

## SEMBENE'S PROGENY: A NEW TREND IN THE SENGALESE NOVEL

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Africa's massive output of literary works written in European languages in the course of the last quarter century began in France in the fifties. Its prime motivation had been the negritude ideology, but its most lively source of inspiration, especially among the writers born after the First World War, was an understandably rancorous anticolonialism which could be uttered with impunity now that independence was so obviously around the corner. In Senegalese fiction of this last colonial decade, both writers and protagonists were usually privileged Africans, budding intellectuals thriving on government scholarships. Though their sympathy with the plight of the colonized masses was undoubtedly genuine, there was nevertheless something abstract and doctrinaire about it. Sembène Ousmane was a signal and most unlikely exception. A manual laborer first trained as a fisherman in his native Casamance, a stevedore and trade-union leader in Marseilles, he certainly did not seem to be the stuff that «artists» are made of. Indeed, his first novel, *Le docker noir* (1956), published in the same *annus mirabilis* as Dadié's *Climbié*, Bédi's *Le pauvre Christ de Bomba*, Oyono's *Une vie de boy* and *Le vieux nègre et la médaille*, could not but appear as an unconscionably crude story, faulty in structure and language, deprived of any verisimilitude, and oozing racial hatred, a book which had best be forgotten, except as a document for the literary history of Africa.

But *O pays mon beau peuple!* (1957) and even more *Les bouts de bois de Dieu* (1960) demonstrated that Ousmane's hitherto doubtful talent had unsuspected capacities for rapid development.

Not only is the latter work of truly epic proportions, carefully constructed and even well-written, but it also exhibits Sembène's uncommon ability to exploit and interpret his own experience and that of his once fellow-workers, the small people, the under-privileged, the proletarians who had none of the lofty metaphysical scruples that Hamidou Kane was to ascribe to the hero of *L'Aventure ambiguë*. These people formed the bulk of the population, their labor provided such wealth as the country might boast, and few of them were capable of articulating their own predicament. However, a sort of group impulse prompted them to claim a larger share of the concrete material rewards that they were producing.

True to his non-conformity, Sembène was not affected by the syndrome which lulled most francophone writers of Africa into silence as independence was dawning. And while *L'Harmattan* (1964) remained the only volume of an intended trilogy, the writer, beginning with *Volaitque* (1962) proved that he had become a master of short fiction, producing closely-knit works, tightly structured, packed with devastating irony, and aimed at the new privileged class. This class had partially inherited from the colonial administration and it was establishing in many countries a new social and economic inequality as gross, if not grosser, than the one which had prevailed under the French Empire. Nevertheless, for all the unquestioned mastery he had acquired of the French language and the literary techniques of narrative fiction, writing became for Sembène little more than a hobby, the bulk of his activity being henceforth oriented towards film-making. The reason is not far to seek. Although Senegal is the eldest African daughter of France, whose influence has been pervasive since the seventeenth century, and although it is probably the African country where the French language is most widely spread, the writers of the fifties could only reach a European readership and a paper-thin layer of highly educated black intellectuals. They could not hope to reach what is conventionally and somewhat repulsively called «the masses», that is, the millions of ordinary individuals, illiterate peasants and semi-literate clerks, not to mention the urban workers, still exploited by foreign companies, the unemployed and the beggars. To these Sembène managed to convey his message with movies, where he made abundant use of vernacular languages.

When new writers emerged from the slumber that had sealed their elders' spirits, it was in a Colerigeian mood of dejection as they disenchantedly surveyed the ruins of an African society and

economy wrecked by tribal warfare and military coups, most profitably pilfered by the unholy transactions of the new («national») leaders and the new overseas («multinational») powers, thus reenacting the pattern that had prevailed in the part when the African kings sold their black prisoners to white slave-traders. This was the era of disillusionment, and the new novelists voiced their hopelessness in tones of pity (Malick Fall's *La Plaie* (1967), Ahmadou Kourouma's *Les Soleils des indépendances*, (1968) or of ranting resentment at the black man's inability to take his fate in his own hands (Yambo Ouologuem's *Le Devoir de violence* (1968)).<sup>1</sup> Although some half-hearted efforts were made to africanize the French language and to divest it of the rigidity to which it had been condemned by Richelieu and the old gentlemen of the French Academy, such ambitious works could only be printed in Paris: they had to be designed first and foremost for a western, or at any rate, a westernized audience. Although the disappointed starry-eyed idealism of Williams Sassine was counter-balanced by the more positive, more combative, more optimistic approach of two promising Congolese novelists, Emmanuel Dongala and Henri Lopès, and although the latter's works issued in Cameroon were the most impressive pieces of French prose fiction to have been printed on African soil, it should be pointed out that by the early seventies, when popular literature was thriving in Nigeria, Ghana and Kenya, francophone Africa had not yet produced writers capable of dealing with non-intellectualized modern milieux in simple, straightforward language. Indeed, while Nigerian fiction was increasingly focusing on the predicament and experiences of the urban common man, the basic unit in the constitution of the «masses», there was apparently little prospect of anything of the kind occurring in France's former colonies.

Nevertheless, the foundation of the first two local publishing houses in French-speaking Africa—C.L.E. in Yaoundé, and N.E.A. in Dakar/Abidjan—created the opportunity for a narrative art that would not be written solely with an eye on the French readership, even though no francophone writer, whatever his skin color, can help looking up to Paris for final consecration.<sup>2</sup> But whereas the C.L.E. writers of the sixties remained mostly concerned with the by now worn-out motifs of tradition vs. innovation and the culture clash in rural societies, the late seventies saw the emergence of several Senegalese writers who turned their attention away from such old-fashioned and increasingly irrelevant pro-

blems, and concentrated as Sembène Ousmane had done, on the plight of the little man or woman in the new, modern, capitalistic, urban society which for a decade had been central to a vast amount of prose fiction in Nigeria and Kenya.

One of the forerunners of the new trend was a woman, Aminata Sow Fall, whose novel, *Le Revenant* (1977), refers to a young man who comes back from jail after serving his sentence. Obviously a beginner's work, the tale is convoluted rather than complex. But if the foreign reader does not always find it easy to follow the thread of the story or to grasp the relationships between the various characters, that, because the book is not written primarily for him, but for the Senegalese reader, who is familiar with the clanic hierarchies of his society, who understands allusions to traditional customs and who has no need for explanatory ethnographical footnotes. The hero testifies to a revulsion against both the modern cultured hero with his highbrow problems and the idealized rustic with his idyllic attachment to the worthy phantoms of a past that is now felt to be obsolete. In so doing, however, Ms. Sow Fall returned to a form of inspiration that had been at the origin of Senegalese fiction: her «revenant» has been jailed because, in his eagerness to display his importance in the tradition of ostentatious lavishness, he has acquired the necessary money in ways that a modern economy can hardly condone. This, it will be remembered, had been the problem of Ousmane Socé's *Karim*, some forty years earlier. Unfortunately, a comparison of both novels brings out the decline in the quality of French-language teaching since the thirties, and *Le Revenant* lacks the balanced, carefully thought-out structure of *Karim*. But there is a positive side to this: for the difference is between a work produced for a foreign audience by an exceptionally sophisticated member of the Senegalese community, and a more naive and clumsy tale emerging from the grass-roots experience of a hitherto silent majority.

The expectations that *Le Revenant* might have raised were too high, for whereas Ms. Sow Fall's second novel, *La Grève des Battù* (1979), centers on beggars (whose role in African Muslim society had been emphasized in Camara Laye's *Le Regard du roi*, in Sembène Ousmane's *Xala* and in Malick Fall's *La Plaie*) it shows only slight improvement over her former work, and functions at a distinctly lower level of artistic achievement than her predecessors'.<sup>3</sup> The story takes place in a modern capital, where an ambitious high official, Mour Ndiaye, forbids all beggars to enter

the city center, because they bother foreign tourists. He hopes that this will earn the gratitude of the head of the state and that he will be appointed Vice-President. Harried by the police, the beggars decide to go on strike and to stay in their own district, so that well-to-do citizens are henceforth unable to distribute alms as was their wont and as Allah demands. Strangely, although he has been congratulated by the President, Mour seeks advice from a marabout in order to learn which rites he must go through to become Vice-President. The marabout instructs him to distribute alms in various places inside the city center—where there are no beggars left.

Most unwisely, Ms. Sow Fall has concentrated on the totally uninteresting career of her protagonist, on his ascension from his former job as a minor clerk who has been unemployed for years to his present exalted position. Although the writer casts side-glances at Mour's problems with his wife, ambition is the core of his character and the mainspring of his behaviour. But contradictions abound: rather surprisingly, this African character does not seem to belong to any family or lineage; this politician does not seem to have any political friends, affiliations or doctrine (except for a brief perfunctory statement on p. 8); this westernized individual relies solely on the supernatural powers superstitiously ascribed to the *marabouts*. Nor are minor contradictions lacking. For example, Mour is described (p. 26) as a devout Muslim who distributes alms generously: this makes it difficult to understand his impious decision to keep beggars away from the city center; but elsewhere he appears to be ignorant of the meaning of the word «battu», a beggar's wooden bowl in Wolof (p. 78)! Likewise, the townspeople who, at one place are said to have congratulated Mour Ndiaye for ridding the capital of its beggars (p. 68), are elsewhere shown to be at a loss because they are now deprived of the possibility of fulfilling their religious duty of giving alms (pp. 72, 103, 108).

In fact, while the story of Mour Ndiaye contains material for an amusing bitter-sweet short story (but this had been done by Sembène in *Xala*), the theme itself would have provided substance for a full-scale novel if Ms. Sow Fall had shown real interest in the *collective* response of the citizens to Mour's edict. For the loyal Muslim, alms-giving is a daily religious duty: what happens when he is placed in such a position that he is unable to fulfill this duty and thus forsakes the protection of Allah? This problem is dismissed in a few skeletal hints. On the other hand, it might have been interesting to dwell at length on the beggar community, on the rather

extraordinary (but barely sketched) characters of Salla, the woman who is their leader, and of the consequence for them—both as individuals and as social group—of such awareness as the ordeal may give them that their fate does or does not matter to the town-dwellers: either they must have an exciting sense of power, or else they must feel deprived of any function in society, as beggars are in the western world. That this societal approach is both feasible and rewarding was demonstrated by Sembène Ousmane in *Les Bouts de bois de Dieu* two decades ago.

But in order to make her story bulky enough, Ms. Sow Fall was prompted to introduce a number of irrelevant sub-plots and elusive minor characters which, one may presume, are intended to give an impression of ebullient everyday life. Examples: the problems that arise when Mour marries a second wife fill 20 pages, but they have no connection with the main theme; three pages are devoted to the anger of Mour's daughter against both her father's decision and her mother's resignation; five pages are awarded to the relationship between Mour and his second wife. Even more irrelevantly, more than ten pages focus on Kéba, one of Mour's subordinates, on his childhood reminiscences and his relations with one of his female employees. And the eight pages where Salla, the potentially fascinating female character who is the leader of the beggar community, occupies the front of the stage are stuffed with her memories of days gone by, while her present activities and motivations are left undiscussed.

One might regret that Ms. Sow Fall's French, though sedulously correct, resembles too closely class-room French. It is at times clumsily redolent of stilted officialese, and the dialogues are often awkward. Choice examples of quaintness in authorial comments will be found on pp. 45 and 76. But it would be idle to quibble about such minutiae. The significance of these two novels resides in the fact that they heralded the growth and spread of a grassroot inspiration whose pioneers had been Ousmane Socé in *Karim*, Abdoulaye Sadjou and Sembène Ousmane. That they deserve to be regarded as representative rather than exceptional was demonstrated by the publication of Moussa Ly Sangaré's *Sourd-muet, je demande la parole* (1978).

Sangaré's narrative is convincingly presented as an autobiography. According to the blurb, the author was actually born and raised in the Dakar medina, the eleventh child of a poor railwayman, only six of whose sixteen children had a primary

education (pp. 48-50).<sup>4</sup> In a way, it is an African *Bildungsroman* explaining how this unlikely individual has managed to write a book. It differs from previous works of well-meaning fiction in that Sangaré is an adept writer of clinical realism: he allows the facts to speak for themselves, does not indulge in libertarian rhetoric or moralistic speechifying, refrains from the hasty anthropological generalizations and sociological analyses of the so-called ethnographical novel. The sole exception is a completely useless passage (p. 166), where the narrator naively displays his limited knowledge of neurology.

This clinical realism is extremely effective, as Sangaré's «education» is an uninterrupted initiation to the misery and the suffering, the evil and cruelty which are built into human nature, the fountainhead of «man's inhumanity to man».

The environment is one of unrelieved poverty with the medina children playing in the sewers, enjoying their repulsive pranks (p. 41). The mother can maintain a semblance of order in the family only by inflicting severe punishments which, however, do not prevent the narrator from loving and respecting her (pp. 22-23). Outside the family circle, he is first in touch with the Koranic school, where the teaching is done by one of those sadistic marabouts whose cruelty (pp. 9, 18) Hamidou Kane tried to excuse on noble religious grounds in *L'Aventure ambiguë*. This is merely a prelude to his experience at the local primary school (pp. 64-72), where he falls victim to the narrow-minded brutality of the schoolteachers and the thoughtless malevolence of the other children. Sangaré's victimizing is by no means due to any angelic meekness of his: the reason is that he is physically a weaker child, unable either to defend himself or to persecute others as he would love to.

When Sangaré reaches his tenth year he is circumcised: this operation and the accompanying ceremonies are described in minute detail (pp. 95-113) and seem inordinately barbarous to a western reader; yet, there is no intimation of protest in the aloofness of the clinical narrator, who seems to share (and therefore succeeds in conveying) the widespread fatalism of his society: «that's the way it is!» But circumcision is just an intermezzo in Sangaré's school career, which develops in an atmosphere of uninterrupted brutality (pp. 155-6) thus appearing as suitable preparation for the harsh treatment that will be meted out to him when he manages to get a job as a carpenter's apprentice.

In consequence of the infinite number of blows that have been

inflicted on him, he becomes a deaf-mute and suffers from severe motory disturbances, leading to the last phase in his initiation: five months vainly spent in a hospital in preparation for a surgical operation which is ultimately cancelled, so that Sangaré returns «home» still deaf, still mute, walking with more difficulty than ever, yet finding unexpected strength in his commitment to Muslim fatalism («Of life, nobody is the master», p. 176) combined with a kind of biological instinct for survival «one is almost never cured of the virus of hope», p. 174).

The key to the peculiar mystery of this book is to be found both in this last episode and in the publisher's blurb: during his stay in hospital Sangaré read voraciously. It is this (although he does not say so) which must have aroused his latent gifts as a narrator and prompted him to a new calling as a writer. In this respect, his talent cannot be denied: in spite of minimal formal training and education, he evinces a degree of control over the language which can only have been acquired through abundant and assiduous readings. The story-telling technique is inevitably elementary and of linear simplicity. But Sangaré knows how to select the right phrasing for the revealing detail, which is at times pathetic (p. 22), often repellent (pp. 11, 29, 41), occasionally almost too horrible for words (pp. 95-113). But although the *dramatis personae* include only two likeable persons—the narrator's father, whose death is one of his most painful losses, and a school-teacher who understands the child's predicament and really tries to help him, albeit in vain (pp. 121-24)—the brutish and brutal world of the novel is depicted without hatred: it is just taken for granted: at times, there's even a touch of humour, as when the narrator recalls his bewilderment at the incredible things he was taught at school about the behaviour of the earth (pp. 117-20).

Sangaré's story should probably be regarded as more of a document than a novel. Unlike Sembène Ousmane, the writer has no political ax to grind. He reports his own experience, thus providing the most impressive image extant in the French language of what life is really like for the majority of under-privileged urbanized Africans—an image which confirms the more overtly fictional statements of Ekwenski in Nigeria, Duodu in Ghana or Kibera in Kenya. That such a trend was beginning to take root in Senegal was confirmed when another female writer, Mariama Bâ, published *Une si longue lettre* (1979). But while Sangaré's technique recalls Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* because it records the narrator's past ex-

periences, Mariama Bâ's is reminiscent of Diderot's *La Religieuse*, being likewise an autobiographical tale in the form of a «long letter».

The letter writer is a widowed mother of 12, Ramatoulaye, an elementary-school teacher, who describes her present predicament and past experience for the benefit of a friend of hers, Aïssatou. We learn from the dust-jacket that Mariama Bâ has long been active in feminist movements in Senegal, and the book focuses on the condition of women in the present transitional stage of African Islamic societies.

Ramatoulaye married Moudo, a civil servant with a law degree in the face of stiff opposition from her family because he was not rich enough, and they wanted to marry her off to a wealthy but considerably older, man. Throughout her married life, she has been caught between the professional demands of her job, her pride in her work, the need to supplement the income of her husband on the one hand, and on the other hand her absorbing duties as a wife, a housewife and an incongruously fecund mother. After she has given birth to her twelfth child, Moudo decides to take a second, much younger, wife (Binetou) as he is entitled to according to Islam and by custom. But contrary to Muslim precept, he abandons Ramatoulaye and squanders all their earnings on Binetou. In other words, the narrator is steeped in the contradictions of a society emerging from a subsistence economy (where polygamy and limitless fecundity make sound sense) into a western-type money economy which offers women openings for more rewarding work than the daily household chores, while comparative affluence encourages and enables men to indulge their lustful whims in complete disregard of the compensatory duties built into true Muslim law.

But Ramatoulaye's fate (which she has accepted with sorrow and meek resignation) is only one sample of the various individual situations which can arise from the present state of Senegalese society. And Ms. Bâ skillfully introduces welcome diversity in her story, while at the same time providing more extensive coverage of her country's social reality, by reporting the experience of other women, who react differently to similar situations.

Examples: on the one hand Ramatoulaye fondly reminisces about the very different behaviour of her correspondent, Aïssatou, who rebelled when her husband (prompted by his family) took a second wife: she got a divorce, and recovered her freedom and her

dignity. On the other hand, her friend from the Ivory Coast, Jacqueline, proved incapable either of resignation or of rebellion, and turned psychotic (pp. 63-6).<sup>7</sup> Nor is the younger generation omitted: Ms. Bâ describes her narrator's consternation as a mother facing emancipated daughters who have lost all respect for custom and religion, who smoke, or become pregnant though still unmarried! Ramatoulaye finds it difficult to condone the behaviour of her own daughter Daba, who is incensed at her father's conduct and mocks him by patronizing the same nightclub with her fiancé, their mere youthful presence a cruelly ironic comment on the ill-assorted couple Modou-Binetou. Ramatoulaye can even identify with her younger rival Binetou, who was in no position to reject her comfortably wealthy but ridiculous elderly «suitor»: not because her family drives her to this marriage, but because she cannot resist the impulses which the consumer society has grafted upon the original shame culture. In this, Binetou is different from the second wife of Aïssatou's husband, who has been brought up in a traditional village and merely complies with custom.

For a first novel, *Une si longue lettre* demonstrates remarkable mastery of the French language. A rather unfortunate sentence (p. 61), a few samples of artificially sententious or journalistic style when the writer lapses into general abstractions (pp. 90-1, 107-8 129), do not detract from the classical simplicity of Ms. Bâ's writing which however, is not lacking in variety. The epistolary form she has adopted does not prevent her from introducing stylistic variety in compliance with a diversity of characters and situation which covers the highly complex problems of African womanhood in the present and difficult times. Finally, she has a fine sense of humour and irony. The letter-writer can describe her own behaviour with lucid raillery (p. 62), she provides a moderately exaggerated caricature of some outdated Islamic customs (pp. 10 et seq.) and there is an uproarious brief description of her elderly husband wriggling in his youthful tight jeans in the hope of attracting Binetou's appreciation (p. 72).

Those Senegalese novels of the late seventies do not display the artistry that was so conspicuous in the works of such of their elders as Ousmane Socé, Birago Diop or Hamidou Kane, all of them university graduates trained in France, or even as Abdoulaye Sadj, a school-teacher educated at the Ecole Normale William-Ponty. Yet they are vastly superior to the painful half-literate bootlicking

of Bakary Diallo in *Force Bonté* or to the ungrammatical racist invectives of Sembène Ousmane in *Le Docker noir*. It is much to be deplored that there is no French equivalent to the International Writing Program of the University of Iowa, which has helped so many English-language African writers, or to Percy Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction* and the numerous other treatises and handbooks (including Ezekiel Mphahlele's) that have appeared in the last two decades: these might have taught budding French-language novelists how to avoid the elementary technical blunders to which they are inevitably liable. It is to be hoped that a few of them at least will follow in the footsteps of Sembène Ousmane, and learn how to contrive a good plot, build up a scene, create convincing characters, arrange a satisfactory ending, cut off loose ends, write plausible dialogue, etc.

Such as they are, however, with their constantly touching sincerity and the occasional stylistic awkwardness, those writers are indicative of new trend in francophone African literature. First, they demonstrate that the establishment of the Nouvelles Editions Africaines in Dakar has created material opportunities for authors who would have experienced considerable difficulty in having their works published in Paris. The example of the former British colonies has shown most decisively how important local publishing houses can be for the literary development of the new African countries. This had been confirmed by the encouragement which the setting up of the Centre de Littérature Evangélique (C.L.E.) in Cameroon had given to writers of French, especially in Cameroon itself and in the Congo. With a few exceptions, like Henri Lopès from Congo, CLE writers, however, had been prone to limit themselves to the folk themes of rural life, and the culture-clash problems connected with the bride-price. Modern city life was mostly dealt with in terms of Mongo Beti's «ville cruelle» cliché.

With what will perhaps come to be known as the Dakar school, French prose fiction seems at last to have integrated experiences and attitudes that had been spreading in the anglophone writing of West and East Africa since Ekwensi's *People of the City* (1954). The gist of their inspiration consists in the writers' assurance that traditional Africa is finished: nostalgic chimeras about maintaining cherished traditions are irrelevant and the idyllic expectation of a syncretic «civilization de l'universel» is equally illusory. With independence Africa has reached a point of no return, and if the new states are to survive at all they will inexorably be

compelled to submit to the overwhelming power of what the West fondly describes as its «civilization». For the new writers, this is not a matter for discussion or speculation. It is a fact of life which can only be taken for granted. The function of the novelist therefore is simply to illustrate the social, psychological and ethical consequences of a situation whose deeper causes and trends he or she feels unable (and perhaps unwilling) to counteract or even to question.

The clinical realism characteristic of the new generation of writers obviously meets the needs and fulfills the expectations of a new class of local readers, who are neither highbrow nor illiterate, and who find in such works a faithful recognizable reflection of their own experience as citizens of a new Africa. They are described as subjected to the advantages and the evils of «modern civilization»; to the delights, the perplexity and the corruption inherent in a market economy focusing on consumerism; and to the pleasures, the solitude and cruel impersonality of megalopolis life. In so doing, the new Senegalese novelists hark back to the pre-negritudinous tradition of Ousmane Socé's *Karim* and of Abdoulaye Sadjji's *Maïmouna* and *Nini*. They are the uncommitted children of the Sembène Ousmane who have inherited his compassion with ordinary people together with his sense of facts, his rejection of starry-eyed idealization, and his grasp and acceptance of the realities of history. Perhaps because they are his juniors by nearly a quarter century, because the struggle against colonialism ended before they had reached the age of intellectual awareness, because in Africa even more than in the West these are times of bleakness not only for the underprivileged but for those who are simply non-privileged, they have relinquished Sembène's doctrinaire engagement of the early sixties. Whether this feature will prove lasting or not is of course an open question. It may be that the young Senegalese writers will some time come to agree with their Nigerian contemporary, playwright and critic Femi Osofisan's assertion that «lucidity is inadequate, may even be fraudulent, if its consequence is mere 'intoxication' and if finally, it only results in perpetuating a philosophy of defeat»<sup>6</sup>. Whatever the future may hold in store, the sudden growth of grass-root inspiration in the French-language novel must be regarded as an important step in the historical development of Senegalese literature.

## NOTES

1. The various trends in francophone writing at the turn of the decade have been disentangled by Nicole Medjigbodo in a paper to be included in Albert S. Gérard (ed.), *A History of African Literature in European Languages* (forthcoming) Of special cogency is Zairian scholar Mbelolo ya Mpiku's essay, «From One Mystification to Another: 'Negritude' and 'négraille' in *Le Devoir de violence*,» *Review of National Literatures*, 2 (1971), ii, 124-47. See also Emile Snyder «Le malaise des indépendances: Aperçus du nouveau roman africain d'expression française,» *Présence francophone* 12 (1976), 69-76. For a discussion of a similar mood in English writing, see notably Emmanuel Obiechina, «Post-Independence Disillusionment in Three African Novels,» in Bernth Lindfors and Ulla Schild (eds.), *Neo-African Literature and Culture* (Wiesbaden: Heymann, 1976), pp. 119-46.
2. Some useful information will be found in Philippe Leymarie «CLE: la première maison d'édition en Afrique francophone,» *Afrique Littéraire et Artistique*, 44 (1978), 64-65, and in Fredric Michelman, «New Life for Francophone Publishing in Africa,» *African Book Publishing Record* 4 (1978), 163-67.
3. Page references are to Aminata Sow Fall, *La Grève des battù* (Dakar-Abidjan: Nouvelles Editions Africaines, 1979).
4. Page references are to Moussa Ly Sangaré, *Sourd-muet, je demande la parole* (Dakar-Abidjan: Nouvelles Editions Africaines, 1978).
5. Page references are to Mariama Bâ, *Une si longue lettre* (Dakar-Abidjan: Nouvelles Editions Africaines, 1979).
6. Femi Osofisan, «Anubis Resurgent: Chaos and Political Vision in Recent Literature,» *Le Français au Nigeria*, 10 (1975), ii, 13-23.