Acculturated Mediocrity: A Case of the Abraham Adesanya Polytechnic

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This might be a routine article from a regular writer without prior experience in administration. One with a laptop and a pair of shoes to walk around, but I am this one person just back from a trip to a corruption legacy. On it, I met a school that depict an academic Guantanamo; a template of acculturated mediocrity. It was an experience to forget yet one I must narrate.

I went to see some relatives at the Abraham Adesanya Polytechnic in Ijebu-Igbo, southwest Nigeria, I hoped I would be greeted by a marvellous institution that comprehends the status the elite diplomat, Pa. Abraham Adesanya, only to my amusement, I found myself a deserted project.

I had laboured to dust my shoes and iron a dress through the previous evening while I tried to reignite the stubborn muscles I retired months ago. It was a brace-up for the long wacky journey to the Ijebu and its environs -one I could tell is always stressful since I graduated from the state’s premier university.

The journey was no different to my anticipation; everything was relatively the usual until I eventually made it to the school gate. The sight of the institution reignited imagery of a deserted prison yard, just like one in the American TV series ‘Walking Dead’, it was as if no one ever came from there. Struggling to subdue dozens of pictures running through my mind I unmeaning yelled out at the awful sight, ‘what is this place?’, ‘a shantytown?’ Common, I have been to the Ivy League and Hilarious League schools across Nigeria but this was nothing I could qualify at a first encounter.

After 3 minutes of staring in dismay, I noticed a man probably in his mid-60s calling-out in a gin-stanched voice in the local Ijebu dialect. He had emerged from a ragged automobile; one I think was a 1997 Opel salon car, I quickly puzzled the car must have contributed to the prolific history of the porn industry in the Ijebuland and probably retired to transporting plantains and yams from Ijebu to Ketu and now on a part-time job at the polytechnic. I nearly lost sanity when the driver spoke of the ragged automobile to be a campus shuttle, for I could only see a shabby soldier (car) on dissimilar legs boiled in mud and sitting on a poorly fumigate weed (never a lawn). The retired soldier was adjacent something like a penitentiary fence, one I refused to record as the school’s main gate. In reality, the rector and state commissioners definitely passes through this gate, yet it was in such state.

On a first ride through a campus archway, I asked the person beside me zero questions and my phone gracefully peeked from the opening of my pocket; probably happy I was not snapping.

I stared form pole-to-pole; it saw a pathway to perdition, a detached road in a near forgotten institution. We drove through disperse of dirt and unkept lawn. For the 4 minutes in transit, I had been Lloyd Stephens and Frederick Catherwood in one piece puzzling every slice of snaps relayed to my optic nerve. Just that this time it was not a glance at the Mayan temples but an agonising view of the results of neglects and mediocrity in Ogun state.
The school was established in 2003 and barely 12 years into existence, the institution is near collapse. I longed to find a glance befitting a keep in my memory but never found one.

The two leather brothers I had spent half of the previous evening dusting pressed one another on which was to make the first dash into the dust-ridden face of the untilled surface, I observed we had reached the place to jumped-off this soldier but my shirt was stanch in the mystic body of the smell-frenzy car seat. I eventually bite the right brother in the dusty surface with the hope of seeing better things from then on, alas, I had no clue I just stepped into a gloomy-way. My shoes became mud painted in seconds. What a homely welcome I must say.

I saw one sick structure after another. The school medical unit was worse than a makeshift sickbay on a battlefield. One student told me he only got paracetamol to treat an acute malaria infection having paid for medicals in the session’s school fees of almost N70,000 ($351), and some other stories I cannot narrate for their gruesome themes.

I continued the tour and stumbled upon a block called the CISCO -I never bothered asking the meaning, I noticed four laptops with some 10 persons in scant room; one on each piece and the other six were students with issues related to online portal profiling. I aguishly soliloquised, ‘this must be the ICT’, and I was spot-on. I had just seen a polytechnic with only four laptops in its ICT, I could not help but fought to harmonise with my consciousness that I was actually in a polytechnic.

As I strolled around the occupied area, I found small buildings dispersed on a piece of land bigger than a regular polytechnic. The lecture rooms were ordinary rooms with fractured furniture; water sachets, soda bottles and snack wrappers painted the school’s nook and cranny in a 19th century American-ghetto graffiti. The workshops were just pieces of rooms underequipped; staffrooms were no better than farm lodges with only desks and fastened carpets, while students in the rusty-leafed tree feet looked stressed and worn-out in a humid atmosphere.

The Ogun state government had erected nothing better of a refugee camp. Astonishingly, the state is among the most expensive places to learn in the country with skyrocketing tuitions. Life as a student is extremely difficult on campuses throughout the state not to mention the unfriendliness of host communities. Evidently, the state is failing in its tertiary institutions.

This article is not a mockery of students in this school neither a sharp-shoot at any political party but an outcry of a bereaved Nigerian students tired of administrative mediocrity in states like Ogun.

In the end, I was grateful there were no reasons to visit the toilets as I purposefully prepared my stomach for a no-snack-no-drink day. It could have been a disaster if it were otherwise.

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