

## **How to Catch a Cheating Husband: A Fuji Party Manual (Posted on Facebook on November, 13, 2020)**

Today, smart phones are the No.1 revealer of double dipping in marriage and relationship. However, in the past, some people depended on something else to crack the cheating code--a family party! Seating arrangement at private events would normally respect local convention of class and respectability. Yet, it would also align with the secret lives of men. In those days, female concubines would not fight for a conspicuous seat where the world would easily spot them. Rather, they would simply "lego" somewhere with their own gang (usually four/five), quietly sipping their drink. In many cases, concubines helped bankroll parties. So, they deserve to be there. They won't wear party uniform so as to stand-out from the crowd, while simultaneously performing conflicting anonymity. The wife won't notice them because she is busy overseeing the party, but her friends and family would query persistently-- "who are those people?"

The peace of the party is about to be disturbed. Strangely familiar things would begin to happen. Soon after the celebrants are invited to the stage for the biggest episode of the nightly spectacle, Aduke the concubine, and her gang would follow suit and begin to spray money, profusely. They would perform a space-specific power and mobilize some socially-constructed paraphernalia of elite Yoruba womanhood. Unfortunately, the husband may not notice his concubine, not only because the stage is crowded, but also because his mind is somewhere else--how to pay for the expensive party! But family and friends of the wife won't miss them. They would whisper to the wife--"Are you blind? Can't you see your husband's concubines?" It's about to get dirty. As the stage transformed into a potential battleground, the Fuji artist would add insult to injury. He would invite Aduke and her friends to another dance spree. Cash would begin to land on his head, as he chants-- "Aduke No Rival. Aduke Number One. Aduke Naira Body. Aduke Overthrow"-- repeatedly to steal the attention of the guests. Aduke would roll her headgear in all directions, pulling her buba persistently to endorse the praise singer's assessment of her superior normative femininity. A moment of chaos would reign, followed by some precarious peace for the remainder of the night. Blames would be disproportionately distributed among warring parties. But, the Fuji star would go unquestioned, for he is merely doing his job!

However, instead of dying with the night, the pandemonium would assume a new life in days and years to come. It would be archived in popular narratives of social and gender relations in the community. Facts and rumors about what "actually" transpired that night would coalesce to form hybrids of stories. Rumors, if properly generated, widely circulated, and rigorously codified, can become contested "histories." What appears like a bad night for a cheating husband--or a mere Fuji party fight or a trivial matter on the surface-- can be synchronized into a fine social history. Any scholar familiar with the scholarship on gender, power, performance, and spectacle would not doubt the knowledge potential in this narrative. There is knowledge in everything and everywhere--including a Fuji party love brawl!

Yours Sincerely in Fuji,  
Emperor Saedo Okola and His International Fuji Lions