

'Baffy' Gets A Bashing

ALL I can say is thank God *The Namibian* didn't accept Baffour Ankomah's challenge to reprint his entire lecture in full. I'm all in favour of fantasy fiction but after reading Baffour's lengthy, obscenely self satisfied and patronisingly racist letter in *The Namibian* (not to mention watching him in person blathering away on Talk of the Nation), I'd have to say that Namibia has suffered enough.

Begone, Baffour! Go back to your cruel exile in your comfortable London flat with its potholed road (not to mention fancy restaurants, political security and snappy boutiques)!

Or better still, if you think that potholes are a serious indictment

of Western values, cut the poor British some slack, hop on a plane and leave them in peace as well.

Take your mercenary little rag of a magazine with you. Open a newspaper office in Zimbabwe, perhaps.

I hear there's one currently vacant in Harare and you've got the Zanu-PF government line down pat. I assume that Mugabe's people pay you. Or at the very least fly you around showering you with free hotel rooms and bodyguards. Baffy, my little exiled buddy, tell me I'm wrong! Can't. Can you?

One final suggestion.

How about returning to your native Ghana? You can't still be in exile surely? Not after all these

years? Not when you love Africa so much and know so much about this great continent. Not after all the political change that has taken place in Ghana? And you, Baffy, still in exile?

Or perhaps you are. Given your morbidly turgid prose, your depressing dictatorial arrogance, your inability to write a simple letter without giving a moderate newspaper reader (me) dyspepsia, and the sheer lunacy of your stance on issues such as HIV-AIDS, how wonderful it is to live under Mugabe, and the evils of press freedom, perhaps you are.

Yes, perhaps you are.

**Hugh Paxton
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