

Failed Heroes and Failed Memories: Between the alternatives of (V.S. Naipaul) Biswas and (Mongo Beti) Medza

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Introduction: Colonisation and Alienation

IT COULD NOT have been too obvious to Christopher Columbus (or the unaccredited earlier ‘discoverers’ of the West Indies before him) that his journeys across the Bahamas late in the fifteenth century would mark the formative stages of modern Caribbean history and culminate in a new landscape mired in conflicts and controversy. Ditto for the Lander brothers whom Europe credits with the discovery of the Niger River, one of nature's bounteous endowments on the African continent which existed and had been known to the natives long before his time. What had led early historians to assert ironically that the Caribbean is merely a geographical expression that lacks a noteworthy history and Africa a land of poverty and disease can be found at the centre of this historical movement of cross racial encounters. It boils down to the history of colonial men who leave their shores searching for fortune –as an African poet would put it– ‘in the hearts of distant lands.’ (*Full Moon* 6)

Most of contemporary critical opinion about the West Indies is likewise connected with the colonial attitude toward Africa and endures in the general dilemmas of post colonial African states that emerged in the 20th century from crude amalgamations by their founding masters. Colonial intrusions in Africa and other parts of the New World laid the seeds of more sophisticated tribal rivalries and conflicts at so-called independence. For instance, the Assimilation policy of the colonial French government in West Africa left a record of exploitation and dependency syndrome that put Africa's economy perpetually on the receiving end. On the individual plank, French policy at best succeeded in the creation of a hybrid African whose destiny was failure in all political, social and economic fronts; the only redemptive alternative being the rejection of Europe's Trojan gift of civilisation. In a bid to become African Frenchmen the new product of colonial education was made and encouraged to turn his back on his traditional values. This alienated attitude of self derision became part of the enduring notions of the westernised African. On the continental level African states after the imperial adventure became mere geographical curvatures that satisfied the predatory instincts of the west whose only morality had always been the force of the cudgel and their control of the instruments of propaganda and thought.

Of significance in this study is the West Indian (VS Naipaul) and African (Mongo Beti) novelists' response to the consequences of the colonial encounter through the memories of their characters and the development of the post colonial dialogue in the minds and thoughts of individuals who are representatives of particular cultural and historical stages of growth and transformation. The writer's vision of history and the impact of his assessment, if borne from a continuing tradition of self analysis is the subject of this

critical assessment bearing in mind the power of the creative medium of literature in developing and refashioning a credible response of people to history and experience.

The nineteenth- and twentieth-century Africa saw British and French interests formed around oppositions that forever impacted negatively on the continent's political development. Britain on her part continued with her Divide-and-Rule policy to wreak havoc in the culturally diverse West African polities even after independence. Symptoms of exploitation and retardation of the colonies abound throughout the African region. In French West Africa the Assimilation policy had tried unsuccessfully to make French citizens of educated Africans. This idea of re-making the native was the height of cultural imperialism. The colonial imperative of producing Frenchmen out of black men presupposed that the native cultures were of an aberrant tradition as against the assumed superiority of the colonial power which by the way is the power of brigandage and continued exploitation and impoverishment of the weaker. So in practice these products of the colonialist experiment were neither Frenchmen nor eventually fully Africans. In their reassessment of the French heritage some of the foremost writers of Africa's independence generation and products of the colonial experiment such as Mongo Beti, would denounce colonisation and the effects it had on traditional societies (ASC 1.)

Like its African counterpart modern West Indian society must be traced to the circumstances of its discovery and the ensuing exploitation of its human and economic resources. Even some parts of the physical environment itself were imported: domestic animals, cereals, vegetables, fruits and sugar cane brought by the colonists. The mineral and agricultural resources of the area served for personal benefits and for the development of Spain, Portugal,

Britain and the Netherlands. For these colonial nations, the lure of gold, sugar and slaves accelerated their greedy forage in these territories. Western powers fought to obtain a considerable share of Caribbean wealth and this gave rise naturally to piracy, double-dealings and lack of cohesion among them (King 6-7). Consequently, colonial rivalries, post colonial isolationism and the endemic sense of provincialism all proved difficult to eradicate even in 20th century Caribbean mentality. The cane plantation which was the basis for the colonial institution and slavery was to have a demeaning influence on the Caribbean psyche for decades.

Cultural diversity in the Caribbean islands (Asian immigration between 1838 and 1934 alone saw the introduction of about ½ million indentured Indian labourers) further helped to rob the inhabitants of a sense of unity and emphasised their lack of control over their lives (*Calcutta* 1978). Since the inhabitants of the Caribbean either migrated or were forcibly transferred there, excepting the indigenous Indian population which nevertheless, was finally exterminated, the West Indies became an artificially created society. East Indians were from the beginning rated at the bottom of the social ladder. Being the last of immigrant farmers, they were usually impoverished; they did not speak English, had no western education and brought their native culture and religions with them (100). This led to aggravated racial, linguistic and cultural dichotomies. The Caribbean became a deterministic society that predicated social status upon colour pigmentation and where people were divided into exclusive colour compartments. This situation intensified the psychosis nurtured by a sense of racial and cultural void. Various stereotypes calcified into solid prisms through which the different races observed themselves, a feature of post colonial African nationalities that often degenerated into

protracted and rancorous civil wars in the continent.

The history of the Caribbean and modern African states has so far been consistent as a record of displaced values. From this emotional, cultural, spiritual, environmental, social and economic displacement arose psychological traumas, symptoms of alienation, rootlessness and an endemic colonial mentality. In this recall of memory Derek Walcott captures the acute sense of loss of the inhabitants in two cryptic lines:

We left
Somewhere a life we never found
(King, 123)

This tragic reality common to both French and English speaking West Indian products justifies Aime Césaire's question: "Being such as we are can that rush of virility, the conquering knee of victory, the clouded fertility of that plain which is the future ever be ours?" (*Writing* 75).

West Indian writers hold different memories of their history. George Lamming perceives the recognition and identification of a writer to be predicated on the sensibilities which the writer articulates. "A Negro writer," he observes "is a writer who encounters himself in a category called Negro ... (and who) carries this definition like a limb. It travels with him as a necessary guide for the Other's regard..."(77) Experience thus reinforced in memory is, by extension, to the Caribbean writer the gift of identity. Derek Walcott's idea of a "fusion of races," which "involves a mixture of guilty pasts, but from (which) mixture rebirth is possible" (122) suggests that the void poses a challenge to the West Indians to provide and create a positive alternative. The West Indian becomes "a new Adam, a Robinson Crusoe making his own civilization from various cultural roots, but creating

something new, unique to the region.” (122).

Walcott's sense of optimism hints at the possibility of re-creation, and reordering of memory through which a new consciousness must emerge in the 'new West Indian'.

On the contrary, V. S. Naipaul presumes the existence of an overriding Caribbean void where interaction is built upon a cycle of brutality, lack of achievement and mediocrity. In this conundrum individual talents are crippled. All through his writings, Naipaul's inclination for self-contempt would interpret the West Indian historical process as definite, irrevocable and probably irremediable, an attitude comparable in parochialism to that of Trevor Roper who would declare to his Oxford students in the beginning of the twentieth century that Africa had no history. Says V. S. Naipaul in his *Middle Passage*:

The history of the islands can never be satisfactorily told. Brutality is not the only difficulty. History is built around achievement and creation and nothing was ever created in the West Indies. (29)

This assumption generally provides the basis of appreciating the Naipaulian memory of fragmented and thwarted mediocrity which we find in his characterisation of West Indians in writings such as *The Mystic Masseur* (1957), *Miguel Street* (1959), *A House for Mr Biswas* (1961), *An Area of Darkness* (1964), *The Loss of Eldorado* (1965) and *The Mimic Men* (1967).

Naipaul's later novels *In a Free State* (1971), *The Overcrowded Barracoon* (1972), *Guerrillas* (1975), and *A Bend in the River* (1979) are seen to concern with 'the lives of the poverty-stricken Third World, but like *The Middle Passage* are riddled with similar frustration and despair at the possibility of any liberal, radical or nationalist slogans improving the conditions that have caused such

hardships in any way' (106). Naipaul himself had often touted himself as not obligated to the Caribbean; not even to his Indian ancestry. He believes West Indian writers have failed in the need for a writer to tell his citizens 'who he is and where he stands.' He does not count himself as among those writers who he claims 'have so far only reflected and flattered the prejudices of their race and colour.' (Passage 68)

Biswas as Paradigm

A House for Mr Biswas projects through the Indian Caribbean consciousness a labyrinth of human interactions in a tangent of perpetual and consistent mockery. As a deeply satirical hero through whom the satirist seeks to ridicule his victims in such a way as to magnify their posturing, Biswas truly emerges if not with very little sympathy but in a clearly ludicrous light for the West Indian man or woman who seeks to triumph over his or her environment. Naipaul concentrates on the struggle between the individual will or desire for a separate identity and the compelling will of the milieu, its anonymity of stifling corporate identity. In *A House* the West Indies takes the form of a spiritual desert in which major attempts at creativity and progress are meaningless. Socialization within this milieu involves forcing people to insignificance and robbing them of their freewill. *A House* might well be a metaphor of the existentialist journey through life as well as a symbol of the fatalistic Indian philosophy. Therefore Mr. Biswas's relentless fight to possess his own house and steer clear of the grip of the Tulsi's household is seen to parallel man's need to develop a way of life which is uniquely his.

Why Naipaul investigates this making of a new culture in a dominant feature of characters that are failures by their basic inability to express and realise their full creative potential is highly

indicative of the colonial retardation with which the writer's environment seems to be afflicted, and which in Naipaulian formula reads: "Ought oughts are ought, ought twos are ought." (*Biswas* 44) Mr. Biswas, who always had a tendency 'to be different' as an individual, is not helped in any way to consummate his individuality or personal identity. From birth, he has had six fingers due to malnutrition; he is fated to have an unlucky sneeze; he is warned never to go near water etc. These inclinations towards being different are consistently shown not to derive from any laudable qualities. Physically, our hero cuts an unimposing figure with his baggy threadbare clothes, distended stomach and soft flabby body. He is acutely aware of his lack of physical endowment and attempts to pre-empt the ridicule of other people by poking fun at himself, a Naipaulian trait evident in all his oeuvres. Mr. Biswas is not sufficiently secure psychologically to survive without a support and identity offered by a family group, yet he constantly rebels against the Tulsi household. When asked to give up painting (which he never excels at) for driving, his reply is "Give up painting? And my independence? No, boy. My motto is: Paddle your own canoe." (107) Freedom comes only from momentary glimpses from the Tulsi's at the deserted shop in the chase, and in the Barracks of Green Vale. But this glimpse is short-lived and based on the illusion of physical freedom which is gained at the confines of Tulsi property.

As a hero Mr. Biswas is never truly free of the Tulsis and whenever he seeks his freedom has to be bailed by members of the Tulsi clan, thus intensifying his subservience and sense of gratitude to them. This is the condition of post colonial states perpetually tied to the apron strings of the colonial overlords under an economy that is dictated by the west for their own entire betterment at the expense of the weaker nations. Until the time he buys his own house, Mr.

Biswas is fundamentally lacking in resolve and resorts to making futile expressions of revolt like giving members of the Tulsi family a derogatory name or trying to lose himself in a world of fantasy by writing short stories. On the contrary Mrs Tulsi typifies the slave driver. She resorts to all sorts of emotional blackmail to get her household not to rebel against her dictatorship. She is representative of the slave past of the West Indians and also the post colonial present of West Indian nations.

The omniscient narrative point of view adopted in this novel affords Naipaul to explore the life of each character and present the events to us as they happen. As the all-knowing narrator, the novelist gives us the privilege of sharing the innermost secrets of the characters in different circumstances. Thus the satirical weapon cuts through even the individual characters' foibles and idiosyncrasies, making them the victim at each point of the novel.

The language of this Caribbean novel is creolised. Naipaul's language is characterised by the decadence of the milieu he articulates because of his belief that the West Indies consists of races that have been uprooted from their original society and have not produced a new culture to replace what was lost (103). There is the recurrence of images of destruction and disintegration like 'empty house(s)', 'chaotic dining room(s)', 'offending brick wall(s)' 'sinking floor(s)' amidst the squalor of disintegration all serving to reemphasise futility and hopelessness as far as Naipaul's bleak and befuddled memory of the Caribbean goes.

Naipaul is satirical of the Indian in a New World adhering to customs of the homeland in their bid to establish what ought to be a genuine connection to roots. Hanuman House showcases a crumbling Hindu culture and religion with its tight hierarchical structure leaders, servants, a rigid schedule of prescribed tasks, a scheme of appropriate attitude and a fossilised religious ritual

which must be strenuously followed. It is also indicative of the slave society and colonial set up with Mrs. Tulsi as the slave master who being a woman requires the aid of a man, Seth, to validate her authority. These two people need to be worshipped by the subordinates who are also required to help rebuild the crumbling Hanuman Empire. Mrs. Tulsi herself exploits the poverty and helplessness of the Tulsi daughters and husbands. Every husband is carefully selected to ensure that he must conform or, otherwise, be brow-beaten, to the life of the Tulsi's. He must also be from the right caste and must appear to have willingly joined the Tulsi fold. Mrs. Tulsi, like British, French and American slavedrivers and colonialists, is well versed in the psychology of slavery and she knows that she must constantly reinforce her superior position in the household and make her dependants aware of the 'privileges' of performing little tasks for her. To achieve this, she feigns illness frequently in order to elicit guilt and remorse in those who fail to acknowledge her pre-eminence, especially Mr. Biswas, and also to stimulate the unity of her devotees. The children, raised under her tutelage, are ignorant of their dependency and Mr. Biswas who, although acutely aware of this, only engages in spasmodic bursts of rebellion.

Thus we come to see the Tulsi household as representing the entire West Indian society in so far as it totally discourages individuality. All the Tulsi sisters struggle to conform to expected behaviour patterns even to such ridiculous extents as chastising their children. When Mr. Biswas attempts to break his anonymity by giving his daughter a doll's house for Christmas, his wife resents this mark of distinction and can only neutralise it by destroying the house. This action helps heighten the importance of 'house' within the West Indian milieu. Biswas's final attainment of some form of identity is through his ability to get his own house. On another

level, Mr. Biswas's badly built and mortgaged house anticipates the problem of the Hindu in Trinidad and the instability of the nation itself.

Naipaul's Caribbean man must therefore be seen as the unaccommodated man. Owning a house may be the symbol of his rehabilitation, as in the case of Biswas, but it seems a tasking, if not Herculean, process. Ultimately Naipaul's vision is sorely affected by a majority of the underprivileged class whose progress and existence are naturally stifled by the planlessness of the society. Change and progress therefore appear a long way ahead as long as the Caribbean society, like its African counterpart, creates mimic men at best whose politics remains a gamble.

Medza as Metaphor

Mission Terminée (translated *Mission to Kala*) written by Mongo Beti (1957) represents the foiled aspirations and stifled destinies of Africa's twentieth century colonial heritage. Educated like most French speaking West Africans in France, Mongo Beti became one of the foremost writers of Africa's independence generation having started his career as a writer in 1953 with the publication of the short story *Sans Haine et sans Amour*. His first novel '*Ville Cruelle*' followed a year later in 1954. Both works were published under the assumed name of Eza Boto. Two years later came *Le Pauvre Christ de Bomba* under the pseudonym Mongo Beti. Under this name he built up an impressive œuvre, culminating in 2000 with *Branle-bas en Noir et Blanc*. (www.ascleiden)

It has been commented that Beti's reputation as a writer was firmly established with *Mission to Kala* which aims to subvert colonial rhetoric in order to convince readers to reject the colonial situation. (www.ascleiden) The protagonist of *Mission to Kala* is the individualistic product of French Assimilation (later

Association) policy in West Africa. He typifies the African who by his education and reading of western philosophies emerges first as a symbol of this colonial entrapment.

Jean-Marie Medza may not then be seen as a mediocre like Naipaul's Biswas, but an anti-hero; one who, completely overwhelmed by his posturing, fails to retain a credible racial memory save by the patronising and self-immolating terms of his colonial godfathers. From the beginning Medza imagines he is some benevolent conquistador and intends to model his own mission after some Western adventures. If this was not clear enough he obliges us doggedly with echoes of Defoesque in his narrative intros. Chapter Two is explained as a continuation of our hero's great adventure,

In which the reader, if he is patient, will make the acquaintance of Kala's inhabitants and learn something of their customs and aspirations ...'
(Kala 21)

'The reader', it is further averred 'will also learn of our hero's adventures among the natives of this strange country...' Such expressions as 'natives', 'strange country', etc. are subtle allusions on the one hand to imperial type megalomania typified in the narratives of the Defoes, the Conrads and Carys, and, on the other hand, the symptom of inherited colonial mentality on the part of emerging "African *haut monde*" (Smyth 72). We continually have to deal with these symptoms in this story and halfway, we are forced to note how Medza's mission ridicules the colonial expedition to 'primitive' Africa's hinterland. To further intensify our bemusement, this deliberate caricature of the adventure narratives of western fiction grows anticlimactic and denies any

high expectations of the impact it purports to hold.

The discourse of bringing back the runaway wife of his cousin Niam (the mission in itself is predicated upon a domestic matter) is also rendered artlessly, the dialogue untypical of its traditional background because it is filtered through the sensibility of not only a domestically alienated hero but also through characters whose words and utterances are not credible signposts to their customary situations.

A pity your father isn't here, my dear cousin, Niam said.
But Bikokolo is here, and agrees with me. Do you understand? It isn't just my personal affair any longer. It's a tribal matter. My wife doesn't belong to me exclusively, if you follow me; she's tribal property...so the present situation affects all of us. (11)

Although a translation from the original French, we are left in no doubt as to the inadequacy or paucity of linguistic depth in the language of the characters. The African dialogue is consistently corrupted by their stilted speeches: (rather like a chronicle from a colonial visitor's diary) "As you may know it isn't enough to simply marry a woman in our country; even though he follows the prescribed ceremony out to the letter..." On the other hand Medza's language may be deemed appropriate to his cryptic sociological tabloid:

The chief had just married another wife his seventh as far as I can remember- and he had been in a fine state of anxiety for weeks. Wondering what day his tribal in-laws would choose to deliver his bride on his doorstep. The tribe in question carefully concealed the day they had selected. They wanted to give the chief a surprise...(125)

Being a product of both worlds of traditional Africa and France by acculturation, Medza's heroism in the eyes of his kinsmen is a distortion of wide reaching dimensions. This irony of distorted reality serves to highlight the ignorance of both worlds which the hero betrays in his final appraisal of his circumstances and those of his kinsfolk.

...those quintessential caricature of the 'civilised' African...(T)he tragedy which our nation is suffering today is that of a man left to his own devices in a world which does not belong to him, which he has not made and does not understand...(181)

Where our “unreliable witness” (Gakwandi 37) assumes the posture of an academic, as in this case, he merely spews the colonial arrogance on the rather much more intricate problem of transitional African societies. He tells us: “It is the tragedy of a man bereft of any intellectual compass, a man walking blindly through the dark in some hostile city like New York...” This “stereotyped thinking about Africa...functionally related to the defense of imperialist interests” (Drake 12) reminds us of Joyce Cary’s *Mister Johnson* or even our twentieth century Oxford critic and historians like Roper who believe the entire landscape of Africa is filled with mere savagery and brutality. Our adolescent delinquent wonders about his country folks:

Who will tell him that he can only cross Fifth Avenue by the pedestrian crossings, or teach him how to interpret traffic signs? How will he solve the intricacies of a subway map, or know where to change trains? (181)

Inadvertently here the protagonist bemoan his own failure to understand, if not be fully absorbed in his twentieth century civilisation. In this light he is as much in an ironical position as the story he purports to tell. Here in the young hero's world view lies the future of the post-independent Africa, a future witnessed today in "the buffoonery of the millennium" (Bards 23) that characterises the political leaderships and cultural metamorphoses of many colonial creations like Nigeria and Cameroun. This failure of the colonial experiment both at individual and national levels is obvious from the beginning despite the eternal optimism of its apologias. Thus although Medza had failed college examination, for the local 'genius' this is only a minor setback in the journey. For him there is little awareness of a problematic and crumbling colonial education policy, or, if perhaps there was or if it existed, it was only a passing phase. The hero tells us: "by the way I passed college later," in an attempt to attenuate such minor hiccups in progress, the colonial progress we see him defending petulantly against the critical observations of Kiritikos, the Greek (Kala 3)

Medza's reception as a prodigy of learning among his Kala kith and kin should be seen for the irony it is and not merely an indication of the naivety of his kinsmen as critics have been tempted to perceive. Closely knit communities embrace the success of one member as triumph of the whole in much the same principle as the axiom of a spiritual brotherhood that states "when one individual attains enlightenment, the whole of the human race is lifted up..." (*Master* 19) Personal achievements in traditional society are celebrated much as failure is treated with compassion, unlike the opprobrium which the so-called civilised worlds would visit on their heroes who no longer satisfy their urges for a self sacrificing saviour of their own defections. The point here is in agreeing with the critical opinion that "Africa's problems are much

more complex than (even) before thepartitioning” (Logan 217) and cannot be oversimplified in the context of an acquired Western civilisation.

Consequently the attempt to weigh the uniqueness of the African experience from an entirely westernised attitude and from a poorly conceived traditional rite of passage places the hero in a paradoxical position. In other words, the joke is on himself and not on those “bushmen in the hinterlands.” What would have become his growth in awareness grows jagged by the adoption of an overenthusiastic and often deprecatory attitude – to paternity and, in extension, nativity– an attitude which does not ameliorate but rather exacerbates in the end of his (so-called) coming to maturity.

My father was a real shyster, come to think of it. It was a living example of the astonishing results that can occur when western hypocrisy and commercial materialism are grafted on to a first rate African intelligence. (MTK 166)

In this emergent rift between the generations –of incipient capitalism replacing traditional communistic relations– the accomplishments of the older generation (symbolic in Medza's father) does not meet the admiration of their progeny for the reason not entirely inconsistent with the latter's own isolation from the deeper ancestral communion by choice leaving Medza finally seeking the indulgence of an alien racial memory in the final capitulation to thesyndrome of modern societies.

Mission's first person narrative technique is appropriate as it serves to endow the major character with a mind of his own, consequently Medza is left alone in a world of his own illusions and any redemptive possibility must come from his own acts and his own terms which unfortunately is not realised even till the end of his

adventure. At the story's end, the predictable result is the irremediable sense of exile and hopelessness for a lost son for whom the mere bogey of western civilisation is an avenue to befuddled memory and sense of identity. And if one had earlier imagined his colonial mentors being regaled by this exquisite exotica of an adventure, the self exile of Medza and his cousin becomes an act of spiritual atonement in an African sense.

Conclusion

Both *A House for Mr. Biswas* and *Mission to Kala* may be rated successfully or unsuccessfully as the *metier* of mere comedians. However, the obvious strengths of both novels lie in their unmitigated and unabashedly satirical and ironical purpose. For Mongo Beti, the treatment of the symptom of modern alienation in the younger African generation in their psychological transition (actually regression) from a state of presumed knowledge (actually ignorance) to a state of maturity (or confusion) exposes from a satirist's artistic discretion the hollowness of the colonial adventure and the consequent entrapment of post colonial societies. Under the temptation to read *Mission* as a perspective on the uneasy gap between the old and emerging young generations, it must be stated that since the young ones, (typified in Medza and his cousin) are quite at home in their alienation, the hero rather comes out as some our modern "ochonga"¹ one who makes very little attempt at communal or introspective conciliation save the self-engrossed indulgence of a layabout. His attempts at mocking his society presents us with a probability that often obtains among Africa's elites in their urban environments.

Heroes like Medza remind us of alienated writers forever constrained in the pyrrhic aplomb from their foreign mentors whose prejudice they have vicariously inherited. Another Man-

Friday emerges from this adventure: the hero, a colonial contrivance, who only seeks to leave behind a mined future for himself and all progeny.

To arrogate to the hero of *Mission to Kala* the status of a conquistador on a 'triumphant return from the Kala mission' with the richest of treasures being a better understanding of himself (Biakolo 101) will be a superficial appraisal of one of Africa's ludicrous literary characters -ditto with an attempt to simulate in the thwarted vision of Naipaul some artistic concern with the all-too-familiar existentialism of human life. Between authors Mongo Beti and VS Naipaul however stands a common inclination for the employment of characters that thrive in ridicule and contempt in the effort to simulate a historical and psychological reconstruction of race and memory. There is a notable distinction, however, between the one that comes in a manner of a lampoon which presents a pressing need for social revaluation, and the other which merely enforces the writer's vision of a conundrum in which all creative impulse must revolve in atrophy – a vision which rather than edify his primary Caribbean nativity must nevertheless serve to amuse those *other* proponents and apologists of the Trojan alternative.

NOTE

¹Igbo (Eastern Nigeria) word for the loud mouthed 'ne'er do well' used here in its rather benign local context as against the opprobrium associated with its English equivalent.

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