

# Canadian University Music Review

## Revue de musique des universités canadiennes

Canadian University Music Review

### "Other Villages Other Voices"

Stepchild

Number 5, 1984

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1013936ar>

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.7202/1013936ar>

[See table of contents](#)

#### Publisher(s)

Canadian University Music Society / Société de musique des universités canadiennes

#### ISSN

0710-0353 (print)

2291-2436 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

#### Cite this document

Stepchild (1984). "Other Villages Other Voices". *Canadian University Music Review / Revue de musique des universités canadiennes*, (5), 138–139.  
<https://doi.org/10.7202/1013936ar>

Every animal one track all its own  
and not 16

Without lamps  
We spend more time awake in darkness  
Looking into fires and trees  
Without motors  
We hear all of nature's drones  
Feel the slightest chirpings in our bones  
Bring the outside world into our homes  
Commemorating with rhyme and reason  
mime in season  
The source of every sound

*Stephen Child,*

### **Other Villages Other Voices**

Village voices in Nigeria  
Muhammadu Marwa's people cry out  
But are not heard here in Manhattan  
Children in mass graves outside Kano  
Small news arriving late in New York City  
  
But Sunny Ade's smile is front page stuff  
Yoruba minstrels bringing the original jive  
The prototype shuffle, aboriginal cakewalks  
Big winks and rolling eyes to the big city  
Serene smiles blind to all corruption  
Wicked cool ices memories of Biafra  
Or any meditation on Nigerian crude sold cheap'  
The Bonny crude, pure, clean, sulphur-free  
Black gold, black futures sold to Seven Sisters  
While Sunny smiles and takes his little steps  
The hip bro wonders if "Bob may have been forwarded  
So that Sunny could save the West with juju music."

According to some mysterious cosmic mastah plan

I like the man, I love the music, I put five  
On the wet forehead of the talking drummer  
(amplified to sound like Western cannon)  
For playing nicely to the baby girl  
So chubby and fine she should have been twins  
But I am not fooled

Nigeria is weak, the bribe taker  
 Traitor to Third World Solidarity  
 And Yoruba delusions of cool and kingship  
 The dry rot heart of that  
 These brothers been selling each other  
 Into slavery since the 16th Century  
 Oyo raiding on Ife, Ife on Ekiti, Ekiti on Ondo  
 Ondo on Ijebu, Ijebu on Egba, Egba on Ketu  
 Long practice, bad juju, degradingest story never told

If they really cared about the ancestors  
 The future generations, the chubby little girl  
 They would not sell the oil so cheap  
 And the music, the Cultural Attire  
 A fancy stitched agbada  
 Could not substitute for justice

Oya! Give those who offend you throat disease.

Orishala! Give us better brains.

Eshu! Cut the bullshit.

A child is a gift.

*Steph Hill,*