





MODUPE ODUYOYE

Toyobo

(CLASSICAL SOUND)

BY

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CHAPTER ONE

WHAT IS TOYOBO?

Before TOKUNBO there was TOYOBO, and in the beginning of modern civilization when all communication routes led to Oyo Ile, gallantry, militarism and artistry paid glowing tributes to the Alaafin of Oyo and the good people of old Oyo empire.

And trust Yorubas in their fecundity, everyone who went on traditional pilgrimage or homage-paying mission to that territory was proud of Oyo as the capital city of civilization, no wonder why in attaching values and prestige to Oyo, they named their children after Oyo and thus we have TOYOBO, meaning "An Oyo Being-TO" or "My Evidence of OYO's civilization"

According to my great teacher, Modupe Oduyoye, "there was a time when many Yorubas in diaspora wanted to identify with OYO's high prestige by proudly announcing it permanently in the naming of their children after this great empire.

It was, however, at the decaying period when wisdom and self-reliance (the exclusive peculiarities of the Yorubas) began to wane that TOYOBO gave way while TOKUNBO began from then to gain its inglorious currency, loading its second-hand values over qualitative reason and commonsense.

And isn't it high time we restored the old glory and dignity of OYO in every good form?

I agree with H.A. Clement that "in these days of modern studies and modern progress, it is essential that the debts which we owe to the ancients should not be overlooked and the value of their pioneer work as well as their achievements in art, music and literature should be recognized" and which is where exactly i am coming in with my TOYOBO sound to do my age and this race proud.

So, I am TOYOBO with canopies spreading across four borders yet bearing the drum of ***gudu-gudu meje***. If others delight in forfeiting their race in the name of all that is TOKUNBO, I am TOYOBO who is here to do my age and race proud, visiting the drum sticks of culture delicately upon the skin of ***gudu-gudu meje***, the drum that talks from the seven corners of Its mouth.

Timely is the outing of my TOYOBO, even at this period when the dividends of democracy for some people are just beginning to cause their own sun of self-reliance to set, even upon the bridge of their noses,

I am TOYOBO, I am set to do the black race proud, even though I am not unmindful of the desecrations into which some people have dragged this land of culture. Under the guise of freedom to buy and sell whatever comes through the borders, many Nigerians have thrown culture to the vultures; and turned the land to a dumping ground for all second-hand values. But my TOYOBO Is set artistically to reverse this ugly trend and restore the old glory and dignity of Yorubas through popularizing my music and earning foreign exchange for Nigeria.

It must be stated here that it is not possible to mystify Oyo because

Oyo itself is a mystery and it is in Qyo's artistry and fecundity that TOYOBO is dignified.

And to those of us who Know the rich value of history and the glorious lessons it bequeathes upon today and tomorrow, remembering OYO and the pride of place which the empire occupies in the annals of history and in the affairs of Kings, arts and culture is both a debt and tribute that must be continually paid by both the present and the future generations.

Only God knows whether our youths today realize that TOYOBO had ever been a hallmark of literacy and civilization, when anybody who had the bravery and valour to pass through OYO and allow OYO to pass through him automatically became manly enough to go to any place under the globe.

It is no doubt regrettable today that for our youths, there is no real starting point of understanding of the history of the Yorubas while their historical outlook has become so blurred that they often imagine that OYO's pace-setting legacy just emerged from the blues.

To them, the indomitable Alaafin appears little more than a calendar date and even OYO itself featuring a little more than mere name, no wonder why they suffer from lack of right perspective to seeing developments in Yoruba from the right telescope. With all of these, one cannot but agree with H.A. Clement that "in these days of modern studies and modern progress, it is essential that the debts which we owe to the ancients should not be over-looked and the value of their pioneer work as well as their achievements in art, music and literature

should be recognized" and which is exactly where I am coming in with my TOYOBO to do my age and this race proud. OYO, as a pace-setter is legendary with its fame dating back from ancient days when human eye balls were traditionally located on man's kneecaps, as it was the eyes that guided his knees of communication. In fact Oyo empire was a phenomenon whether in military prowess, commerce, or in arts and culture.

OYO ILE, as it was then called, was situated near the Niger and referred to by the Fulanis as Katunga. Under the indefatigable rulership of the Alaafin of Oyo, the King posted powerful war generals called Are Ona Kakanfo to guard the four comers of his empire, namely, the South East, North East, North West and the South West.

Oyo had been in the vanguard of military prowess and in more poignant ways than those of other empires.

According to my teacher (a philologist) "Are" means Number One, "Ona" means war camp while "Kakanfo" signifies border. It is the same as Hebrew "Kanaf which means the wing of a bird.

"If it stretches its wings, it is the extremities of the bird and the English call it "canopy", showing that canopy in English and our Kakanfo mean the same thing. Therefore, Are OnaKakanfo means the leader of the war camp at the border".

Also, a student of word-analysis, Gabriel Ojo traced the close connections which military words like aide-de-camp, camouflage and emeritus have in common with Oyo's military prowess.

"And talk of the exquisite carvings, elaborate paintings on the walls

of old Oyo empire, including the beautiful artistry of Osogbo in the old Oyo empire, one would realise that they are a class of their own, ***a suisgeneris***"

No doubt, one of the purposes of art is to give it some "commerce" value and here again we cannot talk of commerce without mentioning forces of supply and demand for which the invincible soldiers of old Oyo empire are a force to reckon with.

At the height of Oyo's fame when it was a centre of attraction in arts and culture, a riot which broke out at Ibadan during an Egungun festival in which a masquerade was unmasked, was redressed by the Alaafin who viewed it as an anathema and sent warriors from his palace to go and punish those who permitted this desecration of the Yoruba's culture.

CHAPTER TWO

FAGBOLA AND HIS MUSIC?

"No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always a work and tools to work withal for those who will". Most people who know me understand me to be a journalist, poet and author. They are yet to realise that I am a born musician and talented instrumentalist.

I can categorically state here that I was born with music and music is mine.

Every early morning, music comes knocking at the door of my heart;

My inner man she touches and unto her call I have always attended.

All that I have into music I throw with no other but music I do go.

And unto her waves she scatters me

But at the depth of it all

She gathers me, Embracing me

Cuddling me and Kissing me like a new born babe.

Music mothers me right from my cradle.

To be candid, my music profile is prodigious and enormous. Some photocopies of newspaper cutting written on me in the 80s would probably give some insight into my past musical exploits. I must however confess here that for certain reason, I deliberately subordinated my talent in music to the prosecution of my career in journalism and there was a time I was provoked into placing some

curse on certain aspect of the Nigerian music scene following the irritating action of some people who caused an unwarranted fiddle on my first "experimental" music project that could have earned for this country large foreign exchange, it is a long story but which I have told on pages 25 to 31 of my first published book titled HEROISM (1989).

In this right atmosphere in which I am now swimming however, God has moved me to revoke the spell, (it's GOSPEL) and behold, timeless rhythms are beginning now to flow from me. Indeed, I am not a stranger in the arts and culture of music. I can proudly claim to belong to the household of ESO where music forms the weaponry with which Eleso conquers all his enemies using his cannon of precision.

My first and lasting influence came from my mother, a princess born from the same royal loin with the only drummer-king in Yoruba land, Oba Adetoyese Olaoye, the Late Timi of Ede. They, (my mother and the Timi of Ede), both grew from the same mystery palace where people pounded thousand tubers of yam without cooking any yam!

Oba Laoye himself a musical legislator used his talking drum to legislate African cultural rules of decency in public announcement. He showed visiting Europeans to his palace that the drum is also a lingua franca that vibrates around and beyond his palace.

At independence, Oba Laoye used his talking drum to create different call-signals for the Nigeria's premier radio station, Nigeria Broadcasting Corporation (NBC) while his ingenuity and dexterity in

drumming soon turned his palace into a Mecca for tourists from all over the world

It was at this same palace that I took my first lesson in traditional drumming and royal dancing. Although as a year-old baby, I had long been crawling in music, mumbling gentle melodies, I first spoke the language of music at two when, to the amazement of elders, I used to sing traditional verses of my own composition.

At seven, I formed a musical group comprising playmates and performed wonders with kettledrums while supplementing my composed songs with popular Juju numbers of ace musician I.K. Dairo during musical outings.

From the All Saints Church Osogbo, an Anglican household where I worshipped with my parents, I stole secretly into the neighbouring Aladura Churches in order to assist them in beating spiritual samba for dancing visioners.

At OkeIragbiji Grammar School, Iragbiji (now in Osun State) where I also led my college to success during every literary and debating society contest that we had in the 70s, I was crowned the king of drummers and best dancer at every inter-college competition. As a composer, set-drummer and actor, I did my best for the school's social club as its bandleader. Ironically in 1971 when I was leaving college and "going into the world" as our tutors always put it, I was presented a book "WEEP NOT CHILD" written by Ngugi as my prize for being the best student in literature and music.

Its significant message to my life did not register anything inside me

until I left college and found myself in the thick of exploitation of man by man.

Twice I escaped from the hands of a carousing musician who set a trap for me in the name of stealing my music and were it not for the Hand of God that saved me, I could have lost my early compositions to the dirty game.

I was not, however, lucky in the 80s when again I fell into the hands of syndicated pirates who stole my kingly trumpet but got walloped for it in my poetry book.

My music producer Mr. Odion Iruoje soon discovered that my poems are laced with kingly rhythms following which he counseled that I should convert the lyrics into songs for the delight of music fans.

That was the turning point in my life as it was during this period I had serious encounter with "Holy Ghost who gave me my inner voice in a trance.

Bata drum soon became my fancy and I once stole the show with it during an audition at the then University of Ife (now Obafemi Awolowo University) in the presence of Professor Wole Soyinka.

At NEPA Senior Staff School, Kainji in New Bussa, I became an instructor in music, dance and movement (1978 - 1982). While practicing journalism, I joined the popular 5K Band of the University of Ilorin Kwara State, whose membership under Professor P.F. Akanji Nasiru largely consists of lecturers. I also featured prominently in the orchestra of Ajon players of the same university as a drummer and singer under the able leadership of Professor OluObafemi,

As a thriller who featured regularly in the "Youth Scene" programme of the N.T.A. Ilorin, I thrilled thousands of television viewers with my musical compositions while playing my box guitar. Professor Yinka Dopemu of blessed memory was my presenter during the period.

It is from this rich soil of long experience that I am growing my music, I am also not a neophyte in the world of studio works and music production. My first album, produced by sound master Odion Iruoje, was a work of deep research done on the famous works of The Beatles of England.

It was Odion that first caught the Beatle mania and before I knew it, I found myself working on ten hit songs of the Beatles whose legendary shook the whole of Europe and America.

The making of the album actually hosted the contributions of an assemblage of who is who in the music world with some budding artists joining other experienced experts that included Professor Akin Euba, Nkono Teles, Burtley Moore and Chikoto to do the album. As a poet and composer, I perfectly gave Yoruba metaphors to the selected songs of the Beatles, and along with some members of Sir Shina Peters, structured the translations into Juju melodies. At the end of the project the master tape of the work was taken abroad and mastered at Emi Abbey Studio while it enjoyed a good preview on the British Broadcasting Corporation.

But it was mysterious that the project later turned sour as it was a conclusion in which nothing was concluded. Although I was presented with complimentary copies of the album, HMV (N) 047, by the EMI

under which label I had a contractual agreement for its production, I never collected a Kobo as royalty while I only got three copies of the sales report of the performance of the album before news reached us that EMI had changed status while all contracts it had with most of us (artistes) had been terminated.

Investigations have, however, revealed that part of the musical Beatle translations that I did actually conferred instant stardom upon certain fast guys who listened secretly to the original Yoruba recordings of my own composition which were rightly or wrongly exposed to them behind my back by unknown persons.

In the published poetry collection of my authorship, I have written sufficiently on different ways in which talented artistes in Nigeria are being exploited left, right and centre.

Having spent four decades of actively witnessing to socio; political and traditional spheres of music, I feel I am sufficiently endowed and equipped to be a prophet of the entertainment world, hence in this year, I have gone straight-into the studio to produce TOYOBO.

TOYOBO sound consisting of twelve tracks, is a rich collection and manifestation of years of accumulated creativity now bursting out. The collection complements the yearnings of the spirit man, cutting across ages while reaching out with moral lessons from which all can find fulfillment. It is indeed a post-modern approach to music.

The songs of TOYO are restless within me. They keep rupturing inside me, vibrating with thunderous rhythms and intoxicating me as the new wine brewed from palm trees cultivated in the meadows.

SOME OF FAGBOLA'S POETRY ON MUSIC

VOICE MY VOICE

My voice is beyond the Everest
It echoes beyond the valleys.
My voice is beyond the Niger
It swims across the Oceans.
It is in the forest with birds

Striking the harmonic chords.
It is sitting by the fire
Consoling the widows
Appeasing the orphans.

MINE MUSIC

Music flows in my veins.
Its wind blows all through me
But look here
The flames of music I suppressed
For a "No-reason" reason.
Music I chained for years,
Music has cried for years.
For freedom she has wailed,
And my inner man is now touched.
For long, the ever flowing stream of Music I dammed,
Too long have I restrained this spirit in me;

In my writing I see music in her nudity,
In my verses I perceive her in majesty.
And the more I resist her,
She's the more irresistible;
The more I restrain her,
She's the more irresistible;
Let the flames of Music now take her noble course
I've got to put the world in her dazzling flames;
Let my Music now flow unrestrained,
Let my Music now beat undelayed.
Let her fill the living home,
Let her wake the dying souls.

SONGS OF OUR TIME

I pity this society
Its people and desires,
They make a mockery of music;
They enslave artistic inspirations
Watch the exploiters and the monsters
As they rape music, befuddling human psychology with vileness.
 And unless the gods shed their anger
 These people never may live
 To hear the living songs
 Timeless rhythm of the angels.
They brutalize music as well as musicians

Harass their temple of inspiration. With missiles of hatred, lying
tongues and frame-ups They are clamped into detentions and
are massacred Bullets tear through their locks of innocence
And where the kingly Muse sits in her majesty They bum their
incense of filth and abominations "They degrade the noble
genius Assail the master composer" Corrupting the voices of
intellect. While defrauding musicians of heavenly inspiration.

And unless the gods shed their anger

These people never may live

To hear the living songs

Timeless rhythm of the angels.

They drag music and musicians out of the serene sky where they
worship with angels in devotion

Abominations!

It's sacrilegious,

A trample on reasoning,

A trespass on sanity

A violation of human dignity.

They ransack their inner vision

Looting all their repertoires

They have killed the father of music

Murdered his mother

The African Musician is an orphan

There is nobody to fight his cause.

How can we then sing a kingly song

In a foreign land?

"By the River of Babylon, We sat and weep"

On the streets where we hang our drums and tom-toms

We see stem eyes of exploiters watching and watching

They dangle the chains before us.

And unless the gods shed their anger

These people never may live

To hear the living songs

Timeless rhythm of the angels.

The waves no longer flow with timeless songs

The air is polluted, tainted and we're all sick

Only the sober who avoid their streets

Can hear the wailings,

The sonorous songs of the waiters;

The elegies of master composer.

All the first born of the Muse are slaughtered

On the altar of greed and selfishness.

And unless the gods shed their anger

These people never may live

To hear the living songs

Timeless rhythm of the angels.

Songs in the past have wrought miracles

And before our eyes, how wonderful

They drove heartless rulers out of their kingdom;

Tempered justice with codes of mercy,

They made angels out of men,
Crystallised and enlivened their thoughts;
But no more, No more -
We have dragged musicians through the rubbles,
We have brutalised him enough
We have banished innocence out of him;
He has lost all ruddle of love,
They have made a demon of him
They will; they did
You have heard nothing yet.

And unless the gods shed their anger
These people never may live
To hear the living songs
Timeless rhythm of the angels.

The society deserves truly
Its songs and its singers,
They inflame their youths
With riotous crimes
And lure their virgins
Into bloody hands of rapists.
They make rebels out of patriots,
Assail the voice of reasoning
With the tenor of nonsense.
Their wives are never spared,
They hop from bed to bed

While the songs keep suborning
Driving worms into their veins.
Step it hard,
Beat for them the drum of rage;
Intoxicate them with adulterous steel,
Percussion their minds into robbery -
They will come face to face with the law one day;
The society deserves its music and Musicians.
 And unless the gods shed their anger
 These people never may live
 To hear the living songs -
 Timeless rhythm of the angels.

SONG OF THE PRODIGAL

Igia bafehinti
(The tree one would have rested on)
Se lo lobegun egbegberun
(is bearing thousands of thorns)
Eni a batunfora lo
(Those to whom one would have reported)
Alarokirienini won je
(Are the very ones gossiping about one)
They have stolen your kingly trumpet,
Baba; the only vineyard of my very possession.
Listen to sad story of my inheritance, Listen to the song of the

prodigal:

The great squander,

The big scandal!

They dragged your first son to Europe,

There they sold his age and his wisdom;

It is curious and strange indeed

Oyinbo wears your Agbadanla

And equates it with his father's tarpauling.

Enigbadiyeotosi

(He that stole the poor man's hen)

Otigbet'alaroyedandan

(Has stolen the talker's hen, indeed)

Ole to gbekakakioba.

(The thief that stole the kings's trumpet)

Niboniyoti fan on?

(Where does he want to blow it)?

They have exchanged your child, Baba

... Still in the age of slavery -

It is Europe or America

The same way; it's the same age;

It is curious and strange indeed,

How history often repeats itself.

Remember the way to Europe, America and the sugarcane plantation.

To where they dragged African values,

There they enslaved African dignity.

Igiabafehinti

Se lo to h'egunegbegberun.

Eni a batunforo to Alarokirieniniwonje.

They now wallow in stinking wealth

While we languish in grinding debts -The only vineyard of my
possession the sad story of my inheritance.

Enigbadiyeotosi

Otigbet'alaroyedandan

Ole to gbekakakioba

Niboniyoti fan-on?

I sing my songs for Music

And write my lyrics for the Muse

My beard is made of musical strings

Be warned, do not dare it

An angel's harp has no blunt chord.

CHAPTER THREE

MISSION STATEMENT

WHEN I was a child,' I played like a child and watched like a child but now that I have come of age, I forsake all plays that do not conform to superior standards. If there had been anything to which I have given the greatest sacrifice, it is Music. I treat poetry and music with serious devotion. They come to me in great torrents and like an eccentric, I muse on along lonely roads. I have often broken baths to hurriedly disposes myself of ideas that come knocking and I toil upward in the night whenever the voice of my poetry and music jerk me out of bed.

For me, poetry is a religion and I treat it with all religiosity as in my poetry I see music in her nudity and in my verses I perceive her in her majesty. I thank God that every disappointment I have encountered along the way has turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Although I had earlier lamented that the Beatles music project that formed my first album was a conclusion in which nothing was concluded, it must be stated here that it was not altogether an inconclusive project for the power of Redemption has redeemed my bata and gudu-gudu and sanctified them' completely for the glory of God and for the progress of humanity.

No doubt, I have endured life's brutality, unperturbed in adversity, weathering one weather after another while I have continued to sing the songs of courage with all equanimity and malleability.

I have also traversed thick and thin, refined in tribulations as I sliced

through hatred and arch jealousy "immutability and flexibility, singing the songs of courage still".

Today I talk of heroism that transcends mere artistry and talk of it as a deep subject, even as a gem lying at the very depth of scholarly gallantry. No wonder why I have consistently assigned value to my collective experience, stoutly christening my writings, verses and songs as my own Universities, even as manifest footprints of my sojourning through this wide, wild world called life, and agreeing with Thomas Carlyle who says that "the true University is a collection of books". It must be emphasized here that integrity has a lot to play in TOYOBO. It started from the research on THE BEATLES of England, for my producer, Odion Iruoje, widely acclaimed as sound master saw the need for us to take our own local music to the international scene through integrating two cultures.

We then adopted a holistic approach to it but some now the project got stalled. When thereafter it dawned on me that there should be no zeal except in the LORD, I soon realized that except the Lord builds the house, those who do so labour in vain.

Therefore I am not here to visit the drumstick of culture on the delicate skin of gudu-gudu for the sake of frivolity. I am here to play TOYOBO as an anthem of excellent breed.

TOYOBO connotes INTEGRITY DUTY ORIGINALITY and FECUNDITY. These are the four borders which every great generalissimo must guard zealously.

Not for TOYO, the aping mentality peculiar to men of frivolities and

others of their likes. Oyo is a land of geniuses, no wonder why imitation has always been the right tribute which others play to this land of pace-setters.

Truly "Ajisebi Oyo Lanri, Oyo koni se bi Baba enikan" meaning "Others are born to imitate Oyo even as Oyo imitates the son of nobody.

It is however regrettable today that integrity in the society is fast disappearing, hence the delusion of lunacy plaguing almost everywhere. Although men read day and night to acquire knowledge, most of them lack the understanding to identify the principles in whatever they read while they have no wisdom on how to apply such principles towards solving the problems of today and tomorrow. The Hallows are right when they observed that "we human beings largely are today living from hand to mouth, we learn today what ought to have been done yesterday and are yet at a loss to know what are to be done tomorrow.

As a believer in the principles of development as enshrined in the living book of eternity, (The Bible) our own age should be wiser than the past even though we continue to pay honour and greatness to the labour of our heroes past. This must apply to our music, arts, literature and all other endeavours.

One is not however unmindful of the integrity which some of our old musicians have demonstrated and continue to demonstrate towards ensuring the sanctity of our society. Alas our buttock - parading ladies and earring-wearing boys are today eating their cakes as well as having them back. They have said bye-bye to decency in public places

and towing the inglorious ways u the SOYOYOS of yesterdays.

It may be sufficient wisdom for them all to lean one or two lessons from the sad tale of the poor contemptible ladies who in the past disgraced correction and thought they could eat their cakes and still have them back.

They refused to be schooled by the humility of HUBERT OGUNDE. They humiliated the old sage when he sang "sisionigarawa".

The philosophy of Christian Okwu also meant nothing to them; they are never at home with REX Lawson's trumpet of reasoning. Not even Danmaraya song of wisdom nor Manmashata's drums of vigor could appease their lust for vanity.

They equated Uwaifo's Akwete with bags of vanities as they coloured themselves with despicable creams, soaps and powder.

When Baba Aladura Dairo I.K. pleaded, they never heeded, they thought they could set the justice of juju at naught ad go scot free.

Haruna rhythm of "apalatic" proverbs could not change them nor Ayinla Omowura's sonorous warning against bleaching.

They disobeyed Obey's laws of juju and rode roughshod over Sunny Ade's guitar slings. They even violated the rules of Fuji.

When Ayinla Kollington commissioned great bata fuji sound they thought his warning were all an empty boasts, but now the game is up, Soyoyos are all in trouble.

Barrister at fuji (Ayinde) has taken them to Professor Kuti's court, its well done to PMAN, the long baffle is now won "Bleaching soaps banned, Bleaching creams banned".

Blessed Adeolu Akinsanya Baba Eto whose trumpet first gave them a hot chase; worried of their assault on pure African Highlife, he chased them, tails between their legs.

They found shelter in "Owanbe" sound until Tunde Nightingale disgraced them too right in the middle of the dancing floor.

They packed their soaps, creams and powder, off they ran toward Kalakuta Republic. It was like trouble sleeping while yanga went out to wake it up; it was a real palaver at Yabish session where the Chief Priest Fela worshipped with serious devotion.

Anikulapo Kuti accused them; they have stepped on the cobra tail. Abomination, soyoyos in trouble.

When it became clear they have missed their roads, off they ran helter skelter until they got trapped in Fela's horn (crisis).

They fled once again and got held up in the traffic go slow, with the hot sun assailing them.

Not even their yellowfever boyfriend could bail them out. Listen to the jeers of school children the derisive laughter of bus conductors! "Soyoyo!sisisoyoyo, soyoyo!"

The taxi drivers hooted out their ignominies; Again they fled into the hands of newspaper vendors who confronted them with accusing headlines:

"BLEACHING SOAPS BANNED, BLEACHING CREAMS TOO".

Soyoyo in trouble, where do you now go? Columnists condemn your atrocities.

Soyoyos now belong to the dark valley. But who says you are fine?

Na tie, Kabiyesi is only cajoling you. Omoba is mocking you. Big Boss won't buy you for one kobo, Tirogo is teasing you Amebo cannot manage you. Paddy man has shunned your hanky-panky. I am afraid Ikebe will not accommodate you. Your face is yellow, your buttocks charcoal black. You are neither with the Oyinbos nor at home with the Blacks. Where are you? The leprosarium may soon be your next home."

It is almost twelve years ago since I sang this song of SOYOYOS and today the social leprosy is now the Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome AIDS. A word should today be sufficient for the wise.

It therefore behoves on all of us as artistes, musicians and other ambassadors of our culture to free ourselves from our follies and timidities "So that we might realise that even we ourselves should have worthy legacies to leave behind us."

For me, it is in the settled excellence of my writings that my music would be intensified for greater ideals. I acknowledge that all good writing and good music flow from God and as gifts of God, they must not be connoted to suit little orthodoxies of anybody.

I have ridden roughshod over the designs of blind educational systems, breaking their hypocritical rules yet excelling, while the Muse anoints my head with oil of gladness even right before vice chancellors: saying: "write, read and sing No man shall lay these low"

If I may right here be forgiven this boast, TOYOBO can be proverbialized in the words of the wisdom of our elders that it is a

stage in which I am about bringing the bird from the pocket. And by the time we get to TOYODE the bird will be right there for all of us to see.

The come will even have come to become, even in this millennium as we march our acceptability gloriously into the world of sound music and qualitative artistry.

OLALERE FAGBOLA is a seasoned journalist orator, poet and author who has put in over two decades into the practice of journalism. He has to his credit several awards in journalism which include:

- Reporter of the year 1988, Kwara State.
- Best Print Journalist of the year 1992, Oyo State
- Features Writer of the year 1993, awarded by Punch Nigeria Ltd.
- Journalist of the year 1996, Osun State and
- Reporter of the year 1997, awarded by Punch Nigeria Limited
- His entries for the Nigerian Media Merit Award (NNMA) for Features Writer of the year (1997) and Crime Reporter of the year (1989) were found to be of commendable standard.

He is also a guest lecturer in journalism at the Osogbo Campus of the International Institute of Journalism, Abuja; the Nigerian Institute of Journalism (NIJ) Ibadan Campus, and the Mass Communication Department of The Polytechnic, Ibadan. He features in the weekly edition of "Editors Forum" a current affairs programme of Galaxy Television, Ibadan.

His published works include Heroism a collection of poems and Journalists and the hand of God a compelling intellectual effort on the practice of journalism in Africa. Fagbola's mastery of the English Language and his intellectual depth distinguish him from other authors. He's currently the Chief executive of Movement on Non Violence in Africa MENVIA, an NGO that sets out to eradicate violence through job creation and information re-orientation.

LAST LINE

I have chosen to go into journalism to give voice to the voice of supremacy crying inside of me and since music, to me, is a medium of intensity, I am now choosing to go into full blown music to turn my cries into singing and my writings into verses, giving them a rising crescendo. I have been in journalism since 1 976 and I have discovered that the profession is a kingdom of fame and good name and it belongs rightly and exclusively to talented men and women and which is why mass communication is a turf upon which any serious-minded rider would ride.

Journalism is the creative spoken and written word of authority and legitimacy.

I am therefore going into music to assign values to my collective experience, giving constructive intensity to my voice both sociologically and technologically; politically and economically; morally and spiritually

I am carrying it into the superlatives, putting music into

journalism and journalism into music.

The process even becomes for me most exciting because as a poet who is given to powerful rendition in the idealization of the real and the realization of the ideal, I see music plainly in its nudity, dignity, majesty and in its supremacy.

As a matter of fact, the English word, incantation has in it the word cantos; "Cantos" meaning "to sing" thus the "in" affixed to "cantation" is originally an intensified of canere or cart, meaning to sing or chant.

In choosing TOYOBO, the Journalism in me is set to engage the flute of reasoning to lure away the snake of immorality out of our Society. We are fighting the second-hand value parasitism towards restoring not only our values, Naira, pride, history, morals but our manliness.

Bob Marley gave the world Raggae, Fela Anikulapo Kuti also gave the world Afro beat.

I Harmonist 'Lere Fagbola am set to give the world TOYO. TOYOBO is the climax of a musical fusion hypothesis. Fagbola's first musical Journey to the WEST enroute THE BEATLES through a successful experimentation on their hit songs informs the NEW TOYOBO which prides itself in Originality of vocal style and music presentation.

I need serious minded co-producers and promoters who can arrange and sponsor my musical performances throughout the world while prospecting market outlets globally.