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In the past one year I have visited several Nigerian Universities as Special Guest, Guest Lecturer, or recipient of creative writers' club awards. I have also taken part in literary and creative outreach visits to a number of secondary schools. Everywhere I have encountered a feeling of frightening anxiety, exasperation, even frustration among young talents who daily nurse the hope of becoming writers in the near future. Their main source of worry is the virtual collapse of the literary culture in Nigeria: the non-availability of well-stocked public libraries, the scarcity of books coupled with the prohibitive prices of the available few, the miserable state of publishing in the country with the consequent shortage of outlets for new books, the drastic deterioration in the educational system itself.

Beyond this general picture are the harrowing
individual pains. Take the case of a young, prodigiously talented university graduate who walked out of a well-paid job in order to devote his whole time and life to the writing of a new novel. After countless foodless days and sleepless nights, the manuscript is ready—an ambitious hand-written 600 pager which shakes whatever table it is put on like an earthquake. Right now this would-be novelist’s dream is blocked by a most rudimentary problem: payment of a 500-naira typing expenses—in a country where a university professor’s basic monthly salary is about 4000 naira! For several months now this ‘big book’ has been lingering, long-hand, yellowing each day, in the corner of a high-risk tenement room in one of Nigeria’s cities.

Our literary culture boasts more yellowing tales. At the Association of Nigerian Authors’ conference in Benin City last year, another young writer stoked my wonder with three impressive poetry manuscripts which, if all things were not so unequal, should have been books toasted from bookshop to bookshop. But thumb-stained, dog-eared, these manuscripts still remain brittle tenants of a cockroach-infested box. Some young writers are so inundated by rejection slips that their ribs have started stumbling on the writing sheet. Others parade acceptance letters written ten years ago by publishers who have since shifted their concern to books where the bread is not far from the butter. Thus whether it is in Lagos, Accra, Nairobi or Lusaka, many dreams lie locked in the coffin of the editor’s drawer.

**Arts Theatre Seminar**

This tragedy is not in any way restricted to the book business. It is a virus affecting every cell of the continent’s creative organ. Just last week there was a passionate discussion in the Arts Theatre of the University of Ibadan (Nigeria’s oldest University theatre) on the alarming reduction of theatre practices in the country: the literal death of the repertoire tradition, the paucity of stage activities and the resultant decline in the theatre-going habit of members of the university community, even the physical deterioration of the theatre itself—it’s leaking roof and decaying wooden louvres. This is the theatre where the great Axworthy made—and left—a mark; where the redoubtable Martin Banham moulded an impressive array of talents; indeed the theatre in which many of the plays which shot the mercurial Soyinka into global repute pre-miered. But now, the one of the laudable projects of this conference to produce another Soyinka or Achebe?'

The Arts Theatre seminar took me forcibly back to the anxieties of the creative writing students mentioned above. Like them the seminar participants raised questions about the suffocating political situation in the country, especially the curtailment of human rights which has placed freedom of expression in dire jeopardy, the proscription of truth and the cultivation of silence by a ruling junta so scared of the power of the word. Many of my undergraduate and high school hosts actually wanted to know why the writing vocation is so perilously close to danger and starvation in Nigeria, in Africa. Many wondered if it was viable, even desirable to nurse the hope of becoming full-time writers when they grew up. A smallish, sharp-faced young man asked me pointedly: ‘Tell me sir, can the present situation in Nigeria, in Africa, produce another Soyinka or Achebe? Maybe at the end of this conference an answer will emerge to this question.

I am fully aware that the contestation of the image of Africa as ‘victim’ is one of the laudable projects of this conference. In other words, the world would like to see a representation different from that which projects Africa as the misery-region of the globe, a place where all the people do is wait helplessly for the next famine or plague, then the missionary
The above, then, constitute the context which produces our texts. But rather than allow these debacles to cow us into sterility and immobilism, many African writers have allowed them to ‘hurt them into creativity’. Because they occupy (or are forced to occupy) a social and historical space considerably different from that of the early Soyinka, Achebe and their contemporaries, the ‘post Achebe/Soyinka’ generation have devised literary methods which differ in some significant aspects from those of the earlier generation. There are historical and biographical reasons for this difference. Born shortly before or after the rash of electoral annulment has resulted in continual insecurity and bloodshed. We are talking of a continent currently going through a second slavery, whose best brains are in one form of exile or another, some of whose doctors and engineers are forced to eke out a miserable existence as street-sweepers, morgue-attendants, or janitors in Europe and America. Can we really ignore, even for one oblivious moment, the ‘victimhood’ of a continent whose economy is under complete control of foreign financiers, whose currencies have been so cruelly devalued that all they can purchase now are chronic poverty and sterility? To take a test case: the imported hard-cover edition of Ibadan, Soyinka’s new book, costs over 2,000 naira (about the monthly salary of a university graduate worker) in some of the few Nigerian bookstores, viable enough to have it on their shelves. Home-made books fare only a little better. The cost of publishing materials has jumped so astronomically that even the big-league publishers are finding it difficult to produce elementary textbooks and other ‘bread-and-butter’ titles. Any wonder then that the only book fair of any regularity and significance in the entire continent today is the one which takes place in Zimbabwe? In contemporary Africa those who want to write are denied the necessary space and means; those willing to read cannot find the book. This is why in a recent article poignantly titled ‘Literature and the Nation’, Odia Ofeimun, poet, journalist, and current president of the Association of Nigerian Authors, raised the alarm that our literature is being ‘threatened with extinction by social regression’.?

For isn’t Africa more ‘victim’ today than it was ten, twenty years ago? Consider the carnage in Rwanda, Somalia, Liberia; the rebellion-strained peace of Sierra Leone, the Stone-Age despotism in Zaire, Kenya, – and Nigeria where the peace and progress of a potentially magnificent country has been annulled with the freest and fairest election in her history. Or Algeria where an almost similar electoral annulment has resulted in continual insecurity and bloodshed. We are talking of a continent currently going through a second slavery, whose best brains are in one form of exile or another, some of whose doctors and engineers are forced to eke out a miserable existence as street-sweepers, morgue-attendants, or janitors in Europe and America. Can we really ignore, even for one oblivious moment, the ‘victimhood’ of a continent whose economy is under complete control of foreign financiers, whose currencies have been so cruelly devalued that all they can purchase now are chronic poverty and sterility? To take a test case: the imported hard-cover edition of Ibadan, Soyinka’s new book, costs over 2,000 naira (about the monthly salary of a university graduate worker) in some of the few Nigerian bookstores, viable enough to have it on their shelves. Home-made books fare only a little better. The cost of publishing materials has jumped so astronomically that even the big-league publishers are finding it difficult to produce elementary textbooks and other ‘bread-and-butter’ titles. Any wonder then that the only book fair of any regularity and significance in the entire continent today is the one which takes place in Zimbabwe? In contemporary Africa those who want to write are denied the necessary space and means; those willing to read cannot find the book. This is why in a recent article poignantly titled ‘Literature and the Nation’, Odia Ofeimun, poet, journalist, and current president of the Association of Nigerian Authors, raised the alarm that our literature is being ‘threatened with extinction by social regression’.?

The thematic preoccupation remains the desperate situation of Africa, the stylistic hallmarks are clarity and directness of expression, formal experimentation, and a deliberate incorporation of African oral literary modes.

Frank Chipasula says it all in ‘Manifesto on Ars Poetica’:
And I will distil life into horrible adjectives
I will not clean the poem to impress the tyrant;
I will not bend my verses into the bow of a praise song
And I will point the light of my poems into the dark
Nooks where our people are pounded to pulp
Today my poetry has exacted a confession from me.
(Whispers in the Wing, p. 108)

Indeed poetry has exacted equally bold confessions from many other poets of Chipasula’s generation. Odia Ofeimun declares:
I cannot blind myself to putrefying carcases in the market place
Pulling giant vultures from the sky
And rounds off the poem on a deliberate, instructive note:
A garland of subversive litanies should answer these morbid landscapes
My land, my woman
(The Poet Lied, p. 3)

Examining the matter and manner of contemporary African writing in the vein of the excerpts above, the present writer reflects:
the simple word is the shortest distance between two minds
There is no petname for injustice
poverty
has no bank for nicknames
(A Nib in the Pond, p. 9)
before going on to a somewhat aphoristic coda:
Art shorn of the human touch
is art for ass sake
(A Nib, p. 6)
Syl Cheney-Coker who indict the Creole ugliness of Sierra Leone and highlights the brutality of her Portuguese Conquistadors,
practise(s) the art of poetry
because all my country’s misery rises up from my belly
(The Graveyard Also Has Teeth, p. 65)
while Keorapetse Kgositsile, even in the dark days of apartheid mad a visionary proclamation that ‘change is gonna come’, because in the lyrical words of Kofi Anyidoho,
... those who took away our Voice
Are now surprised
They couldn’t take away our Song
(Ancestrallogic, p. 23)
Still ‘troubador’ in the Dennis Brutus sense of the word, the new generation poets also admonish and warn. In the prodigal days of Nigeria’s ‘oil boom’, when her military ruler declared to the world at large that money was not Nigeria’s problem but how to spend it, Tanure Ojaide foresaw the doom behind the boom:
Oil boasts: ‘For ever and ever
Shall I remain on top of the water’
It shall come, rock salt shall come
To beat oil into profound loss
(Children of Iroko, p. 36)
Because of the quantum physics of existential inequality (Atukwei Okai, p. 13) in the world we live in, we find in the poets a xenecric mix of pain, passion, and patriotism. In a stubbornly declarative poem ‘I am Bound to This Land by Blood’, Olu Oguibe, a ‘newer’ member of the new generation of African writers tells us
And if I sing not of roses and rivers
It’s because I see rivers of blood
(A Gathering Fear, p. 12)
then goes on to make a chilling confession:
My verse spreads unagathered
In this spilt of purple
Mine is the cry of a ram tethered
To the slaughterslab
(ibid., p. 13)

Anger, angst, lulls of despair, bursts of hope, a frequent amplitude of vision — these are some of the common attributes of the poets highlighted above. To them must be added the pensive, colloquial energy of the poetry of Jack Mapanje, Funso Aiyejina, Jared Angira, and Harry Garuba; the nostalgic afflatus of Lupenga Mphande, Edison Mpina, Steve Chimombo, and Molora Ogundipe-Leslie whose fluent verse saw(s) the old days into new seasons.

As we have seen above, most of the poets of the ‘new generation’ articulate a clear consciousness of the place of the poet and the gravity of the functions of poetry in a tone and with a vehemence hardly experienced in the earlier generation. This is why a good number of them preface their collections with poetic manifestoes which enunciate a new poetics that is aesthetically and socially answerable.

But the image and function of the writer as griot and raconteur are by no means the sole characteristics of practitioners of the poetry genre. Indeed many of the dramatists of the ‘new generation’ tell Africa’s story in costume, sound, mime and movement in a manner whose physical representation forcibly engage the consciousness. There is a radical, even revolutionary project here too, a robust belief that the theatre is not just a house of speeches and props, but also a battleground for contending images and ideas.

Wole Soyinka remains an enormous and highly seminal influence. But for the generation after him he has been both a venerable model and fertile point of departure. Thus in many ways the relationship of the ‘new’ generation to Soyinka’s dramaturgy has been somewhat problematic.

Of supreme importance to this re-definition of relationship is the 1977 workshop on ‘Radical Perspectives in African Literature and Society’ organised by brilliant left-wing lecturers, writers, and critics of the Universities of Ife and Ibadan. In a manner reminiscent of such radical efforts in East Africa in the Seventies — efforts which resulted in a substantial decolonialisation of African literature and the establishment of oral literature as a legitimate area of study — the Ibadan conference demystified old gods, challenged sacred canons, and laid out new parameters for the re-appraisal of African literatures, history, and cultures. In a clearly anti-Aristotelian, anti-‘Great Tradition’ fervour, the workshop proposed a shift of emphasis from obscurantist, Negritudinist myths to the biting urgency of contemporary social issues as fitting subject of literary discourse. A change in the writer’s conception of the hero was also examined: the gods, goddesses, kings and nobles who populated the African stage were asked to yield place to the common woman and man — the real makers of history.
The ripples generated by this workshop have been far-reaching. This is evident in the dramatic output of Ola Rotimi who moved from the royal heights of Kurunmi and The Gods Are Not to Blame (itself his adaptation of Oedipus Rex to the pungent satirical indictment of If and Hopes of the Living Dead.

Perhaps the most prolific dramatist of the 'post-Soyinka' era (in Nigeria, at least) is Femi Osofisan (who like Biodun Jeyifo, the brilliant literary theorist and critic, was one of the moving forces of the Radical Perspectives workshop). In play after play, Osofisan confronts the Nigerian society with the social and cultural horrors of its existence: social injustice in Once Upon Four Robbers and Morecountadun, the question of power in Yungba Yungba, the need for compassion in Esu and the Vagabond Mindstrels, and of recent, the pan-Africanist issue in Nkrumah Ni, Africa Ni. Two of his plays are even direct responses or counter-texts to those of the earlier tradition. No More the Wasted Breed counters the cyclical pessimism of Soyinka's The Strong Breed, while Another Raft is a rejoinder to The Raft by J. P. Clark-Bekederemo.

In the 'new generation' drama, history re-connects with mythology and a reinterpretation of both yields a reality which provides a handle on the present — and the future. Ibrahim Hussein's Kinjeketile hints on the tenuousness of social struggle premised on mythical ontology, while in the Tornadoes Full of Dreams, Bode Sowande provides a diasporic canvas of origins, migrations, and troubled habitations. In a somewhat existentialist flash-back of memory and consciousness, Tess Onwueme tells us in Legacies that the past may not really be as rosy as it has been made to be.

Whether it is the myth-inspired The Lake God by Bole Butake, or the subtle parodic criticism of Tanzanian socialism by Penina Muhando Mlama, or the indictment of political blindness by Sam Ukala's The Log in Your Eye, contemporary African theatre engages in a vibrant debate on the social, cultural and political issues of the day. The argument takes place most times in the formal theatre with seated ladies and gentlemen. and sometimes in the hit-and-run guerrilla platform in the streets of Samaru or Ile Ife (in Nigeria), or the community-based theatres in Zimbabwe, Cameroon, South African and the state-destroyed experiment in Kamiriithi by Ngugi wa Thiong'o.

Continuities

Prominent in all the dramas in this section are new theatrical forms and modes. For example, the Brechtian epic theatre and its alienation technique are very much present in the drama of Penina Mlama, Zulu Sofofa, and Olu Obafemi, while at times ideas compete with plot and characterization in Uyiwa Amadu Maddy. In Biyi Bandeke-Thomas neo-absurdist echoes are energised by post-modernist trends.

Like Soyinka's, Achebe's successors are many and varied. Without failing to acknowledge the urbane wisdom and quiet craftsmanship of the authors of Things Fall Apart, they have taken African prose fiction beyond the village square to the turbulent streets of the city where things are truly no longer at ease. Almost invariably the subject matter is the political chaos in post-independence Africa, but the styles range from the formal, poetic mode of Nuruddin Farah, Cheney-Coker, Chenjeri Hove and Yvonne Vera, to the colloquial tenor of Dambuzo Marechera and Ken Saro-Wiwa who strains no nerve in telling an exhilarating story in 'rotten English'. Significantly, this is also the genre that has produced the largest number of female writers. So, in a way, we also have a right to talk about the 'post-Nwapa/Ba/Gardiner/Soadawii/Head/Sutherland/Segun/Aidoo generation'.

Generally the thematic and stylistic trends in contemporary African prose fiction can be put under four broad and interrelated categories: marvellous or magical realism, mythic realism, critical realism, and a new burgeoning prose genre called 'faction'.

Time there was when magical realism was considered to be indigenous to Latin America, its progenitor being the phenomenal Gabriel Marcial Marquez, who has found worthy heirs and heiresse in prodigies like Isabella Allende and Carlos Fuentes. Well, that was before Salman Rushdie gave it an Oriental habitation and Toni Morrison demonstrated to the world that 'conjuring' among African storytellers came before Columbus. The two most prominent practitioners of that genre in Africa today are Ben Okri (The Famished Road, Songs of Enchantment, and Astonishing the Gods) and Syl Cheney-Coker (The Last Harmattan of Alusine Dunbar). Both novelists (especially the former) of course, owe more than they are ready to confess to the fabulist pioneership of D. O. Fagunwa and the primitive imagination of Amos Tutuala.

It must be said, however, that Okri and Cheney-Coker are not mere imitators of magical realism: the former's magical terrain is populated by ghosts and weird beings (which bring Soyinka's A Dance of the Forests powerfully to mind), while the latter's yarn is stretched by a liberal web of myth and history.

And in this regard it shares the same borders with novels of mythic realism. Here Yvonne Vera's Nehanda provides an eloquent example. The heroine Nehanda is not only a widely known historical figure; she is here portrayed as a medium, prophetess, visionary, and liberation fighter. In this novel historical truth is constructed through mythic fabulation and literary mediation. The history of Zimbabwe, from white occupation to black liberation struggle is endowed with a new reality just as Chenjeri Hove's Bones tells the post-liberation story through his dusty characterizations and ruptured narrative chronology; and Shimmer Chinodoy's Harvest of Thorns covers three decades of Zimbabwean family life in the intimate context of the history, politics, and culture of that period.

Most of the novelists of the new generation tackle reality head on with as much mediation as their art allows. The issues of social injustice, corruption, unemployment, cultural alienation, gender oppression and other vices which make Africa such a hellish continent loom large in narratives of this category. We are presented with familiar places and recognisable faces. In Festus Iyayi critical realism is boosted by socialist realism (Violence, Contract, Heroes), and so con-
The setting looks so palpably real, in others it assumes the mystic suggestiveness of a tale told before the world began.

It will be noticed that through out this essay, I have included the phrase 'post-Achebe/Soyinka' in cautious quotation marks. This is because I am utterly sceptical about the 'post' which has now become so fashionable a tag in contemporary discourse (as I have said elsewhere, the 'post' in 'post-colonial' is a vicious lie). Both Achebe and Soyinka are still very much around — and creating. Even in the literary republic, it is still a criminal sin to bury the living! So what this essay has done is to highlight some of the thematic and stylistic developments which have taken place in African literature because of, in spite of, or beyond these two profound trail-blazers. Mine, therefore, is an account of continuities and ruptures.

But one thing is sure: the period in which Achebe and Soyinka launched themselves on to the literary scene is saner and kinder than the one in which their successors are presently trapped. Whereas their works received enthusiastic attention from publishers and were distributed all over the world, overseas publishers now see African literature as a bad risk, while local ones only manage to bring out a few titles over a long period. African literature today is thus in a painfully illiterate bind: books published by Africans abroad are not available even in their home countries due to unfavourable currency exchange rates, while the few published in Africa are not available beyond their immediate locality. To make matters worse, those journals and magazines which provided vibrant literary outlets in the Sixties and Seventies are either now extinct or going through protracted dormancy. The bookshops are empty. This is why in a recent article frighteningly titled 'When Ugandan Pens Could Write No More', Ayeta Anne Wanguko declared: 'Walk into the Makerere University Bookshop - it's a joke. One can ride a motor cycle into it and ride out without casualties.'
Wangusa’s statement holds true for bookshops in other countries south of the Sahara except, perhaps, Zimbabwe and South Africa.

These, then are the states of African literature today. But people are still writing, creative writing classes, literary associations, newspaper and magazine columns and many others are bent on giving credence to Wally Serote’s credo that we ‘are not the lost generation’. And as Ogechi Iromantu has prophesied in her new collection, we may one day reach the state where there will be

No more screaming. No more crying no more lies to cover the wounds of sadness and grief; no more unforgettable pain this is the world intended from the beginning

I see peace in the land for all

(Outpouring of Innocence, p.3)

Ms. Ogechi Iromantu is 14 years old. GR

Notes
2AM News (Sunday Edition), July 30, 1995, p. 9
3. Oleimun, p. 9
(Primary sources: Only those from which direct quotes have been taken) —