

**SUSPENSE AND CATHARSIS AS DEVICES IN TRAGIC NARRATIVES: A
READING OF UWEM AKPAN'S *SAY YOU'RE ONE OF THEM* AND WALE
OKEDIRAN'S *AFTER THE FLOOD***

Anthony Njoku (PhD)¹ and Gloria Eke²

¹Department of Foreign Languages and Literatures, University of Port Harcourt, Nigeria.

²School of General Studies and Communications, Michael Okpara University of Agriculture, Umudike Abia State, Nigeria

ABSTRACT: *Two historical incidents, slavery and colonization, sculptured African literature to acquire a certain texture for which Charles Nnolim labeled it a lachrymal literature since its origins are founded in the reactions against the same incidents. This paper contends that African literature after the truce is still a literature of complaint, protest and tears as events since the lowering of the Union Jack and Le tricolore on the continental soil remain, even on a larger scale, sadistic and horrific. It argues that Uwem Akpan and Wale Okediran's works are also lachrymal literature as a result of the kind of violence and horror which are their hallmarks. The paper analyzes suspense and catharsis as key devices that the authors deploy to convey home their lethargic messages of gore and fatal carnage. It is able through exposés on these devices open new vistas, establish common grounds as well as differences between the devices, stating that they are the most effective tools for the works in analysis in particular and for creating tragic fictions in general.*

KEYWORDS: Uwem Akpan, Wale Okediran, Lachrymal literature, Devices, Suspense/Catharsis.

INTRODUCTION

It is quite intriguing how Charles Nnolim, one of the foremost African literary critics of the twentieth century, came about his famous phrase of African literature being a lachrymal literature. In an attempt to describe the foundational experiences of African literature in *Issues In African Literature*, he writes as follows: 'From its beginnings written African literature in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from Phyllis Wheatley and Gustav Vassa, down to Achebe and Ngugi WaThiong'o, was an unhappy one. It was lachrymal. It was a weeping literature, a literature of lamentation, following Africa's unhappy experience with slavery and colonialism' (257). One thing is very certain. For African literature to be lachrymal it must first be a tragic literature since tragedy naturally begets tears. Nnolim made no mention of this. Secondly, this statement of his seems to imply that the era of tearful literature is over since slavery and colonialism have apparently ceased. That also sounds unctuous and convoluted. The fact remains that the destiny of African literature, its mainstream, let alone the spin-offs dealing with other thematic issues bordering on comedy and humour, appears tied to tragedy of pain, anger, regret and disappointment at any historical time frame. One wonders whether the disenchantment literature begotten by post-independence disillusionment is anything other than tragic and lachrymal literature or the literature inspired by neocolonial Western hegemony over the African political and economic space different from the tragic memory that has branded African literature. Works of cultural alienation and hybrid identity triggering off psychological schizoid-paranoia such as *No Longer At Ease*, *L' Ecart*, *Entre Les Eaux* bear

striking resemblance to this literature. Literature emanating from the nexus of ethnic and religious forces leading to conflicts and disaster across the continent is no less lachrymal; let alone a genre of literature dealing with political dictatorship, of totalitarianism, despotism and absolutism. The titles are reminiscent of the common theme of tragedy and tears—*Why Are We So Blest*, *Le Pleurer-Rire*, *La Vie et Demie (Half Life)*, *Allah n'est pas obligé*, *The Interpreters*, *Devil on the Cross*, *Man of the People*, *En Attendant le Vote des Bêtes Sauvages*, *Anthills of the Savannah*, *Wizard of the Crow*, *La Folie et la Mort*, *So Long a Letter*, *The Seed Yams Have Been Eaten*, *Les Soleils des indépendances*, *The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born* and *Two Thousand Seasons*. Niger Delta Literature and rhymes of sorrow laden with tragic lamentation caused by the destruction of the entire aquatic life and the ecosystem over decades of oil exploration is another lachrymal one. Looking at this repertoire, one is obliged to ask when will African literature cease to be a cycle of agony? In John Munonye's *A Kind of Fool*, the fictitious nation of Bohya is caught in a vicious tragic web of post-independence outlandish breach, thus:

‘Agony of Our Young Nation: The Way We See it: The ten page publication outlined how Bohya had been ruled since its independence. First, there was government by midwives, those early nationalists who delivered the country from colonial rule. Nannies, the military came next. Although sworn to nurture, protect and defend the nation, those military men soon turned round to eat up the child's food themselves. Finally, came Regents, current civilian rulers bent on despoiling before the young nation would grow up and begin to ask questions. One thing they all, those three, had in common was heartlessness and ingenuity in plunder. Why ever let mosquitoes act as custodians of a blood bank?’ (220-221)

Yet another Polish writer, apart from Conrad, Ryszard Kapuściński satirizes the so-called independence with a mocking title, *Il n'y aura pas de paradis*. He strikes a chord with African writers as he submits that economic stagnation, failures at the home front, bureaucratic bottleneck, and non-mobilization of the masses force politicians to embrace dictatorship and intensify foreign policy. And this political chaos is the work of inexperienced men who are not serious and cannot foresee the consequences of their decisions (142-155). Armah's late Egyptological novels, *Osiris Rising* and *KMT*, are full of tragic and tearful altercations over the West and the Arabs' distortion of history. His arguments imply that ancient Egyptians of the Pharaoh and the pyramid era were not the ancestors of the current Arab dwellers, because they were Blacks of sub-Saharan African stock. So civilization originates from sub-Saharan Africa contrary to doctored modern history. Niyi Osundare in a poem writes that “*Tyranny May be long History is always LONGER*” (Maduka and Ekpo 378). And he breaks further into rhymes of agony and weeping for imperialism in *Waiting Laughers* where he writes that “*The cry is Deeper than The wound*” (Maduka and Ekpo 379). Chima Igbokwe comments on *Anthills of the Savannah*: ‘Ikem's poem, “Hymn to the Sun,” warns of chaos, suffering, weeping and total destruction’ (216). What a suffering that characterizes *Wizard of the Crow*! Aburiria with attendant woe of dictatorship has turned a tragedy with all manner of sycophants. Under the crushing weight of its absolutist Machiavellian Ruler, it is still ‘Marching to Heaven’ with pearls of sweat and tears (73). The Niger Delta literature of eco-criticism has carved a niche for itself as a tragic and lachrymal literature. It has sustained its campaign against environmental degradation through oil exploration by Western companies. Ken Saro Wiwa was one of the pioneer artists who opened the floodgate. Other are Tenure Ojaide, Isidore Okpewho, G.G. Darah, Ibiwari Ikiriko, Obari Gomba and Kaine Agary. In line with this common theme, readers have come across awe-inspiring titles like *Yellow-Yellow*, *God Punish You*, *Lord*

Lugard, *The Militant Writes Back*, *The Tale of the Harmatan*, *Camouflage*, *Tide* etc. Similarly, in the collection *In the House of Words*, Ojaide scolds the enemy within in a poem entitled *The Community Development Officer*:

I met one community development officer transformed from a stick into a fat neck
& when there was an oil slick it didn't matter to him there was a gas explosion
It didn't matter to him his people died the death of grasshoppers it didn't matter
since death was their portion for as long as he sat in a big chair of the air-
conditioned office with a fat salary. In the Office of Community Development my
people's natural growth stunted that their son with a foreign appellation could
grow fat in the neck and belly- he would flaunt at them evidence of inglorious
wealth and insult them (p. 26, lines 29-44).

Another class of literature which is more tragic and lachrymal than any other is probably the genocide literature born out of the atrocious ethnic cleansing in Rwanda and neighbouring Burundi. *Say You're One Of Them* no doubt belongs to this category since the stories are tragic and one of them is specifically based on the Rwandan genocide from where even the title of the entire collection derives. Moreover, the stories depict the frustration and tragic victimization of African children who fall prey to socio-political, religious and ethnic crises. Wale Okediran's *After the Flood* stands tall as a gland of tears, a nest of pain, synonymous with sorrow, mourning and weeping in the valley of grief. In the novel, beasts and humans are savagely and tragically cut off from life by wild floods and thunderstorms. Bloated carcasses and cadavers like zoomed images litter the streets, constituting a tragic scene as elemental forces run amok. It is a pathetic story of Sade, a young nurse who supposedly loses her three months old son, Tomi and a maid, Beauty to the rabid rampaging Ibadan floods while she attends a birthday party of her friend and professional colleague, Nana Okolie.

Review of Criticism on *Say You're One of Them*

Since the publication of *Say You're One Of Them*, this collection keeps receiving critical punches for arousing great sentiments by delving into contemporary issues of serious concern to history, humanity, African governments and the world at large. Negative criticism has risen because of the emotional stress its audience is currently undergoing as a result of disturbing images it consistently evokes. Charles Taylor posted this remark: *'Though he is obviously a talented writer, in these stories such transcendence eludes Uwem Akpan. Inevitability is an integral part of tragedy, but for it to overwhelm us, we mustn't see it coming. Inevitability is far different from the queasy dread of waiting for horrors we've already guessed at. Neither the most upsetting episodes in Philip Gourevitch's unforgettable nonfiction account of, "We Wish to Inform You That We Will Be Killed With Our Families," nor the dramatized outrage that powers Terry George's superb political melodrama "Hotel Rwanda" made me feel the massacre the way Akpan's story does. Its grisliness repulsed me'* (<http://www.nytimes.com>). Uwen Akpan's book is received in the literary circle by other critics with standing ovation as world classic whose fame spreads like wild fire and is attested to by the rate at which it ignites passionate and critical discussions in every corner of the globe where it matters (Oprah Wimpey, Caine...). Aminatta Foma exalts Akpan as having joined the pantheon of prominent writers in Africa.

It has been said that if you want to know a place, read its literature. In this starkly modern fables, reminiscent of Africa's greats such as Ngugiwa Thiong'o and Ahmadou Kourouma, Akpan reveals Africa's pain, pity, joy and grace, and

comes closer to the truth about modern Africa than the entire outpouring of the western (sic) mass media (<http://www.theguardian.com/books...>).

Ikenna Kamalu is of the opinion that Akpan's stories reveal the activities of religious extremists who invent ideologies and ethnic sentiments meant to exclude others from their own faith and tribe and indict them as infidels before executing them. On *LH*, he writes:

The fundamentalists ascribe the attribute of "infidels" (inpidels) to their Southern compatriots (souderners) whom they further identify with an ethnic label as "Igbo feofle"(people), "Delta feofle" (people), and "Yoruba feofle" (people). Mallam Abdullahi, however, uses an alienating attribute of "strangers" and "visitor" to refer to the same carrier—Igbo, Delta, Yoruba who are further identified with the superordinate term "Southerners" (souderners) (68).

Kamalu highlights the role of ethnicism in the story, *My Father's Bedroom (MFB)* stating that while the White people use 'generic' term of Blacks for sub-Saharan Africans, Nigeria and Rwanda use pigmentation in a way 'to index ethnicism' (70).

Historical Background to *After The Flood*

Wale Okediran's *After the Flood* is a fictional replay of the inundation of the city of Ibadan in 1980, which took a toll on lives and property. Okediran acknowledged this incident as the source of his inspiration in the *Sun's* interview of July 6 2013, thus, 'After The Flood was inspired by the Ogunpa Flood disaster, which ravaged Ibadan in 1980' (<http://sunnewsonline.com/new/...>). Indeed, this carnage left indelible relics in the annals of the city and its inhabitants. *THISDAY* newspaper editorial account of 31st August 2011 states that

To memorialize that 'Omiyale' tragedy, many songs were rendered by leading fuji and juju artistes of the time while politicians bickered about whose responsibility it was to ensure it would never happen again. At the end, the Ogunpa River which overflowed its banks and resulted in many of the deaths was channelized and many people believed a lasting solution had been found (<http://www.thisdaylive.com/go/...>).

What goes around comes around and in as much as humans, especially Africans, in view of our common experience, tend not to learn from history there was an encore in August 2011 when another tragedy struck. The author recognizes this fact in the same *Sun's* interview and noted: 'When the same flood disaster occurred in Ibadan two years ago, Longman re-issued the book for wide spread distribution to schools in Oyo State as a way of reminding us about the ability of history to repeat itself if care is not taken' (<http://sunnewsonline.com/new/...>).

Suspense and Catharsis as Literary Devices

Over time in literary criticism, suspense is commonly believed to be the ability of a writer to sustain the interest of the reader by creating certain effects and influence on him that are capable of captivating his interest to enable him read to the end of the story and the actions of the characters. Some writers have the uncanny ability to either tantalize their audiences by postponing the resolution of a serious conflict, especially in a dramatic text or foreshadow important events in a literary work in a way that arouses the interest of the reader. All is suspense. Suspense is breath-taking, it causes fear, worry and sympathy if the reader is anticipating danger; it causes anxiety if the reader is praying for the safety of a character. And

it is quite intriguing if there is hope for survival (in the case of a tragedy-hit character), fun and humour. Suspense, given all of the above, remains a device the author of a literary work employs in the plot to attract readership for sustenance. For Holman suspense is

The poised anticipation of the reader or audience as to the outcome of the events of a short story, a novel or a drama, particularly as these events affect a character in the work for whom the reader or audience has formed a sympathetic attachment. suspense is a major device for the securing and maintaining of interest in all forms of fiction. It may be either of two major types: in one, the outcome is uncertain and the suspense resides in the question of who or what or how; to the other, the outcome is inevitable from the events which have gone before and the suspense resides in the audience's frightened anticipation, in the question of when (518).

Based on Holman's definition, suspense generates questions possibly more than any other technique as a result of its probe into the five Ws whose origin is emotional conditions; and it is one that cuts across all the genres.

First conceived in Aristotle's poetics, catharsis as a dramatic device has been described as the purgation in a play of emotions of fear and pity by the audience through psychological participation in the travails of a tragic hero's. The audience by watching the hero's woes and predicament learns to cope with such traumatic experiences and begins to assume their possibility in real life. Catharsis is also viewed as the climactic point in a play which evokes feelings from the affective domain of the spectator such as love and sympathy for a tragic hero. Ian Buchanan confirms this view when he affirms that it means: "... 'to purify', 'to cleanse', or even 'to purge', used in drama to describe a peak moment in a play when a sequence is brought to a close in such a way as to prompt laughter, tears, or some affective and emotional release" (78-79). Holman argues that catharsis is a 'physiological metaphor' whose implications and translation are polemical (84). He writes:

Two widely differing interpretations are customary today: one is that the spectator by vicariously participating in the actions of the hero, learns through the effects upon him of fear and pity that the evil effects or "mistakes" of the hero are destructive and thereby learns to avoid them in his own life; the other is that the spectator's emotional conflicts are temporarily resolved and his inner agitation stilled by having an opportunity vicariously to expend fear and pity upon the tragic hero (84-85).

It is easy to understand the two interpretations of catharsis thrown up by Holman's remarks and their implications. The first distinction implies that the spectator's emotions are appropriated from the experience of the tragic hero while in the second the spectator's natural emotions of fear for danger and pity meet those of the tragic hero on the scene and get stemmed by virtue of this meeting and he probably becomes stronger more immune to pain, fear and violence.

The Use of Suspense in *Say You're One Of Them* and *After The Flood*

Suspense is extensively used by both writers as an effective means of conveying their messages to the audiences. The tragedies could not have perhaps been presented in the most savage way they occur without this literary device. The analyses are based on sample texts, each with two or more parts marked by asterisks and drawn at random from the works. **Sample II:**

“NON, DIS ONE CANNOT defeat me!” Fofu Kpee shouted one evening during a nap, which he had insisted on, to ease his fatigue before giving us lesson. ”Mesenfants no dey go anywhere! Pas du tout.” *He removed his *wrappa* and threw it over the table onto the floor. He was stark naked, like us. At first we wondered if it was an accident. My sister had both hands over her mouth, to keep herself from letting out a sound, her eyes wide and unfocused. We were scared, and Yewa drew close to me (*SYOOT*112;116).

Two incidents occur here, the first is Kpee’s soliloquy, then his nakedness. These incidents depict the victim’s psychological trauma and fear of the unknown. What is certain is that these acts are outlets to pressure. There is unease since the poor children, initially frightened, do not know if he is getting mad. Kpee might be normal, but the suspense only reminds him of the impending doom, hence the unusual behaviour. **Sample III:**

Daddy, acting the part of Ababa Tesfaye, told you many children’s stories; mommy assisting and fleshing out the stories. Mommy allowed you to spend a lot of time in the bath and brought your clothes to their room. Daddy made you read all your books aloud for him and recited church prayers. They didn’t hurry to go to work; they didn’t hurry to go anywhere. *Jubril held his right arm at a conspicuous, somewhat, arrogant angle. The skin of his forearm looked stiff and the muscles taut, as if he were holding on to something in his pocket. But the truth was that his right hand had been amputated at the wrist for stealing. Nobody on the bus knew this, and it was important that Jubril keep this fact hidden. *The shout attracted attention, and Jubril became quiet. He resorted to sign language: he flashed five fingers of his left hand three times and then one finger (*SYOOT* 179; 196; 198).

In the story *WLIT*, suspense builds up after the religious riot at Bahminya, Best Friend’s parents try to keep her in ignorance, but how do they succeed in keeping her away from her Best Friend, Selam, who is a Muslim? Suspense heightens as she tries to understand the game going on around her. The sentences reveal this suspense as daddy and mommy substitute each other in alternating subject positions. In the second part, Jubril in *LH*, is in the bus travelling to the south after fleeing from Khamfi, submerged by another religious riot. Tension soaks him given the secrecy of his journey and that of his amputated right hand which he wants to hide in his pocket throughout the journey. These acts trigger suspense. The last part is also taken from *LH*. The author here indicates certain behaviour Jubril exhibits out of tension and the desire not to betray his identity. This behaviour comes as Chief Ukongo, one of the commuters tries to unravel the mystery. Resorting to a sign language and fumbling with the left fingers left for him by *sharia* are indications that Jubril is under pressure not to divulge his secrets and this dramatic situation increases the suspense. **Sample V:**

By the time she got to the other side of the road, Sade was almost crazy with apprehension as she pushed and shoved her way through the crowd. Desperately, she tried to identify her street but she could see were roofs and debris. When she saw the fire fighters lifting dead bodies from the flooded area, she started shaking with fear * ‘I say Crimson Street. Please where is Crimson Street? Her question was now more of a cry than a request. (*ATF* 46; 47).

Sade is heading to her street from the venue of the party. The suspense here is sustained by fear and anticipation of danger which is already all over her. In the second part, the suspense is

denoted by repetition which shows how nervous she could be while getting closer to her house. She wishes there will be different from the entire street. **Sample VI:**

Stanley Lala moved like a whirlwind down the hospital corridor. As he knocked on the door, he trembled like a leaf while his heart continued to pound fiercely. The door was opened slightly by a nurse. 'Yes? No visitor please. This is the intensive care unit.' 'I'm Stanley Lala, my wife is there and I suppose my baby too?' 'Which baby?' * 'The first one invited my driver to bed. You did with your best friend's boyfriend. And not being satisfied you killed my son. Sade gasped...by the time I finish with you, your parents won't know you' (ATF 53; 61).

Stanley is angry that Sade, his wife abandons home to attend a party. His mood signals fury and danger, so the reader expects him to hit her. And he is just a step away. This is suspense. In the second part, he bulldozes his way back to the hospital after reading Sam Boyo's article. The reader foresees the worst to happen and this heightens the suspense.

The Use of Catharsis in *Say You're One Of Them* and *After The Flood*

Sample I:

When the door opened, a low cry emanated from the crowd. What they saw jolted them, pushing them back. Apart from a few front seats, the bus was full of dead bodies, and there was blood everywhere. The seats were strewn with corpses of every shape and size: children, women, and men. The aisle impassible, with bodies piled as high as the seats. Most of bodies had wounds, and some were burned. There were also body (SYOOT 235; 305).

There is a clear case of catharsis in this text. One of the luxurious buses coming from the north shocks the refugees who want to board it half-way to the south. These two incidents are capable of purging the commuters of fear of death, making them believe that a living person is as good as a dead person. To prove this fact, some people who have the heart begin to push them aside to sit down and continue the journey. That is the effect of catharsis. **Sample II**

"My husband, be a man," Maman interrupts, looking down. "Shenge, answer!" someone yells. The crowd of Hutus murmur and become impatient. "Wovesubiza." "My husband, you promised me." Papa lands the machete on Maman's head. Her voice chokes and she falls off the bed and onto her back on the wooden on the floor. It was like a dream. The knife tumbles out of Papa's hand. His eyes are closed, his face calm, though he's shaking. Maman straightens out on the floor as if she were yawning. Her feet kick, and her chest rises and locks as if she were holding her breath. There was blood everywhere---on everybody around her. It flowed into Maman's eyes. She looks at us through the blood. The blood overflowed her eyelids, Maman is weeping red tears...(SYOOT 350).

This gory tale is capable of purging someone of the fear of death and blood and as a result it portends the climax of UwemAkpan's thesis on murder and massacre of the innocent in this collection. The Rwandan genocide is here exposed in the most horrifying manner and

children are meant to witness a Mephistophelean act like their father killing their mother in their presence only to satisfy the blood-thirsty spirit of inter-ethnic conflict. It could act as drug-induced immunity to blood and violence. **Sample III:**

Piercing screams of the drowning and the wailing agonies of mothers who could no longer trace their children were heard in the dark night of horror. *Above the noise of the storm and thunder, the occasional screams and howls of the dying and drowning could be heard. Once in a while from the Illumination of the lightning, the bodies of infants and children could be seen floating on the river. *It was then she discovered that a wall of the room had collapsed as water filled the room at a frightening speed. Desperation took hold of Beauty as tears of confusion fell from her eyes. 'My mama! my papa!...Oh I'm dead today!' she wailed (ATF 9; 41; 42).

Nobody without a stout heart can read Okediran's *After The Flood*, for this novel is a ribbon of tears. At the same time, it has the capacity to blunt human sensitivity and render a normal mind insensate by boring it with catharsis. The above text belies this assertion. **Sample IV:**

As the cries of small children looking for their mothers and the wailing of adults looking for their children became intermingled with the howling of dogs, Sade became frantic. *Stanley also came across some people who said they saw pigs eating corpses especially those of children and babies. It was there, while sorting out the bodies that Stanley came across that of Beauty, the housegirl. Her body was badly bloated but still recognizable.* As the salvage work continues after the disaster, a trip to the city's flooded areas shows raw sewage and remains of dead animals and human beings continuous emitting foul odour and even a week after the disaster. The stench was sometimes so unbearable in certain sections that rescue workers needed gas masks to breathe. *Screams of anguished residents could be heard in between the noises of the storm. Bulldozers were deployed to aid rescue workers in the grim task of recovering dead bodies. *The anguished cries of an elderly woman suddenly rent the air, two-year old grandson's corpse was picked from a nearby culvert (ATF 47; 56; 63; 142; 144)

CONCLUSION

Our research in this work has shown that it is an axiom to claim that African literature from inception to date, including *Say You're One Of Them* and *After The Flood*, is a lachrymal literature. It may sound very sarcastic to say that Africa has hardly ever had an opportunity to be in a happy mood to create fictions. That itself is scarcely untrue. On the other hand, this paper is intriguingly revealing of the natures and awful emotional properties of two devices used in the works, suspense and catharsis. Because the end is foreseeable and there is psychological cushioning prior to it, an incident that could lead to suspense derails; for instance, Sade's sack by the City Medical Centre (ATF 16). The implication is that the state of the individual's psychology induces suspense. And it is mainly shock and anxiety that destabilize it. We have tacitly shown that there is a synergy between suspense and catharsis.

The latter is the climactic point of the former and suspense has the propensity to trigger off catharsis. Put arithmetically, whatever causes catharsis first causes suspense. Interestingly, suspense could be distinguished from catharsis as both characters and readers could experience it. That is the case of Kpee, Best Friend, Sade and the audiences. Contrarily, it is those esteemed audiences that exclusively pass through catharsis in vicarious participation in the hero's tragedy.

REFERENCES

- Akpan, Uwem. *Say You're One Of Them*. New York: Back Bay Books, L.B.& Company. 2008. Print.
- Armah, A. K. *Osiris Rising: A Novel of Africa Past, Present and Future*. Senegal: Per Ankh, 1995. Print.
- Armah, A.K. *KMT: In The House of Life*. Popenguine, Senegal: Per Ankh, 2002. Print.
- Buchanan, Ian. *Oxford Dictionary of Critical Theory*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010.print.
- Green, Stephanie. "Agencies of Voice: Teaching and Writing with the Short Stories of UwemAkpan". *Strange Bedfellows: Refereed Conference Papers of the 15th Annual AAWP Conference, 2010*.web
- Holman, C.H. *A Handbook to Literature*. 5th Edition, NY: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1986.print.
- Igbokwe, C.I. "Manner and Matter in *Anthills of the Savannah*", *Chinua Achebe in the Statue of His Pen*, C. P.Orie. and E. Chukwu (Editors), Aba, Nigeria: TS-K Press & Publishers,2015,pp.205-220. Print.
- Kamalu, Ikenna. "Ethnic and Racist Discourse in Postcolonial African Text: A Critical Linguistic Analysis of UwemAkpan's *Say You're One Of Them*". *CJLS*, VOL. 1, No 1, June, 2013, M. E. pp.64-74. Web.
- Kamalu, Ikenna and Tamunobelem, Isaac. "Linguistic Expression of Religious Identity in Selected Postcolonial Nigerian Literature". *CSCanada*, Vol.9, No.4, 2013, pp.78-84. web
- Kapuséiński, Ryszard. *Il n'y aura pas de paradis*. Paris: LibrairiePlon (Translator), 2003.print.
- Kourouma, Ahmadou. *Les Soleils des indépendances*. Paris, Seuil, 1970. Print.
- Munonye, John. *A Kind of Fool*. Nigeria: Heinemann, 1999. Print.
- Nnolim, C.E. *Issues in African Literature*. Yenagoa, Nigeria: T. Resources Communications, 2009. Print.
- Ojaide, Tanure. *In the House of Words*.Lagos: Malthouse Press Limited, 2006.pp.25-27.print.
- Okediran, Wale. *After The Flood*. Lagos: Learn Africa P.L.C., 2003.print.
- Uwatt, E. B. "NiyiOsundare's Poetry and Contemporary Historical Reality", *Compass: Essays in Honour of Willfried F. Feuser*,Chidi T. Maduka and Denis Ekpo (Editors), Port Harcourt, Nigeria: Grand Orbit Communications &Emhai Press, 2005. Pp.375-417.print
- WaThiong'o, Ngũgi. *Wizard of the Crow*. London: Heinemann, 1992.print.
- Websites:** <http://www.nytimes.com/2008/07/27/books/review/Taylor-t.htm?pagewanted=all&r=0>
- <http://www.theguardian.com/books/2008/jul/05/saturdayreviewsfeates.guardianreview10>
- <http://www.nairaland.com/746267/flood-devastates-ibadan-pictures-30#9024309>
- <http://sunnewsonline.com/new/category/specials/literaryreview/>
- <http://www.thisdaylive.com/go/search/?search=Editorial>