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Network for promoting Intercultural Education through Music (NETIEM)

Pan-African Society of Musical Arts Education (PASMAE)

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Editorial

Featured in this issue are contributions from the staff of the School of Music at North-West University in Potchefstroom. Thus, North-West's School of Music becomes the third tertiary institution in South Africa to take up *The Talking Drum's* challenge of dedicating an issue to contributions from staff and students of a particular tertiary institution. To date *TTD* has showcased work and research from the Universities of Pretoria and KwaZulu-Natal (UKZN).

North-West's initiative was spearheaded by Jaco Kruger. He, along with his colleagues Ina le Roux, Alvin Petersen and Hetta Potgieter, share their work with educators in the field. This is an act of true and visionary educators. Research continues in academic departments, but often the results lie dormant on library shelves unavailable to those in the field. *The Talking Drum* is a channel for the dissemination of materials between music researchers

and thinkers at tertiary institutions and educators in the field, particularly at grassroots level. *TTD* enables teachers who are searching for ideas to find and utilize the music/arts of Africa in the classroom.

Other institutions are urged to utilize *TTD* as their means of offering their research efforts and ideas to educators in the field. One staff member needs to take the lead in her/his school or department. Staff and students are encouraged to share their research and ideas. Students from North-West and UKZN have contributed continually over the years. Students reported that seeing their work in print encouraged them to go further with their research. The opportunity to share their work with others, and in some cases receive feedback from readers, was very valuable.

Possible contributors in future may come from the University of Cape Town and WITS University. The call goes out to other institutions to take up this challenge to publish their work and showcase their department

through *The Talking Drum*.

Readers will enjoy the Venda song stories in this issue.

Those fortunate enough to have attended the conference of the Musicological Society of Southern Africa and the Ethnomusicological

Symposium in September this year at North-West University experienced a curated performance of Venda song stories: *Qui vadis dzingano?*

The programme stated that an objective of this curated performance was to "introduce conference goers to a disappearing art form and some of its practitioners." Seeing and hearing these elderly Venda women tell their stories was an unforgettable experience.

A vote of thanks to the staff from the School of Music at North-West University for your valuable contributions to intercultural education through music in this issue – #26.

Elizabeth Oehrle

More Venda *ngano* song stories

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Rationale and outcomes

Given the high priority accorded to civil rights, especially those of women and children, Venda *ngano* song stories are a useful means for primary school learners to explore basic social relationships, to be made aware of their rights, and to develop appropriate practical and moral strategies to resist exploitation.

This presentation of Venda *ngano* song stories follows on that which appears in *The Talking Drum* #23. Stories in both issues show oppression and conflict that emerge from class, gender and age relations. Such conflict occurs mainly between rulers and their subordinates, between men and women, and between adults and children. The stories entitled *Mr Elephant sweats*, *Hate* and *The girls and the dove* point to children and young women in situations of exploitation and threat. It is the duty of adult relatives to administer the affairs of orphans fairly until they reach adulthood. However, *Mr Elephant sweats* and *Hate* imply that

they often attempt to misappropriate inherited wealth. In the typical imaginary resistant fashion of *ngano* song stories, the weak stand up for themselves, and by guile manage to overcome the evil plans of their stronger relatives.

The girls and the dove in turn reveals another familiar *ngano* theme, namely the husband and man as sexual predator (see *The lourie who was not a bird* in *The Talking Drum* #23). Unlike in other stories where the weak often achieve victory by means of their own design, the girls in this story are rescued by a dove which seems to take on the identity of a perennial redeemer with a strong spiritual characteristic.

While these *ngano* song stories seem to portray oppression and resistance in a rather uncomplicated manner, the actual roles and identity of *ngano* characters often are quite ambivalent. Although women generally are shown in *ngano* song stories to be exploited, they also at times are portrayed as abusing their own

positions of authority. Thus, in *Hate*, it is the female adult relatives of the orphans who initiate vicious attempts at their murder. Although the song story entitled *A tree falls* portrays a mother in a vulnerable, pitiable role, it also shows her immoral exercise of power. The story relates the universal theme of a young man who attempts to win his bride against difficult odds. Such stories usually are linked to the low status of suitors, and show how they overcome their predicament by means of courage and ingenuity. However, the interpretation of the female narrator of *A tree falls* points to the mother as an elderly widow with an only child. The woman does not want her daughter to marry because she fears loneliness. Consequently, when the young man manages to gain the young woman's favour, the mother dies from emotional distress. At the same time, the woman unfairly exercises her power as guardian to prevent her daughter from being courted, leading to frustration for both the young woman and her suitors.

This moral dilemma also surfaces in the song story entitled *Hare scrubs his heels*. The hare is perhaps the most famous animal character in African folklore, not only because of his amusing antics, but also because he represents the African underclass. The hare is portrayed in numerous situations as undermining the authority of the ruling class, typically represented by powerful animals such as the lion, elephant and hippopotamus. However, Hare seems to be corrupted by his power because he at times kills as mercilessly as his arch-enemy King Lion, while not hesitating to oppress his fellow animals in striving for his objectives.

The following outcomes may therefore be formulated:

On completion of lessons, primary school learners should

- be able to retell the narratives and perform their songs
- be able to rework the narratives into dramatic form. Although *ngano* song stories are dramatised narrative rather than actual drama, some of those presented here may be represented as drama. They are *Hate*, *The girls and the dove* and *Hare scrubs his heels*.
- be able to create narratives with similar themes in response to their own experiences.
- have understanding commensurate with their age of the basic nature of status differences, in particular
 - how role allocations organise social and political life.
 - to what extent role allocations are determined biologically and/or ideologically.
 - to what extent social roles cannot simply be described as involving either oppression or submission, and the moral implications thereof.

- have a basic understanding of the right to political and social freedom and equality, in particular the rights of children and women.

Origin of the song stories

Mr Elephant sweats: Mrs Sophia Nefolovhodwe, Folovhodwe, 30/09/92.

Hate: Mrs Rosiena Magadani, Phadzima, Nzhelele district, 15/03/91.

The girls and the dove: Mrs Sophia Magoro, Maembeni, 02/04/92.

A tree falls: Mrs Masindi Maliyehe, Sanari, 05/06/92.

Sankambe scrubs his heels: Rev. Piet Mavheta, Folovhodwe, 30/09/92.

Recordings: Ina le Roux.

Transcription, translation and editing: Michael Madzivhandila, Edward Mpilo, Piet Mavhetha, Ina le Roux, Jakobus van Rooy and Jaco Kruger.

Song transcriptions: Jaco Kruger.

Basic performance directives

- The narrator starts the story by chanting *Salungano!* The audience responds with *Salungano!* This response also follows every sentence of the narrative.
- The narrator sings the solo part of songs, and the audience sings the chorus part.
- The narrator uses facial expressions and arm and hand movements to dramatise a story.
- Only the first two lines of song repetitions are reproduced. Three dots following the second line indicate that the entire song must be performed.

Basic guide to pronunciation

bw (*tibwa, rambwa*) = Björn

dzh (*dzhatsa*) = jelly

e (*tseke, tema, dende*) = expect

f (*fa*) = favour

fh (*fhufha*) = like **vh**, but voiceless

g (*guma, nga*) = gholf

i (*ri, lila*) = eat

l (*salungano*) = The tongue curls back into the mouth. It touches the back of the palate and moves forward.

The sound is very close to an 'r'.

n (*nwana, vhanwe*) = mango

o (*songa, longa*) = pot

th (*muthu, thovhele*) = click softly, almost like a 'd'

u (*vhuya*) = boom

vh (*vhushwa, vha, vho, vhuya, havha*) = similar to 'wh' (**why**) but pout the lips

w (*wana, we*) = water

x (*axa*) = loch

zh (*zhekete*) = Jacques

zw (*zwi, zwanga*) = one sound; do not overemphasise the 'w'

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Mr Elephant sweats

Salungano! Salungano!

This is where the story starts!

There was a boy who was picking wild figs. Then Mr Elephant appeared. He thought that the boy would be tasty. He said, 'How are you my little prince?' That boy answered, 'Good day!' Mr Elephant said, 'Hey, come here boy!' The boy said, 'Not yet!' He asked, 'Can I pick you some figs?' Mr Elephant replied, 'All right then, pick some for me.'

Mr Elephant chewed the figs. He thought of a plan to get the boy down. He said, 'I have eaten enough, climb down.' The boy answered, 'Not yet! Can I sing you a song? And will you sing the chorus part?' Mr Elephant said, 'All right, let us sing'. So the boy sang:

(Narrator)

*Tseke-tseke, hee!*¹

(Chorus)

*Tsinga ndi tshali-tshali-tsha'*²

Mr Elephant sang and danced. A huge cloud of dust covered the tree. The boy thought to himself, 'There is so much dust that I can now escape.'

Tseke-tseke, hee!

Tsinga ndi tshali-tshali-tshali.

Mr Elephant sang happily. The dust rose from his big feet. And so the boy ran away.

Dust was still hanging over the tree. Mr Elephant said, 'Your song makes me very happy little prince. But I am sweating, let me sit down.' Mr Elephant rested and then peered into the tree. He said, 'Hey boy, get down!' Then the dust settled and Mr Elephant saw that the boy had run away. He said, 'Look, I let him escape! Ah, he is gone!'

Ha mbo di vha u fa ha lungano.

This is the end of the story.

Explanatory note

This story portrays the fate of orphans and women who are too young or weak to defend themselves against adult relatives, here represented by the intimidating elephant (also see

"A hippopotamus throws his weight around" in *The Talking Drum* #23).

These relatives exploit the vulnerability of the weak to appropriate their inheritance. The clouds of dust caused by the elephant's feet represent the arguments that ensue over a deceased's possessions. The weak who are unable to defend themselves in this process often have no option but to flee.

♩ = 156

Solo

Tse - ke tse - ke hee! Hee_____

Chorus

(ndi tsha - li tsha - li tsha.) Tsi - nga ndi tsha - li tsha - li tsha. Tsi - nga

Hee_____ Hee_____

ndi tsha - li tsha - li tsha. Tsi - nga ndi tsha - li tsha - li tsha. Tsi - nga

Repeat song

1. The song is mostly meaningless because the boy is too nervous to remember the correct words.

2. The term *tsinga* may refer to dancing.

Hate

Salungano! Salungano!

This is where the story starts!

Now, there was a certain child, an orphan called Devhula. He lived with his stepmother and his younger sister. His mother was dead. Well, Devhula's father had many cattle. So, at sunset his other wives poisoned the boy's supper. They wanted to kill him for these cattle that were his. His small sister saw this. She went to throw ash away at the gate.

Devhula returned from the mountains with the cattle. He whistled at his sister, 'tswio! tswio! tswio!' She sang³:

(Verse 1: narrator)

Khaladzi anga.

Ni tshi ya haya'.

Vhuswa ni songo a.

Vho longa muri.

Muri mutswuku

My brother.

When you go home,

do not eat the porridge.

It has been poisoned.

It is red poison.

(Chorus)

Devhula, Devhula, Devhula!

Devhula said, 'Thank you for telling me, dear sister.' He sang:

(Refrain: narrator)

Mvula mutshotsho mutsholi.

Ndi do vhuya nda dzi ombanya.

Nda yo u guma nadzoVhutonga.

No shuma na mmbudza, makhadzi.

Hate is like pouring rain.

I will gather the cattle one day,

and go away to the land of the Tsonga people.⁴

Thank you for telling me, dear sister.

(Chorus)

Havha mutshotsho mutsholi!

This pouring rain that never stops!

When Devhula came back with his cattle, he whistled 'tswi-tswi!' The cattle went into the byre. When Devhula arrived at the hut, he took that porridge and vegetables, and gave them to the other children. He took their food, and ate it. And then! Well, the child who ate first went down. So the others did not eat. They went out and said, 'He is down.' Their mothers asked, 'Why is he lying down?' They said, 'We do not know.' The mothers asked, 'Which porridge did he eat?' They said, 'Devhula's porridge.' They replied, 'Ah! We will get him.'

Devhula woke up. He left with the cattle. His sister gathered the ash. She went out to the ash pile. She sang:

(Verse 2: narrator)

Khaladzi anga

Ni tshi ya haya'.

Vho gwa mulindi.

Vho longa muthu.

O fara pfumo.

My brother.

Watch out when you go home.

They dug a hole.

And placed someone in it.

He is holding a spear.

(Chorus)

Devhula, Devhula, Devhula!

Devhula arrived at home and whistled, 'tswio! tswio! tswio!' He sang:

(Refrain)

Mvula mutshotsho mutsholi.

Ndi do vhuya nda dzi ombanya ...

The cattle went into the byre. One of them fell into the hole. He struggled to get out. Devhula shouted at a boy, 'Hey, you, run and stop the cattle!' He entered the homestead through the back gate. When he got inside he found that the small boy had also fallen into the hole.⁵ The others asked, 'Hey! Now, where did you enter?' He answered, 'What happened? I came in over here.' They said, 'Did you not enter over there?' They went to see for themselves and



found one of the cattle and the small boy. They said, 'Hey! This boy, how can we get him back? Let us poison his blankets.' Devhula's small sister walked past as if she did not notice anything.

Now, the sun was setting. The sister gathered the ash and went to the gate. She sang:

(Verse 3: narrator)

Khaladzi anga.

Ni tshi ya haya'.

Nguvho ni songo fuka.

Vho dōdza muri.

Muri mutsuku.

My brother.

Watch out when you go home.

Do not spread your blankets.

They have been poisoned.

It is red poison.

(Chorus)

Devhula, Devhula, Devhula!

Devhula replied:

(Refrain)

Mvula mutshotsho mutsholi.

Ndi dō vhuya nda dzi ombanya ...

Devhula returned at sunset with the cattle. He gave his blankets to the other children and took one of theirs. Two children died during the early morning. The mothers said to Devhula, 'When will they wake up?' He said, 'No, I do not know, perhaps they overslept.' When they got there they found two children dead. Three were still alive.

Now, that night Devhula took his small sister and carried her on his back. He opened the cattle byre. On the road he sang:

(Refrain)

Mvula mutshotsho mutsholi.

Ndi dō vhuya nda dzi ombanya ...

The children went to the home of their mother's brother. They arrived there with the cattle. When their stepmothers woke up the next morning they found nothing.

Ndi u guma ha lungano.

This is the end of the story.

Explanatory notes

Although Devhula is his father's first-born son and thus legitimate heir, the two children in the story are subject to the merciless avarice of their deceased father's remaining wives. The story illustrates how personal wealth can create destructive jealousy in egalitarian communities. Avarice, jealousy and knowledge of poison are formidable factors in social relations. The tensions they create may be so severe that they can only be assuaged when the victims flee.

♩ = 84 Verse 1

Solo

Chorus

De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

Ni tshi ya ha - ya'. Vhu -

De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

swa ni so - ngo la.

De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

s : s : s | f : f : : : : : : :
 Vho lo - nga mu - ri.
 : : : : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

s : s : s | f : f : : : : : : :
 Mu - ri mu - tswu - ku.
 : : : : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

Verse 2

s : s : s | f : f : : : : : : :
 Kha - la - dzi a - nga.
 : : : : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

s : f : f | f : f : : : : : : :
 Ni tshi ya ha - ya'.
 : : : : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

s : s : s | s : f : : : : : : :
 Vho gwa mu - li - ndi.
 : : : : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

f : f : f | m : r : : : : : : :
 Vho lo - nga mu - thu.
 : : : : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

f : f : f | f : f : : : : : : :
 O fa - ra pfu - mo.
 : : : : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.





Verse 3

s : s : s | f : f : : : : :
 Kha - la - dzi a - nga.

: : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

s : f : f | f : f : : : : : | : d : d
 Ni tshi ya ha - ya'. Ngu - vho

: : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

d : f : f | f : f : : : : :
 ni so - ngo fu - ka.

: : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

s : s : s | f : f : : : : :
 Vho do - dza mu - ri.

: : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

s : s : s | s : f : : : : :
 Mu - ri mu - tswu - ku.

: : : l : l : : s | f : m : r | : l :
 De - vhu - la De - vhu - la De'.

♩ = 78 Refrain

s : m : m | m : : r | r : d : m | : : :
 Mvu - la mu - tsho - tsho mu - tsho - li.

(d : l : l | l : : l) : : : l : l
 (mvu - la mu - tsho - tsho) Ha - vha

d : d : m | m : m : r | d : d : : l : :
 Ndi do vhu - ya nda dzi o - mba - nya.

d : l : l : l : : : l : l
 mvu - la mu - tsho - tsho. Ha - vha

d : f | f : f : m | r : r : d | : : : | : : : |
 Nd'o 'gu - ma na - dzo Vhu - to - nga.

d : l : l : l | l : - : l : | : : : | : l : l :
 mvu - la mu - tsho - tsho. Ha - vha

f : f : f : f | f : - : m | r : r : r | d : : : | : : : |
 No shu - ma na mmbu - dza ma - kha - dzi.

d : l : l : l | l : - : l : | : : : | : l : l :
 mvu - la mu - tsho - tsho. Ha - vha

3. The relationship between a brother and sister is intimate and marked by reciprocal obligations. The eldest son not only eventually becomes head of the family, but he assumes the duties of family care-taker with his father even before his death. He also is indebted to his sister whose marriage brings cattle into the family, thus allowing him to marry in turn.
4. Southern neighbours of the Venda people.
5. According to a Venda proverb 'Spears eat those that make them' (see Stayt 1931).

The girls and the dove

Salungano wa salungano!

This is where the story starts!

These are the girls from the king's homestead. They woke up and went to the river. When they got there they started to wash clothes. A young man arrived. He was playing his *dende* musical bow.⁶ As he played, he started to dance in front of them. He asked, 'Do you like me girls?' They said, 'No, we do not like you.' But later one of the girls said, 'The way this young man plays his *dende* makes me like him.' He said, 'If you love me I will not leave you behind. I want to leave with all of you. The place I want to take you to is the Madabane river.'

These girls were at the Mudasiri river. They finished their washing. The young man said they should pack their clothes. Those girls picked up their bundles. They walked in front. The young man said, 'The *dende* that follows is being played by Netshiombo.' He sang:

(Narrator)

Dende matevhele nga Netshiombo.

The bow follows, that of Netshiombo.

Dende matevhele: dzi do lila.

The bow follows: it will sing.

Dende matevhele haya thovhele.

Listen to the *dende* here behind you.

(Chorus)

Dende matevhele 'kindi-kindi.'

The bow that follows goes 'kindi-kindi.'

And so the girls went with the young man. They walked the entire night because they had left late in the afternoon. When they arrived at his home they went inside. The young man spoke there with his parents. Then they received the girls. The young man said, 'Father, we will see each other tomorrow.' Then he left.

The girls were given meat and many other dishes. They were very happy. They thought to themselves, 'We have found a real man.' They said to that young bride, 'You girl, you did well to love this young man. We were scared of him and did not like him. Look, now you are receiving much.'

It was the next morning. That young man came into the house. He said, 'How did you sleep girls?' They replied, 'And we ask you: how did you sleep?' He said, 'I slept well.' At dusk the young man went out again. Hey! The girls here in the house did not know where he went.

It was one night, after three days, that they saw a big monster. They were walking through a narrow passage in the homestead. The man had changed into a lion that hunted at night. When he returned home he carried the meat and gave it to those at home who cooked it for the girls. And did they eat! Then the young women of the house said to them, 'Hey, when you eat this meat you must collect the bones. Do not throw them away.' Because the bones were for the lion.

The next morning the girls said, 'We saw a monster last night. He was eating those bones we were asked to collect.' The young women of the house said, 'No, it is nothing. It is just a wild animal that walks around here in the veld.' The girls said nothing and went to sleep. When they went outside again at night they heard the noise of breaking bones. Again they found the monster squatting outside, eating bones.



It was then that those girls said to the young bride, 'We cannot stand it any longer. This is where the meat comes from, we have seen it. You can stay here with your in-laws, your new family. We are now running away.' That girl said, 'What? I will not remain here.' When they stood outside the house, they were afraid that the monster would follow them. But that monster did not follow them. And so those children left.

They met a dove who sat in the footpath. He said, 'Children of our people, where you are going to is far away. Where you are coming from is nearer. Can't you wait for me to help you? Because this monster you are fleeing from will follow you. He will find you on the footpath.' Those children asked, 'How will you do it? Because you are a bird. And we are many.' The dove said, 'Just listen to me. I will manage.' It was then that they said, 'Do what you want to help us, little bird. Only, little bird, do you know where we are going?' That bird said, 'I know the place, but remind me of it again.' They said, 'We come from the Mudasiri river. We are children from the king's homestead.' Then that bird swallowed the children one by one:

(Narrator)

Nga muthihi!

One by one!

(Chorus)

Salungano!

Nga muthihi!

Salungano! ...⁷

All those children ended up in the stomach of the dove. When the last one landed, the bird started to fly while singing. It was at sunset. He saw the countryside passing beneath him. When he arrived at royal villages, he stopped at the entrance to the courtyard and sang:

(Narrator)

Silili sina nkhuru silili

Subani Ha-Mulibana, silili!

Mulaboni wa Mudasiri, silili!

Nna ki rwalitshe vhana vhawe, silili!

Ki bva mulamboni wa Madabani, silili!

(The call of the dove).

Show me Mulibana's village.

Near Mudasiri river.

I am carrying his children.

I have come from Madabani river.

(Chorus)

Silili sina nkhuru silili!

Those kings responded. They said, 'No, this is not the place.' That bird flew on. When he landed again the sons of that king said theirs was not Mulibana's village. So the bird flew on and on and on. At last he arrived at the right village. He did not land inside the king's courtyard. He stopped at the first houses in that village.

The king's people had remained behind to look for the children. They did not know where they were. They thought they would never see them again. The entire district knew about them. When this bird landed, he started to sing:

Silili sina nkhuru silili!

Subani Ha-Mulibana, silili! ...

People all stood at look-out posts and said, 'There is the bird that sings of Mulibana's children. They have returned today.'

But it was surprising that they were being carried by a dove. In what did the dove carry them, that dove that flies? It was then that they led the dove and pointed to the king's homestead. When they arrived there they said, 'There is a bird here that is a dove. Here he is. He says he comes from the Madabani river.' The dove said, 'I am carrying the children who went to the Mudasiri river.'

People said, 'How can the children be back? What speaks there is a bird. How did the bird carry the children? Because it is a dove that flies. But he says, "I am carrying all his children." ' Then the king said, 'Everybody has gathered here. All the families have come together at the royal homestead. Let the reedmats be opened so that the bird can come here. Everybody must know that when my children arrive here they must land in the courtyard that is covered with reedmats.'

Then the bird arrived there and landed in a tree in the courtyard:

Silili sina nkhuru silili!

Subani Ha-Mulibana, silili! ...

Then that king said, 'Here I am!
These are my children. They have
returned, but who carried them?'
That bird hopped onto lower
branches, then onto the ground, and
sat on a reedmat. He started to
cough up the children, 'Axa!' 'Who
do you say she is?' They said, 'It is
Phophi.' He coughed, 'Axa!' 'Who do
you say she is?' They said, 'It is
Mudangawe.' He coughed, 'Axa!'
'Who do you say she is?' They said,
'It is Masindi.' He went on to cough
up Nyawasedza, Tshinakaho and
Nyamukamadi. Then all the king's
children were there.

The king said to the dove, 'Hey!
Where do you come from? I did not
know where my children were and
you carried them. The bird replied,
'I picked these children up when
they were suffering. They did not
know where to go and it was night.
There was a man that changed into
a lion at the place they were from.
When the children decided to run
away, I said, "You will get nowhere
because the lion will follow you and
eat you." I spoke to these children,
but they scoffed at me. They said,
"Where will you put us, because you
are a bird." I said, "You will see what
I am." Tell me king, do you see any
child with an injury?' The king said,
'No.' The bird said, 'Is there a child
that remained behind?' The king said,
'No.' The bird said, 'Well, then I will
go back. I just wanted to help your
children.'

The king said, 'No bird, do not
go away, stay here.' The bird said, 'I
cannot stay. I have many people to
help. I stand here as a dove, waiting
to see suffering, bird that I am.'

*Ha mbo di vha u fhufha ha n'wana
wa tshinoni!* This was the flight of
the child of the bird!

$\text{♩} = 86$

De - nde ma - te - vhe - le nga Ne - tshio - mbo.
De - nde ma - te - vhe - le dzi do li - la.
De - nde ma - te - vhe - le ha - ya tho - vhe - le.
De - nde ma - te - vhe - le ki - ndi ki - ndi.

$\text{♩} = 84$

Solo

Si - ji - ji si - na nkhu - ru si - ji - ji!

Chorus

Si - ji - ji si - na nkhu - ru si - ji - ji!

Su - ba - ni Ha - Mu - li - ba - na si - ji - ji.
Si - ji - ji si - na nkhu - ru si - ji - ji!

Mu - la - mbo - ni wa Mu - da - si - ri si - ji - ji. N'ga
Si - ji - ji si - na nkhu - ru si - ji - ji!

ki rwa - li - tshe vha - na vhawe si - ji - ji! Ki bva
Si - ji - ji si - na nkhu - ru si - ji - ji!

mu - la - mbo - ni wa Ma - da - ba - ni si - ji - ji!
Si - ji - ji si - na nkhu - ru si - ji - ji!

6. The Venda braced gourd-bow. See Kirby 1968.
7. Repeat several times while increasing pitch and tempo.

A tree falls

Ri a thoma.

Let us start.

There was an old woman and her child, a girl. The girl lived there at home. She had no husband. Young men came to ask her to marry. There was a large tree. When they arrived there, the old woman said, 'Chop down the tree! When you have done that you can take my girl.'⁸ A young man took his axe and chopped, *tema-tema-tema!*

(Narrator)

Tema-tema-tema!

Chop-chop-chop!

Tshavhumbwe o mmbonisani?

Look what I must do for you Tshavhumbwe!

Hee! Nda vhuya nda tibwa mungome.

Hey! I need a diviner.⁹

(Chorus)

A u temeji, we dzhatsha!

It does not chop, it is difficult!

The sun rose higher in the sky. The girl cooked food in the courtyard. She prepared stiff porridge and meat. She said to that young man, 'Come and eat sir.' He put the axe down. He went into the house. He sat down on the reedmat. He ate his food.

That old woman saw that the tree was about to fall. While the young man was eating she got up. She went to the tree and picked up the wood chips. She threw them back into the tree:

(Narrator chants)

Kwa! Kwa! Kwa! Tshikwati!

Kwa! Kwa! Kwa! Fly small wood chip!

(Chorus)

Nambatela!

Stick to the tree!

Kwa! Kwa! Kwa! Tshikwati!

Nambatela! ...

And so that tree became whole again. The young man came from the house. He went to the tree and found it was without a scratch. 'Excuse me mother!' That old woman said, 'I am going back home now. Go well my son,' That young man said, 'I am not getting this girl.' And he was gone!

Another young man arrived the next day. 'Good morning! I am looking for Tshavhumbwe.' The old woman said, 'Here she is. There is the axe. And that is the tree.' The young man went there and started:

(Narrator)

Tinge-tinge!

(The sound of the axe blade)

Tshavhumbwe o mmbonisani?

Look what I must do for you Tshavhumbwe!

Hee! Nda vhuya nda tibwa mungome

Hey! I need a diviner.

Nzingi-nzingi!

(The sound of the axe blade)

(Chorus)

Dza vha ngoma wa dzhatsha

This is the drum of difficulties!¹⁰

'Sir! Come and eat!' The young man put down the axe. He went over there to the house. He ate stiff porridge. And meat too. Silence! He is eating.

Tshavhumbwe sat next to him. He said, 'Just wait! I will chop it down today.' He ate more. She also gave him beer. He said, 'So! Now I will finish chopping. Only a bit remains.' But the old woman had been at the tree again:

Kwa! Kwa! Kwa! Tshikwati!

Nambatela! ...

When that young man went out with Tshavhumbwe he found the tree undamaged. 'Damn! Did I not leave a bit only to finish? Goodbye old woman! I will come again tomorrow.' That old woman replied, 'All right, goodbye, you may go my dear son.' And he was gone!

That young man said, 'Hey! This girl is beautiful, but oh dear, things are difficult. What must I do? Man, my plan is to come back tomorrow. I will refuse to eat porridge.'





Seen at the inaugural meeting of the South African Society for Research in Music, North-West University, Sept. 2006, are (l to r) Ina le Roux with narrators Sophia Nefolovhodwe and Selina Mavheta.

He went back the next day.
'Good morning old woman, I have returned. I am looking for Tshavhumbwe.' She said, 'Fine, my dear son! It is the same tree. And there is the axe.' Then that boy went to the tree:

Tinge-tinge!

Tshavhumbwe o mmbonisani? ...

That tree started to sway. Because the young man was working on it. The old woman said, 'Hey, come here.' He replied, 'Just now!'

Tinge-tinge!

Tshavhumbwe o mmbonisani? ...

'You child. I am telling you to come here!' That young man said, 'I am coming man.' The old woman said, 'Just stop doing that!' *Nzingi-a-zingi-nzingi!* That tree swayed and fell, *vholo-vholo-vholo-vholo-vholo! Zheketeel!*

That old woman said, 'You have killed me today! And so she died. Tshavhumbwe remained and left with that young man. She arrived at her husband's place and lived with him.

Ha vha u fa ha lungano.

This is the end of the story.

Explanatory note

This story carries a familiar theme, namely the reluctance of a widow or single woman to allow the marriage of her only child and

♩ = 134

Solo

m : l | : m | s : | : | : m | l : | : |
Te - ma - te - ma! Te - ma!

Chorus

: | : | : | d : d | d : d | : t | l : | s : |
A u te - me' we dzha - tsha!

m : l | : m | s : | : | : t | l : | s : |
Te - ma - te - ma! Tsha - vhu - mbwe o

: | : | : | d : d | d : d | : t | l : | s : |
A u te - me' we dzha - tsha!

m : | m : m | m : | : | s : | f : s | s : | m : s
mbo - ni - sa - ni? Hce! Nda vhu - ya nda ti -

: | : | : | d : d | d : d | : t | l : | s : |
A u te - me' we dzha - tsha!

m : | m : m | m : | : | : m | l : | s : |
bwa mu - ngo - me. Te - ma - ta!

: | : | : | d : d | d : d | : t | l : | s : |
A u te - me' we dzha - tsha!

m : l | : m | s : | : | m : | : m | l : | s : |
Te - ma - te - ma. Ho! Te - ma - ha!

: | : | : | d : d | d : d | : t | l : | s : |
A u te - me' we dzha - tsha!

daughter.¹¹ Chopping down a tree is metaphoric of the courting process. The mother rejects the attentions of the young man by throwing the wood chips back into the tree, thus fusing the little family together again.

The narrator explains that the story has contemporary application in the sense that a young man has to negotiate personally with potential in-laws in contrast to the older convention that requires family members to act as go-betweens.

8. This is one of a large number of regional narratives in which a suitor has to carry out some difficult task in order to marry (see Kriel 1971, Kruger 2004, Nenzhelele 1961 and Posselt 1929).
9. The problem of the tree that cannot be felled requires the intervention of a diviner. The appropriate ritual is called *u bikwa tshivholovholo* ("to cook medicines"). The diviner heats stones in a fire and then places them in a pot with water and medicines. The patient sits with a blanket over his head and bends over the pot. The steam then 'cooks' him in order to solve his problem.
10. A typical expression in musical performance. It points to the ritual expression and sharing of emotional turmoil.
11. A similar theme, dealing with the loneliness and ultimate death of a widow, appears in a narrative documented by Tracey (1986).

$\text{♩} = 98$ Repeat higher and faster

Solo *Chorus*

Kwa! Kwa! Kwa! Tshi - kwa - ti! Na - mba - te - la!

$\text{♩} = 134$

Solo

Ti - nge - ti - nge!

Chorus

Dza vha ngo - ma wa dzha - tsha!

Ti - nge - ti - nge! Tsha - vhu - mbwe o

Dza vha ngo - ma wa dzha - tsha!

mmbo - ni - sa - ni? Hee! Nda vhu - ya nda ti -

Dza vha ngo - ma wa dzha - tsha!

bwa mu - ngo - me. Nzi - ngi!

Dza vha ngo - ma wa dzha - tsha!

Nzi - ngi - nzi - ngi! Nzi - ngi!

Dza vha ngo - ma wa dzha - tsha!

Repeat song

Hare scrubs his heels

Salungano! Salungano!

This is where the story starts!

It was the year of drought.¹² Now, Mr Lion called a meeting. He said, 'There is a meeting for all the animals at the king's homestead. Truly, everyone gathered there. Mr Elephant came. Mr Duiker came. The baboons came closer, those gentlemen who climb down branches.'¹³ The monkeys came. Mr Jackal followed them. Also the rock hares, those kings of the mountains, they stepped inside. And Mr Sankambe, the hare, also came along because a meeting had been called at the court. When he arrived there he squatted behind the others.

Then those animals said, 'Now, the king must explain why we have been called.' The king said, 'Well, I called you because the drought is very bad. There is almost nothing to eat. Even though we pick up something here and there, we have no water. Look all over, from west to north, there is nothing. Now what shall we do? I thought we should go and dig a fountain where we will drink water. Then we will go to a good place to graze. We will return at night and go to our grass shelters. We will drink water and wash. Then we will sleep with the wind blowing over us.'

Well, now. Sankambe the hare who was sitting there at the back, said, 'Your majesty! I wish to say something. About us hares: We do not need water. We live without it. So, I ask that you must excuse me from this meeting. Hares are not creatures of the water. We do not care about water.'

Other animals also asked to speak. Mr Duiker passed on to Mr Impala. Mr Impala passed on to Mr Monkey and so on until the king spoke again.¹⁴ 'Well, let us make an agreement. The person who does not want to be part of our group may go.' And so Sankambe went away.

The king's councillors gathered. They took things to dig with, picks and crowbars. Then the animals went to the veld. When they arrived there, the men dug and dug in search of their big fountain. Then the workers went to bed.

Truly, the water came out: there it was! It sparkled: there it was! So, those gentlemen came there and walked around and looked. Mr Elephant was very glad. He jumped about. Yes, the animals smiled, giggled and laughed. Then they went to bed.

Well, it was the next morning. They said, 'Now, what we must do is to go out and look for food. That is our biggest chore. When we come back with our food we will go down to our fountain to drink and wash.' Yes, things happened like that.

A crowd gathered the next morning. There they went! The animals gathered food over there in the veld. Now, when they were busy this Sankambe realised they had found water. Thirst got hold of him too. He said, 'I will be first to use that water!' Sankambe had his water calabash. He also had his honey calabash because he was an animal who walked around eating honey.

Sankambe went to the fountain. When he arrived there he said, 'Hey! Hello! Hello! Hello!' There was nobody. Well, Sankambe took water and filled his calabash. His bag became heavy. Yes! The water in the calabash sloshed around, 'kutu! kutu!'

Sankambe took his clothes off. He put them down there. Well, he was going to wash himself. He arrived there at the water. Now, this gentleman always carried a stone for washing himself. He scrubbed himself, his feet, and his heels that had become rough during the long drought when there was no water. Hey! He washed himself so that his coat had a beautiful sheen. He came out at sunset and took his clothes. He also took his water cans.

Then! Mr Elephant came back. Mr Lion came back. When they arrived they left their food in their grass shelters. Well, here they were in a cloud of dust. These gentlemen were glad. They said, 'We are going to the water.'

When they got to the fountain to drink they said, 'Hey, do not step in the



**Mr Hare comes to town. Unknown
Zimbabwean sculptor, c. 1990.
Shoe polish on wood.**



water. You will kick soil into it!' While they were rebuking each other like this, they looked over there and saw hair by the reeds. They asked, 'Hair?' Those who looked and knew said that the hair belonged to Sankambe. He was the impudent one who came here to drink and wash himself. 'Now, what shall we do with him?'

Well, that evening those gentlemen went home and called a meeting. They said, 'Now, boys, did you see what Sankambe did? He spoiled our fountain. Now, what must we do? Some came with ideas. They said, 'Now! Let us post a guard.' Others replied, 'Yes! Who shall remain behind?' Mr Baboon said, 'All right, I will stay,' because he was a person who did not want too much work. He preferred to eat the food of others.

So, Mr Baboon remained at the fountain. He found a stone over there by the tree. He sat down and leaned back comfortably. Sankambe returned again. He sang:

(Narrator)

Vhañwe vha tshi ramba dzunde.

Others are called for communal work.

Nñe ndi tshi rambwa dzunde.

I am called for work.

Vhañwe vha tshi wana kunwa.

Others found something to drink.

(Chorus)

*Tshangamela!*¹⁵

'Thi zwi funi zwanga.

I do not like it.¹⁶

Sankambe ran over there with his water calabash and honey calabash.¹⁷ Hey! That rascal cut a leaf with which to scoop. That small leaf peeped from the honey calabash. Sankambe said, 'Hello! Is there somebody there?' Mr Baboon said, 'Homu! Yes! I am here, I am here. What is it?' Sankambe replied, 'I was thinking of visiting you, Your Honour.' Mr Baboon said, 'Speak man.'

Well, when Sankambe arrived there he said, 'My Lord, I have brought some things. This is my syrup, my wonder syrup.' Mr Baboon said, 'Let me taste some.' Now, he was a person who liked to eat a lot, not so? Well, then Sankambe stirred the honey. He held it near Mr Baboon's nostrils. 'Hey! It smells nice! Give me some!' Sankambe answered, 'No, it is wonder syrup my Lord. I have to tie you up first. Because you will eat and then rush around from too much excitement!'

Truly now, Mr Baboon said, 'All right, tie me up, tie me up, tie me up!' Sankambe took the rope he had plaited from the bark of a baobab tree. He tied Mr Baboon's legs. Yes, and his hands too. Then he said, 'Sir, could you kindly wriggle so that we can see whether you are tied up properly? So! Mr Baboon wriggled, 'dzigi-dzigi!' It was difficult. Impossible. That rope was secure.

Well. Mr Baboon said, 'There, you are now tied up.' Mr Baboon replied, 'Now give me the honey and let me eat.' Sankambe said, 'All right, I will give you honey, just wait. I want to fetch water first.' Mr Baboon said, 'You are not allowed to use water!' Sankambe answered, 'But I am also a person. I also want water.' Mr Baboon pulled and tugged at the rope.

Sankambe took the honey calabash and put it down, 'tshanzha!' And the water calabash, 'nzhanzha!' He poured water into the water calabash. He put it against the honey calabash. Then he took his clothes off, 'kutu! kutu! kutu! kutu! kutu!', and put them on the ground. He splashed into the water.

Well! Mr Baboon shouted, 'What are you doing?' But Sankambe just went further into the water. He took his wash stone and scrubbed himself. Especially those rough parts. Thoroughly. When he had finished, he dried and dressed himself there. He took his honey calabash. He took his water calabash. Well, and then he left.

Oh dear, the other animals came back. When they arrived there they found Mr Baboon tied up. 'You, baboon, why are you tied up?' He said, 'Sankambe came here. It is he who tied me up. Then he went to fetch water.' The animals asked, 'But why did you allow him to tie you up?' Mr Monkey said, 'This baboon is known for being a bit dense. I will remain here tomorrow. I will see who trespasses here.'

Well, now! They left and went to bed. At daybreak they got up and went to work, carrying their lunch boxes. Sankambe returned at noon. He looked around carefully and said, 'I am going to wash.' He sang:

Vhañwe vha tshi ramba dzunde.

Nñe ndi tshi rambwa dzunde

Well, that little rascal sneaked closer. When he got to the fountain he found Mr Monkey in the place of Mr Baboon who had been tricked. Mr Monkey said from over there, 'Sankambe!' Sankambe answered, 'Oh! Greetings Sir!' Mr Monkey said, 'What do you want?' Sankambe said, 'Nothing! I decided to come for a quick visit. I came to pay respects because we belong to the same family.' Mr Monkey replied, 'All right then, come and visit me.'

Well! Mr Monkey leapt from branch to branch, 'pelevhele! pelevhele! pelevhele!', and jumped onto the ground. When he arrived down there Sankambe said, 'Now look, I am just visiting quickly to give you something tasty. I always carry it



with me. As a friend I will give you some. I do not mind.'

Well, he had that leaf with him, that one that peeps from the mouth of the calabash. And he stirred the honey, 'tshofu-tshofu-tshofu!' He said, 'Here it is. If you want to taste some, just smear it under your nose.' When Mr Monkey wanted some more, Sankambe said, 'Now, if you want more, I will pour some into a calabash. But you must be tied up first otherwise there will be trouble. Mr Monkey said, 'Just tie my legs so that I can hold the calabash with my hands.' Sankambe replied, 'No, I must tie your hands too.'

Well! Mr Monkey agreed and was tied up. Sankambe told him to try to jump up and down. Mr Monkey wrestled hard, but he gave up because he was tied with rope made from the bark of a baobab tree.

Then Sankambe said, 'Hah! Pfoo!' He went over there to the fountain. When he got there he scooped water into his small calabash. He put the calabash

down. Then he took that honey calabash and leaned it against the other one. He took his clothes off. Hah! Mr Sankambe went into the water. Mr Monkey made a huge racket but Sankambe ignored him. When he went into the fountain he washed himself. He took out his wash stone and scrubbed himself. When he had finished he basked in the sun for a while. Then he saw that the sun was setting. He fetched his things and dressed. He took his calabashes. Just look! Then he left.

Now, those others came back at sunset. They put those things from work down. When they arrived at the fountain they found Mr Monkey tied up. They said, 'You! Monkey! Did you agree to be tied up?' Mr Kudu said, 'I knew this one would achieve nothing. You must let me stay behind. I, Kudu, have long horns. I will maul that little hare with them and toss him to one side. You must let me remain here.' The others said, 'Let us do that.'

Well, Mr Kudu remained behind, keeping careful wwa. He said, 'When that little good for nothing comes here I will see him. I will maul him and kill him just here.'

Sankambe was looking for honey when he saw that the day was passing. He said, 'I must go and drink water.' He sang:

*Vhañwe vha tshi ramba dzunde.
Nge ndi tshi rambwa dzunde ...*

Then that little villain went to the fountain. When he arrived there he saw Mr Kudu. He said, 'It is going to be a difficult day.' He called, 'Hello Sir!' Mr Kudu said, 'What are you doing here mister?' Sankambe replied, 'I am just passing by. But since we are friends, I decided to come for a short visit. Like a person who lives agreeably with others, like an ordinary person. I am not looking for anything, I am just passing through.' He came closer and said, 'I want you to taste some of these things I have picked up along the way.'

Well! Sankambe put that leaf scoop inside the honey calabash. He gave it to Mr Kudu. Mr Kudu said, 'Your things taste nice, very nice indeed! Where did you find them?' Sankambe answered, 'Oh, I find them when I roam around. I have friends who give them to me.' He smeared some more around Mr Kudu's mouth. Mr Kudu said, 'You must smear

♩ = 160

Solo

Vha-ñwe vha tshi ra-mba dzu-nde.

Chorus

Tsha-nga-me-la! 'Thi zwi fu-ni zwa-nga.

Nge ndi tshi ra-mbwa dzu-nde.

Tsha-nga-me-la! Tsha-nga-me-la!

Vha-ñwe vha tshi wa-na

'Thi zwi fu-ni zwa-nga. Tsha-nga-me-la!

ku-nwa.

Tsha-nga-me-la! 'Thi zwi fu-ni zwa-nga. Tsha-nga-me-la.

properly!' Sankambe answered, 'That is the plan! But when I do that without tying up a person he will jump about like mad. That is why I must tie you up.' Mr Kudu said, 'All right, tie me up.'

Mr Kudu was tied up. Sankambe said, 'Try to move a bit.' Well, and so Sankambe repeated his tricks. He went to the water and washed himself. When he had finished he left. When those others came back they found that the same had happened again. They said, 'This person is a real villain. Two persons must remain behind. Sankambe will see one and not the other.' Mr Crocodile and Mr Hippopotamus said, 'Yes, we will stay here in the fountain because we are people of the water.'

So, Sankambe returned and sang his song. He climbed down into the fountain. He said, 'Hello! Hello! Hello!' Nothing. He took his clothes off. He went into the water. Hey, and he started to wash himself. Mr Hippopotamus came closer and grabbed him, 'tswi!' Sankambe shouted, 'No! No! You do not have me, you have caught the root of a tree that grows near the water!' They said, 'We have you!'

It happened like that. When the other animals returned at sunset they found Sankambe where he had been caught in the fountain.¹⁸

Ha mbo di vha u fa ha lungano.

This is the end of the story.

12. The theme of this narrative is commonly found (see Khuba 1988, Smith 2004, Tracey 1986 and Werner 1933).
13. A reference to the praise recitation of the baboon: "Those who climb down a branch must hold on so as not to fall." Praises promote group identity, and encourage people under difficult conditions, e.g. during war.
14. Meetings of the tribal council are opened by the uncle or brother of a king. Members address the council in order of diminishing status. Amendments can be suggested, and efforts are made to arrive at unanimous decisions (Du Plessis 1940:175).
15. *Tshangamela* may be a corruption of the Shona term *Changamire*, referring to a dynasty from Southern Zimbabwe. Refugees from this dynasty settled in Venda during the 18th century.
16. i.e. to work. Sankambe's habitual laziness also has been the cause of his stumpy tail. When the animals were called by their creator to select tales for themselves the hares were too lazy to answer the summons and ended up with short tails (*How animals got their tails*, Stayt 1931).
17. Hare's antics at the water hole are described similarly in a Shona narrative (Posselt 1929).
18. A Venda proverb accordingly warns that 'To be too smart will lead to trouble' (Stayt 1931:361).

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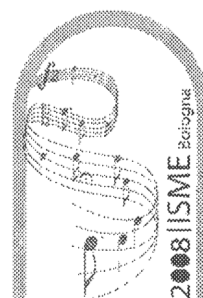


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PUBLICATIONS

Venda Iashu. Compiled and edited by Jaco Kruger, North-West University. 2004. A collection of 38 Venda songs, musical games and song stories. The piano accompaniments for these songs were composed by Hannes Taljaard.

The World of South African Music: A Reader. Christina Lucia (ed) OUP, June 2006.
a selection of texts on South African music.

An African approach to piano pedagogy

© Alvin Petersen, School of Music, North-West University

Despite the wealth of eminently suitable didactic material available in the South African black music genres, (both of pre-colonial and contemporary origin) which can be sourced for use in teaching a variety of musical instruments, very little of this has been tapped for this purpose. Bela Bartok, through his *Mikrokosmos*, a set of didactic compositions based on indigenous Hungarian music, has been a trailblazer in this regard.

This article is an attempt to generate didactic compositions for the piano, based on indigenous black South African music genres, with a particular focus on Xhosa music. It is a summarized version of a piano tutor which I hope to publish in 2007.

During my four years as the Head of Music at the University of Fort Hare (2002 – 2006) I observed how adept music students, as well as visiting students to the practise rooms of the Music Department, were at improvising in the keys of F sharp Major and A flat major, often for hours on end. I soon realized that the reason for their predilection for these keys must come about because they provide an easy visual picture of the pentatonic scale. This scale, with F sharp as the tonic, is very close to the Xhosa hexatonic scale, the only difference being that the latter scale includes the raised fourth degree, the note B sharp, as indicated in Figure 1. The Xhosa hexatonic scale originates from the indigenous practice of bow playing. The open string produces chord I and the stopped string, which is approximately a tone higher produces chord II. In the key of F sharp major these chords would approximate the notes F#/A#/C# (chord I) and G#/B#/D# (chord II).¹

Since one of my duties was to give piano tuition in groups, I decided to arrange, mainly for beginners, Xhosa



Prof David Dargie plays the uhadi bow to a class at the University of Fort Hare (2005) accompanied by his colleague Mr Jonathan Ncozana.

Figure 1.

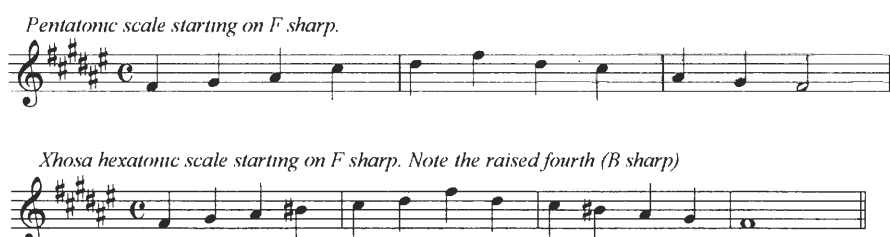


Figure 2. Extract from the "Click" song with uhadi bow accompaniment.

Soprano

Uhadi

compositions in order to instill a greater degree of enthusiasm in the piano among the students, most of whom were far more interested in singing. Many of them helped me to find ways and means of doing this, by allowing me into the practising rooms so that I could observe their approaches to improvisation and composition. One of them, Ms Zukiswa Swelindawo, showed me how she went about devising an accompaniment to Enoch Sontonga's *Nkosi sikelel' Afrika*. The following paragraphs, in step form, outline how this can be done:

Step 1

Teach the right hand scale formula of *Nkosi sikelel'* aurally.

1 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1

Step 2

Teach the left hand scale formula of *Nkosi sikelel'* aurally.

1 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1

Step 3

Teach the right hand of *Nkosi sikelel'* phrase by phrase.

Step 4

Match each phrase of the right hand with the appropriate phrase of the left hand. In this way the learner will discover that the hands are mirrored.

Learners must sing whilst playing since this will assist with the use of the correct rhythms and phrasing.

Nkosi Sikelel'

By Enoch Sontonga, Arranged by Ms Zukiswa Swelindawo

Piano

2 2 2 3 4 4 3 3 2 4 4 3 4 5 5 4 4 4 3

5

2 2 2 3 4 4 3 5 4 3 2 1 2 3 3 3 2 2

Yi-va im-i than-da - zo ye-tu U - si - si-kel-le - le Thi - na lu -

10

1 2 3 2

sa - pho - lwa - - - yo.

I was able to teach beginners all of the above in their first lesson. More importantly – they became hooked to the piano, hopefully for life.

The following charts can be used as memory aids, as a precursor to having learners read staff notation:

Right Hand

note	f#	f#	f#	g#	a#	a#	g#	g#	f#	etc.
finger	2	2	2	3	4	4	3	3	2	etc.
lyrics	Nko-	si	si-	ke-	lel	i-	A-	fri-	ka	etc.

Left Hand

note	a#	a#	a#	g#	f#	f#	a#	a#	b#	etc.
finger	2	2	2	3	4	4	3	3	2	etc.
lyrics	Nko-	si	si-	ke-	lel	i-	A-	fri-	ka	etc.

I normally teach Ntsikana's Great Hymn as the follow-up to the above. This version splits the melody between the two hands. The learner is challenged to keep a smooth flow whilst singing. Xhosa learners are able to sing the four parts spontaneously even though only the melody is played.

Ntsikana's Great Hymn

5 4 3 3 2 3 (lh) 2 1 3 (lh)

Piano

U - lo Thi - xo mkhu a - hom U - lo

lu - - - - - na

Translation

Ulo Thixo mkhulu This great God
a hom na (Call to praise)

As it is important for learners to know the context of the music being learnt, I explain to them that Ntsikana, a Xhosa prophet who was not converted by missionaries, used this hymn as a call to prayer in the villages and hamlets dotted along the rolling hills of the Katberg mountain ranges just outside of Fort Beaufort in the Eastern Cape Province. This much-loved hymn is sung at graduation ceremonies of the University of Fort Hare.

The third example, *Hamba, bhekile* is a typical *uhadi* bow song, which was recorded at Sikhwankqeni by David Dargie in 1980. According to him, it was popularized by Margaret Singana.²

Step 1

The learner must try to tap the additive rhythm (right hand) whilst tapping the regular rhythm (left hand) at the same time. This should be done approximately at the speed of M.M 124

Right hand	X			X			X	
Left hand	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

Step 2

The learner should play the right hand whilst singing.

Step 3

The hands should be combined, or, if the learner still has difficulty, it can be played as a duet.

Hamba, bhekile

Transcribed in 1980 by David Dargie, arranged for the piano by Alvin Petersen

Allegro

Piano

f Ndi ced'! Ham - ba bhe-ki - le su-ku hla-hla hla-la hla

2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1

5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4

5 3 1 4 4 2 4 4 4 4 4 3 2

won - ye. Ndi won - - ye.

2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

Text translation

Ndiced'!

Help me!

Hamba, bhekile.

Move, drinking cup.

Sukuhlala: hlala ndawonye.

Don't linger in one place.

I include here a piano arrangement of a Xhosa *umrhuhube* bow melody, popularized by Madosini, the bow virtuoso.

Whistling song

Madosini, arr Alvin Petersen

Piano

5

9

13

17

pp

I would be grateful to ascertain how your learners are coping with these arrangements. Please feel free to email me at MUSABP@puk.ac.za

1. Prof. David Dargie deals with this topic in a previous issue of *The Talking Drum* (See vol 16 2001, pp 4–13.)
2. Dargie, David (1988) *Xhosa music: its techniques and instruments, with a collection of songs*. Cape Town: David Philip, p17.

“Story catching” in Arts and Culture

© Hetta Potgieter, School of Music, North-West University

In the classroom story telling is today more relevant than ever before. South Africans are growing closer to one another and the new nation shares moments that correspond with those of a big family. A “grandma” or “grandpa” tells the stories they remember from their childhood to the children of a new generation – these stories may also be sourced in books.

The educational value and merit of stories may take us back centuries. Most legendary storytellers like Aesop (6 BC) and the Grimm brothers (18th Century) still convey messages of wisdom and truth through their fables today. The entertaining aspect of stories first comes to one’s mind but they fulfil many other functions like passing on information, teaching morals, moulding character, communicating belief systems and viewpoints (Okafor & Ng’andu in Herbst et al 2003:1979).

In African cultures there are different types of stories that vary from all-text, text and music to all-music stories. “To educate and entertain” is an approach to teaching that enhances learning and develops a positive attitude in the classroom. Stories and fables are not only for young children – all age groups enjoy stories. The intrinsic value thereof accommodates those aspects of the stories that should be focused on.

The outcomes are to:

- Identify a place for storytelling in the National Curriculum
- Discuss an approach for educators to plan Arts and Culture lessons
- Highlight the participation of learners in stories through an integrated arts approach
- Present two Tswana stories
- Give hints for assessing stories in Arts and Culture.

The National Curriculum

The learning area Arts and Culture integrates the arts. Music, dance,

drama, visual art, poetry and lyrics, costume and scenery are seldom separated in the musical arts (Nzewi 2003:13). The National Curriculum (2002) provides opportunities for learners of all phases to experience the integrated arts through stories. In the foundation phase the point of departure is the ‘self’, later as the learner gets older it gradually develops to ‘the other’.

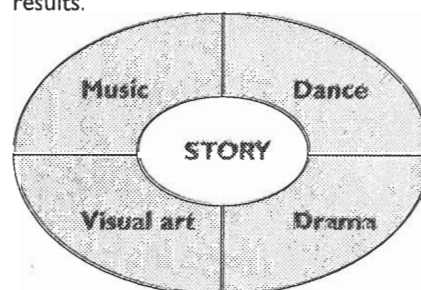


“Imagination”, “fantasy”, “play”, “feelings”, “sensory perception”, “social, historical and cultural environment”, “heritage”, “local to global culture” are some key words mentioned in the organising principles for the intermediate and senior phase of the foundation. (Department of Education 2002:7 & 8). The themes/content of the stories should be chosen according to the age group of the learners.

Approaches for lesson presentations

A story may be the centre of the lesson. Music educators who experimented with stories experienced success. Malan states that after an in-service training project educators could structure a term’s work more easily by using *iintsomi* (isiXhosa for African story telling) and could cover all the requirements for the different components equally (Malan 2004:17).

“Outcomes based education encourages a learner-centred and activity-based approach to education” (Department of Education 2002:1). There are different ways to integrate story telling in Arts and Culture. Stories can be danced, sung, played on instruments and dramatised. One art form can be used to “play” the story but in most cases an integrated approach of the arts will give the best results.



The learner may participate through:

Listening	Active listening is enhanced by specific reactions or words at certain points of the story e.g. “solungono”! (see “More Venda ngano” in this issue)
Creating sound collage	Imitating sounds for different objects like mechanical sounds (cars), house sounds (telephone), nature sounds (thunder), animal sounds (dog barks) and musical sounds (whistle)
Singing	A song could be interwoven in the story line (see <i>Tselame le Dimo</i>)
Dancing	Movements could be added to demonstrate actions like walking, crawling as well as different types of dances
Dramatising	Acting the story, making gestures, miming specific actions or words (see <i>Phokoje le phini</i>)

Body percussion	Stamping feet, patchen, clapping hands, clicking fingers
Playing instruments	Percussion and melodic instruments like shakers, drums, flutes, reed pipes are easy to make and could add to the atmosphere and accompaniment of the movement, dance and song
Poetry and lyrics	Creating new words/rhymes for focus points/sections of the story
Costume and scenery	Making simple "props", masks and puppets give learners the experience of a "real" performance

Can you hear a story? More ideas may be gathered at the following website: <http://www.teachervision.fen.com/page4742.html>

Two Tswana stories

The following story was told to Faith Makhoaliby¹ by her grandmother, Queen Meisie Tjaoane, in the rural areas near Ventersburg when she was five years old. The moral of the story is "what you have done will come back to you".

The story begins with the story teller saying: *Bare e ne ere* and the listeners respond: *Qoyi*

Tselane le Dimo

Bare e ne ele ka letsatsi le leng. Mo tseng o mong. Ho ne ho dula mme le moradi wa hae. Lebitso la moradi wa hae e ne le Tselane. Ho ne ho nale ledimo leo le neng le eja batho. Mme wa Tselane o ne a sebeta jwale a hlola a siile Tselane a le mong. Empa ho ne ho e nale tsela eo a bitsa tselane ka yona. Ha a mo tlišetsa dijo. O ne a mmita ka tsela ya pina. E tsamayang tjena:

Tselane and the giant

Once upon a time in a small village there was a girl named Tselane who lived with her mother. And there was a giant in the neighbourhood. Every time when Tselane's mother came back from work she sang a song to her little daughter to announce her return:

Tselane le Dimo

Transcribed by Alvin Petersen, as sung by Faith Mahoali



Mother Tse-la ne ngwa-na - ke. Tse-la - ne ngwa-na ke Tlo o tlon-ka bo-ha-beo-je.
Tselane ke a u - tlwa he Mme ke a u tlwa he Mme Tlo o tlon ka bo ha beo je.

Text (seSotho) and translation

Mother sings

Tselane ngwanake

Tselane my daughter

Tselane ngwanake

Tselane my daughter

Tlo o tlonka

Come out

bohobe o je

and take your meal

Tselane sings

ke a utlwa he Mme

Yes Mother I hear you

ke a utlwa he Mme

Yes Mother I hear you

Mme Tselane a bule a nke dijo aje. A the Dimo o dula antes a shebile ketsahalo ena. Ka tsatsi le leng Dimo a ya habo Tselane. A leka ho bina jwalo ka mme wa tselane. Empa lentswe la hae le ne (le le leholo) Tselane a se bule monyako.

Dimo a besa mollo o moholo. A pheha tshepe e tjhesang. A e ja makgetlo a mararo, mme lentswe la hae la buleha. A ya habo Tselane. Ha a fitlha a bina jwalo ka mme wa Tselane. Ka ha one a jele tshepe lentswe la hae le ne le bulehile Tselane a bula moyako. Dimo a mo tswara a kenya mokotleng. A tsamaya le yena.

A tsamaya le yena a ya ha malome wa Tselane. Yaba o beha mokotla fatshe athe mokotla o nale lesoba mme

Not noticing that Dimo, the giant, was watching the whole time. One day, when Tselane's mother was still at work, Dimo went to Tselane's home to try his luck and sing Tselane's mother's song. Unfortunately his voice was deep (imitating a deep voice) so Tselane could hear that it was not her mother and she did not open the door (Knock at the door).

That night Dimo made a very big fire where he burnt a piece of steel and swallowed it three times until his voice changed. Then he went back to Tselane's place the following day, tried again and this time it worked. (imitating the higher voice). Dimo snatched little Tselane and he put her in a sack.

He then went to visit Tselane's uncle and placed the sack

monwana wa Tselane o hlhile ba itse ha bantse ba bapala ba bona monwana ka mokotleng mme ba bolella baholo.

Ba ile ba neha dimo nno tahi le ho feta. Ha ele hore a tsamaya. Athe ha a tsebe hore Tselane ha a se le teng ka mokotleng. Ho ke ntswe dintho tse lomang. Se kang dikgo, dikokonyana, dinoha le dinotshi.

Ha Dimo a fitlha hae a roma ngwana mokotleng. Ngwana aya mokotleng ha a kgutlha, a re tjo ntate ya nyoma nyoma.

Ha ya wa bobedi le yena are tjo ntate ya nyoma nyoma. A roma mosadi, le yena a re tjo ntate ya nyoma nyoma!

Yaba Dimo o ba kwala kante Kaofela a bula mokotla ka tshupo ya hore. Ke Tselane Erile ha a bula ha tswa dikokonyana Letsohle tsa mo loma, a matha a fitlha a itahlela nokeng mme a kgangwa a shwa.

Yaba ke tshomo ka matheto.

against the wall. At that moment Tselane's finger was sticking out through a hole. While the children were playing they noticed the finger and immediately informed the adults. The adults quickly opened the sack and took little Tselane out. Then they collected as many creepy crawly creatures they could find, and put them in the sack instead.

Then they gave Dimo more and more liquor. After a while he decided to leave, not knowing that Tselane was no longer in the sack, but instead there were spiders, insects, snakes and bees that were placed by the adults.

When Dimo arrived home he sent one of his children to the sack, but the child returned saying: "e ya nyoma nyoma" (Father, its biting me). Dimo then sent his second child. The second child came back saying the same thing. Finally, Dimo sent his wife. She also came back saying: "ntate ya nyoma nyoma"!

Dimo then locked them all outside and opened the sack hoping that Tselane was inside. But he was surprised by what came out of the sack. The snakes, spiders and bees bit and bit him until he jumped into a dam and drowned.

That is the end of our tale.

Patrick Moeketsi Hangula² documented the next story. He read this story in 1988 and it made a big impression on him and from those days he remembers that one should not trust anyone.

Phokoje le phiri

Bogologolo tala fa diphologolo di santse di bua. Phokoje ene ele phologol e bothale thata. Erile ka letsatsi lengwe phiri a etela phokojwe mme one a batla gore phokojwe a ye go mmontsha mothoka ena ane ase ake a bone motho. Phokojwe on e a dumale go ya go mmontsha motho. Erile ka letsatsi lele latelang ba tsamaya mmogo go ya kwa batho banning gona. Erile fa bale motselele ba kopana le mosimanyane yoo money that a le dingwaga di kanna tharo. Phiri a botsa Phokojwe gore "A na ke ena motho o"? Phokojwe a arba are "Nya a ga a sonne motho". Ba tsamamaya mme ba kopana le mosimane o kannang dingwaga dilie 15, Phiri abotsa Phokojwe "a ke ena motho o?". Phokojwe are "Ha esonne motho"? Batsamaya mme yare ba le motselele ba kopana le monnamogolo. Phiri a botsa "A na ke ena motho yo?". "Phokojwe a arba kagore E nee le motho." Batsamaya mme bakopana le monna a tshwere molamu le lerumo, ebile a tsamaya le dintswa. Phiri erile a botsa

Phokojwe gore "a na ke eana motho o"? Phokojwe abe asiya mme monna oo a betsa Phiri ka molamu mme athaba ka lerumo mme a e lematsa thata fela akgona go sia. E rile letsatsi le le thatlhamang Phiri A ya kwa go Phokojwe.

Mme a mmotsa gore one asielang mme Phokojwe are mog ena monna

Ogo lemadiitse jaana ke ena motho.

Ya nna tshomo ka matheka.

The story of the hyena and the jackal

Long, long ago when the animals used to talk the Jackal was the wisest of them all and the Hyena was his close friend. They say that one day the Hyena approached the Jackal to ask him a favour. He wanted the Jackal to go and show him a human being as he had never seen a human being before. The Jackal agreed and they went together the following day. They met a baby who was carried by his mom and the Hyena asked: "Is that a man?" (All learners chant: A na ke ena motho o?) The Jackal replied: "He has a long way to walk before he becomes a man."

They continued to walk and they met a teenager, the Hyena asked: "Is this a man?" (All learners ask: A na ke ena motho o?) The Jackal replied by saying: "No, he is not yet a man". Then they went on and along the way they met an old man and the Hyena asked: "Is this a man?" (All learners chant: A na ke ena motho o?) Then the Jackal replied: "He used to be a man but he is no longer a man." Then they went along and they met a man who was a hunter, and he carried a spear and a knobkerrie. He was walking with his dogs. The Hyena asked the Jackal: "Is this a man?" (All learners chant: A na ke ena motho o?) The Jackal ran away before he could answer the Hyena and the man stabbed the Hyena with the spear and began to hit him continuously with the knobkerrie, but the Hyena managed to escape and run away. The next day the Hyena went to the Jackal and he asked him why he ran away. The Jackal told the Hyena that the man with the knobkerrie was the real human being.

Assessment

Story telling is an excellent opportunity to assess group work. During the play of a story the educator can make different observations, for example:

1. Group participation
2. Positive attitude
3. Making of sound and music
4. Dramatise the story
5. Incorporate movement and dance
6. Use costumes.

The educator marks the relevant block with a tick (adopted from Franks 2002:17).

Names of learners	1	2	3	4	5	6

Marks could also be allocated (adopted from Van der Merwe 2006):

Marks	Description
80 – 100	The learners performed with confidence. They were enthusiastic and worked very well together. The integration of the arts was excellent. There were moments of detail and finishing touches.
60 – 80	The learners performed well and worked well together. The integration of the arts was good. There were glimpses of a well finished product.
40 – 60	Sometimes the learners worked well together. There were moments of good integration of the arts. The finishing off needed more time.
20 – 40	The performance of the learners was not convincing. The arts were not integrated. The final product lacked finishing touches.

Summary

Stories contribute to a holistic education for all learners and could be utilised with great success in Arts and Culture. *Once upon a time* is a phrase that opens the mind to be creative and there is no end to a “story catcher”.

Footnotes

1. Faith Makhoali is a 2nd year BA Music and Community student at the School of Music, North-West University
2. Patrick Moeketsi Hangula is a 2nd year BA Music and Society student at the School of Music, North-West University.

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5th PASMAE CONFERENCE 2007

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The Organizing Committee of the 5th Pan African Society for Musical Arts Education Conference is seeking proposals for Papers, Workshops and Research Posters. Authors are cordially invited to submit papers adhering to the following parameters:

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Acceptance Notified by	1st February 2007
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Presenting authors to register and pay by	26th March 2007

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Papers are selected based on submitted abstract of up to 250 words. Only the abstracts of Category A papers will be published in the conference proceedings.

Presentation time: 25 minutes plus 5 minutes for questions.

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Selection will be made on the basis of peer review of the complete paper. Full papers will be published in the conference proceedings.

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This category is for short papers and work in progress. Papers will be grouped around common themes. Discussion time will be built into each session. Only abstracts will be published in the Conference Proceedings.

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A one or one and a half hour session in which the presenter will involve workshop participants in practical ideas for music learning, teaching and practice.

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A poster should convey an effective visual summary of research recently completed or in progress. Presenters must be prepared to discuss their work with interested participants during the poster display session. The maximum dimension of a poster is six A4 sheets.

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Each submission should be prefaced with: "This [paper/workshop/research poster] is submitted for consideration for the 5th Pan African Society for Musical Arts Education Conference, Malawi July 2007". All submissions must include a cover sheet and include the information for the appropriate category. The submission must be in Microsoft Word, Times New Roman 12 point font, with a left margin of 3cm and all other margins of 2cm, double spacing. Each submission must be forwarded electronically. It is the responsibility of the accepted author to produce and supply their own poster(s).

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