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Thinking Internationally Gender and Racial Others in Post-war Britain

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PROBLEM

Caryl Phillips, the respected black British Caribbean novelist and political essayist, argued recently that most white British writers of fiction and drama of the 1950s and early 1960s ignored questions of race and the growing presence in the UK of new migrants from the colonies and the Commonwealth.¹ The ‘myopia’ is ‘shocking’ he writes. Among the authors that he singles out for criticism are Kingsley Amis and John Osborne, both ‘Angry Young Men’ at the time and considered critical of the status quo, yet both failing even to register the issue of postcolonial migration. Although Phillips acknowledges that there were some exceptions (he cites Colin MacInnes and Shelagh Delaney) he claims that even these authors projected stereotyped views of the newcomers. ‘One might conclude’, writes Phillips, ‘that it is somehow difficult for a white English writer imaginatively to engage with a black character, particularly male, without thinking sexually.’ In contrast, he asserts, the African and Caribbean writers of this period offer a more rounded picture of England’s indigenous population.

Can Phillips’ argument be sustained? Were black people as absent from the white literary landscape as he claims? If not, were there significant differences in the way in which men and women *as authors* represented racial alterity in the literary and cinematic texts of the period? Moreover, was sexual thinking about racial others only a product of the white imagination? These questions are relevant not only in relation to Phillips’ thesis and the historical moment, but also because they permit us to reflect on transformations in ways of thinking about the politics of gender and racial difference over the intervening decades.

CONTEXT

These are also the central concerns of my book, *Visceral Cosmopolitanism*, which explores the specificity of the English urban cosmopolitan imagination and its vernacular and textual expressions in twentieth-century everyday life, whilst also focusing on the gendered and affectual elements in positive or egalitarian perceptions of cultural and racial difference.² This cosmopolitan structure of feeling and aspiration (which should be distinguished from conceptualisations of cosmopolitanism which centre-stage human rights discourse or the cognitive response of international travellers) is traced by looking at specific episodes and texts through its uneven transformation from a counterculture of modernity at the beginning of the twentieth century to its relative normalisation and entry into the cultural mainstream by the end. It is important to note that, despite this shift, cosmopolitanism and the allure of difference have coexisted in tension with xenophobia and the repudiation of racial and cultural others throughout the period.

In this sense my focus offers an account of some of the small practices and imaginaries which operate as a form of opposition to 'Fortress Europe'. This is not to deny the existence of racism but to recognise it as contested field. The period looked at here is particularly important in the trajectory of this formation, given its pivotal position in relation to decolonisation and post-war geopolitical and social transformations. The migrants of the 1950s constituted an unprecedented expansion in the population of Caribbean and South Asian British subjects, thus inevitably generating a spectrum of responses among Britain's indigenous population from hostility, rejection and denial to sympathy, curiosity and sexual desire. Their presence necessarily promoted a new consciousness among whites about the unstable meanings of epidermal difference and the process of decolonisation.

Inextricably linked to these transformations throughout the century were questions of gender. Theorists of cosmopolitanism have not addressed this at all. Yet women in Britain have figured more prominently than men in the history of twentieth-century hospitality towards people from abroad. The reasons for this are complex. Among the historical and geopolitical factors have been the demographic consequences of two World Wars which seriously reduced the numbers of available men. But more important have been the gendered patterns of migration to Britain over the course of the twentieth century which have meant that indigenous women were the first to have intimate relations with the predominantly male visitors and migrants from abroad. Women were also more exposed to the global flows of popular modernity; as shoppers, readers, and dancehall and cinema goers, they were more likely to encounter and embrace the narratives and fashions of 'elsewhere': of the new, the foreign and the different.

This modern consciousness shaped the welcome extended by British women to US forces stationed in the UK during World War Two which was often notably non-discriminatory in racial terms. Indeed the US army command felt it necessary to warn its troops that British women had a different racial consciousness and would go to a movie or a dance with a 'Negro' quite as readily as with anyone else. These widespread wartime encounters with racial others in turn laid the ground work for the interaction of white women with black migrants of the 1950s *of whom 85% were men*. Although these outsiders were less affluent than the black GIs, and were especially badly treated in the post-war housing shortage as well as in the workplace, there were nevertheless continuities in the relationships they formed with some white women.

During this period British women were not only more likely than white British men to socialise with the newcomers; they were also more likely to *identify* with the migrants, who like themselves were often marginalised and denied power in the overlapping regimes of white and male superiority. So the alliances of white women with racial others can be understood, as several of the Caribbean migrants also recognised, as a form of proto-feminism: inter-racial relations constituted a revolt against the constraints of 'femininity' as well as the parental culture, and in this way anticipated the political critique that was to emerge at the end of the 1960s with the women's movement. Ras Makonnen (from Guyana) made this point when he said: 'the dedication of some of the [white] girls to our cause [in the 1950s] was an expression of equal rights for women. One way of rejecting the oppression of men was to associate with blacks.'³

Finally, it may also be the case that women are more disposed to 'instinctive extensivity' or inclusivity, to a kind of intuitive and spontaneous 'sense of self as part of a common humanity', a semi-conscious not-easily-explained disregard for borders demarcating family, race and nation.⁴ According to this and other psychodynamic theories, it therefore might also be the case that women (not all women) are *intrinsically* more likely to feel sympathy for strangers and outsiders than are men.

This then is the intellectual and historical context which frames my interest in and response to Caryl Phillips' argument. It thus becomes clear that the fictional and cinematic texts of that moment must be interrogated differently. They are evidence not only of literary output but also of how a critical historical moment was viewed and experienced. They are social texts that can help illuminate how race was understood during the years preceding the more developed and self-conscious regimes of identity politics, both of gender and race, which were to become embedded

over the following decades. Given this strategic location, texts authored by women need to be examined with more care. Can they too be accused of the 'myopia' in relation to the migrant presence that Phillips has attributed to the (male) authors he looked at? If not, to what extent were women's imaginings and representations in this climate different from men's? Secondly, how far were the imaginings and representations of black authors (male in this case) different from those who were white?

FICTION AND FILM

Shelagh Delaney is cited by Phillips as one of the only two white writers of the moment who wrote about race. This is not the case as we shall see. But Delaney is the only woman I came across who depicts an interracial sexual relationship. Her play *A Taste of Honey*, which was written when she was nineteen and which achieved wide success (first directed as a play by Joan Littlewood in 1958 and then made into a film directed by Tony Richardson in 1961) tells the story of seventeen-year-old Jo who is neglected by a gadabout mother and falls in love with Jimmie, a ship's cook who happens to be black.⁵ Phillips argues that Delaney 'found it difficult to see her black character as much more than an irresponsible though admittedly charming sexual outlaw'.⁶ This is hard to sustain. Although Jimmie is a relatively undeveloped figure, his relationship with Jo is depicted as tender and loving. Both are lonely and both reach out to each other. At their second encounter Jimmie gently tends Jo's knee after she grazes it in a fall. When finally they do make love Jo initiates it. She invites him to stay over in her empty house (her mother has gone off to marry her new beau) even though she knows Jimmie's ship will leave the following day and she may not see him again. She is not put-upon or seduced. There is no sign in Jimmie of the 'sexual outlaw'. In fact Delaney's unwillingness to characterise Jo as victim was always one of the innovative features of the play. Supporting evidence for Phillips' claim seems slim.

Doris Lessing is another white British writer who cannot be accused of ignoring the migrant experience. Herself a migrant from southern Rhodesia and a political activist of the left, she arrived in Britain in 1949, one year after Windrush, with a completed novel in her luggage about a white woman and her African servant.⁷ Like the migrants from the Caribbean, Lessing was struck on her arrival by the sight of white men labouring at the dockside, and like them she was dismayed by the greyness of London. Moreover, because of the acute housing shortages of the moment, she, like the black migrants, had difficulty finding somewhere to live, though in her case the problem was having a two-year-old child. It took her six weeks to find a garret 'too small to unpack a typewriter' in cosmopolitan Notting Hill.⁸

. Doris Lessing was a high-profile white writer of the period so it is surprising that Phillips should have overlooked her. The only woman to be included in the 1957 book *Declaration*, a collection of 'Angry Young Men' writings, she, not unlike Phillips today, was scathing about the provincialism of British literature of the period, and like Phillips targets (among others) Kingsley Amis and John Osborne who were also contributors to the volume: 'By provincial... I mean that their horizons are bounded by their immediate experience of British life and standards.' 'This is a country so profoundly parochial that people like myself, coming in from outside, never cease to marvel.' She overstates the case since most white migrants from the Commonwealth did not share her radical vision. But she was shocked at how ignorant even left-wing British intellectuals were about political and social conditions in the colonies and Soviet bloc: 'Thinking internationally (for them) means... taking little holidays in Europe or liking French or Italian films. Meanwhile, the world churns, bubbles and ferments'.¹⁰

Lessing's much-lauded novel *The Golden Notebook*, published in 1962 describes life in London in the late 1950s for Anna Wulf and the people with whom she interacts.¹⁰ These include (in addition to her women friends and son) socialist comrades from all over the world, the community of African political exiles in London, refugees from Hitler and McCarthyism and briefly, a Ceylonese lover (who is no more or less endearing than her other lovers). In sum, this is not a novel that overlooks immigration from Britain's colonies and elsewhere, even though its main focus is on Cold War politics and Anna's sexual, creative and unconscious life. The racially-other people we

meet are not particularly sexualised. Indeed Anna herself protests at attempts by publishers to promote her first book about Rhodesia in terms that she considers excessively sexualised and racialised. So Lessing at the time was staunchly anti-racist, though this was later to change.¹¹

Jean Rhys is another white migrant writer from the colonies. Born in Dominica in 1894, her writing is saturated with both tender and passionate memories of the native people and landscape. 'I used to long so fiercely to be black', she writes in her autobiography.¹² Anna Morgan, the heroine of Rhys's 1934 novel, *Voyage in the Dark*, insists she's 'a real West Indian... I'm fifth generation on my mother's side'.¹³ Yet like Rhys herself, Anna recognises that she does not really *belong*, despite the fact that her closest emotional relationships are with black people. These conflicting identifications are a recurring theme in the whole of Rhys's oeuvre and again reveal a more complex picture of white writers than Phillips allows. In 1960 she published a long short story 'Let Them Call it Jazz' which was recently reissued as a booklet but has been surprisingly neglected by theorists. The story foregrounds the experience of a Caribbean black migrant, Selina, while also returning to the tropes of Rhys's early work – loneliness in the city, homelessness, dependence on strange men – now all compounded by racism: 'Don't talk to me about London... To walk about London on a Sunday with nowhere to go – that take the heart out of you.'¹⁴ This delicate and bleak story, written in Rhys's usual minimalist style, linguistically as innovative as Selvon in its normalising of Creole idiom, is also about an uplifting song that Selina first hears in Holloway prison, in a voice 'that jump the gates of the jail easy and travel far, and nobody could stop it'.¹⁵ Later she whistles it at a party but the melody is appropriated by some musicians, jazzed up and sold. 'I could cry', she says, 'that song was all I had. I don't belong nowhere really'¹⁶ – neither black like the musicians, Rhys implies, nor white like the other prisoners. So, in common with the more obviously autobiographical work of Rhys's youth, this story demonstrates a poignant empathy with its young female protagonist and with not belonging anywhere. The character is no more sexualised than any of Rhys's women.

Elizabeth Taylor is a different kind of author altogether. Thoroughly middle-class and middle-England – *parochially* middle-England – she writes with dry precision about ordinary events and respectable people. Yet, notwithstanding, she has two vivid short stories about black migrants in her 1960s collection *The Devastating Boys*.¹⁷ The title story is about two black East London children who go to stay with a middle-aged academic and his wife in the Oxfordshire countryside. Sharp, funny, closely observed and quite without clichés, this is a narrative about the personal and emotional transformation of *both* sets of protagonists as they encounter each other's cultural idiosyncrasies. It describes well-intentioned naive hospitality that is recognised as such, yet warmly responded to by the boys.

Another story in the same collection, 'Tall Boy', repeats some of the tropes selected by other writers to evoke the loneliness of immigrants, isolated in inhospitable bedsits, especially on Sundays. 'This Sunday had begun well, by not having begun too early. Jasper Jones overslept... – and so had got himself an hour's remission from the Sunday sentence.'¹⁸ Again, this is an imaginative engagement with the experience of the migrant, removed from his community, alone in a foreign country and eager for any kind of social contact. It's not a story about the sexualisation of the black man; Jasper Jones is serious, vulnerable and ordinary.

Lynne Reid Banks' novel, *The L-Shaped Room*, first published in 1960 when she was in her early twenties, made into a film in 1962, and reprinted almost yearly since then, also includes a black character in urban bedsit territory. The heroine Jane, who is pregnant and confused, develops a friendship with Johnny, a Jamaican musician, the occupant of the adjacent room to hers in a furnished house in west London. Again the motif is loneliness and the squalor of post-war housing; yet here too, as in some of the other narratives of transformation, there is also a celebration of the vitality and generosity of the changing metropolitan world. However, not only is the black man *not* constructed as sexual, his sexuality and even his masculinity are denied: Jane and Johnny embrace each other at a moment of extreme despair and Jane reflects, 'It [was] very strange... there [was] not even that trace of sexuality which there always is between men and women, even those who are just friends.'¹⁹ Such emphatic denials are of course often a sign of their unconscious opposite – thus

in this case desire. But this might be too subtle a reading of a book, which, despite its continuing popularity, is neither an example of 'good' literature nor enlightened sexual and racial politics. Nonetheless, the narrative provides an insight into a moment of transition and shows a willingness to engage with alterity and 'others' as an increasingly normal part of the modern London cityscape. In this context 'thinking internationally' is depicted as part of a revolt against the constraints of the conservative parental culture.

So what we begin to see is that the work of white women writers about the presence of colonial black migrants is not easy to categorise. There are various themes that emerge, among them identification, empathy, personal transformation, rebellion, and epidermal difference as a signifier of urban modernity. Surprisingly, despite the frequency of real-life sexual and romantic relationships between white women and 'other' men at the time, only Delaney focuses on sex or desire. In fact, it is the male writers, both white and black, who 'sexualise' interracial relationships as I will now show. They have this in common even though their positioning in the modern drama of interaction is quite different.

There is not much to go on however. Apart from Colin MacInnes' novels (deservedly praised by Phillips for their path-breaking engagement with the new postcolonial London) the only fiction or drama I found written by a white man with black characters and black-white relationships is the play *Hot Summer Night* by Ted Willis, later produced as the film *Flame in the Streets* also scripted by Willis.²⁰ It is surprising that Phillips overlooked this since Willis was a major writer of 'progressive' and 'social problem' TV, films and drama at the time. Moreover, miscegenation, racism and the build up to the 1958 Notting Hill race riots are central to the plot, especially of the film. There are two parallel race themes in this story, one about discrimination against a black worker, Gabriel (married to a blonde woman, now pregnant) and another about a growing love affair between the white shop steward's daughter Kathie (also blonde and a teacher) and Peter, her black colleague. A decidedly multiracial population is visible on the streets and in the schools. Although the two black men are represented as respectable and hard working, this highly-charged drama does indeed sexualise and racialise them both. About *racism* as much as race, the film is full of menace and paradoxically works to reinforce racism by repeatedly reproducing racist comments about black workers, mixed marriages and the poverty of migrant housing conditions, rather than critiquing them.

There are two main sources of this in the narrative: the first is Kathie's socially aspiring mother, who expresses disturbingly bigoted views.²¹ Interestingly, it was not unusual to depict middle-aged 'sexually-frustrated' women in this negative way in the pre-feminist 1960s, thus (as Lola Young points out) in effect realising Frantz Fanon's assertion that 'abnormal sex lives' lay at the root of women's Negrophobic attitudes.²² The second main source of racist comment in this film are white working-class male workers and the teddy boy bikers who in the last scene viciously assault Gabriel. But before this climactic and violent incident, Kathie, disgusted by her mother's racism, leaves her house and walks through the dark streets to be with Peter. This is her first visit to his place, despite the six-month love affair, presumably to indicate that their relationship is not driven only by desire. Yet when she finally arrives at his house we again have the trope of decaying overcrowded accommodation; her mother's fear that blacks 'live like animals... six, eight, ten to a room' is confirmed. As Kathie goes from floor to floor in search of Peter she encounters one racist cameo after another; in one room she comes across Judy, Gabriel's white wife, who warns her of the dire consequences of marrying a black man. Kathie finally finds Peter and tells him she loves him and wants to marry him despite the bleakness of her journey and their future. Her father, who has followed her, tries to persuade Peter to give her up because 'only one in a hundred mixed marriages work' and he doesn't want his daughter and her children to suffer. Kathie and Peter refuse to abandon each other and all return to the mother who is forced to compromise. But despite the more conciliatory outcome, this melodramatic and dystopian film is as much an incitement to racism as a solution. The narrative heaves with anxiety about the disruption caused by the newcomers and the extended tracking scenario in the shabby rooming house is used to exemplify the worst of the alleged threat of migration.

This dark representation is in stark contrast to a similarly constructed scene in the film *Sparrows Can't Sing*, directed and scripted by radical director Joan Littlewood in 1962.²³ Here too we see the device of a native Londoner journeying through the now foreign territory of a rooming house occupied largely by 'others', but in this case the mood is quite different. The central character – a seaman who has been away for a few years and has returned to his old neighbourhood in search of his wife Maggie – clearly relishes the cultural transformations that have taken place in his absence. At one point he enters a room full of West Indians who, on hearing that he has lost Maggie, jokingly offer him one from their own group. 'Is this your Maggie?' they ask. 'I wish she was,' he says wistfully, and dances with them to their spontaneously made-up calypso about the problems of losing Maggie. The scene is upbeat and friendly. All the foreigners in the house are registered as an ordinary part of changing London. This film, unlike *Flame in the Streets*, is not an attempt to foreground race. Racial difference simply appears from time to time in the changing cityscape of east London. So this is evidence once more of a consistent difference between the representations of racial others produced by white women and those few produced by white men during these years. It again supports the thesis – Kathie's fictional mother notwithstanding – that women were on the whole more sympathetic to outsiders than were men. This gender difference is also clearly reflected in the British social science literature on race and migration of the period.²⁴

It is important therefore, in the context of the broader argument made by Caryl Phillips, to ask how far Caribbean writers of the period also conformed to these gendered patterns of production. Trinidadian Sam Selvon, whose best-known book is *Lonely Londoners*, and who is cited by Phillips as a writer who *does* address the complexity of the migrant experience 'with eyes that take in not only black people but white people too',²⁵ is probably the major chronicler of the West Indian experience of metropolitan life in UK during the 1950s.²⁶ As in the other texts referred to, loneliness, poverty and dismal accommodation loom large, but Selvon's account is also (equivocally) optimistic. The men he writes about have big dreams: they love London, despite everything, and embrace the excitement of the new. Bad times are endurable because preferable to the hopelessness of Caribbean island society. In addition to telling a great story, Selvon is also an exhilarating stylist whose work is now recognised for its linguistic innovation. Sukhdev calls Selvon's writing 'pavement poetry'.²⁷

But paradoxically (given Phillips' approbation), of all the writers under review, Selvon is the most inclined to sexualise his characters. Moses, the main protagonist in *Lonely Londoners*, and his friends, the 'boys', are all constantly on the make; moreover all the women they pursue are white. But Selvon's characterisation of these women is minimal. Most do not even have names. They are called 'English', 'the Austrian', 'it', 'number', 'thing': as in, 'This number was a sharp thing and Cap like it more than the regular Austrian'.²⁸ This depersonalisation does not really offend however. White women just do not figure very much in the story except as objects of desire, and although sometimes difficult to please, they are not nasty or racist. In itself therefore, 'thinking sexually' about racial others does not, if applied to Selvon, seem as grave as Phillips suggests.

However, this is not the case for Jamaican Andrew Salkey, whose novel *Escape to an Autumn Pavement*²⁹ has a much meaner, more misogynistic view of women, a position also fashionable among white Angry Young Men of the late 1950s. The main setting of his novel is again a rooming house and again the main relationships are between the tenants in the house. Here the protagonist is clever but angry middle-class Jamaican, Johnnie Sobert, who is confused about class, race, and above all sexuality, and who ends up in a relationship with duplicitous, devouring fellow-lodger Laura (who is white) when he would, it becomes clear, have much preferred fellow-lodger Dick (also white). Johnnie insults not only Laura, he is also gratuitously offensive and racist to an Indian woman, another lodger in the house. Unlike Selvon, Salkey's cast of characters does include people outside the social circle of West Indians, and although Salkey is not kind to any of them, the person he is nastiest to is certainly the emasculating Laura.

So, of all the representations of black and white men and women in this sample of texts, by far the most perversely sexualised and racialised are Laura in *Autumn Pavement*, and Kathie's mother Nell in *Flame in the Streets*. Drawing on Barbara Creed's thesis in *The Monstrous-Feminine*, it

could be argued that Laura's desire for the black man is depicted as monstrously feminine, while Nell's fear and loathing is both monstrously feminine and monstrously racist.³⁰ Their male authors have endowed these female characters with imaginary powers of castration.

What emerges more generally from these texts therefore is a regime of representation in which, first, the racial others are not as overlooked as Phillips suggests and, second, 'thinking sexually' is firmly embedded in the conventions of 1950s and early 1960s prescriptive ideologies of *gender* rather than race. It is odd that Phillips has borrowed from feminist thought the critique of sexual thinking for his argument about race without also addressing feminism's central concern with the ways in which gender operates discursively in the culture.

WITH HINDSIGHT

Lynne Reid Banks, who still regularly produces fiction, was interviewed in 2004 on Woman's Hour about the continuing success of *The L-Shaped Room* and was challenged by the interviewer on her representation of Johnny. In response she said:

I didn't know any black people at the time but I've... always included black characters in my books. Yes some bits are embarrassing now. John was possibly a bit of a stereotype but... if I changed anything I would change Jane's initial fear of him. That's very non-PC now.³¹

So in terms of current race politics her depiction of her white woman character is more troubling to her than is her black man. Ted Willis and Andrew Salkey might also have been embarrassed about the representations of their white women characters' attitudes to racial others, were their works still as prominently in the public domain. So the broad picture sketched out in this article not only demonstrates the inextricable links between representations of race and gender during those years, it also highlights the cultural production of a particular moment before the settling of ideas about how race and gender *should* be represented. Yet these texts, despite sometimes being naive and even offensive by the standards of today, especially in their representation of women, were on the whole quite radical and forward-looking in their readiness to entertain the idea of the modern, cosmopolitan, multi-racial, even mongrel city. They were expressions of a particular conjuncture in twentieth century cultural politics.

In this sense they can be mapped onto the distinctive stages – in terms of fields of vision, thematic concerns and structures of feeling – that Stuart Hall has identified in post-war black British diasporic arts.³² Hall claims that the colonial cultural producers of the first stage, up to about the mid 1960s, had a broadly universalistic and cosmopolitan vision. This modernist moment was later displaced by the rise of black consciousness, postcolonial criticism and the mobilisation of a black, unified (and sometimes essentialised) subject. The third stage recognises fragmentation and is part of the postmodern. This periodisation is consistent with Hall's argument that the electoral victory of a white racist Tory in Smethwick in 1964 marked a turning point in the history of British race relations by *legitimising* racism. This then gave impetus to movements of decolonisation and black power, which in turn were to influence the politics of women's liberation.

Thereafter, and for at least another couple of decades, it became a lot more risky for white writers to stray imaginatively or analytically into the semi-taboo terrains of affective and sexual relations between racially different people – to theorise or represent 'thinking sexually' about racial others – despite the overwhelming increase in such *practice* in this country. Indeed it still is risky. But in a climate of transnational affiliations, in which an astonishing one-in-four modern Londoners was born abroad and hybridity and miscegenation are ubiquitous, this will surely cease to be the case. As Bill Schwarz has so cogently pointed out, 'the work of decolonisation in its expansive register requires popular self-activity, not only on the part of the colonised but on the part too of the native citizens of the metropolis'.³³ Although more of a resident – a Londoner – than a native of the metropolis, my work on cosmopolitanism is an attempt to do just that.

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- 3 Quoted in Paul Gilroy, *There Ain't No Black in the Union Jack*, Hutchinson, London, 1987, p 163.
- 4 Stanley Cohen, *States of Denial: Knowing about Atrocities and Suffering*, Polity, Cambridge, 2001, p 265
- 5 Shelagh Delaney, *A Taste of Honey*, Methuen, London, 1982 [1959]
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- 7 Doris Lessing, *The Grass is Singing*, Paladin HarperCollins, London, 1950.
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- 9 Doris Lessing, 'The Small Personal Voice' in Tom Maschler, ed, *Declaration*, McGibbon and Kee, London, 1957, pp 22-24
- 10 Doris Lessing, *The Golden Notebook*, Michael Joseph, London, 1962
- 11 Lessing's autobiography, written thirty-five years later, invokes the myth of black male sexual prowess in order to refute it on the grounds of her own disappointing experience with an African: 'the sexual contact lasted perhaps three minutes', p 343. As a result she generalises in a surprisingly racist fashion when later pursued by another black man, a Jamaican: 'Remembering my previous experience, I said no', p 344.
- 12 Jean Rhys, *Smile Please*, Andre Deutsch, London, 1979, p 53
- 13 Jean Rhys, *Voyage in the Dark*, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1969 [1934], p 45
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- 15 Ibid, p 60
- 16 Ibid, p 63
- 17 Elizabeth Taylor, 'The Devastating Boys' in her *The Devastating Boys and Other Stories*, Virago, London, 1995 [1972]
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- 19 Lynne Reid Banks, *The L-Shaped Room*, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1980 [1960], p 120
- 20 Ted Willis, *Hot Summer Night*, Samuel French, London, 1959; Ted Willis, screenplay *Flame in the Streets*, director Roy Baker, 1961. Among Willis's other credits are the film *Woman in a Dressing Gown* and TV series *Dixon of Dock Green*. Baker went on to make Hammer Horror movies.
- 21 Willis, *Hot Summer Night*, op cit, p 41
- 22 Lola Young, *Fear of the Dark: 'Race', Gender and Sexuality in the Cinema*, Routledge, London, 1996, p 114; Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, Pluto Press, London, 1986 [1952], p 158
- 23 Joan Littlewood was close to the Caribbean community and a judge for the 1962 Notting Hill Carnival; see Bill Schwarz, *West Indian Intellectuals in Britain*, Manchester University Press, Manchester 2003, p 16
- 24 Women, although only a small proportion of UK social scientists, were strikingly overrepresented among those writing on race and migration; see Nava, *Visceral Cosmopolitanism*, op cit.
- 25 Caryl Phillips, op cit, p 4
- 26 Samuel Selvon, *The Lonely Londoners*, Longman, London, 1985 [1956]
- 27 Sukhdev Sandhu, *London Calling: How Black and Asian Writers Imagined a City*, HarperCollins, London, 2003, p 181
- 28 Selvon, *Londoners*, op cit, p 41
- 29 Andrew Salkey, *Escape to an Autumn Pavement*, Hutchinson, London, 1960
- 30 Barbara Creed, *The Monstrous-Feminine: Film, Feminism, Psychoanalysis*, Routledge, London and New York, 1993

31 Lynne Reid Banks, *Woman's Hour*, BBC Radio 4, 27.02.2004. Her confession echoes that of Lessing's heroine, Anna Wulf, who was also embarrassed by her first novel; Lessing, *The Golden Notebook*, op cit, p 61

32 Stuart Hall, Raphael Samuel Memorial Lecture, *Three Moments in the History of Black Diaspora Visual Arts*, Cambridge History Workshop, 19.11.2004

33 Bill Schwarz, *West Indian Intellectuals*, op cit, p 254

CAPTIONS

1 *A Taste of Honey*, director: Tony Richardson, UK, 1961. Jimmie fixes Jo's grazed knee

2 *The L-Shaped Room*, director: Bryan Forbes, UK, 1962. Johnnie, Jane and another tenant eat 'Jamaican-Hungarian goulash'

3 *Flame in the Streets*, director: Roy Baker, UK, 1961. Kathie searches for Peter in the shabby overcrowded rooming-house

4 *Sparrows Can't Sing*, director: Joan Littlewood, UK, 1962. Looking for Maggie