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THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE VOL. 2, NO. 26, NOVEMBER 11, 1990 — Price: N\$5.00

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truth

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PRO was
killed



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● Gorbachev... builder



● Okorodudu... singer

Cover Design: FEMI AWOKOYA
FELIX EDIALE



● Shina... mania

A letter from the Editor -in-Chief

It has been an incredible week. Something bizarre and unspeakably vulgar has been happening in town. As if to celebrate Samuel Doe's old pastime, the latest rage in Lagos has been the spooky game over genitals.

Normally, such issues of extreme vulgarity would not see the light of day in **TSM**.

But when an uncommon phenomenon begins to touch the peace and security of society, when it begins to spread fear, distrust, even violence among the people, that issue no matter how vulgar or unpalatable becomes news.

News is what **TSM** is all about and when the news of widespread violence over disappearing genitals reached us last week, two reporters were dispatched to look into this oddity. The cover story by Ademola Adedoyin is a result of an intensive week-long investigation that covered the incidents, the accused, the victims, their relations and of course the police.

For a legal perspective Yusuf Olaniyonu went to the courts but found more than he bargained for. The courts are reeking with mysticism and unabashed vulgarity, a situation that some gentle ladies of the profession find rather difficult to handle.

This week is a bundle of excitement. Stay with **TSM**, the magazine as soothing as your Sunday morning tea.

Chris

TSM

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Johnson, Liberia and ECOMOG

It is evident from your interview with Miss Liberia Annie Brodericks (Vol. 2, No. 23, October 21, 1990) that Prince Yormie Johnson is a Mad man who should be chained. That he moves freely to ECOMOG headquarters to eliminate people suggests that the "peace-keeping" force is a toothless bulldog. That Johnson rapes daily and kills those who refuse him sex also says a lot about ECOMOG's mission in Liberia. Johnson should be told that to kill to become a leader is to lead to be killed. Definitely his days are numbered. Johnson will die in the hands of his own people.

**Timothy Emegbe,
Warri.**

According to "the most wanted girl in Liberia," Doe, Johnson and Taylor are birds of the same feather. I agree. It is indeed a pity that in a world of sophisticated communication such as the one we now live in, some people still have to cry out to be heard. Poor Libena

**Aniefiak Udobre
Ikot Ekpen**

Our detailed account of Annie Brodericks' experience in Liberia should serve as yet another eye-opener on the situation in that strife-torn country. Although the condition of Libena gets more pathetic by the day, I think we should wait patiently and pray that ECOMOG would be successful in bring-

ing back peace to that troubled land.

**Michael Ebijeho,
Auchi.**

I have no reason to doubt Miss Brodericks' claim that Prince Johnson goes to ECOMOG headquarters *undisturbed* to collect people and kill them with impunity. Which tells hopeless story of the so-called peace-keeping force. It does appear ECOMOG has the dual assignment of fighting Taylor and aiding Johnson. Shame!

**Iloegbunam Obi
Calabar**

Let it burn!

After reading your cover story on ex-NEC boss Professor Eme Awa (Vol. 2, No. 24, October 28, 1990) I suffered so much distress. How can a Nigerian who lived in Nigeria during the Shagari era through the Buhan—Idagbon days to this age of ruptured economy and a sapped citizenry say he doesn't want to talk for fear that the country will burn? Eme Awa should talk and let the Atlantic Ocean open its mouth and sweep the whole country. For how long shall we fool ourselves with our fire brigade antics?

**Alasan Abdul-Azeez
Auchi.**

How do you view the recent compulsory retirement of university lecturers?



Abubakar Momoh
University Lecturer



Kunle Fagbade
Businessman



Toun Fowokan
Student Union Leader



Sunday Babalola
Management Consultant

How can you retire a man without any specific reason? It is wrong for the government to generalise, such retirements should only be done in the public interest. All the lecturers concerned have put in decades of meritorious service. Which public interest is being served by retiring them? As far as I am concerned, they are still in service.

GOVERNMENT must have some reasons for asking them to retire from the universities. They should leave if the government feels they are not needed. After all, academic work is not the only job by which they can make their living. In their own interest and in the interest of peace they should just abide by the order.

RADICALISM is not synonymous with rascality. But it appears the government thinks otherwise. The question should address the questions being raised by the so-called radical dons and not silence the questioner. The purported suspension smacks of vendetta. Nigerian government should grow up.

GOVERNMENT is making a mistake. It is not possible to eliminate radicals from any society, whatever class or profession they belong to. They can set up their own business and thereby become more potent in financing what they believe in. Radicals are a necessary complement to an otherwise complacent society.

Yes, men need protection — from themselves

Something moved me to my roots today and right now I feel like screaming I have laughed and cursed until I'm hoarse. All over some piece of outrage by this guy with no last name (or is it first name?) Chinweizu! Have you met him? You've got to meet him. He's a most unusual, unconventional, non-conformist guy - one of the lasting remnants of the "Woodstock Nation," a child of the 60s hippie culture. Only Chinweizu can muster this package of hilarity and utter provocation.

Just as Nigeria was beginning to hear the whimper of woman - that silent, down-trodden back bone of society, just as the Nigerian man was beginning to acknowledge the need to improve her condition, help her realize her potentials and encourage her greater involvement in society, that's when Chinweizu chooses to flag off his "masculinist" war against woman, the "oppressor" and "enslaver" of man!

The timing is deadly! The language is outrageous. The idea is simply outlandish! But it makes damned good read. If you are a prude, don't touch it. This one is for liberated minds. I just hope you don't take him seriously just as I hope you won't take my language too literally. He's a free-thinker and if you were to read him with the usual Nigerian seriousness, you may be tempted to call him names - "a cheeky bastard," an "S O B," a "free loader" and more. You may even wonder who has done this to Chinweizu? Who has scared him "so bad"? Has this swinging radical finally concocted an alibi for his celibacy? He draws a mixture of emotions but one inevitable conclusion remains: he's a rare species giving free expression to what he lives.

His basic theory: That women are not what they seem. They're not the soft, weak, helpless creatures men make them out to be. They're stronger than men. They rule the world. They're clever manipulators and controllers of men. The principal occupation in a woman's life is "winning and holding at least one male slave."

Chinweizu sees everything about women in terms of war. Beautifying herself is preparation for war. Her cosmetic bag is her magician's tool box to "bewitch, confuse, disarm, dull" the reason of powerless men.

Beauty in Chinweizu's eye is a set-up by woman to draw a man into her festering slave nest. "I love you" from a woman means "feed me, cloth me, get me great with a child and take me as your burden." But from a man it means "I'm eager to be your slave and ready to do everything I can to make you satisfied and happy." According to him a man in love is afflicted with temporary insanity which only marriage can cure. A woman in love is a clear-headed huntress.

Where does this guy get such crazy



Chris Anyanwu

"Chinweizu sees everything about women in terms of war ... and he is fuelling the war with his masculinist gospel"

ideas! Is he speaking to the right audience? This is Nigeria where man is king. He roars and roams unimpeded and each step in the way he has his feet on a number of females ready with water and oil to minister to him. The language is strange to us here. To start with "love" doesn't really exist here. What he is doing is simply trying to stem any chance of what he considers the white man's folly (love) from taking root here. He wants to nip what he fears the festering leaping process (all this talk of women), leaving the roaring lion called Nigerian man to roam and roar on!

For years women in this country were used as beasts of burden, articles, objects of trade and entertainment to buy, use and dump like rubbish heap. Now they've become the hussies and enslavers of men. Their little effort to improve, love themselves, project their "gift of nature" — their beauty has become their beguiling process of bewitchment, entrapment and enslavement of men.

"Men need protection from women," shouts Chinweizu. I say he's damned right! First let's pass laws following the precedent of our "colonial masters" — the British Parliament in 1770 forbidding any woman from seducing, tricking, beguil-

ing, hypnotizing or bewitching a powerless, flesh-seeking, mushy "macho," "musho" or for that matter "masculinist" male into marriage!

Second, let's also ban her tools of battle - the "pains" (cosmetics) and "scents" (perfumes) that she employs to wrought this havoc on the "powerless" male.

Third, let's also pass a law in the best interest of man, forbidding him from flaunting his wealth, social or political status, physical charm of machismo for purposes of razzle-dazzling, lamlalizing, confusing, deranging and robbing woman of her senses and finally forcing her to surrender body beautiful!

Chinweizu is fuelling a war with his masculinist gospel. "Men of the world unite. Drop your macho illusions and tight nest slavers," he roars. He's confusing his home folks. The pity is that those men unfamiliar with his humour may put up their guards and consequently reverse the encouraging minor advances in the recent past.

But don't mind Chinweizu! He's not a bad guy. He's merely quibbling with words. He's teasing us, entertaining us in a manner he knows best. He's giving excitement to a society so stiff and lacking of good humour.

Thank you Chinweizu for making us laugh. Thank you for hitting us hard with the full dimension of the work that lies ahead, for bringing in the international dimension, revealing in the process how hopeless the taming process could be without the full backing of the law. The American man has been tamed by law. He's been made responsible. He can love body beautiful but he must support her and the fruits of his lust - the children. If he dumps her and moves, he pays a price for his freedom.

Those laws were made by the American man to ensure sanity in society and protect him from himself!

Now, do we have the men who have the courage to impose such restrictions on themselves? Not yet! That is why the Nigerian man is today the freest, most powerful lion there is. This is a land where man is king!

Thank you Chinweizu for bringing this to the attention of women this week of the Anniversary of the Rural Women Movement. This whimper must now take a roaring, more substantial dimension by forcing the institution of laws that will in the end make the Nigerian man less "susceptible to the bewitching power of woman" - stringent laws on Family Support, Alimony, Rape and Incest. Chinweizu has done it again!

That was a stupid thing to do!



By Ely Obasi

Three weeks ago the bright plumes of politics returned. And the nation went awash again with the vibrancy of a people whose hopes that they will someday be allowed to chart their own destiny, had sprung to life again.

But day after day, those hopes are somewhat being force-twisted into those gnarls that fashioned the terrible ugliness of our past!

Last Sunday, just a week today a huge sledgehammer slammed against those dreams of a beautiful Third Republic in Kwara State the first bloody bubble burst.

A night outing, a not yet properly explained venture, and a young man lay dead. Mobbbed by a group of youths, who merely because they had entered their names on different sheets of paper had become mortal enemies. Brothers had become enemies because of two different sheets of paper. Nothing any more tangible.

You couldn't say it was colour that divided them. You couldn't say it was language for they all spoke the same tongue. It wasn't ideology flimsy as even that excuse will be. The two political groupings fashioned by the Babangida junta possess the same face and have the same ideology.

But yet these group of young men mobbed their brothers, and when the dust cleared one lay dead. The other two, one is not yet so sure.

That murder on a weekend night last week, produced the first casualty of the Third Republic. It smashed our hopes, flushed our cheeks with tears, and turned the future into one ugly boiling storm of extreme cloudiness.

Could we have gone wrong this soon? The facts when you take another look at them, are confounding. The truth is, yes, we are going wrong, very wrong, disastrously wrong and this very soon.

Mischief has a funny way of dogging every step we take in this country

"That murder on a weekend night last week, produced the first casualty of the Third Republic. It smashed our hopes, flushed our cheeks with tears, and turned the future into one ugly boiling storm of extreme cloudiness."

When Babangida flushed out the 13 fledgling political groupings, and instituted his own two parties, many thought that was a masterstroke. When he went on to name them very differently from anything else we had before, the hopes rose higher. But only for a short while.

A few days later mischief arrived. People removed **Social** from the SDP and substituted **Southern**, then re-

moved **National** from NRC and plugged in **Northern**. At first we laughed at it. Until the colour of the rainbow began to emerge.

A quiet polarisation of sorts began. And all of a sudden, we don't now know whether it is still Babangida's parties we have or a new pair called the Southern Democratic Party and the Northern Republican Convention.

That has been a disturbing trend. Now the two parties went to Abuja and all but confirmed this. The SDP elected a northern chairman, somewhat confirming that they had paved way for a southern presidential candidate. The NRC, did the opposite, they elected a southern chairman, thereby almost certainly fashioning the way for a presidential flag bearer from the north. Was there a direct conspiracy of man or that of the gods?

But if you thought that was the most ugly development, the parties were ready to surprise you further.

Three weeks ago Dodan Barracks gave them a flag off for the December 8 elections. Now, let's forget the farce of open ballot. Because all of sudden Nigerian intellectuals on the government's side have been clamouring for a return to the stone age.

The most puzzling aspect of it all is that in choosing the launch venues of their campaigns, the Northern, sorry, National Republican Convention, chose Kaduna. And of course the Southern, ugly, Social Democratic Party pitched in Lagos.

What is developing is that today, Nigeria is again becoming polarised along two lines that make no meaning to this country.

Because the north and the south really do not exist. Only the opportunism of greedy politicians created those phantom lines of division.

But we had expected that Ikimi and Kingibe owed us a little more than these acts of stupidity or carelessness which surely will land us in the same cauldrons that nearly roasted us in the past.

How NRC PRO was killed

Third republic claims its first victim barely three weeks after campaign whistle was blown.

was bubbling with life. And was happy with himself. He had reasons to. Ever since he contested for, and won the PRO post, he has not witnessed any big party convention. But time was approaching. His party was soon to be launched in Kwara State. And what bigger opportunity, than this, does he have to show off. To show how efficient he was. To show how hard-working he was.

This Saturday then, he set off with two of his party members, Mudasinu Mulalib and Akin Bello. To put things in order. He never did. He ended up in a mortuary.

According to on-the-spot reports, the three met a group of youths, about three hundred of them, meeting. And they wanted to find out what was afoot. They joined them, only to be confronted by questions upon questions.

The meeting youths all male, who said they were not a minority, identified themselves as the Youth Wing of the 'rival' party, the Social Democratic Party, SDP. Bello told TSM from his hospital bed at the Okene General Hospital that they didn't know those meeting were SDP. He said they never even joined them to meet. That they were just passing close-by when they were

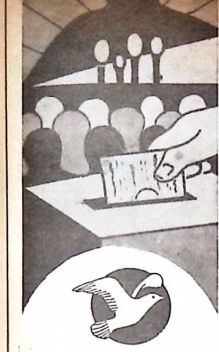
'waylaid' and asked why they must be around the vicinity, about that time. Time was 12.45 pm.

Bello said several of the youths asked them: 'Why are you here? Don't you know you don't belong here? Who sent you to pass through here? Why do you want to spy on us?' According to Bello, as soon as the questions started coming one after the other, they took to their heels 'to save their necks'. Just as they took off, they were pursued by several of the youths, who caught up with them and beat them up.

As they were beating them up, they called them spies, took all the money they had. All the while, he told TSM 'We were pleading with them, telling them we were no spies. That we were their brothers. And that nobody sent us to spy on them'. But he said as they kept pleading they kept beating them. He explained that Ahmed kept screaming that he was dying, asking them not to kill their brother for nothing, but nobody listened to him.

The three of them were beaten to a state of unconsciousness. He said he regained consciousness to find out he was in the hospital.

If he regained consciousness, Ahmed



tics
policy

By Comfort Obi

order is not new to Ebriraland. Kwara State Nor to its inhabitants. It is anything, when Ebriraland is mentioned, the next thing that comes to one's mind is murder. Ritual murder.

More than any other town in Kwara State, Ebriraland has given law enforcement agents nightmares with the number of murdered people which litter the town.

Now, one wakes up and sees a dead body on one's door. Murdered. And most of the parts removed. Within the last two years, over 50 murders, according to police report have been recorded. Men, women, boys, girls, children.

But all these, have been what the police suspect, and call ritual murders. Not political murders. The bubble burst again last week.

On Friday, October 26, Ebriraland witnessed another murder. This time, a political one. By this murder, it has scored a first. The first town to record the first political murder in the third republic. Kwara State also scored a first. Aside from being the first state to have a Tailor as a legal adviser to the SDP.

For Dele Ahmed, the Public Relations Officer, PRO at the National Republican Convention in the Agasa Ahafe Wara in Okene/Okehi of Ebriraland, Friday, October 26, was like any other day. He



Ikimi, Kurgibe — first trouble



Why did 17 security men watch it burn?

Lecturers, workers, students point accusing fingers at each other as the god of fire wreaks havoc at IMT

By Comfort Obi

Nothing prepared Gordon Ezimora, Rector of the Institute of Management and Technology, IMT, Enugu, for the shock. Maybe he had a premonition. But nothing he could take any special notice of. Wednesday, October 17, 1990, Ezimora went to his office located at the day's job site on Abakaliki Road campus at the IMT for his office is located within the main administrative block. At the end of the day, he went home.

But that was to be the last day Ezimora would set his foot in his office. That was also the last day for all workers in the administrative block. For, by early Thursday morning, Sango the god of fire had visited, with fiery tongues of fire. By the time fire-fighters arrived, the whole administrative block, housing Ezimora's office, examination department and the Colour Photographic Laboratories, was reduced to ashes.

Ezimora was a shaken man when he was rudely woken up by the blaring siren of fire fighters at exactly 12.30 a.m. What could have happened? Who was responsible? How come the whole block was razed before anybody took notice?

Questions, and more questions. The administrative block is just by the entrance of the IMT. Very close to the gate. Very close to security men. The fire, according to reports started by 12.10 a.m. Nobody noticed. Not even the horde of security men. And there were 17 of them on duty that night.

A police station is just opposite the IMT Enugu. And there must have been some of them on duty. Yet, they did not notice. It took just a passer-by, around 12.10 a.m., to tell the fire brigade that IMT has

been torched and that this might keep its men awake for the rest of the night.

The Anambra State Chief Fire Officer, Moses Ezekwe, told TSM, "A good Nigerian came into my office at about 12.20 a.m. Wednesday to report about the fire".

He said he sent his men out immediately with two fire fighting vehicles. His men came a shade too late. The whole building was already ablaze. Worse, water was not running at the IMT, and indeed, the whole of Enugu when his men arrived. By the time the fire finished with the block, property worth millions of Naira had been destroyed. And so were very important documents IMT ever had! Particularly in the examinations department where people's certificates were burnt. Results, grades and scripts were not spared.

"Tragic." That's the word Ezimora used to describe what happened. Haggard

and visibly shaken, he said, "I don't know why this had to happen to us. Not at this time when everything is difficult. Why IMT? This is the second time this year."

Speculations have been rife as to the reasons behind the tragedy. With the speculations have come questions, accusations and counter accusations.

For instance, many are wondering why no security man out of the 17 on duty that night, noticed the fire. And the questions are, were all of them asleep? If they were, what did they eat or drink which made them sleep off like babies? A very angry Senior Journalist in Enugu remarked, "Somebody must have given them an adulterated drink earlier to make them sleep and to celebrate an on-coming well-planned tragedy." And the police just opposite? Why didn't any of them notice?

If Herbert Eze, a Lt. Col. and governor of Anambra State, who has been battling fires these past three weeks, could ignore the police for not noticing, he couldn't ignore the securing men on duty. He was furious. And he showed it.

The very next day when he interrupted his familiarization tour of local government areas to rush to IMT, he quickly clamped the security men into detention.

The speculations have not omitted the reasons behind the bombing. Very many people, including some students and workers point at fraud. Those who

Continued on Page 14



Eze... worries qaloro



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By Comfort Obi

Was there a Lagos connection in Justice Nnamani's death?

The drama began at the Enugu old motor park. A taxi driver in his early 20s had accepted to take the traveller on a return trip to Ukehe, Nsukka. Anambra State for N10000. Just as we entered the car, he asked casually, "Do you know where you are going to?" "Well, No, but I am going to?"

John Nwodo's place. "Don't you know the place?" He casually said. "I know the place but that we had to make a few bargain. Now that we had to make a detour along the road. He said we had to pay him N20000 or that the journey was cancelled. We argued. He insisted and asked that we go with other people how much it costs to get there 'now' Then, 'Anyway, you are well, he wouldn't budge. We were making a spectacle of ourselves. We were N20000 it was

It wasn't so until Saturday. And

member 22. The day John Nwodo, a traditional ruler and a former power-buried. Ever since that day, things have never been the same for some people in Ukehe, Agbani and Achalla. Fear, Mortal fear, Fear of the unknown, Confusion, Agony of the un-

These have become the order of the day in these three towns in particular. And Anambra State in general. Most taxi drivers are afraid to take people to the late Eze's place. More out of fear, based on superstition, than anything else. But the people are not keeping quiet. Like in the olden days, they've gone to their gods to ask why and to make amends.

This Saturday, as Nwodo was being buried, tragedy struck. It struck at a very sore place which pained the people of Anambra State much. And it couldn't have happened before more respectable mourners. There seated were Herben Eze, a Lt Col and Anthony Ogugua, a navy commander, governors of Anambra and Imo States respectively. There seated were other very distinguished Nigerians including Jim Nwobodo and Christian Onoh, both ex-governors of Anambra State. Ogugua sat by the right of Augustine Nnamani, a respectable judge of the Supreme court. It was time for a belated funeral oration for Nwodo. And Nnamani stood up to read it. He adjusted the microphone, cleared his throat. And then, he wavered. People thought he was adjusting his jacket. He wavered forward, tried to hold himself, and then, slumped

A good number of people ran away. Ogugua dashed out to hold him. And Jim Nwobodo did a Ben Johnson to give a helping hand. Some people thought Nnamani just fainted from the heat and exhaustion. They had a good reason to think so. Consider that about 20 minutes earlier, a woman had slumped and fainted. She was revived later on.

But Nnamani's case was different. He could not be revived. And long before he got to the University of Nigeria Teaching Hospital, Enugu, he was a dead man.

The death of Nnamani, tilted back to the mourning crowd, fell like a loose bomb. A good number of people, particularly those from Nnamani's town, Agbani, entered their vehicles and left. And from Nsukka to Agbani, a long convoy of cars whose occupants wailed to high heavens adorned the road.

As the people of Anambra State were wondering what could have caused Nnamani's death, another tragedy befell them - courtesy again,

of Nwodo's death. The traditional ruler of Achalla, Igwe Nwokedi, had taken some of his Red Cap chiefs and his wife to pay a condolence visit to the Nwodos. As they were going back, tragedy struck. Just as they got near Oji river, their car skidded off the road. The traditional ruler's wife and two Red Cap chiefs died.

And that had been the lot of Anambra State. As soon as Nnamani died, several people began to ask questions. What happened? Did he die out of his love for the respected traditional ruler? Did he have a heart attack? Or what?

Traditionalists in Anambra State say there was more to the four deaths than meets the eyes. They argue that the gods must be appeased. And they wonder why four people should die over one man.

Understandably, none of those who spoke to *TSM* on the issue would want their names mentioned. At Ukehe, for instance, not many people were ready to discuss the issue. An elderly

Late Justice Nnamani





Ugugua...witnessed the fall of the judge

man who spoke to TSM said. "Look my daughter, nobody asks such questions. A tragedy has befallen us. But we are taking care of it. We have listened to our gods. And they have listened. It won't happen again. These things were happening before you were born. No great man goes alone."

Another simply said, "Nwodo went the way of our fore-fathers. No strongman goes alone. You go with people. Go and ask your elders in your village. But we have made amends now."

Well, which, of course, means that the gods have been appeased. But nobody was able to tell TSM the type of appeasement offered the gods. Nor the names of the gods for that matter. But it was agreed something had been done.

At the Nwodo compound, everywhere was quiet. TSM sat with a few people, not daring to ask any questions about the deaths. Just pretending we were among the lot visiting ordinarily.

However, some educated persons

who spoke to TSM hold different opinions in Nnamani's case, they agree there was more to his death than meets the eye but they point accusatory fingers elsewhere. A seasoned Journalist in Enugu told TSM, "you came from Lagos. Go and ask them in Lagos what happened. Go to the supreme court. Somebody may tell you. Or do you believe this rubbish about Nwodo not wanting to go to the grave alone? He was powerful. But he was a peaceful man. He wouldn't do that to Anambra people."

An Onitsha based lawyer was even more out-spoken. "I am surprised.

You live in Lagos.

And you ask me about Nnamani's death. I will ask you a few questions. What was his rank at the supreme court before Esho was due for retirement? After Esho's retirement who would have been Nnamani's position? Who would have succeeded the present chief judge? How old was Nnamani? Find the answers to these questions and your assignment is as good as finished."

When TSM visited Agbani, Nnamani's village, everywhere was gloomy. At the Nnamani compound, several people were frantically helping at the renovation, and the building of a belittling house for the fallen supreme court judge.

A youngman who wouldn't want to be quoted but who identified himself as Nnamani's cousin told TSM in tears, "He is gone. Let those who want to inherit the earth and be everything go ahead. He is no longer an obstacle. But at least, he was a good judge."

Nnamani's committee of friends have vowed to build a dream house for him. They have already levied themselves and work has begun.

Nnamani had no house of his own before his death. But he built a house for his father. And that is the one being frantically renovated for November 3. The dream house, estimated to cost a whopping sum of N1 million is not likely to be ready before November 3.

In a casual discussion, Onoh told TSM, "Nnamani was an honest fellow. Would you believe it that with all the positions he held, he had no house of his own in his village. He has only one plot in Enugu. But we shall make him proud. His friends are building him a house he would have been proud of. He was not a corrupt man and unlike some others, he didn't know how to enrich himself corruptly."

Already, Nnamani's body had been flown to Lagos from Enugu in an Air Force Jet. He was due to be buried November 3.

Continued from Page 10

spoke to TSM, but who pleaded anonymity for obvious reasons say the administrative block was deliberately set on fire to cover up fraud. They point out a fraud involving over N70,000 and another involving over N13,000 which were shabbily investigated.

They also spoke of the exploitation of the students where those of them given in the official receipt is usually written instance, turned one student, the original carbon copy another.

But some of the lecturers point accusing fingers at the students. They point out that during the last semester examination, the number of students involved in malpractices was made to fill a face were caught. Their forms and all they were a panel. They were going to obvious block with were and the school which is expulsion. Another punishment "The students in this school have gradually turned this school into a bed-rock of malpractices. They give it all sorts of names ranging

from 'Mgbo' (bullet) to 'Okpokirikpa'. They did this."

However, the students argue that they were on holidays. They were supposed to have resumed on October 24, but Eze has said no. He postponed the resumption date indefinitely. If their school is burnt, they might as well stay at home and mourn it.

One thing most people seem to agree on, within and outside IMT, is that the administrative block was deliberately set on fire. And they point to the fact that all the offices went up in flames at the same time. Not from one office to the other. A situation which made it impossible for anything to be saved.

A fire fighter said, "it just looked like somebody went round the block with a can of petrol."

Eze seemed to have smelt a rat too. Aside from clamping the securitymen into detention, he has ordered a fresh investigation into the alleged fraud involving over N83,000.00.

But a female student warned that IMT may be on fire again. This time the female hostels. She pointed out that block C, of the female hostel was always "sparking" and sending the students scampering for dear life.

Bianca's brother in political turmoil

- Wants to be chairman of Enugu LGA
- But the commission not yet
- Frantic efforts to get him in

By Comfort Obi

It was 7.30 a.m. Venue, Onoh's quarters, GRA, Enugu. Three cars, one, a white Mercedes Benz, of the 230 series were packed outside the gate. Inside was a blue coloured Mercedes 190, aka Baby Benz.

Three women were standing inside, all dressed to the nines. All carrying big handbags. All vying to go. Seven men were also standing within the compound. Two guards sat on the ground. Three other men, none, well dressed were also standing. And then, the last two, one rather young for who he is, and the other in his early 30's stood whispering.

The younger one was smartly dressed. He tucked his short sleeved, white shirt into a brown pair of trousers. And wore a black silk tie.

You could see he wasn't settled. He was in a hurry. But he had all those people standing there to attend to. One way or the other, they were important to him. And then, a reporter walks in, greets and asks who was who. One of the Guards winks at the reporter's interest! The reporter walks up to him, introduces herself. The young man says he was hurrying out, others the reporter his expensive biro pen to put down her hotel address. And then, dashed into his car, forgetting his biro, the address, the reporter and the others. The reporter runs after him. He apologises and gives a 6.00p.m. appointment. As he made to dash into his car again, the women and two of the men run after him, and he dismisses them in a hurry. Issues out a few instructions in whispers, dashes into the blue V-boot and drives out, leaving everybody behind.

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to the confusion that was Gabriel Onoh this bright Monday morning.

Gabriel Onoh, as you must have guessed, is the son of Christian Onoh, the stormy petrel of Anambra State politics.



Gabriel Onoh

He is Onoh's first son. An architect by profession. And he does not look more than 27 years old.

Gabriel looks a lot different from big Daddy into whose shoes he wants to step, politically, that is. He looks as quiet as they come. And he is painfully press-shy. Unlike Daddy who would not bother about somebody sitting in to guide him while he talks to a reporter, Gabriel wouldn't talk except somebody whom he refers to as "press secretary to Enugu LGA" is around. And he has very, very soft looks.

Now, that's not a good combination for politics — press-shy, quietness, soft looks. As you look at him, you cannot help imagining how he would look in the soap box.

But Gabriel is definitely not bothering about these. He has packed his architectural books, drawing tables, pens and rulers for politics. And he is starting with the big one. If Daddy is banned, I am not.

Gabriel is eyeing the chairmanship of Enugu Local Government Area. A position, which was occupied by his uncle, Sam Oji, before Augustus Aikhomu then CGS gave him the marching orders! Enugu LGA, as you know, is the most lucrative local government in Anambra State. But it doesn't scare soft-looking and soft-spoken Gabriel. You really have to

strain your ears to hear a word of what he says.

A staunch member of the National Republican Convention, NRC, Gabriel contested in the primaries for the LGA election come December 8. He was declared the winner and so, given the greenlight to contest.

While a man (name withheld) who identified himself as Gabriel's friend glibly told *TSM* that he too contested for the same post but was rigged out along with others, another contestant, Julius Okolo, has gone to the court to restrain Gabriel from presenting himself as the NRC chairmanship candidate for Enugu LGA, come December 8 elections.

Mr. Justice K.K. Keazor has last Monday, restrained the NRC chairman in Anambra State, Dim Nnakife, from accepting Onoh as the winner of the party's nomination for the chairmanship race. Well, pending the determination of the motion on notice soon to be filed before the court. Joined in the suit were all members of the NRC executive in Anambra State, as well as NEC.

In the suit, Okolo claimed that before the conduct of the nomination on October 3, inadequate notice was given at 11.00 a.m. that elections would be conducted that day and returns made by 4.00 p.m. same day. As a result of the short notice, he said, he was only able to muster agents in three wards. Worse, he alleged, no election was held in wards 11, 15 and 18.

A properly constituted nomination (election) he argued, would be a ward congress, at which a quorum of at least one fifth of the registered members would be present. He alleged "no such quorum was formed in at least 13 wards".

Okolo wants the courts to declare the nomination of Gabriel irregular, unconstitutional, null and void. An injunction has been given Gabriel, from all indications is not worried about the case. *TSM* reliably gathered that lawyers have been lined-up to tear the case to pieces when it comes up for hearing.

Confident as he looks, he would neither discuss the case nor any other political matter except "the Local Government Area's Press Secretary is around".

He told *TSM*, "I have been asked or rather, advised not to talk to the press. And sad as I am that I wouldn't give you a recorded interview, I don't want to hurt the feelings of those who advised me". Asked who advised him he simply said, "Don't push me. I won't talk. The Press Secretary is not here. I am sorry. The last time I spoke just very little to a media house, I was given a very bad press coverage and quoted out of context. You'll be the first I'll grant a real interview when I want to talk. But not now".

And that's how it ended. Our 6 p.m. appointment and all. Gabriel lives in his father's estate in Enugu while his father draws the water from his Nwgu country house.

The missing genitals saga

The horror, tears and tragedies of a claim that remains a puzzle

According to sources, some people use supernatural powers to mysteriously remove human's sexual organs by merely talking to the person or touching him. TSM investigations reveal that most people believe that those who do this use the genitals to prepare charms for quick money, protection and popularity.

A popular town in Ogun State is said to be notorious for using the genitals for the said charms. As unscientific as the claim is for a society largely dominated by people steeped in charms and cocooned in superstition, there can be no latheshood in it, hence the hullabaloo.

The recent outcry is the most pronounced. And the most tragic too. Unconfirmed reports, as at Press time indicated that as many as six persons may have been lynched, while more than twelve are receiving treatments in various hospitals as a result of beatings from irate mobs in different parts of Lagos for allegedly plucking people's genitals.

At Oshodi bus stop in Lagos last Saturday evening, an elderly man was done to death by a middle aged man who raised an alarm that his organ had been taken by him (the elderly man). He was beaten to a state of stupor and left to bleed to death.

A similar horrific show happened at Obalende area last Saturday evening where a man accused of the same crime had his own slashed off. The attendant

alarmists had come to town. But as days passed by and claims of vital organs including both firm and flabby breasts intensified, even cynics started doing a re-think and re-assessment of the situation.

To say that Lagosians now live in fear might be an understatement. Trepidation is written on every face. And it is palpable. Nowadays, the fear of talking to a stranger or making a body contact with an unknown face is the beginning of wisdom. At crowded bus-stops such as Oshodi, Idumota, Ikeja, Oyingbo and Ojuelegba, all in Lagos commuters hold firmly to their genitals and in addition women old and young hold to their bosoms. The seemingly harmless act of asking for direction to a particular place could spell doom while making body contact with another person, even in a jam-packed market, could result in instant lynching.

In the recent past there have been such claims of disappearing organs. They come in waves and go in waves.



By Ademola Adedoyin

I started making the rounds in whispers. But before long, the whispers had grown louder than shrieks. And the noise had engulfed the whole place. The saga of missing genitals had come to town, driving serious tears and feeling of insecurity into Lagosians.

When words started flying the upper week about this bizarre issue, many dismissed it, insisting that a generation of

Condemned to death



agony sent him to the world beyond. Another tragic scene was reenacted at Idumota and Jankara markets on Lagos Island. Alaba International market also witnessed the gory details, at least four people were sent to their early graves.

If the identities of these victims are unknown, the same cannot be said of Amori Bakare who resides at 31, Dipo Olubi Street, Aguda, Surulere in Lagos. Friday 26 October, the 61-year-old woman woke up full of life. She had set her agenda for the day. And as in that agenda, she left home for Mushin market in the morning to do some shopping. As an Ahaja, she had planned to come back home early enough for the mid-morning Jumat service. She was also set to prepare a sumptuous meal for herself and her aged mother, later in the day. But fate dealt her a different set of cards.

While coming back from Mushin at Asomolu Bakare Street, Ilre, tragedy dipped its murderous teeth into her life. A man was said to have asked her for the time. It was 1.30 p.m. And she told him so. She could not have taken four steps when the man held her buba, screaming that his organ had disappeared while she was looking at her watch. The usual angry crowd gathered and took over Cudgels, sticks, planks. Started raining violently on the woman. Her pleas of innocence were ignored by the blood-thirsty hounds. By the time some policemen arrived, she was already soaked in the pool of her own blood. Bakare died in a private medical centre on Ekololu Road, Surulere at 9.50 a.m. on Sunday 28 October.

At her residence, sadness hung in the air and the enormity of the tragedy that had befallen the place was undisguised. People wore long faces and those who could not control their emotion, freely rolled on the floor, wailing.

Modina Ayodele, a woman in her forties and eldest daughter of the deceased could not find words to describe the tragic death. "What do you want from me? How do I start explaining this misfortune? That Ahaja died such a death is still unbelievable."

Sources close to the family told TSM that the case is being investigated by the police at Ilre police station. But this, the station's DPO Superintendent of Police, Oshokhare would neither confirm nor deny when TSM went to the station. He referred all cases to Lagos State Police Public Relations Officer.

Others were not so unlucky like her. Modupe Olatunji Mate, of Odunsi Street, Lawanson in Lagos escaped being lynched by the skin of his teeth. The 57-year-old ex-Lagos Town Council staffer was accused of stealing the organ of Samson Okosun of No 2 Anunmowu Bakare Street, Ilre on Tuesday October 23. The incident was supposed to have happened at 19, Odunsi



Ahaja Amobi Bakare... an untimely death

Street, a Lawanson Poois House belonging to Samson's uncle. The timely intervention of mobile police from Ilre Police Station was Mate's saving grace.

In an interview with TSM, Mate related his innocence. And he invoked big names to drive the point home: "Otunba T.O.S. Benson, Adeniran Ogunsanya, Abiala Oshodi and even Oba of Lagos, Oba Adeyinka Oyekan can all bear witness that I am not that type of person. I could not have done such a nasty thing." Although he said he knows Samson very well, he denied shaking his hand on the day in question.

Mate may be well known to all these personalities, but only the Mushin magistrate court would now determine his innocence or otherwise.

The case of Samson Okosun seems peculiar. TSM investigations show that if ever at all there is any truth in these claims of missing genitals, Okosun's case bears semblance to what can be said to have some iota of truth.

Okosun, 31, a staffer of National Population Commission headquarters married six months ago. His wife, Anes Okosun, is carrying a five month old pregnancy. Okosun, gaunt and melancholic wears a permanent pathetic look. His visage and general disposition brings a vivid picture of a young man whose world has come crashing. That he is in trouble is not in doubt, the cause of his problem is what is yet to be determined. But Samson believes he knows the cause. And he opened his mind to TSM.

The young man alleged that shortly after Mate shook his hands that fateful Tuesday evening, he felt a shock, like electric current surge from his organ. He raised an alarm. And he immediately pulled off his trousers. The usual Lagos crowd gathered and peered at his organ, which had shrunk, remaining only the cap. Mate, and the police were immediately contacted by Samson's uncle. To verify the authenticity of his claim, Samson was taken to the Lagos University Teaching Hospital, (LUTH). But Samson was not impressed with what happened at LUTH. He claimed that the doctor who eventually came around 2 a.m. Wednesday morning merely looked at the organ and prescribed some drugs, which included Vitamin B Complex. Samson was eventually charged to court by the police for conduct likely to breach the peace.

While the case still pends in court, Samson and his family, especially the wife are in serious dilemmas to their next line of action. The wife, who claims to be a nurse, confirmed Samson's predicament. The expectant mother said that since the incident happened, up till Wednesday, 9 days after, he could not play the man on bed. Meanwhile, the young man has started looking for traditional cures for his ailment. He has travelled to Bendel State the day after the incident and came back Saturday after being treated by a native doctor.

Still the organ remains lifeless according to Samson and his wife.

However, not all cases possess some bite like Okosun's. There are many ridiculous, even frivolous claims by youngsters who raise false alarms to attract attention. That of Aduak Edoiko, 19, of Masterclean, Oduduwa Street, Aguda belongs to this category. He accused one Anthony Edema, a 22-year-old apprentice who lives at 38C Oladinde Street, off Rosanwo Street, Aguda in the evening of the Sunday 28 October while the latter was going to make some purchase in a nearby chemist shop and accused him of taking his organ. Before Anthony knew what was going on, people had descended on him bashing him all over. The timely intervention of his boss, Chukwudi Okeke saved the young man's life.

The matter was reported at Aguda Police Station. Aduak told the police that he was alright and that nothing was missing. He was given some beating and passed the night in the police cell. When TSM met Aduak, the boy said he'd rather let the matter die. He said the whole affair was probably out of fear occasioned by what people have been saying in the past week.

More worrisome is the observation in some quarters last week that some people use the missing genitals saga as a ploy to get those they have scores to settle with. A particular case is that of a top flight beautician and fashion designer, Stella Nwosu who runs a boutique in Bode Thomas area of Lagos. The sleek lady was said to have been set up by some business associates or neighbours. She had sent her ('Meiguard') on an errand the previous night. Early the next morning, the meiguard was said to have organised some people and led them to the lady accusing her of pinching his genital the previous night when she sent him on an errand. Before she knew what was happening her security man and his thugs had turned her assailants. They tied her and beat her to a state of unconsciousness.

Meanwhile Nwosu is receiving treatment at St Anne's Infirmary for Women Ltd. (Queens Clinic) at Falawiyi Bankole Street, Ikate in Lagos. Although the lady chose not to speak when contacted, the medical director of the clinic Nwalozie Evoh told TSM that her condition is improving.

Unanswered questions

Meanwhile, the questions still keep flowing. Is it really true that sexual organs can disappear?
If so, what are those who 'pull' people's

organs doing with them? The first question would for long remain very controversial as different schools of thought hold different views.

But those who are well steeped in the intricacies of voodooism say that such organs could be used for money-making charms. They link the current upsurge in cases of alleged missing of genitals to government's plan to start mining 50 kobo and One naira coins.

Some also point accusing fingers at politicians. They contend that with the lift of the ban on politics many politicians are doing everything possible, including resorting to lujus, to grab political powers.

But the Lagos police command does not share such sentiments. Its image maker, George Ugar Oja Deputy Superintendent of Police told TSM that "we have discovered that some unscrupulous elements are using this to cause chaos and pandemonium to enable them carry out their nefarious activities. We discovered that the cases are rampant in heavily populated areas and whenever they cause such confusion, they start looting. It's simply a new device by thugs to loot, steal, and cause confusion".

The police PRO, could not give the exact figure of those who have been arrested by the police in the last weeks. He, however said the so-called complainants are merely crying wolf where there is none. "We've heard more than 30 cases, but I cannot see any particular

one whose genital is missing. There has never been any case of missing genital since all have been confirmed intact by doctors. No medical proof no legal proof." he asked sarcastically.

Asked what measures the police is taking to beef up security to stall the incessant incident of lynching, Oja threw the question back at TSM. When it was suggested that the police could make its presence more felt in heavily congested bus stops and markets such as Mushin, Oshodi, Idumota, Ojalegba, Oja said the police have already started doing that.

As another security device, the police during the week, warned members of the public to desist from taking laws into their hands. It advises anybody who has complaint of missing organ to report at the nearest police station with the informant close to the police in the next few days, security will be beefed up and incident of mobbing curtailed. But then, can the citizens walk freely on the streets without fear of losing their sexual organs to those who need them more than the real owners? That is the one million naira question that will for long haunt many Lagosians.

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— Lufadeju

By Yusuph Olanlyonu

For her it has been hectic listening to cases where intimate experiences are recounted. Purposely, these are needed in adjudication of cases. But last Monday, October 29th 1990, the magistrate had to listen to cases shrouded in mystery, superstition and diabolism, all in a bid to determine cases involving paralysis of human genitals. Despite her years on the bench, she was still taken aback.

But Elizabeth Lufadeju found the statements and evidences before the court so embarrassing and degrading. Samson Okosun, a newly wed young tenant of 29 Ademuyiwa Street, Lawanson had been charged before her under section 249 of the criminal procedure law of Lagos State for conduct likely to breach public peace. This he did by raising an alarm that after shaking hands with an uncle's friend he had lost his manhood.

Lufadeju was then quoted by a Lagos evening paper as saying "I have heard, seen and confirmed the story that some unscrupulous elements in the society use their supernatural powers to paralyse another person's genital organ".

When TSM approached her as the only ray of hope in the saga she never provided any proof. "How can I confirm it I am not a medical professional, none of my relations has suffered any genital disappearance case".

"From the circumstances I have witnessed in the court room — people crying, victims shivering and relatives wailing, I could see that it is not impossible that these people were actually affected".

Lufadeju added that the situation did not look like a fake one to her. That probably explained the magistrate's rebuke to the police. She observed that they only have been charging the victims of the genital paralysis to court as the accused, while the perpetrators now become the complainant. She therefore ordered that the complainant should also be charged for 'simple assault'.



Police...so busy since then

The legal angle Both the victims and perpetrators should be liable

Charles Oloide, a barrister with Shoreline Chambers on Agege Motor Road, Olorunfeso, Lagos, is not a stranger to genital paralysis. Apart from handling legal tussles involving people who have experienced the 'Magical touch' his own brother has been a victim. He has also come face to face with a shrunken organ.

At the Mushin magistrate court, where he was busy quoting legal jargons on how to effect punishment for genital thieves at least to vindicate the victims, he narrated his experiences to TSM.

"My brother was returning from his office on Bode Thomas Street in Surulere, Lagos, when a well dressed man stopped him and familiarly exchanged pleasantries with him. He refused to respond until the guy insisted on greeting him for showing an appreciation for a previous favour. He then stretched his hand for a handshake, when a sudden sharp pain started from his head and percolated through his entire system. He then felt like all the blood in him had been drained. A feebleness then existed in his private parts. He hollered. A crowd gathered and he was stripped of his dress. Then I was phoned to come and witness it. I was surprised to see a smallish organ which was of the length of a day old boy partially hidden in between his public hairs.

The boy and my brother were taken to Bode Thomas Police Station. The boy insisted that he did not do anything to my brother. On the second day, Friday, another restored my brother's organ without another sharp pain. And without erection, the penis came to full size. A trial session was arranged with his girlfriend for confirmation. He did, and reported a positive result. The case has now been charged to Surulere magis-

trate court but my brother stands as the accused.

"Last Monday, October 29th, two similar cases were brought to me in the chambers. And to my surprises, I found out that the police charged the victims under section 24a of the 'CPL' of Lagos State. But I believe that immediately the alarm is raised, the thieves quickly conjure up organs making the victims look like liars. But I insist that the victims and the complainants should be charged to court.

First, I believe the present situation is an endless crisis. There is no provision under our laws which recognises witchcraft not to talk of conjuring of private parts. Secondly, even if the private part has been conjured, there will be no proof at that material time to show that the organ was only replaced. Even medical practitioners will not believe they only give pills and request for a test after three weeks."

Medical Angle

You cannot lose your organ

When TSM visited Seyi Roberts, a consultant physician at Royal Cross Hospital, Obalende, Lagos for a medical explanation of missing genitals, he soared with laughter saying that "I'm the wrong person to offer explanation.

These people are causing confusion in order to perpetrate fraud and abduct innocent citizens. There's no medical basis for their allegations. It's impossible for anyone to lose his genitals with a mere handshake or a touch. The only way you can lose your organ is when it is cut off completely."

What he advised is that people should not join in harming or killing people. As those who profess to have lost their organs only say so to present the right atmosphere to loot, maim and make away with other people's property.

According to him, three such incidents took place in front of his clinic, and all the victims were later declared ill by medical doctors.



CHINWEIZU'S new book "Anatomy of Female power" was launched last Wednesday. Aje Uk-

pabi Asika was the chairman. Picture shows him with the writer and Emeka Maduegbuna.

THE Onitsha-Ado Community in Lagos recently launched the 1st phase of their N10 million Development Fund. Here, His Royal High-

ness, Ofala Okagbue, Obi of Onitsha, confers with Nnabuenyi Balonwu, President-General of Onitsha Improvement Union in Lagos.



KUFUS Giwa, Managing Director, Lever Brothers, chats with Ademola Alli, Chairman, Lagos State Table Tennis A

Goings - On



It fell bang in the middle of the week. When wave-makers are deep in the week's hassles. But when the IV came asking them out last Wed-

nesday for TSM publisher, Chris Anyanwu's birthday anniversary, they dropped pen, file and executive headache and headed for Nitesbift where the action was.



IT was a star-studded night. There was sparkling representation from every sector of society. Government. Business. Entertainment. You name it. When you've got together a constellation of stars, there is one thing you can bet on: fun. And last Wednes-

day at Nitesbift, there was a bundle of it. Take a look at Ephraim Faloughi, Ibrahim Alfa and Akinola Aguda or Insight's Biodun Shobanjo, Onyeka Onwenu, the celebrant Chris Anyanwu and Chuka Momah. Take a little look, and you can guess what an evening it was!

...ciation during the presentation of trophy and funds for the 40th Annual Omo Championship Anniversary.



W

hen he woke up that day on a bright morning in early October, he could rightly have claimed that he was the happiest

man, alive or dead, on God's earth. Orakuro had every right to have shouted himself hoarse with the claims. He could have given you a hundred and one reasons in one breathless minute if you had asked for just one cogent reason to justify the claim. For, after all, had he not fasted diligently these past three months. Had he not abstained from food (except when and as prescribed), alcohol, cigarettes, and even sex? Who would ever have believed that Orakuro could observe just 60 seconds without one or the other of these habitual delights? Neither the intimidating injunctions of the Holy Book nor the stark horrors of the findings of modern science in those regards had been awesome enough to make him even take a pause to ponder.

Yet Orakuro had done — without these delights for three months by that bright morning. Marvel of marvels, his neighbours and friends thought. Yes, indeed. But thanks to Ogbologbo, the native doctor, Orakuro, now in his late sixties, had a big worry in his life: the absence of a heir. He had already sired 35 children — all female, some already grandmothers — from five different women all in pursuit of a heir. Now he has only recently taken a sixth wife. And Ogbologbo, has advised him to do a marathon fast for three months and consummate the marriage the night after. But not before making a special sacrifice the ingredients for which he would have to procure himself. And, as surely as sunrise follows sunset, his new wife would bring forth a heir.

Now this was the morning. And tonight would be the night. Orakuro quickly had his bath, dressed and ate a huge meal, singing and humming all the time. In the bath, in the bedroom and in between large dumps of *amala* rolled generously in *ewedu* soup and thrown into the mouth, eyes closed with admirable dexterity, Orakuro loved his food too. Then he dashed oil to Oshodi market, still singing merrily and quite oblivious to the world, to procure the ingredients for the sacrifice — the last hurdle to paradise.

By the time he got home, three hours and buckets full of tears later, the sun had long set on his bright world. Orakuro had a different worry on his hands. No, his legs. Not quite. Well, between his legs, really. Nothing was there anymore. Orakuro had lost his manhood — bag, balls and handie! Vapourised into thin air, without a trace. Just like that? Just like that! But how?

Well, that's the question on everyone's lips these days in Lagos. And I say, ladies and gentlemen, welcome home, Gogol.

The past few weeks have been replete

Welcome home, Gogol

By Greg Obong-Oshotse



with stories — such as Orakuro's — about gentlemen losing their manhood (the entire physical paraphernalia, that is) and ladies missing (as if they can be mislaid) their breasts. It comes (or, goes) as suddenly as an orgasm. But how? Someone goes to the market and after a casual handshake with some fellow shopper his manhood just fizzles away like smoke. But unlike smoke, there is not a single trace. Or someone pretending to be illiterate approaches you in a rather helpless, obsequious manner, hands you a note, on which is scribbled the address of some destination, the ostensible reason being for you — damn you for looking illiterate — to read and give appropriate directions to the qualling pretender. But no sooner have you noticed the colour of ink in which the address is scribbled than you find you are one breast short — milk, blood and veins! 'All gone! Gone! Gone', as my friend's little daughter would say when she's wiped her bowl of cereals. In some cases, the spare (human) parts rogues are apprehended and asked to return the stolen goods, or be mobbed to death on the spot. Some victims claim they have even had returned to them other people's organs!

The rumours are legion but hardly a single scientifically confirmed case. Yet the terror is more violent and pervading than the threat of AIDS. I wonder how many people even remember that. Nothing cows the Nigerian better than mystery, just a touch of it. The fear of the unknown supersedes and overwhelms

the known, no matter how dangerous it is proven to be. Indeed, here, while a scientifically proven disaster or threat of it may merely be respected, the unknown and mysterious is feared and worshipped out of fear, in the hope that one would not be punished for not doing that. In the first instance, he didn't know he ought to have done. Precisely because he doesn't know what it (the mystery) is or what it desires, he presents his total fear of it and a blatant obsequiousness as his natural weapon of appeasement. The Nigerian is more likely to take up cudgels with a roarily hungry lion than venture near a door marked 'Out of Bounds' once it is suggested that mystery — by which it is usually implied the demon himself — lies beyond that door.

Thus it is a common spectacle hereabouts these days to see an otherwise respectable gentleman holding on to his groin or a lady wounding her arms protectively round her breasts while going about their normal business, whether at the bus stop or at the marketplace. People hardly speak to strangers lest they lose even their mouths! It won't be worse than losing your particulars for sure, but think what that could mean. That, for instance, you will not have even the means to shout your agony and accuse your tormentor if you were struck by the fate of the vanishing manhood!

All would be very funny indeed if it were not for the real terror it has brought with it. For once, I thought we could have a really good diversionary laugh. I remember going straight to my bookshelves in search of Nikolai Gogol, that inimitable Russian humorist. Once again I read *The Nose*, in which an unfortunate Major wakes up one morning and finds his nose has disappeared, turning up inside a roll in a barber's breakfast! And I reread *Diary of a madman*, *The Overcoat*, and *Ivan Ivanovich Quarrelled with Ivan Nikiforovich*. Such funny stories. I laughed till my eyes misted over with tears. Still I am told that this rather quaint business of disappearing organs is not funny, that even though no one can point to a scientifically proven case of just one man or woman with missing particulars, the stories, such as Orakuro's, making the rounds are indeed true. And they swear and are even prepared to bet that the stories are true, that although they themselves haven't witnessed one yet, they have nevertheless had the good fortune of meeting somebody who has met somebody who said he actually overheard someone else saying he had indeed witnessed the disappearance of genitalia with his own two blessed eyes!

Welcome home, Gogol. And didn't I hear you say 'It's a depressing world, gentlemen'?

Mr. Obong-Oshotse, ex-Press Secretary to the First Lady, is a contributing editor to TSM



A happy couple, but are others so lucky?

By Mubo Okosun

Sickle cell disease has been dragged from the closet into the open. No longer will it scare parents, patients and peers.

Not with the aggressive campaign to whittle down its negative image among members of the public.

According to the Sickle Cell Club in Lagos, 1 in 10 Nigerians are afflicted with sickle cell anaemia. About 1 in 4 Nigerians carry the sickle cell trait. Which could mean that as many as 25 million Nigerians are likely to transfer this disorder to large numbers of the population.

Our largely traditional system of pairing is not likely to stem this tide. A good number of young people get hitched without knowing the medical histories of their partners. Some don't even know their own blood groups. So how can they prevent or minimise the incidence of sickle cell anaemia?

At a recent wedding ceremony attended by this reporter, there was the usual pecks and hugs. The bride was hugely rosy and she sparkled in preher wedding gown. He glow was preher wedding with meaning. The bridegroom was dandy in his wedding suit. Later, at the night party we made bold to ask the bride if they had undergone some laboratory tests as a prelude to starting a family.

The bride, obviously was an educated and aware person. But her sophistication seemed to be limited to certain spheres. "What tests do I have to go through again?" She roared. "Our marriage was delayed because I couldn't get pregnant on time. Now that I am, do you want to start testing my fertility again? Both my husband and I are healthy people, and we are going to have a normal, healthy baby."

She is not alone in her wrong assumption. Countless couples are being joined together, and are making babies with rampant passion. Un-

War against Sickle Cell

The dreaded disease that has 10 million Nigerians in its steel grip is now being battled on all fronts.

How effective is the onslaught?

knowingly, they are complicating the sickle cell situation in the country. Already, Nigeria, with her large population has the largest incidence of sicklers in the world.

A good number of these people do not know they possess these traits. Some blame their frequent illnesses on witchcraft and other mysterious conditions. Some children are branded 'Ogbanjes' or 'Abikus' because they are always down with fever, convulsions and severe pains. Others are marked with sharp objects during fainting sessions or high fever.

In other countries, it is mandatory that couples should undergo counselling.

A social worker at Lagos University Teaching Hospital (LUTH) told **TSM** that the counselling culture has not yet caught-on. Even when couples are counselled against getting married they turn deaf ears. According to her, it's as if they possess a magic wand to wipe away the sickle trail from their blood. Some sicklers, she said, do not tell their spouses of their condition so that adequate care could be taken right from the beginning.

A few women who spoke to **TSM** at the Sickle Cell Club Bazaar held two Saturdays ago in Lagos confirmed this trend. As they put it, "It is better not to let your man know that you are a sickler. Because they tend to see us as sub-normal human beings. Those that are always ill, weak and pale. It is wise to hide the illness until the relationship is firmly grounded. Then, it will be too late for him to break out. But really, we are normal human beings. Only that when our crises occur we feel very ill and close to death."

To be continued

MILESTONES

Compiled by Amanze Obi

ELECTED: For the seventh time Felix Houphouët Boigny the 85-year-old president of Côte d'Ivoire Boigny who is Africa's longest serving leader has held sway in his country since independence in 1960.

SENTENCED: To six months imprisonment is Marion Barry, three-term mayor of the District of Columbia. He was convicted last August on account of cocaine possession. His punishment also includes \$5,000 fine and one year of probation.

DIED: At the age of 87 is William S. Paley, founder of the U.S. media empire CBS Inc. of Pneumonia Paley, the son of a prosperous Philadelphia, Pa. Cigar manufacturer parlayed a struggling network of radio stations, purchased in 1928 for \$400,000 into a \$3 billion-a-year conglomerate encompassing television, films, records and publishing.

ARRESTED: By a hungry tiger an Indonesian jail breaker. The tiger chased the escaped prisoner up a tree besieging him for two days. The jail breaker, a teacher, was held in Indonesia's staunchly Islamic province for running away with a young student.

RULED: By the German Supreme Court that a rapist who does not use condom should get a harsher sentence than one who does. The court's ruling came in an appeal case of Munich rapist. The Supreme Court's previous stance did not take into account how a woman was raped. The Supreme Court judges said women rape victims had to be protected from pregnancies and AIDS.

ANNOUNCED: By Dr. Timothy Stamps, Zimbabwean Health Minister that about 60,000 illegal abortions take place in Zimbabwe annually. Dr. Stamps who announced this while addressing a regional motherhood conference for Southern African Development Co-ordination Conference (SADCC) countries said most of the abortions were "domestically arranged or self-induced".

DOCKED: A serving police inspector along with three other policemen for allegedly robbing a victim they were paid to protect. The policemen were docked in Enugu by the Robbery and Firearms Tribunal.

BENEFITTED: From the largely free legal services of the Legal Aid Council are more than 12,000 poor Nigerians since its inception 14 years ago. Prince Bola Ajibola, Attorney-General of the Federation and Minister of Justice disclosed this while inaugurating the reconstituted Legal Aid Council. The scheme which hitherto limited its services to criminal cases involving manslaughter and murder would expand its scope to cover all criminal and civil matters.

KILLED: By irate villagers a 50-year-old killed chief in Mbirin in Ika Local Govern-

ment Area of Bendel State. The man was beaten to death for allegedly masterminding the theft of electricity cables in the community.

NABBED: A retired Chief Superintendent of Police (CSP) by police detectives over an alleged N5 million fraud at the police co-operative society. The retired police chief who is now a company director was picked up at his Ilupeju office. He is being detained by the Federal Directorate of Investigation and Intelligence, Alagbon Close.

BIRTHDAYS



Ojukwu: Birthday cheers

● 57 Today is Emeka Odumegwu Ojukwu, historian, former army officer. Chief Ojukwu who holds many traditional titles among which is the Ikemba Nnewi was the military governor, de-

funct Eastern Region and the Head of State, de jure Republic of Biafra. His publications include *Biafra: Random thoughts, Biafra: Selected speeches and Because I am involved*.

● 57 Also today is James Omo Agege, jurist. He was the former chairman, Armed Robbery and Firearms Tribunal, Benin city.

● 57 Today as well is Isaac Etiang Nkereuwem, jurist and former member of parliament, House of Representatives, 1965-66. He is a High Court Judge in Cross River State.

● 41 Monday is Bola Takaya, administrator and university teacher. Takaya was the special adviser, Gongola State government, 1979-81, and member political Bureau 1986-87. He is also the Director, Centre for Development Studies, UNIJOS. He is the editor of the book *Kaduna Mafia*.

● 43 Tuesday is Jaye Ololade Kuye, broadcaster and associate member Nigerian Institute of Management. He is the General Manager, Ono State Radio-Vision Corporation.

● 59 Also on Tuesday is Olu Awololu, lawyer, politician. Awololu was the Minister of State, Federal Ministry of Agriculture, 1979-83.

● 58 Thursday is Petrol Marghi, journalist and businessman. Marghi is the vice President and founding member, American - Nigeria Friendship Association.

● 42 Last Saturday was Macaulay Iyari, Chairman, Chief Executive, STB Finance Ltd., Lagos. Iyari is a member of many professional associations some of which include the Nigerian Institute of Management and the British Institute of Management. He is also a fellow of the Chartered Institute of Bankers, Lagos.

Life is a series of little deaths out of which life always returns.

— Charles Feidelson Jr.

Life is a tragedy to those who feel, and a comedy for those who think.

— Jean de La Bruyere

Let us so live that we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.

— Mark Twain

Do not take life too seriously, you will never get out of it alive.

— Elbert Hubbard

Life is like a cash register, in that every account, every thought, every deed, like

every sale, is registered and recorded.

— Fulton J. Sheen

The best use of life is to spend it for something that outlasts life.

— Williams James

Life is the childhood of our immortality.

— Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe

Life is not lost by dying; life is lost minute by minute, day by dragging day, in all the small unaring ways.

— Stephen Vincent Benet

Better life for Shina

*As he draws women
and youths deeper to his
bosom in his new album.*

urity was at its tightest.

A while banner flying lustily in the mid-morning breeze gave the game away. *Shinamania* a k a *Afro Juju Series 2* was being previewed by a select crowd of music bulls, art critics and entertainment gurus. The album is coming hot on the heels of 'ACE' that has been making waves since its release last year.

Shinamania, a disease of epileptic hips, shoulders, heads behinds has enveloped a good number of men, women, and youths since its release. Somehow, the ailment is expected to get stronger, and still remain without a cure judging by the vibrations enmeshed in the new album.

Apart from the punchy music Shina has chosen this time around to pay adulation to his main constituency women. Like the proverbial marketer, who knows that once you have bought women, over their men and kids would naturally lag along.

In a track he eulogises the virtues of

women, and asks men to move over so that women will take their pride of place. Expectedly, members of the fair (?) sex in the crowd jubilated wildly.

As an apparent reference to the wide acceptability of his music all over the country, this latest offering is spiced with traditional Hausa and Ibo chants. According to him, Hausas and Ibos all dance.

Shina so it's only wise to court them openly. So you can imagine another thunderous applause when "Nzozbu, *Enyimba Enyi*" and "Aya yaro" rent the air!

Not one to forget his staunch Christian background, he also jazzed up a popular church song — "Ha Egba mi wo asia," which is expected to find favour with people of that faith. It might even surpass the earlier version in terms of popularity.

For avid fans of Afro Juju, the album is like an offering of old wine in new skin. Since Shina has literally played most of the tracks at his numerous live shows. As the music was booming from the loudspeakers, many behinds, shoulders and heads rocked violently to the beat.

But no one could hold a torch to the dance steps of the Shina girls. The *troika*, clad in lacy shorts and a red jacket flecked with golden stars dazzled the audience. The dark one with a generous behind, and braids, danced as if her body was moulded from plasterine. She draped herself round Shina and bopped rhythmically. As if that wasn't enough, both Shina and the girl jerked and convulsed, even 'climaxed' together!

Such is the heady feeling generated by *Shinamania*, that it won't be a while before ACE will become a product of distant memory. Then, everyone will proudly display *Shinamania* as a lovable ailment.

Arty stuff

By Mubo Okasun

For four hours last Tuesday, *Aromire Avenue*, an otherwise serene neighbourhood in Ikeja, Lagos was aglow. Sports and staff cars were packed neck to neck. A veritable Lagos traffic jam was at an embryonic stage. Elegant senior and junior girls swished past on precarious shoes, while their guys sparkled in morning suits. Sec-

Shina Peters and his girls ... set to infect you with *shinamania*



By Zik Okafor

For the average Nigerian T.V. viewer, Talab Abass, of the glamorous soap-opera *Ripples*, is a symbol of barbarism, oppression, sadism and everything in the name of cruelty. But Alex Ustio-Omiagbo who plays the role of this monster will tell you, "I can't remember when last I got annoyed not to mention raving". As a kid, he says he was vociferous, proud and a little bit impatient. But all that according to him ended one day, a day that he concluded even as a kid that life is meaningless. From that day I became quiet, following life with caution", he added.

This was one evening in first year in secondary school. His principal had sent for him and without any words drove him (Alex) to his house. As he alighted from the principal's car, he was greeted by the voices of wailing people. Tragedy had struck. It was his mother. She was not ill. She had died during labour. Alex was shocked into silence for a while and when he spoke. It was to tell his sisters to be prepared to bear their own cross.

His father Anobi Omiagbo later remarried and things were never the same again. The endless brawl that characterise life with a step-mother was not absent in his house. "At an age less than eighteen", he said, "I had started tending for myself and I was well prepared to champion the cause of my destiny".

After spending four years of the secondary and later acquiring a diploma in Mass Communication from the Univer-

As the monstrous 'Abass' of *Ripples*

The other side of Talab Abass

From rags to recognition, but the filthy lucre still remains elusive.

sity of Lagos, he settled down in Lagos. "But here again, life refused to give me a fair shake of the dice". I wandered about like an aimless prodigal son. And each time I thought of my childhood and then the dramatic change, I simply shook my head. Gradually I lost interest in discussions and almost life as a whole".

It was in the course of his wandering that he decided to try his luck on acting, an ambition he had nursed earlier in his life. It was a wise decision. Within a short while he had starred in many plays in



Alex Ustio-Omiagbo as a kid

LTV Channel 8, NTA channels 10 and 7 all in Lagos, as well as NTA Network tele-movies. These include, "Once a Husband", "Requiem to Tradition", "Scarf of a storm", "Fiery Force", "Old Loves like old kisses" and so on. He also starred in the network drama series entitled "At your service".

The climax of his achievement in drama was attained with his plum role "Talab Abass", a shrewd business magnate in *Ripples*. This role he said has changed his life from rags to recognition, though not riches. His articulate language, expressive gestures and rumbling contra-bass voice has undisputably made him the matinee-idol of many TV viewers despite the barbaric baron's role he plays.

His fame notwithstanding, Alex still remains unexcited. He says "I cannot really be excited because life has denied me even ordinary glimpses of its rosy side. It is my tenacious spirit that is still carrying me along". Then he brought out two of his photographs, one was taken at a tender age while his mother was still alive and the other taken recently. "Look at these two photographs. You will agree with me that I have changed visibly from what I was. Man has been beaten by the rain". With a smile of hope he adds, "but we can now see traces of hope and victory at the horizon", and that means that we shall overcome.





STARDUST

First they were in 'Crisis', they later rejected the 'Real Africa' and now they are 'Rebel'. They are the **MANDATORS**. Gathered the duo that just returned from a successful tour of Anambra and Ibo States have jettied out again to invade the Northern States of Plateau, Abuja, Sokoto, and Kano. You sure are not doing a rat race. But you are raking in the bucks.



The Mandators the 'rebel' duo

Like father like son. Is a popular saying that Obiojolu Emmanuel Osadebe, the 25 year old son of Chief Osta Osadebe, the high life maestro seems to believe so much in. As for as he's concerned, this popular adage is not dead yet as his own high life entitled 'Uda Ka Nma' will hit the record streets soon. 'Uda Ka Nma' literally means 'peace is better'. We hope his album will live up to that statement.

SAW: dandy guy, Fred Amato with his better half the other night. Was wearing one long pensions shorts like that. Heard he always feels like an American whenever he is in those shorts. Someone should please remind him that he is a typical Bendel man, in case he has forgotten. All the same, we are enjoying his good work in the Soap opera. **'RIPPLES'**.

LUCKY Dube who was a 'SLAVE' sometime past has changed status. He is now a 'PRISONER'. What a promotion! Leant the cassettes of the eight track album are now in the record stores and that the LP PRISONER, will blitz the streets in December.

To Lucky we say congratulations, but he should see real prisoners in Kirikiri. They haven't got the time to sing!

GRISTS have it that Andy Amenachi, the director and producer of 'Scattered Pictures' a glamor-

ous soap-opera is still 'hustling' to get sponsors. Heard that the 'old fellow has been to more than 40 companies in vain. Well, by hard Andy. Zeb Ejiro at least went to forty-two before **APPILES** could see the light. We pray that a beautiful piece like your baby soap will not end a drama in a brief case, at least, some sponsors are reading this.

JUST heard that after ten months of fruitless search by SSS and NTA for the N750,000.00 missing camera, the committee set up by NTA is beginning to call back all the suspended staffers. A wild goose chase did you say? We say case closed. **C-O-U-R-T-I**



Funmi Adams, shelling out naira

SOMEbody should please tell Shino Peters that the cummerbund (sash) is strictly for formal occasions. We know he has just come bark from God's own country, and is eager to appear with it, but the cummerbund is not an everyday accessory. Besides, it's usually worn with a bow tie for dinner parties, ball room affairs, and other night-time do's. It's definitely not right for jiggling, which was exactly what Shino did last Tuesday. The cummerbund didn't snap, but he won't be so lucky next time.

If you think musicians snarl at each other whenever they meet, then you should have seen Funmi Adams and Shino Peters last week. When he launched his album recently, Funmi was there to provide sisterly support. As the music blared, she rushed out to spray him with mint fresh N20 notes. She also did a few steps of her own, and clapped wildly to register her admiration for his music.

Maybe, we will soon witness a winning duet of both entertainers. Afterall, it shouldn't be too difficult to arrange, with both of them feeding from the same stable.



MEE...RMD...getting knotted soon

Is it true that FACN Ikoyi has no money to pay script writers? Star Dust gathered they may change the titles of their old scripts and names of the characters and then re-record them. What a way to inject new life into an old one. We call it a brilliant idea in these 'sappy' times, but for how long will they be able to paper on the cracks.

ANOTHER soap opera will soon hit the TV screens. It is set to enliven these boring evenings. Richard Mofe-Damijo is said to be adopting his wife's novel **CENTERSPARED**. Great idea. The great scenes in the novel will be shot in Lagos and London. We expect that will be as beautiful as the novel.

With **AMD's** experience in television and theatre, we expect nothing short of a riveting series.

Meanwhile, **MEE** and **RMD** are back from their shopping spree in preparation for their wedding later in the month.





The world

QUOTELINES

"WHO wants to settle down at this age? If you were 24 and worth over 50 million dollars... would you behave yourself?"

— Former world heavyweight boxing champion Mike Tyson on why he spends most of his time partying

"OH, I'm such a bad boy. I was with this woman and she was doing things to me, things that put my great brother Mandela clean out of my mind. Wow!"

— Mike Tyson's excuse for not keeping a lunch date with Nelson Mandela

"WE cannot depend on the whims and fantasies of a young lady, attractive though she may be for the media at home and abroad. The country has given its verdict."

— Pakistani Interim Premier Ghulam Mustafa Jato on the defeat of Benazir Bhutto

"WHETHER Saddam Hussain leaves Kuwait quietly or is bombed out, the place we return to will be a shell."

— Kuwaiti Finance Minister Ali Al-Khalifa Al-Sabah

"THERE is an Arabic saying that revenge takes 40 years. Some day we will have missiles that can reach New York."

— Middle East terrorist warlord Abul Abbas

"WHETHER or not Winnie Mandela is guilty, she is being used by the state to put the whole liberation movement on trial."

— An ANC lawyer on the trial of Winnie Mandela

The road to empire

A Franco-Soviet pact rekindles interest in the much-dreamt-about "Common European Home"



Gorbachev ...

Once more, Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, is taking the world by storm. He is creating an all round European confederation, and if allowed, a world government. By some distinct stroke of luck, nations of the world, even old time adversaries of the Soviet Union are yielding to this initiative. France has already signed a treaty with the Soviet Union to this effect.

The flux of political events that led to the signing of the treaty still leave many political observers agape. Yet it appears Gorbachev had conceptualised his dream of an European confederation years back, likewise French President Francois Mitterrand. In one of his celebrated speeches in 1987 while parleying with the then US President, Ronald Reagan during one of the arms reduction talks, Gorbachev had reportedly said, "NATO and WARSAW" alliances are at best diversions from honest search for global peace. I look forward to se-

eing when the different people's of the world would co-operate as one when the nations of the world would unite and relate, not as members of aggressor-military alliances but as people of one large world community, indeed a global confederation of nations."

Cynics called him a dreamer. Strategists in the West called him a tinkerer. But Gorbachev was resolved to stun to make the dream come true. of Europe and more importantly to achieve by diplomacy, and within a short time, what Adolf Hitler of Germany, Winston Churchill of Britain, Charles de Gaulle of France and Josef Stalin of Russia had dreamed of and tried for generations to accomplish by military adventurism. And still failed.

Gorbachev is not dreaming alone. Last year, Mitterrand betrayed his ambition for a new Europe. December 30 he called for an European confederation. Gorbachev and Mitterrand found each other to be veritable allies. They set out to make the dream come true.

The historic pact for friendship and co-operation, signed at the Presidential Palace in Rambouillet, west of Paris notably imposes a pledge, bonding the two nation-states to work together as an European confederation, as well as strengthen European solidarity for the transformation of Europe into a common home and the creation of a total European confederation spanning from Soviet Union in the East to France in the West.

By the treaty, France is particularly obliged to press for the conclusion of agreements between the Soviet Union and the European Community. Also, by the treaty, any situation in which Soviet Union or France perceives a major threat to its interest and security would call on the other for immediate consultations. Furthermore, the protocol provides the sig-



Mitterrand ...



WISE WOMEN RELY ON UBA

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NATIONAL POPULATION COMMISSION

3RD CENSUS PRE-TEST

The 3rd Pre-test for the 1991 Population Census takes place from 6th November to 8th November, 1990.

The objectives of the 3rd Pre-test are:

1. To establish on a larger scale, logistics support for distribution of materials and transportation of human and material resources within and between the Local Government Areas (LGAs) in each State especially those with difficult terrain;
2. To evaluate the state of preparedness of newly established N.P.C. LGA offices for the 1991 Population Census;
3. To further pretest the questionnaire with emphasis on Economic Activity.

Please cooperate with the Enumerators and answer their questions truthfully.

**THE CHAIRMAN
NATIONAL POPULATION COMMISSION
BABS ANIMASHAUN ROAD
SURULERE
LAGOS.**

Trouble in the Camp

Libertian refugees grumble over quality of food

The scene is distressing enough. People in rags, mothers with their kids strapped on their backs, the children themselves all looking malnourished — walking men and women sleeping on makeshift planks with neither pillow nor mattress, general gloominess all around. In short, a distressing scene.

Welcome to shed six Apapa Port, Lagos — the Libera refugee camp.

For three days last week there was something boiling in the refugee melting pot. The flashpoint was food, or more appropriately, its quality and regularity. A few days before officials of the Nigeria Labour Congress (NLC) had visited the camp and in the wake of their call came the donation of some food items. Fair enough. Except that the twenty-five kegs of edible oils that came with the largesse were already contaminated, or so the refugees alleged. So it was that penultimate Friday when the suspect cooking oil was used for cooking the beans that was served for dinner, only a few of the refugees could eat. The oil was said to have such a repulsive smell. Which made the pot of trouble boil over.

According to Bill Kappor, one of the refugees, "we all have senses of taste and it's totally wrong for anybody to tell me to close my nose and swallow something that could cause a health hazard to me." For James Bocco, the fear was not so much for his own health but for his children's. Bocco has two kids aged five and three at the camp.

Many of the refugees are pointing accusing fingers at officials of the Nigerian Red Cross. Said A.B. Williams, another refugee, "things were much better here when the National Emergency Relief Agency (NERA) officials were preparing our food, but since these Red Cross officials took over, the situation has never been the same." The Red Cross took over two weeks ago.

But describing the refugees' allegations as baseless, one Komolafe, a female Red Cross official told TSM, "It is ridiculous for any of the refugees to accuse us. I can only say these people are not appreciative." On the allegedly contaminated oils Komolafe says there is nothing they could do but continue using the oils since, according to her, "our medical team did not find it unfit for human consumption."

natory powers to act in concert in the case of incident pre-empting, causing or fanning international tension.

And to strengthen the commitment of both parties to the pact their foreign ministers, Roland Dumas of France and his Soviet opposite number, Eduard Shevardnadze signed five different agreements that are operational with immediate effect. These cover nuclear energy, transportation, high definition television and telecommunication, administration, scientific and technical research, training and environmental protection.



Kohl ...

Though the pact for the confederation is yet to be ratified by the parliaments of Soviet Union and France, the consensus among political analysts is that the deed, is done for a long time now. France has clearly nurtured its hope of maintaining a vantage position in the European community. Also, since



Thatcher ...

Michael Gorbachev came to power, the Soviet Union has shown unmistakable enthusiasm to break into the common market which is feared would by 1992 be apparently impenetrable to late-comer Eastern European nations and more so to the dependent economies of the third world.

A parliamentary approval for the pact, observers say, is a matter of protocol. Dumas has been making re-

peated calls on EEC to sign economic treaty with Moscow. Even among the EEC member-states the Soviet Union's are increased with the support of some other nations like Germany, Spain and Italy.

Some political observers wonder how the confederation would fare. Especially as the Soviet Union and France lack continuity, a geo-political factor that would further increase the structurally weakened nature of confederacy. It is however believed that the Soviet Union relies on the good-will of its WARSAW Pact satellite states and united Germany to maintain the necessary proximity. France too would be most willing and responsive to the confederation as it provides her with greater in-road into the East Europe and Soviet markets which the EEC considers much better, viable and much more reliable alternative foreign markets.

Furthermore, the Franco-Soviet confederation pact provides a leverage for France over the fears raised by the unification of Germany. Besides, the inclusion of the Soviet Union in the EEC would implicitly mean the membership of Soviet satellite states and other Eastern European countries.

SHAPSHOT

Rat Race In White House

FIRST, Barbara Bush found — and the President's subsequently drowned — a rat in the White House's swimming pool. Then, First Dog Millie was bitten by a rat, probably on the south lawn. Now, emboldened rodents are invading White House staff offices, and one was spotted recently near the Oval Office itself. Political jokes aside, the infestation is troubling staffers who worry that someone, possibly even a member of the First Family, may be bitten. Officials believe the invasion is a result of renovations of nearby buildings as well as the swelling amount of food deposited in trash cans around the White House. To exterminate all the rats in a building the size of the White House would be not only expensive but extremely disruptive, since that would require tearing down walls and ripping up floorboards. So, until some better solutions come along, the best answer seems to be to unleash Millie, who has become a proficient rat hunter. The downside is that, given her spomial hunting instincts, Millie likes to present the first lady with the carcasses of her victims.



Money

By Chudi Okoye

For 10 years now, Taylor Woodrow has been battered by unceasing winds of woe. Shattered by problems of different kinds, the company has slouched from one dead-

end to another trying to find a way out. Information reaching *TSM* however indicates that Taylor Woodrow's troubles may be coming to a head.

Influential opinion at the Nigerian Stock Exchange, NSE, feels that the company has been brooked long enough, that it ought to have been expelled from the hallowed hallways of the Exchange. Last week *TSM* gathered from insiders that NSE management has recommended the de-listing of Taylor Woodrow's security, along with one other company's, from NSE register.

It was also learnt that on October 24, NSE's Quotations Committee met and gave a nod to that suggestion. The committee in turn passed the recommendation over to the council which met four days ago. As at press time, it was not clear which way the wind would blow. However, insiders believe it will sail since the council usually goes with the Quotations Committee. "Except the chairmen of these companies successfully lobby council members," says a source, "there is no reason why the Committee's recommendation will not be accepted."

Expulsion (de-listing) is the deadliest stick in NSE's arsenal and never before had it been wielded. If it happens as evidence suggests, it would be a hard

Sunset for Taylor Woodrow

blow for Taylor Woodrow. Technically it means Taylor Woodrow Stocks can no longer be traced on the floor of the Exchange. Even worse, it means the Exchange, as custodian of investment interests, considers Taylor Woodrow too risky for any investor to deign to dine with. That's a hell of a lag, but it seems the company had it coming.

Taylor Woodrow's troubles truly began back in 1980. At that time, politicians were in full saddle. So too was democracy, that is, Nigeria's version of it, with all of its feisty assumptions. Nigeria was a nation on a merry-go-round. Every businessman in town knew it was time to make a killing. Not the least so, strategists of Taylor Woodrow.

To corner as many deals as possible Taylor Woodrow folks knew they had to resharpen their arsenal. That year there-

After 44 years in Nigeria, a well-known foreign company is about to go bust.

fore, new directors were brought aboard. The incumbent chairman, KS Lambert, was due to bow out.

In those days of bristling opportunity, good business sense demanded that he be succeeded by someone versed in local idioms. So on came Adebayo Ogunsanya, company chairman, seasoned lawyer and a man of no mean steam, as chairman of board.

By year end, 1980, the Ogunsanya team had proved its worth. There was a



Adebayo Ogunsanya: Is the party over?

amble of 'important new contracts' as Ogunsonya recounts later, which the company was 'fortunate enough to be awarded'. There were state contracts, federal contracts, and even contracts from private organisations. Taylor Woodrow took them all on.

The shower of good fortune ran well into 1981, with Taylor Woodrow bathing in its head-spinning glory. Such that when the closing days of 1981 came by, the company had tucked in a turnover of N71 million, a steep jump from the previous year's N30 million. Profit was equally on upbeat. It got a shove from N1.5 million all the way up to N4.04 million. And even after government had sliced away the tax chunk, shareholders still made a haul of 12.75k per share as dividend: a far cry from the 3.53k made only one year before. Company chairman Ogunsonya saw it coming. At the very first AGM he presided over he had guessed about 'substantial new contracts' which should make the company 'look forward to improving (its) position in future years'. It only the chairman knew how fast trouble was coming.

Back in 1978, then chairman of board CS Lambert, had grumbled about 'problems experienced in collection of monies due'. He would come back to that theme in 1979 when he worried about 'senior management time spent in progressing for payment monies contractually due to this company'. However, in the heady days of early 80s scant attention was paid to caution.

Piles of new contracts were pulled in

Taylor Woodrow's eager machines were revving away. And although many projects were completed without payment, this did not cause the briefest blink. The did not cease the briefest blink. The company apparently had a huge fund of good faith, and it was willing to draw on it. So as the contracts rolled in management simply arranged for bank overdrafts to finance projects. And so as the years went by, Taylor Woodrow's liabilities and unredeemed assets piled high.

That was when the crash really commenced by 1984, all the indicators were taking a dive from their dizzying highs of earlier years. Turnover slumped to a mere N14 million. Profit and Loss Account went crimson: it showed a post-adjustment loss of N2.3m. This was the company's first year of loss. But from that profit on nothing could end the trend. It was losses all the way. In 1987 there was a flash of good luck when the company recorded a final profit of N1.3m. But there was a swift return of adversity the following year, with accounts crashing to an all time low of N15.5m in siren red.

It was a painful reversal of fortune. Because, as Ogunsonya sighs, these losses came from the company's huge overdrafts, these themselves made necessary by the bulging bulk of bad debts.

Everyone seems to own Taylor Woodrow. State governments. Federal government. Private organisations. By 1988 total debts owed to the company stood in excess of N74 million. For an outfit with a share capital of N7.2m this can be quite a daze. Especially when conditions

make repayment a distant prospect.

In the first few years of civil rule, the nation had been a binge. She was therefore badly singed by the flame of recession. Government had been compelled to take a number of recession-busting measures. But none of these looked too good for the construction industry, to which Taylor Woodrow belongs. Import licensing made procurement of materials and spare parts a task. Very little forex was available for imports. And somehow, public expenditure began to get a trim. In all the years since the early 80s, there's been a successive wave of measures meant to make government pinch expenditure. This has rubbed off really badly on Taylor Woodrow, both in terms of debt collection and the volume of business it does. For instance in 1989, the company could only make a turnover of N769,206. This compares dimly with the high of N73 million achieved in 1982. 'If you don't have current projects,' explains MD Brain C. Warren, 'you don't have turnover.' It would appear that 44 years after Taylor Woodrow zoomed into Nigeria to do business, things have steadily screeched to a stop.

The company hardly engages in any activity these days. At its headquarters in Lagos, a dank, gloomy envelope of nothingness pervades the air. Structures look rickety, paints are peeling off, offices seem shambled, and at many points on the premises underbrushes are sprouting up. The entire place looks spooky, with very little human presence. The few people who are seen shuffle around with the laden limbs of slug-sod-



Head office ... now a rickety structure

den matadors Director of Personnel M.K. Abinde, told **TSM** that of the 4,000 odd people formerly in the employ of Taylor Woodrow only 41 are left, and that includes everybody, from MD to security personnel. They're down to that number simply because there's nothing to do. Since 1986 the company has hardly handled any important job. Warren says that was "when we found the amount of money owed us so high that we had to resist taking further work on." It is also possible that estrangement of a company in distress was part of it.

TSM asked MD Warren to describe his typical working day. His response was a revelation. He gets to the office in the morning, reviews progress in debt pursuit with remaining senior managers, crosses views with them about the construction industry generally, and sees visitors in any and that wraps it up. "It doesn't sound like very much," chuckles Warren, "but it takes a very long time." Yet, all the company's debt-chasing exertions seem to yield little result. If anything, it has had to hock its assets to make good on debt obligation to banks. **TSM** learnt that plant, equipment, vehicles and other items of property have long been lying in Kano, Kaduna and Port Harcourt have been shut down, and property there sold off. **TSM** gathered loc that at the moment the company's only claim to fame are that haunted head office and some property at Ikoyi, all in Lagos.

Huge liabilities. Bad and doubtful debts. Retrenchment. Assets disposal. And absence of new contracts. Little wonder then the sordid performance of Taylor Woodrow's security at the Nigerian Stock Exchange. The company was listed in May 1978, and by year end 1979, its stock, nominated at 50k, had gone up from 24k (+) to 50k (-). This sat pretty well with the industry high of 59k (+). However, last October 31, Taylor Woodrow closed at 10k (+), a figure far from the industry peak of 187k (+). And now, NSE has decided to ditch the company.

Taylor Woodrow came to Nigeria in 1946 bent on carving a niche for itself. It has had its highs and lows, but right now it seems to have hit the abyss. Industry watchers are already making their forecasts. Some feel Taylor Woodrow International, which holds 40 per cent equity, may disengage, in the manner of fleeing foreigners whose investments hit the rocks. Others expect that all told the company will simply fold up.

None of these expectations, however, appears to count on the temperament of the men atop Taylor Woodrow's scrappy affairs. All of them seem bent on getting every kobo due to their company. Says Warren: "Our commitment now is mainly to regularise our accounts." Until that happens, adds company chairman Adebayo, "there is no question of winding up."

Debt recovery is primary

Brian Warren arrived Nigeria last year to tackle Taylor Woodrow's bad debt problem. Below is an excerpt of his interview with **TSM.**

Level of Taylor Woodrow's commitment in the Nigerian economy.

A: Taylor Woodrow has been in Nigeria since 1946. That in itself is a commitment obviously not one we will give up very easily. We have a long history, and we may have a long history in the future too.

Any interest in other areas of the economy?

A: Our commitment at the moment is to regularize the amount of money owed to us, and that we owe people. Once we have regularized that the policy of the company will be set for the future.

Assessment of construction industry.

A: There is a lot of work going on. Some companies appear to be doing extremely well.

Experience in dealing with Nigeria.

A: The people I have dealt with in attempting to regularize our accounts have all been very understanding.

Expectations for Taylor Woodrow's future in Nigeria.

A: It's difficult to answer that question because until we regularize our position, the board of directors cannot really sit down and determine the future.

Whether Taylor Woodrow plans to pull out.

A: I certainly have no understanding that that is the situation, (though) when discussing our current situation, all sorts of things are considered.

Whether problems arise because the company has lost influence in government.

A: We're very straightforward people. We tender for a job, we succeed in the job, we do the job, we expect to be paid for the job.

Assessment of investment climate in Nigeria.

A: (Pauses) with the natural resources and manpower, I think that investment possibilities should be there in the future.

SNAPSHOT

Tax Restructuring Soon

Nigeria's tax structure which has been regarded by several economic analysts may be going through an economic theatre of expertise committee report for critical review.

Dropping the hint recently in Lagos, Ibrahim Abudulahi, the director-general in the Ministry and economic development who spoke on behalf of his minister, Babakari Abiodun, said the committee is expected to maximise tax revenue and quicken the nation's economic development.

The committee would also deal with the issue of tax evasion and tax simplification as none of tax review is a major part of its assignment.

The government, the D-G says intends outlining an efficient tax system that will contribute to the nation's economic growth and secure foreign investments.

Abudulahi also cheerfully commended the new vigour with which the Federal Board of Inland Revenue accomplished its task for 1990.

The board has collected about 98 per cent of estimated total revenue for the year as at the end of August, 1990.

7-Up In Search of N100m debenture

FOR the second time in the nation's recent market history, a public limited company is again offering a subscription for a N100 million mortgage debenture stock. And 7-Up bottling company Plc is rolling out the goodies.

Taking a cue from John Holt which went to the market for the same amount last year, 7-Up has called for applications to be made through Continental Merchant Bank (CMB), investment banker and Trust Company Limited (IBT) and stock brokers in units of N1,000.

By the end of the month, 7-Up would have made history if it achieved N100m target as the first company to source such amount in Nigeria's 31 years of capital market operations.

It could be recalled that John Holt had earlier only 31 per cent subscription level.

Western Ally For 3rd World Debt Cancellation Moves

FOR Third World countries citizens calling for debt cancellation as a way out of the economic doldrums of their nations they now have a Western ally. The ally is the personal representative of the United Nations secretary general, Boutros Boutros Ghali, in a report presented to the economic and financial committee of the UN General Assembly called for the cancellation of 90 per cent of the debt servicing of poor countries' bilateral loans. The servicing of the debt, Craxi proposed should be borne by states as it matured in order to distribute the burden on accounts of debt states over several years.

Sighing his case further, Craxi submitted that sub-Saharan Africa alone had a debt of 145 billion dollars and that between 1980 and 1989 servicing the debt caused a 31 per cent drop in the gross product per capita in the region, a 2.4 per cent drop in consumption and a 21 per cent yearly reduction of exports in real terms.



Sporting

O



Okorodudu: a performing boxer

Okorodudu puts mouth on sale!

And now when he climbs the stage he's there to box, or sing, or both.

By Ochereome Nnanna

He was sited standing in front of two girls picking rhythmically on the strings of an imaginary guitar and silently mouthing song lines. It wasn't quite clear if he was trying to amuse the ladies, or himself because he was neither looking at them nor they at him.

And it'll be the one and only Mr Big Mouth, Nigeria's most glamorous boxers, Jeremiah Okorodudu? This question is not altogether stupid because the guy who stood there looked like a wilted sub-

stitute of the shiny well fed Jerry we all used to know.

Aside from the expensive-looking black and brown tracksuit he had on, Okorodudu looked physically unimpressive for a boxer who has been campaigning in the United States for more than four years. The usually black, healthy curl of his hair (or which he is famous had degenerated into brownish strands. He was wearing a pair of dirty rubber slippers and his feet looked ashen as if smitten by harmattan.

Okorodudu later told *TSM Sporting* that he slipped into the country on October 19. He had two missions to fulfill: to snatch the African title from Godwin Aniemene and to put finishing touches to an album he has been working on for sometime titled *Some Days I Feel Like Flying*. Jerry Okorodudu a singer? That's it.

You see, this gent came into this tough world with two great talents—a boxer's pair of fists and a tree-running mouth. He led with the fist first and in 10 years has been unable to get anywhere close

to the world crown, as everybody knows. In the new decade of the 1990s Okorodudu then resolved to put the mouth into use.

So what brand of music does he play? No, reggae is too dull, and in any case everybody else seems to be doing it these days. Jerry is all for a more pragmatic brand of music laced with a heavy dose of rapping. Like this -

*My name is rockees Em Cee
I'm a singer, a dancer, a rapper and a boxer
I step in the ring and I use my head, like Sugar Ray
I use my hand, like Mohammed Ali
A lotta people say Jerry, go knock him out
I say knock out never comes so easy -
Step up if you wanna get hurt -
F-O-O-L!*

A THIEF'S ROUSING WELCOME

Jerry Okorodudu is a difficult person to hold down in an interview. During this encounter, this reporter fell like a Fulani herdsman who had to use his slick repeatedly to beat a wayward cow into line on this three-hour journey to the nearest pasture, a journey that should

not have lasted past an hour. Happily, the boxer always obliged any time he was cut off from sources of interference.

As he arrived at the Murtala Mohammed International Airport a fortnight ago with his American wife of four years, he received a rousing welcome by a sharp-eyed thief. It was already 10.45 p.m. by the time he finished with the airport formalities. As he headed for the taxi park, the small bag he was clutching by the strings in his left hand was suddenly snatched with such force that by the time he recovered from the shock, the thief's back was already disappearing down the exit corridor.

He gave a chase but the thief jumped from the ground floor to the basement and disappeared into the shadows. It all happened with such swiftness that Okorodudu still wonders at the ingenuity and agility of a thief. According to him, the little bag held 7,500 US dollars (\$75,000).

However, part of Okorodudu's sorrow was wiped away by his promoter, Martins Osatile of Caterbest Promotions.

"The promoter has paid all my hotel bills. His wife has even spent not less than 17,000 naira on my album which will be released soon by Sunny Ade's studio, Anya. The man has rescued me from a big embarrassment," the boxer disclosed.

Boxing in America is never an easy pursuit for anyone, certainly has not been so for Okorodudu. The reason everybody goes there is you have to go there if you hope to make anything out of the profession.

"But you have to be good," Jerry cautioned, "if you lose your first three fights, you are finished."

The truth is, there are thousands of boxers of various nationalities in each state in America - all aiming at the world title. Since Jerry joined the fray in 1985, he has won 14 fights, drawn 2 and lost 5 times, which puts him in the second spot in the state of California, and number nine in all of the USA in his weight class. He gives himself a pass mark for this statistics but admits he is miles away from being a seriously rated world title contender.

That is precisely why he decided to get the African title first, make a musical album and thus put his name once again as he makes the last ditch for the crown.

Okorodudu is an Ibrahim Babangida fanatic. He says "Ask my wife, I go crazy when somebody insults my mother or my President and by president I mean IBB. I love that man so much that if today the man has heart problem, I will donate my own to him."

TSM Sporting: So how did you feel when some soldiers wanted to bomb him out of existence?

OKORODUDU: They would have spoiled my dream. In what way?

OKORODUDU: I have eaten with the



"I love IBB and my mum"

Queen of England during the Commonwealth Games in 1982. It didn't mean anything to me. But I can never forget when Babangida handed the Dick Tiger trophy to me in 1985. He was still Chief of Army Staff. When I win this African title, I will go and present it to

him.
TSM Sporting: There is a big difference between 1985 and now. IBB will not spare his time for any trophy that is less than a senior world title. You know, he does not even come to the stadium any more...

QUOTELINES

I stopped going to church when my father, a preacher, started to smoke and pursue women. I still read my Bible, but church? No way.

— Jerry Okorodudu

Something keeps telling me that Store will win this year's FA Cup — Sam Adebayo in TSM Sporting's July 2 edition



"I don't mind being called a loquacious person"

OKORODUDU: I hope I will win the world title before he hands over. I dream of the day we will meet again face-to-face. I don't care about any other President.

FOUND A MAN ON MY BED

Another person Okorodudu is dying to meet once again is Trigo Egbegi, *National Con-*

cord's former Sports Editor, because "he was the one who named me 'loquacious Okorodudu.' I love that nick-name. I love the Nigerian Press. I am not a world champion, but which world champion is as popular as I am?"

The favourable publicity he got from the press in his hey days when Nigerian boxing fans believed him to be invincible, paved a golden path for him in the US, because when he got there he was surprised at his popularity among American boxing fans and promoters who were setting eyes on him for the first time.

"On November 16, I am throwing a party for the Press. Press only. No donation, no tickets."

Now, what has happened to his first wife a Nigerian who supported him through his Los Angeles Olympics campaign?

"She was not my legal wife," he replied, turning vicious at the memory, "she was shy living with me. It was in the very month that we fixed our marriage that she did something which I couldn't believe when I saw it. I met a man on top of her, right in my own bedroom!"

ESM Sportline: Were you a boxer then?

OKORODUDU: Yes. 1985

ESM Sportline: What did you do when you saw them?

OKORODUDU: I was shaking all over. Thank God the devil was not with me that day. I told her to pack.

ESM Sportline: What's the lady's name?

OKORODUDU: Her name is Mercy. No. I won't tell her name. She doesn't deserve publicity.

By Ochereome Nnanna

cars often hold sad, painful memories for most people. When you look down at your scars, especially the big ones you remember the pain but your heart swells with pride that you came on top of the pain. Finally, you are sobered by the lesson derived from the trauma that left the scar.

Perekebuna Olo-Pele is a sergeant in the Nigerian Army who despite the three heavy wounds he sustained during the Nigerian Civil War, went on to run for the army until 1985 when he retired from the tracks.

Now, he can be conspicuously seen as a field judge during the various national athletics championships, especially the Mobil Classics series.

He has run for Plateau State and also represented his 82 Garrison in the 400 metres during military games, which he won in 1973, 1974 and 1985. This feat becomes spectacular when you consider that he still hosts a piece of shrapnel inside his skull. During the war he sustained two bullet wounds in the tummy

Proud of his scars

and another one in the thigh. He fought under Col Benjamin Adekunle's 3rd Marine Commandos in the Port Harcourt sector and was later transferred to the Calabar front.

"I declined to have a head operation because most of my colleagues who were operated upon later died or had mental problems," he told our reporter. "The only problem I have is occasional headache."

When the sun shines something seems to crawl from my forehead to the spot just below my ears. I always make sure I wear a cap when the sun is shining."

How did he manage to run with the wounds so soon after the war?

Olo-Pele who hails from the Ijaw-speaking area of Ondo State, simply said, "I felt all right. I have no problem

apart from the headache. Many people who fought in the war still have bullets in their bodies and still go about their normal lives."

Sgt. Pele ... shot three times





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