



# POSTCOLONIAL READING AND IDENTITY

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Reading 'is fundamentally a matter of mediation, translation, even transduction; it is what allows texts to move across temporal, spatial, and cultural boundaries, as they are slotted into new and ever changing frames.'

Rita Felski, 'Introduction', *New Literary History* 45.2  
(2014): vi

Reading becomes 'social' through 'union' with the writer's mind: 'the strange alchemical moment of contact between reader and author' [causes] 'micro-explosions, [brings] change, [creates] openings'.

Nina Schjonsby, ed., *Flying Letters* (Oslo: Tekstbyraet, 2017)

A picture [text] is not thought out and settled beforehand. While it is being done it changes as one's thoughts change. And when it is finished it still goes on changing according to the state of mind of who ever is looking at it. ... the picture [text] lives only through [the person] who is looking at it.

Christian Zervos, statement by Picasso Picasso, *50 years of his art* (1946), 272

Hermeneutics is not what critics *do* to the poem,  
since interpretation is happening *in* the poem.

Special issue of *Representations* 108.1 (Fall 2009), on 'The  
way we read now', in particular, editors Stephen Best and  
Sharon Marcus, 'Surface Reading: An Introduction', 1-21.

# ÉDOUARD LOUIS: 'FOR MY FAMILY, A BOOK WAS A KIND OF ASSAULT'

*THE GUARDIAN, 11 FEBRUARY 2017*

Literature was not something we paid any attention to - quite the opposite. On television we would see that literary prizes went mostly to books that did not speak of us, and in any case, just like the taxi driver, we were aware that, prize or no prize, books in general took no interest in our lives. My mother would say it over and over: us, the little folks, no one is interested in us. It was the feeling of being invisible in the eyes of other people that drove her to vote for Marine Le Pen, as did most of my family. My mother would say: she's the only one who talks about us.

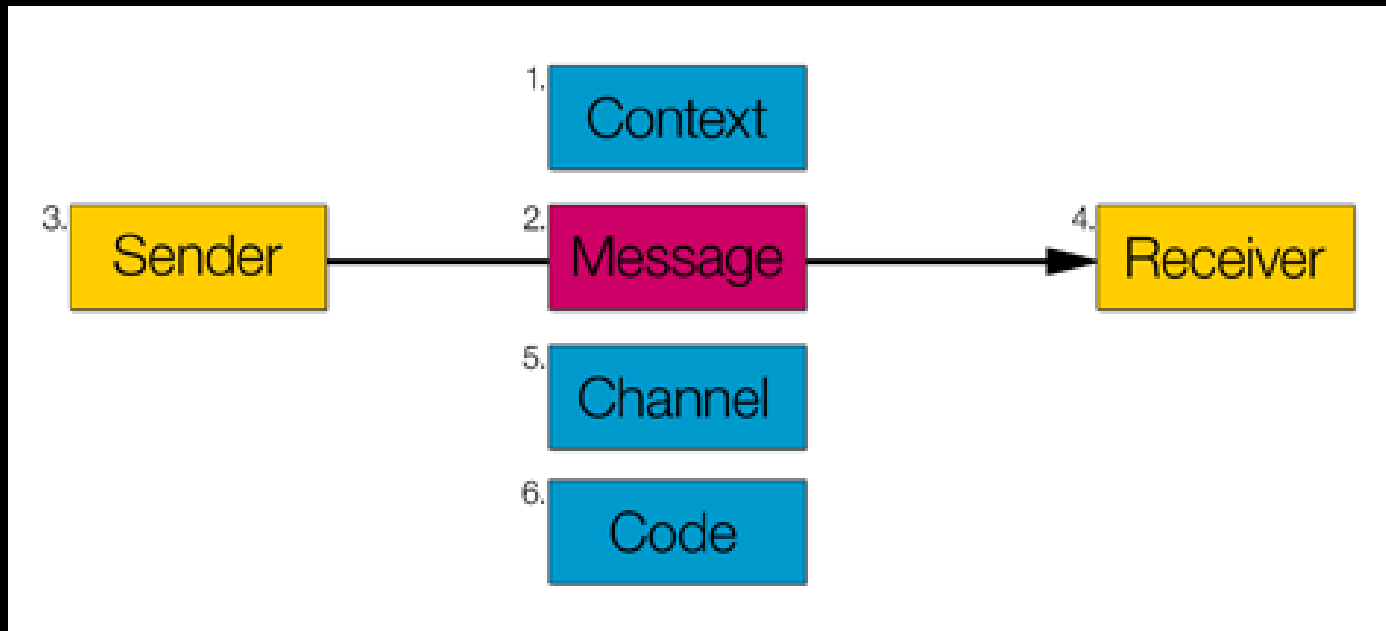
# AMINATTA FORNA: 'WE MUST TAKE BACK OUR STORIES AND REVERSE THE GAZE'

*THE GUARDIAN, 17 FEBRUARY 2017*

The power of the story lies in the hands of the storyteller, to see oneself only ever reflected through the eyes of another is to view the self through a distorting lens, this is the shared experience of all those whose place in history has been marginalised.

Cornelius Eady, a founder of Cave Canem (a writers' centre with a focus on African American poets and writers), said with startling foresight: "Right now, as we speak, uptown there are people in a building that are trying to write a narrative about who we are, and who we are supposed to be and what to do about us. When you lose that story or you ... allow that narrative to be taken from you, bad things happen. It is our job and our duty to make sure we get to write our own story, the fullness of who we are ... in our own language."

# BEYOND CODE: HOW DO WE GET THERE?



Jakobson's six functions of language

([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jakobson%27s\\_functions\\_of\\_language](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jakobson%27s_functions_of_language))



LONGLISTED FOR THE ORANGE PRIZE FOR FICTION 2010



NADIFA MOHAMED

# *Black Mamba Boy*

'A novel of elegance and beauty ... stunning'

THE TIMES

Jama's journey that becomes his life begins in Hargeisa, Somaliland, and threads through Aden, war-torn Eritrea and Palestine, finally taking him all the way to England.



*London, England, August 2008*

*Aden, Yemen, October 1935*

*Hargeisa, Somaliland, March 1936*

*Djibouti Town, Djibouti, September  
1936*

*Assab, Asmara, Omhajer, Eritrea,  
October 1936*

*Omhajer, Eritrea, December 1936*

*Keren, Eritrea, 1941*

*Gerset, Eritrea, July 1941*

*Sudan, Egypt and Palestine, December  
1946*

*Exodus, May 1947*

*Port Talbot, Wales, September 1947*

IMRAAN COOVADIA

TALES  
OF THE  
METRIC  
SYSTEM  
A NOVEL

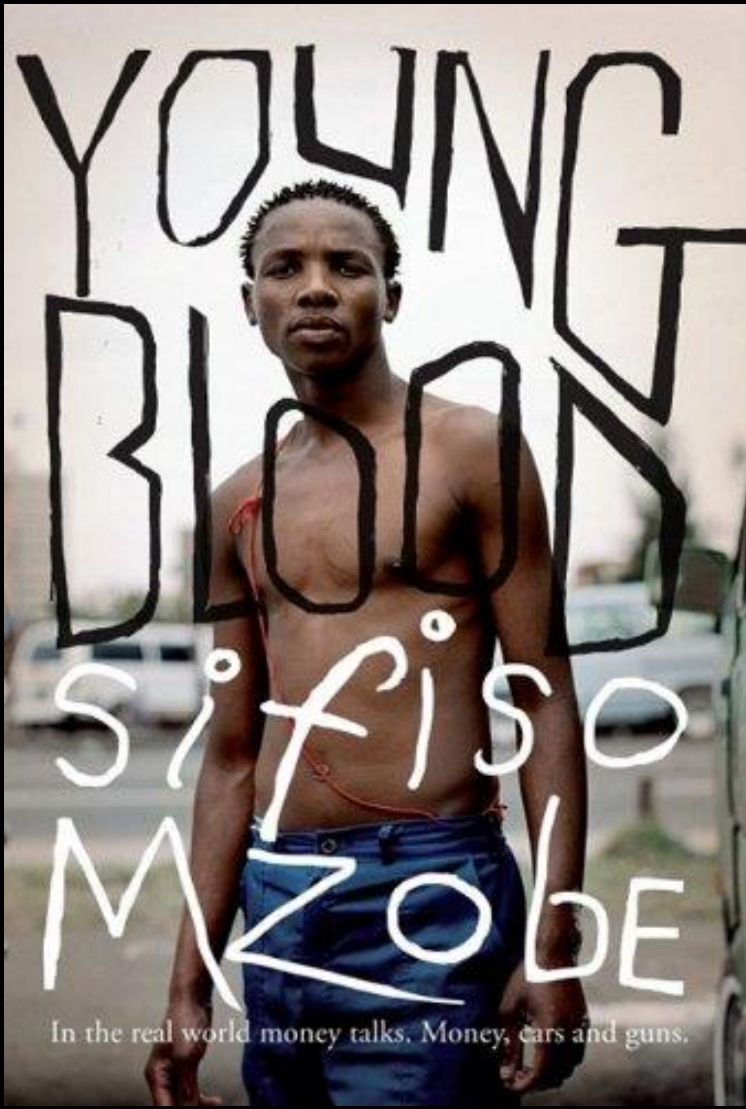
'A journey through the familiar  
to somewhere completely new.'

AMINATTA FORNA

IMRAAN  
COOVADIA  
High Low In-between

A NOVEL

'A wise book, full of provocative  
insights.' – Vikas Swarup,  
author of *Slumdog Millionaire*



YOUNG  
BLOOD  
Sifiso  
MZOBHE

In the real world money talks. Money, cars and guns.

# KOLEKA PUTUMA, 'WATER'

The memory of going to the beach every New Year's eve  
Is one I share with cousins, and most people raised black  
How the elders would forbid us from going in too deep  
To giggle, to splash, in our black tights and **Shoprite plastic bags** wrapped around our new  
weaves, forbid us from riding the wave,  
For fear that we would be a mass of blackness swept by the tide  
And never to return  
Like litter. [...]