In this paper I trace the kinds of claim sometimes made about a national literature as voicing the national character, interrogate this with charges of essentialism and social construction and then look at the specificities attendant to writing the voice of the people in the case of the Caribbean. In the context of narrating a postcolonial identity I ask whether hybridity in Caribbean writing comes to represent jouissance or dislocation.

In chapter eight of Benedict Anderson’s *Imagined Communities*, Anderson refers to something he calls “the beauty of gemeinschaft”. Andersen cites the losing of oneself in the collective intonation of *The Book of Common Prayer* – “How selfless this unisonance feels!” – and he writes of the “goose-flesh to the napes” moments of reading Thomas Browne’s archaeological prose. In this paper, I would like first to work conceptually with this kind of spiritual relationship with the text as the instantiation and distilling of the voice of a people. “Through that language, encountered at mother’s knee and parted with only at

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3 ibidem, p.147
the grave, pasts are restored, fellowships are imagined, and futures dreamed,” writes Anderson.

If English-speakers hear the words ‘Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust’ – created almost four-and-a-half centuries ago – they get a ghostly intimation of simultaneity across homogenous, empty time. The weight of the words derives only in part from their solemn meaning; it comes also from an as-it-were ancestral ‘Englishness’.

A national language can evoke something of the soul of its people, can voice a commonality reinforced by its seeming naturalness to the native speaker and the semi-exclusivity of its cadences learnt within the strictures of mortality, Anderson claims. By extension, since national literatures have been called upon to provide representations of national character, arguably the literary cannon can function to enshrine and exhibit (as the museum does) that of which the language has been capable – artefacts of the artifice as it has been in use and thus material representations of the culture of a people.

If we grant that language has the capacity to capture and codify, to represent even as it structures, the spirit of a people, in the Caribbean context the challenge is surely made more complex by the fact of languages associated with a colonial past. We have seen how the writing of Césaire and Glissant renders violence unto the coloniser’s tongue, yet so

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4 ibid., p.154
5 ib., p.145
makes it one profitable to curse in. There is a feeling, surely, that were such a moment of voicing the spirit of the people grasped even fleetingly, it would constitute a mode of healing, of making whole – and a celebration of commonality, a fetishisation of blood, of soil, of *communitas*. As Edward Brathwaite writes in the poem ‘Negus’ “I / must be given words to refashion futures / like a healer’s hand // I / must be given words so that the bees in my blood’s buzzing brain of memory // will make flowers, will make flocks of birds, will make sky, will make heaven, / … it is not enough / to be pause, to be hole / to be void, to be silent / to be semicolon, to be semicolon”.⁶

Part of the debate we see running through post-colonial literature has been one as to which unit of solidarity to take as the unit of the group. As Rajagopalan Radhakrishnan puts it, “this entire discussion has to do with the geopolitical coordination of postcolonial peoples. What are some of the better modes of postcolonial identification? What forms of collective organization as a people are authentic?”⁷. Ethnicity in the case of *Négritude* and mixity in the case of *Creolité*; a nationalist pride; or a proletariat “voice of the people” united with its Marxist brethren globally? To sing the song of one’s people one must first know who those people are. Césaire said *Négritude* and later communism; Carpentier and

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Danticat speak of the memories and scars of their nations; Condé arguably finds more trans-American solidarity in feminism than in a kinship through voodoo; Roumain celebrates blackness and communism; Chamoiseau, *Creolité*; Brathwaite, *Négritude*; Retamar all of Latin America in socialist solidarity; and Walcott, the pan-Caribbean island.

It is not fatal to the project that these divergent solidarity claims exist – many of them are nested – and in the context of postcolonialism, even if these identity formations were cross-cutting, the project of catalysing a discourse of identity in the postcolonial vacuum is wholeheartedly underway.

One objection that has and will be raised regarding the project of trying to distil the song of a people is the question of essentialism. It is difficult to approach the idea of reclaiming an authentic Caribbean self (or any cultural self) in a postmodern age without meeting the claim that notions of ethnicity and national identity are socially constructed. In the essay ‘Is there a way to talk about making culture without making enemies?’, Jean Jackson writes of her difficulty as an anthropologist in describing the processes at work among the Tukanoans – the riverine inhabitants of the Vaupés region – of south-eastern Colombia. Jackson observes a process of self-reinvention among the Tukanoans who are

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“not “maintaining” traditional cultural forms so much as appropriating them as a political strategy” – one thinks of the Négritude movement’s identification with a distant Africa as a parallel involving implicit claims of cultural continuity – and she notes that this process of self-reinvention takes place partly at interfaces and interactions with outsiders and in the context of asymmetrical power relations. She writes, “Regardless of the motives of those in the metropole – to somewhat paradoxically create unifying symbols of pluralism, avoid guerrilla-Indian alliances, promote tourism, win votes – Tukanoans and non-Tukanoans are locked together in this ongoing act of creationism”\(^9\). Culture is constructed, but we should not denigrate that process – claims Jackson. Knowing the historical inaccuracy of a tradition must not be privileged above the accuracy of an ethnographic reality because: “In the final analysis, it is the actors who create linguistic or ethnographic reality; ethnicity or culture is not some mystical force existing apart from them”\(^10\). We are reminded of Marie-Sophie’s voice reconstructing and fictionalising history in _Texaco_: “And if it didn’t happen like that, that doesn’t matter…”\(^12\).

However, singing the song of the tribe does surely at least mean being one of those

\(^9\) Jackson (1989), p.128
\(^10\) ib., p.138
\(^11\) ib., p.137
one seeks to speak for. The politics of poetics surely demands, does it not, that the representatives of Caribbean identity themselves are Caribbean through and through? Yet, as a corollary of its archipelagic status and its geopolitical status, Caribbean writers more often than not are the kind of traditional intellectuals, in Gramscian terms, who have undertaken pilgrimages to the metropole. Although Retamar may wish these non-organic Ariels to lend their power to the “filas revueltas y gloriosas” of the Caliban class, there is a chance that some of their sympathies lie elsewhere.

This is the context within which I wish to situate the question: what are the potentialities and problems with hybridity in the Caribbean? That which Homi K. Bhabha articulates as play describes one possible attitude towards the inherent ambivalence experienced by a prodigal post-colonial returning to the periphery or by a code-shifting subaltern who has learnt the modes of the metropole. In the OED “hybrid” is defined as “Derived from heterogeneous or incongruous sources; having a mixed character; composed of two diverse elements”. If, as Antonio Benítez-Rojo claims, the Caribbean as a discursive space is characterised by a system of relative machines of flow and of interruption in which performance and improvisation can give voice “in a certain kind of

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13 Roberto Fernández Retamar, Todo Caliban (San Juan: Ediciones Callejón, 2003), p.98
way” to the submerged histories denied by colonialism, what are the political implications of cultural code-switching? Radhakrishnan points to the potential for a deficit of the authentic self inherent in the celebratory postmodern attitude towards identity as bricolage and argues that for the developing world, far from representing a cosmopolitan frisson, hybridity has traditionally been marked by pain and agonizing dislocations. Is the ambiguity of the hybrid subject position ultimately an abdication from political commitment to a group and therefore from social and moral responsibility? Does hybridity not deleteriously depoliticise and deconstruct the vitality of kinship (both actual and fictive)? Does it not jeopardise one’s identification and emotional bonds with the territory (as nation state which must be defended, supported) and the land (as a source of grounding in memory and physical sense)?

First let us look at a representation of successful hybridity. In Jacques Roumain’s Masters of the Dew, Manuel’s harsh apprenticeship in Cuba arguably grants the protagonist the opportunity and the impetus to define the poetics of a Haitian nationalism: “That’s what I am, this very earth! I’ve got it in my blood. Look at my color. … This land is the black

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man’s” 16. Lord Acton’s aphorism states that “Exile is the nursery of nationality” 17 and, accordingly, in his return from Cuba after 15 years of cane cutting 18, Manuel can see beyond parochial feuding at the village level to unite the peasantry of Fonds Rouge: “For years, hate had become with them a habit. It had given an object and a target to their impotent anger against the elements. But Manuel had translated into good Creole the exacting language of the thirsty plain” 19. This hybridity is politically successful because Manuel looks beyond his cultural system, but can still speak to it persuasively – Manuel, despite his hybridity can meet the exacting standards of “good Creole”, the local register. Stuart Hall claims that “Migration is a one way trip. There is no “home” to go back to. There never was” 20. This is not the picture of migration presented by Roumain whose own education in Europe would similarly have allowed him the distance and the difference within which to reconstruct the self.

In Michelle Cliff’s No Telephone to Heaven, the protagonist Clare sees a broach with the Cross of Lorraine on it in Portobello Market one Saturday. “She did not buy it

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18 Roumain (1978), p.36
19 ib., p.131
because she did not want to pay the price – she had to conserve her money, she told herself – and couldn’t bring herself to bargain with the seller, knowing that her half-American half-Jamaican intonation would draw comments and make her conspicuous, the last thing she wanted”\textsuperscript{21}. Significantly, the broach also has the word “Ré\textsuperscript{22}istez” on it.

Homi Bhabha makes the following observations on what it means to be a postcolonial subject in the metropole: “caught in-between a ‘nativist’, even nationalist, atavism and a postcolonial metropolitan assimilation, the subject of cultural difference becomes a problem that Walter Benjamin has described as the irresolution, or liminality, of ‘translation’, the element of resistance in the process of transformation, ‘that element in a translation which does not lend itself to translation’\textsuperscript{23}. In what he identifies as the misnaming of Islam that occurs within \textit{The Satanic Verses}, it is “the indeterminacy of diasporic identity”, Bhabha claims, that is “the secular, social cause for what has been widely represented as the ‘blasphemy’ of the book”\textsuperscript{24}. The suggestion here is that far from representing a clash between fundamentalism and cosmopolitanism, between ancients and moderns, or between the devout and the profane; the flashpoint of \textit{The Satanic Verses} was

\begin{thebibliography}{9}
\bibitem{Cliff96} Michelle Cliff, \textit{No Telephone to Heaven} (New York: Plume, 1996), p.112
\bibitem{Cliff96b} Cliff (1996), p.112
\bibitem{Bhabha94} Homi K. Bhabha, \textit{The Location of Culture} (London: Routledge, 1994), p.224
\bibitem{Bhabha94b} Bhabha (1994), p.225
\end{thebibliography}
emblematic of a cultural conflict between the aesthetic of a migrant postcolonial identity – cosmopolitans who inhabit an irresolvably hybrid cultural borderland – and the poetics of those for whom it is possible to blaspheme against the integrity of culture because the categories of purity and danger are tenable. Bhabha points us back to the anxiety inherent in hybridity, what Sara Suleri writes of a “postcolonial desire for deracination”\textsuperscript{25}, and an anxiety that derives from a condition which can render “contingent and indeterminate” what Alisdair Macintrye has called “naming for” – “the shared standpoint of the community, its traditions of belief and enquiry”\textsuperscript{26}.

In the isolation of the first months of her self-imposed exile in London, Clare descends into increasing loneliness and anomie. The broach is a significant symbol for her because it represents the tantalising possibility of making a link back to her past, her homeland – but ironically a link with strong colonial resonances. The broach reminds her of her former membership of the house of Arc, and the words of St Joan she had been taught at St Catherine’s School for Girls as a child. She recalls “the expatriate women and light natives trying their best to civilize her and other girls like her”\textsuperscript{27}. The possibility for resistance within this hybrid identification is seriously problematised as the Résistez evokes

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\textsuperscript{25} Cited by Bhabha (1994), p.225
\textsuperscript{26} Bhabha (1994), p.225
\textsuperscript{27} Cliff (1996), p.109
\end{flushright}
St. Joan’s words “I will dare, and dare, and dare, until I die”\textsuperscript{28} – an absoluteness which, we are told, “drew her to it”\textsuperscript{29}; but which by its very uncomplicated nature is a badge of identity she cannot identify with absolutely: “The sense of cause – clear-cut, heroic – one she could not join”\textsuperscript{30}. The broach – a symbol of resistance in her free-fall through the foreign, a token of the familiar periphery, ironically remembered in sway to the metropole – catches her eye, she thinks of it often during the week, and when she returns “to claim it”\textsuperscript{31}, it is no longer there.

In No Telephone to Heaven, Harry/Harriet and Clare find themselves in interstitial subject positions, the one on gender, the other on the location of self in relation to the dialectic of metropole/periphery. Harry/Harriet asks Clare if she considers him strange, she replies, “no stranger than I find myself. For we are neither one thing nor the other”\textsuperscript{32}. Harry/Harriet warns that “the time will come for both of us to choose. For we will have to make the choice. Cast our lot. Cyaan live split. Not in this world”\textsuperscript{33}. Finally, upon Clare’s return to Jamaica, “Harriet live and Harry be no more … the choice is mine, man, is

\textsuperscript{28} ibid., p.112
\textsuperscript{29} ib.
\textsuperscript{30} ib.
\textsuperscript{31} ib., p.113
\textsuperscript{32} ib., p.131
\textsuperscript{33} ib.
made”34. For Clare, the decision to end hybridity is foregrounded and politicised repeatedly by those around her. In her mother’s last letter to her eldest daughter, Kitty chides Clare: “A reminder, daughter – never forget who your people are”35. Harry/Harriet drops his voice in seriousness at the nightclub at the Pegasus to say, “Jamaica’s children have to work to make her change. It will be worthwhile … believe me”36. Later he writes, “I find myself closer to my choice, girlfriend. How about you? Jamaica needs her children – I repeat myself I know”37. As Wendy W. Walters writes, “part of what draws Clare back to Jamaica is the prodding of her friend Harry/Harriet, who writes to her in Europe, keeping her updated on the decay and despair of her island home. Harry/Harriet continually reminds Clare of her own belonging to Jamaica, as well as her accountability”38.

Hybridity here seems to have a political cost – it involves an abdication of responsibility, an abnegation of necessary commitment to some homeland and its security. In the words of Biddy Martin and Chandra Talpade Mohanty’s 1986 essay subtitled “What’s Home Got to Do with It?”, Clare is slowly “learning at what price privilege, comfort, home and secure notion of self are purchased, the price to herself and ultimately to

34 ib., p.168
35 ib., p.103
36 ib., p.127
37 ib., p.140
38 Walters (1998), p.224
others”⁴⁰. Bobby too, speaks to denying a troubling hybridity of sorts when he imports a puritanically bifurcated paradigm imposed onto a racialised self – “You know, there are people who look one way and think another, feel another. We can be very dangerous, to ourselves, to others. Got to quell one side, honey, so I was taught”⁴⁰.

In 1937 the island of Hispaniola was no place to celebrate Caribbean hybridity. In Edwidge Danticat’s *The Farming of Bones*, we see a brutal extension of the logic of Haitian migrant workers being treated merely as units of labour in the Dominican Republic’s *travay tè pou zo*. In Rafael Leónidas Trujillo’s massacre the word for parsley becomes the single most important signifier of difference – differentiating the Francophone Haitians from the Spanish pronunciation of the Dominicans. Amabelle Désir wants to be able to code-switch in the face of the interrogative, “Que diga perejil”⁴¹, but she is unable to, despite having performed such a transition before.

At that moment I did believe that had I wanted to, I could have said the word properly, calmly, slowly, the way I often asked “Perejil?” of the old Dominican women and their faithful attending granddaughters at the roadside gardens and markets, even though the trill of the *r* and the precision of the *j* was sometimes too burdensome a joining for my tongue”⁴².

In its more extreme manifestations, the nation-building project finds in heterogeneity an

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⁴¹ Cliff (1996), p.152
⁴³ ibid.
anathema – and the hybrid nature of migrants offends against the ideal correspondence between nation and state – as Sebastien reports, “They say we’re an orphaned people … They say some people don’t belong anywhere and that’s us. I say we are a group of vwayajè, wayfarers”\(^{43}\). We ought perhaps to recognise that potential hybridity is more problematic when boundaries are more porous. Hispaniola’s is one of the few significant land borders in the Caribbean – most of the other Caribbean discourses of national identity may find their completion at the water’s edge. This Caribbean borderland calls to mind Derrida’s words comparing the frontier between speech and writing with “the limit separating two opposed places like Czechoslovakia and Poland, [they] resemble each other, regard each other; separated nonetheless by a frontier all the more mysterious … because it is abstract, legal, ideal”\(^{44}\). In such interstices hybridity represents a dangerously destabilising impurity.

To move towards a conclusion, Radhakrishnan argues that hybridity in the Caribbean is fundamentally different from hybridity in the metropole. He writes: “whereas metropolitan hybridity is ensconced comfortably in the heartland of both national and transnational citizenship, postcolonial hybridity is in a frustrating search for constituency

\(^{43}\) ib., p.56

and a legitimate political identity”\textsuperscript{45}. He argues that before we can ask questions about what kinds of change are desirable in the postcolonial world, “we need to have a prior sense of place which then gets acted on by the winds of change”\textsuperscript{46}.

I would argue that this prior sense of place would be as follows. Hybridity is, it seems, the default situation of the Caribbean. I will claim that the property of hybridity resonates with what is quintessentially Caribbean in four distinct ways: because it can encompass the Caribbean’s historical disjunctures; because double consciousness is inherent in postcoloniality; because understanding creole as a linguistic phenomenon that instantiates hybridity offers us the possibility of conceptually reconciling issues of constructedness and authenticity; and because the performance of hybridity evinces a comfortableness with ambiguity and a will to solidarity that is celebrated as Caribbean.

To quote from Price and Price’s essay ‘Shadowboxing in the Mangrove’: “Colonized for more than five centuries, quintessentially Western, Caribbean peoples face the challenge of somehow recasting the modernist paradigm of progress, unashamedly triumphalist and Eurocentric”\textsuperscript{47}. Speaking of the long trajectory of hybridity in Latin America more broadly in \textit{Hybrid Cultures: Strategies for Entering and Leaving Modernity},

\textsuperscript{45} Radhakrishnan (1993), p.753
\textsuperscript{46} ibid., p.765
\textsuperscript{47} Richard Price and Sally Price, ‘Shadowboxing in the Mangrove’, \textit{Cultural Anthropology}, Vol.12, No.1 (February 1997), p.4
Néstor García Canclini writes, “We remember formerly the syncretic forms created by Spanish and Portuguese matrices mixing with indigenous representation. In the projects of independence and national development we saw the struggle to make cultural modernism compatible with economic semimodernization, and both compatible with the persistent traditions”. The most recent instalment of this repeated interruption would include transnational migration, increased tourism and other aspects of globalisation; as well as cultural, economic, political and military imperialism.

Hybridity is consistent with the Caribbean consciousness because the aesthetic of hybridity involves a starting-point of double consciousness – an experience which mirrors that of postcoloniality. Radhakrishnan argues for “delineating postcoloniality as a form of double consciousness, not as an act of secession from the metropolitan regime”. Yet conceiving of postcoloniality as a double consciousness need not mean adopting the kind of hybridity qua political abdication which may be feared. Instead, the double consciousness here operates as an awareness out of which Benjaminian elements of difference and resistance can be identified. Glissant puts it as follows:

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And, if the Martinican intuitively grasps the ambiguity of both his relationship with French and his relationship with Creole – the imposed language and the deposed language respectively – it is perhaps because he has the unconscious sense that a basic dimension is missing in his relation to time and space, and that is the Caribbean dimension. As opposed to the unilateral relationship with the Metropolis, the multidimensional nature of the diverse Caribbean. As opposed to the constraints of one language, the creation of self-expression.\footnote{Edouard Glissant, \textit{Caribbean Discourse: Selected Essays}, trans. J. Michael Dash (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1989), p.165}

Or as he writes in ‘Free and Forced Poetics’, “What creole transmitted, in the world of Plantations, was above all a refusal”\footnote{Edouard Glissant, ‘Free and Forced Politics’, \textit{Ethnopoetics}, ed. Michel Benamou and Jerome Rothenberg, (Boston: Alcheringa, 1976), p.98; cited by Simon Gikandi, ‘E.K. Brathwaite and the Poetics of the Voice: The Allegory of History in “Rights of Passage”’, \textit{Callaloo}, Vol. 14, No. 3 (Summer 1991), p.728}. Creole itself epitomises the manner in which hybridity can operate as a mode of resistance in the Caribbean. More radically however, Glissant’s writing suggests the possibility of a creative space for the carving out of a Caribbean self between, in this case, French and Creole. This would be a space which occurs initially as a growing awareness of absences and which develops as a function of postcoloniality lived between two epistemes, neither of which is fully adequate to task of mediating the hybrid Caribbean self between them.

Creole also offers us a metaphor for understanding what is authentic about a constructed cultural voice. To return to Jean Jackson’s article on the making of culture, Jackson sees pidgin-creoles as offering us the chance “to see culture and identity as something in flux, something negotiated and grasped for, as opposed to acquiesced and
possessed”. If we extend this metaphor, comparable resistance is noted by linguists in what is termed “hyper-creolization”, whereby ostensibly mistaken hyperforms are circulated in what can be “a nationalistic reaction against the oppressive corrective pressures from the standard language, an “aggressive asserting of linguistic discreteness and superior status for creole””

Finally, hybridity as instantiated in creole is able to inform what Benítez-Rojo characterizes as quintessentially Caribbean – fluidity, improvisation and “a certain kind of way”

Gordon Rohlehr describes what he sees as a “creole continuum” – “the creole complex of the region is not simply an aggregation of discrete dialect forms but an overlapping of ways of speaking between which speakers move with ease”

In the ambivalence of that word “certain”, from “a certain kind of way”, lies the feelingly sought commonality, a test of comfortableness with ambiguity – as though the need to ask for more explanation would betoken a lack of Caribbeanness in spirit – and the function of a disparateness that needs and desires to construct kinship.

52 Jackson (1989), p.139
53 ibid., pp.136-37
54 Benítez-Rojo (1996), p.23
56 Benítez-Rojo (1996), p.23
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