

TRUST

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MAGUN

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Goddess of
Creation



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March 1979
Nigeria No. 99



The menace of Magun

What is the secret of Magun — the evil spell that strikes sexual hijackers dead? TRUST examines the mystery, and readers have their say, too — pages 6-8.



Goddess of Creation

Voyengi, a play directed by Segun Sofowote, is examined by Nelly Bee, with pictures by Abim Olajide — pages 20 and 21.

PLUS

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 - 31 Bachelor Boy
- and much, much more!

A dangerous trend...

A TENDENCY for some people to take the law into their own hands is becoming a trend. Despite the law against strike action, workers still protest, organise strikes and tend to damn the consequences. Almost every day we hear cases of robbery suspects or people suspected of possessing witchcraft being lynched — sometimes to death.

Laws like the ban on street trading, selling of banned goods or illegal parking of vehicles in some areas are being flouted with impunity. These, and other cases where citizens disobey the laws of the land, are becoming rampant.

We think this is a dangerous trend, which if not checked is capable of turning Nigeria into a lawless nation. But there are two ways to look at the problem. Firstly, what is the rationale behind some legislation? Secondly, how effective are our law-enforcing agents?

Legislation such as the banning of street trading and the illegalising of parking vehicles in certain areas without providing alternative locations is bound to be hard on the people. It could provoke them. And given a chance, they are likely to protest.

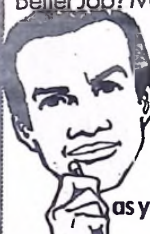
But even then, where a law is followed up by way of constant surveillance by the appropriate agency, no citizen should feel strong enough to bend the will of authority. This is the crux of the issue.

Why some laws don't seem to be effective is due to a glaring lack of follow-up. When people are not being watched they tend to do whatever they like. Ordinarily, people would not have thought it necessary to lynch suspects, for whatever reason, had they not lost a certain amount of confidence in the effectiveness of the police to protect them and their property.

While we strongly condemn members of the public who sometimes take the law into their own hands, it is our opinion that the law-makers should give more time to consider the rationale behind some laws before they become effective.

More importantly, our law-enforcing agents need to tighten up and wake up to their all-important responsibility.

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TRUST LETTERS

Treatment for destitutes

IT IS high time the Federal and State Military Governments addressed themselves seriously to the problem of destitutes roaming our streets — especially in urban centres.

The situation in which beggars roam our streets calls seriously to question our attitude to the social problems facing us. Worst of all is the phenomenon where lepers now share with healthy people such places as hotels, and are even readily accommodated to dine with others in certain parts of the country. This is extremely dangerous to public health.

The governments would be doing these destitutes and the whole nation a great favour by rehabilitating these people and giving them special medical treatment and vocational training so that when they are considered healthy and suitable to mix with other Nigerians, they could be allowed into the public. Ngazi Iheanacho, Aba

Give us a free press

IT IS never too much for us to go on clamouring for a free press in this country. The mistake of the Constituent Assembly is not including a positive clause guaranteeing the freedom of the press, is perhaps the greatest error of judgment this country has made since independence.

By the very nature of government that we envisage for 1979 and beyond, a free press is almost inevitable, otherwise many more things could happen in this country which would make the nation more ungovernable than ever before.

My aim is to appeal to all Nigerians to come out and fight for a free press before we have another Bakassa in power here. The fight should be peaceful but sustained. Oluogbenga Fagbamigbe, Ibadan

Common man and the law

EVERY day the common man who has no influence in the corridors of power will be the victim of the law and those who enforce it — even when what he is insisting on is lawful.

Take the instance of an incident in Zaria where an influential woman who runs a hotel and flagrantly profiteers goes a poor man not only beaten up because he protested against exorbitant prices, but had him

locked in a police cell for days. This incident has kept me thinking whether the law is out to encourage profiteering or to stop it. It looks to me as if only those people with some influence can get justice, however distorted, and the common man will always be a victim of both the lawless and the law itself. Really where do we go from here? Bonny Mamoh, Zaria

Help trace my pals

PLEASE help me locate my friends, Mr. Atobise John, Mr. Adesogba Omatade and Mr. Ganju Fagbolade. I met them in 1974, when we were all in Class One at Cherubim and Seraphim High School, Ilesa, Oyo State. Now they have finished their West African School Certificate examination. My present address is No. 3, Munira Baruwa Street, Ikat, Surulere. Enoch Oladale Oyekami, Surulere. Well, it is up to Messrs John, Omatade and Fagbolade to contact their friend. Old friends, they say, are better than new. — Editor

Accidents — a way out!

I WAS impressed by your article on slaughter on the roads. I think the best way to deal with motor accidents is to appeal to the Federal Government to instruct road contractors to make speed bumps on our roads.

A signboard should be put up to warn drivers of these bumps, so that drivers can see they are near the bumps. This may force drivers to desist from dangerous and reckless driving, which is often the cause of accidents.

S. O. Talabi, Alerekuta. *Work on highways may be worse than potholes, and may be another major cause of bad accidents.* — Editor.

I prefer girls to boys

I CAN say that girls are much better on TRUST's cover pages than boys, because they are always more attractive. If you use a boy's picture, like that of Kenneth Oshomah, on your cover, I am sure that not many people will buy that month's issue! Lechi C. Nwafor, Enugu



COMMONWEALTH leaders stroll in the London sunshine — but should Nigeria stay in the Commonwealth? asks a reader below.

We want more girls

EVERY issue of TRUST gives me joy and happiness, but the cover girls impress me most. Keep up the good work. Chryik Oguike, Yaba

Over-ambition is killing us

ALL IS not well with Nigerian youth of today. Every Nigerian youth wants to be a millionaire as quickly as possible. A boy of 23 who started trading some months ago wants to buy a "pick-up" and own an estate car — all within a short time. A form five student who is yet to take the WASC examination wants to go to university next session. A civil servant on grade level 04, who took his WASC the previous year, wants to become a permanent secretary before the end of the year. An undergraduate of 24 sees Oxford or Harvard as the right place to sit his master's degree. If his parents are dying from starvation or lack of shelter, he does not care.

When such desires cannot be fulfilled as soon as expected, Nigerian youths appear frustrated, go on to try bribery, corruption and examination malpractices, buying certificates from wherever possible.

They do not believe in tolerance, patience and optimism. They see life as a place where every Tom, Dick and Harry is meant to be suc-

cessful. What would life be like if everybody became a millionaire?

Unless we stop being in a hurry and trying to get everything by hook or by crook, this Fidele Okeke, Enugu. *Ukwu Ambition is a virtue, but inordinate ambition often leads to self-destruction.* — Editor.

Benin girls are amorous

I REFER to Gilbert O. A. Chime's letter in TRUST last year. Maybe Chime has fallen a victim of one or two girls who have a lust for money. He should, however, realise that such girls are found in all cities, not generalise as he did when he said "Benin girls are dangerous." This is slander and humiliation to our Benin sisters.

Chime should note that Benin girls are no worse than girls in other cities. Most of them are amorous, but not all have a lust for money. Frederick Igbiazaka, Aja

Hard on the peasants

I READ your letters column every month, and I would like to air my views about the recent health delivery law made by some state governments.

I read with dissatisfaction the recent law on hospital admittance, which read in part: "Anyone to be admitted or treated should pay a deposit of N50 and N25 — in-patient and emergency patient respectively." I am of the opinion that is

another way of depriving the poor of this nation of the right to survive ailments and other situations.

T. I. Eneka, Lagos. *This arrangement has been criticised by members of the public and it remains unpopular. Let us hope the next civilian government will do something positive in this direction.* — Editor

Shameless housewives

I WISH to use this column to thank Mr. K. Lawal, of Ilorin, for his appeal to modern mothers to give their young daughters adequate home training. But how do we come about this, when the so-called modern mothers have lost all sense of value that earned them the good qualities and dignity of motherhood in their pursuit of material acquisitions?

A close observation will reveal that since the end of the civil war, the mothers of this country have lost their identity. It has become difficult for one to single out who is a married woman from the spinsters.

There seems to be competition between mothers and daughters to satisfy their immoral sexual and material desires, and this is very regrettable. Stanley Anyanwu, Nnewi

Nigeria and the Commonwealth

I HAVE been wondering why Nigeria and other African states remain members of the Commonwealth several years after independence.

A country should analyse what it can gain from any organisation before deciding to join it. By "gain" I don't mean material gain, but peaceful co-existence, mutual understanding and economic well-being for the member states.

As far as I can see, the Commonwealth offers nothing to member states. I see it only as an association which gladdens the heart of Britain and which assures her that her former colonies still belong to her. Nigeria and other so-called independent African states should quit the Commonwealth today. Tonye Premphe, Ahoada

Let it not happen again

POLITICIANS have again been given the chance to play their cards. Will they play their cards right this time? Have they learnt from past experience? What will be the fate of the opposition parties? Will they afterwards accuse the ruling parties of corruption and nepotism? Uzodinma Ogbanu, Ibadan. *Rather than being pessimistic, it is better to hope and pray for a*

What do YOU think ...?

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MAG

WE FIND among the different races of the world every grade of magic — the steps necessary to cure different diseases or to afflict mankind with every imaginable malady. The Christian Bible is replete with history of such cases. The black man is an interesting animal in matters of beliefs. He is very glib of the magical stories of the Arabians, the Israelites, and the Indians. But coming home, in his native Africa he stops short and doubts that the same God who revealed his many mysteries through dreams to these Arians is the same Spirit which manifests itself to his own people.

Ask the educated African, particularly in Nigeria, about Magun. He snaps at you that it is the dream of the charlatans — the branch of the credulous, and that it does not exist at all, in spite of the fact that this Magun appears almost every day with the same precision and effectiveness where and when adultery is committed.

When I was a little boy, the incident of Magun usually attracted terrible comments from elders, especially among the Yorubas, in whose tribe this magical trap is usually employed against unchaste housewives. What is Magun? I repeat Magun is a "magical trap" used by the Africans against unchaste housewives who commit adultery with unbridled relish.

When a man other than the husband of a woman who carries the juju trap Magun (usually unknown to her) commits adultery, the man and the woman may not separate again until they die. That is one form of its species. Magun is of different breeds. The African man has done a lot of research into this diabolical magic that one doesn't have to sleep with another man's wife before being afflicted with the uncountable horrors of Magun.

Let me enumerate the different species of Magun: "MA R OJO" (the affected person must not see daylight); "MA FEGUSI" (a victim mustn't eat melon seeds); "MA JE ILA" (one affected mustn't eat Okro soup); "MA KOSE" (the victim mustn't trip). They are many, and they come in all shades and characters. The commonest Magun is the type in which a man who commits adultery with a magun-carrier jumps up three times before collapsing and passing away.

The gluing together of a man and a woman who commit adultery is one form. Other forms may mean that after sexual intercourse the man has a desire to crow like a cock. And if that happens three times before relief comes, he collapses and

dies. In this case, the man is usually the only victim.

In others the victim wastes away, in some, too, the victim discharges all his semen at one go, and his penis remains erect until it ends the victim's life.

There is not yet a medical explanation for this type of phenomenon. Yet our ignorance of its function does not abrogate its disaster on those affected by it. To the educated Nigerian, Magun is taboo — the brainwave of the charlatans and the fear of the credulous.

The departments of African studies of our different universities in Nigeria should not keep silent when our newspapers carry stories about some of the wonders of our magic. The public needs to be enlightened. The African magic has to be exposed as a reality, or as a fluke. I have lived too long among the elders in Yorubaland to doubt their integrity on these matters. But people who have witnessed any of these things other than by reading about them in the newspapers find stories too lurid for credibility.

Magun is one of the many arms of the dreadful black art practised by our people. I can speak authoritatively about the Yorubas and their higher or lesser magic. These, however, could not be prerogatives of the Yoruba tribe alone. Such imponderable knowledge of the arcane would also be available to other tribes in Nigeria. The thing I loathe is the outright condemnation of a story arising from our magic by so-called educated people.

All educated Nigerians need to look more critically and objectively at all the claims to special knowledge by our people, irrespective of the level of their sophistication by modern methods and standards. The white man built his science to its present level not by outright condemnation of known and available proportions from the corps of his somewhat less educated studies in the arcane science.

Every claim is subjected to thorough search and examination until the whole truth becomes known. We are now as a nation passing through the same period of development of our native science. What all educated Nigerians claim as specially acquired knowledge in

Just how
does it
manage to
cast its
evil spell?

THIS IS
WHAT YOU
THINK...

UN...

the sciences are "finished products" which they acquired only by cramming and learning.

For our scientists to be truly great and revered they should go into the field to explore the unknown potentialities of the unrecorded formulae for all our crude sciences. Magun and his like exist. But we must prove them. We owe this country that service as a sacred duty. Archimedes suffered severely for his theory of floating iron on liquid. The same man that condemned him lauds him today and benefits in different ways from his theory, for which he paid very dearly.

Uri Geller is alive today and his special gift of being able to bend iron or steel merely by looking at it does not conform to the techniques and methods of modern science, and is baffling the curators of the sciences in the civilised world.

Uri is the latest human "guinea pig" in the science laboratory of the modern world. Experts are trying to wrest the new knowledge as exposed by Uri at all costs. Unlike educated Nigerians, they don't write off Uri Geller as a fluke or a magician. He is too much for them. They want to know the facts, and a lot of money is

being invested on the investigation in the different science centres of the modern world.

I feel what is good for the goose is also good for the gander. We too should investigate the wonders in our midst. We owe our great country this as a sacred service, and we must not fail. Magun and many other things being handed to us by our elders should not be rejected wholesale... they must be accepted as a challenge and be properly investigated, classified and catalogued for posterity.

It's then and only then that we, as a nation, can become

We find, among the different races of the world, several grades of magic — the steps necessary to cure all sorts of disease or to afflict human beings with every imaginable malady. Magun, a spell cast on man or woman to penalise his or her adulterous acts, is a familiar one among Africans. What is Magun, and how does it work? TRUST's research correspondent, Alex Pedro, writes. Pictures by Abim Oladejo.

contributors and partners, and not just consumers in the scientific field.

What does the public think of this amazing African magical penalty for adultery? Here is what the people say.



DR. DENLOYE, a medical practitioner: I don't believe Magun exists. I have worked in Ilaro and many places in Ijebu Waterside, which are areas notorious for deaths resulting from Magun affliction, but I never witnessed a case throughout my seven years' stay in those areas.

While I do not doubt the existence of charms, many after-sex deaths usually attributed to Magun were never medically probed. It is quite possible for an hypertensive patient to collapse and die during a sexual act. But because not many people recognise hypertension as an ailment that can kill without notice, they tend to attribute such deaths to Magun. Some native sex stimulants which many men take to effect turgidity contain toxic elements which adversely affect the heart. After constant use of such stimulants a man can develop hypertension, which may result in his sudden death. If death occurs during or after sex, they say it is Magun. I don't believe them. Whether Magun really exists or not is something that should be medically investigated, otherwise other ailments not connected with Magun will continue to kill people without their knowing.



DR. TUNJI TUBI, a medical practitioner: I have heard so many stories about Magun that I find it difficult to disbelieve its existence. For instance, in my schooldays in the early 60s at Ijebu Ode, a popular photographer died under such mysterious circumstances that his death gave some credence to the existence of Magun.

Since Magun cannot be explained by scientific means, despite a popular belief in its existence, I think the charm should be experimented upon. Let a herbalist make the charm available. Let us keep male and female dogs, goats or any other animals close to man in a cage. Let us apply the charm to the male animals and watch what happens when they mate. The experiment should be performed not less than 100 times before we can reach a conclusion. If need be, more organised research can be embarked upon with herbalists, medical practitioners and other interested bodies putting their heads together.

Any person who says Magun doesn't exist should have his head examined. I challenge the doubters!

I don't believe Magun exists. How can a man somersault after a sexual act when he is not drunk?!

Why use destructive charms? Those who trap their wives with Magun are murderers!



MR. ADEKUNLE KASIMAWO, a transporter: I grew up among spiritually powerful people. This background exposed me fairly to the existence of many charms, including Magun. There are 201 species of Magun. While some are minor in the sense that they can be treated if the afflicted confesses in time, there are some that instantly knock down (and kill) the afflicted before any help can come. As deadly as this charm is, there are some men who dare it. Such men wear anti-charm amulets, which are either in the form of rings or beads. Before they have a sexual relationship with any woman they rub their left palm upwards along the woman's belly. This "hangs up" the charm, or even any form of VD. When they finish they rub the hand downwards to replace the charm or VD if they forget to do this, the woman may die after some time. With such a charm many Cassanovas have escaped death or illness.



MR. OYEWOLE ADENIJI, an Ifa priest: Magun does exist. It has existed from time immemorial. If anybody says it doesn't exist the person should have his head examined. Unfortunately, those who doubt the existence of Magun cannot present themselves for experimental purposes. Even if they did, they wouldn't live to witness the result. Because of the purity involved in the practice of Ifa Oracle, those of us who are Ifa priests hardly apply Magun to penalise any man having illicit sexual affairs with our wives. We know it is a deadly charm, and so rather than use it, once we are convinced that we have an adulterous wife we send her away. However, I challenge any doubter of the existence of Magun to come forward so that we can test it on a sub-human creature, and see if he or she is convinced.

Yes and No to the powers of Magun



MR. FEMI EWETADE, a show promoter: I don't believe in the existence of Magun. It is all a figment of the imagination of people living in the rural areas. How can a man somersault after a sexual act when a person is not drunk? I have gone to bed with all sorts of women, married and unmarried, many times, and nothing has happened to me. Nothing is likely to happen to me because I don't give such things as Magun any thought at all. But come to think of it, why must a man put a charm on his wife if he loves her? Instead of thinking of killing somebody to check your wife's infidelity, if you can no longer tolerate her flirtatious attitude, why not just send her away?



MR. NYI CAXTON, a technician: I have witnessed two incidents of Magun in my life. One happened during my schooldays at Akure and the other at Aje Street in Lagos in 1964. Each of them somersaulted three times before going up the ghost. Seeing these two incidents, rather than being told, convinced me of the existence of Magun. The only thing I can say is that killing by Magun is most uncivilised. What is in a woman that man has to kill his fellow man?



MR. AWLOWO OYEBOADE, an Ifa priest: Magun is a specially prepared charm used to penalise adulterous men, especially those who indulge in having illicit sexual affairs always warn such adulterous men to desist from their ways or face the consequences. If they persist (and most of them usually do) the charm is applied on the affected woman. Any man who mounts them for sex is trapped. The consequence is usually death, unless certain rituals are performed on the afflicted before it is too late. But more often than not, Magun victims receive help too late. It is a deadly charm.



DR. ADEJARE PEARSE, a spiritualist: In advance spiritualism we classify Magun under elements. This is the use of negative results. As an African, it is difficult for me to dismiss the existence of Magun. In fact, it does exist and incidents of death resulting from Magun are so many that one cannot doubt its existence. But there are charms, when worn, that can render Magun ineffective. Manics are usually worn by sex danger that may occur during their indiscriminate sex escapades. These of us in the spiritual line also prepare some charms called "evil destroyers." Once worn they neutralise all evil machinations, be it Magun, witchcraft or any other thing.



MR. REMI ODEDOKUN, a sales assistant: I witnessed the first incidence of Magun I witnessed happened at Ikerre-Ekiti some years ago. A young man suddenly started to shout until he collapsed and died. They said he had sex with another man's wife a few hours before. The other one was at Ikerre during a maize harvest season. A man took some grains of corn and started vomiting. In no time he collapsed and died. He was said to have been a victim of the Magun trap. I wonder why we don't use our charms to achieve positive results rather than destructive ones, like Magun. Those who trap their wives with Magun are murderers in disguise.



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CHARITY



Everyone has personal problems. If you are perplexed and need help, write to Charity for advice.

I must keep my pride

I AM 27, and madly in love with a girl of 24. We had plans to get married, but our parents intervened and we had to part. After we parted the girl decided to misuse herself. Despite this, each time we meet I feel I still love her. She came back, promising to be good. But I have my pride to consider. Please help me, as I don't know what to do.

Bill, Warri

Pride and love are different things. When you really love someone, there's nothing you cannot do for her. If you are really convinced that she will change for the better, I see no reason why you should not take her back.

She refuses my gifts

I AM 20 and I fell in love with a girl of 17 when I was at school. This girl really helped me both morally and financially in my school days. Now I'm working I want to pay her back by giving her presents, which she refuses to take from me. Do you think her action shows the sign of true love, or is it that she doesn't want to be committed to me?

Aham, Iro State

You are extremely lucky to find a girl who gives her love to you without asking for anything. Such girls are not easy to come by, so hold on to her tightly.

I don't want him any more

A GIRL of 15, I am in Form IV. I am friendly with a boy of 18 in Form V. He loves me dearly, but what I hate in him is that he is always after sex. I've told him I don't want him again, but he keeps writing to me. Please, I need your advice on how to get rid of him. Charity, Hoby, Lagos

Maybe you did not stress sufficiently your desire to stop seeing this boy. Men are not that easy to send packing. They'll stick to you until they are fed up, which often does not happen too soon!

If he wishes to write let him do so, but you needn't reply. Each time you see him make him understand that you are no longer keen on him.

They say I'm mad

I AM 21, and in love with a 16-year-old girl. I love her so much that I keep

writing her name on my books. The thought of her is always on my mind. I have various drawings of a heart in my room, and I always see the letter "T" in my heart because she is Yebi. Do you really think I'm mad? Does love have a limit, Charity? **Nakada Dauda, Dauran**
I don't think love has a limit. We all have different ways of expressing our love, and I feel that's your own way. So you should have no problem.

Married, but she wants me

I AM a student at a teacher training college. I fell in love with a girl of 18, while I'm 19. We intended to marry this year, but when I came on holiday I found that she had already married another man. But she wrote to tell me that I shouldn't worry, and that she will pay me a visit whenever she can. I'm afraid I don't want to get involved with a woman who doesn't belong to me. **Balaja, Bauchi**

If you don't want her to visit you, write to her and tell her to stay with her husband and stop teasing you.

Their girls full for me

A TALL handsome guy, I am aged 18. Whenever a friend takes me to his girlfriend's place she automatically falls for me. And each time this happens my friends desert me and label me a "girl-snatcher." What can I do? These episodes are making me lose a lot of friends.

Kamlastone, Anambra

I blame you for all that has happened, because you ought to be able to control yourself — even if girls do lose their heads over you. Get your own girlfriend, stick to her, and stop yielding to advances from your friends' girls.

Should I stop them both?

I AM 18 and in love with two men. One is aged 25 while the other is about 40. Both of them promised to marry me, but the first one put forward a condition that I should have sex with him before he would marry me, and I refused. I have already had sex with the older man. Please give me your advice, Charity.

Fanti, Jos

By now you must have realised that having two men at once leads to

confusion. However, I advise you to search your mind and decide which man you love. Pick him out and stick to him.

His reputation puts me off

I AM in love with a girl who loves me dearly. But I keep hearing rumours that her father was a thief until he went to the Holy Land. He has since changed. I don't know if she will follow in his footsteps, Charity. **Acada Boy, Ifo**
You can test your girl to find out if she steals through various methods. If she does steal, things must be missing from your place. In most cases you can't judge a child from a father's behaviour, so don't let his reputation affect your decision about the daughter.

She asked me for love

SHE IS 17 while I am 18. She approached me and asked me to make love to her. I agreed, but later discovered that she was married. For this reason I told her not to see me again, but she kept on begging me. I love her, but since she is married I've lost interest. Please tell me what to do before I go mad. **Lanko, Ogoja**
It is very risky to get involved with a married woman, so stay clear of her and let her go. A girl will surely come your way.

He doesn't tell the truth

I AM a girl of 16, in love with a boy of 22. I love him dearly, but from the way he behaves he doesn't love me as much as I love him. And he never tells the truth. But I still love him. What can I do? **Laraba Adamu, Asaba**
Love should be based on trust. When a man tells lies you can't trust him, so you can hardly be happy with him. You may wish to reform his character to your own taste, but it's not always easy.

Does she really love me?

I AM an 18-year-old driver in love with a 16-year-old student. The first day I asked her for sex she refused, saying that I might be boasting to my friends that I

have got her. Do you think she really loves me?

Peter, Ughelli

Her refusing you does not mean she does not love you. Maybe you are the lousy type who goes about boasting of what you have not done. I can't blame her for wanting to protect herself.

She is hesitating about marriage

SHE is 20 years old while I am 24 years of age. I love her and intend to marry her. I am only doubtful of her sincerity for she fails to follow my advice. She visits me regularly and shows me all signs of love. But when I ask her to go to her home and tell her people about us and our plans she hesitates. Do you think this woman is ready to marry me? **Wautu, Kilorne**
I suggest you give her time to make up her mind. This is a big decision which can't be made overnight. Give her more time and your patience might pay dividends in the long run.

We are very shy towards men

MY reason for writing to you, Charity, is this: We are three friendly girls and we are very shy towards men. When men approach us we find it unbearable and run away. Can you give us some advice on how we can overcome this shyness towards men? **Cecilia, Kikira and Edith, Yaba**
Next time you are approached by some nice men, try to take a grip of yourselves. Let's face it, they are human like you, so what is there to be afraid of?

She acted in a funny way

I HAVE a very serious problem which I feel you will be able to solve for me. I am a boy aged 17 and my girlfriend is 15 years old. This girl and I go to the bottom of my heart. We attend the same school and on the way to school she always calls at my home and we walk there together. On the way we sometimes embrace. But recently she started behaving in a funny way and on top of that she has stopped talking to me. Now what should I do? I am confused.

Enock, Mombasa

Concentrate on your studies, son, and leave the



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HE has been described as an economic genius, an orator and a dedicated planner. Yet Mwai Kibaki is a humble man who rose from a poor home to reach the pinnacle of political success.

His elevation by President Moi to the rank of Vice-President as well as Finance Minister has been hailed not only in Kenya but throughout the world.

Kibaki gave up a teaching career at Makerere University College to team up with other Kenya nationalists during the dark days of the struggle for uhuru. Now he plays his part in what has become known as an economic miracle, and is known as one of the shrewdest ministers Africa has produced.

He has acted as Kenya's voice at international forums such as the conference of the World Bank and International Monetary Fund in Nairobi in 1975, when he led the Kenya delegation. He has acted as a spokesman for African countries in economic affairs at the United Nations, and in Kenya he is well known as the architect of the country's second Five-Year Development Plan (1974-1978). His Budgets have always been aimed at helping the man in the street.

Kibaki basically an academic, entered politics almost by accident. He was a close friend of Tom Mboya and it was Mboya who persuaded the young lecturer at Makerere to give up his job to return home to help fight for Kenya's uhuru. Kibaki was then lecturing in economics. It was a great sacrifice, but it had to be made because Kenya needed all its brilliant sons to win the war not only against British colonialism but against the intransigence of the white settlers, who argued that Kenyans had no intellectuals.

He started his political career in a humble way, with no salary. But he worked hard as executive officer of the Kenya African National Union. At the time KANU faced formidable opposition from KADU, where there were intellectuals such as Peter Oondo and Masinde Muliro. Kibaki's main job was paperwork — to produce some of KANU's arguments to disarm not only the British and the local settlers but to rebut KADU's arguments.

He has not only proved to be an economics expert. He has also succeeded in politics — having won consecutive elections since independence. In 1974 he won his seat with a landslide majority at Othaya Nyeri, his birth-place, after being asked by the people to give up his parliamentary seat in Nairobi. He is a great supporter of self-help projects and was instrumental in the launching of the \$1m Othaya water scheme as well as being a supporter of the Kirimati Institute of Technology and extensions to his former high school at Mengu.

One of Kibaki's attributes is his strong belief in democracy — one man (one woman) one



MWAI KIBAKI pictured with President Moi, who has selected the Finance Minister to occupy the second highest office in the land — a role he once filled himself.

vote Kibaki argues that Kenya is one of the few countries among the independent nations of Africa which can boast of having a democratic system, "despite some of our problems."

He is also a strong believer in the necessity for regional co-operation in Africa and particularly in the East African Community, and in the importance of having trained African manpower while at the same time relying on foreign experts to train local people.

In government he has had an interesting career. He was first appointed an Assistant Minister for Economic Planning and Development to work with his friend Tom Mboya when Kenya achieved uhuru in 1963. Later he was promoted to the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, then to the Ministry of Finance when Mboya was assassinated in 1969. Kibaki was then made overall boss of the amalgamated Ministry of Finance and Planning during a re-organ-

1971 — a post he holds today. In 1973, after Kibaki had held his job for two years, writer Chege Mbitiru had this to say about him: "He's a mature politician, tolerant, perceptive, mixes with people from all acquired — an international and he gets his 'no-nonsense' message across, even to the illiterate in the country."

The choice of Mwai Kibaki as Vice-President of Kenya came as little surprise. He has earned a reputation as one of the most brilliant minds in modern politics, not just in East Africa, but in the world. P.G. Okoth reviews his career from Nairobi

"As the man in charge of the Development and Finance Ministry of the Republic, Kibaki is at the helm of what is ultimately the survival ship of the country in the stormy sea of money."

"Kenya is developing along certain lines. Development needs money, a very scarce commodity these days. At the same time she has to maintain certain services. It's ultimately Kibaki's responsibility to determine the amount of money the Republic can spend in any given year and how that money will be raised."

"It would be unfair to totally credit Mr Kibaki with the economic boom and smooth development that's taking place in the Republic. But it would also be totally unfair not to say that Mr Kibaki is one of the few people in Kenya who have had a hand in the money-industry-development affairs of the country since independence."

Born in 1931 in Othaya, Nyeri, Kibaki graduated from Mangu High School, Kiambu, in 1950, and in 1951 entered Makerere University. Here he studied history, political science and economics for a Bachelor's degree.

A MAN FOR THE WORLD STAGE

economics in 1956 and obtained a B.Sc. (Econ.) and did some graduate research. He was appointed a lecturer in Nakorere in 1959, but in 1960

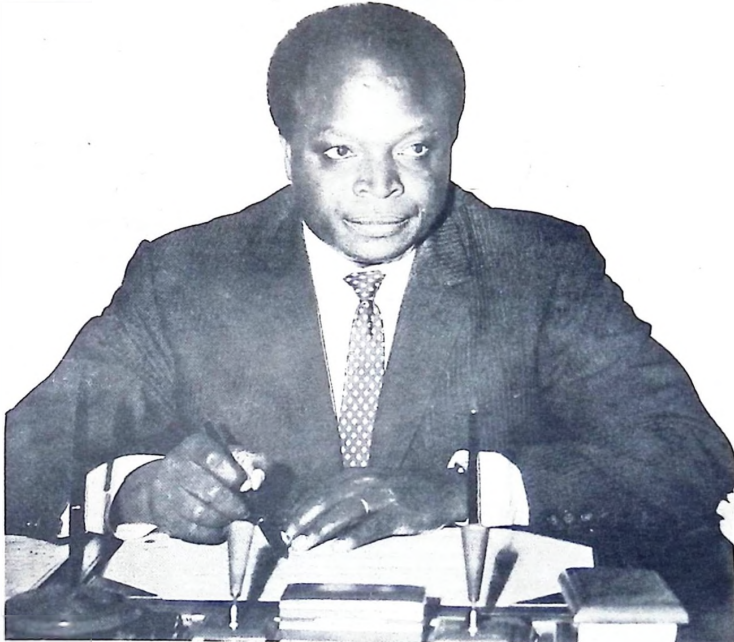
was with KANU as the national executive officer when he merged as a pragmatic, no-nonsense worker. In 1962 he was elected by the legislative Council as one of Kenya's nine representatives on the East African Legislative Assembly of the East African Common Service Organisation. At the 1963 general elections he was elected in the House of Representatives, and he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury.

And that put Kibaki in the Kenya industry development plans of the Republic. With the introduction of the Republic in 1964, Kibaki became Assistant Minister for Economic Planning and Development and in 1966 was chairman of a working party to look into the efficiency of the statutory boards generally. Following this he was appointed Minister for Commerce and Industry of Finance and Development. He is one of the subjects of Sessional Paper No. 10 on "African Socialism and its Application to Planning Kenya".

One of Kibaki's trade marks is his concept of development in Kenya. Ask him to comment on that his Ministry means by "rural development" and he will tell you "the whole of Kenya". He's quick to remind the press that it tends to highlight Nairobi problems.

"What worries me," he once said, "is not much the overall rate of development—eight or nine per cent annual growth rate would be very high wherever in the world—but at development, is unevenly spread in 20 to 25 districts in Kenya. Republic development is being placed at a satisfactory rate. But in the remaining districts, development is very slow."

Kibaki's activities are not concentrated in Kenya alone, of course. He has attended many international conferences, notably as champion of Kenya's uses but those of the developing world as a whole. His stand on international monetary reform is well-known—trade aid must be considered as a complement of the international agricultural system's reform. "Reform of the monetary system," he has said, "must take into account the needs of



HARD WORK and exceptional ability have combined to make Mwai Kibaki (above) one of the best respected political figures on the African scene, and he has fully earned his international reputation.

the developing nations and provide a balanced approach to money."

Kibaki has his critics, particularly some colleagues in parliament, over his borrowing policies. They have charged that he's mortgaging the country's future. That kind of talk, Kibaki said after a barrage while he was in Washington in 1973, is "nonsense." What should be asked is what the country is borrowing the money for. Those individuals complaining about the nation's borrowing do themselves borrow. Borrowing is part of development, he said.

Mr. Kibaki told TRUST that the countries which had been unable to achieve development targets worked out by international organisations were leading the demand for the establishment of a new international economic order. The current debate on relations

between the industrialised world and the developing nations is a central international issue, but the local media do not seem to have taken it seriously, he says.

The United Nations first development decade failed to achieve its targets when it came to an end in 1970. Although developing countries demanded more help, it is clear at this halfway stage that none of the targets of the second development decade is going to be achieved.

Over the last 15 years, Kibaki says, international trade has deteriorated by 50 per cent in developing countries. They are, therefore, calling for the linking of the price of raw materials to the price of manufactured goods.

Developing countries are also calling for the establishment of buffer stocks to avoid fluctua-

tion of prices and the establishment of a fund to assist countries hit by natural calamities.

Another area where developing countries are seeking action is in the establishment of consumer organisations like the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC).

Mr. Kibaki says certain people wondered why developing countries were still friendly with the Arabs, bearing in mind that they had been badly hit by increased prices of oil. But the success of OPEC was bound to be glamorous in view of the frustrations the Third World had experienced in trying to set up similar primary products organisations. "It's a terrific political achievement, irrespective of its economic terms," he says.

The effect of higher oil prices should be clearly understood.

Oil is only responsible for 50 per cent of the present inflationary difficulties.

Developing countries are seeking ways in which their export earnings can be stabilised. Despite aid from the industrial world, the economic position of the Third World has worsened over the last 15 years, vis-a-vis the developed nations," he says.

The real fight in current international negotiations is not essentially about foreign exchange rates but over trade, Kibaki says the most important objective for Kenya as a small country is stability of exchange rates.

These are the cogent arguments typical of Mwai Kibaki, one of Africa's academic giants. One of his ambitions is to go back to university to teach. But what government could spare such a brain? **67**

Who was he? Was the image in the mirror real or fantasy? And what of his love...?

A haunting and mysterious TRUST short story

by Dambudzo Marechera

THE MIRROR, I suppose, was at the heart of it. It was full length. He would stand before it naked, and study himself slyly. There was a certain ridiculousness about the human body which he could not accept in himself. He loved to mock the body in the mirror, to mock it obliquely like a child who fears adult retaliation.

And then the mirror settled deep in his mind and things became rather ominous.

The ape in the mirror got the better of him. But he would retaliate by dressing himself from head to foot. However, the eyes and part of the face. Those hairy hands and the backs of his hands where those scars. Monster!

He rushed out into the rain the way some people find refuge in tears of self-pity. The white washed barrack-like houses squatted gloomily on both sides of the gravel street. Above him the sky's mind was full of black and angry thoughts and would flash suddenly with brilliance of a childlike insight.

He reached Number 191. Frank answered the door. Frank's small, sharply angled face hinted at the existence of things tainted but sweet. The boy thought him a fool — and now shouted.

"Margaret! You're wanted."

Margaret came. She was tall and soft smelted of the good things of the rain — little lists of budding leaves and the heady scent of an old golden time. But she was delicate, like a tabax which one is reluctant to name. And she was unhappy. She worried about that mirror of his. And she wanted to break it, name it exactly to his face and watch the glass of it splinter away, and his face settle back once more into the gentle lines she had once known.

He could hear the howling of a baby as he kissed her. Once more he wondered how and by what alchemy she had been conceived out of such squalor.

"Margaret! Bring the visitor inside," her grandmother shouted.

"We're just going! It's almost time for it to start, and we'll be late if —" she shouted back but

was interrupted by a knocking jeer.

"Where!"

They fled into the rain, dodged the barren apple tree which stood in the yard like a symbol, and walked slowly up the gravel street. The rain came down in little liquid rocks which broke on their heads with a gentleness too rapid to be anything other than overpowering. She laughed a laugh that had little sharp teeth in it and it warmed them, this biting intimacy with the rain. Drops of God's water, that's what rain was. Out of its secret came the leaves of a life worth living. But out of it too came the gorgeous images of the mirror which would not be broken.

They had, that summer, gone to swim in the river. The river gods had been generous and she had felt their blessing trembling upon her shining eyes. He too had dived a deep breath-taking dive at the deepest side where the manfish lived. He had — at long last — broken the surface and emerged sucking in great armfuls of breath, laughing and beating the silver shimmering lattices around him.

At the head of the stream, that's where they had, with great violence, fused into one and it was among the petunias so unbearably sweet that they had become afraid and listened to the stinging motorless thing which made the rivers flow. The rushing rapids of them had crashed into the Indian Ocean. If only life was like that always and, yes, one did not have to see the reflections of one's own thoughts. If one was rock. A great breaking spray of it sparkled by rainbows. But the frost of the mirror chilled everything into the ice of reproachful silences. It made her see herself in him and realise there was nothing on the other side. Only a great mind-bending emptiness, that other side. The worst of deaths. And then work.

She worked as a nanny to a Mrs Hendriks, who was fat and soft-voiced and suspected her of numerous but vague sins. His first sin was with Sin

behind a hedge. She had stared upwards over his shoulder and watched the great slice of moon big and round and gleaming white. She had not wondered what lay behind it all. On that other side. His face, so close to her, was utterly strange. Incredible. And she wondered what it was in him that was touching her lips. And the tears coldly stung out of her eyes. Burning. He licked them from her cheeks, and the pain of it stained his eyes like a child punishing itself for some shortcoming. Was she the punishment for the ape in the mirror?

It was wet and warm, this feeling of the rain. The train had chugged furiously into the night, flashing its great beam. They had packed their things hurriedly and in the taxi they had watched the burning street-lights which shone brightly like the guardians of an obsessive barrenness. It had been, in the train, crowded and hot and dizzy and they had talked endlessly of the soul of the country, how painful and lovely and boring it all was, hurtling on into God's shadow.

The illusion of going somewhere. That was his childhood, that illusion. But time had rubbed pepper into his eyes and the stinging of it had maddened it out of him. The mirror said it all and in it knew his kinsman; the ape, lumbering awkwardly into his intimacy. He had looked behind it all and seen the huge emptiness of it. But the depth in the mirror looked more real. More substantial, than the consistent gleaming and humming around his head. Though the thought of what now lay in the ancient graveclothes tormented him, the least it had to say stung him into activity. He had been happy, unbearably happy, as a child. But as the threshold of manhood he had lingered uneasily, reluctant to take that irrevocable step. The ape in the mirror had laughed sarcastically and had danced and trampled it all into at best a doubtful outcome. But he had stood his ground and smiled a tiny diamond smile. Was this all

there was to it? This eternal gnawing in the gut. Racking, always, one's brains in the doorway. Remembering sharply the faces but being unable to stick names to them. And when a name stuck he invariably forgot the face it belonged to.

What frightened him was he could never recognise his own face — especially after an encounter with the ape in the mirror. And the ape, knowing its power over him, gradually made the encounters more sordid, more unbearable. It left him feeling like a piece of cloth that and then wrung out to dry on the clothesline of a precarious sanity. This happened frequently — until he began to forget things.

At first it was a matter of losing a few hours. But he began to miss out whole days. And when he came out of those blank pages it would be without the faintest recollection of what he had been or what he would not even know that he had been in a blackout. The first instance he became aware of something going wrong was when he woke out of a deep sleep to find himself still fully dressed and covered all over with soot — from head to toe, soot. And his knees and knuckles were bruised — his right cheek caked with blood. And there was a red bag in the middle of the room and it was full of obscene Christmas cards. At first he could make nothing of it all.

The second time, though equally disturbing, was less painful, he woke up to find that he had painted himself with whitewash and was wearing a European wig. It took him hours to get rid of the paint and for days afterwards he reeked of nothing else. It made him more than uneasy something was definitely getting out of hand. The ape in the mirror seemed excited; excitable; it seemed to be treasuring a huge but secret joke at his expense. His gloom worsened that though definitely something was going on as he could himself feel nothing at all;

he was not sick, had never had nightmares, had never had a nervous breakdown. In fact he felt like new wine, healthy and supremely fit.

And then he woke up to find his room in great disorder, as though a fiend had been let loose in it. The only thing that had not been touched was the mirror. Everything else had been ripped up, smashed, torn and flung about. The room reeked of human faeces, there were mounds of it smeared everywhere — even on the ceiling.

He groaned. It took him six days to clean the mess up. And on the seventh he rested. He was sitting in the armchair when there was a knock on the door. Margaret came in. Immediately she crinkled her nose at the smell of the room — it was something — something tainted yet sweet. An impure honey scent. And there was a hint of wet petunias in it. She asked him what it was; and for the first time he told her lies. Lies. She seemed to divine it in him. She knew it was the mirror talking to her. And she could not stand it. She casually picked up an empty bottle from the little table and flung it. It splintered into a thousand tiny mirrors — but did not break apart. It simply shivered into a thousand minute lenses, glinting into her being. And he in the armchair had changed with it; he laughed bitterly. There was a row, their first real argument. And for the first time they swore at each other.

"You bitch!"

"Beast!"

And she burst into tears. It had all been so sudden.

Now the little rocks of rain tugged faster down like a child crying for attention. The white washed houses on either side of the street seemed to have changed, too, to have become slightly menacing. Slightly evil. And the patterning of the rain sounded like the microscopic commotion of six million little people fleeing a national catastrophe.

Shivering at it, their arms tightened about each other.

●Dambudzo Marechera is a young writer from Zimbabwe, now living in London. He was thrown out of university in Salisbury and was at Oxford when his first writings were published. This story was taken from his recent book, *The House of Hunger*, published by Heinemann.

at the head of
the stream,
that's where
they had, with great
violence, fused
into one ...
and they
had become afraid.

HOW THE CIA LOST THE WAR IN ANGOLA

Born and brought up for many years in Africa and already an experienced CIA man in Zaïre and Burundi, John Stockwell was the natural choice when his agency bosses sought a reliable agent to head the CIA's Task Force in Angola. His instructions? To frustrate in any way possible the power ambitions of the MPLA and their Russian backers. At vast cost in money and lives this is what Stockwell set out to do. Later the agent came to believe that the American involvement was immoral and quit the service. His book* tells the inside story of the Angola war and of American activities elsewhere in Africa.



Kissinger ... wanted to challenge Russians.

A FULL account of the CIA's involvement in the Angolan civil war has at last come to light. There have been several books about the CIA and many on the CIA's involvement in Watergate. Some of them have named agents in different parts of the world, but none has given an in-depth account of the agency's involvement in Africa.

John Stockwell's *In Search of Enemies* is the full account of America's involvement in Vietnam after their humiliation in Vietnam. The object of going into Angola was to destabilise the Soviet influence there.

It is a story of a secret war,

told by the man responsible for organising it. Early in 1975 John Stockwell had served in the clandestine service of the Central Intelligence Agency for ten years. He had worked in Zaïre and Burundi and when he went back to headquarters he worked in the Uganda-Kenya section of the agency before being sent to Vietnam as officer in charge of the Tay Ninh province. He had performed well for the agency — recruiting

agents, bugging foreign embassies, running covert operations and even hiring prostitutes to be used against Soviet and Chinese diplomats.

But Stockwell had come to be deeply sceptical of the ability of the agency to fulfill its purpose and had, in fact, informed his boss in the Africa division in December, 1976 that he intended to resign. His superior had advised him to take three months leave on full pay to reconsider his decision.

After his leave Stockwell was asked to become the chief of the CIA's Angolan Task Force. It was the sort of career oppor-

*IN SEARCH OF ENEMIES, A CIA STORY, by John Stockwell, Andre Deutsch, £6.50

WHAT TAKES THE LID OFF THE C.I.A.'S ACTIVITIES IN ANGOLA



Stockwell involved



Neto Cuban wing win



Savimbi was supported by President Kaunda

States had plunged to their worst ever. President Mobutu accused the US Embassy in Kinshasa of plotting to overthrow his regime. He expelled the American ambassador and arrested most of the CIA's agents, some of them being sentenced to death.

After the defeat of his brother-in-law in Luanda, and with the FNLA on the verge of collapse, Mobutu's economic and political problems deepened. The Americans lashed onto Mobutu's problems, knowing that with Benguela railway closed by the war in Angola and Zaire exporting its copper through Zambia, Rhodesia and South Africa, he would welcome American intervention in Angola.

It was estimated that the CIA would need 100 million dollars, but there was no way the agency would keep such an amount a secret, particularly as Congress was already at loggerheads with the CIA because of its activities in harassing American citizens during Watergate. Congress would not approve the expense and the agency was left to scrape pennies from here and there to keep the war going.

US backed wrong side

Although Stockwell says President Kaunda collaborated in the Angola war by supporting Savimbi, there is no evidence in his book that the Zambian leader took money or arms to pass on to Savimbi, which is the case with Mobutu. Stockwell says though that by early August the CIA operation in Angola had become a fully-fledged covert programme being urged with the co-operation of Mobutu, Kaunda, Roberto and Savimbi.

Stockwell's book shows how the agency handled the war clumsily, lacked planning and backed the wrong side. His knowledge of Africa is wide. He was born in Zaire (then Congo) where his parents worked as Presbyterian missionaries. He went to school in Lubonda in Kasai Province. In 1937 Stockwell was baptised—in the same place and same year as Patrice Lumumba at the Methodist Church at Wambo Nyama. They attended the same school.

The CIA plot to poison Lumumba in 1960 affected Stockwell in two ways: because the people who were going to do it worked with him and secondly he remembered his young days in the Congo when his parents co-operated closely with the Methodist Church where Lumumba had been brought up.

By the time the reader reaches the end of this book, he is likely to agree with Stockwell that the clandestine services of the CIA are not only a danger to the values of a free society, but a liability to the free world.

Officers. He would have money, staff and resources and he would be responsible for running the largest and most glamorous of the agency's operations at the time.

That is where the Angolan tory started. As the Portuguese left Angola, there seemed little doubt in the Americans' minds that the new government would be formed by the Russian-backed MPLA.

Stockwell quickly came to the view that this could be prevented—minimal American support would enable the rival operation movements, FNLA and UNITA, to seize power. Incredibly, Washington

decided neither seriously to contest the struggle nor keep out of it altogether, and Stockwell was instructed that his task was merely to make it more expensive—inevitably in lives as well as money—for the MPLA and their Russian backers to achieve power. Later this decision was changed and the Angola Task Force was instructed to aim for victory for the UNITA and FNLA movements.

The cost was not only in money and the effort needed to extend a useless and futile war, but in lives of Angolans. Stockwell's account provides a terrifying insight into the bureaucratic muddle, the per-

sonal jealousies and power struggles, and the sheer incompetence of the CIA and how the agency was prepared to go on living to the American people and even the White House on how the fighting was going in Angola.

How President Mobutu of Zaire was involved in Angola by supporting Holden Roberto, his brother-in-law, and leader of the FNLA plays a prominent part in the book. He acted as a liaison officer for the Americans and the FNLA and UNITA and handled arms which were sent to Kinshasa by the Americans. Mobutu passed them, and cash, onto the rebels, and finally

packeted two million dollars which, at the end of the war, the CIA had given to him to distribute to FNLA and UNITA to meet their war expenses. The CIA had no way to do this itself because, according to Stockwell, Roberto and Jonas Savimbi had fled into the Angolan bush, and CIA agents would not risk capture by Cubans or Angolan soldiers.

Henry Kissinger had overruled his advisers who wanted to seek a diplomatic solution in Angola. Kissinger was seeking opportunities to challenge the Soviets, having been humiliated in Vietnam. In June 1975 Zaire's relations with the United

PEN PALS



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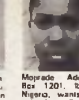
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Wallace Hecama, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Lawrence M Man, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Mopade Adeduro, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Zakariah Bawan, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Wilfred Noga Mwan, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



F. Ang Ekwere, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Lendani A. Oshun, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Henry Sime Mulu, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



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Ernest Akpanmwa, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Prince Oluwalan, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Mwanze Mwa, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



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Joseph Oshodi, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Judith Annu, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Henry Kungu, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Michael O Oloro, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



Stephen M Mwanze, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



James B Woyah, 20, **Nigeria**, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, chess, travel. Write: **Nigeria**, Box 22, **Nigeria**, general. Age 18.



When you have to live alone

by BIOLA FAPETU

TODAY, all over the world we find people, either by choice or necessity, living alone. It can be bliss, or it can be misery. Let us take a look at what makes for success, and set out a few guidelines.

Some people choose to live alone, others are left alone. Their comments range from "it's not living, it's existing," to "I love living alone and I'm never lonely." But out of their collective views, gleaned from personal experience and differing with their temperaments, come some common threads which weave a satisfying and harmonious design. Living by yourself is a matter of discipline. A trap for the lazy, it sets a real examination of character.

The qualities that spell success seem to be a mature and resourceful personality and a basic need for personal reliance. This doesn't mean being with tax claims, it means having and developing your own inner resources.

To live alone, I think one needs an inner peace, but not in the religious sense. You have to come to terms with living on your own, and this means making up your own mind about what kind of person you are and what will make you basically content. Another important personal quality is simple friendliness. I don't mean for popping in and out of neighbours' houses. I mean just being friendly with people. I believe there is this need to show friendliness, and you can't fake it. You have to be genuinely interested in people.

So many people who are left

alone feel they have a season ticket to sympathy. But it's not advisable to crave pity. If it's demoralising. Such a people should, instead, marvel at the love they've known, carry on normally, cook and care for the home, and take an interest in things. You must maintain your standards as a matter of pride.

When you live alone I think there is a need to organise, especially when you have a job. You can organise so well that you get home to eat your own lunch, thereby giving better and saving money. You can also organise to make house-keeping as painless as possible and try to keep the home tidy without making a meal of it. One also has to be careful when shopping. Regard shopping as a challenge and not a chore — you'll enjoy it better.

When you live alone requires having outside interests, or the house will stifle you. You may take to sport or learn to drive. Try as hard as possible not to be ruled by television. It's too easy to rely on it for relaxation. Living alone you need some hobby or occupation to get you out of the house, or the danger is you'll live in a fantasy world.

You may decide to take a pleasurable ride on a bus, or go on an excursion. Or you may find your pleasures in reading, sewing or painting, or in antiques and collecting curios. Try foreign travel, dress making, music, gardening and cooking, and be determined not to get yourself down. When you keep busy you won't have time for brooding or self-pity. I believe it is the dilemma that the devil works on.

There are lots of things one can do to make living alone worth it. If you are the

loves pets, you can do some pet-minding, or keeping up-to-date with fashion. When you are happy with your appearance, you are likely to be happy inside.

Do various jobs about the house, like painting your kitchen or bedroom. By that, living alone need not be thought of as solitary confinement. One should not be afraid to explore the advantages and overcome what may seem insurmountable problems. When you are with others and talk to them about your doings, you'll feel much better. If it happens that you are left alone due to unforeseen circumstances, you may need others to talk to, but if it was your decision to stay alone, then you know why and how you want to live your life.

Now let's have a summary of tips that will make living alone worth it. Be neighbourly in the best sense. Keep an engagement diary, and try to ensure that each week has a highlight, something to look forward to. Never lose your sense of humour, and keep a sense of perspective. Make sure you have a flexible routine. Don't turn down spur-of-the-moment invitations because it's your duty to clean the house. Most important, if you find you really dislike living alone, then don't live alone.

There are alternatives. For some, sharing is a necessity, because they may be nervous and need to share expenses with someone else. It's good to have a friendly, sturdy and stout-hearted virtue. Also develop a cheerful self-sufficiency — which is what living alone is all about, or come to think of it, what living is all

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£2.50

WHAT IS the fate of a test-tube baby in Nigeria? This is the big question most over-zealous people have failed to consider before jumping onto the next available flight to London for their share of the child boom.

We all appreciate the good work of those white guys making babies out of test-tubes. But what will be the fate of such babies in our part of the world, where people still watch a lot of myths to child-bearing?

I have overheard married couples whose marriages have been fruitless discussing plans to go abroad and see the test-tube baby experts. Some have even vowed to sell all they have in this world in order to have a test-tube baby. The number of Nigerians who rush to Harley Street in London is uncountable, not to talk of the amount of naira that has gone into these gentlemen's purses. What fat accounts they must call! All because of a child to call one's own!

I sympathise with those people who for years have waited in vain to have children, and rejoice with them for the new device made available to them. I begin to feel God is showing us some of the wonders of his magnificent work. The unfortunate people can now rely on the expertise of the guys in the medical profession, and even smile wholeheartedly. We all know the unpleasantness of being child-

What's the fate of a test-tube baby?

less in our society, and the way our people feel about it.

Even those men whose wives are "unfit" still hope that God will answer their prayer to have one or two kids hidden somewhere. They profess love and "for better for worse" to their wives, but we see what goes on thereafter, even though it is not our business to watch their movements.

I know a few married couples who for years have tried all they can to have even one child to bear the touch of the family, but have been unfortunate. It is always the man's or the woman's fault. In either case an alternative has to be sought.

In Nigeria some parents-in-law suggest the "intrusion" of a third party — another wife or husband, whichever the case may be. Some married women have reacted belligerently to their husband's decision to take a second wife, and they often have their rings (the legal tie) to obstruct such illegal marriage. Hence these men go outside and keep mistresses who have kids for them, to the

scorn of the wife at home.

At times, too, the fault lies with the man, and he tries as much as he can to conceal this from his wife. Some foolish ones make their wives think they are quite fit and that it is they (the women) who need to see the gynaecologist for a medical check-up. When it is apparent that either of the two carries is incapable, there should be no need for hypocrisy. To bring in sentiments or emotions would be even more damaging.

Some of these unfortunate people would have been waiting still for their time to come if the dailies had not carried in black and white the prowess of the British doctors who now know the secret of baby-making. A lot of Nigerians have joined the queue at the hospital and we shall soon be seeing surprise mothers among us, I think.

When the papers first carried the news, people were speculating all sorts of things, and their speculations were not too different from mine, as almost immediately they gave the process of birth a name.

asks
**OMONE
AUDU**

Among the illiterate there is no such thing as a test-tube baby.

I can recall a market woman asking her daughter if it was true that the "Oyinbo" man had produced the first "bottle baby," and what was the baby going to look like? I laughed, and forgave her ignorance.

There are still a lot of people who don't know whether the test-tube baby is safe in our society or not. Some liken the test-tube baby to the kind we hear of in African myths that some gods are capable of giving children to barren women. Too much publicity about test-tube babies should be discouraged here in Nigeria. The more the publicity, the harder the rumours bite. We are quite familiar with the kind of people we have in our society and the way they perch at windows for rumours.

People will surely nickname



them or tag them with uglier names than "Omo-Injuga" (meaning "bottle-child"). All I am trying to say is that if we are going to bring in test-tube babies, the ground must be well cleared for them so that they live like all other babies and grow up as such.

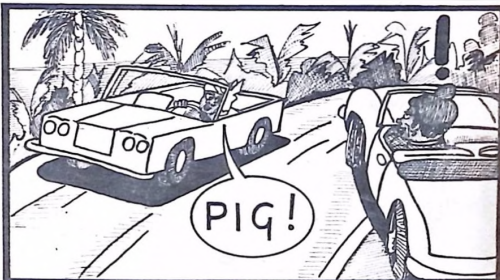
There should be no cause for discrimination between them and other normally delivered children. The moment we start exhibiting sheer ignorance by giving them awful names, then the disparity and complexity we all have been decrying will set in, and it may not be easy to correct.

Let's all remember, however, the Yoruba adage which says the woman who has children will surely die because of them; likewise the woman who has none. I think there is some sense in that. Chew it over!

1

Sam

by STUDIO SEVENTY



FOOTBALL

Football teams in the Sudan wouldn't dream of playing an important match without first visiting a witchdoctor to get a powerful spell to help them. But when both sides get some magic help the game becomes a battle of the witchdoctors. ZAKI HAMID reports for TRUST.

AT KHARTOUM South football ground a first division match was in full swing. The crowd roared their support as the home team's star striker rushed towards the opposing goal, cutting through the defence like a knife through melting butter. The striker attempted a shot from a distance — a weak shot.

The crowd held its breath, watching the slow progress of the ball as it tricked towards the net. Surely the shot would be saved. Then, suddenly, pandemonium broke out. An intruder invaded the pitch in the shape of a dog, a deformed three-legged creature which to the amazement of the crowd headed, tooth bared, towards the unfortunate goalie just as he



was about to catch the ball. He leaped in dismay, allowing the ball to roll slowly but surely into the net.

I had come to watch the match purely as an unbiased spectator and was standing with the away team supporters, but still I found myself rightly amused at this extraordinary piece of good fortune. I turned to my neighbour, but was surprised to see that he did not share my enthusiasm. In fact, a serious air was developing around me and showed signs of turning more ugly until, that is, the police were able to remove the offending dog from the pitch.

I wondered at the amount of ill-feeling it had caused, which seemed out of all proportion to the crime. Then I realised what

the problem was, and what the spectators were protesting about.

There was one word which I kept hearing. Magic. "That team has been bewitched," somebody shouted. I was amazed. Almost to a man, the people around me had blamed the dog episode not on coincidence or ordinary bad luck, but on something which I thought had long since stopped being a feature of the daily life in Khartoum: the witchdoctor.

Well, I had my doubts about the truth of these rumours, but the strength of feeling in the jostling crowd around me led me to think that this was something which needed investigating. I decided to find out more.

Witchdoctors, however, as I was shortly to discover, are an

elusive species and, probably with good reason, notoriously reticent about their activities. But, after a great deal of searching, some persuasion and with the help of a guide I was finally able to track one down.

I met Haj Mohamed at his home in Khartoum South district of Oshosh Falata, a slum area where immigrant families eke out a meagre living among the narrow, dirty streets, packed hard with dung and strewn with chicken feathers and other refuse.

He was a man of about 48, shabbily dressed and tightly turbaned. The only furniture in his three-by-three metre room was a strong smelling goat skin prayer rug, and, oddly, a large bowl of water. The walls of the room were papered with pictures of well-known Sudanese footballers.

I had scarcely entered the room and introduced myself when two clients arrived, representatives, it later transpired, of a famous local football team which I will call team X. At first they objected to my presence in the room, but then assured of my discretion, agreed to let me

stay. What followed was extraordinary.

They began by explaining that their team was due to play in a vital final. "Something powerful" would be needed. Haj Mohamed nodded and then looked long and deeply into his bowl of water. At last he shrugged his shoulders.

"The opposition's own witchdoctor is too powerful," he said. The only remedy, he explained, was a counter-spell and this would be expensive. The visitors assured him that money was no object, but that time was what counted.

After much frenzied haggling Haj Mohamed promised to do his best.

A few days later I found myself queuing to see the match.

I could not help wondering if there would be anything like a repetition of the dog episode. In fact I was not to be disappointed. Team X were losing badly when quite without reason a fight broke out among

heights of big business.

It is not surprising either that Haj Mohamed can earn 200 Sudanese pounds per game from a team that has hit a winning streak — and this is twice the pay of a top-class player.

And Haj Mohamed does not deal only with football teams. Their needs occupy about 60 per cent of his regular work. But he is also in great demand for such purposes as finding missing persons, providing love potions and treating a variety of ailments, from barrenness to lunacy.

From where does he get his power? When I asked Haj Mohamed he explained that it came from God, who spoke to him through the spirits of the dead. He was not, he claimed, the first in his family to be so blessed.

"I inherited it from my grandfather, who came from a long line of established witchdoctors," he said.

Witchcraft has been associated with football in the Sudan for as long as the game has been played.

the spectators and the match had to be postponed.

I went back to observe the next meeting between Haj Mohamed and his clients. The witchdoctor explained that he had postponed the match because there was no hope of victory. The opposition apparently derived their strength from something buried near the goalpost.

Before a counter spell could be made the object would have to be found.

The two men rushed back to the ground and returned soon afterwards, successful. The object turned out to be a package containing scraps of animal skin and bones, an out-of-circulation coin, crushed herbs and the line-up of team X written down carefully on a piece of paper.

On Haj Mohamed's orders the package was then quickly reburied at the opposite goal and when the match was replayed team X won handsomely — by 4-1.

I was now almost ready to forget my doubts and admit that this had gone far beyond the normal bounds of good luck. Whatever my private feelings might have been, however, the crowd was once again in no doubt as to the strength of Haj Mohamed's magic.

It is perhaps not surprising then to discover that witchcraft has been associated with football for as long as it had been played in the Sudan, and has shared the sport's rise to the

I spoke to an expert on metaphysics who is currently writing a book on the subject, Dr Izzedin Al Mahdi. He assured me that the explanation lay in the "power of the mind." The power could be good or bad, but only if used to harm others could it be called black magic.

I asked about the significance of Haj Mohamed's bowl of water.

"Using the bowl the witchdoctor is able to free his mind and see things not normally present to our senses," he explained.

"And the pictures decorating the room?" I asked.

"There should be a link between the witchdoctor and the person with whom he is dealing impressions about the person are transferred through telepathy from one mind to another. Everything has mind and the mind is but the spirit," Dr Izzedin concluded.

I have still not been able to make up my mind whether the episodes I witnessed were coincidences. What is more certain is that the witchdoctor business cannot be dismissed lightly, since it is obviously taken so seriously. Judging from my experiences it has a tremendous hold over a large number of people and Haj Mohamed and his like are held in great esteem.

But when and if witchdoctoring and miracle-making do eventually die out, I am sure that a number of the Sudan's well-known footballers will sleep more easily in their beds.



It's a goal ... but only because a ferocious, three-legged dog runs onto the field.



ALL FRIENDS TOGETHER: World heavyweight champion, Muhammad Ali, dressed in the best with his former victor, Leon Spinks — snapped in Las Vegas at a star-studded get-together to honour boxing's Grand Master, Joe Louis, ailing ex-world champ.



SMILING MOMENT as Miss Tunisia, 19-year-old Malak Hemiaghi — in London for the Miss World contest — visited the Tower of London and met Yeoman Warder 'Pop' Davis.



ANXIOUS MOMENT in Seoul, South Korea, when this man (LEFT) threatened to knife himself during a protest rally. His suicide attempt was stopped by civilian guards.

ANTI-SHAH demonstrators in Tehran (RIGHT) hold high pictures of the exiled Moslem leader, Ayatollah Khomeini, during the protests which drove the Shah from Iran.



HEAD OF STATE Lt-Gen Olusegun Obasanjo (ABOVE) addresses the December seven-nation summit in Jamaica — flanked by Jamaica's premier, Michael Manley, and the Canadian Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau, right.



SPRINGING into 1979: New York models (RIGHT) step out in the latest offerings from designer Scott Barrie.



WOYENGI



SCENE 1: Woyengi, Goddess of Creation, presides in Heaven at a creation session at which creatures choose their destinies for life on earth. Among them are Lakoe, a mother, and her friend and neighbour, Ogoimba, who has supernatural powers but who is herself barren and so envies her friend.



SCENE 3: Ogoimba, on her way back to Heaven, encounters Isembi, the King of the Forest.



SCENE 4: Further on her quest to Heaven, Ogoimba encounters Olokun, the King of All the Waters on Earth, and subdues him.



SCENE 2: Lakpe and Ogoimba seek out Woyengi, the Creator, to replace her destiny.



SCENE 5: Still further on, Ogoimba encounters the Cock, Ruler of the Last Kingdom of Those Who Die. She overcomes him and reaches Heaven.



SCENE 6: An enraged Woyengi chases Ogoimba back through the Kingdoms of the Cock, Olokun and Isembi, but fails to catch her.



SCENE 7: Ogoimba reaches Heaven.

GODDESS OF CREATION

TRUST looks at the play based on Obotunde Ijimere's book and directed by Segun Sofowote, right.



Story by
NELLY BEE

Pictures by
ABIM OLADEJO

WOYENGI, a play based on an Ijaw myth about the creator goddess, is a reflection of men's natural instinct to envy one another, and of their insatiable desire for power, even when placed in privileged positions.

It is a story that can be likened to folk tales such as the killer of the golden egg-laying goose, or that of the tortoise who broke his back as a result of an inordinate ambition to monopolise all the universe's intellect. It also compares with the Biblical Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden or the Tower of Babel.

In the play, taken from a book written by Obotunde Ijimere and staged by the Moonlight play group led by Segun Sofowote, two women, Lakpe and Ogboinba, are close friends and neighbours. Before they leave Heaven, the former requests Woyengi, the creator goddess, to bless her with many happy and healthy children on earth, while the latter chooses to be barren but to be blessed with supernatural powers.

On getting to earth, Lakpe has children while Ogboinba is barren but has all sorts of powers which make everybody fear her. Despite this, Ogboinba envies her friend, and decides to go back to Heaven to urge Woyengi to change her destiny — this time, to be able to make and unmake man on earth.

Ogboinba uses her supernatural powers to trace her way back to Heaven, although not without some obstacles. On her way she encounters Isembi, the mythological king of the forest who challenges her to a fight. She uses her supernatural powers to subdue her attacker, and advances further.

She later comes across Olokun, the king of the sea — and so has another fight, which she wins. Lastly, Ogboinba engages the cock, ruler of the last kingdom before Heaven, in another fight before finally storming the domain of Woyengi, where she holds up the work of creation and demands a new destiny.

Enraged, Woyengi, the creator goddess, drives her out, chasing her through the kingdoms of the cock, sea and forest to earth. On getting back to earth she meets her friend Lakpe, pregnant again. To escape Woyengi's further wrath, she enters her womb to be reborn again. But she is to be reborn with her old destiny. **T**



decides to
el her to

ain and
who is

Let's Laugh!

POLITICIANS WARNED

POLITICIANS AND THEIR SUPPORTERS HAVE BEEN WARNED AGAINST THUGGERY, VIOLENCE AND POSSESSING OFFENSIVE WEAPONS DURING THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION
-NEWS

O DEAR! THEY'VE TAKEN THE SALT OUT OF THE STEW!

I REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN POLITICS WAS A GAME FOR MEN AND REAL MEN ONLY!



POLITICS DIVIDES FAMILY

AS THE HEAD OF THIS FAMILY, I SAY WE ARE VOTING FOR U.P.N. AT LEAST THEY ARE TAKING OVER SCHOOL FEES-LOOK AT THEIR PROGRAMME!

DADDY I AM FOR M.O.P

MY DAD IS FOR N.P.N. SO I AM FOR N.P.N.



LAGOS TAXI AND METERS

TAXI, TAKE ME TO IKEJA

YOU WANT METER?

YES, I WANT METER.

OKAY, MAKE YOU STAND THERE AND WAIT FOR METER.



DURING A GEOGRAPHY LESSON IN THE CLASSROOM...

JOHN, NAME SOME OF THE COUNTRY'S MINERAL RESOURCES

VERY EASY. FANTA, COCA-COLA, SEVEN UP, SPRITE, GINGER ALE, SODA WATER, PEPSI



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THINKING of going steady with that beautiful daughter of Eve who occupies a special place in your heart? Then you've got another thing to think of.

Maybe it is true to say thatauty is in the eye of the beholder, but there are some women whose beauty cuts across all boundaries. If yours is a type of woman acclaimed to be beautiful by everyone, you'd better start watching your blood pressure.

Men know beauty when they see it, though some don't know the difference between natural beauty and cosmetic beauty. The sons of Adam know what to look for—and they run after it.

Most men don't just want to see any woman to bed; they want a smashing beauty who can guarantee long-term satisfaction. I would certainly prefer a beautiful apple to ten ugly lemons. Beautiful women are in demand everywhere, but they are only available to 80 per cent of the female population are ugly lucklings. Since the demand for beautiful women far outstrips the supply, it would be an uphill ask for a selfish Adam who tries to monopolise one particular daughter of Eve.

It is better how hard you try to reserve the she-goat for yourself alone, jet-bomber Adams will steal a bite behind your back—they will share her with you.

Don't be disillusioned into believing that the prefix "Mrs" can save you woman from hell. In fact, if you don't know you'd better be told now that there are some men who have their kicks by taking married women to bed. Some even wear that the mere fact that a woman is legally married to someone else gives them the right to have their share.

Some time ago he met a strikingly beautiful woman at a bus stop and decided to chat her up. He flashed an affable smile at her. The trick worked; she smiled back. This was his chance, he thought.

So he went on to tell the woman that he had been seeing her around, but hadn't had a chance of actually talking to her. He announced his liking for her and then.

"But I am somebody's wife," she said.

"I'm somebody's husband too," Musa lied back.

She laughed. And that was when it started—the illegal but nice intercourse between a never-sees-the-Adam and a lustful daughter of Eve.

Today the beautiful housewife is a steady donor to Musa. Who says marriage makes women forget their dubious inclination?

Even if your woman is not beautiful there is no way you can prevent her from having affairs outside the matrimonial home. There are scores of men who derive pleasure from seeing ugly women. Don't be alarmed; some men can't be

WATCH THAT BEAUTY!

they want one that looks like it is undergoing pain!

Even I cannot claim to be free from the temptation to eat another man's cake. Where I excel over other Adams is that I have a water-tight determination not to screw anybody's wife. If you have a wife, then you have a wife! I don't want to be party to the production of bastard children all around the place. All the while I have been avoiding married women—of course I know they would give in if only asked.

There is no need to put all one's trust in a woman. They change with the passing of time. When a woman trusts his love so much that he doesn't even nurse the slightest doubt about her, then he can't have achieved a mature stage in life. When you turn your back, your woman would give her body to someone else.

It's funny that women are often impressed by the love-making of outsiders. There is not a single woman on earth who appreciates her husband's worth as much as she is supposed to. Women always complain; yes, they find faults with their legal men. Either they are too conservative or too carefree. This is why they complain and seek solace outside the matrimonial home.

What a plight husbands suffer! They can come home from their daily business with all the joy of sharing their lives with their life partners. But little do they know that people laugh at them for being so downright stupid. People always laugh at a man who hurries home to meet an adulterous wife.

If you carefully explore the facts behind the scene, you find that nine wives out of ten are adulterous. I have seen many of them. They have even made passes at me. But for my determination, I would have started with any of them.

All this points to the fact that no woman deserves to be trusted. At least, not in the circumstances surrounding us. Women have to be told once and for all that we cannot trust them. Why should we? In the face of all "love" or "infatuation", love is not worth its salt, let alone trusting a daughter of Eve.

There is no way whereby you can keep a steady eye on your legal wife, because you have to keep your employment. You have only to believe that she can't be faithful to you 24 hours in a day. Somewhere along the line she must have the urge to

taste something different, something unusual. There are countless Adams waiting for just this chance. They leap, grasp, and eat.

Whether you like it or not, you just have to give infidelity a chance. Granted that your wife is perfection personified, you still have to be cautious about putting all your trust in her. Remember, a woman—in whatever circumstances—is a woman. She could pretend, but not for long.

How about setting a trap for the mother of your children? You don't believe me? Well why not give it a try? Nonsense? Okay, we'll all witness your era of

shame.

If your wife is the clever type who cannot be caught red-handed, you could trace her whereabouts one weekend and discover the hidden facts of matrimonial life. When she says she is attending a meeting, give her an hour's start and then go after her. You may then see the truth in my claim that women are not to be trusted.

Those who place trust in women should hang their heads in shame. No daughter of Eve possesses so much self-respect. Take it from me, no matter how hard you try to hide your women, they will take a bite behind your back!



'Beauty is in the eye of the beholder'... so the saying goes. But if your woman is one whose beauty is noticed by everyone... then watch it! says our friend Bachelor Boy (that's him on the left).

CAN'T STOP WINNING

Mrs. Farmer always reckoned she was "behind the door" when Lady Luck called. She wrote to me when her luck was at its lowest ebb. Her chart revealed the bad aspect of the planet Saturn occupying her own Birth Sign within two months to give a significant change of fortune.

She wrote again recently: "my luck has been outstanding. In April I won £30 and in May £25. Then I had a few wins of £5 but over this month I've had a win of £500... what a marvellous wind! I am very grateful to you... all your words are true and I am a firm believer. Would also like another Reading... thank you once again."

Obviously not everyone can expect good fortune so quickly, but it surprises how many people write to say how things have improved after astrological advice. Coincidence? Maybe, but I think that my advice often sparks their own help themselves rather than waiting for something to turn up. Talking the first step is easy. No need to write a letter. All I require to send you a FREE introductory Reading is your name (Mr/Ms/Miss), address and full date of birth in BLOCK LETTERS.

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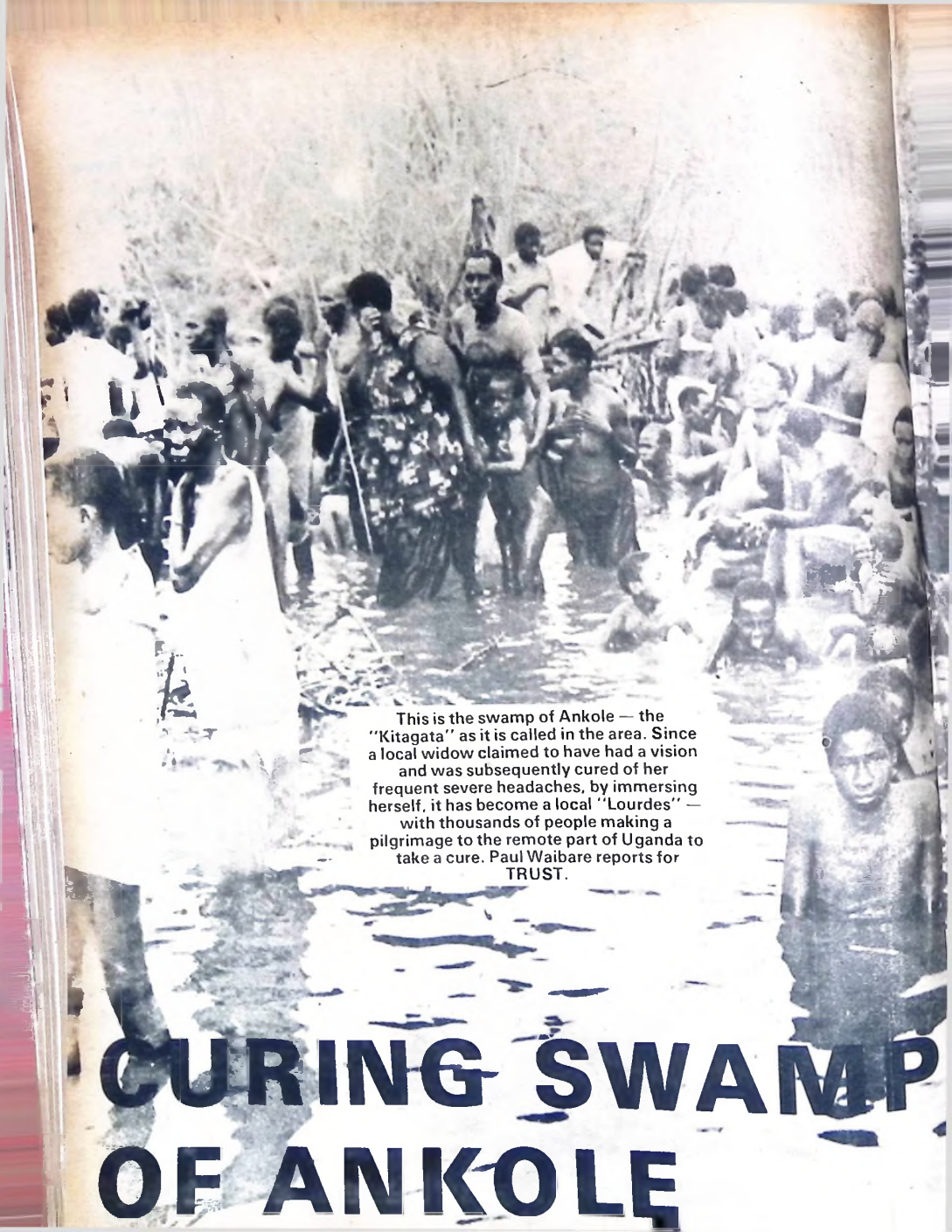
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This is the swamp of Ankole — the “Kitagata” as it is called in the area. Since a local widow claimed to have had a vision and was subsequently cured of her frequent severe headaches, by immersing herself, it has become a local “Lourdes” — with thousands of people making a pilgrimage to the remote part of Uganda to take a cure. Paul Waibare reports for TRUST.

CURING SWAMP OF ANKOLE

Lame and sick, some of them dying, men, women and children in their hundreds strip to bathe in the waters of the Ankole Swamp — alleged to have curative powers. Some have travelled hundreds of miles for the chance of a cure.



**THIS MAN
WAS A
CRIPPLE**

**THIS GIRL
WAS DEAF
AND DUMB**



**NOW HE
CAN WALK**

**NOW SHE
CAN SPEAK**

PLEASE TURN OVER

Miracle swamp

CONTINUED

KAKONGI is a tiny and remote village in Uganda's East Ankole District — unheard of by the outside world until just a few months ago. Now people are flocking there in their thousands following the remarkable claims that are being made as to the healing qualities of the waters of the Ankole swamp.

The swamp itself looks the sort of place to avoid, the kind of water that looks as if it harbours every parasite on earth from the snail which carries bilharzia to mosquitoes. But adherents to the belief that these swamp waters have amazing healing powers are numerous, and the lame, the deaf, the blind and sick are hurrying there in great numbers.

Behind the claims lie the vision of an elderly widow, Seforoza Maria Kyampire, who lives at Kagongi, who says that in her vision the Virgin Mary appeared and disclosed to her that the waters of the swamp near her home had the power to cure all kinds of diseases and disabilities.

All that the people so affected had to do was to bathe in the water and they would be healed.

According to Seforoza, this vision on March 15 1978

followed five years of constant and devoted prayer to God in which she asked the Almighty to offer her a cure for a severe headache resulting from a head injury inflicted on her by her now dead husband.

Seforoza claims that when she went to draw water from the swamp on the morning of March 15 she heard a voice saying: "This is the cure you have been praying for — bathe in this water and you will be cured." She did and, according to her, she was immediately healed.

Seforoza, a devout Catholic — she was baptised into the Catholic Church in 1945 and married in 1951 — returned home overwhelmed and narrated the story of the miraculous cure to her nine children. She decided that the first "patient" she would expose to the miraculous cure was her own one-year-old granddaughter who had a crippled leg.

Seforoza vehemently testified to newsmen that when she dipped her grand-daughter into the water — she called the water *Kitagata* which means "hot spring" although the water is in fact cold — the girl was immediately healed. Unfortunately, the newsmen had to take only Seforoza's word as they did not have an opportunity to see the girl or interview her mother.

In any case, Seforoza did not have much time for the "doubting Thomases". To her the fact that the population of over 50,000 that had converged



on the once unknown village was eloquent testimony that the *Kitagata* was effective.

As word about the mystery cure spread to all corners of Uganda like a bush-fire, more and more "patients" camped at the *Kitagata* site in hastily erected grass huts under conditions that provided fertile ground for an epidemic. The local chiefs joined hands with local health authorities to mount a campaign designed to ensure that elementary health rules are observed.

Meanwhile, the stampede to the water raged on. Now and then a "patient" emerged from the water and was surrounded by chanting relatives after announcing — or in the case of the lame and deaf, demonstrating — that he had been cured.

One newsmen who witnessed such a scene said he had only one misgiving — he had not seen the "cured" people before they got into the water. He was reluctant to commit himself either way. "I have no proof that these people I saw what would be their purpose for were not," he told fellow newsmen on his return.

Whatever doubts the newsmen might have entertained, one thing was certain from the story he told the thousands of people who flocked to *Kitagata*, some of them from hundreds of miles away, believed that they would be cured.

MAKESHIFT HOMES of the "patients" who flock to the *Kitagata* swamp in search of a cure. They live for days in these hastily erected grass huts that have mushroomed into an impromptu village. The risks are many, but the patients are prepared to risk life itself to be cured.

Some even tried to tear pieces of Seforoza's clothes or pluck a hair from her head in the hope that the healing power was invested in her person.

But Seforoza explained categorically that she did not have any supernatural powers herself and the healing power was only in the water. She pointed out, however, that only those who had faith that they would be healed by bathing in the water would be healed.

This seems to offer an explanation to the fact that several people who travelled from distant places in various corners of the country returned home disappointed.

At first the Government was content with just insuring that the health conditions do not extend to a dangerous level. When the Minister of Regional Administration visited the *Kitagata* camping site in the company of the permanent secretary in the Ministry of Health, both expressed appreciation for the steps taken by the district commissioner, the chiefs, and the local health authorities to contain the situation.

But as more and more people arrived at the swamp water became dirtier and dirtier and a spokesman for the Health Ministry issued a

warning that the *Kitagata* was a health hazard as people bathing in it ran the risk of contracting all sorts of water-borne diseases.

The spokesman urged people to "think twice" before bathing in that "contaminated water" and observed that there was no conclusive evidence that anybody had been cured by bathing in it.

He pointed out that three people who claimed to have been cured had been examined and found to be "malingers".

One group whose views have remained unknown are the religious leaders who have maintained a complete silence over the issue. Meanwhile, thousands of the faithful — both Muslim and Christian — seek divine healing in the dirty waters of the mysterious *Kitagata*.

MYSTERY CURE claim was made by this man (RIGHT), who had been a cripple all his life. "As you can see for yourself, I can now walk."

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'God is great' says the girl who could not speak...



"GOD IS GREAT" were allegedly the first words of this girl, one of the many patients who testified she had been cured. She says she had been deaf and dumb before.



WOMAN WHO started it all, Seforoza Maria Kympaire, speaks reluctantly to newsmen trying to unfold the story of the mysterious healing power of the Kitagata waters. ■ ■ ■ claim the Virgin Mary came to her in a vision.




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TRUST's Lady of the Month is someone, we're sure you'll agree, it's well worth keeping an eye on. In fact, she might even keep an eye on you one day: Evelyn's a trainee nurse when she's not modelling. Could there be a nicer angel of mercy?

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Keep
an
eye
on
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YOU AND YOUR STARS

from people you're dealing with. It seems to be all work and no play — so it will be little wonder if you're feeling browbeaten.



Pisces
Feb. 21 —
March 20

You can turn your ideals to practical account now by steering humanitarian impulses into the directions where they will do most good. Others may make personal sacrifices in the course of duty, but you do so for even better reasons — your love and pity for those in distress.

in handling the personal side of life — it could be robbing romance of some of its charm. Show your partner that much more affection by pandering to his or her sentimental inclinations.

be going well. You need taking out of yourself right now — you're becoming too introspective. Take more interest in what the people around you are saying and doing.

mood Don't cross your bridges before you reach them — you're conjuring up totally imaginary fears about what lies ahead, and thinking too much in terms of the past, too. Treat yourself — even if it's a bit expensive.



Aries
Dec. 21 —
Jan. 20

Things are not quite as sunny and straightforward as they may appear to be, so beware of assumptions which lead you to jump to the wrong conclusion. Wait upon further events before reaching a decision on something at issue now. If trying to make arrangements for travel, you may be unable to obtain them.



Taurus
April 21 —
May 21

Work shows signs of slowing down, and unless you can speed it up again you'll be getting even more behind schedule. Best not to make any special arrangements as you might have to put in overtime on jobs. Guard that much more against catching ailments.



Gemini
May 21 —
June 20

Mercury, your planetary ruler, is the symbol of speed, but you'll have to take everything you are doing at a slower pace for it's a case of more haste less progress now. Aim for perfection in what you carry out — it's quality rather than quantity that counts.



Cancer
June 21 —
July 20

For you, as for the Sun-Taurus people, it's a time for picking up the threads of previous work — but with a difference. As you'll probably be coping with minor details you'll probably become a bit bored, but don't let your concentration flag. You'll probably be at a loose end later.



Libra
Sept. 21 —
Oct. 20

What appears to be watertight could spring a leak, so do some checking up on security measures. You'll probably be spending more time than usual on your own now, so you've a chance to do some deep thinking about matters of special importance to you. But don't indulge in melancholy reminiscences.



Aquarius
Jan. 21 —
Feb. 20

It may be a spiritually uplifting time — and it's certainly a favourable one for those whose work lies in the field of spiritual matters. But for Aquarian businessmen (and women) it won't be a very satisfactory one. You've baulked at your endeavours.



Leo
July 21 —
Aug. 21

It's a continue-as-before period, so take up where you left off. You're being a bit too practical



Virgo
Aug. 21 —
Sept. 20

It's try, and try again time if what you're handling doesn't



Scorpio
Oct. 21 —
Nov. 20

You're never free from anxiety for long, and now you seem to be in a worrying, despondent



Sagittarius
Nov. 21 —
Dec. 20

You seem to be loathe to get to grips with various jobs which need to be done, but you must face up to them sooner or later, and the sooner you can clear them out of the way the better. Then they won't be nagging your conscience. Efforts to get in touch with a friend are likely to be fruitless.

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world. Interests:
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graphs, handwriting,
music, etc. Age 17



Mwa E. Uweaka PEC
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Benson, Oko, Benoni
Zone, Nigeria
Nigeria wants pen
pals from America,
Japan, USA, Korea,
France. Interests:
music, dancing, read-
ing, travel, dictionary.
Age 20



Simon H. Sibiaka
Lagos State
Austin, Lagos, West
Nigeria wants pen
pals from America,
Japan, Canada,
France. Interests:
Mathematics, sports,
writing, discussion,
teaching, letter writ-
ing, reading. Age 12



Young P. Oghena
Oshodi & Soffi Ltd,
PMB 1213 Lagos,
Nigeria wants pen
pals from all over the
world. Interests:
letter writing,
watching films,
discussing, playing
table tennis, etc.
Age 15



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2 Okin Street, 1st
Floor, Dye, Oyo
State, Nigeria
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pals from S
America, Europe,
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dancing, football,
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Age 15



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Ivory State, Nigeria,
West Germany, USA,
UK, Jamaica. Inter-
ests: football,
exchange, photo-
graphs. Age 17



Sagittarius
Nov. 21 —
Dec. 20

Handle business on cut-and-dried lines now — don't make concessions or expect them



Francis A. Adebisi
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P.O. Box 25, Onitsha,
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