

**Bernth Lindfors: The Archive and the
Question of Truth¹**
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“this way truth lies”
Bernth Lindfors

In his 1978 lecture in Ibadan on “The Future of African Literary Studies,” Bernth Lindfors argues for the necessity to create an archive for literary studies, pleading for the heritage of the larger Nigerian community. He calls for a Nigerian repository, inquiring why there is none, and what is being done about it: “Please forgive my monotonous aggressiveness. I’m only asking the questions that your posterity will ask of you.” Finally he brings forth the basis on which his passionate pleas rest, and on which his own scholarship turns as well—the core of the kola: “You may wonder why I am so obsessed with the preservation of literary documents. The reason is that I believe that this way truth lies” (167).

This is the truth of his work: a truth that has been at the centre of *Research in African Literatures* for all the years of his editorship², and of his research and teaching for this long career of scholarship and discipline-shaping. This is the truth of literary studies as understood by the academy:

I believe that future generations of scholars will be less cavalier than we have been in handling facts if we leave them reliable tools to work with. I believe that some literary truths are virtually impossible to establish in the absence of trustworthy records. And I believe we have an obligation not only to seek the truth ourselves but also to help others seek it. The future of

African literary studies will be glorious only if we strive now to make it so. (167)

This is the statement of Bernth Lindfors's literary legacy.

For me, the questions posed by claims of truth must begin with the notion that truth does not exist in the abstract, and is always a truth *for*, not truth *per se*. A truth for whom, one might ask, when searching the truth for the future. A truth, but presented by whom? And if it is to be a collected truth, a published truth, an established, authoritative truth, then the question is, a truth in whose interest? Authorized by whom? It is not a blithe question of cultural relativism, not a question of Nigerian truth versus American truth, but rather the recognition that truth is not an independent concept. It is bound up with the same forces and interests that contrive to produce a culture, that is, forces with their own interests, and that are articulated in the clothing provided by truth. Lies might be seen as the coverings of those who would wish their truths to prevail over those of others. Research and publication are never uncomplicated, never pure, but are always clothed. In my following comments I will explore attempts to present approaches to truth in the work of Peter Gay and Charles Hanly, who consider scientific understandings of the issues, and then of the structuralist Roger Abrahams, whose limitations provide me with the basis for a critique of the work of Lindfors.

Lindfors and I had a brief exchange over our difference of opinion about how to view truth, but before presenting it I would like to frame the issue along similar lines raised by the psychoanalyst Charles Hanly and by the historian Peter Gay. In the preface to Hanly's *The Problem of Truth in Applied Psychoanalysis* (1992), Gay approaches the question of truth by posing the question, "what is the meaning of Rousseau's *Contrat social*" (viii)? He presents five different hermeneutic models, two of which might be construed as diametrically opposed. In the first, the *Contrat* is interpreted as an "intervention" in Genevan politics and in the second, part of a continuum of philosophical debate over issues involving social structures dating back to Plato. Their "incompatibility" is based on assumptions about context and intention, both also foundations for Lindfors's. In the first reading, the relevant context is

supplied by contemporary Genevan politics, and Rousseau's intention is read as an attempt to influence those local affairs in which he had long taken a strong interest. In the second reading, the context is supplied by Rousseau's own work with political theorists dating back to the Greeks, and his intention is read in terms of his staking out a position "as a fully qualified participant in a centuries-long controversy among political theorists" (ix). Gay goes on to claim that a reading asserting "the *Contrat social* is an intervention in Genevan politics and nothing more must inevitably clash with the reader who holds that that *Contrat social* is exclusively part of a debate stretching back to Plato" (ix). He states that, "these incompatible readings cannot both be true, though they may, of course, both be false" (ix). He then backs away from the notion that there is one absolutely correct interpretation, even though the two "cannot both be true." Less over-reaching than a single Truth are diverse truths that are relative to the interpretive frame within which they are developed: "there is a more modest way of assigning meaning, and that is to see each as part of a larger configuration" (ix). With Rousseau, he goes on to say, multiple meanings are almost inevitable, and further, "meanings can be complementary rather than conflicting" (ix-x). With this banal truism, Gay avoids the issue of Truth altogether, and yet, backs into the original terms of the debate, one which has repeatedly animated controversy over postmodernism: "yet [I am] insisting at the same time that the *Contrat social* was only one book, a book written in the past, and not some invention, or construction, of a 20th-century reader" (x).

This insistence on facticity, contextualization, together with authorial intent and textual autonomy parallels precisely Lindfors's own repudiation of that literary trajectory that led from structuralism to postmodernism. In 1987 Lindfors published *The Blind Men and the Elephant*, beginning his "Introduction" with the following statement: "In an intellectual climate dominated by formalistic theoretical concerns, biographical criticism may seem an unfashionable mode of academic discourse. The New Critics, the Structuralists, and now the Deconstructionists, by focussing intently on the internal dynamics of a text, have depersonalized modern literary studies by ignoring the author behind the text,

claiming that he or she is irrelevant to their analytical pursuits.” He goes on to ask, “why should anyone today take an interest in examining something as old-fashioned as the relationship between a human being and a text?” His answer:

Literature, one of man’s most interesting creations, certainly is worthy of rigorous scrutiny, but even the most exacting literary scholarship will be of little value if it does not ultimately lead us to a better understanding of ourselves and others. Although verbal constructs may be fascinating to contemplate solely for their own sake, they remain human products, and as such, cannot be comprehended fully until they have been traced back to a specific human source in a particular human environment. The text, in other words, is so completely conditioned by its shaping context that it cannot be adequately grasped and appreciated without some knowledge of its creator and the circumstances that prompted its creation. (1)

This might be taken as Lindfors’s credo, to which one might add the warning he attached to his chapter on Soyinka’s early work and juvenalia in *Early Nigerian Literature* (1982): “literary scholars and critics who ignore such an important formative phase in Soyinka’s career do so only at the risk of talking through their hats” (139–140).

There is a continuous shifting of the notion of truth, from that of the one correct interpretation of the text, to the “human source,” the biographical site of intentionality, to the correct historical or contemporary frame within which to situate it, to the archival presence and description of the literal literary object itself. The notion of truth moves in the direction of an ineluctable concreteness, if not an inevitable sense of meaning, and that concreteness is displaced onto the archive itself. When Gay moves in this direction, he admits that several historical interpretations of the storming of the Bastille might be argued, but that the “fact” of the Bastille’s fall is irrefutable: “the fact is that the taking of the Bastille happened, and happened once, and happened in only one way” (xi). In this he echoes, indirectly, Lindfors’s own qualification of structuralist or language-oriented approaches as limited since “verbal constructs may be

fascinating to contemplate solely for their own sake,” but such contemplation would seem to be far removed from the concreteness of factual situatedness wherein truth may be tracked. The dependence of “the fact of the Bastille” upon the narration of that event for its irrefutable place in history disappears in this assertion of historical reality.

African literature has long been subjected to these strong claims in favour of concrete truths, usually presented in sociological terms. But the debate has fascinating ramifications, for the debate over truth extends to every epistemological field, with the inevitable parallels to science and psychoanalysis. For normative scientific practice, truth is never presented as the measure of knowledge, but is a kind of derivative concept that flows from notions of correctness. Hypotheses are tested not for their truth-value, but to see whether the results are correct and consistent. The framing of the issue takes the form of the presentation of meaningful problems in such a way as to suggest that there might be correct or incorrect solutions. The problem might take the form of psychological symptoms, and the solution to the “jigsaw” of messy indications, for Freud, would be a correct reading that successfully accounts for symptoms by tracing them back to their cause in the patient’s earlier childhood experiences; the veracity of the interpretation would be educed from the success of the analyst’s treatment and cure. Reading a text for an author’s intention follows the same kind of logic. Similarly, a scientific observation, followed by experimental testing of hypotheses, would lead to the discovery of truths to the extent that those truths, those correct solutions, would account for the observations. Hanly dubs this approach the theory of *correspondence* because truth is seen to emerge from the correspondence between an object and its description. There is no multiplicity of meaning or indefinite play of signification, but rather a form of philosophical realism because of the grounding of this correspondence in a reality that is not dependent on the act of narration.

The problems attached to this school of realism begin to dissolve along with causality, the underlying basis for positioning the notion of truth in terms of a problem whose solution is to be sought, when motives rather than causes are evoked. For the competing approach to cor-

respondence, we turn to notions of *coherence* where, in place of causality, “motives become reasons” (9), thus acquiring “a wonderfully amorphous, open-textured nature that allows them to be ‘correctly’ construed in a variety of ways. Interpretation is an expansion and complication of the context of an action.” And further, “narrative coherence becomes the operative criterion of truth” with “as many true understandings as there are coherent, comprehensive, unified narratives about the motivating reasons” (9). Hanly associates this open-ended approach with idealism, thus moving its grounding from object to discourse, and effectively eliminating any reason to turn to the term “truth” as an indicator of the correctness of the solution to a problem. Stated differently, the second theory, that of coherence, *emphasizes the discourse which frames the event or problem*, thus structuring the truth that emerges. According to the theory of correspondence, the event or problem suggests what discourse would be appropriately utilized in order that the correct solution might be discovered. As Hanly writes, “adequately formulated scientific theories or commonsense beliefs yield predictions and give rise to expectations that can be tested by observing what actually happens. These observations have meaning in their own right, independently [sic] of the theories or beliefs we have about their objects” (21). In psychoanalytical terms, the patient who comes to an awareness of the past causal factors that lead to her psychological constitution or symptoms achieves self-awareness. If this awareness were relative to this or that model, it would not be self-knowledge but self-delusion. But it is based on a model that is relative to the psychological constitution itself.

Hanly applies the same reasoning to historical causation. It is not, he claims, historical discourses that construct events, but events that suggest appropriate discourses that succeed in accounting for those events. Marxist or capitalist explanations of the British Reform Bill of 1832 might be put forth, but in the final analysis, “the question is what reconstruction of the economic factors influencing political actions during this period of British history is the correct one. Either the ascertainable facts can make a decisive contribution to the choice of an interpretative frame of reference, or we cannot reconstruct their significance at all: We can only make more or less arbitrary conjectures” (27–8). We are

back with Peter Gay's initial conundrum: both interpretations cannot be right, and the facts must decide which is correct. That "facts" must be selected is glossed over when we are told that "the Bastille is a fact," that neurotic symptoms are facts, that dreamwork is a fact, that the text is a fact, that the context within which it was penned was a fact. Facts serve as the basis for truth; if truth is to be educed, facts, it would seem, are simply there, unproblematic in their detachment from observation, discourse, narration.

Facts, intentions, truth cannot be separated from textuality. If we build Truth on the "solid bedrock of facts," and interpretations on readings guided by facts, including the facts of a biographical or historical nature, i.e. on their content, then we will be following a model that will lead us back to the issues of authorial intention. As Foucault and others have shown³, however, intention must be articulated in a discourse; the tracing and selection of facts must be mediated within a universe shaped by discourse, and that discourse read in terms of interest and thus ideology. If we ask the question of where the work of interest is located in this trajectory back to facts and intentions, where the work of interest lies in the obscuring or disavowal of discourse, of ideological interpellation, then we are proceeding with the assumption that facts or intention cannot speak for themselves—unproblematically, unmediated, in a disinterested fashion. It is not that facts are irrelevant, but that they cannot be proffered as a bedrock for Truth since the choice of facts is determinate in the selection of the appropriate discourse, and that choice in turn is framed by an interest shaping the ideological understanding of truth. One might say that the facts are interpellated, and that their response constitutes the discourse. Within the frame, the discourse functions in accordance with the conditions of possibility that have established the notion of truth as corresponding to certain facts. That is the "diagnosis" of the facts, and both facts and discourse depend on each other. Questions of interest, of a truth *for whom*, are obscured in the displacements involved when truth is posited in terms of accuracy of the diagnosis, accuracy of the facts, the constitutive elements of the bios and socius.

In *The Last Supper* (1976), the director Tomas Gutierrez Alea creates a scene in which a Cuban plantation owner restages the last supper with himself as Christ and his slaves as the apostles. He tells a story, the point of which is that all we have to offer to the Lord is our suffering, implying that the slaves should patiently bear their lot and present their suffering as a gift to God so that they will be able to enter into Heaven. The slave owner drinks too much and falls asleep. The most recalcitrant of the slaves then tells his story: One time Ofoli created two beings, Truth and Lies. Both travelled together around the earth, and wherever they went, the beautiful Truth was welcomed and treated with hospitality and generosity, whereas Lies, who was ugly, was excluded and despised. One day Lies cut off Truth's head with his machete. Truth, who was blind, groped around until he felt Lies's head, reached over and ripped Lies's head from his body; he then placed it on his own. Ever since, Truth has gone through the world, with Lies's head on his body, deceiving people into welcoming him in. The house slave in the film objects that Master would not lie, that his story was not a deception or covering of the truth. But the image of truth, represented in the film as wearing the head of a pig on top of a human body, stays before the eyes of the audience, a forceful figure of the rebellious slave's rejection of the dominant ideology. The film is centred upon a slave revolt in Cuba, set in the time of the Enlightenment, with an economy based on sugar plantations that generated considerable wealth, and which were marked by the radical separation between African slave and European master. The two narratives—the master's marked by a soundtrack of baroque music, the slave's by music with African tonalities—suggest a dialectical opposition between cultures. But the violent joining of truth to lies functions not only as a response to the European mystifications (the Christian parable) but as an alternative model to the European notion of High Culture and its accompanying binary of Truth/Lies.

The Africanized truth is not simply a combination or complication of unicity; it is more than an embracing of conflict or open-endedness, as Abrahams would have it in his interpretation of the African folktale:

The high energy of the dialogue cannot be neglected in an understanding of how these stories come into being. Just as many of these stories themselves discuss the coming apart of family, friendships, community, the way the stories emerge in contests underscores the enduring nature of the oppositions. Achieving a sense of closure, of strong and definite conclusion, is a condition regarded as neither possible nor desirable. (15)

He concludes that, "life is celebrated through the dramatizing of oppositions" (156). At once it is the tensions that sustain the story, and alternatively, or complementarily, it is life itself that is marked by tension and opposition. Abrahams's explanations have a powerful hermeneutic quality since the problems he poses are so masterfully solved. But the nature of the solution, correct in the nature of truth, limps along when the powerful thrust of the pig's head speaks in the name of truth.

The structural model deployed by Abrahams does not suffice to explain the porcine image, because if it leads truth and lies into an open-ended state of conflict, it brings closure with the explanation of the conflict as indicative of an underlying vitalism. But the slave's gesture of ripping off the pig's head, and his placement of the pig's head over his own, is so excessive precisely because it is enacted by the most powerfully recalcitrant of the slaves, the one whose refusal to submit to the stocks, to the savagery of the overseer's act of cutting off his ear, ignites the fires of the revolt throughout the plantation.

Here it is not a question of the bedrock of solid evidence. It is not a truth in the form of a "naked abstraction." What burns are the foundations of the master's discourse: the slaves' quarters and adjacent buildings, the wooden frames that supported the truth of the master's parable. These are the material inscriptions of his interest, and in Alea's imagery of the fugitive slave in revolt can be glimpsed the contours of a refusal that will not be reduced to a statement of disinterested truth.

After the fire, the master arrives and surveys the burnt wreckage of his property. To situate ourselves within the gaze of the master, and to be thus caught up in the smouldering materiality of the ruins, is to lose sight of the interest that was served by the former construction of the

plantation, and more, to lose sight of the system of brutal labour on which it was built, to lose sight of the relationship between the white sugar that was being produced and the black labour that produced it. This is the working of commodity fetishism in which the disavowal works in tandem with the embrace of the fetishized object. To become conscious of that relationship, to recognize the process of disavowal and the role that interest or desire plays in the construction of models of truth, of ideological systems, is not to discount the materiality, the facticity of the embodied symptom or fetishized object. It is not to ignore the "facts" on which the house of truth is built. Neither is it to discover in the site of disavowal, of interest, another location for unalloyed truth. The slave's act of replacing Truth's head with Lies's does not merely substitute one truth for another, does not unmask falsity so as to eliminate its presence. But it does suggest that the facts do not present themselves to the interpretive gaze in a vacuum.

In a trickster's tale recounted by Abrahams, hare finally defeats the powerful leopard who has betrayed a bushbuck who freed him from a trap. Hare naïvely asks the leopard to demonstrate how he had been caught in the trap in the first place: "'Now,' said the hare, setting the trap, 'will you just show me how you got caught? Of course, if you are trapped, I will free you again'" (198). No sooner does the leopard step into the trap than he is caught, and in the end killed by the man who finds him. The hare lied to the leopard; and over and over again in trickster's tales, truth is told through Lies's head. One trick deserves another; one truth is undone by another. One lie gives birth to an entire world engendered by denial, revolt, violence, death. This is not a question of the dissipation of meaning, but a reconfiguration of truth. To be sure we can frame this story so as to suggest the solution, provide the explanation for the hare's success, the reason for his having to lie, to trick the leopard. We can close the story as the man closes the trap on the leopard: "the man soon found the leopard in the snare and killed him" (198). As he dies, the celebration of life is made possible. The truth conveyed by the hare's lie is displaced by the structuralist interpretation that sets opposites into place in a vitalist reading of traditional narrative. Lindfors's archive is set in motion by this reading as it confirms

our certainties about the place of meaning within the frame of concrete contextualized worlds.

Here is Lindfors's explanation of how truth would function in such a universe:

I'm not sure I can fully agree with your notion of the unreliability or impurity of "truth," for it seems to me that there are some concepts that are universally accepted as valid in whatever culture they appear. Take most of the Ten Commandments, for example. Except for the first, which might lead to quarrels over primacy in such places as India or Igboland where there are many competing gods of more or less equal stature, the other directives would probably be considered as correct guides to conduct all over the globe. Granted, literary truths may not rise to that level of near-unanimous endorsement, but I'm not sure every claim made by literary scholars would necessarily be open to challenge by colleagues operating from a different epistemological base or bias. The statement that *The Palmwine Drinkard* was published by Faber and Faber in 1952, for instance, does seem to have an unassailable truth about it that no reasonable person would be likely to wish to dispute. And perhaps it is the accumulation of small truths of this sort that will help to establish the veracity or falsity of larger claims that can be contested, as, for instance, the answers offered to such questions as "why was it published in London?," "in whose interest was it published?," "why was it received so negatively in Nigeria?"—questions requiring interpretation of the basic facts of the matter. In other words, though some truths may be contingent, others may attain that level of naked abstraction that you seem reluctant to recognize or acknowledge. I would hope that the larger claims—the meta-interpretations, if you will—would always be secured as firmly as possible on a bedrock of solid evidence. And this is often what appears to be lacking in some of the theoretical work being done on postcolonial literatures. The theorist, floating free on his own construct of ab-

stractions, his own house of cards, doesn't touch ground often enough to anchor his ideas in material realities, so the whole enterprise can be blown over by the smallest passing reference to documented facts. Not that we don't need theorists to carry us beyond our ordinary mundane concerns, but it would be helpful if some of them could keep at least one foot on the ground while reaching for the stars. I suppose you could say of theory what I once said of literary documents: "this way truth lies;" but the word "lies" might be construed to have a very different meaning from what I intended, since its application to theory would appear to have more to do with lying than with laying. Can the truth lie? Can the lie be true? I'll leave you to wrestle with those questions. But thanks for putting my work in some perspective.⁴ (Lindfors, Bernth. "Thanksgiving." E-mail to the author. 22 Nov. 2001)

In my response, I evoked something of the relative nature of the notion of truth, embracing a position Hanly referred to as one of "coherence," in contrast to Lindfors's notion of "correspondence." I concluded with this statement:

Let us have an informed criticism, to be sure; and when one is informed as best one can be, let the dialogue between text and critic generate the critical response. There's enough truth for me in the insights of a really good mind, and those insights would not be very insightful if they were disconnected from 1952 and Faber and Faber. I think we get misled when the word "truth" comes into play. Claims to speak the truth or to speak for the truth can't be separated from the position of power occupied by the speaker. One can speak on speaker's corner, but that truth won't weigh in against the truth spoken from the oval office or the pulpit. And the truth of Cambridge University Press might count more than from some small press. I don't think the truth speaks for itself. That *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* appeared in 1952 has to be articulated to be published and heard. I can say it in a vacuum, but that is meaningless, like an un-

published novel that no one has read. And the minute it has to be articulated and published, it is mediated by the speaker, the language, and the means of publication and distribution. If no one knew that *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* had really been published earlier and elsewhere, what weight would such a fact have, what truth would it have if no one knew or could ever know it? Not much, I think (Harrow “Thanksgiving”)

Rather than end on this familiar note that rehearses Hanly’s summation of coherence, accentuated by a Foucauldian notion of discursive power and authority, I prefer to evoke the figure of Lies’s porcine head resting on Truth’s body, making its way through the world, in a space imagined by a slave in revolt, that slave himself the imaginary construction of a Cuban filmmaker reconstructing the truth of slavery in his country at a time when the artists were struggling with the painful constraints of a post-revolutionary regime. For Freud displacement ends when we successfully trace back the causative factors in the psychohistory that accounts for the patient’s symptoms. Lindfors too would bring closure to the work of tracing back the truth by housing the hard facts in the secure vaults of the archive. The nub of Lindfors’s argument rests on an archeological model: “perhaps it is the accumulation of small truths [...] that will help to establish the veracity or falsity of larger claims that can be contested, [...] that is] questions requiring interpretation of the basic facts of the matter” (Lindfors, Bernth. “Thanksgiving.” E-mail to the author. 22 Nov. 2001). For Gay, the fact of the Bastille is one such small truth. But the dating of July 14th, or of the publication of *The Palm-wine Drinkard*, will not perform the work of establishing an interpretive claim, only of verifying one which is always already made. That is the claim of meaning, or, when articulated in terms of correspondence, truth. It tells of nothing except that here lay the foundations of a building inside which prisoners were kept. But for me there is something short of the truth that returns to the scene, like the trickster or the smoke of the ruins, something that is often termed “lies”—a site of excess and resistance without the secure grounding in the paradigmatic

logic of problem and solution to provide us with guidance to correctness and truth.⁵

Notes

- 1 This paper builds upon my initial work on the role of the archive in Lindfors's thinking, published as "Bernth Lindfors and the Archive of African Literature" in *Research in African Literatures* 32.4 (Winter 2001): 147–54.
- 2 In "The Six Commandments," his essay dealing with the principles of his editorship of *RAL*, he urges prospective contributors of work on written African literature to be "factual, argumentative, and true" (1995: 144–45).
- 3 Foucault's classic argument in "What Is an Author?" need not be rehearsed. His statement about the author's function strikingly indicates the contrasting views of the author. In one, the author is the historical source of the text, in the other the one whose writings and intentions function to delimit an already existing discourse:

the author is not an indefinite source of significations which fill a work; the author does not precede the works, he is a certain functional principle by which, in our culture, one limits, excludes, and chooses; in short by which one impedes the free circulation, the free manipulation, the free composition, decomposition, and recomposition of fiction. In fact, if we are accustomed to presenting the author as a genius, as a perpetual surging of invention, it is because, in reality, we make him function in exactly the opposite fashion. *One can say that the author is an ideological product, since we represent him as the opposite of his historically real function*" (emphasis added 159).

- 4 He concludes on this humorous note:

The two articles in *RAL* and the forthcoming panel at the MLA are starting to make me uncomfortably self-conscious. All this attention is getting quite embarrassing. I'm beginning to feel rather like Ernest Hemingway must have felt when he crawled out of the jungle a few weeks after his famous air crash in the Congo and read all the glowing obituaries that had been written about him. Alfred Nobel had a similar experience but his premature obituaries were decidedly negative, saying what a mean, tight old bastard he had been; sobered by this experience, he established the Nobel Prizes so people would think better of him. I don't have any riches to spend on improving my reputation posthumously so I hope the bad press comes after I am really gone. But with so many people kicking me upstairs at present, I feel I ought to do the honorable thing and retire right now. I could perhaps continue writing under a pseudonym, thereby allowing my friends unwittingly

to express far more honest opinions on my work. Burnt Limpfoot or Bent Windfart might work as appropriate names, but someone with a good ear might blow my cover. (Lindfors "Thanksgiving.")

- 5 A possible way out of the debate over truth might be to turn to the newer term "information" that crops up in quantum theory. According to John Archibald Wheeler, reality is quantized because it is "in some sense made of information" (Overbye D3). As that information is subject to the uncertainty principle, we can know where a particle is, but not where it came from, or where it will strike a detector. Its relationship to a causal model is limited by the fact that what can be known is structured and modified by our act of observing it, in such a way as to disrupt the link between present coordinates and past or future ones. According to another physicist, Anton Zeilinger, as a result of observing the path a particle takes, we cannot determine its position; it remains "irreducibly random." He adds, "this randomness is an indication of a 'reality independent of us'" (D3). If truth is the equivalent of a knowledge that provides us with a correspondence to a reality that is independent of us, quantum physics would seem to rely not upon causality but the sign of randomness to validate that reality. Or, in another frame, we could say the play of the trickster would seem to be at work.

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