Okyeame, published half-yearly from Accra, contains an unforgettable story, "The Late Bud", by Christina Ama Ata Aidoo (whose verse The New African has published) and a remarkably vivid haunting one by George Awoonor-Williams, "The Funeral", both in settings of Ghanaian village or town life but with universal themes. Christina Aidoo, in her early twenties, is on a five-year African Literature Fellowship at the University of Ghana, Legon, and is teaching and writing. She has finished another play.

Like her Dilemma of a Ghost (Longmans), about a young Ghanaian graduate who brings his Afro-American wife home to his Clan house, it is in a village setting, but without such obvious contrasts.

With another able young Ghanaian writer, Ayi Kwei Armah (whose story "Contact" will appear here in December), Christina Aidoo is writing for her only misery, which is likely to break

In an interesting review in the current Nigeria Magazine Robin Horton explores the errors of categorising African sculpture under European headings. Ironically, William Fagg and Margaret Post in African Sculpture: An Anthology (Dutton Vista Paperback) tried to get away from "preconceptions about African art as an irreducibly different exotic thing-in-itself" by calling African sculptures naturalist, abstractionist, cubist, surrealist, grotesque, Gothic, baroque, rococo. They fail to make the labels apply and seem to know it. Mr. Horton, a gifted and dedicated anthropologist who lives on the Niger delta with the people whose lives and ways he tries to interpret, takes that correct middle position. Somthing of the same position should be taken by students of African oral traditions for a different critical apparatus but one that must as determinedly acknowledge the African context of the work.

Billy Oristansondoni Dudley's telling article "Violence in Nigerian Politics" was written for Transition's special "Violence" issue (No. 21) before the Western Region's appalling and bloody election fracas last month. The NNNDP showed that a party with 5% electoral support can rig an election and win with two-thirds of the seats, by, in Dudley's phrase "breaking heads in order to count them." A saving grace was to hear Nigerians publicly debating the issues with no fear of secret police and informers. If there is fear it is among some newspapermen. The part-Thomson-owned Daily Express followed the best of its pro-NNNDP editor, T. O. Adebanjo. Less understandable was the concurrence in his policy of Lord Thomson's watchdogs on the administrative side of the paper, other than as long-term balance-sheet precautions. Certainly this paper, which was virtually boycotted in some UPGA strongholds after the elections, must have lost circulation in the short run. As some of the press becomes more partisan, and in the rest as fears erode responsibility, journals like Billy Dudley's Nigerian Opinion (Nigerian Current Affairs Society, University of Ibadan, monthly, £1 a year) will be needed to tell the whole truth about Nigeria.

Crisis & Change, Nana Mahomo's new monthly, has one of the best cover photographs ever. The standard is kept up in the text, which aims, among other things, ("to promote unity against white domination ... rally inter-

n national support ... analyse African problems") to "provide a regular source of reliable information for those inside South Africa actively engaged in the revolution". Elsewhere Crisis & Change states that 2,500 copies are to be distributed free in southern Africa, thanks to "several organisations and individuals in Europe and Africa". Mahomo's address is 607A Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

Hearing read with pleasure Vol. 1 No. 4 of The African Review (edited by Julian Mayfield for New Africa Publications Ltd., Accra) many more than 2,500 copies for the September issue—of this "monthly analytical review". It was held back because it contained an article seriously arguing the case for a reconstructed OAU, and it was felt that this would not be tasteful reading matter to have round Accra during the Summit Conference there. The article expressed a view heard increasingly—that the OAU cannot succeed until all its members come to it freed from neocolonialism: the progressive nations should form a nucleus around which the others could cohere as they shake off their colonial past or neocolonial present. Certainly the 1964 OAU Summit Conference was attended by some shaky claimants to independence, above all by the representatives of the ruling parties in Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, while their nationalist, opposition counterparts were among the poor relations petitioning from outside the closed sessions. While the representatives of King Sobhuza's traditionalist ruling party, Imbokodvo, were within, the Ngwane National Liberatory Congress were busy circulating a scandalous letter written by Sobhuza's white South African settler ally, Mr. Carl Todd, laying detailed plans for rigging the elections to ensure that a sufficient number of the "right Europeans" were returned by Swazi voters under Sobhuza's orders.

While Chief Leabu's Basuto National Party representatives were within, Metsa Mokhehle and Kellisang of the militant, pan-Africanist Basutoland Congress Party were attacking them (and their pro-Bantustan adviser, Professor Cowen) in their memorandum, complete with its own scandalous letter (from Chief Leabu to South Africa's Commissioner-General Prentius: "We shall place this country and its people under the wise guidance of the government of the Republic of South Africa economically, politically and socially, so that you can lead us to true independence").

Though it reads like rumour, our note about The African Review should be accurate—more accurate at least than their description of us as the "new, non-white, New African" in a note on Bessie Head, who contributed one of the best items to their Vol. 1, No. 4 from her place of exile in Bechuanaland. Our being banned in South Africa may have been to blame.

In a recent radio talk the mKgatla-by-adoption Naomi Mitchelson called Bechuanaland "probably the poorest country in the world". Bessie Head whose £16-a-month teaching post took her "completely out of her comfort zone" and "began to feel like a real woman. She has nothing in the world except her small son Howard, her friends (mostly political exile like herself but elsewhere) and the soul of a true writer. A "black" South African, she has been so far no scholarship or travel grant for her—only misery, which is likely to break her if no peace to live and write is found for Mrs. B. Head, P.O. Box 130, Serowe, Bechuanaland, or through The New African.