

Why C.K. Stead didn't like
Keri Hulme's *the bone people* :
Who can write as Other?

Margery Fee

In an article published in *Ariel* in October 1985, C.K. Stead expresses reservations about Keri Hulme's highly-acclaimed *the bone people*, the novel that in 1984 won the New Zealand Book Award for Fiction and the Pegasus Award for Maori Literature, and in 1985 the Booker McConnell Prize. His main point concerns the Pegasus Award: "*The Bone People* . . . is a novel by a Pakeha which has won an award intended for a Maori" (104). Stead raises here two very controversial questions. First, how do we determine minority group membership? Second, can majority group members speak as minority members, Whites as people of colour, men as women, intellectuals as working people?¹ If so, how do we distinguish biased and oppressive tracts, exploitative popularizations, stereotyping romanticizations, sympathetic identifications and resistant, transformative visions?

These questions face those writers and critics all over the world who produce or write about what Colin Johnson calls "literature of the Fourth World, that is, of the indigenous minorities submerged in a surrounding majority and governed by them" (28). The problem is complicated by the increasing number of writers who, like Hulme, are of mixed ancestry; who, like Aboriginal writer Sally Morgan, have been raised in ignorance of their ancestry; or who, like Canadian Métis writer Beatrice Culleton, have been brought up in White foster homes. Even writers like Witi Ihimaera and Patricia Grace, whose "Maoriness" does not seem to be in question, speak English as their mother tongue, and have had to write their way back into their Maori language and culture (Pearson, 166). This "complication" is a salutary one, in that it emphasizes the dubiousness of most commonplaces about indigenous identity.

Stead gains his authority to speak on the issue from his position in the New Zealand literary institution, where he has been active and recognized as an anthologist, critic, poet, professor, and novelist for over twenty years. He was a member of at least one of the New Zealand Literary Fund Advisory Committees that supported Hulme's work (Stead, 107). Early in the essay, Stead remarks of Hulme that "from being unknown to all but a few, she has probably become one of the best-known New Zealand writers" (101). Acceptance both at home and abroad of Hulme's novel as a valid picture of New Zealand life threatens two related social constructs: that of New Zealander and that of New Zealand

literature, both worked out mainly by the national (mainly Pakeha and male) literary tradition. Stead implies that the novel has been well-received by uncritical Maori and women reviewers because they perceive it as feminist and Maori, although it is, in his view, neither.² The impact of his article comes from his reputation and his insider knowledge. Polemic rather than essay, the article reveals that "criticism, as practiced by the editors, publishers, reviewers, and critics . . . is a preeminently political exercise that works upon and mediates the reception of literary texts" (Hogue 5). Unable to deny the novel's obvious success both at the literary and the popular level, Stead engages in a form of criticism that limits its impact both on the field of Commonwealth literature and on the New Zealand literary institution with which he himself is so closely identified.

Many critics would dismiss Stead's points as merely anti-Maori or anti-feminist, but that is too simple, since he is transmitting ideas about race and equality that have evolved over centuries, and have become, for most people, common sense. To dismiss them is to fail to learn from them. In fact, the figure of the indigene has been appropriated for so long and for so many exploitative purposes having little or nothing to do with indigenous well-being, that we must be highly suspicious of the motive behind texts that use indigenous themes and characters. Thus, I think Stead is right to look sharply at Hulme's claims to write as a Maori.

He attacks her right to do so, and thus her right to collect literary prizes as one, on several fronts. Stead begins his case with the comment that "of Keri Hulme's eight great-grandparents, one only was Maori" (103). Stead's case is built mainly on Hulme's acceptance of the Pegasus Award for Maori literature, offered for a "novel or autobiography by a Maori, written in the past decade, in English or in Maori" (103). To be fair, he justifies his focus on race by saying that since few writers use the Maori language, and since the novel is not a traditional form, the works had to be judged "'Maori' not in language, or in form, but by virtue of the racial antecedents of the authors" (103).

The smallest amount of "impure" blood has frequently been enough to disqualify minority group members from acceptance by the majority. Now, the argument is turned around on Hulme: unless she has more Maori blood, she can't speak as one. (Stead does not say how many great-grandparents would get her over the line.) Part of the problem of course is that her voice has proved so powerful: acceptance as a Maori writer gives her considerable political and cultural power. To label her Pakeha discredits her vision, marginalizes her message, and buries her in a tradition that can safely contain her: "Insofar as she is an observer of things outside herself, Hulme has observed Maoris and identified with them. If that is what constitutes a 'Maori' writer, however, then Pakeha writers like James K. Baxter and Roderick Finlayson (to name two obvious cases) could be said to have been more successfully 'Maori' than Keri Hulme" (Stead, 104).

Fairly widespread agreement exists in the academic community that the biological contribution to race, gender and class differences is negligible: these differences are, rather, strongly rooted social constructs. Feminists have recognized that to arbitrarily reject men as feminists is to reinforce, rather than to refute, the essentialist "biology is destiny" argument—an argument at the base of sexism, racism and "social Darwinist" class discrimination. Thus, many would also say that to use an argument based on the idea we label race is simply to endorse a false and inherently oppressive concept. Unfortunately, to accept men as feminists, or Pakeha as Maori, is to risk having the minority voice drowned out all over again.³ Many critics have simply tried to ignore the troublesome issue of race altogether, like Sneja Gunew, who refers to "the ridiculous debates . . . over the extent to which Aboriginal writers have, or have not, a major percentage of Aboriginal blood" (262).

Nonetheless, much as we would like to deny at the level of theory that one's genetic inheritance determines one's attitudes and social position, at the level of social practice it does. Relationships do exist between one's visibility as a minority—one's genetic inheritance—and one's socialization and one's oppression. To prove the arbitrary, unscientific, and ethnocentric nature of the concept of "race" is not to obliterate its effects on behaviour in the real world (Tajfel, 3). Thus, although biology may not, in theory, be destiny, one's socialization is to a large degree posited on one's visible (or audible, in the case of those with low prestige accents) minority features. Men can try to understand what having been socialized as a woman entails, but cannot, obviously, experience it. Indeed, women cannot completely bring to consciousness and articulate a process that begins at birth. The majority group member must deduce from the outside what a minority group member experiences daily.

Gunew cites the Aboriginal writer, Jack Davis, to the effect that if one "lives as an Aboriginal" one writes as one (Davis, 17). But do adult self-transformations count? Certainly, some people "resocialize" themselves far more than others. But the degree to which this can be accomplished is limited. Peter Berger and Thomas Luckmann, in *The Social Construction of Reality*, comment that "in primary socialization there is no *problem* of identification. There is no choice of significant others;" therefore, the reality of these others becomes for the child "*the* world, the only existent and only conceivable world, the world *tout court*." Thus, they continue, "the world internalized in primary socialization is so much more firmly entrenched in consciousness than worlds internalized in secondary socialization . . . Primary socialization thus accomplishes what . . . may be seen as the most important confidence trick that society plays on the individual—to make appear as necessary what is in fact a bundle of contingencies, and thus to make meaningful the accident of his birth" (154-55). In a defence of the right of Sretan Bozic, a Yugoslavian-born

anthropologist, to write novels with first-person Aboriginal narrators (under the Aboriginal pen-name "Banumber Wxongar"), Gunew argues that it is possible "to challenge the constituent claims of [one's] privilege" (265). It may indeed be possible to challenge them, but not, if we are convinced by Berger and Luckmann, to eradicate them, not least because of their strong emotional and almost pre-conscious base.

To say that Hulme is Maori to the extent to which she was socialized as a Maori, however, means that her claim depends on how she grew up, and to some degree on whether her appearance marked her as Maori or not, and leaves Stead the opening to say her socialization was ambiguous and her appearance Pakeha. Hulme's partial account of her childhood in "Okarito and Moeraki" tells of an extended family, of going fishing, of finding Maori greenstone tools and human bones washed up from a nearby burial place on the beach, and of living in a landscape filled with landmarks of the Maori past. But this account leaves out her life in Christchurch. *the bone people*, clearly semi-autobiographical, mentions some of the problems of someone whose appearance and identification clash: "the brown faces stare at her with bright unfriendly eyes. . . . As always, she wants to whip out a certified copy of her whakapapa, preferably with illustrative photographs (most of her brothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins on her mother's side, are much more Maori looking than she is) . . ." (112). The implication is that Hulme does not look sufficiently Maori to be instantly accepted—or rejected—as one.

Further, if applied too rigidly, the criterion of socialization might well exclude Sally Morgan, whose part-Aboriginal mother told the children they were from India, for fear that if word got out that they were Aboriginal, social workers would break up the family: "It was good to finally have an answer and it satisfied our playmates. They could quite believe we were Indian, they just didn't want us pretending we were Aussies when we weren't" (39). Of course, Morgan was socialized as an Aboriginal to some degree, since her "Nan" was *not* Indian. And Morgan was not given the option of being a "proper Aussie" because of her appearance, which marked her as "Other."

Ultimately, of course, no living indigenous person has been completely socialized outside White culture (with perhaps the exception of a few members of the Amazon rain forest tribes). But to shift from this argument to say that therefore White people can write as Other seems to me to jump from one extreme (the insistence on complete and essential difference) to the other (the belief that there is none). Certainly to insist that those who write as indigene have some degree of indigenous ancestry, however small, is no guarantee that such writing will bear the seal of indigenous authenticity. But indigenous ancestry can be measured more definitely than socialization can, and anyone with indigenous ancestry is likely to have been socialized to some degree a minority group member. The insistence on ancestry may seem unwise to White critics who fear the

reinforcement of biological essentialism, but for Fourth world writers it provides a safeguard against the frequent facile exploitation of indigenous material by White writers.

The two most popular forms for White writers are the first-person "indigenous" narrative or the account of how a White person is initiated into indigenous mysteries by an Elder (see Godard, King). Both tend to be written as "truth," and both imply that the White writer has greater insight into indigenous life than does the average indigene. The time seems to have arrived when even the most sensitive, powerful and politically "correct" novel that uses such forms and themes should not be accepted as providing a valid picture of the indigene without serious questioning. Of course, if a large proportion of the Aboriginal community accepts Bozic as an Aboriginal writer, then his writing is validated. Without some such provision, it will become just the same old story: a nice "empty" piece of landscape is suddenly all covered up with White words.

Categories like majority and minority, indigenous and White, are "fictional" social constructs; nevertheless, the "fictional" distinction between majority and minority can be measured in terms of such effects as infant and general mortality rates, literacy and educational attainment, incarceration and unemployment levels, income, social status and political power. To open up unconditionally Bozic's right to write as Aboriginal opens the doors for any White person to do the same. The existing power differential between the two groups then will serve to maintain the status quo, with White writers using indigenous narrators and themes finding large publishers and readerships, while indigenous authors must work against heavy odds even to produce a small run with a small press.

White writers can choose to write as whatever they like: minority writers are usually forced into the position of speaking for their minority, whether they want to or not. Colette Guillaumin writes of the distinction between majority and minority:

a majority is a form of response to minority groups: its existence can only be conceived through the absence of clear-cut, limiting criteria as distinct from groups which are explicitly categorized and narrowly defined. Or, in other words, the membership of a majority is based on the latitude to deny that one belongs to a minority. It is conceived as a freedom in the definition of oneself, a freedom which is never granted to members of minorities, and which they are not in a position to give to themselves" (cited in Tajfel 1978: 7).

At this point, one could dismiss Stead's attempt to determine whether Hulme qualifies as Maori quite quickly: to impose a definition from outside the minority is in itself oppressive.

To try to avoid the sin of oppressive definition myself, I turn to some commentary on the issue by Native American writer and anthropologist, Geary Hobson. He lays out the problem of defining Native American writers this way: "In terms of politics and sociology it appears there are several ways of defining Indians: 1) the Indian tribe's, or community's, judgment 2) the neighboring non-Indian communities' judgment, 3) the federal government's judgment, and 4) the individual's judgment. *There are obvious pitfalls involved when anyone assumes an absolute position in terms of any of these viewpoints . . . [my italics]*" (8). He chooses for his anthology "writers of mixed-blood, even those who would probably have difficulty producing a Certificate of Indian Blood or a tribal enrollment number, as well as those who were born full-bloods and raised on reservations." (8). Ultimately, Hobson opts for a definition that includes several factors: "Native American writers, then, are those of Native American blood and background who affirm their heritage in their individual ways as do writers of all cultures" (10) (cf. Davis, 16-17). By Hobson's criteria, Hulme's claim to write as Maori is good.

Like her semi-autobiographical character Kerewin Holmes, she apparently feels "by heart, spirit and inclination . . . all Maori" (1985: 62). She has Maori ancestry. She is accepted as Maori by the Maori literary community and readership, and by many Pakeha. The difficulty of surveying general Maori community opinion from Canada precludes my judging its reaction to Hulme adequately, but apparently *the bone people* is widely read by Maoris (Evans 1985: 360). Hulme has consistently identified herself as a Maori. A recent anthology of Maori writing, *Into the World of Light*, edited by Witi Ihimaera and D.S. Long, published in 1982, describes her by tribe and by hapu, and further as "a contemporary Maori writer" (283). However, she has not concealed her white ancestry. In 1982, in *The Silences Between (Moeraki Conversations)*, she writes (as part of a long list): "I love . . . my tipuna, taha Maori me taha Pakeha (back cover 4th printing, 1985). In *The Oxford Anthology of New Zealand Writing Since 1945*, 1983, she is described as "of Ngai Tahu, Orkney Scots, and English descent" (xx). If those who gave her the Pegasus Award had wanted to exclude her on the basis of her White ancestry, they could easily have done so.

Stead points out that Hulme was not brought up speaking Maori, an argument that would exclude both Patricia Grace and Witi Ihimaera from genuine Maoriness, and then casts doubt on the "authenticity" of some of the Maori elements in the novel. To him they seem "willed, self-conscious, not inevitable, not entirely authentic" (104). To shift the argument from the biological to the cultural and linguistic, as Stead has just done, seems a move toward flexibility, but is, in fact, quite rigid. Many indigenous people with eight indigenous great-grandparents live in cities and no longer speak their aboriginal languages. The majority culture has either actively caused or passively allowed the loss of traditional

indigenous languages and cultures world-wide. For example, Native children in Canada were frequently either sent to boarding schools with White teachers who often punished them for speaking their native languages, or taken away from their parents and communities and sent to White foster homes (see Johnston, Wright). Canadian Native communities are still struggling for control over their children's education and foster care. For a member of a majority culture to try to deprive anyone of an indigenous identity just because of the success of this sort of program of cultural obliteration is ironic at best.

Gunew feels that the best way to deprive oneself is to "learn the language of the oppressed" (265). Hulme has done this, and incorporates, as do Ihimaera and Grace, a great deal of untranslated Maori into her work. Certainly this is a positive gesture, and understanding of a culture is widened by a knowledge of its language. But many anthropologists fluent in the languages of the people they study have revealed a less than adequate understanding of that people's culture (cf. Brumble). Further, some sociolinguists have begun to suggest that one of the reasons it is nearly impossible for us to lose the accent of our first language or dialect after puberty is that by that time most people have chosen, at some fairly deep level, to identify with the speech of their primary socialization and childhood peers. (Other linguists argue that the phenomenon is the result of a physical change in the brain.) This choice, if that is what it is, explains the survival of socially disfavoured language varieties, which have what is termed "covert prestige" strongly related to community or group identity (Milroy and Milroy). Despite the Romantic belief that language and culture are indissoluble, a language learned after the age of twelve or so thus becomes part of one's secondary socialization. Further, the range of very different cultures that use English weakens the argument for the intertwining of language and culture. Thus there is no magic self-transforming power in learning a language as an adult.⁴

Predictably, Stead says that the Pegasus Award for Maori Literature should have gone to a work with connections to traditional forms. The demand for "authenticity" denies Fourth World writers a living, changing culture. Their culture is deemed to be Other and must avoid crossing those fictional but ideologically essential boundaries between Them and Us, the Exotic and the Familiar, the Past and the Future, the "Dying" and the Living. Especially, "authentic" writing from the Fourth World must steer clear of that quintessentially "new" and ever-renewing genre, the novel. For Stead, the function of the Maori work of literature is to preserve the past, not to change the future. Given the destruction inflicted by Whites on indigenous cultures one sympathizes with this view, but indigenous peoples may well feel it is suicidal to devote the time of their best-educated to cultural preservation at the cost of political renewal. Indigenous people have been acculturated to popular western literary forms, and any writer who wishes to reach them is

unlikely to do so with a "pure" traditional form. Nor are ordinary White readers likely to be attracted to an imitation of oral poetry, and yet the majority must be reached by minority writers if change is to take place.

Finally, Stead's insistence that the Maori elements be "unconscious," rather than "willed," is essentially a demand to hear what seems "natural" to him, that is "authentic" accounts that echo the "authentic" accounts he is used to—those written by White anthropologists and those Pakeha writers who borrow this material. In fact, anthropologists have recently focussed almost obsessively on the degree to which ethnocentricity has marked and continues to mark the assumptions and results of the discipline (cf. Geertz; Swann and Krupat). Since most writing works within a limited range of ideological possibilities, the trick for most writers is to sound original while repeating the same old "truths" using the same old literary conventions. Writers who are trying to change the discursive formation, even if only a little, are usually greeted with incomprehension or annoyance. Hulme's attempt to integrate Pakeha and Maori culture in a way that transgresses the boundary between them is bound to seem "willed," since so few pieces of writing have made the attempt.

Stead does finally turn to Hulme's text and points to "the imaginative strength" of *the bone people*: "it creates a sexual union where no sex occurs, creates parental love where there are no physical parents, creates the stress and fusion of a family where there is no actual family" (104). The biological essentialism of Stead's assumption that sex and biological parenthood are the sole constituents of an "actual" family blinds him to the realization that here is Hulme's definition of Maori: "actual" Maoriness, like an "actual" family, has nothing to do with biology and everything to do with solidarity of feeling. Stead wants clear categories: either one is a Maori or a Pakeha. Although he is perceptive enough to spot the points where Hulme is violating his categories, he does not realize that she is doing so consciously and consistently.

Hulme's definition of Maori is far more liberal than either Stead's of Maori or Hobson's of American Indian. Perhaps her definition is too liberal, because if we simply conclude that if one feels Maori one is, we fall into a new set of problems. I may feel Maori, I may think I am writing as one, and be completely deluded. Indeed, as Sneja Gunew points out, even the belief that a Maori with "pure" Maori ancestry automatically will write as a Maori is flawed: the oppressed Other "supposedly speaks authentically and unproblematically as a unified subject on behalf of the groups she or he represents. . . . In the drive toward universalism one cannot admit that those oppressed others whom we hear as speaking authentic experience might be playing textual games" (262). Roland Barthes, Jacques Derrida, and Michel Foucault, to name only the most eminent, have undermined rather thoroughly the argument for the authentic and unified voice of the author. Thus, it may seem, my support for

Hulme's claim to write as a Maori has been produced only to be withdrawn again. Not quite. To see the individual writer as merely either a conduit for an eclectic range of multiple voices or the mouthpiece for the dominant discourse goes too far. Some writers are resisting writers. However, to say that anyone who qualifies as a Fourth World writer can or should write only about the Fourth World experience is simply another instance of the ubiquitous restriction of the minority. Yet some restrictions do exist.

Edward Said writes of Conrad that even when writing about the oppressed, all he "can see is a world dominated by the West, and—of equal importance—a world in which every opposition to the West only confirms its wicked power. What Conrad could not see is life lived outside this cruel tautology . . . [and] not controlled by the gringo imperialists and liberal reformers of this world" (70). By implication, some can see beyond this cruel tautology. But how far? David Maughan Brown details the extent to which even Ngugi wa Thiong'o's most radical fiction is affected by his liberal humanist education (see also Sharma). It is not possible simply to assume that a work written by an "Other" (however defined), even a politicized Other, will have freed itself from the dominant ideology. Homi Bhabha says "there is always, in Said, the suggestion that colonial power and discourse is possessed entirely by the coloniser, which is an historical and theoretical simplification" (25). Radical writing, by definition, is writing that is struggling, of necessity only partly successfully, to rewrite the dominant ideology from within, to produce a different version of reality. Hulme laboriously hammered her vision out over twelve years, beginning to write herself into a Maori and New Zealand into Aotearoa. As Terry Threadgold notes, "'ideology' is not 'out there,' imposed as it were from above, but rather, is part of the signification itself. Ideologies are constructed in language as contextualized social discourse" (29). Rewriting the dominant ideology is not easy, since the difference between Pakeha and Maori has been written into existence by the dominant discourse, and thus the process of rewriting this ideology is the work of the whole New Zealand community, rather than of any one writer.

All this makes the idea of accurately or finally distinguishing authentic from inauthentic discourse impossible: the ideal of "authenticity" has been proven to be, like so many others, relative and context-bound. This does not leave us, however, with nothing but language games. If the context is firmly kept in mind, it is possible to argue that to be classified as "Fourth World," writing must somehow promote indigenous access to power without negating indigenous difference. It is conceivable that a minority group writer, intent on acceptance by the majority, may in fact produce writing that does not do this (Tajfel, 15). For obvious reasons, indigenous critics are often the best judges of which writing does. But the issue of complicity can be tackled by anyone prepared to examine a

sufficiently wide range of writing from a critical *and* self-critical perspective. Hogue discusses Black writing that he feels is ideologically complicit with the majority, and Chris Tiffin examines Aboriginal writing that he feels falls into the same trap. Both suggest that the simple valorization of "Otherness" will never lead to political equality, and indeed often masks the need for it under an exotic surface. Maughan Brown's techniques in discussing Ngugi's novels are useful, if time-consuming, in determining whether a novel is supporting or suppressing minority rights and difference. He sets these novels in the context of Ngugi's entire oeuvre, both fiction and non-fiction, and compares its ideas, themes and images to those in a range of novels, from the most right-wing to the most left-wing, on the subject of the "Mau Mau" period in Kenya. Terry Threadgold is working on a range of texts concerning the historical murders of Whites by Aborigines upon which Thomas Keneally based his novel *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*, including contemporary newspaper accounts, police reports, another earlier novel, Keneally's novel and the movie based on it (Threadgold, 1988). Although opinions are not as entrenched and polarized in contemporary New Zealand as they were in either Kenya during the Mau Mau era or in Australia during the Boer War, Hulme's novel's position in the promotion of a "Maori" outlook can be judged in a similar way from a wide-ranging comparison of various genres of writing, contemporary and historical, about the issue. This sort of comparison allows for some understanding of where Hulme is resisting the dominant discourse on the Maori, and why.

Even a brief look at those aspects of Hulme's work that have drawn negative comment from White critics and reviewers is useful in showing her attempt to rewrite some primary majority attributes. *the bone people* has frequently been condemned as a wish-fulfillment fantasy, in that Kerewin Holmes has it all: she has won a lottery, built her dream tower, and is able to devote herself to the upper middle-class pleasures of gourmet cooking, bibelot collecting, interior decoration, and wine connoisseurship. Further, she is an artist, an Aikido expert, and indeed, as Lawrence Jones notes, "omnicompetent . . . a kind of superwoman" (203). Kerewin puts it differently: "'Really I'm just a brilliant amateur. In everything,' she adds sourly" (55). From the perspective of Hulme's intention to highlight the value of Maori culture it makes sense to have such a heroine. The point is that the main character must be shown to "have it all," and to remain dissatisfied, because "all" in the Pakeha sense is not enough. Significantly, the lottery win that permitted her to build the Tower is succeeded by estrangement from her family, the loss of her artistic talent, depression and self-loathing.

the bone people begins by laying out the openings to some of the most powerful fantasies of Western culture, but their conclusions are either dropped, reshaped, or awkwardly rushed, in an attempt by Hulme to undermine their power. The most powerful of these is the fantasy of the

self-sufficient individual, followed closely by the fantasy of the transforming power of heterosexual romance (cf. Webby 18; Dale). In a comparison of six novels by American Indian writers with frontier novels by White writers, William Bevis points out the White tendency to see life in the wilderness as the last resort of the individual hero, where he can live "like a Native," free and unencumbered by civilization. For the Native, however, the wilderness was not wild, but filled with the marks of civilization and the obligations of community. Bevis notes that he has to explain this to White students, but that his Indian students recognize the point immediately. Faced with a White frontier novel whose hero has "lit out for the territory" and escaped his past to find a home in a beautiful landscape, with a pretty and submissive Indian wife, lots to eat, and no social obligations, one of Bevis' Indian students called out *Treasure Island*. He might well have called out *Robinson Crusoe* (597).

Fantasies of escape to desert islands where the individual can prove his personal prowess and impose his individual will are part of White culture, and as Kerewin Holmes picks up Simon's sandal at the beginning of *the bone people* we find ourselves in the midst of that particular fantasy, usually male, of the bourgeois individual: "She frowns. She doesn't like children, doesn't like people, and has discouraged anyone from coming on her land." Then she goes home to her tower, and we find ourselves in a related fantasy: the isolated intellectual or writer, alone in the library, completely self-sufficient: "There is just about everything in her library" (15). She even says to herself, "Gimme something escapist . . ." (16), but as she looks for it, she catches sight of her "Friday"—not a submissive servant, but a highly developed version of the child so common in postcolonial literature as a symbol of cultural change and new beginnings (Fee). Rather than add to her self-sufficiency, Simon will destroy it, dragging her out of her individualism and into both the local Pakeha community and his extended Maori foster family. Enter Simon's handsome Maori foster father, Joe, a widower, and we seem to be at the beginning of the perfect romance: "in a flood of sensation she is aware of the rustle of the man's felted wool coat, the breadth of his shoulders contrasted with the child's bone-thinness; the blackness of his long straight hair; the half-wonderment, half-weariness of his face" (54). But, as we discover, Kerewin is "a neuter" (266), uninterested in the kind of sexual or romantic consummation commonly used to end novels.

Hulme hooks us with our favourite fantasies, and then she shows us how sterile, destructive or unnecessary they really are. Some of Hulme's intense appeal comes from her skilled use of the most potent literary patterns of Western popular fiction. Significantly, in the back where Holmes takes Joe and Simon for a vacation, there are a "hundred or so paperbacks": "Westerns, light romances, thrillers, crime stories, and all of a sudden, a Chinese Materia Medica. A little further on, Parasitic Infection of Echinoderms, a Preliminary Study, Readers Digests, National

Geographics, Woman's Weeklies, and then The Chambered Nautilus Newsletter . . . " (181). Certainly Hulme does critique the White fantasies she describes so alluringly, but their appeal still comes through strongly, perhaps strongly enough that some readers miss the critique. She discards many of them with reluctance (just as Holmes packs her most precious treasures away, even when she destroys her tower). But ultimately she both uses them and undermines them.

This point draws in a discussion about postcolonialism and postmodernism in New Zealand that involves Hulme (summarized in Jones, 201-202): "Simon During . . . deconstructs the book [*the bone people*] pointing out that it attempts to establish a 'postcolonial identity' by melding Maori and Pakeha, but that its modernist structure and assumptions ('depth' through 'psychologization of the characters', 'symbolism', and the 'overarching narrative frame' of an archetypal journey) undermine that aim by implicitly denying Maoriness with European conventions" (Jones, 202). During sees the ground of the novel's desire for a postcolonial identity as the "precolonial" Maori culture, which he argues is appropriated, "absorbed," "controlled," and finally destroyed by Hulme's "profoundly Occidental" and modernist narrative structures, even "against [the text's] own wishes" (During, 373-74). The Maori have been living within the Pakeha discursive formation for generations, however, and to imply, as During does, that somewhere a "pure" Maori precolonial convention exists, is at best to advocate a retreat into the past. Any conventions of use to the Maori in the present can be created only by struggling with the mainstream normative conventions of the Pakeha, and this is what Hulme does. Thus I would define her as a postcolonial writer who uses postmodernist techniques only to help her undermine the powerful discursive formations she is of necessity writing within. But she will not deconstruct one important modernist "overarching narrative frame," that of the discovery of a new identity in "the bone people," because it is here she must deploy the power of the Pakeha techniques she has learned so well. How else *can* she "establish a postcolonial identity," as During apparently wants her to?

However, to tackle the mainstream head on, as both Hulme and Holmes do in their different ways, requires an immense faith in the power of the individual to make change, and so, in a sense, Hulme sometimes seems to be trying to pull the rug of bourgeois individualism out from under her own feet. Judith Dale remarks on Kerewin's individualism: "the idiosyncratic self so self-consciously affirmed in the book would be lost not necessarily in community living, but in the very notion of an idealized people" (415). Kerewin never relinquishes control. Even when she is apparently dying, she resists even the most sympathetic offers of help: she will die by herself on her own terms. But we must remember the words of the kaumatua: "It is horrifyingly easy to make people perform as you wish, if they think they are in control all the time" (356).

Holmes may be based on Hulme, but Hulme has included in *the bone people* numerous clues that most of Holmes' problems are caused by her own self-enclosed individualism.

The central symbol of community, the *tricephalos*, rises out of the ashes of Holmes' tower, which must be torn down not only physically, with a sledge-hammer, but ideologically, with her "brainy nails" (7), a much more difficult task. During implies that Hulme could, even should, have destroyed the Western conventions she used in the novel. Deconstruction, however, is not destruction. Ultimately, we cannot pull the ontological ground from beneath our feet: even Derrida uses the conventions of Western metaphysics as he deconstructs them: "we cannot do without the concept of the sign, for we cannot give up this metaphysical complicity without also giving up the critique we are directing against this complicity, or without the risk of erasing difference in the self-identity of a signified reducing its signifier into itself, or, amounting to the same thing, simply expelling its signifier outside itself" (281). Thus what happens to the Tower is an instructive metaphor: it is not utterly destroyed. The new spiral building that replaces it is a different shape, but built and furnished with material from the old tower and set on the same foundations.

Many critics have noted that in the twenty pages left to the end of the novel after Kerewin recovers, any change of heart from individualism to community cannot be convincingly demonstrated. As Carmel Gaffney puts it, Hulme "fails to convince the reader that Kerewin's instant integration with her Maori past has an important function in the novel's structure" (297). For example, Kerewin undertakes the rebuilding of a Maori marae practically single-handedly, and her bemused and somewhat reluctant helpers here, "real" Maori, are sketched in even more vaguely than the possibly hallucinated helper who comes to her aid when she is dying. The rebuilding episode, in fact, is described indirectly and in retrospect in a journal entry, even more distanced from reality than the rest of the novel.

An explanation can be found by considering what kind of community Hulme is proposing. Bevis notes in his discussion of American Indian novels that

the protagonists succeed largely to the degree in which they reintegrate into the tribe, and fail largely to the degree in which they remain alone. Although such aspirations toward tribal reintegration may be treated by a novelist sentimentally, or romantically, or as fantasy, these aspirations are not *inherently* sentimental or romantic. Rather they constitute a profound and articulate continuing critique of modern European culture, combined with a persistent refusal to let go of tribal identity; a refusal to regard the past as inferior; a refusal—no matter how futile—of even the wish to assimilate. (593)

This is not completely the case with Kerewin, although certainly her contact with the mythical past and the landscape are stressed, as is her Maori identity. But she does not reintegrate *only* with the tribe, with its implications of enclosed rural Maori community, but with a range of urban Maori and Pakeha.

The difference may have something to do with the different sizes and situations of the American Indian and Maori minorities. Those of Maori descent form approximately 12% of New Zealand's population; Amerindians form less than 1% of the United States'. Because they form such a small percentage of the population, because the United States is full of competing minorities, and because they are small, culturally distinct tribes, American Indians are far more endangered culturally than the Maori. Ultimately Hulme is trying to integrate two cultures, rather than to protect one by turning away from the other. New Zealand may not be precisely a heaven for minorities, but that White New Zealanders use a Maori word to name themselves is a hopeful sign. Hulme's struggle is to visualize, not a new way for Maori to survive, but a new way for Pakeha to live more like Maori. Thus the focal building is not the rebuilt meeting house but a new structure, its spiral shape derived from Maori art forms, but its contents an eclectic mix of many cultures. Hulme writes from an unusual and presumptuous position: she is writing as Maori *and* as Pakeha for both groups: "I love my tipuna me taha Maori me taha Pakeha." The novel is the certified copy of her whakapapa she has always longed to be able to whip out when needed, to convince skeptical onlookers from both sides of the great divide. Perhaps the strong focus on self here can be explained this way: Hulme is proposing her own mediatory perspective as a model for all New Zealanders. The direction of her proposal explains her broad and liberal definition of Maori. In fact, she is, and this is perhaps why Stead has reacted so strongly, proposing that the majority Pakeha population be assimilated by the Maori minority.

Stead's final criticism of Hulme is that her work "presents extreme violence against a child, yet demands sympathy and understanding for the man who commits it. In principle such charity is admirable. In fact, the line between charity and imaginative complicity is very fine indeed" (108). He does not attempt to clarify where the imaginative complicity might lie, and says "I am not sure whether I should even attempt to explain to myself what it is constitutes that negative element . . ." (107). His discreet retirement from the argument at this point implies that he is too gentlemanly to accuse Hulme of being "soft on child abuse," and has the further impact of hinting at crimes too horrible to describe. However, everyone in the novel, Joe included, finds Joe's behaviour unjustifiable, even in view of his own unhappy childhood, and none of the descriptions of the beatings seems designed to quicken the breath of the sadistic.

In raising the issue of violence, one thing Hulme does is critique Western society's smug faith in technique and prowess as a solution to problems. Kerewin is a faster and better fighter than a man, and we, because of our immersion in and acceptance of cultural forms filled with violence, find it easy to be caught up in its excitement: "She is screaming with delight inside herself, trembling with dark joy. Fight. Fight. Fight" (190). Because she uses her power to stop Joe in the act of hitting Simon, what she does seems justified. However, after she has "stood gloating a minute," she is felled by a pain that she later compares to Seppuku—Japanese ritual suicide by disembowelment (193). The allusion is a clue to how her violence should be interpreted. Mastery of Aikido means one defuses violence, not only without violence, but also preferably without anyone's noticing the intervention. Aikido, as Kerewin explains to Joe "is not a technique to fight with . . . it is the way to reconcile the world, and make human beings one family" (199). As Joe observes, she "picked up the techniques, but not the spirit of it." Later he asks her "Did you wonder whether that pain might be a consequence of sort of misusing knowledge?" (200), a suggestion she disregards. Thus her violence turns upon her in the form of an apparently malignant growth that nearly kills her. During the fight she is completely unaware of the effect her brutal "defence" of Simon might have on the child. Joe is more aware: "But I better get up or Haimona'll be scared." Kerewin can only think "trust old hearts-and-flowers to be crying his eyes out. . . . where do your sympathies lie, child? Entirely away from yourself? Survival ain't that way, Sim. . . ." (192). As the "fittest," she is thinking only of physical survival, neglecting the spiritual and the emotional. Her physical skill cannot save Simon from Joe, because although she could have stopped his final beating with a word, she has lost her temper over a stolen knife and a broken guitar, and "hopes his father knocks him sillier than he is now" (307). Her physical and mental suffering is an indictment of the belief in technique without spiritual insight: one of Western society's greatest errors.

Even if Hulme sets out these powerful fantasies only to deconstruct and rebuild them, much as she tears down and rebuilds her tower, they are highly resistant to change. Those White cultural forms that are intolerant of difference are most recalcitrant material and it is hardly surprising that she has been unable to bend them completely to her needs. The awkward sketchiness of the conclusion draws attention both to this and to the need for more community building in the future from all New Zealanders.

Two comments from Pakeha writers give some idea of the range of reactions to the issue of the relations between Maori and Pakeha in New Zealand. Michael King, who writes Maori history, notes in an account of his work called *Being Pakeha* that two of his publications in 1983 received an unusually negative response from Maori critics, including Ihimaera, a

former ally: they felt such work should be done from within their community. His response: "Nobody would answer what seemed to me to be the most relevant question: would anything be different in the book . . . if it had been written by a Maori? I doubted it" (163). Lynley Cvtanovich, writing on New Zealand women writers in 1985, has a different reaction: "I have not attempted to fit the lives and experiences of black women in Aotearoa into this study. I have neither the necessary way of seeing nor the cultural awareness to do so. My own position within the Pakeha hierarchy of privilege disallows any attempt to undertake a task that is essentially that of the descendants of black women" (9). King clearly feels he can write as a Maori, while Cvtanovich feels that a White cannot write about Maori women with any insight and that to try to do so is inevitably to add to their oppression.

Neither position seems satisfactory. King seems oblivious of one thing (at least) that is different: Maori reception of his work. Context matters, and a work's reception becomes part of its meaning. His refusal to face changing reality, especially since his own success had been founded on the goodwill and cooperation of the Maori community, seems insensitive at best. But Cvtanovich goes so far in the other direction that she precludes the possibility that Maori literature can be a form of cross-cultural communication. Given political reality, Fourth World peoples will need to communicate their difference to the majority over and over again. If the most politically aware of the majority refuse to react in writing to Fourth World literature, interpreting it for the majority reader, and giving indigenous writers some feedback, how will the necessary communication take place? In fact, if majority critics do not deal with Fourth World literature, its chances for publication, distribution, and review are reduced, because the means of literary production are, for the most part, in majority hands (cf. Evans). That Hulme's novel nearly did not make it into print, for whatever reasons, is an instructive lesson: its chance to affect majority readers is the exception. Clearly, I feel a White who chooses to write as an indigene must produce some very cogent reasons and strong support from the minority community that provides the subject material, but it seems possible to me (or I would not be writing this article), for a White to write about Fourth World writing and culture.

To do so, however, without an awareness of the potential for adding to, rather than decreasing, the oppression of indigenous people is to invite disaster. As Terry Goldie has pointed out in "Getting it Right: Images of Indigenous Peoples in Canadian Fiction in the Eighties," the first step is to realize that we cannot get it right. In fact, no one will get it right: no text, however canonized, however authorized its source, will deliver the total truth of the native presence, because there is no such monolithic presence to deliver. This realization should not leave us helpless and tongue-tied, however. There are degrees of rightness. Indigenous writers and critics have an immediate advantage in the task

because they share the background and concerns of the indigenous writer. White critics, at the moment, have an advantage in their majority position, and their academic credentials and skills, all of which give them better access to publication and to the academic audience. Native scholar Rayna Green suggests that majority scholars should "lend themselves and their skills to Indian solutions for . . . [Indian] concerns" (266) and recognize that "'studied' peoples may demand something of the studier . . ." (267). Ultimately, as the American Indian writer Lesley Marmon Silko says of White writers who assume a Native identity, they cannot escape their complicity in their ancestors' dispossession of the indigenous people (214). They must come to terms with their own White ancestors, White socialization, and contemporary White oppression of indigenous peoples before they can start identifying with the American Indian.⁵

Too often in the past this "identification" has been a tactic adopted to avoid guilt, rather than to comprehend difference. This explains why I argue that a White writer should not write as Other: the risks are too great that privilege has obliterated that writer's awareness of difference. Thus I am forced to maintain one of those fictional but ideologically essential boundaries between Them and Us that I would prefer did not exist. However, if we do not leave the task of writing as Other to those who have experienced life as Other, what we will hear is not difference, but the distorted echo of our own monomaniacal voices. Hulme can add to her other claims to write as Maori a most important one: an awareness of the power of the dominant discourse to eradicate difference, a power Stead uses without any apparent awareness of its oppressive function. Simon's inability to communicate what he feels in a world of powerful adults becomes symbolic of the problem. But to abandon writing about the others for fear of inadvertently oppressing them is to stop listening altogether, to stop a conversation that has just started. Clifford Geertz has described this "writing about" as "a task at which no one ever does more than not utterly fail," but feels "the risks are worth running because running them leads to a throughgoing revision of our understanding of what it is to open (a bit) the consciousness of one group of people to (something of) the life-form of another, and in that way to (something of) their own" (36).

Endnotes

Part of this paper was first presented to the Association for Canadian Studies in Australia and New Zealand at their conference in Canberra in June 1988; I thank the participants for their helpful comments, and Queen's University for the travel grant. Christine St. Peter kindly allowed me to read her article on Anne Cameron in manuscript. Leslie

Monkman read this paper in draft form and made innumerable useful suggestions for its improvement. Its faults are mine.

1 I use arguments derived from studies of gender, class and racial discrimination, because these discriminations are related: see Brittan and Maynard.

2 Stead speedily argues the novel cannot be feminist, on the grounds that it was rejected by "a feminist publisher who thought it insufficiently feminist for her list" (102). Feminists have learned to refer to "feminisms" to avoid this kind of "argument." One feminist's opinion, especially when she is not named, does not an argument make.

3 Barbara Godard notes that "the native woman is everywhere a symbolic character in the English-Canadian novel: where, though, is her own voice to be heard?" She writes that Native writers like Maria Campbell, Beth Cuthand, and Jeannette Armstrong fear that the White image of Native women might become "the literary norm against which all later creative productions would be measured . . . [and] that their own perceptions of themselves would then be excluded" (89). For example, Anne Cameron, a White Canadian writer, has sold over 50,000 copies of *Daughters of Copper Woman*, based on material gathered among the Native women of Vancouver Island. Both Christine St. Peter and Barbara Godard have examined the ways in which Cameron might be considered to be writing "as Native" and those in which her writing might be seen as exploitative. (Cameron donates her royalties to Native women's projects, so the obvious material argument is out.) St. Peter examines the book's place within an ethnographic tradition, in the light of Native "copyright law," and as an important work for North American women's culture. Godard compares it with Native women's oral narrative, noting that "its woman-centered mythology is more extreme than that offered by the native women themselves," and that Cameron's personal style has created "inevitable distortions" (94-95). Although both admire Cameron's writing and attitudes, both are extremely uneasy about the authenticity of her claim to write "as Native." Cameron's position is far more morally respectable, of course, than W.P. Kinsella's. He has written 70 bestselling short stories with a "Native" narrator, yet freely admits that he knows little about the Native people of the Hobbema Reserve near Wetaskiwin, Alberta, where his works are ostensibly set, and says that he sees no need to know more (Murray 3-6). See also King.

4 I have touched too briefly on a very large discussion. The belief that language and culture are irrevocably tied developed when such a belief served German nationalism. The belief in such a tie seems to vary, depending on whether it serves a political end or not. Linguists have

debated the issue inconclusively under the heading of the 'Sapir-Whorf' hypothesis. Ngugi wa Thiong'o provides a good summary of the status of discussion in Kenya and Africa today. In fact, the effect of learning a language varies depending on which group one belongs to and where: generally, to learn another language expands the power of a majority group member, whereas minority group members who learn the majority language may well risk assimilation into the lowest class of "mainstream" society, thus losing their identity without gaining any appreciable power. In North America, with its many indigenous languages, the risks of assimilation are outweighed by the need for pan-Native political action. Native Canadian writer Beth Cuthand says "Maybe one of the most valuable gifts the colonizers gave us was the English language so that we could communicate with each other" (53). However, for writers like Ngugi, in a different political and linguistic situation, to write in an indigenous language makes good sense.

5 The figure of the indigene has had immense appeal in settler colonies to White writers anxious to provide themselves with an identity distinct from that of the Imperial power, leading to writing that appropriates and thus marginalizes the difference of the Native. Adoption of an indigenous voice implies one's right to inherit the land, and indeed many novels by white writers about indigenous themes can be seen as making "literary land claims" that naturalize White appropriation of indigenous land.

Works Cited

- Bhabha, Homi. "The Other Question . . . Homi Bhabha Reconsiders the Stereotype and Colonial Discourse." *Screen*, 24 (Nov.-Dec. 1983): 18-36.
- Berger, Peter, and Thomas Luckmann. *The Social Construction of Reality: A Treatise on the Sociology of Knowledge*. 1966. Harmondsworth: Pelican, 1984.
- Bevis, William. "Native American Novels: Homing In." *Recovering the Word: Essays on Native American Literature*. Ed. Brian Swann and Arnold Krupat. Berkeley: U of California P, 1987. 580-620.
- Brittan, Arthur and Mary Maynard. *Sexism, Racism, and Oppression*. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1984.
- Brown, David A. Maughan. *Land, Freedom and Fiction: History and Ideology in Kenya*. London: Zed Books, 1985.
- Brumble, H. David. "Anthropologists, Novelists and Indian Sacred Material." *The Canadian Review of American Studies* 11 (Spring 1980): 31-48.

- Culleton, Beatrice. *April Raintree*. Winnipeg: Pemmican, 1984 (first edition published in 1983 as *In Search of April Raintree*).
- Cuthand, Beth. "Transmitting Our Identity as Indian Writers." In *the Feminine: Women and Words / Les Femmes et les mots*. Ed. Ann Dybikowski. Edmonton: Longspoon, 1985. 53-54.
- Cvitanovich, Lynley. *Breaking the Solitude: An Analysis of the Selected Fiction of Two New Zealand Women Writers* [Jean Devanny and Edith Grossmann]. Massey University, Monograph No. 2, 1985.
- Dale, Judith. "the bone people: (Not) Having It Both Ways." *Landfall* 39 (1985): 413-28.
- Davis, Jack. "Aboriginal Writing: A Personal View." *Aboriginal Writing Today: Papers from the First National Conference of Aboriginal Writers*, 1983. Ed. Jack Davis and Bob Hodge. Canberra: Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies, 1985. 11-19.
- Derrida, Jacques. "Structure, Sign, and Play in the Discourse of the Human Sciences." *Writing and Difference*. Trans. Alan Bass. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1978. 278-93.
- During, Simon. "Postmodernism or Postcolonialism?" *Landfall* 39 (1985): 366-80.
- Evans, Miriama. "The Politics of Maori Literature." *Meanjin* 44 (1985): 358-63; also in *Landfall* 39 (1985).
- Fee, Margery. "Romantic Nationalism and the Child in Canadian Writing." *Canadian Children's Literature*, nos. 18, 19 (1980): 46-61.
- Gaffney, Carmel. "Making the Net Whole: Design in Keri Hulme's *The Bone People*." *Southerly* 46 (1986): 293-302.
- Geertz, Clifford. "Being There, Writing Here." *Harper's Magazine*, March 1988: 32-37.
- Godard, Barbara. "Voicing Difference: The Literary Production of Native Women." *A Mazing Space: Writing Canadian Women Writing*. Ed. Shirley Neuman and Smaro Kamboureli. Edmonton: Longspoon/NeWest, 1986. 87-107.
- Goldie, Terry. "Getting it Right: Images of Indigenous Peoples in Canadian Fiction in the Eighties." *English Studies in Canada* 14 (1988): 64-81.
- Green, Rayna. "Native American Women." *Signs* 6 (1980): 248-67.
- Guillaumin, Colette. *L'ideologie raciste: genèse et langage actuel*. Paris: Mouton, 1972.
- Gunew, Sneja. "Culture, Gender and the Author Function." *Southern Review* 20 (1987): 261-70.
- Hobson, Geary. "Remembering the Earth." *The Remembered Earth: An Anthology of Contemporary Native Indian Literature*. Albuquerque, N.M.: U of New Mexico P, 1980. 1-11.
- Hogue, W. Lawrence. *Discourse and the Other: The Production of the Afro-American Text*. Durham: Duke UP, 1986.
- Hulme, Keri. *the bone people*. 1983. London: Pan, Picador, 1985.
- . "Okarito and Moeraki." *Te Whenua, Te Iwi/The Land and The People*. Ed. Jack Phillips. Wellington: Allen and Unwin/Port Nicholson Press, 1987. 1-9.
- . *The Silences Between/(Moeraki Conversations)*. Auckland: Auckland UP/Oxford UP, 1982.
- Ihimaera, Witi and D.S. Long, ed. *Into the World of Light: An Anthology of Maori Writing*. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982.
- Johnston, Basil H. *Indian School Days*. Toronto: Key Porter, 1988.
- Jones, Lawrence. "Modernism, Myth and Post-Modernism: Keri Hulme and C.K. Stead." *Barbed Wire and Mirrors: Essays on New Zealand Prose*. Dunedin: U of Otago P, 1987. 201-207.
- King, Michael. *Being Pakeha: An Encounter with New Zealand and the Maori Renaissance*. Auckland: Hodder & Stoughton, 1985.
- King, Thomas, Cheryl Calver and Helen Hoy, ed. *The Native in Literature: Canadian and Comparative Perspectives*. Downsview, Ont.: ECW Press, 1987.
- Milroy, James and Lesley Milroy. *Authority in Language: Investigating Language Prescription and Standardization*. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1985.
- Morgan, Sally. *My Place*. Fremantle: Fremantle Arts Centre Press, 1987.
- Murray, Don. "Prairie Indians and Peregrine Indians: An Interview with W.P. Kinsella." *Wascana Review* 20 (1985): 3-12.
- Pearson, Bill. "Witi Ihimaera and Patricia Grace." *Critical Essays on the New Zealand Short Story*. Ed. Cherry Hankin. Auckland: Heinemann, 1982. 166-84.
- St. Peter, Christine. "'Women's Truth' and the Native Tradition: Anna Cameron's *Daughters of Copper Woman*." *Feminist Review*, forthcoming.
- Said, Edward W. "Through Gringo Eyes: With Conrad in Latin America." *Harper's Magazine*, April 1988: 70-72.
- Sharma, Govind Narain. "Third World Humanism: Munshi Premchand and Ngugi wa Thiong'o." *World Literature Written in English* 27 (1987): 296-306.
- Silko, Leslie Marmon. "An Old-Time Indian Attack Conducted in Two Parts: Part One: 'Imitation 'Indian,'" Part Two: "Gary Snyder's 'Turtle Island.'" *The Remembered Earth*. Ed. Geary Hobson. Albuquerque, N.M.: U of New Mexico P, 1980. 211-16.
- Stead, C.K. "Keri Hulme's 'The Bone People,' and the Pegasus Award for Maori Literature." *Ariel* 16 (1985): 101-108.
- Tajfel, Henri. *The Social Psychology of Minorities*. Report No. 38. London: Minority Rights Group, 1978.

- Threadgold, Terry. Introduction to *Semiotics, Ideology, Language*. Sydney: Sydney Association for Studies in Society and Culture, 1986. 15-60.
- . "Stories of Race and Gender: An Unbounded Discourse." *Functions of Style*. Ed. David Birch and Michael O'Toole. London: Pinter, 1988. 169-201.
- Tiffin, Chris. "Look to the New-Found Dreaming: Identity and Technique in Australian Aboriginal Writing." *Journal of Commonwealth Literature* 20 (1985): 156-70.
- wa Thiong'o, Ngugi. *Decolonizing the Mind: The Politics of Language in African Literature*. London: James Curry, 1986.
- Webby, Elizabeth. "Spiralling to Success." *Meanjin* 44 (1985): 15-25.
- Wright, Ronald. "Beyond Words." *Saturday Night*, April 1988: 38-46.

KOALA BOOKS OF CANADA LTD.

14327 - 95A Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, T5N 0B6 Canada
Specializing in Australian and New Zealand books.

KOALA BOOKS will obtain any Australian or New Zealand books that you require. Our prices are normally less than if you were to import the book, and we can import them quicker. You pay in Canadian funds.
(U.S. customers pay in U.S. funds)

Delivery time for import orders is 7-10 weeks by Seemail (cheapest).
Books can be imported in 2-5 weeks by airmail if requested.

Credit is extended to educational institutions.
(25% deposit is requested from individuals with their order.)

SELECTED TITLES:

David MALOUF paperbacks:

Antipodes (1985) \$10.50, US \$9.00
Blood Relations (1988) \$10.50, US \$9.00
Child's Play (1983) \$12.75, US \$10.95
Fly Away Peter (1985) \$10.50, US \$9.00
Harland's Half Acre (1985) \$10.50,
US \$9.00
Johnno (1976) \$10.50, US \$9.00
Twelve Edmonstone Street \$9.50, US \$8.25

Keri HULME paperbacks:

The Bone People \$21.95, US \$18.95

Frank MOORHOUSE paperbacks:

Forty-Seventeen (1988) \$12.75,
US \$10.95
Room Service (1987) \$9.50, US \$8.25
State of the Art: Mood of Contemporary
Australian fiction \$10.50, US \$9.00
Helen GARNER paperbacks:
The Children's Bach \$8.50, US \$7.25
Honour & Other Peoples...\$8.50,
US \$7.25
Monkey Grip \$10.50, US 9.00
Postcard from Surfers \$9.50, US 8.25