

Book Reviews and Notices

MEMORIES: THE MEMOIRS OF ARCHBISHOP DENIS HURLEY OMI

edited by PADDY KEARNEY.

Pietermaritzburg, Cluster Publications, 2006. 208 pages, illus.

This is a coffee table book in size and in the generous number of photographs but it is far from being a light picture book. Written in an elegant, scholarly style it nevertheless reads easily. It is full of interesting ideas and has a decidedly historical slant.

Archbishop Hurley intended to write a full account of his life. He began to collect material in the late 1980s and started to write seriously after his retirement in 1992. He hoped to set aside one day a week for the task but once he accepted the post of parish priest of Emmanuel Cathedral, a large and demanding parish, this became a difficulty. He wrote when he could but the parish work, endless meetings and frequent trips overseas as well as his duties as the Chancellor of the University of Natal, a post he held from 1993 to 1998, cut into the available time. His method was to prepare a section and then dictate into a tape recorder after which his secretary would type it out and give it to him for revision. The result was a lively and personal account dealing with his childhood, school days, family events, his decision to study for the priesthood and his departure for Ireland to study at the OMI novitiate. His interest in history meant that he saw Ireland and then Italy, where he continued his studies, in terms of the events taking place in the late 1930s and in particular Mussolini and his relations with Hitler, and even more the effects on the Catholic Church of the time. He was ordained in Rome in July 1939 and, when Mussolini showed signs of taking his country into the war on the Nazi side in May 1940, all foreigners were advised to leave and Hurley and his colleagues were able to reach England via France and to return to South Africa on the mail boat.

Hurley returned to Durban and was appointed curate to Father Leo Sormany at Emmanuel Cathedral. Writing of this period and of Natal in the 1920s and 1930s he refers to the serious consequences of the economic depression on ordinary people trying to support a family on little money and nowhere to turn for help. He also describes the Catholic Church of his youth and the strict discipline demanded, which will bring back vivid memories for older readers.

After three years as a curate at the Cathedral, Hurley was appointed superior of the Oblate seminary at Cleland. In 1946 Bishop Henri Delalle resigned after over forty years as bishop and Hurley was appointed to succeed him. He was 31 years of age and the youngest bishop in the world at the time; four years later he became the youngest archbishop.

The year 1947 was an eventful one for Denis Hurley. He was ordained bishop during the inaugural meeting of the Conference of Bishops that was to become the Southern African Catholic Bishops' Conference in which he played such a prominent role. It was also the year of the Royal visit and he attended several of the events connected with it. He had also to take over the running of the large diocese and to visit every mission and parish. He was young, energetic and enthusiastic and took most of these duties in his stride. One of his regrets, often mentioned in later life, was that he had not had the opportunity to spend time on a rural mission in order to learn to speak *isiZulu* really well. He did learn to speak it tolerably well but did not achieve the command of the language that Father Howard St George and other mission priests had acquired.

The 1950s brought political worries as the Bantu Education Act of 1953 empowered the Nationalist government to take over mission schools receiving a state subsidy. The Catholic Church decided to fight this because most of its evangelisation efforts were centred around the schools. For the next four years major efforts were made to raise money in and outside South Africa to enable the Catholic schools to continue and all the bishops were active in this project. It is interesting to read in Hurley's correspondence that he personally acknowledged all the donations sent to him, many for as little as five shillings. There were many disputes between Christian churches and the Verwoerd government over the next 30 years and Hurley was prominent in his public statements on racial injustice and apartheid.

The Second Vatican Council was, for Hurley, the most exciting event of his life and he attended all the sessions and took an active part in the work of the Council from the first session in 1962 to the final session in 1965. In 2003 he decided to publish his letters and articles written from Rome during the council because he did not want the significance of the Council to be lost on the generations born after 1965. He handed the manuscript to the publishers shortly before his unexpected death and it was published as *Vatican II: keeping the dream alive*. The present volume of memoirs deals with Vatican II in chapter 13 while the implementation of the Council's decisions in the following chapter was written by the editor.

Memories is a fascinating book which will bring back memories to many older readers and interest young people for whom much of this will be new. It is written with touches of humour and a great deal of insight into the troubled period of the 1970s and 1980s. It leaves one with a personal view of a humble, good and thoughtful man of God whose life was filled with activity and interest.

JOY BRAIN

WILD HERITAGE KWAZULU-NATAL

by PHILIP & INGRID VAN DEN BERG, HEINRICH VAN DEN BERG

Pietermaritzburg: HPH Publishing, 2006. 208 pages. Standard Edition, R299. ISBN: 0-620-36679-6.

Wild Heritage KwaZulu-Natal is unashamedly of the coffee table genre of publications, and as such it is not the usual type of book reviewed by *Natalia*. To borrow a cliché from the world of advertising, however, this is a coffee table work which is ‘so much more’ than the usual somewhat superficial compilation of photographs and text put together to appeal to souvenir hunting tourists. *Natalia* is also dedicated to recording all that is significant in the province of KwaZulu-Natal, and it is timely to remind ourselves of the crucial role played by our increasingly fragile and threatened natural environment in shaping the life of the people of this province.

Wild Heritage warrants a serious review because it treats the environment of KwaZulu-Natal in a serious and thought provoking fashion. This work is quite possibly unique in being the only single-volume photographic study to capture all the essential ecological variations found across the province, from the Drakensberg escarpment to the Indian Ocean and all that lies in between—the grasslands, bushveld, forests and wetlands. The authors, highly respected former teachers and lecturers, have sought to explain and educate a wider audience as to the complex interactions of geology and climate which have contributed to the province having such an abundance of life in all its varied forms.

The photographs, many of which are of award-winning standard, are obviously the main selling point in this publication, and the selection demonstrates the real passion the authors, a family team of husband, wife and son, have for their subject matter and in portraying the aesthetic beauty of our environment. They have included photographic studies which are reminiscent of portraiture together with highly dramatic action shots of wild animals found in both flight and fight situations. While the stunning colours and close up images will captivate, I suspect that many older readers might find the extremely small font used for the picture captions something of an obstacle to the full enjoyment of this work. While on a critical note, the maps which locate each of the different vegetation types in the province are also very small. If a map is worth including, it should at least be of a functional size.

With an eye to the use of this text in schools, the authors have included generous coverage of the two world heritage sites that are located in KwaZulu-Natal—the uKhahlamba-Drakensberg Park and the Greater St Lucia Wetland Park, each of which is given an entire chapter. The impact of man and human settlement on both these natural treasures is clearly spelt out without the tone of the writing ever becoming strident or dogmatic. Giving Ezemvelo KZN Wildlife an entire chapter will also ensure that this publication is given the attention it deserves at parks and conservation sites.

MARK STEELE

THE BERG: FROM SAN TO SUBURBIA

TRACKS IN A MOUNTAIN RANGE, by JOHN WRIGHT AND ARON MAZEL, Johannesburg: Wits University Press, 2007. 155p. illus. ISBN: 978-1-86814-409-9

Historian John Wright and his archaeologist friend, Aron Mazel, had been talking for years about teaming up to do a book on the Drakensberg. ‘Talking about writing a history of the Berg was one thing; actually doing it was another,’ says Wright.

Plus, other things tended to get in the way, not least their professions. A historian at the University of KwaZulu-Natal, Wright was busy working on the James Stuart Archive, a project begun in the seventies with the late Colin de B. Webb to bring to publication the oral evidence recorded by Stuart in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. This extraordinary window into the history of Zululand, Natal and Swaziland now runs to five volumes, and a sixth is nearing completion. Meanwhile, Mazel was busy at the Natal Museum, later moving to Cape Town, where he headed up the Cultural History Museum, before going to Britain where he is now an archaeologist at the International Centre for Cultural and Heritage Studies at Newcastle University.

Neither did the times seem right for such a book. ‘South Africa was going through the most profound political and social changes,’ says Wright. ‘It seemed to us too un-serious a business to indulge ourselves working on a hobby, a labour of love, instead of more serious academic projects.’

Wright’s first contact with the Berg came at the age of eight when his father, Bob Wright, was appointed officer in charge of Kamberg nature reserve in 1951. ‘He was trained as a vet and worked at Onderstepoort after World War 2 before going into private practice in the Estcourt/Mooi River region. He joined the then Natal Parks Board, four years after it was established. My father was a great rider, so I experienced the Berg both riding and walking.’

Schooled at Treverton and Michaelhouse, the Berg was a constant backdrop for Wright, though not a place of holiday. ‘I only became a conscious Berg lover when I started varsity in the early sixties and started hiking in the Berg.’

Wright must also deserve a mention in Berg records for being bitten by a puff adder while walking in the Nzinga area in 2005. ‘I got over it quickly,’ he says. ‘Though I limped around for a while.’

Talk about a book on the Berg began to get more serious when the uKhahlamba-Drakensberg Park was declared a World Heritage Site by Unesco in 2000. The final impetus came from Veronica Klipp, director of the Wits University Press, who threw down the gauntlet of a commission. The result: *Tracks in a Mountain Range*, subtitled *Exploring the History of the uKhahlamba-Drakensberg*.

Aimed at a popular market, the book is elegantly designed and well illustrated, while also managing to be academically sound and readable. If Wright and Mazel had an ideal reader in mind, it was people who visit the Ezemvelo KZN Wildlife resorts in the Berg. ‘They don’t go to hotels — they are Berg lovers, Berg watchers, Berg walkers, as opposed to bowls players and golf players,’ says Wright. ‘[They are] people who are prepared to think and read about what they see.’

Wright emphasises that one aim of the book was to produce a balanced history of the Berg, one that redressed some of the imbalances of earlier books. ‘We particularly wanted to feature the San, not just as bit players but as mainstream actors. But even so, due to the lack of source material, they are only at the edge of our sight.’

The one sighting, the single San voice to be heard, belongs to Qing, and what he had to say was recorded in six brief pages by Joseph Orpen in 1874.

Wright was able to draw on his own research into the San in the Berg undertaken for an Master's thesis, and subsequently developed for publication as *Bushman Raiders of the Drakensberg, 1840–1870*, published in 1971. He also drew on the book he did with Andrew Manson, *The Hlubi Chiefdom in Zululand-Natal: a History*, published in 1983. 'Both books involved a lot of research and broke down the older stereotypes. Aron and I also drew on the work of archaeologists Tim Maggs and Gavin Whitelaw on Iron Age farmers.'

The teaming of an archaeologist and a historian would seem the perfect match, one discipline informing the other. 'You would certainly think so,' says Wright. 'But, as far as I'm aware, this is the first partnership between an academic historian and an academic archaeologist.'

Wright says that in some respects it's not always a workable combination.

"We are two different animals: historians are archival animals, while archaeologists are excavators of materials and objects; they are often content to identify and record evidence while historians want to make a story, a history, out of it all."

Despite their different approaches it proved an easy working relationship and the book economically divides into six chapters.

'The first, "The Mountains and the Storytellers", sketches out the main themes and approaches that previous writers have taken,' says Wright, 'from missionary Allen Gardiner writing the first known description of the Berg in 1835 to Bill Barnes writing about his life as a game ranger at Giant's Castle in the years from the fifties to the nineties.'

The second and third chapters, both by Mazel, give an account of San hunter-gatherer life in the mountains from 3 000 years ago, the first black farmers in the area and the rock paintings.

In Chapter Four, 'Black People, San and European Colonists', Wright focuses on the far-reaching changes of the period c1800 to c1870, brought about by European colonial expansion.

In Chapter Five, 'The Closing of the Mountain Frontier', Wright examines the period 1870 to 1900. 'I give a revisionist account of the "Langalibalele affair" and the subjugation of the Hlubi in 1873–74, and then go on to outline the people of East Griqualand and Lesotho.'

The final chapter, 'Modernisation in the Mountains', takes the reader from the 1890s to the present. 'This was the most difficult to write because of the relative lack of previous academic research,' says Wright. 'I first look at the domestication of the Berg, 1890s to World War 2, with the expansion of stock farming and of tourism: the San inhabitants having been cleared away, they are replaced by sheep and trout fishermen.'

The post-war period saw the rapid expansion of the South African economy. 'The "resources" of the Berg became more commercially valued,' says Wright, 'and more and more contested between different interest-groups: farmers, farm tenants and labourers, hoteliers, the tourist industry, real estate developers with their insertions of suburbia into the Berg in the name of "development", industrialists wanting water supplies, dagga traders, stock thieves, poachers, migrant workers, conservationists and bureaucrats of different persuasions.'

'It was an ongoing saga of tussle and sometimes outright confrontation, against a

political background of the rise and fall of Bantustan policy, the expansion of South Africa's security state, the establishment of a democratic government in an era of increasing globalisation, and the penetration of market economy into the Berg's remotest corners.'

Wright acknowledges that previous writers on the Berg have touched on many of these themes but have tended to do so from a 'colonial' perspective. 'This perspective privileges the activities of five groups of white males acting in heroic mode: explorers, soldiers, pioneer farmers, mountaineers, and game rangers. We don't deny their importance, but see it as necessary in this post-colonial age to show up the stereotypes that go with this kind of history and to demonstrate that there is much more to the history of the Berg than the activities of white colonial males.'

Consequently, *Tracks in a Mountain Range* has a critical edge to it. 'We resisted the easy romanticising of the Berg and the sentimental celebration of "Berg heritage",' says Wright. 'We aimed to problematise the notion of "development" in the Berg, and emphasise the point that the making of much of the Berg into a playground for the well-off urban middle-classes has been an often violent and ugly process.'

Wright says the great natural beauty of the Berg can be celebrated 'even if one is aware of the often sordid history that underlies its availability to us in the present.' And he admits that readers alert to paradox and contradiction 'will probably find a certain repressed romanticism trying to break through at certain points.

'They may also discern a certain nostalgia on the part of the book's grey-beard authors for the times when they were young men in khaki striding over the ridges.'

STEPHEN COAN

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HOW CAN MAN DIE BETTER?: THE SECRETS OF ISANDLWANA REVEALED by LIEUTENANT COLONEL MIKE SNOOK.

London, Greenhill Books, 2005. 320p. illus., maps. ISBN 1-85367-656-X.

This is the latest book on the battle of Isandlwana, January 22, 1879, in which a Zulu army defeated a British army invading the Zulu kingdom. The completeness of the victory and the near destruction of the defeated army have made it memorable in British military history.

On the dust cover the publisher tells us: '*How can man die better?* is a unique study of the Battle of Isandlwana—of the weapons, the tactics, the ground, and of the intriguing characters who made the key military decisions. Because the fatal loss was so high on the British side there is still much that is unknown about the battle—until now.

'The author reconstructs the final phase of the battle in a way that has never been attempted before. It was to become the stuff of legend which the author brings to life so vividly that one can almost sense the fear and smell the blood. *How can man die better?* is essential reading for anyone interested in Isandlwana, the wider Anglo-Zulu War or the Victorian Army.'

The title of the book is from Macaulay's *Horatius*

*And how can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods?*

Even allowing for booksellers' licence, with so many books already on the war and the battle, we may well ask how this latest one can add significantly to our knowledge of the battle. There is a ready, plausible answer to the question—a special author and a special purpose. Lieutenant Colonel Mike Snook, 'a serving officer of the Royal Regiment of Wales (formerly the 24th)', with a deep and long standing interest in the battle and a many-time visitor to the battlefield, explains (p. 12):

'The more time I spent at Isandlwana, the less convinced I became that the historians had mastered the great battle. There were dimensions of time and space that just did not add up. There were major Zulu troop movements that nobody had explained, but which simply had to have a cause or a reason behind them. The destruction of the 24th Regiment was, it seemed, altogether too difficult to piece together. But, if ever a tale cried out to be told well, it is the story of this supremely dramatic confrontation: this much we owe to those who fell.'

This is Colonel Snook's first book, and he took a long time developing his ideas for it (p. 12). He particularly desires to set the record straight and to rebut the 'revisionists', a genre whose 'destructive influence' (p. 15) is manifest in 'a recent spate of books in this field, which have been irksome for their many errors of fact, their sometimes eccentric interpretations, and, particularly, the deeply unpleasant vein of cynicism which runs through them.' (p. 14). He cites specifically the suggestion that Lieutenants 'Melvill and Coghill died not in an attempt to save the Queen's colour of their regiment, but their own skins, a cheap slur on two men, who, as if any reminder were necessary, are holders of their nation's highest award "For Valour".' (pp. 14–15) 'I am far from being alone in my annoyance with the genre.' (p. 14)

This book stresses traditional values and celebrates the regiment. It makes entertaining and stimulating reading. Colonel Snook really does tell us some things we, who think we know something about the battle, have not heard before and which, but for him, we might not have heard otherwise.

The text consists of seven chapters in two parts. The first part, 'Gathering Storm', covers the British invasion and the advance of the Centre Column, under the eye of Lord Chelmsford, and the reconnaissance-in-force on January 21st, which discovered a sizeable Zulu force and led Chelmsford to take half of the column forward to meet it on the 22nd. These are short chapters, for the colonel presumes his reader is already versed in the history of the Anglo-Zulu War. He does not linger over causes and preliminaries, but moves on quickly to the great battle.

It is generally acknowledged that Lord Chelmsford's division of his force in the presence of the enemy, of whose real strength and location and purpose he was ignorant, was fatal to the invasion. However, Colonel Snook, who is no admirer of the British commander, none the less takes very much of a minority position among writers on the battle in siding with him on the ability of the force left at the camp to defend itself against a Zulu attack. It was not a question of entrenching or laagering, as is often mooted, but of deployment and firepower. 'The right answer for the camp . . . would have been a number of mutually supporting redoubts at key points on the ground.' (p.

68) This seems not to have occurred to any of the participants, and Colonel Snook does not belabour the point. 'If something went badly wrong, the regular infantry battalion could form "receive cavalry" squares in next to no time, and a British square was well known to be all but invulnerable.' (p. 67)

The second part of the book, 'In the Shadow of the Sphinx', covers the events of January 22nd. (The sphinx is Isandlwana hill, so called for the resemblance of its lengthwise silhouette to the sphinx badge of the 24th Regiment.) Three long chapters, two thirds of the text, treat the battle; the fourth chapter is a tailpiece on the return of the advance column to the scene afterwards.

In the chapter 'Sunrise' the author describes the British and Zulu movements in the vicinity of the camp during the morning. The author believes that the Zulu probably intended to attack the following day (pp. 148-150), and the Zulu forces seen on the heights north of the camp were parts of the right horn of the army, which took up a forward position in advance. The sound of an engagement between the general's and a separate Zulu force some 10 miles to the southeast roused it to action prematurely, and it was recalled with some difficulty, as the British unknowingly witnessed (pp. 150-152). This is a novel interpretation of these Zulu movements, which, Colonel Snook rightly points out, have never been satisfactorily explained (pp. 12, 147). Beyond this he says little more than do other writers in praise of Zulu generalship and tactics. His 'is a military history and is written very much from an anglocentric viewpoint', and he refers his reader to Ian Knight and John Laband, for 'the other side of the fence'. (p. 13)

Much more important to him is how the British reacted to the appearance of a large Zulu force nearby. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pulleine was left in charge of the camp by the general. Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Durnford, at Rorke's Drift, was ordered to come forward with five mounted troops, a rocket battery and infantry escort of two companies. Durnford was the commander of a separate column poised to co-operate with the Centre Column in its advance into the Zulu country. Durnford had been ordered to the camp, but he was not ordered to take command of it. As Pulleine's senior in rank, he did so automatically. 'Essentially through absent-minded oversight, Chelmsford and his staff had provided for an incoherent command structure at Isandlwana' (p. 89). Durnford did not actually take charge. He thought the Zulu receding from view on the heights were going after the general's column, and he hastened thither with two troops, followed by the rocket battery and escort. In addition he sent two troops to scout the hills. Pulleine's orders were to defend the camp, and he resisted Durnford's efforts to detach part of his force, but Durnford left camp saying that he expected Pulleine to support him if he got into difficulties.

Chapter Five, 'Horns of the Buffalo', carries us into the battle. Durnford's two troops on the hills discovered the Zulu army, which now launched its attack. The horns swung wide to encircle the British camp, the chest bore down on it over the escarpment. Pulleine fought by the book, forming a very extended line of infantry with a section of guns near the centre to meet the chest, and effectively halted it with a heavy fire. Finding that the line was being outflanked, he anchored the left on Isandlwana, and the two companies on the right fell back and formed a line at a right angle (p. 203) along a rocky ridge. Meanwhile Durnford's sally had been stopped by the onset of the Zulu left horn, which also destroyed the rocket battery. Durnford made a fighting retreat, and halted in a watercourse to the right front of the camp in order to protect Pulleine's right.

He was reinforced by an assortment of mounted men from the camp. The combined force managed to hold back the Zulu in front, but not those working around their right flank. Moreover, Durnford's two troops were running low on ammunition. He ordered the men to abandon the watercourse and retire to the camp.

Chapter Six, 'Rally on the Colours', is Colonel Snook's *tour de force*. He describes in great detail, in coloured prose, the defeat which overtook the British. Durnford's retreat exposed the right company of the 24th to destruction (pp. 17 and 248); his failure to rally made defeat inevitable (p. 248). Colonel Snook does not quite say that the colonials let the side down, but it seems pretty clear throughout the book. 'The irresponsible Durnford' (p. 139) is a fool when he is not a madman, and it is obvious from the very start that the Natal Native Contingent definitely are not the right stuff. They are kept out of the fighting as much as possible, and they run away when they have the chance.

Pulleine ordered a general retirement so that he could form a 'receive cavalry' square at the camp. He sent Lieutenant Melvill to fetch the Queen's colour from the tent to mark the place (p. 231). It was too late. The Zulu pressed hard, and Pulleine himself was killed 'on the front line, commanding a masterfully-conducted withdrawal' (p. 227). Just before he fell, he ordered Melvill to carry the colour to safety; Melvill did so (pp. 256–257), but ran into difficulties at the river crossing, where he was gallantly assisted by Coghill, and both were killed (pp. 278–279).

The left horn came on, and the right horn closed in soon after, cutting off further escape. The British regulars were doomed, but they fought to the last man. There was no collapse of the line on the left. Four companies put up a bold front, refused their right, and fell back along the eastern foot of the hill. Individuals were lost along the way, and eventually the company exposed on the right was cut off and cut down. The one company remaining on the rocky ridge formed a square and fought its way back to meet the others. They all were brought to bay, and died fighting in small clusters near the southern foot of the hill.

Thus the narrative of the battle, according to Colonel Snook. Progressively it diverges from the mainstream one as told by, say, Ian Beckett, Ian Knight, Ron Lock, and Saul David. He justifies his idiosyncratic account of the last stand(s) of the 24th: 'With few notable exceptions, historians have done these men a disservice. In the telling of their tale, the scholars have killed them off precipitately in front of the camp. The clear-cut hopelessness of the situation, the overpowering odds they faced, the renowned martial skill and ferocity of their opponents—all the first glance factors—have driven the historians to their inevitable conclusion: whole companies were slaughtered in a few short seconds. Yet, in truth, it is clear that the Battle of Isandlwana raged long and hard after the flight of the lucky ones' (p. 18).

So Colonel Snook thinks that most of the 'historians' are wrong, and he is right. He denounces particularly the official *Narrative of Field Operations* (1881) as a deliberate misrepresentation of what happened (pp. 224–225). 'Sadly, the feeble official interpretation has been picked up and proliferated by successive generations of writers, most of them marching idly in the train of Donald Morris' (p. 225), whose popular *Washing of the Spears* appeared in 1965. Starting with David Jackson, in his groundbreaking *Isandhlwana, 1879—The Sources Re-examined*, also in 1965, most historians have in fact done quite otherwise. Colonel Snook might concede, or even allow, that he has an imperfect knowledge of the recent literature. Instead, by his bald assertion, he reveals

either a remarkable ignorance of it or a remarkable perverseness in denying it any merit. He does not play fair with his counterparts. He snipes at them continually as a group and does not engage with any one, except Morris, who is conveniently dead, whereas the others are not. He eschews scholarly apparatus—his few notes are descriptive and utterly inadequate—perhaps because there is little he can or cares to document, and it could entail a messy debate he would like to avoid.

He is quite candid about being able to do a better job than the ‘historians’: ‘The primary sources available to us are like an incomplete jigsaw; undoubtedly they leave yawning gaps in our knowledge. I have attempted to employ alternative tools, such as military logic and a professional soldier’s eye for ground, to fill in the missing pieces.’ (pp. 12–13). Of course: ‘I have scrupulously avoided pushing on with favoured theories against the weight of evidence. Unfortunately, it seems a common failing in much of today’s Isandlwana scholarship.’ (p. 12) And yet: ‘In places there are contentions which I cannot substantiate to an evidential standard, but where this is the case I have tried to demonstrate the lines of thought leading to my conclusions.’ (p. 12)

With regard to his reconstruction of the latter part of the battle, the author states that he has used five ‘tools’ viz. the accounts of ‘Maori’ Browne (a NNC officer who witnessed some of the battle from a distance), some Zulu participants in the battle, and European officers and journalists who returned to the field within a few months of the battle; the positions of cairns marking later interments; and ‘military probability and soldierly logic’, which ‘may be the most critical tool’ of all (pp. 219–220). He thus jettisons the accounts of any survivors on the British side, relies on some very mixed later ones, looks at burials done several times over, and trusts to his own genius. Then, recurring to his third ‘tool’, he ‘corroborates’ this reconstruction. On the basis of their statements he identifies nine clusters of bodies which represent last stands (pp. 282–285). On these depend his theory that the companies of the 1/24th were not destroyed (or materially injured) in front of the camp, but retired along the foot of the hill to the southern end, in which vicinity they (with one exception) were destroyed.

Let us take Colonel Snook at his word then, and work with what he says.

He tells us 600 of the 24th were engaged. 400 were in the 1st Battalion. 200 were in the 2nd Battalion.

He tells us that there were only two clusters of dead in front of the camp, one on the rocky ridge, in which were found the remains of Sergeant Wolfe of H Company and 20 others of the 1/24th, and the other further down the ridge and on the reverse slope, 50 men whom Snook says must be of G company, 2/24th.

In the camp area there was a cluster of 50 of the 24th. To the south of the hill there are three clusters of 64 (almost all 24th), 70 (24th), and 63 (24th), and down the fugitives’ trail another cluster of about 40 of the 24th. In the cluster which marked Durnford’s last stand there were also a few of the 24th. (The remaining cluster consisted of NNC, on the western side of the hill.)

In addition to these dead the author estimates that 50 to 60 others of the regiment were killed, individually or in small combats, either in the camp area or down the fugitives’ trail.

Altogether then he accounts for between 408 and 418 dead of the 24th. Plus the few with Durnford—say three—would make between 410 and 420. Of these between 360 and 370 belong to the 1st battalion and 50 to the 2nd Battalion. The remains of

between 180 and 190 dead are unlocated—between 30 and 40 of the 1st Battalion and 150 of the 2nd Battalion.

Now Snook maintains that all but 50 of these men belong to the 1/24th. Leaving out Sergeant Wolfe and his 20 men, he identifies 340 to 350 men who fell, not in line in front of the camp, but either in it or at the southern end of the hill or beyond. This proves that the 1/24th maintained its formation and suffered negligible losses fighting in front of the camp. They could not have been cut down in front of the camp, as the 'official' and epigonistic histories have maintained.

The problems are obvious. The author states that the 24th had 600 at the camp, of which 400 were in the 1st Battalion and 200 were in the 2nd Battalion. Categorically he states the only 2nd Battalion dead found were the 50 on the rocky ridge. This leaves 150 of the battalion unaccounted for. Yet he says they died on the rocky ridge. The remains of Sergeant Wolfe and 20 men of the 1/24th were found on the ridge. Why should the remains of 150 of the 2/24th disappear? Unless the men were not there. But Colonel Snook says they were there.

If 150 men of the 2/24th could fall on the rocky ridge and leave no trace, then why could not 150 (or more) men—the equivalent of the two companies 'officially' destroyed in front of the camp—fall and leave no trace, further up the same ridge?

What if most, or at least more, of the 2/24th rallied below the hill, as some historians suggest?

Who is Colonel Snook to dictate that the only 2/24th dead found on the battlefield are in the cluster on the ridge? Why can't some of the 2/24th be in the other clusters? Because Colonel Snook's theory won't allow it. Start changing his numbers for the two battalions and his reconstruction starts to fall apart. Which brings us back to the real basis of his theory. 'Military probability and soldierly logic'. Or call them Intuition and Inference. His reconstruction, however inspired, is essentially fictive. His book is a 'unique study', but it is not good history.

PAUL THOMPSON

BLACK SOLDIERS FOUGHT FOR 'QUEEN AND COUNTRY'

BLACK SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN—THE NATAL NATIVE CONTINGENT IN THE ANGLO-ZULU WAR by P. S. THOMPSON. Tusealoosa: University of Alabama Press, 2006.

Paul Thompson's book *The Natal Native Contingent in the Anglo-Zulu War* has appeared in its third incarnation: a revised edition published by the University of Alabama Press which also comes with a new title, *Black Soldiers of the Queen*.

Thompson, a retired associate professor of history at the University of KwaZulu-Natal, first brought out the book in 1997. A revised edition followed in 2003 and the latest edition also boasts new material, mainly relating to aspects of the Battle of Isandlwana.

The new title also serves to draw attention to the fact that contrary to popular perceptions, Zulu-speaking people were not united in their support of King Cetshwayo against the British. 'The war was not simply one of white against black, colonial against native,' says Thompson in a preface to the new edition. 'Over half of the fighting men

in the invading British army were blacks from the Colony of Natal, and they served the Queen willingly.'

The reason they served so willingly dates back to the time of the Zulu kings Shaka and Dingane. Various peoples suffered at their hands and fled the Zulu heartland to seek safety south of the Thukela River. Among them the amaHlubi and the amaNgwane, who came to rest beneath the mountains upcountry; the amaChunu and the abaThembu, who settled along the middle Thukela; and the amaQadi at the coast. All furnished levies to the Natal Native Contingent (NNC).

Over 120 years later the legacy of those times is still apparent. In July 2006 Zulu King Goodwill Zwelithini launched a campaign to drop 'Natal' from this province's name because of its colonial connections. 'The Zulu nation has a right to name the place they live in as KwaZulu as much as the Indians have the right to do the same in India, Germans in Germany and French in France,' said Zwelithini.

The king's statement drew fire from Khulekani Ngwenya, styled 'advisor to His Majesty King Msondeni Hlongwane' of the amaNgwane. In a letter to *The Witness*, Ngwenya said, 'the Zulus are a smaller tribe than the majority amaNgwane tribe' and that the amaNgwane 'were a nation under their own king at least 100 years before the Zulus even existed as a group'. Ngwenya said there were other kings in KwaZulu-Natal and Zwelithini 'should hold his horses until he can debate the situation with kings of a similar station to him'.

King Hlongwane is a descendant of Zikalikati kaMatiwane whose followers fought on the side of the British at the battle of Isandlwana.

The amaNgwane had a long history of friction with the Zulu. In the early 1820s, the amaNgwane under Matiwane living on the headwaters of the White Mfolozi fled westward, eventually settling in an upper Thukela River valley in the Drakensberg. This is now the amaNgwane Tribal Authority. In August 1828, after clashing with the Cape Colony forces, Matiwane sought help from the Zulu king at uMgungundlhovu. Dingane was wary of his motives and had him killed on a nearby hill, a place of execution known to this day as KwaMatiwane. Matiwane had a son called Zikhali and the Anglo-Zulu War provided him with the opportunity for revenge. He supplied 157 mounted men, known as Zikhali's Horse, and 243 foot soldiers.

As well as the amaNgwane, other groups had good reason to hate the Zulu. The amaQadi, loyal to Shaka, had fallen foul of his brother and successor, Dingane. He had massacred all the amaQadi he could find and the remnants escaped into the bush south of the Thukela.

The amaChunu under Macingwane had fallen out with the Zulu King Shaka and moved into the country south of the Thukela known as 'the thorns'. But the long arm of the Zulu king sought them out and they were 'eaten up'. One story relates that Macingwane became a wanderer until he was eaten by cannibals. The surviving amaMchunu returned to Zululand but during Dingane's reign Macingwane's son, Phakade, led them back to 'the thorns' and refused to return. His relations with Dingane's successor, Mpande, were fraught and peace only came to the amaChunu with the coming of the British and the establishment of the Colony of Natal in 1845.

Such a heritage of hatred hardly applied to the people of Edendale. Edendale village, founded as a Wesleyan mission in 1851, boasted a population of about 1 000. They had no chief and the community's affairs were in the charge of a Board of Trust. 'Many

were amaSwazi, some were baSotho. Few had roots in Natal,' says Thompson. They were well educated, most were Christians and 'in their habits, in their dress, and even in their dwellings people followed the model of England'.

At a meeting to discuss a request for men to fight against the Zulus, community leader Daniel Msimang made an impassioned appeal for volunteers. 'We all know the cruelty and the power of the Zulu King and, should he subdue the Queen's soldiers and overrun this land, he will wipe out all the native people who have dwelt so long in safety under the shadow of the Great White Queen. Shall we not gladly obey her, when she calls for the services of her dark children?'

Evidence of the services of those black soldiers of the Queen can still be found today. In the amaNgunwane Tribal Authority there is a stream named Isandlwana and an Isandlwana trading store. A feature in the Drakensberg is named Zikhali's Horn.

In the centre of Pietermaritzburg, opposite the city hall, there are four statues on the monument to those who died in the Anglo-Zulu War. One of them represents an African soldier of the NNC.

In the grounds of Georgetown's Methodist church, in the heart of Edendale, there is a sandstone obelisk. On one side, under 'Isandhlwana', the names of Ezra Tyingila and Klass Sopela appear — 'Killed in action January 22nd 1879'. On the south face, another name is recorded — Johannes Mgadi, killed in action on July 4, 1879, at Ulundi, the battle that ended the war. Another inscription reads simply: 'For Queen and Country'.

STEPHEN COAN

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THE NATAL MUSEUM IN A CHANGING SOUTH AFRICA 1904 – 2004 by BILL GUEST. Pietermaritzburg: Natal Museum, 2006. 322pp. illus.

Pietermaritzburg is well served by cultural and recreational amenities. A perhaps underappreciated advantage of this city's provincial capital status is the presence of amenities such as the Natal Museum that are funded by the national treasury. Its resultant comparatively generous budget has thus made it easier for it to develop and function effectively without unduly burdening the city's ratepayers. It may also not be recognised by the citizens of Pietermaritzburg that the Natal Museum is well known far beyond the city limits, since it is a respected member of the international scientific community owing to the materials preserved in its collections and the research on them that is undertaken by both local and foreign scientists. The Museum, which has done much to engender civic pride through the services it provides to residents and visitors, has now taken a major step in further informing the public about its status, functions and achievements through the publication of Bill Guest's well-researched and comprehensive history.

In the heyday of the British Empire in Victorian times the British developed a passionate interest in the fauna, flora and indigenous peoples of the colonies. This was reflected in part by the development of London's Natural History Museum and other similar museums elsewhere in the British Isles. Since it was customary for the amenities of 'home' to be emulated in the colonies, it is not surprising that local museums were developed in many colonial towns, particularly administrative centres. Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the Colony of Natal, was one such town and the citizens' efforts in this

connection are the subject of Guest's Chapter One, 'Founding Fathers (1849–1903)'. This is really the story of the conception, birth and development of the Natal Society, which was established in 1851. It had as its purpose the collection and dissemination of information about the natural and cultural history of Natal, mainly to prospective immigrants. There were also plans for a museum. In fact, the Natal Society was unable to form a properly constituted museum and eventually, in 1901, the government agreed to establish a dedicated museum that was to be housed in its own building. The next eleven chapters in Guest's book deal with the establishment of the Natal Museum and its development between 1904 and 2004.

The chapters give details of all aspects of the museum's functions and development. The collections that form the basis of each of the departments, the staff and accommodation all receive attention. Each of the more prominent persons associated with the museum is described in a brief biography. The museum's library, publications and educational programmes are also described, and account is given of its perennial financial and accommodation problems. The fact that Guest was able to provide so much detail in this history indicates that excellent record-keeping is another of the museum's achievements.

It is often the case that the calibre of the leader of an organisation determines its ultimate success, so it was the museum's, and Natal's, good fortune that Dr Ernest Warren, a zoologist from the University College, London, was appointed its first director in 1903. Warren's appointment was the wise choice of a government-appointed 'management committee', which was later to become the museum's Board of Trustees. These men, and the trustees that were to follow in later years, ensured good governance of the museum and made huge contributions to its development, almost always out of the public eye and for little or no reward. One area of development was in staff numbers. A photograph in the book shows the museum's first staff of four men and one woman, while another dated 2000 shows a near 10-fold increase in people (and one dog).

Three chapters in the book are devoted to Warren's 30-year-long administration, a well-deserved tribute to this remarkable man and his contributions to the museum. It was Warren's vision of the role of a natural history museum in society that has formed the basis of virtually all the Natal Museum's policies and programmes, and it was his persistence, dedication and drive that laid the foundation of the museum's success. For example, his plans included making the museum 'an educational force in the Colony' (page 27), which is still reflected in the museum's effective educational programmes. Also, the scientific disciplines whose development he encouraged are for the most part still covered by the museum today, while its links with the local university and nature conservation body are probably still as strong. Warren's achievements were made in spite of the fact that from the outset his administration was beset by problems, including shortages of finances, staff and space that were to persist throughout his tenure as director.

After Warren retired and returned to London in 1935 he was replaced by Dr R F Lawrence, an entomologist at the South African Museum in Cape Town. Lawrence was another remarkable man who served the Natal Museum well. His period as director lasted until 1948 and thereafter he kept his ties to the museum and served as acting director on several occasions before retiring in 1961. He continued to edit the museum's journal and research the museum's collections before finally leaving to settle in Grahamstown in

1966. Like Warren before him, he devoted 30 years of his life to the museum and also, like Warren, he faced many difficulties during the period of his administration, not least the difficulties that stemmed from the Second World War and its aftermath.

Lawrence was replaced as director in 1950 by Phillip Clancey, a Scottish ornithologist. Clancey immediately set about modernising the displays, but his plans were hampered by financial constraints and some animosity from the trustees. He left early in 1952 to become the director of the Durban Museum and Art Gallery. Lawrence was then appointed acting director until a permanent replacement was found.

The replacement was to be Dr John Pringle, who had been director of the Port Elizabeth Museum for 16 years and so was more experienced in museum administration than his predecessors. He was to spend 20 years at the museum before retiring in 1974, and the period of his administration saw many improvements and some profound changes in staffing, displays and accommodation. Apart from an increased staff complement, the most significant development during Pringle's administration was the completion in 1969 of the addition to the museum building. This striking modern structure appeared in sharp contrast to the original Edwardian building and it allowed the museum to expand in ways that Pringle's predecessors could only have dreamed about. Apart from providing much-needed extra space for the collections, it also became possible to expand the staff complement significantly. For example, in 1969 Dr Oliver Davies was appointed honorary curator of the archaeology collections and three years later Dr Tim Maggs was appointed head of the newly-established Department of Archaeology, thereby becoming the first professional archaeologist to hold a position in Natal.

The later chapters of the book deal with the past few decades that will be within the experience of many residents of Pietermaritzburg. Amongst the personalities that will be well-known is Dr Brian Stuckenberg, the doyen of South African museologists. A protégé of John Pringle, Stuckenberg grew up in Port Elizabeth and had his first experience of a museum in that city. He followed Pringle to Pietermaritzburg in 1953 and has kept a connection with the Natal Museum to this day, so that he stands alone in terms of the length of service to this institution. Stuckenberg replaced Pringle as director in 1976 and remained in this position until he, too, retired in 1994.

Stuckenberg continued Pringle's modernisation of the museum. Under his sound leadership the scientific departments and school service were strengthened through the appointment of young, enthusiastic and well-qualified staff. An ongoing upgrading of the museum's displays was undertaken. All this combined to improve the museum's public image and its standing in the field of research. For example, although Stuckenberg is an entomologist, he developed an interest in Portuguese shipwrecks on South Africa's east coast, which resulted in a new dimension to the museum's collections and displays and a new field of expertise for himself.

Dr Jason Londt was appointed assistant director in 1976 and he replaced Stuckenberg as director in 1994, the year that saw the beginning of a new political dispensation for South Africa. The next decade was 'characterised by considerable financial uncertainty, major building operations and a restructuring of South African museums that involved the transformation of the Natal Museum as a public institution' (page 179). This critical period was ably managed by Londt until he handed over the reins to Luthando Maphasa, an ornithologist who has been tasked with adapting the Natal Museum to the needs of the new South Africa, while still maintaining its position as one of Africa's

leading museums.

Bill Guest's book, which was published to commemorate the Natal Museum's centenary, will be welcomed by all who take a pride in Pietermaritzburg and an interest in its history and, hopefully, it will raise the profile of the museum amongst citizens in general.

BRETT HENDEY

SHAKTI: STORIES OF INDIAN WOMEN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Compiled by ALLEYN DIESEL. Johannesburg: Wits University Press, 2007. ISBN 378-1-8684-454-9

Recognising the importance of empowering people to tell their own stories—particularly in the multi-cultural context of a South Africa attempting to redress the past; encouraged by her experiences, from 1987, of talking to Hindu women regarding their religious activities and involvement in the worship of various goddesses; and realising that the voices of Indian women have been neglected in the process of collecting the stories of various South African cultural groups, Alleyn Diesel embarked on a project of listening to, and recording, the stories of Indian women—Hindu, Muslim and Christian—in the Pietermaritzburg area. The project has culminated in the publication, *Shakti*, which includes the individual contributions of 18 women, each one offering, in her own unique register and style, information about, and insights into, the influences and events that have informed and shaped her life. Further, the book contains accounts of the backgrounds and activities of five Hindu women engaged in the worship of the goddess Shakti in KwaZulu-Natal. In some cases, these women are capable of entering the trance-like state in which they are possessed by one of the powerful autonomous goddesses, appear wild and dishevelled, and are able to endure walking on fire and the piercing of their flesh without experiencing pain. In a condition of trance, individuals are revered, bless their devotees and may demonstrate healing powers.

In an article published in *The Witness* on 8 October 2005, Alleyn Diesel described Shakti as, 'the power of women; that primordial creative, healing and nourishing female energy that can help women triumph over the circumstances of their lives and contribute to the building of a safer society.' Shakti is also the generic name for the goddess.

The women featured in this publication range from one who is in her 20s to one who was born in the 20s, in profile from the private to the professional, public-spirited and politically active and in comment from the quietly reminiscent to the sometimes shockingly revelatory. Each demonstrates her individual *shakti*—her own power and energy.

In reflecting on the past, some of the contributors provide the reader with information, and insight into, the struggles and strivings of indentured labourers who came to South Africa as immigrants from the 1860s and, often in adverse and abject circumstances, determined, within their communities, to maintain their customs, dress and religious practices. Some offer glimpses of significant events in Maritzburgian history, such as the establishment, in 1933, of the influential Pietermaritzburg Indian Women's Association, initially founded to encourage Indian women to improve their lives through

education, to become involved in welfare work and to contribute positively to South African society. And there are glimpses of life in the colourful, primarily Hindi-speaking community of Plessislaer, a locality where Indian and black residents apparently lived together compatibly and cordially until 1971 when, in accordance with the Group Areas Act, Indian families were—often traumatically—relocated to Northdale.

Many contributors provide the reader with examples of individual experiences of apartheid, involving, in some cases, brushes with the security police and even detention in solitary confinement. We are told of the feisty Durga Bundhoo, a diminutive figure who, confronted at home in the 1970s by two beefy members of the security branch, disconcerted and disempowered them by issuing threats and insisting that, in the course of their importunate searching, they leave everything neatly and correctly in its place. ‘... which they did, probably to their own great surprise’. Nina Hassim movingly pays tribute to her compassionate jailer at the Hilton Police Station where she was detained for 78 days in 1971; Rabia Motala writes of visiting Nelson Mandela, an old friend, in the Victor Verster prison in 1989 (and recalls seeing him in very different circumstances in the 1990s in Morocco when she and her husband were resident there as the first South African ambassadors to that country) and Nalini Naidoo refers to prohibited sections of the Pietermaritzburg of her childhood as ‘the Forbidden City’. ‘We were always the outsiders,’ she writes, ‘visitors in our own city.’ Now, though, ‘I feel a growing intimacy with the place I can call ... home.’

The segregationist principles of apartheid ‘kept us apart and ignorant’ states Roshen Latiff. Ignorance of, and separateness from, one another’s cultures engenders stereotyping, suspicion and fear which manifest themselves—all too often—in the negative, hurtful and even harmful behaviour of one race group towards another.

Nevertheless, in its attempt to contain and silence, apartheid sometimes inadvertently facilitated cohesion and the articulation of valued principles. Naseema Aboo argues that, ‘Growing up in our group areas, we kept our culture intact ... we gained strength to fight against an oppressive government.’ And Ujala Satgoor contends that ‘the legacy of legislated segregation has made us value democracy and human rights very highly.’

Some contributors offer insights into particular customs and ceremonies, and discuss attitudes towards marriage—sometimes of the arranged kind—and divorce; others tackle vexed issues of identity; others examine the forces that govern choices of career, spiritual commitment, social awareness and political activism.

In much of the writing, women expose the complexities of relationships, so pertinent to all humankind. While Indian culture is traditionally perceived to be patriarchal and while many women speak of dominating father-figures and destructive husbands, some of the contributors to *Shakti* pay tribute to the men in their families as people who have encouraged and enabled them to become independent, strong women. Bunny Bhoola, a child of the 50s, speaks entertainingly of her grandfather and father who were in the undertaking business, ran the Edendale Funeral Furnishers and took the children to school in hearses. From a young age, they were involved in the business and quickly became savvy and strong. Their entrepreneurial spirit is evident in the fact that at the age of six or seven they picked fruit in their orchards, assembled it on plates and sold it to people visiting the sick at Edendale Hospital.

Naseema Aboo, also a child of the 50s, praises her father for his awareness of the importance of education for girls; for involving his children in the running of his depart-

ment stores in Vryburg and subsequently in Brits (Transvaal); and for teaching them, by example, the importance of charity work—the need to serve one’s fellows—a creed so well expressed in a different context by Ujala Satgoor, who writes, ‘We are here to serve humanity.’

The indefatigable Durga Bundhoo, born in 1921, and honoured for her lifelong commitment to the community, states that it was her parents who instilled in her the values of social service and the need to assist the poor and underprivileged.

Other women, though, recount the experiences of difficult—and ultimately untenable—relationships, in which privacy, freedom, individuality and self-esteem are eroded and in which they are physically endangered. These are stories with which abused women, world-wide, will be able to identify. As one such victim writes, ‘All that ... ritual is not what makes a marriage work. ... it’s something much deeper than that, some deep kind of understanding and caring.’

In each of the cases, despite sometimes protracted emotional and physical suffering, the individual speakers have emerged as stronger versions of self—sometimes as independent women with professional and/or spiritual commitments, sometimes in new, mutually supportive and interactive relationships.

Almost centrally placed among the contributions to *Shakti* is a description by Shano Suparsad of a textile panel designed and completed by a cross-section of Pietermaritzburg Indian women, from Tamil, Gujarati, Hindi, Muslim and Christian backgrounds for the International Mughal Tapestry Project initiated in 1997 by the Victoria and Albert Museum. To some extent, one might argue that these women have put into fabric what the contributors of *Shakti* have put into words. At the base of the panel is the SS Truro, in which the first indentured labourers travelled to South Africa. Above that, workers are depicted in the canefields and, subsequent to their indentures, venturing into other enterprises. At the beginning of *Shakti* is Raaz Pillay’s account of her ancestors who worked as indentured labourers in the coalmines of Newcastle and subsequently on the railways. On the panel, a colourful Indian pot symbolises traditional festivals and ceremonies; and an African pot indicates the co-existence of the two cultures in KwaZulu-Natal. There is a record of the forced removals from Cleland, Pentrich, Edendale and Plessislaer. Tribute is paid to Gandhi—to his principles of non-violence and passive resistance and to his time in Pietermaritzburg. And at the top of the panel, a temple, a mosque, a church and a Buddhist stupa indicate the importance of the spiritual life. *Shakti*, too, ends with focus on the spiritual and the enduring image of Pat Pillay, dedicated from a young age to Mother Kali, vociferous in her campaigning for women to be permitted to walk the fire in Pietermaritzburg, and finally achieving that goal.

Of the experience of working on the panel, Shano Suparsad says, ‘This rare opportunity to reflect on our roots and our vision of ourselves has greatly reinforced our self-esteem and identity, both as Indian women and as post-apartheid South Africans.’

In providing a platform for women to speak out, Alleyn Diesel has similarly given individuals the opportunity to reflect on roots, self and identity; to reveal the power and energy, the shakti within and to reach beyond the confines of a given community so that all who read this publication may grow in understanding, sensitivity, tolerance and respect.

MOIRA LOVELL

ZULU VANQUISHED—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ZULU KINGDOM, by RON LOCK and PETER QUANTRILL (Greenhill Books, London).

When Theo Binns published *The Last Zulu King* in 1963, it gave South Africans their first detailed background to the rise and fall of the House of Shaka.

It took an American named Donald Morris to expand on this aspect of South African military history when he produced *The Washing of the Spears* in 1966.

Then there was a surge of interest that caught the imagination of the British people as the centenary of the Anglo-Zulu War approached, but more so when that hopelessly inaccurate block-buster movie *Zulu* was released. Interest in Rorke's Drift—that remote corner of KwaZulu-Natal—has now made a visit to the site of the famous defence almost a 'must see' for visiting Britons.

Since then, there has been a plethora of books released and one wonders if there is really much left to publish about the war of 1879.

Ron Lock and Peter Quantrill have now produced a sequel to *Zulu Victory*, their first combined effort on the Anglo-Zulu War, which analysed the Battle of Isandlwana and the cover-up by the powers that be. *Zulu Vanquished* focuses on the remaining actions that lead to the final battle at Ulundi on the 4th July 1879.

Their style is neutral enough but they tend to repeat what I felt somewhat spoilt their neutral style in *Zulu Victory*—namely a constant reference to the Zulus as 'the enemy'. Quoting extensively from first hand accounts, many of which have not been published before, Lock and Quantrill constantly analyse them to support their interpretation of events. There are also a couple of Zulu spelling corrections that should be attended to in future editions, such as the use of Dingaan instead of Dingane.

Their evaluation of the little known action at Myer's (or Ntombe) Drift (incorrectly spelt Meyer's Drift in the text) is excellent. It was a perfect example of a blatant ignorance of one opponent's capability in conflict.

In the chapter on Hlobane, the authors identify the severe lack of communication between the commanders as a major cause of the embarrassing setback for the British, who (unlike Lock and Quantrill) clearly had no intimate knowledge of the terrain. Ron Lock's book *Blood on the Painted Mountain* sets the scene for a superbly thorough study of this amazing battle. Again, considering the fact that the authors have spent so much time in the field, my only criticism (in view of the fact that this can be seen as a definitive account of the war) is the use of another Anglicism (Ityantika Nek instead of Ntshenteka Nek) for the defile at the eastern end of the mountain, where the British suffered severe casualties. They are kind to Lt-Col. Redvers Buller (who justifiably won a VC for his bravery at the Devil's Pass) who, having observed the approaching Zulu army, hastily scribbled a note to Capt Barton instructing him to '... retire at once to the right side of the mountain'. When Barton received the note, he was facing in the opposite direction to Buller when the latter had written the note, which resulted in Barton riding slap bang into the Zulus and to his death.

Such simple errors were to beset the British through the Transvaal War of Independence and the Anglo-Boer War.

The authors' account of the Battle of Khambule is riveting and would leave little to the imagination if one were taken to Col. Wood's hilltop redoubt.

Cmdt F. X. Schermbrucker's description of the burial of the Zulu dead is bizarre; the British accorded the warriors full military honours as batch after batch were deposited

into a ‘...ghastly ditch, 200 ft by some 20 ft broad and 10 ft deep.’

As far as I can recall, the only reason for their interment was to prevent them from polluting the air and water supply in the vicinity of Wood’s strategic redoubt on Khambule ridge—the headwaters of the White Mfolozi River. Tragically, all signs of this mass grave, dug ‘three quarters of a mile from camp’, seem to have disappeared.

The Battle of Gingindlovu is probably one of the most overlooked, both historically and figuratively, in KwaZulu-Natal. Once again, the authors provide us with a splendid account of the Zulus’ advance on the British square—one of the few occasions they had used this method of defence since their campaigning in the Sudan.

Lock and Quantrill quote more Zulu accounts in their description of the Battle of Ulundi (4th July 1879) than in most others and this provides the reader with a more balanced picture of the hopelessness of the Zulu commanders’ task. Here, the ancient Zulu order was destroyed and until recently the only memorial to the warriors who fell in its defence could be seen in the form of a dolerite tablet that was mounted on the wall of the monument.

Zulu Vanquished is written in the same style as *Zulu Victory* and is a valuable addition to an already impressive array of Africana. The authors’ style is easy going and enjoyable and their story well told.

KEN GILLINGS