

**THE IRRESISTIBLE RISE OF IYA MBAMBA DOROTHEE LIMUNGA NJEUMA
(1988—2005)**

BY BATE BESONG

The sort of politicized tribalism that you practised during your long and ruinous stay on the Buea Campus (1988 – 2005) remains the greatest threat to national peace and stability.

Although you take refuge in “*motion de soutien* to His Excellency Paul Biya and Madam Chantal Biya”, you remain, at heart, LDA. You have never been an advocate for South West or national restructuring.

Having always regarded new approaches with suspicion and revolutionary intellectuals on campus with condescension, your one-man-band committee of Deans and Directors had been chained to your matriarchal log of fear, and had to follow you around and fetch and carry for you until the entire University community venerated before your ogreish shrines. Besides, at all Faculty teleguided Board meetings, you were often quoted on all subjects from nuclear physics to Brechtian or Artaudian theatre!

You had successfully put tape over the mouth of the Teachers’ Union, SYNES Buea chapter!

Your psyche – it must be admitted – has to be detribalised and renourished intellectually to have confidence in itself beyond the romanticisation and regurgitation of ancient, clannish Babylonian glories.

You did not know or did not care to know that partisanship carried too far is dangerous for the University community.

LONG LIVE UB CHOIR!!

I do not have to remind you that until the question of tribal solidarity is interpreted from its human perspective rather than from parochial, sectional consideration, we will only succeed in bequeathing national disintegration, borne of a distorted sense of Cameroon Re-unification, to up-coming generations.

To look therefore for a concrete, scientific and logical explanation at your extraordinary career would be to look at your curriculum vitae, which provides a unique window through which to view your obduracy in continuing to remain relevant at the helm of State Universities.

Mbamba Iya Dorotheé, there is no intellectual candlepower after your name. And, although, you took a doctoral degree in zoology close to four decades ago, you do not boast of a single, referenced, article to your credit!

As the typical South West political turn-coat elite who often raises the wolf of the North West ogre, at the behest of her Essingan puppet-master, you heaped sinecures on “Auntie” Dr. A.K. who, demonstrated the right kind of toady enthusiasm to the Party boss during CPDM pidgin-English campaign broadcasts and, who worked energetically, to frustrate a vibrant and living theatre on campus!

The famous UB *Kpakoko* Choir became the populariser and inevitably the very cradle of Anglo-Saxon culture, and civilization.

UP ESSINGAN POWER!!

Your 11th August, 2005, World Press Conference, at the Amphitheatre 750 which was, in retrospect, a dress rehearsal to your eventual beatification as Vice Chancellor-for-life of the University of Buea had been diversionary and puerile, laughable and derisive.

In it, however, one recognized the same duplicity and malevolent falsehood wearing the toga of omniscience and infallibility.

In order to keep the Essingan boat of your puppet-masters afloat on campus, you took considerable pride in your memory and suggested games to your enthralled and subjective audience. You are the archetypal Gramscian, organic intellectual, who has never truly reflected the interests of a people who produce over 70% of the Gross National Product but have nothing to show for it.

(The people of the South West Province demand, unequivocally, that the “New Deal polity must be restructured in the direction of true federalism if the nation must move forward in triumph over its many political and economic contradictions).

Dear Iya Mbamba Dorothée, although you are an intensely knowing operator of hit-below-the-belt, *katakata*, jungle politics, you managed, in spite of your surly and sometimes coronary occlusions, to appear at an almost saintly remove from them.

What seemed to captivate the Drs Evoudoulas and the Atemengue Atanganas in your hand-picked Senate of marionettes and discredited Marxists such as, Judas Metuge Iscariot, for example, was that now, and then; you told them “a secret” from the Praesidium of “the Great National Party”; some glimmer from the Presidency about the “unauthorized Student Union made up of marijuana smokers”; perhaps, too, even a revelation of your Kigali metamorphosis, that your enthralled audience felt sure that your scape-goated DVC, Professor Emmanuel Nges Chia, would, not have known.

You gave your World Press Conference a colourful and convincing verisimilitude through an exuberant collage of lies, skillful innuendo and outright blackmail.

No warning lights went on. Lulled by your persuasive sophistry, nobody smelled a rat.

Yet, from one who prides herself as an *administrateur extraordinaire*, of amazing and varied gifts, you were too smart for your own good, for sometimes, the Politbureau Matriarch, wore a pitiless, marble – like face, *à la Jezebel*.

THE BEAUTYFUL ONES WILL BE BORN

Kwame Nkrumah argues that great historical advances can hardly ever be achieved without high cost in effort and lives. The blood of the two students: Gilbert Forlem and Aloysius Ambouer, and the taxi driver, is still wet on your marble-heated slab. Hopefully, then, the Buea campus will purge itself of toadies and deadwoods who had owned all material resources, and ruled the ivory tower while practicing scholars and brahmins of research were less significant and were trapped in the catalepsy of your prison house.

You will be dizzy with encorniums at your installation on September 19th, 2005, as Rector of UYI, but it will also be salutary to remember the prophetic incident during your tenure as Vice Minister of National Education that led to your being airlifted, from your uncompleted tour, from the Hill Top Station across the Matterhorn – to Yaounde.

Politbureau Matriarch, do not always win the battle!

The incursion of the political heretic into the ivory tower has been a disaster for the lone, Anglo-Saxon University of Buea over the last twelve years.