

# Changing **Times** Changing **Attitudes**

Alternative portrayals  
of men and women

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Sample products of  
the DANIDA-UNESCO workshops  
for the production of  
gender-sensitive radio programmes

*For use in  
non-formal education programmes*

Adapted from radio programmes  
produced by media professionals in Kenya, South Africa,  
Tanzania, Togo, Uganda and Zambia.

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many people have recognised the potential of radio as a tool for education and social change. Particularly in rural areas, radio is an efficient and effective channel of communication. It is relatively easy to access by both senders and receivers of information, inexpensive and highly customizable to suit the likes and needs of the target audience.

Nevertheless, it took the time, effort and expertise of many people to harness this potential to achieve the goals of the "*Special Project for Women and Girls in Africa.*" This joint venture between UNESCO, DANIDA, and people and institutions dedicated to literacy and women's empowerment in a host of countries in Africa was an ambitious undertaking. It involved forging new partnerships between literacy workers and media professionals, challenging them to recognise and overcome their personal gender biases, and training them to produce gender-sensitive learning materials – short stories and radio programme scripts – for their own and others' use. All this at the grass roots level through trainings that lasted just two weeks in locations scattered across Africa!

It would not have been possible to undertake or sustain this effort without the encouragement and support of Madame Aïcha Bah-Diallo, Deputy Assistant Director-General for Education. This compilation of radio programmes scripts, the first of its kind to be published under the project, is therefore dedicated to her.

As usual, however, many others played a role in the project's success. We are particularly grateful to the members of the National Commissions of Côte d'Ivoire and Tanzania who organised the regional workshops that got this project underway. Similarly, we are indebted to a great many people in the National Commissions of Kenya, South Africa, Togo, Uganda and Zambia. With the help of these local partners, we successfully completed two regional workshops, seven national workshops and produced a variety of valuable materials.

Special thanks goes to Mr. Diyomansi Bombote, then Regional Information Officer at the UNESCO field office in Dakar, for going above and beyond the call of duty to ensure the success of the workshops in Côte d'Ivoire.

To the participants themselves, we owe our greatest appreciation. They brought a wealth of knowledge, life experience and dedication to this effort. They exposed their own biases and stereotypes in order to become agents of change to create a world where men and women are equally needed and equally valued. It was an honour to work with them and they deserve to be congratulated on the results of their work.

Last but not least, this project would not have been possible without the generous support of DANIDA. Their commitment to women's empowerment, through education that aims to improve the lives of all members of society in the developing nations of Africa, is an example we hope other advocates for peace and equality will take note of.

**Namtip Aksornkool**  
**Senior specialist in literacy**  
**and women's education**

## INTRODUCTION

Political leaders and development specialists in Africa have recognised that illiteracy – particularly among women – seriously undermines their development efforts. They have also recognised the vital role that media, especially radio, can play in furthering their efforts, in particular when used to reinforce the development messages of literacy programmes. Therefore, radio producers in rural areas are being encouraged to devote airtime to programmes that target women and adolescent girls in addition to the general public.

Since 1997, the UNESCO-DANIDA *Special Project for Women and Girls in Africa*, has organised and supported a series of training workshops for the production of radio programmes and reading materials.

These workshops brought women and men radio programme producers, interviewers, scriptwriters and literacy workers together. During the two-week training, the participants were introduced to gender issues and learned how to apply them to their specific media. Based on real-life situations, they produced radio programme scripts and complementary illustrated booklets. Packaged together to reinforce one another, they are free of gender biases and responsive to a wide range of needs and conditions of African women. The radio programme scripts were presented in a variety of formats including dramas, interviews and question and answer sessions.

As is the case for the booklets, the relevance of this exercise has been demonstrated by the fact that workshop participants immediately broadcast these programmes, and have gone on to produce others of the same kind. They have become the local resource persons for the production of gender-sensitive radio programmes.

The packages cover a range of themes such as HIV-AIDS, domestic violence, exploiting girls employed as domestic servants, projecting positive role models for women and girls, broadening opportunities for productive work, the negative consequences of child marriage and the need for a more equal division of housework between men and women.

In order to share this experience with a wider audience, the Literacy and Non-formal Education Section of the Division of Basic Education at UNESCO has transcribed and edited a selection of radio programme scripts. Each radio programme deals with a subject of high priority to African women. Although intended for use with neo-literate women and out-of-school girls, the messages in these radio programmes are also relevant for use with the listening public at large.

We hope that this publication will inspire readers to reflect on some of life's common situations, problems and issues that ordinary women and men face every day. How specific situations were experienced and overcome, as described in the scripts compiled herein, can serve as a lesson for women and men living together in the Twenty-first Century.

Aïcha Bah-Diallo  
Deputy Assistant Director-General  
for Education

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***Breaking the Stigma***

**Narrator:** We present to you a drama entitled "*Breaking the Stigma*." In this drama, we look at the story of a young widow. Listen to Anita's story.

**Anita:** This work in the garden is so tiring. Oh, I feel so tired...and it's almost lunchtime. I need to go and prepare lunch for my family. Ah, William, where is your father?

**William:** Father is sleeping in the bedroom!

**Anita:** Oh, okay. I'll go and see him. Oh, my dear, what's wrong? What's wrong? Why are you sleeping at this time of the day? Is there anything wrong with you? Heh? Vashi William, what's happening?

**Husband:** I'm not feeling too well, dear. I should have told you this morning that I have diarrhoea, and my temperature's high. You know, last night I dreamt my uncle was chasing me with a spear.

**Anita:** Oh! That's terrible, my husband. We must take you to a witch doctor right away. Quick, get someone with transport to rush him to the witch doctor!

**Narrator:** A witch doctor was called. He did everything he could to save Mr. Mainza's life, but all was in vain. He died a week later.

**Anita:** (crying with the others) Oh, no, no, no! William! Don't leave me! No!

**Narrator:** After Mr. Mainza's funeral, his relatives expected Anita to go through the cleansing process. This is what followed:

**Father-in-law:** My daughter-in-law, you need to be cleansed.

**Witch Doctor:** Yes, we have prepared someone who was close to your late husband to remove the bad spirits from you. This person is going to sleep with you.

**Mother-in-law:** And we have prepared the herbs, soaked in water, for you to bathe in after this process.

**Father-in-law:** Are you ready, my daughter?



**Anita:** No, what are you saying? I won't accept this. It's not healthy! Don't you know about AIDS?

**Mother-in-law:** You're sleeping with that old man!

**Anita:** Hah!

**Father-in-law:** If you don't go through this, my daughter-in-law, you will soon go mad, I assure you. And you won't prosper in life. You won't! Never! Remember, you are still young and have a long way to go.

**Anita:** I don't care. I can't accept sleeping with that old man! For what - so I can get AIDS? No, I'm sorry, I won't do it.

**Father-in-law:** Anyway, you are the one who will be sorry because you will have a dead man's spirit in you forever!

**Witch Doctor:** Well, my daughter, the choice is yours; but if anything happens to you, we'll bear no responsibility.

**Narrator:** Anita maintained her stand. She was relieved, and after the funeral, everybody dispersed. One day, her cousin Mary came to visit her.

**Anita:** I'm so happy to see you. How are you and your family? You look so well.

**Mary:** Yes, Anita, I'm fine! My family sends you greetings.



**Anita:** Oh, thank you very much, my sister, I've missed you so much. After the funeral I went through hell. You know this cleansing business. Ah! But I totally refused. You know how I am! Ah!

**Mary:** You know, Anita, I love you so much. You are so strong. You did a good thing. In fact, I'm the Chairperson of a group called *Breaking the Stigma of Cleansing*, which was recently formed to help women say 'NO' to some of the practices in the culture of cleansing - like sleeping with another partner.

*Anita:* Yes! Now you're talking, my sister! Even though I refused to be cleansed, I am still quite healthy, as you can see!

*Mary:* We need more women like you in society.

*Anita:* Mary, I would love to join your group and help educate other women. Some aspects of the cleansing ritual can perhaps be maintained, but others must be changed - like this practice of sleeping with someone you don't even know. Ah, no!

*Mary:* Then join us, Anita. You would be most welcome.

**Narrator:** Anita joined the NGO, and was in the forefront, teaching other women to reject aspects of the cleansing ritual that could endanger their health.



## *The Witch Hunt: Exposing Real Killers*

♪ ♪ [Music.] ♪ ♪

**Narrator:** Hello Listener, and welcome to “*Exposing Real Killers*,” a programme about general hygiene. In this programme, we hear about a village in which many people were dying. The villagers thought there were witches around. They picked out three people whom they believed were the witches. Fortunately, the Headmaster and the Health Officer helped the villagers to discover who the real witches were. Let’s hear how this happened.

[Sounds of chickens, followed by sound of horn.]



**Narrator:** The horn is blowing. The elders have orders to come to the Diviner. Let’s hurry to the village school.

**First Female Villager:** I hope she has identified the witches. I swear we will not bury another child! The witches must be tracked down and burned to death.

**Second Female Villager:** Yes, indeed. They have put stones in the stomachs of our children!

**First Female Villager:** Yes! I heard Chacha died of a big stone in the stomach!

**Second Female Villager:** And the diarrhoea. Oh my God, it's terrible!

[Sounds of villagers discussing the situation.]

**First Elder:** Order, order. Order! Villagers, you know why we are gathered here today. The hand of death has landed so heavily on us; it has not even spared the children.

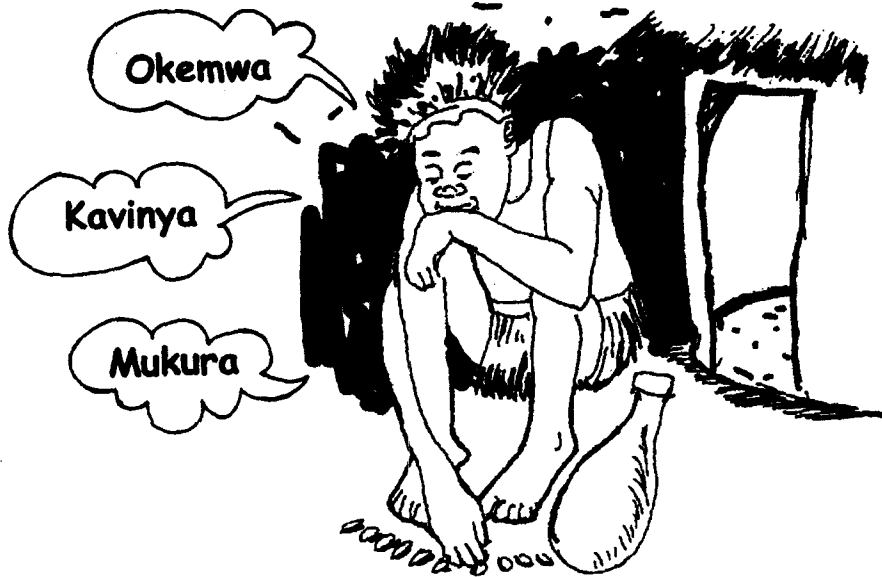
[Sounds of the villagers crying and wailing.]

**First Elder:** Ladies, do not wail, for today we will stop this death. As I was saying, the hand of death has spared neither our children nor their mothers. This is surely witchcraft!

[Sounds of villagers reacting.]



**First Elder:** Today, we consulted the greatest diviner around. You all know Shobuku. She named the three witches who have been bringing death to us. These three have been arrested by our young men, and are here for trial. They are, as you can see, Okemwa, The Terrible One; Mukuru, The Eater of Human Flesh; and Kavinga, The Shown Killer.



**Villagers:** Kill them!  
Burn them!  
Throw them down the cliff!

**Elder:** Yes, we could do all that, but our village headmaster here has restrained us. He says these may not be the real witches.

**Villagers:** Kill them!  
Hang them!

**Elder:** Order! Order! Order! The headmaster has something to say, and we should give him an ear. Please headmaster, come talk to us.

[Sounds of villagers reacting.]

**Headmaster:** Fellow villagers, I have come here to tell you something. It's true that we have lost many lives through this epidemic. The dispensaries are full of the sick, the dying, and the dead. Surely, we have a lot to wail about. The hand of death has brought about terrible suffering in our village. That's true. We must find out what is causing all of these deaths.

[Sounds of villagers reacting loudly.]

**Headmaster:** Yes, indeed! I'm not saying that these three witches are not responsible. I have no such power. But when this epidemic started, I went to our neighbouring division, where there is a health officer.

[Sounds of villagers discussing the situation angrily.]

**Headmaster:** Order! Order! Please villagers, listen! You may say that the health officer is just a child. Yes, she's my daughter's age. You may say she is only a girl. That, we can all see. But in the world of today, what counts is what we cannot see. We must keep that in mind, and we must listen before we judge. The health officer will be here any time now.

[Sounds of car and villagers talking about the health officer's arrival.]

**Headmaster:** Okay, the health officer is here. Let's listen to what she has to say about these killers - and please, let her speak without interruption. Villagers, we are here to put a stop to this death. Our village cannot bury any more dead. If the health officer can help us, she is welcome - and now, let us give the madam our full attention.

**Health Officer:** My fathers, my mothers, I give you my deepest respect; my brothers and sisters, I greet you. To all in this village, I offer greetings and sympathy. I could not come earlier because of this epidemic. It has ravaged every village in our district, and everyone is in a panic. The symptoms are always the same: severe diarrhoea, vomiting, fever, and swollen stomachs. It's the same everywhere. The question is - what is this killer?

**Villagers:** The witches! The witches!





**Health Officer:** You may point at those three people, but suppose they're innocent!

**Villagers:** Huhh?

**Health Officer:** Yes! Suppose they are innocent! Suppose we could expose the real witches to you? Yes, the headmaster and I have decided to reveal the real witches. We will not force you to give up your three prisoners. No! They will be guarded by three of your warriors. But when we have shown you the real witches, you must release your suspects. Agreed?

**Villagers:** Yes! Yes!

**Health Officer:** Okay then, first we must first confer with the village leaders.

**Elder:** Villagers, the ways of the educated are truly a marvel! We have all heard the health officer's and the headmaster's ideas. We must tour the village to see whether the way we live is what is really killing us.

**Second Elder:** Yes, we cannot dispute the ideas of our educated. Their eyes see things that we cannot see. We have all noticed that the educated people do not seem to suffer these problems.

**Female Villager:** I never cease to wonder at their wisdom! Listening to this young girl is like listening to the legendary wisdom of Kefari. Away! Let us hurry before the sun leaves us behind, and Death takes another of us.

[Sounds of chickens, followed by sounds of children.]

**Health Officer:** Look at these children. They are covered with flies. Look at their plates of porridge. Look at this one. These children are sharing their lives with flies! And look, see where the flies are coming from? Especially the big green ones! They are coming from that tree. Let's go and see... Aha, just look! This latrine is full, and there are even stools on the ground around it... And the stink!



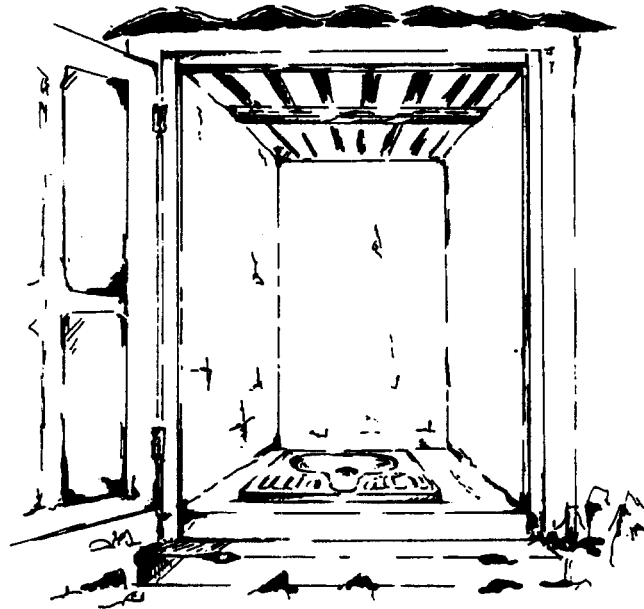
**Female Villager:** Yes, it's very unpleasant, but what is on the ground around the outside is from the pregnant women. If they use a latrine, they will have a miscarriage.

**Headmaster:** What nonsense! My wife uses a latrine all the time, and she has never lost a baby! Anyway, what can we learn here?

**Health Officer:** Flies are the commonest carriers of death. They cause diarrhoea, cholera, typhoid, and many diseases of the stomach. This is what you people believe is stones in the stomach. I am a health officer, and I can assure you that many of your deaths come from this kind of home.

**First Male Villager:** So, it's true!

**Second Male Villager:** Yes, it's true! Look at Mwuta's home...and Kambera's...and Kayaite's. Sure, you're right! I am amazed. It's true.



**Health Officer:** The villagers must learn to keep good latrines. They should be deep and well built. A wooden cover should be placed over the opening so that no flies can get in. A three to four inch pipe should be inserted at the back – like that one that you're holding, Mr. Headmaster. That way, there will be no smell.

**Headmaster:** Yes! And they must be kept clean!

**Health Officer:** Oh yes!

**Headmaster:** And this nonsense about miscarriage should be thrown out.

[Sounds of someone throwing out garbage.]

**Health Officer:** Look at what that boy's doing! Throwing garbage on that stinking heap! Look at the flies again!

**Villager:** What else can we do? We can't just let it rot in the house.

**Health Officer:** Of course not! Garbage should be thrown away in proper pits. We should first separate the garbage that can be burned - and burn it! The rest should be covered with soil to keep the flies away. After a while, it becomes excellent fertiliser. Other kinds of garbage can be reused. Plastic tins, for example, can be used as household containers.

**Female Villager:** Listen to that wisdom! I told you it was like listening to the legendary Kefari!

**Village Leader:** I'm thirsty. Young boy, give me some water!

**Health Officer:** Don't drink that water! It must be boiled before drinking! Otherwise, it can give you worms and typhoid.



**Village Leader:** Come on now, girl! We have always drunk this water. Only the teacher and his wife are afraid of the water.

[Sound of group laughing.]

**Headmaster:** Listen! I don't think that's funny! People here are always sick, or suffering with diarrhoea, or complaining of stomach problems! It's that 'don't care' attitude that I'm always warning you against! Whether it's from the river or the lake, the water around here must be boiled, or filtered, before it's used!

[Sounds of marketplace.]

**Health Officer:** Let's walk to the marketplace. Look at your market! Look at that latrine! It's like a hive of flies...and the garbage! Phew! What a stench! And look at those two men eating that raw *muhogo*! It's not washed, and you can see their hands are dirty too. If you must eat raw food, it must be properly cleaned first! Otherwise, you will just be swallowing worms and germs. That's the same as swallowing death!



**Headmaster:** Now let's take a look at our butcher shop. Let's go there next. I'm hungry. We'll roast some meat and eat. Butcher! Where are you?

**Butcher:** Here I am! What can I get you? Greetings, Mr. Headmaster. Greetings, our health officer.

**Headmaster:** Give us two kilos of meat to roast.

**Health Officer:** Wait a minute butcher, what are you doing? You've just come from the latrine and you're touching meat without washing your hands?!

**Butcher:** Aha, madam, what's wrong with that?

**Headmaster:** You can spread germs from the latrine to others through this meat.



**Health Officer:** It sounds so terrible I could throw up! Let's go to the hotel instead.

**Butcher:** Sorry, let me wash my hands.

**Health Officer:** We can go to the hotel, but not to eat. You, Village Leader, will look at the drains at the hotel, and you, First Elder, will look at the water they are using to wash the utensils. The Second Elder will check the cleanliness of the waiters and the conditions in the kitchen.

[Sounds of the kitchen.]

**Health Officer:** Now, as we're walking home, what did each of you see?

**Village Leader:** Oh, the drains! Full of stagnant water and rotting food! Phew! You should have seen the mosquitoes!

**Health Officer:** What do we get from mosquitoes, Mr. Headmaster?

**Headmaster:** Malaria and other diseases caused by germs; fever, vomiting, and death.

**Female Villager:** Oh my God! Exactly what killed Kamau!

**First Elder:** Yes, and you should have seen what they were using to wash the dishes! It was like thick *ugali*!

**Second Elder:** And the kitchen! Full of flies and mosquitoes! The waiters have death dripping from their hands! I think we can head home now, but let's take the path that crosses the river.



[Sounds of splashing in river.]

**Village Leader:** See all those people? They add death to the water too!

**Health Officer:** And I can assure you that if we walk around that bend, we'll find people downstream using buckets to take that death home. They'll drink that water and get sick! Mr. Village Leader, do you still think the teacher and his wife are foolish to worry about the water?

**Village Leader:** I stand corrected, and I'm very, very sorry!

**Other Leaders:** We are too!

**Health Officer:** Okay then, Leaders, what have we learned today?

**First Elder:** We must keep our latrines clean and well covered. This is where flies pick up germs and transfer them to our food.

**Health Officer:** Yes! And we must make sure our food is not left exposed to flies and germs. It should be covered when it is not being eaten.

**Female Villager:** Flies also flourish in garbage that is not properly disposed of.

**Male Villager:** Drinking water must always be boiled to kill germs. Those who believe one cup will not kill them should remember this: 'You can be careful for a year, but the day you doze, is the day the thief strikes.'

[Sound of group laughing.]

**Female Villager:** Stagnant water is the breeding place for mosquitoes, which give us malaria.

**Male Villager:** Oh yes! We must remember to wash all food, and cook food like cassava, sweet potatoes, fruits, and vegetables. These are the hiding places of stomach worms. We must also remember to wash our hands before touching any food. Our hands can be carrying germs, too.

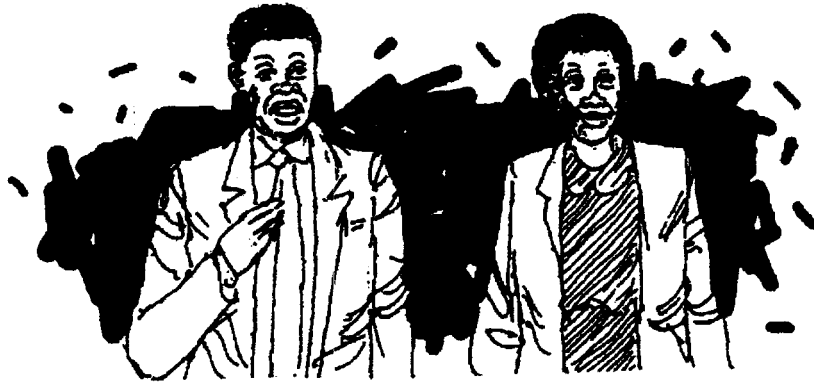
**Health Officer:** We have all learned a lot today! The diseases that are killing you come from the environment, not from the witches. The real witches are the ones that do things that help spread germs! We have seen that for ourselves today!

[Sounds of villagers agreeing.]

**Headmaster:** Villagers, as we were touring the village, I was writing down who the real witches are. I'd like to read them to you. Are you ready?

**Villagers:** Yes.





**Headmaster:** Okay, Witch Number One: anyone who fails to keep a good and clean latrine. Number Two: anyone who disposes of garbage in a way that will facilitate the breeding of flies. Witch Number Three: anyone who drinks water that has not been boiled, or gives it to anyone else. Witch Number Four: anyone who washes clothes, bathes, or swims in the river. Witch Number Five: anyone who eats food without washing his or her hands. Witch Number Six: anyone who prescribes medicine for himself – or others – without consulting a doctor. Madam, are there any witches I have left out?

**Health Officer:** No, Mr. Headmaster, but the last one needs explanation. When we get sick, we run to the shop and buy medicine. We think we know what we are suffering from – but do we really know the difference between malaria and typhoid? Let me tell you this - many people die because they are taking the wrong medicine. So if you or your child gets sick, you must go to the hospital for examination. If you don't, you are the 'witch!'

[Sounds of villagers clapping.]

**Village Leader:** I told you that you cannot judge what a person knows these days just by looking at the person's age or sex. If it were not for this madam, three innocent people would now be dead. Sorry, Okemwa; sorry, Mokuru; sorry, Kavinga. In the future, no one will go to that Diviner Shobuku again!

[Sounds of villagers applauding and expressing agreement.]

**Village Leader:** Another thing: How shall we deal with the new witches we've discovered today?

**Health Officer:** Ah, villagers, my leaders, I hope you will agree that from now on, everyone must obey the laws of cleanliness. We shall not bury any more dead as the result of these diseases. If anyone disobeys, or even neglects, these laws of cleanliness, he or she should be reported to the elders for punishment.

[Again, sounds of villagers clapping and agreeing.]

**Village Leader:** And what is the punishment?

**Health Officer:** No one should talk to the person, or give the person anything, or even work with him or her, for a fortnight.

[Again sounds of villagers expressing agreement.]

**Village Leader:** I am glad that we have decided to take our destiny in to our own hands, and thank you Madam Health Officer, for helping us fight our *real* problems. Thank you very much!

**Villagers:** Hear! Hear!



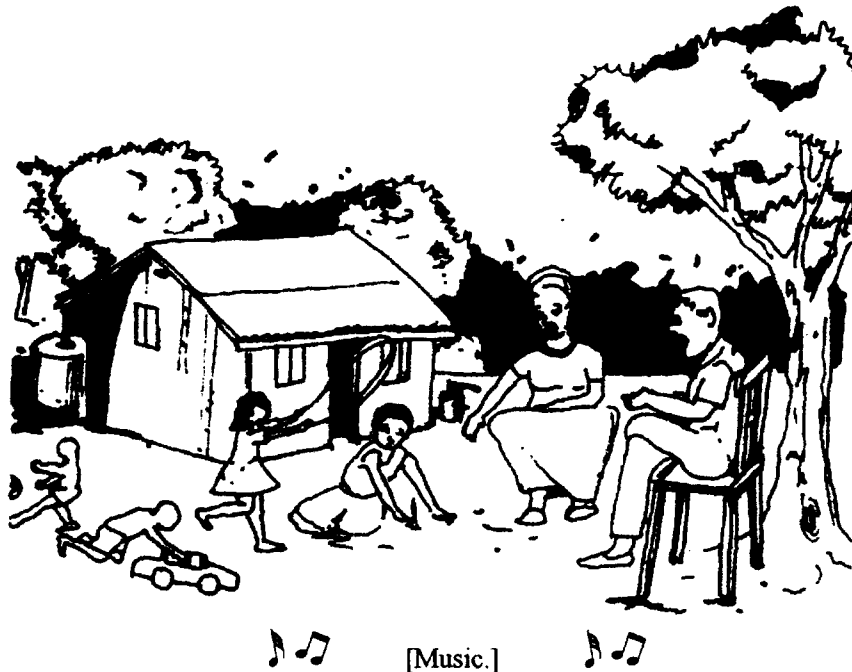
[Music.]



**Narrator:** This programme was brought to you by the UNESCO Chair at the University of Nairobi. The programme was recorded at the Educational Media Service of the Kenya Institute of Education.

## *We Will Do It Together*

**Narrator:** Hello, listeners, and welcome to today's programme. The title is "*We Will Do It Together.*" This is a programme that encourages you and me to take our fair share of family responsibilities. Welcome.



**In this programme you will meet a family: Baba and Mama Njogu, their daughter Wambui, and their son Jaugu. Baba Njogu realises after a time that his wife and daughter have more than their fair share of family responsibilities. How does he come to understand this? What does he do about it? Just listen on. As the story starts, let us listen to Mama Njogu at the stream. It's 6:00 o'clock in the morning and she's talking to another woman who has also come to fetch water.**



*Montournay:* It certainly is cold this morning, Mama Njogu.

*Mama Njogu:* Yes, it is, Montournay. And I'm in a terrible hurry to get home with this jerrican of water. This morning I had no water at all, not even enough to make porridge for the children. I must rush to get it ready so they are not late for school.

*Montournay:* I also had to come to the river early today. After I milked the cows at five, and took the milk to the collection centre, I realised I needed to fetch water straight away. Imagine! There wasn't even enough water for my husband to wash his face.

*Mama Njogu:* We'd better hurry home, my friend.

*Montournay:* Oh yes!

**Narrator:** At home, Mama Njogu quickly made the porridge for her husband and her children. After drinking the porridge, the children ran to school. Only she and her husband were left at home. The baby slept.

*Baba Njogu:* Mama Njogu?

*Mama Njogu:* Yes?

**Baba Njogu:** Today's porridge was late. Why was that?

**Mama Njogu:** There was no water this morning. We used it up last night, remember? I had to prepare tea for the visitors who came late last night.

**Baba Njogu:** Don't let that happen again! Always make sure there's enough water to start the day.

**Mama Njogu:** I hope you realise it wasn't really my fault. There were so many things to do yesterday. I'm sure you would not have wanted the visitors to go away before they had tea in our house, would you?

**Baba Njogu:** All right, all right, let's stop there. Give me some water to wash my face, and don't forget to wash my clothes. We're attending the chief's bazaar tomorrow, and I want to look clean and smart.

**Mama Njogu:** After I wash the dishes, I'll sweep the house. Then I'll fetch more water so that I can wash your clothes.

**Baba Njogu:** All right.

**Mama Njogu:** (to the sounds of crying baby) Oh no, the baby has woken up. Now I have to feed her first. Then I'll carry her with the jerrican of water.

**Narrator:** **Mama Njogu carries the baby and the jerrican to the river. She carries the water on her back and - using a piece of cloth tied around her neck - carries the baby on her stomach. At home she puts maize and beans on the fire to boil. After washing the clothes, she goes to the *shamba*. She spreads a piece of cloth under the tree and puts the baby on it. She reaps the beans but checks on the baby from time to time. At noon, she takes the baby, plucks a cabbage and goes home. She prepares lunch. The children have come home for lunch.**

**Wambui:** Mother, is the lunch ready?

**Jaugu:** Mother, please, give me lunch.

**Mama Njogu:** Here it is. I have fried maize and beans together with cabbage. Wambui, take this food to your father. He has come from the *shamba* now. He's sitting outside in the shade. As you eat, Wambui, please feed the baby.

**Wambui:** Okay, mother, I've eaten lunch and fed the baby. It's time for us to go back to school.

**Mama Njogu:** Thank you, Wambui, let me have the baby now.

**Jaugu:** Let's go, Wambui.

**Wambui:** I'm coming.

**Baba Njogu:** Mama Njogu, let me have water so I can have a bath.

**Mama Njogu:** Please hold the baby, so that I can warm the water for you.

**Baba Njogu:** You can't hold the baby while you heat the bath?

**Mama Njogu:** Of course I can when I'm alone, but if you're here, it's easier if you lend a hand.

**Baba Njogu:** All right. Give me the baby, but don't let her wet my lap.



**Narrator:** Mama Njogu splits firewood and prepares the bath for her husband.



**Baba Njogu:** Let me have a clean shirt. Did you wash my clothes?

**Mama Njogu:** Mmm, I washed the clothes. Here is your shirt. I'll wash the lunch dishes now so I can milk the cow.

**Baba Njogu:** Don't forget to give water to the cow.

**Mama Njogu:** I still have so much to do today, Papa Njogu. It would be better if you took the cows to the river to drink.

**Baba Njogu:** I think you've been lazy, but I'll take care of the cows. Later, I'll go to the shopping centre.

**Mama Njogu:** Really, it's not a question of laziness. While you are taking the cows to the river, I'll be cleaning the house. When you come back, I'll milk the cows.

**Narrator:** Baba Njogu took the cows to the river to drink. Later Mama Njogu milked them. Then she cut some grass for the cows to eat. Still carrying the baby, she went to a nearby bush to gather the firewood that had been lying there. She said to herself, 'There's hardly any firewood in the house, and I still have to fetch more water, so I cannot make two trips to carry firewood. I think I'd better carry a very big pile of wood. That way I'll get enough firewood in one trip to last us a few days.' Later, when the children came home from school, she said to them:

**Mama Njogu:** Jaugu, take this money and go to the shop to buy some sugar. Also bring kerosene for the lamp. Wambui, take the jerrican and come with me to fetch water from the river. In fact, I think I'll carry two jericans at one go. That way, I won't have to go to the river twice - and, of course, there'll be enough water to start the day tomorrow.

**Narrator:** Wambui and her mother went to the river and brought back the water. Then Wambui helped her mother chop and cook the vegetables and prepare *ugali* for the evening meal. When Jaugu returned from the store with the kerosene and sugar, he went outside to play with his home-made toy car. When it got dark, he came into the house and started doing his homework. Baba Njogu also came back to the house just as it was getting dark. He sat in his chair and listened to the news on the radio while waiting for his supper to be ready. Let's listen to the conversation in the house.

**Mama Njogu:** Come everybody, it's time to eat.

**Jaugu:** Excellent, I just finished my homework. After supper, I'll read a storybook.

**Mama Njogu:** Wambui, you eat quickly. Then try to put the baby to sleep so that you can do your homework.

**Baba Njogu:** Mama Njogu, I was looking at the children's exercise books. It looks like Wambui is in trouble at school. This should be corrected.

**Mama Njogu:** Why don't we call her. Perhaps she can tell us why. Wambui?

**Wambui:** Yes, mother?

**Mama Njogu:** Come here.



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**Wambui:** Yes, mother?

**Mama Njogu:** Come here.

**Baba Njogu:** Wambui, I've been looking at the comments in your exercise books. The teachers complain that you do not finish your homework.

**Wambui:** Yes. That is very true, Father, but I can explain. When I come home from school, I have so many things to do: I fetch firewood, change the baby, help my mother to cook and wash the dishes. When I go to do my homework, I am too tired and sleepy. I can hardly do it well, and yet, I would like to do my schoolwork well. I want to be successful. When I grow up, I want to be a lawyer or an architect. I'm sure that if Jaugu helped more with the housework, we would both have enough time to do our schoolwork.



**Narrator:** Baba Njogu listened silently. Wambui talked politely, but she was clear and confident. Her words and way struck him. When he went to sleep that night, Baba Njogu found himself reliving the day. What had he himself done? He found that he felt rather ashamed.

**Baba Njogu:** I woke up, washed my face with the water my wife fetched and ate breakfast that I did not help to prepare. I worked in the *shamba* for two hours. If my wife hadn't pointed it out, I'd have gone to the shopping centre before making sure the cows had had water. I chatted with my friends, listened to the radio, and I was served supper by my wife. If you asked my wife what she had done, she might say something like this:

**Mama Njogu:** I woke up, fetched water from the river, cooked breakfast, fed my husband and children, swept the house, washed dishes, washed clothes, worked in the *shamba*, cooked lunch, milked the cows, cut grass, carried firewood and cooked supper.

**Baba Njogu:** This is not fair; it's too much. And come to think of it, this is not just the way in this home. In almost every home I can think of in this neighbourhood, the story is the same. No wonder so many women complain of backache. And girls too. They do too much housework, so much more than the boys. They don't have enough time for study. They fetch water and firewood, wash dishes and clean the house. They could be described as their mothers' deputies. Our boys don't do nearly as much. No! This has got to change. There should be a fair sharing of domestic duties.

**Narrator:** The next morning, Baba Njogu called his wife.

**Baba Njogu:** Mama Njogu, how is your back this morning?

**Mama Njogu:** It still hurts, Baba Njogu.

**Baba Njogu:** Today, I'd like you to rest your back. I have been thinking. I am convinced we need to share family duties more fairly in this house.

**Mama Njogu:** What? Am I hearing right? What do you have in mind?

**Baba Njogu:** First, as soon as we are paid for our milk, I have decided to buy a donkey. We can use it to carry water from the river, haul firewood, and transport anything else that requires carrying.

**Mama Njogu:** Oh what a wonderful idea!

**Baba Njogu:** As for today, I know this might surprise you, I'll try to do some work around the house. I'm not very good at it, but I want you to get some rest.

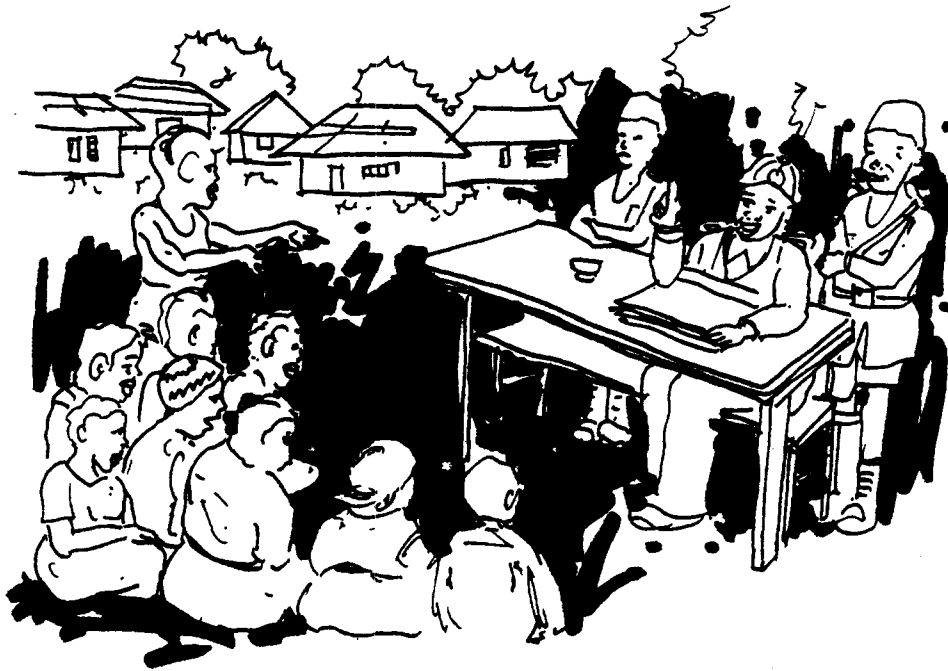
**Mama Njogu:** Oh! Thank you so much. I feel better already. I'll do some light work when I am feeling better.

**Baba Njogu:** In addition, I'd like us to train Wambui and Jaugu to share the housework. Let Jaugu learn how to peel potatoes, cook, and clean the house. Who says boys should not do these things?

**Mama Njogu:** That's a very good idea, Baba Njogu. If they share the work, both of our dear children will have time to study and improve themselves.

**Baba Njogu:** As you know, I am planning to attend the chief's meeting tomorrow. If you are feeling better, you should come with me. I am going to tell the gathering that women are overloaded. I'll challenge them to look for a solution.

**Narrator:** Baba Njogu is at the village meeting. It is his chance to speak.



**Baba Njogu:** My friends, I wish to make some observations. I have had time to think about these things during the past few days. I am going to make some suggestions that I'd like you to think about. I have an idea about how we can help to improve our families and our communities. I have

noticed that our girls and women have too much work to do. We men do not do enough work in our families. Women cook, wash, clean, look after children, work in the *shamba* and go to the market. Tell me, friends... Who does more work in the house? Girls, or boys?

**Everybody:** Girls!

**Baba Njogu:** Who has more time to study? Girls, or boys?

**Everybody:** Boys!

**Baba Njogu:** Do we want our girls and women to get sick because of overwork?

**Everybody:** No!

**Baba Njogu:** Do we want our daughters - as well as our sons - to have enough time to study and improve their education?

**Everybody:** Yes.

**Baba Njogu:** Then, I challenge you men to think about how we can lighten the burden of work for women. Let us train both girls and boys to help around the house. For myself, I have decided to use some money from our milk sales to buy a donkey to lessen the work of carrying heavy things.

**Narrator:** There was absolute silence as Baba Njogu talked. As the people went home, they discussed the matter among themselves. Many confessed that it had never occurred to them that the men and boys did so little, while the women and girls did so much. Many said they felt that something needed to be done, and soon!



[Music.]



**Narrator:** That was "*We Will Do It Together*," a programme that encourages men and women, boys and girls, to share family responsibilities. We hope it has challenged you to take your fair share of family duties. The programme was written by Leah Karioki and Priscilla Nyingi. It was produced by Leah Karioki. This was a production of the Educational Media Service of the Kenya Institute of Education. 'Bye for now.

## *Questioning Tradition*

**Narrator:** Welcome to *Give Girls a Break*, a weekly programme in which we focus on issues and circumstances pertinent to the lives of the girl-child. I am Khalifa Hamidou.

**Mother:** Fatou! ... Fatou!

**Fatou:** Mother, I'll be right with you.

**Mother:** Fatou, leave whatever you're doing and come over!

**Fatou:** I'm here, Mother, what can I do for you?

**Mother:** Ah... Sit down, my child. There's something I want to tell you.

**Fatou:** I can guess. I think I know what it is. It's about my new school, isn't it?

**Mother:** Mmmm... far from it, my child. It is something completely different.

**Fatou:** What is it, Mother?

**Mother:** Fatou, your father was called to a family meeting two days ago. Your grandparents have decided that you will be married to your cousin, Hassan. The *kola* nuts have already been sent.

**Fatou:** Marry? Me? To my cousin? I don't even know him, much less want to marry him! What about my education? You know I want to become an engineer!

**Mother:** I know, my child. But you know I can't go against the wishes of your father and his relatives. After all, you are my eldest daughter. I have contributed to the weddings of my friends' daughters. This time it is my turn. Listen, Fatou, your cousin is a big businessman. He can take care of all of us.

**Fatou:** Mama, I have never defied you or my father. I have been a very obedient daughter. I am prepared to do anything you want except this marriage! Why should you and my father sell me, Mama? Why can't you protect me? Why can't you even ask me before committing yourselves, Mama? I'd rather die than get married now!

**Mother:** Hush, my dear, hush.



**Narrator:** The problem of arranged marriages has been a subject of discussion for a long time. It is a traditional practice deeply rooted in our society. Sometimes, girls are married off at a very tender age. As soon as a baby girl is born, a prospective husband is identified. A piece of string is tied to the baby's right hand to symbolise that a husband has already been selected for her. In some cases, the prospective suitor is already an adult. There are also instances where girls only get to know their husbands on the night of the wedding. For how long must we accept this traditional practice as the way of life? Can we do anything about it? Let's go back to Fatou's family and find out how they are handling the situation.



**Abdou:** Mariama? Mariama?

**Mariama:** Yes, Abdou? Have you finished praying?

**Abdou:** I have just finished. I thanked God for seeing me through the day. I say, did you talk to Fatou?

**Mariama:** About the marriage, you mean. Yes, I did.

**Abdou:** You know, time is getting shorter and shorter. Very soon, her husband's family will want us to have the wedding.

**Mariama:** But Fatou has not agreed to the proposal. She says she wants to study and get some professional training before she gets married. She wants to be an engineer.

**Abdou:** What do you mean? I've already committed myself. Do you want to bring shame on me – you and your daughter? Over my dead body!

**Mariama:** Abdou, Abdou, be calm, my dear husband. Let's discuss this situation in a rational way. Fatou is too young to get married. She's a very bright girl and she's doing well in school. Fatou is a very serious girl. She could do great things. If we stop her now, it will be like destroying a flowering plant.





**Abdou:** Nonsense, what more does she need than a husband who can take care of her and her family? The boy has money. This is the only chance we have of improving our lives.

**Mariama:** By selling our only daughter? And making her somebody's slave? Listen, Abdou, it's not the end of the world. Can money buy happiness? What if Fatou gets married now and gets pregnant right away? She's very young, and could have problems during childbirth. You remember what happened to your cousin Halifa's daughter? She died during childbirth. That man has since married another girl. So who has lost?

**Abdou:** Her time was up. It was God's will.

**Mariama:** God's will or not, I don't think we should force Fatou into this marriage. I will not be a part of it.

**Abdou:** Is that what you are telling me? We'll see who has the final say in this house. Enough is enough! Either you and your daughter obey, or I will kick you both out of this house!

**Narrator:** Mariama is perturbed. She is torn between her husband, her in-laws, and her only daughter. She discusses the problem with her brother Lamine, who assures her of his support in case her husband carries out his threat to throw her and Fatou out of the house. She is determined to stand by her daughter, come rain or shine. Then she has another idea. She goes to see the Mrs. Jallo, the Headmistress at Fatou's school, to see if she can help. It turns out that Fatou has already talked to her teacher about her problem. Mrs. Jallo is concerned because she knows that Fatou will face many difficulties if she is forced to marry at the age of fifteen. The two women decide to protect Fatou, and Mrs. Jallo agrees to pay the family a visit at home to discuss the matter of Fatou's marriage.



**Mrs. Jallo:** Hello! Anybody home?

**Abdou:** Welcome, welcome. Come in. Oh, it's you, the teacher!

**Mrs. Jallo:** Yes, Uncle Abdou, it's me. How are you and the family? I was just passing by, and thought I'd pop in to see Fatou.

**Abdou:** That's very kind of you ... Fatou! Fatou! Your teacher is here to see you! Mariama! Mariama! There is a visitor in the house! Fatou's teacher is here.

**Mariama:** Oh, Mrs. Jallo, welcome, I haven't seen you for a while. How is the family?

**Mrs. Jallo:** Fine, thank you. How is Fatou? I am sure she is fully prepared now for her secondary school.

**Mariama:** Well, here she comes.

**Fatou:** Good afternoon, Mrs. Jallo, how are you?

**Mrs. Jallo:** I'm fine. I haven't seen you for some time. That's why I've come to see you. You must be busy preparing for your new high school, St. Joseph's. You'll like it. It's a very good school.

**Abdou:** I doubt she will ever step foot in that school. Fatou is going to be married.

**Mrs. Jallo:** Married? Uncle Abdou, what do you mean?

**Abdou:** Exactly what I've said. I'm giving her to my nephew.

**Mariama:** Mrs. Jallo, God must have sent you here today. You have come at just the right time. This proposal is causing a big problem in this house.

**Abdou:** I don't see any problem. I'm the head of this house, and what I say is final.

**Mrs. Jallo:** But Uncle Abdou, have you asked Fatou for her opinion?

**Abdou:** Mmm, since when do parents ask their children for their opinions? Has the world suddenly changed?

**Mrs. Jallo:** No, Uncle Abdou, the world has not changed, but what we are talking about will affect the rest of Fatou's life. She is the one affected. Therefore, it is important that she takes part in the decision. If you'll let me, I would like to ask Fatou for her opinion.

**Abdou:** Okay, she can talk.

**Fatou:** I don't want to get married now. I want to complete my education and become the first woman engineer in our district. I want to construct bridges and causeways to help women cross over to their rice fields. I want to start good things in our area, like school programmes and literacy classes. Please, Papa, give me a chance. I won't let you down. I promise, Papa.

**Mrs. Jallo:** Thank you, Fatou, I'm sure your father will give you a break as far as this marriage is concerned.



**Mariama:** You see, Fatou, it's not because your father does not love you. Far from it! You are his only daughter and he loves you. It's just that he is concerned about your future.

**Mrs. Jallo:** I'm sure that's true, but doesn't he realise all the difficulties Fatou will face if she gets married at fifteen?

**Abdou:** But she should have been married already.

**Mrs. Jallo:** Uncle Abdou, think of the potential problems if she gets married now. In the first place, she does not know the man. She does not love him. How can they be happy together? Apart from that, Fatou is too small. She cannot cope with childbirth, much less take care of a home and a baby. She'll be a child-mother.

**Abdou:** You have a point, but still...

**Mrs. Jallo:** Uncle Abdou, you are a very religious man. Doesn't your religion support the search of knowledge?

**Abdou:** Of course! Islam supports the search for knowledge and skills. It encourages parents to educate their children, both boys and girls. Islam also teaches us not to force children into marriage, because marriage is a holy union between two people who love each other and want to be partners for life.

**Mrs. Jallo:** You know all this, yet you nearly made a big mistake.

**Abdou:** No, I did not realise it. But there are other factors involved. What about my relatives and my customs? They'll kill me. I will be so humiliated. Oh, God...

**Mrs. Jallo:** Now, let's all be calm and think of a way out of this trouble. It won't be easy, but we'll stand together. The bottom line is that you'll have to return the dowry and put up with your relatives' grudges for a while. But isn't it worth it? To save Fatou's future?

**Abdou:** God, what misery I got us all in to. But you're right. I'll have to pay back the money I took as part of the dowry. I'll sell some of my cows. Then I'm going to summon a meeting of all the elders of this community to talk about the problem of early marriage.

**Mariama:** And I will take it up with the women's groups. Together we can find solutions. What about you, Mrs. Jallo?

**Mrs. Jallo:** I will see that the *Parent-Teacher Association* also addresses this matter.

**Fatou:** As for me, I'll discuss it with my friends. I'll serve as a role model of a girl saved from an early marriage. I'll see that girls are given the right to take charge of their own lives.



**Narrator: Well, how many girls are fortunate to be saved like Fatou? How many have been victims of this practice? How many have died? How many will continue to suffer in silence? How many can you save? Act now.**



[Music.]



*The Price of Ignorance*

**Narrator:** We now present a drama entitled "*The Price of Ignorance.*"



***Vashi Chakumanda:*** You know, Margaret, I could never understand why Kayanga doesn't want to have any more children.

***Margaret:*** Ah, maybe one of them can't have children. Or perhaps his wife doesn't want to have another baby. Having children is a big job, my husband.

***Vashi Chakumanda:*** Are you telling me we should stop having children just because Kayanga has two children who may not be his?

**Margaret:** Don't gossip like that, Vash' Chakumanda. We don't know about their private life. I would love to be like Mrs. Kayanga. She looks so young and fresh.

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Ah, you are thinking in a shallow way. Don't ever repeat what you just said! In the Book of Genesis, God emphasises that we should populate the earth by bearing as many children as possible. I believe we should obey God's word!

**Margaret:** Look, my husband, our son, Chakumanda, is giving me trouble with his health. He is suffering from diarrhoea, and he is very weak.

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Then you should go to the bush and look for herbs.

**Margaret:** No, my husband, people have advised me to go to the clinic.

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Maggie, the one who told you that, is foolish. Before Askahim we were using herbs, and we're still using herbs! Don't listen to stupid people who pretend to be wise, especially when they are lying to you!

**Margaret:** Oh no, I am against the idea of going to the bush. These are modern times. We have to go to the clinic.

**Vashi Chakumanda:** What? I am your husband, and you must submit to my will! You should obey your husband!

**Margaret:** Ah no, my husband, you should learn to take good advice.

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Which good advice? Forget it! If you are to follow them, then follow them! I refuse! But my child had better be in good health soon.

**Margaret:** Okay then. I'm going to the hospital to see the Doctor.

[Sound of footsteps.]

**Doctor:** Good morning, Madam.

**Margaret:** Good morning, Doctor.

**Doctor:** What can I do for you? Is there a problem with these twins?



**Margaret:** Oh Doctor, they are not twins. The one seated there is older than the one I am holding.

**Doctor:** How many children do you have?

**Margaret:** We have six children, and we have been married for eight years.

**Doctor:** I'm sorry. Do you know how to plan for pregnancy, my sister?

**Margaret:** No, Doctor, my husband insists that we should have children every year, according to what the *Book of Genesis* in the Bible says.



**Doctor:** Oh no, Madam. That's very unhealthy. You women should determine for yourselves how soon to get pregnant again after you deliver the last child. You should know how to space your children, not just let pregnancy happen. And you must then advise your husbands. What I'll do today is to diagnose you and your children.

**Margaret:** I'll be glad to have your advice, Doctor.

**Doctor:** Thank you, Nurse. Mrs. Chakumanda, your test results indicate that your children have malaria and they don't eat enough good food. You, yourself, are anaemic. In this condition, you must try not to have another baby for a while. And you should come to the clinic when you are not feeling well. Herbs won't help you very much.

**Margaret:** Oh, no. Now I'll have to go back to the village and tell my husband. Oh no, no.

**Doctor:** Yes, please advise your husband. Good luck.

[Sound of footsteps.]

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Well, Margaret, I expect my children to be healed, since you have put your faith in English medicine.

**Margaret:** No, no, my husband, healing is not overnight. The medicine I was given at the clinic is like the herbs, but more advanced. But listen, my husband, the doctor told me not to have another baby yet. He said that we should think carefully before having another baby.

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Rubbish! Is he trying to tell me what to do? Or do I make the decisions in these matters?

**Margaret:** But I am anaemic. I must get well before we have another baby. Mrs. Kayanga thinks I should take the doctor's advice. She's coming over later to help me read his instructions.

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Who does this Kayanga think she is? That's it, I'm going over to their house now, to warn them - both of them, Kayanga and his wife. I can beat both of them myself!

**Margaret:** No, no, my husband, please! Don't go to Mr. Kayanga's house! No, stop! Please, no!

[Sounds of animals.]

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Kayanga, Kayanga's wife, I warn you! Don't bring foreign culture into my house! If God created you as a black person, then follow black culture! I will axe one of you! Foolish! C'mon! Bedbug! Cockroach! Swine!



**Kayanga:** What is this? Is this any way to live in society?

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Yes, if you insist on foreign cultures! That's the way we will live! In fact, don't talk to me if you are not following ancestral cultures!

**Kayanga:** You are the worst example of ignorance in this village!

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Hey, what did you say?

**Kayanga:** You are the worst example of ignorance in this village. You stink of it!

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Hey, are you going to insult me like that? Are you comparing me to an animal? Are you saying I have been ignorant since I was born?

**Kayanga:** Yes, you are a stupid *ignorant*! You are sick...and...

**Vashi Chakumanda:** (interrupting) Oh Kayanga, you have gone too far! You need one last beating! I'm going to kill you, you *bloody shit*!

[Sounds of struggle.]

**Margaret:** No, no, my husband! Don't! Don't!

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Let me beat him some more!

**Margaret:** (screaming) No! No, no, no...

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Kayanga! Let me teach you one last lesson!

[Sounds of beating.]

**Kayanga's Wife:** Stop, stop, my husband! Stop! Just leave Mr. Anjapo alone!

[Sound of wife's footsteps as she enters the clinic later that day.]

**Margaret:** Good afternoon, Doctor.

**Doctor:** Good afternoon, Madam. What can I do for you?

**Margaret:** Yes please, I talked to my husband about family planning, but he refuses to take your advice. What should I do, Doctor?

**Doctor:** Well, go and tell your husband that a team of doctors will come to talk about family planning and literacy in your village next Wednesday.

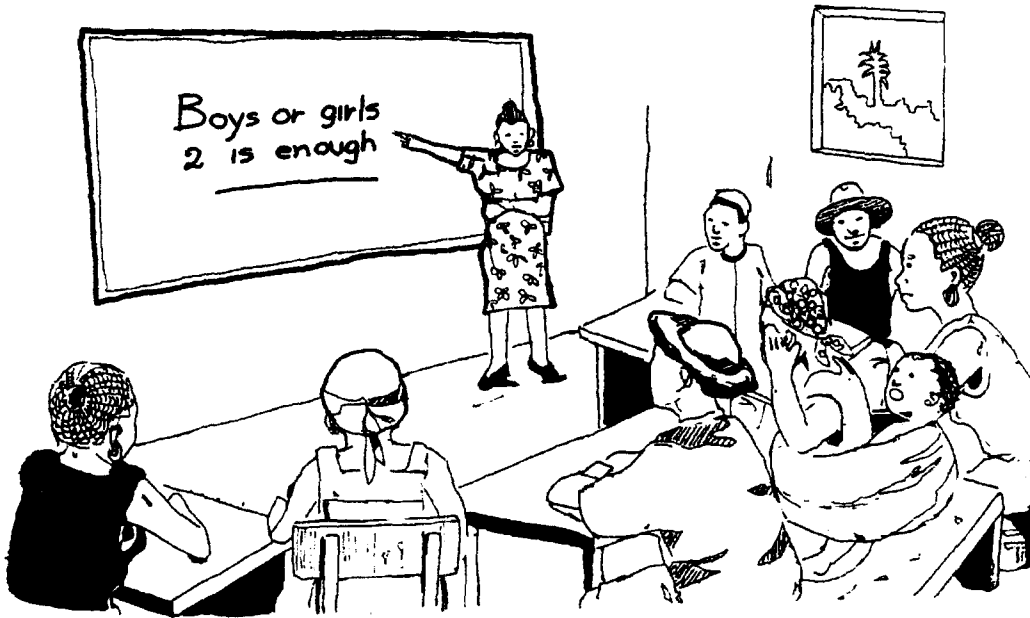
**Margaret:** Thank you, Doctor. I will tell the Headman to spread the news around the village.

[Sounds of crowd.]

**Doctor:** Good morning, Ladies and Gentlemen. We have come here to talk to you about family planning and literacy. Some people don't know how to space their children, and most of them don't read and write.

**Audience Members:** Oh, yes, Doctor, yes, yes.

**Doctor:** I will talk about family planning first. Family planning is one way of planning the number of children through spacing. For example, your first-born child should grow up to two to three years, before you start planning to have a second child.



**Man:** Doctor, how can one plan for children?

**Doctor:** Good question! The husband and wife should talk together. They should agree on how many children they will have. Then, they must learn about the “danger days” and avoid having sex on those days.

**Woman:** But Doctor, how can we learn more about family planning? Most of us can't even read instructions.

**Doctor:** Well, at the clinic, the nurses teach a class about baby care. You can learn much about family planning by going to that class on Thursdays.

**Man:** Dr. Bower, how about classes for men?

**Doctor:** Good question. That's where the Literacy Centre comes in. At the Literacy Centre, there are both men and women. At the *boma* there is a Literacy Centre, and we will soon be starting another class here. For those who are near the Literacy Centre, you can go there. The education is free. You don't pay anything.



**Man:** Doctor, what is literacy?

**Doctor:** Another good question! Literacy is the ability to read, write, and calculate simple arithmetic problems. If you go to the Literacy Centre, you will learn about ways to prevent unwanted pregnancy and disease, and about how to improve your home and run your business. Mr. Anjapo, did you have something you wanted to add?

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Well, I don't know... maybe there is some sense in what you say. This literacy class may be useful. In this modern world, we must know so many things to survive. If our wives didn't have so many children to look after, and if they were not so ignorant, maybe they would stay young and pretty and not get so grumpy.

**Margaret:** Oh, husband, do I hear you correctly? You make me so proud... If I could learn to read and write, I might be able to earn some money to help support our family. Our children would not have to leave school at an early age like we did. They could grow up to be doctors or teachers or engineers. Successful, important people!

**Vashi Chakumanda:** Yes, Margaret, now that I think about it, I have decided that we must not have too many children. I must decide how many children I will allow this family to have. Of course, my wife, you must help me with this.

**Margaret:** Yes, my husband. This is very wise. Now, please, do me a favour. You must swallow your pride and apologise to Mr. Anjapo.



**Vashi Chakumanda:** Kayanga, you must forgive me. I acted only to protect my honour. Ignorance is a terrible thing. I hope we will see you and your wife in the literacy class.

**Kayanga:** Surely, Chakumanda. I understand that you were fighting to protect our ancestral ways. I also respect my forefathers. But, as you say, this is a new and different world. We must make some adjustments. Yes, we will see you in the literacy class.

## *Stop This Violence*

♪ ♪ [Music.] ♪ ♪

**Narrator:** Hello listeners, and welcome to the *Post-literacy Adult Planners* show. The title of today's programme is "*Stop This Violence*." This is a programme that discourages domestic violence. Welcome.

♪ ♪ [Music.] ♪ ♪

In this programme, you'll meet Tope and his wife. They live in Karumaindo Village. They have a large family, and Tope is unable to provide for them with his small income. It doesn't help matters that he spends his afternoons drinking with his friends. As Tope's small *shamba* doesn't produce enough food for the family, Tope's wife cannot supplement his earnings in order to meet their needs. This brings about many quarrels and fights in Tope's home. How does Tope come to understand his problem, and what does he do about it? As the story starts, it's 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon, and Tope is with his friends at Karumaindo bar.

[Sounds of bar in background.]





*Tope:* Ah, my friends, hello, how are you?

*Kiadudu:* Very good, Tope. But what a hot afternoon.

*Tope:* What about you, baby?

*Female Customer (Janice):* I'm fine, sweetie.

*Tope:* Hey waiter, get us some more drinks. You can see we are thirsty. How have you been, sweetie? You know you are very, very smart. I wish you were my wife. My wife doesn't even know how to dress. She is just there.

*Janice:* Thank you.

[Sound of music in background.]

*Tope:* Hey, Waiter, our glasses are empty again. Bring us another round!

*Waiter:* Clear the bill first.

*Tope:* Okay, okay, what's the hurry? Let me see... Oh my God! I'm out of money. What to do? Hey Kiadudu, clear the bill, would you?

*Kiadudu:* Uhhh...I don't have anything left either.

*Tope:* Okay then, why don't I pay at the end of the month?

**Narrator: Tope checks his watch.**

*Tope:* Oh no, it's almost midnight, and I've drunk all my money. What am I going to tell my wife? Hey, Kiadudu...Janice...See you later!

[Sounds of bar and music fade away.]

**Narrator: At Tope's house, his children have not had enough to eat. Some are crying and asking for food. Others are sleeping on the floor.**

[Sounds of children crying and complaining.]

*Tope:* (knocking) Hey! I am Tope, son of Zulu. Mama Watoto, open this door!

[Sound of door slamming.]

**Tope:** Come here, woman! Get me some food!

[Sound of footsteps, then sounds of dishes rattling.]

**Mama Watoto:** Here is the food.

**Tope:** Ah, what is this? The *ugali* is too cold, and there's hardly enough to eat!

**Mama Watoto:** I've been waiting for you to give me the money to go to the market.

**Tope:** Ah, can't you work hard like Wadudu's wife?

**Mama Watoto:** You know, Wadudu's wife is educated. She owns a kiosk, so she can help meet her family's needs.

**Tope:** I thought she was going to give you work fetching water for her kiosk?

**Mama Watoto:** You know the schools are closed; her children are helping her. And Wadudu also helps his wife with the business.

**Tope:** (hitting her) Ah, just get out of my sight! You're lazy, stupid, and uneducated! What kind of a woman are you? Useless!

**Mama Watoto:** (screaming) Help! He's killing me! You're the one who is useless! You drink all our money away with your friends!

[Sounds of children crying loudly in the background.]

**Mama Watoto:** Your children have been chased out of school! They wear torn clothes and sleep on the floor!

[Sounds of Tope's wife screaming and crying as her husband beats her.]

**Tope:** Shut up, all of you!

**Child:** Please, stop it, Mummy and Daddy!

**Tope:** Get out of my way, you brats!



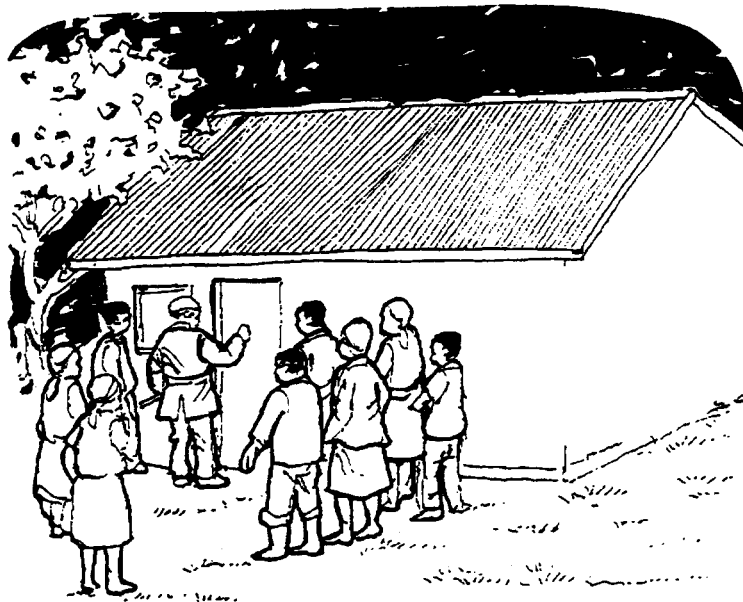
*Child:* Daddy, stop! You're going to kill us!

[Sound of Tope hitting Mama Watoto again, and her falling to the floor.]

**Narrator:** Suddenly, silence sets in. Tope gets very pale.

*Tope:* Is she dead? God Almighty... Did I kill her? They'll put me in jail.

**Neighbours are awakened by the noise. They gather around the house. The chief is among them, and they decide to enter Tope's house.**



**Chief:** Bwana Tope, why all this mess? What's the problem? Someone please check on Mama Watoto.

**Neighbour:** She's still alive, Chief, but she's very weak. Something may be broken or injured inside. We'd better get her to the clinic.

**Tope:** Oh, no... Mama Watoto... I didn't mean to... Please don't die.

**Narrator:** Two days later, the chief sat Tope and Mama Watoto down for a serious talk.

**Chief:** Bwana Tope, why are you always fighting in your family?

**Tope:** Look here, Bwana Chief, this woman is too demanding. The little money I earn is not enough for her and the children. She's always asking for more!

**Mama Watoto:** Bwana Chief, you know I am not educated, and don't have enough money to start a business.

**Chief:** Okay, I think I understand your problems. Let me give you some suggestions about how you might solve them.



**Tope:** Yes, Bwana Chief, please.

**Chief:** Save a little money to give your wife so she can start doing something to earn some money. She could rear chickens, for example, or sell vegetables at Karumaindo market. Also, she should join the Women's Group. Finally Tope, you must learn to control your drinking.

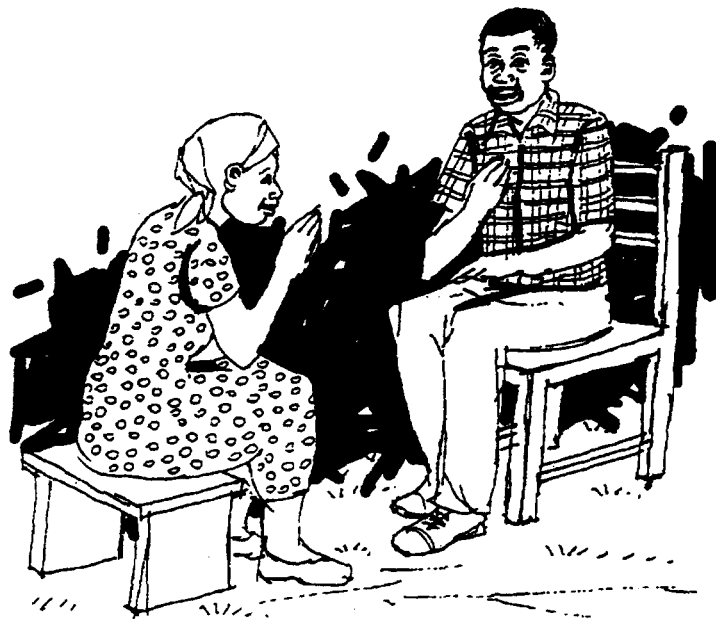
**Tope:** You're right, Bwana Chief! I will do what you say. That is very good advice.

**Chief:** As for you, Mama Watoto, enrol in Adult Literacy Classes. There you can learn how to start a small business. God forbid anything should happen to Tope, but if you learn some skills, you won't feel so helpless.

**Narrator:** The chief goes away, and leaves Tope and his wife.

**Tope:** Mama Watoto, let's talk about where we have gone wrong. Outsiders cannot solve our problems. Since we do not harvest enough food for our children, we should make a budget for spending the little amount of money I get. As the chief advised, we should try to save some money and do something else to earn a little extra income.

**Mama Watoto:** You're right, Baba Watoto. Maybe we could buy some vegetables for me to sell at the Karumaindo market.



**Narrator:** Tope and Mama Watoto realise that their problems can be solved. They promise to work together to make their life better for themselves and their children. Soon, Tope's wife is selling vegetables at the market, and in the evenings, she comes home with a basket full of food. Life for Tope and his family improves, and Tope begins to spend more time at home.

♪ ♪ [Music.] ♪ ♪

**Narrator:** That was "*Stop This Violence*," a programme that discourages domestic violence. We hope it has challenged you to initiate dialogue - and not violence - in your home. This programme was brought to you by the UNESCO Chair at the University of Nairobi. It was recorded at the Educational Media Service of the Kenya Institute of Education.



*He Can, She Can*

♪ ♪ [Music.] ♪ ♪

**Narrator:** Welcome to our drama programme entitled "*He Can, She Can.*"

[Sounds of car coming to a halt and the car door opening and closing.]

**Narrator:** Rapula goes into the house and his wife welcomes him home.

**Mosidi:** Welcome home, how was your day?

**Rapula:** Thanks Mosidi, it was mixed up. I'm so tired. I need a rest.

**Mosidi:** Can I give you tea or something to eat?

**Rapula:** No thanks, I don't feel like taking anything. I need to rest.

**Mosidi:** What's the matter? It seems so serious.

**Rapula:** I feel really sick, Mosidi. I'm not sure I'll make it to work tomorrow.



**Narrator:** During the night, Rapula's condition got even worse.

**Rapula:** Ohh ... Mosidi, please ask Tshepo to take me to hospital. The pain is getting worse.

**Mosidi:** Alright, I'll be back in a minute.

♪ ♪ [Music.] ♪ ♪

[Sounds of hospital.]

**Doctor:** Please lie down for me. What kind of job do you do, Sir?

[Sound of blood pressure pump.]

**Rapula:** (groaning in pain) I ... I'm a taxi driver.

**Doctor:** Your blood pressure is abnormally high. I'm going to admit you so I can keep a close eye on how it progresses.

**Rapula:** Doctor, I must get back to work as soon as possible. The taxi is our only source of income. I'm the breadwinner in our family; my wife and children will starve. I can't afford to stay here for too long.

**Doctor:** Mr. Rapula, I'm doing this for your own good. I can't release you until I'm satisfied that your blood pressure is under control.





**Narrator:** Two days later, Mosidi and Tshepo meet at the hospital. They have both come to see Rapula.

**Rapula:** Tshepo, is it you my friend? How is life outside?

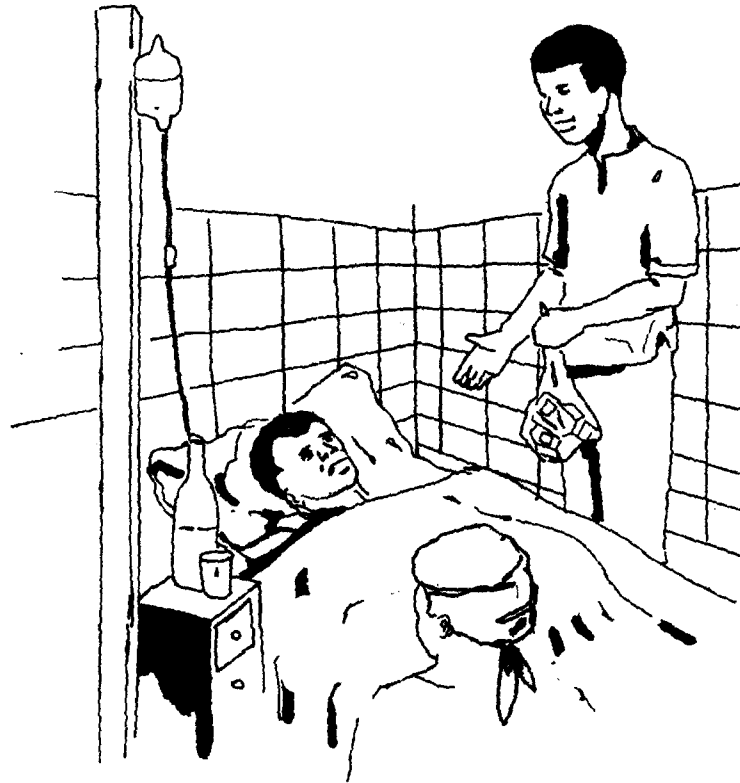
**Tshepo:** Well, there's nothing much, Rapula. I just miss your company, my friend.

**Mosidi:** Rapula, we need to talk. Since you've been hospitalised we are really struggling to make ends meet. What do you think about me using the taxi to generate some income until you are well again?

**Rapula:** What?! No, Mosidi, that's a terrible idea! Taxi driving is for men! It's not a woman's job. You know how it is, it's rough out there! Are you crazy? No, I won't let you drive.

**Mosidi:** Rapula, I have to do something... We need the money!

**Tshepo:** Rapula, I think she's right...



**Rapula:** Stop right there, Tshepo! What you say is nonsense. What will people think? They'll say I can't look after my family. And what kind of woman runs around in the street? She can sell tomatoes if she needs money.

**Mosidi:** Is that the only thing you think I can do? That's not fair. And what kind of money will I make selling tomatoes? No, Rapula, I want to make the same money as you do. Let me drive the taxi...

**Rapula:** No, I won't allow it. I don't want it to be wrecked in an accident. Everybody knows that women are not good drivers.

**Mosidi:** But I've seen many terrible accidents Rapula, where people even died. And they were not caused by women. Anyone can make a mistake. It's unfair to condemn all men or all women for the mistakes that are made by some of them.

**Rapula:** Give me a break Mosidi. I need to think about this. I know you too well. Once you get an idea, you never give up. But I'm tired now. Let me be.

 [Music.] 

**Narrator:** After some time Rapula was discharged from hospital. His wife and children came to collect him.

**Mosidi:** We've come to fetch you. It will be nice to have you home again.

**Rapula:** Yes, let's go, I've missed home so much. Hey, where's Tshepo? How are we getting home?

[Sounds of car doors opening and closing, engine starting and car driving off]

**Rapula:** What? You did it anyway! Mosidi, I don't believe you are driving. I never imagined you sitting behind that wheel. God help us all. Let's hope we get home in one piece!

**Mosidi:** Okay, okay, but tell me the truth... How's my driving?

**Rapula:** To be honest, I'm ashamed of having doubted you. I have to admit, you're pretty good. You'll get even better in time.

**Mosidi:** Hey, hey. But I'm telling you, my husband. I was never so scared in my life. When another car is coming from the other direction... I get this feeling in my guts that it's coming straight at me....

**Rapula:** Don't worry, you'll get over it. When Tshepo was teaching me to drive, he was going crazy. The car was swaying left and right. I kept looking at the gear stick. He was shaking. I couldn't keep my eyes on the road. And I was holding onto the steering wheel with all my might. The first few days, my body ached all over. Ha, ha, ha! You're going through the same thing I did. It's incredible.

**Mosidi:** Really? I thought it just happened to me. You went through this too! And both of us made it. You know what? I think we should consider ourselves a winning couple!

**Rapula:** Yeah, here we come, "the winning couple." Yeah! (laughing)



[Music.]

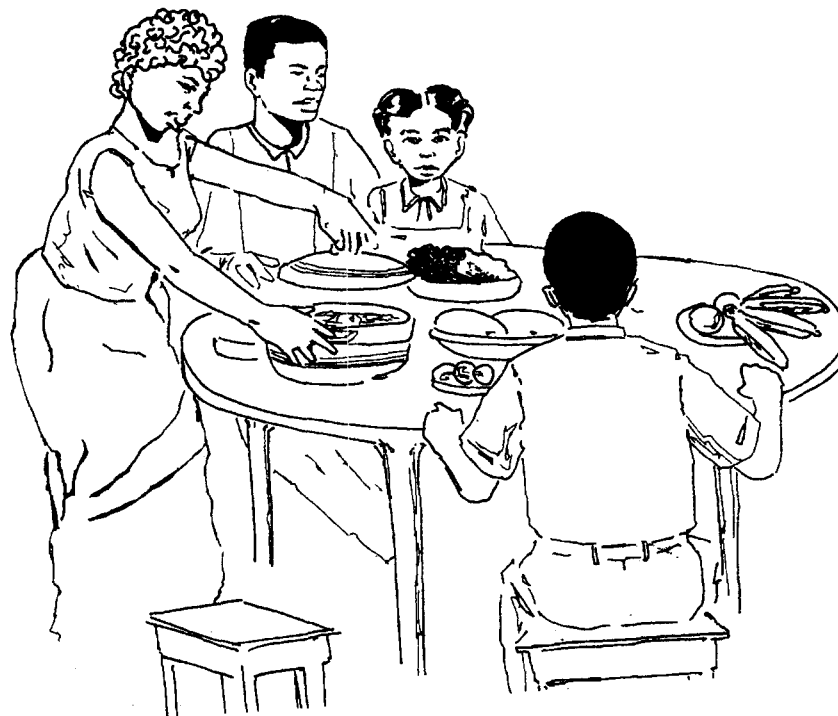


***Sharing Responsibilities: The Women's Club***

[Sounds of cows and chickens.]

***Samsola:*** Nyapes'! Nyapes'! I'm hungry. I need some food. I shouldn't have to remind you.

***Nyapeso:*** Samsola, my husband, the food is ready on the table.



***Samsola:*** Imsola, my son, come, it's time to eat!

***Imsola:*** Yes, Father, but there is no drinking water on the table.

**Samsola:** Nyapes'?

**Nyapeso:** What's wrong now?

**Samsola:** Where is the water?

**Nyapeso:** Oh, 'sola my husband, Kwaanga put the water on the table in the kitchen.

**Samsola:** Tell your daughter to bring the water to me here. You expect us to leave the table and go looking for it? How dare you ask us to go in the kitchen and look for water!

**Nyapeso:** Please calm down. My daughter, Kwaanga! Kwaanga?

**Kwaanga:** Yeah?

**Nyapeso:** Take some water to your father please.

**Kwaanga:** Mummy...But Imsola is right there!

**Nyapeso:** Eh, Kwaanga, take the water.

**Kwaanga:** But Mummy, can't Imsola take water to father?

**Nyapeso:** Just take it!

**Kwaanga:** Okay, Mummy.

**Samsola:** Kwaanga! What's the deal? You're supposed to serve your father at the table.

**Narrator:** **The following day, the family wakes up in the morning to go to the field.**

**Nyapeso:** Kwaanga, 'msola, 'msola, Kwaanga! Get up! It's time to go to the fields.

**Children:** Okay, Mummy! Okay.

**Samsola:** You're going to be late... c'mon... Everybody, wake up! Wake up! Don't just say 'okay, okay'. Let's move!

*Nyapeso:* Kwaanga, quick, let's go.

*Samsola:* Okay. C'mon! Move! Move!

*Nyapeso:* Your father will be annoyed. Quick children, please.

[Sound of footsteps; followed by sounds of birds; then of crickets.]

**Narrator:** After the day's work, they walked back to the village.



[Sound of baby crying.]

*Nyapeso:* Ah, I'm tired. Samsola, my husband, we have done the same job, and you can't even help me carry the baby. This baby is yours, too, you know. And this basket of cassava on my head is so heavy.

*Samsola:* (laughing) Ah, you should get your head examined. Has the world turned upside down?

*Nyapeso:* When are you going to change, Samsola?

*Samsola:* No, no, you know very well that it's the woman's job to carry the baby!

*Nyapeso:* This will change one day.

*Samsola:* No, it won't.

*Nyapeso:* It will.

**Narrator: The family reaches home. The boy goes to play, while the girl goes to draw water. The mother prepares food, while the husband is relaxing, waiting for food.**

[Sounds of cows.]

*Nyapeso:* This is the moral for us women. From early morning until I don't know what time, all I do is work. I can't even rest! There's no time for me to sit down. Being a woman, it's work, work, work. Ah, no.

*Samsola:* Nyapes', Nyapes'. Is it true? You're complaining?

*Nyapeso:* My husband, no, my husband, I'm not complaining.

*Samsola:* That wasn't complaining, eh?

*Nyapeso:* Be gentle, please, Samsol', eh!

*Samsola:* Were you not taught what marriage means?

*Nyapeso:* I know what marriage means. That's why I'm here.

*Samsola:* No, but do you expect me to...to work?

*Nyapeso:* No, my husband, but sometimes I feel so tired! It's just human to complain. I'm tired!

*Samsola:* Yes, but even if you complain, it won't change anything.

*Nyapeso:* Oh yes it will. One day it will, Samsol'!

*Samsola:* Ha! You'll see.

**Narrator: Later in the day, Nyapeso goes to the stream to wash clothes for the family. She meets some of her neighbours, who attend classes at the Women's Club.**

**Women:** Ah, look! There's Nyapeso coming. Nyapeso, where have you been?

**Nyapeso:** Ah, hello. Hello. Hello. I've been around.

[Birds chirping.]

**Joyce:** Nyapeso, how are you?

**Nyapeso:** Well, I'm fine Joyce... It's just, well, you know, I have to work in the fields... and my husband, you know, it's a little difficult...

**Joyce:** Nyapeso, I think it's time you joined the Women's Club.

**Nyapeso:** Why the Club?



**Joyce:** Ah, you will see a big change in yourself.

**Nyapeso:** Change?

**Joyce:** I used to be just like you. I...

**Nyapeso:** (interrupting) Eh, I will lose my marriage. Eh!



*Joyce:* You can do more than just work in the field and mind the children.

*Nyapeso:* You want me to lose my marriage? Okay, I'll think about it. I just hope my husband will allow it.

*Joyce:* Nyapeso, it's time you woke up.

**Narrator:** Back at home, Nyapeso tries to sell the idea to her husband.

*Nyapeso:* Hmm, how should I ask for his? Where should I start? My husband's like an island. How will I ever get through to him? Ahhh. Well, I might as well try. ...Samsola, my husband! Samsola?

*Samsola:* Yes, yes, what is it?

*Nyapeso:* Uh...aye...

*Samsola:* No, you see this idea of chewing your words when you want to talk to me... Why can't you speak out?

*Nyapeso:* (laughing nervously) No, Samsola, I want to seek permission to join the...ah...ah...

*Nyapeso:* Samsola!

*Samsola:* What? What?

*Nyapeso:* ... Women's Club.

*Samsola:* Women's Club?

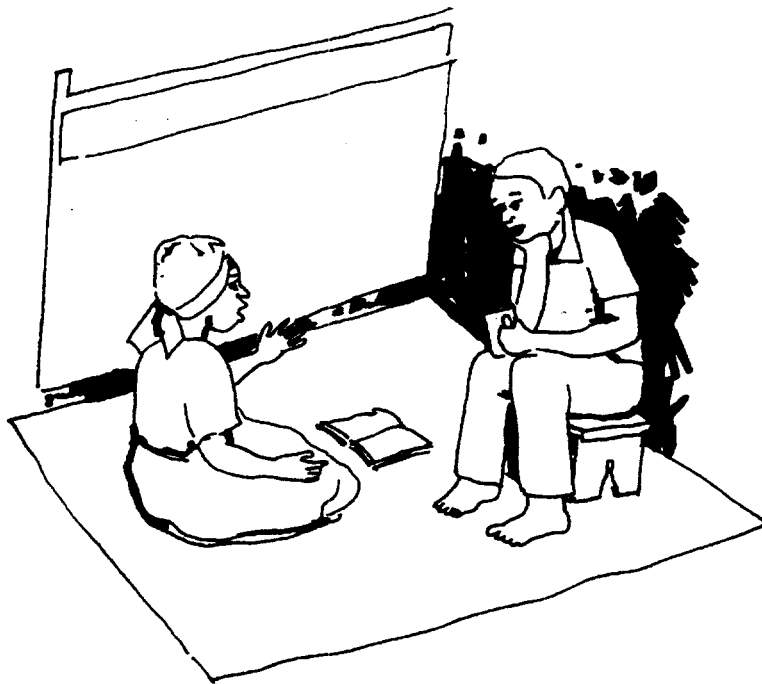
*Nyapeso:* Eh, Samsola.

*Samsola:* Why? Just to be going there at all times?

*Nyapeso:* Most of the women in the village belong to the Club.

*Samsola:* No, no, no, no. Where did you get that idea? Who will take care of the children? You see, you have to think about these things.

*Nyapeso:* Samsola, please.



**Samsola:** Think, think, before you come and talk to me. Eh? Choose between the Club and me! And that's final!

**Nyapeso:** But...

**Samsola:** Now listen carefully. I'll be away for four weeks, to order fish in Siavonga. You should take care of these children, and you should be checking what is happening out in the field. Forget this nonsense about the Women's Club. I don't want you to join.

**Nyapeso:** Yes, my husband, but please think about it.

**Samsola:** Well, I have to go now.

**Nyapeso:** Have a safe journey.

**Samsola:** Thank you.

**Narrator:** Where there's a will, there's a way. Nyapeso attended classes at the Women's Club in the absence of the husband. She learnt a lot of skills. She gave a new face to her home and made new clothes for her children. When her husband arrived from Siavonga, he got the surprise of his life.

[Sound of footsteps.]

*Nyapeso:* Kwaanga, Imsola, Kwaanga, Imsola? Papa is here. Please, Kwaanga!

*Children:* Papa! Papa!

*Samsola:* Hello everybody. Nyapeso, I'm dead! Please take the fish into the house and prepare me something to eat. I want to take a bath.

*Nyapeso:* Yes, my husband.

**Narrator:** After the bath, the father joins his family.

*Nyapeso:* Oh my husband, how was it where you went? You look like you lost weight, Samsola.

*Samsola:* My wife, it was tough. Now tell me about you and the children. You look wonderful, and you're dressed so well. Where did you get the money?

*Nyapeso:* (laughing) Ah, my husband, forgive me. In your absence, I joined the Women's Club and I acquired a lot of skills.



**Samsola:** You did it!

**Nyapeso:** These you see, are some of the results. Samsola, please don't be angry.

**Samsola:** But your explanation is still not very clear to me. You look very well. I asked you where you got the money for these clothes.

**Nyapeso:** My husband, it's because I went to the Women's Club. They taught us how to make things. I sewed these clothes myself. Hah!

**Samsola:** This is really wonderful. I appreciate what you have done. Continue with the Club, my dear. You have proved to have much more potential than I ever imagined. You are quite a valuable asset!

**Nyapeso:** Oh, my God.

**Samsola:** Now that the children look so smart, they can start going to school.

**Nyapeso:** Oh, my husband, I'm so happy!

**Samsola:** And you see, now that you have acquired skills, which will change our lives, I feel that there is a need to share responsibilities. Eh? I promise to support you.

**Nyapeso:** Support me to make meals...to cook?

**Samsola:** Maybe.

**Nyapeso:** (laughing) And, uh, to make clothes.

**Samsola:** I'll contribute somehow, but...uh...not sewing.

**Nyapeso:** Yes, maybe you could take care of the children.

**Samsola:** Ah, I think, uh, I can't serve two masters at the same time.

**Nyapeso:** Sure.

**Samsola:** Okay, when you are making meals, I could maybe take care of the children. I think...maybe in the kitchen I could do very well.

**Nyapeso:** Ah, that would be wonderful. You know, Samsol', I never thought you could change and consider me to be an equal partner. You know?

**Samsola:** You have really impressed me, you see. Just look what happened in the short time I've been away! Look at you, and the children.

**Nyapeso:** Yes!

**Samsola:** You're really wonderful.

**Nyapeso:** I'm so happy!



## ***The Right to Learn***

**Narrator:** Today's programme will focus on the education of women. Last week the Minister of Education launched the *Right to Learn* campaign. He stressed the importance of education, especially for women and girls. To support the *Right to Learn* campaign, we have invited Mrs. Nantombi to share with us her learning experiences. Nantombi started out as a learner who could neither read nor write. Today she is an educator in an adult literacy programme. She teaches other women to read and write.



**June:** You are listening to *Sifundzani*, the Lifelong Learning programme. Welcome! Our focus today is on the education of women. Our guest is Nantombi. Nantombi, tell us about your childhood experiences in education.

**Nantombi:** Thank you, June. I was born in the Transkei. I have two brothers and two sisters. My parents could not read and write. And in those days they didn't believe it was important to send girls to school. As a result, my younger sisters and I only went to school up to Grade One, while our two brothers completed high school.

**June:** What did you do at home?

**Nantombi:** At first I stayed at home and helped my mother with the usual housework, and with work in the fields. But because life was very hard in those days, it was decided that I - because I was the oldest - should go to the city and look for work as a housemaid. That's how I ended up here in Cape Town.



**Nantombi:** Later I got married, and now I have a son and two daughters.

**June:** What made you decide to learn?

**Nantombi:** It was frustrating not to know how to read and write. Every day I was in situations that reminded me that I could not read and write. I always had to ask someone to help me write my letters and to read me my personal and private letters. It was very frustrating. I didn't even know if the madam was paying me the right amount because I couldn't count. I didn't know how to use the telephone, and I couldn't even tell the time, you know - a simple thing like that! And it was very painful not to be able to help my children with their homework. So I decided to join the adult learning programme.

**June:** But what was the incident that made you decide to do it, that made you say, 'This is it! I've had enough of not knowing how to read and write!'

**Nantombi:** Well, looking back, it's kind of funny, but at the time, it really wasn't. One day the madam was expecting visitors for supper, and she told me to warm the food. Because I couldn't read, I just turned the knob on the stove as far as it would go. Suddenly, the kitchen was full of smoke, and the food was burnt, burnt to charcoal. The Madam was very angry, and shouted at me as if she were talking to a small child. I was very frustrated. And felt very, very hurt. That's when it came out. I told her I couldn't read or write. She didn't know.

**June:** What happened then?

**Nantombi:** At home that evening I cried very much. I couldn't talk to anybody about the incident. Not my family, or anyone. I was so, so embarrassed. I decided then and there that I would learn to read and write.

**June:** How did you find out where to go for literacy classes?

**Nantombi:** After that incident, I couldn't go on hiding the fact that I couldn't read or write, so I started talking about it to my friends, you know, the other maids. I was surprised. I discovered that many of them were feeling the same way. They were in the same situation. And some of them were already going to literacy classes. So I joined them.

**June:** But how did you manage to find time to go to the classes? With all your work at home, and your work as a maid, and all the chores a woman has to do?



**Nantombi:** It wasn't easy, June, it wasn't easy at all. There was the housework, my work as a maid, and the children to look after. And my husband made it even worse.

**June:** What do you mean?

**Nantombi:** You see, I had to go to literacy classes in the evening - three nights a week. So my husband had to look after the children, and give them their supper before they went to sleep. Of course, I cooked the meals before going to my classes. But even so, my husband wasn't very happy about the whole set up, the whole situation.

 [Music.] 

**June:** Today you are an adult educator. You teach other adults to read and write. How did that happen, Nantombi?

**Nantombi:** After learning to read and write, I decided to train as a tutor.

**June:** And how has this changed your life?

**Nantombi:** Knowing how to read and write has changed my life for the better, June. I've gained confidence in myself. I function better in my day-to-day activities. I read the newspaper to know what is happening around me. I even read women's magazines as a way of improving myself. But best of all, the most important thing, is that now I can help my children with their homework, and read to them.

**June:** What would you like to say to all the other women out there who are struggling with such issues?

**Nantombi:** Struggling is the word, June. A woman's life is a long, long struggle. It's important for women to learn so they can improve their lives. Their daughters will also have better lives because they will learn from their mothers. In this way, the number of women who can't read and write will definitely go down.

**June:** Nantombi, thank you for sharing your experiences of learning with us. We hope that many of the women listening to this programme will learn something from your story.



[Music.]



*Nantombi:* Thank you, June, for inviting me to come.

*June:* Thank you and go well.

**Narrator:** You've been listening to *Sifundzani*, your lifelong learning programme. See you next week! Goodbye.



## ***Organise, Don't Agonise***

**Narrator:** Hello, I am your hostess, Maria Shaba. Welcome to the first in a series on why it's important for you and for me to find solutions to our daily problems rather than looking for someone to blame. We call this programme "***Organise, Don't Agonise.***"

**How many young men and women are able to choose what they want to do in life? Does an education make them mentally and physically independent? Does it give them faith in the future? Many young people today, especially women, are trying to organise their lives to cope more effectively with the harsh realities of life. One of them is Naima.**

***Naima:*** My name is Naima, which means grace. I'll be twenty later this year. Would you like to hear my story? Follow me as I turn back the hands of time...

It started one day when I was weaving a basket for my mother. Saowabe, a fellow village girl now working in town, appeared at our house and told me she had been sent to look for a housegirl. I told her point blank: 'Not me, I'll never work for anyone as a housegirl!' She said, 'But what else can a girl do these days? It's better to be a domestic servant than to get married early, or to keep on burdening the parents.' That made me think twice about my stand. In just one year, Saowabe had already become a woman. Her hair was jelly-curved and her facial skin had been lightened, though her neck and arms were still as black as mine were. She told me she had bought her family pairs of *kangas*, sugar, soap and a radio. Imagine! I made up my mind to try this housegirl job. When I consulted my parents, they agreed. I'll never forget what my mother said, 'Life is a continuous struggle for a woman. Don't give up.'

On the way in the bus I tried to imagine the kind of family I would be living with. I even guessed at the salary I would receive, and how I would use it. I thought about a song by Korila Kinasha, which I'd heard on the radio.



**We've all been created equal,  
Why should women lag behind?  
It's forward ever,  
Backward never!**



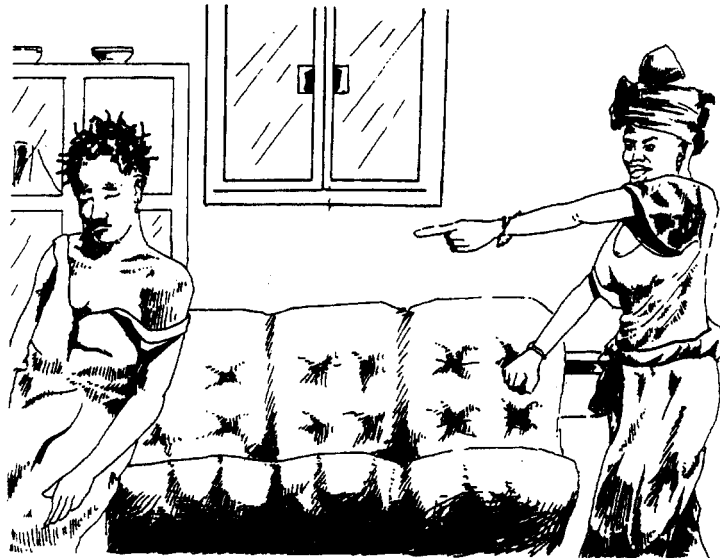
**Naima:** The woman of the house was happy to get a helper, but the man had a look that gave me a cold sweat. They gave me some new clothes and told to go and wash. They threw my old clothing away. Then they gave me a bowl of rice and beans to eat. I was anxious to know what my salary would be. But I knew I had to restrain myself. I told myself, 'Mmm, Naima, it's too early, girl.' Anyway, I felt happy, and I wished the people back home could see me sitting at the table eating rice and beans with a spoon.

Suddenly I heard:

**Naima's Mistress:** 'Naima, you'll be alone in the house tomorrow, so you'd better get started. There are dishes to wash and school uniforms to iron.'

**Naima's Master:** 'Is this the new girl who'll be managing the house? She doesn't impress me as a very hard worker.'

**Naima's Mistress:** 'Why are you staring at my old man like that? Go and wash the dishes!'



**Naima:** That's how I got started. I was the first to get up in the morning and the last to go to bed. A typical woman! I did most of the work in the house, and there was very little time for myself. However, for six months, life was rather smooth, despite the little salary - just 700 shillings - and the harsh language I got from the wife. Then came the biggest shock of my life: the man I considered as my father came home earlier than usual one day and showered me with praise - how I had turned out to be beautiful, and that I deserved to be paid more. I was flattered of course; nobody had ever given me such praise. He told me that if I befriended him, all my dreams would come true. He came close to me panting heavily, wanting to pat me all over.



**Naima's Master:** 'Come on, Naima, I need you! Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. Come on!'

**Naima:** 'Please, don't do that to me. I'll tell your wife!'

**Naima's Master:** 'She won't believe you. She'll just think you enticed me. Come on, little girl. Give it to me!'

**Naima:** 'I'm going to shout!'

With that he twisted my neck and pushed me onto the floor, and he was forcing himself on me. I remembered what my mother had said: 'Life is a continuous struggle for a woman, don't give up.' So I made as if I was going to submit, and then I hit him hard in the groin. He fell on the floor, not believing he had been hit. I decided to run away immediately.

 [Musical interlude: 'We are tired of being...'] 

I didn't know anyone in that big town. I decided against going back because I knew it would be hell for me. I just kept walking. Fortunately, I had 2,000 shillings for the shopping I was supposed to do that morning. I was tired and hungry, and it was beginning to get dark. There was a bar ahead of me with people eating and drinking. I went in and made myself comfortable. I gave my order, and as I was eating, one of the barmaids came and talked to me.

**Barmaid:** 'You're new around here, where are you from?'

**Naima:** 'I used to work as a domestic worker, but I've quit. Too much work, too little pay. So I'm looking for a new job.'

**Barmaid:** 'You could replace a woman here who had to stop working because she got pregnant.'

**Naima:** 'Me? I can't be a barmaid. I couldn't stand all these drunken men!'

**Barmaid:** 'Girlfriend, a job is a job when you have no choice, and you have to live, so why don't you try it while you're looking for something better? With your looks, I'm sure you'll make money fast.'

**Naima:** 'Well..., are you the boss?'

**Barmaid:** 'No, but I've got him under my thumb, so if you want a job, you've got it. I kind of like you - you've got guts.'

**Naima:** 'Okay, so what do I do?'

**Barmaid:** 'Come for the interview. Boss, here's a replacement girl.'

**Boss:** 'Come on, girl, take off that thing. Mmm, you have assets! Let me touch those ripe mangoes! Yes, they are full and fresh. Are you a virgin?'

**Naima:** 'What has that got to do with it?'

**Boss:** 'You've got an attitude, girl. Do you want this job or not? We'll find out, because you're hired. You don't behave, you're fired.'

So, there I was - Naima on the move. It was like running away from the frying pan right into the fire. I was promised 10,000 shillings and tips from customers if I was clever. What I saw as a barmaid was unbelievable. I'll tell you all about it next week, but I know what they mean now when they say, 'You can't die, if you've never been born.'

**Narrator:** **Dear friends, I'm sure some of you know someone in a situation like Naima's, or maybe in an even worse one. Invite her, or him, to join Naima next week, to hear what happens to her and what she does. Better still, why don't you write your stories down and send them to our programme? To share your experiences with others, write to the producer of "Organise, Don't Agonise," PO Box 13525, Dar es Salaam. Until next week, keep on smiling.**



*Gold in the Pond*

**Narrator:** Giles Gawe and his wife Elinore live in Della Village in northern Zambia. They have two children: a girl, Wamba, and her younger brother, Calassa. Della is a village along a small stream that dries up during the dry season. Giles has a small field, which cannot meet the family needs. To help support the family, Elinore buys fish from the next village, which is 60 kilometres away, and takes it to Kitwe where she can sell it at a large market. Elinore usually is away from the family for about two weeks when she makes these trips.

*Elinore:* Vashi Mwava, I need to talk to you. Vashi Mwava!

*Giles:* Look, I don't like it when you yell at me from far away.

*Elinore:* Vashi Mwava, you weren't answering me when I was calling you. I was thinking of going to the river to buy fish tomorrow, my husband.

*Giles:* What? What do you mean?

*Elinore:* I'm thinking we could earn a little money, you know. We don't have enough money now. How are we going to survive?

*Giles:* No! The answer is no! You're really planning to get money by sleeping with those fishermen. I won't allow it!

*Elinore:* Which fishermen, Vashi Mwava? I can't believe you! How could you possibly imagine such a thing?

*Giles:* I'm not imagining anything. I'm talking about something the elders have told me...

*Elinore:* The elders!

*Giles:* I've heard the stories about what those fishermen do.

*Elinore:* Ah, what stories?





**Giles:** They are only interested in other people's wives!

**Elinore:** Ah, what ridiculous stories!

**Giles:** It's true!

**Elinore:** You know very well that I could not possibly do that. I'm just concerned about our survival.

**Giles:** Concerned!

**Elinore:** When are you going to have faith in your wife, Vashi Mwava?

**Giles:** All right, you can go, since you insist. But remember, I can't look after the children while you keep moving about here and there. How will people look at me?

**Elinore:** I promise to come back in two weeks' time. Please.

**Giles:** You promise? Okay, but come back as soon as you can. It's your job to look after the children, you know.

**Elinore:** Ah, thank you, Vashi Mwava! You're a darling!



[Sounds of vendors at the market.]

**Elinore:** Fish here! Good fish here! Nicely dried special fish from Kashikishi!

**Customer:** This is good. It's really good.

**Elinore:** Yes, it's the best.

**Customer:** You said you get this fish from Kashikishi?

**Elinore:** Yes, my brother, from Kashikishi.

**Customer:** Kashikishi. That's 200 kilometres away from here. You travel all that way to get fish?

**Elinore:** Oh yes. There's no big river in our area where I can get good fish like this to sell. Things are tough nowadays, my dear brother. We do what we have to survive.

**Customer:** I wonder how you make any profit, after you pay for the fish and your travel expenses.

**Elinore:** What you say is true. We make just enough to keep our family going.

**Customer:** Have you ever heard of fish farming?



**Elinore:** Fish farming? No! Maize, cassava, yes - but fish? What are you saying?

**Customer:** Listen. By raising fish, you could earn much more money than you are making now. It's very simple.

**Elinore:** I can't believe it. It sounds so strange. The people in my village will find it hard to believe. Fish farming!

**Customer:** In fact, there will be a course at Mwakala, where you can learn all about it in just three weeks. Many women like you are planning to attend this course. You should too. It starts next week.

**Elinore:** Women in fish farming? It sounds so exciting, my brother. I think I'll join the group. What do you think?

**Narrator:** **Elinore finishes up at the market and returns to her village to break the news about fish farming to her husband.**

[Sound of Elinore's footsteps.]

**Elinore:** Hey, children, don't run so fast. You'll break your legs. Is your father around?

**Children:** Yes, Mother, Father's in the house.

**Elinore:** Oh that's wonderful. I want to talk to him right away.

**Giles:** So! You're back!

**Elinore:** Yes.

**Giles:** When I heard the children shouting, I thought they were just playing as usual.

**Elinore:** No.

**Giles:** What brings you home so early? Is it because I frightened you with my stories about the fishermen?

**Elinore:** (laughing) No! I came back because I have good news.

**Giles:** What good news can come from fish?

**Elinore:** Very good news for you, my sweetheart. The good news is that you and I are going to get into fish farming! I have to go back to Mwakala for a three-week course.

**Giles:** No! I won't allow it! And don't try to change my mind. You're up to the same old tricks again.



**Elinore:** Come now, Vashi Mwava. If I attend the course, our financial problems may be solved forever.

**Giles:** You are going to solve our financial problems? I don't believe it. You are just a woman. What makes you think you're so clever? You know what we say - clever women belong in the streets! That goes for you too.

**Elinore:** Vashi Mwava, the world is changing. Lots of women earn money to help their husband's support the family today – and not in the streets. If you don't let me try, we may be poor forever. You will never know if you made the right decision.

**Giles:** Okay, if you are so sure you can do this, I'll let you try. But if you fail, you will be the one who was wrong – not me. Don't say that I didn't warn you.

**Elinore:** Oh, Vashi Mwava, you're so wonderful! Thank you. I'll prove I'm worthy of your trust. I'll become a valuable asset to our family, you'll see.

**Giles:** I hope so.

**Narrator:** Elinore left for Mwakala to join the other women in the fish farming class.

**Elinore:** I'm not very clear about the principles of fish farming, Sir.

**Teacher:** That's okay. I'll begin by telling you some of the most important points. First: site selection. Select a site near a stream, with a bit of clay and not a lot of sand. Second, when transporting the fish, use an open bucket to allow air to circulate in and out of the water. Third, fish feed on small insects in water, on grass, kitchen leftovers, and sometimes chicken-manure. You can start harvesting after about three months, using a net. Finally, keep a constant flow of fresh water in and out of the pond. Rotting fish bones can kill the fish. That's really all there is to it. I hope you'll all be very successful!

**Elinore:** We'll try. We'll try.

[Sounds of dogs barking.]

**Giles:** What's the matter out here? Aha! So it's you they're barking at!

**Elinore:** Yes, my husband.

**Giles:** Why are you back? I told you that clever women are for the streets. Go and learn some more. Me, I'm about to marry an obedient woman.

**Elinore:** Whatever you say, please, give me a chance, Vashi Mwava. I have learned all about fish farming. Now we can work together and make money. I mean real big money, Vashi Mwava.

**Giles:** Real BIG money. I have heard that before. When you left for the course, it was the same story. Big money! Now you expect me to believe this dream of yours. Big Money!

**Elinore:** Vashi Mwava, cool down, please.

**Narrator:** Elinore manages to convince her husband to try fish farming.

[Sounds of birds chirping.]

**Elinore:** Hmm... I think this is the right place for the pond. Vashi Mwava, Vashi Mwava, come! Come here. This is a good site. Let's start digging, my husband.



**Giles:** All right. Bring me the pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow. Let's get started.

**Elinore:** Yes, I've brought everything. What do you think about this place?

**Giles:** It's a good place.

**Elinore:** Really. Now we'll be real business-people and we'll live well, eh? It's really hot out today.

**Giles:** Yes it is, but let's get the job done.

**Elinore:** You see the way I sweat. I'm a strong woman, aren't I?

**Giles:** Yes you are.

**Elinore:** You could try telling me that once in a while.

**Giles:** Yes, my dear.

**Elinore:** (laughing) Ah, why are you so hard on everyone? Maybe it's because of your age. Hah! Now that you have finished, my husband, let me go and collect the fish from the Fisheries Department. What do you think?

**Giles:** Yes, it's a good idea. You go, while I remain here, filling the fishpond with water.

**Elinore:** Oh, that's wonderful. I'm so happy that you have changed, Vashi Mwava!

**Giles:** Yes my dear.

**Elinore:** Okay, I'll see you.

**Giles:** See you.

**Narrator:** Elinore and her husband, Giles, several months later.

**Shirley (a customer):** Ah, Wana Mwava.

**Elinore:** Eh, Shirley!

**Shirley:** You should be fair. I normally pay this price for two kilos of fish; that's just maybe one and a half!

**Elinore:** But I've worked very hard to raise these fish. Feeding them and everything! In fact, the price is fair.

**Shirley:** Wana Mwava.

**Elinore:** Eh?

**Shirley:** Okay, I like fish from your farm. They are very tasty. Keep some for me. I'll come and get them tomorrow.

**Elinore:** Yes, Wana Malonga, I have several very big fish in the fishpond. I think I will teach the other women in the village how I raised them. Eh, Wana Malonga, what do you think?

**Shirley:** That's a good idea.

**Elinore:** (laughing) Aah, take care, my friend.

[Sounds of animals in background.]

**Giles:** Wana Mwanga?



**Elinore:** Yes?

**Giles:** You know what? I really doubted your plans.

**Elinore:** You certainly did!

**Giles:** How could I know this fish farming business would bring us all this gold?

**Elinore:** Thank you God. Thank you God.

**Giles:** I hope many people can get into fish farming in this area.

**Elinore:** Ooh, Vashi Mwava, I'm so happy. I'm glad that you have realised that my plan was a good one! In the beginning you wanted me to give up on my idea.

**Giles:** From now on, I will have more respect for your plans.

**Elinore:** Come here and give me a kiss!

**Giles:** You are wonderful!

**Elinore:** (laughing) Oh, that's nice.

**Giles:** You're wonderful, my dear.

[Sounds of birds chirping.]



*Protecting Ourselves and Each Other*

 [Music.] 

**Narrator:** Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to *Let's Come Together*, an educational programme that focuses on solving community problems. My name is Jenny and I'll be with you for the rest of the show.

 [Music.] 

**Narrator:** Today we'll be listening to a mini-drama called "*Protecting Ourselves and Each Other*." The story is about women who are beaten by their men. This practice is far too common in our community, and must be stopped. But how? Who is responsible for taking action against men who beat women? How can members of a community work together to stop this violence? Let's listen, and learn...

[Sounds of a door opening and closing.]

**Tom:** Wena futhi! (You again!) What happened this time? Don't tell me, it's your husband again!

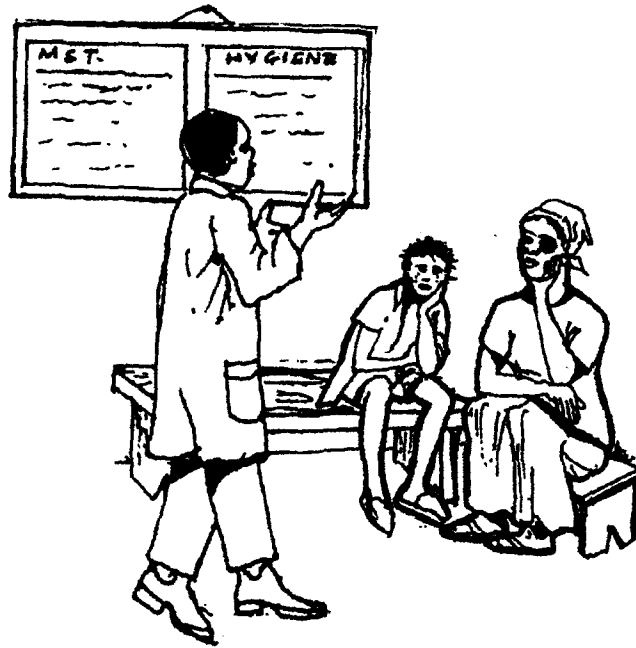
**Nomsa:** (crying softly)

**Sipho:** It's my father, please help Mummy!

**Tom:** No, no, no! I'm not helping your mother this time. I told her that if this happens again she should not come here unless she's ready to report it.

**Nomsa:** I'm afraid. You don't know my husband. He'll kill me if I report him. He'll throw me out of the house. What about my kids? PLEASE, you must help me!

**Tom:** And if you let this go on, he'll kill you anyway! Look at yourself! Don't you have any respect for yourself? You have to report this.



**Nomsa:** I can't, I can't ... (crying).

**Sipho:** PLEASE ... help her ... she's bleeding. She's gonna die! PLEASE! I want my Mummy... (crying)

**Tom:** What good does it do for me to keep patching her up? Every weekend, it's the same story! And you still don't want to report it? Are you enjoying it, or what? What about your kids? Don't waste my time, I have better things to do!

**Sipho:** Oh no! I must do something! Somebody must help!

[Sounds of footsteps running away, followed by knocking on a door.]

**Sipho:** Auntie Mona, Auntie Mona ...!

**Auntie Mona:** Oh dear! What's the matter with you, Sipho?

**Sipho:** My mummy ... my mummy ... (crying)

**Auntie Mona:** Calm down, calm down. Tell me what's happened. Where is she?

**Sipho:** She's at the clinic and the nurse won't help her! She's bleeding and she's going to die. Please, DO something!

[Sounds of two pairs of footsteps and the door opening again.]

**Lizzy:** What's going on here?

**Auntie Mona:** It's Nomsa! She's at the clinic right now. I bet it's her husband again! Gosh, we have to help her!

**Ntombi:** So what do you want to do about it? It's not your business! Eyomndeni, ayingenwa!

**Auntie Mona:** How can you say it's not our business?! She's our neighbour and our friend!

**Ntombi:** Will it help? What can we do? We're just women! She's married and under her husband's control! This will only get us into trouble!

**Auntie Mona:** Don't you see that we're in trouble already? Women are getting beaten up every day. This is OUR problem as much as it is Nomsa's! We've got to do something!

**Ntombi:** That's the way life is!

**Lizzy:** No! Life is what you make of it! It's not in your husband's hands. And we women have to stick together. Wouldn't you expect us to help you if you were in Nomsa's shoes?

**Ntombi:** My husband doesn't beat me ...

**Auntie Mona:** Not yet! Nomsa's husband didn't beat her in the beginning either. Have you forgotten already the way your husband shouted at you a few days ago when he came home so late and drunk?



**Lizzy:** Ok, enough! You're right, we need to stand up to this together. Let's go to the clinic. All of us.

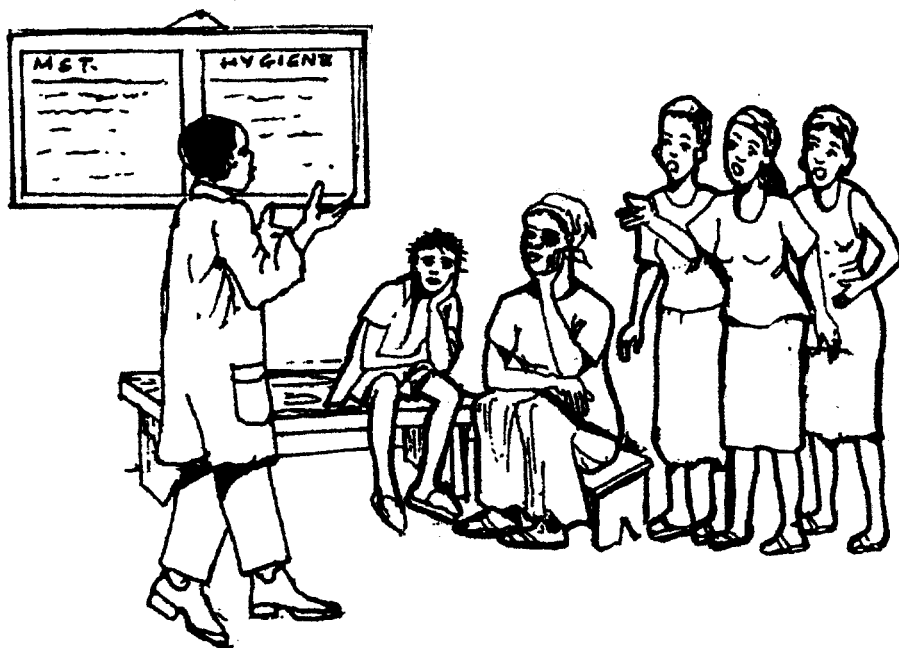
**Ntombi:** All right, I guess it's worth trying. But don't tell my husband about this! I don't want to be beaten.

[Sound of door opening, many footsteps, followed by door opening again.]

**Auntie Mona:** Nurse! Why aren't you helping this poor woman?! That's your job! That's what you're getting paid for! Who do you think you are?

**Tom:** Listen, of course I want to help her. But does it make any sense? She'll be back next week looking worse than this! Don't you see that stitching her up every week is just a favour to her husband, making sure that he can keep his victim?

**Nomsa:** How can you talk about my husband like that? He loves me, I know he does ... he's just having a hard time at work ... it will all get better some day... he'll stop, I know he will...



**Auntie Mona:** “Yewena silima ndini” How can you keep on defending him?  
How can you say he loves you? Look at yourself. If he loved you he  
wouldn’t treat you like that!

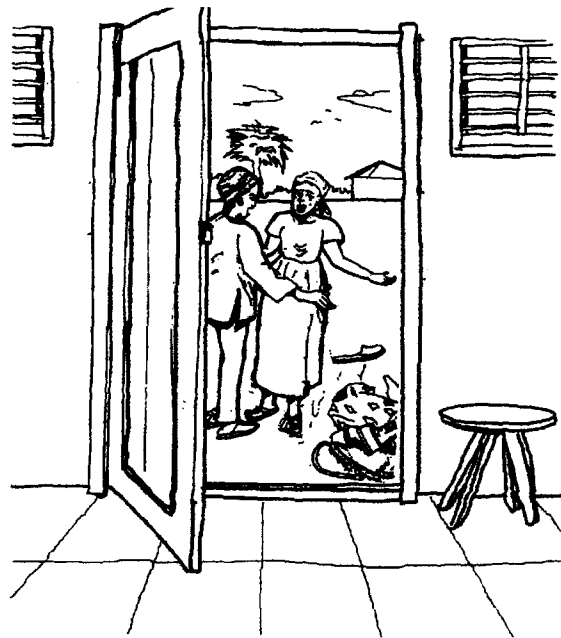
**Lizzy:** And he’s even doing it in front of your children!

**Nomsa:** But all men discipline their wives!

**Ntombi:** That’s the fate of women!

**Auntie Mona:** Oh, come on! I’m not going to listen to that nonsense. You  
know that’s not true! Everyday you cook, clean and care for that man  
and he kicks you around like a ball! You’re a human being, not a  
football! Stop this right here!

**Nomsa:** But how? What can I do? If I report the matter, he’ll throw me out of  
the house. What will happen to my children? Where will I go?



*Lizzy:* How about going to see a social worker?

*Ntombi:* That's not a bad idea, but first, the matter must be reported to the police!

*Tom:* Or how about going to stay with your family? I think you should leave your husband for good – that man doesn't love and doesn't deserve you any more!

*Nomsa:* I can't stay with my family. They won't welcome me with my three children. And the police won't take me seriously anyway!

*Tom:* If you all go together, they'll have to. The police won't dare to make fun of four strong women! But before you go, let me treat your wounds. Then you can go straight to the police station.

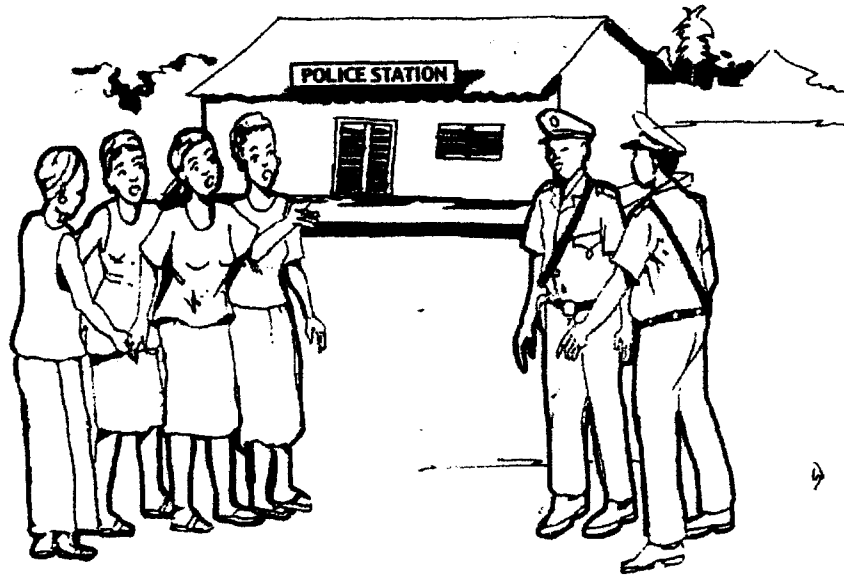
**Narrator:** With the help of her friends, Nomsa finally found the courage to report her husband's abuse. The matter was taken up by the police, and Nomsa was referred to a social worker. A few days later, Nomsa's husband was arrested. Listen again next week, to "Let's Come Together," to hear how the matter was finally resolved. Thanks for tuning in...



[Music.]







## *Business Knowledge for Rural Women*

**Narrator:** Hello, I am Elmiro Elkowe. Welcome to *Business Knowledge for Rural Women*, a new programme meant to encourage rural women to start money-making businesses. As many of you know from experience, life is becoming more and more financially difficult for families in rural areas. This greatly affects women, who must struggle to make ends meet in spite of the stereotypes against them. Women should not be deterred. They must take up the challenge, and start running businesses to solve their financial problems. Recently, I had an opportunity to speak with a woman who refuses to drown in such problems. She is Abit Ali from Chendar Village.



[Music.]



**Elkowe:** This seems to be quite a successful restaurant business, Mrs. Ali. How did it all start?

**Ali:** It wasn't easy, you know. Money was my biggest problem, and the people at the Rural Finance Company were not at all sympathetic. They said the amount I wanted to borrow was too little, and since there were already many restaurants in this area, that it was doubtful I would be able to repay the loan. I didn't believe them for one moment. Men were applying for similar loans and getting them all the time.

**Elkowe:** Having failed to get a loan from the Rural Company, who else did you approach?

**Ali:** Well, there's this organisation called Women's World Banking, which lends money to women to start businesses. I knew about it, but had avoided going there because I thought it operated like all the other banks, where you have to show you have assets that can be taken by the bank if you fail to repay the loan. But I was wrong about them. They were really different. They gave me the loan.



**Elkove:** A bank gave you a loan? Just like that - with no formalities?

**Ali:** Oh no. First, I had to come up with a business plan. I found out that even though there were already quite a few restaurants in the area, there was room for more if the proprietor was able to be a little creative. And the demand is constantly increasing. That's why I decided to start a restaurant. In the plan, I also specified how much money I would need and how I would be using it.

**Elkove:** Then what happened?

**Ali:** I almost didn't make it because of my husband. All the men in our village make money by selling fish. My husband's nets were torn and needed to be replaced. So, of course, he tried to convince me to give him the money I had borrowed to buy new nets. But I refused.

**Elkove:** But why? He was going to make money, and you would have been able to repay your loan.

**Ali:** Oh no, that would never have happened. Even if he made the money, he would never have paid me back. Men use money selfishly. There was no way I was going to trust him with my money.



[Music.]



**Narrator (Elkove):** You are listening to *Business Knowledge for Rural Women*, a weekly programme for women who are thinking about starting a business, or who are already running businesses. In this programme, I have been talking to Abit Ali, a successful businessperson in the village of Chendar. Mrs. Ali has been explaining how she started her restaurant business. While we were talking, a lorry full of tomatoes pulled up to her restaurant...

**Elkove:** Tell me, Mrs. Ali, this lorry, which is full of big, smooth, red tomatoes, is it delivering them to your restaurant?

**Ali:** Just a little of that load goes to this restaurant. The rest goes to some lake-resort restaurants and hotels. In fact, these tomatoes are from my garden.

**Elkove:** Really! That's interesting! You also grow tomatoes?

**Ali:** Yes, tomatoes and other vegetables. When I started my business, I discovered I was having problems buying tomatoes and other vegetables for use in my restaurant. After I'd made some profit, I decided to start growing vegetables. Over time, I've discovered it was quite a good decision because the businesses support each other. Losses from one are usually countered by profits from the other.

**Elkove:** What kind of support do you get from your husband in running your business?

**Ali:** What support would I expect from a man who wanted to use my loan to buy fishing nets? He's busy fishing. Naturally, as a wife, I have given him the money to buy new nets. And I buy some of his fish for the restaurant on credit. We need it for relish. I could call that being supportive, couldn't I?

**Elkove:** You certainly could. Thank you so much, Abit Ali, for being with us on this programme.

**Ali:** Thank you. I hope my story will inspire other women. There's so much we women can do!

**Narrator (Elkove):** That was Mrs. Ali, a successful businessperson from Chendar Village. We invite you to listen again next week to this programme, *Business Knowledge for Rural Women*, when Abit Ali will talk more about her tomato and vegetable garden. Women, take up the challenge! Cut the financial umbilical cord that ties you to men. Until then, this is Elmiro Elkove signing off.

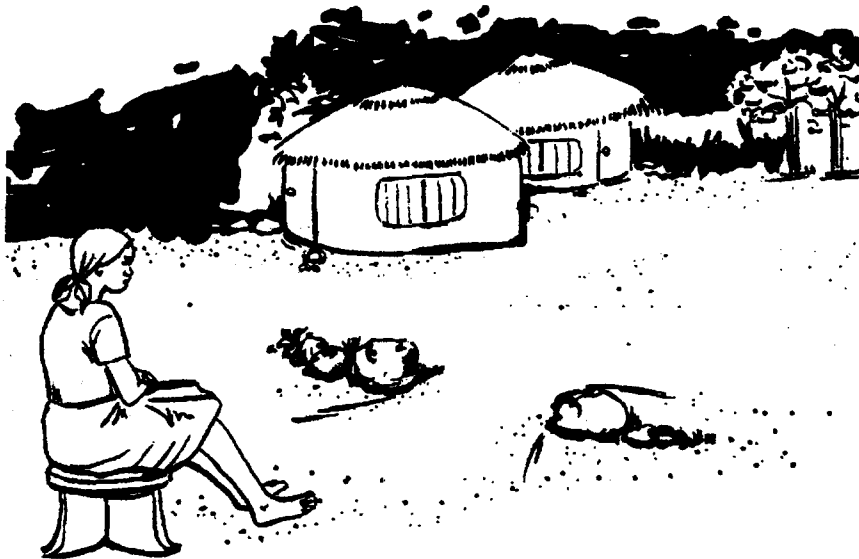


## *Women and Property Rights*

**Narrator:** Hello listeners, and welcome to today's programme. Our topic today is women and property rights. This programme seeks to educate and inform women that they, too, can own property.

♪ ♪ [Music.] ♪ ♪

**Narrator:** Dear listener, have you, your sister, your mother or your daughter experienced the pain of losing a husband? Every woman dreams of getting married and living happily ever after with her husband and family. But when the head of the family dies, the dream can become a nightmare. In many cases, a male relative is expected to inherit the widow, in order to guarantee her survival. This is dismaying. To make matters worse, she is often denied the property that belonged to her and her husband. Let's listen to one woman's lamentations after her dear husband passed away.



**Widow (Mrs. Wasitwa):** Death, you have given me such a basketful of problems... Cherono's school fees and all my debts... so many sleepless nights. No food. And the constant harassment from Okello, my brother-in-law... Oh Death, you are most unfair.

**Narrator:** More was coming. When we are hurt, home is our place to seek refuge. Mrs. Wasitwa went to her parents' home for comfort, but alas, her brothers would not hear of it.

**Wasitwa:** Why did my brothers think I did not belong at home? They chased me away like a thief. No sympathy, no love, yet I had to quit school because of them. My parents' inheritance went only to their sons. Women who are married don't inherit from their parents, they say.

**Narrator:** How sad for this widow. She was disillusioned. She felt she had nowhere to turn. One day, a friend found her in the middle of her lamentations.



**Wasitwa:** Where do I go now? Who can I turn to? Okello has a big family and no stable income. According to custom, he inherits everything, even me! He is already threatening to take our land, our cows and our other belongings. Everything we call ours! Oh God! What will become of my children?!

**Sophie:** My friend, you're at it again! I told you to take heart. What's wrong?

**Wasilwa:** Oh Sophie, I'm sorry. But my troubles! I can't help thinking about my...my bright girl. Cheronno is out of school. Okello says I have no claim to anything from my husband, even the small piece of land we struggled to buy.

**Sophie:** Why isn't Cheronno in school? And what about the boys?

**Wasilwa:** I have no money to pay the school fees. And I'll soon be reduced to borrowing to support the little ones.

**Sophie:** You have no money at all? Why don't you look for work?

**Wasilwa:** Sophie, you don't understand... Okello and his brothers even took the funeral contributions. And nobody will give me any work to earn some money. Everyone says, 'It's too early to start working. You're still in mourning.'





**Sophie:** Have your in-laws disinherited you completely?

**Wasilwa:** You don't know the nightmares my children and I go through every day. My mother-in-law no longer acknowledges our presence. It's like we don't even exist. No one here even speaks to us anymore. The 'Good Morning' I got every day for the last sixteen years has been replaced with a look that seems to say, 'I wish you had died instead of my son.' My father-in-law avoids me like the plague. My brother-in-law harasses us.

**Sophie:** Wait a minute. Doesn't your father-in-law protect you from his sons?

**Wasilwa:** He has not stopped Okello from harassing us. Even after I told him how Okello tried to take our cows. I also tried to talk to my own brothers. But they were so hostile! They chased me away, telling me not to even dream of coming home. Oh Sophie, I miss my dear mother so much! As for my Dad, he left me nothing. Not even a plot to call my own. All those acres and acres of land were divided between my two brothers. He said that my husband would take care of me. I wish he were here to tell me who will take care of us now.

**Sophie:** Wasilwa, you have talked only about Mr. Okello. What about your other brothers-in-law?

**Wasilwa:** They have ganged up against me. They are using Okello to torture me mentally. They want him to inherit me, saying it's as custom demands. Sophie, am I just a piece of property to be inherited? He has taken everything, and now he's trying to move us out of the house we live in.

**Sophie:** What? Where does he want you to go?

**Wasilwa:** Only he can answer that. Oh Sophie, what can I do? Where can I get help?

**Sophie:** Listen, I'm no expert, but in school, we read something about women and property ownership. You are the rightful owner of your husband's property. You can also buy your own property if you have money. Maybe you could get an identity card. With an I.D. card, you can buy property and open a bank account in your own name.

**Wasilwa:** But I don't have money to buy property or open an account.

**Sophie:** That may be true now, but did you know that you can reclaim the piece of land Yojojo bought in your name?

**Wasitwa:** What? How?

**Sophie:** You need a copy of your own and your husband's I.D. card, and a letter from the chief saying you are Yojojo's legal wife, and that there are no other wives. You'll also need the title for the land.

**Wasitwa:** After I get the title in my name, can my brother-in-law, or anyone else, take my land away from me?

**Sophie:** Nobody at all! And you know what? You can get a bank loan, using the land as security, and with the money, you could start a business to earn money to support your family.

**Wasitwa:** Is that so?

**Sophie:** Yes! That is correct. It's true!

**Wasitwa:** What about the money in my husband's account in town? How can I get that?

**Sophie:** Well, you need the letter from the chief I mentioned earlier, your husband's I.D. card and the bankbook you say his brother-in-law took. You have to face him! He may have spent the money, but I'm sure he still has the bankbook and the title deed.

**Wasitwa:** I'm afraid of him. Why would he listen to me or give me those documents?

**Sophie:** You can ask the village elders to intervene. This is your right.

**Wasitwa:** Okay, I'll try.

**Sophie:** After you get the documents, I'll go with you to the bank. The money you borrow can pay for Cheron's school fees. She should finish school and go on to college. She'll be your hope and strength, and a good role model for her younger brothers. Let no man confuse you about your right to own property. Remember, you have legal rights as a widow. Unless your husband said something else in his will, you alone are the rightful owner of his wealth.

[Sound of footsteps.]

**Cherono:** Mammi, the door to Mama Dieli's house was closed!

**Wasilwa:** Don't worry children. Today we shall go to our garden and pick some sweet potatoes for lunch and dinner.

**Cherono:** What? What will our Uncle do? Mammi, he might beat us! We heard him tell you not to go near the garden again.

**Wasilwa:** Yes, he said that, but don't worry. We have rights! Things are going to be better for us soon.

**Sophie:** Hello kids. My goodness, how you've grown! Hello, Cherono! My, my. You're such a big girl now. What's your Mom giving you?

**Cherono:** Oh, lots of love and care has done the trick.

**Sophie:** Aha! That's the best! Hey, what time is it?

**Cherono:** Hmmm... it's almost 1:30.

**Sophie:** Mama Cherono, I must be off. My family will find an empty house and start wondering what happened to me.

**Wasilwa:** Sophie, thank you very much for your concern and advice. I will do my best and let you know how things turn out.

**Sophie:** Please do, and remember, don't let Okello, or any man, make you feel abandoned! You are in your home, and you should claim back what he has taken away from you, because it's yours.

**Wasilwa:** Thank you very much. I feel like a new woman ... ready to face life with confidence.

**Sophie:** Remember, I'll always be there when you need me. And when this storm has calmed down, my friend, you must devote some time to educating yourself. Higher learning would do you good.

**Wasilwa:** Bye. You have opened my eyes.

**Narrator:** That was quite an eye-opening conversation. It restored strength and hope in Mrs. Wasilwa, and she began to believe that she could live in peace after all. She was very grateful for her friend's advice, and swift to take action. She asked the village elders to help her get back all the important documents. They called a meeting to hear her case.

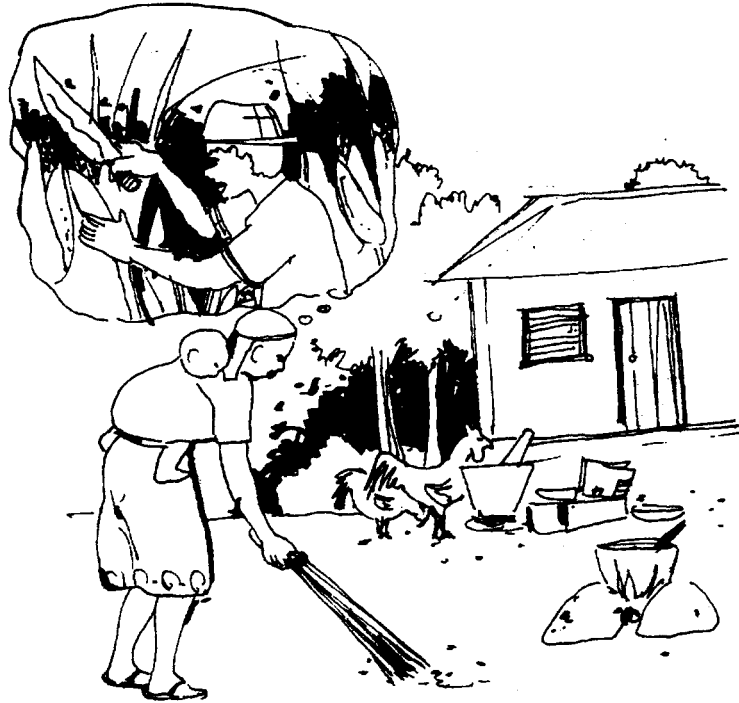


**First Elder:** Now, Mrs. Wasilwa, tell us why you have called us here.

**Wasilwa:** As you know, my husband died six months ago. My brothers-in-law have taken all his property, saying that unless I agree to be inherited, I have no right to anything he and I owned.

**First Elder:** My fellow elders, shall we listen to this case?

**Second Elder:** This is a common case. I think we should make a ruling in these matters. Let her tell us what property she is talking about.



**Wasitwa:** Two cows, the money in his bank account, and his retirement benefits. I need this to pay school fees. They have also stopped me from working our field.

**First Elder:** Bwana Okello, is what we have heard correct?

**Okello:** Well, yes, but you know our custom and tradition. My brother's wife cannot suffer while I sit and watch. I am entitled to take care of her, and to manage my brother's wealth.

**Wasitwa:** But what care are you providing when the children are out of school? Why can't I manage what my husband left behind?

**First Elder:** How was this property acquired?

**Wasitwa:** My husband inherited the piece of land on which my house stands from his father. We bought the second property jointly, with a loan from a co-operative society and the money I saved from selling farm produce and dairy products.



**First Elder:** Bwana Okello, it looks like the property you're claiming was not only your brother's. She contributed to its acquisition.

**Okello:** Hah! She'd have acquired nothing without my brother!

**First Elder:** (laughing) Or your brother may have acquired nothing without her.

**Second Elder:** Bwana Elder, this reminds me of what we were taught during one of the chief's meeting. You remember the officer who talked about property rights?

**First Elder:** Yes, but I don't recall exactly what was discussed. I think we should consult the chief so he can remind us of these rights before we make a ruling in this case.

**Second Elder:** I agree.

**First Elder:** Let's meet tomorrow at the chief's office. We'll make our ruling based on the chief's advice.

**Narrator:** The next day, Mrs. Wasilwa, Okello, and the village elders gathered at the chief's office. The chief reminded them about inheritance rights.

**Chief:** Good morning, everyone.

**Group:** Good Morning, Bwana Chief.

**Chief:** The Village Elder has briefed me about the case before us today. Before we make a ruling, I will review the information that was presented to us by the legal officers who addressed us two weeks ago. You may recall they talked about women and property rights? Let me remind you of what they said.

First, a woman who is legally married to a man has the right to the property of that man. This includes land, money, houses, vehicles, clothes and all other assets they owned together. Second, every child has the right to a proper education, girls included. And third, a woman can inherit property from her parents, and she can also open and run a bank account.

Finally, in present times, the custom of inheriting wives is too dangerous. Because of AIDS, each of us ought to keep to one partner. Inheriting opens us up to the risk of being infected with the virus that causes AIDS. In any case, women are not property to be inherited. They are human beings, and have a right to make their own arrangements.

**First Elder:** Bwana Chief, I don't think we need to make a ruling in this case today. After listening to what you've said, I think Bwana Okello should tell us his views.

**Chief:** Well, Bwana Okello, do you have anything to say?

**Okello:** Yes, Bwana Chief. I am overwhelmed by what you have told us. My fear was only for the children of my late brother, but if my sister-in law can prove to me, before you, that she can take care of them, then I am happy to be rid of the burden.

**Chief:** Mrs. Wasilwa, what do you say?



**Wasilwa:** Bwana Chief, I am very pleased that my brother-in-law has agreed to return my property to me. I will use it for the good of my children. My brother-in-law will be happy, I promise.

**Chief:** Anything else, Village Elder?

**First Elder:** No Bwana Chief, thank you. I'm happy this case has been solved amicably. Bwana Okello should be supportive of his sister-in-law but let her manage on her own. She deserves a chance to manage what is rightfully hers. Bwana Okello must return everything he has already taken, and give Mrs. Wasilwa access to her money, her *shamba* and the title to her land. Thank you, Bwana Chief.



[Music.]



**Narrator:** What a happy moment for Mrs. Wasilwa. At last, she could manage and run her home without interference. She went to her good friend to thank her for her advice.

**Wasilwa:** Good morning, Sophie. I haven't seen you for some time. How are you?

**Sophie:** Oh, I'm fine. How are you doing?



**Wasilwa:** Oh, I'm very grateful to you, Sophie. You are indeed a good friend.

**Sophie:** Why do you say so?

**Wasilwa:** Your advice. The chief was very understanding. In fact, he taught me a lot. I didn't know that it was actually my right to own what my husband left behind. I only wanted my children to go to school. Now I have full control over my husband's property.

**Sophie:** Hmm, so the chief informed you of your rights?

**Wasilwa:** Yes, he explained all you had told me, and added some things, too.

**Sophie:** That's wonderful! Listen Wasilwa, I was just leaving to go to a Women's Group meeting. Would you like to come along? Many of them don't know about these rights. You could help others by sharing what you learned.

**Wasilwa:** Yes, thank you Sophie, I'd love to join you. And I'd be grateful for the chance to share my experience with others.

**Narrator:** From that day, Sophie and Wasilwa talked to many Women's Group meetings. Wasilwa joined an adult planning class. She was able to manage her *shamba*, increase the number of cows to ten, and cultivate crops that brought in enough money for her and the children. Dear listeners, don't suffer in silence! Don't let your friends suffer. Help is available. That brings us to the end of our programme today. Join us again for other educational programmes.



[Music.]



**Narrator:** This programme was brought to you by the UNESCO Chair at the University of Nairobi. The programme was recorded at the Educational Media Service of the Kenya Institute of Education.



***Daughters or Sons?***

♪♪ [Music.] ♪♪

**Narrator:** Welcome to our short drama on the stereotypes associated with having children. I am Mhlaba. Don't go away.

♪♪ [Music.] ♪♪

***Mama Mofokeng:*** Mashudu my son, for the last four years I've been telling you that stupid wife of yours cannot have children. I am getting weaker and weaker by the day and I don't want to die before I see my grandchildren.

***Mashudu:*** Don't worry Ma, I've already made up my mind. I'm getting rid of her. This woman is like a piece of infertile soil, no matter what you plant, nothing grows.





[Music.]



[Sounds of a train.]

**Khathu:** (sad tone) I never thought it would end up like this. Oh God, what have I done? Why does he think it's my fault that I cannot have children? I loved Mashudu, I still do, and sometimes I actually thought that he loved me too. I just hope Sasavona is serious about helping me get a job in Johannesburg.

[Sound of train coming to a stop.]

**Sasavona:** Khathu! Khathu! Here! Come this way!

**Khathu:** (sigh of relief) Oh Sasavona, I'm so happy to find you waiting for me!

**Sasavona:** It's OK, guess what? I'm taking you to the Madam's house first thing tomorrow. But before then, we've got to get you ready for your new job. Let's go straight home and I'll show you how to use an electric stove, iron and so on. Come on!



[Music.]



[Sounds of someone moving around in a kitchen; then a door opening.]

**Sasavona:** Hello Khathu. I'm sorry it's taken me so long to come and visit; how are you? How's the job?

**Khathu:** Great, thank you. Madam has taught me many things and she is so patient with me. And guess what? I ... I've met someone.

**Sasavona:** You mean ... a man?

**Khathu:** Yes! His name is Siphso. We met three months and while I can hardly believe it, I think I'm pregnant!

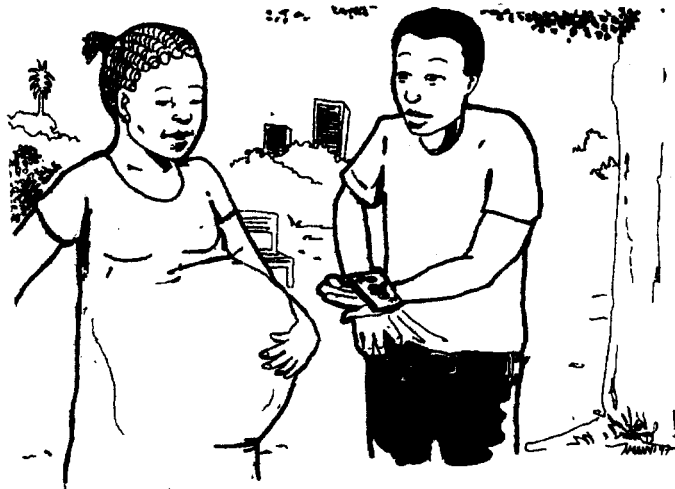
**Sasavona:** Oh Khathu, that's wonderful! I wish I could see Mashudu's face when he finds out that you can have children after all! That damn dog!

♪ ♪ [Music.] ♪ ♪

**Siphso:** Khathu, your tummy is so big now, I think it's time to buy some clothes for the baby.

**Khathu:** But Siphso, what colours should we buy, blue or pink? We don't know whether it will be a boy or a girl!

**Siphso:** Here, take some money. And buy blue because it's going to be a boy. It has to be, no two ways about it. As soon as my boy comes, I'm taking you to my parents in Kwa Nonongoma and then we can get married.





[Music.]



[Sounds of a hospital.]

**Sipho:** (out of breath and troubled) Is it true, Khathu? Is it true what the nurses are saying? Is it a girl?

**Khathu:** (tired) Yes, Sipho, and look what a little beauty she is! She looks just like you! Are you going to give her a name?

**Sipho:** (disappointed) I ... Sorry, I only chose a name for a boy. You name her yourself; I'll wait for a boy.

**Khathu:** Okay, Sipho, I'll pick her name... Now, when are we going to Kwa Nonongoma?

**Sipho:** I'm afraid we can't go now. That will have to wait until we get a baby boy.

**Khathu:** (sobbing) But Sipho, do you mean we can only get married if we get a baby boy?





[Music.]



[Sounds of a marketplace.]

**Sasavona:** Khathu, this is unbelievable! Two and a half years ago you were this thrown out old woman who supposedly couldn't have children. And now, you're expecting a second baby? So when are you two getting married?

**Khathu:** (sigh) I'm not sure about anything any more; and I am not sure that I want this damn marriage. Even before I'm in it, it's already causing me so much pain. For Siphso, if I don't have a boy, it's bye-bye marriage!

**Sasavona:** I can't believe that, you two were so in love! Anyway, there are these RDP houses. I think you should think about buying one for the kids and yourself. God, men can be such animals!



[Music.]



[Sounds of people eating a meal.]

**Khathu:** But Siphso, what are you saying? These are your children. Are you really just going to leave us just like that?

**Siphso:** You know my situation. My father will accept nothing less than a grandson. I'm already 38 and my parents aren't getting any younger. All my friends already have sons. I can't wait any longer.

**Khathu:** But what about Nonhlanhla and Luntu? Don't you care about them?

**Siphso:** I love them, but don't you understand? I need a boy! All these girls are useless! They are only going to cause me trouble!



[Music.]



[Sounds of a large gathering of people.]

**Sasavona:** Oh, Khathu my friend, I'm so happy for you. You must be so proud to see Nonhlanhla graduating! Who would have thought you and the girls would come so far?!

**Khathu:** (elated) Yeah, it seems like ages since Siphos left. Thank you so much for introducing me to Madam Koekemoer. Thanks to her help and encouragement, my life really changed for good.

**Sasavona:** True. It's not often that a madam takes such an interest in her employee's personal problems. It was very kind of her to get scholarships for your children. So when will Luntu be graduating?

**Khathu:** Next year. Oh Sasavona, I feel so blessed. Do you realise that I will have a lawyer and an accountant in the house?!

**Sasavona:** You have every reason to be proud. When are you taking the girls to see their grandmother?

**Khathu:** We plan to go there for Christmas.

 [Music.] 

[Sound of a bus stopping, and people getting off.]

**Mashudu:** Eh! Khathu! Khathu, is that you?

**Khathu:** My God, Mashudu! How did you know it was me? I hardly recognised you. How are you .... and uh... how's your family?

**Mashudu:** Oh..., we're fine. My mother passed away twelve years ago. But what about you? Where have you been all these years?

**Khathu:** I live in Jo'burg now. By the way, meet my children, Nonhlanhla and Luntu.

**Mashudu:** What! You mean ....? No, it can't be! You mean ... your real children?

**Khathu:** (with pride) Oh, yes, they're quite real! What about you? How many do you have?

**Mashudu:** Well, uh ..., to be honest Khathu, I don't have any. You know, I'm awfully sorry for what I did to you back then. It was stupid of me to blame you. I wish I'd never lost you, Khathu. Please forgive me ...

 [Music.] 





**Narrator:** Thank you for tuning in. What we heard in this programme today challenges the thinking that women are to blame when there are no children in a marriage. In fact, the problem is just as likely to be the man's.

And guess what? Scientists and doctors have discovered that it's the male seed, not the female's, that determines the sex of a baby. So if a woman has only girl babies, it's because of the man, not the woman. But all this fuss about sons is backward and destructive anyway. In the world today, women and men have all of the same freedoms and rights, and girls can accomplish as much as boys can. There's no reason to prefer sons over daughters. Doing so will only lead to family strife and unhappiness.

You've been listening to a program called "*Rural Radio for Modern Times*." Tune in again next week, when we'll be presenting a mini-drama about AIDS entitled "*Risky Business for Women and Men*."



[Music.]

