

THE LOST VALLEY

A Feature Programme for Broadcasting

by

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Based upon the story of that part of the great Zambezi Valley in Southern Africa which has recently been submerged beneath the waters of the Kariba Dam.*

Opening Music.
(TR-14 (A.4).)

"*Bata wasunga mulundu*" by Edward Kalunga on the *Kankowele mbira* (hand piano)

*Sound of Bees
and Doves.*

The valley was hot . . . hot and calm under the haze of an African high noon.

The great River, Zambezi, moved smoothly along the bed of its broad valley like a silver cord, clearly unaware of the part it would play in the destiny of the Tonga people who lived along its bank . . . the Valley Tonga tribe.

Their portion of the Valley lies downstream below the magnificent Victoria Falls and above that line of hills which almost closes the Valley some two hundred miles beyond, were it not for the one narrow gorge through which the Zambezi made its escape towards the sea.

Many, many years ago, the Tonga people named this gorge '*Kariba*', 'the Trap'.

Water Sounds.

Imagine this part of the river's course, beside which the Tonga tribe had its home, as a vast corridor, enclosed by two great containing walls . . . the tumble of hills and cliffs which form the northern and southern escarpments.

Between them, far below, lies the flat stretch of valley, broken here and there by isolated hills and rocky ridges.

The land is brown as an earthenware pot, baked dry as a straw and brushed over with a gilding of pale yellow grass.

Bees and Doves.

Knee deep in the grass, smelling of dust and honey, stand the trees, the slender trees of the African bush.

It is hot and calm and almost silent except for the humming of the insects and the bees going about their business.

Along the banks of the river itself, and only along the banks, the vegetation grows thick and lush, with creepers, shrubs and a fringe of reeds. Among them, huge tamarind trees dream beside the water

* This broadcast was written and produced at the invitation of the South African Broadcasting Corporation. It is based upon the experience of the field recording unit of the I.L.A.M. which visited the valley in order to obtain an authentic selection of Tonga music while the people were still living in their ancient homes. The music and songs illustrating the broadcast were recorded at that time, in June and July 1958, and much of the text is taken from the unpublished manuscript of a book written by Peggy Tracey entitled '*Beyond Kariba*'. The recordings are all included in the Library's standard issue of long-playing records published in the '*Sound of Africa*' series.

The broadcast is printed here in order to show one of the ways in which the African Music Society is making a contribution towards the preservation of authentic folk music and its practical use by radio organisations. (See Notes and News, page 00).

and tall palms raise their slender pillars into the air, higher even than the broad fig trees which house a hundred night-loving creatures. Everywhere throughout the valley tower the baobabs, huge, grey and timeless; their immense trunks, gnarled and rough as an elephant's skin . . . the giants of the valley sharing pride of place with the elephants themselves.

Through this African wilderness with its many kinds of trees each with its fellowship of birds and insects, its perfume, its cloud and its star . . . through this wilderness wanders the River, slow and serene, with every now and then a swirl upon its placid surface that bursts and subsides again like a sigh.

Distant cockcrows. In the distance, a burnished rooster proclaims the presence of man, his master, and the village of Chief Chipepo . . . a great scatter of huts in an open clearing, not far from the river itself.

The people are moving to and fro from their fields and as they pass they greet each other with the Tonga 'Good day':-

Tonga Voices.

"Mapona, mapona,"

"Ndapona, mapona, mapona,"

"Ehe, Ndapona."

As you approach the village itself, you notice that the thatched huts are made of upright poles and dried mud. They have no windows, but each has a strong door to keep out lions and other wild creatures of the night.

In front of each door is a pair of stones . . . the millstones of every Tonga woman.

Grinding Song.
(TR-42 (A-1).)

"Yachipondeka 'owe 'owe" by Masaria, accompanied by the sound of the grindstone.

There, on her knees, with the smaller stone beneath her hands, rubbing it to and fro over the hollow stone below is a Tonga housewife, grinding her grain, fresh, for her small family's evening meal, and singing as she works.

Up Song.

She is not the only one in Chipepo's village who must prepare her meals. A dozen others within earshot are pounding millet in their wooden mortars, some singly and others with their friends or daughters, pounding rhythmically in the same mortar, each with her own wooden pestle . . . and singing . . . always singing to lighten the work.

Cross to Pounding Song. (TR-42 (A-7) and *Second Grinding Song.* (TR-42 (A-4).)

"Indakurira shua", 'I cry for my friend,' by two Tonga women, with the sound of pestles and mortar.

"Karikambo?" 'What shall I do?' by a Tonga woman, with the sound of her grindstone.

David Livingstone passed by this village, the village of Chipepo, a hundred years before.

He, too, saw the pestles and the grinding stones and remarked:-

Scots Voice:

"These household stones are the only hieroglyphics an African woman leaves behind her".

Chipepo's Voice and Drinking Song. (TR-43 (B-3).) "Chiyunirzi chikete mukamba" 'The owl is sitting on the top of the Mukamba tree,' by Tonga men.

Here is the Chief . . . Chief Chipepo, the head of the village, with a small knot of friends sitting underneath the long arms of a shade tree. They have been drinking together and, of course, as is only right on such occasions, singing a few songs.

The Chief is not a drunkard, but as someone said of him, he just likes drinking.

Song Up.

Now a few of the women and children have joined the small group of men and they take up the three wooden drums which have been lying in the dust beside them and start another song; this time a popular local dance tune.

Dance Song. (TR-45 (A-1).)

"Mabulo andeke," 'The wings of the aeroplane.' *Msabe* dance song with drums.

Do you know what they are singing about now? Listen . . .

African Voice II:

"What are these planes which fly overhead?

We can hear them, but we cannot see them.

What are these planes overhead?"

There is one now . . .

Cross-fade from song to distant aeroplane noise.

Airman:

"We did an aerial survey of the Zambezi valley at an average height of 18,000 feet above sea level. The idea of the survey was to be able to determine the exact contours along the whole of the bed of the Zambezi Valley".

Fade back to song.

Aeroplanes are unreal and distant things in this valley. They pass overhead and are gone. Here, below, life goes on much as it has done for centuries past. The important events are not those outside but here in the village.

Take the latest love song for example which has recently been composed by Jerevani Siakuteka, the young man who was so upset when his girl went off to go and stay with her distant relatives far up the valley. This is him singing his song now to the sound of his small *Deza* mbira, the little instrument he plays between his hands.

Mbira Song. (TR-41 (A-3).)
Fade behind voice.

"*Muzimu wandiyanda moyo.*" 'The love of my heart,' by Jerevani Siakuteka.

"I was sad because the love of my heart had gone away.

So I sat for a whole day saying, "Who shall I talk to?"

So my father said:

"Ah my dear son, what can we do?"

And the Chief said:

"You'll just have to walk the whole day to get her . . . Don't think of lions or anything else."

Up Song again and out.

Then there was the song composed by that wicked old man Anrosi Kaniamba when he was courting that pretty widow in the next

village, the village of Sinefwala. Anrosi always sang his songs to the twanging sound of his one stringed bow. He was very much in love with her and her good looks.

"Widow" he used to call her,

"Widow, blow up the embers so that I can see your face."

And no doubt she did, as she knew she was a pretty woman.

*Song (TR-41
(A-2).)*

Men's Voices:

Fade Voices.

"*Nabutema fulida mvlito.*" 'Widow, blow up the fire,' by Anrosi Kaniamba with one stringed bow.

. . . They are going ahead with the dam, you know . . . At Kariba . . . at the gorge. It'll cost over a hundred million pounds by the time they've finished . . . ten sets of turbines . . . it will cost a fortune . . . of course it will . . .

Bring back Song and cross to faint hammering in the distance—then to Doves.

This is a most remote and peaceful valley. Hardly anyone from the outside world ever bothered to come down into it, partly because of the great escarpments which guarded its flanks and partly because of the heat at this low altitude, only thirteen hundred feet above sea level . . . a really tropical valley.

In the summertime, the land around the village lies baking, like a lizard on a stone. At noon the whole region seems to be under the spell of four Presences

Light—

Heat—

Stillness—

and Silence.

Here it is almost always dry, and in spite of the great river which runs past their very doors, their fields are much afflicted with drought. So in the five centuries in which the Tonga have lived here they have learned to adapt themselves to the climate and to hope and go on hoping for good rain; that the banks of clouds which float grandly overhead might be persuaded to drop some of their rain down here in the valley and not only on the high hills beyond.

One must intercede for rain before the High God, and so the ancestral souls and spirits of the Tonga forefathers are the ones who must surely be concerned with rain for the growing crops.

So there . . . near the village, is a Rain Shrine.

The Rain Shrine called 'Mulende' stands beneath a huge baobab tree. Two miniature huts, scarcely the height of a man, on the edge of a clearing. The thatch hangs in wisps from the eaves. The long shadows of late afternoon fall through the still air. This is a nature shrine . . . simply, a place set apart, . . . a place where elementals are placated and the elements implored with singing and clapping. Clapping for rain, they call it, clapping for rain.

*Rain Song.
(TR-41 (B-1).)*

"*Kelamenda bakela milonga.*" 'The one who measures the water,' a rain song by Tonga women led by Maria Musange—with clapping.

The Mwami, the old man who is in charge of the Rain Shrine, said that:—

African Voice I: "Long, long ago, there was a certain holy man, a Pangazana, who led the Tonga people to their new home from a far country. Near the end of their journey, they had to cross over the deep Zambezi river.

He stood on the bank and struck the water with his stick. Immediately the river ceased to flow and drew itself up into a shivering wall like liquid glass while the Pangazana led the people across on the dry stones with their flocks and their herds.

After they had all crossed over, the river began to flow again and has never ceased to this day.

His mission done, the holy man lay down to rest beneath a baobab tree . . . this very tree here . . . as he knew he was about to die. Then he stood up once again and he told the people that forever after, whenever rain was denied them they must implore it after their fashion . . . by singing and clapping their hands.

And so it has always been.

When he had finished speaking, he lay down . . . a little blood came forth from his nostrils, and so he died."

Second Rain Song.
(TR-41 (B-5).)

"*Tavamba Kayobwa.*" "We are praying for clouds," rain song by Tonga women—with clapping.

Gradually cross to Rain.

Fade rain gradually.

District Commissioner's Voice:

"I have come to tell you—it is my sad duty to tell you—that the river will rise.

African Translation.

That the whole country will be flooded.

African Translation.

That your villages will be lost beneath the waters.

African Translation.

The Government will do all it can to see that you do not suffer."

African Translation.

Water sounds and Mbira music again. (TR-14 (A-4).)

African Voice II:

"Yes, Bwana, we know. We know the floods of the Zambezi. But it will be all right . . . the water will go down again . . . sure, it always does so . . . we know . . . we know . . . we know, Bwana . . .

Voice intrudes.

"The wall of the dam will be four hundred and twenty feet high, built in four phases.

Phase One will include the building of a coffer dam and diversion tunnel and also a road bridge.

To house the two thousand Europeans and eight thousand Africans working on the project a temporary township is being constructed

. . . . and in addition to houses, a hospital, canteen, recreation hall" (*fades*).

Mbira music up again.

Rain comes only in the summer; and after rain, an intense lilac light dwells upon the summit of the hills. Everything . . . hills, far woods, ancient rocks float in chasms of blue air.

The whole valley seems to float, veiled in quivering, liquid, azure light.

There have been many days like this long before man arrived, when there were only the animals to enjoy the summer. Now Tonga men share it with the other creatures of the country and they plant their millet on the flat, dark, alluvial soil within a mile or so of the river . . . that is . . . if the rain has been kind and the sound of the clapping has reached up to the sky.

If not . . . the crops will wither and die and the Tonga families wait for their protector the Zambezi river to unburden itself of its floods.

Then the people of Chipepo leave their huts in the village and go to live along the very banks themselves, sleeping in small bivouacks or up on rickety platforms out of reach of the hyena, the snake or the river horse, the hippopotamus.

They plant their maize grain by grain behind the flood waters, as they recede inch by inch down the banks and back into the bed of the river, leaving here and there islands of dried mud, a yearly gift from the uplands of the interior to the west.

Soon both banks are thin green ribands of sprouting corn beside the gurgling, cheerful waters.

Now, all the people of the village who can be spared come to camp on the banks and to keep watch by night against the elephants and the hippos who are fond of young green corn. If one of these is heard heaving himself up out of the water, or padding his way down through the bushes towards the maize-covered banks, tins are banged, drums are sounded and voices shout across the river, tearing up the silence of the starlit night.

Noises—of shouting and tins banged with sticks.

Legend has it that the guardian spirit of the Zambezi is a great serpent who protects the Tonga people from famine as it winds its way past their villages through the narrow green strip of tamarind trees and sprouting corn.

No doubt the serpent allows a fair share of corn to its other creatures, the animals who also live in the floor of the valley.

Even in broad daylight a hippo can often be seen as he emerges from the tangled bush on the other bank opposite the village. He stands there in the glorious morning for a while, looking for all the world like a well done pork sausage, nicely browned on top, delicately pink underneath.

On that side of the river also live a family herd of elephants, twenty-six of them. These magnificent creatures, the lords and dukes of the other folk who walk along the same paths as the Tonga, are known to

all the people, many of them by name. Every day they amble down to the river to drink or to splash themselves all over with cool water.

Xylophone music intrudes and fades. TR-46 (A-1 to 4).

"*Ulumbundubundu*," tune on the *Chikorekore* 4-note xylophone.

You hear that?

That is the right kind of music for planting corn.

You cut yourself four short pieces of green wood . . .

Shape them roughly into four convenient lengths . . .

Place them across your thighs as you sit on the ground with your legs stretched out before you . . .

And with a small stick in either hand . . .

You do this . . .

Up Xylophone music.

It is only a small kind of xylophone and its name is *Chikorekore*.

African Voice I:

"The corn likes to hear this music and when it starts to grow nicely you take your four notes and burn them in the fire . . .

Their work is done.

Next year you will fashion four more."

Xylophone music crosses into the sound of hammering.

District Commissioner:

"I tell you the river will rise and you cannot plant your maize here again.

African Translation.

We have prepared a new district for you up on the hills . . .

African Translation.

You must prepare now to leave the valley."

African Translation.

African Voice:

"Bwana, we know our river.

Of course it will rise, but it *always* goes down again.

We will not leave our homes, no, no, no."

Hammering Louder.

The Italian contractors who are building the dam are ready to cast the first blocks of concrete . . .

The voices of Italian workmen can be heard on the wall. In the distance a single voice sings a snatch of Italian opera as he works.

Hammering fades across into a Tonga Drinking Song. (TR-42 (B-4).)

Hammering fades across into a stick rhythm. (TR-45 (B.2 and 3).)

Hammering and Italian opera again . . . then they fade behind:

Engineer:

"Phase Two of the construction of the dam has begun.

Gaps have been blasted in the left coffer dam. The river has been diverted partly through the temporary openings and partly through the tunnel. Work has now started on the main circular coffer dam."

Mbira music again.

African Voice II:

"They say Chief Chipepo has gone to see the sticks which the white men are putting in the river. He will sleep at Kariba to-night."

African Voice I: How can anyone stop the Zambezi? Come into the hut . . . it is late.

This is what the inside of a Tonga hut looks like . . .

The interior is very dark and the only light comes from the door. It smells of earth, woodsmoke and human habitation; A gentle homely African smell.

The space is very confined for the hut is a mere twelve feet across.

To one side of the door is a bedstead apparently growing out of the earth.

It is formed of the limbs of a tree, roughly trimmed with legs planted in the ground.

The frame is made of poles and reeds, intertwined and plaited With a grass sleeping mat on top.

Skins and clothes and an old blanket hang from above forming curtains.

Apart from the bedstead, there is no furniture except two small carved stools.

The floor is of beaten earth and on it, standing around the walls, are a few earthen cooking pots, a calabash filled with dry tobacco leaves and another calabash mellowed with smoke to a golden brown, which is filled with dried slices of pumpkin.

On the other side of the central hearth with its warm grey ashes stand the two tiny carved stools waiting for their owners to return home.

The old man's pipe, long stemmed, with its modelled clay bowl is laid carefully across the wide mouth of a clay pot. He will know exactly where to find it.

The old lady's pipe, a hubble bubble pipe with its calabash half filled with water, stands deferentially on the floor nearby.

For these two old Tonga people . . . this is Home.

Home in the Valley.

To-night there will be a small party in this hut and dancing afterwards in the moonlight.

Children and grandchildren, anybody's, everybody's.

Now, as the sun sets, the velvet dark falls like a cloak over Chipepo's village.

Africa retires into its hut and shuts the door with the finality of a mole closing up its tunnel.

A knot of elders may sit smoking around a few warm ashes outside, but in the end, they, too, are gone.

A fire leaps up on the clay hearth of some hut glimpsed through the half open door and then goes out.

Outside the silence is absolute.

But to-night there will be a party.

Now within the small bubble of the hut's privacy a little group of children sit around the glowing embers.

They sit close together, leaning on each other's shoulders, legs drawn up, huddled together, with the instinctive urge of young creatures to keep very close to each other.

There is a discussion as to who shall begin, while the old grandmother pulls away at her hubble-bubble pipe.

Hut sounds with pipe. (TR-45 (B-4).)

Tonga woman smoking her *Ndombondo* pipe.

The chosen story-teller begins in a murmur . . . a little nervously, for the story spell has begun to fall and we are in the land of makebelieve . . .

Story in the background. (TR-46 (B-7).)

"*Ndwano siya mani zuminina ngoma ye.*"

Notis Chukwa is telling the story—the *Luano*—of a wicked old wandering musician.

Everyone answers '*Kalangati*' to show they are following the story properly . . .

This old man would go about the villages singing and dancing for a living.

One day, while he was at a certain village, he caught a young girl and put her inside one of the large drums he had been playing and pegged down the skin again over the drum head.

He put the drum over his shoulder and off he went on his journeys. Presently he came to another village and here he began to sing his songs and dance for the people as usual. Now, while he sang, the girl inside the drum began to sing too, and the people were amazed to hear his drum singing.

"A-ha", he said, "this is a very special drum, this one, it sings by itself".

After a while he was tired and went to sleep under a tree.

Now a handsome young man did not believe what the old man had said, so he crept up to the drum very quietly and listened.

He heard the voice of the girl inside and, quickly, he broke open the drum and out stepped a beautiful young girl.

"Where do you come from?" he said.

"From Siyalusero's village," she replied.

So off they went together, back to her own home.

When the old minstrel woke up, he found his drum had been broken open.

"Hau!" he said, "now they will kill me".

Fade out story.

So leaving his drum behind he went off as fast as he could go and was never seen again.

If you tire of telling stories at a party like this, you can always fall back on the game of riddles. And this is great fun.

Riddles.

(TR-43 (B-5).)

"*Ulavrika,*" by four Tonga men.

Now the moon is well up and everyone goes outside for a dance.

Drums.

(TR-46 (B-6).)

fade behind voice.

"*Chembere lumbolo.*" 'Old people, here is a song.'

The drums start up and away they go, round and round in a circle, raising clouds of fine dust in the moonlight. Everyone jigs and sways to the music and there are shouts and whistles as the lads from the other end of the village dash up to join the party.

There are seven drummers now . . . each holding his drum between his thighs.

The names of the drums . . .

'Gogogo,'
'Kingaridi,'
'Shamutanda,'
'Muntundu,'
'Mujinji,'
'Pininga,'
'Pati.'

Soon the hornblowers join the party bringing with them their set of *Nyele* horns, made from the antelope horns of the valley.

Each horn produces just one note. One boy, one note, one glorious mixture of sounds.

The smallest boys play the smallest horns, and largest boys play the deepest notes . . . very right and proper.

Bring up the band of pipes and drums and then out.

Death is no stranger to the valley, and these horns which play for a village dance also play for a village funeral.

The dead are buried to the sound of the same music to which they danced during their lifetime.

Only yesterday an old woman died.

The tired old body was put carefully into a narrow hole dug within a few feet of her hut.

The soil was replaced and every one danced around and over her grave, to the sound of this . . .

Announcement:

"NGOMA FOR A DEAD PERSON".

Pipe and drum music up again.

By this morning there was no sign of the position of the grave; the ground was as flat as before. Only one last trace remained. Her clay cooking pots and her pitcher were broken over the spot where she now lies, for she has no more need of them.

She is one with the valley, lying near her friends and relatives, within sound of their chatter and laughter, within sound of the cry of the new-born child, the sound of the pounding.

For how long now? For how long?

*Pounding Song.
(TR-42 (A-7).)*

"*Indakurira sbua,*" by two Tonga women.

District Commissioner:

"The lorries will be here, next week at this time, to take you all away to your new home sites.

African Translation.

You must be ready to go without fail.

African Translation.

The waters of Kariba will surely rise.”

African Translation.

African Voice I: “I don’t believe . . . don’t believe. It has always gone down.
If we must go . . . we must . . .
And leave our homes . . . our huts . . . our village . . .”

Mbira music.
(TR-14 (A-1).) “*Lumbo lwa chila.*” ‘The singing of the chila dance.’ A quiet song to the *Kankowele* hand piano, by Edward Kabunga.

Can you smell this?

This is the scent of the valley I shall always remember and take away with me. These small thistle-like flowers . . . a lovely scent.

African Voice I: “We call that *mvisampisia*.
It grows everywhere.
We put it into water and the women use it for washing their babies.”

African Voice II: “We also use it for the dead.
When the burial is over the people dip their fingers in the water and then go away to their own homes.”

“Sprinkle me with hyssop and I shall be clean.”

From birth to death, this same aromatic little plant growing beside their doors keeps its ritual fragrance with its small pointed leaves and its soul of bitter perfume.

The solo song is heard again, softly as he sings to himself.

The song is drowned by the sound of crowds, then lorries are heard pulling away uphill, with singing receding into the distance.

(TR-44 (B-5).) “*Machiwewere.*” ‘Pulling together,’ *Mankimtu* dance song by Tonga men and women.

As the last lorry pulls away from the now deserted village of Chipepo, someone ties a small green bush to the back of the truck so that it can trail behind along the road.

Why?

So that the spirit of the Valley could ride on it and keep them company all the way to their new home up on the hills above.

Flute in background.
(TR-43 (B-4).)

“*Ndwimo lwa mutetere.*” Flute tune by Mwami Sinefwala Mukuli.

A spirit, you see, must not lose touch with the earth as it moves from one place to another or it would not be able to find its way back and would not settle down . . . ever. It would be lost . . .

We must still keep in touch with the spirit of the valley, the great serpent of the Zambezi.

It is not the first time that the gods of ancient Greece have made their appearance in the Continent of Africa. Here is Antaeus, the giant of the fables in the guise of a Tonga legend.

Flute fades away to silence.

The valley is now empty of nearly all its human inhabitants, but still the other folk, the creatures remain . . . elephants, lions, antelope, and the smaller creatures, the porcupines, badgers and merecats and

all the field mice, snakes and beetles . . . all going about their daily search for food in the almost silent valley; silent, except for the growing crescendo of activity down at Kariba . . .

*Industrial noises,
machinery and
hammering.*

The foundations are well set on the solid rock and the wall is now towering up towards the summit of the half moon crescent of concrete, the shell-like arch which will stem the flow of the great Zambezi and turn it back upon itself until the Valley is filled to the brim.

A gap had been left in the wall through which the river was still flowing; But now, the moment had arrived when it should be closed and the Valley at last submit itself to the waters of the upper reaches, from far away Balovale, from Mongu, Kwando and Kazungula, all plunging and roaring over the Victoria Falls only to be stemmed by the wall of Kariba, the trap.

So many turning points in history take place without fanfares of trumpets and this moment was one of them.

*Voice of News-
paper Reporter:*

"The event itself was not spectacular. It took place at night; all that happened was that a few bulldozers pushed the last little bit of rubble gradually into the arc cleared near the dam wall. Trucks running on a catway over this gap then plunked a few more tons of cement in and slowly the hole was sealed up. Nothing was immediately visible, but slowly from the next day the water downstream began to become more of a trickle than a flood and you could begin to see the level inching up on the sides of the dam wall."

*Water sounds
stop and change
to gurgling.*

Inching up over the homes of the Tonga;
Inching up over the fields and bushes;
 over the doors and the roots;
 over the dreaming tamarind trees
 and the tall palms themselves;
Inching up over the rocky ridges,
 the caves of the leopard and lizard,
 into the holes of the mice and the moles,
 into the secret places of owls and nightjars,
 over the moss and the stones
 the cracks, the crevices and corners of the small fry,
 over the nests of the doves and the eagles alike;
 until only the tips of the small hills remain
 as islands in the valley's shroud.

*A distant voice,
over echo:*

"The floods are risen, O Lord.
 the floods have lift up their voice,
 the floods lift up their waves."

News Reader:

The height of the water at Kariba is now two hundred and fifty feet up the face of the wall.

Sound of an aeroplane.

Airman:

"It's very flat in the earlier portions of the Lake—and you could see the—how the water was slowly making its way through the mopani and the trees were disappearing. One could see these large isolated baobab trees standing right up high above the mopani and

- Aeroplane sounds continue.* then we could pick out, and very clearly, the isolated islands that were forming; and some of these islands . . . we flew down very low, down perhaps twenty or thirty feet above the islands, and on these islands you could very, very clearly see, on one island we saw twenty head of impala, about ten wild pig; and we saw waterbuck, and even on one island we could see the porcupines and on another where the Zambezi joins the Bumi we saw three elephants who seemed very little perturbed by our aircraft flying low, and we wondered I must say what was going to happen to these elephants because they had an awful long swim to the nearest land. Further up just on this side . . . ” (*fade*).
- News Reader:* “The surface of the water at Kariba is now thirteen hundred and eighty feet above sea level, and the Lake is over a hundred and twenty miles long.”
Water sounds.
- African Voice I:* “Chipepo’s village is thirteen hundred and eighty feet!”
Hammering sounds.
- News Reader:* “The surface of the water at Kariba is now fourteen hundred feet above sea level
Crescendo of building sounds.
- African Voice I, very quietly:* “Good-bye Chipepo, good-bye my village, my shade tree . . . my hut . . . my mother’s grave . . . my Tonga home . . . good-bye . . . Chipepo . . . Chipepo . . . Chipepo
“Many waters cannot quench love
Neither can the floods drown it.”
“Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth.
While the sun or the light or the moon
or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds
return after the rain.
In the days when the keepers of the house shall
tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves
And the grinders cease because they are few
And them that look out of the windows be darkened.
song in the distance And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the
sound of the grinding is low
And he shall rise up at the sound of the bird
And all the daughters of music shall be brought low
Also when they shall be afraid of that which is
through water high and fears shall be in the way . . . and desire
shall fail
Because man goeth to his long home and the mourners
go about the streets.
Or ever the silver cord be loosed
sounds. or the golden bowl be broken,
or the pitcher broken at the fountain,
or the wheel be broken at the cistern.
Thus shall the dust return to the earth as it was,
And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.”

The Burial Ngoma is heard again with horns and drums.

*Announcer
proclaims:*

"NGOMA FOR A DEAD VALLEY"

The Dam is complete . . . the trap closed. And the power of the Four Presences of the Zambezi which cast their spell upon the Valley . . . Light . . . Heat . . . Stillness . . . and Silence . . . now pours through the tunnels of the great turbines and out onto the hills beyond.

We have paid for Kariba with money and enterprise . . .
They—the creatures and people of the Valley—
They have paid with their Homes . . .

The Ngoma fades across to the sound of a dynamo starting. When the note is even and sustained it fades into the distance and the sound of bees and doves is heard once more.

THE END