theguardian

Allen Whicker

travel TV presenter

British National daily news paper



IT ALL FELT A BIT UNREAL

The Saturnine leader wore the exotic robes of some imagined tribal deity and smoked a pipe.

I'd been doing a reccee in South Carolina, and was on my way to Florida to film in Palm Beach, that most frivolous of party toens. I'd heard rumours that in Beaufort, a couple of hours from confederate Charlston, a commune of African Americans had created A Yoruba Village intent on returning to their African roots. It sounded like some ridiculous Disney fantasy. In A clearing off an inland highway I found the Oyotunji African Village. Their saturnine leader wore the exotic robes of some imagined tribal deity and smoked a pipe. an intelligent man with the penetrating eyes of an ambulance-chasing lawyer, he explained that he made his living as a Vodu priest, using black magic to heal and kill. Two well dressed white women arrived, schoolteachers at odds with some colleague. Money changed hands, and they were assured

their problems would be over. Their troublesome friend would meet an unfortunate accident, fall under the wheel of a bus perhaps. They drove away content with the knowledge of money-well spent. Later i sat beside him on the earth floor of his personal hut. We drank neat gin from paper cups and he offered me a curse, on the house. Suddenly all those people who'd irritated me seemed, well...not *quite* so bad. Hours later I was eating canapes in an elegant art gallery, surrounded by the taut faces of Palm Beach princesses. It felt a bit unreal

oyotunji.org fly to Charlston via Miami with American Airlines.



Oyotunji'founder:King Adefunmi I
The King of the Yoruba of North
America sits in his home with in
the modest palace of Oyotunji.