

**“SOCIAL TRANSFORMATION IN CONTEMPORARY AFRICA: REMINISCENCES OF  
DR. JOSHUA BAITWA MUGYENYI”**

**4<sup>TH</sup> Lecture in the Africa Lecture Series**

**In Promotion of the Makerere University Female Scholarship Foundation**

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***From the Beginning***

Joshua Mugenyi and I entered Makerere in June 1968, and that was within the first decade of independence of the three East African countries which Makerere served as part of the University of East Africa. We were both young men in our very early twenties having graduated from prestigious high schools in Kenya and Uganda. Josh graduated from Ntare High School with schoolmates like Richard Nturu, Saul Mboijana, Ephraim Kamuntu and many others. I came from the Alliance High School, Kikuyu with schoolmates like George Ongaya, Zeph Gaya, Jason Onyango and many others. In Mary Stuart Hall we had girls who had similarly graduated from schools we knew well either as sister schools or schools where, as high school students, we had always sought to have girl friends—and possibly future wives.

For all intents and purposes, East Africa was then really one country. The three separate governments were joined together more closely than in the subsequent years by the East African Community.

Josh and I were taking political science courses together. He lived in Northcote Hall and I lived in Livingston Hall. One was a Hall for rogues (Northcote) and one was the hall of gentlemen (Livingston). In the science of physics it is said that “like poles repel and unlike poles attract.” That perhaps is why students from Livingston found exciting friends in students in Northcote. Josh and I immediately struck it out as friends. And to make the cycle complete, David Mulabya Taliwaku, a colleague in Livingston, made us a troika. We were all political science students under the mentorship of several exiting lecturers and professors: the indomitable Oxford trained political philosopher Ali Mazrui; the burning socialist Ahmed Mohiddin; the firebrand worldly intellectual Locksley Edmondson from the

Caribbean Islands; the soft spoken but extremely sharp Yash Tandon specializing in international politics; the effable Tony Gingnyera Pincwa, steeped in Chicago behavioral political science and well versed in the politics of development; the lugubrious Apollo Nsibambi; and finally our friend Okello Oculi who made life exciting as our tutorial fellow. Not to forget Jeggan C. Senghor from the Gambia who was also our tutorial fellow.

As you can see from this list of staff members, Makerere was really an international academic institution from which many from East Africa and beyond came to learn, teach and do research. In this regard, Makerere had a profound impact on the socio-economic transformation of contemporary Africa—at times not necessarily for the better.

Josh, David, Richard, Soul and I soon found ourselves in the thick of student politics. The 1968/69 Guild elections found three principal candidates contesting the seat for the Guild Presidency. These were Rose Ayuru—Jeggan Senghor's wife; John Butime—a political science student—and Suleiman Kiggundu—an economics student.

Rose, as a post-graduate student, was not known by many students, but Jeggan did his best to take her around and she impressed many students with her soft spoken commitment to social justice and students affairs. John Butime was strongly supported by the National Union of Students of Uganda (NUSU) as well as members of the Uganda People's Congress (UPC), the ruling party under President Milton Obote. Kiggundu, being a member of Abana ba Baganda on the campus, received almost unanimous support from this body, which ironically polarized his candidature from most of the other Ugandan students coming from societies without such royal set ups in Uganda then.

Students from Kenya, Tanzania and other parts of Africa, removed from these internal Ugandan politics, were freer to support the three candidates on their own merit. In our group of Josh, David, Richard and Saul, we debated the candidature of these three more rationally, and we agreed to disagree on who supported who, letting each other campaign as one deemed fit. In any case, as all of us were campaigning for membership of the Guild Representative Council (the GRC), we tended to focus more on our own hall politics than on the campaigns. It turned out, however, that I campaigned very vigorously for Kiggundu—with David

giving me tacit and quiet support—while the others were either with Butime or Ayuru. Butime won narrowly after Rose Ayuru withdrew from the race at the last moment.

It was rumored that the UPC ruling elite put pressure on Ayuru to withdraw her candidature in favor of Butime since the race with Kiggundu was very tight, and the UPC could not stand a Kiggundu victory. In the end, Butime won by eleven votes.

The Kiggundu forces contested the outcome, complaining that underhand forces had manipulated the Guild elections. A period of petition and uncertainty followed; but the campus soon settled to a Butime reign which, however, was interrupted by a coup before his term was over.

### ***In the Leadership of the Guild with Josh and Others***

As fate would have it, the GRC elected me along with Grace Bakulmpagi Wamalwa, a literature and philosophy student, as members of the small committee charged with drawing up a new constitution of the Guild that would safeguard the student body from the kind of coup that shortened the presidency of Butime. There had been mismanagement of Guild funds, some favoritism in identifying students for foreign trips and so on. Once the constitution was approved by the GRC, new Guild elections were called in which both Grace and I stood for the presidency of the Guild. This is where my real journey with Joshua started as a close friend, political confidante, fighters for social justice, adviser and comrade for life.

We formed a solid team that included Josh, David, Ephraim, Richard, Saul, Dalmas Otieno-Anyango, Yusuf Karbani, Gulzar Jamal, Naomi Akelo, Jessica Ogeng'a, James Ekwaro, Harold Acema, George Aaron, Eric Ijuka Kabumba, Ruhakana Rugunda, James Kalebo, Jane Gateria, Margaret Kyogire, Joy Shalita, Catherine Sebitoseand many others. We campaigned effectively around the campus, including Kabanyolo—the agricultural campus—and finally won in all polling stations including the Sick Bay. Our campaign motto was: *there is work to be done: let's do it*. Our mission was to clean up guild politics, run it efficiently, restore the guild finances to proper accounting, modernize the guild canteen and

ensure that Makerere student politics was democratic in organization, pan-African in outlook and socialist in content.

After winning the elections I formed a student government in which Josh became my Vice President, David my minister for National and Pan-African Affairs, Dalmas my Finance Minister, James Ilemut was Minister for Social Affairs, Kifuko Wadambisya Minister without portfolio, Fred Alunyu Ogwal Minister for Information, Naomi Akello Odong' Assistant Secretary and Pao Paul Wangoola Minister for Campus Affairs. I appointed Richard Nturu the editor of the Makererean.

It was a solid cabinet, well balanced and well resourced; it won the respect of the student body, performed well and was never threatened by any coup. By the time we were leaving in October 1970, the Guild had a balance in its account of 100,000 shillings—which was the equivalent of US \$ 14,285 at the then exchange rates. The Canteen had been modernized with many more goods and an outside terrace. James Oporia Ekwaro then succeeded me as the Guild President and it was him who was there when Amin took over power in the tragic coup of January 1971.

As part of encouraging the awareness of students in global and pan-African affairs, with the aim also of introducing in the campus a more rigorous debate on socialism and democratic political participation, we organized, in May 1970 a public lecture in the Main Hall on “The Written Word and Mass Mobilization in African Politics.” That was at a time when there was intense debate in Uganda on “Socialism and the Move to the Left Strategy” and the publication of the “Common Man’s Charter.” Students were going out into the countryside to teach peasants about this new political culture meant to decolonize the minds of Ugandans, create a new nation out of feudal and semi-feudal societies and establish a more dynamic modern nation within a national and democratic state.

But there was always the nudging question as to whether people who didn’t know how to read and write would actually benefit from the teachings by the students. Or whether the elites wielding power within the state fully understood, were committed to and had interest in the proposed social transformation policies espoused in the ideological documents published by the Party.

To take part on the panel at the public lecture we invited Professor Ali Mazrui of the department of political science here at Makerere, Professor Walter Rodney from Dar es Salaam department of history and Professor J.P.B.M. Ouma, who was then teaching alluvial geomorphology at the department of geography here at Makerere. I chaired the panel as the President of the Guild.

The lecture was very lively. Prof. Ouma started by giving detailed statistics on literacy in Uganda, Kenya and Tanzania and how the degree of political awareness correlates with degree of literacy. He went further to give further figures on how structured political education, based on oral communication, can increase awareness and the spread of a political culture way and above degree of literacy: as the Tanzanian example showed.

Prof. Mazrui emphasized the historical origins of literacy in East Africa, pointing out that although education was introduced by the colonialists as a tool for political oppression and economic exploitation, it turned out to be the most potent tool in the hands of African nationalists during the period of mobilization for independence. While, therefore, the colonialists on the one hand did bad things to Africa in terms of the exploitation of African resources, on the other hand they at least introduced education which helped in creating political awakening and access to new skills and knowledge.

In his contribution, Prof. Rodney pointed out that Africans must understand one principal issue in our colonial political economy; that of underdevelopment. Everything the colonialists did was always derived from one principal structural relationship: that of master and servant. The master always made sure that the servant was educated enough to serve him. The servant could go no further in his education. That was servitude pure and simple. The master always made sure the servants remained divided so as to be ruled effectively, education or no education.

And that was why colonial education was elitist, and became an easy tool in the hands of the elite to continue politically oppressing and economically exploiting the masses even after independence. If we are to go beyond this framework and develop a new political culture, we must understand the depth of our underdevelopment through education and transcend it. Colonialism had only one hand: the hand of exploitation, the hand of oppression, and the hand of

underdevelopment contrary to Mazrui's misplaced credit to this ominous institution and historical experience.

When Mazrui came to respond to Rodney's criticism, he noted that Prof. Rodney was not really in conflict with him over their interpretation of the colonial issue. The point he had been making was that we can now use the same tools of colonialism to advance the African course. Indeed, when Africans speak of neo-colonialism as a hindrance to development in Africa, the problem is quite often in the minds of the Africans themselves, having failed to liberate themselves from the ideology of colonialism. In this regard, Mazrui echoed Franz Fanon in *Black Skin White Masks*.

In his rebuttal, Prof. Rodney came back to emphasize that there was really no compromise on the colonial issue. It is not the color of the oppressor or the oppressed that matters: it is the fact that both belong to the opposite sides of the equation and the social forces for African liberation must identify the enemy within and the enemy without. In that regard, he concluded in the following words: "*Professor Mazrui and I are not in conflict; we are not even in contact!*"

And that became the highlight of the evening, broadcast alive on Uganda Television, UTV, courtesy the UTV Director Aggrey Awori. In those days Aggrey and Thelma Awori provided with a home we as student leaders could always recede to enjoy wild evening parties and to entertain visiting scholars and academics who engaged us in political and academic discussions way into the night. This was also the case with Jeggan and Rose Senghor, the poet and playwright David Rubadiri, the ever vivacious Elvania and Pio Zirimu, the young Okello Oculi, Locksley Edmondson, the dean of students George Kihuguru and many others. Makerere was a real family of intellectual and vibrant political life, interspersed by parties and dances, almost all year around, with few students forgetting what brought them to the campus: a good and round education.

Lest I forget, it was to immortalize such lectures in the annals of Makerere's history that Josh, David and I—in consultation with Okello Oculi—thought of having the *The Africa Lecture Series* on the hill. But this was never to be until almost 40 years later when both David and Josh had passed on to God's celestial city.

## ***In the thick of Politics***

The year 1970 started as a tough year. In 1969 the Uganda People's Congress government had issued a series of policy documents to ensure that Uganda changed progressively as a socialist society. One document called *Document No. 5 on the Move to the Left Strategy* stipulated a leadership code for Ugandan leaders and stated, among other things, that anyone standing for parliament would have to contest in three constituencies. One was the basic constituency, preferably one in which the candidate would render primary service; the other two were constituencies to be chosen from among Uganda's other regions excluding the one from which the basic constituency was.

We students were very excited about this arrangement. We thought that it would provide a perfect recipe for fighting regionalism, negative ethnicity and social chauvinism in Uganda. Ali Mazrui, in his usual academic quick wit, called it *electoral polygamy and the move to the left strategy in Uganda*. This document, Mazrui argued, gave the government a good method for political engineering in Uganda: elections would be used to force Ugandan politicians to have nationalist rather than tribal outlook in politics.

Since students were expected to go to the countryside and teach the people about these changes, we decided to seek more clarification from the leadership of the UPC. The UPC had just held its Annual Delegates Congress in Mbale at which it endorsed the Move to the Left Strategy, the Common Man's Charter and Document No. 5. While it noted that all other leaders would be elected directly by the people, it decided to exclude the Party President who was declared the leader of the party—and by implication the country—without any contest.

We as student leaders decided that this was unfair. Josh, in particular was very emphatic on this. He was in fact incensed by the decision. We decided to write an open letter to President Milton Obote pointing out that, as the leader of the revolution, he could not afford not to seek the mandate of the people in championing these new changes. In any case, since one of the cardinal objectives of the *Common Man's Charter* was to **“inform the misinformed and guide the misguided”**, it was better to educate them about how to elect all their leaders than to shield them or exclude them from the full democratic process by excluding the seat of the President from the contest.

Obote did not take it kindly. He summoned our Ugandan brothers and sisters in the guild cabinet to the Uganda Club and more or less read them the riot act. But Josh apparently stuck to his guns even in the presence of Obote. That was vintage Josh Mugenyi for you: forthright, fearless and as sharp as a razor when presenting his points of view.

A few months later after that incident the Edward Heath Government decided to sell arms to the racist regime of Ian Smith in the then Southern Rhodesia, the present Republic of Zimbabwe. Edward Heath's government was particularly close both to the apartheid regime in South Africa as well as Smith's regime. There was an arms and trade embargo against both regimes and Smith was actually doing something which was against both the UN and OAU resolutions.

As the Guild government we decided to write an open letter to Edward Heath warning him that if he dared sell arms to Smith's government, we would not be held responsible for what happened to British citizens in Uganda. Since his arms would be used to kill our brothers and sisters in Southern Rhodesia we would also harm, maim and harass British citizens in Uganda in retaliation. We also demanded that we demonstrate in Kampala to show the world our disgust with the British government's behavior.

An application to the Ugandan government for permission to demonstrate in Kampala was turned down. Instead we got a letter allowing us to demonstrate within the campus. We thought this was a joke so we mobilized students towards the main gate which we found closed with a squadron of security forces surrounding it. Within no time the security forces started to fire tear gas at us, sending many students running for safety, with the women students losing their shoes and the pandemonium causing a real mess on the campus. At the thickness of those events, a letter reached me declaring even the demonstration on the campus illegal. I showed it to Josh who told me to ignore it. Instead we went to the Guild office and wrote a very bold letter to the Ugandan government. The letter pointed out that President Apollo Milton Obote could not have his cake and eat it at the same time. Since he had declared Uganda part of the "Front Line States" in fighting against racism and colonialism in Southern Africa, and since he was part of the Mulungushi Club which included Presidents Julius Nyerere and Kenneth Kaunda, he could not at the same time preside over a government which



banned students demonstration against Edward Heath and the heinous regime of Ian Smith. Josh, David and I decided to declare ourselves the Mulungushi Club members at Makerere to make the club better felt in Uganda.

The reaction of the government was so harsh that my Cabinet advised me to take a few days off in Nairobi while things cooled down a bit in Kampala. The minister of finance, Dalmas Otieno-Anyango, was authorized to buy me a round trip ticket to Nairobi for three days off duty. Josh took over and we talked on the phone on a daily basis monitoring the situation until it was safe for me to come back.

While I was away, Obote summoned the Guild leadership to the Kampala State House this time. Professor Ali Mazrui was asked to accompany the students. It is significant that this was done in my absence, since state intelligence must have known that I was away. At the meeting Obote was very mad with me. But both Josh and Mazrui came to my aid, arguing that the President should not see our action as rebellion or challenge to his rule, but more as an open expression of what the popular feeling was on the campus as well as in the wider Uganda.

Mazrui actually pointed out to Obote that in his youth at Makerere, he too was a bit of a rebel, hence his name Milton. Obote apparently, as a literature student at Makerere, loved to read Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Obote had in particular loved the rebellious spirit with which Satan reacted when God threw him out of Heaven, since this was the spirit of courage that is needed among champions of change, particularly the youth. *"Though heaven be lost,"* declared Satan, *"all is not lost."* Obote softened his stand on us after Mazrui's eloquent intervention.

Josh soon called me to come back to Makerere the next day, which I did. But on the evening of my arrival, while sitting in my room in Livingston Hall after dinner, I was informed by the janitor that an assistant minister who I knew wanted to see me in the Main Hall. I willingly went there only to find the deputy CID officer waiting for me and requesting that I accompany him to the Central Police station in Kampala for questioning. In short, I was arrested, detained in the police station over night, and questioned the whole day the next day, and produced in court the next morning charged with leading an illegal demonstration and causing breach of the peace contrary to one penal code of the laws of Uganda or the other.

After a whole day's questioning and a meeting with the Commissioner of Police, Mr. Oryema, I was made to believe that the government was actually going to drop the case against me. But I had to appear in court and let the process take place in court. What I was expected to do was to plead guilty to all charges—which were not read to me before going to court—and then the judge would withdraw them instantly. Oryema actually confided in me that the case was an embarrassment to Obote and he did not want too much local and international attention on it. I needed to cooperate with the government to get rid of the issue. Naively enough I believed him and went to court that afternoon ready to cooperate. When the three charges were read, the students in court—including the entire Guild leadership and the lawyers they had hired—were astonished to hear me plead guilty. At the end of the process, the judge remanded me in custody for the case to be heard three days later. I was howled into a lorry with some other prisoners with Luzira Maximum Prison as our destination. I realized instantly how treacherous an oppressive state can be; the extent it can go in deceit to execute its goals on citizens. I suddenly got a resolve on the way to Luzira now to fight back to the bitter end.

While in Luzira I shared a cell with two other convicts: a soldier of the Ugandan Army accused of smuggling gold from Zaire and another lay about who hardly talked who was accused of bank robbery. The soldier talked so much that I thought he was a decoy: he wanted to know just too much about me and the case. I said as little as possible.

I made friends with a guard at the prison who managed to smuggle some toilet paper and a biro pen into the cell. I used these to write a detailed account of what happened; how I was tricked—and hence acted under duress and lies—to plead guilty. I asked Josh and group to get me lawyers who would challenge the plea in court. The guard agreed to smuggle this note for me out of prison and give it either to David Taliwaku or Josh Mugenyi. He did exactly that and Josh was able to get lawyers—about seven of them—who volunteered to come to court and appear on my behalf when I was next taken to court three days later.

The court was jammed. My lawyers raised preliminary objections to the proceedings, arguing that the trial could not go on until it was proved, beyond any reasonable doubt, that their client (me) was forced by the state to plead guilty through false inducements, lies, intimidation, coercion etc. The judge, rather than

let the state face the embarrassment of using illegal means to force confessions out of the vulnerable under their custody, chose to rule that the objections would not proceed. Instead he quickly concluded the case that, though I was guilty as charged, the state would nonetheless give me a suspended sentence of one year to maintain good behavior as a free person.

Celebrations followed and we went back to the campus to study and concentrate on our examinations which were due soon at the beginning of 1971, some months from then.

In October 1970, just before I left being President of the Guild, Makerere was to be inaugurated as an autonomous university coming out of the University of East Africa. The state planned a big ceremony in the Freedom Square to which Presidents Jomo Kenyatta, Julius Nyerere and Kenneth Kaunda were invited. Kenyatta drove with a big contingent of cabinet ministers all the way from Nairobi to attend the ceremony.

As the President of the Guild I had the rare opportunity of carrying the University Maze and walking in front of the Chancellor of the new University, Dr. Apollo Milton Obote, while the other Presidents flanked both of us in a bee line. I remember Nyerere whistling comfortably as we walked through the warm afternoon towards our seats while Obote was busy giving instructions to his body guards to cover him more effectively in his language Langi which I could somehow follow. I was shocked at how worried and uptight the Chancellor was.

As we settled in our seats and just before the ceremony started, the then head of the Uganda Army, Idi Amin Dada, matched in wearing civilian clothes and swaggering to find a seat among the dignitaries. Students, as usual, cheered him. Obote was not amused. Amin was supposed to have been under house arrest, or forced leave, or something to that effect. His defiant appearance was a sign of worse things to come. One Sunday in January 1971, we woke up at Makerere to find out that Radio Uganda was playing martial music all day, Uganda Television was showing cartoons all day and by the end of the day a rough voice came on both radio and TV to say that the government of Apollo Milton Obote was no more: "it is now a military government," announced Smart Gwedeko, a mere warrant officer.

We were stunned. National images changed overnight. As student leaders, past and present, James Oporia Ekwaro—who took over from me at the end of October 1970—we trooped to Vice Chancellor Kalimuzo’s house to find out what had happened. In a calm voice, Kalimuzo told us that “Obote had made mistakes.” In other words, the man had quickly changed his loyalty to the new regime.

Josh, in particular, was incensed. He thought it was very unprincipled for this man who had been so close to Obote to abandon him so quickly and so easily. Even if Obote had made mistakes, a military coup was not an answer to those mistakes. The military was not the people of Uganda who should decide the nature of the mistakes and what was to be done. In any case, if Obote had made mistakes then Kalimuzo himself, for long head of the civil service and then Vice chancellor, was part and parcel of those mistakes. We were incensed. We were bent on demonstrating the next day and showing public disapproval of what happened. Kalimuzo cautioned us: “gentlemen, please remember that this is now a military government.” In retrospect we were eventually glad we took that advice. But then Kalimuzo himself served that same military government longer than his welcome: they eventually made him to disappear because he had been too close to Obote. He could not be trusted.

Josh Mugenyi never gave up his disgust with the military regime. Although he stayed at Makerere for some time as a tutorial fellow in the department of political science, continued as a lecturer at the Institute of Public Administration did his post graduate work in Manchester, came back as a Senior Lecturer; his spirit was always urging him to do something about this military menace in Uganda. At the beginning of the eighties, after the debacle of the general elections of 1980, Josh became a founder member of the Uganda Patriotic Movement (UPM) which eventually metamorphosed into the National Resistance Movement.

Josh and I resumed our close relationship in the late 1970s and 1980s. While he was teaching in the University of Swaziland in the mid eighties, I was also an external examiner in his department. We started discussing how to advance the discourse on democracy in Africa. This eventually led to my leading an African working group of intellectuals under the auspices of the United Nations University and the Third World Forum on the theme *Democracy and Popular Movements in Africa*. The other members of this team were Mahmood Mamdani, Emmanuel

Hansen, Michael Chege, Togna Na Tipoteh, and Nzongola Ntalaja. The studies were eventually published in 1987 under the title *Popular Struggles for Democracy in Africa* by Zed Books, and became the first of its kind as democracy studies had not, at that point in time, become a vogue for so-called Africanists.

Josh did his work on “the State and Class in Swaziland”, arguing that behind the façade of feudalism in Swaziland, there is a strong web of class interests linking families together as a ruling class and subjecting peasants to the cultural and ideological domination of this class that thrives economically, socially and culturally on the wealth of the nation. The belief of the peasants that this is their state is both a product of the cultural hegemony of this ruling class as well as the limited knowledge by the peasants that “another Swaziland is possible.” Hence the ruling class is always averse to what it calls “heresies”; that is, ideas which tend to challenge the status quo and expose the veneer of feudalism to the people.

Always frank and fearless, Josh was prepared to stay and teach in Swaziland but not keep quiet when he could do analyses that could better inform the Swazi students he taught. The essay is fascinating. It added to the value of the book I edited and its profound impact on perspectives on struggles for democracy in Africa at that point in time.

### ***To Conclude***

I have told these stories because they tell us something about the world Josh lived in and the world he sought to change. I have talked about the parts of his life I knew best. Of course I knew him too as a husband to his lovely wife Mary, a father to his five children: Jimmy, Bianca, Olga, Ngyenzi and Benjamin. Whenever he was in Nairobi or I was in Kampala we visited each other as friends and public figures, and our two families got closer and closer. I only met his father when he passed on in 2002 and when I entered his rural home for the first time to say farewell to a dear friend and comrade, as I had done to Daudi Mulabya a few years earlier in Eastern Uganda.

But I have told these stories not to recount the personal relations and experiences but to shade light on the African world Josh lived in and tried to change for the

better; to get some insight into issues related to social transformation in contemporary Africa.

In many ways Josh reminded me, and continues to remind me, of Mwalimu Julius Nyerere: simple, focused, concerned about the people, genuinely involved in the search and quest for democracy, daring to challenge the odds and passionate about human rights, social liberation and the dignity of the African people. He loved Kaunda suits and safari boots. He only put on ties due to the demands of his office; otherwise a scarf around the neck was always a better alternative. But he was as smart as hell in the simple ways he put on. That was Julius Nyerere for you.

Josh took theory to the point of practice, and was always ready to engage in auto-criticism. I remember in 1996 he was very determined that the NRM should have a political transition in which the leaders of the NRM revolution would democratically pass the torch to a new generation so as to avoid tendencies towards authoritarianism.

Josh never departed from what we had told Obote as students: socialism cannot be built outside the context of popular democratic participation by the people. This participation needs to be institutionalized into political processes that are democratic in content and socialist or humanitarian in outcome. By socialist we simply meant in the interest of the people—in the interest of society as a whole—for purposes of improving and making better the life chances of the people and not simply advancing the narrow interests of a minority, be it a class, a caste, a bureaucracy or a lineage.

These challenges to democratic governance and social transformation in Africa remain pertinent today as they were then. But they cannot be known or practiced without such piercing analyses and scholarship as was the case with Josh. And scholarship, within and outside academic institutions, is always a social engagement. It is not confined to those of us who have degrees, it is the enterprise of those ready to think, write and speak on social issues without the cloud of dogma, bias and various forms of chauvinism.

Ladies and gentlemen, I salute Joshua Baitwa Mugenyi: let the spear of intellectual clarity burn wherever he is resting; let this foundation established in his memory spearhead excellence among the students who will benefit from it;

let the African people be liberated from political oppression and economic exploitation through the energies of the people as Josh would have wanted it.