

employer". The aim is to develop potentialities to the full, to provide a climate in which they can grow, and to produce integrated people who think and feel as intelligently and as sensitively as their capabilities allow. We must neither run away from nor be overwhelmed by the social problems of our environment, neither accept nor reject uncritically the solutions suggested by those in authority, but above all we must measure all behaviour and conduct, all policies and theories against our own innate sense of right and wrong, of justice and of truth, according to the faith we try to practise.

These values cannot be imposed, they must be caught not taught, for there can be no compulsory virtue. The true educationist condemns indoctrination for two very cogent reasons—first, it is immoral, and second, it is ineffective.

It is immoral because it is a negation of the intellectual freedom without which there is no spiritual growth, and it is therefore an insult to the dignity of man. A child belongs not to a political party, nor to the state, not to the school, nor even completely to his family, by whom he is, so to speak, held in trust till he becomes an adult, when he owes ultimate allegiance only to his Creator. This is the fundamental difference between the liberal Christian and the autocratic approach to education. The former implies a set of positives beyond a conviction in the rightness of a cause. Even the Nazi teacher must believe in the worthwhileness of Nazism: but the true liberal believes not only in principles but also in people as individuals, transcending in importance party or programme, slogan or dogma. In this he differs from all exponents of the totalitarian way of life, of the right or of the left.

EDUCATION IS A PREPARATION for life, but for all life and for all people, and that means, in South Africa, life in a multi-racial society. Not only is our society already inextricably mixed—Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Afrikaner and English, rich and poor, black, brown, yellow and white—but the biggest group, the African, is moving towards educational, political and social equality of opportunity just as inexorably as and a good deal faster than the working classes of Europe over the turn of this century. To prepare for that is not idealism but realism. We can no longer afford the luxury of apartheid, and a segregated society is in any case incomplete, by definition. Only an ostrich or a fanatic can fail to see this, and evolutionary forces are stronger than either.

Integrated society is the natural corollary, the logical outcome of a process that is taking place all over the world. Nationalism must finally give way to internationalism and segregation to integration. These have always been the basic convictions of the liberal, who believes in integration not only because it is eminently desirable, but also because it is inevitable. Unless educationists can come to terms with this situation, our schools will soon be preparing children not for the future but for the past, for a way of life that was always suspect and will soon be quite out of touch with reality. We shall then be condemning them to a long period of maladjustment in the Africa of tomorrow, to the detriment of the country, its people, and the future. ●

---

# Her Warrior

JONATHAN KARIARA

---

## *a story*

SHE WAS A TALL WOMAN with high cheekbones, now more emphasised than ever by the loss of her molar teeth. Her lips were finer than most of her tribe's and wore a shut, rather sour expression. Her eyes seemed to be always fixed on the distance, as though she didn't 'see' or mind the immediate, but dwelt on the eternal. She was not like other children's grandmothers we knew, who would spoil their grandchildren and had their huts 'just outside the hedge' of their sons' homesteads. Grandmother lived three hills away, which was inexplicable.

All the other grandmothers had some relationship with their ageing husbands. Some had strange dreams of how their dead ones had visited them in their dreams, and would repeat their last night's experience in great detail, time and time again, thus relieving the monotony of their existence. There was Grandma Wacu who was always rescuing her husband from toppling into the fire as he dozed and would scold him with a mighty wrath, in spite of her neighbours' constant protestations that her husband was stone deaf. There were the 'Lizards,' so called for their daylong basking in the sun. Their life now consisted of following the course of the sun; outside their respective huts in the morning, under the Mukoigo tree at noon, at the back of their huts at sunset, taking in the last rays of the sun. There was Gacucu (Little Grandmother) who after forty years of married life was still having fights with her husband, and indiscriminately would tell her troubles in great detail to us children, to our great joy but so much to the embarrassment of her married daughters.

Grandmother was different. She never mentioned her husband. If she ever heard any of us refer to him she would instantly snort and push away any small object near her with an impatient sweep of her long arm. If any of us dared ask her why she never mentioned him she would instantly lose her temper and like a broody hen ruffling her feathers would rise to gather her few possessions, for a return journey to her hut three hills away. She had been insulted.

ON THIS OCCASION, THOUGH, she had been asked to come, to see him. He was dying. "Tell her she must come," my father had told the man he sent to her. When she arrived she was greatly changed. She who before had walked with such a firm step in spite of her age, who had such a haughty face, was now in a state of nervous excitement. My mother hurried to meet her at the gate as she arrived. "You must see . . ." "See what?" snapped Grandmother, pushing her aside and confronting my father. "And so I must come, Karanja.

---

JONATHAN KARIARA, *an honours graduate of Makerere College, Kampala, is on the staff of the East Africa Literature Bureau, Nairobi.*

So I'm wanted now?", she almost jeered. He, fearing she might say something which would sorrow both for the rest of their lives, left the house immediately and left Mother to face the old woman. "Who wants me here?", she demanded, stamping here and there with a stick like a blind man 'looking' for his way. "Who wants me here?", she repeated. We had always enjoyed her tantrums before, we knew they always ended in her either shortening her visit to us, or in a wonderful mood when simply and vividly she would tell us strange stories of her adventures as a girl, before she married. But now it was different, although she was raving, her mind was not on what she was saying, rather she was like a receiver of bad news who puts off the announcement with gibberish. She kept on looking furtively in the direction of his hut, and Mother, guessing what was worrying her, had to break the news she feared. "He is not there. We persuaded him to go to the mission hospital, Mother," she said. For a few seconds the other woman was like somebody choking. She gasped and swayed and would have fallen unconscious had Mother not done what was very unexpected of her. She who always feared the older woman rushed to where she was standing and gripped her by the shoulders, turning Grandmother to face her. Steadily she gazed into Grandmother's face, as though searching for a clue that would thaw the cold resentment the old woman had built up towards her husband. And her eyes also seemed to accuse the older woman, as if saying, "You too were responsible, even to sending him to the mission hospital." The other woman might have understood her for she did not rave now but was leaning on Mother, helplessly. Mother took her into the house.

THIS IS THE STORY, as we came to learn later. They married 'outside the tribe.' That means, she saw her man and decided in her heart to marry him. He saw her heart's decision, and quietly but finally accepted it. Thus they disregarded all the tribal forms of courting and marriage and let it known they were going to marry. She simply told her parents she was marrying him, so wounding their pride in the implication they did not count, tribal customs did not count. A girl must not decide for herself finally who she is going to marry. But she was marrying Wanyoike, the great warrior, so

their pride was partly mollified. He on the other hand could have chosen any bride he wanted to marry. He was a war leader, a great but short-lived war leader.

They were not married for long when the Masai declared war on the Kikuyu. They had cunningly chosen their moment, for the Kikuyus had just been through a period of famine and were rather weakened. Anger that the Masai should so cunningly involve them, when it was usual for them to be the cunning party, gave them greater courage than they normally possessed when fighting the dreaded *Maitha*.\*

The war was fought and the Kikuyu were being driven from hill to hill. Wanyoike, one of the Kikuyu leaders, was blind with anger. For days he had fought, never uttering a word, but as the conviction grew that they would lose the battle his anger grew into such a frenzied hatred of the Masai that he would do anything to see them retreat. Next day he did the unexpected, the unprecedented. He gripped the long arm of a Kikuyu warrior who had fallen dead beside him and chopped it off at the shoulder blade. His living hand gripped the dead one and, waving it aloft, he charged into a group of Masai warriors, striking right and left with the dead man's arm. At first they did not understand what was happening, until one after the other they felt the clammy touch of the dead arm. Then they saw. And fear spread among them, a primeval fear of warm blood coming in contact with the disintegrating dead. One after the other they let out a cry, the inhuman cry of a trapped wild animal. It spread like fire with a wind behind it; it echoed in every warrior, Kikuyu or Masai, so that the Kikuyu paused, paralysed with fear, and the Masai, afraid of 'evil-let-lose' took to flight. Seeing them flee the Kikuyu fell to, and made history that day for grandmothers to repeat to their grandchildren, of the day the Masai were wholly defeated. But it was curious that not one of them mentioned Wanyoike who caused the victory. To them as to the defeated Masai it was greatly shocking, therefore taboo, that the living blood in a man should so dare to come into such close contact with the dead.

WANYOIKE CAME BACK from war a lonely man. Once the victory was won they were all afraid of him. Deadly

\*Kikuyu name for the fierce Masai warriors.



## The New Societies of Tropical Africa

GUY  
HUNTER

Price  
in England  
42s.

Oxford

CAPE TOWN IBADAN NAIROBI ACCRA SALISBURY JOHANNESBURG

'Of course the brutal fact about books as good as Mr. Hunter's is that so few of the people who should read them ever do. The world must be concerned about Africa; and Africa about the rest of the world. Everybody, inside and outside Africa who shares this concern and wants to do something about it, should read this book' THE OBSERVER 'valuable work . . . extremely well written and illustrated' THE ECONOMIST.

afraid. Many of them said later that they all wanted to be religiously cleansed after that battle, although they should have been singing victorious. They hurried on to their respective huts, who should have come back one body, united in and drunk with victory. Wanyoike crept back to his young wife, afraid of himself. So she took to protecting him, fiercely. "The battle she fought!", the old women in the village would say. "You did not dare ask her how the child she was carrying kicked. It was Wanyoike's so what interest could you have in it? We never knew the little things she liked during her time of waiting. She was proud and foolish and had a way of making you look just like a shrivelled leaf floating on the wind, with a wave of her hand. You did not dare show up at her house. 'What do you want?', she would demand, sweeping out like a mad thing, even though you might have been carrying anointing oil to her. When the child arrived she had no woman with her." Then they would add with a shudder, "Some people think *he* helped her with the birth of the child."

When the child was a few days old Wanyoike killed a fat ram and invited his relations to come and meet the 'new guest' arrived. There was no beer at the feast, for his wife would not agree to the feasting and said she would rather go through what she had recently been through than debase herself by asking any of those women to help with beer making. So the feast Wanyoike provided never came to life, for not even birds can sing on dry throats. The party was rather flagging when she came out. "You should have seen her fury, that their relations should come to bless the child! And she would not eat the meat, would not touch her special portion, but went about like a sheep suffering from lock jaw. We had all sympathised with her in the past but now we were not sorry to see that her husband was very angry with her, and we knew what his anger meant. It was then that their fights started. She would bow to no man, but would lift her long strong arms and with fury would strike. He would get hold of her and shake her until there was no wind in her. And they are the ones who had walked together in the cool of the evening, as no other woman dare with her husband. Their fights were still and terrible, like quicksands, each keen to destroy the other. Then one day he decided they could not live together and soon after built her a hut where she now lives. He never called her back but something went out of him with her departure. He quickly grew old and started cooking for himself, ay, one of our warriors ended cooking for himself!"

"She will never come back to him unless called back, she was always proud and foolish", the women would add with a slight touch of malice.

MOTHER MUST HAVE SUCCEEDED in persuading Grandmother to see her dying husband. "What are we waiting for then?", we heard her demand of Mother impatiently. Soon they were outside, ready to go to the hospital. But she was not destined to see her husband any more. As they came out at the door my father came in at the gate. Something in his face must have broken the news to the women. Grandmother looked steadily in his face and something, as it were, snapped in the very core of

her being. She did not break down in weeping as many women would have done. She simply turned to pick the little bag she always carried which had fallen when she saw my father. "It is well", she said, "that I did not see him in those ridiculous things they give them to wear at the hospital. I would never have forgiven him if I had seen him in those—those . . ." She could not continue but walked to the gate. And as she fumbled to open it she was no longer a proud old lady. She was a tottering old woman who would from now on sit outside her hut, looking at the horizon. "She is watching her girlhood dance in the horizon," her neighbours would say if they saw her sitting thus. But most of the time she saw nothing, nothing. ●

## Words Words Words

THE HEAD-LINE TO a full-page *Sunday Times* article of 15 July read, " 'Prophecies of Disaster and Revolution are Fatuous,' by Julius Lewin, a recognised authority on South African constitutional law." Plomer's lines were brought forcibly to mind:

Alleged Last Trump Blown Yesterday;  
Traffic Drowns Call to Quick and Dead;  
Cup Tie Crowd sees Heavens Ope;  
'Not End of World,' says Well-Known Red.

When White Supremacy's Last Trump is finally sounded from the steps of the Union Buildings, Julius Lewin, no Red, will hear it from the daïs of a lecture-room at 'Wits, and will say, as he said in *Africa South* in 1958: "Revolution is *not* round the corner."

It is significant that the 1958 article was to *Africa South's* New-African-size readership. Yet four years have seen Mr. Lewin's revolution-debunking have meaning enough for the *Sunday Times's* 365,000 readers for the editor to give it full-page treatment.

To *Africa South's* readers Mr. Lewin gave Professor Brinton's four classic types of revolution, English, American, French, Russian, and found that South Africa could fit none of these. He gave the *Sunday Times* simpler stuff, though strongly argued, and as usual, crystal clear. In both articles his case was invalidated by his writing entirely from the White standpoint. Twenty years ago, he writes,

"those who like myself condemned racial discrimination formed a small group; . . . today . . . tens of thousands of people in all the major centres detest racial discrimination."

Perhaps it was the *Sunday Times's* sub-editor who deleted "Whites" from after "those" and "white" before "people." The whole article appears to have been heavily 'subbed': would Julius Lewin intentionally write of the "great march of Natives into Cape Town"?

Lewin's case itself is that, without foreign intervention, which he rules out, or internal uprising

*On this page notes on books and the Press will appear monthly.*