

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.*

("effective political organisation under wise leadership" is lacking), or without a nuclear war to engulf mankind before 1970, "change is bound to come belatedly if it comes at all."

The late Professor G. D. H. Cole's article ended the *Africa South* series on revolution, with these unforgettable words:

"In the absence of such a modification (of White attitudes) black Africa will doubtless in the long run be driven into violent revolt despite the serious difficulties in its way; but it is not likely to succeed until or unless it can get help from those parts of Africa which have been able to achieve their emancipation without violence."

OUR NEAR-COEVAL *Spearhead*, Dar es Salaam, has been banned in South Africa. No one is going to risk a R2,000 fine with or without five years gaol for the nine other periodicals on the same banned list, the seventy-fifth since the revised list of banned books was published in 1956. They have names like *Ballyhoo*, *Laugh Riot*, *Man's Best*, and *Scamp*. We shall greatly miss Miss Frene Ginwala's *Spearhead*, however.

It gave *The New African* the inspiration for the best article in our own No. 1, which was, in my view, Terence Beard's commentary on Julius Nyerere's "one party democracy" article, which had appeared in *Spearhead's* first issue, in November 1961.

An extract from the Nyerere article, and hence from a banned periodical, surprisingly found its way with approval into the July issue of the pro-Government Africa Institute journal, Pretoria. The article itself gives other evidence of the meeting of those extremes: Afrikaner and African nationalism. The writer, Dr. J.P. Jansen of the University of Stellenbosch, after visiting many African countries, summed up his political conclusions thus: "They (the Western countries) are superimposing Western civilisation on the African personality . . . Only by first accepting the African personality and culture, and thereafter extending a helping hand . . . could the Western world hope to attain mutual understanding and sincere appreciation in this continent." (I like Dr. Jansen's cautious yet daring remark about the Federation and can forgive him—or the translator—his grammar: "More than one responsible person have already predicted the break-up of the Central African Federation.")

THE FIRST VOLUME of Sir Walter Stanford's *Reminiscences* reveal that rare article, a White frontier-administrator and soldier with *ubuntu*—a feeling and understanding for the Tembu and Xhosa tribesmen whose lands the Whites had come to rule. I know of chiefs and commoners among the Tembu and Qwati people who have read and reread Mr. J. W. MacQuarrie's Van Riebeeck Society edition of Stanford's diaries and letters. In Volume II, due next year, we may read his account of the annexation of Pondoland, according to a letter written to the *Cape Argus* by Stanford's daughter, Mrs. D. M. Ruffel. She was provoked to write by an account published in the *Cape Argus* on 15 July, of Rhodes's visit to East Pondoland a few weeks after the 19 March 1894 Annexation. Any

doubts about the deterioration of Rhodes's character into that of a power-drunk bully are dispelled by the traveller Leo Francois, whose recently discovered account of the affair formed the basis of the Miles Brokensha's *Argus* article. According to Francois, Rhodes flourished his sjambok in the face of Bokleni, son of the East Pondoland paramount, Chief Nqwiliso, and "screamed" at him: "I have had enough of this! If you say another word I shall deal with you as I would with a mad dog. Listen, Bokleni, if you give me any more of this old buck, I'll flay the dirty hide off you!"

Angus Wilson, visiting South Africa, remarked on the absence of attractive English-speaking characters in South African history. Sir Walter Stanford is one. Rhodes is not. Stanford shone not only in his Transkei career. Though a man of his time in many ways, he consistently opposed every colour-bar measure in the National Convention deliberations of 1908-09, where more vaunted "liberals" like John X. Merriman sold the pass to Generals Botha and Smuts's embryonic apartheid. He would, of course, have been led by that great and good man W. P. Schreiner in the Convention had Schreiner not chosen to honour his promise to defend Chief Dinuzulu on the charge of high treason brought against him by the Natal Government after the Bambata rebellion in Zululand in 1906. Schreiner missed the Convention, but he recorded his protest against the Act of Union it brought forth, by being the sole member of the old Cape Parliament to vote against it, when the draft was laid before that body in 1909.

The name of Stanford is rightly remembered everywhere in the English first names of thousands of Transkeians. The name of Rhodes is certainly too much with us. But Philip Schreiner is unhonoured by a generation unworthy of him. ●

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