a plethora of other genres.

It must be noted that these elements of the patriarchal, the oppressive, and the isolating are among the main products to come and gain roots out of "King Sugar's" reign. In a gothic sense, in a neo-gothic sense, they extend themselves to be products of King Sugar. From the perspective of a woman writing for the future posterity of her children, as she claims she is doing, which is a continuation of history, it is also an attempt to rid herself of alienation, by alienating the other. The struggle which she undergoes to go beyond the boundaries and anxieties of marginality, she then further imposes on her subjects. Her ability to rid them of a voice and a place in both space and time automatically endows her with hers. But again she stands at a distance in order to separate and

distinguish herself from the other beyond realms of being heard and only being seen. She dominates all discourse. The same can be said of both Froude and Grainger, for each of them the moment of transcription becomes the moment of absolute truth. According to Bahktin, dialogue defines man and life is by its very nature dialogic. Lady Nugent's characters have none or if it is given for a moment it's incomprehensible. In an entry she states:

The women were all dressed with a variety of trinkets and finery, and many not unbecomingly, though very fantastically. Their band was composed of all sorts of rude instruments, neither very musical, not with much variety of cadence. The Coromantee flute is a long black reed, has a plaintive and melancholy sound, and is played with the nose.-- Charlestown is situated between two high hills, with cocoa-nut trees, &c. up to the very tops, with little huts up the sides of the hills, each having a piazza in front, and a little garden, looking really picturesque. -- The Maroon clergy man preached for us, as he called it, which was merely repeating a part of our Morning Service, and murdering the sense of it most completely. (Nugent p.75)

Surprisingly, Lady Nugent sees herself as the only righteous one in a sea of perversity and immorality. For if one were to reflect on Hegelian theory, the assumption would be that consciousness is what determines life, which supports the necessity of the premise for Lady Nugent's writing her other out of space and aggrandizing her miserable status, giving her both life and consciousness, while coveting that of the other. And as a result, she has space to show her abhorrent attitude--for the indigenous people's. Even though she does not have to conform, she refuses to appreciate and see that there is probably a cultural aspect to them. Picturesque scenery, piazzas, and gardens have meaning to her. So therefore, all others are bereft of those virtues whether personal or collective, which are considered the trademark of the cultured. It is only her word that becomes meaning and has weight. Above all, it is the instrument of nomenclature, for her to wallow in the inhumanity and ineptitude of their sable surrogate children. Nonetheless, Froude and Grainger fall in this tradition also. Indeed, it is the very word that becomes the instrument to exclude, either by denigrating and dehumanizing, that promotes the economic and social interest of the slave lobby and the strengthening of those myths of Caliban.

Comparatively speaking, one can see Froude and the role he has played in contributing to those myths of Caliban, as making himself the

surprise bearer of cultivation. One ought to focus on his prophetic vision which has for so long been both the spirit and quest of 19th century urge toward the question of territory. As a matter of fact, it is this spirit, this urgeful quest, that in his terms has made him so able to find a place for the other. Unlike Lady Nugent who more often than not negates them, writes them out, diminishes them, he allots them a space, but what space? Whatever space it is, his narratives are implicated hegemonic pursuits of the colonizers.

On the other hand, unlike Lady Nugent who spent a long duration of time on the island of Jamaica, Froude was simply window shopping on short stints. Nevertheless, his pursuits were the same. In all, their travel, from the perspective of the other, can be described, to use Lamming's phrase, as "a sad and hopeful epic." In reality, it denies culture and language of self to the other, but it also ironically will be the quintessence of dialogue for Caliban's struggling to survive and dismantle the myths of the invader.

It is interesting to notice here how relevant and to the point is Lamming's statement in speaking of this predicament of the landscape and the consciousness of the travels of these writers. Viewed from a post-colonial and postmodern perspective, it is truly a sad epic. The African philosopher V.Y. Mudimbe quite often emphasizes that a cultural reading

of western experience is simultaneously a way of "inventing" a foreign tradition in order to master its techniques and a rather ambiguous strategy for implementing alterity.

Thus, by analyzing the Western text or word, one can see these texts as solely negrophobic accounts, discussing polarized worlds which are inhabited by "civilized" and "primitives". These are the terms so often used by Victorians to draw lines of demarcation between self and other. Of course the images created did not limit themselves to England but any place where Victorian whites or any other encountered the primitive other and have set to work the machinery of orientalist domination and power. Said best discusses it as that attempt "to instruct (for its own benefit) the orient in the ways of the modern west; to subordinate or underplay military power in order to aggrandize the project of glorious knowledge acquired in the process of political domination of the orient, to give it shape, identity, definition, with full recognition of its place in the memory. This also includes importance to imperial strategy, and its 'natural' role as an appendage "to Europe."⁴ These are the grounds on which Froude and Lady Nugent have based their theory in their depiction of the other and demonstrated the connections and interconnections to share and represent those views that have grounded and shaped the

⁴ Said *The World, the Text and the Critic*.

historical frame of the other. Their landscape depictions whether image or comment are both hyperbolic, problematic, ambiguous and ambivalent. They celebrate, personify and embody the idea of exclusion of other and inclusion of themselves. For example, Froude, in *The English in the West Indies*, states:

In Trinidad, as everywhere else, my own chief desire was to see the human inhabitants, to learn what they were doing, how they were living, and what they were thinking about, and this could best be done by drives about the town and neighbourhood. The cultivated land is a mere fringe round the edges of the forest. Three-fourths of the soil are untouched. The rivers running out of the mountains have carved out the usual long deep valleys, and spread the bottoms with rich alluvial soil. Here among the wooded slopes are the country houses of the merchants. Here are the cabins of the black peasantry with their cocoa and coffee and orange plantations, which as in Grenada they hold largely as freeholds, reproducing as near as possible the life in Paradise of our first parents, with the consciousness of a want which they are unable to gratify, not compelled to work, for the earth of her own self bears for them all that they need, and ignorant that there is any difference between moral good and evil. (Froude p. 73)

For indeed, it is this Eurocentric self that becomes the inclusive self. But in looking at these texts (and including Grainger to be dealt with later) they are all expressions of conflicts, whether conflicts of class, conflicts of race or even those of language and silence. For language is more than the exotic imaging of beautiful transporting scene, "so foreign to the European eye". They are the real expression of power and politics. They are powerful forces that are existing between the working class and the bourgeoisie, probably between the autocracy and the bourgeoisie, and above all between races: the self and the other, these become conflictual in that their dialogue is an attempt to blend orientalist horizons into a European psyche. Above all, they are reasserting imperialist status and have therefore created symptoms of unrootedness, selflessness and above all historylessness. A good example is the statement made of "the advance of the negro" being contingent on his assimilation with the white race.

In seeing these texts as expressions of conflicts at all levels, reference must be made to texts by similar whites which all support the permanent inferiority of the non-white races, perpetuating the absolute biological separation and differentiation of races. There were those assumptive attitudes of both progressive and liberal elements of 18th and

19th century Europe which as a result has muted the voice of the "inglorious Miltons".

Studying these texts, one can tell from their intertextuality that the narrative discourses are based in economic interest, and, simultaneously, one can see everywhere values of particular classes being represented. In so far as the bourgeoisie tend to dominate this given space of the other, then there is no doubt that their ideologies have become dominating factors both in determining the history of the other and also in determining the space which they take up. Specifically speaking, his domain, his landscape of self and of consciousness. So therefore, any commentary Froude makes is one that's bound to be representative of his ideology, that which he represents and that which he stands for, which is colonization. This comes not only the abundance of the oppression but the death of the oppressed. He claims:

Meanwhile they are perfectly happy. In no part of the globe is there any peasantry whose every want is so completely satisfied as her Majesty's black subjects in these West Indian Islands. They have no aspirations to make them restless. They have no guilt upon their consciences. They have food for the picking up. Clothes they need not, and lodging in such a climate need not be elaborate. They have perfect liberty, and are safe from dangers, to which if left to

themselves they would be exposed, for the English rule prevents the strong from oppressing the weak. In their own country they would have remained slaved to more warlike races. In the West Indies their fathers underwent a bondage of a century or two, lighter at its worse than the easiest form of it in Africa; their descendants in return have nothing now to do save to laugh and sing and enjoy existence. Their quarrels, if they have any, begin and end in words. If happiness is the be all and end all of life, and those who have most of it have most completely attained the object of their being, the 'nigger' who now basks among the ruins of the West Indian plantations is the supremest specimen of present humanity. (Froude p. 50)

It is curious how he sees their status as so unquestionably happy. One is inclined to see his discourse pregnant with envy.

However, Froude is not only concerned with the physical aspect of the landscape, but he most presumptuously sets about to put the physical into the psychological and above all the historical. It is his voice only that utters truth. Yet his voice--as does Lady Nugent's--tends to unmake itself. For most likely they both adopt the stance of rejection and always move dialectically. It is the narratives of this voice that are determinate of lived

ideologies. In Froude's case, the narrative quite often tends to undermine itself for this self-remote specimen of humanity, which he so sarcastically depicts. For one would want to see them as untouched by original sin, living in a pure state of innocence. Yet they are inferior. A question also to be asked is what does Froude mean by laughing, singing, and enjoying existence. For quite often these narratives promote the exegete as if all these authors do is attempt to make man captive of history.

And according to Louis Althusser, one can discuss these narratives as being representative of "lived" ideology. From a Marxist literary perspective, ideology is being referred to in its cultural aspect. If Froude were to be credited with the honor of having a rhetorical technique, then it can be asked how successful is it? Indeed, his narrative discourse and rhetorical technique tend to create a vision based in those previously mentioned binary oppositions in that what can be extracted from his discourse of nature and narrative is a paradise/inferno, a written/unwritten dichotomy. For these images of landscape, whether image, comment, or portent, all use that voice that comes as a pretext of the text to maintain its active presence of supremacy or power. That power then becomes negative, obstructing, suppressing and oppressing. And this is done totally out of Froude's European imperialist interests.

According to Said, it is this power/knowledge dialectic that created the hierarchy of European "superiority over oriental inferiority"⁵. Thus the "oriental" aspect of these exotic landscapes void of cultural or historical conversation reduces the excluded other to "zero-time" which is Caliban's embodiment.

Moreover, it is this dominant or imperialist narrative that tends not only to remove but to annihilate the slaves from the center of their linguistic power. (It is the reclaiming linguistic power that hopefully will become a political power of rights to passage in looking at contemporary writers of Caribbean literature and history.) As a result these authors exclude the other from dialogue and in a Bakhtinian sense populate the language (of the other) with their own intentions and remakings. And as a result, the boundaries of the landscape they depict whether in the highlands, the lowlands or uplands, the physical or psychological, are remarkably fluid and cause the same repetitive themes to flow through other accounts: themes of rootlessness and displacement and dispossession, etc. Therefore, the narrative eventuates in an authoritarian discourse of not only law of the self, but it eventuates in a discourse of distortion, or even one of religion, specifically in Lady Nugent's case as she attempts to fabricate some sense of order or structure within her recreated landscape

⁵ Said *Orientalism* p. 17.

of Jamaica. It is these dominant destructive discourses that produce resistance that unequivocally contain it, a landscape that has importance without the consideration of its figures. However, at the same time they preserve themselves, thus creating a landscape that is spiritually bankrupt above all else. As Froude says:

Our voyage was without remarkable incident; as voyages are apt to be in these days of powerful steamboats. One morning there was a tropical rainstorm which was worth seeing. We had a strong awning over the quarter-deck, so I could stand and watch it. An ink-black cloud came suddenly up from the north which seemed to hang into the sea, the surface of the water below being violently agitated. According to popular belief, the cloud on these occasions is drawing up water which it afterwards discharges. Were this so, the water discharged would be salt, which it never is. The cause of the agitation is a cyclonic rotation of air or local whirlwind. The most noticeable feature was the blackness of the cloud itself. It became so dark that it would have been difficult to read any ordinary print. The rain, when it burst, fell not in drops but in torrents. The deck was flooded, and the scuttle holes ran like jets from a pump. The awning was ceasing to be a shelter, for the water was driven bodily through it; but the downpour passed off as

suddenly as it had risen. There was no lightning and no wind. The sea under our side was glassy smooth, and was dashed into millions of holes by the plunging of rain pellets. (Froude p. 181)

In reality, their narratives are caught between the poetic and the practical but become both invasive and evasive and intensify the problematics of allotting covert space to the other. Most of all, the only human presence recognized is the narrator. This is also the explicit and implicit connections between their life and political commitment. It is also important to point out that in this aforementioned quotation, the notion of space and place become just as important as the notion of time. It is the spatialization which helps to accentuate the distancing modality.

One may ask what are the limits of these cultural solipsisms of these two writers. Based on their usurpation and dominance of language and space, it would appear that these conflicting discourses are combining explorations of the world with that of the self. They result in seeing the other as not only spooks but mere ectoplasms. It is the colonist himself that counts.

But Froude's images--like Grainger's and Lady Nugent's--tend to depict not only the contempt for the people but also for that which he

would rather not be. It also shows a kind of narcissistic behavior on his part.

Within the very interesting depictions, it is apparent that discourse and knowledge become the determining factors between man and nature. Within Froude's words, it is obvious that he is attempting to decipher and transform the unfamiliar and impose order not only on the unmentioned subjects, but also on nature. The aim here is to rename and restructure. He becomes the master of this unknown, unfamiliar space. Not only is the moment of transcription the moment of absolute unequivocal truth and knowledge, but it is also the moment of effacement. Also it becomes the moment of gloom which becomes evocative of this great act of writing. Interestingly enough, not only is he concerned with the disturbance in nature which his language seems to be able to master so well, but the ability to do so gives him the power of "self" and power of the "word" not only is he able to describe, inscribe and what time him might be truth, but he is able to use this as a means of self-validation.

It must be noted that it is only his words, his description, that bears any weight. Like that of Lady Nugent and Grainger, his language and landscape is one which epitomizes the imperialist urge toward territory and land. Within the foundation of his landscape and language, are reflections of wish and ideological fulfillment. Most clearly the concern is

not with the characters that would become victims of the ominous gloom of atmospheric disturbances. This focus is on geographical space and territory as he says, "The most noticeable feature was the darkness of the land itself." (p. 18) His demonstration of absolute power of and through the word at times renders him more fantastic or phantasmagorical than not. Interestingly enough, the claim to absolute power and knowledge tends to be quite undermined by an implied notion of inability to understand. A good example is his saying "according to popular belief..." Quite clearly, alterity is changed to familiarity. It is very thought provoking how often "we" and "I" tend to be the center of his discourse. It is this "we" and "I" that become a way of reinventing and validating "himself." By positioning themselves within "their own" usurped spaces, these writers become magicians to create the great mastertext of European imposition and the annihilation of the European mind. He states:

Our duty, if we did not and do not mean to abandon them altogether, has been to govern both with the same equity with which we govern at Calcutta. If you choose to take a race like the Irish or like the negroes whom you have forced into an unwilling subjection and have not treated them in that condition with perfect justice--if you take such a race, strike the fetters off them, and arm

them at once with all the powers and privileges of loyal citizens, you ought not to be surprised if they attribute your concessions to fear, and if they turn again and rend you. When we are brought in contact with races of men who are not strong enough to defend their own independence, and whom our own safety cannot allow to fall under any other power, our right and our duty is to govern such races and to govern them well, or they will have a right in turn to cut our throats. This is our mission. When we have dared to act up to it we have succeeded magnificently; we have failed when we have paltered and trifled; and we shall fail again, and the great empire on which the sun never sets will be shattered to atoms, if we refuse to look facts in the face. (Froude pp. 208-09)

Here Froude's fear and concern now do not limit themselves to atmospheric disturbance but now extend to the Negroes who are not strong enough to defend their own independence. Whether this citation can be described as narrative or counter-narrative, it is apparent how it is always working to formulate the ways in which he is attempting to define and negotiate otherness. Yet it is by means of this that his belief in his own supremacy is maintained. The quest in this type of discourse is

whether consciously or subconsciously to install authorship on the text on the non-European text, or, specifically speaking, on the Caribbean text.

However, unlike Lady Nugent, who operates and observes from the peripheries, or aloft, Froude becomes more of a central figure. Even though gender difference, it is the way that these authors position themselves in both time and space that conditions all perceptions of self and other, as far as the metaphysical dimensions of nationalism is concerned.

It must be noted that in speaking of these three in an 18th and 19th century sense, nationalism is synonymous with class, and thus whether speaking from a central view or a peripheral one there exists the issue of class created alienation and collective anonymity. And whether from the perspective of the victor or the victim it calls freedom into play. In Lady Nugent's case, her stance is not for freedom to be human but just to be able to substantiate her identity as a human self lost in the impersonal patriarchal world. In Froude's case his is to assert himself as a part of the patriarchal imperialist oppressive poetics, thus further legitimating the myth of history of the poor.

Grainger's, likewise, as will be seen, by attempting to poeticize the Caribbean landscape is not only patriarchally assertive and imperialistically oppressive in his poetics, but he also perpetuates a

pattern of immobilized dialectics, even disqualifying them from "theyhood". It is through the dialogic engagement of these texts that one sees the personae's constant self-creativity, self-affirmation and even self-doubt. According to the rigors of 18th century philosophy of travel, the function of travel was to broaden and elevate the mind and rid it of prejudices. Ironically, this does not happen. But on the other hand, as Said says in *Orientalism*, it lends itself to extenuating of power and annihilation or description of the other. But this is met firstly by a peculiar intensity of the other that seeks a new language for "redemption of this wilderness of savage inhabitants."⁶ However, it must be a language that both transports and transforms the paradisiac edenic imagery. Unfortunately, it only freezes.

But mentioning this paradisiac edenic image makes it a good point of departure to see the intricacies of Grainger's narrative discourse in "The sugar cane." For his is also a perpetual reflection of Nugent's and Froude's confirming rhetoric. According to Said's argument, that the colonial power and discourse are possessed entirely by the colonizer, one might even assume that Grainger's narrative is, among other things, filled with or formed out of confusion as far as his form and content are concerned. Foremost is his attempt to elevate such a subject as sugar cane

⁶ Said *Orientalism*.

and slaves to the canonical genre of Georgic, an attempt that was greatly ridiculed by leading critics of his time. Most certainly his major concern is with exotic images of landscape and to use picturesque images as subject for poetry. As he says

My inducement to this arduous undertaking were not only the importance and novelty of the subject, but more especially this consideration: that, as the face of this country was wholly different from that of Europe, so whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and picturesque images. (Grainger p. 11)

It must be noted that his major purpose is to reproduce landscape in language, specifically his own language. Again, “King Sugar” and poetry become juxtaposed for exploitative reasons. The imagery of the island so captivates and transports him that language becomes a problem for him. And thus, he sees the urgency to invoke a muse, but not being sure what shall be the focal subject of the story, to be tried, for example:

Say, shall the Muse the various ills recount,
Which Negro-nations feel? Shall she describe
The worm that subtly winds into their flesh,

All as they bathe them in their native streams?

There, with fell increment, it soon attains

A direful length of ham. Yet, if due skill

And proper circumspection are employed,

It may be won its volumes to wind round

A leaden cylinder: but, O beware,

No rashness practice; else 'twill surely snap,

And suddenly retreating, dire produce

An annual lameness to the tortur'd Moor,

Nor only is the dragon worm to dread;

Fell, winged insects, which the visual ray

Scarcely discerns, their sable feet and hands

Oft penetrate; and, in the fleshy nest,

Myriads of young produce; which soon destroy

The parts they breed in; if assiduous care,

With art, extract not the prolific foe.

Or, shall she sing, and not debase her lay,

The pest peculiar to the Aethiop kind,

The yaw's infectious bane?--The' infected far

In huts, to leeward, lodge; or neat the main.

With heart'ning food, with turtle, and with conchs,
The flowers of sulphur, and hard niccars burnt,
The lurking evil from the blood expel,
And throw it onto the surface: there in spots,
Which cause no pain, and scanty ichor yield,
It chiefly breaks out about the arms and hips,
A virulent contagion!... (Grainger pp. 360-61)

At the same time, this view of disease-ridden “Aethiops” is very different from Froude’s edenic vision of them. Again it is only by means of the classical formulaic strategy that this presence can be explained, for he cannot speak of his own free will. Like all others with a propensity to master an exotic language, he has the ability to freeze and control, making subjects static to the point of eventual banishment. There is no doubt that Grainger's power and position as a doctor on the island of St. Kitts has given him enough authority to fashion, form and control the picturesque and abundant as he phrases it throughout this first book of this "Sugar Cane". The major concern is solely the disease that will affect and infect the sugar cane as he states

Unseemly stains succeed which never viewed

by microscopic ants, small eggs appeared
Due fraught with reptile life: alas rot soon
their burst their felony good, and crawl abroad
bugs of uncommon shape (Grainger p. 36)

The world of sugar cane, as lucrative and luxurious a commodity as it is, is one that is not only uncontrollable by the forces of nature, but chaotic and ultimately infested with evil. But like that of Froude more so than Nugent, Grainger's narrative exemplifies objectification and aggression.

He says in Book IV of *Sugar Cane*

Where lavish Nature sends indulgent forth
Fruits of high flavour, and spontaneous seeds
Of bland nutritious quality, ill bear
The toilsome field; but boast a docile mind,
And happiness of features. These, with care,
Be taught each nice mechanic art: or trained
To household offices: their ductile souls
Will all thy care, and all they gold repay.

But, of the labours of the field demand
Thy chief attention; and the' ambrosial cane

Thou long'st to see, with spiry frequency, shade
Many an acre: planter, choose the slave,
Who sails from barren climes; where Want alone,
Offspring of rude Necessity, compels
The sturdy native, or to plant the soil,
Or stem vast rivers for his daily food. (Grainger pp. 354-55)

However, at the same time these writers all create fixed oppositional forces between self and the other. It is the heavenly muse who must tell the story of the subjugated native. For in reality, within the glories of this pseudo-Miltonic language, the native's presence is treated as an absence and an elimination. Ironically, it is the native's illness that seems to be Grainger's major concern, rather than the negro himself. Most assuredly, Grainger is concerned with economics and maintaining power. Most likely, with illness, Grainger would be useless as a doctor and far less as a poet. Underneath Grainger's discourse, time and world want to become historical, but somehow it is impossible.

One obvious reason is that this Georgic genre with all its western embroidery cannot afford a hero, or even a heroic note in his domain, at the same time, it is an ahistorical genre. However, at the same time, embedded in his discourse is the attempt to dominate and restructure and

authorize also. One point which should make Grainger different is that he has had more direct contact with the natives and somehow knows more of them than the other two. Most likely, he needs the muse to restructure and dominate since he might be incapable of doing so, for both the voice of the muse and his own inevitably and subtly seep through and become quite problematic, since at times he tends both to criticize and contradict himself.

As a result, Books I and II in all their edenic and paradisiacal splendor seem to be saturated in chaos, not only spatially but also historically, not only is its language object of (re)presentation but the very images of objects represented. Thus instead of having a hero at the center of language and space, it is that narrative voice which takes its stance and mutes or devours all, becoming the center where all intersects, and therefore sees the West Indies as only landscape worthy to be explored. The voices of this landscape play many roles. First, they become the ideal voice which can inspire, arouse and transport the exiled colonizer. Also, it becomes also an alleged enjoyable purgatory for the imported, displaced and dispossessed Africans, "all jocund o'er the long hard hoe." Notwithstanding, it dumbfounds him in that even a Muse, and a European muse at that, can't assist him in using a language that's appropriate for this exotic description. Above all, it is a release from the predicament in

which he finds himself, that of fear, anxiety, nostalgia and imperialism. These elements are common to both Nugent and Froude. Unlike the others, Grainger wants his fellow compatriots at home to join him, whereas they are eager to return. He says:

Leave Europe; there, through all her coyest ways.

Her secret mazes, Nature is pursued:

But here, with savage loneliness, she reigns

On yonder peak, whence giddy Fancy looks,

Affrighted, on the laboring main below.

Heavens! what stupendous, what unnumber'd trees,

'Stage above stage, in various verdure drest,'

Unprofitable, shag its airy cliffs!

Heavens! what new shrubs, what herbs with useless blooms,

From its channel'd sides; and in its caves

What sulfers, ores, what eaths and stones abound!

There let Philosophy conduct they steps,

'For nought is useless made:' with candid search,

Examine all the properties of things;

Immense discoveries soon will crown your toil,

Your time will soon repay. Ah, when will cares,

The cares of fortune, less my minutes claim?
Then, with what joy, what energy of soul,
Will I not climb yon mountain's airiest brow!
The dawn, the burning moon, the setting Sun,
The mid-night hour, shall hear my constant vows
To Nature; see me prostrate at her shrine!
And, O, if haply I may aught invent
Of use to mortal man, life to prolong,
To soften, or adorn... (p. 350-51)

Here, Grainger, within the vibrancy of his voice, becomes a distillation of imperialist order and supremacy. The "drest verdure," the "savage loneliness," "her secret mazes," and the "airy cliffs" seem to overwhelm him. In the same voice that globalizes his desire, he becomes spokesman for the imperialist order, control, and the culture of materialism. Most of all, he dramatizes this superimposed, pastoral, adamic, verdure while endowing alterity with what might be called a static legacy. To a certain extent, these very words of his narrative quite often undermine themselves, because one can't question this pristine, adamic, untouched, savage space which transplants him. For at the same time, it makes us confront its true contents, for this inauthentic, embroidered language

which is so successful to be the tool of negation, at the same time, exposes the dialectic between the many possibilities that take place within this land. But by withholding truthful and authentic information, then this "master" word, or "master-narrative" corrupts, rots and annihilates.

Within its own narrative and from a Bahktinian perspective, the "Sugar Cane" tends to orchestrate its own themes, not only linguistically but socially, politically, and historically. It is through the dialogic process at work that voices of alimentation, exile, domination and silence will in due time interplay and interrelate; it is not only the orientalist other that experiences this, but the narrative voice from the beginning is one of exile and alienation. Grainger needs company. He needs to share this explorative experience. Grainger wants himself and his language to control all, even nature. For while prostrated at nature's shrine, he then in turn wants to control her. He isn't only the physical to the negroes, but wants to "examine all the properties of things." He wants to order and control and, most of all, restructure . His word gives him the power not to escape from the surface of reality, but takes him into fantasy or to create from the possible inferno of the slaves' energy and even kinetic utterances to reinvent and revalidate himself. He is a perfect example of writing self. Grainger and his "Sugar cane" become the paradigm of language as a medium of exploration and exploitation. Characters within

any of these texts are made incapable of entering their own voice. To a certain extent this is what authenticates freedom. Within this exotic, poetic space, Grainger depicts every one of his embroidered verbal sketches of this landscape as a space of the other and always reaches a climax of emptiness and paralysis.

It's the invited muse which alienates and dominates. As a result the domination is not only annihilating but it is rapacious. Its lofty voice is nothing more than superficial addenda; its very attempted rhythm becomes quite arrhythmic and thus it is a landscape which amidst its ambivalence excludes the African experience or mentions it very interspersedly. It is through this spiral-like movement of the work itself that the plantation has to become a utopia for the narrator but a dystopia for present absences of the laboring African. It is the narrator's aspiration to a utopian realm that causes the annihilation of the other. It is the slavish imitation of the European pastoral mode that attempts to categorize or determine the African exiled self or (un)self, whereas it further substantiates the narrative voice. It is a narrative that is punctuated by fear, doubt and reflection and information where language becomes a veneer for egocentricity and ethnocentricity which is ever-present in the frame of narrative proliferation and dialectic between the

voiced and the voiceless, the gracious beings bereft of self, will and purpose.

Grainger's landscape exemplifies the source of exploitative experiences and the major conflicts, cultural, political or social. It is the "forced" economy of the text and of the landscape in itself that fosters and festers both racial and cultural rapprochement inherent in the text from its inception. Most likely, it is the imaginary representatives of the texts which tries to border and make sense of the social experience of the plantation. As a result, it shows the attempt to exist in a specific type of ideology. This is an ideology filled with many binary oppositions, whether this be of class, race, economics, etc.

From the beginning, the text itself can be seen as ideologically charged, even the literary form of the text can be depicted as an expression of class ideologies. It is these very ideologies which tend to make both the text and the anonymous characters subjects of exploitation.

Grainger states:

Till morning dawn, and Lucifer withdraw
His beamy chariot; let not the loud bell
Call forth thy Negroes from their rushy couch:
And ere the Sun with midday fervor glow,

When every broom-bush opes her yellow flower;

Let thy black laborers from their toil desist:

Nor till the broom her every lock,

Let the loud bell recall them to the hoe.

But when the jalap her bright tint displays

When the solanum fills her cup with dew;

And crickets, snakes, and lizards 'gin their coil;

Let them find shelter in their cane-thatch'd huts;

Or, if constrain'd unusual hours to toil,

(For e'en the best must sometimes urge their gang)

With double nutriment reward their pains. (p. 365)

But at the same time the incoherence of these ideologies themselves are apparent and highlight more the elements of alienation, fragmentation and historylessness of human existence in capitalist society. Within the alienating effects of Grainger's text, there also exists an identity crisis for both the anonymity of the personae's selves occasionally interspersed in the text. This is also the same for the narrative voice itself, as it struggles not only to handle the imposition of the fauna and flora, but as it attempts to visualize and give nomenclature to a new topography. But whether

consciously or subconsciously, it induces a historical understanding of a society where its people are made ahistorical and selfless; where their only place is in the “Castle thatch’d huts” or their “rushy couch” or when they are “summoned to hoe.” Indeed, it is a landscape of consciousness which is that of the exploitative, imperialist order.

Grainger’s language and descriptions, like Lady Nugent’s and Froude’s, is so multi-structured that it is burdensome, ideological, exploitative, and unreal. The question can be asked whether or not language is treating the text as a reflection of historical reality or whether or not its function is to mirror and construct this territory or space of liberation, self and orientalist other? And, how does it shape and reshape or name and rename the colonialist world imposed upon the colonized seeing the language as it lies between oneself and the other it becomes the sole possession of the speaker when it is impregnated by his own intention. It is the absolute truth and master of all things. It does feign its omniscience. Therefore, language equals power and self, and self equals authority which eventuates in the ultimate silencing of the other. From the perspective of the signified, this created troubled paradise asserts, with its many problems, authority, fixity and rigidity. Its discourse gives a sense of the explorative and exploitative power which control social power, order and historical economy of the sugar cane’s space. In time,

with change, this dominant discourse will transform into resistance. It is this language of domination and usurpation that has created or produced this linguistic non-productive other. Therefore, subtly, what it is doing is creating a contradiction within itself. At the same time, it reduces, diminishes and even makes absent the presence of the men and women rendering them either abstractions or "phantasmal bodies". What then happens to these bodies is that they are either conformed or divided into representations of materialism and idealism. As a result, Grainger is incapable of insight and comment, or even of creating a muse that would maintain a sense of self in juxtaposition. But yet it is able to give him a temporary sense of superiority to the world which he so exploits.

More so, within the narrative discourse of "the Sugar Cane," the various levels of separatism exist, for the narrator's attempt to embellish that landscape by alienating the productive machinery, not only alienates himself, but also the other, (the same motif exists in Froude and Nugent) and deliberately disassociates him from language. It separates mind from body. If the bodies are shown, the heads are cut off. It's synonymous to the separating of the production from the producers. For in reality, the attempt to make this landscape speak for itself has eventually resolved into a failure. It's not a landscape that's saturated with one single history--that of production, but it effervesces with a multiplicity of histories. It is

a landscape that encapsulates a variety of madness. It intertwines in its flora and fauna, self and other, production, producers, products, happiness, melancholia, domination, annihilation, and alienation. Just as the text itself becomes its own voice, the landscape becomes its own monument. Its meaning can be traced only in its own infrastructure, thus separating larger structure, whether social or political.

Sugar Cane then, both figuratively and literally, has at its core of preoccupation the motors of colonialism: profit, production, usurpation, and control. In its colonialist voice it rehearses and reconfirms its own ideologies. These ideologies are built on patterns of ascent and descent, ascent touches the lofty heights of mystical speculation and descent towards firm grounds of certainties. His alleged muse then works its way from the objective landscape to psychological experience to mystical speculations. This imposed harmony of the landscape tends also to struggle to maintain form within its own constraints. For Grainger's landscape becomes a presence, a power, and a commodity. It is this embellished presence of the landscape, this abstract game, the georgic which apparently gives beauty to the poet's mind. The same can be said for Lady Nugent, also. But this beauty, this improvement, can only be achieved after portions of the archipelago are carved out. This act of carving as a metaphorical construct starts out with exploitation and

becomes continuous, where landscape becomes a substitute for its people. As a result of the carving away of space, property and possession, people are shut off. Hegel states in *The Philosophy of History* that as a result of its absence of writing, Africa has remained shut off from the rest of the world. But this was not a self will to be excluded. This was an exclusion resulting from a history of pre-exclusion and uprootedness. Above all, it's an exclusion imposed by others.

One of the major questions concerning these three authors is whether they were indifferent to their surroundings, or was it solely their status which had made them appear so heartless, selfish and bigoted. In Lady Nugent's case, it is her position as wife of the governor; in Grainger's case, it is his being a doctor sent from the metropolis, an experiment making him more unable to understand the feelings of the sugar cane workers in the cane fields and their own space. Above all, he is unable to see beyond their laughter, or what might appear to him to be laughter. As he says:

On festival days; or when work is done;
Permit thy slaves to lead the choral dance,
To the wild banshaw's melancholy sound.
Responsive to the sound, head, feet, and frame

Move awkwardly harmonious; hand in hand
Now lock'd the gay troop circularly wheels,
And frisks and capers with interperate joy.
Halts the vast circle, all clap hands and sing;
While those indistinguish'd for their heels and air,
Bound in the centre, and fantastic twine.
Meanwhile some stripling, form the choral ring,
Trips forth; and, not ungallantly, bestows
On her who nimblest hath the greensward beat,
And whose flush'd beauties have inthrall'd his soul,
A silver token of his fond applause.
Anon they form ranks; nor inexpert
A thousand tuneful intricacies weave,
Shaking their sable limbs; and oft a kiss
Steal from their partners; who, with neck reclin'd,
And semblant scorn, resent the ravish'd bliss.
But let not thou the drum their mirth inspire;
Nor vinious spirits; else, to madness fir'd,
(What will not bacchanalian frenzy dare?)
Fell acts of blod, and vengeance they pursue. (pp. 370-71)

This is a perfect example and manifestation of his desire to order and control not only language but people and their actions. Yet he also wants to deprive them not only of voice and space, but he wants to make them motherless by also depriving them of not only drums, but “vinious spirits” for fear that they might become uncontrollable and cause chaos.

Even though this might appear to be concern for them, he is inevitably patronizing, even though it might be an attempt to put this “outside the bounds of travel narrative and armchair romance.” Like his compatriots, even though his landscape depictions are at times descriptively transporting, there is little understanding or sympathy for the plight of the slaves. Most of all, what he is doing is relegating them to fixed spaces of subservience and marginality. For he is most clearly positioning himself in the power play and relations that exist between center and periphery. Not only is he marginalizing, he is demarcating and interpreting. Interestingly enough, Lady Nugent and Grainger are seeking meaning in a new territory.

Grainger of all, who had spent so much time in the West Indies can not help but see life through a “European eye.” It was only through poetic diction and the rhythms of English verse that they can be spoken of. What

makes these texts and their narratives so interesting is the constant threat of being overcome by the fear of the uncontrollable forces of nature which their African "subjects" are so close to and are so at home with. For example, Lady Nugent is obsessed and horrified by thunder, lightning, rain, scorpions, centipedes, disease, hills, precipices, etc. Grainger is worried about the fields being infected by pests, too much rain, which will ruin the crops and productivity. Froude is overly concerned about the dark threatening clouds and the roads. At the same time, these fears and concerns help to configure their own personalities. It shapes the portrayals of them as being bigoted self-centered and frightful. Nevertheless, it gives meaning to their texts and their private predilections. For example, Lady Nugent says:

I should greatly have preferred repairing instead of playing the governor's Lady to the "blackies": but we are soldiers and must have no will of our own. (Nugent p. 2)

Of the three texts, Lady Nugent's tends to be the one that is ostensibly authoritative. As a woman, her narrative tends to carry less inhibitions and fewer euphemisms. It is obvious that she is deeply rooted in her own preconceptions. She tells quite early in her text that she and her husband have a duty which is to order things. Unfortunately, as willing and

determined as she appears to be, she encounters several problems. For example, the weather, whether intense heat or the dark clouds and threatening hurricanes, contributes to her oppression and inability to execute her duty.

As oppressive as this land tends to be at times, it is very much alive. For it houses these colonialists and their cliques. It becomes their paradise away from home. It is also a painfully secure space for these slaves who are so deliberately excommunicated by language. At the same time, it is the precariousness of these paradisiac gardens that challenges them, whereas the slaves are cowed, and muzzled by it. It allows them to combine imagination, strength and their destined history to bring order to the chaotic. All their depictions are based on contempt, denigration and debasement. By doing this, they are able to put themselves at the center of everything; language, history and landscape. In Lady Nugent's situation, everything revolves around her and her children. In Froude's case, it is the political-military aspect, that even though wanting, becomes the center and foundation of the imperialist order. And in Grainger's case, it is the concern of plentiful sugar production that will make more monetarily abundant their coffers. Therefore, there must transform the real into the ideal.

Unlike Froude, who is blatantly and offensively ethnocentric, seeing the slaves as step-children of the empire, hopeless and helpless, who without her help, with the element of African superstition lying eternally in their souls, are doomed to failure, Nugent and Grainger attempt to order and methodize nature and landscape, in order to give it a physical and moral value. But it is only in this way that they can feel comfortable. The virtues they bring are not only Romantic but historical as well as traditional. It is seeing from a "European eye" that their fears can be lessened. Therefore, they create their own images and make all in their own likeness. Surprisingly, the sugar estates have a place, but not the sugar workers. In Nugent's case it's the "little blackies." Similar are Graingers subjects. For Froude, the indigents in the streets can only be seen as idle, lazy, abhorrent and contemptible.

The exotic, edenic paradise images were among the dominant cultural concepts of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and have lent something to those mythic fixities which have been the backbone of marginalization, historylessness and selfishness for the "other," African diaspora peoples. Unequally enough, these evolved landscapes, for example, amphitheater of mountains, thick foliage, Chinese pavilions, blissful gardens, steep and rugged slopes or precipices, clusters of mighty

huts, hang, cluttering in the sky. It can become very dangerous and ominous. Out of this environment have been created hybrids of their own images between the exploitative earthly paradise and the garden of Eden known for its primordial innocence and happiness. Indeed, they are unable to maintain a sense of balance between self and other. However, by painting these abundant flora and fauna, they are also telling subconsciously of the supreme fecundity of the soil. For, as a result of its productivity, they are able to live like kings and queens at the destruction of another.

In toto, the similarities of these texts embody a nature of collusion. The narrative selves have become the primary bringer of culture, writing and culture into writing. These dominant voices are dialogized by collusions which appear not only deceitful, but are both ironic and self-reflective. In the meanwhile, it is a disruption of the African cultural integrity. Therefore, most probably, all these narratives can be seen as

writing of destinies. According to Mary Louis Pratt,⁷ it is that objective authoritative voice, which surveys the physical and human aspects of a landscape and engages in a prospective activity that subserves state power and blunts the immediate experience of a new people, converting them to invisible creatures, spooks, ectoplasm, lost in their own spaces. Most of all it's their speaking from a space which has allowed these writers to use time to categorize, evaluate and marginalize others. It allows them to empower themselves with an authorizing hermeneutic to legitimize the colonial entrepreneurial order.

⁷ Pratt, Mary Louis "Scratches on the Face of the Country," in Henry Louis Gates *Race, Writing and Difference*.

Chapter Two

The first chapter of this dissertation set out to look at those authors who, even though not from the Caribbean, have, to a certain extent, contributed greatly to the overall shape of thought on the predicament of the colonized. Above all, through their respective perceived omnipotence, in dealing with their subjects, are seen as stationary, uni-dimensional voices, which have eventuated in their own theoretical preparations and even presuppositions and have now fueled the fires of those neo-colonial Calibans who no longer will become victims of a preordained, predestined, narrative discourse.

From the first encounter of East and West, power has always been a dominant factor. Whether aloft or in close proximity, one could easily discern the power play at work in the language and even gestures of Lady Nugent, Froude, and Grainger. I prefer to use power not as an abstract thing, but most certainly as consciousness and a resource, not only for the victor, but for the victim as well. Indeed, one may ask, "Does the victim in this particular predicament being dealt with possess any such thing, indeed, after temporarily excluding the Nugents, Froudes, and Graingers, or any other representative of the imperialist tradition? And considering any victor/victim stasis, the basic underlying premise is that

at the core exists an essentially ingrained power struggle. This from its inception has been the ideological and institutional structure which becomes the nucleus for a relationship dominated by interest in capital.

Even though it is difficult to determine the beginning and the end of power, my main concern is to explore how these power propositions can be refashioned and definitely be redirected to write the dispossessed and muted into history. In this chapter, in which I will explore some of the ideologues of Marcus Garvey, C.L.R. James and Franz Fanon as they attempt to (de)freeze the “word” of Nugent, Froude, and Grainger. My attempt is not to perceive any idea of equality, but mainly to deal with this Caribbean intellectual response of rebellion to a static landscape of consciousness pursuing to make dynamic their “selves” and their historical time and space. But I want to note that in any attempt to analyze at any level the bringing or writing of selves into history, a myriad of questions can be encountered. Foremost is what compromised this notion of history? What does it say about the struggle and the resistance of any group which finds itself victims of both language and speech? Does it further problematize and broaden the gap between the relationship of the colonized and the colonizer? In reality, if it does not rectify, it can expose through exploration the ambiguities that strengthen and make dynamic the issues of power, conflict and resistance, which are the ingredients of colonial discourse at any level.

Most certainly, this is where I find Garvey, James and Fanon to be so effective in attempting to structure a historical frame for Caliban to reclaim his land. In using Garvey, James and Fanon as my propelling forces in Caribbean literature of politics and protest, I want to attempt to predict a different level of analysis, and probably in the long-run, formulate some newness of seeing them differently. I want to see them more rather as catalysts of history than writers of stagnant diatribes reiterating past history. To meld the literary and the political, though a problematic venture, will call for extra-literary and extra-political criticism. Hopefully, my latitudinal and exploratory approach will leave open space for further continued expansion of the subject; and at the same time, it may not disturb readers who profess to be more knowledgeable of the intricacies of these texts as they are reinterpreted to show relevant representation of Caribbean literature.

Using these authors and their political texts to examine and judge institutions is not unique in any way. However, like any other groups of literary works, I purport to see them as encompassing the political, probably for the lack of a better term. For they give possibilities to be studied from many different perspectives, whether historical, political, literary or literal. To look at them thematically, their rhetoric of protest can be insightful in the understanding of social injustice made possible as a result of literary treatment. However, my major concern will be to give

them space to be related synchronically and diachronically to the multitudinous elements of protest literature of the Caribbean, which, hopefully, can help them to secure a space in the world of genre and at the same time highlight their compatibility and correlation of the literary and the political.

My major premise is that in discoursing on any aspect of literature that deals with people of the African diaspora, it can be difficult to isolate its source of inspiration. It can often be surmised as to what may or may not have influenced an author to pen a work. But somehow, inevitably, there are certain voices which tend to seep through and reflect the other propelling forces that give drive and incentive to a particular author. This chapter will attempt to show how any attempt to expatiate upon the landscape as an instrument of consciousness would be incomplete without considering writers such as Fanon, Garvey or C.L.R. James, as quintessential figures in what may be described as contemporary Caribbean literature. According to Wilfred Carty in *Whispers from the Caribbean*, landscape can be described as image, representative symbol, portent or even commentator.

By studying these three writers, the foundation would be more strongly formed for analysis of raw material used by more contemporary writers, specifically speaking, those that would be explored in the case of

the Anglophone and Francophone. In the meanwhile, this would be used as a means of showing how these authors herein, in different ways and with common underlying interests, have struggled to assert themselves, and that of their respective communities by breaking away from and repudiating those Victorian stereotypes that for so long have taken and shaped detrimentally the literary and the psychological landscape of the victim or the oppressed, when viewed by the victor. In short, Fanon, Garvey and James have contributed to the ethos of revolution in Caribbean literature by irrigating the land for recreation of history, landscape and self. And unlike those of the Froudian tradition, they have seen the need to fuse selves, history and landscape and write those very selves into history. Chinua Achebe makes a very interesting statement which is quite applicable to this idea of fusing of selves and landscape when he says:

But the plain act is that we are not Americans.
Americans have their vision, we have ours. We
do not claim that ours is superior; we only ask
to keep it. For, as my forefathers said, the
firewood which a people have is adequate for
the kind of thing they do. ¹

¹ Chinua Achebe *Hopes and Impediments*: p. 85.

A statement such as this, with insight and meaning, can be compared to similar ones made by James and Garvey. For example, in *The Black Jacobins* a character says:

...you who have toiled in the fields and got no rewards except lashes with a whip, the land belongs to you, your blood and sweat is mixed with the earth, you must join your brothers in revolt and fight.”²

Garvey also declares similarly in *Philosophy of Marcus Garvey*:

Everybody in Jamaica seems to be looking to the Mother Country for everything... Jamaicans... worship too much that which comes from abroad, and from anywhere. If a thing, a man, or an animal is imported, it is supposed to be better than the native product. How silly! I recommend that the poorer classes of Jamaica — the working classes — get together and form themselves into unions and organizations and elect their members for the Legislative Council.

² C.L.R. James *The Black Jacobins* : p. 71.

With few exceptions, the men in the Council are representing themselves and their class. The workers of Jamaica should elect their own representatives...³

Like the others, his attempt to rewrite selves into a historical and political landscape is not only revolutionary, but highly democratic, for his rhetorical voice's aim is to decry, declass and disparage the colonizer.

Also, in *Masters of the Dew*, Manuel's intentions are similar when he says:

—*Je suis ça: cette terre-là, et je l'ai dans le sang. Regarde ma couleur: on dirait que la terre a déteint sur moi et sur toi aussi. Ce pays est le partage des hommes noirs et tous les fois qu'on a essayé de nous l'enlever, nous avons sarclé l'injustice à coups de machette.*

“That's what I am, this very earth. I've got it in my blood. Look at my color. Folks could say the soil has faded on me and on you,

³ Marcus Garvey *Philosophy and Opinions of Marcus Garvey* : p. 143.

too. This land is the blackman's. Each time
they've tried to take it from us, we have cleared
injustice with our blades and our machetes.
(Roumain p. 74)

Even though, in reality, these authors' differences are only regional, political and psychological, their philosophies run parallel. Their similarities far out-weigh them. In any post-colonial discourse, it is difficult to generate any type of dialectic without venturing into the realms of the political. For, as Sartre states, "Writing is wanting freedom, and wanting freedom is a political act in a colonial situation." Glissant also state:

The relationship between history and literature is concealed to what I call the *longing for the ideal of history*. The passion for it the preoccupation with history does not manifest itself in the writer as a need for a reserve of information to which he has easy access, not as a reassuring framework, but rather as the obsession with finding the *primordial source* toward which one struggles through revelations that have the

peculiarity (liken the past) of obscuring as well as disclosing.⁴

This statement here, and one which he plays out elastically in *Le lezarde*, shows the attempt to depart self consciously from the past and bring self and community to the forefront of time by means of the “word”. Like many other Caribbean writers, Glissant is not only a victim of his landscape but also of time and space.

Above all, it can be truly said that political vision at any length becomes the basic literary and aesthetic sensibility in Caribbean literature in any form. For in making any connection between history, at any level, and literature, a priori judgements must not be made on the aesthetic problems of literature, or must not be decided as to whether one author’s use of history is better than the other’s. The great Engels himself could not make such judgements, and Trotsky and other writers made the rather interesting remark that literature possesses its own independent laws. Nevertheless, in any analytical approach to Caribbean literature, the problematics of its history must be examined, even if not understood. And it is literature that now becomes the major voice of coupling and making practical the theoretical essence of Garvey, James, and Fanon’s intellectual thoughts.

⁴ Edouard Glissant *Caribbean Discourse* : p.79.

Although Caribbean people are not numerically minute in the Caribbean, their psychological profiles tend to predispose them to behave as such radically ethnically and sociopolitically; thus, it can be asked, how much does this say for Garvey, James and Fanon in their revolutionary pursuits? Be it as it may, much credit must be given to these stalwarts as being among the pioneers in their undertaking to give West Indians a meaningful awareness of themselves and a sense of self in their struggle for freedom and resistance, whether, according to Edward Brathwaite, this is from a humanist approach, a personal approach or a folk approach.

Pontificating on any area of colonialism and its effects upon its victims, it must be noted that, as Engels states, "It is not the consciousness of men that determine their being, but, on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness".⁵ Such a statement as this doesn't limit itself to these writers being studied, but any writer who sets about to make a claim for that lost collective voice which so desperately seeks to be heard and recognized. For any form of oppressed or protest literature is one that yearns for freedom and dignity, with resistance to any form of oppression, denying the rights to be a person. This struggle is one which for the victim should be both archetypal and eternal — as blatantly and ostensibly so as the scar first made by the psychic damage of colonialist powers — if he wants to retain any sense of dignity, liberty,

⁵ Karl Marx and Frederick Engels *Marx and Engels, Selected Works*: p. 502.

self. This is what makes the act of writing so important and problematic a device in any Caribbean Protest predicament. For any act of writing is a desire for freedom and language. A perfect example of this is when in Claude McKay's Banana Bottom, Hopping Dick writes a letter to Bitá Plan. He writes:

Honard Miss

I beg to apolojoys for trying to mek a little pleasantry wid you as a genelman and you not a lady as big to appreciate it. i not jest a fool country naygur not know nothing, but I is a pusson travelled far abroad jest lak yousef an I is acquented wid all the etykwets. Thas why I wait until you was all alone by yousef to get a good introduction to you. I is sorry you did tek it in sech a bad way and insult me lak a dawg but I is willing to forgive you and even be a frein to you ef you will tek that back. And ef you aprechiate freinship between female and male I doan want to praise mesef too much but I doan tink you can fine a finer pusson than me in Banana Bottom. i nebber tek an insult lying down from nobody not tben a woman, but you is one lady a man will tek almost anything from. Bet ef I feget eberyting an as I put my pen down after writing this apolojoys I hope you feel lak taking

your pen up in response to send an apolojoys to Yours

Afeckshunly

Tack Tally⁶

Not only the idea, but the mere attempt to write, in what at that time was considered broken English, shows a character's desire to be heard and to make a bold and heroic attempt to break all barriers of predestined order--a revolutionary act: specifically speaking, language. It is this moment of writing that a new consciousness is born. For truly, in its literary and literal context, it heralds the voice of freedom. Indeed, this is a manifesto at work giving place to a muzzled voice. For that mask so required to be worn by the language of the empire is being removed. As a matter of fact, Fanon states quite clearly and emphatically that it is only when those white masks are removed, being imposed by the oppressors, that the once oppressed can be himself and be dignified enough to gain a place in both time and space in order to give meaning to his existence. It is the "exorcising of the demon" that will give the New World man a meaningful and effective place in his community, thus creating a new awareness and consciousness for himself and his community.

As mentioned , to speak of West Indian literature without using Fanon as the shepherd of a revolutionary people and James as a

⁶ McKay p. 63.

reactionary would be a great injustice. For even though there are many flaws in their pontifical discourse, fallible though they may be, they can be considered as forming the social contract of any emerging people and literature. At the same time, they foster both regional and national spirits, for in *Black Skins. White Masks (Peau noire, masques blancs)* the simplistic, but yet very powerful question, "What does a black man want?" is truly that which embodies the entire rhetoric discourse of these three authors, created out of resistance against a dominant oppressive order. And no matter from what end of the speculum one is viewing, the question has much validity. Yet, at the same time, one must ask the reassuring question: What then are the voices of writers such as Fanon, James and Garvey propagating? No matter what cosmological or philosophical background may be common to these writers as their regions, there exists in their discourse a certain preponderance of symbolic images of death and rebirth, spiritual ascent and physical descent, destruction and the apparent paradox of regeneration through chaos which are unequivocally present. By looking at these both divergently and convergently many of those questions and assumptions can be answered or strengthened, for as Fanon states in *Black Skins. White Masks*:

I wanted to be a man, nothing but a man. Some identified me with ancestors of mine who had been enslaved or

lynched: I decided to accept this. It was on the universal level of the intellect that I understood this inner kinship--I was the grandson of slaves in exactly the same way in which President Lebrun was the grandson of tax-paying, hard-working peasants. In the main, the panic soon vanished.⁷

These three authors' texts are not only made of chaos but of blatant hostility. Looking at Caribbean literary form, this is the only means of reaction when one realizes that the wound is not only eternal and archetypal, but destructive and stagnant. Yet it's one where unification is the only solution, unification through the melding of history, literature, and landscape. On reflecting on Nugent, Foude and Grainger, it is apparent that condemnation and victimization are both predetermined from the outside, thus resulting in a destructive type of inferiority, which invokes the need for fighting back, mainly by counter association and subsequently decolonization. As a matter of fact, it is they who have created the conflicts and contradictions of class and color, etc.

For example, unlike Garvey and James, of all the many demons which haunt Fanon, the one most psychologically damaging and persistent is the condemnation of the skin. But why is this so major a problem when there are so many others of greater importance? One

⁷ Fanon *Black Skins, White Masks*: p. 113.

major reason for this may be his total refusal to foster Césaire's Negritude, agreeing with Soyinka's concern over the needlessness of the tiger to proclaim his "tigritude."

Truly, amidst Fanon's great enterprise in pursuing the Orphean task of the new world writer, what is most discernible is how his West Indian background coupled with his nationalistic philosophical heritage eventuates in those same problematics of many a West Indian writer. The fact is that no matter how revolutionary they are in their depiction of the past colonial dilemma, they sooner or late reach the point where they can become stagnated by the realities of both the continent and the very people whose freedom they champion so ardently, thus making resistance that ideological content embodied in the artistic form; This more so creates or adds more latitude to the political aesthetic of Caribbean literature. And thus, it is that vision of awareness which dies hard upon the colonial situation and determines their predicament of struggle, resistance, revolution for liberation, highlighting their relationship with the colonizer. Whether political or historical or even dialectical, Glissant highlights this very interestingly when he states:

Yes, modern man has learned not to abuse faith
in the community (and the resulting tensions) to
the point of offering in its name the ritual

sacrifice of heroes. The tragic rite of sacrifice is predicated on confidence in the dialectical opposition (individual-community) whose reconciliation is deemed beneficial. Modernity assumes the rupture of this dialectic: either the individual is frustrated and History turns to pure negation, or the communities develop here is a new pattern of histories that take over (consciously) from History. In both instances, the mediating role of the heroic sacrifice becomes useless. Political consciousness does not assume the need for a victim that the naive (or intuitive) consciousness needed. This is why the great periods of political and revolutionary crises have not, as ought to have been the case, produced great tragic works. (Glissant p. 219)

The problem of Fanon's decolonization requires much scrutiny and much compromise to be made. However, the violence which he preaches is for him a political necessity and the only means of rending asunder the steel fist of colonialist rule. At the same time, this should be a regeneration of both social and moral structure for the victims of

oppression. For Fanon, this dilemma appears irredeemable as far as present progression is concerned. But then, the issue to be raised is what is the effectiveness of the impoverished proletariat? Does his effectiveness lie only in the various literary forms of protest rhetoric? A perfect example of this is Roumain's *Masters of the Dew* or Lamming's *In the Castle of My Skin*, only to mention a few. Indeed, the characters depicted can be regarded both literally and metaphorically as the wretched of the earth. For them, these dialectics of violence only remove them from one predicament into a similar one. These predicaments, to some extent, are quite Naipaulian in concept. They are often inundated in oppression, stagnation, and locked putrefactions, where societies are lost and alone, isolated and exiled, decaying and eventually committing injustices against its own members. At the same time, in referring to Naipaul, one needs to bear in mind that Naipaul is a product of history and time, and furthermore, a writer who has aligned himself with the many values and preoccupations of the Occidental world. Nevertheless, his rhetoric is often food for thought. Surprisingly, even though at times some of the more prominent writers of this tradition of magical realism tend to find themselves rather subconsciously echoing his conviction is a different way, they tend to become mere apologists for the imperialist order, even though Naipaul's statement that "history was built on achievements..." shows the direction in which other writers of their societies are going.

Truly, this statement can be very confusing at times, but at times has much validity. Not that it ought to be endorsed, but what if a hero-less society can be depicted as such where all is hopelessness and despair and absurdity? Quite often, Fanon's and Naipaul's outlook run parallel. First of all, Fanon does not want that anything be granted by the colonial masters but that a new page be turned and a new man with an Adamic vision be created. For him, the word has become an enemy that must be recreated to give new meaning to history, people and their actions for a revolutionary process. An interesting point that Sartre makes in *Orphée Noir* is:

What then did you expect when you unbound the gag that had muted those black mouths? That they would chant your praises? Did you think that when those heads that our fathers had forcibly bowed down to the ground were raised again you would find adoration in their eyes?⁸

Therefore, in speaking of colonialism and literature of resistance, revolution and consciousness, one needs to ask, where does consciousness and freedom begin and stop when the "word," "language," has waxed and waned? Even though it might be the beginning of the end of degeneration and damnation of the oppressed, what is its counter-

⁸ Jean-Paul Sartre "Orphée Noir" in Leopold Sédar Senghor, ed., *Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poesie nègre et Malgache d'Langue Française* (Paris: PVF, 1948) p. 63.

motion? Can it be a phenomenon that has prostrated its victims on the horizon of decolonization in both time and space? In both Fanon, C.L.R. James and Garvey, to look at it significantly, it would appear not. But when referring to a text like Merle Collin's *Angel*, or George Lamming's *In the Castle of My Skin*, one is left to seek meaning and method from Naipaul's madness. For example, C.L.R. James' *Black Jacobins* in dealing with the retelling of the slave trade maximizes inclusively those elements of savagery, brutality and inhumane treatment which have constituted the ingredient of what might be called narration of liberation. Not only is slavery shown from its advent, but what he is doing is laying the groundwork for the existing discourse of race relations and predicament in both the literary, literal and political worlds, which will be treated by those writers coming after him. For indeed, his concerns are not with the pretentious middle class, but mainly with those people of passion, human energy, anger, violence and injustice. Indeed the objective of their dogmas is to assert autonomy and radical historicity of the dispossessed. These common people for him were the ones with a soul. Indeed, ironically and surprisingly, it's writers like Marx and Lenin who stimulated their interest. Indeed, it is most evident that these were the stimulants of James' *Black Jacobins*. He says in the *Revolutionary Answer*,

But the development of capitalism itself has not only given the independent Negro movement this fundamental and sharp relation with the proletariat. It has created Negro proletarian and placed them as proletarian in what were once the most oppressed and exploited masses. But in auto, steel, and coal, for example, these proletarian have now become the vanguard of the workers' struggle and have brought a substantial number of Negroes to a position of primacy in the struggle against capitalism. The backwardness and humiliation of the Negroes that shoved them into these industries is the very thing which is today is bringing them forward, and they are in the very vanguard of the proletarian movement from the very nature of the proletarian struggle itself. Now, how does this complicated interrelationship, the Leninist interrelationship, express itself?⁹

⁹ Anna Grimshaw, ed. *C.L.R. James Reader* (Cambridge: Blackwell, 1992) p. 18.

Through his various texts, it is quite obvious that he had a vision of a society that ought to be and a keen eye for the pains and struggles that might have and could set history to work, compelling the move to the vanguard of their new consciousness. There is no doubt that his stance in the literary world should be one of revolution and/or rebellion which was a result of his educational observations. His *Black Jacobins*, which quite clearly is concerned with the revolt led by Toussaint l'Overture and not the idea of slavery itself, set about to display and interplay the dialectical interplay between Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin. But at the same time, it is this unequivocal revolutionary vision of what was yet to turn up as major points of departure for some of the other post-colonial writers in writing selves and community into their landscape, removing the landscape from its European hegemony.

In examining James' *Black Jacobins*, the interest is not to focus totally on the intricacies of the rhetorical levels of discourse that exist, for example, between the mulatto and the black slave, but to merely highlight those levels of discourse from their revolutionary, reactionary and/or democratic presuppositions, which, when arriving at the core of argumentation, is what caused the convergence of these three writers. A character in *Black Jacobins* declares:

“My brothers, I have been running all night to tell you. The slaves of the French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique are fighting their masters. The white slaves in France are fighting their masters. You here in Fort Dauphin, you who have toiled in the fields and got no reward except lashes with the whip; the land belongs to you, your blood and sweat is mixed in the earth. You join your brothers in revolt, we must fight.” (C.L.R. James pp. 70-71)

This issue of self, dignity is one that becomes a unifying thread which in time will link the ideologies of Glissant, Roumain and Lamming. Above all, it becomes intimately related with the raw material that will become the text of a dispossessed, marginalized people. However, each text and author maintains individual distinctive features and a relative amount of complexity that contributes to both form and content.

Fanon's, Garvey's and James' narrative of liberation demonstrates a landmark for struggle. Like other Afro-Caribbean writers, they see themselves as a challenge which attempts to strip the system of art and also removes those myths which attach themselves to the post-colonial dilemma.

What they seem to envision is a systemic landscape that would have to be destroyed to make way for the birth of a new man who would assume his real identity and culture. As a result, it should be one that would seek to eradicate the very last vestiges of colonialism giving rein to a new narrative of liberation, created out of myth, and history as story. An interesting point made made by Glissant in Caribbean Discourse is that:

history as far as it is a discipline and claims to clarify the reality lived by this people, will suffer from a serious epistemological deficiency: it will not know how to make the link. The problem faced by consciousness makes a creative approach necessary, in that the demands made by the historical approach can constitute, if they are not restrained, a paralyzing handicap. Methodologies passively assimilated, far from reinforcing a global consciousness permitting the historical process to be established beyond the ruptures experienced, will simply contribute to worsening the problem. (Glissant p. 61)

This myth which at times can be frightening, reassuring and status-giving. Yet, it exposes the exploiter/exploited perspective of social reality and the colonized's predicament.

But above all, one may say that in dealing with phenomenal presumption of the colonized's predicament, some authors such as Delisser, McKay or even Selvon are exactly the photographs of what the colonizer created, whether consciously or subconsciously, that is the man of two worlds. Not that this is not the fate of all victims, for truly, different artists deal with it differently. For many, theirs is an attempt to write out of a Caribbean experience. Their destiny is rid of a future European identity. A perfect example of this is Derek Walcott, who, from the beginning, sets about to create a new step to draw a new picture to synthesize his personal predicament. Even though he provides much food for thought, one is still left with a puzzle to solve as far as the treatment of the past colonial experience is concerned. Not only does his work in totality but also his shy diverse academic rhetoric at times tends to make ambivalent his ideological affinity. One may assume that he is the first and most presumptuous of literary artists to attempt synthesizing his dilemma as such, but at the same time he opens his "The Muse of History" with a Joycean epigraph, "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake." At the same time, this can be interpreted as

generating from the quintessence of Garvey's, James', and Fanon's dialectic.

Above all, at the same time, it does bring a newness to the thrust of colonial discourse. Yet there are many questions which leave the critic baffled in regards to the post-colonial dilemma. Even though it takes a turn, at times, away from the usual rhetoric on colonialism, its eventual schizophrenic intricacies are still quite prevalent. One good point is that the victim has set out to take a stance of responsibility for fashioning his future and writing his dialogue. This is a dialogue which Nugent, Froude, and Grainger never meant to be, and can be both problematic, creative and adamic. The stance they take at times may be considered that of a mere escapist. For no matter what the extent of his emancipation may be, history does not simply go away. It must be confronted. A good example of this is Jamaica Kincaid in her fictional approach to confront history. Lucy, in *Lucy*, cannot have peace of mind, for even though those letters received from her mother (symbolic of past) are kept unopened, they must eventually be opened and put in their proper perspective, doing the same to her also. Any attempt to negate the past history becomes nothing more than an unscrupulous interrogator. For, come what may, an ideological side must be taken, as long as progression of self is important. Indeed, in order to change an identity shaped or constructed by another, it is necessary to borrow not only from the

other's reserve but at the same time, to discover what price must be paid, for self-indulgence is not the solution.

What might be most admirable for those like Kincaid and Walcott is their great desire for change. The pervasive does not mean complacency and stagnation, but the ability to act, to create a new existence of the self. For truly, what they do justify nevertheless, is that colonialism should no longer be seen as mind forged manacles, but an opportunity to progress out of cultural tensions. This progress motif is somewhat compatible with Garvey's belief that

Progress is the attraction that moves humanity, and to whatever people or race this modern virtue attached itself there you will find the splendor of pride and self-esteem, that never fail to win the respect and admiration of all.¹⁰

Thus that cultural tension which inevitably exists is one that eventually gives nurturing soil for consciousness of freedom and creating of a new landscape by means of confronting the problem not individually, but collectively, thus giving reason for fusing historical data with landscaped history to fashion futurity.

¹⁰ Garvey *Philosophy*, Vol II, pt. 1, p. 22.

As Fanon says in *The Wretched of the Earth*, a new leaf must be turned and new concepts ought to be worked out, but this concern of the revolutionary, and specifically the intellectual revolutionary and the peasants, must be one to embrace dimensions to all oppressed people. Interestingly enough, much of Fanon's study, like James', gains its impetus from the European tradition which goes back to Kierkegard, Marx, Hegel, and even Nietzsche. Amidst the paradoxical chaos and clarity that is produced, Fanon's, Garvey's, and James' protest politics make them the prophetic voice of the third world. From a Hegelian perspective, they bring the processes of history into the clear light of day. James is able to do this through his vicariously experiencing the slave revolt. Fanon and Garvey do by their strong rhetorical voice giving rise to the dialogue of victimized man and landscape. Fanon states:

...[J]e commence à souffrir de ne pas être un Blanc dans le mesure où l'homme blanc m'impose une discrimination, fait de moi un colonisé, m'extorque toute valeur, toute originalité, me dit que je parasite le monde, qu'il faut que je me mette le plus rapidement possible à pas de monde blanc, <<que je sois une bête brute, que mon peuple et moi sommes comme un fumier ambulante hideusement prometteur de came tendre et de coton soyeux, que je n'ai rien à faire au monde.>> Alors j'essaierai tout simplement de me faire blanc,

*c'est-à-dire j'obligerai le Blanc à reconnaître mon humanité. Mais nous dire M. Monnoni, vous ne pouvez pas, car il existe au profond de vous un complexe de dépendance.*¹¹

However, their grand task is to transform repressed natural consciousness into a historical one. In this glorious attempt to reappropriate history and its content, these authors have to find it necessary in their revolutionary pursuits to create a voice that is prophetic of the future re-affirmation of the self, other and community.

In speaking of the prophetic aspect of their voices, Fanon and Garvey are more similar than James. Fanon and Garvey's voices can be seen more as revolutionary and prescriptive, whereas James perceives his vision as more of a descriptive one in that his depiction of history is presented, as it is discovered by the work of the slaves, as unhumanity and injustices against the oppressed.

For example, unlike Garvey, whose prophetic voice wants to advocate a back-to-Africa, Utopian world, James in many cases simply recants and gives a written account of the historical landscape of the oppressed and by doing this he then sets out to write, whether consciously or subconsciously, voices into history.

¹¹ Fanon *Peau noire, masques blancs*, p. 79.

In totality, James' landscape can be one that is catalytic in that he discovers and endeavors to remove the veil and uncovers the truth of history. As a result of the images imprinted on his landscape, changes can be made. Through his *Black Jacobins*, he is able to recreate history. Inevitably what he does is to extract from European traditions and use these ideals to create a new historical landscape. This is very similar to what Walcott desires when he says in "What the Twilight Says" "the children of slaves must sear their memory with a torch"¹². Further on he states that

Once the new world black had tried to prove
that he was as good as his master, when he
should have proven not his equality but his
difference. It was this distance that could
command attention without pleading for
respect. (Walcott p. 9)

Furthermore, it is through these discoveries that the landscape which the colonizers paint is not only historical, but becomes both didactic and propagandistic, stressing that only through oneness can a true revolution of the landscape of consciousness come to pass. He does

¹² Derek Walcott *Dream on Monkey Mountain* (New York: Noonday, 1970) p.6.

not only urge his audience to unify. Rather, he paints a picture and displays it for the reader to act on the information as he pleases or to remain complacent.

All three authors attempt to address many unresolved issues inherent in their society, thus the landscapes which they depict, whether image, symbol, portent or commentator, are those which should criticize, exhort, condemn, teach, admonish, and finally transform. As a result, they should depict the Caribbean experience as one of collectiveness. It is differentiated and measured only by the effects of collectiveness. The space created by these are not space for single heroes, as Naipaul would want. For example, in the *Black Jacobins*, James' historical dissertation of the Haitian revolution shows Toussaint, the would-be hero, as finding death at the end of this victory. But, as James declares, Toussaint did not create the revolution; rather it was the revolution and people who became part of that collective force that made him. As Moise states in *Black Jacobins*:

We will have to ask the people. But if we all
four of us and the rest tell the people that we
want to finish with the French, and we want to
be free and equal. Make San Domingo
independent, the people will come with us, The
army will be entirely on our side and the French

will never be able to take their colony back. But we don't take anything from the British. We don't become independent because the British will help us. We do it because the country belongs to us. We have made it what it is and we alone can make it what it can be. nobody else can. That is what I feel... (James p. 94)

It is this inevitable and inextricable desire for a place that becomes so important a force in the recreating of history and the historical landscape, for even though it has dimension to document what might be considered epic struggles, there is no place for heroes and individual heroism in this space. Most often, heroes find themselves dead or wounded. From a historical standpoint, James' *Black Jacobins* is a fragmented painting of events that lead to Haiti's independence. Yet, it is through this series of fragments that a sense of oneness is created. For time and space are not only constructs for bearing and measuring struggle, but are a means of breaking silence for revolution, and true revolution, and that is why the text of these authors can be interpreted as being permeated with conflicts, resistance and liberation. As a result, James has created his characters with a sense of the self. Whether positive

or negative, quite often the text tends to lapse into different stages of ambivalence. A good instance of this when Dessalines tells Marie-Jeanne:

I know I was a Barbarian they used to call me
tiger. Toussaint told you to marry me in order
to civilize me a bit to make me fit for the high
position that I hold. I was general of Division,
governor of a province and second only to
Toussaint. But I could not read and in many
things, I was still where I had always been.

(James p. 105)

On the other hand, in speaking of Garvey as being prescriptively revolutionary, it is worthwhile to see him also as very nationalistic in philosophy. Though he is far removed from his other two counterparts literally, he can be interpreted or better yet, his scope can be seen as more prophetically visionary. Indeed, his verse lacks the poetic sensibility of a remarkable poet, but he conveys his desired thought for in reading his works gets actualized by his responsive audience's support. Ironically, he presents himself with many Messianic characteristics. When juxtaposed with others, the didactic quality of his voice was most likely the force which incited crowds to follow him in his pursuit. By these means, he

attempted to elucidate and analyze and confront the colonial dilemma. There may be difficulties in trying to be definitive as to whether or not he attempts to offer solutions to the oppressed, for in reality, his discourse may be described as one which aims only at a utopia and thus he encountered difficulties both locally and internationally. Yet, like the pseudo Messianic Man in Naipaul's *Miguel Street*, there are difficulties with the real self imposed crucifixion takes place. However, he was able to see himself as part of the worldwide revolutionary struggle and, like C.L.R. James, he gets most of his revolutionary energy from Lenin and the Bolshevik struggle. Later he writes:

If Russia can do any good for Africa, the negroes of the world when the good is done will be thankful and grateful. So when modern writers and statesmen become nervous and agitated about possibilities of communism under Soviet Russia, the negro should keep his calm and equilibrium and watch for eventualities that may be to his benefit.¹³

¹³ As quoted in Rupert Lewis *Anti-Colonial Champion*: p.148

Above all, what tends to make Garvey so significant and such an exemplary figure, is his presumptuous endeavor in initiating his political theory and practice, a theme which is treated in *Masters of the Dew* and *The Ripening*. Unlike James and Fanon who seem to be victims of the world, he is able to prove himself the opposite. He sets about to give meaning and practice of his “word,” for he truly undermines the themes the writers of the Mannoni tradition and their misunderstanding of the post-colonial dilemma. For these authors, the word must undo the subversive and diminishing depredation of colonial discourse that has formed and circumscribed them.

For example, Mannoni states that the inferiority complex, later referred to by Fanon as a dependency complex, is something that precedes colonization and that this latent germ of complex is a congenital one. He wants to prove that victims of colonization suffer from an innate need to look up to and be dependent on a higher power, thereby giving the oppressed an object or need to look up to and depend on. Fanon, Garvey and James blatantly disagree with this analysis, Garvey most courageously sets about to defy Mannoni’s word by putting his theory into practice. Fanon argues his point by practically using the metaphor of the varicose veins. Fanon states that a person does not get varicose veins because he has weak vein walls but rather this symptom is caused by abusive years of working on one’s feet. The struggle and pain placed on

the body puts enormous strain on the feet, causing the hideous varicose veins. It is through this metaphor that he outlines the ugliness of colonization. It portrays to the reader that the dependency complex arises from years of being oppressed by the colonizer and the ambiguities and displacements preordained by colonial paradigms. Fanon continues this contention with the idea that the oppressed can struggle in post-colonialism, but they cannot remove the colonial dilemma. This is a recurrent motif that, whether consciously or subconsciously, has become the centrifugal point of many writers of protest literature. But Garvey wants to use his word as a bond and put it into action.

Apart from his utopian back to Africa ideologies, he wants to create a new world. He sets about to prove the Mannoni tradition incorrect and to prove that it is the oppressor who creates his inferior and only an existence of colonialism creates a dependency complex in the oppressed. Fanon strengthens this as he states that "a colonized native robs me of all worth, all individuality, tells me that I am a parasite on the world."¹⁴ Thus, in reflecting on the discourse of Maria Nugent and Grainger and Froude, it becomes quite clear how the adamic beings must dismantle both language and icons so that their visions may be articulated.

¹⁴ Fanon *Black Skins, White Masks* p.98.

Garvey's desire, on the other hand, was to literally break down those barriers of stereotypes, by forming his Black Starline and UNIA. What Garvey preached was that element of the fusing of selves which became so elemental in Roumain's *Masters of the Dew*. He claimed that preparation must be made for the "titanic industrial and commercial struggle." He not only alternated between wooing and castigating the oppressed but was exemplary by acting. Even though many stated that Garvey's speeches "aimed at disparaging, declassing and decrying the British ideals," he had a positive participatory objective. Unlike some who saw him as a "rabid protagonist," "a Jamaican jackass," fanning the flames of race hatred fraught with serious ramifications, Garvey had his agenda planned as a man of action and not necessarily as a violent agitator, quite similar to Roumain's Manuel or Glissant's Mathieu. It goes as far back as 1921, when he (Garvey) and Garveyism were established as a matter of anti-colonial struggle. Not only his speeches, but his very actions demonstrated his connection between the broader struggle for the freedom of Africa and National struggle, not only in Jamaica, but in all similar regions. Surprisingly, all his efforts were stymied by what might be metaphorically referred to as a "crab" motif, which so often has become a very interesting and problematic part of both post-colonial literature and discourse, especially for George Lamming. Garvey and his philosophy were threatened and ridiculed at both national and

international levels. They were thwarted by both his own kind and the other, a critic of the *Gleaner* in 1924 viewed him by saying:

It is with profound regret that we view the arrival of Marcus Garvey in Jamaica. And it is with more than profound regret that we picture any leader of thought and culture in this island associating himself with a welcome given to him. But Kingston has reached such a level of degeneracy that there is no knowing what she will do.... A new spirit has passed over the lower classes which has nothing to commend it except its ignorance...¹⁵

Garvey creates a landscape that's emotional, spiritual, psychological and even mystical in dimension. Even though his philosophies and literary contributions have been neglected, his strong cultural development has bolstered both political and literary tradition in the area, and gave a sense of self-awareness to those who lack the voice and opportunity for expression of both the self and the other. For in reality his narrative assumes a certain way of reading history and most of all

¹⁵ As quoted in Orville Campbell "Response of the Gleaner to Marcus Garvey between September 1929-January 1930," Caribbean Studies Paper, Institute of Mass Communications, University of the West Indies, Jamaica, 1981.

reflect the unequal distribution of historical power, for unlike the chronicler who silences, he narrates and indulges.

Likewise, James and Fanon lay a foundation for breaking those boundaries of entrapment in various social and political and even literary topographies. James' desire is to lift his people to duties and responsibilities of freedom and citizenship. At the same time, each has a unique vision as to how to shape and strengthen each respective topography.

Nevertheless, theirs is to demystify the imperial text and transform the landscape of the colonizer and weave threads that eventually lead to freedom., by whatever means are chosen. This is a point that will be dealt with separately in speaking of Lamming's characterization in *In the Castle of My Skin* as being a point of the dilemma. In the meantime, it creates and promotes dialogue at the crossroads of the colonized world and psyche, and thereby defines selves in their own terms. For example, Fanon states in *Black Skins, White Masks*:

...[L]e noir ne doit plus se trouver placé devant ce dilemme: se blanchir ou disparaître, mais il doit pouvoir prendre conscience d'une possibilité d'exister; autrement dit encore, si la société lui fait des difficultés à cause de sa couleur, si je constate dans ses rêves l'expression d'un désir inconscient de changer de couleur, mon but ne

sera pas de l'en dissuader en lui conseillant de <<garder ses distances>>; mon but, au contraire, sera, une fois les mobiles éclairés, de le mettre en mesure de choisir l'action (ou la passivité) à regard de la véritable source conflictuelle — c'est-à-dire à l'égard des structures sociales.

Peau noire, masques blancs, 80-81

[T]he black man should no longer be confronted by the dilemma, *turn white or disappear*, but he should be able to take cognizance of a possibility of existence. In still other words, if society makes difficulties for him because of his color, if in his dreams I establish the expression of an unconscious desire to change color, my objective will not be that of dissuading him from it by advising him to “keep his place”; on the contrary, my objective, once his motivations have been brought into consciousness, will be to put him in the position to *choose* action (or passivity) with respect to the real source of the conflict—that is, toward the social structures. (Fanon p. 100)

So as a result, their narratives give a path for restoring the West Indian character into history, time and space. It is not only the obsession with the Prospero/Caliban dialectic, but, according to Fanon, it is the “crystallization of consciousness” which will be both disruptive and creative. But in alluding to this disruption and creativity, which are ingrained in the revolution, one can ask simply, can the Caribbean landscape recreated ever be adequate enough to echo universal truth? According to Patrick Taylor, there will be a need for a fusion of temporal horizons, in order to confront “History,” and simultaneously reconstitutes it.

Lamming makes an interesting statement that history, though a sad and hopeful epic, has had a tendency to destroy cultural form, but it enables, at the same time, Caribbean discourse of resistance. Most assuredly, this is the germinal thread that sprouted on the heraldic horizon of Garvey, Fanon and James’ psychological landscape which in time became raw material for literary creativity and intellectual thought within these fragmented societies, dominated by a frozen ahistorical dialogue. For literary and scholarly convenience, my aim is to attempt to posit the collective endeavors in the realms of acknowledging the present.

Thus, these three authors, whether viewed from a political, revolutionary, psychological perspective, can be discussed as being the forerunners of the literature of commitment. This is taken mainly from a

Sartrean perspective in that they are in total opposition to their social and psychological determinism which for so long left their communities at a stereotypical and mythological impasse — thus necessitating the immediacy for a voice of liberation discourse. This voice is one that periodically will emerge from the polyphonic contrapuntal melding of voices drawn on the experiences by the colonial exigency of European hegemony. Fanon states in *Black Skins, White Masks*:

Je me faisais le poète du monde. Le Blanc avait découvert une poésie qui n'avait rien de poétique. L'âme du Blanc était corrompue et, comme me le disait un ami qui enseigna aux Etats-Unis: <<Les nègres en face des Blancs constituent en quelque sorte l'assurance sur l'humanité. Quand les Blancs se sentent par trop mécanisés, ils se tourment vers les hommes de couleur et leur demandent un peu de nourriture humaine.>> Enfin j'étais reconnu, je n'étais plus un néant.

Je devais vite déchanter. Le Blanc, un instant interloqué, m'exposa que génétiquement, je représentais un stade: <<Vos qualités ont été épuisées par nous. Nous avons eu des mystiques de la terre comme vous n'en connaîtrez jamais. Penchez-vous sur notre histoire, vous comprendrez jusqu'où est allée cette fusion.>> J'eus alors l'impression de répéter un cycle. Mon originalité m'était

extorquée. Je restai longtemps à pleurer, et puis je me remis à vivre.

*Mais j'étais hanté par une série de formules dissolvantes: l'odeur sui
generis du nègre... la bonhomie sui generis du nègre... la naïveté sui
generis du nègre...*

*J'avais essayé de m'évader par la bande, mais les Blancs
m'étaient tombés dessus et m'avaient coupé le jarret gauche.
J'arpentai les limites de mon essence; à n'en pas douter, c'était assez
maigre. C'est à ce niveau que se situe ma découverte la plus
extraordinaire. Cette découverte est à proprement parler une
redécouverte.*

Peau noire, masques blancs, 104-105

Therefore, it is out of the conflicts, confusion and ignorance of Master Narratives that Lamming, Roumain, and Glissant will set out to use the experiences of their pretext to create an authentic text to write their communities into their own landscape. These small communities are mere microcosmic (re)presentations of those societies that were subjects of colonial discourse, whether the codifications made are of real or imaginary events. (There may even be a mixture of both, depending on the alternatives of the author.)

Furthermore, it is by writing the Caribbean into history, unfettered by any authoritarian language, that this can be done, so that characters must no longer feel confined to self-centered spaces in a fluid landscape that must force without destroying or annihilating its characters, scattered in the uncertainty of speech. Not only are they in need of a reclamation and possession of the word, they are searching for a new pantheon of heroes. They are calling for a new unfolding of history. These texts, therefore, become a counter-narrative to the imperialist order. Most evidently, theirs is a discourse that envisions triumph, and liberation. Whether it might be seen as a utopian or a sisyphian undertaking, it embodies possibility for renovation and development. All these authors situate their characters at the juncture where change is unequivocal. Thus, it is through these texts that one can see the urgency to take up arms to defend a people's legitimacy at any cost.

For in reality, their major concern is to advocate a particular subjectivity which will become a propelling force to change and inevitably modify the world in its revolutionary process, wherein the descriptive and the normative will fuse. As a result, Mannoni's dependency theory would necessitate dismantling. This, Mannoni's statement, "to my mind there is no doubting that colonization has always required the existence of the need for dependency. Not all peoples can be

colonized,"¹⁶ is one that, as it reinforces a feeling of inferiority, becomes the fuel that will set about the baptismal for of change for the new generation.

¹⁶ O. Mannoni *Prospero and Caliban: The Psychology of Colonization* Trans. by P. Powesland (New York: Penguin, 1956) p. 85.

Chapter Three

Those who remain slaves suffer no injustice. For he who has not the courage to risk his own life to win freedom, that man deserves to be a slave.

-Hegel

The treatment and juxtaposition of the three authors' texts which I will explore in this chapter is doubtlessly more than a coincidence which may be described as a fortuitous one. Above all, they are similar and different in many ways. Yet, their historical paths and landscapes do converge in myriad ways. Most of all they are writing from within. Whether at times they are lyrical or dramatic, homophonic or polyphonic, that subject matter is not only to perpetuate particular themes or motifs in literature but is the soul of their creative activity.

In the two previous chapters, I attempted to expose not to its fullest how the West has discursively constituted the non-Westerner and in the second chapter I raised the narrative ideologies of Garvey, Fanon and James as starting points and a yardstick to set about to dismantle those

icons of yore that dominated, stymied and froze. Most of all, I attempted to spotlight them as pioneers of breaking down those binary oppositions between colonizer and colonized.

In this chapter, I will be using Fanon, Garvey and James' post-colonial discourse ideologies as source of inspiration of these whom I consider to be stalwarts of Caribbean literature and a landscape of consciousness. Even though I find some of Hegel's idea at times to be quite stimulating and thought provoking, my predilection, in this particular overall discourse, is to avoid getting immersed and inundated in western theory for fear of (re)colonizing the whole subject matter of Afro-Caribbean predicament. The inherent architected relation of hybridity and in-betweenness of these regions needs, if only in literary scholarship, to be freed of these inevitable forces, which so often control and usurp their space and embroider their consciousness to suit their needs. Therefore, this chapter will, as often as possible, be allowed to use its own predicament to create its theory, by allowing the subaltern to attempt to speak his way into a historical or even literary fragments, whether it be the existential man of Lamming or the spiritual man of Glissant and Roumain.

In speaking of those three stalwarts, Garvey, Fanon and James, and the literature of commitment, in a Caribbean context, as being the layers of the foundation for a revolution and a reconstitution in the awakening of the consciousness in postcolonial discourse, Lamming, Roumain, and Glissant, whether seen as revolutionaries, peasants or liberated black intellectuals, have in their respective links proceeded to make continuous the ideological aim for an eternally free consciousness and space that's, above all, liberated. This liberation aims at disclosing human freedom in an historical form. According to Patrick Taylor in *The Narrative of Liberation*, this decolonization attempts to transform lost space, as a result of the colonizer, into one that is reconquered by the new nation. This act of decolonization is not the result of another or outward machination, but is the brainchild of West Indian intellectual thought resulting from a history of marginalization and exclusion.

In using the epigraph by Hegel, as a mirror to reflect and stimulate discourse on these three authors, it is important to discern how important a role this germ of thought can play in making an attempt to formulate any kind of postcolonial or anticolonial discourse. Now, freedom becomes the operative word and the major point of departure in this revolution, reconstitution and reconstruction of self and community. Sartre stated that writing is an act of freedom.

Looking at this from a Fanonian perspective, freedom is a vital imperative rather than an innocent necessity. For Hegel, this is true for humanity in any given situation where an individual is precluded from recognition. This thought can be parallel to Garvey's when he states that:

The evil of internal division is wrecking our existence as a people, and if we do not seriously and quickly move in the direction of a readjustment it simply means that our doom becomes imminently conclusive.⁵

There is also a similar position in James through a character in his play *Black Jacobins* when he states:

"Learn citizens, to appreciate the glory of your new political status. In acquiring the rights that the Constitution accords to all Frenchmen, do not forget the duties it imposes on you. Be but virtuous and you will be Frenchmen and good citizens.... Work together for the prosperity of Santo Domingo of the restoration of agriculture, which alone can support a state and assure public well-being. Compare in this respect the conduct of the French Government, which has been destroyed. The

⁵ Garvey *Philosophy and Opinions* p. 23.

appearance of your countryside which I passed through on my way here has filled me with grief. Its condition should have convinced you long ago that in joining the English you had embraced only a chimera. You thought you would gain, you have only lost....

"The liberty without license which the labourer enjoys, the reward which the law accords to his labour, will attach him to the soil he cultivates....

But in reflecting on Hegel's statement about slaves and freedom, in most cases, what these contemporary authors being studied want to prove is that Caliban now freed from Prospero's magic is yearning and struggling more for triumph of human rationality than domination. It is the labor of the victims that hopefully would give birth to this consciousness of freedom. This, at the same time, can evoke the question: what happens when this labor at times becomes a Sisyphean task; for example, in situations like that described in Naipaul's *Miguel Street* or even Merle Collin's *Angel*? How then does the act of writing become an instrumental force as an author's weapon to attack, defend and hopefully defeat or surmount his lamentable predicament? How can he, in this great phenomenal and colossal task of demythification, set about or proceed to

make rhythmical the victim and his landscape of history, emotion and passion by means of the various unfoldings and evolvings of these texts where landscape is no longer exotically carved, embroidered, usurped and exploited, or where voices seep in everywhere, or even where old and young become dialogically intertwined giving a multiplicity of histories and experiences to the space of this landscape? But yet, if this land becomes vibrant with the fears and anxieties of its people, or even if there is a physical drought, individuals are still in tune with their space/landscape. For even if its sounds are either cacophonous or chaotic, the landscape of the oppressed is not stagnantly historical but one which, according to Wilfred Cartey, wears the vestiture of the extrahistorical. For unlike our 18th and 19th century pseudo-historians, landscape becomes histories and lives and not exclusion or entertainment.

Since, moreover, any act of writing is done as a medium to reveal the inner workings of the subconscious and to give form and vent to those *mondes cachés*, my contention is that Lamming, Roumain, and Glissant are monumental in treating this task of showing how the problematics of time, history, space and the Caribbean postcolonial dilemma must be shaped and restructured into what can be called a landscape of consciousness. The major point of this discourse will treat these oppressed victims in both the postcolonial and anti-colonial spaces. Microscopic

representations though they be, they are not only stagnantly grounded in the depth of the land, but it is there that the very quintessence of their power lies. As a result, each of these authors in his respective parameters appears free to create what some authors, specifically Glissant, call a collective effervescence. Therefore, as a consequence of the dilemma with which they are confronted, any act in the struggle to attain freedom becomes one that is not only historicized but one that is also politicized.

For in reality, this is the credo which Fanon, Garvey and James embody. Therefore, it is these who have become or can be spoken of as the propelling forces for the rediscovery of "one's own landscape". It is through the narrative discourse of each given text that the need for a sense of collectivity is so emphatically stressed in order to eradicate these structures of meaninglessness and annihilation. They have seen the necessity, most of all, to articulate the unexpressed at all cost, whether revolutionary or reactionary, they are able to move beyond all presuppositions and preconceptions. This allows narrative and/or language not only to become dialogic but explosive, also.

Taking all things into consideration, it is no mean fact that the Haitian struggle and battle for independence as the one where the Negro first became a man. Even though this might have a certain amount of relativity to it, the major thrust of any discourse of/on it would be not to

limit oneself there, but to examine the interconnections of the authors' temporal and spatial use of their raw material to intensify that need for collective memory and camaraderie.

Consequently, each of these texts in its own given right does have an emergent propensity to expand the preceding dialogue of the displaced and dispossessed. Most of all, they question the old effects of the colonialist order. In spite of their ability to be both challenging and problematic, they can truly be spoken of thematically as Caribbean and are perfect tools for the pertinent study of struggle, freedom and resistance.

In using Lamming's text *In the Castle of My Skin* as the start of this discourse, it is imperative to reflect on his statement that it is the novel which has really given the West Indian peasant his true authentic voice. Like the other texts to be studied, the narrative of Lamming's text is enmeshed from its inception into social conflict. Truly, the source of the author's roots has become the essence of insurrectionary overturning of social realms. Embedded in their narrative are the dialectics of the Prospero and Caliban conflict where Caliban's existence of self yearns to be self-represented and to transcend the status quo in order to seek other social alternatives. From a post-structuralist perspective, one can attempt to question the consciousness of the depth of the anchoring of the chains.

Also, post-structurally speaking, given that any type of protest literature is impregnated with anti-colonial discourse, then, I find it pertinent to ask, what is the nature of the revalorizing tradition, renaming places and things, and rewriting of the colonial system of affairs? Above all, how effective are these semantic strategies in delegitimizing and reconstructing the imperialist word; for in reality, both anti-colonial and imperial discourses are saturated with similar rules of epistemic violence. From both perspectives, both necessitate change for stabilization. Lamming's discourse tends to have its focus on centering a new discourse; and at the same time, it attempts to institutionalize recognition for that very discourse. In these texts, language is no longer the tool solely of the oppressor but becomes that of both the oppressed and the oppressor. The overseer in *In the Castle of My Skin* states:

My people are low-down nigger people. My people don't like to see their people get on. The language of the overseer. The language of the civil servant, the myth had eaten through their consciousness like moths through the pages of aging documents. Not taking chances with you people, my people. They always let you down. Make others say we're not responsible, we've no sense of duty. That's what the low-down nigger people do to us, their people.

Then the others say we've no sense of duty. Like children under the threat of hell for they accepted instinctively that the others, meaning the white, were superior, yet there was always the fear of realizing that it might be true. This world of the others' imagined perfection hung like a dead weight over their energy. If the low-down nigger people weren't what they are, the other couldn't say anything about us. Suspicion, distrust, hostility. These operated in every decision. You never can tell with my people. It was the language of the overseer, the language of the Government servant, and later the language of the lawyers and doctors who had returned stamp like an envelope with what they called the culture of the Mother Country.

(Lamming p. 27)

From the beginning of the text, the narratives of the youths all want to rupture and transform the traditions of Ma and Pa. The sign and the signified are deliberately unable to correspond; for Ma and Pa embody and represent both the imperialist order and the oppressed themselves. Within their space they are constantly echoing and re-echoing their fate of displacement and alienation which have eventually inscribed their identity

in the discourse of Prospero. So thus, as a result, they are unable to completely remove themselves from the "aporias of discourse."

Surprisingly, even though they might be regarded as sub-characters in the text, it is their narrative which even though deliberately undermining the text that undermines the landscape being formed, and, at the same time, strengthens it.

Throughout the text, the landscape imagery of this village depicts an uprooted quality in its characters and in its space, as well as those symbols demonstrating repeated cycles of domination and subordination. Amidst all, it is a village landscape that is opened to the public privacy where individualism has no respective space. Every act or event is exposed to communal scrutiny where people have names and history, whether by representation of determined women/mothers, or absent no good fathers, whether peasants or aspiring young analytical intellectuals, youngsters that gives drive to this collective consciousness. It is these situations that help to exemplify the symbolic and functional aspect of this type of community. A perfect example of this is when the narrator in *In the Castle of My Skin* states: "the village...fathered me."

But within this realistic collective community lies the wretchedness of the uprooted landscape that houses this disintegration of not only road but people. But, firstly, by understanding and highlighting the spiritual

and moral essence of characters, their lives are thus brought together holistically in order to articulate their uprooted fates. At the beginning of the text, there is the flood which creates a "watery waste". This water, which is supposed to be a blessing by the mother and others, now becomes a destructive force for the boy narrator since it has the ability to "[coax] roots from the earth, forcing them into the deep black river." (p. 44) It does the same to him also. Even this destructiveness of the flood will carry itself deeper than just the land. It "could level the stature and even conceal the identity of the village." (p. 11) Seemingly, the more the villagers try to move ahead and create history, not only for themselves but for each other, the more often they are further uprooted not only by the elements of nature, but also by themselves, and are forced to start all over. Not only does this symbolize the sisyphian task of rewriting and creating history, but it also attempts to explore the causal relationships between man in conflict with his inevitable social conditions. Even the trees themselves are reflective of this, their having been cut down to be used as wood for the war at the command of the empire.

However, seeing this village as a microcosm of colonialist extension, highlights how colonization has turned itself into the landscape as well as that omnipresent theme "the more things change the more they remain the same." Ironically, this allows historical data to cause a fusion

with landscaped history. For the village is portrayed as "a dream which couldn't be rid ofÉit lied respected [members] as it lied the villagers. Every one saw that it got into the blood...it was the soul of their roots." (p. 230) Truly, since both landlord, overseer and villagers become inextricably linked, neither could completely leave, thus reinforcing and embodying further the vicious cycle and language of domination, subordination and stagnation. The narrator states clearly that

Low-down nigger people was a special phrase the overseers had coined. The villagers were low down nigger people since they couldn't bear to see one of their kind get along without feeling envy and hate. (Lamming pp.26-27)

Landscape thus tends to absorb the passage of time and whatever comes with it: time, history, flood, roots, conflict, separateness, desperateness, struggle, victor and victim. For example, one character says:

Three hundred years, more than the memory could hold, Big England had met Little England and Little England like a sensible child accepted. Three hundred years, and never ithat time did any other nation dare interfere with these two. Barbados or Little England was the oldest and purest

of England's children, and may it always be so. The other islands had changed hands. Now they were French, now they were Spanish. But Little England remained steadfast and constant to Big England. Even to this day. Indeed, it was God's doing. The hand of the Lord played a great part in that union. And who knows? You could never tell. One day before time change for eternity, Little England and Big England, God's anointed on earth, might hand-in-hand rule this earth. In the '14 war they went side by side together, and they would go again any time. Big England had only to say the word and Little England followed. Big England had the strongest navy, and Little England the best fishermen in this God's world. Together they were mistresses of the sea, and whenever, wherever, the two met on the same side, war or peace, there was bound to be victory. (Lamming p. 37)

This consciousness commands and becomes intertwined with landscape. It engulfs the biographies of lives and becomes the springboard to the evolution of a social order, a yearning for uprootedness, whether it be had either from natural phenomena or revolutionary violence. Therefore,

when Lamming's young boys question and challenge the order of their specifically speaking colonialist order, putting history in between both time and space, they are also attempting to move from present to past and past to an unpredictable future. For example a character says in *In the Castle of My Skin*:

"You never know what coming to you in this world,"
she said, "you never know, my child, you down today, you
up tomorrow." The wind leapt lightly through the leaves.
The sun went under the cloud and the shadow in the corner
deepened. The sun peered out again, and the light flashed
down. (Lamming p. 34)

Consequently and fortunately, unlike the tradition of old, that frozen, controlled element of landscape and other is no longer present; for this new landscape of consciousness and consciousness awakening is one that is sensitive to both words and actions. The very embodiment of characters' experiences are so intermixed that it becomes a selfscape or, as Wilfred Cartey might call it, "a moodscape." As a result, it gives to the text and characters' experience a sense of contextual solidarity. And this language of landscape and personae become interconnected codes within the control of all those who use it with their given capabilities to interrupt a tradition

of silence or merely analyze it. Yet, if there is silence, it is one that is controlled because it is a determined deliberate silence, not one imposed. But yet, Lamming's landscape has no space for silence. For if it appears only like a ghost; it quickly gives way to the urgency of thought which generates speech. For example, during a moment of silence, the head master hears the conversation between the boys, as one says:

...nothing mattered but the empire. But they have put the two of them together now. The empire and the garden. We are to speak of them the same way. They belong to the same person. They both belong to God. The garden is God's own garden and the empire is God's only empire. They work together for us. God save the king who will help us to see the garden again. That's all we have to think of now, the empire and the garden. And we are happy to be slaves. It isn't the same as being a prisoner. Nobody wants to be a prisoner. You aren't free when you're a prisoner. But it is different when you are a slave. When you are a slave of the empire and the garden and the same time, you can be free to belong to both. And you can be free to be ashamed of not thinking enough about them. (Lamming pp. 70-71)

As a result, this uprootedness of landscape takes its very roots with in the characters themselves and their intermittent ambivalent thoughts. Among the many ambivalences, and linguistic construct of the element of water are its baptismal effects, coupled with the destructive forces of the flood. This in itself tends to create a sense of fear. At the same time, the boy narrator, like most characters, constantly uses the landscape as a means of contemplation. He is constantly afraid of seeing everything as the last. He's constantly concerned that people, places, and things would come and go making him inaccessible to them, like the pebble he grew attached to and yet loses. But most likely, this loss should allow him to sprout roots on some other object. An interesting reference is one of those contemplative moments at the assembly when it suddenly dawns upon him that people are always willing to return to their origins (the garden) but that can only be done through repentance, which is analogous to the fate of the slaves. Thus, becoming equal to the imperialist order or space, which is the garden, it leaves no escape for the uprooted African. Thus, he must "rejoice in bondage" (p. 72) until he is saved.

As a result it is obvious how landscape then begins to react to history or histories; history as an unknown is even put in the mouth of

those who even have to perceive now what it is and confront it differently.

Not surprisingly though, history is seen from the historical perspective of the master class and somewhat reflected images, where it has become either controlled, changed or deliberately distorted; this is extensively depicted in the narrative of the boy narrator. The desperation is one that is mastered, controlled. Nonetheless, it is through these complexities and ambiguities that a new stance must take shape as it is fueled by their education.

But here, as Fanon argues, culture becomes enlisted in their resistance. For their colonial education is more than transmission of knowledge and rote repetitions of Latin conjugations and declensions, not to mention meaningless singing of "Long live Britannia." It ought to serve as a vehicle for intellectual aggression which eventually will be an engine, propelling transformation of peoples. For these young cerebral upstarts, history is actual. They want to and are making history. But by the treatment of social history as an unveiling and a removal of the hinges of slavery's institution, all the many other ramifications are treated. The shoemaker once states:

"The times is changin'... and all I gotta say to you here an' now is this, if times go on changin' changin', an' we here

don't make a change one way or the next, 'tis simply a
matter that times will go along 'bout it business an' leave
we all here still waitin'." (Lamming pp.112-113)

Theirs is a landscape that is not superimposed upon, where appearances are no simple illusions or embroidered allusions, but are impregnated with a variety of social consequences and complexities. It is a landscape that by means of natural phenomena evokes past occurrences, and intensifies present ones: love, hate, abandonment, exploitedness, ignorance, self, other, insult, injury, deception, irony and satire.

Within the characters is the burning desire to extend their space both physically and psychologically and intrude upon and invoke another cosmos. Landscape becomes both vibrant and vital space, and time is filled with tension of becoming uprooted and renewed. Even the threat of the sea is not one that hinders and stymies the innocent explorative youth, but becomes energy to pursue other terrains and test the prehensibility of their possibility.

And even though at times the impetus might appear to slow down, causing stagnancy to surface, this is not an impediment. These boys are now contending with language, with a view and even with a vision. They claim that even if one sailed to sea and traveled all around the world, one

would end up right here. A good example is Trumper's later going to America and returning. Every one who leaves is still bound to return. As might be implied, this is their fate because within this historically ambivalent uprootedness, they are the very ones to change this apparent cyclic movement of history. It is the pull of the sea, and the destructive baptism of the flood that dominate these characters, rather than the ectoplasmic. It is these very natural phenomena that give language to those masses and allow them to transcend ordinary time and therefore visualize this transcendence in terms of living experiences, in terms of self and community. As a result, these new selves absorbing and being absorbed by the landscape of stagnancy continue to struggle against the odds of all predicaments. For example:

When night fell it was as though the darkness had dropped from the sky. At four o'clock the sun appearing to move towards the sea shone from the west with a scarlet brilliance and the white marl roads gleamed. The wind had gone away and the trees were steady. At this hour the village had seemed unreally still. Sky, trees, wind, clouds: all these things which earlier had seemed immediate now were remote and inactive. There were no clouds at all and the sky deeply curved looked hard and solid. The sun

bleeding its light over the land seemed to hang onto the sky as though it were a foreign and unwanted body. The trees resembled the lamp-posts in their carriage, upright, steady and stupid, and the houses scotched on the groundsels of limestone, neutral and resigned. At one corner in the shade of the mahogany trees an old woman sat behind a tray of oranges, plums and nuts. The tray was placed on a bench the shape and size of the one she sat on. She wore a white head tie and a blue apron. She was asleep, her head drooping forward, the chin lazily closeted in the sink of her neck, and her lips hanging loose and slack. A small boy nestled near her, stole a plum from the tray and stuffed his mouth before dropping his head in a nod to the ground. The old woman half-opened her eyes, scratched her ears and mumbled something to the boy. He didn't answer. She passed her hand along his head and closed her eyes again. The boy waited, then looked up and lifted a banana from the stem. Then he stuffed his pockets with more plums and nuts, not more on the whole than a penny's worth. He quickly rearranged the bananas, shuffled the plums and nuts into a new heap and sat down quietly. Another glance at the

old woman and soon he had circled the trees and was out of sight. No one noticed. The old woman slept, and in her sleep on the wooden bench she was like the houses, old and weary and remote. (Lamming p. 159)

Consequently, this narrative landscape of uprootedness which produces this encounter of selves, old and young, dominated and dominating, is not only charged by moments of time that bring them together but must be seen as a deliberate phenomena of mutual impact. Thus, the young represent all "possibilities." Therefore, in a Fanonian sense, this language and landscape of uprootedness becomes an option constitutive of liberation and revolution. At the same time, this can lead one to question the validity and effectiveness of the semantics of this text. At many levels it is a text of re-creation. It is recreation at many levels consisting of language, history, education, and politics, to say the least. To a certain extent, its voices do not limit themselves to discovery or breaking of really new ground, as could be said of *Masters of the Dew* or *The Ripening*. But ironically, voices become crystallized where the uprootedness of the landscape causes one to question or articulate one's roots whether dealing with race, color, slavery, or all three.

But by means of this crystallization of voices, the need for the experimentation of language and even structure becomes more imperative in assessing and claiming or recruiting this space within one's landscape. For even though at times the landscape seems to possess elements of fixity and stasis, it is at the same time overridden with flux mainly as a result of the Wordsworthian children's voices which grow from stability of language and history to the world of turmoil, chaos, pleasure and intermittently to hostility. This then constitutes to the melding of selves, world and time, whether God's time or man's time. It recreates, by means of language and experience, a new consciousness which allows narrative to go beyond myth and become historical. Therefore, Trumper, Boy Blue, Bob and the entire gang, as they contemplate destinies, respectively and collectively, whether or not they appear to have taken shape, must invent their own history in this land of uprootedness and chaos, by means of resistance to the language, ideologies and myths of old. At the same time, they subconsciously have language and can question the "word."

This very act of language or speech is one that overthrows those predetermined myths of finitude of dominant orders. This, then, in time allows for transcendence in the free creativity whether semantically, linguistically, revolutionarily, or reactionarily. Therefore, as a result of this uprootedness and recreativeness, each character's discourse becomes

the center of indeterminacy in its own existential predicament. For in choosing whether or not to act, or whether or not to do, freedom is exercised. To extend this even further, each individual holds the other's responsibility for totalization, allowing for a narrative that is not only freed, but one that's shared. For example, to look at the conversation between Ma and Pa, symbolic representations of history and time in a designated, limited space.

'Tis as what I says to myself sometimes but not for a single soul to know. You can't carry it with you, an' 'tis that that frighten me. It frighten the life out of me sometimes. When I sit there at that window or stan' in the half door at night it come to me sometimes like the devil in hell self an' I want to run. Sometimes I talk an' talk to fill up the time an' in a kind o' way to turn my 'tention from what I see, but it come at me again all the time that same said thing you say. You can't take anything with you, an' I ask myself why....(Lamming p. 89)

Not only is this connected with the uprootedness of self both in the present and in the future, but it shows the battle with and the ability to realize and concretize. Pa and Ma create their own life and give it a fixed necessity,

whether positive or negative, whether to be stagnant or dynamic; their discourse is filled with significance of a life time; their language represents or contains their own totalization and recreation. Therefore, from a Fanonian perspective, the struggle for freedom within a dispossessed and uprooted landscape results in an active conscious responsible totalization of self and community.

In reality, Lamming's narrators whether peasant or colonized intellectuals, as in the case of Trumper, must find themselves through reflective social, psychological analysis. To a certain extent, that death spoken of in Pa and Ma's conversation is not only one that can be seen as physical, but also as a psychological one. It is both Trumper's and Ma's and Pa's black intellectuals, and the revolutionary peasants respectively that must reinvent this landscape for an eternal free consciousness, in both temporal and spatial dimensions, by turning the lost, usurped, exploited space into the space recreated of a new nation. As Hegel in his *Philosophy of Mind* states:

Freedom demands therefore that the self-conscious subject should not feed his own natural existence or tolerate the natural existence of others; on the contrary, indifferent to natural existence, he should in his individual immediate

attempt to stake his own life and the lives of others to win freedom.

In reality, to reinvent Hegel's point of view, it is the labor of slavery that becomes the seed of consciousness for freedom. For example, Ma's, chains have become forged by her own hands. They are her own creation of uprootedness. It is the Trumpers who have that freedom of choice to represent their own universality, thus demanding recognition and historicity, as they assume the task of recreating temporality and spaciality in their uprooted landscape.

But as a result of this yearning to recreate temporality and space in this uprooted landscape, each member has the ability to recreate his castle which can become impenetrable from the outside, and which can make productive contact and unity impossible within certain linear constraints of the text, both as a result of natural phenomena and other man-made disasters. For example, when Pa claims that the flood was the beginning, then the riot, then the penny bank society and finally "It is the end," his bankrupt vision is not one that becomes a close narrative in itself, but extends itself, instead of making history cyclic, amidst its uprootedness. Furthermore, it attempts to hurl itself into a revolutionary leap; for one

does not arrive at a new consciousness through semantics only, but by questioning and confronting the social significance of his own being.

As can be seen, as a result of the transitory state of the community both social, physically, and psychologically, not only language but also sensibility become a part of the flux and fluidity of things where individuals oscillate between uprootedness and resistance. Interestingly enough, in the heart of this uprootedness and revelation, there is the omniscient narrator whose inevitable task it is, in his own language, to be able to name a society that was once nameless. It analyzes the social structure of this uprooted ruin of colonization and is able to use its very form and content as a means of bringing it through the inferno of history, specifically through the old man and old woman, written in the domain of mythic dimensions. For within the parameters of timelessness, growth and motion must be allowed in order to surpass the realms of marginality. For within this uprootedness and public landscape, now the territory of all and within the realms of every one, palings are fallen down, and fences give entrances into other backyards, allowing voices to interrelate, meet and meld into multiplicities of voices and histories. Yet, in the meanwhile, it becomes one dialogue--one history. This eventuates in the breaking of all these silences being caused or created out of the imperialist order and power.

In the word, the colonial unconsciousness becomes shattered amidst other experiences. This is seen when the boy narrator is able to withstand his mother's blows as a means of discipline, without shedding a tear. This, which highlights his growth into consciousness and strength, shows his growing away from and resistance to the oppressor of which his mother can be symbolic. This eventuates in a sense of uprootedness at a different level, in that in spite of much of the infrastructural conflicts, he is able to uproot himself and move to Trinidad; this in itself may be interpreted more as a continuum than an exile. Nevertheless, Lamming's text and characters have taken steps to give history a different uprooted shape and can be seen both as a transcendence and a difference.

In looking at the texts being studied, the focal point is to show how within their given spaces, signs are being rewritten into new systems of meaning. For example in *In the Castle of My Skin*, the penny and its history are reinterpreted into a multiplicity of other meanings, where spaces take on new burdens and histories, and then invented new representations create different representation between signs and signifiers, which give the accent for the manifold interrelated forms of Caribbean landscape.

Like Lamming's protagonist and others, who have attempted to recreate landscape and set out to extend it, whether or not to a similar

predicament, Roumain's Manuel in *Masters of the Dew* is depicted as returning to recreate the also lost barren landscape of Fond Rouge. The rhetoric of Manuel is one that not only questions and confronts, like Lamming's, but it is one that deliberately and authoritatively upsets the status quo of politics, religion and communal ignorance. The text, rooted in the ruins of drought ridden village of Fond Rouge, is pregnant with despair, suffering, death, hopelessness, dust and death and becomes the epicenter of turmoil at all levels. For example, Délivra says in the opening

- *Nous mourrons tous...— est elle plonge ses mains dans la poussière; la vielle Délira Délira dit: nous mourrons tous: les bêtes, les plantes, les chrétiens vivants, ô Jésus-Marie la Saint Vierge...*

Gouverneurs de la rosée, 17

"We're all going to die"...Plunging her hands into the dust, Délira Délivrance said, "We're all going to die. Animals, plants, every living soul! Oh, Jesus! Mary, Mother of God!"(Roumain p. 23)

In this text, the predominance of Marxist thought helps to irrigate the ideologies of Roumain's protagonist. Not that the text in itself is a Marxist one, but its infrastructural subtleties are everywhere evident.

As in *In the Castle of My Skin*, land, language, faith, myth, self and community are not only grouped together, but embrace each other in order to create a mythical oppressive world. For both Manuel's absence and his return appear to create a symbiosis between past (history) and present (actuality). So that reality, idealization, natural and synthetic become one. For unlike the protagonist in Lamming's text, who must move away from the land by means of education, Roumain's characters possess not only a symbiotic but a spiritual relation to the land and want to take roots there. However, the colonial legacy is so present that the community can no longer function on its own. Thus, it has lost its space over and over. Nevertheless, transcending that voice of exclusion, the aggrandized Manuel wants to repossess that space, that sense of community. With him comes collectively an organic sense of organization. But as a result of this, he has to recreate his own path and history but his voice and concepts are different from the community's. Manuel comes with a collective unconscious which beckons him to find freedom. His experience makes it imperative to find his freedom though others find it difficult to comprehend. Thus, his landscape is one that is

not only struggling with ignorance and its people, but its one where language becomes very problematic. This might be so because throughout the text their realities extend into an unchanging perpetuity. All seems closed, determined, and Manuel, at the same time, clearly must transcend limits and conquer them. Thus language becomes limits--only a tool of questioning and fascination but one that incites to action. It does not allow expansion beyond a certain point. It becomes their prison.

Manuel's challenge is to reconfigure forms of the colonizer and to expose their limits and then transcend and conquer them. For he is seen not only as starting that revolution among the oppressed but he himself becomes the revolution; he becomes his very word, his very history itself personified. Thus, he not only recreates this uprooted drought-ridden landscape, but he wants to define and control its time and to do so even to the point of his demise. Of course, no one is really ready for him. Yet he embodies two kinds of discourse, one, the regaining of lost origins and the other, one that must propose to obliterate existing conflicts and divisions which so perpetuate ignorance, and despair, causing irreconcilability with themselves. For him, discourse becomes a search for reassuring foundations, Above all, it is a source of redemption and again Manuel exemplifies this. His philosophy is superlatively revolutionary. He says

—C'est traître, la résignation.; c'est du pareil au même que le découragement. Ça vous casse les bras: on attend les miracles et la Providence, chapelet en main, sans rien faire, On prie pour la pluie, on prie pour la récolte on dit les oraisons des saints et des loas. Mais la Providence, laisse-moi te dire, c'est le propre vouloir du nègre de ne pas accepter le malheur, de dompter chaque jour la mauvaise volonté de la terre, de soumettre le caprice de l'eau à ses besoins; alors la terre l'appelle: cher maître, et l'eau l'appelle: cher maître, et n'y a d'autre miracle que le fruit de ses mains.

Gouverneurs de la rosée, 66

"Resignation is treacherous. It's just the same as discouragement. It breaks your arms. You keep on expecting miracles and providence, with your rosary in your hand, without doing a thing. You pray for rain, you pray for a harvest, you recite the prayers of the saints and the loas. But providence--take my word for it--is a man's determination not to accept misfortune, to overcome the earth's bad will every day, to bend the whims of the water

to your needs. Then the earth will call you, 'Dear Master.'
The water will call you, 'Dear Master.' And there's no
providence but hard work, no miracles but the fruit of
your hands."(p 54)

Unlike the inhabitants, he sees his community filled with elemental men and not hopeless creatures that should be chained to the past. The reaction to the first words of Roumain's *Masters of the Dew*, "We are all going to die;" generates a rather collectively dismal expectation of what will follow. This speech act is one that incorporates a community. The concentration thus, though not to be belabored, has many consequences, both theoretical and practical, in that it creates a gamut of utterances. As a result, it is from the above citation that the entire narrative of the text evolves. Apart from its despairing tone, the fatalistic quality of it is achieved by its temporality and spatiality, in which every individual character possesses his appointed place in his ruined and barren landscape.

Manuel says

*—Je suis ça: cette terre-là, et je l'ai dans le sang. Regarde
ma couleur: on dirait que la terre a déteint sur moi et sur toi
aussi. Ce pays est le partage des hommes noirs et tous les*

*fois qu'on a essayé de nous avons sarclé l'injustice à coups
de machette.*

Gouverneurs de la rosée p. 79

"But, you know, I'm made out of this, I am." He
touched the earth, caressing its soil. "That's what I am, this
very earth! I've got it in my blood. Look at my color.
Folks could say the soil has faded on me, and on you, too.
This land is the black man's. Each time they've tried to take
it from us, we have cleaned out injustice with the blades of
our machete."(p. 74)

The rhetoric itself is one that's concerned with the present and past. In comparison to *In the Castle of My Skin*, which possesses a three dimensional movement, presents, past and future, this text also has a similar analogous movement which is the lost Eden, the drought and resignation, waiting, and the arrival and death of its new savior. Manuel, seen both as revolutionary from a literal and linguistic perspective, must order and recreate the paradise of Fond Rouge; for it possesses a people whose life depends upon the cooperation of the earth and its elements. But within the Marxist implication of this text, "Man is the baker of life" it is

only Manuel's reflection of the past that will be the propelling element to restoration, reconstruction and redemption. For them, the word, speech, is not only a social construction of every day life, but one that articulates and produces ideologies. This text embodies a society which is based on inequalities of power and opportunity. It is their words, speech which becomes, above all other things, the alienating force and separation of interests. But at the same time, it expresses an implicit demanding orthodoxy that will either oblige them to recreate themselves and their landscape or leave it to the destructive, withdrawn hand of fate.

It is through Manuel's rhetoric that the barrenness of the land is not a result of a hierarchical punishment but has resulted from human ineptitude. And thus, the very language of the text produces the ideology of that society, thus producing the text to be looked at in its postcolonial paradigm. It continuously provides its own references, while at the same time connects outside of the text. All through the text the narration suggests not only Manuel's trespassing on forbidden territory and breaking interdictions but also the overall predicament and action of the other characters. Annaise exemplifies this best.

At the same time, it allows one to place the recreation of history and the reclaiming and recultivating of the landscape by syntagmatically and paradigmatically structuring things so that one event replaces another;

yet, at the same time, it allows Manuel to perceive the ignorance of his community as distractions from his inevitable task, a messianic one, to recreate things and find his measure in the capacity to struggle and endure and surmount the embedded societal conflicts.

However, the conflicts, whether linguistic, economic, or historical, that exist between individuals and society in this given space, become focal, making imperative the concentration on human fate. So thus, the spiral movement of the text bears heavily on reconciling the broken parts of the society (which *In the Castle of My Skin* attempts to do but fails). Therefore, the simple life of the peasants takes its place. It is, then, because of these little people that the various forms of resistance seek to make peasants the forces of society. Thus, as mentioned previously, the ideology of the text becomes its dominant structure, determining both character and constituents, allowing the historically real to be determined. For truly, it must be noted that the text itself doesn't really take history as its object, but present certain real socially determined representations, and in a certain Marxian sense, the very rigorousness of its ideologies necessitates the flexibility and intermediacy of Manuel's actions. For in order to articulate this symbiotic relationship between man and the land, above all, between Manuel and the land, there is an urgency to use the vegetal imagery of the landscape, specifically speaking, that of the tree,

which symbolizes the embodiment of water. For even though the trees might appear drought ridden, unequivocally, their roots are filled with this very water for which they search; on the other hand, many of Lamming's trees are uprooted. However, Manuel becoming identified with the vegetal imagery that surrounds him. For example he says "I am rooted in the earth" (*Je suis planté dans cette terre*) (p.56). Unlike the others, this barrenness gives him a sense of exhilaration that allows him to focus on the plight of the peasants' ideologies.

Amidst the many ideologies of the text is the collective autonomy of the peasants. For this is their only hope. It is the solidarity of the proletariat from a Marxist perspective that this can only be achieved where each should enjoy his own part of the land. But this calls for harmony between man and the earth; this is a harmony that will grant him mastery of his life and his landscape, which should not be mistreated. By doing this, Manuel gives each a space in his landscape. It is by the melding of selves that collectivity is induced. The absence of that collective voice yields to the breakdown of its infrastructure, both social, economic and material. They have bled the earth to the bone. As the text states:

Le vallon s'étendait au pied du morne. Les eaux dévalant des hauteurs l'avaient raviné et, par la pente, sa terre délavée avait été se perdre au loin. Les os des pierres perçaient sa peau maigre et les cadaches, qui sont parmi des plantes des araignées toutes velues de piquants, l'avaient envahi.

Gouverneurs de la rosee, 70

The valley lay at the foot of the mountain. The waters, dashing down from the heights, had hollowed it out and the soil, washed away, had drifted down the slope to be lost in the distance. Bones of rocks pierced its thin layer of skin, and now spider plants covered with prickles had overrun it. (Roumain p. 57)

The invasion of ruin, dust, rocks and eroded soil, exists at all levels, and results in an ingrained stagnancy. The aridity of the land is not only a physical one but also a spiritual. As Manuel says

- Mais pourquoi, foutre, avez-vous coupé le bois: les chènes, les acjous et tout ce qui poussait là-haut? En voilà des nègres inconséquents, des nègres sans mesure.

Gouverneurs de la rosée, 72

"But why, damn it! did you cut the woods down, the oaks, the mahogany trees, and everything else that grew up there? Stupid people with no sense!" (Roumain p. 58)

These trees which permeate the text in various forms and conditions are symbolic of the entire cosmos. They symbolize the richness and diversity of the peasants and their relationship. This motif is similar in *In the Castle of My Skin*. The polarization and the static social reality of the village is stressed. By such means, one is able to discern the shifting reality of Caribbean postcolonial dilemma and social conditions and most of all the perpetually retold dereliction of Lamming's Creighton Village. For example, the narrator highlights this by saying

"The times is changin'," said the shoemaker, "if nothin' change ever in Creighton's village, times is changin', and all I gotta say to you here an' now is this, if times goes on changin' changin', an' we here don't make a change one way or the next, 'tis simply a matter that times will go along 'bout it business an' leave we all here still waitin'."

"We'll sit an' wait till Thy Kingdom come," said Mr. Foster.

"I've no education," [the shoemaker] said, "but I remember what I pick up here an' there. An' from the time the great Marcus Garvey come down an' tell us that the Lord ain't goin' to drop manna in we mouths I start to think." (Lamming 102)

However, the treatment of peasants in Roumain's text is one neither of dereliction nor romanticization, but a realistic projection of the sub-

soil from which they originated. It is these peasants who must deliberately expunge their landscape of exploitative forces, whether external or internal as are subtly implied in the text. According to Roumain's text, it is not only the soil that's important, but also its unadorned beauty. For the peasants cannot exist without the soil or the soil without the peasants; they become reciprocal and interdependent. This soil/earth is often referred to as a woman, who, if mistreated, will revolt, but if cultivated will yield fruits. It's the very earth which is symbolic of their own culture and folklore. Thus, Manuel does not become fanatically engrossed in the vodoun ceremonies, as many other peasants do, but respects it for its richness and diversification and sense of oneness. Within it lies the plight of the long-suffering peasants. Manuel's rhetoric is one that converts and transforms language proverbs and dream into reality, for example, there is a very tense moment when the narrator states:

Bienaimé closed his eyes. He was still holding his unlighted pipe, but his head dropped to one side. He was slipping off into that sleep which now overtook him at any hour in the day, and which often repeated the same dream: an enormous cornfield, leaves dripping with dew, ears of corn so swollen that they burst their husks with rows of kernals that seemed to be laughing.

As for Délira, she was washing the dishes, and she was singing. It was a song similar to life--it was sad. She knew no other. She wasn't singing aloud and it was in her throat like a moan, yet her heart was eased since her chat with Manuel. Nevertheless, it knew no language other than this sorrowful plaint. She sang after the fashion of black women. Life has taught black women to sing as though they are choking back a sob, and it's a song that ends always with a beginning because it's in the image of misery. And does the circle of misery ever end?

If Manuel could read her thoughts, he'd object. He sees things in the light of joy, a glowing light. He says life is made so that men may have happiness and their contentment. Maybe he's right. Days come, days go, and some day that may be proven. But, meanwhile, life is hard. (Roumain p. 102)

Bienaimé ferma les yeux, il tenait encore sa pipe éteinte, mais sa tête penchait de côté; il glissait dans ce sommeil que le prenait maintenant à tout heure de la journée et qui répétait souvent le même rêve: un champ de maïs à l'infini, les feuilles ruisselantes de rosée, les épis si gonflés qu'ils forçaient leurs enveloppes et que des rangées de grains paraissaient qui semblaient rire.

Délira, elle, lavait les plats. Et elle chantait, c'était une chanson semblable à la vie, je veux dire qu'elle était triste: elle n'en connaissait pas d'autre. Elle ne chantait pas fort et c'était une chanson sans mots, à bouche fermée et qui restait dans la gorge comme un gémissement, et pourtant son coeur était apaisé depuis qu'elle avait causé avec Manuel, mais il ne savait d'autre langage que cette plainte douloureuse, alors que voulez-vous, elle chantait à la manière des nègresses; c'est l'existence qui leur a appris, aux nègresses, à chanter comme on étouffe un sanglot et c'est une chanson qui finit toujours par un recommencement parce qu'elle est à l'image de la misère, et dites-moi, est-ce que ça finit jamais la misère? Si Manuel entendait ses pensées, il l'attraperait; lui, voit les choses dans une lumière de joie, une lumière rouge; il dit que la vie est faite pour que les hommes, tous les nègres, aient leur satisfaction et leur contentement; peut-être bien qu'il a raison: un jour s'en va et un jour viendra qui apportera cette vérité, mais en attendant, la vie est une punition, voilà ce qu'elle est, la vie.

Gouverneurs de la rosée, 136-137

But even though they suffer at the hand of the elites and dominating power, they are made the major forces of the society and are made

conscious of their own space and purpose within their landscape as they are challenged by the presence of the other. For example:

Mais des habitants des mornes et des plaines, les bourgeois de la ville ont beau les appeler par dérision nègres pieds-à-terre, nègres va-nu-pieds, nègres-orteils (trop pauvres qu'ils étaient pour s'acheter des souliers) tant pis et la merde pour eux, parce que, question de courage au travail, nous sommes sans reproche; et soyez comptés, nos grands pieds de travailleurs de la terre, on vous les foutre un jour dans le cul, salauds.

Gouverneurs de la rosée, 27

The high-class people in the city derisively called these peasants "barefoot Negroes, barefooted vagabonds, big-toed Negroes." (They are too poor to buy shoes.) But never mind and to hell with them! Some day we will take our big flat feet out of the soil and plant them on their behinds. (Roumain p. 29)

But yet the textual propensities expose quite clearly the limitation of the exploited in their own space. Nevertheless, unlike Lamming's text that limits itself to only the linguistic level, revolutionary though it is, Masters of the Dew not only questions limitations and the ramifications that result from

excessive cultural emphasis, but at the same time, it recreates history, and space can be possibly reclaimed by summoning the exploited to solidarity. Political vision becomes the promise not only for literal creativity but economic cooperation based on political ideology. The narrative voice is one of liberation and control from those forces that alienate and displace, whether they be poverty, despair, or those stereotypical myth which for so long have stagnated the postcolonial horizons language becomes landscape, and landscape becomes language, fusing both themselves with the oppressed who now become the very architects and their own language.

But within this context of fusing selves, landscape, language and history, interwoven are also these other infrastructural divisions of religion, moral political and historical. These become the immediate challenge for analyzing both selves, landscape and ideologies. As in Lamming's text, the religious text no longer has a dominant place. As a matter of fact, Manuel recreates that image into his own likeness. He becomes messiah, the revolutionary, the redeemer, and at the same time questions the structure and the allotment of people in their particular fates as they become self victims of icons. For example, he says:

*- Au commencement de monde, tu veux dire. Parce que
au commencement des commencements, il y avait une femme et
un homme comme toi et moi; à leurs pieds coulait la première*

source et la femme et l'homme entrèrent dans la source et se baignèrent sans la vie.

Il lui prit la main:

-Viens.

Il écarta les lianes. Elle entra dans le mystère du figuier-maudit.

Gouverneurs de la rosée, 160

"At the beginning of the world, you mean. Because at the beginning of beginnings, there were a woman and a man like you and me. The first spring flowed at their feet, and the woman and the man entered the spring and bathed in life."

He took her hand.

"Come!"

He pushed the vines aside. She walked in the mysterious shade of the giant fig tree. (Roumain p. 117)

In contrast to Lamming's language and characters, which question those eternally oppressive icons, those of Roumain remove them. For Manuel, it's these same icons which tend to opiate the people. Manuel maintains a hostile distance between them and their oppressive forces which go against

his own sense of necessity. It is his ideologies of the imagination that must be prevalent. All Manuel requires of the peasants is compliance. It is his language and his actions that will produce meaning and in a sense write its own ideological text and give a new meaning to history and a new meaning of consciousness. For example, the search for the symbolic water removes the peasants from the level of the supernatural and posits them in the realm of the scientific and away from those forces that tend to retard and oppress, but along with this scientific understanding of things; they must first be willing to accept the ultimate sacrifice, giving of selves for others. Therefore, this metaphoric construct of water will not only irrigate the land but will be a source for cultivating both the literal, political and psychological landscape of the victim; It brings life in a multiplicity of ways. Hence it is this water which will erase superstitions and introduce education to enlighten the people and above all reconcile and regenerate man and soil, giving him possibilities to master their own destinies as Manuel says:

- L'experience est le bâton des aveugles et j'ai appris que ce qui compte, puisque tu me le demandes, c'est la rébellion, et la connaissance que l'homme est le boulanger de la vie.

Gouverneurs de la rosee, 116

"Experience is the staff of the blind, and I learned that what counts, since you're asking me, is rebellion and the knowledge that man is the baker of life." (Roumain p. 88).

Again, Manuel's language is concerned with both action and responsibility. He becomes so immersed in recreating his landscape that he is not concerned with spatial and temporal order; for unlike Lamming's protagonist who becomes from a certain perspective the existential man, Manuel's definitive and linear movement is to be a societal man. Language for Manuel is mainly concerned with the "now" not the hereafter. His dialogue includes both self in action and others in action. Infrastructurally, the peasantry becomes the propelling force, not only peasantry but all those long myths which for so long had contributed to the stymieing of voice, language and self. Manuel's discourse is not only one that will reconcile, redeem and recreate, but at the core of its revolutionary pathos, will be the machine of demystification. But from the societal stance, which he takes, this must not be done individually but collectively so that it will generate inner mobility and create historical continuity to dismantle. Unlike those who could not find a rhythm for the other, he struggles and successfully accentuates and articulates those polyrhythms that exist within the voiceless-

oppressed. Above all, he causes them to converge both harmoniously and rhythmically

To use Antonio Benítez Rojo's reasoning, each rhythm is itself a flux which is dominated by other rhythms, whether those rhythms be linguistic, semantic, or historical. Like Lamming's text, to a certain extent, *Masters of the Dew* possess a landscape of consciousness that is created out of the unjustness and histories of all, allowing natural indigenous landscape to embody not only its own rhythms but rhythms that are in their actuality and state of flux metarhythms. According to Benítez, these can be arrived at through a multiplicity of signs, whether language, music, text, body language, suffering or any other; this multiplicity of rhythms paradoxically transform themselves and also transform their space. Unlike *In the Castle of My Skin*, whose rhythms are not strong enough to drive its characters to revolutionary violence, *Masters of the Dew* does so unrelentingly. Yet, what both texts are able to do in subtle different ways is to transcend their own problematics and go beyond the extra-textual point, where social nonviolence and psychic reconstitution of self must dismantle those disruptive binary opposition of master/slave dialectics.

Both Lamming's and Roumain's texts then display the many possibilities of exploring and trespassing upon both the visual landscape and the intangible worlds. But even those landscapes can be oppressive and

insubstantial; yet it is the only raw material to be worked with. But, ironically, it is out of this oppressiveness and insubstantiality that change must arrive. For they do not limit themselves to being merely mirages, but are signs of the real. And by confronting and questioning them, and resisting those ingrained imposed hurdles, the language of dream becomes that of action, revolution and reconstitution, which are restorative and even therapeutic.

These landscapes whether fashioned by drought or rain stimulate violence, anger, hate, love, language. Above all, they intensify reactions. For above all those fugal oppositional voices that exist, both texts and subtexts become absorbed by the very internal structures that would disable them.

Speaking of these fugal voices that seem to be such a dominant infrastuctural element of Caribbean texts, makes a perfect point de depart to embark upon the discourse of Glissant's text. This is a text which tends to encapsulate the other texts quite well, or can be seen as a sequel to the self-generated theory of the other two. *The Ripening (La lézarde)*, unlike the others discussed here, open up at this point of change. This text manages to break its long historical and oppressive silence and posits itself in a world of tension, passion and violence. An interesting construct, which seems to be the central motif to the text, is Thael who somewhat personifies in modernity the task to "dig materials out of the town's archives and weave them into

local history" (p. 26). There Thael, a symbolic traditionalist, is concerned with mysteries and the prophetic and also other sub-voices Mycea, Margarita, and Pablo, whose tonal rhythms resonate parallel to those subcharacters in *In the Castle of My Skin* and *Masters of the Dew*. It is these voices, the most important ones who by means of their contrapuntal discourse, which set about to transform what can be considered a great musical masterpiece of landscape history, mainly political and psychological. For within this landscape, both as a political and psychological conduit, these adolescent victims of their landscape and eventual masters of it, display the great desire to inscribe themselves and their voices and reorganize the great puzzle of history. But yet amidst their passion and anxiety, their voices and the actions are impregnated with a narrative of liberation. Their main objective is to reconceptualize Prospero's sign and the ideologies of his desires and break the binary oppositions that for so long have been exclusive entities. Unlike Lamming's text that is dominated by characters in the state of becoming and who as a result of their innocence are more entrapped by both linguistic and semantic constructs, Glissant's adolescents have surpassed that stage and are at the revolutionary stage where they now reject epistemological fixation and are not concerned with questioning language, history and culture. They are able to turn language into a medium of deliverance via revolution. This very space which

may imprison them in their landscape becomes ironically the very fuel that will heat their blood and cause their fugal voices to fuse, and subvert the colonial order of legends and myths as the narrator states in *The Ripening*.

Peut-être les légendes correspondaient-elles à une part inexplorée de l'avenir, et peut-être l'avenir avait-il fondu sur lui, Thaël? La longue allée de route sans bordure coupait un champ de cannes. Elle renflait à micourse pour enjamber un ruisseau, reprenait souffle en déclivant à proximité d'une fabrique de bois, et projetait sur le canal enfin son pont aux rambardes pourries. Rien dans cette perspective qui ne suggérât la course infinie du futur, à peine barrée du stop de la plaque rouge: Ralentir. Les cannes encore jaunes n'entravent nullement le volée de l'imagination; ni les façades grises là-bas puisque cette ville était le futur pour lui. Cependant, le mot ABATTOIR en lettres géantes oblitérait le bas-côté gauche de la vue.

La lézarde p. 15

Perhaps myths contained some unexplored area of future truth, perhaps the future had begun to reveal itself to him. Thael? The road, with no border, cut straight through a sugar-cane field. It took a deep breath halfway in order to leap over a stream, caught its breath while descending the slope behind a sawmill and

finally pushed over the canal its bridge with rotting railings. Viewed in this way, everything suggested a path stretching out towards future infinity, hardly interrupted by the red stop sign: SLOW. The cane fields, still young, in no way hampered the flight of the imagination, nor the grey walls in the distance, since this town was the future for him. However, the word SLAUGHTERHOUSE painted in huge letters obstructed the lower left side of his view. (Glissant p. 21)

Like the landscape in *Masters of the Dew*, Glissant's text presents the imagery of a parched and devastated land. For its landscape is also in a state of sloth, ruin and despair. Interestingly enough, and deliberately placed is *The Ripening (La lézarde)*, in all its allegorical glory, symbolizing the passage of time, modernity, tradition, violence, revolution and those multilayered motifs of destruction. For as in Lamming and Roumain, there is a separation from the land both diachronically and synchronically. Its not only the indigenous space which they take up, but also the land of Africa, the source of all those of the African diaspora; it is this which becomes the seed of man's uprootedness in and from his landscape. But throughout this uprooted state of consciousness and selves are those ideological blockades previously set up by the colonizer which has usurped historical spaces and

which must also be repressed. Yet no matter how ruined, uprooted and parched this landscape might be, within its realm of the problematic, it portends the possibility of a new narrative of history. It is the very problematic landscape also that Lamming has his boys resort to, to confront identity and heritage. As he (Lamming) claims that nationalism is not only frenzy and struggle with all its necessary demands for the destruction of those forces which condemn you to the status we call colonial. The national spirit is deeper and more enduring than that. Most of all, this frenzy and struggle within its nationalistic and psychological framework is one that can be easily juxtaposed with the other two texts, mainly because its this struggle and frenzy that generates language to reassert their commitment and attachment to their space, and the land, symbolic of possession. As in the case of Lamming's characters, the focal thrust is the intellectual and emotional development of these characters that will make the revolution more fecund, and unravel not only the serpentine structure of language and the text, but that of history. Where hill, mountains and valley meet and where time and place and space should meld and become the resolving chord. As the narrator states,

*Le long isolement imposé par le guerre-qu'avait accompagné
une réflexion sourde, irrésistible et continue, sue les destins de la
cité, et qu'avaient suivi l'éblouissement d'un nouvelle ère, la*

sensation presque physique d'un trou d'air et d'une envolée-avait mûri ces jeunes gens. La politique était le nouveau domaine de la dignité. Par un accomplissement, une nécessité inexorable, toute cette génération avait abandonné la naïve crédulité des anciens, dépouillé le vêtement de l'illusoire ressemblance, pour affirmer enfin que l'homme d'ici n'était qu'à sa propre semblance. Les mots prenaient dans ces bouches une saveur toute neuve: il y avait là du soleil, du rêve débridé, une passion de connaissance, et la rage de ceux qui savent contre ceux qui oppriment.

La lézarde p.17

The long isolation imposed by the war-which had been accompanied by a secret, irresistible and persistent reflection on their destiny and which the brilliant birth of a new era had followed, bringing with it the almost physical sensation of an air-pocket and a soaring upwards- - had caused these young people to mature. Politics was the new arena in the battle for self-respect. In an inevitable, inexorable way, this whole generation had abandoned the credulous and naive attitudes of their elders and removed the mask of a false appearance in order to affirm that the man from this land was made in his own image. In their mouths words had a new taste: in them there was

sunlight, unbridled dreaming, a passion for knowledge and the rage of those who know against those who oppress. (Glissant p. 23)

The intricacies of arriving at this one resolving chord are not very easy, for the voices appear to labor immensely as they not only become dialogic but as they move multidimensionally within this paradisiac space before it is repossessed and put into its original proper perspective. For truly these paradisiac spaces of Lamming, Roumain, and Glissant's texts are quite antithetical to these of Nugent and Froude and Grainger. Being explored by the victim they now take a different form; their melodies are different, unadorned, inclusive and filled with their own rhythms and melodies which make them move. This heat which enervates and makes Lady Nugent so helpless and distressed, is invigorating to Thael, Manuel and Boy Blue. The trees, the river, the sea, the sun, the shadows, the rain, are those natural elements that make imprints upon the subconscious and are illuminating and inciting. The sugar cane, which made Grainger so overwhelmed that he invited his compatriots at home to come and partake of this bounty, is now possessing a different language, one of oppression and death. Sugarcane becomes melancholy, not euphoria. It embodies sweat and death. It is a visible force that dominates and exploits. There is no doubt that in the 17th and 18th centuries, these predicaments were not the same, but they were not

voiced as such. By damning the sugarcane, the narrative ostensibly denounces the brutality of colonial discourse of exclusion and appeals to the future. The end of colonization becomes couched in the very language of the people for a characters questions:

Oui, cette passion, de désir de percer tout horizon possible, de dépasser le temps! Ne sommes-nous pas à essayer de nous connaître, nous pas à fouiller dans nos coeurs, et à vouloir deviner ce que nous serons demain? Ne faut il pas, avant d'aimer, brûler cette fièvre en nous? Et comme s'étendre, mesurer le calme des jours, baigner dans le soleil, quand se dresse sur la chaleur, invisible et pourtant si palpable, l'apparition incertaine, la menace délétère, cette absence?

La Lézarde p.27

Yes, that passion, that desire to shatter all horizons, to transcend time! Are we not trying to know each other, we lie down in the world of darkness? Are we not searching in our hearts and trying to guess what we will be tomorrow? And how do we risk ourselves, measure the calm of passing days, drench ourselves in the sun when the warmth is disturbed by the unseen yet palpable force of a mysterious apparition, the danger of a threat, a yawning absence? (Glissant p. 29)

Glissant's characters like Roumain's epitomize the revelation of political consciousness among the poor. Thus the victory of the reformist party in itself embodies its own language and themes. It is indeed Prospero's language which will now defeat Prospero's theory and ironically create another landscape language. A perfect example is the vocal and tonal interplay of rhythms between the peasant Lomé, and the student, Pablo, when he, Lomé, joins with Pablo and the police to refute the planting of sugar cane and grow vegetables and bananas, thus creating a new dialogue. Indeed, those ruins which were so ubiquitous in Froude's accounts and evoke marks of the colonizers inability to run things now make Mathew look into the distance. To Thael, they are oppressive and foreign. Even Mycea's beguiling efforts do not keep from focusing towards the plain embodiment of future.

Like Manuel, Thael is ingrained in the land and embodies the world of change and the unknown. He is the prophetic messianic figure of his space. Glissant wants his characters to take roots first. Yet both characters, Thael and Manuel, play catalyst's roles. Their task is to transform history and landscape. Glissant's landscape takes form as a result of the characters' differences. The same passions and the same force propel them. Rediscovery of self means rediscovery and inclusion of the other. Real

fusion of selves and histories become like the very river. By working fable and legends, he presents a revolutionary future. As the narrator states:

Ce fut alors qu'un folie d'amour lui fit connaître la ville, dans sa transparence même. Si haut, si haut, n'était-il pas vrai que les pierres s'estompaient, qu'il n'y avait plus que la charpente lumineuse, les rues marquées par le feu sur leurs rives, les maisons de verre prodigieux, ou la lumière béait? Il marchait près d'elle, sur cette planche fragile. La boue était derrière eux, et la boue croupissait des deux côtes de la passerelle; la planche grandissait devant leurs pas. Mais qu'appelait-il la boue? Oui, tout avait croulé. Ne s'était pas figé dans une souveraine indifférence (comme on dit que sont torturés les arbres d'hiver et les givres), non. Il n'était resté debout que le cristal des choses, et leur boue avait coulé. Marcher dans ce rêve, inventer le décor nouveau; connaître l'envers des nuages...

La Lézarde p.28

It was then, driven by love, that he got to know the city, in its very essence. So high, so light, yet the stones seemed to face away to be replaced by a luminous framework, the roads with their charred edges, houses wonderfully transparent, shot through with light. He

walked beside her on this fragile plank. The mud was behind them and it stank on either side of the footbridge which widened before them. But why did he call it mud? Yes, everything had crumbled. It had not been frozen into a state of supreme indifference (like branches twisted by frost in winter), no. All that was left standing was the transparent quality of things, drained of their mud. Now he must walk in this dream, invent a new scenery, discover the other side of the clouds...(Glissant p. 30)

The ruin and squalor of Glissant's landscape are the very elements that help to facilitate the anxiety of the adolescents to escape the oppressiveness of the status quo. The landscape now made poetic with the cries and the missives of its very people is one that yearns for an open space, implied by the characters' need to plant vegetables as opposed to sugar cane invoking that lyric and idyllic quietness of the pastoral countryside. It is this recreating and uprooting of the landscape that will transform the internal, emotional and psychological states of these people. It is these which become so salient to the modes of action. The characters' language tends to resonate upon a series of parallels and opposites. Momentarily, they oscillate between action and word; unlike Lamming's text that oscillates between words and more words, Glissant's narrative, like

Roumain's, allows the landscape to sanction acts which are fraught with social consequences and complexities, constantly maintaining connection between the individual and the group. For example, a description of surroundings, which embody history, tells:

Voici le lieu: un étirement de tôles, qu'avoisine familièrement la terre rouge. Entre la ville et les auteurs, voici la route, gardée par le terrible fromager. A l'opposé, la plaine inaltérable, jusqu'aux blancheurs du sud. A l'ouest, la boucle tourmentée de la Lézarde: elle veut emprisonner la cité, mais soudain elle se reprend, elle refuse ce gardiennage, et vers l'est passé les cannes sinistres, elle se perd dans son delta. Sa goulée est parcourue de courants sales; la Lézarde n'a pas une belle mort.

La Lézarde p.30

This is the place: a stretch of galvanized iron roofs, among which the red earth familiarly surfaced. Between the town and the mountains runs the road, guarded by the terrible silk-cotton tree. In the opposite direction, the immutable plain stretching down to the whiteness of the south. On the west, the torturous curve of the Lézard tries to surround the town, then suddenly stops short, refuses such a role and, turning back to the east, runs past the sinister cane fields and gets lost in its

delta. This channel is shot through with currents of filth; the river does not die a beautiful death. (Glissant p. 32)

From a revolutionary perspective, particularly speaking of Fanon, Garvey and James, any act of individual alienation when identified with any form of collective deprivation results in violence. It is that collective force which results from a people "shouting," "surging," "revolting." It becomes the episodic nature of recreating history, digging into the archives of consciousness and history to set the present in its proper perspective. Thus the river, "the true nature of everyday toil," can be considered within its own dialectics and complexities, the development of consciousness through misery, humiliation and degradation of a dispossessed people. For Roumain, the spatial and temporal movements within the texts up the river, down the mountains, descents, secrets, irreversible flow, hidden paths, crossing of fates, light and darkness, night and day, all underline the destinies of history of selves in order to restore life to a paradise that's lost. Glissant's land is comparable to a woman. This land, as Roumain's water is, this usurped exploited land must be conquered like a beloved woman for Thael. The victory of the reformist party is the beginning to reconquer to recreate that lost space. It is the beginning to real power. But it is through suffering,

collectively, that that illuminating light at the end of the labyrinth signals a spiritual dawn. For example Mycea says:

Il faut donner raison aux mots, toute notre quincaillerie de mots est impuissante contre la flot, nous sommes trop jeunes, trop jeunes, il faut grandir vite, vite, et que le combat commence.

La Lézarde p.38

"Words must be converted into action; all this verbal baggage is useless against the floodtide, we are too young, too young, we must grow up quickly, quickly and begin the struggle." (Glissant p. 37)

It is this word connected to action that will join roads and paths, river to sea, past to future, mountains and valleys and dignity and maturity. This uprooting of the landscape, the synchronizing of history past with present, is the direction of the narrative flow of *The Ripening* where the muddy river will arrive and merge with the crystal clear sea. According to Patrick Taylor, it is the need to create a listening narrative which doesn't lose itself in abstract universality divorced from temporality. Most assuredly, the temporal and the universal must merge. The recurring motif of the election which the texts narrative revolves around, to use Fanon's terms, is one that calls for the active participation in the insurrectionary activity. These are no

uncertain terms, Thael and his other complementing voices, in the contrapuntal text, by demystifying the language of oppression, are able to, according to Ricoeur, construct "significant wholes out of scattered events". Glissant's characters and their fusing into the landscape are what give the ability to generate so painfully a liberating voice. But according to Fanon, that can only be done by the unleashing of the Manichean violence. For the very substance of the narrative becomes its superstructure.

Thus in both Glissant's and Roumain's rhetoric, everyone must be able to transcend his or her individuality to become "an individual in connection of a common people." All become unified in giving a single unifying tonality. Binary oppositions are dismantled. This is what I am inclined to refer to as the dialogic interactions of Caribbean discourse. Not only are the narrative voices fugal but the very themes themselves in their subtleties become also the same.

So, inclusive are those themes of healing and sacrifice, politics, power and union division, earth, water, sea, land, tradition and modernity. These infrastructural elements become eternal and sensual fusions with the landscape. These consequently interweave its dialogue of man, as a collective whole with the land and sea. As the text states:

La mer est pour toujours l'enveloppe et l'â-côté, ce qui est hors de toute confine, mais que cerne et précise en même temps. Elle

est transparente ici, chaudement claire sous ses voiles de bleu, elle repose sur le corps, et c'est plus qu'une promesse. Le long des sables, les cocotiers brûlés par le soleil-quand on connaît la force terrible de leurs racines, quand on a su leur fraternité sèche-il ne peut plus les confronter avec l'image exotique qu'on en donne: leur office est plus sauvage, et leur présence plus pesante. Ils sont la floraison extrême, la ligne inflexible et sans cesse menacée, le fil et la frange; ce moment d'éternel équilibre entre ce que demeure et ce qui déjà s'en va. Avec eux la terre s'ouvre vers le large; par eux la mer décide du visage de la terre. Lieu de reniement et d'acceptation, cette couronne d'arbres est dépositaire de l'essentiel, enseigne la meure pesante en même temps qu'elle suscite l'audace irréfléchie.

-Non! criait Michel. Ce n'est pas ainsi. A quoi sert de provoquer le péril, par simple goût? La politique est affaire sérieuse, sans romantisme ni mystère, mais assurons-nous contre les hasards...

La Lézarde pp.42-43

The sea is always an envelope, something extra, that which is outside everything and which forms a definite holder, but which has a shaping and defining power at the same time. Here the sea is transparent, warm and clear under its veils of blue, it rests lightly, rich in promise,

on one's body. Along the shore stood coconut trees burnt by the sun. When one knows the terrible strength of their roots and the arid fraternity among them, their conventional exotic image fades away. The true function is more untamed and their presence tougher. They are the last growing things, the threatened but unwavering slender line between the stable and the transitory. With them the land opens up onto the sea; through them the sea decides on the shape of the land. In this place of acceptance and denial, this line of trees contains the essentials of wisdom, it teaches moderation and at the same time inspires audacity.

"No!" shouted Michel. "That's not it at all. What use is it to go looking for trouble, just because we want to? Politics is a serious matter, neither romantic nor mysterious. Let's go beyond the sand bar, but let's guard against any eventuality. (Glissant p.41)

For in all three texts, the land within its mysterious realm is the life of the people forming a definite border. But within the landscape ethos of these texts, the gardens, the slums constitute to the conflict of this narrative. The symbiotic relationship between man and his landscape becomes more sonorous and harmonic. Nevertheless, it is also the merging and separating of various voices or narratives that present these syncretic amalgams of

ideologies, which, at the same time, allow men to seek answers in the vibrations and disposition of the land. For example in the three texts, all, within their microcosmic depiction, possess their own rich texture deriving from one source, creating a polyphonic attribute to their existence where the sea, sand, cattle, trees, even animals affect the new psyche of the protagonists. The sea in *In the Castle of My Skin*, and the river in *The Ripening*, in their vastness and destruction, represent those modulating, changing and unchanging rhythms of peoples' lives.

Above all, they possess the language of change both sociopolitically, psychologically and even historically. It is the language of change that slowly and constantly modulates within its own polyrhythmic space to recreate these ruined landscapes, these paradoxical gardens, into power of truth, history and consciousness. It is the archetypal myth of identity and ethos of the oppressed/victims that cause language, history, self and community to become demarginalized. With *The Ripening*, Thael and Mathieu, in their own individual ways, deliberately aspire to recreate their space by struggling against odds to remove themselves from the place allotted them. But even though the boundaries between their narrative voice and dialogue become sometimes obfuscated, somehow, they eventually progressively merge into one. This may also be very well a part of Glissant's stylistic approach in his blending of the poetic with the prosaic. Not that this

does not embody the landscapes of all the texts, but Glissant's text articulates it more. But paradoxically, by means of their polyphony, they tend to fill the darkness with a sense of transcendence. It is the very landscape images themselves that become the poetic activation of the infrastructure of these texts.

Furthermore, among the many similarities and differences of these texts, what makes them so organic is that they all embody new dimensions of the landscape. When compared to its treatment of yore, those exotic, idyllic fascinations, highly exaggerated, are now replaced by subconscious meaning and in attempts to reflect emotions of an indigenous kind take on a symbolic effect. Saying this, it is worthwhile to say that this treatment of nature/landscape is nothing new but in the dialectic of self, place, history, and all the components of these texts, man becomes the controlling factor. It's no longer fearsome and filled with perils as in Lady Nugent's, Grainger's, or even Froude's case, where nature at times was inundated in mythological and supernatural qualities.

Landscape in these three texts, at times, has the ability to pacify and purify its inhabitants which gives Lamming's text an interesting and critical twist. His characters in their struggle to fight and confront their uprootedness must be ready to be developed. That virtuous and innate inheritance which is so articulate in Roumain's and Glissant's, at times, loses

its impetus in *In the Castle of My Skin*. But why does this landscape narrative amidst its beauty and pathos possess the ability to attract and implant its inhabitants? In Lamming's text, though they must find spaces in other lands for what ever reason, their language is not enough to give them possession of the land. An interesting comment that Lamming makes in *The Pleasures of Exile* is:

Caliban may become Man; but he is entirely outside the orbit of Human. It is not Prospero who keeps him there: nor is it his own fault that he is there. It is some original Law which exists even beyond Prospero's seeing. It is this Law which has ordained the state of existence we call Caliban. If Caliban turns cannibal, it is not because human flesh may appear a necessary substitute for food which is absent. It is rather because he is incapable of differentiating between one kind of reality and another. His hunger is too large-not his greed but his hunger-too large to be harnessed by any process of selection. He cannot distinguish between Man, the object, and Human, the form and ideal which auras that object. He could not recognize the difference of quality between Prospero and Trinculo or between Stephano and Ferdinand. Language may help him to describe the physical attributes which nobility calls beautiful; but language will not

help him to distinguish between separate personalities. Word and concept may be part of his vocabulary; but they are no part of his way of seeing.⁵

On the other hand, in *Masters of the Dew* in all its waste, and dust, and parchedness, the land and peasants are inseparable either physically or metaphysically. Is Lamming's rhetoric the only way of finding archtypal symbols and prototypical images? Why do Boy Blue and Trumper find it so difficult to transcend the legacies of the past? Is this the reason why his treatment of the elements of nature is incapable of dominating the text the way Glissant's and Roumain's do? Indeed, they are able to fuse experience and melodies whether destroying or reducing each other.

Lamming's characters, however, attempt to extricate themselves and their consciousness from their landscape, sea, pebble, land, horizon. Amidst the picturesque effect, it is far removed from romanticization. However, Lamming's characters are unable to master their space when compared to Thael and Manuel. The water that's compared or that is analogous to the sweat of the natives in *Masters of the Dew* or the soothing effect in *The Ripening*, displaces the sand on the shoreline. In *In the Castle of My Skin* houses are washed away by it; it almost engulfs Boy Blue, causing him to

⁵ George Lamming. *The Pleasures of Exile*: pp. 110-111.

drown. Roumain's metaphor that "man is the baker of life," now posits the dispossessed and marginalized at the centrifugal point of history. This can only be done through uneven current and it heats and heightens the youths' consciousness and takes them away. Moreover, as in Glissant and Roumain's texts, it is the individual's relationship to and cognizance of nature that determines his psychological well-being.

Yet the rain, which is symbolic of a change, does not at all compliment *Masters of the Dew* and *The Ripening*. Indeed, physically these changes were not desired by the inhabitants. It even washes the land further away from under their feet. For the roots and anticlimactic apart from being an exercise in futility, cause the land to change hands. Pa's final place is in the almshouse, a place often dreaded by the poorest and most destitute Caribbean person. The land does not embody their destiny. Man becomes incapable of controlling his destiny. Nevertheless, this baptismal rain is thought provoking and awakening. Above all, it posits not only the landscape, but the narrative discourse of the text in the realm of the mysterious and the awesome. For indeed it gives dimensions for incessant questions and reshaping and controlling the dialogic processes apart from their own unique commonality. Most of all, it gives manifestations of a shared consciousness and is part of the spiral (re)production and self-validity.

All three of these texts, like many others of the literature of protest, have been propelled by certain memories and sensations that have taken form in childhood experiences, be they of pleasure or misery, and have been used to embellish and or do justice to these new recreated paradise.

Again this is a paradise, whether lost, gained or irretrievable, as might be the case in *In the Castle of My Skin*, which these characters can call their own and from it, gain a sense of self and deep subconscious meaning. These memories experienced as coming from the tongues of ancestors are no longer vicarious pleasures in the experiences and language of exotic impositions, but become internalized and impregnated with stories that become or make history. Yet, amidst its problematics of history, are revealed originality and the complexity of a new people in making. Most of all the language of this landscape of consciousness is one that makes unity its emphasis.

These texts, far from romanticizing their respective landscapes, present them as ethereal oppressions both nationally and regionally. For, even though at times the language and imagery do possess the uncertainty and obfuscation of reality, they constitute one interwoven aspect of a similarity of Caribbean history and ideology.

Moreover, they conceive and embody the intricacies of respective social activity and predicament from a truly revolutionary perspective, be

they, Fanonian, Garveyan or Jamesian, or an admixture of all. It is their revolutionary visions that have led to advocating social change that has led to new ways of seeing and knowing. This statement in itself may become quite problematic in Lamming's *In the Castle of My Skin*. Yet, they all are attempting to do justice to historiography. But this in any form is an arduous task--not only arduous but transfiguring. Yet the major quest is to transform society, and eliminate inequalities, oppression and exploitation from the temporality and spaciality of their ethereal respective landscapes.

Chapter Four

Within the three preceding chapters, part of my aim was to attempt to avoid using any one definitive mode of theory in speaking of the predicament and dilemma that have contributed to the form and content of Caribbean literature and literary history. I want to allow narrative within its own space to use its own language to form its own ideologies. In reality, theory may all be quite dissonant. According to Antonio Benítez Rojo, to become fixed in any given discipline's postulates is hard, for in studying any planter/slave relation, analysis cannot be strictly on socio-economic language but any attempt to look at the postcolonial dilemma whether from a syntagmatic or paradigmatic perspective, any critical approach ought to be one which couples the discourse of resistance with that of power.¹

¹ Antonio Benítez Rojo. *The Repeating Island* p.170.

For as interesting as these forms of resistance are within their own ambivalences, they tend to gain their ideological propositional roots, within imperialist constructs; it is with this in mind that any postcolonial discourse must attempt to create a new space for a new society, specifically speaking, a narrative and historical one. Above all, it must be one which is able to transform itself from a pretext into a text, which not only investigates, but gives meaning and even makes meaning of the dilemmas which nurture the remaking of an authentic historical landscape of consciousness. This must be based not on any imposed theory. Paradoxically, it creates its own theory out of its struggle, resistance and desire to rename.

The overall dialectic which embraces these texts, whether in their historical, cultural, ideological or political framework, is that each text involves the purging or fleshing out of repressed contents of their respective psyches. To understand the Orphean task of both author and society, one cannot help but delve into the ideologies posited by Fanon, Garvey, and James. This is essential to understand the complexity of the consciousness of the oppressed in order to challenge the images imposed by those master narratives which have infiltrated both the physical and mental landscapes of the dispossessed and marginalized.

One of the foremost inabilities to label fixed theories in any area of Caribbean discourse is because it is contrapuntal within its preindustrial and prestructuralist domain, and always seeks to give vent to the multiplicity of voices that for so long have been muzzled like the metaphorical ox in the cornfields. The fact is that Caliban, now unmuzzled, has the ability to use Prospero's language to his vantage. But how can he use this language as the exit from entrapment as a means of transcendence, when confronted with those traditional signs? Exactly what effects does this language have when it redirects itself to its creator?

My contention is that, according to Karl Mannheim, the intellectual has the character of a Proteus who perennially transcends and reconstitutes himself, and those whose foremost motives are reinvention and reformation of self, community, history and language. But the problematics of this language is that it's the intellectual who must become the voice of the little man. In other words, it is he who must now bestow Prospero's language upon him. He must cause images and meanings to fuse and enter the consciousness not only painfully, but realistically, significantly and simultaneously as the first steps to liberation and recognition.

Franz Fanon in *Peau noire, Masques blancs* (*Black Skins, White Masks*) becomes the herald of this liberation when he blatantly claims that “Man is human only to the extent to which he tries to impose his existence on another man only to be recognized by him. For him this is a painful route.” (Fanon p. 23)

It is in this way that as a result of the confines of this mental pain an ethos for humanity must be sought and created in the place of the single, monstrous, amorphous shape created out of the master narrative of colonialist sado-masochistic order. Thus, there is the colossal and epic task of dismantling and demystifying the colonialist myth derived from this order. But for many, this myth has become internalized and therefore becomes very conflicting and conflictual. In this attempt to rid the self of Prospero's magic, the very magic which has permeated his way of thinking, he must firstly remove those masks of oppression. But after doing this, he must also be able to surpass the outer garments of his people and be able to undergo that Orphean task of descending into and grasping the underworld of his own history and that of his community.

But how can these dialogic and polyrhythmic intermingling of voices, who trumpet the melodies of this task, to rename things, fashion futures,

find justifiable claims and new landscape within the remaining tragedy of the postcolonial systems? One must bear in mind that this history now being created is one which is not only of violence as Fanon demands, but is also one of struggle and resistance; this, in its very self, has selfconsciously fashioned consciousness, sensibilities, language and finally voice.

Reflecting on *Black Skins, White Masks*, which stipulates the imperative ability to control or order its own destiny within the allotted space, one could well wonder whether Lamming's characters might be stagnated into a blind alley, where they are only left to attack the relationships of subservience that exist between the colonized and the colonizer? Most likely, this is what is meant by speaking of the limitation of his character's voices being imprisoned at the linguistic level of their nonexistence. For it is this which makes them only projects and not persons. Most likely, Lamming, in picking history to pieces with his characters, had found what he dislikes. Indeed, such an interpretation is not autonomous or definitive, but it demonstrates clearly the conflicts and difficulties of the ability to be freed from colonial psychosis, while demanding a fair hearing within the phallogentric symbolic order that have made voiceless the dispossessed. However, it must be noted that Lamming's central characters

are schoolboys. They are at an earlier stage of their development than the characters in Roumain and Glissant. But they are all learning.

The point is that many characters now given the ability to break an imposed silence have not become a part of the dialogic network of linguistic complexity. At times this same ability gives an inability to articulate their own vitality. However, Lamming's inability to have confidence and trust in his own people creates many problems and theoretically adds to and exposes this complexity. Conversely, in texts like Roumain's, Glissant's and an even more contemporary one, there is dignity in characters' souls, where both linguistic and ideological constructs of the nature of their quest or even marginality are motives for their actions. For example, Myc  e in *The Ripening* states:

If a man tells a few stories about his land (at least he tries to and perhaps, he will crash into the flame tree where words disappear into flame?), then what he relates is no mere story, no, even if this man talks about vague dreams which, little by little, fit into somber reality. If a man says he has seen the harvest flower on the land, you cannot say it is a mere story, because the land speaks to everyone, like a pillow speaks to the

ear lying on it. And if a man says that he has seen this or that,
no one can contradict him, as long as it is part of the earth,
buried deep in its entrails, like a dream which is the mirror of
the earth's depths, a dream whose roots spiral downwards into
the earth, and not a dream which goes up in smoke, not
produced from the flame of the last torch left burning. (Glissant
p. 82)

As a result, words like revolution and change have meaning and
perform, function and are articulated beyond the linguistic or semantic
levels, but become action and "heat which flits through the blood". The
rhythms of the "voice" as a collective force are able to untap "the reservoir
of the mythological," as Cudjoe's says. It must strengthen its own landscape
and ideologies, creating or rewriting a history that will evolve from
Caribbean involvement and experience. In reality, experience is but one side
of the coin. It seems that Lamming with all his poetic merit and his dealing
with the subconscious, which he explores and causes to explode so
effectively, becomes somewhat exactly what that reinvented voice shouldn't
be. For amidst all the uprootedness of his characters' landscape, they seem

to be uncontrollably and irreparably rooted in a "slave mentality" or, to use his terms, "crab mentality," for indeed this is what he apparently accuses them of. Lamming quite poetically and metaphorically highlights this through the narrator's voice when he states:

Only the doves seemed to have found some peace in these surroundings. They were nearly all on the ground fluttering from the pavement to the street and back, tripping along the hedgerows, leaping to the lower limbs of the trees, and diving back to the road. They paraded in thick squads on the tennis lawn. The brown bodies seemed to slope up all together to meet the blue-ringed necks and the heads that were neither round nor flat. The sun spotted them, and they marched in circles over the lawn. The line was broken, but the movement was regular, as they crossed the green turf from one end to the other, keeping time with their coos and carrying in their eyes all the colours of the rainbow. Neither the sparrows nor the blackbirds making their noise from the trees flew down to join them, and suddenly it occurred to me that in the village the sparrows and the blackbirds which were the commonest

victims of our snares had seldom been joined by the doves.

(Lamming pp.110-111)

On the other hand, Roumain's and Glissant's characters' voices appear so concerned with being determined to eradicate the continuing injustices which their ancestors fought against, and eventually died to remedy, that they hold fast to the anchor of collective brotherhood and fossilizes identities. Therefore, for them, this new voice of language must metamorphose the landscape into a field of authentic discovery that overturns the Western symbology of master narratives which have bolstered the annihilation of the oppressed. By doing this, they have exalted the humanist conviction that man is the center of his own history and of himself likewise. Thus, man now has the ability to dismantle and construct new signs. For example, Mathieu says in *The Ripening*:

"...When I am faced with all these things of the past which have surely made us what we now are, I feel dizzy. The brightness of dawn intoxicates me but we have lost the original glow!...We must go back so very far before we can see the first glimmer. Our people's history is still to be written (that is

my job and I am sorting out the town archives) and that is the only way we will know who we are. I find myself among so many documents, myths, cries and blood! Our history is not just an auction sale of minor details, nor a wishing well, a past divorced from the present (from which we can calmly extract what we want). And when I utter the first word about this past, I express the primeval mystery of things throbbing in me!..."
(Glissant p. 67)

...Confronté alors à ces choses d'hier que nous ont fait si sûrement, je suis saisi de vertige. L'éclat de l'aube m'enivre, mais nous avons perdu l'éclat!...Il faut remonter si loin, so loin, avant d'entrevoir les premières lumières. L'histoire de notre peuple est à faire (c'est mon travail: je mets à jour les archives de la ville), et ainsi nous nous connaissons. Je me découvre parmi tant de papiers, de contes, de cris et de sang! Car notre histoire n'est pas un lot de faits à l'encan, ni un puits à margelle, un passé coupé de nous (où l'on puise tranquillement). Et quand je dis le

*premier mot de ce passè, je dis le premier mystère des choses
qui en moi palpitent!*

La Lèzarde p.82

Even though the overdetermined narrative structures of these texts tend to draw the reader into the dynamics of how the oppressed selves have been produced, they must be changed as a means of dismantling the imperialist symbols and at the same time replacing them with new signs. This is where again the energy in *In the Castle of My Skin* tends to fall short of a positive, constructive thrust. The text as a narrative fray seems stagnantly implanted in suffering which resonates only in centrifugal and contrapuntal collective victimization, and even though attempts are made to challenge and confront those master narrative ideologies, they remain more deeply stuck in the mud of things. Ironically, it is the narrative voice's lively interplay of differences that keeps it perpetually in the stasis of victimization. Whereas, on the contrary, it is the contrapuntal multivocal narrative movements within *Masters of the Dew* and *The Ripening* that sooner or later can find the resolving chord that creates a new harmonious landscape which is solely dependent upon collectivity.

In a narrative ideology where the major strand of discourse and progressiveness depends on a collectivity, there must be forces, where "sameness" becomes the quintessence of its unisons, not one where crabs dominate everywhere or where "crab attitude" is the major force. For this somehow limits its cohesive monolithic quality. For, according to Bahktin, these forces must at some point or other, allow paths, history, language, experience, all embodying landscape with whatever must eventually converge. Roumain's water link and Glissant's flowing river that eventually empties itself into the vastness of the enigmatic (paradoxical) sea exemplifies this cohesive monolithic quality perfectly. Again, Lamming cannot achieve this. Even though *In the Castle of My Skin* attempts to inscribe the historical process, its dialogism does not strongly embody a revolutionary, futuristic dialectic. It is only the boy narrator's exodus from this oppressive landscape that rids the text and community of being catapulted into a permanent state of madness. This allows a sense of reality to gain entrance, relieving it of a permanent sadness, oppression and rumination that is not only melancholic, and poetically so, but also "cankorous". Fortunately, it is also necessary in allowing him to relinquish and eradicate that silence imposed by the colonial masters. Even though the

silence is broken, freedom becomes unattainable in the characters' own spaces. They are not able to master the tools of language and speech as they would want to when compared to Glissant's and Roumain's characters, Manuel and Mathieu respectively.

My alluding to language and voice hopefully should not be totally construed as a mere human faculty, but should be extending to the metaphorical. In reality, one must see this voice of "the new world man" as one of iconoclastic rage which created its own art out of authenticity. It might be necessary to clarify that statement "new world man" and simply say new world person. For in reality, it would indeed be an injustice to speak of the dynamics or polemics of a voice in a Caribbean or postcolonial context as a mere human faculty. Certainly its central thrust is one of inclusion. To a certain extent, any postmodern criticism of the voice calls for the inclusion of that voice which for so long has not only been closed but because of the the very nature of imperialist narrative has been imprisoned in the prism of silence. Most of all, it is paradoxically this voice too which must help to ungird these theories of exclusion, by simply refusing to remain unspoken and unchallenged in their spaces. It must now attempt to remove that black shroud of silence in which the dispossessed have been for so long

embalmed. It is comparable to the veil which Hegel uses to separate subject from object. It is these imperialist ideologies that have imposed absence and defacement from history. Therefore, most assuredly, it is this voice which will echo and re-echo this self-consciousness and the historical which was made so ahistorical by the Hegelian school of thought. Its sole attempt is to bring the dispossessed back to his essence.

It might seem somewhat ironic and cynical to ask by what means can these African dispossessed selves attempt to ensure their true selves, not only in a historical landscape of consciousness, but also in language. It calls for the ability to project the imprints of the past in the process of becoming, or, to be more cynical, to escape from them. What are the effects when objects attempt to usurp the spaces of the subjects, causing interactions of all those subjects and objects which have been deliberately and collectively absenced in their new spaces?

Gates claims that it is this absence and presence of the black collective voice which was an act deliberately intended to deprive the slave of humanity. Voice presupposes language, self, consciousness and finally, identity. Thus, where there is an absence of language, all becomes nonexistent. According to Roland Barthes:

We know that a language is a corpus of prescriptions and habits common to all the writers of a period. Which means that a language is a kind of natural ambience pervading the writer's expression, yet without endowing it with form or content: it is, as it were, an abstract circle of truths, outside of which alone the solid residue of an individual logos begins to settle. It enfolds the whole of literary creation much as the earth, the sky and the line where they meet outline a familiar habitat for mankind.²

I find this interesting because this idea does not limit itself to the author, but works well for his characters also. So therefore, this voice, whether it comes now from the dominant patriarchy, or the new struggling, determined, experimental and beast-of-burden matriarch and martyr, must not only find meaning and an audience, but must be able to impose that meaning in order to posit and include itself in the realms of language, as social and historical entities. Consequently, the selves cannot be limited solely to the realm of language. This is where Lamming's characters, in their revolutionary pursuit tend to become stagnant and fall short of that progressive fervor and daring

² Barthes *Writing Degree Zero*, p. 9

revolutionary angst that Glissant and Roumain's characters have been able to generate. To a certain extent, these Francophone texts in their spatial and linguistic milieu, use their language to inscribe themselves as social and historical entities. For their personae have now become subjects to the very language which had historically resigned them to the abyss of silence, resistance and oppression. Most likely, this results from the control they exercise.

Furthermore, it is this voice of the oppressed man and woman which will become the mythical matrix out of which a new liberated narrative, rhetorical voice will come. But according to Gates, this can become quite problematic, because it will demand an ironic use of language, since it is this which has for so long negated the very essence of black consciousness, creating not merely a non-place but a non-place of language. Lamming states in *The Pleasures of Exile* that:

We are trying to suggest the way in which Prospero saw himself in relation to the immediate neighborhood around him. It is in his relation to Caliban, as a physical fact of life that we are allowed to guess some of Prospero's needs. He needs this

slave. Moreover, he must be cautious in his dealings with him, for Caliban contains the seed of revolt.³

Surprisingly enough, Lamming's youths, though personifications of this "seed of revolt," cannot germinate in a soil that is fertile to actually cause a successful collective revolution. So therefore, Prospero's presence or absence can become spiritually, mentally and subconsciously a devastation. As a result, the voice is unable to apply the mythological, philosophical and spiritual significance of its thoughts. Yet, both ironically and paradoxically, it is the propelling force to break free from the colonial oppressive cocoon to repossess lost landscapes in a distinctively tropical and authentic historical space.

Within the realm of any artistic framework, the voice is then one where memory is its *métier*, which amidst its struggle and marginality becomes the source of all prophesy. Furthermore, with its many conflicts it can blatantly refuse to stop speaking because of its needs to rearticulate assumptions, definitions and priorities. One can in a post-modern sense pigeonhole them in the confines of the schizophrenic. From a post-

³ Lamming. The Pleasures of Exile, p.98.

modernist perspective, schizophrenia could be theorized as the "achievement of exclusion", which might seem desirable to those in search of the other, but which carries all the anxieties and disabilities of exclusion without any of its advantages. The effective other still operates out of some social context that is itself other than the context to which he has to conform. For example, Manuel, Anaise, Boy Blue, or Mathieu's fits of self-consciousness allow them the ability to construct their identity. They carry within them an indispensable element of the new world person. This helps to simultaneously make very authentic characters, in both their language, their actions, their narrative and their internal and external landscape.

By juxtaposing them, many histories coalesce. Therefore, there is no doubt and surprise that they must embody a tradition of "theory--resistance," due mainly to their dynamic movement within space and time. For indeed, this struggle against social Darwinism and the psychological hurdle of oppression has resulted in every act of theirs being a political one. This for them and other characters embody many levels of manifestations.

According to Henry Gates, each particular manifestation serves as a polemic, pregnant with resonance and a multiplicity of reference; it is by the consequences and vicissitudes of colonialism, historical and psychological,

intertextual isolation and insulation that all these many voices or all drawn by the same degree of conflict. This results in their being all atheists in politics. For each one, history is not only puzzling but painful. Chinua Achebe states

The missionary who left the comforts of Europe to wander through my primeval forest was extremely in earnest. He had to be; he came to change my world. The builders of empire who turned me into a "British protected person" knew the importance of being earnest; they had that quality of mind which Imperial Rome before them understood so well: *gravitas*. Now, it seems to me pretty obvious that if I desire to change the role and identity fashioned for me by those earnest agents of colonialism, I will need to borrow some of their resolve. Certainly, I could not hope to do it through self-indulgent levity.⁴

History eventually becomes the salient existential element and is both memory and metier. These characters' entire theoretical life becomes a

⁴ Chinua Achebe. *Hopes and Impediments*. p. 84.

"rendez-vous with history." What makes this voice so outstandingly unique is its ability to highlight the others' history. As a result of this voice, it is this self-victimization that will be the source of their blessing. It then becomes a wrestling match between the fearless and the fearful.

According to John Hearn, "History is the angel with whom all we Caribbean Jacobs have to wrestle, sooner or later, if we hope for a blessing."⁵ This voice not only confronts history, which has been neglected ignored and demeaned, but decenters and reconstitutes it. According to Wilson Harris, the West Indian writer "must embrace the muse through an imaginative re-discovery of the past."⁶ Each author allows his characters to embody all these qualities. Not only do they embody them, but they are even able to transcend them, when they blatantly and unyieldingly refuse to succumb to implacable polarizations to liberate all contrasting spaces, in order to liberate self, time, space, and history. Interestingly enough, this gains them more recognition by simply imposing their recognition on the other in order to articulate their despair and oppression.

Articulating and propagandizing despair and oppression doesn't become a stagnant phenomenon in any of these texts. Garvey's, Fanon's,

⁵ Hearn, John, ed. *Carifesta Forum: An Anthology of 20 Caribbean Voices*. p. viii.

⁶ Harris, Wilson. "The Unresolved Constitution.": 44.

James's merited similarities and unequivocal differences and also Roumain's, Glissant's and Lamming's, by means of their characters, have been able through these many voices, to descend into the disorder of things in order to synthesize theses and antitheses without really confusing legend with history. They have been able to create a fusion which gives birth to a new collective dialogue. Yet, if Glissant might appear to be confusing, it is the way he "represents a mode of historical reassessment, of national authentication, an act of faith in "the open, collective swelling and creative fertilization of a culture which has been closed."⁷

It is this collective swelling, whether represented by male, female or the androgynous character, which is so instrumental to the narrative unfolding of these texts where the individual voice of action must interconnect with the existing voices or leave the struggling progressive shores of its times. It is within these narrative unfoldings that, according to Riffaterre in Text production, sentences tend to go from the narrative to the descriptive and even from the utterances, whether motivated or unmotivated, to verisimilar representation. They become representations which are as capable of arousing emotions as is the very thing which they

⁷ Glissant, Edouard. *Intention poétique*, p.19.

seek to represent. This somehow must later render a holistic representation to mind or consciousness as a battlefield, where each character's quest is not constructively individualist but both symbolically, archetypically and imagistically prototypical. Its major thrust is to surmount and transcend those boundaries of polarized landscapes of exclusion, by struggling and attempting to give order and meaning to existences.

I consider this to be of intrinsic interest. In addition, it becomes of an historical interest also. But, in saying this, how can these texts then set about to crystallize a synthetic unifying image in order to render expression holistically to a voice that is not only authentically marginalized, but one that can encapsulate and exemplify the movement of a Pan-Caribbean artform? Quite often, this voice becomes impregnated with this very marginalization, and can give birth to an artistic creation that will develop a genuinely regionally explosive literary idiom. This becomes reflective of a space which will truly reconceptualize a self-consciously rhetorical discourse through a fused choral harmony, whether, as previously mentioned, narrative, descriptive, or a verisimilar representation.

This choral harmony, referred to as a fused polyphony by Bakhtin, is not only a multiformed phenomenon, but it is also variformed. As a result of

the various stylistic modes that combine these various voices, subordinate yet relatively autonomous, the major pursuit is the achieving of a common language. It is not one that is grammatical, but one that is ideologically saturated, which while unfolding all spheres of ideological life and landscape, it would be able to create a central and sociopolitical centralization, but one that would go beyond those confines to embody an authentic collective spirit. As the character says in *The Ripening*: "I dream of an island."

But in speaking of a socio-political centralization, Bakhtin's unitary language motif, serves well in searching for a unifying voice within these texts. It also helps to reaffirm the need of fiction and nonfiction genres now to reject the frozen static master language of those 18th and 19th pseudo-historians. Every new utterance becomes not only a rejection, but it becomes a unifying thread in the central stratifying forces.

Therefore, a result of the dialogic orientation of the word itself, which, in these given texts, or, as a matter of fact, within any domain of protest literature, is that it grants landscape and history the authentic possibility of fusing new meaning and consciousness. Secondly, where a choral structure can be replaced by an individual, omniscient commentator,

new artistic potential must be created. This also allows for narrative voice to take many forms or/and play many roles. For example, the possibility arises that this very narrative voice can leave the text and speak directly to reader/audience. Above all, this then lends itself to not only a new dialogue but also a new artistic potential.

Within all these texts, in their given confines, characters play the role of recreating and reconstituting of selves; yet the claim here is not for a stylistic unity; Au contraire, the real deal here is that according to Bakhtin, it contributes to the multiplicity of polyphonic voices that can not only nullify but intensify the chasms that separate subjectivity from objectivity. There exists a common perception of need to construct the possibilities of a revolutionary landscape at the disposal of the disadvantaged of all nations.

My theoretical argument here concerns Bakhtin's internal dialogisms and their abilities to shape, style and give an interrelated connection to the various levels of discourse that exist within these texts which find expression and controversy not only in semantic, but in stylistic or even syntactical structures. Also, they then contribute to being advocates of meaning not only for the finding of historical voices but for understanding through the various narrative structures and play of these authors. It can be

asked: How can these texts and authors then, at their various levels, be paradoxically similar and different in ways that break the silence of all? Yet, as a result, they can fuse voices whether from an autobiographical or fictive perspective. Again, according to Bakhtin, it's these very acts of understanding which must be able to establish complex interrelationships "consonances and dissonances with the world and enrich it with new elements."⁸ This perfectly describes Walcott's narrative devices in creating a new enriched landscape out of the plethora of dilemmas produced by colonialism, at the same time, freeing the "self" from the absence of complexities in which it has developed.

Borges states that "words are symbols that assume a shared meaning."⁹ This statement gives much meaning to those collective acts of understanding that thus enrich this new landscape of consciousness. These voices, as they interrelate, in their multifaceted forms, and in their reclaimed spaces have created paradigms for history that not only asserts the oppressors but privilege the vision of its victims. In retrospect, slavery, colonization, and the horrors of the middle passage have placed the other not only paradoxically outside of himself but also outside both history and

⁸ M.M. Bakhtin. *The Dialogic Imagination*.

⁹ Borge, Jorge Luis. "The Congress" in *Book of Sand*, trans. Norman de Giovanni: p. 33.

ideas, a situation which, most importantly, does not limit itself to a specific gender. For in reality, history based on absence, spacelessness, denial and marginalization, ironically, must become a myth from which meaning and significance must be created. Therefore, in this phenomenal task of the role of these voices, whether depicted as adamic or any other, the reclamation of history must be a spiritual one whose purpose must then be not only to confront and relinquish but must also question Eurocentric valuations of his terms and his space.

As a matter of fact, *Masters of the Dew*, *The Ripening* and *In the Castle of My Skin*, possess various narrative structures that are constantly maneuvering between old and young, where implicit nature and explicit structure for the written word become competing forces, for example, Ma and Pa and young Manuel and his mother, Dèliverance, Papa Lonjouè and the youth. The strategizations of the interrelated and at times oppositional voices through their persistent struggle, not only recreate a new voice and/or a new history, but in their very unconscious realm become a meta-history. Bakhtin strengthens this well when he says "the human image becomes multilayered and multifaceted. It becomes a core and a shell, an inner and an

outer, separated within."¹⁰

In speaking of this multilayered, multifaceted image as the raw material for metahistory, I must declare that, as a result, it is within these given multilayered and multifaceted structures that the oppressed must battle with external manifestations and internal ones as well. It is not only his condition that predicates his existence but his activity and active force that determines it. If not deeds, it is then words themselves and collective effort that are determining factors. In reality, when Fanon, Garvey and James then propose a revolution, it is their power of self-expression that contributes to their fullness of being which simultaneously removes them metonymically from the abysmal prison of exclusion and the ahistorical landscapes in which they have been indeterminately placed. Fanon exemplifies this when he says: "I wanted to be a man, nothing but a man. Some identified me with ancestors of mine who had been enslaved or lynched: I decided to accept this."¹¹

Thus, this new voice becomes the epicenter of discourse. It becomes not only a master of technique but also a technique in itself which eventually aims at destroying and dismantling those artificial constructs of time. At the

¹⁰ M.M. Bakhtin. *The Dialogic Imagination*.

¹¹ Fanon. *Black Skins, White Masks*, p. 113.

same time, certain voices within the narrative framework seem to influence that of the author. It is this type of double voiced relationship that causes certain voices to affect each other for internal dialogization, giving unity to narrative which enable it to function as complex and unique signs. But ironically, these collective voices eventuate into autonomous ones also, by reason of their very polyphonic nature. This is essential not solely to the internal figurations of these postcolonial landscape previously exploited and altered but to the very colonial presence and predestined language that dominate. So intrinsically and clandestinely this does not limit itself to the artistic imagination but extends to the intellectual initiative also.

But looking at these double voiced relationships from other dimensions, it must become imperative for any tradition that collectively defines or identifies them, thereby resulting in dialogic intertextuality. It is this dialogic intertextuality which becomes the nucleus for multidimension and multihistories of this new reclaimed problematic paradise. The unraveling of these landscapes are embodiments of histories, whether of the victim or the victor. Because of the polyphonic and dialogic qualities of voice and landscape, the importance of individual identity is eventually diminished. Therefore, it is the characters' continuous language, voice and

rhetoric that dominate not only the text or their physical or psychological landscape, but the ability to make other questions and reflect upon any need to articulate history, even if to their own detriment. For example, Manuel states in *Masters of the Dew*,

-nous sommes ce pays et il n'est rien sans nous, rien de tout. Qui est-ce qui plante, qui est-ce qui arrose, qui est-ce récolte? Le café, le coton, le riz, la canne, le cacao, le maïs, les bananes, les vivres et tous les fruits, si ce n'est pas nous, qui les fera pousser? Et avec ça nous sommes pauvres, c'est vrai, nous sommes malheureux, c'est vrai, nous sommes misérable, c'est vrai. Mais sais-tu pourquoi, frère? à cause de notre ignorance: nous ne savons pas encore que nous sommes une force, une seule force: tous les habitants, tous les nègres des plaines et des mornes réunis.

Un jour, quand nous aurons compris cette vérité, nous nous lèverons d'un point à l'autre du pays et nous ferons l'assemblée générale des gouverneurs de la rosée, le grand coumbite des travailleurs de la terre pour défricher la misère et planter la vie nouvelle.

Gouverneurs de la rosee, 96

"...But you know. I'm made out of this, I am." He touched the earth, caressing its soil. "That's what I am, this very earth! I've got it in my blood. Look at my color. Folks could say the soil has faded on me, and on you too. This land is the black man's. Each time they've tried to take it from us, we have cleaned out injustice with the blades of our machetes."

"...We're this country, and it wouldn't be a thing without us, nothing at all. Who does the planting? Who does the watering? Who does the harvesting? Coffee, cotton, rice, sugar cane, cacao, corn, bananas, vegetables, and all the fruits.... Yet with all that, we're poor, that's true.... Because of our ignorance. We don't know yet what a force we are, what a single force—all the peasants, all the Negroes of plain and hill, all united."

(Roumain p. 74-75)

In *The Ripening*, a character states:

J'ai entendou cette parole, et elle était en moi fichée: c'était une racine. J'ai connuy Mathieu et Thaël, et tous leurs amis: et ils furent mes frères, ile furent mes tuteurs dans la montée vers le monde et la vèritè. J'ai connu Valèrie, et voici, il y a en moi cette racine que je tente d'arracher, mais son attache est plus puissante, et mes forces me trahissent. Quand j'aurai pris mes mains sur le corps rugueux, quand j'aurai tirè avec le poids irrèsistible; qund le souvenir sera tranquille et fort, éparpillé en mots, et riche de saveurs: alors le lieu pour moi aura paru, dans la prècise qualité qui est la sienne; et toutes le misères dont aucun bilan n'èpuisera le compte, et toutes les beautès que voici décimés par la nécessité de combattre et de naître, tout cela paraîtra sur la grève du vaste monde, comme un feuillage qui sur sa sève tire doucement; comme un banyan qui entoure la mer selon le voeu multiple de ses branches.

La Lèzarde p.204

I heard this word and it became lodged in me, like a root. I knew Mathieu and Thael, and all their friends: and they were

my brothers, they were my tutors in the uphill journey towards reality and truth. I knew Valerie, and here in me is this root which I try to tear out, but it is too firmly lodged and my strength fails me. When I can take hold of its rough surface, when I pull with an irresistible force, when my memories are quiet and strong, translated into words and full-flavored, then the place will appear to me in its unique and essential quality, and all the misery which no balance sheet can ever account for, and all the beauty now eclipsed by the urgency of struggle and birth, all this will appear like a tree on a beach, the leaves drawing gently on its sap, like a banyan tree whose innumerable down-growing branches wind about the sea.

(Glissant p. 158)

There is also a very interesting and controversial example in *In the Castle of My Skin*:

The empire and the garden. We are to talk about them in the same way. They belong to the same person. They both belong to God. The garden is God's own garden and the empire is

God's only empire. They work together for us. God save the
king who will help us to see the garden again. (Lamming p. 71)

In Jamaica Kincaid's *Annie John*, Annie questions, rejects and leaves her physical and historical landscape, only to contemplate and understand the other, her parents, and decides that she will not be a part of the destructive cycle of which her parents were victim. Also, similar too, are Lamming's boys who are determined that "we gone make history". Glissant's and Roumain's texts embody this also. Manuel can only function along with the collectivity of the combite. In *The Ripening*, the statement "we all killed Gavin" signals not only a justifiable deed but, in fact, futurity. Be that as it may, whether one is dealing with discourse that is either male or female, the overall rhetoric is encapsulated in a dialogue of consciousness. It is this dialogue which allows character and community to reassemble reason for their existence.

Even though, more often than not, such discourse always involves the historical of the political because of the very nature of its object correlative, it doesn't matter. For within its complexities, predicaments and polyrhythms are the reflections of unfolding systems that, whether looked upon

diachronically or synchronically, demonstrate certain processes spatially, temporally and historically. Nevertheless, any relationship that will exist between voice and landscape whether landscape as a character, portent, or symbol within the confines of its space has as its intention to destroy all the symbolic codes that exist and have preexisted within those eternal master narratives that have fixed false oppositional selves.

The key to these authors' methods throughout their links, when juxtaposed with any kind of theory, highlights that what they see is really there. Unlike Nugent, Froude and Grainger, who are definitely operating in preconceived notions coupled with creations, what they register is not imposed and affirmed by stereotypes but are discovered by each of them in their confronting of human experiences. Theirs is not a consciousness colored by impositions from the outside. It is the characters, most often than not, the authors themselves, whose extraordinary emotions sooner or later become historical phenomena. The past allows them a voice that generates the means for achieving their point of view. This inevitable past involves the willingness and capability to understand it in new terms. And at the same time it articulates and advances a critical awareness of its own consciousness and modernity. Nonetheless, it empowers them to embrace

wholly a perspective of social reality plummeted by an exploiter/exploited perspective, not only regionally but globally.

As a result, voices deliberately protest their own marginalization by finding a landscape which articulates them in a phallocentric culture and language. For in reality, their focal thrust must be to recreate their own language and voice in a ruined landscape. Their every action endows them with a landscape that is anti-rational, since the rational would secure a place in the phallocentric paradigm of matriarchal order which excludes them. Their deliberate subversions both linguistically and dogmatically recreate the space and give a new type of expression to their images, both as literary constructs and heirs to dismantle those dominating master narratives of yore that only freeze and exclude.

It becomes then imperative that they must remove themselves from antiquated patriarchal perceptions of themselves. Thus, by negating it, they possess an alternative vision. So thus, even though characters find themselves in the same oppressed landscape, they are able to create a new consciousness. Their ability to order both space and time linguistically, politically and psychologically allows them to confront exploitation and assert independence, autonomy and selfhood, thus purging themselves of the

fixed superiority and arrogance which history has deliberately and insidiously made them heir to.

Therefore, theirs is a new or a transformed liberated self, which involves both purging and reshaping the relationship between landscape and history, which becomes more than an intellectual game. Glissant states:

What is repressed in our history persuades us, furthermore, that this is more than an intellectual game. Which psychiatrist could state the problematics of such a parallel? None. History has its dimension of the unexplorable, at the edge of which we wander, our eyes wide open.¹²

This wandering and weaving of landscape and history, even though debilitating and fatiguing, at the same time, is energizing to bring private into public, both personal, political, psychological and historical. Annie John, too, not only questions, but because of the apparent cyclic movements must leave her landscape, must deny it, must cut ties. Manuel, in *Masters of the Dew*, though often overcome by patriarchal systems, deliberately defies order. However, at the same time this can become a part of the dialogic

¹² Glissant *Caribbean Discourse* p.66

polyphony mentioned that makes possible those capabilities of exploring the vestiges of the subconscious to seek and reinvent their post-colonial spaces.

In speaking of this voice, seeking and redefining space in the postcolonial space becomes paramount in looking at this space from a revolutionary perspective based either on Fanonian, Jamesian or Garvian ideology. It can be postulated that Fanon and Garvey are concerned with action and responsibility. They all actively participate in the developing of both social and political history. It is both social and personal history that contribute to this passionate consuming dialogue. Because of this, the author-speakers then are able to intensify pathos and paradoxically heighten intimacy. Even though this might be a problematic statement, it can be seen that these texts, within their various latitudes and dimensions echo voices that are basically centered upon the societal qualities of the man/victim. The psychic embodiment of these landscapes become both insubstantial and oppressive. Indeed, the concept of landscape in these texts, in their very fluidity and paradoxically oppressive and anti-oppressive state, beckons because of its constant drive to change, and makes it imperative for change to be had. Charged with its historical baggage for both victor and victim, the landscape becomes both compelling and controlling; at the same time, it is

in great need of being compelled and controlled. For in their totalities, there are certain elements within each of these male oriented texts that have become endemic to the role of history and its ramifications and augments the polemics in the struggle.

For truly, landscape belongs to the words of history in all given cases. Since the focus is not on the documented, then landscape is not the ground for any one particular enactment but a multiplicity of them. Therefore, the voice must create a symbiotic relationship with its landscape. But when viewing this from a revolutionary perspective, it is these very landscapes which normally have the possibility to robe every individual character with his own "self." For example, Thael says to Mathieu in *The Ripening*:

"...Have you any idea what you know? Your belly, only your belly. I say that this town has a charm, simply because it is not a town after all. you said it yourself. It grows out of the ground like a flower. It's full of people who think they are special because they have salons, services and go for a stroll every Sunday afternoon. But this is not the truth of the town! Deep down inside they are aware of the land around them. Beneath the dummy's exterior there is a gleam of light. They

cannot live as if this were a real town, they cannot run and shout, because this town is a product of the land, not cut off, there is no wall, it's part of everything, pulling it all together, and what does this mean? It explains why this place fascinates us and yet you claim to despise it." (Glissant p. 97, 98)

Tu sais ce que tu sais? Ton ventre, ton ventre seulement. Je te dis que c'est à cause que ce n'est pas une ville. Et toi, tu l'as dit. Ils a pousée dans la terre, comme une fleur. C'est plein de gens, et ils croient qu'ils sont quelque chose d'à part, une catégorie à part, parce qu'ils ont des salons, des services, qu'ils vont se promener le dimanche après-midi. Mais ce n'est pas vrai! Au fond d'eux il y a toute la terre d'alentour. Au fond du mannequin il y a la lumière. Ils ne peuvent pas vivre comme dans une ville, ils ne courent pas, ils ne crient pas, cette ville c'est un produit de la terre, ce n'est pas séparé, il n'y a aucun mur, c'est un passage, un rassemblement, et après?

*Je te dis que c'est pour cela qu'elle nous prend, et tu le
dètestes, hein?*

La Lèzarde p.126

Also in Masters of the Dew, this statement somewhat paraphrases

Glissant's which states:

*-Touts les habitants sont pareils, dit Manuel, tous
forment une seule famille. C'est pour ça qu'ils s'appellent
entre eux: frère, compère, cousin, beau-frère. L'un a besoin de
l'autre. C'est la verité du coumbite. Cette source que j'ai
trouvée demande le concours de tous les habitants de Fonds-
Rouge. Ne dites pas non. C'est la vie qui commande et quand
la vie commande, faut répondre: présent.*

Gouverneurs de la rosée, 208

"All peasant are equal.... They're all one single family.
That's why they call each other "'brother,' 'cousin,' 'brother-in-
law.' One needs the other. One perishes without the other's
help. That's the lesson of the coumbite. This spring what I've

found needs no help of all the peasants of Fonds Rouge. Don't say no. It's life that gives orders. When life commands, we've got to answer, 'Present!' " (Roumain pp. 149-50)

As a matter of fact, they are able to use voice, landscape and language to gain their entrance into history.

For in previously speaking of the inability of Lamming's characters to have a physical revolution, one can see that not only are their spaces fenced around, symbolizing limitation and pseudo privacy, where all is the vision of the other, but that language too is caught up in this predicament. This is more visibly found in Lamming's case. For their public and private experiences, their presence and absence are all subsumed in this same controlled unconscious framework of marginality.

Indeed this can also be said of Roumain and Glissant's characters. For example, Manuel states in *Masters of the Dew*:

- C'est un pays, cinq fois, non dix, non vingt depuis les entrailles du morne. C'est pas la peine de chercher plus loin, parce que c'est inutile.

Et avec une colère soudaine:

*- Mais pour quoi, foutre, avez-vous coupé le bois: les
chenes, les acajous et tout ce qui poussait là-haut? En voilà
des nègres inconséquents, des nègres sans mesure.*

Gouverneurs de la rosee, 72

"[Cuba is] a country five times, no, ten, no, perhaps
twenty times as large as Haiti. But, you know, I'm made out of
this, I am." He touched the earth, caressing its soil. "That's
what I am, this very earth! I've got it in my blood. Look at my
color. Folks could say the soil has faded on me, and on you,
too. This land is the black man's. Each time they've tried to take
it from us, we have cleaned out injustice with the blades of our
machetes." (Roumain p.74)

Lamming's characters, though, are conscious enough to want to make
history. It becomes interesting to see that for them language only activates
the substratum of their linguistic potentialities yet possesses little energy to
cause action. Again, This too has its problematics. Glissant states in
Caribbean Discourse:

History as far as it is a discipline and claims to clarify the reality lived by this people, will suffer from a serious epistemological deficiency: it will not know how to make the link. The problem faced by collective consciousness makes a creative approach necessary, in that the rigid demands made by the historical approach can constitute, if they are not restrained, a paralyzing handicap. Methodologies passively assimilated, from reinforcing a global consciousness or permitting the historical process to be established beyond the ruptures experienced, will simply contribute to worsening the problem.

(Glissant p. 61)

Viewed in general terms, the other characters under scrutiny are able to propel their already ignited perceptive energy to bring language into action. Through language, landscape and action become interrelated, and bring them into being. Within all the academic decorum that is omnipresent in *In the Castle of My Skin*, its characters exist merely in a vacuum. On the other hand, Roumain's characters' very energies and interests mesh towards a common impact. With Glissant's characters the very serpentine structure

of *The Ripening* are able to do the same. Thus, language and landscape convey verifiable meaning and collective responsibility.

Countless events within the dialogic elements of Lamming's text highlight the predominance of knowing and saying. Characters meditate on or ruminate on symbols and their meanings. There are many emblematic episodes which articulate that these narrative voices dominated by symbols needed to be interpreted, for example, coins, crabs, trees, and house. Certain elements though not seen specifically as landscape, when seen singularly do add to generating rhetoric. It is by Lamming's characters being constantly enamored of language that some of these characters eventually become so espoused to the past that they are unable to go beyond linguistic boundaries. Yet, they can husband progress to a level of self-consciousness. It is a constant progressive and regressive interplay of language that at times renders landscape imperceptible for them.

In these texts as a whole not only are landscapes uniquely explosive, but the voices of these characters in their cultured spaces are unquestionably so. Within their given spaces, voices separate, analyze, and then conjoin. For at the same time the contours of each landscape are just as complex as the characters within them. But voice and language saunter within landscape

spaces and are able to go beyond plot and penetrate individual and collective worlds. As Trumper says in *In the Castle of My Skin*:

"What I mean is this. We all get a feelin' inside that certain things got to be, an' it make no difference what is, or what's not, that particular thing gottabe. For instance the sun. When you see the sun you know there gottabe light. An' don' say something wrong with your eyes, 'cause the sun ain't got nothin' to do with that. Is simply and purely a question of if there's sun there gottabe light. An' you don' ask any questions 'cause there ain't no questions to ask. An' with the sea, 'tis the same. When you touch the sea with yuh toe you know there gottabe wet. An' you don' ask any questions 'cause there ain't no questions to ask. What maybe or maybenot don't matter, 'cause if there be sea there gottabe wet. In the said, same way, if there's weddin', if priest an' preacher, and church an' bride, if all these things is there, then there gottabe weddin' an' it ain't have nothing to do with maybe or maybenot, if there's these things, church, priest, preacher, an' so on, then there gottabe man. If there's weddin' there gottabe man. Deep inside you, you know there's gottabe

that, if there's those other things, an' you don't worry yuh head,
'cause it ain't have nothin' to do with you. There's no need to
worry, so you just sit an' wait to see what'll happen," (p. 130)

In each character of these texts, it is the past historicity which forms not only their limited spaces, but is formed by it also. However, it is the differences in their individual backgrounds that create their present state of being. Also, it is memories of the past confronted and challenged that ignite and must recreate and restore the respective locale which are all symbolic of any violated pillaged and abandoned places.

More fundamentally, however, these many contrapuntal voices that constantly harp on their individual and collective plights, and annihilation are able unforgivingly to carve and recarve the ruins of their lost paradise and produce a certain empowerment of history. In terms of its overall emphasis, language reinscribes and reinforces history by exposing exploitation and most of all it shows the irreconcilability of their landscape spaces' historical holocaust. Therefore, it becomes a voice that makes imperative the rise of ritual and ceremonies to show that landscape cannot

be reconciled but must be resculptured. Trumper says in *In the Castle of My Skin*:

The crabs had emerged from under the sand. They were quiet and tranquil making a triangle in their order as they climbed the slope. The waves were more quiet now and the sand seemed firmer. The wind had sailed away somewhere and everything was still. Here was no wind at all. On the lighthouse a seabird had perched, its head and neck stretched direct across to the sea. The feathers didn't make wrinkle. It was so still. The crabs crawled farther and farther up the shore. The silence of the sea and the trees and the sand under the grape leave made us feel that their claws were making a sound against the sand.

(Lamming p. 145)

Lamming's resculpturing here is interesting and poetic. It seems quite problematic yet realistic and authentic whether it's interpreted literally or figuratively and makes language more emphatic and instrumental. For Lady Nugent's, Grainger's and Froude's inability to give an authentic voice to their characters in their depictions of the Caribbean landscapes presents a failure

of language. At the same time, this can be said of Lamming's characters. But this may result from their being linguistically wrapped in their own oppression, causing entanglement and stagnancy.

Yet, for the victim, the only medium is to use voice and language to reiterate history in the present. For example, for Jacques Roumain, Edouard Glissant, and George Lamming, landscape needs no immensity. Their little backward villages in a superlatively backward islands become mere microcosms. Initially their characters encounter the impossibility of fusing landscapes and history. Above all, they must be seen as parallel paths; they cannot be casually fused. The culmination of a harmonious whole remains the same for all characters in the accompanying texts. These characters now become the very landscapes of which they are apart. All initially struggle with the word and claiming a voice that will help them to reconquer their space, and become gateways to change, successfully so. Consequently, collectivity becomes an act of living history resulting from a fusing of present with past.

Therefore, that's why ritual and ceremonies must be chiseled into the sculpture of the landscape, giving a continuous vivid element to history and landscape as they inextricably interrelate. Voices, as they dialogize in a

Fanonian sense, cannot remedy irreconcilable wrongs of yore, but they can only articulate, instigate, ignite and challenge physically for some, and spiritually for others. Of all the texts, *The Ripening* intensifies and epitomizes these when Mathieu says:

...Notre seul avantage, c'est d'avoir tous ces héritages dans la cervelle.

-C'est important, ça.

-Oui. Mais la grandeur que nous voulons? Cette manière de décider, de parler à mots secs, comme si nous connaissions tous les dessous? Nous avons pris la chaleur à notre compte, c'est bon. Mais nous avons inventé la flamme.

La Lèzarde p.222

"[Having a sense of the past in our consciousness] is our only advantage."

"That is important, yes."

"Yes. But the greatness that we wanted? The ability to be decisive, to speak with authority, as if we fully understood the hidden underside of reality? We used this heat for our own

purposes, that's fine. But the flame is nothing but our own invention." (Glissant pp. 173)

On the whole, these texts within their metafictional spaces establish various forms of discourse that make the voices of respective characters so climactically harmonious. They have the ability to reason, whether perceptually, politically, or economically. Indeed, the characters do not always find answers but every hurdle or discovery within their landscape becomes an accomplishment of maturity for the youngsters and a realization of dispossession and historylessness for the older generation. Doubtlessly, they become merged into language--Prospero's language. The dichotomies caused by them become an awesome challenge both linguistically and at times rhetorically. All these characters are selfless; their very act of self-awareness enables them to inscribe themselves against a landscape whose background of historical nothingness, thereby transcending self to embrace and give voice to community by means of a discourse. As a result, the paradisaical narrative of each various subdivision of the social dispossession and marginalization within the texts and even landscapes at times, become the major locus of language. For example, Mathieu in *The Ripening* says:

"You will tell them, in your words, you will tell them about all the islands, all right? Not about just one, not just where we are but all together. ...Tell them that we love the outside world. That we love it for the best that it can produce. That we know its great works, that we are learning. But that this world is poorly represented here. Tell them that by 'the metropolis' we mean France. But that we want first of all to be at peace with ourselves. That our metropolis is right here and that is where we looked for it. That is the reason for the bitterness we sometimes feel, the taste of sadness, the reason, yes, for the struggle in the depths of the night, with the drum fiercely burning within us, and we make our voices heard in order to go forward, to continue fighting. Put in the rhythm, it's our own way of knowing. Put in the rhythm, broken up or monotonous, or joyful or plaintive...." (Glissant pp. 177-78)

For within the function of this language, it is through confronting their allotted spaces within their own landscapes by means of their own experience that the characters become equal. This becomes instrumental in

restructuring their complex wilderness. But even though this wilderness in all its complexities both socially, historically and politically, becomes interwoven by a narrative voice that is pivoted by a landscape of despair and hopelessness, it is able to articulate the failure of its uses, if only to curse. Yet, it allows them to manipulate landscape, space, and time so that every aspect of both social and historical landscape becomes expressively and descriptively iconoclastic.

Moreover, unlike Nugent, Froude and Grainger whose landscape images are imperialistically frozen and artificial, Lamming, Roumain and Glissant are provoked by images and emotions which embody their delight, pain and experience, rather than to any epistemological doctrine of a controlling voice that not only freezes, stagnates, but oppresses, negates and annihilates. For the 18th and 19th century travel writers, language not only usurps and obfuscates, but it also falsifies. In both Anglophone and Francophone cases, both voice and language, though burdened, confused and problematic, demonstrate the possibility of a responsible, authentic, informative rhetoric, so that shared collective meaning can take precedence over larger power structures.

Undoubtably then, within the realms of the new collective consciousness, language allows voice to be free of pretentious ornaments and aims to fuse voices selves and landscapes where those 18th and 19th century commentators of Caliban's world were reductive, erroneous and blatantly bigoted. The narrative of these reconstituted landscapes by the new world adamic person constitute the thresholds for consciousness. So thus, even though characters are constantly struggling and restruggling to reinvent and reconnect both language and landscape, it is their consciousness that can be said to take precedence over language. I don't in the least claim that consciousness and language exist as autonomous entities. Yet there exists the interpretive conflict of word and reality. For more often than not, the characters seem to be trapped within the confines of their own convictions and/or intellect and must make collective choices.

Thus, in reality, every character, regardless of social sub-stratum, within landscape space, possesses an analytical and intuitive mind that strangely enough, in its own individual space, seeks both to be harmonious and symmetrical and becomes the instrument for truth over justice and meaning; this becomes the quintessence of any revolutionary quest and automatically posits each one in his/her own historical flux. Thus, only the

collective voice counts, even if that in itself becomes a problem. This is characteristic of any revolutionary quest. Inclusively speaking, Fanon's, James' and Garvey's motive is the deliberate move away from any element exclusively preoccupied with an individual experience. Therefore, the fences must be broken down as in Lamming's text, water must be found through the collective energies of left and right, or in *The Ripening*, where the river must merge with the sea. Otherwise they would represent individuality, privateness, and autonomy. Selves, history and imagination must merge to give sense of place, to both character and landscape in its revolutionary predicament and legacy. Thus, there is no place for the monologic in this predicament.

In speaking of characters, landscape and legacy, I want to highlight a point here which is that Haitian literature, from its inception, has been categorized as among the most revolutionary. Even though many might tend to question its progression beyond the artistic or linguistic level; nevertheless, in speaking of voice and language and landscape, one can readily assert that not only has Haitian recognition been gained by the sword, it is the pen also which has exalted and nurtured that very recognition. So therefore, in looking at both Glissant's and Roumain's texts

in juxtaposition with Lamming's, one can see that in literature the written word had been the main affirmation for the sub-altern or the dispossessed to reshape themselves as a people in their particular limited spaces. Even though Glissant is not Haitian, he must be coupled with Roumain for both regional and historical reasons.

In like manner, each given text becomes a move to encode a theory of the political conscious. For even though Roumain is writing about a "peasant people," creolized, peopled in the French language, unlike Lamming, one of his major limitations is to be able, within his linguistic confines, to keep his characters as close as possible to their sense of selves. Thus, it is obvious that some concerns are with those of language. Yet, in Roumain, language does not encounter problems similar to those in Lamming's text. Giving credit where it's due, as a result, one can say that Lamming's revolution is one that will take place in the mind, that language becomes the manipulator of the psyche. For quite often when his characters are overwhelmed by the subconscious weight of their landscape, language becomes unable to give expression to voice. For even though Lamming often attempts to let his characters use their own idiom, authenticity is

lacking. Above all, there are too many hurdles. For example in *In the Castle of My Skin* a character states:

My people are low-down nigger people. My people don't like to see their people get on. The language of the overseer. The language of the civil servant. The myth had eaten through their consciousness like moths through the pages of ageing documents. Not taking chances with you people, my people. They always let you down. Make others say we're not responsible, we've no sense of duty. That's what the low-down nigger people do to us, their people. Then the others say we've no sense of duty. Like children under the threat of hell fire they accepted instinctively that the others, meaning the white, were superior, yet there was always the fear of realizing that it might be true. This world of others' imagined perfection hung like a dead weight over their energy. If the low-down nigger people weren't what they are, the others couldn't say anything about us. Suspicion, distrust, hostility. These operated in every direction. You can never tell with my people. It was the language of the overseer, the language of the Government

servant, and later the language of the lawyers and doctors who had returned stamped like an envelope with what they called the culture of the Mother Country. (Lamming p. 27)

The ability to poeticize landscape becomes stymied because of this. Above all, it even becomes self-deprecating to their own stasis.

Conversely, Glissant makes a very interesting point when he says that:

What is missing from the nation of Caribbeanness is the transition from the shared experience to conscious expression; the need to transcend the intellectual pretensions dominated by the learned elite and to be grounded in collective affirmation, supported by the activism of the people.¹³

It is this very lack of a collective affirmation and supportive activism that often times cause Lamming's polyphonic dialogism to be so cacophonous.

Roumain is able to handle more easily the verbal expressions

¹³ Glissant. *Caribbean Discourse* p.222.

of the peasants when he so desires. He is able to intersperse a greater sense of syntactic and semantic authenticity of creole when he so desires, while staying within the confines of French mythos. As a result then, the "word" becomes less of a burden when used as an instrument of expression by his characters. Roumain's characters do not have to become entangled with language. Language becomes concomitant with their journey. It comes naturally. Language valorizes both peasant and landscape. The inadequacies and hopelessness, impotence and despair don't result from their battle with language. It is when language intermittently becomes powerless in Lamming's text that things go "pop in the head," for their turning flesh and pulp into the word becomes a meta-struggle for each character. It is through the very intense word wandering that they apparently long for stability, power and action, such as in the "low-down nigger people" passage quoted above. Even later Trumper states:

" 'Tis a tremendous difference....One single word make a tremendous difference, that's why you can never be too sure what a word will do." (Lamming p. 297)

On the other hand, in Roumain's and Glissant's texts voice allows the language to connect bridges between consciousness and realities, in order to valorize both history and landscape. It becomes integrated into a collective sense of otherness where the voice, language and landscape of the peasants are not necessarily romanticized in order to be valorized but emphasize the historical, religious and ethnic myths of its people.

Language in the mouths of Roumain's peasants and Glissant's becomes a collective force. The narrative voices, even though at times, might appear to be intimate monologues, are doubtlessly and collectively dialogic in content, unlike Lamming's ever so often detached third person narrative. This, at times, tends to slow down the movement and progression of impetus in *In the Castle of My Skin*, which is due to the fact that language becomes such a conscious effort. It becomes both the subject and the object of its own criticism. Roumain's and Glissant's characters are

already desolate and downtrodden enough to be bagged excessively with the language predicament as Lamming's does.

Roumain's and Glissant's characters' very ideologies become their landscape artists, whereas Lamming's characters brood over the colonial past--a past that language and voice can only ruminate on and not identify. Language must change the archaic superstructure mentality of the peasant. It must transform. It must not only question and refute. It must instigate. For them, language, voice and landscape become the embodiment of heteroglossia.

In *Masters of the Dew*, Manuel states, "Man is the baker of life." It is voice and language that will route fatalism and desolation from his community and landscape. Language possesses the source of power to reconcile and reclaim both the historical and familial landscape of Fond Rouge in order to create a new order.

On the other hand, Lamming's language is used to intellectualize and tends to present many hurdles. Narrative becomes too language conscious and the characters obviously cannot rise above the very words which imprison them. They become imprisoned by the structures inherent in language itself. Thus, their revolution does not transcend their

consciousness. We are therefore left with nothing else but to question the reliability of his theory and practice. Time, space and landscape become problematic. Landscape is evoked only to be dismissed or washed away by the tide of time to be trampled by "low-down nigger people" who are lower than crabs.

Not by their fault, Lamming's characters are able to verbalize the word and occasionally manipulate it to their own stagnant condition. Even though they are exposed to education formally, unlike Roumain's, they are sooner or later paralyzed in their bleak world of marginality. In the end, it is compulsory, for one reason or another, that they leave their landscapes. However, landscape, though closed, barren and scorched at the beginning of the text, will be opened by language and made fertile and irrigable. The voice though nervous and despairing becomes poetic and materialistic at the same time, ridding landscape, community and self of any oppressive ideologies that might further stymie its people.

As a result, the primary aim of this dialogic interpretation of voices is to restore the relationship between man and landscape. Man must be reintegrated into his space where at times resonances can become both spiritual and erotic. This is not possible, for unlike Lamming's characters,

who are often barred from progress by the horrors of a lost and unresolved past.

Roumain's narrative rhetoric presents man and landscape beyond the periphery of historical injustice. By means of Manuel's existential self, he becomes the epicenter of what he has endured and prevailed. To borrow from Lacanian psychoanalytic theory, Manuel becomes the subject of the Absolute. As a result, his objective is able to encode and inscribe the other, his community, onto his level of consciousness and revolution.

In juxtaposing Glissant with Lamming and Roumain, we see that Glissant, though from the French tradition like Roumain, presents a voice and landscape on the same parallel path. Through his narrative discourse, though deeply embedded in a different problematic, he is able to give both Creole and the French language a new dimension and deliberately sculpts and kneads landscape like dough. He simultaneously does the same with language. Because of his characters' state of mind and their being cognizant of the direction or path to be taken, language or landscape do not weigh heavily upon them as at times they tend in the polemics of Lamming and Roumain's texts, especially in Lamming's case. Words become action by their very substance and even the physical and spatial sensation which they

produce. I may even purport to say that the word itself becomes the revolution. Indeed, they already understand their landscape and history. Glissant, unequivocally, wants to restructure his. His characters' voices are then able to make meaningful, rhythmic and poetic their dilemma. By means of these very experiences, whether from the voice of Mathieu, Mycea or Papa Longue, they can be transformed into fresh or brutal experiences.

Like those of Lamming and Roumain, Glissant's narrative strategy is able to clean and purge the West Indian landscape of the picturesque embroidery and frozen exoticism which for centuries have permeated it. What is presented is the bitter sweet experiences of the victim's consciousness. Voice and landscape now embody and are empowered with their own substance and suggestive power, using history, traditions, and culture. They set about to question and to redefine what the new Caribbean person should be, by fusing not only voices, but also tradition and modernity.

In each of these texts, there is a sense of consciousness awakening where the silence of the old tradition is both broken and revived, where characters seek to question, debate and recapitulate history and see themselves as having a specific quest and determined to make dream a

reality. Within each author's narrative strategy, elements of Jamesian, Fanonian and Garvian revolutionary discourse are ever present. Language doesn't limit itself to mere words but proffers possibilities for men to be instruments of their fate at all costs. It becomes not only manipulation or an instrument of communication, but an agency of the mind. Being this, it strengthens and encourages the renewed self to merge into a state of selfhood.

Therefore, it is this perception that allows the possibility for such a strong determination to fashion the future and grant possibility for a renaissance. Yet, within each individual possible desire for change, there are voices that can only be powerful when working collectively. These voices within their very rights must create a harmony that will emerge out of collectivism. It represents a voice and landscape pregnant with misery, exploitation, both internal and external, and hopelessness and dispossession. This will insure not only national, but regional consciousness where all melodies will resolve into a revolutionary harmony.

This truth of what lies within the psyche of the characters is embedded within the very landscapes themselves only to be exhumed. Only when certain barriers and barricades are removed will the future become a

passionate element within the framework of landscape restoration.

Therefore, voice and landscape must fuse past with present to strengthen and make temporal the future and then become the new instrument for the order of things. Even though the evils of colonization might be inseparable from Prospero's language and also engraved in it, it ironically is through his very language that reality must be revealed. Roumain and Glissant tend to emerge from this rather quickly. For them, language is not only an artistic tone to deceive and entangle Prospero, but it becomes the very anchor that rescues them from his deceit, guile and annihilation. Although there exist many parallel elements in narrative strategy and sequence, voice and language are by no means stifled, bastardized or corrupted for Roumain and Glissant. Its very drought-ridden paradise stimulates and inspires the vastness and multidimensions of their possibilities.

As a result, Glissant's characters are able to question and demonstrate their ability to propel their revolution unequivocally. At the same time, this forces one to examine and see how Lamming's voices become not only victims of language and landscape but prisoners and instruments of it. For they are unable to take possession of their own land and language which become inextricable. As a result, they are unable to seize the power of

discourse to transform oppression into a revolution. Fragmentation and gaps become further apertures. This eventually renders impossible a totalized narrative which results in moments of repressive bathos. As a result, this gives landscape a more dismal appearance, making the meting out of justice to self and history complex at times.

The complexity of this is blatantly clear in Glissant's case, as he put the grand task into the hand of Mathieu to set the archive right. Indeed it is these very archives that have been prescribed and inscribed by the colonizer. He must symbolically transform the consciousness of the bleak experience. It is the very elements of the colonizer's style that must be uprooted to show the conversion of vision spatially and temporally. According to Bakhtin in "Discourse on the Novel", even though a character has his own zone beyond that allotted him, his voice must be broader than his "actual lives."¹⁴ It is those archival exactitudes that must be renamed and redefined and questioned. Therefore, the voices of "Mathieus" and "Myceas" and "Manuels" in the quest for the original transparency of both language and history will automatically reinvent and restructure the natural

¹⁴ Bakhtin "Discourse on the Novel," *Dialogic Imagination* p.34.

understanding of their landscape, where history, voice, landscape, and victims will all interpenetrate.

A very interesting common feature of these texts is their ability to ravel and unravel aspects of the imagination that not only expose various aspects of their historical landscapes but also use it as a genesis of dialogue which will make fecund the soil of past and future as they need. For while each writer is engaged in reinventing and repossessing, their individual strategy at any given point has a contrapuntal effect. Nonetheless, its dialogic harmony is able to manipulate language and landscape in order to monologize respective histories and experiences. Language gets its impetus from their own plight. Interestingly enough, Glissant is able to use Papa Longue as the challenging force to highlight the continuity of the his historical landscape.

Unfortunately, it is only after his removal from his landscape that the meaning of his voice earned any real significance. Similar too is the predicament of Ma in *In the Castle of My Skin*, and Deliverance's vision in *Masters of the Dew*, that quite often went unnoticed. One can then question the significance of the few unnoticed voices that have been the only ones who represented the spiritual essence of the respective persons. But in the

very essence of their many significances, it is their symbolic removal of the complexities that tends to motivate the actions of these characters which at the same time transform and guide consciousness from the colonial to the independent. Yet even though they appear to be removed from their landscape, it is the echoing and reechoing of their voices that not only weaves but becomes the embroidery for this new social fabric of society, voice, landscape and language where these noble savages must undergo a meta-transformation and transcend experimental dimensions. By doing this, those frozen stereotypical landscapes must come alive and possess a new edenic significance, where a new sense of self, place and time becomes anticipatory within its realms, which structure a narrative of pain and pleasure to make a willed entry into history.

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