

How Producer Didi is changing the conversation around HIV/Aids.

From chart-topping beats to a life-altering diagnosis, Ugandan hitmaker Didi faced viral stigma and chose to fight back, transforming his platform into a lifeline for thousands.

BY ANGELLA NAKIYUKA

In the volatile ecosystem of social media, where scandals flare and fade in a matter of hours, a different kind of video went viral in Uganda. It featured not a dance challenge or a comedic skit, but a raw, unflinching confession from a man at the pinnacle of his creative career. Renowned music producer and director Didi March Muchwa, known to fans and the industry as Producer Didi, sat before the camera, his frame thinner than the public remembered, and announced he was living with HIV.

The digital aftermath was a brutal display of humanity's capacity for cruelty; a torrent of judgment, mockery, and false accusations. But Didi's intention had never been to court public opinion. "I decided to let the world know about my status," he says, his gaze steady and clear, "to save others."

A self-made maestro

To understand the weight of Didi's revelation, one must first understand the stature he earned. His path was not one of privilege or connection, but of relentless self-invention.

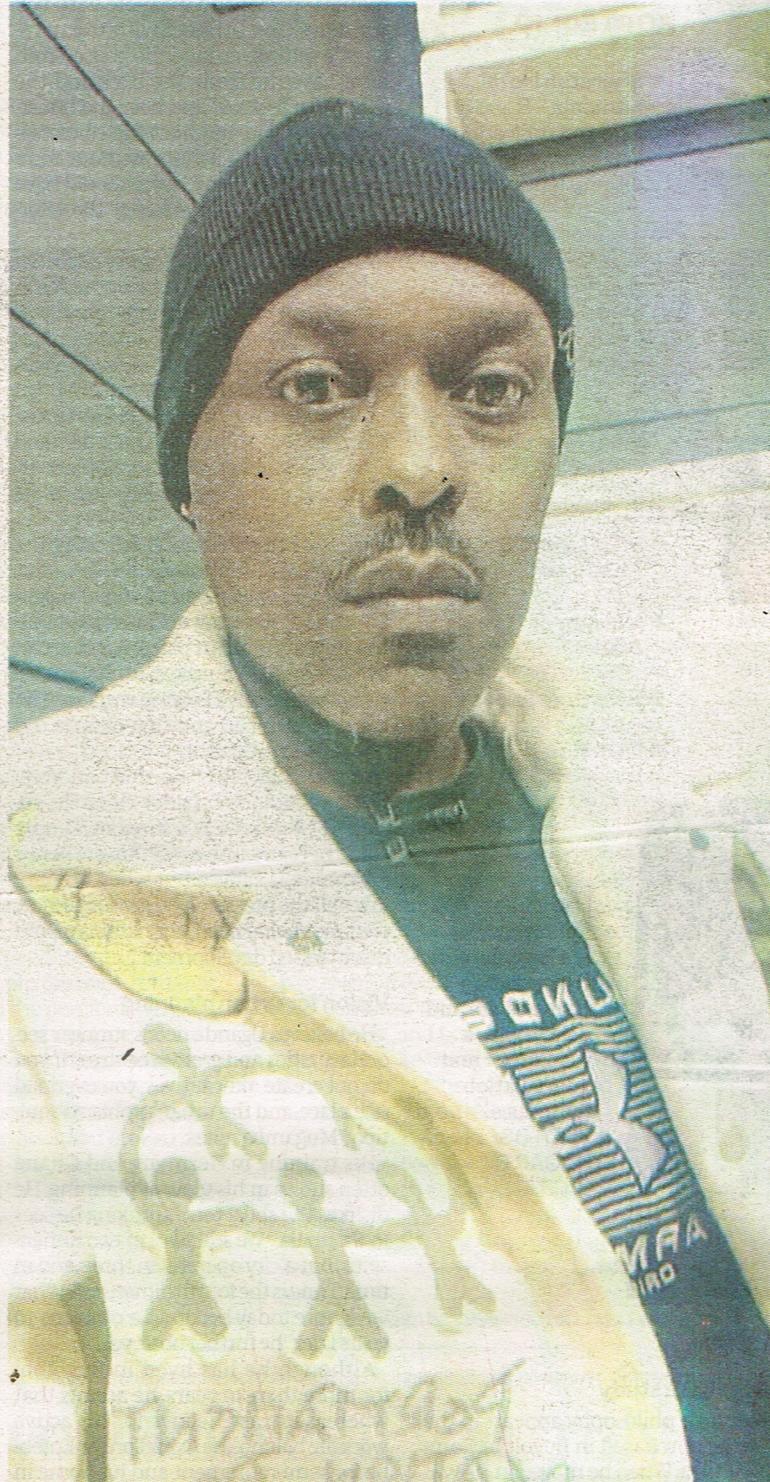
Orphaned at 17 in Masindi, he arrived in Kampala with little more than an innate talent for dance. The city's streets became his university. He learnt to barber hair, a skill gifted by a former schoolmate, to secure a basic income.

Choosing to take his truth public, was an act of radical transparency.



HITS

Within months of stepping into a professional studio to record his own compositions, he was hired. In his first week, he produced two seismic hits: Sweet Kid's *Maama Brenda* and Henry Tigan's *Empisazo*. Almost overnight, Producer Didi became the secret weapon behind Uganda's sound, crafting chart-toppers for artistes such as Eddy Kenzo, King Saha, Sizzaman, and HB Toxic. He had built an empire from nothing, his name synonymous with musical success.



I decided to let the world know about my status to save others. PHOTOS/ COURTESY.

A chance encounter with a dance troupe promised food and rent in exchange for his choreography. It was here, amid the rhythm and grind, that fate intervened in the form of a computer engineer within the group, who saw his potential.

This mentor introduced him to the digital world, leading him to a graphic designer who, in turn, unlocked the universe of music production software. Didi became a nocturnal student, spending endless hours practising online, deconstructing sounds, and building beats from silence. His breakthrough was meteoric.

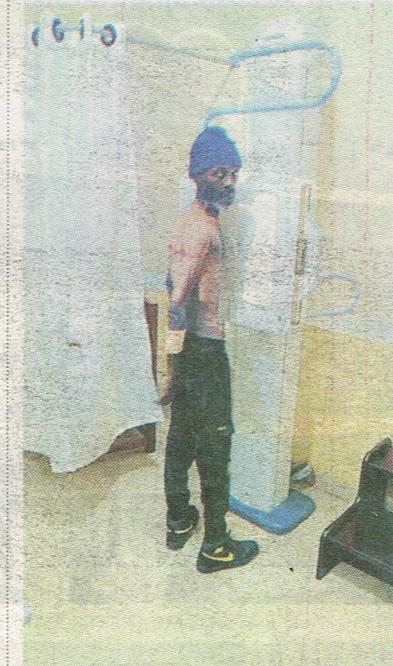
A diagnosis that shattered his world

At 43, residing in the comfortable reality he had forged, Didi's world fractured with a single test result. The HIV diagnosis was an incomprehensible shock.

"The results shocked me because I had tested negative just a few months before," he recounts.

His was not a story of recklessness, but of trust placed in a single partner. The emotional betrayal was as devastating as the medical news. In the clinic, a profound paralysis set in.

"My tongue was so heavy, I could not say a word," he says. Handing his phone to



was a lifeline.

In the sanctuary of rehab, away from the digital noise, Didi began the slow work of reconstruction. He grappled with acceptance, practiced forgiveness toward the partner who had initially denied transmitting the virus, and learnt the medical and emotional frameworks for living with HIV.

"I accepted that I am positive," he states, a simple sentence that holds the weight of a war won.

Purpose forged in pain

Emerging from rehabilitation, Didi consciously traded a victim narrative for that of an ambassador. The cyberbullying that once threatened to drown him now washes over a fortified spirit.

"It no longer hurts as before," he admits, a testament to his psychological work. With deliberate strategy, he commanded the very platform that once attacked him, TikTok. Under his handle @ProducerDidi, he re-introduced himself as "The HIV Ambassador."

His content is a masterclass in positive advocacy. He demystifies antiretroviral medication, showing it as a normal part of a healthy routine. He discusses viral load and U=U (Undetectable = Untransmittable) with the clarity of a seasoned health worker.

He confronts mental health head-on, urging followers to "stay away from negativity." His videos are direct, personal, and disarmingly normal, featuring him in the studio, at home, living fully.

"I feel I have a purpose to fight HIV," he says, and that purpose resonates. World Aids Day, he notes, has taken on a deeply personal meaning. "It reminds me that I have an enemy to defeat," he says, "and the society needs more clarity on what HIV is."

He is providing that clarity, one video, one conversation at a time.

Didi's journey is no longer scored solely by the beats he produces for others. It is now underscored by a more powerful rhythm, the heartbeat of a community he has rallied, the silent sighs of relief from those who feel seen. He speaks with gratitude for his doctors, his fellow artistes, and the online masses who eventually rallied with support.

He is composing a new, defiant anthem for a generation, one where awareness defeats ignorance, where acceptance silences shame, and where living positively is the greatest hit of all.

His final advice, offered with the hard-won wisdom of a man who has lost everything and rebuilt something more meaningful, is a refrain for us all: "Love yourselves, take your medication, feed well, and stay away from negativity."

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