



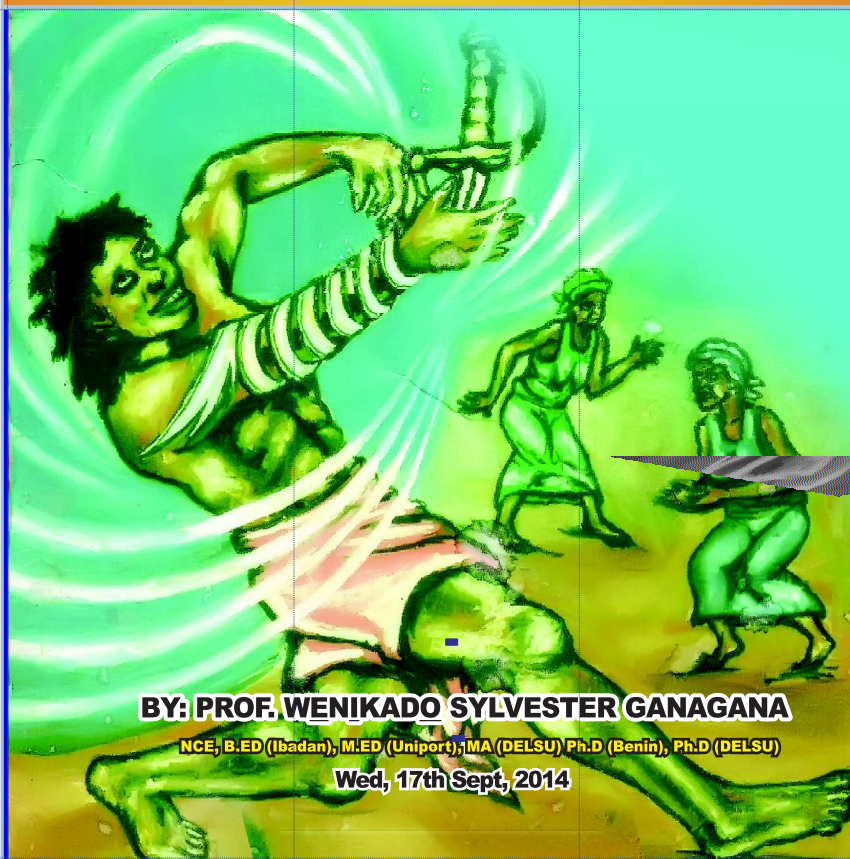
NIGER DELTA UNIVERSITY

WILBERFORCE ISLAND, BAYELSA STATE

11th Inaugural Lecture

TITLED:

OZIDI AVENGES:
A SCULPTO - GRAPHOTHERAPEUTIC AND
PICTORIAL NARATOLOGY IN ART



BY: PROF. WENIKADO SYLVESTER GANAGANA

NCE, B.ED (Ibadan), M.ED (Uniport), MA (DELSU) Ph.D (Benin), Ph.D (DELSU)

Wed, 17th Sept, 2014

**NIGER DELTA UNIVERSITY
WILBERFORCE ISLAND
BAYELSA STATE**



11TH INAUGURAL LECTURE

**OZIDI AVENGES:
*A SCULPTO-GRAPHOTHERAPEUTIC AND
PICTORIAL NARATOLOGY IN ART***

BY

**PROFESSOR WENIKADO S. GANAGANA (*KSM*)
*NCE, B.ED (IBADAN), M.ED (PORT HARCOURT),
M.A (DELSU), Ph.D (BENIN), Ph.D (DELSU)***

***PROFESSOR OF SCULPTURE
DEAN, FACULTY OF ART***

WEDNESDAY, 17TH SEPTEMBER, 2014

OZIDI AVENGES:
A SCULPTO-GRAPHOTHERAPEUTIC AND
PICTORIAL NARATOLOGY IN ART

NCE, B.ED Fine & Applied Arts, REL STUD - **IBADAN**

M.ED Guidance and Counselling (**PORT HARCOURT**)

M.A Art History (**DELSU**)

Ph.D. Guidance and Counselling (**BENIN**)

Ph.D Art History (**DELSU**)

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DEDICATION

Dedicated to the 'AFRICAN MOTHER', my mother, from whose breast milk (water of life), I suckled in the desire to achieve greatness is all my endeavours

AND

My father, whose dedication, conscientiousness, diligence, consistency and industriousness to duty, I intuitively learned to emulate.



THE AFRICAN MOTHER

**OZIDI AVENGES:
A SCULPTO-GRAPHOTHERAPEUTIC AND
PICTORIAL NARATOLOGY IN ART**

The Vice-Chancellor, Niger Delta University,
Professor Humphrey A. Ogoni,
The Registrar,
Members of the Governing Council,
Principal Officers of the University,
Provost, College of Health Sciences,
Deans of Faculties,
Distinguished Respected Professors and Scholars of NDU and
Other Universities,
Directors and Heads of Department,
Faculty of Arts, my Constituency,
Fellow Lecturers of NDU and Beyond,
Great NDU Students,
Distinguished Guests,
Knights and Ladies of St. Mulumba
Gentlemen of the Press,
The Ekpo Family,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Anua O..E.E.E.

PREAMBLE

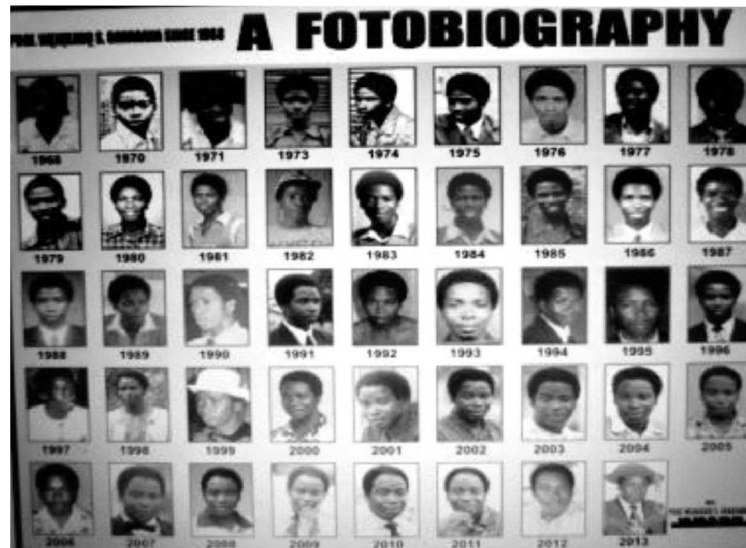
It is with a great sense of humility and unfathomable gratitude to the Almighty God that I am here today to deliver my inaugural lecture. I give immense thanks, copious joy and gratitude to the Almighty God, for His unquantifiable love that has enabled me to see this day.

I thank the Vice-Chancellor Professor Humphrey Ogoni, that you made it possible in your time, for many of us, to have had this opportunity and privilege to deliver our inaugural lectures. May the Almighty God bless and replenish all your endeavours in Jesus Name, Amen. Little did I expect in my life that, I would live up to this day and be elevated not only to the rank of a professor but also as the first Professor to deliver an inaugural lecture from the Department of Fine and Applied Arts, Niger Delta University, Bayelsa State and my parent Department at the Ignatus Ajuru University of Education Rumuolumeni, Port Harcourt, where I started from, as a budding artist. Like some of my colleagues, it is a rare privilege that I am called by God to lay a foundation which others would build on. I hope and pray that, God should give me more wisdom to work in line with this principle that, I may leave a legacy to posterity as a trail blazer.

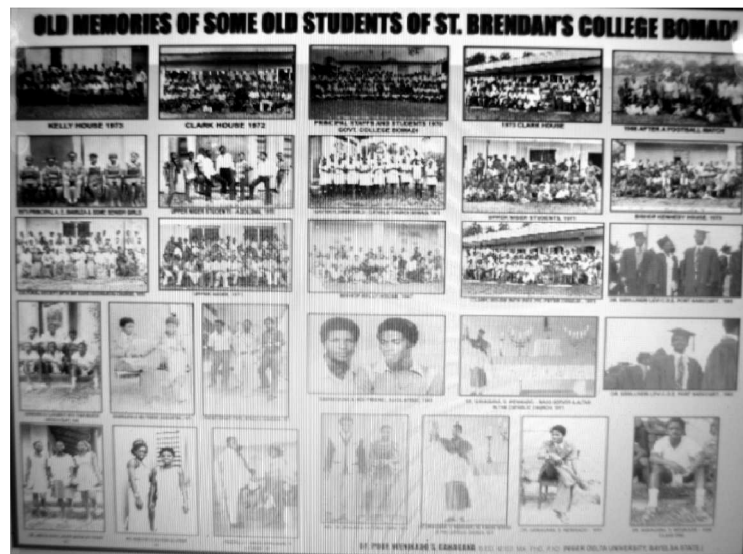
INTRODUCTION

Mr. Vice-Chancellor Sir, inaugural lectures are occasions not only for recounting scholarly achievements or for addressing topical issues that affect a specific discipline or the society. They are also peak fora for professing theories that define, refine and interpret a preferred school of thought, this time a work of art.

As a scholar in the Creative Arts Department of the Faculty of Arts, I have since bothered about evolving a theory that will bring new perspectives and creative expansion to the Fine and Applied Arts. Thus, in the universe of art, narrative texts had been literary, performative and only slightly visual. The literary, oral and film texts are clear paradigms of texts. In my journey of scholarship as a scholar-artist, I have delved into the crucible of universal art corpus and have evolved a new variety of visual text, within the epistemological competence of Fine and Applied Arts. This brand of text is what I refer to as Pictorial Narrative text or better still, Fotobiography or Graphotherapy. This is the genus of text that enables the narration of any text in pictorial form. This is my original contribution to the universe of artistic creativity and scholarship. The invention of this kind of narration expands the capacity and frontiers of learning in Fine and Applied Arts as a serious story telling profession. Here is an autobiographical scenario of it and of myself since 1968 till date.



*A Fotobiography of Professor Wenikado S. Ganagana since
1968 in class one*



Memories of old school mates.

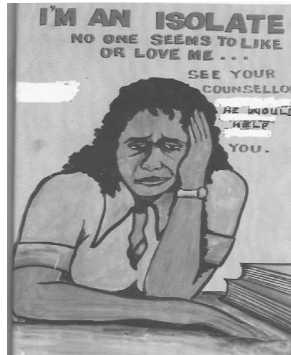
FOTOBIOGRAPHY AND THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING R E C O R D S

Many years ago from 1973 during my early years of teaching as an auxiliary teacher in the primary school, to 1987 as a graduate assistant at the Rivers State College of Education, Rumuolumeni, Port Harcourt, now Ignatius Ajuru University of Education (IAUE). I found myself comparing faces of elderly individuals with their youthful photographs. In my inquisitive observations, I discovered a clear transition and metamorphosis of smooth, plumb and succulent youthful faces to a gradually disintegrating, cranky, haggard and wrinkled looking old faces. Some even suffer acute distortion due to illness or sometimes accidents. This streaming horizon of thought, motivated me to learn the art of keeping a sequential record of the metamorphosis of the human face, but I felt, I have to start with myself as an example.

Since I was not privileged to have babyhood photographs as a child of illiterate parents and of a poor background, I could only lay hands on the few I could keep from class one of my secondary school days. Intuitively, I found myself to have written the dates on the backs of all my photos, that I had snap shots of. Incidentally, I also started keeping records of my activities since 1976. So today I have diaries of my activities from 1976 up till date.

Today this lecture takes a different dimension due to the fact that, like a double edged sword, it would take the audience to a visual realm via a Solo Arts Exhibition as well as buttress the crux of the matter in a theoretic dimension. This is a unique pictorial approach to the hitherto Ozidi Play and Ozidi Saga by one of our foremost playwrights, Professor John Pepper Clark. As a visual artist, I have tried to proffer solution to a quadruple academic adventure in the realms of Guidance and Counselling, Illustrations, Paintings and Sculptures.

In the Guidance and Counselling premise, the client or the clientele (as in group counselling) is held spell bound by what the Counsellor has for him, her or they by way of verbal articulation. The Counsellor has to be tactful in the selection of his words and should express much empathy not sympathy. This is in a bid to help establish rapport in order to curb the nostalgic or homesick feeling of the client. But in graphotherapy, the client or clientele has a direct, one on one contact with the picture, illustration or sculpture (art work). In the Guidance and Counselling parlance, this is known as projective technique.



A LADY IN NEED OF COUNSELLING

In any such situation, there is a silent communication or discussion between the scene observed and the observer, the client. He is exposed to a realistic and on the spot, or a first hand assessment of the incident so portrayed. Nobody would be able to convince him otherwise, other than what he could perceive and deduce from the scene. The scene could be attractive, pleasant or appealing or repellant. In any of these cases, the client has the option to make his choice without coercion.



AN ATTRACTIVE OR PLEASANT SCENE



A REPELLANT SCENE

In either of the above scenes, the counsellor is saved the problem of going the extra mile, in wanting to convince the client with abstract thoughts of pictures and scenes, that are not visible but can only be imagined and assumed to have been understood.

Illustrations (sketches and drawings) on the other hand, help to communicate to the communicatee, graphical details or outlines that better buttress or explain the subject matter as in architecture and engineering details as well as other disciplines.

This layout could be on paper, a panel, on the wall, on the ground as well as on any other legible surface as was the case with the cave arts. Illustrations have gone a long way in helping every other subject discipline in the academia. Illustrations in

early civilization came in signs and symbols like the Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Sculpture refers to both two and three dimensional works of art through three main aspects; modelling, carving and construction.

This involves the art of processing materials such as clay, other plastic mediums such as mortar or plasticine or hard materials like wood, stone and found objects. These are used to produce statues or statuettes.



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS

Mr. Vice-Chancellor Sir, artists do not draw, mould, carve, paint or write in vain. Any artist you see performing any work of art is inspired by God. Our works are guided by the Almighty God Himself, when He commissioned and sent us out directly as ambassadors as recorded in the Bible, the Holy Book, the Book of Books. Today, I wish to open your third eye or what I refer to as the philosophical eye, to a portion in the Bible.

Respected Ladies and Gentlemen, some of you may have perused the Bible severally but did not take note of this all

important injunction to the Artist. There is no other discipline in all human learning where the Almighty God Himself, categorically told anybody that, He has given His Spirit and Wisdom, except to the Creative Artist. An adaptation of Exodus 31: 1 – 11 would read thus:

The Lord said to Moses, “See, I have called by name WENIKADO the son of Ganagana of the tribe of Izon: and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, with ability and intelligence, with knowledge and all craftsmanship, to devise artistic designs, to work in gold, silver, and bronze, in cutting stones for setting, and in carving wood, for work in every craft. And behold, I have appointed with him. Afoli, Vincent A., of Amassoma, in Southern Izon; and I have given to all able men (my students, both men and women) ability, that they may make all that I have commanded you....and the Art of the testimony,....and the altar of burnt offering with all the utensils (ceramics) and the finely worked garments (tailors, textile design), for Aaron the priest and the garments for his sons, for their service as priests..... According to all that I have commanded you they shall do”.



Ozidi Bust



Tibisonoma (Seven Head monster)

GANAGANA - OZIDI & TIBISONOMA WITH STUDENTS AT WORK

In the light of the foregoing, I wish to crave the indulgence of all parents and guardians to henceforth, allow their children or wards to freely draw and perform all other aspects of Art, until such a time, they decide to specialise, because, it is an injunction from the Almighty God Himself, not from any human being.

Mr. Vice-Chancellor Sir, our works are guided by one theoretical temper or the other. Therefore, I have brought to the fore, this pictorial narratology of what most of you already know so well, must have heard about severally but, have all along been kept in suspense, abstract imagery and sometimes optically illusioned. You have been familiar with the Ozidi play and Ozidi Saga, collected and translated by John Pepper Clark, Africa's

celebrated first generation poet and dramatist, who was first black African, to hold a Professoral Chair in English from the University of Lagos. The point been made here is that, the local lore of Orua, is where the epic began several generations ago at the feet of the great god of Tarakiri Clan in Western Izon. This pictorial narrative therefore concretises what had long been mystified in the premise of mythology.

OZIDI AVENGES

Mr. Vice-Chancellor Sir, for some time now precisely about four decades and eight years now, the Ozidi play and saga came to limelight through the unrelenting and selfless efforts of Professor John Pepper Clark. His untiring efforts have today projected the sublime culture of the Izons of the Niger Delta. There has been that pent-up anxiety by the reading populace and especially, the academia, to actualise their day dreams and abstract imaginations of what the dramatis personae looked like. More astonishing and of mythical orientation are the intertwined action packed scenes as literarily portrayed by J.P. Clark in his accounts.

THE MYTHICAL AND MYSTIFIED BACKGROUND OF SOME SCENES

Perusing through J.P. Clark's entire theoretical presentation, it could be discovered that, the better part of the story is easier told and related than can be represented pictorially. Much of the story is mythical and mystified. For instance, the aspects in which Oriami had to transform into so many flies to pin a million poisonous needles into the head of Azema, Azemarotti's mother. How Oriami bore Ozidi Junior, his followers and Odogu's wife, all of them airborne to Oriami's home from Odogu's compound, within a split second. The account of the noisy crew on Tibisonoma's head. Some dancing and jubilating, some ululating, some lighting bonfire, some carrying war arsenals, all these on one small head but done by only seven heads without legs and hands; yet representing a whole noisy village in commotion. These few instances and others not cited could not be illustrated pictorially. Therefore, I have presented just a few scenes for now, for others to build upon.

EGBESU PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE

The master symbol of Ozidi Avenges provides us with the certainty that Egbesu the popularly acclaimed Izon god of war and justice, is an enforcer of social order and an age long deity which existed before the Ozidi period in the history of Orua. This pictorial narrative therefore concretises the fact that Egbesu the national war deity of the Izons was also appropriately used by the Orua Generals including Ozidi Senior and Junior in fighting their wars. I have attested to Egbesu's inviolability in my pictorial

narration of Ozidi Averages that:

“Egbesu only acts on provocation and is consulted and used as a last resort. Its assurance is that it has nature's firm backing in such a gathered momentum and velocity that, no mortal power can neutralise the incised or incantatively infused powers into anybody except, the actor defiles himself in a perilous manner” (Ganagana, S.W. 2004).

Thus, this deity which came up through the process of re-traditionalisation by Niger Delta Izon youths for the pursuit of socio-economic, political and cultural justice and the clamour for democratic centralism through the ideological alleyway of democratic revolution, has been there in Izon land from the creation epoch.

Egbesu may be an Izon god, but we must not lose sight of the fact that, it has strong and visible participation in the democratic space for the democratisation of democracy in Nigeria. Through its background support, Izon youths, elders and Niger Delta people have today engaged in politics of contestation, negotiation and restoration of a social political

order for the benefit of those who occupy the marginal and silent space. This is a great democratic and historical victory for the Izons.

The fate of a creative artist and scholar in arts, culture and religion is to access the significant images of what history, myth and culture has encoded in their prowling universe of dimness and by the power of creativity and the ability of interpretation, transport them to human knowledge. It is within this decoding power of ingenuity that I perceive of Ozidi Avenges as a pictorial narration that makes one muse on the political tradition in post colonial Africa. Although Ozidi is a mythic product, its universe which is predominantly animist shows to us, politics of conspiracy, dislocation, death, revenge and that image of defeated messianic sensibility. In that legendary struggle of man rising against his enemies in the gladiatorial ring, the paraphernalia of Egbesu is put to serious use by the combatants. The Ozidi narrative is older than the 1895 Nembe British war not to talk of the Isaac Boro twelve day revolution, yet Egbesu existence in Izon land precedes those revolutionary epochs of the Izon man. This pictorial narration of Ozidi Avenges brings to our eyes, the knowledge that modern day true militants of Izon extraction are reincarnations of Ozidi, King Frederick Koko and Isaac Boro who deployed Egbesu principles of Justice, restorative vision and power to clamour for national reconstruction and re-democratization to give voice to the voiceless.



Ozidi in Ecstasy on Egbesu paraphernalia

THE OZIDI CORPUS

Mr. Vice-Chancellor Sir, though this saga ought to have been told in seven nights, but I have the honour to disclose to you that, I have already come up with two manuscripts, which I have conveyed my narration in seven chapters as well as the dramatis personae profiles in a precise and concise pattern. But on this memorable occasion, I have only highlighted some scenes and cleared doubts in most areas that had always kept the readership audience in suspense and bottled in some imaginative crucible, therefore, my narration would be aptly spiced up, with the introduction of the dramatis personae, their brief history and performances, the plot, execution and the end.

APPLICATION OF IDEALIST ROMANTICISM, MINIMALISM AND ECLECTICISM THEORY OF ART

In the Ozidi Avenges, I have drawn pictures based on the predominant artistic philosophy of the oral text. Majority of the characters that populate the universe of Ozidi avenges are larger than life characters of metaphysical animism. The Oguaran with twenty toes and fingers, the hydra-headed Tibisonoma, the Small pox king, Tibikawenī who vaults on his head, the witches: Orjami and Agonodi, Kimipara, or Azizabife, Ofē the short etc are mythical and metaphysical characters that bear no resemblance with the kind of man we know and see in our society today. Respected ladies and gentlemen what theory should then best suit the artistry concerning this story if not idealism? Is it not obvious then that, considering Ozidi Avenges as a work of imagination, an artist has to move from the objective to the subjective? A position popularised by Kant, the author of the idea, that human beings do not see the world directly.

My work is influenced by the idealist Romantist School which authenticates well-built emotion as a genuine foundation of aesthetic experience in confronting the sublimity of wild nature and its picturesque qualities.

In trying to draw some of the significant characters in Ozidi avenges like Oguaran the giant with twenty toes and fingers, I deployed the minimalist theory by reducing the number of toes and fingers to eight which still retains the larger than life picture. Some other aspects of artistry in Ozidi avenges depicts the human environment with its associated properties like canoe, costume, chair and even some humans. In creating their pictures I was true to life in their artistry, this now took me to the appropriation of the realism theory of arts. But I must state categorically that my artistry in Ozidi Avenges is characterised by the theory of eclecticism, a combination of more than one theory in the production of a work of Art. Pictorial naratology in Ozidi avenges is achieved with the application of romanticism, minimalism and realist theorises of art. The world book encyclopaedia (Vol. 16, 1990) says;

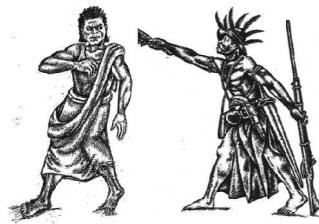
“Wordsworth referred a reflective vacant and pensive mood to a restless research for scientific knowledge. He believed that we learn more by communicating with nature or talking to country people rather than reading books. He believed that harmony with nature is the source of all goodness and truth”.

Wordsworth is a poet of the first order and in the above quoted lines, he underscored the role of nature in poetic creativity and communication as a romantic poet. The indispensability of the artist's connection with nature in the production of his work is here given significance. In *Ozidi Avenge*, nature spoke to me through myth and legend and I spoke for nature too. This is because Romanticism which is the predominant artistic philosophy I deployed offered me the freedom to give free reign to the emotion and dreams that guided the creation of my pictorial 'naratologue'.

THE OZIDI SAGA (TOLD IN SEVEN NIGHTS)

THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE

All along, not much work has been done on the factual identities of the dramatis personae. There has been.....only Ozidi senior (as in the play and saga) until Agbogidi the nude.



Ozidi senior



Temugedege



Ozidi Junior
(The Actor)



Oriami



Orija (Ozidi junior's
mother)



Ofe, the short



Oguaran, the giant



**Tɪbikawɛni or
Bouakarakarabiri**



**Emgbipere
(the Scrotum King)**



Odogu, the ugly



**Azizabife
(the half man)**



**Tɪbisonoma (the seven
headed monster)**



**Azima and
Azimaroti**



Agonodi or Tibikadein



Small-pox king



Agbogidi, patu, patu

THE SAGA

Though the procession to the stream and the sweeping.

Egberiyo – yeee

The Procession to the Stream

The story teller leads the procession to the stream. This procession is made up of very good and trusted dancers of youthful age. The procession drums and instruments echo musical concerts that herald the approach of the wrestling season, which was and still a major festival in Orua in the Tarakiri clan as well as in Izon land. This procession usually starts from the town square which is also known as the market square and also the arena for such recreational activities.

The story teller leads the procession and is closely followed by seven virgins bearing covered earthenwares. He also has some two helpers or attendants who assist in relaying any desired message or activity.

The procession drags to a halt at the waterfront of the stream. Here, all the seven virgins kneel down with their gifts at the edge of the water, clad in white apparel of sleeveless blouse and wrapper tied from the waist to slightly below the knees. The story teller and his two assistants are also clad in similar tunics. All other followers and dancers would also be in similar white apparels. The orchestra managers too, are in similar white attire. Here, the story teller takes from each virgin, her covered dish and deeps it in the water one after the other, as they hold out their dishes of offering.

As he does the presentation of these gifts, the storyteller pleads with and prays to the gods and deities of the land and water to kindly accept their offerings presented by seven virgins, who have not yet broken their virginity as a sign of purity, sanctity and honour to the gods. In return, he prays for a reciprocatory gesture of a chain of blessings such as the endowment with good children, money and innumerable wealth, and glass storey buildings as it obtains in England and elsewhere in the advanced world.



Procession to the Stream

An Old Woman Performs the Sweeping Ritual at the Arena

Before the commencement of the story, an old woman performs the sweeping ritual of the arena. This is to cleanse and expel any evil spirit or force that may be around at the arena to cause confusion or forment trouble. Like the virgins who bore the offerings to the stream waterfront or riverside, this old woman too must be someone who has exceeded her procreation age and has assumed menopause age. She must be pure and without blemish.



Old woman sweeps arena

As she sweeps the playground, she prays the good spirits to abide with them while the evil ones are shown the way out immediately. She pleads with the gods to guide and protect all the people as cleanliness is associated with godliness and sanctity. Along with the prayer, she also pronounces some incantations to attract the blessings of the gods who in their capacity would provide a tranquil atmosphere for the performance of such plays. She would pray, “May the saga and play be blessed with successful outing and performance throughout the trend”. She prays on and on. This exercise, like the procession to the stream, is performed only once throughout the seven nights in which the story lasts.

Storyteller Begins the Ozidi story (saga)

With his crew of drummers and demonstrators properly positioned and poised for action to thrill the audience, the story teller starts off his story. He runs round part of the arena to ginger up the audience, and at the same time gives the general story salutation...

Egberiyo ... ye... e... e...

And the audience responses in unison

ye... e... e...!!!

Pause

The Lecturer now craves the indulgence of Mr. V.C. and removes his Academic gown and is clad with his story regalia - courtesy of the volunteer attendants from Faculty of Arts.

He says this twice and starts off the story...

In the forest of Orua (in present day Bulu-orua) in Tarakiri clan also called Ado, in the great depths of the forest, there was a city that was the actual Orua. So enormous was it that, it had seven wards, *egedes* or quarters. Each had the right to nominate someone to the throne of Orua. As was the custom, when it came to the time of the year for the enthronement, someone was duely nominated and confirmed by the whole of Orua and was made a king. Ironically, as fate would have it, each year after such enthronements, these kings would not last. Some would reign for only six months, one year and in most cases not more than three months. That was how their kings were buried like planting and harvesting of yams, every year. Then it came to the turn of the ward of Ozidi. That ward had only Ozidi senior and his idiotic elder brother, Temugedege. In the past, smallpox had

ravaged their entire family that was so populous and powerful and so, only both of them were spared.

The town crier relaying a message to the people of Orua

Here, the town crier also known as the Bibi-arjowei or the ekpekpegbele-owei of Orua, is relaying an urgent message to the people of Orua for an emergency meeting. This emergency meeting was summoned by Ofe the short and his other lieutenant accomplices against the wish of Ozidi Senior. It was at this meeting that, the bizarre, ominous and criminal decision to eliminate Ozidi, their hero, champion and kinsman was taken.

At the village square, also known as the market square, the warlords waited for the town crier to inform all Orua community that it was high time they norminated someone and enthroned him as a king. Emphatically, it was stretched that it must come from the family and ward of Ozidi. At this instance, the whole well-meaning and prominent individuals led by the warlords and lieutenants trouped and approached the Ozidi family to convey their intention to them. As they arrived, without following due Izon procedures, they instantly told both brothers, Ozidi and Temugedege that, it was their turn to produce the next king of Orua. At this gesture, Ozidi senior who understood their mission, instantly retorted and made them understand that they were only two and also, they should understand the senile state of his elder brother Temugedege. At this statement, some took offence, especially, Ofe the short, instantly accused Ozidi senior of wanting to out wit the other wards. Ozidi

senior further pleaded with them that they were well aware of the Izon tradition in which, a junior sibling cannot ascend a throne when the entitled senior was still alive. All these plea fell on deaf ears, and Ozidi senior already found that, there has been some conspiracy somewhere along the line. Despite his persistence in making them see reason, they refused and pressurized him to implement their decision. Ozidi senior was further beaten below the belt, when his elder brother, Temugedege the embile, raged on him and accused him contrary to his expectation that, Ozidi senior was envious of all that would become of him if he Temugedege was enthroned as king of Orua.



Town crier of Orua, relaying a message to the people

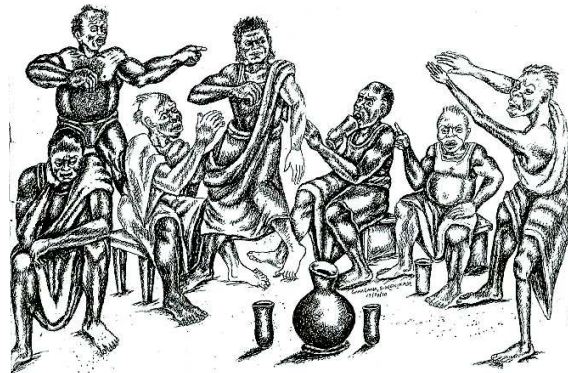
Council of State of Orua

As the town crier went round the town to invite everyone, the Council of state of Orua did not even follow due process of their usual meetings by waiting for everyone to respond. They had an impromptu casual meeting at one of the Eteles (rest house) and proceeded to the compound of Ozidi. Seeing their determined nature, Ozidi senior tried to make them see reason amidst stern opposition from his own kinsmen

Ozidi Senior, paces Across the Streets of Orua (Bulu-orua) in Annoyance

Ozidi is portrayed here as a typical Ezon village man, who looks crude and angry with his cloth wrapped and swung over his shoulder. He had dressed as an elder statesman and subordinate to a king, who had come to a king's court to relax and wash his mouth with some drink, at least to cleanse the debris of his chew stick. This is a tradition that is still in vogue that has not only stood the test of time, but has also cut across all the tribes of Nigeria. Having waited for so long in vain and saw no cohorts to the king, he served the 'king', his elder brother and himself some drink. Initially, he went jokingly to the nearest neighbours, put across the idea to them but met with sharp disappointment. This drove him into a rage and eventually, he had to go round the village, informing the main actors of the mock-king-enthronement exercise, of their failure to live up to their duties. He reminded them of all the efforts he

made to convince them not to implement their proposal and how they refused. Not only that, they should know how he single handedly as well as in their companies had led raids that brought tributes to the past kings for befitting enthronements and celebrations. How come, this show of betrayal of trust from the same persons, who insisted vehemently against his humble reasons for refusal for the throne?



council of state of ORUA

Having being reinforced by Temugedege's utterances, the mob rushed at Temugedege, carried him shoulder high and made him a mock king by 'crowning' him there and then without due preparations. They made a mock-crown, with yellow palm fronds tied round an old British District officer's cap with an eagle feather and pronounced him king over Orua. They made him sit down on an old kitchen stool, gave him a walking stick as scepter and dressed him up by covering him with his own old cloth from the shoulders to waist level, pinned the neck region, as of a tunic or casoc, over-coat. Having done this, they gave him his traditional titles as well as his father's, gave him all assurance that all was well with him, and all walked away

without prior notice.

**Temugedege sits in State all alone in Ozidi's room,
Chewing his extra-ordinarily Long Chewing Stick.**

The next day, in his idiotic gesture, without recourse to anyone or consultation with his younger brother Ozidi, Temugedege dressed up himself. In an unconventional 'kingly' regalia, he crowned his dressing with an extra-ordinarily long chewing stick and sat on an old stool. With no kingly crown, for his supposedly elevated position as the King of Orua, he was determined and deeply engrossed in his chewing affair.

Highly anxious, tensed up and inquisitive in his gaze as reflected on his countenance, he rehearsed and adjusted his sit and clothes severally and gave himself local titles – all alone. Like the Agama Lizard that jumped down the Iroko tree that praised itself, Temugedege saluted himself for his singular gesture and magnanimous courage, in 'achieving' what rightly belonged to him. In his foolishness, he least knew the untold mess and tragedy he had plunged their family into. There he was, waiting for some sycophants at the king's court and royalties from the 'kingmakers' that never materialised.



TEMUGEDEGE sits in state all alone in his room in the house of Ozidi - see long chewing stick.

Ozidi Defies Orja's Plea and goes to Battle

Having made his intention known to the town's people, Ozidi senior retired to his house for the night. As of now, he was just courting his bride Orja and they were on traditional honey moon. Orja was just a few months old (not up to a year) in Ozidi senior's household. On the following morning, he heard the shrill sound of the horn and the big talking drum that pierced through the early hours of dawn. The drum signalled and summoned all the warlords and especially Ozidi senior, of the exigencies at the moment. Ozidi in his usual manner jerked up and proceeded to his shrine across the verandah. But his bride Orja pleaded with him, not to proceed to war especially, as everyone was aware of his newly wedded state. There at the verandah, Ozidi senior is met by a male lizard, and Orja instantly showed it to him being a bad omen behind any such scene, in the traditional Ezon parlance.



Oria shows Ozidi Senior a bad omen



Ozidi senior dresses up and rushes out for war, ignoring Oria's appeal



Temugege looks at Ozidi Senior with awe, while chewing his extra ordinarily long chewing stick.

could barely utter any word but only saw clubs raining on him as of bullets in a battle field. He could recognized vividly his lieutenants who in the past, used to help plan war strategies with him, metting out heavy blows on him without signs of remorse. Here he was, dazed with utmost disappointment and surprise, he thought of sweeping them away with his powerful sword. But he remembered offending the gods, the consequences and the ultimate capital punishment that follows suit. He also thought of the betrayal of trust by his own elder blood brother, Temugedege, whose foolish pride and greed was today about to cause him his life. Having envisaged this right from the onset, he resigned his fate to his own destiny, while he kept asking them why they acted that way. He asked them several times if they no longer recognized him? He said, I am Ozidi, your hero and champion, what was going on? Was anything wrong? To all these questions they offered no answer. At this, he kept dumbfounded, threw down his powerful sword in utter dismay, stood still and asked all his guardian spirits to leave him to die, to be clubbed to death, as they offered not even an answer.



Ozidi senior is Decapitated (see his cap of seven eagle feathers and powerful sword lying helplessly).

When they had clubbed Ozidi to death, they could not decapitate him, as his body still had the remedy against cutlass or sharp objects. After several attempts to sever the neck and found it impossible, the warlords sent word to Orja his bride to send down the remedy.



Ozidi Senior Decapitated

Lying prostrate and numb is the lifeless body of Ozidi, with the tongue lulling out of the battered mouth and bruised face. His invincible flesh even in death did not allow blade to cut through until Orja, the wife had to send the remedy through the messengers to the generals. She did that because if she had not, she would not have the opportunity of seeing her husband's face at least, for the last time.

Or̩ja Mourns Over Ozidi's head While Temugedege Flees in Fear and Awe.

When the conspirators had brought Ozidi senior's head to their house and placed Temugedege's foot, wrapped and covered with cocoyam leaves, they all hailed him, told him they had brought the usual human head tribute to formally enthrone him, as Orua's king. Surprisingly, Temugedege tried to act the wise part this time, by promptly asking after the whereabouts of his younger brother Ozidi senior. At this, all of them jeered and mockingly mumbled words amongst themselves and dispersed unceremoniously.



Or̩ja mourns over Ozidi's head while Temugedege flees in fear and awe – just then Oriami flies in instantly having had signals

Ozidi Senior's Head is Dumped at Temugedege's feet, the idiot brother and king.

Ofe the short, eventually succeeded in carrying the head of Ozidi, accompanied by his other generals, the criminal allies and plotters. The head was finally dumped at Temugedege's feet, and mockingly, pronounced his formal enthronement as king of Oru with his own brother's head

wrapped and covered with coco-yam leaves; unknown to him. Fear and cowardice would not let him open it. But Orea, who had been very suspicious right from the on set, boldly uncovered and exclaimed – it is your brother's head!

The scene shows how Or_ia out of anger and rage tears her dress and holds the head of her late husband. The torn dress exposes the fresh breast of Or_ia in her disenchanted and agonized state of despair, all alone with no known friends to console her.

All of a sudden, Or_iam_i, the supreme witch, her mother, flew in on her magic fan. On arrival, she did not express much surprise but only consoled her daughter by announcing to her that she was heavy with child. Thus, she asked her to be happy for that, in her own agile and witty manner. Or_iam_i arranged and buried her son-in-law's head, packed her daughter's few belongings and immediately departed back to Ododo-ama with Or_ia by air, in broad daylight.

Or_ia attempts suicide and is stopped by her mother's contemporary in the coven (as in the play)

Having exhausted herself, wailing and lamenting over the gruesome murder of her husband with nobody to console her, she decided to commit suicide as a last resort. She had almost completed tying of the deadly knot and ordeal, when an anxious neighbour who had been following the events quickly ran in on time to stop her. She immediately assured her that

she was heavy with child. She further assured her of security and safe homeward journey to her mother's town ododo-ama, with her as guide and that she and Oriami, her mother, were contemporaries in the same society (coven).

At the foreground is the helpless beheaded head of Ozidi littered around with coco-yam leaves.

While at the background, Orja had already tied the deadly knot, but for the quick intervention of this only friend in need, her mother's friend and colleague.

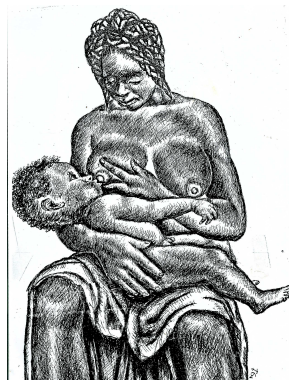


**Orja attempts suicide while Oriami's contemporary at the coven
saves the situation**

OZIDI JUNIOR IS BORN AT ODODOAMA

After about nine months, Ozidi junior was born in an unusual manner. Before his birth, there was rainy-storm for seven days and seven nights. This rainy-storm started amidst a very bright sunny weather that had no signals of cold breeze or imminent rain. In the Izoŋ folklore parlance, it is always adduced that, such a coincidence of weather heralded the safe delivery of a tigress of her young ones in the forest. At this juncture, diviners would also confirm this to the happiness of the local populace.

On the seventh night, Oriami, after her divination, saw that all these natural phenomena heralded the coming to life of a super natural being that would be unique in all its ramifications. Having seen the exigency, she had to appease the wind and the rains with some befitting spiritual foods offered by human beings to the gods to mellow down the tempest and rage. Just then, before the break of dawn at the end of the seventh night, breaking to the bright new day, Ozidi junior was born.



Ozidi junior sucking his mothers breast

Unlike many other newly born-babies, Ozidi junior was born with legs first and as he ensued forth from his mother's womb, he stood up with the placenta in his right hand, until Orjami took it from him and carried him away into a cauldron. Without washing or cleaning the baby boy, Orjami put him with all the after-births not being cut, into a cauldron filled with different herbs, boiled and cooked him well for seven days and seven nights. It was after this that, the child was brought out and his umbilical cord cut, and after-births treated and disposed of.

When Ozidi junior had being born, he grew up and had all his childhood experiences at Ododoama his mother's town. He grew up under the strict surveillance of his grandmother, Orjami. Orjami made sure that, the child was brought up in the proper and right direction, to avenge the gruesome murder of his father, Ozidi senior.



Ozidi junior engages in kolo games at od odoama, with peers

Ozidi Junior engages in kolo games at ododoama, with peers Ozidi junior grew up by leaps and bounds and was greatly admired by his peer group and even elders due to his giftedness.

Or_iam_i made sure that she made no mistakes about his diabolical upbringing. All this time, Or_ia the direct mother, was only a silent listener and helper to her mother. She felt that her mother was too fond of the child, pampered him and spoilt him. As a result of the spiritual and mystical upbringing, Ozidi junior always surpassed his mates in wrestling, kolo games, fishing and all that children took part in.

The Kolo game is such that is designed with the stalk of a plantain bunch. This is tied to a strong cane rope string. Sometimes, one or two are swung round by one of the contestants. The string is long enough to allow contestants get at the stalk. Contestants use sharpened bamboo 'spears' and throw at the stalk. This long string is so provided that, the individual at the center swinging the stalk(s) does not become the wrong target. This is an archery game at the local end at its best.

The winner is the one who empties all his 'spears' first at the target. Hence, young Ozidi could be seen at the background dancing, having performed astoundingly well.

Young Ozidi is Possessed as he Successfully Strides Across the Slippery Floor of Oriami's room Without Falling and Gives Himself a Name

Young Ozidi is sent by Oriamj to bring the bowl of potash from the rack across the floor of her room. Unknown to Ozidi, Oriamj had scrubbed the floor of her room with some okro solution the previous day. Unsuspecting as he was, he went into the room as usual with happiness.



Ozidi Junior is hailed by both parents

His first stride at the verandah was not without difficulty, but he was able to strive past it into the room only for him to be undercut a second time. This unexpected sharp slip did not scare or discourage him.

This struggle continued unabated, but he too did not relent until he was able to get hold of the bowl of potash on the rack in the pallour. On his return strides back from the rack across the floor, he was so invigorated and inspired that he gave himself praise names that culminated in his giving himself the name Ozidi. Prior to this time, he had not being given a name by his two mothers, except pet names.

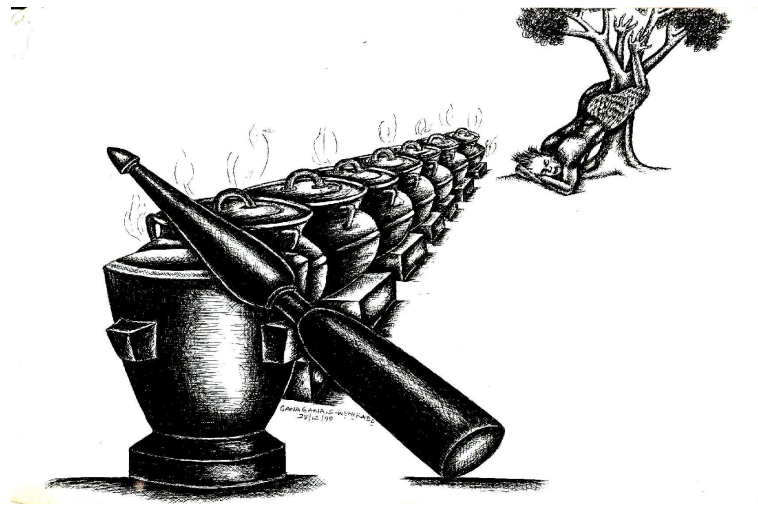
He boldly called himself Ozidi, and that, he could never be beaten by mere slip of a floor, not even by humans, except by God. Spontaneously, the two mothers also joined in cheering him up, and from that day, they formally called him Ozidi as his actual name.

Bou-akarakarabiri or Tibikaweni and His Seven Pots in the Boil, Waiting for Meat to Complete the soup

Tibikaweni (the one who vaults or walks on his head) or otherwise known as Bou-akarakarabiri (the center of the groove, that is, the far far interior and centre of the forest), had set all his seven pots on the boil. He had stuffed them with plantain, salt and pepper and patiently waited for meat to complete the meal. The trap he had to set was his odd natural sleeping posture as could be seen above. With this ugly, and odd posture, along with his monster-like deformed anatomy, the unsuspecting victim, which may be perplexed by the

nature of this creature, in trying to identify it may be caught unnoticed. Also, his attachment to any nearest tree or twig helps to complete the tactfulness in the circuit of the snare.

Like a python, Tibikaweni lies in wait for his victim unnoticed in his pretentious afternoon nap, boozing out loud snoring noise, which in itself was music enough to attract unsuspecting victims to find out what must be amiss. The resounding reverberating echo of his snore was enough to steer the neighbouring forest and scare its creatures to expose any fleeing disoriented one in the vicinity.

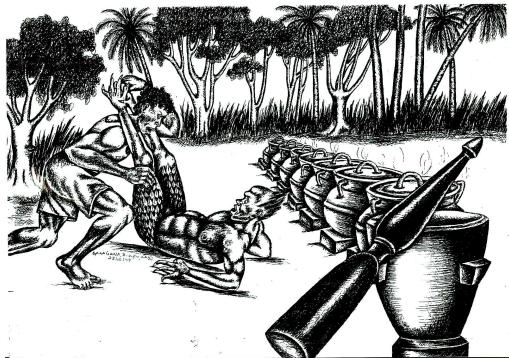


Tibikaweni in his resting position and also sets a snare for victims

Tibikaweni or Bouakarakarabiri and young Ozidi's encounter:

Tibikaweni who already had his seven pots on the boil and was waiting for meat to complete his meal, caught young Ozidi (the wrong prey) with all happiness. What a fresh, sweet and sumptuous meal he would have made of him but for Oriami's quick intervention. This was the first adventure of young Ozidi after he had defeated the mobile hill and the leopard.

Having separated them, all three came together, as Oriami and Tibikaweni exchanged pleasantries and reflections of their mystical lives. They then followed Tibikaweni to his shrine, as Oriami requested that Ozidi junior be prepared diabolically for his great vengeance mission.



Tibikaweni has a big catch-Ozidi junior

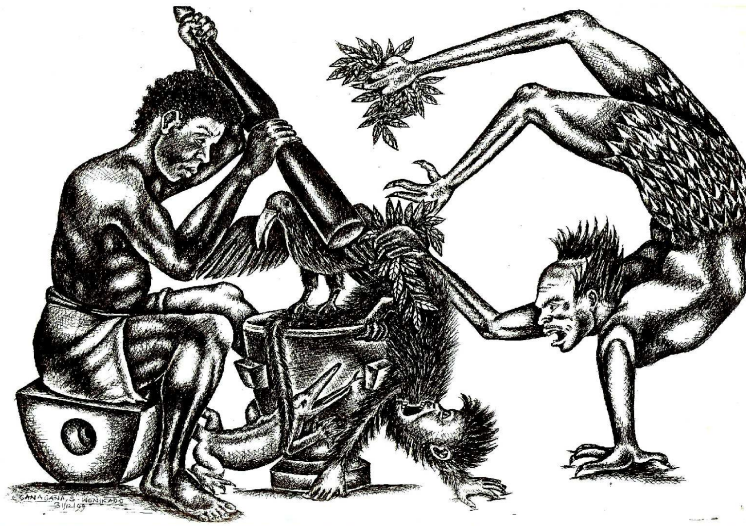
Bouakarakarabiri or Tibikaweni Prepares Invincible Concoction for Ozidi junior, to Avenge His Father's Death

In the scene below, Ozidi junior pounds heavily while Tibikaweni brings the herbs and the creatures for the ordeal. Tibikaweni conjured the hornbill bird, the iguana and a monkey into the mortar for young Ozidi to pound. His incantations made these creatures to come down, into the mortar on their own volition but unconsciously, amidst shouts and screams. He also brought different types of herbs only known to him for the same purpose. He also stuffed different herbs in the seven pots on the boil. At last, Ozidi junior was able to pound these creatures and the herbs into a heavy mass and later into pulp.

At the end of it all, Tibikaweni slapped and conjured young Ozidi's mouth and it became like a big barrel, like that of a hippopotamus. Then, Tibikaweni threw in all the seven pots with herbs that were already boiling on the fire along with the pulp concoction, and the mortar and the pestil. Having done that, he slapped young Ozidi's mouth again and closed up everything within and were swallowed. With this second slap, the enlarged wide hippopotamus mouth and conjectured protruded stomach of young Ozidi resumed normalcy.

When young Ozidi had swallowed all the shamanistic concoction, Tibikaweni gave him some fresh palm wine to

drink to complete the recipe. While this was on, the commotion caused by the coming together of the different ingredients – the sound of the hornbill, the screezing sound of the iguana and the champion male monkey attacking sound erupted. These hilarious awful sounds criss-crossed by the cauldron sound of the boiling pots and the heavy pounding sound of the mortar and pestil, became so dreadful and threatening to any opponent, that may dare young Ozidi for a deadly combat. Next, Tibikaweni took young Ozidi and Oriami into his shrine for the invincible remedy against bullet wound, cutlass, sharp objects, such as spears and even beatings from clubs and cudgels. Unlike late Ozidi senior's concoction, this was an improvement and had an added advantage over past concoctions.



**Ozidi junior pounds concoction heavily while
Tibikaweni supplies the means**



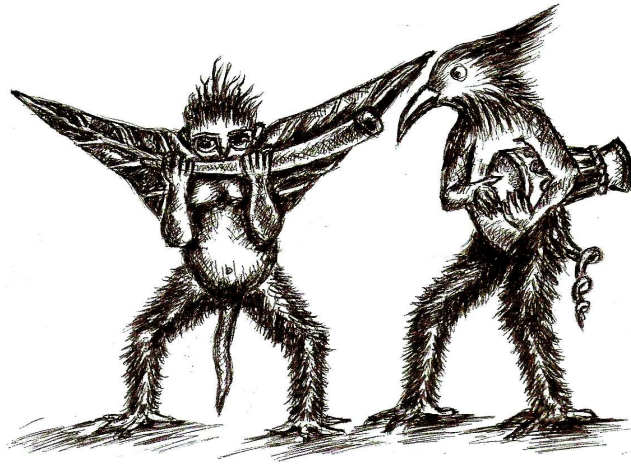
Ozidi junior tries his third and final sword

He tried this third sword more fiercely than the other two to make assurance doubly sure. When eventually he got to the climax of his pseudo-mini-fight rehearsal, he had to let go of the sword into the far distant sky. To their utmost surprise, it was discovered that this seven-pronged sword which had gone and was assumed lost in the sky, returned and wrapped round Ozidi's right hand seven times without injuring him, within a short while.

At this juncture, Orjami came to him, unwrapped the sword from his right hand, swung it straight three times, and pierced his stomach with it. With this furious trust on his stomach, this seven pronged sword vanished into Ozidi junior's stomach full length. From that moment, no other person ever touched Ozidi junior's sword. That is why Ozidi junior had to always request or sometimes cry for Orjami to

bring him his sword any time he was in trouble, or whenever he was tormented by his enemies in her absence. Until Or_iam_i calls his name, the sword would never emerge from his stomach. Whenever she aroused him by calling his name three times, as well as told him, she had brought him his sword, just immediately, would his bowels boil furiously for the sword to emerge straight with full force.

Or_iam_i so designed it that, it was only herself that could arouse Ozidi junior with his titles and information, for his sword to proceed from his stomach. The reason for this was to curb excesses on the part of Ozidi junior, and also, not to enable his enemies have access to this unique sword.



The two followers of Ozidi junior

Ozidi Junior spreads Across the Road to the Market on the Market day. The Three Women Trip Over him, While Omoni Hides and Watches Scene...(as in the play).

In order to find out the true story of how his father was killed and who the killers were, Oríamí asked Ozidi junior to go and find out by himself. This he did by spreading across the road to the market on the market day. While he did that, he asked his slave or Omoru to hide himself in the nearby bush to watch and listen to all that would transpire.

The scene here shows the three wives of the main conspirators, Ofe, Azizabife and Oguaran. It was in the early hours of the morning around 5a.m. As a result of the shades cast by the foliage and the darkness, they mistook Ozidi for a big python that must have had a heavy meal. They tripped over him one after the other but later discovered after much discussion and contemplation returned and found it was a human being. In the process, they boisterously and boastfully exposed how their husbands conspired, plotted and killed Ozidi senior who they thought was becoming too strong. At this provocation, Ozidi junior sprang up with anger, disclosed his identity as the son of the late Ozidi and ripped them of their head gears and upper wrappers. At the same time, he sent an urgent message across to their husbands to prepare and meet him up at the market square for a fight.



**Ozidi junior spreads across the road to the market
In Azizabife's compound all the three women completely
disheveled, sit in the sand.**

When they had being ripped of their clothes, all the three women ran back to Azizabife's compound, lamenting and complaining to their husbands, neighbours and sympathizers of the assault by this insignificant boy who claims he is the son of late Ozidi senior. This is as it is portrayed in the play.

But the Saga has it that, Ozidi junior slaughtered all the three wives of the conspirators into pieces. And all these pieces flew in the air and assembled in their different compounds narrated what transpired between young Ozidi and themselves and, who slaughtered them and why. And that, after telling their story, they all fell and finally died. Neighbours ran from one compound to the other to see things for themselves. This became the genesis of hullabaloo in the town of Orua. The key actors and all the generals were then put into confusion, from that moment.



In the scene are Oguaran of the twenty toes and twenty fingers; Ofè the short, Azizabife, the skeleton man and Agbogidi, the nude. Also at the background are, sympathizers who heard of the unusual happenings and ran down to Azizabife's compound to see things for themselves.

Ozidi Junior and Agbogidi, (*patu, patu*) the nude's fight

Agbogidi (*patu patu*), the nude, who was also known as the fool, took young Ozidi junior for granted, raged and ranted all over the place boasting. Though his wife asked him not to proceed to war that day, he would not pay heed to her plea. In his attempt to get dressed up in his battle outfit, some of the amulets dropped from his hands, legs and waist. Yet ignoring these signals, he went and forced them on himself. When finally he reached out for his sword, the sword also fell off his hand at first grip. Defying all these ominous signals, he snatched the sword the second time and zoomed off out of the house. But at the entrance of the compound stood his sad, sorrowful, panic-stricken wife, who reminded him how none of such omens had ever chanced, for the many years he had been going to war. She finally warned him and even blocked

him from proceeding to battle that day, but he defiantly pushed her aside and went.

Funny enough, all his defiant behaviour right from the onset had been tele-guidedly remote controlled by Orjami, so that, he may not change his mind. When he eventually swept out of his house to the market square, the arena for the battle, he was so applauded and already acclaimed the winner before Ozidi junior's arrival. The whole town was on the side of the conspirators, and only Ozidi junior, his two mothers and two followers formed the lean, but formidable team that was awaited.



**Ozidi junior's combat with Agbogidi (patu, patu) the
nude**

As Ozidi junior's team arrived, the force of their arrival and his flaming seven pronged sword, swept and scattered all the applauding fans of Agbogidi. Agbogidi himself was attacked by sudden cold. So chilly was it that, it ran through his nervous system; but Agbogidi defied it and rushed at Ozidi junior. As they closed in ranks taunting and crashing on each other, the clashing of their blades was so thunderous and fierce that, everyone including Orⁱamⁱ herself was so afraid and unsure of the outcome. But this duel did not last long as Ozidi junior was so determined to avenge in full force, the gruesome murder of his father. No sooner than the spectators could imagine, than Agbogidi was sent rolling and reeling on the ground helplessly. Ozidi junior's battle sacrifice song was already on and Agbogidi's head was hanging on the sword of Ozidi for everyone to see. Thus, Agbogidi's fight was the briefest of all the fights Ozidi junior was yet to fight.

Ozidi junior and Azⁱabife's (*kimⁱ para or the half man or the skeleton man*) Fight

Azⁱabife took on Ozidi junior for the second fight of many more to come. Azⁱabife too under-rated young Ozidi and thought he could just teach him the greatest lesson of his life and dispense with him in no time. As a result of this assumption, he told Of^e the short, not to bother himself to assist and that, if the fight was too tough, he could take him on later.



The Second fight – Young Ozidi and Azebabife (the skeleton man) – half man – one hand and one leg withered

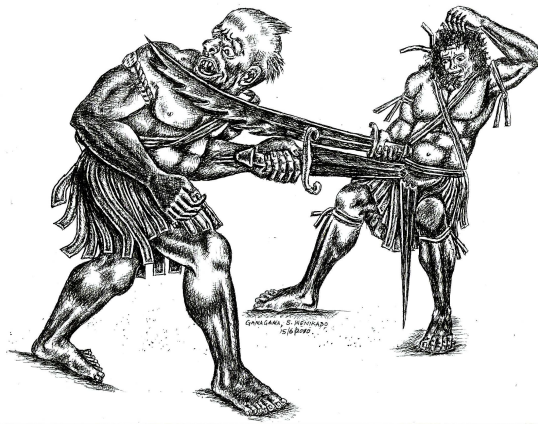
Ozidi Junior Fights Oguaran (*buo sii, bira sii* or the man of twenty toes and twenty fingers)

When Agbogidi and Azizabife had been eliminated by Ozidi junior, it became crystal clear that the looming danger was now imminent and was looking intently at all the faces of the conspirators. Ofe, Oguaran and other warlords who became so restless gathered and took counsel at both Ofe's and Oguaran's places. They resorted to one herb, concoction or the other to neutralize Orjami's diabolical means.

When Ozidi junior had killed Azizabife, the skeleton man, and Agbogidi the nude, the next to take his turn was Oguaran. Though he was tall, huge, stout and heavily built with his extraordinary features, he was not Ofe's match in traditional war tactics and excellence. Oguaran, the man of twenty fingers

and twenty toes, also took Ozidi junior for granted and underrated him. He thought he could dispense with him in the shortest possible time, so that all the hullabaloo in Orua would end to his credit. His equally long, extra sharp and heavy sword dealt no heavier blows than Ozidi junior's mysterious sword.

To Oguaran's amazement, Ozidi junior's sword could even pierce, saw, grind, cut fiercely, yet flexible and withstood thunderous sparkling strikes. Atimes, Ozidi junior's sword could be struck off his hand away into the far distance and was assumed lost, but all of a sudden, would reappear in a more sparkling and frightful radiance, spring back into his hand on request inexpressible with the mouth.



Ozidi Junior meets with Oguaran the giant

Ozidi Junior humiliates and beats Oguaran in an awful manner.

Oguaran's fight also took Oriami and Ozidi by surprise because it lasted for three days running. After two days fierce fight, Oguaran vomited and passed out blood as urine and excrement for several days. All the remaining conspirators rallied round several ends and eventually revived him.

When Oguaran had being revived, he dreaded returning to resume the fight with Ozidi junior. He also urged Ofe the short, to take his turn and that, he would not die such a humiliating death by this small boy. At this, Oriami had to spur him up spiritually and diabolically to continue the fight. She so propped him up spiritually that, Oguaran became so restless and anxious to complete his mission. He even pledged loyalty to Ofe the short that, he should hold on, for him to bring back the scalp of Ozidi junior, for Orua to have peace.

Oguaran's final humiliation and defeat became glaring and unbelievably true when his powerful sword gave way. Ozidi junior's powerful and thunderous clashes sent Oguaran reeling on the ground like a baby. His hands and limbs also went limp and gave way. Inevitably, he found himself kowtowing and eventually bowed out of life.



Ogidi junior defeats Oguaran the giant.

Ozidi junior's last and final blow on the right shoulder of Oguaran silenced the human juggernaut. At this, Orⁱamⁱ heaved a sigh of relief as Oguaran crashed to the ground like a mighty iroko tree in the bush, reverberating and shaking everywhere. It was also said that his mighty fall shook and crumbled some houses that were in the vicinity. All this time Oguaran and Ozidi junior's fight was on, Orⁱamⁱ's target had been on Of^e the short. To her, all these were distractions and side attractions to the main bout.

Of^e the short's head, is cut off and shown to his people

After a while, Of^e himself got so worn out that, mediators had to set both of them apart. The fight had to be put off for another day in the future, as they have already fought for two days running.

When Of^e the short, and Ozidi junior's battle had

dragged on for so long, Oriami had to make some more concerted effort. At last, she was able to get at the remedy that could bring Ofe's vanishing spells to an end. Her remedy was able to uproot and dismantle all of Ofe's battle shamanistic means.



Ozidi cuts off Ofe's head – everyone runs for there life in awe and fear. Oriami prays for her son to regain consciousness – possessed.

Emgbipere or Emgbisibeoru (*scrotum king or scrotum carrying god*) Rehearsing in Preparation for War with Ozidi Junior.

On hearing of the devastation of Orua by Ozidi junior and his mother, Oriami, Emgbipere decided to come to Orua to see things for himself. He made up his mind to capture them alive and roast them one after the other for his meals. Thus, he got himself ready in his battle outfit, mustered all his battle

arsenals and started rehearsing in preparation for the supposedly easy catch.

Emgbipere or Emgbisibeoru (*scrotum king or scrotum carrying god*) and Ozidi junior's combat

As fate would have it, Emgbipere or Emgbisibeoru met Ozidi and his followers in course of his rehearsals. He least expected to catch them so cheaply. Though he saw a very simple natured, fine and handsome youngman, he could not believe his eyes that such a seemingly unharmlful lad could so panic the whole of Orua. In the depths of his heart he still felt he may not have met the right Ozidi junior, but here Ozidi junior was, answering positively to all his questions with supposed exactitude and outright confidence in himself.



Emgbipere (Scrotum king) leaping in action

Unlike other warriors, he did not need a sword as his nails were enough weapon against any assailant. The surging of the pipe he smoked helped to either energise him and also gave him signals to avoid danger or advance to take advantage of any situation. With Ozidi junior, these signals were all neutralised as all were proving negative to his opponents disadvantage in the trend of this fight. As Ozidi junior was aroused and the fight became tough he was able to pierce through the big heavy bag or sack, known as the extra-large scrotum. Ozidi junior succeeded in piercing through because Orijami, now transformed to a monster, at the background was able to show Emgbipere the objects that were taboo to him. She was able to have a privileged information about these objects, during her nocturnal and emergency flights, to the great forest interiors or the groove. These objects were a frog and a lizard tied together. Anytime he saw them, his skin would immediately become vulnerable to both bullets and sharp object cuts. Prior to this time, anytime he was cut by Ozidi junior, he bounced like a synthetic material. On the other hand, he only smoked his pipe while Ozidi junior got weaker and exhausted, in the process of cutting the scrotum king.



Ozidi Junior pierces through the scrotum of Emgbipere

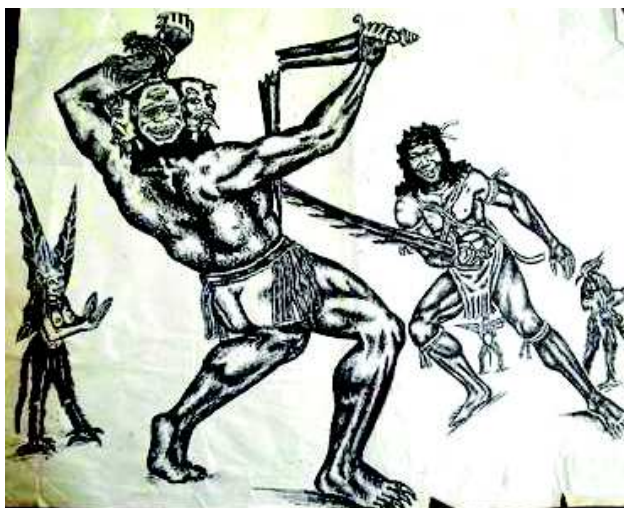
Tibisonoma (the seven headed giant and monster) of the seven crowns and Ozidi junior's combat

When at last Ofē the short, was killed by Ozidi junior, Oriami thought that the vengeance mission was over. Little did she know that, some more aggrieved parties were yet to emerge to take up the challenge. This became the ultimate, when Tibisonoma came up to take on Ozidi junior for a fight. In his usual manner, Ozidi junior and his two followers went out for a walk, surveying as well as sight seeing of the Orua country side and surburbs, a scenario he missed since his childhood. In this process, they came across Tibisonoma the giant and monster, one of the most dreaded creatures in this region. As recorded in the personal profile of this monster, he had to come to the rescue of his people anytime they were in danger.



The Seven heads of Tibisonoma

With the intervention of Orijami, Ozidi junior's body became hot with sweat, his bowels bubbled up, the war cry of the creatures in his bowels and the issuing forth of his sword took over the situation. Ozidi junior who could not shake or ginger up himself, got ignited and jumped off the shoulders and grips of Tibisonoma, and a bloody clash ensued. He went straight for the seven crowns of Tibisonoma, slashed off three of them in that high tempo. Having being taken by surprise of the sudden transformation of the features of Ozidi junior and the commotion from his bowels, his strange seven pronged sword and how it issued forth from his bowels. Tibisonoma had no other choice than to beg for his life to be spared. When Ozidi junior and Orijami refused, he asked them to first of all go and execute his sister's son, if not, what he Ozidi junior was doing today, would be done to him in about twenty years time.



Ozidi and Tibisonoma combat



Orjami now turns a fierce monster with corns in hand.

The cock which is the seventh and most powerful head, will not be defeated unless, it eats corns brought to it. Orjami had to transform to a female monster, with bouncing full bust to entice the cock to eat the corn, for an eventual defeat. As a result of the prolonged fight, the cock was already so tired and hungry coupled with the exigencies at the moment. The cock could no longer resist the hunger and the loss of energy, through the loss of the other heads that have been cut off. The cock immediately responded to the savoury meal served it, and ate to its fill. During this short space of time, Ozidi junior's aggressive pressure gained momentum on Tibisonoma and his sword got broken as a sign of defeat.

Ozidi Junior and Tibisonoma's Combat, the Final Defeat

Tibisonoma's defeat became imminent when the most powerful of his seven heads, the cock, ate the corn Orjami used to entice it. For her to succeed, she had to transform to a beautiful female monster to attract the attention of the six heads as well as the powerful cock. The cock which is also known as Kparinama (the dried meat) had the capability of transforming into anything as well as fly out and return at will. It was such that until this cock was killed, could anyone undo or kill Tibisonoma. All the other six heads had lesser powers. Only the cock had the power to revive all the other heads even if they were slashed off. On the other hand, none of the heads had the power to revive the cock when once it was killed.

The cock eventually ate the corns given to it by Orjami that helped distract its attention. This distraction gave room to Ozidi junior to unleash his deadly blows. In no time, Tibisonoma's sword gave way, as a sign of defeat. As the cock was beginning to regain consciousness after the corn meal to come to Tibisonoma's aid, Ozidi junior outsmarted it by slashing off the head of the cock. Ozidi junior immediately dived the bleeding head of the cock mid-air and made sure it did not touch the ground. Touching the ground meant a disgrace and taboo to Ozidi junior's personality as Orua's most current and foremost hero and champion. It was only at this point that Tibisonoma's body became vulnerable to lethal blows and blade cuts. Thus, Ozidi gave him a deep stab on the chest and at the bowels. With these unwholesome cuts, Tibisonoma fell stone dead.

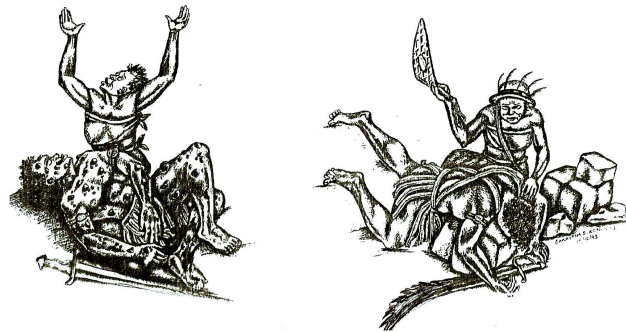


Ozidi junior defeats Tibisonoma

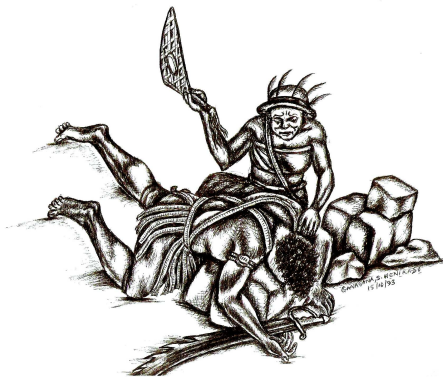
Ozidi Junior and Odogu the Ogre or the Ugly's Combat

Though so many years older and more experienced than Ozidi junior in war tactics, Odogu the ugly was a peaceful man. As the only son of Agonodi, his main aspiration and zeal was how he could bear a child to take after his name. His ugliness was such that his mother had to use diabolical means to get him a wife, who happened to be one of the most beautiful ladies in Tarakiri clan at the time. Her name was Anitorufa (i.e. no one like her). Agonodi was to Odogu as Oriami was to Ozidi junior. The only difference was that while Odogu was a direct and an only son, Ozidi junior was a grandson. Both Oriami and Agonodi belonged to the same diabolical society, the coven and were witches.. Though Agonodi seniored Oriami by a rank, Oriami was known for her versatility, agility, humanitarian and philanthropic wisdom. These qualities qualified Oriami appropriately for the sorceress and divination profession she was known for, throughout the Ozidi saga. She was also a native midwife and was so accessible anytime and anywhere she went.

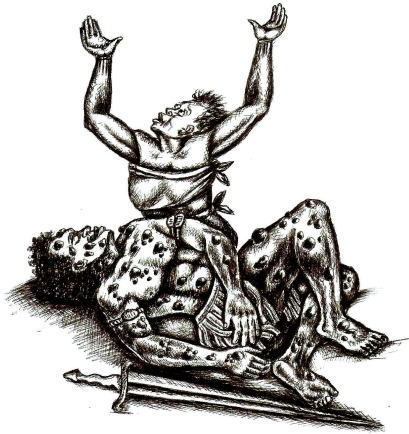
In this scene, Ozidi junior and Odogu fought a duel that could not be settled or separated. All the battle aids that aroused Ozidi junior in his stomach were also in Odogu's. The only difference was in the wonderful make of Ozidi junior's seven-pronged sword. Odogu the ugly, had a normal sword. Unknown to both mothers, Tibikaweni or Bou-akarakabiri had infested into both of them the same diabolical concoction without knowing it himself at different times.



Odogu the ugly falls to the left and Ozidi falls to the right. Both exhausted with their mothers desperately in attendance.



Details of Ozidi junior (Unconscious) and mother in attendance



Details of Odogu (Unconscious) and mother in attendance

The battle raged on for three days running, only nights stopped them. On the third day, both warriors fought to a finish. As the violent clashes of their hot blades went unabated, with both mothers bolting on and off in their uneasy search for a more supreme herb to outdo each other, they found their sons getting exhausted and dissipating their last energy. Finally, to the disappointment of both mothers, who are supreme witches themselves, like the clash of the titans, the two heroes who had their powers from the same source, fainted and passed out.

These desperate mothers, who at the moment were completely disorganized and deranged, did not know what to do or where else to resort to, to resuscitate their children. Both mothers shouted and wailed at their different ends, appealing to God Almighty for help but to no avail, as they were to watch their sons gradually dieing. At this juncture, both of them accused each other of having stolen the remedy from

Tibikaweni and vice versa, and resulted to physical combat.

Tibikaweni The Wizard Appears to Oriami and Tibikadein or Agonodi

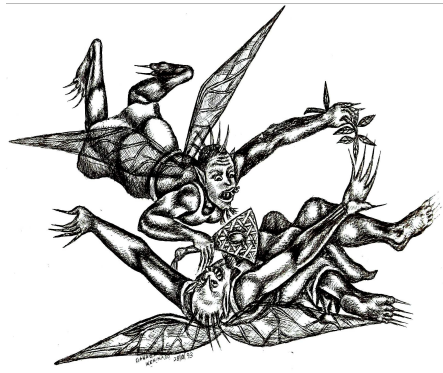
It was at this crucial point that, Tibikaweni or Bouakarakarabiri the wizard suddenly appeared to the desperate mothers with a shrill, strange but piercing laughter. As their mentor, his arrival was spontaneously saluted by their anguished requests and shrill appeals with outbursts of sorrow and pain. But this did not detain him as he too was left with only one source of help. He spoke with a shriller and sharper voice and told them that; both of them had but only one remedy. He went on and said, amidst an empathetic and shriller laughter that, any of them that could fetch the magic herb at the foot of the far hill first, would revive her son, and he vanished out of sight, not waiting for further questions, agitations or worries from them.



Oriami and Agonodi helpless and counselled by Tibikaweni

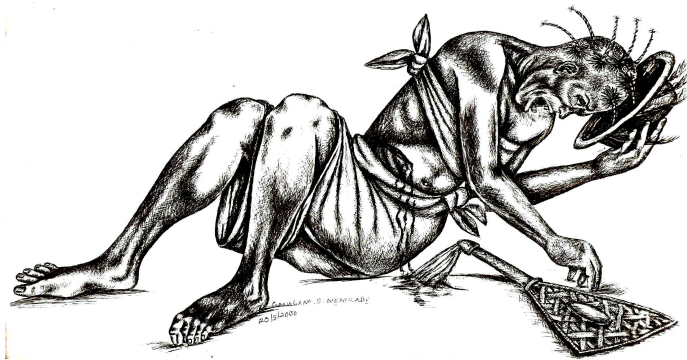
Oriami and Tibikadein or Agonodi's midair combat

Oriami in her usual agile manner, quickly took off in flight for the root of the far hill, where the herb could only be found. She got there first within a twinkle of an eye. But in her desperation and anxiety, she flew past the herb. Meanwhile, Agonodi, who was not as agile or as fast, got to the spot, plucked the herb and returned to her son. On realizing her folly and the imminent danger, Oriami, retraced her movement in a faster momentum. Her speed was such that she was able to catch up with Agonodi before she could get to the battle field, where both sons laid unconscious. As they met, Oriami instantly struck Agonodi with her magic fan, requesting and forcing her to handover the herb to her. A midair tussle for supremacy ensued, but Oriami in her smartness and intelligence, outwitted Agonodi. She zoomed off to the battle field in a split second, performed the revival rituals with the herb before Agonodi could arrive.



Oriami and Agonodi in mid-air combat over who to get the herb of life.

Just as this ritual was performed, the tray of fire on Agonodi's head got extinguished, so she could no longer see far and wide to fly or make her exploits. Instantly, Orjami who never took chances, roused Ozidi junior, having revived him, cheered him up to accomplish his task at hand. As Ozidi junior bubbled and boiled up, he tore up Odogu the ugly in pieces along with his mother, Agonodi. With eyes spitting fire like a wounded lion, he went wild in ecstasy and got possessed. In his ecstasy, he also slew Orjami his mother, without knowing. This was because, he was then possessed by the spirits of the many persons he had killed, over the years. Moreso this time, by the blood of Odogu the Ogre, one of the most powerful and ever dreaded heros, even by Tibisonoma, the monster.



Orjami falls back in her haunches and is dying, badly injured by Ozidi junior's sword

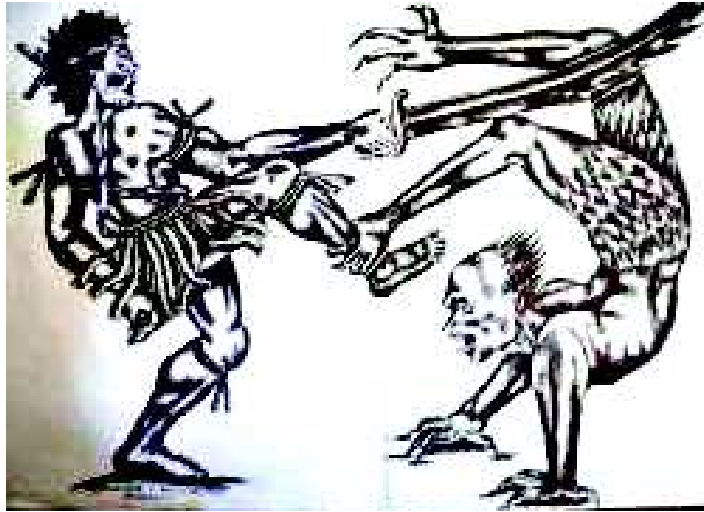
Oriami, when she had been revived after three days, blamed herself that she forgot to include the fact that, Ozidi junior's sword should not harm her in the incantations during the remedy stage. This was in the concoction she made for Ozidi as remedy against any type of cut, by whatever type of sharp blade or object.

Ozidi Junior and Tibikaweni's (Bou-akarakarabiri) Combat

When Ozidi junior had eliminated all the conspirators and accomplices that killed his father, other great forces that felt aggrieved that he had exceeded his bounds got offended. Some others and even monsters came with the hope of humiliating and making sumptuous meals out of Ozidi junior and his team. But as fate would have it, the tide always turned against them. Such was the case with Tibikaweni or Bou-akarakarabiri, who came to make a cheap catch of Ozidi and his team for his meals.

It so happened that age had so told on Tibikaweni that, he did not remember that this was the same young Ozidi, he himself infested with the invincible medicine some thirty years ago. If he forgot the boy, what about Oriami who was his contemporary in the great forests?

Ozidi junior's combat with Tibikaweni was more or less a rehearsal of some of his previous fights. So, Ozidi junior dispensed with him in record time, without Tibikaweni knowing that he was fighting his own boy.

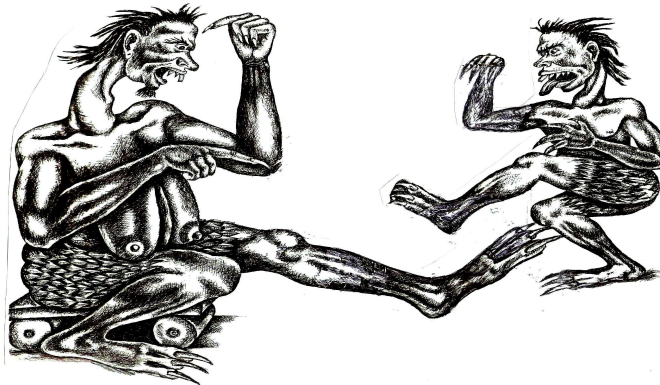


Ozidi Junior and Tibikaweni's combat

**Azema (the mother) and Azemaroti (the son) the Cannibals
and Ozidi junior's combat (as in the Saga)**

When Ozidi junior had also eliminated Tibikaweni or Bouakarakarabiri, their five man squad had a lot of respite. The whole of Orua had been deserted, most of the houses got mowed down, in the process of the various attacks and counter attacks. Only the surrogate king's palace was left in all its entirety. On the whole, it was only the compounds of the Ozidis and the king's palace, that were left in all the seven wards of Orua. The whole town needed rebuilding when eventually a truce would be declared. This temporary peace ran into weeks and into months and it became about six months. After these six months Oriami herself felt they should go round the devastated city of Orua and see things for themselves.

One fine day, Oriami roused Ozidi junior and his followers and left for the Orua city suburbs. By now, so many camps and hamlets had erupted and were spread all over the neighbouring villages, fishing and farmland settlements. Any of the camps their team got to, they were hailed while some chicken hearted ones ran for cover. For this embarrassment, Oriami had to transform to a young beautiful girl, with a bouncing and heavy bust. With this change, the next other villages they passed through, simply wondered at the beauty of Ozidi junior and that of the girl, and that, and felt she might be his wife. They no longer recognized him as that hero and Oriami they so dreaded.



Azema the mother and Azemaroti the son

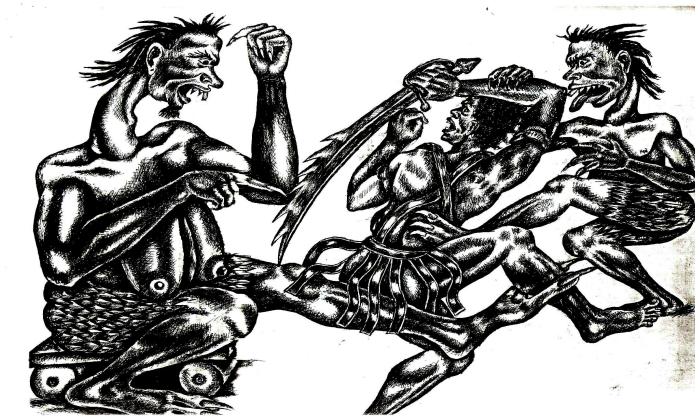
As they passed all these newly sprung up camps and hamlets, they came to a very lonely isolated area. This was so far from the other settlements and looked so lonely and deserted. They drew closely with pent up energy and suspicion of some imminent danger. They still surged on, only to be welcomed by some two bizarre looking human monsters. One had long big breasts suspected to be the mother and the other, assumed to be a youth and may be the son. These eventually became Azema the mother and Azemaroti, the son. These were blood thirsty cannibals also of the great grooves. They seemed to have belonged to the people of Tibikaweni.

As Ozidi junior and his team approached, they were welcomed by the son, who immediately announced to the mother that, meat had come for their plantains, that were already on fire. The mother instructed that they should be made to sit on the mud platform in the room and also that, their buttocks should be glued to the platform. Meanwhile she ordered that more wood should be introduced to the ovens thrice as much, so that they would enjoy the meal quickly. The mother Azema started salivating and asked her son Azemaroti to prepare to slice Ozidi junior, Orjami and the followers one after the other. All this time, Orjami had not showed any sign of trouble. Ironically, Azemaroti liked the girl (Orjami) and so, he told his mother that he would marry her, and that she should be spared.

Azema retorted and said, she suspected something, and that, she did not like anything about that girl. Azemaroti still pressurized and so he pushed the girl (Oriami) aside. Meanwhile, Azema asked her son to quicken the cooking while she left to bathe at the river. As the mother left for the water front, Oriami (the girl) also obtained permission to go and ease herself. As she stepped outside, she broke a magic gourd under her foot and Ozidi junior's strength immediately came to him. His sword issued forth and Oriami herself got transformed back to her normal self. Confusion arose as Ozidi junior started dishing out blow upon blow on Azemaroti who had to find his way out to re-organise.

Ululation, shouts and screams from Azemaroti attracted the attention of Azema, the mother. As she arrived, a clash of the titans started off. Azema went straight for Oriami's hairs, chopped off some of her hairs as she missed her target. Oriami immediately transformed to so many houseflies and pinned, so many poisonous needles all over Azema's head. The poison instantly made Azema to be drowsy, then, Oriami immediately called on Ozidi junior to dispatch her. By then Azemaroti had being dispensed with and so it was the mother's turn. Though both of them had no swords, their claws in both hands and feet were wonderful war arsenals Ozidi junior had to contend with.

When the battle became so fierce, Azema called for her son Azemaroti to come to her rescue immediately. Unknown to her, Azemaroti had long been killed by Ozidi junior. Instead of Azemaroti, Ozidi junior came to her aid and gave her dispatching deadly blows dispassionately and collected her scalp as well as her son's and left the place. This became one of the toughest fights Ozidi junior ever had in his vengeance mission. Even Oriami confessed that she had never in her life, had it so tough with a fellow woman, though a monster. This became an unforgettable experience

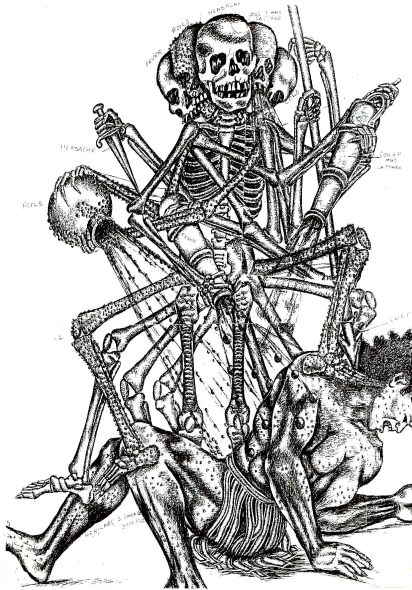


Ozidi junior in danger amidst Azema and Azemaroti

Small-pox attacks Ozidi junior and is Symbolized with several Physical Objects.

Unknown to Oriami, the chief trainer and mentor of young Ozidi, there was yet a spiritual battle to be fought. Though he had virtually won all his battles, as a human, Ozidi junior fell short of some dos and don'ts against nature. He attracted nature's wrath by strangling his uncle, Temugedege. He also attempted to rape and eventually killed Odogu's wife, Anitorufa which was an adulterous act against his own sacred nature as a pure vessel (like the nazirites of the Bible). Odogu the husband to Anitorufa, did not disturb him, neither was he a threat to his vengeance mission as he was not one of the conspirators nor did he show interest like some other intruders. He was not to touch any woman, nor cut his hair along with other injunctions. But for Oriami's spiritual vigilance over him, Ozidi junior would have defiled himself along the line with Odogu's wife. That was why it was only Oriami's call that could make his mysterious sword to emerge from his stomach, that helped to curb so many human excesses. Small-pox unleashed its fatal blow wanting to exterminate the lineage of the Ozidi's. This deadly blow came in form of cough, cold, fever, catarrh, boils and headache. These are all symbolized with cannon shots, spears, daggers, pots of boils and catarrh. Ozidi junior was caught unawares at their verandah. He helplessly found himself reeling on the ground as it were, kowtowing to his invisible enemy.

But this time, Small-pox misfired, Ozidi junior became a wrong target. The situation was brought under control in no distant time and that also ended all Ozidi junior's vengeance mission.

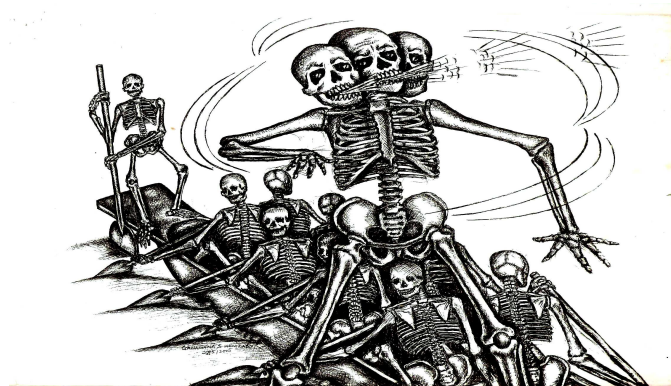


Smallpox king and his five deadly weapons (ailments)

Being ignorant of what Small-pox attack was, both Orĩa, Ozidi junior's mother and Ozidi junior himself, did not understand what was going wrong with him. It all started with Ozidi junior's loss of appetite and refusal to eat when he was served food. When asked what the problem was, he complained of acute headache bad dreams the previous night, which eventually translated into cold, fever and all other symptoms of Small-pox.

Small-pox King gives a Push-Off Order

After Small-pox king's retinue had waited in vain for about two weeks at the shores of Orua, got totally disappointed, having paced up and down the shores, for their supposed victim; 'Small-pox king' shouted with a coarse voice. At the same time, spat in the wind three times, in annoyance gave a push-off order, ordering that, none of his royal entourage must ever touch or come close to the shores of Orua as the inhabitants have ventured to dehumanize them. This they did unconsciously by calling Small-pox yaws and treated it with yaws medicine. This shout of annoyance inadvertently referred to the Ozidi family and Ozidi junior as the intended victim, that narrowly escaped death. It was because Oria subconsciously treated Small-pox with yaws medicine in ignorance amidst desperation, and called the pores, yaws.



Smallpox king gives a push-off order to his crew as he paces the shores of Orua

Ozidi Junior tears 'Small-pox kings' Retinue into Pieces
(as in the saga)

As Ozidi junior got critically attacked by 'Small-pox king' and 'his' retinue, least did he know that this was a supernatural and spiritual attack. He could not know what to do but kowtowed, and found himself shivering and reeling on the ground helplessly. At the end of about two weeks, the maggots had been stopped from eating and feasting on his body with the aid of palm wine, water, and yaws medicines (herb). Orjami through her divination powers saw 'Small-pox king' and 'his' retinue about to pack away from Ozidi's home, the village and the shores of Bulu-Orua (Orua).

Having seen them, she immediately showed them to Ozidi junior who was already gaining back his health and strength fast. Just immediately, Orjami sprinkled some concoctions into Ozidi junior's eyes for him to see more clearly with the third eye. Thus aroused, Ozidi junior in his battle kit and in a fit of frenzy, with eyes spitting fire, having imagined how much he had suffered in their hands, swung into full action heralded by the emergence of his sword from his stomach. He headed straight for the waterfront at the sandbank where their 'war canoe' had lodged for a forth night now. He dealt deadly blows indiscriminately on all the 'Small-pox kings' crew, dismembering everyone and dismantled all their gadgets and missiles. The large 'war canoe' was not spared either, it was torn into inexplicable bits. Though every member fled for dear

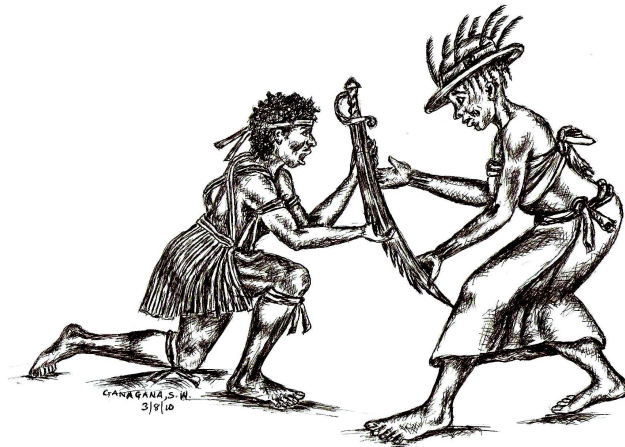
'life', they were no match for Ozidi junior who had been angered to his bone marrow by what he suffered from, in the hands of small-pox 'king'.



Ozidi Junior tears 'Small-pox kings' Retinue into Pieces

This was more or less a spiritual battle as other mortals around, only saw Ozidi junior tearing and taunting the water and raging after supposed assailants. While this was on, the weather transformed into dark clouds amidst thunder and lightening, indicating sound support for Ozidi junior and his imminent triumph over his supernatural enemies, the Small-pox retinue. In this struggle for supremacy, the waters also responded vigorously in tumultuous unending waves, swept over by the raging and an equally turbulent tumultuous weather. As invigorated and energized as he was, Ozidi junior accomplished his demolition task in record time. He dispensed with all the members of the crew and Small-pox king himself.

While the battle between Ozidi junior and the smallpox retinue raged on, other Orua indigenes who were not aware of the latest development, saw pieces of broken cooking utensils, split halves and bits of canoe and war gadgets floating. These were carried down stream and in swirling currents symbolic of a clash of the gods in Izoṇ belief system. When this was eventually over, Ozidi junior felt satisfied and reassured that he had at last, completely avenged his father's gruesome murder by fellow kinsmen and conspirators.



Ozidi junior hands over his sacred sword to his mentor and grandmother, Oriami. Ends all fights

In the Ezon confessional ritualistic approach known as the 'Ogbu Rite', he got caught up in ecstasy, while openly declaring and announcing how many persons he has being able to over run. He spread his right hand straight into the air above his head, with sword in his left hand and his full regalia and announced – Erewo, o-o-, Erewo, o-o-, Erewo, o-o, (this means ... not woman but man, that he killed) Oko-me, Osuwa, Oko-me (who are you, it is me), the gods, Osuwa, Oko-me, Osuwa, baa me-e e and then recounted who and who he had killed all through his vengeance mission. At a time he could not remember instantly, he signified the innumerable number of persons by packing sand to say... how uncountable his victims were.

The important aspect of this confessional ritual, is that, he had to state the processes that started and culminated in the last act of killing the victim. Furthermore, it states the unintentional moves that resulted in the killing of his opponents, but that, it was all in self defence as a means of revenge, and restitution for the blood of his father. After this, his eyes cleared up and he went up to their compound, appealed and called upon the spirits of his father and ancestors, in a pre-war incantative ritual, openly declared that, he had accomplished his vengeance mission. That, Ozidi senior could then rest in perfect piece amongst his ancestors. 'Kneeling down on his right knee, Ozidi junior touched the ground with his right hand, handed over his untouchable sacred sword to his mother and mentor, Orjami, and said it was all over.

CONCLUSION

Mr. Vice-Chancellor Sir, with this discovery, stories which used to be exclusively told in prose, poetry, drama and oral narratives, can now be told in pictorial form. In this school of pictorial narratology, novels, poems and dramas can be narrated pictorially with more vivid and realistic imageries as messages and as lucidly as possible to enforce the utilitarian value of Fine and Applied Arts. This artistic palette of creativity is hitherto enhanced by the artist's skills endowed through still life and more especially, Life Drawing. Any Fine and Applied Artist or individual who has draughtsmanship or drawing skills, can now tell stories of their own or do an adaptation or intellectual reproduction of an archetypal text.

It gives me copious pleasure to remind this august audience that, pictorial narratology puts to question Aristotle's age long classic definition of drama as art of mimesis. This is because, without mimesis, the theory of pictorial naratology can perform a play better, whether in tragedy or comedy, in pictorial structure and still pass the message across in a more vivid and realistic manner to achieve the effect of the desired plot. What it does not have is vocal dialogue which is replaced by picture speaking actions. What I want the audience to note is that, this theory enables Fine and Applied Artists or individuals to create stories across generic boundaries to expand the intellectual and artistic limits in Fine and Applied Arts. In view of its significance to the elevation of Fine and Applied Arts as a

Creative Arts discipline, I hereby recommend it as part of the curriculum in the course of instruction in Nigerian Universities operating Fine and Applied Arts Departments. Pictorial narratology theory is presumed to be a new and lucrative area of the discipline which offers the opportunity of offering Fine and Applied Arts Scholarship increase in creativity and critical interpretation of the pictorial text in academic journals for promotion in the academia.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Mr Vice Chancellor Sir, it gives me copious pleasure to thank the Almighty God who has given me this un-fathomable grace to have seen and conquered today, one of the most remarkable days of my life as a scholar and an academic.

To my late Father and Mother Mr and Mrs Ganagana Ekpo who obeyed God's injunction... “Go ye and multiply” ... and I became a fortunate product of their multiplication. From my father I intuitively imbibed diligence, conscientiousness, dedicatedness and consistency. And from my mother, the African mother, from whose breast milk, I suckled in the desire to achieve greatness in all my endeavours, as her last born.

Immense gratitude goes to my elder brother late John Billy Ganagana who pulled me out of the doldrums of unending illiteracy and slavery. He laid the foundation of my academic life by training me through the Primary and Secondary Schools. My elder sister Mrs. Bikebeni Oguta Amgbị who teamed up with my mother and backed up my elder brother financially, in training me.

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I thank my senior colleagues in the Faculty of Arts for their guidance, support and direction especially our “living ancestors” Professor Dime, Professor Nabofa, Professor Ogude and Professor Umukoro. I wish to specifically thank my predecessor, the former

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To my Heads of Departments, colleagues and students of the Faculty of Arts, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for your unending support.

I am eternally grateful to Professor G.O.M. Tasie, who projected me to limelight as a budding artist in 1982, when he was the Provost of the then Rivers State College of Education, Rumuolumeni, Port Harcourt. His scholarship and appointment to me has today built me up to what I am now.

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numerous to mention.

I thank all of you Ladies and gentlemen who have found time to have come from far and near to grace this occasion.

Finally I wish to thank the Vice Chancellor, Professor Humphrey Ogoni and his management team who made it possible for me to deliver this lecture.

Thank you and God bless.



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