



Alexandra Fuller, courtesy Jonathan Ball Publishers.

Alexandra Fuller of Southern Africa: A White Woman Writer Goes West

Anthea Garman and Gillian Rennie
Rhodes University, South Africa

Abstract: In terms of nationality, Alexandra Fuller is difficult to pigeonhole. She was born in England but from age two was brought up in Southern Africa (mostly Rhodesia). She married an American working in Zambia and then moved to Wyoming to raise a family. She has written three books about her family, their peripatetic life, and the violence of decolonizing Africa. The success of these works has made her one of the few African female nonfiction writers to gain an international audience. Fuller's long-form journalism has been published in *Granta* and the *Guardian* in the United Kingdom, and in the *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, *National Geographic*, *Byliner*, and *Vogue* in the United States. This paper traces the arc of a writer transcending her continent to break into the competitive American magazine market, portraying the complex land from which she has come for a foreign audience.

The main title of this article, "Alexandra Fuller of Southern Africa," is a reference to Fuller's book debut, *Don't Let's Go to the Dogs Tonight*,¹ her 2001 memoir of childhood. A decade later, she returned to this emotional terrain in her fourth work, *Cocktail Hour Under the Tree of Forgetfulness*.² In both memoirs Fuller presented her mother, Nicola, a pivotal subject in both accounts, as a woman who referred to herself as "Nicola Fuller of Central Africa."³ This article attempts to situate Fuller as a nonfiction writer of Southern Africa, yet the confident tone of the title should be seen more as a query. Fuller left the continent in the mid-1990s and now lives in Wyoming. She professes to spend a month every year back in Africa, an arrangement that she hopes might help her to maintain the currency to write long-form reportage on the continent for international titles. Beyond this geographical dislocation for eleven months of the year, Fuller's authenticity as a writer of

Southern Africa has another handicap. Despite the fact that she sees herself and the family she was born into as African, the Fullers are actually of British descent. These issues may elicit questions as to what extent Fuller might be seen as a true representative “voice” of Africa. This article explores how Fuller occupies multiple sites of liminality—in geography, in identity, and in genre—and how her position at this nexus renders her voice attractive to editors of newspapers and magazines located in the West who seek to explain the intricacies of Africa to readers. Her unusual situation, this simultaneous closeness and distance, has offered her a level of authority that her American editors seek.

Fuller was born in 1969 in England when her British parents returned from Africa. The family did not linger there, as her mother, who had been born in Kenya, hankered to return to the continent. In 1971, the Fullers settled in white-ruled Rhodesia. Fuller has told various interviewers that she wrote eight, or nine, or ten, or thirteen novels about her childhood, all of which were rejected by publishers. Eventually, she decided to make her story personal and factual. This switch to nonfiction was provoked⁴ by the fact that she had married an American, was raising children in Wyoming, and felt that they would not understand their mixed identities and heritage if they did not know about her African childhood and parentage.

Although she is explicit⁵ about the early rejections of her writing (and her consequent firing by an agent), Fuller in interviews has never explained how she managed to get her first memoir published in 2002. However this happened, once in print the book initiated a trajectory for Fuller that made her a recognizable and sought-after writer from and about Africa. Almost every review (positive or negative) of the book speaks about her “honesty”⁶ in shamelessly exposing her parents’ attitudes and behavior in an African country where a white minority clung to power ruthlessly and violently. Some reviews speak also of the point of view of whiteness,⁷ of the lack of significant black characters, and of the insularity of the white life Fuller portrays.⁸ Nevertheless, its enthusiastic readers agree that *Don’t Let’s Go to the Dogs Tonight* is an honest reflection of such lives lived by children of white settlers in colonial and apartheid Africa.

The person who reacted most strongly to the book was Fuller’s mother, who, imagining that her daughter was crafting another *Out of Africa* tale, was horrified to see herself depicted in print as a mad, depressed, violent drunk. Because Nicola took to calling *Dogs* “that awful book,”⁹ Alexandra felt she needed to repair this portrayal with a further account (“another awful book”¹⁰), which told more fully the story of her mother’s roots in Kenya, where she was born the child of British parents.¹¹ The second memoir,

Cocktail Hour Under the Tree of Forgetfulness (2011), is not written using the innocent voice of the observing child. Rather, the adult daughter converses with and questions her parents, who are now living on a bank of the Zambezi River in Zambia, accommodating themselves to life alongside the black Africans, whose permission they needed to settle and work the land.

In between the two memoirs, Fuller produced *Scribbling the Cat* (2004),¹² a book about a damaged white war veteran from the dirty wars of Rhodesia and Mozambique, known only as K in the text. Again, Fuller applied her trademark “honesty” to the encounters, the conversations, the travels with K, and the atrocities this man had seen and committed. But the book sits somewhat uncomfortably in terms of Fuller’s position as the person facing the horrors. While in *Dogs* the narrator is a child and legitimately innocent and unknowing, the adult Fuller is obliged to take responsibility for what she sees and hears. Yet she avoids the narrative obligation to interrogate this, and does not take responsibility for her own implication in this history (explored more fully below).

After moving to Wyoming in 2005, Fuller started to produce journalism from Africa for *Vogue* magazine, with pieces on Nobel Peace Prize-winning environmentalist Wangari Maathai and primatologist Jane Goodall.¹³ She also reported on the bushmeat trade in Zambia in September 2006 for *National Geographic*.¹⁴ Owing to her location in Wyoming, close to the Yellowstone National Park, *NG* editors asked her to investigate the use of sensitive ecological areas for oil extraction. As she gathered material on the oil fields she came across the obituaries of several young men killed there. The family of Colton H. Bryant agreed to an interview, and once she had begun to understand how they felt about him and what kind of person he was, she realized she could say important political things about the oil extraction industry via a recounting of his life and through “letting him speak.”¹⁵ As she told Marcia Franklin of Idaho Public Television, she had attempted to tell the story through an actual person and thereby take the “inflammation” out of a sensitive political issue. The work got her into trouble with the oil companies anyway, and in the process Fuller became an activist for the recognition of “sacred lands.”

Since *The Legend of Colton H. Bryant* (2008), Fuller’s magazine journalism output has increased and involves two main focuses: writing on the political situation in Southern African countries (such as “Mandela’s Children” for *National Geographic*¹⁶ and “After Rhodesia: Robert Mugabe’s Crisis of Stasis” for *Harper’s*¹⁷); and writing about the American West (for instance, “Mustangs, Spirit of the Shrinking West” for *National Geographic*¹⁸). She also been invited to speak at literary festivals all over the world: the Sun Valley Writers’

Conference in the United States,¹⁹ the Book Café in Zimbabwe,²⁰ and the Franschhoek Literary Festival in South Africa. She has also been interviewed for French television by journalist host François Busnel.²¹ Most recently, she has returned to autobiography with a book about her divorce.²²

Writing Africa in the Postcolonial Moment

This short biography of a writing life illustrates that Fuller not only has currency as a writer of nonfiction and autobiography, but has made the successful transition to journalism. Her currency as a writer of honesty willing to investigate difficult and complex personal (and now political) issues makes her editorially attractive to editors based particularly in the United States. But her appeal as a writer who straddles genres is enhanced by the charge imputed by—and perhaps the dangerous position of being placed within—the furious debates that arise out of postcolonial critique. These debates stem from reactions to centuries of white representation of African lives, and strongly critique any contemporary sign of that colonizing and defining point of view.

When Fuller's first book was published in 2002, she assumed a place at the end of a long line of nonfiction writers attempting, to use a phrase from Hughes,²³ to "make sense of the world." Early Southern African examples of these include: William Burchell's *Travels in the Interior of South Africa* (1810–15), Thomas Pringle's *Narrative of a Residence in South Africa* (1834), William Cornwallis Harris's *Narrative of an Expedition in Southern Africa* (1838), R.M. Ballantyne's *Six Months at the Cape* (1879), and Lady Anne Barnard's *South Africa a Century Ago* (1910). Although these writers would be identified as colonial administrators, temporary settlers, curious travelers, or a combination of these—in other words, not Southern African by birth—they nevertheless have produced the early pages of Western knowledge about Southern African and, as Wade notes,²⁴ factual narratives written in English that have been associated with historical projects of dubious political ambition. The works cited above point repeatedly to the otherness of their subjects and thus to the otherness of a Southern African literary past. Fuller's contemporary nonfiction comrades-in-African-arms include Jonny Steinberg, Peter Godwin, and Tim Butcher—all white, none women, all speaking about this continent to an international English-speaking audience. Although exploring the male-dominated nature of this terrain is beyond the scope of this article, it is notable that women writers from Southern Africa working as nonfiction writers are greatly outnumbered by men.²⁵

It is against this context—the weight of the history of white writers representing Africa to the world—that Fuller has to contend in both her literature and her journalism. To give some sense of the postcolonial critique that is put

forward to challenge Fuller's writing position and choices of subject matter, critic Deborah Seddon asks explicitly why Fuller has chosen a white soldier instead of a black one as the central character for *Scribbling the Cat*, a work that tries to unpack the often inexplicable violence and aggression embedded in Southern Africa's political processes (and Fuller's own implication in this as a white beneficiary of terribly unjust systems of oppression):

The culpability she admits to feeling [in response to a particular memory of K's] is only half-believable. This is a writer who insists on her position as African, and on the special insight it grants her, but who also seeks to persuade the reader that this is a moment of unique and terrible revelation for her. Are we really meant to believe that she was thirty-five and in the middle of Mozambique with an ex-soldier and she had never encountered such a story about the Chimurenga [the Zimbabwean liberation struggle]?²⁶

There is also the nagging question as to why Fuller is attracted to and must understand the soldier who willingly undertook to destabilize legitimate political processes that brought about freedom for black Africans. As Seddon points out, in Mozambique Fuller meets a black man who also has war experience but doesn't pursue his experiences and ideas as a subject for her book or as another character. She repeats the focus on white characters, their damage and violence, but this time with less validity (and further ambivalence) than in *Dogs*.

My Soul Has No Home

A similar critique, which probes beyond the text into the writer's identity and location, is also evident in Tony Simoes da Silva's critique of *Dogs*. Simoes da Silva makes even more explicit the discomfort of some critics in relation to Fuller's viewpoint for telling a story about an African childhood, and brings to the critique some of his own disaffection when he says: "As I struggled to reconcile the text's success and my own reaction to it, I came to think that my reaction was less a consequence of the fact that I could not empathise with Fuller's story, than of a feeling that I *should* not, given her whiteness and the African setting of the narrative."²⁷ He goes on: "In Fuller's work [too] the messy political and social situation in Zimbabwe is framed by a personal discourse of trauma, dispossession and exile in which the White person's story acquires a significance well beyond its place in contemporary Africa."²⁸

While critics like Simoes da Silva fiercely critique the centrality of white lives in these types of accounts, other literary theorists like Njabulo Ndebele call for white African writers to come forward and represent themselves in equally honest depictions. Ndebele puts his point of view in a challenge:

“With a foreign passport in the back pocket of the trousers, now they belong—now they do not. When will they tell this story?”²⁹ The accounts of “this story,” of course, have to place white Africans at the heart of the telling, and if they are honest, then they will show the terrible implication of white Africans in appalling political decisions and actions, but also reveal the humanity and struggles of these protagonists. Rosalia Baena, adopting the Ndebele position, goes further by describing this uncertain location for white Africans like Fuller: “[G]enerations of foreign-born British children [who] dwelt in an undefined place between the English and the native cultures; they were second-generation citizens who, though always considered English, had never known (or knew very little of) the mother country, and whose vital environment had only been colonial.”³⁰

Baena also believes that memoirs such as Fuller’s are a necessary corrective to limited and narrow views about colonial experiences. She welcomes the more complex picture they give of white experiences, particularly those of whites born in Africa, during the colonial and apartheid eras. Baena finds that the affiliations that these writers expose in their accounts show the ambiguity of their positions and the contradictions they embody and she embraces such accounts as enriching. Early in her first book, Fuller pinned her identity conundrum to the page in this way:

I say, “I’m African.” But not black.

And I say, “I was born in England,” by mistake.

But, “I have lived in Rhodesia (which is now Zimbabwe) and in Malawi (which used to be Nyasaland) and in Zambia (which used to be Northern Rhodesia).”

And I add, “Now I live in America,” through marriage.

And (full disclosure), “But my parents were born of Scottish and English parents.”

What does that make me?³¹

Further on, she writes, “My soul has no home. I am neither African nor English nor am I of the sea.”³² Despite these declarations, Fuller’s literary and journalistic output indicates that she has succeeded in locating an identity for herself in a psychic and literary space where it is tempting to assume there may be none.

The volatility of Fuller’s literary, theoretical, and critical space affords her the license to bring an idiosyncratic approach to her subject matter, but it also imputes a charge to the resulting work precisely because it lies in this space of

interrogation and dispute. Fuller is not unaware of this cloud of contestation surrounding her identity, her geography, her subject matter, and her methods, and often addresses this predicament in her talks and her writings. Perhaps the most interesting of such commentaries is in a 2012 dialogue between Fuller and Zimbabwean writer Petina Gappah. When Fuller appeared at the Book Café in Harare for an extended discussion about her work, a member of the audience challenged her about her position as a white person speaking for Zimbabweans. Gappah as host stepped in to say all writers feel the obligation to “speak out” and that the job of a storyteller is to tell the stories of people who are voiceless. Nevertheless, Gappah said, no single person can be “the voice” of a country, people, or continent.³³

In conversations like these at literary festivals and events, Fuller has also explored more deeply how geography and migration have given her a liminal identity. However, she insists that she continues to belong in Southern Africa because of its profound making of her “self.” In the interviews with Gappah and French television’s Busnel, Fuller is at pains to own her sense of being African. She told Gappah, “The soul of myself happened post-independence, but I was made by the Rhodesian regime.”³⁴ Fuller also maintains that she is an African who is not just from white Rhodesia, where her formative childhood years were spent. Because of her knowledge of Zimbabwe, Malawi, and Zambia, she considers herself to be more generally from Southern Africa. To Gappah, she has even spoken of the feeling of giving up these affiliations as akin to having her body parts severed.³⁵

To those who challenge the legitimacy of her voice, Fuller says she is “doing what a writer is supposed to be doing, which is bearing witness and writing about it.”³⁶ To do so for *Cocktail Hour*, she bore witness using a prism she has called “the chaos of our inheritance as white Africans.”³⁷ In this endeavour, she is capitalizing on what Sidonie Smith³⁸ interprets as an autobiographical practice that becomes an occasion for the staging of identity and agency. As Fuller puts it, “It is time for all of us that can to reclaim our African voices.”³⁹

Baena refers to Fuller’s memoir as “a constant exploration of vital issues of fitting in and belonging.”⁴⁰ The writer later explains to one interviewer, “I was not one of the old, picnic-on-the-lawn empire builders but yet I was not a black African. I was an African born of a different culture and a different tongue, but an African nonetheless.”⁴¹ Her lifelong occupation of this indeterminate space, then, enhances her appeal to editors who seek a journalist with a distinctive literary voice coupled with a nuanced depth of knowledge, such that is borne only from prolonged exposure to a place.

An African on African Terms

None of this makes her assignments any easier, however. In her journalism, Fuller repeatedly reiterates an awareness of her position of (white) privilege: “I drive back to Harare (setting myself conspicuously apart from the general population in my bubble of blue Mazda).”⁴² And, like many white Africans, communication presents a continuing challenge to the unilingual writer who reports to *National Geographic*: “I asked him questions, with Jonathan’s and Pelete’s help since they speak several languages well, including Bemba (which is Sunday’s mother tongue) and English (which is my only tongue).”⁴³ Yet Fuller persists with bearing witness and writing about it, and, arguably, succeeds: “There is, in all my writing, a real desire to take readers where very few of them would go on their own. One way to do that is to not allow them the luxury of a tour guide, . . . this is really what it feels like to be there. This is the shock of reality.”⁴⁴

Further demonstrating her clear reporting eye, she tells Weissman, “I am not sentimental about Africa as a place of memories—and I use the word ‘Africa,’ knowing that I speak of only a tiny fraction of the continent—so for me, I am not stirred up with old emotions when I go home.”

She is, however, stirred into disturbance. She describes returning to her family after one visit to her parents in Zambia: “I was dislocated and depressed. It should not be physically possible to get from the banks of the Pepani River to Wyoming in less than two days, because mentally and emotionally it is impossible. The shock is too much, the contrast too raw. . . . I felt like a trespasser in my own home.”⁴⁵

So she returned to Southern Africa to write her second book. She tells one interviewer, “I can’t speak for my perception of ‘Africa’ as a whole, since I only know such a tiny part of it, so I’ll speak for the slither [sic] of it I *do* know.”⁴⁶ The geography she refers to—Zimbabwe, Zambia, Malawi, and South Africa—she had known first as a child and then as an adult writer reflecting on a childhood shaped by it. More recently, she has begun speaking of it as a journalist, which is an identity she readily owns. Reporting for the *Guardian*,⁴⁷ she writes, “I could not come into Zimbabwe as a journalist, so I applied for a tourist visa.” Fuller embraces the community of journalists by subscribing to the familiar maxim of afflicting the comfortable—even if sometimes it’s her own self she’s talking to: “‘That’s an addiction for sure,’ says Fuller. ‘When you’re not comfortable, you are unbelievably present. I hear that mountain climbers feel that. I tried mountain climbing once, and it was uncomfortable and scary and I was way out of my comfort zone. And yet you couldn’t think about, ‘Well god, I’m bored.’”⁴⁸

Assuming, as Simoes da Silva⁴⁹ does, that Fuller’s reader—particularly

the reader of her journalism—is one “fed on an Africa created out of the semiotics of Eurocentric discourses,” her representations of her reporting self can hardly be surprising. In addition to reporting that she has overcome malaria,⁵⁰ Fuller also, with encounters such as the following, demonstrates that she holds her own as an African on African terms:

Mr Donald and I begin to talk farming: we exchange advice on how best to rid the soil of star grass, (what is needed is fertiliser, irrigation, a tractor and a plough whereas Mr Donald works with a team of oxen and has access to neither fertiliser nor irrigation). We discuss the most effective method of removing ticks from a cow and the difficulty of obtaining maize seed in Zimbabwe today. We discuss tobacco prices.⁵¹

Photographs accompanying her articles tend to depict her as the sole white-skinned person in a densely populated environment, wearing white cotton and khaki. Self-portraits with a similar aesthetic contribute to a picture of a writer with a demeanour convincingly like that of a swashbuckling African adventurer of Eurocentric discourses, displaying much of her mother’s stoic bravado. She appears, in other words, to be Alexandra Fuller of Southern Africa, even though her home address is in Wyoming.

Reading (And Writing) Africa

While some critics deplore the popularity of accounts that white Africans have produced, the fact is that there is both an interest and a market. These reports pay attention to the lives and experiences of dislocation and identity readjustment, and there is no doubt that Fuller sits squarely in this niche as both a book writer and a journalist. But perhaps the most useful insights into what lies behind Fuller’s productive writing life, the desire of readers for these kinds of stories and editors’ interests in asking a writer of literature to undertake journalism, come from Antje Rauwerda and Deborah Seddon.

Rauwerda comments on Fuller’s location and writing position with a view she comes to via a reading of *Scribbling*. She says Fuller is trying to envision “how one can manage the separation of African whiteness from its history while maintaining its Africanness.”⁵² This might be a particular preoccupation of whites born in Africa, but it is also a universal question of the twenty-first century about identity and geography, about nationalism, race, and human dignity. How fixed and how fluid these categories are, and how much an individual living in the present day should carry the burdens of the past, are underlying issues that permeate Fuller’s writings and find purchase in a geographically diverse readership. As to the debate on legitimacy, Seddon reminds us that writing ability is broader than geographic origins and experi-

ence: “The crucial question . . . is not ‘where are you from *originally*’ but how well can you read? In other words, how well can a writer use both critical and emotional intelligence to interpret the situations, people, and conversations which are the raw material for their explanations?”⁵³

This is a seminal question for current writing emanating from Africa, which represents and depicts the continent and its people to the world. It’s a question that addresses not just the writing self, with its history and attachments, but the intelligence that lies behind the writing and how well it has managed to interpret complex situations. How well, then, does Fuller read Africa? Perhaps the best answer lies in her deliberate and conscious location of herself in that liminal space that is at once risky and affords a particular point of view. How she attempts to resolve this white African dilemma is crystallized in this characteristically practical, clear-eyed paragraph written for *National Geographic*:

Because I am writing about Africa, but sitting at my desk with a view of snow-clad mountains in Wyoming, I have put my country around me. A map of the Republic of Zambia blocks my immediate impression of the Northern Hemisphere, and then, above that, there’s a photograph of the “jealous is poison grocery,” a picture of the tipsy traditional doctor, with his smiley-face badge, and an informal portrait of me with the former poachers and scouts taken the day after we had reached the Chifungwe camp. I have dogs at my feet and a pot of African tea stewing on my desk.⁵⁴

For readers of *Dogs* and *Cocktail Hour* who are, like Fuller, prepared to disregard the snow-clad mountains, this paragraph rings with recognizable echoes of the writer’s portraits of her mother, “Nicola Fuller of Central Africa,” a woman who always has dogs tumbling around her feet, is on record as having shot a cobra in the pantry, and who drove around Rhodesia with an Uzi on her lap. But she is also a woman who has for the remaining years of her life settled in a country owned and governed by black Africans and with their permission to continue to be in Africa. This owning of the shameful past and the awkward present might not be a comfortable location for a writer to occupy, but it is the space Alexandra Fuller of Southern Africa has forged for herself and her readers.

Anthea Garman is an associate professor in the School of Journalism and Media Studies where she teaches writing, editing, and long-form journalism to undergraduates, and runs a research group into media and citizenship in South Africa. She is the editor of the Rhodes Journalism Review, a magazine aimed at the journalists of Africa.



Gillian Rennie teaches writing and editing in the School of Journalism and Media Studies at Rhodes University. Before that, she worked for a long time for a variety of print media. She edited Cue newspaper for several years and was a 2010 USC Annenberg/Getty Arts Journalism Fellow.

Notes

1. Alexandra Fuller, *Don't Let's Go to the Dogs Tonight: An African Childhood* (New York: Random House, 2001).
2. Fuller, *Cocktail Hour Under the Tree of Forgetfulness* (London: Simon & Schuster, 2011).
3. *Cocktail Hour*, 3.
4. "Conversations from the Sun Valley Writers' Conference: Alexandra Fuller," interview by Marcia Franklin, *Dialogue*, Idaho Public Television, October 5, 2012, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=06Kg1R5tk6M>.
5. "A Conversation with Alexandra Fuller," interview by Larry Weissman, *Bold Type*, undated, <http://www.randomhouse.com/boldtype/0303/fuller/interview.html>.
6. Almost every review, positive or negative, speaks of Fuller's "honesty." See, for instance, Jason Cowley, "Rout of Africa," *Guardian*, February 24, 2002, <http://www.theguardian.com/books/2002/feb/24/biography.history>, and Nigel Gibson, "A 'White African' Childhood," *Journal of Southern African Studies* 29, no. 1 (2003): 310.
7. Gibson, 310, and Antje Rauwerda, "Exile Encampments: Whiteness in Alexandra Fuller's *Scribbling the Cat: Travels with an African Soldier*," *Journal of Commonwealth Literature* 44, no. 2 (2009): 51.
8. Gibson, 310.
9. Fuller, *Cocktail Hour*, 4.
10. "The Price of Fame," Alexandra Fuller et al, panel discussion, Franschoek

Literary Festival, May 13, 2012.

11. "Fuller's 'Cocktail Hour': This Memoir's for Mom," August 16, 2011, <http://www.npr.org/2011/08/16/139644620/fullers-cocktail-hour-this-memoirs-for-mom>. _

12. Fuller, *Scribbling the Cat: Travels with an African Soldier* (Johannesburg: Picador Africa, 2004).

13. For the Jane Goodall article, see Alexandra Fuller, "Living in the Moment," *Vogue*, August 2005, 204. For the Wangari Maathai article, see Alexandra Fuller, "The Giving Tree," *Vogue*, March 2005, 440.

14. Fuller, "Return to Zambia," *National Geographic*, September 2005, <http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/ngm/0509/feature6/index.html>. _

15. "Conversations from the Sun Valley Writers' Conference: Alexandra Fuller," Franklin.

16. Fuller, "Mandela's Children," *National Geographic*, June 2010, <http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/2010/06/south-africa/fuller-text/12>. _

17. Fuller, "After Rhodesia: Robert Mugabe's Crisis of Stasis," *Harper's*, March 2011, <http://harpers.org/archive/2011/03/after-rhodesia/>.

18. Fuller, "Mustangs: Spirit of the Shrinking West," *National Geographic*, February 2009, <http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/2009/02/wild-horses/fuller-text>.

19. "Conversations from the Sun Valley Writers' Conference: Alexandra Fuller," Franklin.

20. "Alexandra Fuller in Conversation with Petina Gappah, Part 1," Book Café, October 27, 2012, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dYxmLI18SJQ>. _

21. Francois Busnel, "Carnet de route Busnel: Alexandra Fuller," *Great Library of France*, February 25, 2012, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Kg1jc5eDvFg>.

22. Fuller, *Falling: The Story of a Marriage* (San Francisco: Byliner, 2012).

23. Peter Hughes, "Text and Textual Analysis," ed. Eoin Devereaux, *Media Studies: Key Issues and Debates* (London: Sage, 2007), 249.

24. Jean-Philippe Wade, "Introduction: Disclosing the Nation," in *Rethinking South African Literary History*, eds. Johannes Smit, Jan van Wyk, and Jean-Philippe Wade (Durban: Y Press, 1996), 2.

25. Alex Clark's "Gender Balancing the Books," *Guardian*, June 8, 2013, contributes to this conversation.

26. Deborah Seddon, "'The Story That Follows Is True': Secret Stealing and the Habits of Entitlement," *Scrutiny 2: Issues in English Studies in Southern Africa* 10, no. 5 (2005): 94.

27. Tony Simoes da Silva, "Narrating a White Africa: Autobiography, Race, and History," *Third World Quarterly* 26, no. 30 (2005): 475.

28. *Ibid.*, 476.

29. Njabulo Ndebele, "Memory, Metaphor, and the Triumph of Narrative," in *Negotiating the Past: The Making of Memory in South Africa*, eds. Sarah Nuttall and Carli Coetzee (Cape Town: Oxford University Press, 1998), 26.

30. Rosalia Baena, "'Not Home But Here': Rewriting Englishness in Colonial Childhood Memoirs," *English Studies* 90, no. 4 (2009): 435.

31. Fuller, *Don't Let's Go to the Dogs Tonight*, 8.
32. Ibid., 35.
33. "Fuller in Conversation with Petina Gappah, Part 1."
34. Ibid.
35. Ibid.
36. Susan Gray Gose, "From Killing Fields to Drilling Fields," WyoFile Writers' Series, April 24, 2012.
37. Gregory Cowles, "Stray Questions for: Alexandra Fuller," *ArtsBeat* (blog), *New York Times*, December 11, 2009, http://artsbeat.blogs.nytimes.com/2009/12/11/stray-questions-for-alexandra-fuller/?_r=0#more-170045.
38. Baena, 456.
39. "Conversation with Alexandra Fuller," Weissman.
40. Baena, 455.
41. "Conversation with Alexandra Fuller," Weissman.
42. Fuller, "Coming Home," *Guardian*, November 27, 2002, <http://www.theguardian.com/world/2002/nov/27/zimbabwe.guardianfirstbookaward2002>.
43. Fuller, "Return to Zambia," *National Geographic*, September 2005, <http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/ngm/0509/feature6/index.html>.
44. Dave (no surname in byline), "Back to Africa with Alexandra Fuller," *Powell's Books Blog*, October 10, 2006, <http://www.powells.com/blog/interviews/back-to-africa-with-alexandra-fuller-by-dave/>.
45. Fuller, *Scribbling the Cat*, 74.
46. Andrew Duncan, "Alexandra Fuller," *IndieBound*, undated, <http://www.indiebound.org/author-interviews/fulleralexandra>.
47. Fuller, "Coming Home."
48. Ibid.
49. da Silva, "Narrating a White Africa," 474.
50. Fuller, *Scribbling the Cat*, 74.
51. Fuller, "Coming Home."
52. Rauwerda, 61.
53. Seddon, "'The Story That Follows Is True,'" 95.
54. Fuller, "Return to Zambia."