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CLASS #8: *GHANA MUST GO* 2/3

ENGL 10: GLOBAL FICTIONS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WA4iX5D9Z64>

GONE

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GOING

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GO



GONE

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GO

1. Backward Structure of Progression
2. Narrative of progress or development haunted by obsolescence and death.



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WEST AFRICAN “LION ECONOMIES”



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Ten African lions set to outrun Asia’s tigers

by Marina Mellis , November 7, 2013

Rapidly growing African economies are the next frontier of booming growth and ripe for investment. Here are the ten most promising ‘African Lions’.

When covering Africa, reports of poverty, violence, and disease still dominate the headlines of Western media. This outdated narrative obscures what global consulting companies and economic publications have reported for the past few years: Africa’s overall growth rate has “quietly approached” that of Asia and at least ten African Lions are set to outpace the Asian Tigers in the next five years.

More Risky

- 1. Democratic Republic of Congo**
The eastern region of the Democratic Republic of Congo has long been plagued by rebellion and appalling violence, but the country has still managed to achieve surprising growth. GDP growth is expected to climb steadily from 7.2 percent in 2012, to 8.2 percent by the end of this year, and to 9.4 percent in 2014. Endowed with significant natural resources, the country has begun to realize its vast potential by implementing macroeconomic policy to reduce inflation and stabilize the exchange rate. However, the

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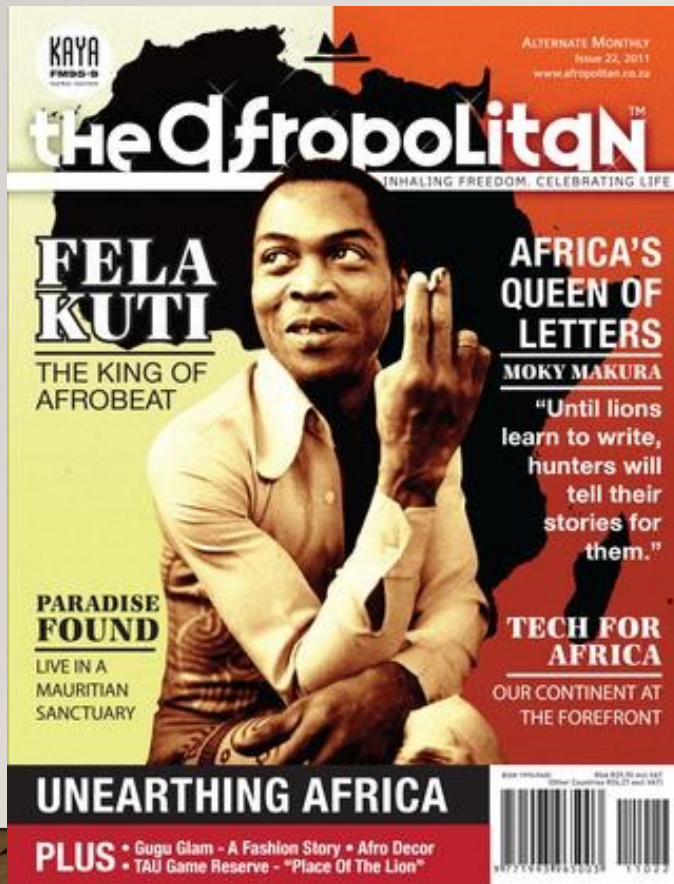
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“BYE-BYE BABAR (OR: WHAT IS AN AFROPOLITAN)” - TAIYE SELASI, 2005



THE “GHANA MUST GO” BAG AND POPULAR CULTURE

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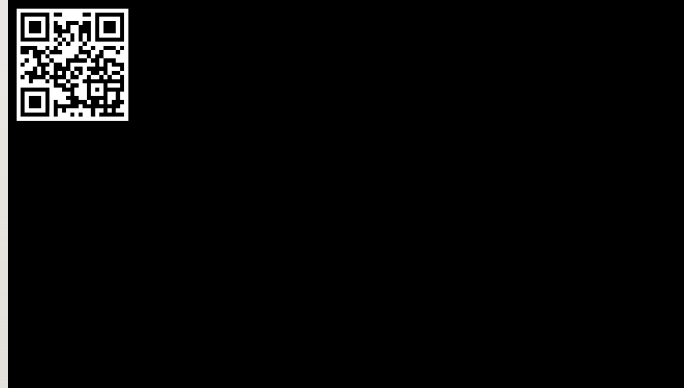


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reify 

[ree-uh-fahy, rey-]

[Examples](#) [Word Origin](#)

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verb (used with object), re-i-fied, re-i-fy-ing.

1. to convert into or regard as a concrete thing:
to reify a concept.

reification



GONE

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GO

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1. Backward Structure of Progression
 2. Narrative of progress or development haunted by obsolescence and death.
 3. Movement backward implies a diagnostic imperative.

KWEKU'S FEET

MOBILITY - SHAME

How she'd never seen them was beyond her, is beyond her now, to think she'd only ever seen the one side of his feet, the smooth. The soles, by sharp contrast, were chafed, calloused, raw, the skin black in some places, puffed up at the toes. It was as if he'd quite literally crossed burning sands barefoot (in fact, had gone shoeless for most of his youth). Taiwo pursed her lips shut to mute her revulsion, but what she felt next had no shape and no sound:

an odd emptiness, weightlessness, as if she were floating, as if for

44

Something had opened somewhere.

The fact of her father here slumped in the moonlight meant something was possible that she hadn't perceived: that he was vulnerable. And that if *he* was—their solid wooden father—then that she was, they all were, and worse, might not know. He had hidden the soles of his feet her whole life, for twelve years; he could hide (anyone could hide) anything else. And finally, that he'd tried, that he had a thing to hide, meant her father felt shame. Which was unbearable somehow.

She rested her head on the stool by his feet. Whispered, "Daddy," touched him lightly. He continued to snore. "Wake up," she persisted. "Wake up." But he didn't. She noticed the slippers by her knees on the rug.

As gently as possible and as silently as she could, she slipped one of the slippers onto one of his feet. It dangled like a shoe on a shoe tree. Then the other. At the very least the bruises were hidden from view.

"No," he said, barely.

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For all the years after, when Taiwo thinks of her father, when the thought slips in slyly through that crack in the wall—and the picture of him dead in a garden slips with it, his soles purpled, naked, for anyone to see—she'll ask herself hopelessly, "Where were his slippers?" and as she did when she was twelve, she'll start to cry.

9.

That a thing that had been in the world had just left it, as surely and simply as people leave rooms or the dust of dead dandelion lifts into wind, silent, leaving behind it this empty space, openness. Incredible, unbearable, interminable openness appearing now around her, above her, beyond her, a gaping, inside her, a hole, or a mouth: unfamiliar, wet, hollow and hungry. Un-appeasable.

The details came later—such as details ever come, such as one can know the details of a death besides one's own, how it went, how long or calming, cold or terrifying, lonely—but the thing happened there in the bedroom. The loss. Later, if ever alone, she'll consider it, the uncanny similarity between that and this moment: alone in the dark in the sweltering heat in a room not her own in a bed far too big. Mirror endings. The last of a life as she'd known it, that midnight in Lagos, never suspecting what happened (it simply wouldn't have occurred to her, that evil existed, that death was indifferent), yet *knowing* somehow. This was the event for her, the loss in the concrete, the hours in which she crossed between knowing and knowledge and onward to "loss" in the abstract, to sadness. Six, seven hours of openness slowly hardening into loneliness.

The details came later—how a truckload of soldiers, Hausas, high on cheap heroin and hatred, had killed them, setting fire to the mansion, piling rocks at the exits—but the details never hardened into pictures in her head. So she never really believed it, not really, couldn't *see* it, never settled on a sight that would have made the thing stick, put some meat on the words (roaring fire, burning wood), put a face on the corpses. The words remained bones. They were no one, the "soldiers." They were shadow-things, not human beings. The "Nwaneris" were what they'd always been: a portrait on the wall, a name. A pallid cast of characters. Not even characters, but categories: civilian, soldier, Hausa, Igbo, villain, victim. Too vague to be true.

And not him.