

## MADMEN AND SPECIALISTS

Wole Soyinka

BLIND MAN: Look at the hordes, I implore you. They stink. They eat garlic. What on earth have we in common with them? Understand me, please, understand me and do not misinterpret my intentions. The copper is quite incidental. Manganese? I don't know what it means. I always thought it was female for Kantagese. As for oil, I can't tell which is the margarine. If we don't stop them now, who knows but it may be our turn next moment. I ask you, do you want to wake up murdered in your beds? (*The others laugh.*) I assure you it's quite possible. No, please, it's no laughing matter. I mean... oh, I beg your pardon. You know what I mean, of course, do you want to wake up and find you've been . . . no I suppose that is also unlikely; better simply say . . . oh, well, look, strictly between you and me, all it boils down to is - would you want your daughter married to one of them? . . . It may happen, believe me, it may happen - if we're lucky. Rape is more natural to them than marriage. Even Confucius said it - if it must be, lie back and enjoy it. That coming from their greatest - er er - atomic scientist is not a statement to be taken lightly. The black menace is no figment of my father's imagination. Look here . . . have you had the experience of watching them - breed? No no, I mean . . . I don't mean being actually there . . . please please please, I was referring to statistics, statistics. We feed those statistics into a computer and here is what they say. . . What we have, we hold. What though the wind of change is blowing over this entire continent, our principles and traditions - yes, must be maintained. For we are threatened. Yes, we are indeed threatened. Excuse me, but we are entitled to match you history for history to the nearest half-million souls. Look at the hordes, I implore you. They stink. They eat garlic. . .