




1967

Story Telling in Benin

Dan Ben-Amos

University of Pennsylvania, dbamos@sas.upenn.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://repository.upenn.edu/nelc_papers

 Part of the [African History Commons](#), [African Languages and Societies Commons](#), [Cultural History Commons](#), [Folklore Commons](#), [Near and Middle Eastern Studies Commons](#), and the [Oral History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Ben-Amos, D. (1967). Story Telling in Benin. *African Arts*, 1 (1), 54-59. <http://dx.doi.org/10.2307/3334367>

This paper is posted at ScholarlyCommons. http://repository.upenn.edu/nelc_papers/124
For more information, please contact repository@pobox.upenn.edu.

Story Telling in Benin

Abstract

One of the most significant traditions of African artists is that of the storyteller. This traditional figure remembers the legends and history of the tribe and village and passes them on to later generations in a linking of oral continuity. Modern phenomena are destroying the social cohesion in which this art form flourished, and although linguists and anthropologists are now endeavoring to record as many stories as possible, many, it is feared, have already been lost.

Disciplines

African History | African Languages and Societies | Cultural History | Folklore | Near and Middle Eastern Studies | Oral History

Daniel Ben-Amos

Whoever wishes may
tell a story...

STORY TELLING IN BENIN

Au Bénin l'art de conter des histoires traditionnelles est une affaire de famille sans rapports avec les rites restrictifs. Les femmes racontent les histoires qu'elles ont apprises durant leur enfance. Ces histoires qui sont reliées aux traditions historiques des Binis, sont d'une forme très artistique, et la narration est parsemée de chants qui entrecourent la représentation volontairement non-dramatique du raconteur. Ces deux histoires *Ozoluwa et Izevokun* et *Igiorome*, ont été racontées par Madame Enene Uso, chez elle, et décrivent des sujets familiers aux Binis. La première est une rivalité pour la possession du trône de l'Oba, la seconde l'histoire d'un héros local qui excellait à la Lutte, le sport favori des Binis.

One of the most significant traditions of African artists is that of the storyteller. This traditional figure remembers the legends and history of the tribe and village and passes them on to later generations in a linking of oral continuity. Modern phenomena are destroying the social cohesion in which this art form flourished, and although linguists and anthropologists are now endeavoring to record as many stories as possible, many, it is feared, have already been lost.

Professor Daniel Ben-Amos has recently spent some months in Benin, Nigeria, on a grant from the Midwestern Universities Consortium for International Activities, to study and record such stories. Here he describes the scene as the stories are told and records two tales from an evening's presentation. Footnotes follow each story.

Ibota

The *ibota* is a family institution for the transmission of oral tradition in the

The tales
are both history and art.

Ox' okpa siensiensien ...
This is a nice story.

Evba ni oxa nan ya de wu
... Here the story dies.

West-African kingdom of Benin. In the early evening hours after the daily work has been completed, the family may gather in the *ikun*, the central room in the house, and discuss household matters, tell traditional narratives (*oxa*) and sing songs (*ihuan*). Once gathered in the *ikun*, the members of the family take their seats according to their age and sex. The head of the household usually sits near the ancestral altar, the children congregate in one corner on the floor, and the rest of the family sit on the mud benches along the walls. No restrictions or rites are involved with telling stories in the *ibota*. Whoever wishes may tell a story or start a song. However, two or three people often tell most of the narratives. The head of the household assumes a rather passive role as listener in the *ibota* and allows his wives and children to display their knowledge of Benin oral tradition. While the professional story-tellers in Benin are exclusively men, the amateur narrators in the *ibota* are frequently

women. They learnt their stories during childhood and now relate them in the house of their husband.

The participation of the wives in the *ibota* turns this informal storytelling session into a stabilizing factor of Benin oral tradition. The different versions of the same narrative converge at this point and the possible disparities between them can be reconciled. This is not a matter for open discussion at the *ibota*. Narrators are rarely criticized in public. The convergence of traditions in the family is a slow process of learning and adjustment. The existing tradition in the husband's house may serve as a check upon the variations in the narratives of the wives. This balancing of oral versions against each other is one of the factors that contribute toward the stability and continuity of Benin oral tradition.

The tales that Binis relate in the *ibota* are both history and art. Their narrative content is historical. Many tales concern the lives of kings, their succession to



the throne, their wars of conquest and struggles to control their own people. The royal theme, however, is not a prerequisite for the belief in the historical truth of the stories. Tales about commoners and villagers, as marvelous and extraordinary as they may be, still maintain the aura of historical authenticity in the eyes of the Binis. At the same time the actual telling of the stories is art. The narratives are not merely a chronological listing of events but they do have literary and rhetorical artistic qualities.

The art of telling Benin history involves both singing and speech. The songs are interspersed between the narrative episodes and often are an integral part of the plot. For example, in the story of *Ozolua and Izevbokun* the song serves a reflective function, enabling one of the main heroes to meditate upon the course of events. Similarly, in the tale of *Igioromi* one song is actually a commentary by a secondary character upon the nature of the hero. These songs provide a respite in the flow of actions. The second song in this tale, however, is an essential narrative dialogue put into rhythmical language and music. The audience takes part in the chorus and in this way participates in the story telling itself. The narrator does not resort to any dramatic impersonation of the characters or to any external effects, such as gestures, in order to impress the listeners. He relies mainly upon the actual wording of the story and the sheer effect of the unfolding of the events. In that sense, Benin story telling is more a verbal than a dramatic art.

Benin narratives do not have any required opening and closing formulae. The story teller may start with the phrase *ox'okpa ke do re*, a story is coming, or *ox'okpa siensiensien*, this is a nice story. Then he introduces the main characters in the tale. In other cases he may begin with the main song and thus prepare his audience in a more active manner for what follows. For the conclusion the teller simply signifies *evba ni oxa nan ya de wu*, here the story dies.

The stories of *Ozolua and Izevbokun* and *Igioromi* were told by Madame Enene Uso during an *ibota* that took place in her house in February of 1966. Madame Uso is in her fifties. The listeners, ten children and five adults, were crowded into her small parlor for an hour and followed the narration attentively in the darkness of the early evening. She told her stories in Bini in a quiet and somewhat monotonous voice.

The first story centers upon a common theme in Benin tradition, namely, the rivalry between the Oba's sons. Succession to the throne followed the rule of primogeniture, but due to polygamy



there was often more than one claimant to the throne. Probably the most famous story in Benin about this subject concerns the sons of Ozolua, Esegie and Aruaran (see Jacob Egharevba, *A Short History of Benin*, Ibadan, 1960, p. 62). Madame Uso confused the names of the heroes of these two stories at the beginning of her narration.

The second tale, *Igioromi*, is about a local hero who excelled in the favorite Bini sport of wrestling. Although the Binis consider *Igioromi* to be an historical figure, it is hardly surprising to find similar tales in other West African traditions.

Ozolua And Izevbokun

This is a story about Ozolua and Esigie and all the people of Benin. Oba n'Osa, who created man, also made Esigie. Esigie was the senior brother, Izevbokun came next, and Ozolua was the youngest. They were brought up in Urorla. They were sent to the place called Urorla. There they were nourished. There they were brought up. When they reached maturity, the earth ate chalk.¹ The people sent for them, so that Izevbokun could be made Oba of Benin. Ozolua said that he would accompany him part of the way. They prepared themselves and started on the road to Benin. All the children of the Oba followed them. Yes, so it was. As they approached Benin, the people said: "What is this? Two children of the Oba are coming to be kings of Benin?" "What is this?" they said, "Izevbokun is

not worthy to be the Oba. Ozolua is the one who is fit for the throne."

"So that is the case." Izevbokun had been told that Ozolua would bring trouble.

The people began to follow Ozolua. Izevbokun started to sing. He sang:

Solo: I did not ask my brother to follow me
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: I did not ask my brother to follow me
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: Eguanran² cleared some farmland in Oka
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: The yam-pickers picked yam and planted it in his farm
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: The owner of the yam is the owner of the land
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: I did not ask my brother to follow me

They passed by those people. After they went on for some time, other on-lookers came to watch them. They said, "What! Is this the person who is coming to be Oba?"

Izevbokun said, "Yes."

They said, "What!" they said, "The other one is worthy to be Oba. It is he whom we will crown as king."

They moved on a little further and Izevbokun began to sing again. They went on until they reached the Ikpoba river. When they arrived there, they called at the house of the priest of Ore.³ The priest gave Ozolua two hundred men and two hundred women.⁴ He who was supposed to be the King was not recognized at all.

Izevbokun remarked bitterly. "So it has already started."

They went on and Izevbokum sang:
 Solo: I did not ask my brother to follow me
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: I did not ask my brother to follow me
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: Ezoro cleared some farm land in Oka
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: Ozolua picked yam and planted it in his land
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: The owner of the yam is the owner of the land
 Chorus: Ighi do
 Solo: I did not ask my brother to follow me
 Chorus: Ighi do

They went on. They walked until they reached Okedo.⁵ The people there repeated what the other groups had said before. They said, "Izevbokum is not worthy to be Oba."

They said, "Ozolua is the one who is fit for the throne." When they reached Benin, the chiefs of the City repeated what the people on the road had said. They proclaimed, "Ozolua is the one whom we will crown as Oba." They made Ozolua the Oba of Benin. They sent Izevbokun to rule over *Ogbe*.⁶ The *Ikhimwin*⁷ tree of Ezoti⁸ is still there today.

FOOTNOTES

- 1 *Oto ri'orhue*, a euphemistic expression referring to the burial of the Oba.
- 2 A proverbial giant.
- 3 Another name for Ikpoba river.
- 4 A formulistic number used in describing the procession of the Oba.
- 5 The first quarter within the city-wall.
- 6 A quarter near the Palace.
- 7 This tree is believed to be the oldest tree in the world and is used in the worship of *Osa*. The High God. It is identified as *Newbouldia Caecis*.
- 8 An Oba. According to Jacob U. Egharevba, *A Short History of Benin* (Ibadan. 1960) pp. 21-23, 75, Ezoti preceded Oba Ozolua.

Igioromi

Solo: Do not wrestle with them, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior¹
 Solo: Do not wrestle with them
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: You have wrestled all over the world
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Now you are going to the spirit world
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Nobody in the world could defeat you
 Chorus: Igioromi Omigior
 Solo: The spirits will not be able to defeat you
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: *Kere Kese*²
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior

Solo: Kiri Kisi
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior

Igioromi was a very devilish person. He was so clever that he could wrestle and no one had ever thrown him to the ground. Whenever he would come to any place where a wrestling contest was going on, he would defeat every *eghele*¹ with only one hand. He would knock them all down; he wrestled on and on. Then one day he took a rope and climbed a palm tree, although he had been warned never to do so. When he saw that his father and mother had gone to the farm, he began to climb palm trees, one after the other. As he was climbing one tree, he looked down and saw that they were wrestling in the spirit world. He said, "Ho! Why am I wasting my time here? Look at that wrestling contest." He climbed down the tree, and when he reached ground he ran as quickly as he could along the road holding up his pants. At that moment his brother *Ekpofi* turned himself into a bluebottle fly and followed him. Igioromi reached the spirit world and descended into it. When he had arrived there, he began to follow the spirits. He lifted up one of them and threw him down. He lifted another and threw him down. When his brother saw this, he said, "What! Woe is me! How can I make him return home?" He started to sing.

Solo: Do not wrestle with them, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: You have wrestled all over the world
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Now you are going to the spirit world
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Nobody in the world could defeat you
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: *Kere Kese*

Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Kiri Kisi
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior

Igioromi caught another one, swung him around his head, and threw him down. That one died like the others. In the spirit world any person who hits the ground must die. So he died also. As Igioromi gripped another spirit, his brother began to sing.

Solo: Don't wrestle with them, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Do not wrestle with them, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: You have wrestled all over the world, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Now you are going to the spirit world, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Nobody in the world could defeat you
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: The spirits will not be able to defeat you
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: *Kere-Kese*
 Chorus: Igioromi O, Omigior
 Solo: Kiri Kisi
 Chorus: Igioromi O, Omigior

Igioromi, lifted another of them, swung him around his head, and threw him down. He grasped another one and hit him in the same way. This was the fourth one he killed. There remained three more with whom he still had to wrestle. His brother broke into song:

Solo: Do not wrestle with them, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Do not wrestle with them, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: You have wrestled all over the world, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior
 Solo: Now you are going to the spirit world, O
 Chorus: Igioromi, Omigior

CONTRIBUTORS

Contributions for publication in

african arts/arts d'afrique

should be sent to the Editors, African Studies Center, University of California, Los Angeles, California 90024. Unsolicited materials must be accompanied by return postage or international reply coupons.

Readers are urged to communicate to the Editors news about artistic and cultural activities in Africa, including programs, relevant newspaper clippings, suggestions for articles, and the names of possible contributors and subscribers.

Letters to the Editors must be signed and accompanied by the address of the writer. The Editors will be free to publish correspondence, including the name of the writer, unless the writer indicates otherwise.

Africa Report

—is the most widely read English language magazine offering regular coverage of the entire African continent.



Now in its eleventh year, AFRICA REPORT has been described by African critic Lewis Nkosi as “forever probing, examining, analyzing, without doing what comes easiest to many people—passing judgment.” In addition to informed analyses of political, economic, and cultural trends by distinguished scholars and journalists, the magazine includes reviews of significant new books and country-by-country reports of major developments in all of Africa.

Nine issues a year, plus a year-end index.

—la plus suivie des revues anglophones. Dans chaque numéro, toute l'actualité de l'Afrique. Voici comment Lewis Nkosi, le critique africain, en définit la qualité au seuil de l'onzième année de sa parution: “Toujours sur la brèche, sondant, disséquant sans relâche mais sans jamais tomber dans la solution de facilité qui consiste à rendre un verdict.”



Outre des articles de fond bien informés sur l'évolution politique, économique et intellectuelle signés par des hommes de culture et des journalistes éminents, la revue comporte une critique des ouvrages importants qui viennent de paraître ainsi qu'un compte rendu pays par pays de la grande actualité africaine.

Neuf numéros par an, et un index récapitulatif.

Africa Report Subscription Service

RATES for one year (9 issues and the index—no July, August or September issue)

Regular (USA, Canada) \$ 6.00
Air Mail (USA, Canada) \$ 8.50
Air Mail (Overseas) \$11.00 (79 shillings,
F55, CFAF 2,750)

Special Rate (United Kingdom,
Europe, Africa, Asia, via air
freight to London) \$ 8.00 (57 shillings,
F40, CFAF 2,000)

Cheques or money orders in sterling or francs are accepted.
Copies of most previous issues are available at 75c.

Enter a year's subscription for:

Name

Address

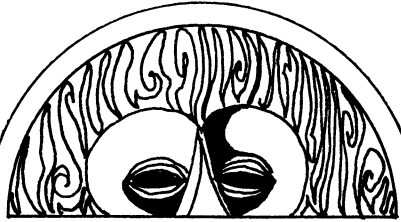
City

State, Country

Payment enclosed: Please bill me.

Mail completed coupon to:

Africa Report, Dept. AA, Suite 500, Dupont Circle Bldg.
Washington, D. C. 20036, U.S.A.



Wouldn't it be nice if someone thought of you by giving you a year or two of *African Arts/Arts d'Afrique*? Wouldn't you be delighted to open pages such as these four times each year, and wouldn't you think pleasant thoughts of the one who thought of you first? If you are a subscriber, gift subscriptions are only \$8.00 for one year, \$14.00 for two years. We send a gift card in your name. No coupon is attached—we'd rather not have our magazine mutilated. Please write names, addresses and zip codes on a separate paper, and send to *African Arts/Arts d'Afrique*, University of California, Los Angeles, California 90024. (In Africa, remit to Barclays Bank DCO, or to Barclays correspondent bank, Banque Internationale Pour l'Afrique Occidentale, for remission to Barclays Bank, Los Angeles, Cal. 90014. Your own first subscription is \$10 for one year, \$16 for two years.

Solo: Nobody in the world could defeat you, O
 Chorus: Igoromi, Omigior
 Solo: The spirits will not be able to defeat you, O
 Chorus: Kere Kесе
 Solo: Igoromi, Omigior
 Solo: Kiri-Kisi
 Chorus: Igoromi O, Omigior

Igoromi did it again. There were only two left. He left. He followed one of the two, who was the sixth among them. They began to shake each other, holding one another by the upper arms.³ Again his brother broke into song:

Solo: Do not wrestle with them, O
 Chorus: Igoromi, Omigior
 Solo: Do not wrestle with them, O
 Chorus: Igoromi, Omigior
 Solo: You have wrestled the world over
 Chorus: Igoromi, Omigior
 Solo: Now you go to the spirit world
 Chorus: Igoromi, Omigior
 Solo: Nobody in the world has defeated you
 Chorus: Igoromi, Omigior
 Solo: The spirits will not be able to defeat you
 Chorus: Igoromi, Omigior
 Solo: Kere Kесе
 Chorus: Igoromi, Omigior
 Solo: Kiri Kisi
 Chorus: Igoromi, Omigior

Igoromi lifted him and threw him down. After that he followed Ugbo-giorinmwin, the seven-headed monster.⁴ It grasped Igoromi and with just one hand threw him up and Igoromi fell flat on the ground and died. "Oh!" his brother exclaimed, "Woe is me! Didn't I tell him this would happen!"

The seven-headed monster plucked a leaf from the road side, ground it up and used it to revive all the six spirits

FIRST WORD/Continued from p. 1

bringing *African Arts/Art d'Afrique* from idea to reality are many. In particular, we would like to express our appreciation to the authors who responded to our hurried call for contributions in early spring, and to those who supplied illustrations. (The el Salahi portfolio first took form a year ago September, when one of the editors met el Salahi in Khartoum; this chance encounter was an important stimulus to our efforts to found this magazine.) The counsel of Barnard Norris, of the University of California Press, has been constant and invaluable. Our designer, Douglas Nicholson, has, we believe, produced a magazine of balance and beauty.

that Igoromi had killed. It awoke them up, every one of them. When all of them had gotten up it said, "Look at the person who killed you." It said, "Look at him. I killed him." They said, "Well done. Aren't we going to eat him now?"

Some of them left to fetch water, others went to bring pepper and others to bring salt. The rest said they were going to bring other materials which were necessary for cooking. They divided the work among themselves. The Ugbo-giorinmwin who killed Igoromi went to look for the *unien*,⁵ which gives flavor to food. All of them went away. They left the dead body lying on the ground. When the monster left, Ekpofi, Igoromi's brother, carefully went down. He took the leaf with which Ugbo-giorinmwin had awakened the others not very long ago, and, whispering a charm, revived his brother with it. When Igoromi woke up he told him, "Don't you see in what trouble you are now? Didn't I tell you not to go and you didn't listen! Let us escape."

They ran away as fast as they could. Those who had gone to bring firewood and water encountered Igoromi on the road. They looked him over. "This is like an elephant, like an elephant's leg!" The boy Igoromi began to sing:

Solo: It isn't I, father. Yesterday I went to war. Today I am coming back.
 Chorus: Safe return⁶ home!

He passed by them. When another met him he said:

Solo: This is like the hand
 I left dead on the ground
 This is like the leg
 I left dead on the ground.
 Chorus: It isn't, it isn't father.
 Yesterday I went to war.
 Today I am coming back.
 Safe return home!

For the technically-minded, the cover and the color pages are printed by offset process, the remainder by letterpress. Our paper is "80-basis," which insures better reproduction of illustrations and will preclude deterioration in tropic climates.

We are printing 1,000 extra sets of the color pages for experimental distribution to schools. If you are a teacher and are interested, please write to us and ask for a copy to use in class or on your bulletin board.

Our winter number will be a colorful and varied offering. The color pages will be divided among a number of features, and we wish we could afford twice as many pages in color. There will be paintings by a highly talented group of Rhodesian artists—

He let him pass on. After Igiromi walked some distance another one asked him these questions and he answered likewise, and so he passed by. It happened like this several times. He traveled on and on. When he approached home another stopped him and said: "He is just like the one I killed on the ground, like the one I put on the ground." The boy jumped forward.

Solo: It isn't, father.

Yesterday I went to war.

Chorus: Today I am coming back.
Safe return home.

And he passed by. When he went further on he met Ugbogiorimwin. The monster looked him up and down and said, "This is the man I killed." The boy began to sing:

Solo: It is not I, it is not I, father.

Chorus: Yesterday I went to war.
Today I am coming back.
Safe return home!

In this way he got past them all and began to run. He approached his house. Just as he drew near his house the spirits returned from their errands and realized that he had run away. Then they asked the one-legged spirit to go and fetch him. He said, "All right. But if you send me, by the time I have managed to hobble this way and that, won't he have reached home?" The two-legged spirit said "By the time I have branched out this way and that, won't he have reached home?"

"You, three-legged, go after him!"

"By the time I have panicked this way and that, won't he have reached home?"

The four-legged said, "Before I have defecated this way and that, won't he have reached home?"

The five-legged said, "Before I have jumped this way and that, won't he have reached home?"

The six-legged said, "Before I have

bent this way and that, won't he have reached home?"⁷

Ugbogiorimwin said that he himself would go after him. It placed one leg on the crossroads between the spirit world and earth and placed its other leg at the gate of the boy's home. The boy quickly ran inside. The monster tried to catch him, but only managed to scratch some skin off his back with its thumbnail. The monster said, "This is very tasty. My share in the common feast would never have been so large." Then it went back. When it got there it told them that it had been able to lay hands on Igiromi and showed them its thumb, "Look at the thumb that I used in scratching him." They began to lick its thumb one after the other and licked and licked until the thumb became very small. This is the end of the story.

FOOTNOTES

- 1 The name Igiromi with a reverse syllable order.
- 2 Opomatopoeia imitating the sound of the *ukuse*, a Calabash rattle.
- 3 This is the first phase in wrestling called *sikan*. After that the partners let go of each other and the real match starts.
- 4 The monster who lives in the spirit world. It breathes flames, blood, and smoke. It is considered as a king of bogey and there is no belief in it.
- 5 A fruit of the tree of *Xylophia aethiopica*. It is used as an ingredient in pepper-soup.
- 6 *Lyare*, a formula used for blessing the warriors on going out to war and welcoming them back.
- 7 This dialogue is based on word play. Constructing the verbs which designate each action upon the number of legs of each character. "Okpa-one, kpa-to hobble (onomatopoeia); eva-two, va-to branch in to side roads; eha-three, ha-to panic; even-four, nen-to defecate; isen-five; san-to jump; ehan-six, han-to bend. The translation in general attempted to be faithful, but not literal. Mr. Robinson Ahanon and Mr. Ehondo assisted me in the translations.

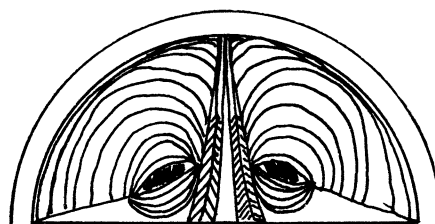
Mukarobgwa, Ndandarika, and Fernando. Other articles in color will feature West African mosque architecture, the musicians of Zaria and Obimo compared, festival at Oshogbo. Sculpture by Barakinya, Mariga, Mapanda, Manyandure, Mteki, and Moses will be portrayed. There will be a letter from Nairobi written by Hilary Ng'weno, a penetrating look at themes of violence in recent Algerian novels, authoritative treatment of African masks, poetry by J. C. de Graft.

We require especially contributors who can write the annual letter from each African cultural center—a retrospective and prospective view of the people and events who are making news in the cultural life of Africa. These are to be more than a record

of what has happened, and a foretaste of what is to come. These "letters" are to inform all of Africa, and the world, of what is transpiring in each center, as a stimulus to, and appreciation of, the art of the continent.

Finally, we hope that by using both English and French, we can help to "bridge the language gap." Ideally, of course, we would print parallel texts, and we hope that this will eventually be possible. Until then, we must be satisfied with summaries. Please let us know if further translations—short of parallel texts—would be desirable, such as captions for illustrations. Our goal is to make *African Arts/Arts d'Afrique* as enjoyable as possible for each reader.

The Editors



Ne serait-ce pas gentil si quelqu'un pensait à vous offrir un an ou deux d'*African Arts/Arts d'Afrique*? Ne seriez vous pas ravi de regarder des pages telles que celles-ci quatre fois par an, et n'auriez vous pas de pensées amicales pour celui ou celle qui a pensé à vous? Si vous êtes un abonné, les abonnements-cadeaux sont seulement \$8 par an, \$14 pour deux ans. Nous envoyons une carte à cet effet en votre nom. Pas de coupon est attaché— nous préférons que notre revue ne soit pas mutilée. S'il vous plaît, écrivez ces noms, et ces adresses complètes sur une feuille séparée et envoyez-la à: *African Arts/Arts d'Afrique*, University of California, Los Angeles, Cal. 90024. En Afrique adressez la à: Barclays Bank DCO, ou à la Banque Internationale pour l'Afrique Occidentale, pour remise à la Barclays Bank, Los Angeles, Cal. 90014. Votre propre premier abonnement est \$10 pour un an, \$16 pour deux.