

**ARTS, HUMANITY AND CORRUPTION:
POST-INDEPENDENCE DISILLUSIONMENT IN CHIMEKA
GARRICKS' *TOMORROW DIED YESTERDAY***

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Abstract

Literature mirrors the happenings in any given society and over a given milieu. This is because the literary artist does not operate in a vacuum. He draws his materials from his society, which reflect the happenings around him. In this paper entitled "Post-Independence Disillusionment in Chimeka Garricks' *Tomorrow Died Yesterday*, the novelist satirised the corruption among the ruling class, and how the spirit of discernment has been long dead in the heart of the ruling class. The researchers made use of both primary and secondary sources in the process of data collection and analysis.

The novel *Tomorrow Died Yesterday* is the primary source of data, while journals, texts and other library materials constituted the secondary sources of data. The researchers discovered that the society as portrayed by the novelist reeks of corruption, which gave birth to disillusionment, instances of oppression, exploitation, cruelty, suppression, inhumanity and, above all, class consciousness as they affect relationship between the rich and the poor. The researchers also observed that the expectations of the Asiamma Community in the novel were shattered. The oil discovered by the government became a curse instead of a blessing to the Asiamma Community as it denied them all sources of good living. As a result of the hardships the people faced, the researchers suggest that the leaders of oil companies and the government should endeavour to tackle the emergent problems which undermine the lives of the people. There is need for a new lease of life, justice and equity.

Keywords: *Disillusionment, Political Instability, Corruption, Power Mongering, Leadership Problems, Exploitation, Degradation, Environment*

Introduction

Literature has been a medium through which artists crave for equality for the well-being of the society. For instance, before the attainment of independence in Nigeria in 1960, many thought that immediately the white man leaves the seat of power, the road to having a good society will open. They hoped that corruption, degradation, political and economic exploitation would stop. But, ironically, these ills, rather than diminish, increased with the departure of the colonial masters.

According to Kofi Awoonor in *a Survey of the History, Culture and Literature of Africa South of the Sahara*:

Revolution and socialist programmes degenerate into disguise, corruption and political thuggery. Neo-colonialism, which some African scholars naively believe was a figment of Nkrumah's imagination, is the real monster of post-independence Africa (32).

Nevertheless, it seems from our own perspective, that the writers of post-independence faced the challenges posed by the problems of social ills. This led the writers to change to writing novels that reflect the problems in the system of government and life in general. Novels like *A Man of the People*, *Anthills of Savannah*, *Violence*, *Heroes*, *Sun Set at Dawn*, *The Beautiful Ones are Not Yet Born* and, recently, *Tomorrow Died Yesterday* were written to expose some of these ills in our various African societies. Ngozi Chuma-Udeh, in *Trends and Issues in Nigerian Literature* reaffirms:

The most prominent feature of the literature of this era was the stiff aggressive way in which the writers criticised the post-independence rulers. They openly and uncompromisingly declared that the ruling class was corrupt, devoid of every vestige of vision and common sense (135).

Corruption became the bane of the new nation and hindered any form of development in the country. An accusing finger could conveniently be pointed at the effect of colonialism on the ruling class who had been alienated from the true values of their people. Chidi Amuta, in his *Towards a Sociology of African Literature*, summed up the literature of this period, thus:

This is the quintessential expression of superlative dissonance and sin. Its characteristic landscape is a world asunder. The symbolic homeland of this genre is the urban market place. This is the novel of noise and filth. The heroes are the thieving politicians (133).

However, Chimeka Garrcks tried to look into the post-independence dilemmas of the political dispensation in their various societies and other crime rates that brought about the betrayal of hopes and dreams. The writer felt that time had come for the abandonment of the delicate bases of their country's unity by writing only on their cultures and traditions. The situation of their country seemed to be so critical that many felt the need for reappraisal. As a result of exploitation of the masses by few political elites at the top, the novelists as the watchdogs of the society took their pens to expose and attack the predominant case of man's inhumanity to man and crimes in their various societies.

Chimeka Garricks' *Tomorrow Died Yesterday* highlights the despicable situation of Asiam Community in the Niger-Delta region. This community was peaceful before oil was found in their land. The government and the invading oil companies mercilessly exploited the Asiam Community. The natives cry out against the adverse effects of oil exploitation, which include: devastation of the flora and fauna, and environmental degradation, with its toll on human and aquatic lives.

Problems persisted with the Niger-Delta youths and the government over the extraction of oil and the distribution pattern of the subsequent wealth accrued. The violence that erupted between the forces brought unspeakable hardship to the natives as the invading army raped Asiam women, destroyed canoes and fishing equipment. Also, many lost their lives in this very combat. It is, therefore, clear that *Tomorrow Died Yesterday* looked beyond the turmoil of oil spillage, the anger of the natives, corruption and exploitation.

Disillusionment in Chimeka Garricks' *Tomorrow Died Yesterday*

Chimeka Garricks debut novel *Tomorrow Died Yesterday* explores, among other things, the themes of suffering, pain, disappointment, tyranny and oppression, poverty, dejection and their attendant consequences on the people of the Niger-Delta, Asiam Community.

The novel tells the persistent eruption of conflicts among the youths in the Niger-Delta area of Nigeria, the invading oil companies and the federal government, which started in the early 1990s due to the anxiety of the natives over the wanton destruction and merciless exploitation of their environment by foreign oil corporations. The Federal Government of Nigeria, after nearly four decades of oil production on subsidiary basis, had by the early 1980s become almost completely dependent on crude oil products as the major source of national income and economic mainstay.

Despite the vast wealth created by petroleum, the benefits to the impoverished people of the area of production have been unexpectedly too infinitesimal. The natives cry against the adverse effects of oil exploitation which includes devastation of flora and fauna, environmental degradation and loss of aquatic lives. This is evident in the fact that the

natives, since the 1960s, have increasingly been forced to abandon their traditional agricultural practices due to wanton ecological destruction. Despite the transition to democratic rule in 1999, this problem has persisted with the Niger-Delta youths and the government getting to daggers-drawn position. Bitter antagonism among the many ethnic groups inhabiting the Niger-Delta and the government continues to rise over the extraction of oil and the distribution pattern of the wealth accruing.

Chimeka Garricks said something that has to do with the turbulent socio-political events in the Niger-Delta, Asiamma Community. After independence, in 1960, the people were made to understand that they had finally gained their freedom from the colonial masters. The independence came amidst raised hopes that it would, to a large extent, solve socio-political problems and create employment opportunities which would ensure more fulfilled lives. Many promises came in the wake of independence; unfortunately, the hopes that were fanned up at independence collapsed woefully and total disillusionment took over the new nation.

Chimeka Garricks' *Tomorrow Died Yesterday* told his story in interconnected episodes, each named after the narrator, or a major character or incident. The novel tells the story of disillusionment, disenchantment, suffering, pains, betrayal and disappointment of the people of Niger-Delta, Asiamma Community. Garricks also used *Tomorrow Died Yesterday* to expose the military dictatorship in Nigeria in the 1990s, the difficulties encountered under military intervention in Niger-Delta. Here, Amaibi, one of the narrators, says:

Then I remembered my father. He too had suffered in 1997. Some soldiers had beaten and blinded him. Just after Dike and I separated, I went to Asiamma to see him and clear my head. One morning, I heard him mention the soldiers in his prayers (411).

The narrator again makes us to understand the agonising pains of repression and subjugation that is meted on man, the stupidity of an average man using his fellow man as a source of income. Amaibi, sadly continues:

The stupidity of our violence is frightening. I heard this morning that we've started kidnapping our own brothers for ransom. What next? Our women and children? When will it end? Can't we see history repeating itself? Centuries ago, because of greed, we kidnapped our brothers, sisters, children and sold them to slavery. Today, the greed and kidnappings have started again. This is slavery too, but in a different form. Now, we own the slaves, we punish the slaves and we are the slaves (412).

Chimeka Garricks tries to show us the chaotic society that is disillusioned. He exposes the imbalanced nature in the Niger-Delta region, where the government and every other person in the region have the love of money. The Niger-Delta, Asiamma Community, is deprived of all sources of livelihood. Even though they own the land and oil, the government keeps exploiting the community without helping them out or giving them employment. The people of Asiamma cry out to the government to help them, but the government refuses to come to their aid. The youths of Asiamma engage in kidnapping as a means of making their own money and sustaining their lives.

Doughboy, one of the major characters in the novel, after his graduation as a petroleum engineer, could not stop feeding from hand to mouth because he has no job. The youths of Asiamma are denied virtually all the good things of life. Many dropped out from school because they see no future in their dreams. Others who graduated from universities and are well-qualified are not given jobs. Doughboy reports it, thus:

“My people have the oil, yet, it is your people who have all the jobs in the oil companies. Your people refuse to employ my people. They say we are not qualified” (7).

Kidnapping of Imperial Oil expatriate staff and demanding ransom became a profitable job in Asiamma Community, because there are no job opportunities given to them. The youths and children of Asiamma die every day because of starvation. It is survival of the fittest, and most people who want to survive turn to kidnapping. Tubo, one of the narrators in the novel, summarised it this way:

“After looting of public funds by government officials and oil bunkering, kidnapping is the next most profitable enterprise in the Niger-Delta” (196).

Imperial Oil and the exploration caused a lot of havocs in the Niger-Delta region. It impeded a lot of progress and turned people heart-broken. Gas flaring and oil explosion made many lives in Asiamma go in a twinkling of an eye. After all these, Imperial Oil showed no remorse for these damages. Till this present time, the memories still linger in the minds of the Niger-Deltans. Amaibi reports it, thus:

I don't care about your white man, Tubo. Just as your company didn't care about the '97' crises . . . Tubo, your concern for the life of one oyibo is touching. What about the people who died in 1997? What about lives of the Asiamma people who are dying prematurely because of Imperial flaring? What about them, Tubo? Aren't you concerned about them? (21)

Imperial gas flaring had been the worst fate in Asiamma, Niger-Delta. It takes lives every day and causes damages to the health of innocent citizens. The federal government notices all

these damages but refuses to do something to ameliorate the bad effects. Though general gas flaring is illegal, it is allowed in certain oil fields for which ministerial certificate must be issued. But, Imperial Oil started their work on Asiaman land without any such certificate. The government knew these dangers and kept silent. Imperial Oil base camp is situated in Asiaman, in an open environment, where people do their daily business; and this causes damages to properties and lives. Amaibi frowns at the way Imperial Oil operates and expressed his feelings, thus:

Please forgive me, Mr Granger, but that is nonsense. Why isn't Imperial flaring gas in Venezuela or in Libya? Besides, Mr Granger, since 1984, general gas flaring is illegal, but may be allowed in certain oil fields for which a ministerial certificate must be issued. I asked Mr McCulloch, your predecessor, if Imperial Oil has a ministerial certificate to flare gas in the Asiaman field. As I recall, he refused to give me an answer (26).

Poverty makes most Asiaman youths to join hands in kidnapping the Imperial Oil expatriates. Doughboy and his group kidnap many Imperial Oil expatriates and at the end demand ransom. The kidnapping of Mr. Brian Manning landed Amaibi in a serious trouble. Doughboy and his group had kidnapped Mr. Brian Manning and demanded a ransom of fifteen million naira. Doughboy chose Amaibi to be a go-between, who would drop the demanded ransom and go home with Mr. Brian Manning. Unfortunately, Amaibi lost the chances of bringing Mr. Brian back alive. He went to Doughboy's hideout, dropped the ransom as was concluded, but in return, Amaibi is forced to go back with the corpse of Mr. Brian Manning. Doughboy is enraged in anger and he speaks thus:

Get up, stupid fear fear man, . . . take a good look at what you are taking back to Imperial Oil . . . This ugly bastard died seven days ago. On the day we kidnapped him. Just like that. We didn't touch him. We didn't kill him; he had seizure, and that was that (37).

Doughboy and his gang knew that Mr. Brian Manning is dead. They did not let Imperial Oil know, because they need their ransom delivered to them. Amaibi is forced and he takes the corpse to Imperial Oil. But as Amaibi comes back with the corpse of Mr. Brian Manning, it was a different case. He was charged with manslaughter, conspiracy to kidnap, and possession of firearm.

Amaibi suffered for the offence he knew nothing about. The mopos who arrested him had their hidden agenda. Before they arrested Amaibi, they shot him on his leg without any just cause. He did not resist arrest neither did he fight the mopos. It was a conspiracy to get him

down and make him feel the pain as he spends his life in prison waiting for trial. Amaibi recounts the incident thus:

They came to my house very early one morning, almost a squadron of them. They smashed down my door in commando style. They arrested me . . . in bed.” I didn’t resist. They beat me up. I didn’t resist. Then, they shot me. I still don’t know why (54).

We see how corrupt the mopols have become. They see no importance in the life of an average Asiaman. Amaibi is dumped in the prison without being treated. For months, Amaibi received no medical attention and the police tortured him without mercy. He was accused of working with Doughboy.

Disillusionment in Africa started with corruption, and most African novels speak of corruption as one thing that hinders progress and happiness in most African countries. Chimeka Garricks exposed corrupt leaders and the masses. He accused leaders and law makers of being even more corrupt. Kaniye, a friend to Amaibi and his in-law wanted to see Amaibi in the prison. But for Kaniye to see Amaibi, he had to bribe the warders to allow him. Kaniye reports his experience thus:

Alake, do with this for now. I could have given you more but I had to settle those thieves called prison wardens so that they would allow me this kind of access to you. You wouldn’t believe how much the bastards collected from me (57).

The happiness that is fanned up after independence is no longer there. Corruption went as far as making ways into the souls of the prison warders. The only language they could understand is money. Even after collecting the money from visitors who want to see their friends inside the prison, the warders could not at least take care of the prisoners and their wards. Inside the prison is like a hell; it is dirty and smelly. Those that have communicable diseases are kept in the same ward with those that are free. It was indeed like a hell. Amaibi put it thus:

Someone lying next to me stirred in the darkness and started coughing. Instinctively, I covered my nose and mouth with my hand. Tuberculosis was the flavour of the moment. I remained like that, waiting for the coughing to die down. When there was no let up, I decided to move away. I turned towards the farthest direction from the coughing. The smell of fresh faeces wafted gently from there. I knew the toilet bucket shared by all twenty-three men in the cramped cell was in that corner . . . I was lucky to find some unoccupied space near a wall. I sat upright and rested my bare back on the

wall. The smell of the faeces was very strong now. I knew that the bucket was about two feet away from me. I knew that big and fat maggots were crawling happily on the wet floor near me (51).

Amaibi's suffering did not touch the hearts of the prison wardens. The leg on which the mopols shot were still deteriorating and no proper medical care has been given to him. Now his leg is damaged. Deola reports:

He needs proper medical treatment. I've been doing what I can. But his leg has now gotten gangrene, and I can't do much. It's spreading. Eventually, his leg will have to be cut off (61).

Deola is a youth corps doctor who has tried all she could to treat Amaibi's leg. But Amaibi's leg now needs proper medical care. The prison wardens cared less and the government wants Amaibi out of their way. Sir James, Kaniye's father, put it thus: "The government wants Amaibi out of the way. In this country, the government is the mafia" (69).

In Niger-Delta, Asiamma Community, we see greed, envy, jealousy, betrayal of trust, wickedness and man's inhumanity to his fellow man. The greed brought about the selfish desire of some top-ranking politicians to eat up Asiamma in one night. Imperial Oil came to Asiamma and changed the lifestyle of the people who once lived together like brothers. Evil has come to stay in Asiamma because everybody wants oil money. Top-ranking politicians sit on the pinnacle of power, eating oil money alone and the poor masses die of hunger and starvation. Many youths in Niger-Delta drop out of school because there was no money to see them through. They go into kidnapping and oil bunkering. Kidnapping of Imperial Oil expatriates became the business of the day. Doughboy uses Wali and other government workers as a go-between for him. as Doughboy finds out that Wali, Chief Ikaki, the Imperial Oil and other government boys make enough money from his sweat (kidnapping Imperial Oil expatriates), he chose his childhood friend Amaibi to stand in for him as a go-between, who will be dropping his demanded ransom. This caused Chief Ikaki, Wali and some government boys to dislike Amaibi. They now keep building a plan to get Amaibi out of their way. Amaibi's arrest and charges were only a conspiracy, a perfect opportunity to take him out of the picture. Now, it is a case between him and the government, and his friend Kaniye wants to stand in for him and defend him in the court of law. But due to the system run in the country, Sir James, Kaniye's father, point out corruption thus:

The government wants Amaibi out of the way. In this country, the governments are the mafia. Everything has already been arranged. The trial

will be merely to rubberstamp his predetermined conviction. And the rest, as they say, will be history (69).

The situation that landed Amaibi in prison was arranged because of greed and envy from Chief Ikaki, Wali and other top government officials. Just because Doughboy made Amaibi bypass everyone and deal directly with the top management of oil companies, Wali and some government boys planned to make him pay. As Tubo, one of the Imperial Oil workers and a childhood friend of Amaibi convincingly says: “for Wali, Amaibi’s case isn’t about Manning. Manning’s death was just a convenient excuse. It’s really about money, and payback” (195).

The situation in Asiamma Community was so bad and corruptible. The so-called government and top-ranking officials support the idea of breaking oil pipelines in the middle of the night to collect oil; but yet they continue stealing that which they claimed belong to them. The government sees oil bunkering as a great offence when the masses do it, but to them, it is a good business that fills their bank accounts. They device means of oil bunkering and, through it, they exploit the land. Saboye, Doye’s brother, reports it thus:

A few powerful people in the country. I’m not sure who they are, but the rumour is that they include generals in the army, some, mainly Hausa civilians in government and business . . . Oil bunkering is not the same as stealing meat from somebody’s pot. The government has a hand in it. . . It is their biggest business in Nigeria. And except these people approve of you, you cannot enter the business (112).

The government does not have the interest of the masses at heart. They indulge in oil bunkering because it fetches them much money. Even at that, the government is not at the forefront of the bunkering. They use innocent citizens to operate the illegal deal, thereby putting their lives in danger. Oil bunkering led to loss of many lives in Asiamma Community through oil explosion which happens often. Doughboy lost his only brother in the cause of oil bunkering and explosion. Doughboy reports this dilemma thus:

However, I could never have imagined what we saw past there. A roaring fire, about ten feet length, marked the tiny uninhabited island where Saboye and twelve other people had gone to steal or, rather, bunker oil. The fire, bright and brilliant, gave enough light for us to see their deep-roasted corpses which littered the shore. The corpses were contorted into violently grotesque positions in death. Death, from the pipeline explosion, had been immediate. We smelled the heavy aroma of burnt flesh (112).

Niger-Delta youths lose their lives on the account of oil bunkering, which the government has forced to do. It looked more like a better opportunity for some youths to feed themselves. The government are willing to pay for the lives of these innocent youths but they never thought of changing the poor situation in Niger-Delta. There are no infrastructures like good roads and electricity in the Niger-Delta, Asiam Community. The land belongs to Asiam Community. Imperial Oil makes money from the sales of oil and the government has its own share. Instead of making life more reasonable for the Niger-Deltans, the government enjoys seeing them suffer. Catechist Akasse, the father of Amaibi, opines:

We have other problems in Asiam. There is no electricity, no potable water, no hospital . . . Our schools have produced some excellent students, especially this year. But many of these students, who are the future of Asiam, cannot afford to go to the university. They are likely to join the many other unemployed Asiam youths who roam around restlessly, causing trouble (129).

It is unfortunate that oil is produced in Asiam Community as the community has nothing to boast of. Poverty wrecks the streets as government does not show any interest in developing the community. The people only survive in fishing and selling the produce. But it happened that this same source of their livelihood is being shattered. Just one morning the fishermen were told to leave their base camp because the government wants Imperial Oil to use the land. Again, just one morning, the fishermen in Asiam sailed off to fish and all they could see were dead fishes floating on top of the Asiam River. And this was caused by Imperial Oil spillage. Doughboy gives his account thus:

This year, there was also something that happened up on the Asiam River. We woke up one morning to see oil, thick and black, floating on top of the brown water of the river. The river became sluggish in its flow, as the oil gradually choked its life away. After school, I sat on the banks and watched dead fish, turn on their sides, slowly drift by. The river bank stank. Papa called it an oil spill (118).

Asiam Community has chiefs and King Amayanabo. They are all corrupt. As Asiam fishermen complained bitterly on the effects of Imperial Oil spillage on them, the Imperial Oil could do nothing but compensate the fishermen through King Amayanabo. Imperial Oil gave him ten thousand naira to share among Asiam fishermen. The king neglected the plight of his people and gave them small money out of the amount provided by Imperial Oil Company. Doughboy recounts:

The Amayanabo who, I thought, was afraid of papa, quickly and quietly, paid him seven hundred naira. Later on, we heard that the Amayanabo had

paid only one hundred naira each to the other fishermen and kept over seven thousand naira for himself (119).

Asiama chiefs were as corrupt as their king. Imperial Oil explosion killed many youths in Asiama. The chiefs demanded compensation so that they will forget about the lives of their youths. Only a few people like Sir James, Kaniye's father, and Catechist Akassa, Amaibi's father, objected to such move by making it clear to the chiefs that compensation is not the best way to help Asiama Community. Catechist Akassa put it thus:

As I understand it, Imperial Oil has offered to assist in developing Asiama. This honourable council . . . this council is to decide on what projects Imperial Oil should undertake to help our town. Even if Imperial Oil owned that pipeline, I am not sure that paying compensation for the deaths of some of our boys is the best way to help Asiama . . . We have other problems in Asiama. There is no electricity, no potable water, and no hospital. Yes, we have no good schools . . . Let us tell Imperial Oil to give some scholarship to our young people . . . Then maybe we can talk about electricity, water, a hospital, expanding our schools, a bridge and a good road, then maybe compensation (129).

The chiefs grew stony faces, and refused to look at Catechist Akassa. Others who did had anger in their eyes. The antagonism and anger were because all the projects mentioned by Catechist Akassa would not give them monetary benefits.

The leaders are neck-deep in corruption, mismanagement, selfishness and unpatriotic acts which undermine the stability and well-being of the society. The masses faced kidnapping as the most profitable enterprise. Politicians and some top military personnel support them in every angle. It is the biggest con, the greatest "wayo." This is how it works in Asiama Community: A militant group will kidnap a whiteman and make all sorts of unreasonable demands—development for the Niger-Delta, jobs for natives, compensation for spills, oil companies should leave the area, etcetera. In reality, however, all it takes is a ransom. The companies usually cough out the ransom money. Sometimes, the government pays part of it. The government money usually comes from a special fund called the Security Vote. A bottomless pit of money, actually billions, to be spent without the scrutiny of accounts—that is the security vote. Government security boys, interface with the militants, the companies and the government to secure the release of kidnapped hostages. In reality, many of them are working for themselves or for some politicians in government.

Well, let us go back to the militants. The militants make a ransom demand, let us say, five million naira. Now this is where the wayo starts. Since they have direct link to the militants,

and the blessing of the politicians, the government security boys can say the figure is ten million, fifty million, or anything they want it to be. Some people inside the company that is paying the ransom may know about this deal. Such company workers are usually in a position to recommend that the company pay whatever the government security boys say the ransom is. Of course, they will get a share from the money. If the government that is paying the ransom, the politicians give approval to the security boys to dip into the security vote and collect anything they want, they take as much as they want. From this they give the militants five million, receive the hostages, and everyone is happy. The militants are simply making money for other people without knowing it. This makes Kaniye to reason at a point, wondering why no one has been caught or charged with kidnapping; and he says: “Anyway, the more prolific a militant group is at kidnapping, the better it is for the government security boys” (197).

In Niger-Delta, it is not only the governments that are corrupt. The masses joined hands in making life more agonising for themselves. There, it was a battle for who will drill more oil than the rest. Doughboy sadly reports the situation thus:

Everyone else is milking our oil. The government has already sold the oil that will be drilled in the next decades. The politicians and military boys have shared oil blocks among themselves. The companies use outdated but cheaper drilling methods which pollute the environment. The refineries never work because it’s more profitable for some people to import petroleum products. The marketers cause artificial scarcity so they can make a killing. It’s never ending gang rape (235).

The government and top politicians play with the lives of the people and have more interest in oil. They claimed they own all the land and oil. They decided to rape the oil competitively. Their views were that Asiamas belongs to the government and the oil belongs to the federal government as well. Doughboy in anger speaks:

All Mr President does is shit in and drill oil from my river. Does he eat the rotten fish from Asiamas River? Does his wife drink the contaminated water? Do his grandchildren play next to gas flares and pipelines? So, how the hell can he own my river? (236)

The youths of Asiamas are left disenchanted. They see no future in their dreams. They lost hope in the present condition that exploits their community. Hunger and starvation kill them everyday. No job opportunity was given to their graduates, yet their land and oil were being raped.

The graduates of Niger-Delta Asiamama community were not given any job with the excuses that they are not qualified. The youths have nothing to do than to join militants. It is not that the graduates are not qualified, but it is tribalism and corruption. Doughboy points it out:

The Yorubas control all the juicy jobs in the oil industry, and they are the most openly biased tribe in this country. Our people are left with menial jobs. The stupid excuse is that we are not qualified. So, since I can't work as an engineer with my two-one, I'd rather be a militant than a cleaner (233).

Doughboy graduated from the university in 1990, with two-one. He applied for a job everywhere—Imperial, Shell, Chevron. He went for aptitude tests and passed them easily. He was called for interview but was denied the job. In this action, Doughboy says:

Actually, I was the best at the interview. But they gave the job to one Yoruba boy who also had a two-one. The personnel manager at the time was his distant relative or something (234).

Doughboy saw the system as corruption. He looked at the Niger-Delta, Asiamama Community and found fault in everyone. In this situation, he rightly opines that:

It's no secret that we, the people of the Niger-Delta, are our own worst enemies. Some of our governors loot our states' shares of oil revenues, some of our chiefs and youth leaders frustrate development from coming to our communities simply because they won't receive any monetary percentage for the contracts. Yet we always blame oil companies and the government. Don't you think we should shoulder some, if not all, of the blames for this mess we're in? (324)

The situation after oil was discovered in Niger-Delta land is a bad one. The government drills the oil found in Asiamama Community without any form of development in the community. Doughboy lost everything including his brother in a fight for survival. He believes that he must continue this struggle with the government for his own survival. Doughboy opines:

Niger-Delta struggle is essentially a fight for oil, or the control and use of the resources from oil. No one fights for oil for purely philanthropic purposes. Yes, I have made money from my fights. But there is an ideological angle to my fight. In taking what is rightfully mine (323).

The youths of Asiamama now realise that the government is using them and their resources. They found out that the government drills their oil, cages their source of livelihood, halts

development in their land and damages their land. Asiama's future died because the government exploits them and denies them their rights. There are no plans for the community. Amaibi further explains:

What plans do the government and companies have for our land and people after they finish drilling the oil? What are they doing to prevent the landslides, earthquakes and subsidence that may happen to our land after all oil is sucked out . . . I asked them a million times before. Are the companies forced to properly treat oil-field water, a by-product of oil drilling, before pumping it into our rivers? Isn't that why our aquatic life and vegetation are polluted and dying (334)?

Chimeka Garricks' *Tomorrow Died Yesterday* narrates beyond the pains of repression and disillusionment. It exposes the mentality of our people after they gained their freedom from the whiteman. The novel captures the sufferings, the pains, the disappointments, the chaos and the brutality of Niger-Delta, Asiama Community under the corrupt masses and leaders. Thus, the novel is a satire on the evils and angers of Asiama Community. The author pleaded for a change through his main character, Amaibi, who put it thus:

Things are bleak. Our mentality has been corrupted. But I refuse to give up hope. We need to change the way we do things. We need to stop fighting the wrong battles. Our people must drop their arms and get off the streets and creeks. The war will not be won there. The war will be won in lecture halls as we expand the minds of our young people. It will be won in corporate boardrooms if we convince big oil companies that, in the long run, it will be more profitable for them to drill ethically (412).

The author employs devices such as irony and sarcasm to convey his message. He feels that people have been disoriented and disillusioned and he calls for change in his present time. This is a powerful, startling, and vivid novel.

Conclusion

From the foregoing in the novels, we can conclude that the spirit which propelled the literature of post-independence in Africa is indeed the spirit of disillusionment. African novels after independence are protest literature. The writers are firm in the forefront of the society towards progressivism. The writers are protesting the corrupt and immoral leadership of African politicians.

In Chimeka Garricks' *Tomorrow Died Yesterday*, the leaders are shown to be excessively corrupt and exercising brute force in the political scene. The insensitivity and lack of regard for the lives of the people by the leaders were vividly explored.

The novel portrayed realistic details of eruption of conflicts among the youths in the Niger-Delta, Asiamas Community, the invading oil companies and the federal government. This is against the wanton destruction and merciless exploitation of Asiamas environment by foreign oil corporations which are encouraged by the federal government.

However, despite the vast wealth created by petroleum, the benefits to the impoverished natives of the area of production (Niger-Delta region) have been too infinitesimal. This problem has persisted with the Niger-Delta youths and the government getting to daggers-drawn position. The natives cry out of hunger and starvation. No good roads, electricity and good schools are built in the region. Niger-Delta graduates are unemployed for years after their graduation. Most of the jobs in the oil companies are not given to them but to Hausas or Yorubas. The bitter antagonism among the many ethnic groups inhabiting the Niger-Delta and the government continues to rise over government's denial of their rights, the extraction of oil and the distribution pattern of the accruing wealth. The violence among the forces brings unspeakable hardship to the natives.

Many of the Niger-Delta youths became militants who kidnap Imperial Oil expatriates and demand ransom, just to survive. Asiamas land faced many challenges and damages. The violence that militants unleash is unbearable. Women are raped by the invading army who tried to stop demonstrations.

Amaibi, one of the narrators in the novel, was shot on his leg because he was there to stop the government and some boys in the oil companies from sharing in the ransom demanded by the militants. He was jailed for months without medical treatment or trial.

The author exposes the leaders as corrupt as anything. The chiefs of the Niger-Delta are seen as corrupt. Chief Ikaki who was given a huge sum of money to work on the community's electricity project ate the money without doing the job. We see the leaders playing with the lives of the citizens and the damages caused by Imperial Oil Company. The novel exposes the corrupt and fraudulent forces which stand between the government and the people. The novel looks beyond the turmoil of oil spillage which kills aquatic lives in Asiamas River in the Niger-Delta. It also portrays the anger of Niger-Deltans as they are denied all the good things of life by the government. The author mirrors the pains of repression, the death of Niger-Delta youths as they strove for survival when nothing was given to them. They lost hope and were highly disappointed.

Thus, from the political class to military leaders, down to the civil society, what we have seen in the societies portrayed are shattered hopes and disillusionment as a result of the existence of moral vacuum, political, social and economic problems.

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