

PEPETELA'S THE RETURN OF THE WATER SPIRIT AS A PARABLE OF THE POST-COLONIAL CONDITION IN ANGOLA

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Abstract

Writing about a post-colonial society which has fallen in love with capitalist democracy in the face of a crumbling Russian empire, Pepetela argues in *The Return of the Water Spirit* that the common people who fought for independence have been marginalized in post-independence Angola as the ruling class, once socialist, now worship on the altar of greedy capitalism. This paper contends that in this novel, Pepetela asserts that good as the naked revolution is in confronting the selfish ruling elite, the mythic example of Kianda in reclaiming what rightly belongs to him points the way forward in the Angolan people's quest for a genuine reclamation of their political voice. In the final analysis, this paper concludes, Angolan problems can only be truly solved by Angolan-bred ideas.

Keywords: Angola, revolution, society, post-colonial, condition, masses, myth.

If others can make use of the situation, then why shouldn't I, especially since it is a just cause? Convent morality's dead and gone. We're now living under a market economy, and there are three centuries of capitalist ethics to demonstrate how legitimate it all is.

(The Return of the Water Spirit, 48).

Introduction

One of the enduring characteristics of the novel is its ability to adjust to changes in society. Society is forever in a flux on account of the several forces which either pull or push. The dynamism of every society is a function of these forces which may either be positive or negative in their orientation. The whirlpool of issues in society often constitutes its own reality. The ever-present fertile reality is like a huge catalyst which fires the imagination of the

novelist, and as it is well known, it is the duty of the novel to reflect reality. Like society that is forever evolving, stagnation is an anathema to the novel, for it is a living thing that strenuously attempts to catch the irregular rhythm of life, its main constituency. In his celebrated “The Art of Fiction” (1884), Henry James observes:

A novel is a living thing, all one and continuous, like any other organism and in proportion as it lives will it be found, I think, that in each of the parts there is something of each of the other parts (Quoted in Kaplan 1957:430).

Justifying the novel’s ability to adjust to changes in society, Francis Ngwaba (1986:20), avers that, “just as the Victorian society itself was a stable one, the novel equally achieved a stability of form by adopting and perpetuating the method established by Fielding and perfected by Jane Austen”. But as the serenity, orderliness and stability of the Victorian world began to give way to the complex modern world especially after the death of Queen Victoria in 1901, the novel gradually became more technically organized in the hands of the late Victorians like George Elliot, George Meredith and Henry James in order to truly reflect the new sophistication and alienation-ridden modern society. Of the three novelists above, “Henry James”, continues Ngwaba, “is particularly important, for in his art we begin to notice the transition from the Victorian to the modern” (20) That the general conviction then was that society had changed fundamentally can be seen in the assertion of Virginia Woolf (1925:320) that, “in or about December 1910 human character changed”.

Like the English novel, the African novel has been sensitive to the changes in the African society. During the colonial times, the African novel was preoccupied with cultural rehabilitation, assertion and confidence. This was necessary because the colonialists had, in their characteristic manner of destroying what they did not understand, denigrated the African culture by describing it as barbaric, uncivilized and devilish from which they, on behalf of her majesty the Queen of England, had come to save the African. Chinua Achebe (1973:1-4), unarguably one of Africa’s frontrunners in cultural rehabilitation declared his artistic objective earlier in his writing career.

I would be quite satisfied if my novels (especially the ones I set in the past did no more than teach my readers that their past – with all its imperfections – was not one long night of savagery from which the first Europeans acting in God’s behalf delivered them. Perhaps what I write is applied art as distinct from pure. But who cares? Art is important but so is education of the kind I have in mind.

With the attainment of independence by many African countries from the late fifties to early sixties, the perspective of vision of the African novelist soon started changing. The former British colony of the Gold Coast,

(now Ghana), became independent in 1957. Nigeria followed in 1960 and later Gambia in 1965 as independent states. The euphoria of independence was, to say the least, heady. Optimism was like sweet lavender in the air. The people's expectations were high. As quoted by Post (1964:108), Kwame Nkrumah gave voice to the African optimism in the early years of independence when he defined the African revolution as that which heralds the coming of a bright new era for all, a revolution destined to transform radically and completely the entire face of our beloved nation and our human society.

However, the euphoria of political independence did not last long. For, as the African politicians who took over the reins of governance started abusing their mandate through corruption and outright manipulation of government machinery for their selfish ends, the people's optimism changed to undiluted pessimism and disillusionment. As the people's expectations became dashed on the marble of the new politicians' greed and megalomania not a few of them began to ask what went wrong immediately after the much awaited independence. In the face of this new challenge, the African novelist had to abandon his preoccupation with works of colonial experience or "the narcissistic phase" (Soyinka, 1966:53), in order to creatively engage the new reality. This second phase of the African novel which is marked by social criticism is referred to as "the new realism" by Abiola Irele (1981:70).

I should like to call this development the new realism to suggest that process by which the African writer has begun to modify his stance and to adjust his angle of perception to take account of those political and social realities that began in the wake of African independence to impress themselves more closely upon the general attention through the entire continent. This is a development that stands in marked contrast to the earlier romanticism which was employed to affirm and to celebrate a specially projected sense of uniqueness and which began to lose its point and pertinence as events on the continent began to take a new turn and to impose a more rounded, more realistic awareness of human experience than was permissible in an earlier phase of our modern endeavour.

As far back as 1966, Wole Soyinka had used the term "womb" as an apt metaphor to describe a situation whereby writers deliberately evade contemporary issues in society. However, with Achebe's *A Man of the People* (1966), Armah's *The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born* (1969), Ngugi wa Thiong'o's *A Grain of Wheat* (1982), Mongo Beti's *Remember Reuben* (1974) to name a few, the African novel seemed to have arisen from Soyinka's "womb" to confront issues of contemporary reality in Africa.

Post-Colonial Condition In Africa

If there is one feature which, like constants in mathematical equation, dominates the African novel of new realism, it is the notion of post-independence disillusionment. According to Kitenge – Ngoy (1996:169), “the pitiful spectacle which some African countries present --- years after gaining their independence is far from encouraging” Neil Lazarus (1990:191) is even more bemused by the whole betraying scenario, “what cannot be comprehended, above all else is how a postcolonial future, which they had been promised, and for which they had struggled in the decolonizing years, could possibly have become this post colonial present”. The theme of colonial exploitation has been replaced by that of disillusionment. Mortimer (1990:35), rightly observes

Reflecting social and political realities of the post independence era in which the colonial has been replaced by a political elite, both Maghrebian and Sub-Saharan francophone African literature of the past two decades have transformed the theme of disillusionment. Where once the colonizer was the sole object of criticism, now African technocrats, cadres, and government officials are depicted exploiting the masses they had promised to uplift.

While many critics have explored, to a great extent, the unforgiving post independence reality as presented by novelists from the former colonies of Britain, France and Belgium, little or nothing has been written on the works from the former Portuguese colonies of Angola Mozambique, Cape Verde and Namibia. The fact that literary works from this part of Africa are often written in Portuguese has not helped matters. To what extent has the post colonial condition been reflected in novels written by novelists from the former enclave of Portugal? This paper humbly explores this issue as presented by the Angolan novelist, Pepetela in his novel *O Desejo de Kianda* (1995, translated as *The Return of the Water Spirit* in 2002 by Luis Mitras.

Postcolonial Condition In Angola In Pepetela’s *The Return Of The Water Spirit*

Angola gained independence from Portugal in 1975 after a long, tortuous and torturous liberation war. The people had hardly settled down to savour the gains of independence when an intense civil war between People’s Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) and National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) reared its head. Although the civil war ended in 2002, the common people of Angola have had to grapple with corruption, disillusionment, failed socialist promises and the widening gap between the rich and the poor. The unenviable postcolonial condition which has made political independence a huge nightmare is the very basis of Pepetela’s new realism in *The Return of the Water Spirit*.

Written after twenty years of Angola's independence during which Pepetela must have had enough time to carefully examine the postcolonial condition, the novel is a veritable demonstration of the proclamation of the Zimbabwean critic, Paul Zeleza (1994:474) that independence brought little more than, "defeats, disappointment and disaster" to postcolonial African states. It is an unambiguous statement about the failure of the revolutionary state; the blatant "erosion of the ethical and moral values that underscored the anti-colonial struggle in Angola" (Hamilton 2012). The novel is set in post independence Angola that is still engrossed in a civil war. To compound this situation, Pepetela tells us that buildings in Kinaxixi Square in Angola's capital, Luanda, mysteriously fall to the ground without any injury to the people. While many scientists all over the world land in Angola to try to unravel the mystery behind the building collapse in Kinaxixi Square, it is only at the end of the narrative that we are told that the water spirit Kianda, is responsible.

The falling buildings in Kinaxixi Square, otherwise known as Luanda syndrome, may transport the reader to the uncanny world of Magical Realism. But Magical Realism is not Pepetela's primary concern in this novel. Pepetela's artistic resort to the myth of Kianda is a poetic demonstration of betrayal by the sitting government in Angola. Indeed, the collapse of the buildings cannot be divorced from the failure of the socialist principles of the so-called revolutionary government and the expected egalitarian ideas. As averred by Shun Man Chow (2012:2)

In *The Return of the Water Spirit*, Pepetela charts the way in which the socialist ideals of the victorious Marxist revolutionary party slowly wither and are replaced by the immediate personal gains to be had through the embrace of global capitalism.

The very embodiment of the ethical and moral failure of the government is the strong-willed atheist Carmina. A fanatical and vocal member of the ruling Peoples' Movement for the Liberation of Angola, Carmina is presented at the beginning of the novel as a strident Marxist and socialist until she "recognizes" that virtually everybody in her party is "moving towards the so-called market economy" (11). With this recognition, Carmina quickly jettisons the moral and ethical principle of socialism and embraces the ethics of capitalism and thus becomes a businesswoman mainly in the import realm since Angola does not produce anything to export. She gains a parliamentary seat in the country's election but the rival party breaks the ceasefire and civil war resumes. Carmina exploits this ceasefire by making a big fortune, first by selling luxury goods, and later by importing arms to MPLA government in its fight against the rebels. In her head-long plunge into the sea of capitalism where the first article of faith is profit,

Carmina the turncoat revolutionary does not mince words when she tells her husband, the weak-willed but computer games-loving Joao Evangelista:

Convent morality is dead and gone. We're now living under a market economy, and there are three centuries of capitalist ethics to demonstrate how legitimate it all is (14).

Carmina, nicknamed CAF (Carmina-Arse-Face) is now a dyed-in-the-wool capitalist who acquires whatever she wants at all cost. She torments the masses she once professed to defend and care for in order to enhance her own welfare. Pepetela says that Carmina is now “an habitu e of the luxurious boutiques that existed side by side with the indescribable misery of the refugees and of the children who had been orphaned or abandoned” (55). For Carmina, it is bye-bye to the austerity and discipline of the youth activist of the revolutionary days and welcome to the luxury of dressing well, eating well and basking in the euphoria of wealth, for “the people only respect the rich and the powerful” (56). It is ironic that when the frustrated masses decide to go naked in their protest against the uncaring government, it is Carmina who calls such protest “an immoral monkeying around” (108), which should be crushed decisively through the use of the army.

We'll give them the civic movement. The Army's moving in and all this getting fresh will come to an end. A few broken skulls and this fashion will be old news (100).

The kindred spirit of the once fire-spitting Marxist Carmina in the African novel is Joseph Koomson, the laughable Minister Plenipotentiary, member of the Presidential Commission and Hero of the Socialist Labour who now resides in one of the posh residential estates that previously accommodated the colonialist in Armah's *The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born* (1969). In spite of his ministerial appointment which forbids getting involved in business, Koomson borrows state credits under aliases to invest in fishing boats. And because Carmina has floated a company contrary to the ethics guiding members of parliament, she turns livid and calls her colleagues hypocrites who “want to pass a law that will forbid members of parliament from being company directors” (56). Like the widely “connected” Carmina, Koomson too uses his influence to award his empty-headed sister-in-law a scholarship to study dress making in England as well as get the Furniture Corporation to furnish his house for free because of his connection with the manager. And like Carmina who has repudiated her socialist training, Koomson talks of “this foolish socialism that will spoil everybody's peace” (*The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born*, 185). Anybody who reminds Carmina now of her former strongly held Lenin's thesis which forbids the professional politician from indulging in such mundane things as individual business is either an “incompetent idiot” or a “half-baked Franciscan” who

“wants to nurture misery as though it’s a virtue” (56). Certainly, ideological perfidy can hardly be made of a stronger stuff.

Carmina is not alone in this craze for individual profit to the detriment of the masses, the supposed legitimizers of government. As Angola gradually opens itself to the machinery of rampant global capitalism courtesy of the dictates of International Monetary Fund (IMF), socialism gives way to meism, profiteering and fraud. Carmina minces no words when she opens up to Joao that the stories of corruption and embezzlement run into the hundreds and that some are actually true. Like an attractive bandwagon of the devil, not a few can ignore its allure in the new post colonial dispensation. Pepetela tells us:

Samuel got rid of all the Ministry cars and was able to keep five for himself. He then gave a car to each of the directors to keep their mouths shut. As for Bisnaga, he managed to lay his hands on a set of military trucks and now he’s building a most impressive private fleet. And there is ... Joaquin Domingos (who) got hold of a Navy vessel ...bought the boat for the token price of a thousand Kuanzas ...sold the canons to a group of arms dealers (14).

In the new era, many like Joao only go to work when salaries are being paid. Even so, these meager salaries do not motivate many workers to go to work. To make ends meet therefore, many workers resort to sundry fraudulent practices; cutting so many financial corners in order to round off the figures of their salary. Those in charge of company cars convert them to taxi cabs. Those in government departments ask for some illegal fees to issue particular certificates or testimonial while teachers, the supposed guardians of knowledge, sell examination to their students in order to pacify the gods of poverty in their homes. Even those who work with figures have devised ways to corner a few million kuanzas for themselves and when some are caught they attribute it to bad luck. The masses are so poor and neglected in the new dispensation that not a few realistic ones have now found solace in the vices that they condemned in the past. Honorio, for example, the former committed member of Peoples’ Defence Organization who was given an award for catching a thief has been transformed by the unforgiving postcolonial circumstance into a fraudster who now falsifies figures in account books under him in order to get a commission. Of course, he is soon caught and forced to resign by his boss who does not want a scandal. “The poor”, says the narrator, are so poor in the supposed independence era that “even when they steal they are poor at it – they get caught in no time” (78).

Carmina’s transformation from a fiery socialist revolutionary who thought she saw America’s signature on every misfortune that befell Angola to a brazen capitalist like many Angola’s new elite has brought a huge polarization into the society. Political independence notwithstanding, the

Angolan society is riddled with the excessively rich and the excessively poor, the class of those who thought they were fighting the Portuguese in order to realize an egalitarian future. Karl Marx (1848:13) called these forgotten revolutionaries, the “lumpen proletariat”. They are the equivalent of the biblical “amhaeretes”, “the scum (and) the passively rotting mass (who are) thrown off by the lowest layers of the old society”. These harpless people who were used to fight the war of independence are now regarded as the dregs of the society who daily dialogue with poverty and deprivation. While the nouveaux-riches drive around in their air-conditioned cars, these wretched of the earth suffer from extreme want.

... one couldn't see the cars of the nonveau-riches, those latest models with airconditioning and smoked glass which protect their passengers from the non-stop begging of the street kids, the war amputees of the people thrown out on to the street by poverty... They drive past all this misery in their cars refrigerated inside and with music playing at full so they won't hear the laments of the beggars who might just upset their spiritual well-being (80).

The war veteran who now begs for alms having lost both legs during the struggle for independence says much about the neglect and uncaring attitude of Angola's new leaders. Angered by Joao's inability to offer any money to him the beggar shouts

When I was in the war I was a hero because I was with the glorious Armed Forces for the liberation of Angola which was fighting to defend your lives. All the while, you were living it good here in the city. Now that I've lost my legs, I'm not a hero anymore. I don't even have the right to live. But you still continue to have it good (81).

The beggar's remark is no doubt a reminder of Joao's earlier observation that the *lumpen proletariat* are the ones who are “marginalized by the process, by this political system and the previous one” (62) It is also an affirmation of Shun Emily Chow's (2012:6), assertion that “in post independence the hero becomes the beggar, and the nationalism that united and mobilized a people against colonial rule, that made people offer their lives voluntarily, is revealed to be nothing more than vacuous rhetoric”. Even so, the speed with which Angolan elite are ready to worship on the altar of the “profit capitalist” and their careless attitude towards the unspeakable misery of refugees without shelter after the building collapse points to the fact that they have never been committed to the Marxist ideology which they see as just a smokescreen to hoodwink the people. This is why the commonly held belief among the common people is that, “the government called itself Marxist (but) many suspected that their Marxism never went beyond the level of propaganda” (5). Thus, members of the political class have not only betrayed the masses who had trusted them as to

give them the mandate to rule, they have equally become treacherous to the very ideology they claim to profess in their headlong bid to service their greedy instinct. As the ruling elite direct their energy to creating an abnormal standard of living for themselves at the expense of the nation's economy the assertion of Dasyuva (1997:30) again rears its head:

The betrayal of the people by the emergent political elite is vividly portrayed ... in the nature of the corrupt, irresponsible, base, hypocritical and spiritually blind ruling class.

The “Naked Revolution” As A Way Out Of The Socio-Political Quagmire

As stated earlier, rather than savour the joy of independence and liberation from the oppressive yoke of the colonial masters, the common people have been greeted with failed promises of the revolution by the new political elite. It is obvious that the promise of the ruling elite never goes beyond the rhetoric of propaganda. Painfully, the masses have come to discover that, according to Michael Chapman (2013:25), “the real difference between the old colonials and the new Angolans is that the old is white and the new black”. In order to reclaim a political voice for themselves therefore, the common people decide to embark on a “naked revolution” as a way of “protest against the passivity of the authorities which did little to sort out their basic problems” (93) Honorio justifies the rationale for this shocking movement:

It's the new fashion in Kinaxixi. It's taking on. The homeless in Kinaxixi are protesting against a government which does nothing for them. Nakedness is our new national garb; the one that's in accordance with the standard of living of our people. We can't even walk around in a loin cloth. A loin cloth is a middle-class luxury (94).

The “naked revolution” is a spontaneous and home-grown child of circumstance devoid of textbook cliches and slogans from without. It has no rigid structures or formulae like the deceptive ideologies from overseas that have only succeeded in taking the people to nowhere. Going nude is simply a way of driving the message home that “showing off wealth cannot be tolerated”, (95) in a new Angola as well as to exhibit the masses' total level of destitution as an indictment of the ruling class that brutally exploit them. It is truly class –less since in the final analysis, shorn off their superficial covering, humans are all actually naked and therefore genuinely egalitarian. According to Honorio, the “naked movement” is not even a political one

... it is a civic movement. It is a question of civic coherence. Everyday our currency is devalued, the prices of goods rise, no one can work because salaries are the only things in this country which don't rise. Isn't it a

shameful luxury to adorn yourself with clothes, even if they are the rags from some filthy cloth (95).

Clearly understood, the “naked revolution” is a repudiation of the Marxist-led revolution which has failed the very people it was meant to liberate. The god of the socialist ideology seems powerless in the face of the capitalist dollar which the state and its ideologues in their new-fangled selfishness and greed think they cannot do without. This is the genesis of the state’s abrogation of social responsibility which has made the common people disillusioned and uncared for. One is, therefore, little surprised at the masses’ solace in “naked revolution which is the only garb compatible with the poverty into which they have sunk” (94). This is even more so, for if the Marxist ideology has failed and the capitalist democracy is failing it is only logical that man goes back to his natural state.

The water spirit is the embodiment of nature itself. In their greed and selfishness, the ruling elites have gone as far as to appropriate the space of the water spirit thereby choking and stifling him in the process:

He complained that for centuries he had lived in perfect happiness in his lagoon until man decided to drain his lagoon and put cement and sand and tar on top of it and build a square and buildings all around it. Kianda felt stifled with all that weight on top of him. He couldn’t swim. And then, he revolted against it. He sang. He sang until all the buildings fell down, one by one, slowly (93).

It is instructive to note that since Kianda’s protests song seems to be falling on the “deaf ears” of the ruling elite, he decides to go more radical by disintegrating the homes in Kinaxixi Square. As the last building falls to the ground, the masses applaud the spirit’s feat. He has at last been able to reclaim his land thus restoring Luanda to its original state as an island. Once again, we are forced to acknowledge the time tested assertion of Horace (2001:55) that “though you drive away nature with a pitch fork she always return”. Comparing the collapse of the buildings in Kinaxixi Square to the attacks of September 11, 2001 in the United States, Phillip Rothwell (2004:195) states that “*The Return of the Water Spirit* continues Pepetela’s profound and damning portrayal of a betrayed utopia”. Indeed, independent Angola was expected to be a country characterized by the erasure of need and want by the people but which later turns out to be a nightmare courtesy of the ruling class’ treachery. Dystopia is the consequence of a betrayed utopia.

The overall artistic significance of the water spirit with his uncanny ways cannot be ignored. The buildings in Kinaxixi Square must be seen in their wider context as the equivalent of imposition of political regimes and ideologies by the colonial regime. The organic revolution of Kianda which causes the destruction of the buildings thereby restoring the original

landscape of Luanda is a metaphor for the Angolan people to do away with all the foreign ideologies which have only come to destroy the country. This must be the wider implication of Honorio's earlier submission that, "these apartment blocks just create conflicts, everyone lives on top of each other like the Europeans do; it doesn't go with our African way of being" (34). Kianda's ability to free himself by toppling the buildings and allowing the repressed lagoon's water to flow freely again points the way forward for the Angolan people. It is a clarion call to the people to jettison all foreign and useless ideologies and generate Angolan-bred ideas for Angola's problems. Like Kianda, the people may need to go beyond going clothes-less to full scale confrontation if they must free themselves from the forces of exploitation and dehumanization. It is illuminating to note that the lesson from the water spirit is not lost on Honorio, unarguably one of the leading lights of the movement. Honorio has, "read all the classics of Marxism" (98), therefore, when he says that "its time to stop copying our formulas from overseas (because) we have to invent our own method for the struggle" (99), we are forced to take him seriously.

Conclusion

Since stepping down as the Vice-Minister of Education in 1982 in Angola, Artur Carlos Maurico Pestana dos Santos nicknamed Pepetela has been a writer with a focus on Angolan history and society in his fiction. Having been a part of the liberation struggle, he has been particularly critical of the corruption and general disillusionment in post independence Angola. *The Return of the Water Spirit* can therefore, be seen as representing his response to a lived reality in post independence Angola. Specifically, this novel is a parable of the present condition in Angola, "the sum total of whose meaning amounts to a negative judgement upon that condition and upon the human impulses that may be said to be behind its making" (Abiola Irele, 1981:89). Pepetela's artistic protest is against the African inheritors of the colonial legacy of oppression. It is against ideological hypocrites and turncoat revolutionaries whose definition of independence begins and ends with the opportunity to gorge themselves with the luxuries they once denied themselves during the freedom struggle.

Beyond merely continuing the tradition of protest literature however, Pepetela demonstrates through the "naked revolution" that a confrontation with the oppressive reality by the masses is a big step in the arduous journey of liberating themselves from the sharks of capitalist profits. Yes, Kianda – like, the harpell people must turn their lamentation into a creative praxis capable of overturning the stifling status-quo. In doing this however, they must be wary of foreign slogans and ideologies which do not really remedy the situation; for only Angolan solution can solve Angolan problems.

Despite this however, one must say that the revolution's lack of clear-cut principles and philosophy is rather unsettling. Pepetela's failure to clearly define the revolution's essence does not help matters. So also is his failure to represent its uprootment for economic, political or even religious gain. Pepetela's vision fails to "combine the historical and revolutionary with the dialectical and the analytical" (Ikiddeh, 1986:42). What is the next stage of the revolution after Honorio and his group have finished taking off the clothes of the people who walk around in the streets? Is everybody putting on clothes necessarily a collaborator with the oppressive ruling elite? Is one not uncomfortable to hear that the authority in the movement lies in the masses whom history has proved time and again to be spineless? Can going nude actually succeed in swaying the minds of the hardened capitalist rulers to good governance? Question and more questions. Perhaps they should not arise really, for in our petty-mindedness, we are forced to compare this new revolution with the ones we know from the past which were always cooked up in some office or other before the masses were called upon to give their support. The uniqueness of this revolution must be the basis of its originality, for according to Honorio, the people are simply creating history and inventing their own ways. There is no doubt that the principles and philosophy of the revolution which are presently hazy and nebulous are likely to crystallize out of the people's regular discussions as time goes on. The triumph of the Kianda is a statement of optimism that the people and their revolution will triumph at the end of the day if they dare to be as resolute and original as the water spirit to achieve their goal of true liberation from the post independence exploiters and turncoat revolutionaries. A truly Angolan identity can only come, in the final analysis, from the soil of the Angolans.

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