

EVERY WEDNESDAY

Vol 2 No 8 September 20, 1989

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THE BEST DRESSED MEN IN LAGOS



My dream
was killed on
**BEHIND
THE
CLOUDS**

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Creator of the
soup opera

RED HOT EXCLUSIVE

Record **A TALE OF TWO
HAUWAS AT THE NTA**

**Hauwa
Baba-Ahmed
married
my husband**

Hauwa Ibrahim Funtu

**Sad story of a woman
who lost her husband
and got fired by
her employers**



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FROM THE EDITOR

It is not always the case in our kind of business to unearth mind-blowing stories. But when a hard-nosed reporter smells a scoop from a distance, he should be able to put his act together and dive head-long for the story.

So, when enterprising Staff Writer, *Al Humphrey Ogorzabo*, who is gradually becoming our own Simon Kinnery (those who read the London-based *Woman's Own* magazine must have come across this name), fished out a sensational story recently from the high seas, so to speak, we knew he'd done a good job.

And the story concerns Hauwa Baba-Ahmed, the woman with the shawl you see often on TV reading network news at nine. She is the wife of Khalifa Baba-Ahmed, a staff of Federal Radio Corporation of Nigeria (IFRCN).

But *Al Humphrey* got Hauwa Ibrahim Funtua to tell us that she used to be the wife of Khalifa and how their four-year-old marriage ended. It is a story well told of how the two Hauwas who have been childhood friends switched positions to marry the same man.

There is yet another interesting story by *Al Humphrey Ogorzabo* on the best dressed men in Lagos. Who are they?

Of course, they are the men who go for designer wears in Lagos, Paris, Milan and London shops. They add style and colour to the way they dress. What they have to say in the first part of their story is very revealing.

Why was Mrs. Edith Oluje, a widow, REALLY sacked from the National Sports Commission where she worked in the electrical department? She provided us with a background in formation which will interest you.

We also report for your delight the story on the guy who created *Behind the Clouds*. His name is Paul Emma. His story is not the type that will sound like good music in the ears of the present script writers of the Sunday soap. "My dream was killed on the programme," Paul lamented as he spoke to Associate Editor *Naji Danjia*.

I can bet my last kobo that this is another un-published edition of *Climax*. Next Wednesday is another date.

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Vol 2 No.8

*Main Cover photo: Hauwa Ibrahim Funtua, NTA Lagos.

Photo by Ajayi Oyebo

Which hairstyle do you go for?

Kids can't help looking fine all the time and that's the more reason why they take their parents' call-outs to a salon with a loving grin.

They find the call-outs so exciting as they take turns to cut, meet new faces and even get to know the latest cut in town.

But latest or no latest, the kids of Apata Memorial Primary School in Isolo area of Lagos still prefer their skin cuts any day, even without their parents dictating.



Bolanle Ajayi - 9 yrs
Skin cut is good. It allows fresh air into the brain. It's better than those crazy styles people cut around. I look at boys with those latest cuts as crazy people.



Dieneye Beresuri - 9 yrs
I feel good each time I cut my hair. It grows fast so I cut it every two weeks either at home by my mum or in a salon.

Funmiyayo Oshinwa - 8 yrs
I like going to the salon. It's usually on a Sunday, when Daddy takes us all out. He doesn't even tell the man which style to cut after he might have dropped us at the salon, only to come back later and pick us. In daddy's absence, we tell the barber at the salon, how we want the finishing to be.



Erioluwa Ela - 10
My brother does the cutting anytime I want to. He uses scissors to cut my hair low and later change to razor hung in a comb for smoothening.



Bolaji Fajore - 9 yrs
I stay with my uncle, so he takes me out anytime my hair is due for cutting. I like skin cut and I can even allow my hair to be shaved off, because I like the barber's touch. The only thing I don't like is the hair that falls off. It irritates one's skin.

Straight from the heart

♥ **Bose** - Love is the only answer to our relationship. I'll stand as your advocator but please don't disappoint me.

Jasca

♥ **Cecile** - Soon, we'll be living together as husband and wife. I'll do anything to love you darling.

Ejito

♥ **Ijeoma** - I have told you that love has no excuse and that you're indispensable to me, especially when I know that you have lots and lots to give.

Hyant

♥ **Ngozi** - I'll spend the rest of my life loving you.

Godie

♥ **Chy** - Darling, a sign of beauty is a you forever my love for you will never die.

Ambrose Egbue

♥ **Teejee** - Not a single drop will be wasted. My heart's desire is to love and cherish you, till the end of time.

Castella

♥ **Keke** - You're ever so close to my heart though distance has kept you far away from my protective bosom. Happy birthday.

Dad (Newton)

If you have any message for your loved one. Write to: Straight from the Heart, Climax P.O. Box 51404, Ikoyi, Lagos.





Al Humphrey Oyanabo presents

CLIMAX PEOPLE

The child that was born on IBB's birthday

HUMBLE folks Mr. & Mrs. Oluwanya Alakija rejoiced with family members as they christened their unique male child born on President General Ibrahim Babangida's birthday (August 17, 1989) at 20 Glover Road, Ebute-Metta, Lagos.

Mr. Oluwanya Alakija, the proud father, who works in the Pensions section of the Nigerian Railway Corporation, Ebute Metta, said he was celebrating for three reasons. First, God has given him a child; secondly he adds, "My first child is a male and he was born on the President's birthday."

The baby, Babasade Adeyemi Akkija, was delivered at the Lagos Maternity Island Hospital. The mother and child who returned home four days after delivery are in very good health.

Dele (the mother) equally says: "I thank God that my delivery was problem-free and that I gave birth to a boy."

Socialites present were Mr. E.O. Amosu - G.M. (Operations) Commerce Bank, Chief & Mrs. Ogunlana, Pa Fashoro, Rev. Adebayo, Rev. B.O.A. Oslaja, Mrs. Adeshina (Ibadan), Mr. Aluko (U.B.A.), Mr. Abolade (U.B.A.), Mrs. Babagun and others (Tax office), Mrs. Olu-bamide (Pensions office), Mr. Bolaji Alakija, Rev. Ayo George, Mr. Augustus Alakija.

According to astrologers, the child, born under the Leo zodiac sign, like President Babangida, is destined for greatness and leadership. Another president maybe.

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

There have been occasions when only a small crowd could make a party great. Top flight secretary of Chris

Motel (Nig) Ltd., Helen Mordi, must have had this in mind when she thronged the Romantic Camalis Restaurant, with her boss sister, friends and admirers(?) for her 21st birthday dinner party. Guests were afterward moved to Peak nightclub for dancing after midnight. Among those who honoured her gold ink-printed invitations were Obi and Humphrey Ezeofa (of Chips barbing salon), Peter Okoduwa a.k.a. Mr. White (Chief Executive of Chris Motel Nig. Ltd.), Bisi Olatunbo (he's everywhere it's happening), Chief Umerah (Joe Louis International Ltd), Adasobi Nwachukwu (of Benif Costumes & Perfumes), Gloria Mordi and Osaro Onaiwu.

QUEEN'S NIGHT AT LAQUINTA

Patrons of the swinging Laquinta Nite Club, Shomolu, converged with pomp at the club premises to shower prizes and cash on their crowned queen Miss Laquinta. Debonair Lagos socialite and chief executive of Johnson Technical Services, Mr. Jide Olanubi, swathed in a designer kaftan, was guest of honour at the hugely attended nightclub.

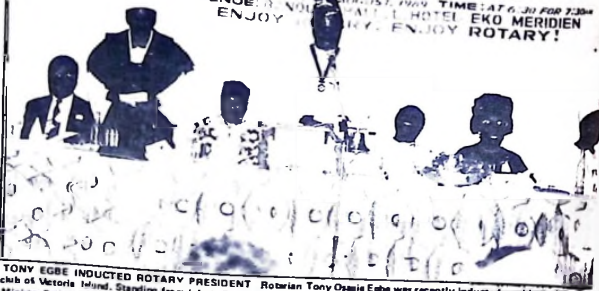
Chief A. H. Wale Adesipe, proprietor of the nite club, revealed to me that plans are in top



VIVID CONNECTION: PRINCE Ezeofa (2nd) who recently led a well attended birthday party at Lords Nite Club. From left is her sister Dupe, Godwin and herself posing after cutting the cake.

ROTARY CLUB OF VICTORIA ISLAND INDUCTION OF THE 1989/90 OFFICERS & INSTALLATION OF: ROT. ANTHONY OSAGIE EGBE AS THE PRESIDENT 1989/90

DATE: MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1989 TIME: 7:30 PM FOR 7:30 PM
VENUE: NOLAN HOTEL EKO MERIDIAN
ENJOY YOURSELF. ENJOY ROTARY!



TONY EGBE INDUCED ROTARY PRESIDENT. Rotarian Tony Osagie Egebe was recently inducted president of the Rot club of Victoria Island. Standing from left is Rot. Tony Egebe reading his induction speech. Sitting beside him is Minister Prince Tony Momoh (Guest of honour) and the outgoing president of the Rotary club of Victoria Island.

gear to expand the club. "The restaurant which is now downstairs will be moved upstairs."

Laquinta is like one of the those West London clubs, small, posh interior decor, good music and a clientele it's proud to call its own. They don't delight in competing with the bigger night clubs in Ikeja, what's more important to clientele, they've got everything going for them but the loo, terribly small and in a state of disrepair. Fix that up and they'll have another winning parrot.

Laquinta's waver bird, Demola Quadri, calls it "the most convenient fun house around the neighbourhood." He took the word out of my mouth.

THE MARRIAGE THAT NEVER WAS

August 30, some Wednesdays ago, and at Sheraton, we all went for their marriage but we were in for a shock! We had been taken for a long bumpy ride and instead of the solemnization of their union, they had come to address the nation. To tell us that we had all been wrong. Sunny Ade started:

"You are all aware that for the past one month or so there has never been a day without someone somewhere, either in the radio, the television, the newspapers or on the streets, saying something about Sunny Ade and Chayana, whether separately or jointly. We have been married together and separated several times in

... the society pages that tell you what's going on in town

FAMILY ALBUM

Presented by Doyin Lawal

Any photograph good enough for your FAMILY ALBUM will be published here - FREE! And you can tell the public about your weddings, birthdays and other big-day through me by just sending me an invitation with an advance. Send your photographs (plus all the necessary information) and invitations to: FAMILY ALBUM, Box 5794, Ikeja, Lagos.



A CHILD IS BORN: Mr. Deli Oisomole, our Bendat State Co-ordinator recently had a naming ceremony and bash in Benin City for his new baby, Nana Oisomole, in the midst of appreciative well wishers being plastered with wads of Naira notes.



THIS ONE IS GREAT: Mr. Oluwaseyi Ajikile really had every cause to look down admiringly at his new born baby. Being a first child and born on the president's Birthday during the baby's christening ceremony recently.

It was a big do for the Adams and Adeboye family as they witnessed their "suds" in a holy week held at St. Dominics Catholic Church in Yaba area of Lagos.

The hubby, an army officer, and like I've seen them taking their brides to the altar a number of times, wasn't expecting anything spectacular.

But John's case seemed to prove me wrong. There he was sprucely dressed in a terrific ceremonial wear!

For the first time I was forced to shift those admiring looks I always have for wedding gowns (this I do in a preparatory manner to ensure the best of those flowing gowns in my time I to John with his loving bride as they walked by the banner of honour mounted for them at the church hall.

The whole solemnization went smoothly, as the couple exchanged vows to later raise a toast

of wine in holy communion. Really, some women

do have it, all made in their men, just like lucky Christy has it.



HIS LAST RESPECT: Gen. Nwachukwu (fourth from right), flanked by his sisters during the funeral service of his late father, Pa Moses Maduku Nwachukwu, at Amaka Ovim in Iko State.



LOOKING AWAY: Mister Oshankhor Esiwen (a.k.a. Bobby) clocked one recently. Here, loving Bobb bubbles with smiles as he poses with his anniversary cake.

THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL BABY



Dan Kay Lekettey Jr. is 3 months old. Born at Kano General Hospital, Dan weighed 6.5 kg at the time of taking this photograph. Little Dan loves playing with people around and this makes him the toast of everybody in the neighbourhood, only he couldn't help punching people with his little fists. This loving baby takes Nutrend baby milk and eats 5 times daily.

Would you like to enter your baby for the Baby-of-the-Month Contest? It's easy. Send his/her photograph along with other details as given above. The photograph adjudged the best will be published.

Baby-of-the-Month Contest is sponsored by PISCAN INSTITUTE OF FASHION AND TEXTILE DESIGN located at 8, Allen Avenue, Ikeja, Lagos.

the imagination of our friends and well-wishers that by now we must have been the envy of the famous Elizabeth Taylor and late Burt Reynolds who set the record of getting married and separated about three times.

He paused to look at our amused faces before continuing.

"Gentlemen of the press, if there is any romance between Onyeka and I, it is strictly a business romance. As musicians, our romance is that of the voice and not, repeat, not that of the flesh."

With those beautifully phrased words the scales fell from our eyes. The Sunny/Onyeka Onwenu marriage must go down as the most successful propaganda campaign of our time. This kind of awareness building campaign is unique and never been done before. Every step was carefully planned and superbly executed. It was the brainchild of Bayo Osiyemi's Penby Communications Ltd. If Bayo can do this much work there must be more where it came from.



JOINED AS ONE: Tony Penington and Tony Oshau (for right) flanked by their two witnesses after signing the dotted line in a Registry far away in America.

Attention Please!

The final burial rites of late Chief Atoyabhe Isenmede who passed away few months back will be held at his Ukhuse - Osi Ogbagan compound in the Owan Local Government area of Bendel State on 28, 29, 30 days of September respectively. Lt. Abiodun Oyeroa former Miss Catherine Ajisefini at the Archbishop Vining Memorial Church, G.I.R.A. Ikeja, on 16th Sept., 1989, from 10.00 a.m. prompt.

CLIMAX TRUE ROMANCE

By Chlm Newton Okpor



...I am not going to let you out of my sight again...Do you hear? Not any more!

Amanda, the flitting Beauty (Part 4)

ADORA stands before him, smiling coldly, her heart pounding wildly for fear. Will he welcome her? For a moment Femi looks at her with genuine curiosity. Did Amanda know she was on her way coming? Then suddenly he seizes her in his arms and kisses her with great passion.

The swiftness of his action surprises Adora no end. For a few moments the thought that he may be out of his mind flits through her consciousness. She struggles feebly to break free from his ecstatic embrace, but she does not succeed. How do you wriggle free from those arms once you get stuck in them — once his touch has ripped off sweet ecstasy all over you? No. Adora melts into a charged bundle of flesh, and submits to his kisses of fire.

"Dear Adora... I am not going to let you out of my sight again... Do you hear? Not any more," he plants another kiss on her supple, sucking lips. Adora shakes off a bit of the passion that has come over her, by withdrawing her midsection from his body; and shaking her head slightly, she calls tenderly, "Femi..." You can see surprise — sweet surprise shining through her eyes. "Adora, don't try to stop me now. I am going to love you the way I

Now Adora, you ask me if I love you. How can you ask such a question? I have never been such a quibbler, have I? You see, there is a time in a man's life when he stops sowing wild oats...

have never done before. I mean it." "Femi," she calls out again, her voice trilling off sweet notes. "What's come over you?"

Laughing good naturedly, he murmurs, "What's come over you she says! Look, darling, I love you... let me love you... will you?"

Adora giggles a helpless one, her voice ringing a strange note which appears to say, "Hang me, if I didn't know Femi is pastmaster of flattery and seduction!" Pulling a straight face, she says, "Now for once let's be serious... I have never known you to bubble with such feelings. Just tell me, what is the meaning of this? Do you really love me and will not let me go as you say?"

Femi releases her for a while, and turns around, hands in pocket and struts about, looking into space as if thinking something over — as if he does not believe in himself — as if Adora is not worth... as if...

A certain feeling of misgiving runs over Adora. What is the matter now? Has she spoken a thoughtless word? Or has she touched the fact of it?

Femi does not love her... Yes? she can feel it. If not, he must be the highpoint of inconsistency. Just imagine how he talked to her a few days ago as though she was a total stranger. That cold... dry, stony voice of his, she can still feel it ringing in his brain. Now... just watch him strutting about like a sheep-walker...

Suddenly, Femi swings around, catches her by the arm, pulls her to himself and kisses her hungrily, running his prowling fingers over her smooth contours as though playing a violin. Releasing her a little, he says, "Now Adora — you ask me if I love you. How can you ask such a question? I have never been a quibbler, have I? You see, there is a time in a man's life when he takes a far reaching decision, when he stops sowing wild oats. So I am telling you, Adora that I want to settle down. How about that?"

Adora looks into his face to see if it will betray false emotion. It doesn't. She gasps, excited, so much she feels like flying soar into the sky

like an eagle. Beaming a piquant smile, she exclaims, burying herself in his arms. "Oh like a dream... You? Oh Femi, may it be as you say... I love you much more than I can say..."

A powerful wave of passion seizes them... A series of action follows it rapid succession... hot embrace... sucking sound of kisses... tender prowling fingers seeking liberation for the mortal body. Then they melt into love. Cool unhurried movement of flesh... so delightful, fulfilling... satisfying like a hot bath in hammam.

In the privacy of her room, dressed in a light night gown, Adora can see through the window the early morning sun sending down dull red beams. Just now a cold wind is rustling through the room. It will be a hot day, she can see. She still feels a little tired, two days after she gave Femi a treat of his life, or rather after they found carnal fulfillment. She laughs a little as she remembers something. Then gradually she becomes excited. The thought of having Femi to herself is rather

overpowering. She prays her dream really comes true soon enough. This afternoon, they will be at the beach again. The last time, they did was two months ago when they took to each other. That experience was something to cherish. How she thought then he was the greatest gift a woman could get of this world! But after the first month, and Femi started treating her to the fits and jerks of his moods, she began to have doubts. Sleepless nights. She loved him and didn't mind his occasional coldness. Now it seems she is not waiting in vain...

Her stomach begins to churn. The time is 10 a.m. as she gets out of bed. She decides to get herself something to eat. She fetches a pot of jollof rice from the fridge, warms it quickly and eats with a sense of urgency. There is the outing to look forward to. By eleven she should be at Femi's. She hurries through eating, and rushes off to take her bath. All through these activities her soul is singing a sweet song to which her person dances. Life is good.

Dressed in a light green blouse upon a mini skirt, Adora presses into the street - lonely as always. Mafat is serene, and you can still spot nature here and there: pockets of bush, birds hopping from tree to tree, singing away, and the croaking of frogs too, usually after a heavy rain. But more importantly the air here is fresh - very fresh. Unlike the rotten polluted air known of the crowded parts of the city. A smile plays on her face, her feet moving faultlessly. Running through her mind now is the thought of the final consummation through holy matrimony.

"New Bethel!" she flags down a cab at the bus stop and leaves in it. Femi must be waiting. The car pulls up near the lane leading to Femi's. She looks at her watch and finds it is five minutes past eleven. He must be waiting. Adora dashes along, trotting almost, her heart beating a little. Strange enough, the thought that Femi is with another woman at the moment whirls on her mind. Hell! She breaks into a run. Adora does not knock. She just pushes the door open and dashes in breathlessly. The sitting room is empty. "Femi..." No answer. The bedroom! She runs into the bedroom, her heart running a riot. Femi is not there.

"Where are you, Femi?"
"Hei baby I am coming..." having a quick bath..."

Adora returns to the sitting room, exhausted for working herself up, but relieved that Femi is still hers. Then she breaks into a foolish laugh to think she has been running wildly hoping to catch him with a woman. But what would she have done?

"What's funny?" Femi emerges from the bath clad in a small towel, his hairy thighs glistening. Any woman will love to stroke them and



A series of action follows in rapid succession...hot embrace...sucking sound of kisses...tender prowling fingers seeking liberation for the mortal body...Then they make love: cool unhurried movement of flesh. So delightfully fulfilling! Satisfying like a hot bath in hammattan...

talk sweet nothings.

"Nothing... I just remembered something..."

"What something?"

"Oh come on, dress up and let's get going..."

"Just a moment, then..."

A few moments later, a car pulls up. Femi appears shortly with a polythene bag, and taking Adora's hand, leads the way out. They enter and the car races out. They remain silent for sometime, thinking. Adora is still wondering what has come over him. What she suddenly found in her? Then she looks into his face. Femi's eyes are staring unblinkingly, shining like hazel. When he looks like that you can tell he is reliving some thing.

"Femi, that look of yours again. Now what is it this time?"

"Nothing special. I will tell you what at the end of the day. Here we are... at our destination..." Nalteli

beach. Ever so gentle you can take a plunge and swim afar without thinking of getting drowned. He pays the driver, and taking her hand again they begin to walk down the beach. There are couples everywhere, some sun bathing, some cuddling and chattering, some munching away, and some rustling through the gentle waves. They continue to walk in silence.

Then swinging her round suddenly, he says, "Adora, I want to tell you something about a sweet creature I met a couple of days ago. Call her the perfect woman..." He pauses deliberately, to see what effect he has produced on her. He can see she is visibly shaken looking pale like death. Femi squeezes her gently as if saying, "I'll have you all the same..." Then he begins to speak very fast, about the perfect woman. Gradually the tension that has built up inside her

cases.

"So that's Amanda for you... Therefore when you see her in the house, don't get the jitters. Now to a more important thing. Tell me..." Adora...

"Yes, darling..."

"Will you marry me?"

The question she has been expecting comes to her like a bang. Perhaps she did not expect it would come so soon.

"Marry you? Oh Femi... I will... I will," she shouts deliriously, flying into his arms. Rocking gently from the force, he lifts her off her feet and walks to the foot of the beach waves and sit down with her on his laps. "We will get married next month..."

NEXT WEEK

We bring you the first part of a new exciting serial story titled: **SEYATTA, TEARS CANNOT MEND A BROKEN HEART**. Keep a date with us and be thrilled by the story of another bitter sweet relationship.

HAUWA BABAH-AHME



□ **Hauwa Ibrahim Funtua** - She used to be Khaliffa Baba-Ahmed's wife

Hauwa Ibrahim Funtua got married to Khaliffa Baba-Ahmed in 1977 but that marriage lasted only four years - Khaliffa's present wife used to be Hauwa Ibrahim Funtua's best friend. It is a case of two Hauwas at the NTA switching positions. The story of how it all happened is what you're about to read...

I FIRST fell for her on Danladi Baba's breakfast talk show *Morning ride*. I was kidnapped by the beauty of her words and the glib lucidity of her delivery and expression, and the flicker in her eyes when she smiled. She spoke without the slightest trace of the Hausa accent. Eight out of 10 chances you wouldn't pass her for one.

The day I met her for real we sat down for six enraptured hours as she told me the story of her life. We started at NTA Victoria Island Headquarters and rounded up at her 1004 apartment home.

Her life is like an engaging story book. It has the basic plots, intrigues and suspense of a Jackie Collins bestseller.

She's a woman who's as pretty as the beauty of her words and her story can only be told from the very beginning.

Hauwa, in her early thirties, was born in Kaduna in the Old General Hospital. She attended Iyaleke Primary School near Kofar Sauri (now Gidado Primary school), Katsina, and later the Queen Elizabeth School, Ilorin; she was very well known then as Maure, which was the name her mother gave her, but was very close to her father, who used to be a soldier. She recalls:

"I was very close to my father. I believe I can call my father the best father because of the way he looked after his children. He loved me so much that I was told he used to carry me to his office in

I'll never forget the day my father died

a pram those days and if you ask me what shined me most in life, I tell you it was the death of my father. I was very close to my father and he always stood by me. I would dedicate my education to him because whatever I become is through his struggle."

Hauwa started working in television when she was still in secondary school, as a contributor. After completion of her secondary education she abandoned her other interests and opted for a job with the NTA Kaduna because she wanted to be a star and she believed she had somebody understanding, somebody who wouldn't look her up at home and stop her from going to work or stop her education.

She says of her romances:

"To be honest with you, right from the word go I had many suitors. In primary school I had somebody called Musa (a retired senior Army Officer) who wanted

to marry me, but I refused and he went but there was a limit to his willing. He couldn't wait for me to finish my five, so he got married to somebody else from the same home town. Then there this guy, Sesan, (also a retired senior officer) who wanted to marry me. I wasn't married too, and I had no desire marry him. Whenever he came visiting was made to serve him water or food."

There was this day, she recalls, he visited her home with his brother and was made to cook for them. Just as they were preparing to eat, he poured fresh juice into it and packed it like food. The soup was like Okro, but granular, served them the food and they were complaining and I was giggling. The impression I wanted to create was that wasn't a good cook so that I could marry. Somehow it worked."

After Hassan, she met three other guys. Celestine was from Plateau State a good Christian but she stood no chance of marrying him because, according to Muslim tradition, a woman can't marry a man if he is a Muslim, but a Muslim man can marry a Christian woman because he can be able to convert to Islam.

Friday, and Don after him, both no chance because they were Christians. She also rejected Robin (another Army Officer) because he was from Ibadan and she was from Kano.

The best dressed

The well dressed man never stands out in a crowd. His elegance sets him apart - *Oscar de La Renta*

Looking good is good business. And a man's closer is his greatest treasure and pride. We'll take you into the closet of some of the best dressed men around. Some of these men spend more time on their appearances and dressing than even their wives. It's a habit that has been cultivated over the years.

In pre-SAP times dressing good cost a fortune, but not a large fortune. The effort, time and money to put together the right clothes and accessories has increased and unlike before, nobody can say he doesn't need big money to be well dressed. For a man to be well dressed at all times he needs to have outfits to match every occasion, the right colours, shoes, ties, links, perfumes, belt, socks, watch etc; they should all be in vogue.

The prices are our independent assessments based on the current prices and value of similar outfits and accessories in the shops where they were bought both in Nigeria and abroad.

This issue is a celebration of class and style. It is dedicated to all Nigerian males who make dressing good a passion. If you don't think fashion is important please take a second good look at youself.

By Al Humpirey Onyanabo

ADE ADEFESO



SFX symbol Ade Adefeso, Los Angeles-based fashion designer, believes a man is well dressed in the way he carries himself.

"If we both go to a shop and buy the same suit, what makes the difference the way we both wear it. The individuality is what makes a man well dressed." Ade says clothes are his passion and would, therefore, be very ally to put price on somebody's passion because he has nothing to do with clothing.

"Something could be very expensive yet doesn't give me passion while and could be less expensive and yet give me passion."

Ade Adefeso spends about \$50,000 - \$65,000 in a year on clothes. He has all his shirts, prefers Giorgio Armani, does his own hair in his hair salon in Los Angeles and also prefers Giorgio.

As a fashion designer Ade attaches a lot of importance to volume.

"Clothes are a phenomenon. They are designed with the woman's mind, believe in a lot of volume, volume creates easy movement. I do not care fashion, but style, and the difference that fashion is here today, but gone

MARRIED MY HUSBAND

She eventually married Khaliffa Baba-Ahmed in 1972 while at the NTA. The circumstance of their meeting is the stuff of which Barbara Cathland writes about in her books.

"I remember the first time I had malaria attack. I was taken to the hospital. Unknown to me I needed blood and Khaliffa had an O-blood group, which made it possible for him to donate blood to somebody in the B-blood group. For two days, Khaliffa was donating blood to me and I didn't know when I recovered. Dr. Ahmed told me an and I went to thank him. We got married after three months. We were so much in love I said why not? I thought that was the beginning of life, of enjoyment, but, man, that was another story entirely." The marriage was to last only four years. This is the tale of the two Hawsas at the NTA begins.



Aliyu Bello who she was to get married to. I got her, her first job at FCN through my husband.

"In fact, I was telling her everything I and Khaliffa did together as man and woman and we would both giggle over it. I didn't know I was stimulating her. There was a time I came home and met him kissing her. She apologised. Then I was an announcer with NTA. When I ran away to London I was surprised they continued from where they stopped and it resulted in marriage."

Why did she run away? Why did she abandon her husband and travel to London?

She defends herself.

"I left him for reasons very personal to me and I ran away to London - because each time I left him and ran to my parent's house, they brought me back."

"He said if I didn't come back to him the only thing he could do to hurt me was to marry Huwao. And I told him she wouldn't marry him. When I heard they had married I flew down from London."

She was in tears. She said she didn't know why she did it."

The greatest shock of her life, she continues, was Khaliffa marrying Huwao but she did overcome the shock and went back to London to study and act part time with BBC from 1974-76.

She studied at the London Film School and later the Film and TV Production School, paying emphasis on television production and news casting for an advanced diploma. She returned to Nigeria in 1976 as a senior producer and head of drama. She produces *Somanya*, news and current affairs programmes, family programmes and children programmes.

After seven years as a single lady she accepted the marriage proposal of Alhaji Uman Jinadu. This one was 6 years longer than her first marriage. It broke up after ten years.

Khaliffa donated blood to me for two days

I still love my husband. I believe people contributed to our breaking up, well, that's life - it's like a walking shadow."

They had four children, three of who were delivered in the United States when she was studying Theatre Arts specialising in acting at the University of District of Columbia, in Washington D.C., U.S.A.

Her decision into acting occurred by omission rather than design during the production of *Zainab*, NTA Kaduna's entry to NIFETE, in 1979.

World Exclusive interview by Al Humphrey Onyango



"I was one of the producers. Unfortunately the main actress didn't show up and I was told to try and cram the act within two weeks. And I did. I came up as the best actress among the other actresses from all over the country and that put Kaduna in second place."

Zainab also gave her her first opportunity to travel to the United States, on the sponsorship of USIA, with other women in the media from 17 countries in 1978. They visited twenty countries. She gained a lot of experience in Film, TV and Radio production. One of her observations was the American style of news presentation delivered by two people, while NTA was still using only one announcer. That was one of her suggestions when she came back home.

"I had the opportunity of meeting Alex Haley, the author of *Roots* and *New Generation*. I was even invited to take part as an actress but I wanted to return to my country. We took pictures with Alex Haley in Washington. I also had the chance of waiting the Voice of America (VOA) in Washington."

Hawua is ever alert and outspoken, her membership and quite a reverse of her outward self, she likes the quiet life. That's what America did to her.

"Like the quiet life, I love music. I love writing, reading, playing squash, table tennis, jogging and I run. I like meeting people. I feel for people more than I feel for myself. Sometimes I do

**Continued on page 24*

Celestine stood no chance of marrying me

Her chief bridesmaid on her wedding to Khaliffa was Huwao Gama, now Huwao Rabe-Ahmed, who casts the NTA network news, her childhood best friend and confidante. They grew up together in Zaria, Kaduna, the same school, were in the same class and sat side by side.

In her own words: "She knew everything about me and I knew everything about her. When we were children, if you didn't find her in my house you would find her in mine and if you didn't find me in our house you'd find me in hers."

"Hawua later lived in my house. She attended the same school as I did. We moved in when she had problems with

men in Lagos

tomorrow, while style is eternal, it always remains because it is from within. So when you see my clothes you can't actually tell what season they belong to because they're timeless."

Adv says when buying clothes from other designers he looks out for what he has come to expect from his own designs.

That is longevity, wearability and fabric with good tailoring. Each cloth should make a statement, be it a suit, tie, shirt or a dress. Everything you have on must have a purpose, clothes should be simple and elegant. Nigerian clothes are too complicated, just like our lifestyles, they're too busy. My clothes are for people from Nigeria but not necessarily Nigerians, because the Nigerian mentality is not there, clothes that when well put together become power and there's no boundary.

"Fashion is not stupid hedonism or empty vanity. With the aid of clothing we can communicate with our culture. The cry at all times is how expensive looking good can be. With my experience in the fashion industry, I can assure you that looking good is never or will ever be expensive. Taste and budget may be expensive, but not the look."

BERKELEY JONES



Cloze associates describe this successful ex-BLO graduate, now interior designer who has his finger in any pie of interior decoration in Lagos, as a perfect dresser. He's as famous for his clothing as he is famous with his interior designs. His reputation as a sharp dresser even while with BLO has not been equalled by any Nigerian performer. Says he:

"My dressing reflects my mood. It depends on where I'm going to and whom I'm going to meet. I'm a proper dresser, it doesn't have to be extravagant or very expensive. And being an artist, I like to dress less colourfully. I'm not a loud dresser. I'm conservative. Even in my native dresses I like to have one colour all the way. I like muted down colours and I don't dress to show off. Although I wear expensive clothes and expensive foot wear I know that has to do with my profession. I can't stand shabby or smelly people. If you have a good shirt let it radiate."

Berkeley observes that a man who is well attired needs no telling.

"You see it from his head to toe, he's conscious of what he's putting on, when you look at him he's clean. I don't want to

say you have to be wearing a suit and tie to be well dressed. You might be single, I like good-looking people around me. I see a man from how he looks and when it comes to cleanliness I'm thorough."

Berkeley has been known to be an expensive dresser from his BLO days. The suit he wore on their first album, a leather jacket, was bought in New York for \$250.00 in the 70's. The hand made foot wear cost \$170.00. Close friends say he used to buy shoes from 25 - 50 pounds in Kensington market when a shop could be picked up for 25.00 in a shop. Before Davis, Berkeley used to shop at Lord John for suits. Berkeley is a designer outfits firm.

"I like designer things because I'm also a designer. I too create styles for people and I have to be a bit stylish."

He kind of fabrics that he uses. He has over 50 Bruns suits which cost about N3,000 each ("You'll never catch me wearing a working man suit"). He wears Mouri shoes - the making price is usually from N2,500 upwards. He buys his colognes and perfumes from his wife who imports high class perfumes. He uses Farthing Haight, Gucci, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Armani and Obession; they all cost between N400 - N700. Berkeley does not wear rings or chains, his gold watch is valued at about N2,000.

Berkeley's native apparel are simple but outstanding jumpers with good styling. "I have a few made by Labanella and Sophisticated, but I have now realised that if I want a full labanella I have to go to Ikoyi. Hence give you proper sewing."

Continued on the next page

Best dressed men

Continued from page 9

TEX EGBEDI

A lady once described Tex Egbedi thus: "That man who owns an exclusive fashion house, wears good clothes and drinks very expensive brandy, and also travels first class."

International fashion stockist Tex Egbedi, President of Texem, is a strong contender for the vacant title of one of the best dressed blokes in town. I call him Mr. Style. From head to toe in any working day he's rumoured to be worth N10,000, that is, his clothes and accessories. He also sells the finest ties and tuckers in town.

He defines a well dressed man.

"A well dressed man, if I would look at it from my own perspective, is a man who's wearing the right outfit to match with the right occasion."

The elements of good dressing, he says are getting the right colours and getting the right designs that fit with the kind of image you want to project.

To look good a man must keep himself in good shape.

"The body is the hanger for the clothes and if the body is not well-proportioned there's trouble. One of my biggest turn-offs is to see men with dirty nails. Have a good breath. Bad breath and body odour turns off people. The secret of dressing good is to have the right mind for it. You usually find that a man who does not have many clothes usually dresses better most often than the man who has lots of clothes and buys the latest fashion."



"It's because he knows how to wear his clothes. Always make sure that the right clothes are worn at the right occasion. Looking good is good business."

As a man who makes clothes himself he looks out for perfect finishing and fabric composition, when buying a suit or a shirt.

Tex uses the Hugo Boss range of body care products, from the soap to body cream to perfume. "I don't like confusing the fragrance around me. I want it to be

constant." He cuts his hair every ten days. "My best cuts are given to me by my junior brother, I do the washing and setting at home myself."

Buying clothes, Tex reveals, is a fancy which comes out of interest to keep acquiring more.

"I must tell you the truth, I've not really calculated my budget in a year, one just keeps buying. If you say I'm worth N10,000 head to toe, it catches me unaware because I just keep buying. Rather than repair my h-i-i I'll just let me pick up this tie. You make sacrifices. May be instead of buying a bottle of Remy Martin, I buy a shirt."

Valuing his clothes is not too difficult because he sells them in his exclusive Texem men's wear Boutique.

His suits sell for between N3,750 - N4,500.

His shoes are either Arlois or Mauri. They sell from upwards of N3,500 - N5,000.

"Although people think I wear only skin shoes I also wear well-crafted leather shoes. I don't wear multi-coloured shoes - I basically wear black and brown shoes."

I've seen him with a collection of watches, for reasons best known to him he only wears his diamond-studded watch occasionally. He also owns a Gazza, Raymond Wells and a Patek.

He says of his watches: "I like real plain flat designs. When I look at it, it's very simple. Unless you know it there's nothing that tells you it's solid gold. I like my wristwatches flat and well-crafted."

between £1,000 - £1,200.00. He's quick to add that most of his clothes were bought about 3-4 years ago.

"There are even suits in my closet I bought about 6 years ago which I have not worn because I have not had an occasion to wear it."

His favourite shoes are hand-made leather shoes, Kangaroo or Ostrich leather shoes. From Italy he has over 30 pairs at Cassa's in London. These shoes sell presently at between £500 - £1,000.

When buying a belt he says he considers the shoes it will blend with. "I do not buy a shoe that does not go with an accompanying tie. I never buy a shirt without matching socks."

Ken only wears one ring, his wedding ring and he says he's not crazy about watches either.

"A watch must be durable and it has to match the occasion."

He owns three watches, all of which he says he bought in London about 5-6 years ago. A Cartier with diamond stones around it, a Raymond Wells and an Omega Senior series. According to sources the Cartier sells for about £4,500 (pounds sterling) in London watch shops. Raymond Wells for about £300.00 and the Omega Senior series favoured by business tycoons all over the world for its durability and dependability for as much as £10,000.

He prefers silk ties that match his silk suits. In London accessory or men's wear shops they're sold for between £45 - £250.00. At Balagun watch shop, Lagos and in exclusive gift shops they're between N250 - N300.00.

For the past 15 years his favourite cologne has been the Azzaro spray which he buys for about £23 in London. At Stop Centre an Allen Avenue the original sells for N600.00.

"I'm conservative for as far as I'm concerned. Wherever you see me I smell the same, I never blend it."

JIDE OSHUNUBI

There are few societies in Lagos that can surpass Jide Oshunubi's social narrative. The eloquent dandy and the intricate combination of his tell their own story. At social functions you can easily tell him apart from the crowd and his overbearing figure from the elegance of his clothes.

He says:

"Age is a matter of the mind. It appears to count in business, not in Lagos. When you're talking to me you have to be neat and people judge on face value. I have commercial people who dress very well and people who don't. I found that in business, people who dress very well and neatly seem to get the quicker in business than people who don't. Dressing neatly helps my business."

Jide Oshunubi, Chairman/Managing Director of Johnson Refrigeration and Airconditioning Services, says he is dressing very well from his father.

"Neatness is inborn, you don't put on one day. I've always been fastidious conscious from my schooldays. One of my quality good friends are Raashad Gbadebo of NRC Dr. Sunny Kuku, Tunde Fajana of General Oil, Prince Jide Adeniji, Mrs Albert Awolajoye, late Prof Edeyemi of the Koforoti Time and Uduakaba of 'smokey man boy' fame. Dressing good has its advantages."



"When I speak to people at an airconditioning they take me seriously. They're confident to entrust their work in my care without fear. It also gives me an easy access, it lessens protocol when I see people. I just walk straight through."

"The hazard is that people tend to overprice you when you dress very well. Some people feel envious, jealous or inferior."

"I dress to please myself and to tell my business."

Jide Oshunubi's exclusive outfit designs are from Dakawa, Vard Langtons, Kaka and Labanella, to mention a few. Outfits from these designers sell for between N800 upwards.

All his outfits have their own patterns, shoes, preferably Italian silk shoes. His exclusive men's wear shops, shoes start from N1,500 at Kollko.

Jide says:

"I normally get shoes before I order for my clothes. Shoes come first before getting the right shoes is not easy in this country. I believe in colour coordination. If I wear blue tops it should be blue shoes and if I wear wine it must be wine all through."

Jide's favourite perfume is a Pabon sell for between N400 - N600 in gift shops at the Lagos International Airport. He wears Bal Magna gold designer watch from France.

KEN CALEBS

OLUMESE



"A well dressed man is an artist, he must know how to blend colours to match perfectly, if you wear a red shirt, you should not use a yellow tie. It is a dinner suit and the occasion depends on what you wear. If you wear a suit to a tennis court you're not well dressed - that's my layman interpretation of being well dressed."

Ken Calibs Olumese, Executive Director of Roussel Pharmaceuticals Ltd. and proprietor of NiteShift, looks out for 6 basic factors when buying a new outfit:

"The occasion I want to wear it, the fabric, the quality which is very important if you want the suit to last, and the colour - many people overlook that aspect. There are some religions that don't like, so you can't wear red to the party of such a person. If you're going to address a gathering of conservative bankers you don't wear a brown suit. You wear a dark blue suit."

Ken does not agree that only a man wearing a suit is well dressed, but he says: "One basic truth is that it's not done in isolation, it has to be as a culture you have developed and you must belong to that class of good dressers. If you know you have to wear a skin shoe, your belt must be skin and your briefcase must be skin. If you know you can't afford it please don't even start it. When you're wearing a diamond watch your handchain must not be done in gold."

Dressing up for Ken Olumese is a ritual, he spends an average of two hours picking out the clothes he will wear and 45 minutes of this time goes to making his hair look good too. When he can't allot it that much time he wears a hat.

His suits are hand made and according to present prices of Vicci on Garmy street, London, sell for about £700. Some other of their evening suits, sell for

TO BE CONTINUED
NEXT WEEK



CLIMAX WOMAN

Moji Danisa

She won't have an abortion, Yinka won't have marriage

"I'll tell you when I hate this job. It is when I've got nothing interesting to write. I feel real awful. Deadline is past twenty-four hours. Last night, I almost went as far as committing bara-kiri—that was what the heroine of a romantic novel I'm at the moment boring myself with considered an arrangement that was being made for her to marry one of the richest men in Japan. Of course, the novel will predictably end with the two getting married. I keep wondering why romantic books are so predictable, but don't they help us kill time, sometimes though!

Talking about suicide, my attempt last night wasn't the Japanese way. I was bored and hadn't the damnest idea what to do with this column, so I went 'zonked' 'Zonked' you know is Oga's down to earth way of saying "you've had too many drinks than you can take."

He raised hell, but what the heck! if he stayed at home a bit more often he might give me ideas on what to write. Never mind him, the creep hates this column more than he hates staying at home. He says, "I wonder what you'd be writing if I were not here."



true when this morning I woke up with a terrible hangover and still had nothing to write; that, of course, was before the phone rang. My heart sank when I heard Bose's voice at the other end. "Hey Moji, I've really gotten myself into trouble this time."

That wasn't news. She was always getting herself into one problem or the other. Mostly men problem, if



you ask me. I wasn't far from the truth but I was shocked when she almost hysterically stated "I am pregnant and I don't think I want to have an abortion." To me that was good news for a change. I inwardly prayed the father of her baby wasn't that most boring arrogant man called Yinka. I thought I had heard the last of Yinka on our first and only outing. From what Bose told me next, I knew Yinka would be on the scene for sometime yet. Yinka is the father of the baby. I cursed myself for being the friend to be consulted. "Why did you go and get pregnant for that oaf," I almost told her. Well, I wondered what Bose wanted me to do about this problem of hers. I wasn't a doctor nor a psychologist, was I?

My only crime was that way back in school I was unfortunate enough to have Bose as my roommate. I must confess though that in those wild days we had fun. Problem now is that roles have changed. Bose is single and still flighty while yours sincerely is a married mother who waits hands and foot on two disturbing 'horrid' children whom I love dearly and a crazy husband who's closest to my heart.

Anyway, back to Bose's problem. I asked if she had told Yinka about the baby. Positive, she told him the

previous day. The problem then was that Yinka does not want the baby. He insists she has an abortion. "Then have one!" I almost screamed with relief. But no. Bose's problem was becoming more 'dicey', if you know what I mean. She wouldn't have an abortion for anything in the world; "I've had one too many," she said, with a chuckle. I thought she should be crying. I couldn't solve her kind of problem so I asked her to drive down.

As usual she breezed or I would say 'weezed' into the house. (Bose has a way of entering any house as though her father built it.)

What did she intend to do now that Yinka won't have the baby? "Keep it of course." It's tricky actually. I asked Bose if she did not intentionally get pregnant to trap Yinka into marriage. It was only a question as I had always known that Bose was never the marrying type. She just looked at me and dragged on her cigarette. "I won't mind getting married for the baby's sake, but for my sake I am not having an abortion," she said.

She went all saintly about the idea of having an abortion. Things like dying on the abortion table, the deadly sin committed to an unborn child and moreover, "age is not in my side, what if God decides not to ever give me another baby?" In the end she concluded that Yinka could go to hell.

Behind it all, her excuses for having the baby were just what they were—excuses—ways of escaping the truth. I guess what Bose really wants is Yinka. Not just as a boyfriend but a husband—flashy, overbearing, overconfident Yinka. That oaf. Yuck!

Silently, as I envisioned Yinka and Bose married, I began to say bye-bye to my dearest friend. We didn't actually conclude anything. Yinka accepts the pregnancy but refuses marriage. I'll keep you posted on future events for it's sure going to be some terrible time for me. Bose never keeps her problems to herself.

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HOME TIPS



BEFORE stocking meat in the freezer, wash thoroughly, cut into pieces of your choice and put in the type of polythene bags used as bread wrappers. Meat comes out easier from the freezer, and all you need to do is to cook. It saves time and effort.

Please send tips you have discovered to make life easier for the housewife. Write to CLIMAX WOMAN, P.O. Box 51404, Ikoyi, Lagos.

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HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE IS...

Forgiving each other in case one has a grievance against another.
Contributed by: Richard O. Odeleke, 11 Onwale Street, Isolo, Lagos.

CONDOMS COUNSELLOR

The Column that
SHOOTS STRAIGHT
AT YOUR MARITAL
& LOVE PROBLEMS

CLINAX We want you and your marriage to be happy...always!

HELP!

I AM a man of 23 years with 2 kids from different women. My first wife, who will be 17, was born when the mother was 19. The second one was born early this year by a family friend. Both were by mistake anyway. My problem now is that I don't like the two ladies and can't take any of them as my wife. At the moment I am in love with another girl (she has a kid in another woman) whom I plan to marry, but my family is forcing me to marry the mother of my first kid who has an established business of her own. This still oppresses my family in giving me cause for concern and I'm not happy at all. Please advise me because I cherish a happy home and I can only have one if I'm allowed to marry a lady of my choice.

CMC says:
You are in a problematic situation, but it can be solved. If your parent's choice is not engaged yet, I do not see why you cannot marry her. I am saying this because since you have a Nid by her who happens to be your first, it is always the best thing to do. It also carries the mother of one's child to take to father another man's offspring. Continuity in marriage is very important but if she has married another person after the 9-year separation and left the man, she should stick to it to do the reasons why you cannot marry the mother of your first child and since every parent cherishes a happy home for their children, I do not think yours will be a cog in the wheel. Good luck.

I am aged 22 and in love with 2 men. One is married with 3 children while the other is single. Both my mother and friends have advised me to stop dating a married man but I don't know how to tell him off. I love and understand him and he also loves me financially. The second man divorced me and I love him too, even more than the first, but my problem with him is that he is a womanizer. When I asked him to assure me his love, he said he would marry me. He said he has none yet because he will wait for further studies. A friend of his whom I sent to also find out for me, later informed me that he loves me and will marry me if only I can wait. He completed his course. Dear Marriage Counsellor, I want you to teach me how to tell the first man off and how to understand myself. Time, they say, waits for none. I want to know my future partner before it gets too late.

CMC says:
You have a future partner already in the guy who divorced you. You are 22 and he intends going for a 2-year course; by the time he finishes, you will be 24, which means you won't be too old to get married. Since he has confessed to his friend that he loves you, don't have any misgivings about him. There is no other way to understand a lover than to get closer to him and assure him of your love always. As for your sugar daddy, tell him off. If you cannot tell it to his face, write him. Earning happiness looks easy but if you stay by your lover then the temporary financial gains you get from him who has a family of his own to cater for.

Contraceptives for men

The choices available to a man are for him to use a temporary method, so that he remains fertile; or a permanent method so that he becomes sterile. Compared with the contraceptives available to women, those available to men are limited. This is not due to lack of research but to the fact that sperm production in men is infinitely greater than the production of ova in women, and methods of hormonal or chemical suppression of sperm development are consequently much more difficult to discover. It will be some time before a male contraceptive pill or injection is available which is both effective and acceptable.

At present, two temporary contraceptive measures are available to men. These are coitus interruptus (withdrawal) and the use of the condom. One excellent permanent method is currently available. This is vasectomy.

COITUS INTERRUPTUS:

For many years withdrawal of the penis from the vagina just before ejaculation has been used to avoid pregnancy. In several investigations, made in the days before the PII became available, it was found to be the most useful method adopted. It relies, of course, on the ability of the man to recognize the sensations which occur in his genitals just before ejaculation, and for him rapidly to withdraw his penis from the vagina and ejaculate outside. This requires great self-control, as the man will often want to

keep his penis in the woman's vagina for as long as possible to obtain the greatest amount of pleasure. As the first spurt of semen, which contains the most spermatozoa, may either be ejaculated during withdrawal or may spurt into the vaginal entrance, the risk of pregnancy is high, and the pregnancy index is 26 per 100 women years.

Coitus interruptus is said to lead to pelvic discomfort in a woman, who is stimulated but not relieved (unless she reaches a climax first), and in the man who has to withdraw at a moment when he would penetrate more deeply. Over long periods it was said to cause mental disorders. There is no evidence that coitus interruptus leads to either of these conditions, or indeed to any disease at all, but it may not be a very satisfying method for either sexual partner. Better methods are available. If a couple have used coitus interruptus successfully for years and it suits their particular sexual needs, no pressure should be put on them to change, but they should be told of the other more reliable methods now available.

THE CONDOM:

If the male covers his penis with a sheath, which is so thin that it is not noticed by either sexual partner, but so strong that neither the movement of the penis in the vagina, nor the ejaculation of semen tears it, pregnancy will be prevented as no spermatozoa will be deposited near the cervix. The sheath

(or condom), which today is made of fine latex rubber, has been used since Roman times. In the past century its use has been widespread, and although primarily used to prevent conception, the condom was issued to soldiers who were going to fornicate with prostitutes as a method of reducing the chance of catching venereal disease. If the penis was "protected" by the condom, the germs which lived in the genital tract of many prostitutes were unable to get into the delicate tissue of the opening of the 'eye' in the glans of the penis, or to invade the glans itself. In this way the spread of gonorrhoea and syphilis was to some extent prevented.

The disadvantages of the condom, or French letter, as a method of contraception, are that the male must put it on, usually waiting until he has an erection of his penis. The need to do this may interfere with his love-making, and he may therefore decide not to take a chance. This disadvantage can be avoided if the woman puts the condom onto the man's erect penis during love-play.

The advantages of the condom are several. First, modern condoms are prelubricated by adding silicones and are individually packed in hermetically sealed aluminium foil sachets which enable them to be kept for a long period. The quality of the condom and its prelubrication make it easy to put it on to the man's penis by unrolling it. Provided the man makes sure that no bubble of air is left in the closed end, it is very efficient. Air, together with the ejaculated semen, can lead to the condom bursting. Because of this slight risk, many doctors recommend that the woman puts some spermicidal cream in her vagina if the man uses a condom. Secondly, the condom is probably the suitable contraceptive if sexual intercourse takes place infrequently and unpredictably. In such circumstances as a man may choose always to carry a condom in his wallet, and a woman may either have a condom or a vaginal diaphragm available should erotic stimulation lead to sexual intercourse and the man has not a condom available. Thirdly, there are no side-effects, because no hormones or chemicals are used, and the condom protects by acting

With all my love

* Please send a Thinking of You card to my Nanna Danlami, I miss her a lot. - **Tessy Paul, Ilorin, Mushin, Lagos.**

* Send a success card to my brother, Abubakar Aliyu. I wish him the best in his coming exams. - **Hadijah Aliyu, Area 11, Garki, Abuja.**

* Please send a lovely birthday card to my fiancé, 'Labi R. Abiru. He celebrated his birthday on August 22, 1989. - **From Sarah O. Sailey, Lafia, Lagos.**

* Send an intimate birthday card to my dear cousin, Remi Odeunwa, who celebrated his birthday on Thursday, August 17, 1989.



as a mechanical barrier preventing the spermatozoa reaching the cervix.

The assumed disadvantage that the condom reduces sexual pleasure is untrue. Modern condoms are usually unobtrusive to either partner, and a reduction in sexual pleasure is not as much due to the physical presence of the condom, as to psychological 'hangups' about its use.

Because of its cheapness, its reliability, its ease of purchase and use, the condom continues to be a popular method of birth control in all nations. Its reliability in protecting the woman against an unwanted pregnancy is more difficult to estimate and depends on the motivation of the couple always to use a condom during sexual intercourse. Amongst 100 married couples, a pregnancy rate of less than 2 per 100 women-years is reported, but most reports show a pregnancy rate of about 5 per 100 women-years.

Yours Forever

My love for Jelil Abdulkadir is unquantifiable. There are times when one moves about, thinking that affectionate words are hard to come by, but now I realise that luck and destiny can play important roles in this area. Hence I thank my stars a million fold for not allowing me to search in vain for a future partner that can be relied upon, come rain or sunshine. Jelil, if meeting one's Mr. Right doesn't present much hassles, then I will advise other girls not to think much as God, the provider of everything, will surely lead them to their men. - **Contributed by: Lani Ibrahim, Jos Road, Bauchi**

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Taken from EVERY WOMAN By Derek Llewellyn-Jones

ASK US!

ASK US is a new column where your questions on different stars and records will be answered. If you are in the dark about any showbizman, drop a line to *Climax* ASK US and you will get a lead-back in the very edition your letter is published.

The 'new' Bongos Ikwue

By Ben Ibi

Bongos Ikwue is well known throughout the country and even beyond as a musician. However, much has not been heard of him, at least in the music world, for the past few months. Many of his numerous fans have continued to wonder about the fate of one of Nigeria's most talented musical artists in an exclusive chat with *Climax Magazine* recently in Makurdi. Bongos said he has not put an end to his musical work but is presently occupied with other activities. Benue State government recently awarded a contract for the renovation of Benue Hotels, Makurdi. The contract, which runs into several millions, was awarded to Boptrade Nigeria Limited. Bongos Ikwue is the company's Managing Director.

Mr. Ikwue does not see his contract work with the state government simply in terms of business, indicating that "we are doing a job for the people."

According to him there has been no many problems in executing

projects in the state since it was created and Boptrade has "come deliberately to change the backward situation in Benue State where nothing seems to work." He said he has been disappointed at the numerous abandoned projects in the state, naming some of these as the stadium, the cultural complex and the Sheraton Hotel, all in Makurdi.

Bongos Ikwue, who was crowned Nigeria's greatest Western country musician at the peak of his career, has emphasized that his company is not making much in the contract. According to him, over 77 trailer loads of cement have already been used on the concrete work on the parking lots and walkways alone. This alone has cost his company over N2m. But the Chief Executive is not bothered about not making much money from the contract, indicating that "we just want to show the world that an indigenous firm can do something beautiful."

According to him his company is working by only indigenous hands and has no foreign partners.

IT'S "FREE MANDELA" BUT A MESSAGE FOR YOU

"My Dear Parents (Nigerians) and fellow kids, I salute you all for the support given to me during my maiden performance when I least expected one. Your cheering and request for more encouraged me towards realising that I had hidden talents that I hadn't exploited. When I was set, the politics in our recording companies was a serious barrier, but Leader Records said no and signed me on. You can now be rest assured that your little Chichi will not disappoint you, just watch out, it's *Free Mandela*."

9-year-old Chichi is not new to most entertainment lovers in Lagos. Her perfect stage performance is what you can be sure of anytime. Where you at the last PMAN Awards Night? If not, just cool it.



She has promised to reach you at home as her debut album, *Free Mandela*, hits the market soon and for her life shows, "It's going to be a new dimension," said her father, Mr. Roland Onwueme.

om coming



wants to Save a Soul

...taking what
...graduate of
...has got to
...plot, especially
...the fact
...commend
...frayed
...may not
...will
...not talking
...this guy
...in a
...musical idea
...coming
...for this too.
...debut is
...the soul
...final - isn't
...the guitar
...who has

refused to be garbed with any other identity, save the ones chosen by his parents. The tracks on the album comprise (SIDE A) *It's time you let me know, you are the one, or in just you and me* and *I miss you (Instrumental)*. (SIDE B) *I miss you so bad, gave a soul, hard to say good bye and let it be*. Okeke is not your everyday demo-in-hand street kid. The eba and rice-loving chap has paid his dues and had been bubbling with musical ideas while strutting his stuff on his guitar, ever since he left high school.

You will be disappointed if you assume that this 24-year-old from Orlu will

adhere to a particular format in his choice of musical genre. No. This is not so on his debut work which packs a pot-pourri of various musical experimentation, a portrayal of his ability to fit into any music strata without being archetypal. He claims that this is deliberate, if all the potential resources he has at his disposal are to be fully tapped and appreciated.

This one, which is coming on a private label (Phono-Vision), is produced by the dude himself, fast and ever rising, Lemmy Jackson, and it is expected you will no doubt appreciate this. *Save a Soul* is coming your way later in the month.



□ Afam Okeke

LYRICS

Signed, Sealed and Delivered

Chaka Khan

(Written by Stevie Wonder)

Like a fool I went and stayed too long
Now I'm wondering if your love's still strong
Oh baby, here I am signed, sealed and delivered, I'm yours
Here I am baby you got the future in your hands.

Here I am baby, you got the future in your hands,
Then that time I went and said goodbye.

Now I'm back and not married to cry--
Oh baby here I am signed, sealed and delivered

I've done a lot of foolish things that I really didn't mean,
Seen a lot of things in this world when I touched them they did nothing for this girl.

Oh baby here I am signed, sealed and delivered, I'm yours.

2 times

Here I am baby, you got the future in your hands

I've done a lot of foolish things that I really didn't mean
Oh baby you set my soul on fire; that's why I know, you're my heart's only desire
Here I am signed, sealed and delivered I'm yours

Chorus

Here I am signed, sealed and delivered I'm yours (2 times)

Here I'm baby, you got the future in your hands.

COCAINE FROM NIGERIAN EDWARD JATTO

Cocaine, a five-minute take off hell and fire, a mid tempo cross over reggae recorded by a Nigerian based in New York will soon hit the market. The 6-tracker album was recorded at York Studios, Brooklyn, New York.

NEXT WEEK...

- * The latest on Budeye Emeke Moore's *Showbiz* people, an entertainment magazine.
- * Ras Kimono and Sybil Amusa - romance gone sour?
- * 19 years after: how is Rex Lawson's wife coping without him?

Agos

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1, Lander Close, Off Liverpool Rd. Apapa.



Segun Odegbami's

INTIMATE ENCOUNTER

THE MAGIC GUITAR!

SOME two years ago when Jimi Solanka launched his last album into the ancient town of Abokute, I was so tied up with other pressing matters I couldn't make it there. So, when Tunde suggested we organise a small get-together for 'Jimi Show' in Lagos, I embraced the idea wholeheartedly.

That small get-together was to eventually become one of the most beautiful parties I have been to in Lagos.

The crowd was of the right kind — a collection of close friends and a sprinkling of pretty chicks. There was much to eat and drink. But what made the difference, apart from the serene look and quiet of the setting in the premises of Alfa Communications in Yaba, was the absence of music — the loud conventional disco music that has become the hallmark of a 'good party'.

For the first time I had a taste of what a strumming guitar and a d'a-harmonious group of half-drunk happy friends can produce.

Jimi came along with his guitar. As the evening wore on and the party got into

third gear, he picked up his guitar and strummed an old tune. A few of us recognised Bachelor Boy, a popular tune of the early sixties and before we knew it, a band had been formed.

The top of a table served as drum. The other instruments were the bottom of an empty plastic bowl, two empty beer bottles, and any other bits and pieces of anything that could make a sound.

Of course, Jimi was the lead vocalist with the rest of us — male and female — serving as the choral group.

Old tune after old tune, the night wore on as we gradually retreated back into the comfort of the good old days which held such nostalgic memories that the present day is like being in hell.

Until the wee hours of the morning, we didn't realise how time sped past. We were all totally engrossed in the ecstasy of our own 'music'.

A few months later, this time in the home of the Faberges in Yaba, Lagos, we had a re-enactment of our Alfa experience. It was Tunde's birthday party, and although

disco music was on for most of the night, the best part of the night was reserved until past midnight when Yinka Craig arrived and brought out his 'magic' guitar. Magic because the transformation of that party was total.

As people moved out of the stuffiness of the dance floor into the open balcony where some had gathered to listen to Yinka's endless repertoire of rib-cracking jokes, we thought we were having a very swell time, until, Yinka called for Tunde's guitar.

In a few minutes, the entire gathering was to be taken down memory lane with lovely old tunes that triggered happy memories of years gone by. Everyone sang along for hours as tune after tune rolled out of Yinka's inexhaustible collection of sentimental songs.

About 5 a.m. the next morning, it was apparent we all had a lovely, 'spiritual' experience. Happily, we all departed our circles humming the songs that made us feel really mellow.

Jos, a town in Plateau State, was to offer me another experience, perhaps the most beautiful night-outting I have had in my life. There was nothing spectacular about it. There was nothing glamorous either. In fact, it was an ordinary week-day outing to Kenbo, a first class fish-peppersoup joint in the West of Minna area, Jos.

Kenbo is an ordinary place it has a very big compound where friends gather each evening to have fun and spend a few hours in bottles and booz. The friends are both male and female.

So, on this particularly cold Friday night, Someone

in the month of May, I was at Kenbo in the company of Fummi, a female friend. Abu, the proprietor of Mountain Green (a magnificent hotel that I would write about soon); Tunde, perhaps the most travelled man in Nigeria and two others — male and female.

Due to the coolness of the night, we decided to go into one of the adjoining rooms. The rest of our night-gang hung outside in the yard absorbing the cold air that was obviously too much for a few of us.

A few minutes to midnight, after almost three hours of great fish-soup and chilling cold beer, and, of course, the company of a remarkably intelligent and lively conversation that Fummi is, it was almost time to bid Kenbo good night. Just then, a guy in a cowboy hat, black leather jacket over a dark pair of jeans trousers walked in. Around his left shoulder hung a guitar. His toothy grin and heavily accented English livened up the place as he greeted everyone around and joined the group.

According to him, he was rushing home from an engagement and needed to cool off with a cold bottle of Rock beer. As he waited for his beer to arrive, Fummi suggested he played us a tune. He needed no further prodding before he brought his guitar to his lips, across his chest and strummed on.

He turned out his collection of songs which were mostly Don Williams' and a few others. It was, indeed, lovely as a few of us sang along with him when he played some recognisable tunes.

I was gradually brought into the world of fantasy where there was distant, beautiful, peaceful, full of love and laughter, happy and merry, and plenty of melancholic music. And I remembered those two occasions with Jimi and Yinka.

Fummi suddenly broke into the domain of esotericism, thoughts by calling us to Fummi's attention. She asked him if he knew a particular song. Rather than give a response, he simply played the first few lines of it. I had heard this song before, like Fummi sang along. I guessed that the lyrics of the song were very simple and in the song, my heart was touched with a strange peace and love. When Abu asked him to give voice to compliment Fummi, the effect was like Don Williams and Dudley Moore. Call it the effect of beer or what have you, but did not how it sounded. Abu, too, reserved a song by himself. It had been written by the lyrics of the song, and when he sang it, it was rather sensationally.

By now, Tunde had joined in. The rest of us burst into a chorus of 'I'm a captive almost immediately. We all joined in as we waited rose and rose. Our voices rose to the ceiling, as to the evening breeze called them out through the window into the yard where our friends sat, now all entranced by the beauty of the song and the camaraderie of our combined happy singing. It was not long before they knew it. I had joined in. Voices in the dark, evening stillness even the heavens stood still.

Continued on page 16

My dream was killed on Behind the Clouds

This is the view of Paul Emema who created the soap opera

WHEN *Behind the Clouds* hit the screen about 59 weeks ago, sceptics gave it little chance. Little was known of some of the stars, even less was known about the creator, but today characters on *Behind the Clouds* are national stars while TV scriptwriter, Paul Emema, needs no introduction.

The writer of the Sunday evening top rate soap opera has *Behind the Clouds* as his first big TV credit. Before the soap, he had written scripts for television, notably, *SPACS*, a thirty-minute detective series and *Telemovie*, which sometime ago occupied the same slot currently being enjoyed by *Behind the Clouds*.

From script to screen, *Behind the Clouds* was riddled with controversy. There were rumours that when the

Interview by Moji Danisa

soap opera hit top rating, producer Matt Dadzie shoved Paul Emema off of the picture. Allegations were rife that Matt Dadzie claimed credit for the scripts because it was claimed that the original scripts were changed. That is, quoting a newspaper statement credited to Ene Oloja who plays Fummi in the soap opera.

Quiet-spoken Emema reacts: "A script writer is a guide. The producer can adjust the script to suit his locale, that doesn't mean he is the writer."

Paul, who says he wrote the first eight episodes of the programme, would not directly attack the concept of the programme, but if given the chance there are changes to be made. "There are certain cast members I'll write off completely, and I'll bring back the original concept."



□ Paul Emema

Paul does not agree that his concept of *Behind the Clouds* was very much pro-violence and crime as claimed by the producer.

"Unfortunately," he says, "they never understand what is called crime. What I was driving at was

kicking against drug abuse. I was kicking this ill. I talked about the effects of drug abuse," he states.

Fortunately, the Cross River State Arts student points out, "my original concept is being brought back. What they are doing now is far better than what I envisioned."

The Isoko-born writer thinks *Behind the Clouds* is a springboard for attaining greater things to come. He would not disclose how much was paid for the programme but "it was a contract signed with NTA, there is no way to renegotiate now."

Would he do it again? "Yes, I'm writing generally. But for TV, I'll hold people spell bound." He not sure, however, if he'll ever produce a TV programme.

"TV programmes in Nigeria," Emema, "have a lot of production problems. Visuals are getting but audio is still a problem." He agrees that "the most important thing in TV is 'score' (attention music) and that is lacking on Nigerian TV. Paul challenges: "So body has to sit down and solve the problem."

Comparing *Behind the Clouds*

"Continued on page 16"

CLIMAX - WE PUT YOU FIRST!

NEXT WEEK...

Ely Obasi on MEE

'By the time I could recover from MEE's resignation, I found myself at *NewsWatch*'
Read details of Ely's comments on his working relationship with MEE, former editor of *Quality* magazine, next week.

Women shouldn't discuss their age once they are over 25

Says Meg Nwamuo a.k.a. Just Meg

Mammy Water Power Vs Black Power

18-year-old girl battles water spirits to stay alive in Calabar.

JANET OKWARAJI ON HER SON

Sam Okwaraji is gone and a lot has been said and written about the departed soccer hero. His mother says Nigerians remain her only consolation. Full story next week

EXCLUSIVE CLIMAX

Pen Pals
READER'S CLUB

Jegade Shokoya wins my heart

Name: Nwajighi Chime Ifeoma
Address: 4 Olatunde Ayoola Avenue, Oshodi, Lagos.
Sex: Female
Zodiac sign: Scorpio
Ambition in life: To be a successful Civil Engineer/Computer Analyst
Hobbies: Travelling, reading, playing, hockey and designing
Best food: Boiled yam and fried plantain with fish stew
Wants penpals from: Nigeria, Canada and German Democratic Republic
Best friends: Ifeoma, Niki, Murtuza
Personality to meet someday: William Okeke
Like to visit: Germany
Favourite TV programme: *Behind the Clouds*
Favourite comedian: Jegede Shokoya
Favourite singer: Anita Baker
Why I want to become a member: To meet interesting and loving people and also to boost my public relations
Why I buy Climax: It's just education and entertainment

PIKOLO

The exciting and romantic escapades of a super stud



"YOU'RE sweet ... ain't you? I say you are... believe me" I whisper into her ears as we approach the point of no return. I tell you, Christy is a rare fish - the very essence of ecstasy. She is tight, such that the vulva glances over your private member, exciting a sweet sensation with each deep thrust. Nothing else matters now. Let tomorrow be damned, only the present matters. You go on swinging your waist because there is no end to the flow of sweet sensation.

I am driving real hard now. God knows, for now. I can't give up this moment for the promise of paradise. No - not when there is so much sweetness to be had in this *cubbyhole*...

Now it appears she is approaching orgasm, and hear her speaking in a dim hush voice. "darling..."

"Huh?" I answer equally faintly, shuddering slightly with the frisson of sweetness.

"Darling..."

"Huh? What?" my voice grows fainter.

"Let me off now... do your 'head'?"

"No... I won't... Christy you're sweet..."

"Am I? Am I... am... Darling?" she says in jerks suddenly, wriggling her waist like a beheaded snake. I reply with interest. H'mmm... the girl is a poor singer - just rasping away. But I tell you she's such a fine dancer. Some thing infinitely sweet causes my eyeballs to swirl in their sockets... ecstasy, I clasp her and call out, "Christy... Christy..."

"Hill... stop it... stop it... Pikolo!"

Fagged out, we lie side by side. Christy appears the worse for it. She just lies, face up like a corpse. My left hand is presently reposing on her breasts playing a soft rhythm...

Sleep does come without asking or it. I may have gone on sleeping forever but for the tickling sensation I felt between my thighs. My private member stands stiff between Christy's fingers. I shudder, stretching my body full length. Then without hesitating I drive into her. Ever so tight. I take my time. One thing is clear now. Christy is a rare catch.

I have never been so thrilled before by a girl. I have always gone about screwing them in a mechanical sort of way. Usually not uttering a word. You know, sometimes I laugh when I think that, while in the act, I cut easily the picture of a grisly bear devouring a prey. Well you had better believe I am not such a slave driver. A stylist, yes. That's the reason a girl keeps coming after I have baptised her soul.

Though I can feel myself driving slowly into her, I am drifting with thoughts which of course centre around her.

What makes her so sweet? Couldn't I just bring in this fellow as my live-in partner? Will she agree? Will I not eventually get tired of her? No, it is perhaps much better not to have her around all the time. I may well peg for bouncing on her top too often. I do not really have "regulars"; what you call girlfriends. It looks a lot more exciting to lay girls and knock them off before they begin to dream about marriage or something. Variety remains the throb of life.

As I approach orgasm and drive harder, she moves up against me like two charging rams. She does not utter a sound, just dances twisting away her soul. We get over it and I pluck off...

"Christy... get up... dusk is approaching. We must take our bath and hurry along..."

"Pikolo, must we go?"

"Shall we pass the night here then?"

"Come and sit by me, dear... why the hurry?" She draws out the words as if she is about to give up the ghost.

"Pikolo, you don't understand..." she continues. "You see, no guy has made love to me the way you have done... There is something thrilling about your style. Do let me feel the warmth of your bosom."

These words of hers appear to feed me with strength. Once again my member begins to fret for freedom... I just stand, contemplating, and shaking with exhaustion. Then I realise I am hungry, and say, "Okay Christy... We'll pass the night at my place. Now we must take our bath and eat something..."

We go into the bathroom. I see her nakedness clearly for the first time. She is a masterpiece... spotlessly smooth features...

"Christy"

"What?" she asks laughing coyishly

YOUR WORD

THE NATION'S LIVELIEST LETTERS ARE IN CLIMAX

I READ in *Climax* Vol.2, No.5, the story of the Osa caste system and I beg to disagree.

Such customs should be phased out by now, before God, we are equal. It's time to replace all those traditions and customs with modernisation and civilization. Over to the youths.
Beatty Odigie, 55A New Benin Road, Benin City.

Vol.2 No.5 edition of *Climax* is the most beautiful since the magazine hit the newsstands. Just look at the Maggi Cooking Contest in colour! So beautiful. Let's have more colour. We're prepared to pay a little more for this ultimate in pleasurable reading.
Femi Durumbah, Box 65, Okene, Kwara State.

Since *Climax* introduced the Pikolo column which replaced Zigi, I've always enjoyed the piece, but of late I find the romantic escapades less thrilling.

Has the writer of the column been replaced? *Climax* should let him know and on time before I stop buying your magazine.

Sgt. David Landong, Armoured Corps, Bauchi.

May I use this chance to thank *Climax* for revealing what is happening to one of the best sports Editors in days gone by. In your article in *Climax* Vol.2 No.4, you highlighted the pitiful condition of Mr. Robert Dum and I'm sure public-spirited individuals should now be making efforts to get him good medical attention.
Davidson Okogbenor, Dogo Butse, Borno State.

Climax magazine is getting better and better. Your writers are some of the best around; I say this because I am, without being immodest, one of the unSAPed Nigerians, who spend money on different magazines each week.

Your entire writing crew is fantastic. Keep it up. And let's get regular supplies here in Kano.
Ahaji Ibrahim el-Sanusi, No Man's Land, Kano, Kano State.

The following columns in *Climax*, Society pages, Showplaza, Horoscope and Pikolo all make my week-end brighter but more efforts should be put to lessen the typographical errors.

Musiliu Alade, Sapon, Abeokuta, Ogun State.

The truth about my sack order at the NSC

'My problems began immediately after my husband died'

IN the wake of the purge at the National Sports Commission, NSC, carried out by Sports Minister, Tonye Graham-Douglas, a lot of workers were sent packing. But the story of Mrs. Edith Okuije who was almost fired is slightly different.

Mrs. Okuije joined the NSC on September 7, 1981, and until she was sacked, she worked with the Electrical Department headed by Felix A. Omotoyi.

"My problem started immediately my husband died," says Edith. "Since I joined the NSC, I've never been issued a query or warning. But immediately after my husband died, my Head of Department (HOD) changed his attitude towards me. He began giving me assignments which, ordinarily, shouldn't come to me. He didn't give me the impression that he wanted to marry me."

"Earlier-on in the year, I had an inflammation on my buttocks.

"What have you done wrong that your Oga is always looking for your file?" They even went as far as advising me. 'If you're a late comer, you should change your ways'."

"I made it dear to them that I was no late comer. At any rate, I was surprised that my boss was always asking for my file. Deep down in my mind, I knew my conscience was very clear. I had done no wrong. Even the query he issued me was totally uncalled for as he knew I was not feeling fine."

"We work on shift basis in my department. For no reason, there was a time my boss placed me on afternoon shift permanently. At that time, I close from work at about 12.00 midnight. I did not even complain."

"At a point, it became very clear that my boss was intimidating me. He even went as far as threatening me that I'll be sacked since I don't have respect for constituted authority. So, when my letter of sack reached me, I was not surprised."



□ Mrs Edith Okuije and her two-year-old baby, Ngozi



□ Edith's dead husband is shown from right (front row)

My HOD gave me a medical slip on account of which I proceeded to the Medical Centre February 20, this year. When the doctor who operated on me saw my condition, he decided to give me a week's sick leave. I dropped the letter with my HOD for his approval. As fate would have it, one of the nurses at the medical centre who assisted the doctor during the operation was in my HOD's office. She explained to him that I needed the sick leave urgently since my condition would not allow me carry out my duties effectively.

"By Monday the following week, I just couldn't go to work. However, I managed to report the following day (Tuesday). Can you believe that my HOD issued me with a query? Well, I went to the doctor who operated on me and showed him the query. He issued me with a discharge letter which I later presented at the Registry."

"I've never taken any sick leave before now but when I got to the Registry, some of my friends asked:

After the death of my husband two years ago, I've learnt to believe and trust in God."

Edith was born April 28, 1960, in Bendel State where she attended Ofagbe Technical College in Ibolu Local Government Area. She got married to Army Corporal John Okuije and that marriage was blessed with a baby girl (Ngozi) on June 12, 1987. But two months after Edith put to bed, disaster struck. Edith's husband died.

"My husband," narrates Edith, "died after falling from a military vehicle that was in motion. Along with his colleague, they perched on the iron rods at the open rear of the vehicle. I think he was just unlucky. He fell off the vehicle and landed with his head while the vehicle was in motion."

Edith has not thought of marrying another man yet. "I'm still alone. But how many men are willing to marry in these days of SAP?" she asks jokingly. "If it is God's wish that I re-marry, I'll surely do so."

Interview by Sunday Oracle

WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

IT would be very much appreciated if you can help me locate the whereabouts of Anuri Gidige. She was living with her parents at Isiekens during the civil war and her father was then a captain in the Biafran Army. We lost contact immediately after the civil war.

— Rowleylet Nnadi, British Aerospace, 18 Thompson Avenue, Ikoyi, Lagos.

I would be grateful if *Climax* could link me up with my sister, Jumai A. Mbakar. She lived with our mother who married an Hausa man, a major in the Nigerian Airforce by the name, Jam A. Mbakar, until the death of my mother on February 20, 1971. Anyone who knows her whereabouts should please contact me through this medium or this address.
Boniface E. Bassy, National Electoral Commission, P.M.B. 1863, Calabar.

● Would you like to link up with someone with whom you've lost contact? Write to: **WHERE ARE YOU NOW?** Column, Box 51404, Ikoyi, Lagos.

Remilekun Akinsanya who attended African Church Grammar School, Ibarra Abokuta, between 1977 and 1979 is a person I want *Climax* to link me up with. We met in Lagos and stayed together at Ishaga Close, via Ibeju, in 1978 before I travelled to the United States of America. My contact address is Box 2132, Dugbe, Ibadan, or 1, Noble Street, Alagomeji, Yaba, Lagos. — Akin Jacobs

Please help me contact my lovely friend, Miss Violet Uzosike, my former class-mate at Progressive Commercial Institute, Agboje-Amuwo, Lagos. She used to live with her brother at No. 193, Old Ojo Road, Agboje Amuwo.

Comfort Alohia, Fed. Ministry of Mines, Power and Steel, Internal Audit Division, Bag 12574, Federal Secretariat, Ikoyi, Lagos or my residence, 13, Joseph Street, Opebi, Ikeja, Lagos.

CLIMAX

Psychic monkey which can foretell your future

The monkey talks, cures ailments and assists the native doctor in the preparation of charms

A BABY monkey is performing some multi-dimensional feats. Along Nyong road, 44 kilometres from the Adaba road, in the Ikono Local Government area of Akwa Ibom State, is the small village of Ikot Oronyio of about twenty houses and a hundred inhabitants.

A tiny bush path led to the village after a forty-five minute journey on the river. It was a market day when Climax headed for the place. We saw crowds of agitated villagers trooping into the village from other surroundings to see this miraculous display of rare occultic powers.

26-year old Ekpenyong Ita-Ibok, in the centre of the whirlwind, revealed to Climax through an interpreter how he came about the rare discovery of the psychic baby monkey.

"I was on the way to the river to do some fishing. I arrived and was there for some hours without luck and then decided to head for home." He was disillusioned about his hard luck as his stomach rumbled in protest of hunger. He had a lot on his mind, how could he feed his wife and children?

But by a stroke of luck and providence, he stumbled on a voice directing him. He continues: "As I was walking back home along the bush path, trying to walk fast because of the rain it had started showering and raining heavily and the clouds were very dark and I still had some meters to go, I suddenly heard a voice, sort of human, crying in pains, like a baby. I looked around but could see nothing. I decided to hasten my move ment. Then I heard the voice, it sounded strange though, asking me to foot her from the trap. I felt a sort of strange force around me, pulling me from running away. Then I started looking for the



Mr. Ekpenyong Ita-Ibok (left) and the Psychic monkey which has several powers.

direction of the voice." As he turned back to search, a ray of light suddenly appeared, glowing and illuminating his way. As he gazed into the thick bush, it was radiating like a diamond. Subconsciously he stepped forward, following it and it led him to where he saw a baby monkey on the west side of the river, trapped on a village conception used for tracking down animals. Then, suddenly, the ray of light faded away. The bible had predicted that when the world is about to end, certain extraordinary things will start to happen, perhaps this is a sign of many things to come.

"I removed her from the trap and headed for home. All along I had this temptation of slaughtering it and using it to prepare a local delicacy." All this time the baby monkey was staring strangely into his eyes and he started having some burning sensation. But as soon as this thought crossed his mind, the same voice started talking to him as if reading his mind. "It told me I shouldn't dare to



kill her and that she was the answer to my numerous problems and that I shouldn't be afraid as no harm was meant. "As soon as I arrived home, I quickly sought to apply a local herb to the cut on the right leg of the monkey to which I gave a nickname "Ekpe". The same voice directed me on what herbs to use and miraculously the wound disappeared after only three days."

How did he discover the monkey could foretell the future and cure ailments?

Ekpenyong smiled and now the centre of the attraction of the numerous people that thronged the courtyard, continued his story to Climax: "On the 7th of August, three days after I discovered the monkey, the strange voice instructed me to construct a cage for it to stay in and feel comfortable. Then at midnight, I woke up with a start, feeling somewhat strange. Nothing in particular woke me up and I tried to settle back to sleep. Then I felt like emptying my bowels. I got up and wanted to make my way to the bush at the back of my compound, and though it was very dark, I made my way through. My toilet completed, I was hurrying back to the comfort of my bed from the cold chilly night when I suddenly found the monkey standing in front of the house directly in front of me."

He froze for some seconds, he said, because he personally looked the monkey up before retiring for the night. Its posture was strange, incredible! He then heard the strange voice talking to him and as it talked, light and rays of rainbow illuminated everywhere around it. Said it had been sent to come and help people through me, foretell their future, cure their various ailments, provided I carried out its instructions no harm would come to me. "It shocked me into disbelief by disclosing my past and foretelling what the future held in stock for me."

How could one look into the seeds of time to know which seed would grow and which would not?

"Well, all one has to do is to get seven bananas or seven pieces of any edible fruit, decide whatever he/she wants on it by saying his/her mind to it, and then pass it straight to the monkey. If she chews it, then you are lucky. It means your problems can be solved. Then the same voice will speak to me - the suppi

cant will only notice the monkey staring hard at me - I'll then interpret it to the person concerned."

Ekpenyong, a motor cyclist taxi man and fisherman, worked for sometime with his cousin ("Akua") before his machine packed up and then he turned to full time fishing and farming. Now his financial problems are over: "though it (the monkey) told me never to collect money from people but anybody who appreciates what I've done sometimes brings me money and gifts. In fact, I've about to buy another motorcycle now. When this happened I know God had answered my prayers."

Climax asked him how people got to know about it?

"Oh! don't know - e, all I know is that after 14 days of my bringing it home, people just started trooping in with their problems."

What kind of problems does it solve well?

"I've, through the monkey, been solving different types of ailments. Recently a man who had been bed-ridden for about a year, was brought here for treatment; believe me, he was cured within seven days. Any herbs to prepare or sacrifices to be done, I do it. In fact, it has been teaching me how to solve any problem brought here. It's like I'm in school again undergoing studies on various aspects of healing and foretelling the future. In fact, I'm now different from normal; it's as if some power is flowing through me."

According to him, sometimes the monkey performs some disappearing acts and when the situation, it means it has gone to the astral world, and often comes back after seven days.

Can he prepare any charm for anybody that wishes to disappear? "Yes, of course," he answered in the affirmative. If this is so then some of man's problems are now solved because since the beginning of time evolution, traditional scientists have been trying with cosmic properties to try and stretch one's life incarnation for as long as they could. "Many motor cyclists and other people have been coming to prepare themselves against accidents and they have not been disappointed since coming here."

How reliable are these somewhat incredible claims?

Climax subjected itself to the middle Ekpenyong and his baby monkey. Seven bananas were ordered, I spoke my mind to them and handed them over to

Ekpenyong who in turn gave them to the baby monkey. It quickly chewed it and then, suddenly, Ekpenyong started nodding trancelike, and through my English-speaking guide, interpreted the muttering to me. Unbelievably, most parts of this reporter's past and adult life were revealed to yours truly. Then it went on to predict that our boat was going to break down on the river on our way back. This came to pass.

Some of the villagers Climax spoke to confirmed the story about the baby monkey and some of them said their village of about only 20 houses that had hitherto not been receiving strangers, now bubbles with people like lizards and fagots.

CARRY ON, RALPH



I've been a great Admirer of Mr. Ralph Osayemeh from his glorious days at the United Bank for Africa to the Commerce Bank.

I want to commend his great contribution to the banking industry in Nigeria and the training of other young bankers to carry on in his stead. I wish him luck on his recent promotion at Commerce Bank. He deserves it.

Hilary Opara, P.O. Box 1253, Surulere, Lagos

Do you know anyone doing a great job in the society? Write and tell us about the person, providing photographs and details. We shall publish the information and the person will receive a letter of commendation from us. Encourage selfless Nigerians who you believe are helping this society to become great by mailing your nomination to CARRY ON, CLIMAX, P.O. Box 51404, Ikoyi, Lagos.

SUCCESS UNLIMITED

BY STICK-TO-IT - BIDDON

PAUSE & THINK

I call it possibility thinking. It's the secret of success! Why is it so powerful? It's powerful because of what it does for you. It tells you that you are potentially as smart and inherently successful as any other person.

ROBERT SCHULLER

No substitute for hardwork!

Visualize. The me I see is the me I'll be. You can be anything or anyone you want to be if you can learn to believe in yourself.

It is true that God gives different abilities and different gifts to different people, but ultimately, success doesn't come through special abilities. You can look at people in your profession who are higher up the ladder than you are. You know that you are as talented as they are. Conversely, you can look down the ladder only to see a crowd of equally talented people nipping at your heels.

Neither success nor self-esteem necessarily come through talent. Nor do they necessarily come through territory. Some people surmise that they would find success if they lived in a particular town or state. Although it is easier to succeed in America than in any other country, merely living in America does not guarantee success.

I was in Hong Kong not long after the Communist takeover, when the Chinese poured out that island. I was in Berlin shortly after the Wall went up to keep people rushing from the East to the West. Today, people are fleeing to America than in any other country. But, ultimately, success doesn't come from where you are but from the way you think! It comes from visualizing your dream. That's why possibility thinking may not have the talent, the territory, or the training achieve the impossible. They go through tough times and they survive. Why? Because they believe in themselves. They felt that they have as much right as anyone else to be happy and to be successful.

You won't find real success or self-worth through the right ties, nor will you find it in more undeveloped talent, nor in living in the right town, community, country, or territory. You won't necessarily find success or self-esteem through training either.

Success comes from visualizing yourself the way you want to be. Do you think you are terrific? You are! You just have

Source: "Tough Times Never Last But Tough People Do" By Robert H. Schuller

to believe in yourself. I probably won't be able to convince you of it, for persons can't be convinced; only persons can be beautiful if they don't think they're beautiful.

I recall every one of my four daughters, at least once in their lives, when they got a new haircut or permanent, asking me, "How does it look?" I would say, "It looks great." But in their uncertainty they replied, "Oh, I don't think it does. I but it doesn't look good at all!"

Even though I thought it looked great and I told them so,

yourself this question: "What new goals would I set for myself, if I could be sure that I would succeed?"

Think about it.

Pray about it. And get ready to act on it.

Paul said it: "I can do all

things through Christ who strengthens me" (Phil. 4:13). Where do I get my dreams? Why, from Jesus Christ. God put you in this world. He has a

dream for you. Open up to His dream and see yourself as He sees you. "As he man,

woman, or child" thinks in his heart, so is he" (Prov. 23:7). I shall never forget him. I met him this past year at a conference. He was only

I've just given my gift to the BARDONIS. nearly born babies.

They love the gift too. What did you give?

A MERCEDES 200. But automatic. But that's too much for a baby!

well, they didn't complain. well I got him a MiG-29.

You have a you're a politician and you? A contractor.

we are one. China's best.

they remained unconvinced. The same is true for you. I can convince you of your talents, but I can't convince you of what you can accomplish in life. Only one person can convince you... God. The way you think about yourself depends on the way you think about God. I call it possibility thinking. It's the secret of success! Why is it so powerful? It's powerful because of what it does for you. It tells you that you are potentially as smart and inherently successful as any other person.

How do you visualize yourself? The me I see is the me I'll be. I want you to see

twenty-two years of age, but one of the top surgeons. The young man had been diagnosed a few years earlier with cystic fibrosis. After his fatal disease was discovered, nobody would hire him. He was said, "You won't live long enough to make it worthwhile."

His father and mother were poor. They could hardly pay the medical bills. He thought, I may be sick, I may be dying, but I can still do something. If I want to do much better to accomplish something greater than to just sit here and wait to die. So he

accepted an invitation to join a direct sales business. He was a terrific salesman, because, as he said, "I don't have long to live, so if I want to break any records, I'd better do it in a hurry."

"Then I saw him, he was wearing a Hawaiian shirt. He said, 'Do you know why I'm wearing this shirt? After I made enough money to put a savings account aside to take care of my funeral expenses, I gave some of the rest to the Lord. And I decided to take my mother and father to Hawaii. We just got back. We had a wonderful time!' He was only thin and bones under the Hawaiian T-shirt. He's no longer with us. But, boy he's really alive now, for he knew the Lord."

The me I see is the me I'll be.

How do you see yourself? There are too many people today who are suffering from an inferiority complex. There are several factors in our society that could contribute to it. Too many rely on these factors as excuses for not being all that they could be. Others are hurt and they say, "What's the point of trying, just to get knocked down again?" But some people have

poverty-stricken. With his few dollars in her pocket, she bought bus tickets to California. There she was sure she would find work. She did find a job. It was awful job, working the midnight shift until six o'clock the morning, making two dollars a week. She earned only a few dollars, but she was meagerly and still dime from every dollar she earned.

Why did she say so? She was because she was realizing a dream - she wanted to see a taxi shop. One day she took the few dollars she had saved to save, went to a banker, and said, "There's a little plan I'd like to try. If I could make a few thousand dollars, I'll have my own taxi firm."

The banker, impressed in her, decided to take a chance and loaned her the money. It was twenty-five years old at the center of a little to realize. She worked hard at it, and eventually, she expanded and expanded until today, three years later, she has the largest wholesale business of Mexican products in America. She went on to become the treasurer of the United States. Her name is Ramona Barndus.

She was asked, "What's the biggest problem facing the big people in America today?"

She replied, "Children are growing up in America that they are inferior. I'll never forget the day my little daughter came home from school and said, 'Mama, am I Spanish or Mexican?' When I said 'You're Mexican,' her face dropped. She said, 'I wish I were Mexican.' When I wanted to know why it mattered, she answered, 'Because the Spanish people are so smart and Mexicans aren't.'"

Ramona Barndus said, "That's not true! Mexicans are not inferior! To prove her point, she took her children to Mexico, and she showed them the ruins of the Aztec temples, telling them, 'These were built by Mexicans not Spaniards.' She showed them the wide boulevards and the great architecture. 'These were built by the Aztecs, that's the blood you have in you. Be proud you are a Mexican - you have good blood in you!'

You are somebody. Yes! You are. No matter what your race, no matter what your religion, no matter what your background, you are one of a survivor! That's right! If you trace your roots to Asia, Europe, Mexico, or Malaysia, or whatever, you will find some of the greatest suffering in the history of your people.

Success doesn't come through the ways you may think it comes, it comes through the way you think! Think positively. Visualize success!

WINNERS NEVER QUIT; QUITTERS NEVER WIN

CLIMAX

Page 20

A TANGO FOR LOVE

In this series we shall feature stories dealing with the themes of love and conflict, often leading up to traumatic consequences. Our first serial story is titled, *The Comrades*.

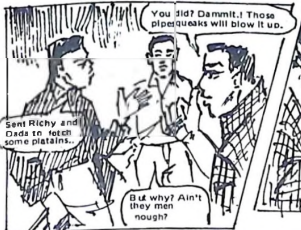
AUTHOR:
C.N. OKPOR
ARTIST:
C. OBASI

THE COMRADES is the story of some village masals who in their determination to perpetrate their criminal ways, have vowed to stick together come rain, come shine, each pledging to share what belongs to him with the others. Trouble starts when one of them reneges. The rest blackmail him, and this leads to a traumatic end.



The Comrades I

TWO OF THE COMRADES ARE IN THEIR RENDEZVOUS COOKING A STOLEN GOAT. PAUL THEIR KINGPIN, LEADS IN A GIRL.



Cont. next week

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REC-12345

By Ganeke Adewuyi



Then came the septuagenarian, Justice
Murray, whose football sense is

...the two questions. Or how can you have a player who demanded to be paid some money before he could board the plane carrying them to Cameroon? And if the follow professionals followed suit, they were not alone, the home-based too went ga ga that until they were paid some money, they won't "complete the reserve bench." Do you blame me?

Nigeria's football will never progress

Now that we have taken our exit from
 '90, the sports minister will do us
 a lot of good if he reconstitutes the NFA.

I am sure NFA has never come across an Adson's advert in 1987 which appeared in *Complete Football* throughout that year. The advert: "NFA, 1990 is tomorrow," was to gear our soccer ruling body to actions but they kept deaf ears.

Mr. Adewuyi is CLIMAX publisher's personal Assistant

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32. I. Mergo Rohat, S'Leve Lachon

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Planning Road, Ilupeju, Lagos.



ARIES Mar 21-Apr 20

The week is favourable for getting business ideas off the ground. People who have not lived up to their obligations or have not repaid debts should be reminded of this resolutely.



TAURUS Apr 21-May 21

Those of you who are attempting to do anything that requires the use of their talent will have ample energy for creative projects. Pay more attention to loved ones so that they will not feel neglected.



GEMINI May 21-Jun 20

Enjoy an easy-going week. The week-end is just the sort of weekend you have been hoping for. You don't have to work hard on a relationship. A pleasant Sunday for romance.



CANCER Jun 21-Jul 20

Romances for the single is well-indicated. Travel is safe, business and finance are positive. Don't make promises you cannot fulfil. Do not lie to keep others happy. Have regard for your own reputation. Be positive.



LEO Jul 21-Aug 21

You have to realise that those friends who tease you are not to be hated as good as you are. Create the happiness you need

YOUR STAR THIS WEEK



By Eric Dele Ikharua

THE THIRD EYE

THE THIRD eye says man is the architect of his fortune and misfortune. Never lose hope for better days are still coming your way. Life is a mystery and the moment you discover the mystery of life, the door to your success and fortune opens.

yourself and be less sensitive to criticism. This is the time to meditate and plan your life.

VIRGO Aug 22-Sep 22

It is a good thing to mix with people who have achieved a great deal in life. As long as you do not aim too high, your path to success is more surely constructed. You will find friends rather helpful in the personal area of your life.

SAGITTARIUS Nov 23-Dec 20

Pay more attention to your work. Superiors will be impressed by your punctuality and your desire to give your best. Your progress looks positively stunning. Lucky period.



LIBRA Sep 23-Oct 22

You will enjoy the company of friends and colleagues this week. Any meeting you have to hold with them is likely to be of social interaction, though some important decisions are likely to be taken. Excellent opportunities abound.



SCORPIO Oct 23-Nov 22

Be careful with whom you share your confidence. You are likely to be careless to anyone who knows your personal business. Use your discretion. Try to cut down on your expensive pleasure and entertainment.



CAPRICORN Dec 21-Jan 19

Your mind is working well and there is no likelihood of your making mistakes.

Seek support of those in authority over you need them. They are likely to give assistance, but avoid planning to ahead.



PISCES Feb 19-Mar 21

You are at your best and attract attention. This could mean the time will be one to remember. You are likely to host a party and entertain friends. Accept invitations to social events. You will feel refreshed at last. Stay on your romantic distractions.

Every week I shall be answering letters from our readers to be regarded "Dear Letter." Send your letters to Eric Dele Ikharua, CLIMAX ASTROLOGY, P.O. Box 5140, Ikoyi, Lagos.

STAR LETTER

Dear Eric,
Compliment of the season is before I tell you my problem. I let you know that, I so much appreciate the way you help in finding out people's problems.

My problem is that I am single. Anything I do is never in my life. I have tried the School Certificate examination twice and I couldn't pass.

Secondly, any love affair seems to work well. That is, the girls are faithful.

My star is Taurus. I don't have a mistake. Please get me a star.

Thanks, Yours faithfully,
Ekeke Friday, Benin City.

ANSWER

SEND AN SAE TO ME QUICKLY!

You should send an SAE to me quickly. However, I will advise you for your studies first before I tell a woman.

Hauwa Ibrahim Funtua

*Continued from page 9

It too much and get into trouble. I'm very comfortable but I won't say I'm rich."

She desires to be known as a one-man woman. "Men are my best friends and I relate more to them than women. I'm always happy. I believe whoever a man is, he's the captain of the ship. Even if I'm the head of state, I could have all the degrees in the world, but I will never look down on a man."

Sometimes the only thing that bothers her is the death of her parents.

"I think I don't do enough for them; sometimes I sit and wonder all the trouble parents go through to look after their children. I wish children would grow up and appreciate what their parents did for them."

Hauwa has turned down previous invitations to participate in politics. She sees politics as a serious responsibility that should be performed with a sense of nationalism.

She reveals further:

"There was a time some rich people were trying to push me into politics, saying I'd be a very good presidential candidate but I felt what is there that I haven't got? It's a big risk, not that I'm afraid to die because when the time comes I'll go. We're in critical stage now and to put this country back, it needs more than one thinking cap. There's a lot to do, but I'm not saying that if I'm called to serve my country I won't. I turned down the first offer but if the time comes and my God thinks I should be the president, I will."

And assuming that wish came through.

Hauwa's first priority would be to "the poor, to make sure that they are satisfied."

"And I will try," she adds, "to recover the economy of the country. I won't think about myself. I will think about the country. And I think whoever will be president should think of God and the poor."

Her belief and respect for the marriage institution, even after two marriages that didn't work out as she would have wished, has not changed. Husband No. 3 cannot be ruled out.

"I believe in security. A woman without a man is not secure, no matter what you have. I believe every woman should have someone to hold on to. Definitely when the time comes I'll get married again."

With the life she has lived so far, does she have any regrets? She purrs that she has her only and biggest regret in Maiduguri.

"I regretted being in Maiduguri because Maiduguri is a dimste that is hard to understand; the dimste is so hostile you can't talk to the dimste, you can't communicate with it, you can't be friends with it, you can't satisfy the dimste no matter what you do. The dimste does not understand itself, not to talk of a foreign body. Some people, when they get there, die. So I'm happy I came out alive. Maiduguri is not a place I'd wish my body to be buried in, even if I die accidentally. Maiduguri also broke my marriage."

Behind the Clouds

Continued from page 16

with rival top rate soap opera *Ripples*, Emema states: "Ripples is something spectacular. I watched the first few episodes. It has story content but it is beginning to drag now."

He advised the writer of *Ripples* "to call other people to give him ideas. I think he is a bit overworked. He should think about other viewpoints and get other writers."

Paul Emema, the writer, has an unpublished manuscript which he wrote in 1984 on his laps. Ethiopia Publishers vetted the manuscript.

Born on 18th of March, 1965, Emema thinks he is fortunate not to live with any woman. "I don't live with my girlfriends because writers are difficult people to live with when they are working. Writing is a crazy feeling. You can get up anytime in the night to write. A writer is never idle," he concludes.

Surprisingly, this young writer says "Nigerians don't read." More shocking is his statement that "I don't read Nigerian novels because they don't impress me. Nigerian

writers have no descriptive power. "Nigerian writers don't take writing as a solo career. In other tries writers earn a living by writing."

This serious young man's recreation by half. This half dedicates to writing, though interview was interesting enough: create time for a drink and a cigarette.

Paul Emema, an interesting intelligent young man, who when he talked about NTA's Atte, "I never knew him NTA when I told him I could write he was executive producer of

he encouraged me and my was considered as very nice producer Danladi Bako.

"Jimmy Atte backed me way through the creation of the Clouds, but unfortunately not given credit."

He states seriously, some concluding the interview: "I go to know about Behind the Clouds to Jimmy Atte." "I add he adds, pulling back his chair

"The best way to train a child is neither to be for, nor against any section or clan or interest" (Archer)

CLIMAX

The ultimate in pleasurable reading

SPORTS SOUVENIR

we better than us in all respects?

"A complete team is needed to go for all international meets so that even when they get beaten, they will learn some lessons in the process. I'm even ready to accommodate four long distance runners in my home in America so that they can train because the Nigerian attitude is suitable for that purpose. But my fear again, is that the AAAN will not reckon with long distance runners."

Tony Ocheku was discovered by talent hunter Tobias Igwe. He attended Baptist Academy, Lagos and during Lagos '83, he won gold medals in 400m, 1500

SPORTS INFO

HANDBALL

NIGERIA female handball coach, Toyin Aluko, has promised to present a viable team capable of winning the forthcoming World Ladies Handball Championship slated for September 22 to October 1 in Bauchi.

She told *CLIMAX Sports Souvenir* that her girls have been in camps for over five months and that with what the girls have been taught, they should be able to 'shake' the rest of the world.

"We've done our best, I cannot say whether we'll win the cup or not but my girls will not disappoint Nigerians," she said.

About 16 countries will be represented at the 7th World Ladies Handball Championship which was last hosted by Algeria.

Nigeria, Algeria, China, North Korea, Denmark, USSR, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Spain, German Democratic Republic, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria are some of the countries that will be participating in the tournament that is expected to last for ten days.

JUNIOR DSC

DELTA Steel U-14 soccer squad will serve as a feeder team to the Steel Company football club.

One time member of the National Sports Commission, Mr. V. C.O. Jibuboh, disclosed this in his office in Warri recently. He stressed that it is a common practice in countries like Germany, Holland and Brazil to have junior team so that the exodus of players in a team will not pose any problem as ready made ones can easily fit into the team.

The Delta Steel U-14 football team returned with a trophy last month after winning the International Friendship Cup of Colorado, United States.

Mosunwa, a close source confirmed to me that the management of the Delta Steel Club will be overhauled.

By Bayour Israh

OPARANOZE THANKS

CLIMAX

Not long ago, Sylvester 'Bahamas' Oparanoze sent a strongly worded plea to his Chief coach, Joe Eroko, through *CLIMAX* magazine asking the amiable coach to consider using him for the full ninety minutes duration of a match. He had said in that plea that he was convinced that he was in top form to test the discipline. And, perhaps, as a response to that plea, the exit of five regulars from the Owerri-based outfit gave Joe Eroko an opportunity to look into the case of 'Bahamas' and oblige him.

So, when skipper Mike Obi moved to the centre forward position, 'Bahamas' took up the No. 3 spot (left full back position where Obi hitherto shone). He was a marvel to watch as he literally took on the role of defence commander with his beautiful solo, one of which gave the club its winning goal against Bendal United in Owerri.

- Taye Igwe

"Every city of nation is what the people there have made of it. Every problem is man-made" (Eller)

AAAN, stop frustrating us!

Tony Ocheku's battle cry

NIGERIA has always been having problems with her athletes in the long distance races. From 800 to marathon, from the last Olympic Games in Seoul, the only athlete we entered for the 800m race did not go beyond the first round.

And from the look of things, the Amateur Athletics Association of Nigeria (AAAN) officials are not worried about the unwholesome development. They are then carried away with the notion that since Nigeria rules the sprints with the East Africans dominating the long distance races, then all is well, but this is wrong.

Tony Ocheku is a Nigerian athlete based in America with a degree in Health Education. He is a long distance runner competing in the 800m and 1,500m categories. But because of frustration from AAAN officials, he too had to 'check out' in 1984 on scholarship to New York University.

Says Tony, "I was supposed to have been part in the 1984 Olympic Games held in Los Angeles after qualifying to be in the team. I placed 2nd in 800m and 3rd in 1,500m but AAAN officials kept saying I wasn't good enough. I felt very disappointed. I think we stood any chance of winning laurels."

"Even before that 1984 incident, I went for a competition in Berlin where the following events were conspicuously missing: 800m, 1,500m, 3,000m steeple chase. I had to go and find out why. They told me that long distance races do not belong to us. I was shocked! I felt very sad because the type of weather in Bauchi and Plateau States is what the East Africans and Ethiopians that are

suing the world in long distance races have used which is just like our own soil and fulfils their best food."

Recent researches have shown that long distance runners need a lot of carbohydrates which is converted into energy when they are running.

Tony says he is sure of winning a medal at next year's Commonwealth Games in Auckland, New Zealand and even at the 1992 Olympic Games.

"Because of the frustration by AAAN officials, Henry Amike had to change from 800m to 400m Hurdles. You see, 800m athletes are usually not called to camp and this is not good enough."

"I think Nigeria can do a lot better by giving long distance runners a lot of exposure. Last year, before the Seoul Olympics, the Chairman of AAAN, Alhaji A.K. Amu (OFRI), came to the United States. He called on all sprinters and jumpers and gave them 2,000 dollars each. But would you believe that Alhaji Amu did not extend that gesture to the long distance runners?"

"Team captain Yusuf Ali and my wife have since asked me to change to 400m when I unbelievably returned a time of 47 sec but I told them, I have a mission to accomplish by fighting for long distance runners."

23-year-old Tony is very bitter about the turn of events. "How come Kenya's Klemopobi Simon represented Africa in World Cup '85 in Australia?" he queries. "Again, Kenya's 4 X 400 relay team won the gold medal in the 1992 Olympic Games in Munich. In Seoul, Kenya entered for all the events in athletics from 100m to marathon. Are we now saying the Kenyans



□ Tony Ocheku and in 4 X 400m relay before he left for America in 1984.

He got married to his American wife, Penington, on January 8, 1989. "My wife neither smokes for drinks," says Tony. "She supported me both morally and financially throughout my days at New Mexico University. I don't regret ever marrying her."

By Sunday Orelisi

INTIMATE ENCOUNTER

Continued from page 16

to listen. First it was one window. Then another. And then another. The lights came up! The lights in the corridors surrounding houses were lit up. Then, it was a door opening, and a silhouette leaning onto the railings on the balcony of a neighbouring house. Then there were three. Then there were three. Another door opened. The scene was like the break of dawn when the world wakes up. One would have thought that the voices were stirring the neighbours, but when the ache of their

own voices floated back to us, we knew we had companioned! My heart reached out to the beauty of the moment. It was as if the world had turned to Paradise where everyone shared of peace, love and songs.

Even as the guitar stopped strumming, it took a while for silence to return, for the voices we still heard in the distance, singing, kept that feeling alive. Suddenly, there was a deafening applause! It was like the applause in a theatre in the room, in the compound, from the surrounding houses, every-

where!

I turned to the girl who had started it all. The girl who sang a song that had a very simple chorus. A chorus line that preached love. I looked into her eyes. Not with lust! But with gratitude for bringing me so close to a night that will live forever in my mind the most beautiful in my life.

"I want to know where love is, I want you to show me, I want to be where love is, I know you can show me." Thank you Future!



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