

# ORAL HISTORY:

## The Zvimba People of Zimbabwe

by  
STANLAKE SAMKANGE



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**Professor S.J.T. Samkange**



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Oral History: The Zvimba People of Zimbabwe  
Professor S.J.T. Samkange

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To  
The Memory of my Sister  
Va Mangwenya  
Zvimba's Daughter  
Norah Xotyiwe Matangi  
Samkange  
20.10.25 — 7.12.82  
Loved and Missed  
By Us All

# Table of Contents

## Chapter

Heroes of Chipata	I
Sources	II
I The coming of Zvimba people	
Neyiteve: Zvimba I	1
II Uzande who became Negondo Zvimba II	7
III Chipokoteke: Zvimba III	14
IV The Chambara and Beperere fight	19
V Gwevera's journey across the Zambezi	28
VI The disappearance of Beperere	34
VII Dyakonda, Chisora, Chatoramazi and Mutimuri	39
VIII Gweshe: Mambo Zvimba the Black One	54
IX Mushayapokuvaka: Mambo Zvimba XIV	58
X Madzivanzira — Europeans — today	71
XI Selection, Installation and Succession of Zvimba Chiefs	79
XII Some names and other Prominent Residents	85
Geneology of the Zvimba People	93

## **Heroes of Chipata**

The People of Zvimba, who live in their land: Chipata, are very proud of their sons who walked the soil of this earth and the weight of their footsteps reverberated throughout the land. They fought for this country, to return to the rule of its sons and daughters. They all did not fight one way. Each fought his own way. All their struggle had one goal: the liberation of the sons and daughters of this land.

The heroes of Chipata are many; as many as the locusts, or, the grains of sand. Nevertheless, above all, the people of Chipata beat their breasts with special pride, when they recount the exploits of Chipata's sons: VaButsu Matewu Zvimba, VaHunde yoMusasa Misheki Zvimba, VaMufundisi, Rev T.D. Samkange and Jongwe, Robert Gabriel Mugabe who bestowed a special distinction and honour on us all, sons and daughters of Chipata, by becoming the first Prime Minister of ZIMBABWE.

S.J.T. Samkange

The Castle  
P.O. Hatfield  
Harare  
Zimbabwe  
18 May 1985

## Sources

Before his death on 27th September 1951, Mr Jeremiah Mugugu had written his History of the Zvimba People in an exercise book. In the early 1960s, this exercise book was handed over to me by his nephew, John Madzima.

John Chirimanyemba had two interviews with me which I tape recorded in 1985.

Zacharia Dzvene Samkange was tape recorded by me in 1973. Abiya Matare was tape recorded by ZRP Chief Inspector Mathias Samkange, to whom I am indebted for the kind permission to use this tape.

Chakabva was interviewed by the then District Commissioner of Sinoia: Archival document.

Charles Bullock's contribution will be found in his book "The MaShona Juta", Cape Town 1929. One of Bullock's most important informants was the Head Messenger at Sinoia, Sergeant Mupambi.

### Joni Chirimanyemba's Instructors

We asked VaJoni Chirimanyemba: Who told you all these things? And he replied:

"Gushungo, the man who told me, over a long period, is Mazhindu. Once I spent three months with him while his wife, Chihendo, cooked sadza for us. I had his nice overcoat, for a blanket. Mazhindu is Mushayapokuvaka's son with VaMtima. He is the one, whose mother's bride wealth was delivered in hoes. All the others were captives. The Senior wife was the mother of Samkange and Madime.

Another of my informants is Wachenuka. That one was master of detail. Even the names of people's wives, he knew. Even today, if one says to me; who was so and so's mother? I know. His son was called Chakabva. He also spoke. I lived with him a long long time.

I went to VaRambakupetwa, who was married to my mother's elder sister. He spoke a lot. My head took it all. I then went to Magambanga also called Marufu. He also spoke. I also went to Mathe of Manda-ndirotya. He also spoke. These are things I was interested in because I am interested in our land's affairs. These are the people who taught me."

## CHAPTER I

### The Coming of Zvimba People Neyiteve: Zvimba I

In the land of Makonde, in the Chinhoyi district, near the Chitombo-rwizi Purchase Area, towards the Karoyi river, are people known as The People of Zvimba who live in their land called Chipata.

These people are real MaZezuru. Their cognomen or Mutupo is Ngonya pa Nyora. Their honorificus — Chidawo is Gushungo or: Owner of the fruit forest, Pachiworera, Tsiwo, Terror of the Waters! One who swims from pool to pool : Son-in-law of Mhanyame. Denizens of the Fruit Forest. Sitters of the Cloths, where its all at, in a heap! Mbwetete!

Now where did these people come from? Listen! Hear! These people of Zvimba came from Guruwuskwa. No one can tell you the exact location of this place called Guruwuskwa. All our elders only point to the North saying: "This way, that is where Guruwuskwa is, this way".

Nevertheless, when they say that, they agree with present day Scholars. Present day scholarship maintains that today's African inhabitants of the land now called Southern Africa came from the North.

The greatest name among the Zvimba People is Chihobvu. This Chihobvu, did not make it to this Country. He died before they left Guruwuskwa. He is, however, the father of the Progenitor of the Zvimba People.

Now, listen attentively, to the late Jeremiah Mugugu's narration of the coming of the Zvimba people to Chipata. Mugugu says:

"The name of the Progenitor was Nemawunga." He came from Guruwuskwa with his Guruwuskwa born son who was of age. It was Nemawunga who introduced the name Zvimba, when his feet became swollen from walking long distances. The name he had been given at birth was Neyiteve.

He is the one who shared a boundary with Nova, also known as Chipuriro: The boundary was the river Muskwatadzi.

With Chivero, the boundary was the river Karamwe Machena. With Hwata the boundary was the river Suzhe. With Ngezi the boundary was Shuro Shuro.



The River Shumba was the top boundary of Zvimba's land. All of Gwidzima was inside it. So was Makwiro. The Mvurwi Range was cut: One part belonging to Zvimba and the other to Chirawu, the boundary being the Karoyi River and the hill called Chirozva".

Another source: Abiya Matare says:

"The story of the coming of the people of Zvimba to this Country from Guruwuswa, shows us that it was Nemawunga who came to this land in the company of Chipuriro, NemaKonde and Chivero.

Chipuriro then left and laid claim to his land. They walked, and NemaKonde also left to claim his land. They walked on as far as Chikwira. It was there Zvimba said to Chivero, 'My feet are swollen. You can climb up the hill.' And that place was called Chikwira.

It was then that Nemawunga and his children returned into the land and saw fruits in abundance. They then demarcated their boundaries making certain they included the fruit trees in their land".

Another of our sources says:

"I am Joni, the son of Nyawore, born by Chirimanyemba son of Chikaka. We need not go any further with my lineage. The sun could set before we are done.

Now, I have been invited by Samkange, son of Mushore, called Stanlake Samkange. He is the one who has invited me of the house of Chisora. Do you know them of the house of Chisora! A hero, who fought great battles in this land. Whose head was brought to his land by a batelear eagle. Truly a thing which shows these were the real men of this earth.

So, as I have been invited, I shall tell everything: the trek from Guruwuswa to the discovery of Zvimba's land. Today, you call this land Chipata but it is called Nhanga Ku Sikwa (first to be created). That is its name.

The first person to come was Neyiteve. This Neyiteve had a father called Chihobvu. This Chihobvu died near the Zambezi River. He never made it here at all. Only Neyiteve and his progeny: three sons made it to this country. The third son, called Chipokoteke was born in this country. The other two were Nemawunga and Savandye. Savandye was also known as Uzande. At his death, however, he was named Negondo because a woman covered him with a bark cloth blanket called a "gondo". So he became Negondo. These are the sons Neyiteve brought to this land.

On their journey, they were a large company. The one who led them was a mu Rozvi named Rupengo. It was Rupengo who apportioned individual land he desired and left him there.

They came, NemaKonde, Nova, Zvimba and Ngwenayasvunura now called Chivero. Now, this Zvimba called Neyiteve and this Makonde called Chibvamuskwe: these are names they have today which they got after they received the lands they now occupy; as they journeyed, this is the way they crossed the Zambezi. I confess, here, the story escapes me somewhat, some part I have. Those from whom I enquired gave me, two versions. One version is that on their reaching the Zambezi River an opening called "chiburi" occurred in the ground and they entered and came out on the other side. The other version is that they came along Mkumbura. Now, I really do not understand that part of the story. That's what I am saying.

After they had journeyed for some time, NemaKonde found this land, called NemaKonde today. Nova found his, also called Guruve. Then came Zvimba, who was nearly made to pass through this land. Now as he was nearly made to pass through, this Zvimba, on arriving at a little hill called Machena, here, at a place called Makwira that is where he realized: Woh! I have lost this land. This land with plenty of fruits: Mazhanje, hacha, nhunguru, hute, tsangidza, matchwe: all these fruits and countless others, are there.

So, when they had stopped, cooked sadza, eaten, he began to plan with his children. He said: "Now, shall we leave this land? We cannot leave this land. What plan shall we devise to get it?" The father said, "No, I shall now say I am sick: my feet are swollen". For surely his feet were then swollen: fat.

So when they said: "Let us move on". And the question was asked: "Have you climbed?" Zvimba replied, "No". And they said, "Come on, let us move on now. Let us move on now." And he replied, "Ah my feet look like they are swollen," Three times, he said, "My feet are swollen," So, someone came back. And said: "It is true. His feet are swollen. Now, he will have to remain here. This land is now his. We thought we would take him further."

That is how they proceeded with Ngwenayasvunura and crossed a little stream called Kapame. And the land behind remained to belong to Zvimba.

Now, when Zvimba remained behind, he said a lot of things. Do you know the song he sang? I, Joni Chirimanyemba, heard it. Did you ask, how it went? The song he sang as he walked and played with his children was:

Ndinde Ndinde  
To me this forest



Ndinde Ndinde  
 Is most enjoyable  
 Ha! Ha! Ndinde  
 Is most enjoyable  
 Ndinde Ndinde  
 This forest  
 Ndinde Ndinde  
 Has Matamba  
 Ha! Ha! Ndinde  
 Nhunguru are there  
 Ha! Ha!  
 Even Hacha!  
 Ndinde.

And he enumerated all the fruit trees he saw, with joy.

It was during the summer. They went to a muhacha tree, picked hacha and ate them saying, "We have found our land."

Then Neyiteve said: "Now, you, Rupengo, after you have taken others to their lands, do come back and give me the boundaries of my land, for I know you still have a lot of people to come to apportion land."

So when Rupengo returned, he found Neyiteve at a river called Biri. And Rupengo said: "Well, let us walk through your land now. Where shall we start?" And Zvimba replied: "I do not know, let us start at the river Mupfure." So they went to Mupfure and they went up along the river called Saruwe. They went along it until they came to the confluence of two rivers: Saruwe and Karamwe. And they went along Karamwe.

There, they went past the little white rocks into Mhanyame. They walked along Mhanyame past the point where Gwiri pours its waters into Mhanyame. Walked along Gwiri to Gase where there is a rivulet from a hill, called Nyahoko, so called because Zvimba had nailed a peg there to mark the boundary of his land. That is why this little river is called Nyahoko.

They walked along the little river to the point where it pours into Myurwi, behind this is the source of the river Mukwadzi. It originates at the top of a hill at Mvurwi and flows down, down, down, Makwidiba being across on the other side.

Those who claimed the boundary was Sudye were, in fact, taking part of Chipuriro's land. They walked along Mukwadzi up to Mhanyame. They climbed up along Mukwadzi. At the top they hit a mountain range and when they were furthest, they got to Mupfure.

That is the point Shuro Shuro pours its waters. Beyond that — the land belongs to Mupamombe. It is Ngezi's.

They went up Mupfure to Saruwe, this was really good land. Chegutu was within it. Sudye was within the boundaries. That is how the land was. It was a very large piece of land.

The first ruler was Neyiteve. When his feet got swollen he became Zvimba — the swollen one."

VaChakabva, the elder brother of Headman Dununu in 1955, told the then District Commissioner that:

"Neyiteve, son of Chihobvu, the Progenitor, left the area where Chihobvu lived in Guruwuskwa and came west in search of a new land.

At that time, the Rozvi's ruled this country. A Mu Rozvi named Tumbare, gave land to Neyiteve when Neyiteve said: "My feet are swollen." He became the first Zvimba.

Neyiteve had three children: Nemaunga, Negondo and Pokoteke."

The District Commissioner of Sinoia (Chinhoyi) in 1965 wrote that: "Chief Zvimba and his people had a very considerable tract of land which now comprises a portion of the Zvimba Tribal Trust Land, the European areas of Banket, Trelawney, Maryland and Darwendale to the Gwebi river and southwards and eastwards to the main Salisbury — Bulawayo railway line, and thence to the junction of the Msengezi and Umfuli rivers, and northwards from the Kamurara river to the Karoyi river in Zvimba Tribal Trust Land, which, in turn flows into the Hunyani river.

These people formed part of the general migration from the north. They say they came from a place named Guru Uskwa (probably in Tanganyika). They were led by one Nemaunga and his son or younger brother) Neyiteve. The country they occupied was originally occupied by Chief Svinura's people (Chiwundura?) but they were driven out by the VaRozvi.

The name Zvimba is said to have originated when Neyiteve became tired of travelling and said: "Nda zvimba makumbo", and settled down. There after, he was known as Zvimba.

In the narrations we have heard, the first thing we see is that the name of the Progenitor of the Zvimba people who came from Guruwuskwa and made it to this country is not quite clear. Some say it was Neyiteve, others say, it was Nemaunga. What we know, for certain, is that between these two names: Neyiteve and Nemaunga — one was father and the other son of the Progenitor of the Zvimba people.

The late Jeremiah Mugugu said it was Nemawunga who was given the name Neyiteve by his father. This would suggest that Nemawunga and Neyiteve were one, and the same person.

The other informants do not say this. VaChakabva said Neyiteve: Chihobvu's son became the first Zvimba and the three sons: Nemawunga, Negondo and Pokoteke.

VaMatare, we heard, mentioning Nemawunga but Joni Chirimanyemba said it was Neyiteve. Those who told the District Commissioner said it was Nemawunga. All the same, most people in Zvimba lean towards Neyiteve.

The second thing we have noticed is that the People of Zvimba did not come to this country alone. The people of Chipuriro, Makonde, Chivero, Chirawu and Hwata have been our neighbours : since we came here.

The third thing is that Rozvi rule did not start recently. We arrived here from Guruwuskwa when the Rozvis were rulers of this country.

Now, let us see what befell the Zvimba people when they lived in their land we call Chipata even though Joni Chirimanyemba insists its real name is Tangakusikwa.

## CHAPTER II

### Uzande who became Negondo Zvimba II

VaMugugu tells us:

"Now, Neyiteve, Mambo Zvimba I begot Gurumazani. He is the one who travelled from Guruwuskwa playing his father's drums. After Gurumazani Neyiteve begot Chirimugore, Uzande, later named Negondo and Beperere also called Chipokoteke.

When their father Neyiteve Zvimba I died, his sons, the three of them said: "Today we want to see who will succeed to the Chieftainship among us three sons. Let us go to our father's grave riding on bullocks; so we may find who is the owner of the village".

They took bullocks. The eldest brother, Gurumazani, rode on his, Uzande rode one and so did Beperere also called Chipokoteke. When they were near the grave of their father, Neyiteve, and could see it, over there, Gurumazani's bullock broke a leg and fell down. It failed to reach the father's grave.

Uzande and Chipokoteke said; "The chieftainship has rejected you, eldest one". And Gurumazani replied, "Yes, my brothers, the Chieftainship has rejected me. You, Uzande, should now succeed our father as Zvimba." They returned home. Uzande was installed as Zvimba and instructed to "Nurse the people". Drums sounded and women ululated.

Now, I want to tell you about the death of Mambo Zvimba of the name Uzande who died childless. He died in a war to which he had been called by a Mambo named Baru, of the cognomen, Nhari who lived at Chirorodziva.

Baru had been pressed by the army of Chipandura, the Zambezian. Baru sent messengers to Zvimba who said: "We have been sent by Mambo Baru who says Mambo Zvimba should assist him, today, for he is very hard pressed by Chipandura's army."

Now, Zvimba mobilized his men and led them to battle, together with his young brother Chipokoteke. When they arrived at Chirorodziva they fought for two days with bows and arrows. This was before our people had acquired guns. On the third day, Mambo Zvimba was struck by an arrow and left the field of battle, alone. He returned to his land because the arrow that had struck him had been poisoned. His

army remained under the command of his younger brother, Chipokoteke. And he drove the Zambezian army away, this Chipokoteke.

When Mambo Zvimba got near his village, he sat down by a mukonono tree, with his back supported by the trunk of the tree and died. The following day, a woman gathering twigs to light the morning fire saw Mambo Zvimba dead by the tree. She took a blanket made of bark fibre: a "gondo" and covered him.

She returned to the village. She found the army having returned saying: "We do not know what happened to the Mambo. He was struck by an arrow and left the field of battle." At that moment, the woman told Chipokoteke: "I saw the Ishe while gathering firewood. He is dead. I covered him with my bark cloth blanket — "gondo".

They all arose and followed the woman who led them to the body of the Mambo. They found the body having been eaten, on the side, by a wild cat. The wild cat was still there. It did not run away.

They dug his grave and buried him on the spot, because an Ishe or Mambo is not removed from the spot he has died. They left the grave walking backwards because the Mambo was barren. From that day, his name became Negondo: that is to say, one that was covered in a bark cloth blanket, by a woman.

Chipokoteke, his young brother succeeded him".

Va Abiya Matare, son of Dandaratsi, Dandaratsi the son of Mandaza, Mandaza the son of Dununu, Dununu the son of Beperere says: "This Nemawunga, begot Neyiteve, Neyiteve begot Pokoteke, Pokoteke begot Beperere, Nyamkange and Negondo. Negondo died childless".

VaChakabva says:

"Neyiteve had three sons: Nemawunga, Negondo and Pokoteke. To Nemawunga, Neyiteve gave the land where the Msengezi Purchase Area now is today.

Negondo married Gwenzi's sister of Chivero, but did not have children with her. That being the case, Pokoteke entered his house for him. As a result, Chambara and Beperere were born being publicly known as Negondo's children.

The one who succeeded Neyiteve as Zvimba, is Negondo and was followed by Pokoteke."

VaJoni Chirimanyemba says:

"Neyiteve the first Zvimba lived many years with his three sons. Having lived with those sons, the eldest, called Nemawunga, was the first to die, and was buried over there, at a place called 'Pa Mukuyu weVasikana': The Girls' Figtree."

Do you hear what I am saying? I am Joni Chirimanyemba. I am a son of Nyaware. My mother is VaNdari, daughter of Chihota. These Chihota people begot a champion. I am there. Hence, I have been invited by VaSamkange; owners of the land, who are the sitters of the cloth. Even you, deceased, look I am stammering. I usually do not stammer. Open for us. He will produce the fee. I suggested we place the fee here. But he has none. He just hasn't anything. If he hasn't anything he hasn't. (The fee is there. It will be produced.) Now, that's it. That is what we are talking here.

Now this Mambo who lived at Biri died, the one called Neyiteve. His grave is at Chitanakwe, in a pool of the river Biri. Now, he, having been buried in water, in a pool; there is a huge flat stone, water comes down, like this, like this, like this. Now, where they put him, in a cave like this; no one knows this grave. Even I, have not seen it. I have only heard it is in Chitanakwe.

Now he, having died, like that, his son Uzande, or Savadye took over the Chieftainship. The name he was buried with is Negondo. His Chieftainship was good.

War name, war of the VaTonga, these who are called Mupangombe, these who were resident at Chirordziva. Now in this war, the Zvimbas are the ones who went to fight them and the Mambo was shot by an arrow. Having been shot he was not seen by anyone. They remained looking for him and could not find him. "Where has the Mambo gone?" No one knew.

After a while, at home, his last wife: the fifth went out to gather firewood in the forest. She saw the Mambo, sitted with his back against a Mutamba tree, dead: his mouth wide open. It was then she reverently walked and carefully looking and found the face to be of the Mambo: VaZvimba, Uzande.

She ran back to the village and said: "VaZvimba I have seen your elder brother. I saw as if he is dead. He is in that little forest over there. That is where he is leaning against a tree."

And Chipokoteke said: "Eh, you Sango, this woman is telling lies. Let us just drink beer quietly." The woman did not remain there. She ran back to where the Mambo was and found what she had seen to be the case. She came back and said: "Father what I am saying is true."

The third time she said this, Chipokoteke said: "Sango take an axe. If you find it not the case, chop this woman, so she does not come back here again."

Sango, their nephew, son of VaChitwa then ran and found what the woman had said was true. It was then he came back to the village and said: "It is true. I have seen him."

At Chirorodziva where he left, they were looking for him. Now here at home they had found him. That is when they went there and found the Mambo dead. That is when his young brother Pokoteke cried, "Oh Mother! Grief is killing me!" "Maiwe! Shungu dzandiuraya!" That is when he hit his head against the mutamba tree saying: (Gu...shungu dzandi: uraya). Gu-grief is killing me. Gu-grief has stabbed me. Gu-with grief. Gu-with grief (Guneshungu). That is the day the laudatory term Gushungo came out. It originated from grief. It is grief.

They heard Gu with grief (Guneshungu) Gu with grief and they became Gushungo. They then took the Mambo and went with him into the house. As they took him there was no ox hide in which to bury him. That is where they went and took the bark of a tree: a large one, those that used to be split from a tree. And they covered him with it. They then went and buried him, over there at Mundarira at Mukuva-mbira. That is where he is, there. That is the second grave of a Mambo.

Having been thus laid, this Mambo is dead, his story ended, they lived a while and asked: "So to whom shall the Chieftainship go?" And they said: "The Chieftainship we should place on his young brother Pokoteke. This Pokoteke, then took an army to fight those who had shot his brother with an arrow. He finished them. There died thirty-eight men. The rest fled.

Pokoteke returned, mourned his dead brother and after a while they bestowed upon Pokoteke the Chieftainship."

Charles Bullock who was once the Chief Native Commissioner and Examiner in Native Customs and Administration in Southern Rhodesia, in the 1927 edition of his book: *The Mashona*, on page 283, says:

"Negondo the Progenitor of the Chiefs Zvimba is said to have fought with the Ma Korekore at Chirorodziva (Sinoia Caves). The Ma Kore took refuge in the dark cave, and when Zvimba followed them there, he was struck by an arrow. The wound drove him mad and he fled into the bush. His men searched for him, but failed to find him, and eventually returned to their kraals.

Days later Zvimba's body was found by an old woman, who covered it with her own bark robe (gondo); so that Zvimba was called Negondo. Then the old woman set a nhiriri (a kind of wild cat) to watch the body until she could bring help. Therefore the people of Zvimba take an oath or mhiko — "Ndingadhla chiriro". (May I eat cat — if I lie).

When his men came back with the old woman, they buried Zvimba (Negondo) on the spot. At the grave a great anthill sprang up from the ground and around it, grew a grove of mikonono trees.

No Muzezuru would willingly approach that spot. Even at ceremonies he dare not turn his back on it, for he who did so would at least become impotent (as was Negondo) or lose himself in the bush (as did Negondo).

Yet it is here that each Zvimba must go to receive confirmation of his chieftaincy, and the assent given is said to be that of the spirit of Negondo."

All our informants agree that Negondo was impotent but, in accordance with our custom, his younger brother Chipokoteke "entered his house for him" and fathered Chambara and Beperere for him.

All narrators agree Negondo did not die a natural death and that he died from a wound of war. VaMugugu says: he was fighting against Chipandura the Zambeian. VaChirimanyemba says it was a battle against the Tongas. Bullock says it was against the Makore kore. All except Chirimanyemba agree the woman who saw him covered him with a gondo: bark robe, and he was called Negondo. All agree after the death of Negondo, Chipokoteke or, Pokoteke, was installed as Zvimba.

From then onwards, there is disagreement among our informants; VaMugugu and VaJoni Chirimanyemba. VaMugugu says Ishe Zvimba was found leaning against a mukonono trees. VaChirimanyemba says it was a mutamba tree. Bullock does not say he was leaning against a tree but says on that spot grew a grove of mikonono trees. This makes us accept VaMugugu's version that it was a mukonono tree.

VaMugugu says, "They arrived and found the Mambo having been eaten by a nhiriri — wild cat. This nhiriri remained there. It did not run away." Bullock says: "The old woman set a nhiriri to watch the body until she could bring help". VaChirimanyemba does not even mention the nhiriri.

VaMugugu says they buried him on the spot because a Mambo is not removed from the spot he has died. Bullock agrees, he was buried on the spot. VaJoni Chirimanyemba says, "They then took the Mambo and went with him into the house . . . They then went and buried him over there at Mundarira at Makuvambira. That is where he is, there."

We know it is our custom that a Mambo is buried on the spot he has died. We agree, therefore, with VaMugugu and Bullock, that Negondo was buried on the spot he died.

Furthermore, is there one born in Chipata who does not know a place called "paGondo"? Who does not know that this is a very frightful

place because at this place, sometimes, one hears the sound of drums and yet not know from where the sound comes? Who was born in Zvimba and does not know that "paGondo" is a mysterious place: that, at this place, one does not turn one's head, casting eyes all over? Who, born in Chipata, does not know that at "paGondo" is a spring that exudes water and never runs dry no matter what happens? What causes all this? It is because of Negondo's grave that is there.

VaJoni Chirimanyemba also says: "That is when his young brother Pokoteke cried, "Oh mother! Grief is killing me." That is when he hit his head against a mutamba tree saying: Gu shungu dzandi wuraya — Gu grief is killing me, Gu — grief has stabbed me, Gu — with grief. Gu — with grief — Gu — neshungu that is the day the laudatory term Gushungo came out."

I, the author, disagree very strongly with VaChirimanyemba, on this point. I do not believe this to be the origin of Gushungo. If it were the origin, from that day, onwards, all Ngonya people would have mourned their deceased relatives by hitting their heads against mutamba trees. It would have been our custom, now, to do so. We have no such tradition. Why? This is definitely not the origin of our Chidawo: Gushungo.

Let us turn back to Bullock's book, *The Mashona*, to which we have referred, on page 87 he says:

"The chidawo is Gushungo; and I failed to find the meaning of the word. Father Burbidge was more successful; and, from the results of his independent investigation, it appears that the word refers to the mutupo and is derived from Ku — Shungira."

The mutupo, Ngonya panyora, the Chidawo Gushungo and such other laudatory terms as mbwetete *et cetera* all refer to the same thing, that is to the "pudenda mulieries". Zvimba greybeards concur.

If you, kind reader, want to know what the mutupo and Chidawo of the Zvimba people mean, I refer you to Bullock's *The Mashona*, pages 86-91.

VaMugugu has told us how Negondo was selected to be Ishe Zvimba. He was not the eldest. The eldest brother was Gurumazani. Yet the Chieftainship went to Negondo, because Gurumazani's Bullock did not make it to the father's grave. And he concluded the Chieftainship had rejected him.

This would seem to indicate that from that date, onwards, it became a custom or, tradition of the Zvimba people that who ever is nominated to be Zvimba; and, so that all may know that he has been accepted, or approved by the midzimu, or, spirits of the Zvimba people; *must*

*of necessity have to spend a night, alone at Negondo's sepulchre.* On the following day, if he is alive, and shows no sign of illness; then he has been accepted, or, approved to be Zvimba. If he is rejected, he will die soon after. No one who has not slept at Negondo's grave, alone, can really say he is Ishe Zvimba.

Later, we shall see how an Ishe Zvimba was nominated and installed, now, let us see what happened when Chipokoteke reigned as Zvimba III.

### CHAPTER III

## Chipokoteke: Zvimba III

VaJoni Chirimanyemba says:

Pokoteke ruled for many years in his life time. He raised many children. Later he fell sick, at those hills called Vudzi, if you know the place, you who still have feet to walk. At the Nyamangara dip tank, is where this grave of Pokoteke is to be found.

Pokoteke is dead, buried. Now this Uzande had two sons. One was Chambara and the other Beperere. Before he died, Pokoteke had also begot two sons: Kakomwe and Chidziva: the younger was Kakomwe. This being the case, they said: What shall we do with the Chieftainship? They said the fathers are now all gone. The Chieftainship was bestowed upon Beperere. Beperere built his village on the hill called Maringowe".

VaChakabva says:

"Pokoteke gave land to Chambara, where the farm Martinspur is today. This land was called Chikanga. Pokoteke himself ruled the land between the rivers Karoyi and Mhanyame.

Pokoteke married a muChikunda woman (from Portuguese East Africa) and had two children with her, called Kakomwe and Chidziva.

At the death of Pokoteke, Beperere took over the Chieftainship saying his elder brother Chambara had already been given his inheritance (meaning Martinspur farm).

Pokoteke's death was reported late to Chambara but, when he heard it and came to pay his respects, he created trouble. He wanted both areas, but many people backed Beperere because Chambara had been away in his own area for many years, and was regarded as a virtual stranger.

Chambara had the support of Pokoteke's sons, Kakomwe and Chidziva and he sought and obtained assistance from the VaRozvi who had spears which inspired great fear."

Now, let us hear the narration of VaMugugu. VaMugugu says: At the death of Negondo, his young brother Chipokoteke took over the Chieftainship of the Zvimba people. Negondo and Chipokoteke were real brothers: same father same mother, or, as the Mashonas say, "Buda

ndibudewo": come out, so, I may come out, too. Their mother was called VaMbaya.

When Chipokoteke became Zvimba III his "Vahosi", or, senior wife, was a woman from Chivero named VaMhasvi. With VaMhasvi, Mambo Zvimba Chipokoteke, begot the sons Chambara and Beperere and a daughter named Hayi. They were the "Vazukuru" nephews and niece of Chivero.

Chipokoteke also begot Chidziva and Makuvi, with a muChikunda woman who had, in fact, been VaMhasvi's personal attendant but Mambo Zvimba saw it fit to make her his wife: These are the VaZukuru of the Tsenga. Mambo Zvimba Chipokoteke never fought a war with anyone. From the day he succeeded his brother Negondo, as chief, to the day he died, his people knew, only to hunt, to grow crops and to drink beer, not to fight other people. One day, Chipokoteke said to his son Chambara "Look, my son, I want to apportion you, your own land which you, alone, will be the ruler. I will give you, the land called Chikanga: the land between the rivers Musengezi and Shuroshuro, with the whole of Hurungwe within its boundaries. You will do as you please, eating anything you like. If, however, you kill "mhofu yomukono": an Eland bull, do not eat it. You bring it to me. You will rule as you like because you are my eldest son." All present, clapped their hands in grateful thanks saying: "Gushungo, pachiworeva, Ngonya, tsiwo, nhiva mativa mukuwasha waMhanyame. Vagari vemachira", expressing their thanks on behalf of Chambara. Chambara himself thanked his father very much, and, after a few days, gathered his belongings, bid his farewells, and, with his family, left for Chikanga. At Chikanga, he began hunting and growing crops. He was a successful hunter, for he killed many different animals. One day, while hunting, he killed many animals and when he examined the dead animals, to his surprise, he saw a number of large "mhofu yemikono": Bull Elands, among his day's kill. Remembering his father's words, his heart stood still, and he pondered what to do. At last, he said to himself, "Let me eat them. What is being given land to rule if one does not eat such meat? If I eat them, who will see me? Who will tell my father?" And so, he ate the "mhofu yemikono": Bull Elands.

Oh! poor Chambara, one that disregards advice, tells by a cracked skull for the wisdom of hind sight never preceeds. The ancestral spirits abandoned him, that day.

After a few years, Mambo Zvimba Chipokoteke died and was buried. After the ceremony of "Kurova guva" had been held for the deceased Mambo Zvimba III Chipokoteke, Beperere summoned all his young

brothers and other elders of the Zvimba people and said, "From today, I am Mambo Zvimba because my elder brother Chambara has his own land of Chikanga. He kills elephants and Bull Elands and eats them. He rules as he likes. He cannot now inherit this side, kill and eat Bull Elands, this side, again. Furthermore, he disobeyed our father because father said to him: Chambara my son, always remember what I told you when I said, you can eat all the other animals you kill but the "mhofu yemukono" the Bull Eland, do not eat. Send it here to me. Yet when he killed several Bull Elands Chambara ate them all. The ancestral spirits, have abandoned him for his disobedience. This land, in which father has died, is therefore, now mine. I am now Mambo Zvimba."

Many people, including his young brothers, agreed with him, but their mother said: "No, my child. You, Beperere, are younger. You cannot take the inheritance of a great name, while your elder brother, Chambara, yet lives." Beperere replied: "Don't you know that my elder brother was given his own land, by our father? He is no longer in a position to inherit this land because he has land which is his. He eats elephant and Bull Elands". His mother persisted, saying: "No, my child, you will fight each other with your brother, if you do that." Beperere then replied. "It is better we fight each other, Mother". Mother then said "Don't you know that your elder brother has a large army of VaRozvi backing him?" To this Beperere replied. "I am not afraid of his large army. I, also, am a man." There and then, Beperere sent messengers to Chambara saying: "Go and tell him that father, Mambo Zvimba, died. Now, your young brother, Beperere says, the Chieftainship is mine. I am now Mambo Zvimba." The messengers went and spoke as they had been told to say.

When he heard their words, Chambara was besides himself with anguish, anger and rage. To Beperere's messengers, he said: "Go and tell him, I say, do you want to die? You, be called Zvimba while, I, am still alive! It's an affront I will not tolerate. I am following with an army."

The messengers returned and told Beperere: "Your elder brother says, 'Do you want to die? How can you want to be called Zvimba while I am still living? What's really going on, there?'" Beperere said: "What's going to kill me?" The messengers told him: "We left him mobilising a large Rozvi force. He said he is coming to fight you". "Very well," said Beperere, "I am not afraid of his VaRozvi."

Beperere then summoned many people, including his young brothers, and told them: "All shout together, as loud as you can, saying: The

Senior Zvimba Beperere: Strip of a Lung: (Beperere Mudzonga webapu)". He told them, once more, that Chambara was now junior to him because he had been given his own piece of land, by their father, Chipokoteke, during his life time. "The Chieftainship is mine," he again declared.

All the people clapped their hands in homage and proclaimed: "Senior Zvimba: Beperere, Strip of a Lung". His mother heard people clapping their hands in homage and came out of her hut sobbing and with tears running down her cheeks said: "My son, you have done a bad thing, Your brother, Chambara, don't you know him? You should have fought each other after my death, your mother."

As she was saying this, Chambara's messengers arrived. They said: "Chambara says, 'Mobilise your army, son of my mother, the Chieftainship is mine'. Their mother said: "Do you hear, my son, what your elder brother says?" Beperere replied: "Your son wants to die." His mother asked: "Don't you know he has Rozvi medicines?" "Mother," replied Beperere, "that is old stuff. We quit using that ages ago."

If we examine closely, what we have been told, we find that our informants agreed in saying that:

Chipokoteke succeeded his elder brother Negondo as Ishe Zvimba. During Chipokoteke's reign, the people of Zvimba prospered, enjoying good harvests and plenty of livestock.

Even though VaMugugu said: "Chambara and Beperere were Chipokoteke's children", he told us in the last chapter, Negondo was impotent which means that Chipokoteke's senior wife, VaNemhasvi of Chivero is the same woman of whom VaChakabva told us, "Negondo married Gwenzi's sister of Chivero but did not have children with her. That being the case, Pokoteke entered his house for him. As a result, Chambara and Beperere were born, being publicly known as Negondo's children." VaNemhasvi was a wife with whom he already had children on behalf of his brother, before he inherited her and she became his senior wife.

Chipokoteke had children with MuChikunda who had been his mother's servant until he saw it fit to make her his wife. And that these children were Chidziva and Kakomwe.

VaChakabva and VaMugugu are agreed that Chambara and Beperere fought for the Chieftainship after Chipokoteke's death.

The custom or law, among the Zvimba people, that descendants of Nyamkanga, known as Manyamkanga, do not sit on the Zvimba stool, even though they are regarded as the elders — vakoma, dates from this fight.



Mudzviti, the Native Commissioner of Lomagundi, Sinoia reports:

It is alleged that the VaRozvi had very little to do with the appointment of Zvimba Chiefs after a dispute for the Chieftainship between two claimants Chambara and Beperere. Chambara called in the VaRozvi to settle the matter but before a meeting could take place Beperere shot an arrow across the Hunyani river where Chambara and the VaRozvi were camped. It struck Chambara and is alleged to have turned him mad. The VaRozvi left, and Beperere became chief.

It was only later that the VaRozvi came back and confirmed one Mandaza as Chief. Chief Mashayangombe tried to conquer Chief Zvimba's people but was driven off."

Now, let us, listen and hear how Chambara and Beperere fought each other for the Zvimba Chieftainship.

## CHAPTER IV

### The Chambara and Beperere Fight

We have already heard The District Commissioner, Lomagundi, Sinoia say: "Beperere shot an arrow across the Hunyani river where Chambara and the VaRozvi were camped. It struck Chambara and is alleged to have turned him mad."

VaZakariya Dzvene Samkange son of Uzande, Uzande son of Samkange, Samkange son of Chiyanike; Chiyanike son of Zimono called Musundi, Zimono son of Chirikumeso also known as Chimbamauro; Chimbamauro son of Chisora, Chisora son of Beperere — String of a Lung. Says:-

"The Nyamukangas do not sit on the Zvimba stool because they are the sons of Beperere's elder brother. Now, as they are descendents of Beperere's elder brother, what happened here is that Beperere and Chambara were brothers. Then, it happened that the elder brother had a very large family and said to his father: "Father, I would like to have my own land. I am of age." Now, that is when the father said: "It is all right, my son". And he was given the land of Chikanga all of it up to Shuroshuro. He was told: "You can go and live there. Nevertheless, a Bull Eland, you do not eat. You must bring it to me here. But you can skin a female eland." And they lived like that.

Then Beperere said: "Father, I also want land, for you have given land to my elder brother — the land of Chikanga right up to Shuroshuro". "Ah, my son," said the father, "you are a bone on the firestone. I cannot give you land, for if I die, who will be called Zvimba?" So, Beperere, kept quiet.

After a while, the father died. The father having died, Beperere sent messengers to his elder brother Chambara to say, "Father is dead. The Chieftainship is mine." And Chambara replied, "No, young brother, the Zvimbaship is mine, that's all. Don't be installed. I am coming."

And the elder brother came. Their mother VaNemhasvi was still alive and said: "Look here, my son, depart from this village." They were living at that hill, near over there, at Msoro Wemvana. "Your brother will arrive here in the evening and you will kill each other."

So Beperere went across Mhanyame at Gunguruhwe, there. And it started to rain cats and dogs. It rained and rained. It was the month of June. It rained the whole night. And Mhanyame became full and over flooded its banks. Mhanyame having become full, the elder brother arrived and said to their mother: "Well, where is the younger brother?". And mother replied: "He has gone across." And he said, "It is all right. The Zvimbaship is mine, mother." The mother replied, "I do not know. Those are your affairs." And Chambara left and went to sleep.

The following morning the elder brother arose with his army and encamped on this side of the river bank. The younger brother was on the other side at Muchekagono.

Said the elder brother: "The Zvimbaship is mine. My army, you cry out and shout: You are the Great Zvimba, Chambara the Spotty — Chambara mavara." And his army cried out and shouted: "The Zvimbaship is yours. You are the Great Zvimba! Chambara the Spotty! Chambara mavara."

Then Beperere said: "The Zvimbaship is mine. My army, cry out and shout: You are the Great Zvimba, Beperere String of a Lung! Beperere Mudzonga we Bapu!" And the army cried out and shouted, "You are the Great Zvimba, Beperere String of a Lung! Beperere Mudzonga we Bapu!" That is when he said: "Now, you people who have followed us. We do not want other people to fight. We want to kill each other: we two. When we have faced each other, we two, the one who is killed is the one who has been rejected by the Zvimbaship."

Now, that is when he arose, the elder brother and said: "It is well." And stood holding his bow and arrow and said to his army: "Cry out and shout: You are the Great Zvimba, Chambara the Spotty! Chambara mavara!" And his army cried out and shouted: "You are the Great Zvimba, Chambara the Spotty, Chambara mavara!"

Then the younger brother sat down. That is when Chambara sent: nhu-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-, an arrow and next to his younger brother — "dzi" — it pierced the the ground. And he called out: "Do not touch it! Do not touch it! And the younger brother responded: "Ah, old one, you were deceived." And he pulled it from the ground. And he pulled out its head and poured the poison that was in it in his medicine horn, and said: "Look, old one, you were deceived."

Then he said: "Now, look out, I, the younger one, come." And the elder one sat down. Then, the younger one arose and said to his army: "Cry out and shout, you are the Great Zvimba, Beperere, String of a Lung, Beperere Mudzonga we Bapu!" And his army cried out and

shouted: "You are the Great Zvimba, Beperere, String of a Lung, Beperere Mudzonga we Bapu!"

Then the younger one sent an arrow nhu-u-u-u-u-u-u-u- and it landed — "dzi" — right in front of his elder brother. And he said: Don't touch it. Don't touch that arrow." And the elder one said: "Ah! where did you find medicine, younger one?" And he pulled the arrow from the ground. Whereupon, out came a Cock — Jongwe — Ku Kurigo! And on top of his head it landed excreting on his head, do-do-do-do-do! And Beperere's army cried out and shouted: "You are the Great Zvimba, Beperere, String of a Lung. Beperere Mudzonga we Bapu!"

Thus was Chambara defeated by his younger brother, Beperere.

The river Mhanyame subsided. And the people dispersed. That is when Beperere said to the children: "Do not leave the land. We have killed each other: the two of us. My brother has been killed by our father because the Chieftainship was not his."

Now, some descendents of Chambara remained here. These are the ones who are called maNyamukanga. That is why they do not sit on the Zvimba stool. They are elder brothers to us. They are the ones who install us the inheritance of Zvimbaship, the Nyamkangas.

Others of Chambara's descendents ran away and kept on going, they are the ones who got as far as Vitori (Masvingo) at Hama. There, they begged for discarded hoes — zvi serima — so they are the ones known as the people of Serima. They are our relatives. They are Chambara's children."

VaChakabva says:

"Chambara had the support of Pokoteke's sons, Kakomwe and Chidziva, and he sought and obtained assistance from VaRozvi who had spears which inspired great fear.

Beperere's people took refuge at a hill called Chakona, and were soon surrounded by Chambara's contingent. Beperere summoned his sons to him and gave to each a horn of a wild animal as follows: Baranje (eland), Nyamangara (kudu), Gwevera (sable), Dununu (tsetsebe) and Chimbamauro (bush-buck). He himself, had a horn carved from bamboo.

They assembled in an unplastered hut on top of the hill and blew their horns in unison, giving off a terrifying din. A great wind arose and carried the hut (complete with occupants) to the far bank of the nearby Hunyani river.

Beperere, seeing the fear of his brother, shouted across the river: "You have failed." (wakona) — hence the hill is called Chakona to this day.

Chambara was unable to ford the river, but shouted back: "Younger brother let us now fight for the country!"

But Beperere responded: "Do you know what we are fighting over? Are we not brothers of the same womb? Is it not proper that each son should receive his inheritance? You, elder brother, have your country; this is mine."

These words annoyed Chambara: Chambara, then shot an arrow across the river at Beperere. The arrow pegged into the sand near Beperere, who shouted: "So! It is you who have the determination for war — yet you have no aim." He plucked the arrow from the sand, broke off the head, and spat on the shaft saying: "Look, brother, my aim is true, but do not touch this arrow when it reaches you, for you will surely die!" He shot it back across the waters; on its way the arrow turned into a cockerel and settled on Chambara's head depositing its droppings in his hair.

The VaRozvi laughed at him and withdrew their support. Thus Beperere got the country.

Chambara became insane and died shortly afterwards."

VaAbiya Matare says:

"Sooner or later, Beperere and Chambara were at loggerheads — elder and younger brother, being in Chakona. The elder brother said: "You, Beperere see our father is dead. Everyone, in this land, is behind you. You are usurping my eldership — my seniority. I will kill you." That is when Chambara, this Nyamkanga, went to invite the VaRozvi, and they surrounded Chakona — the hill that is called Chakona with hunting nets, intending to kill him because he was competing with his elder brother.

Having heard this, that is when Beperere called out to his sons saying: "Ye young men. It is now war. Come over here, at once." And they climbed up in haste, goats and cattle — climbing with them up the Chakona hill. There is a fence there. That is where he blew his whistle treated with medicines. This whistle was made from mushakazhombe, or mufandye tree.

And a great wind came. The VaRozvi put down their heads in shelter. And Beperere got into a basket with all his sons and cattle. And the basket flew behind Chakona. There it thundered over the Mhanyame to the other bank. The wind subsided and they heard him cough now across the river — augh — augh — augh — augh!

The VaRozvi said: Now, this one has escaped. What are you going to do?" Chambara replied: "I have to follow and kill him." Beperere is now descending from the flat rock he has landed. His huge basket

is flying towards Mhanyame. Chambara and his followers are also going down the flat stones towards Mhanyame.

Then said Chambara. "Young brother, look, you are mischievous. Today, I will shoot you with an arrow." The young brother replied. "Why will you shoot me? Yes, the people love me. You cannot live with the people harmoniously."

Then, was taken an arrow by the elder brother and shot at the younger brother and the arrow sunk into sand. Beperere then went and took the arrow, pulled it out and put it in his stack. And he pulled his with medicine and shot it at Chambara, saying: "Chambara, my arrow, do not touch. This includes those people of yours, who eat nyemba — beans. Go back, now to Chakona in the hill, and eat beans. Do not touch."

Chambara said, "The little mischief-maker is mad." And when Chambara went to try and touch the arrow, there came a batelear eagle — chapungu and it excreted its droppings on Chambara's head. And the Rozvi said: "Well! Well! Well! You mobilised us against a good man when it is you who is a wizard. Now look your bowels are loose. You have lost the fight, you wizard." Now, they are laughing and are returning to the hill in search of food.

Thus Chambara caught a chill. That is when he crossed the land in flight — there he is, in Musengezi — across Musengezi on the hills called Masahwa — then he died. His children returned and said: "Father Gushungo, father is dead. And he said. "Return with him and bury him in Chikanga." That was his land — the land of Chikanga. This Nyamukanga.

Some of his children returned to the fold, even though they had ran away with the father. And so Beperere remained with his children — the drums sounding."

We also hear VaJoni Chirimanyemba saying: "Beperere took residence on a hill called Chakona. Having taken residence there, his elder brother was called Chambara. This Chambara is the one he fought with at the river over there. Beperere and Chambara threw arrows at each other.

The arrow flew and sat on Chambara's head. The first one was shot as he said: Nhutu: I go further and further. Nhutu: we go afar and away. And the arrows flew to the bank where the younger brother was, and it sank into the ground. And he took it and he put it among his. Having put it among his, Chambara said, "Now, you throw yours." Beperere said, "No, we can kill each other if I do that. What is there, is that, son of my mother, this matter is ended. Let us return home."

And Chambara replied, "If you do not shoot your arrow, I will have to kill you. When we get home, I will axe you, because the way you are playing your drum, you, you are playing it to take over the Chieftainship since father has died."

Beperere replied, "No, brother, it is not so." Then he ran to his mother VaNemhasvi, and said, "Mother, what is now happening here, I don't like. I went to Chiuchi's village and got medicine. He, also, went to Dande, and got medicines. Now, these medicines, are they for us to kill each other? So, they are for us to kill each other. Is that so? How has it happened that the elder brother should do this?"

The mother said, "Well, if you are going to be axed, with an axe, you also throw your arrow". And, so, Beperere straightened and shot his arrow in the sky saying: "To the highest cluster,

Is far away

I may die!

The arrow went up. It came thundering ri ri ri ri ri ri ri. And they said: What is that? What is it coming! And on top of Chambara it sat and transformed into a cock — jongwe. When you hear him talk of a Jongwe — Cock, this young man, if he also rules us well, he can be a true cock.

Now, this arrow has sat and changed into a Cock — droppings pxa. Chambara caught a cold and died on a little hill going to the land he had been given — the land of Chikanga.

Now, this young brother, heard that his elder brother had died, went into mourning and buried his brother. Having buried his second brother, the elder brother had left behind four sons. The eldest was called Mucho, the elder was Nevevi, the third was Chikodzonga and the fourth was later named Nyamkanga after he had been called Gungutsva. He is the one whose family is here.

These other three left and went across the river Mupfure, up Shuro-Shuro — they went. Where they went they came to Chirimuhanzu's land. That is where they settled. These are the ones called Serima. To be called Serima, it was because they had asked: "Will you please give us worn out, little hoes called Zviserima, to plough with?" And they were called Serima. They were also called Mukumbiri — Beggers. To be called Mukumbiri — Begger was because they had begged. I tell you so you may know that they are our close relatives. They are sons of Chambara."

Now, let us go to VaJeremiah Mugugu and hear him tell this story. VaMugugu says:

"Beperere mobilised his own forces and said: 'Pick up the drums. Let us go across the river Mhanyame and camp there.' They crossed the river. No sooner had they crossed than Chambara arrived, with a very large force, indeed. Chambara found, in the village, only his mother, children and women.

Chambara said to his mother: "Where is Beperere?" His mother replied, "He has gone across the river Mhanyame, with his army." Chambara then asked: "Did he, really, install himself as Chief?" His mother replied: "Yes". Then Chambara said, "We shall come to grips with each other tomorrow." His mother said: "My sons, what you are doing is truly, really bad. You cannot fight each other, while I, your mother, am still alive. Now, what do you say, I, your mother, should do?" Chambara replied; "Now, are you saying what your son has done is good? Do you say it is a good thing for the Chieftainship to be taken over by a baby, I carried on my back: whilst I, am still alive? It's better for us to fight each other tomorrow, once and for all."

Chambara then went and told his Rozvi army: "Tomorrow we fight Beperere." The Rozvi army told him: "The Chieftainship is yours Chambara. You are the rightful Zvimba". They slept in Beperere's village, while he, the owner of the village was encamped across the Mhanyame. In the middle of the night, the rain came down in torrents. It rained cats and dogs. It poured and poured. The river Mhanyame was full. Its banks were flooded. Water overflowed and a mighty current uprooted, broke and swept away trees, carrying away trunks, grass and debris from its banks.

The following morning, all the bridges were unfordable. It was during the dry season, in the month of June. This unusual, very heavy rain had fallen because of magic. Chambara told his huge army: "You will wait and let us fight, I and my brother. His army stood on this side of Mhanyame: the southern side, which is infact, Chipata — Zvimba's land, even today. His young brother's army stood on the northern side of the river which is known as "KwaJimu" to the people of Chipata.

Chambara called with a loud voice and said "Beperere, where are you?" Beperere replied across the river and said "I am here". As he was saying this, Beperere was in his camp, wearing a headgear of a bird with its wings: the crown of Chieftainship. He told his army: "Cry out and shout, Beperere String of a Lung: Mambo Zvimba". And the people shouted as he had directed, while Beperere himself did as if he were engaged in combat, jumping high, stabbing and dealing heavy blows to an unseen enemy. Then he said: "Wait and let us fight it out,

we, sons of one woman." He called to his brother saying: "You start, old man."

In those days, people fought with arrows heavily treated with medicines. Chambara took an arrow from his sheath and told those present "Cry out and shout". And the people cried out, "Chambara Mambo Zvimba," while he also did as if he were engaged in combat, jumping high, stabbing and dealing heavy blows to an adversary. He saw Beperere on the other side of the river and let go his arrow which flew swift and true and landed near Beperere. Chambara then called out: "Don't pull it out sonny, otherwise you will go stark, raving mad, and do the impossible, such as seeing your mother's girlhood, my boy!" Beperere laughed, arrongantly walked towards the arrow shot by his elder brother, held it, and pulled it out of the ground. He looked at the arrow and said: "You are still using medicines we long discarded. This harmless stuff." And he contemptuously threw the arrow away.

Beperere then told his army: "Cry out and shout, Beperere, String of a Lung, Mambo Zvimba." And the people shouted as he had said. Then he stood and shot his arrow which flew across the flooded river and sank into the ground near Chambara. Then he said, "Old man, don't pull it out. You will go mad." Chambara went and pulled out the arrow from the ground. As soon as Chambara had pulled Beperere's arrow from the ground, there came a huge cock, flying and landed on Chambara's head. The huge cock crowed and emptied its bowels on his head. Then a strong wind which became a whirl wind blew and all of Chambara's army of VaRozvis ran helter skelter in all directions, including Chambara himself. They never even went back to Beperere's village where they had spent the night.

The Rozvi army said: "No, our manly friend, Chambara, you have invited us to certain death. We have never seen anything like this." Chambara only responded by groaning and saying: "my friends, I don't feel well, I am feeling chilly, my whole body is feeling cold."

The river subsided, Beperere went across with his army singing and dancing before him saying: "The Senior Zvimba". Women ululated, and he entered his village with his councillors and friends, shouting his praises, saying: "Mambo Zvimba Beperere, String of a Lung, is Senior." Beperere became Mambo Zvimba IV.

The following day, there arrived children who had been sent to bring sad tidings that Chambara was no more. They stood outside Beperere's village but he said, "Let them enter, for they are my elder brother's children." The children were admitted into the village and he gave them a roll of black cloth, saying: "Go and bury him. But do not remove

him from where he lies. Bury him on the spot he died." And they went and did as they had been told.

Chambara died in a village, which was called Nhondo — Chikome which was across the Musengezi river, facing Gwidzima, his children are scattered. Some of them are now known as the people of Serima, others are in Chibi and the rest are here, in Chipata. But here, they now only inherit the legacy and title called "Nyamukanga". They do not inherit the legacy and title of Zvimba because they are the first borns, the descendants of Chambara. They are the ones who must turn the first sod when a Chief Zvimba is to be buried."

Even though there is a measure of disagreement on minor points, among our narrators, the main theme of their story remains the same: Chambara and Beperere fought for the Chieftainship; and the elder one, was defeated. That, is the reason why, even today, Chambara's descendants: the Nyamukangas do not sit on the Zvimba stool.

Some of Chambara's children are dispersed over many lands. Others have their own Chieftainship and are the rulers in Serima. Others have changed their "mutupo" and are no longer called Gushungo, they are now called Chibgwa or Wa Mhali. This is the mutupo they were given by Kubviramara or Barudzi, the progenitor of the Ngowa, the father-in-law of the Wa Mhali.

## CHAPTER V

### Gwevera's Journey Across the Zambezi

Mgugu says:

Beperere begot Baranji and Gwevera. The mother of these children was called VaMwera. One of Beperere's wives was named VaKumboruwona. It was VaKumboruwona who gave birth to Kuiswa who is called Dununu and Dyakonda. She had a brother named Chemhunga. Beperere also had another wife who bore him a son called Chisora.

One day, Beperere called his son, Gwevera and said to him, "My son, Gwevera, I want you to go across the Zambezi river, to the Maratemwe mountain where people who cook other people with medicines live. I want you to go there and get medicines, so that we may live here, in the full knowledge that our villages are heavy, protected, secure, fortified and wind proof: like the villages of real men." Gwevera replied, "It is well, Gushungo, I will do as my father wishes." His father said again, "I do not want you to go alone. You must travel with a suitable retinue of councillors and servants so that those who meet you will realise that you are a prince and of royal blood. Behave yourself, my son, among the strangers, through whose lands you will travel." Gwevera replied: "It is well, my father. I shall remember the words you have said. We leave tomorrow."

Gwevera chose those with whom he wanted to travel across the Zambezi. He selected his friends and those he knew were real men, so that whatever happened on the way, they would not turn their backs, throw their spears to the ground and take to their heels. They had their provisions cooked, and bid farewell. Girls and women accompanied them out of the village, taking them some distance along the road.

They travelled, without incident, crossed the Zambezi and saw, those people who had these medicines and magic. They carried themselves well among strangers and spoke as they had been instructed by their father. They were given many medicines of war, in horns, dripping with fat and full of frightening things. They were also given drums and told: "These drums, you do not play because they are made of human skin. And these medicines do not taste, or try to put in the mouth, for you may cause unimaginable things to happen. You will give these medicines

to your father Beperere. He will know what to do with them." Gwevera replied: "It is good. We shall carry them as you instruct. We are children, we cannot play old people's drums. We cannot take medicines we have not the slightest idea what they are for. To do that, we would have to have become naughty children.

We are not that. To be entrusted with mbira is not to be empowered to play them." Gwevera and his friends bid farewell to their hosts and were on the road, back home, the following day. But when they had travelled many forests and were beginning to think that after a couple of days they would be eating sadza at home, Gwevera thought to himself, "Supposing I taste one of these medicines, what really would happen? Who knows? I might have power to do anything I like. Even if I ate one medicine, who knows it belongs to father? I will say this one is mine. It was given to me to strengthen myself."

When they arrived at the mountain called Gunguruhwe which faces a hill called Chakona, near Mhanyame, Gwevera ate one of the medicines entrusted to him, as he swallowed it, his companions were surprised to see his eyes protruding, veins and arteries of his body dilated and his tongue turn red. "What's wrong?" they asked. Gwevera could not answer. He stood on the ground one of those drums he was told not to play and started beating on it. The forests reverberated with the sound of the drum made of human skin. The beasts of the forest rose and fled hither and thither, snakes in the trees, fell to the ground, even the white ants, fell all over, on the ground. The people around felt as if their eardrums were tearing apart, their bowels seemed to be rising to the heart, and their knees and legs buckled and wobbled like those of a drunkard.

Gwevera jumped, cried aloud, and did all sorts of things. He was restless and fidgety. He cried, laughed and urinated on himself. His companions saw that he was now mad. They thought it was best to return with him whence they had come, for that was the only place he could be cured of his madness. They thought it pointless to go home with him, in that state, for the old people would surely not consider them blameless.

They tied him with ropes made from the bark of "Mupfuti" trees and carried him kicking, screaming and speaking in strange tongues. They were returning where they had come from when they felt tired, decided to camp, by the road for the night. During the night, Gwevera fell sick and died. His companions decided to send some of their number to run and report Gwevera's death to Mambo Zvimba. Two were chosen for this errand. They ran night and day until they arrived home and

told Mambo Zvimba what had happened. Mambo Zvimba ordered them: "Go back and carry him, bring him here so I can bury him, his father."

They went back and found his body decomposed. They knitted a coffin of grass, put him in and carried him. They were three days on the road, and on the fourth day, they arrived at a river called Muskwatadzi. From there, they sent a messenger to Ishe Zvimba again, to say: "Ishe, the deceased is now only worms." Ishe Zvimba replied: "Go back and tell them they can now bury him because he is back in his country." The messenger went back and said: "It is said, you can now bury him because he is now on his soil." Because the worms were in a calabash they shook them into a pool and made that his grave. Gwevera's grave is in a pool with a flat rock on its eastern side along this river Muskwatadzi. They went home and gave Mambo Zvimba all his medicines and drums they had. They told him all the things that had happened to them during their journey.

Ishe Zvimba took all those medicines, cooked them and ate them. Some he kept, together with the drums that were made of human flesh." Abiya Matare narrates this story of Gwevera as follows:

"That is when, this Beperere, sent his son Gwevera and said: "Go to the land of Zambezi and bring back war medicines, so that we may strengthen this medicine we have." That is when Gwevera went to the land of Zambezi and returned having given medicine in the form of: a drum made of human skin and medicines to be taken orally. And it was said: "You will go now, you, Gwevera and you will first play this drum in the presence of your father. And, while dancing with jubilation, you will swallow this medicine for war."

But when Gwevera, on his way back, got to the hill called Maringambizi, that is when he started to say: "Ah! Am I just going to carry things I do not know what they do? Let me try them so I will know what it feels like to take war medicines."

That is when he started to play that drum and to jubilate. At that very moment, at Maringowe, his father Beperere was startled and his heart stood still. And he knew that his son had disregarded medicinal instructions given him. Gwevera never made it to his father. He died throwing the drum, medicines and everything he was carrying, into a pool of the Muskwatadzi river. And he also died there.

It was then that Beperere, stood up, and carried all his medicine horns to Gunguruhwe. At the slopes of Gunguruhwe, he threw his medicines. There he is, cutting across to Chivero. There he is, now, going towards Chirimuhanzu. There he is in Gutu. Beperere is now a begger and has

a small hoe in his hand. He is begging for a place to live and plough for his children. And his children became known as Mukumbiri.

And here, behind his children the leader is now Dununu. He is the one now leading all these children. He is now the Mambo."

Joni Chirimanyemba discusses the Gwevera story thus:

"Do you hear, what I am talking about as I am here? It is absolutely the truth. I do not know, if all goes well, how we shall handle this matter with Samkange. Perhaps he will put my name, also may be what? Eh, I should be the one in front because I am truly speaking the truth. He, ah! is a son. But he is a very educated person. He went to be educated very very far away. He is a frightful person. What we have about him, this young man, is that his flesh, and his tongue are with us. But his ideas are now of the whites.

Do you hear me? Gushungo.

Let me clap my hands in respect, (Bu-bu-bu-bu-bu). We left, the matter there — with Beperere — Beperere do you know what was done by his son?

Beperere was done, like this, by his son Gwevera. When he was looking for medicine he said: "You go to my joking relations, the Chizus that is where you should go." This Chizu, had recently paid him a visit. "You go over there and be given war medicines. There is too much fighting here."

And he was given people: sons in law, nephews and it was said: "Go with him". They rose and went. This was after the death of Baranje. Baranje died and was succeeded by Gwevera. He rose and went.

They made it to the Makorekore — down yonder the Rukore Tavera and said: we have been sent by your friend — this that, that and the other. And they replied "Ah! very well, give us time to put together the medicines you want".

They were given zango: medicine sawn in a cloth to be worn. They were given a tail. They were given "nhidzatedza". They were given a drum. They were given a "nhombo" which had been counted. Because they will have been in a line. Since Beperere was the fourth. They took it after having killed a crocodile. They took the fourth nhombo, because he was the fourth Mambo. And it was said this nhombo when you arrive you will slaughter a bull. Having slaughtered a bull, you will cook beer and food. Having cooked beer and food, you will roll it in fat. Having rolled it in fat, you will give it to the Mambo to swallow.

After they had thus been instructed: that the drum was not to be played. All these things were told to take to the Mambo and to tell him what they had been told: that this medicine is eaten in this way



and that one this way: Gwevera said: "Very well let us go back." And they took the road back.

They got into the road, walked and walked, crossed Mukwadzi, sat down, cooked sadza and ate. Gwevera now filled with sadza and foolish thoughts said: "Let me play that drum, over there and see what will happen." The others said: "No. It was said don't play it." Gwevera said: "After all he and his brother shot arrows at each other. What happened?" The others persuaded him not to but eventually gave up crying: "Mayi we! Oh! Mother: Well, he is your father!"

Then Gwevera took the drum and played it. The Mambo in Chakona, was startled. His heart stood still. He said: "No, people, run to Gwevera. If you see him, tell him it is said: "Go back, whence you came, and put right these medicines. Why did you play the drum you were told not to play? Now, you have killed me."

And the messenger ran and told him and he said: "I am not going to go back". And he kept on walking towards home. As Gwevera kept walking the messengers ran back to his father and said: "He has refused to go back." And the father sent other messengers and said: "If you meet him, tell him it is said, please go back. Look, you have destroyed me." And the people went back. That is when they found him approaching the river called Muskwatadzi at the pool known as Chikoko's pool, over there.

While he was still on the other side of the river, other messengers were sent but were told they would not find him alive. "You will find him dead." No sooner had the first messengers got to him than the second lot arrived saying the Mambo said we would find him dead. And truly they found him dead. He was becoming nothing but worms.

And they said: "Now, what shall we do?" What the Mambo had told them was that: "If you find him dead, you bury him on the spot. You will bury him. The drum and medicine he was carrying you will throw into a pool, where he has died." Now, as they found him dead, truly, they buried him and took all the things he had and threw them into a pool. Now, in this pool, is where the sound of Gwevera's drums used to be heard. Even today, they are there. Gwevera's spirit once entered someone who wanted to take them from the pool. They are still there.

Having done that, the people arrived home and said: "This is what has happened to your son." The Mambo replied: "Ah! I shall no longer remain here. I am already a dead man."

The narrators of Gwevera's story all agree Gwevera was sent by his father, to go and fetch medicines across the Zambezi. They are agreed,

Gwevera went and was given medicines. On his way back, he took some of the medicine and played on the drum he had been told not to play. And so he died on the way.

Chirimanyemba and Matare say the drum and medicines were thrown into a pool. Mugugu says the drum and most medicines got to the Mambo. I, the writer think that Chirimanyemba and Matare are correct on this point. For, it is a well known fact that Zvimba's land has a pool in which the sound of a drum, made of human skins, is sometimes heard.

There is also disagreement among our narrators because Matare is the only one who has told us that Mambo Beperere threw his medicines on the slope of Gunguruhwe and went to Chirimuhanzu. It is a widely known fact that the people who hold the Serima Chieftainship and others now resident in that area, are Chambara's descendents as we saw in the previous chapter.

It is also a well known fact that Gwevera's disobedience led to the death of his father Mambo Beperere as Chirimanyemba says.

Now, let us see, what Beperere did, now that he was fully aware he had not long to live on this earth.

## The Disappearance of Beperere

About the death of Mambo Zvimba Beperere, Strip of a Lung, Joni Chirimanyemba says:

"Now, there he remained, Beperere having taken the Zvimbaship. He took Gungutsva: that is the eldest of his sons and he lived and lived and then found that the wars were bothering him.

That is when he said: "Gungutsva you go back to your land of Chikanga. Baranje, I will also, give you land." And he said: "You will go to Chitara. You will cut across, over there, at a little hill called Rinda and you will go along it until you get to the river Ndondowo which pours into the river Mukwadzi. All the land this side of Mhanyame, on the western side, is yours. I have given it to you." And Baranje said: "It is well".

Dununu, whose name was Dusa, was also given land. It was said: "You will start at the river called Gwiri until you get to the boundary further, over there, at Nyavira. That side, you will have a boundary with Chipuriro." "This land is called Chirorwa. That given to Baranje is called Chitare. That given to Gungutsva is called Chikanga.

Having done that, that is when he got home and messengers told him: "This is what your son has done," meaning Gwevera. And the Mambo said: "Ah! I shall not remain long. I am as good as dead." The Mambo went into his house and stabbed himself. He took two of his two youngest wives and went around the hill called Chakona. And he played while women ululated.

Then he went into the river Mhanyame. In the big pool in which, once fell VaChitwa and fell in there with his two wives. The drum kept on sounding: emerged in water and women ululating.

After a while, when the mountain Gunguruwhe was ahead, over there, that is when he said: "Fare ye well. I am gone. Nyamangara's village will never get the Chieftainship of Zvimba. They have killed me because they wanted the Zvimbaship. I fought with my brother, it was my brother who asked to be killed. Now, Gwevera has killed me wishing to succeed me. I had sent him as my son. They will never have many wives. Even the Chieftainship they will never have. Their

village will always be the same one: that Nyamangara. I am gone." And he disappeared."

Chakabva says:

"Beperere apportioned the land among his sons: To Baranje he gave Bangasefu (Banket) to all others he gave land except to Chimbamauro who began to sulk and play his drum all night long. Eventually Chimbamauro was given land near Darwendale.

This is how the districts in Zvimba began: the Chiefs area, and the districts of Dununu, Nyamangara, Chimbamauro and Nyamkanga, Chambara's son."

Now, let us turn to Jeremiah Mugugu and hear how he narrates the story of the disappearance of Beperere, String of a Lung.

Mugugu says:

"When Mambo Zvimba Beperere, realised his days of eating sadza were numbered, he thought of a plan, so his children would not, after his death, spear one another, for the Chieftainship. He summoned all princes, councillors, headmen and others and said: "Look, my children, I, your father, am no longer a person. My days with those on this side are few. I am like one gasping for breath. I am peeping into a grave. Now, I wish to depart, having apportioned to each one of you his land. So that you do not remain fighting one another, sons of one man, fighting one another for land. I do not want misunderstanding to arise, among you, because of land. When one, here, says: the Chieftainship is mine and another, over there, saying "No, its mine." I want to apportion to each one of you, his land, before I die. You, councillors and headmen, I want you to listen attentively to my words, so that no one will remain creating misunderstanding among my children."

All those present respectfully clapped their hands, saying: "We have heard it, Gushungo, Pachiworera. Whatever you do, is alright with us." Accordingly, Kuisva, also known as Dununu, was given all the land across the river Mhanyame, as far as Maringowe. Chisora, also known as Chimbamauro was given land of Gute, in Chitonzva. Baranje, also known as Nyamangara, was given the land of Makume, going down along Karoyi.

Mambo Zvimba got sick, soon after apportioning to his sons their lands. While sick, lying on his death mat, he ordered his sons to come to him, one by one. Now, he wished to give them medicine for fighting war. To Dununu, he said: "My son, I have given you this land Mhanyame. You will fight for it, like a man, if anyone comes to snatch it and the Chieftainship from you. When you see the army of your enemy arrive, take a very large basket, put a piece of broken pottery

on which are hot coals inside, then drop this medicine on the coals. All your people will enter into the basket and the basket will expand until all of you, together with your domestic animals, are accommodated. This basket will roll along its sides until it gets into the hollow of the trunk of a tree. Not even one of your enemies will see where you have gone. Keep this medicine. If you lose it, it's your fault." Kuisva, clapped his hands in grateful thanks, received the medicine with both hands and hid it. Then, he left.

To Chisora, who was known as Chimbamauro (Singer by night) Beperere said: "I will give you this medicine, so that in this, your land of Gute, when an army comes to fight you, you take a dry clod of earth or clay from where a village once stood years and years ago, and put this medicine on it. Drop a hot coal on it. When you do that, all your enemies will have an optical illusion. They will see your village as an old ruin with nothing living in it. Your enemies will not like walking in the grass, will pass by your village, leaving you alone." Chimbamauro, clapped his hands, with thanks, hid the medicine, in his hands, closed fists and departed.

Baranje, or Nyamangara, was called next. To Nyamangara, Mambo Zvimba IV said: "In your land, if you see your self threatened by an army come to fight you, take a broken piece of pottery and put this medicine. Then drop a hot coal. You and your people, together with domestic animals, will change into partridges, or pheasants. The enemy will not see where you have gone."

Then Mambo Zvimba summoned Dyakonda and said: "You, also when you see people coming to fight you. You take a bowl fill it with water and place it in the centre of your village. After you have done that, drop into the bowl, this medicine. Your village will turn into a very large pool. No one will see where you have gone. I have given you all, war medicine. If anyone of you fails to take care of himself, that will not be my fault." After giving his sons medicines, Mambo Zvimba IV again summoned all his children, councillors, headmen, advisors and others and said: "Summon all the people. Do not play mbira or beat drums because I am about to die." When the people had assembled, Mambo Zvimba said to them: "When I die, I want to be kept by my very young children, four little boys and four little girls. Among my wives, select those who are still virgins, four in number. These are the ones who will wash me with water and look after me in the house. You all, I want you to dance. Chimbamauro, Dununu, Baranje will be the ones playing the mbira. You will bury me after I have been in the house for four days. The fifth day, is the day on which

you will bury me. Do you all hear me?" All replied, "We hear you, Gushungo." Women ululated while men clapped their hands in homage. Then Mambo Zvimba said: "Now disperse, organise groups of drummers and bring the mbira. Organise the players of mbira." And they did as he had said.

Mambo Zvimba then died, there and then. They left him with four of his little sons, and four of his little daughters, and four of his wives who were still virgins, as he had said. All were left in the Mambo's residence with his body. The people danced for four days, day and night. They slaughtered cattle and goats and ate meat. On the fifth day, at dawn: very early in the morning, they heard the sound of drums and ululations from the top of the mountain Gunguruhwe. Men opened the Mambo's official residence to prepare for the Mambo's burial but found not a single soul in the house. Furthermore, the wall of the house had been broken, on one side. They came out and announced: "Mambo Zvimba had risen from the dead, he is gone with his family."

They followed his tracks and found them leading across the river Mhanyame. They returned. Again they heard the sound of a drum and said: "Now, what shall we do?" Dununu then said: "Oh ye men! It is best for us to take all the horns containing his medicines and bury them, as a deceased person, for we do not know what ailments they cure." And the others said: "Yes that sounds a good idea." They went into the house and brought down all the horns and calabashes containing his medicines: lots and lots of them. They said: "There is nothing we can do with them." They prepared a grave among granite boulders of a hill and buried them like a person.

They decided that, hence forth, that hill, would be one of which they swear or, take an oath saying: "Chakona Maringowe". This is a hill, in the area where Dununu used to like. Even today, all Gushungos, the people of Ngonya, or Tsiwo swear, or, take an oath by Chakona Maringowe. Ngonya people do not swear by any human being. If you hear them say, "Chakona Maringowe". They are angry, you have to come to grips with each other. When arguing with a Ngonya person, if you hear him swear by Chakona Maringowe, be assured what he is telling you is nothing but the truth because they will not swear by Chakona Maringowe when they are not telling the truth. All this is because Mambo Zvimba, Beperere, String of a Lung, has no grave that is on this earth. He died, rose again and went. We do not know where he went. Maybe, he returned to Guruwutsva. No one knows. But the sound of drums, and ululations that often emanate from Maringowe made this hill one that is sacred to all men and women of Gushungo,

Ngonya, Tsiwo, Pachiworera, Nhiva mativa Mukuwasha waMhanyame, Anejiri, Pazvakati mbo-mbombo, Mbwetete, Vagari vemachira. Mutinji waHwera!"

Matare is alone in saying:

Beperere went to Chirimuhanzu where he became Mukumbiri — the Begger. Most people believe these to be Chambara's descendents. Both Chirimanyemba and Mugugu agree, Beperere disappeared and has no grave on this earth.

Chirimanyemba is mistaken in saying Chikanga was given to Beperere's eldest son: Gungutsva we know this land was given to Chambara by their father Chipokoteke.

Now, let us see what happened after the disappearance of Beperere.

## CHAPTER VII

### Dyakonda, Chisora, Chatoramazi and Mutimuri

Mugugu tells us that:

"At the disappearance, or, resurrection of Mambo Zvimba Beperere: String of a Lung, the Chieftainship was taken over by Dyakonda: his son, with VaKumboruona. He became Zvimba V.

After Dyakonda, Chisora became Zvimba VI but not for long, he went on a visit to the VaRozvi, from whence he never returned. His head was brought back by a Bateleur Eagle: Chapungu which came and placed it in the centre of his village. When his son, whose name was Chatoramazi, saw the head of his father, Chisora, he immediately realised that his father had died among the VaRozvi. He stood up and said: "Oh ye men! my father Ishe Zvimba is no more. Today the Chieftainship is mine because my father died before homage was paid to him."

The people agreed with him and said: "Let him inherit the legacy of his father, because it is true, his father died without homage being paid to him." And they installed, Chatoramazi, Mambo Zvimba VII. Nevertheless, he also did not rule for long, for he died in a camp before homage was paid to him, so the people said: "That which cannot be, is beyond the doctor to cope with: One cannot marry one's mother to someone. The Chieftainship has refused to be taken by the Chisora family." So, the Chieftainship was taken over by another son of Beperere whose name was Mutimuri. He became Mambo Zvimba VIII. This Mambo Zvimba Mutimuri did not die in the house. He died about 1835 while fighting the army of Zwangendaba: One of King Tshaka's generals. Zwangendaba fled from Tshaka's land in the South and came up North fighting people, all the way, until he crossed the Zambezi. Today, his descendants are spread all over the countries we know as Zambia and Malawi where they are called Angoni or Anguni and, in some places, Mazongendaba.

At the death of Mambo Zvimba Mutimuri, the Chieftainship was occupied by Zure, also known as Dununu. He became Mambo Zvimba IX. Zure is remembered for his fight with Reza and Chivengavatangi of the VaTsunga people. These men had come from

their home KwaNyandoro and asked Ishe Zvimba for a place to live. Ishe Zvimba then gave them a piece of land called Mupandure. Today it is called Bukutwanzi Tarira Magora. One day, these VaTsunga found "Ndarama" in a stump. They took it and then ate it. When this came to the ears of Mambo Zvimba, he was furious and said: "How have they eaten "Ndarama" in my Country when they are foreigners. This is being disrespectful to me. Today, they will see me. They will know that I, Zvimba's son, am not to be treated like that."

Mambo Zvimba Zure, then mobilised a large force and faced the VaTsunga people. He fought them and both Reza and Chivengavatangi were killed at Mupandure. That is where all their graves are. Today, their descendants are the Chimanga family. At the death of Zure, the Chieftainship was occupied by his own son, Mandaza. He became Mambo Zvimba X. But the Rozvi army, was mobilised against him by Dandaratsi. The VaRozvi killed him and fleyed him at a hill called Chirozva which is on the boundary of Zvimba and Chirau's lands where our nephew Kawondera, of the Chirawu people, has built his kraal. Ishe Zvimba Mandaza was beheaded, by the VaRozvi, and they went away with his head. Mandaza's children fled the Country with their mother. They went to their maternal grandfather at Chihota. Their mother was called VaKazvare.

After the death of Mambo Zvimba Mandaza, the Chieftainship was taken over by Chinakwenakwe, son of Gandamuseve and he became Zvimba XI. When Mambo Zvimba Chinakwenakwe occupied the Chieftainship, his senior wife became jealous. She sang her song of jealousy mentioning the name of VaKazvare. That was one of the reasons she fled to her home in Chihota. He, Mambo Zvimba, himself, soon left and died in Makonde before homage had been paid to him.

The VaRozvi found no one to whom to give the Chieftainship and said: "Where are the children of Mandaza who held the Chieftainship and whom we killed? And the reply was: "They are at Chihota." The VaRozvi said: "Go and fetch them." They were fetched and were brought, both of them Gweshe and Mushayapokuvaka, sons of one woman. The VaRozvi saw the younger brother, Mushayapokuvaka and said: "Mushayapokuvaka is fit for the Chieftainship because this Gweshe is dark in complexion. He is not like his father Mandaza. Mandaza was light in complexion." Mushayapokuvaka then said: "I will not occupy the Chieftainship while my elder brother is alive."

Mandaza's children were: Reza, he was the eldest in VaKadziva's house. The eldest in the house of VaKazvare was Gweshe, followed by Mushayapokuvaka who was followed by Saranje. In the VaNyanye's

house it was Rupende. In VaMutushu's, it was Mutava, then Chikaka and Nondomwe. These were Mandaza's children, eight in all.

The Chieftainship was occupied by Gweshe whose other name was Mukutswi. He was installed to the Chieftainship by the VaRozvi and became Mambo Zvimba XII. The VaRozvi said: "Let him occupy the Chieftainship because his father, we killed before he had eaten the soil." So Gweshe inherited his father's legacy and was called Mambo Zvimba the Black one.

VaMatatare says:

After the departure of Beperere, there remained, here at home, in Chipata, among his children, the leader was now Dununu. He is the one leading all these children. He was now Mambo.

After Dununu, there came his son Zure. Zure begot Mandaza, Dandaratsi, Gweshe, Kachembere, Muringapi, Mwedziwendira and Musonzi. That is when, after that this Mandaza was the one they gave the name Dununu, that of his grandfather.

When the father died Zure said: I will take the name Zvimba. Our inheritance I want to be given to Kadanhamane. But they found Kadanhamane having gone to a river called Chitave, which crosses Mukwazi, to fetch food for those who were going to install him.

The VaRozvi having arrived said: "Well, who is the Mambo who wishes to be installed here? The reply was: "He is away to fetch food." The VaRozvi, that is when they came out with the saying: "One which is standing does not wait for one that is lying down. This inheritance, we do give to Mandaza." That is when Mandaza took off the name Dununu which was on him and gave it to Kachembere whose mother he had inherited.

It was when Dandaratsi, a brother from another house with the same father, said: "How can you give the inheritance to a son whose mother we have inherited? What about me? Your brother from another house? What will you do with me? Ah, you made a poor decision. You are a poor ruler, brother". And they began to quarrel and wanting to stab each other with knives.

That is when Dandaratsi arose and returned to the VaRozvi and said: "You, VaRozvi, failed to apportion properly, the inheritance in our land. There is no peace. Come and see."

So, the VaRozvi returned finding Mandaza on the hill called Mukondwe. And when he arrived, they arrested him. They nailed a peg on his head and killed him. The women he had inherited they threw down the precipice and they died.

The one who had been named Dununu, they killed. Mandaza was fleyed. His skin, they took with them to the VaRozvi to Basvi: ruler of the VaRozvi. Dandaratsi remained living at a place called paMunhondo.

That is when Dandaratsi arose and went to Nyamangara — to a beer drink. He was poisoned. Dandaratsi then died. And the land remained without a Mambo. After a while, the VaRozvi said: "Let us go back and see those people who fought for inheritance. And they returned. And found Dandaratsi dead. "Well, at Mandaza's, is there no son who is there?" And they found Mushayapokuvaka. "Well, what about at Dandaratsi's? And they found Matare. And they said: "We will give Mushayapokuvaka. And it was said, "Mushayapokuvaka, today, you are Zvimba. Your father died fighting to inherit Zvimbaship. Matare you are Dununu. Your father fought his brother struggling to become Zvimba. You are Dununu.

From these two people, that is when the tribe increased. That is when the Zvimbaship was spread so all nations know that there was a Mambo Zvimba. The Mhondoro — spirit — Svingarehoko was looking after them. The Portuguese began coming with guns, cloths and wives. Zvimba and Dununu bought guns with elephant tusks. They bought wives with elephant tusks. They bought cloth and beads with elephant tusks and hoes. These are the people who remained a long time with the inheritance."

#### **Chisora**

Joni Chirimanyemba says:

This Beperere has said: "You Chisora, are the bone on the cooking stone because you are the one who will enjoy what I leave behind since I have made Gungutsva a ruler, I have made Gwevera a ruler, I have made Dununu a ruler, but you, you will await my property. Now, this Chisora and his mother-called VaVeneka, or VaDengedza of Cheuchi, of the cognomen Moyo Usinatsike, but they were Moyo ndizvo, this being called Usinatsike, was when they had fought with the elder brother Basvi, now this VaDengedza became jealous and said: "You play the drum and when you have played the drum, you will become Ishe: a ruler. That is when he was given his piece of land even though he was the one expected to succeed the father. He was called Chimbamauro: The Night Singer.

After the death of Beperere people said: "Surely this person is the one who was the little bone on the firestone. As he was the little bone on the firestone, he is the one to whom we should return the Chieftainship." These people did not know that he had broken the rule. He had

broken the rule, the day he insisted on being given his own piece of land. And said: "Ah give me the land called Chitonzva."

Now, he has not spoken well, this one. He has not spoken well this son of Samkange. "Banzvi" do you know what is called banzvi? (I do not now it). You do not know what is called "Banzvi?"

Banzvi is to say a person who thinks. That is why I say "banzvi". Today, as he called me to discuss these things. If he handles them well, they will succeed. My name, he should put in front. He is only a writer. I am the narrator. We are two. So it is the house of Chisora which wrote.

The house of Dununu I understand because the struggle took place in Dununu's house but the wife was Chisora's.

Now this is what happened. They lived a little while and then said: "Take him and bring him, so that we may give him his Chieftainship, this Chisora who is called Kativikanemazura. Chisora the son of VaVeneka, the son of Veneka, the son of VaDengedza. They gave him the Chieftainship.

Having given him the Chieftainship, they said: "Now, look, you go to your maternal uncles. Go and fetch them: your uncles. You come having been strengthened. This Chieftainship is yours, because this was left having been said by your own father Beperere. You, too, understand that, don't you?" And he replied, "Yes".

He took people with whom to travel. This man had horns and horns of medicines. The medicines he had, enabled him, where ever he camped, for the night, if he took and sniffed one of his medicines through the nostrils, like snuff; and threw another into the fire; that place would become a wet vlei with reeds and there would be three "mikute" (syzygium Cordium) trees. When you hear them talk of "ve-Gute, veGute: there is no other thing they mean. These are the "mikute" trees that use to stand in the wet vlei with reeds after he had cast a spell on his village so that no one would be able to get there.

Now, having done that, he went to Chiuchi. He arrived at Chiuchi's place and said: "I have arrived. I want the Mamboship, my uncle. The Mamboship has been given to me." They agreed with each other. "Oh it is well, nephew. We will brew you some beer and then we will go to your land. We still have one or two things to do here." They stayed with him for some days. The village he had been placed was called paMutindi. That is where he was a guest.

Some people, who were travelling by night, decided to stop at Mutindi's village in search of beer. They found the place turned into a wet vlei of reeds with three "Mikute" trees. The frogs — really big ones, were holding forth: kokororo, kokororo, kokororo, right there.

Now, that is when they ran and said: In this land, has there ever been a vlei of reeds? With such Mikute trees? Let us run to Chiuchi.

To Chiuchi they said: "What we have seen at Mutindi's! Truly, we have seen a pool of reeds with frogs and water. The place is unapproachable." Chiuchi replied: "Oh! it is well."

This Chisora, also had arrows: about thirty of them. The biggest arrow was called Ziyendandoga: The Lonegoer. After a while, they visited the village again and found the same thing. The beer is now almost ready. After a while, the beer was ready. And, one night, Chiuchi himself, went alone and found it to be as he had been told. And he said: "Ah what kind of things does this man do? This Mambo is a wizard. He is no good."

The beer being ready, Chisora was invited. Chisora came to the beer drink, but left his wife, called Mother of Chikuri, at home. Now, his wife having remained, the VaRozvi also did a very clever thing and that was that, after they had invited him they arranged with other women to go and enter into the hut in which his wife was, while another woman invited Mother of Chikuri to leave her hut and receive a drink — masese, from her. And that, as soon as Mother of Chikuri left her hut, they were to immediately search the place, and take all the horns of medicine away.

Chisora was unaware of this plan. They sent three women. They arrived and said: "We enter, Mother Zvimba" She replied: "Enter!" They entered. After a while the woman, not very far away, said: "Mother Zvimba! Do come here for a minute. Here's some masese-beer for you. We have cooked beer." That is when Mother of Chikuri said: "No, with whom would I leave you friends who have visited me? Am I to leave you alone? Alone? Why don't you, yourself, come over and hand me the beer here!" And the other woman insisted: "No, you come here": Carrying out the plan to search for Chisora's medicines.

After a while, that is when these women in Mother of Chikuri's hut said: "Ah, what can we do? Do go and fetch the beer." The moment Mother of Chikuri went out, these quickly searched for the medicines, found the calabashes and horns full of medicine, took them and hid them, in the "mbereko" — cradle skins in which they carried their children. They waited. Mother of Chikuri returned, with masese. "Here is masese girls." "Ah its alright, its alright, "knowing that they had taken away the medicines. Soon after that, they bid farewell. "We are now going. Time is gone."

When they left, Chisora had a presentiment. His heart missed a beat where he was. Chisora said: "I am going home." And they cried: "But

the beer is not finished, Gushongo. Let us drink some more." And he said: "No, I am going home. My heart has missed a beat." And they said: "Ah! What could have been the cause?"

As he approached from afar, he said: "Mother of Chikuri." She replies "Gushungo". "Is your hut alright?" She replies "Yes." He says: "No, feel with your hands the horns and calabashes of medicine. If they are there, we'll know your hut is alright." The woman, felt for the medicine and found it was no longer there.

And Chisora began weeping and said: "Now, let me tell you plainly, my wife. I will not go home. We will die here. I will never run away. These horns and calabashes filled with medicaments are the things which were strengthening and sustaining us."

After a while, as the sun was setting he said: "Cook sadza. An army is coming. Let us eat." She cooked sadza, this Mother and he ate with all the people who were with him. That was finished.

After a while — the army came. They found the village there. No reeds, no vlei, no mikute. The calabashes and horns of medicines which caused these — had been taken. That is when they called to Chisora and said: "Chisora we now know that you are a wizard. We came here three times. We found only a wet vlei with reeds and three mikute trees. Where did these things come from? You are a wizard and a witch. Now, we are going to kill you. You are not fit for the Mamboship of Zvimba."

Chisora replied: "The horns and calabashes contained my medicines with which I took care of myself. So that if any one came to threaten me: would not find me. But why do you wish to kill me?" And they replied: "That is it. The cunning tricks you have performed, have never been done by anyone on this earth. Now we have come to put you to sleep: to kill you".

Chisora was holding his arrow; the one called Ziyendandoga — The Lonegoer. And he said: "Do you want to fight?" And they answered: "Yes". And he said: "Do you want to fight?" And they said "Yes" And he said: "You come."

They came. And he shot his arrow saying: "Ziyendandoga the Lonegoer, you fight alone. Let's see?" This Ziyendandoga: the Lonegoer was an arrow that had been purchased by his sister. And he said: "Ziyendandoga the Lonegoer, my sister, do your work."

And they were shot by this arrow, these people. Now, in the middle of the night, these people were finished, only a few remained, Ziyendandoga the Lonegoer returned. The arrow returned, on its own and pegged in front of Chisora. And he pulled it up and licked it.



And he said: "Do you still want to fight?" And they replied: "Yes" And he said: "Ziyendandoga the Lonegoer — go". And he shot it once more, while smoking dagga. All the people he had come with were killed. And, himself, they tried to cut him down with an axe, but the axe bounced off. A spear could not penetrate his body. This was caused by medicine called "nhuruwudzu" or "nhedzutedzu".

Having done that, Chisora remained, the warriors were fewer now and they ran to their Ishe, Cheuchi and said: "Cheuchi, the people are finished. What shall we do? And he replied: "Ah! You are playing with him." Another six men volunteered to go and kill him. They found him there. And they were all shot in the same way and died.

When only one remained, he ran back and said: "It is impossible. All the people you sent six tens of them even the six who joined us now are all dead. This war has become bad."

That is when Cheuchi arose, went and said: "Gushungo, I wanted to spill innocent blood. What is it?" And Chisora replied: "Ah! The task is beyond you. If you persist — your whole land will remain with no one. I will still be here. My wife, my people with whom I came, you have all killed. But I am alive. If you want to chop with an axe; if you want to do anything, do it. There is nothing you can do to me. I am Chisora, Chimbamawuro!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is so."

"So, now, what can we do? Since its now dawn."

"Now, what you must do is this. You look for a little girl, like this and a little boy, like that. Let them come. We'll find a flat stone. The little girl will hold my hands. The little boy will draw this bayonet of mine. He must not cut me twice. He must only pull it once. I will die. Then take an axe and chop only once. The head will be severed. Having done that, let me tell you, since we are here and talking. Having done that, look for very strong ropes, look for very nice grass that is strong and put my head there. Tie it. Having tied my head very well you will place it up a mukute tree.

Having done that you will see what will happen. When you have seen what has happened you will ululate and clap hands. You will see what will happen and what will have come. Someone will come to fetch me."

"It is well. Let us go."

Chisora said:

"I'll not go in front of you. It is you who must walk in front. The little girl must be ahead of me, and the little boy behind me."

"It is well. Let us go."

"Chisora; we have done it."

They went in front. The little girl in front, and the little boy behind Chisora. Got to the flat stone. They prepared. That is when Chisora said: "Little girl, come and hold my hands," and the little girl came and held his hands. "Little boy, draw my bayonet and cut only once." And Chisora lay down his head. And the little boy pulled the bayonet hwe-e! The head was cut and blood was oozing out.

And it was said: "Do as the Mambo said. Take an axe and chop." And the little boy took an axe and chopped — just once gently. And the head was severed. They took soft grass and firmly tied his head. And they climbed up a mukute tree and placed the head there.

After a while, women were told to ululate. They ululated while men clapped their hands. And they said: "What the Mambo said we should do, we have done."

That is when there came a Bateleur Eagle: Chipungu singing:

Hee — urombo usorira naye

Hee — urombo usorira naye

Hee — erere ndehande, hee — erere wo

Amal havacheme mwana

Hee — urombo usorira naye

Uno chema kumbo wazura

Hee — erere — ndehande, hee — erere

Hee — erere — ndehande, hee — erere

Hee — Poverty is to cry with

Hee — Poverty is a legacy

Hee — erere ndehande — erere wo

Mother does not mourn a child

Hee — Poverty is to cry with

Who mourns entertains

Hee — erere — ndehande — hee — erere

"Eh listen! What is that singing?" And when they looked they saw a Bateleur Eagle coming. It came: tiki tiki tiki kuuuu! And it picked up the head.

Hee urombo ano rira naye

Hee — urombo usorira naye

Hee poverty cries with him

Hee — poverty is a legacy.

And now it was heading for Zvimba. And they said: "Fare ye well, Gushungo!" That is when they remained burying Chisora.

The Bateleur Eagle flew on, amazing the whole Country, singing until it arrived in Zvimba land along the hill called Chirinhengwe. It arrived there vu ru-u-u-u!

They had a "nhimbe": a beer party for work. They were ploughing. They said: "There is something singing." Some said, "The voice is coming from that bird in the air." "Well what is it carrying?" Others said: "Where the Mambo went is bad." Here came the Bateleur Eagle singing:

Hee urombo usorira naye

Hee poverty is to cry with

Hee urombo usiranwa  
 Hee erere ndechande, hee-erere  
 Amal havacheme mwana  
 Hee — urombo unorira naye  
 Hee kutangiwa kufa nehama  
 Hee yerere ndechande

Hee poverty is a legacy  
 He erere ndechande, hee-erere  
 Mother mourns not a child  
 Hee — poverty is to cry with  
 Hee  
 Hee yerere ndechande

And down it came and placed the head on the ground. Mhungu: a Black Egyptian Cobra, wound itself into a heap by the head. It is true, what I am telling you. It happened. Truly, I am speaking standing on the truth. I swear by all those who died. By my mother, VaMbasi, and my father Nyahure. They can rise from the dead!

These things having taken place, they clapped hands in homage with the Bateleur Eagle: Chapungu, standing over there, singing the song I have been singing. They clapped hands. That Black Egyptian Cobra is silent and still by him.

They said: "Gushungo. Where you went, we do not know. Untie let us see." And they saw by the long beard — dead was the son of Beperere. Chisora the son of Dungudza is dead.

That is when they took the head and carried it to the house, with the Mhungu: Black Egyptian Cobra following behind and the Chipungu: Bateleur Eagle in front. The Chipungu kept up its song:

Chipungu rega kugara  
 Hee — hee erere unorira naye erere  
 Sanga nyoka iti yapinda  
 Hee — erere uno rira naye  
 Urombo usiranwa hee urombo  
 Hee — urombo unorira naye  
 Hee — haka wevana

Bateleur eagle tarry not  
 Hee — hee erere you cry with him, erere  
 Before the snake comes in  
 Hee — you cry with it  
 Poverty is a legacy  
 Hee — poverty cry with it  
 Father of the children

All the people were amazed. When they entered the house with Chisora's head, the Chipungu remained outside. The Mhungu, snake remained outside. When they came out of the hut they found the Chipungu had left and so had the snake. The following day, they ceremoniously buried Chisora's head.

After eight days, Chisora's "mudzimu": spirit arose and said: "I am Chisora. I was killed at Cheuchi's but what I left having done, over there, is plentiful. Now, I have returned. I have the Zvimbaship." Now, this Zvimbaship, let me tell you, nephews, nieces, and my children here. Do not hunt with nets. Do not set traps for animals. Do not dig pits. Do not carry food to the fields. What I am telling you is that if you see an animal, you will first count and say we want three animals or

two. Then say: 'Break their legs, Chisora.' Their legs will be broken. Do you hear what I have said? And they replied: "Yes, we have heard." And the "mudzimu", or spirit went away.

Early the following day, three women, going to the well to fetch water saw animals grazing in the forest and said: "Well, what was being said by that spirit which was speaking last evening. Can it happen? Let us run towards them." And they ran towards them. Then said: "Break their legs Chisora." And the animals all broke their legs. They ran and said: "Ye men, truly, the animals have broken their legs at the well where we had gone." And the men said: "Ah they are lying." The men went and found as the women had said.

Let us proceed. Now that is when after a while, Chisora's son who was called Chatoramanzi the younger brother of Chirikumeso, said: "My father did not have the opportunity to rule as he had been given the Mamboship. It is right that you should give me my Mamboship: the Mamboship of my father."

They did not refuse, the Zvimba people, they said: "yes, that is what we want. You, the Chieftainship is yours. Now, today, we will not send a person to Cheuchi. We will send other people we know. You, will not go because we want you to be Ishe: ruler.

Now, they lived a while. They "played" Chisora's grave. They announced the Chieftainship and proclaimed that the Chieftainship is going to Chatoramanzi. At the hill, over there, where he was living at a hill called Chabadza. And they sent people to the VaRozvi.

These people said to the VaRozvi: "We found a Mambo." The VaRozvi asked, "Where did you find him?" And they replied: "You, of course are the people who killed Chisora. We have put his son called Chitoramanzi. As we have put his son called Chitoramanzi, you will come." And they came with the VaRozvi and were shown and told: "This is the Mambo we have said we wish to install: this one."

These VaRozvi said: "No, it is alright. We will take him out to a camp." At that river called Chegudu which is opposite Chepadze where there is now a big dam, these days, they went with him and built him a camp. Having gone, he lived with his VaRozvi being given food over there. And it was said: "Let us brew beer which will be drunk the day we will be jubilating, drums sounding as we, in procession, 'enter him' into the village".

The beer was brewed, animals we slaughtered, cattle were sought, buffalo were sought, all kinds of animals, even "haka" the pangolin, were assembled. The long process of brewing beer was commenced. The beer is now cooked. It is well. Then the beer is poured that day.

And it was said: Tomorrow, we will "enter" the chief into the village ululating.

Now, when it was dawn, they said: "Let us go with the Mambo into the village. The Mambo never entered the village. He fell on the ground and died. The VaRozvi said: "Ah, the Chieftainship has refused. The Isheship has refused. How has he died? You reminded us, yesterday, we killed Chisora. And he came, his head being carried by a Bateleur Eagle. We too, were frightened by that. Now, this. This is not good?" And they buried him. And Mutimuri was installed as Ishe. Mutimuri being Ishe, trully Zwangendaba was expelled by Chaka in their land. He came through this land. They did not allow him to pass through this land. They drove him away and he went and took a hill called Mucheka waka Sungabeta over there. He, Mutimuri died on his return from that war.

The person, who was killed, in this war is Muringapi, son of Dununu. He is the one who was shot by an arrow. They carried him, dead and they buried him at a hill called Maringowe. When they buried him there, having killed girls and put one girl on top and another underneath him because he was a "banzvi": intellectual a "tsvaidzi" a "mharu" a big stabbing spear, in war. He is the one who bravely fought for the land. He had young brothers called Todyarungani and Zure.

Now, this one called Zure was a coward. That is how Zwangendaba's army passed on its way to the Zambezi. Now when these got to Zambezi they crossed the river and went to the other side of the bank — they were never heard of again. But what they left having done there, is this, they were ferried across the river by a MuChikunda, in his boat. When he had finished ferrying them all across they ended up saying: "No, the MuChikunda should be killed. He may ferry across others. Who knows? Chaka's army may be pursuing us." They killed him. Threw him into the river with his boat. And that was the end of it.

Meanwhile, this Mambo fell ill and after a little while died. This Mutimuriwemasango, this traverser of the forest, never set foot on a foot path or road. He always chose an unbeaten path. Even while going to the fields or anywhere. He never set foot on a road. Even on his way to Zambezi where he went to fetch medicines to become an Ishe — he went through the forest, to and fro. That is why he was called Mutimuriwemasango: Traverser of the forests.

Having died, Mutimuriwemasango, was buried. That's finished. The grave was "played" and they said: "What, shall we do?" They said, "to who, will the Chieftainship go? To Dyakonda, Beperere's son?" Zure never became Ishe. Dununu was already dead. Dununu who was

called Dutsa. Zure was Dununu's son. It was Muringapi, then came Zure, then came Dyarungani also called Ndewere then came Mkwangariwa, then came Kachembere. All those are Dununu's children.

The day they installed a Dununu, they installed Zure. He never became Zvimba not even a bit. He died a Dununu. The Isheship went to Dyakonda. After Dyakonda the Chieftainship went to Makavi also called Masimbe of the house of Chidziva. When it left Makavi called Masimbe that is when it went to Mandaza.

Let me tell you Mandaza's story.

This is what happened. Now, it was said when the Chieftainship left Makavi called Masimbe that is what is at home, even today, it was said the Chieftainship would return to Gandamuseve son of Mutimuri.

Now the Chieftainship having been said to return to Gandamuseve, they arrived, the VaRozvi and they found Gandamuseve not there. Now, the village which was their host was that of Mandaza. To this Mandaza they said: "You have said we should wait, the days are now many. Where is this man?" And the reply was: "He went to find food so that you can be entertained, while he is being installed Ishe. And they said: "Ah, son of a pauper! And you? Whose son are you?"

"I am Zure's."

"Are you son of Zure son of Dununu?"

"Yes".

"Look, it is you who is fit for the Isheship. We will install you."

"No, I am not fit for that. I am, already, called Dununu, myself."

"That's nothing. You are the one we have seen to be fit."

So, they assembled the people. Mandaza was given the Chieftainship. Now, having been given the Chieftainship, it was said, now since you were called Dununu to whom shall we place the name Dununu? And he said: "We'll place it on Kachembere son of Dununu, his brother. He, Mandaza, had been born by Dununu's son, his mother called VaMazvikandeyi, after having been inherited, that is when she bore Mandaza with Dununu's son.

Then Mandaza took the Chieftainship and the Dununuship he placed on Kachembere. That is when Dandaratsi complained and said: "You sons of Mazvikandeyi, you want all to be the rulers. One has taken the Dununuship and another the Zvimbaship? Mandaza said: "No young brother, look at this, that I have arranged for you. You will be the Chief of the 'dare' — the court. You will settle the cases as Zvimba — you and I. The VaRozvi have brought this Mamboship to us. Yes, I was Dununu, myself. Now that has left because the rightful heirs are

no longer here. The Chieftainship was returning to Chinakwenakwe. Gandamuseve could not be found. They came looking for Dyakonda and found he had run away from the war. Now, the Isheship, we have been given ourselves." That is where they started quarrelling, there.

Having ruled for some time, that is when Dandaratsi secretly went to the VaRozvi and said: "The Ishe, you installed, my brother, is a wizard. He milks crocodiles. He is no good." He did not return. He spent the year there. After the rains, that is when the VaRozvi came. They got to the hill called Nhere at Chirozva, there.

Having arrived there, they were first seen by those of the house of Chidziva, these Mugabes. Then they ran and said: "Mandaza, your young brother went and brought a force against you. Surely, you will die. The VaRozvi are saying: we will just kill only."

So Mandaza arose. Mandaza went up the mountain. And he sat on a little hilltop. His elder brother went into hiding. The VaRozvi arrived and said: "Where is Mandaza? The reply was: "We do not know where he is. He was here just now." They said: "We want him". Then they ran, got hold of his chief wife called VaKadziva, who had five children and killed her bashing all five children against the trees. Mandaza saw this. Another of his wives was taken and killed with her two children — both boys. Then they took Kachembere's wife and killed her with her three sons and a daughter. That is when Mandaza said: "I am here. Look at me." And they said: "Ah! It is well. As you are there, we say, you are a wizard. It is said you milk crocodiles. Now, you come, on your own, here." And Mandaza said: "I am coming."

They said: "Look, we have pegged this spear here. Now, you come running and pierce yourself here." That is when Mandaza left the mountain running. He did not go and pierce himself to death on that spear. He just took the spear and stabbed and stabbed and stabbed the VaRozvis. That elder brother of his had run away and hidden himself. And he stabbed and stabbed: six men. The seventh one, the spear broke. And they rushed and held him.

Mandaza then said: "Kazvare, come out with the children and run away. Come out. They will not harm you. Come out. Look, the whole family has perished. You Mutushu, come out with the children and run away." So, Mandaza's two wives and children came out.

Mandaza is thrown to the ground. His throat cut. And it was said: "Skin his hide". And they skinned him. They first skinned him and then said: "Look for Kachembere." They looked for Kachembere and found him. They cut his throat. Skinned his hide and carried it.

Now, this Kazvare, escaped to her brother's place: Mazhambe of Chihota. Mutushu was inherited by Mombendambi. That ended that. Now after a while, the VaRozvi said: "We are going home." And the VaRozvi returned to their home.

Now, when the VaRozvi got to a little river called Vungu, I do not know where it is. They said: "Let us bathe here". The hides, they were still carrying, saying they will make drums they will play, when they mourn their friends killed. And they heard the pool was now talking: Mandaza was now talking: "Why did you kill me? I had no fault with you. You listened to Dandaratsi's lies. That is no good." The VaRozvi got home and made their drums. But these drums had no sound. Often they would sound on their own with no one playing them, until they built them a shrine. That is where they used to sound being.

That is when Mandaza said: "We are here." (When his spirit had entered some one), "The Chieftainship will return to my children." That is when the VaRozvi returned in search of Mandaza's children. These boys had not yet even passed the age of puberty. It was Mombendabi and Mveremakumbo who gave them medicine so they would be men.

Mandaza's sons were: Mushayapokuvaka, Chikaka and Gweshe, Gweshe was the eldest. In one house it was Gweshe the eldest. In another, the eldest was Mutero and there followed Chikaka, Mushayapokuvaka and the fourth was Rupengo, the fifth Nhondomwe, the six Chipundzambiya and then Gangaradza. These are the children of Mambo Zvimba. That is when Gweshe was installed and was called Mambo Zvimba.

There is disagreement, among our narrators, as to who succeeded Beperere. Mugugu says it was Dyakonda. Matare says it was Dununu while Chirimanyemba claims it was Chisora.

The author is inclined to the view that it was Dyakonda. Dyakonda appears to have not been given his piece of land when Dununu, Chisora and Baranje were given their areas. This would appear to suggest that he was the 'hona iri papfihwa' — the bone on the firestone and heir apparent.

All, agree about the very short reigns of Chisora and his son Chatoramazwi. Mugugu appears more accurate than the others on who succeeded who at this time. The intrigue surrounding the death of Mandaza, the role of the VaRozvi in the appointment of successors, is common cause. Chirimanyemba is particularly interesting in the wealth of detail he discloses concerning Chisora.

Now, let us look at the reign of the first of the unfortunate Mandaza's sons: Gweshe.

## CHAPTER VIII

### Gweshe: Mambo Zvimba the Black One

About the reign of Mambo Gweshe, VaJoni Chirimanyemba discusses thus:

"Mambo Gweshe had about thirty-seven wives. As he had wives about thirty seven of them, this Mushayapokuvaka, became envious. He had only two wives. One was called Mutiwo — Mother of Samkange. He had a second wife called: Mutima. This is the one who bore Mugugu, Mafuva and Mazhindu. These were his only wives, compared to the Mambo's thirty seven.

The Mambo, that is when he sent a person to the VaRozvi, in search of medicines; war medicines, these wars. That is when Mushayapokuvaka remained with the idea that this Mambo, how can I murder him, this elder brother? That is when he went, regularly, to await, at the river called Chiendatsanga there, awaiting, so that when he sees the messengers, he would question them about the medicine; saying, "What is this one for, and what is that one for. When they tell me, I will eat it. The elder brother will die, and I will take the Mamboship."

So, he went to Chiendatsanga, and way laid the messengers. They did not come. The following day he goes again, they do not come. Next day he goes. They do not come. Then, they came. Gweshe is at that little hill called Gweshe's little hill. That is where his village and city of wives are. How many years has he? Only four. He hasn't had it long, yet, this Chieftainship. These wives he had, have been captured in war.

Now, the messengers arrived, Mushayapokuvaka said: "Come here." Holding his gun, he said: "Come with that medicine, here." They said: "The medicine, it was said, is not to be touched by any one else. We'll give it to the Mambo telling him that this is for what purpose." Then Mushayapokuvaka took his bayonet. On the thigh of one, he stuck it — dyu! Then the messengers said: "No, this is your mother's son, come, let's tell you."

And he asked: "What, then, is this?" The messengers replied: "It's a pill fried in medicine." He swallowed it. "What is this?" "It's a round

bean roasted in medicine." He swallowed. He touched all, took all and made all ineffective.

At home, Gweshe was startled. His heart stood still. He had a premonition and said: "Where is Mushayapokuvaka? And they said: "Ah, since day before yesterday, we have not been seeing him around here. He only appears here, late at night." That is when Gweshe says: "Mushayapokuvaka — has killed me. The medicines that the people had brought, he has made no longer efficacious".

Then, in the middle of the night, Mushayapokuvaka came and found the elder brother vomiting blood. As he was vomiting blood, this Gweshe then said: "Well, where had you gone to?" He said: "Ah, I had just gone to hunt." And the messengers arrived and said: "All the medicines we had brought with us, have all been eaten by Mushayapokuvaka. All, he has taken." The Mambo, now, was vomiting blood only.

That night, he ran, this Mushayapokuvaka and sat on Gweshe's head, while the Mambo was groaning in pain. And the people said: "How have you sat on the head of a sick person?" And he replied: "Ah! That is that."

Dawn came. And the Mambo died. Chikaka said: "No, look, this Mambo has died, he is a son of his mother." Nhondomwe said: "It is his mother's son. I am a son of VaChipuru" and Chikaka said: I am son of Mtishu." That ended.

That is when Mushayapokuvaka inherited all the legacy: all the wives. He gave not a single wife to anyone. Ten and six, he murdered, at the river called Karoyi, over there. Wives who were older than his own mother: VaChibandamajodo, also called VaMtiwo, all those wives were all killed, sixteen of them, who were older than VaMtiwo. Thus he remained and took all the wives to be his.

Guzha was left yet in the womb. Murombedzi was left in the womb. Gara was left in the womb. All things became Mushayapokuvaka's: all, including the Chieftainship, no one was surprised by that. That is why I was wishing there were three of us. If we were two we would be corroborating with each other. We want you to write a truthful book without lies but with the truth we will be witness to. If you consult the District Commissioner's records; the succession to the Chieftainship, you will find it like that." VaMugugu says:

One day, Gweshe Mambo Zvimba, the Black One, sent his children to go and procure or "Kanda rushinda" a daughter of one Ishe named Homora Mahiya. This, the Mambo did because it was the way royalty acquired wives. Mambo Zvimba's children waylaid the daughters of

Ishe Homora Mahiya on their way to the well, and then abducted one called Tisangoriteme and carried her to their father. When Ishe Homora Mahiya heard his daughters, on their return from the well say: "Your daughter has been carried away by Ishe Zvimba." He was furious and said: "It is well, but today, he has provoked me, he has stirred a hornet's nest. Doesn't he know who I am: a Hiya. Furthermore, I am senior to him. He is my junior. I am son of VaHazviteverwe. To follow a Hiya is to be left in the lurch."

The alarm sounded. And all the Mahiyas ran hither and thither preparing for war. They took their bows and poisoned arrows. Some young men ran ahead to Ishe Zvimba and told him Homora says: "Come, let us meet in yonder plain. You have provoked me, today." Mambo Zvimba mobilised his whole force and said to them: "But you, yourselves, will not fight. You will only watch. I want you to see the fate of this Homora who is telling lies: saying I am junior to him, when, in fact, the land on which he is living is mine. He has no land. What is it that is called Hiya? I do not know it. Arise, let us go now. Let us meet him in yonder plain." The bugle (Hwamande) sounded the alarm of war and men went out carrying their "Hundo" the bows and poisoned arrows but Mambo Zvimba, himself, only had a walking stick called "Madengu" in his hand. It was a walking stick of magic.

When the two parties faced each other in the plain, Homora let go his poisoned arrow and it flew swiftly and true, landing on and sinking into Zvimba's body, but Mambo Zvimba stood still, only holding his walking stick, unaffected. They tried, with their hands, to pull out Ishe Homora Mahiya's arrow from Mambo Zvimba's body but failed. Then they used a "dibura" sling used to catch animals. They set it, tied it to the arrow and when it went off with a mighty jerk, the arrow was pulled out. But there was no wound on Zvimba's body. When, however, Mambo Zvimba threw his stick, Ishe Homora Mahiya fell down in a heap and that was the end of him. All his people ran away and were scattered all over the land.

VaTisangoriteme, the daughter of Ishe Homora Mahiya, is the one who begot Gara. At the 'dare', or village fire place, Mambo Zvimba, the Black One, did not want men to eat sadza cooked by their wives. He saw that when men were eating at the 'dare', each one rushed to eat the food cooked by his wife because their wives knew what their husbands liked to eat. Mambo Zvimba also realised that the old men were greedy. When they ate, they almost licked the plates and so the little boys had nothing to eat. So, he thought of a plan and one day, told the women, "When you dish sadza for the 'dare', put the white

sadza, cooked from rice meal at the bottom of the plate and on the top of it, place the dark brown sadza, cooked from rapoko or "zviyo" meal. The women did as he said: put the brown sadza on the top of the white one. Mambo Zvimba saw that the men were only taking a morsel or two of the brown sadza and then saying to the boys, "You can take and eat this, now boys". The youngsters then had plenty to eat. When the men realised what had happened they said: "Well, well, well. This Mambo is no fool. He has seen how greedy we are."

Mambo Zvimba Gweshe, the Black One, also made a law saying: "Ye men, if any one kills a Nondo I want him to carry it and have it flayed here, at my 'dare' or fireplace." All the men agreed. No one objected to the Mambo's law.

## Mushayapokuvaka: Mambo Zvimba XIV

About the reign of Mambo Mushayapokuvaka, VaMugugu says:

At the Death of Mambo Zvimba Gweshe, the Black One, the Chieftainship was taken over by his young brother Mushayapokuvaka, Mambo Zvimba XIV. He was installed by the VaRozvi who said: "Your elder brother had died without enjoying the fruits of the soil. Today the Chieftainship is yours, you Mushayapokuvaka. Nurse the people."

At that time, Mushayapokuvaka's real wives: his real wives, for whom he had paid "rowora" were only three. It was VaMutima and VaMayata. Most of his wives, he inherited from his brother Gweshe. Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka begot many children. No one, among the people of Zvimba, has as many children as Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka.

Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka fought against Mambo Whata. In this war, Whata killed Mushayapokuvaka's two young brothers: Kachembere and Rupande. The commander of the Zvimba army during their war with Whata was the eldest son of Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka called Mugugu. Before leading his army to fight Whata, Mugugu went to some people who were known as "Mangerengere", or maChikunda. Mugugu said to them: "Oh ye men! Come and help me fight Mambo Whata. If we succeed and really defeat Mambo Whata, my father Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka will give you a large elephant tusk inside of which one can clap his hands." The maChikunda said: "It is well, we shall fight Whata's army and defeat it."

Mugugu left his father at Matsvitsi, a hill near the river Nyamuwaya: a tributary of Mhanyame, the hill known as Mwoyo Wembeva being just across Mhanyame, and led his Zvimba army and maChikunda allies. They marched and arrived in Whata's land. They found all Whata's men away from their homes. They were at Wharama where they were hunting with nets (mambure). The Zvimba army arrived, entered the villages and took women, children and all domestic animals. Nevertheless, a few of Whata's children escaped and ran to those at Wharama and said: "All families and domestic animals have been seized

by the army of Mugugu, the son of Zvimba, who has a gun". The Whata people replied: "What is a gun? Guns can do nothing to us. We can dodge bullets with coals of fire, Shava." They asked: "Have the cattle been taken?" The children replied: "All, nothing has remained." The Whata people returned to their homes and found them empty, deserted and only inhabited by flies.

Now, at this time, Mugugu's Zvimba army and its allies had covered miles, with the women and children, cattle, sheep and goats, they were taking back to Chipata: their land: At sunset, they camped near a river called Gwiri, and slept there.

Very early, the following morning three maChikunda men, went to bathe in the river, while they were washing, Whata's army arrived and found them naked in the pool. Two of them were killed on the spot but the third one came out of the river, naked, and ran to the camp. They opened the camp, let him in and closed it. Whata's army arrived and heard their cattle lowing inside and said: "Today, Shava, we want to die here for our cattle and wives." The Mangerengere fired their rifles, but the Whata people kept on advancing. Many of them were mowed down by gun fire but others saved themselves by jumping into the pools nearby. Then, Mugugu's army came out of their camp and pursued them, returned and then lined the dead bodies right round the camp and then continued to march Whata's women, children and cattle home. When they got to Chirinhengwe they built another "Ringa" camp. Here they left a few to guard over their captives and cattle and retraced their steps in search of the survivors of Whata's army. They found some, and killed them but others were hidden in granaries by their son-in-law — the Chimbamawuros.

Then Mugugu returned to Chirinhengwe and left, with his whole army, for home. He found his father having left home because he did not wish, as Mambo to come into contact with people who had just been spilling human blood. He was then in Chirawu's land, at a flat stone that is above the river Kadziringe. But Mugugu followed his father. He got to the flat stone and found his father there. All, including the army of the maChikunda came and found, Ishe Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka, at the flat stone. They bowed, clapped their hands in respect and the men of the maChikunda army said: "Mambo Chirombo Zvimba, in this whole earth we have traversed, there is not a Mambo like you, no, not one."

Then the maChikunda said to Mugugu: "We now want our elephant (Tusk):" Mugugu said: "It is well." And he produced the elephant tusk. They tried to clap their hands in it and they said: "No, this is not the



one you promised" Mugugu, then produced one which was much, much larger than the other. The maChikunda placed their hands in it, clapped and said: "This is the real one." After that, the maChikunda scratched the ground with their feet saying: "Mambo Chirombo Zvimba, we thank your son, Mugugu spoke the truth. We had said to ourselves, if we do not get this elephant tusk, we shall go away with your son, Mugugu. Here are women, let your sons marry them."

Mambo Zvimba replied: "The women are yours. I have no son who takes a wife whilst still young. But you can leave the cattle behind, since no cattle go to your land." The maChikunda, expressed their thanks and, saying: "Mambo Zvimba Chirombo", arose and returned to their homes. Mugugu also arose, with his father, together with all the family and returned to Matsvitsi. And, there they lived.

### **The AmaNdebele or Madzviti**

After a while, Mambo Zvimba arose and went to live in the land of VaNhova, the land of Chipuriro, looking for hills with rocks and caves around which to build a fortress. It was at this time, about 1845 that an army of Lobengula's madzviti or AmaNdebele arrived and harassed many people and took captive, some people working in the fields.

The alarm sounded. Zvimba heard women say, "The Madzviti have taken captive your family, just a few, only two rows." And he called his son Mugugu and said: "Mobilise an army to go and fight. Some family are reported to have been taken captive by a few Madzviti."

Mugugu arose, summoned Kamau, a nephew, also Chimanga, a nephew and all his young brothers and, then led this Zvimba force, himself.

The Madzviti had built a camp at the river Rwengwa, where it pours its waters into the river Mhanyame. Mugugu wore his father's war dress and came down the hill. At dawn, they surrounded the Madzviti.

When the Madzviti tried to come out of their camp, they were fiercely attacked. The two sides locked each other in combat. Where they fought, even today, no grass grows. Chimanga killed five Madzviti with his "gano", or ceremonial battle axe, which was called "Kakora Mhombwe Muridzi haachakora" (Fatten adulter the owner won't get fat) Mugugu shot four, Guzha five, Gara six, Chisenzere six but he was also stabbed and killed. Namapano, a son-in-law, eight and he, also was killed and Makau killed many Madzviti that day. The number of Madzviti killed that day was much larger than the thirty-four we have mentioned.

They entered the camp and set free family that was being held captive. Now, the commander of the army, Mugugu became constipated. They placed him amongst his young brothers. They walked and arrived near the Matsviti's mountain. They sat down. And Mugugu asked whether all the family was there. And the warriors replied: "Yes, the family is all there, but those who have died are Chisengere and Mapano." Then Mugugu said: "Send messengers to tell Ishe Zvimba, that your son Mandaza is dead, killed in action. Also the son-in-law Mapano is dead."

When he heard these words, Mambo Zvimba entered his hut, removed the hanging necklaces and the headgear of a bird with its wings and he rolled about on ashes and remains of a dead fire. That is how a Mambo mourns. His son, Mandaza, very much resembled him, even his height.

These are the wars in which Mugugu fought, during his father's lifetime. But there are others he fought after his father's death.

### **A Hero**

Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka, was a hero in his own right. He killed four lions which killed cattle in the kraals at night. Furthermore, he is the Mambo who made the law that a witch must be killed. He, himself, killed four of his wives because they were witches. Even adulterers, he said, they should be killed. He was the only Mambo who used to kill a cow and its calf. When people sang his praises, clapping their hands before him they said:-

Nyambaya nendzviri, ..... Slaughterer, with its begetter,  
Hongo mutsipa. Une mutsipa, ..... Great neck. Whose neck,  
Unorera inda panzira, ..... Nurses lice on the way.  
Mutikinyi waMasango, ..... Traverser of Forests,  
Mwana waVaKazvora ..... Son of VaKazvora.

Furthermore, Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka was the most fierce of all the Mambos of Zvimba. All people trembled when they saw him. Men and women, no one dared look at his face, people only looked at his face when he was looking elsewhere. Even cattle feared him. They trembled. Dogs ran away from him. Fowls, chickens and cockrels crackled with fright when they saw him. All the Mambos knew him. With Nemaondo, they did not see each other. He is the only Mambo of Zvimba who was carried about in a hammock like the VaZungu.

The day he left his mountain stronghold they sang him a song which said: Mambo wapota napa . . . Mambo has turned around, through here. Ruve zvembe zembe . . . Thick forest of big trees abound. This

is the Mambo "wakanyatsodya pasi", who really enjoyed the fruits of the soil and dallied with the Chieftainship. He did not want to see his son marry at an early age. All his sons married at a ripe age. He held them back for war, believing that they would be less daring and fearless if they were married. It was Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka who had severed Nova, the son-in-law's land. To Humbe he gave the job of turning about his umbrella so that he, the Mambo, would not be in the sun. His nephew Musendami's job was to sing the Mambo's praises saying:

Hodza mutsipa ..... Stout neck.  
 Chikara, Chidya Vanhu ..... Beast, Eater of Men!  
 Nyamubaya nendzviri ..... Slaughterer with begetter!  
 Mutikinya wemasango ..... Traverser of forests.  
 Svipa maropa ..... Spitter of blood.  
 Chirume Chakasvipa mate ..... Man with black saliva.

These were some of his praises.

When Mambo Zvimba walked, he stepped the ground with visible importance, pomp and arrogance, while his wives ululated. When he went about his land he carried his own food. He did not eat other people's food.

In any village that was host to him, men engaged in martial dances while women ululated to receive him, honoured and flattered that Mambo Zvimba, himself, had come to their village. His wives, we cannot tell how many they were. Many were widows of his late brother Gweshe whom he took over when he inherited the Royal title. He, on his own, then married many more. He was greedy to marry. To him, anything with skirt, even a muChikunda, was a wife, in his eyes. For most of these women he never paid "Rowora". He merely sent children to "Kanda rumhinda" throw a thread at a girl he had heard that here, there, is a certain girl. As a result, he begot many, many children. The following are the names of the sons of Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka. You can see how many they are. Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka died in the mountain called Gwidiba. And there his grave is to be found.

#### Mambo Zvimba Mushayapokuvaka's Children

Altogether, Mambo Zvimba, Mushayapokuvaka had 70 (Seventy) sons, and 55 (fifty five) daughters. 125 (One hundred and twenty five) in all. The Sons are:

1. Mutenga
2. Dununu      Also known as Mugugu
3. Madume
4. Nyamanhindi      Also known as Guzha
5. Gara
6. Chigodora
7. Chindewere      Also known as Samkange
8. Murombedzi      Also known as Yavavava
9. Muzavazi      Also known as Chikwavarara
10. Wandishiwe
11. Mate
12. Mutemaringa
13. Makore      Also known as Gwatidzo
14. Beperere
15. Mafura
16. Mashanda
17. Gomwe
18. Mutimuri
19. Nyamadzavo
20. Chimbamawuro
21. Mupingashato
22. Gwevera
23. Manunguza
24. Chikuwe
25. Nyatanga
26. Chinatsa
27. Mhizha
28. Chavegwa      Also known as Mazhindu
29. Nyamondoro
30. Maponga      Also known as Mavungweni
31. Pindehama
32. Mbisva
33. Chadokufa
34. Tamanikwa
35. Kwaramba
36. Gwena
37. Wakandwa
38. Chirenda
39. Musunikwa
40. Makwara
41. Mutevedzi

42. Mukungwa
43. Kwesu
44. Doti
45. Rusere
46. Nyazeme
47. Muriravanhu
48. Chirawu                      Also known as Chidakwa
49. Chitauro
50. Pote
51. Chabirikira
52. Zure                          Also known as Kamambo
53. Chirarandata
54. Mufanechiya
55. Tsuru                        Also known as Dendamumera
56. Mukungwe
57. Pamire
58. Chipani
59. Dzukwa
60. Matekenya
61. Dumbu
62. Chidzongamawunga
63. Mupariwa
64. Katsvamutima
65. Gadzukwa
66. Washamira
67. Kangara
68. Chihodza
69. Wandichiwa

His daughters were:

1. Kamhasvi
2. Wera
3. Kuvi
4. Chihende
5. Mahungo
6. Tambu
7. Kaudzi
8. Mashura
9. Marupfudza
10. Mandiwana
11. Kazvare

12. Kanyadzi
  13. Tagwereyi
  14. Takarunda
- And others.

Joni Chirimanyemba says this of Mushayapokuvaka's reign:

"Mushayapokuvaka ruled for a long time. Wives, he had six tens and seven. Sixteen, he had killed at the river Karoyi, it being said they are older than I am, by VaChibandamajodo: the mother of Samkange.

During Mushayapokuvaka's reign, with wars breaking out, bride wealth for wives being given in elephant tusks, all these wives being his because his elder brother Chikaka had gone blind. Mutova was trampled upon by an elephant as a result of his having mixed up certain medicines. Rupende is the one who was there. Chipunzambiya was there. These are the young brothers of Mushayapokuvaka, also his nephews and Garanganza, the last born in VaKazvare's house.

It is I, speaking, Joni of Nyaure, who has come out of Chirimanyemba in the house of Chikaka. On the stool is the Mambo Mushayapokuvaka, his name, was also Perayi. This was a military name even though he never set foot at the wars. Not even a bit. Having sat on the stool, he built a village on a hill called Ngundu. That is where he raised Mapfuva and others.

When he left that place, he went over there, at that place called Mashayamvura, where there is a huge flat stone, that is where he lived with his family. He had all his wives.

Now, there came a man called Munyaradzi, from over there, at Mazoe. He was hunting what is called "mvuu" hippopotami in the river Muchekawabvaruka. He asked, "Ishe, may we have your permission to kill these hippopotami?" The Ishe said: "Yes, they have finished our crops. Kill them." They were killed. And he killed both of them: male and female.

Then Mushayapokuvaka said: "It is good. You have done well, you Munyaradzi." This Munyaradzi is of the cognomen: Mupamombe. "Now that you have killed both, this small one: the female one, is yours. This big one, I will cut up with my family." Munyaradzi said: "It is all right Mambo."

So saying, Mushayapokuvaka was with his children: Mugugu, Munhuhwa, Guzha and others. They were all there, still being youngsters, not yet able to go to war. Now, the meat was being cut up, that is when his senior wife VaChibandamajodo: the same one called VaMtiyo, said: "Let us go and see those animals being skinned."

When they got there, they exclaimed "Ah! its not fat that the smaller hippopotomus has: the female one." It was unbelievably fat. That is when it was said: "Munhuhwa beat up all these people. This meat is not theirs." And Munyaradzi was chased away. And he went away.

Now, that is when Rupende, Chipunzambiya, Nhondomwe and Garangaza went to sell elephant tusks so as to get wives. That is when they were seen by the people of Mazoe and it was said: "That one, over there, is Rupende." When they were on their way back home with their wives, they were beaten up properly. And were chased away. That is how the war between Hwata and Zvimba started.

Now, this having been done, that is when Mushayapokuvaka came and wept saying: "Can people have my things taken from them? Well, it is well. Let there be war." And they fought like hell until the Hwata people gave up.

That is when the Hwata people, also followed to fight. That is when, now, they were really crushed at Chirinhengwe. It was Musungambiri who was there. Gowu was there. Those are of the house of Chisora. Even Rupende, Chipunzambiya and others, were there. And it was said: "Let them be followed. Make cartridges." The cartridges were made from iron which was being mined at Gwiri, over there. The cartridges having been made, it was said: "Go back."

Rupende said: "Let us drop our medicine at the road junction." And it was said: "You will go as you are." They had their horns full of medicine which was called: Marutsaropa (You have vomitted blood) and a drum which was called Chakutingamoyo. We have mentioned it using a eupyamism. That is not its real name. Including "nhuruubvu" and what not. All these they carried as they went to war.

So, when they arose they said: "Let us go to a hill called Maringowe. That is where we will rest being and praying to our ancestral spirits at the same time." When they got there, others said: "These bullets are heavy. Let us share them out." So they untied the bundles of bullets and there came a duiker doe — a very big one, walking: dana — dana — dana — dana, it came and the bullets it gulped up — swallowed the lot.

Some then said: "Lets go back home. This war is not a good one. Look, we omitted to drop our medicines at the road junction." Rupende said: "I'll not turn back. I was commanded by Mushayapokuvaka. If it is death — let us go and die." That is when they arose and carried their things and guns. And made war on Hwata bravely and most frightfully. Having fought so bravely, they conquered. But there were others who had gone to hunt with nets.

Then they said: "Let us return home". And all others went ahead and left behind Chipunzambiya and Rupende. Rupende said: "You go in front, all of you. We will follow behind." Now where they had stopped, they had been stopped by Kanemadandari, son of Dununu's young brother who had run away and sought refuge with Hwata: running away from war. So when they left they bade each other farewell. "Do go well, Ngonya. This is what we were doing. We were fighting the Hwata people. We defeated them. We are going back home now."

This Kanemadandari, the moment he parted with them, ran to the Hwata people who were hunting with nets who were at Charara and said: "Hear ye! Homes have been destroyed. Those people you use to fight: the Zvimbas today came to conquer. Now you who are here at the hunt, what do you say?" And they picked up their spears.

And they organised an ambush. When most of the Zvimba people had passed, they saw Rupende, Chipunzambiya and Kanemangwere. Shongedza had gone ahead but then he heard the bugle sound and that is how he returned.

And it was said: "We meet. You Zvimbas." And they said: "You have seen us." There was a great fight at that ant hill. And he heard the bugle sounding, Shongedza, a nephew, this Shongedza is of the Madzimas — he heard the bugle sound and said: "Ah Rupende is there. Chipunzambiya is dying there. I am returning." And he found them in a fierce battle. Rupende, they had held him and thrown him to the ground. Then they killed him. Then they held Chipunzambiya and killed him. Kanemangwere tried to run but he fell into a pool of the river Gwiri and they killed him. Then Shongedza arrived with his spear. I think he killed six — the seventh one, that is when the spear got broken — and they killed him and he died, the son of Chinambo.

After this battle, that is when they mobilized, once more, to fight them. That is when the people of Hwata said: Ah, no, we once captured your girls, having captured your girls, we became your sons-in-law. We no longer wish to continue fighting." They never fought again.

As these wars were being fought, Mushayapokuvaka sought refuge at Rukonzi called Hobva. And Kahungwa ran away to Makove. That is where when Mushayapokuvaka was seated at the "dare" court fire place of Zendamire, his joking relation of Rukonzi, that is when he saw stones falling on the ground: hitting him on the face. What is this, happening? And the people said: "We do not know. We have done nothing. The fault must be yours."

In the evening, Mushayapokuvaka went to Rukonzi and said: "Rukonzi, what is this which makes me to be hit by stones, I do not

know from where they are coming?" And Rukonzi said: "Ah, so, you ran away from home. Now the war is over. Go back home. You will find some young brothers dead. Do go back and resume your reign."

That is when Mushayapokuvaka returned into the land. Having arrived in the land, the tribal spirit said: "No, Mushayapokuvaka you will no longer live here. You have to go some place else." That is when Mushayapokuvaka went down the river until he got to Chininga. The Chiningas said: "No". That is when he crossed the river and went up Muwadzi. That is when he got to Mukwidiba, and lived his reign there. That is where he lived. Some children were born there. That is where he ruled being. That is where he died.

While there, he said to his children, "Boys, you will go to Rukonzi, my friend, and be given medicine so that I may be well. The things I did in my life are many." When they went, they were given a stalk of maize. It was said: "This stalk of maize you will give to your father. He touched too many things. He killed too many people."

Having been given that maize stalk, on arriving at the river Mhanyame, they began to argue among themselves, his children. They said: "This maize stalk, may be, it can cause the death of our father." Then they threw it into the river. And yet, they had virtually killed their father by doing that. They went to their father and said: "We had been given a maize stalk. We thought it might be medicine to kill you. We have thrown it into the river." Mushayapokuvaka said: "How can that be? Why did you throw it into the river?" They replied: "That is what we have done."

The following day, Mushayapokuvaka felt like lying down on a flat stone facing upwards. That is when he saw a star come and fall into his eye. A real star. Whether it was magical, I do not know. The star dropped into his eye. The eye became sore. And he was saying: "My eye! My eye!" Mushayapokuvaka died.

As he died Mushayapokuvaka, they buried him. They "play" his grave. They shared out the wives. One wife was given to Chikaka another was given to someone else. To the son of Kuisva they gave five old hags and kept the young and beautiful ones for themselves. One wife, Peri's mother called VaCheumu was given to Mugugu. Chirandata's mother went to Samkange. The mother of Shamire was given to Chigodora. They distributed all the young wives. And they said the legacy of the Zvimbaship, today, goes to the house of Chisora. Search for one, who? It was said: "It will go to Madzivanzira, he is the one who was then called Musundi." And the legacy was placed on Madzivanzira.

### Mushayapokuvaka's Children

In the house of Mushayapokuvaka's senior wife called VaMtiwo, there came out two boys. One was called Madume and another Samkange. Let us go into another house, there was born Mugugu, Mapfuwa, Mazhindu. Let us go every where. In one house was born Mutemaringa alone. In another was born Chavirikura alone. In another house was born Katsvamutima alone. In another house was born Gara and Gomwe. In another house was born Chirandata alone. In another house was born Chiya alone. In another house was born Chidakwa alone. In another house was born Murungweni alone. In another house was born Chikwarara and Mupingashato. In another house was born Makwara and Chiwodza. In another house was born Matekenya, Chifamba and Mhizha. In another house was born Gusha and Makore. In another house was born Mashanda and Manunguza. In another house was born Nyazema, Muriravanhu and Kamambo. In another house was born Chigodora and Pindehama. In another house was born Mapfumo alone. In another house was born Washanura and Matienenga. In another house was born Murombedzi, Chirenda, Patiskwabiri. In another house was born Kadungure and Kangara. In another house was born Chinatsa alone. In another house was born Chitauro and Pote. In another house was born Muzavazi alone. In another house was born Ngwena alone. In another house was born Hamadziripi and Makombe.

Many other children I never knew. These are the children of Mushayapokuvaka whom I knew. He had built villages, I believe they were forty-seven of them. Mushayapokuvaka had children like locusts.

Mushayapokuvaka was the biggest adulterer. That is what I am saying. That is what expelled him from the land and made him die at Makwidiba. He had been told: "Your grave will not be placed in this land of Zvimba. You will die on other people's lands." And he died at Ngwaza at Makwidiba.

Now, do you think that if all as well people would have left this land of Zvimba to go and have their cases heard so far away? It was the tribal spirits which refused. Their tribal spirit, Svingarehoko, refused and said: "You will not die here because the evil you did is too much: killing people, taking children making them wives — all these things. When ever you met a woman you threw her to the ground and slept with her whether it was a niece, or what did not matter to you." There was no Chief as wicked as this one.

He did not care that this was a daughter, or, what, to him. When one heard him say, come here and grind my tobacco, that was all. The

girl had become his wife. Whether it was a niece: a daughter of a sister, it mattered not to him.

Chikaka did not bear many children. He had only eight. He bore Chikohonono, called Gorejena, Magarangombe, Chirimanyemba, Chawatama, Ngandu, Mandara.

Now, we who are here, know that we are sons of one man. Today, its not just jealousy that is being manifested by our people in Zvimba, it has become a disease. One born in a house by his mother says: "I am the only one." Another here, says: "I am the only one". We forget that we are all relatives together. Even the way we are related we know it. The knife that cuts the meat is not the pot that cooks it. That is to say: the one who paid the bride wealth: "rowora" is not the one who fathered the children. The pot that cooked all is one: the Ngonya are the one and the same with the Gushungos.

When we say there are those of Gute, there are those of Matununu. That does not mean anything. That is just being greedy for power, we are doing here. I am, Chirimanyemba, I'll say: "I should have been given the Mamboship". This, VaSamkange here, will say: "I should have been given the Mamboship." Why do we not take turns? We are scramblers. Now, this time, we knew perfectly well, the house whose turn it was to have the Chieftainship but things went haywire."

Although Mugugu and Chirimanyemba hold almost opposite views or their general impressions of Mushayapokuvaka's reign, they show a great deal of agreement. The differences are to be expected. Mugugu was a grandson of Mushayapokuvaka, Chirimanyemba is not.

## CHAPTER X

### Madzivanzira — Europeans — Today

About this period, VaChirimanyemba tells us:-

"This Madzivanzira, also called Musundi, before his rule began, is when he saw an ominous occurrence. It came, a zebra, right into the village, spending the whole day walking about the village courtyard. Well, what is this? The mbizi: zebra, left. It was well.

Madzivanzira had been given a wife called VaChobayiwa. She came from the house of Mushayapokuvaka, to cook for the Chieftainship bestowed upon him because this woman was very senior. All the drums, including one named Chikungamoyo, we have used a euphamism that is not the way that name goes (Say it, its called what?) Its called ah! I cannot say it (Say it, say it, it doesn't matter.) It was named Chikungapanyo — Arsewinder!

Now, Musundi, the VaRozvi have come and installed him. All is well. That mbizi zebra was the first to come to the village. This woman: VaChobayiwa had only two children, from Mushayapokuvaka, offspring of Dundi, the mother of VaMurungweni. Trying to go to fetch water from the well, she was caught by a lion and eaten. Ah! What happening is that?

In the house, in which are drums, guns, presented to Madzivanzira to fight with, those presented as tokens of his Mamboship which had been formerly owned by his predecessor Mushayapokuvaka, war medicines, the house caught fire, on its own, and all was gutted: mbgwa, mbgwa, mbgwa!

That is when the people said: "Ah! this Mamboship, at Chisora's house, what is it doing? "Chisora came, his head being carried by a bateleur eagle. We gave the Mamboship to his son, Chatoramanzi, Chatoramanzi fell down, and died. Now, we have taken it back. This has happened. How do such things happen? These are the owners of the Chieftainship — fit and proper persons for it. They are the ones who fight for the land. Let us go to Chingowo and ask: try and find out why these things are happening. Over there at Nhowa in Chipuriro.

They went. They asked. It was said: "Ah! this Mambo, if you gave him a "mutoyo": trial by ordeal, you will see what he will do." And

they said: "Well, Mambo, these things here. You are not a wizard. You are not anything bad. Undergo a trial by ordeal. Drink this medicine." He drank the medicine. Things did not go right. He did not vomit.

The drums are being played all day long. Ah! Musundi had released himself in the presence of children. The drum sounds. He did not, rule. In a few days, Musundi is dead.

Well, Musundi is dead? Ah, a "banzvi" an intellectual hero of the land, and great warrior. All people mourned him sincerely. They said: the Isheship; what is to be done with it? "Play" Musundi's grave. And they "played" Musundi's grave.

And it was said: "Where shall it go? It was said: "It shall go to the house of Chidziva. And it was placed on Chiumburuke when the Europeans were about to arrive. The Chieftainship having been placed on Chiumburuke. He stayed with this Chieftainship only a short time and the Europeans arrived. They had been selected being two: Chikohonono of Chikaka and Chiumburuke. It was said: if it fails to go to Chiumburuke it will go to Chikaka. Now, when the Europeans arrived: Ve e e e. Chiumburuke fled. Where is he? At Murombe, over there. On arrival at Murombe, his eyes burst, because he had ran away from the Isheship.

After a while the whites came. We fought them. The war ended. Chikaka who had gone in search of gun powder, at Chipuriro, returned. And he was arrested. His family was in a cave. The cave was dynamited by whites. The whites thought the people in the cave have died not knowing that there is an opening which leads out into the river Munene.

The war ended and they said: "To whom will the Isheship go? And they said: "on Chikohonono. He is the one we had chosen, as one of two: with Chiumburuke. Chiumburuke is dead. You Chikohonono are the one who is present." What shall we do? Chikaka is arrested by whites. As he was arrested by Europeans he is the one who made people return to their homes. They had hidden themselves in caves and thick forests.

The Europeans said to Chikohonono, "How can people come back?" And he replied: "I do not know how they can return." And it was said: "Climb a hill and shout saying: "The land is taken. Surrender all people." Now, that is when he climbed a hill and called out. Even those far, far away, as far as seven miles, or, twelve miles, could hear his voice. I do not know what God had done with those "midzimu": spirits. All the people heard it and said: "Chikohonono has been killed. What shall we do? A hero who was defending the country?"

The person who ran there first was Nyoka, of Chikambi and said: "It is uncle (small father) who is dead." So he came running. Arrived. And it was said: "Who is he? And Chikaka replied: "He is my son." While the Europeans were surrounding him, this Chikaka, the Chikohonono called Zhakata, all the people were called. They came. The song, he sang, was the song:

Oh! Terayi heye  
Terayi wo he hee  
Vanga vazo ndi wona  
Pfumo redu heya  
Terayi wo heehee

Oh! Surrender  
Surrender all.  
Who came to see me:  
Our fighting force,  
Surrender all.

His little son, who was later called Misheck but who was then known as Kamuchena said: "Father this army is great. Surrender. There is nothing you can do to them. They have a gun called Chigwagwa (machine gun, or maxim). In truth, it was this machine gun that killed all the people.

Then the people returned. That is when they got into real trouble. The war ending. They surrendered. It was said: "Major Cooper has been killed at Makonde. Who killed him?" And it was alleged that the killers were Mgugu, Guzha and the Kamhaus. The matter appeared to be ending. It was said: "Very well, we have given you the church." That is what came in front. The minister was Duva. Now, this Duva was outsmarted by Europeans. They said, "Assemble all the people. Say there is a church service." So, Duva invited all people. Some did not go. Chikohonono said: "Chawatama, my father's son, where are you going? I dreamt the land being destroyed. And he went with many other people including Mgugu.

In the morning, the Europeans had camped not far away, they arrived on horse back. That is when they found the people assembled. That is where Mgugu was killed. That is where Mukwagarira and Chawazamba were killed. Chawatama was chained. Guzha was chained. The youngsters, we do not count. They were like pumpkins lying there, dead.

Those they arrested they took away. Having taken them away, Chawatama was shot. Guzha was shot at a horizontal cleft between rocks. The war ended.

The Europeans came. The people remained on the land. That is when they had the idea: "Anta is the one who had us all killed." Rev. Anta was on a flat stone preaching. That is where some approached him stealthily. Now, we don't wish to name them but we know them. (Name them. It does not matter). No, that is finished.



Anta was then shot from the back while preaching. His spine was severed. He did not die. Anta cried the whole night long on the spot saying: "God, forgive these people." I think the way Anta died, he died praying. The way Jesus died. This Anta was a great man. Anta had no fault. He was killed because he had assembled the people. These Europeans were interested in the church, that is the way they found, to do all this.

The war ended. And then came Chibarq: forced labour, and all the other troubles. It was in 1896, now, in 1897, all were arrested who were killing white people. That is when people like, Nyamanhidi, Ruzvidzo of Samkange were arrested and hanged in Harare.

That is when Nyawokorefu, Nyati, Mbgwizhu, Ngwerere, these are spirit mediums, were taken, together with Nehanda and Kaguvi. They were all hanged in Harare that year. That is when another campaign was launched: that of searching for guns. People were beaten to death. They went with guns surrendering them, surrendering them, surrendering them. That is what happened.

After a while, the whites had lived a long time. People worked for nothing, not being given any money. One who was given ten shillings a month was a big man. Eight shillings, six shillings, one given a pound, I do not know what kind of work he could have been doing. Perhaps a cook, or, waggon driver.

#### **Mabiri**

"Now, in the year 1916 in October, Chikohonono died. Before he died, Mabiri came from where he had been hiding from the white men. He came, this Mabiri and the amazing thing they saw was that, as they were sitting, they found the house full of rats. And another man who had been sent, came with a little tortoise. He came and threw it behind the door. When they saw it, Chikohonono took ill. His arm kept on jerking, or, tugging, all the time. One could not hold it still. Even, I, once tried to hold it down. It did not heal. This was in 1916. After a while, the Mambo died.

The Mambo having died, they said let us install a "Sarapavana": a temporary ruler, a Caretaker. The medicine was coming from Mabiri son of Karetso of the house of Mutimuri. And he was saying it too: that he was the cause and they would surely perish. He challenged them to install some one else, other than himself, as Chief, and they would see.

They said, "Let us install a Caretaker to take care of the children." And they took one called Magaramombe. And they said, "The

Caretaker is this one". He was taken by the Native Commissioner, down yonder, to Nyamahumba in Hurungwe to go and view wild game: elephants and all. The Caretaker never returned from Nyamahumba. He took ill. His stomach got swollen. He came back on a stretcher and, in a few days in 1917, the Caretaker Mambo was dead.

And Mabiri warned: "This Mamboship, if you refuse with it, you will all perish." In 1917 the grave was "played". It was said: "The Isheship, we must now give to Murombedzi called Mukunzvi". Mukunzvi said: "No. All my elder brothers are finished by death. Give this one who claims he is a wizard." The Chieftainship sash was hung around Mukunzvi's neck. He took it off and hung it on Mabiri saying, in the presence of the Native Commissioner called Kigiwini (Kegwin) or, Mavurapecheya, "This is the Mambo I have given you." Mabiri was thus installed as Ishe Zvimba. The sun had set. It was dark. I was also there.

This, having taken place, Mabiri lived as Ishe. He ruled a long time: twenty-four years. His eyes burst. He became blind. He suffered, ruled a while and in 1939 died. They buried him. And lived. They installed another Caretaker Mambo called Chozengwe. He died soon after. They took his son called Peter Zhorizho and they installed him in his father's place as Caretaker Mambo. We went to the Makore Show at Gwenzi, that is when this Mambo returned a sick man. We arrived at Chihota. He asked for water to drink and he drank too huge cups of water. We said: "This Mambo is sick." I, Munemo, and another man, called Mangwiri, were with him. We slowly and gently got him to Mandaza Mgugu's village where his "muramu": sister in law, called Rukadzi was: "VaRukadzi, here is your brother in law." That is where he slept, there. He did not get better. We carried him from there and he died. The one who had bewitched him was a real relative. He was appointed Caretaker: a position he held for ten and two years.

Now, after ten and two years, it was said: "The rulership will go on Nyamayaro of Chitiviri (Stephen). The people refused. Jona Dutiro, that child, he was wonderful, and named Buka. He got mad. He called himself, the black dog of Dutiro. He said: "That won't happen. These people, we do not know them."

Then, they said: "Well, the Chieftainship really doesn't matter." Seeing they were having plenty of trouble with Matewu (Mathew) they said: "Matewu, here is your Chieftainship, here. What do we do with it?" That is when Matewu said: "No, I want the kingship for which, I am fighting, so, I will become Ishe of all black people in this Country. But,

whom I have given you, I have given you Patrick Guzha, Gonzo, who is at Selukwe. Go, catch him and give him the Isheship."

Chitiviri, they have rejected him. Matibiri, they have rejected him. It was said: "Well and good. Guzha is the one that is educated. Let him be fetched and brought here." Others said: "No, there is Samkange. Let us choose between these two. Go and fetch, first, Samkange called Tomusoni (Thompson) Mushore, son of VaNhondo, son of Mawodzewa." They went. They returned. They brought him at night. Even I, got there. He refused. Samkange said: "I do not hold two Isheships, myself. I am a Minister of Religion". In truth, he was a Minister, a great one, highly respected. He used to go all over being sent to India, all over there, by Missionaries. He refused and went back."

What vaChirimanyemba is saying here is true. I, the author, will bear witness to it. My father, the Rev. T.D. Samkange, received a telegram, whilst at Pakame Mission, near Shurugwi. The telegram read: "VaMusundi is dead. Come immediately." My father drove at night, intending to go and bury one who was an elder brother to him. He was surprised to find Joseph Tapfumaneyi Musundi alive. My father was told: "We have called you to come and take over the Chieftainship. To be Zvimba." My father replied: "No, I was called to the Ministry. I have my Isheship already. I cannot hold two Isheships. Give Patrick Guzha, with whom I live in Shurugwi."

"What shall we do? Lets go and catch Patrick Gonzo Guzha," they said. He refused to come. Two years he wouldn't reply. Now, this is when they went to the Mudzviti: the Native Commissioner and said: "Sack him from his job, or bring him here in handcuffs." The Native Commissioner signed him off, carried his belongings and deposited him in Harare and said "Your son, on whom you wish to place the Isheship is here." And they said: "It is well".

They then went to Nyamhunga's pool, over there. The spirit having appeared. That is where we installed him Mambo. He is the eighteenth Mambo in Zvimba's land. That is what I heard when I was yet a child. 1896 I was born. Now, do you think that is a long time ago? All these things I have discussed, I heard, I was told and given by other people. I kept all. My head is the one that was good.

I have finished, Changamire: my lord the succession to the Isheship. Now, today, we remained for nine years, the Isheship having been placed on Wirison (Wilson) of the house of Guzha, son of Chipere. He was custodian: Sarapavana, Caretaker for nine years.

Then, after a while, the war was hot, of black people and white people. I, myself, there is no place I did not go. All the stairs in this city, I climbed. Even the Midzimu, all, we propitiated. I was unsuccessful, myself. We just heard. Ah the Mambo has come. We saw, the youngman, they truly installed Mambo. It pleased us a lot because we all wanted a new Chief.

Even today, he is the one we have. We are very pleased with him. If he were a "munhu" he would follow the wishes of the people. Because all of us, rejoiced for him. We, the people, all love him. He, also, what he has been saying has been good to the people. Maybe, he will change. Maybe, he won't change. We don't know. He is the one we have, of the House of Chidziva, that Chidziva who once gave Chikaka the Isheship. Now it has caught on.

We thought the Isheship would go the way it has always gone. It should have gone to the house of Chisora, then on Chikaka. Now, it skipped. It went to Chidziva. Now, I do not know, after that, whether it will go on Chikaka. Now, can we go back again?

I am saying the Mambo should survive, so we may have some fresh air as he rules. If he were the one to rule, for ruling, nowadays is different, if he were the one to rule, we would all be flying high, because we have had installed a Mambo for us. Now, he is the one we have: the son of Karigangombe: the grandson of vaMatibiri.

The Councillors, none have been installed yet. All the Councillors died. Nyamkanga died. Only a Custodian: Sarapavana, is left. Dununu died. Only a Custodian: Sarapavana, is left. Nyamangara died. Only a Custodian: Sarapavana is left. Chimbamauro is dead. Only a Custodian: Sarapavana is left. But, the Mambo, we have now. That is where my story ends, Changamire, my lord.

Gushungo! As we end this narrative we present it to Neyiteve, coming down through many until today, we get to the son of Chidziva: the youngman who is son of the son of Matibiri. He is the one we say should survive, among all these people. That way, we might have a chance to rest and plough. If a Mambo dies in a land, you have plenty of trouble fighting for the Chieftainship you will never get. He should survive very much. May God look after him and treat us with mercy. We are his flesh. We are his bones. May the Mambo survive and treat us with mercy.

I have finished, my lord, Changamire. It is I, Chirimanyemba speaking, Joni of Nyaure, son of vaMbari, nephew of Chihota, Chibazve, who came from over there, from Mutasa. Came here and was called Mazvimbakupa: One who longs to give. Had I been born a son of

Chihota, I should be there. Now, I am a Zvimba, but they know I am there. Hence; I am in here.

I have this child, the son of VaMushore. I know him. He is the one I am talking to here. He is a grandson of Nyoni, Chigowodya, in other words, grandson of Mano. Now, he is number one, in this country, in education. He studied in India, England, and other places. He is called Purufesa (Professor); Now, we do not know English. As he is Purufesa, truly, he is a big man. He is the one who invited me. We have not finished. We shall come with others.

I shall fetch Chikukwa of Mpandaguta. I shall fetch Chikaka of Mfemi. I shall fetch Mayana, called Jonathan Samkange. We shall come here. That is what he is saying, this one.

This child in here should survive. You all, who have names I have been mentioning. It is not a crime. It is our desire that things be known. Let him survive, this son of Mushore, having survived, we may finish this work, satisfactorily. Do you hear? Gushungo!

## CHAPTER XI

### Selection, Installation and Succession of Zvimba Chiefs

#### Selection

For one to be a candidate for the Zvimba Chieftainship, one must be known to be a member of those few families who are directly descended from the Progenitor: that is, a Gushungo who is not a Nyamukanga.

The candidate must be a whole man, not mutilated, crippled or disabled, in any way. He must not be a "murombo", or pauper. Objections are known to have been raised against an aspirant who was described as: A poor man, with only one wife, living alone in the bush.

The elders of the tribe select the final candidate for the Chieftainship and submit their choice to the supernatural arbiter who is believed to know the will of the people. The candidate, or nominee of the elders, is formally made public by a muzukuru, or nephew, creeping up to the nominee and smashing a drinking calabash of beer-lees over his head, calling out: "You are Zvimba. You are Zvimba." When he has thus baptised the new Chief, the muzukuru flees. The Chief elect pretends to be annoyed and perturbed but unless he formally and immediately washes off the lees, he is assumed to have accepted the nomination.

The nominee is then taken to the tribal spirit medium. As Bullock points out, "Beperere is the real mhondoro, or tribal spirit, of the wa-Zezuru tribe, whose chief, for many generations, has borne the name Zvimba. But as Beperere is at present unidentified — that is to say he has not "come out" in the person of any medium, Zvimba people take black cloth and go to Goronga (otherwise called Chaminuka) who is a spirit of higher standing than that of the tribal spirit. He is an emanation from Mwari, the Supreme God of the MaShona, and has arrogated to himself many of Mwari's attributes. Neither has he any compunction in taking on himself, functions more proper to a tribal spirit, such as assenting to the request of the elders when they ask permission to take their nominee to their Zimbabwe — the ancestral burial place." (Ibid p 282)

When Beperere or Goronga's assent has been given, it is to Negondo's sepulchre, at "paGondo" that the elders must now take their

nominee to receive confirmation of his Chieftaincy. The assent given is said to be that of Negondo: Mambo Zvimba II. At his grave, an enclosure is built, and at the head of the ancient sepulchre there stand two poles, or door posts (mbiro).

A bull is killed by a mere blow from a stick, its blood not being shed. It is thought also that its death by this means shows spiritual acceptance, and thereafter, black cloth is spread over the carcass. A muzukuru, or dunzvi, now pours out beer on the grave. "We give you your man, Chief" he calls out. "If he is acceptable to you, we shall see it by how he lives."

In the evening, the Chief designate is called by the maChinda and led to the poles — mbiro, the people singing and dancing before him. He stands silently at the head of the grave, placing a hand on one of the door posts. As he stands, he will feel, within himself, whether he is accepted or rejected, for, his beating heart will burst in his breast if he is not in right standing at the grave.

Solemnly and, in silence, he leaves the shrine and walks to a shelter built for him, nearby. There he spends the night alone.

In the morning, the people come, looking closely at him. If he is sick they know he has been rejected and that death will follow soon from the wrath of the mighty dead implacably angry at the presumption of an imposter. But if he is in health, the ululations of women and the shouts of men proclaim him Chief accepted and he is later installed in his kraal.

There is, at least, one authenticated death of a nominee who was rejected by the spirits and died. The man had been nominated by a Native Commissioner, as the most suitable successor.

The carcass of the bull is left untouched at night fall, and, with it, pots of beer at the grave. Next morning, it is found that the beer is gone and that the blood of the bull has been drunk by Negondo and the lion spirits he has called to the feast. The black cloth is neatly folded at the head of the carcass, and there is a new badza — hoe of traditional type, laid by the side. It is Negondo's sign of acceptance, and none dare take it away, but the people eat the meat of the bull, rejoicing: and the muzukuru — nephew Chiganyanya takes the black cloth. The nominee now Chief Zvimba, indeed, leads the way to his kraal." (Bullock p. 284).

#### **Installation**

In his kraal, the Zvimba was formally invested with the regalia of office: a Ngundu, bow, spear, scepter, drums with iguana skins etc.

We know that Mushayapokuvaka, Mambo Zvimba X's ngundu was a headgear of a bird with its wings. Other Mambos are known to have used a headdress made of ostrich feathers on plaited bark string.

Considering the important role played by the muzukuru — the nephew, in the ceremonies, for instance, it was the "muzukuru" who broke a calabash of beer lees on the head of the candidate to declare his nomination and it was the "muzukuru" who carefully removed and folded the black cloth covering the black bull slaughtered as an offering at the sepulchre; it is reasonable to suppose that it was the muzukuru who actually placed the Ngundu on the new Chief's head and also handed him his other symbols of office.

The custom, therefore, appears to have been that the elders made the choice of who will be the next Chief from several candidates. They announced their choice by having a "muzukuru" break a calabash of beer lees on the nominee's head, in the presence of various heads of families who must be standing. Although the nominee pretended to be annoyed and perturbed, not formally and immediately washing off the beer-lees, signified his acceptance of the nomination.

The nominee was taken to Beperere, the tribal spirit medium, or Goronga, for permission to submit him to the tribal spirits at the sepulchre of Negondo. When this was granted the nominee was then taken to Negondo's sepulchre, "paGondo" for Negondo's assent and confirmation.

When this was granted the nominee, now virtually Chief Zvimba, was installed and invested with his regalia of office in his kraal.

#### **Succession to the Zvimba chieftaincy**

In the old days, not every one who, after filling his belly with "sadza ne dovi" and some beer, announced himself a candidate for the Chieftainship of Zvimba, as happens, nowadays.

Since, the progenitor, Neyiteve son of Chihobvu who never made it to this Country, had no known brothers, Zvimba Chieftaincy, went, by consent of his sons, to the second son: Uzande, who became, not only Mambo Zvimba II, but also, Negondo.

Since Negondo was barren, he left no sons and the Chieftaincy went to the third brother Beperere, better known as, Chipokoteke. He became Mambo Zvimba III.

It was Chipokoteke, Mambo Zvimba III, who set the stage for the epic contest between his two sons: Chambara Mavara: the spotty and Beperere: Mudzonga we Bapu — String of a lung, which ended with the younger brother Beperere becoming Mambo Zvimba IV while

Chambara's descendants became, forever, barred from the Zvimba stool and are known as maNyamukanga.

Beperere obviated, among his sons, such a contest as he and his brother had engaged in, for the Chieftaincy, by simply subdividing Chipata into Provinces ruled by each of his sons : Kuisva also known as Dununu — Matununu : Chisora also known as Chimbamawuro — Gute; Baranje also known as Nyamangara — Karoyi area. To this day, these are the major families that provide candidates for the Zvimba Chieftaincy.

After Beperere's disappearance, however, the Chieftaincy went to his son, Dyakonda who became Mambo Zvimba V. It is interesting to note that Dyakonda was not given a piece of land when Dununu, Chisora and Nyamangara were given theirs. He was only given medicine to protect his village. So he got the major Chieftaincy of Zvimba after Beperere's death.

It is also interesting to note that whereas, apportionment of the land of Chikanga to Chambara resulted in him and his descendants being barred from the Zvimba stool, no such disability was attached to Kuiswa, Alias Dununu, Chisora or Nyamangara and their descendents. These houses still provide claimants to the Zvimba Stool.

After Dyakonda, the Chieftainship went to Chisora of Gute — a brother, not a son, of Dyakonda. Chisora's son, Chatoramazi, succeeded his father because his father had died, "asati adya pasi" before homage was paid to him and became Mambo Zvimba VII. He did not last long and the next Mambo Zvimba was not Chitoramazi's son but his brother Mutimuri who became Mambo Zvimba VIII.

"Mutimuri" was succeeded by Zure, or, Dununu who became Mambo Zvimba IX. Zure was succeeded by his son Mandaza who became Mambo Zvimba X. Mandaza was deposed by the VaRozvi and was succeeded by Chinakwenakwe, son of Gandamuseve who became Mambo Zvimba XI. At the death of Chinakwenakwe, the VaRozvi handed back the Chieftainship to the family of the man they had deposed : Mandaza : Mambo Zvimba X. They installed Mandaza's son Gweshe who became Mambo Zvimba XII. Gweshe was succeeded by his brother Mushayapokuvaka who ruled as Mambo Zvimba XIII.

Mushayapokuvaka was succeeded by Madzivanzira Alias Musundi of the house of Chisora who became Mambo Zvimba XIV. Musundi's successor was Chiumburuke of the house of Chidziva who ruled as Mambo XV. Mambo Zvimba XVI was Chikohonono. Chikohonono was succeeded by Mabiri who ruled as Mambo Zvimba XVII.

Mabiri was succeeded by Patrick Gonzo Guzha who ruled as Mambo Zvimba XVIII. Guzha has been succeeded by the present Chief : Titus Matibiri Karigangombe, of the house of Chidziva who is Chief Zvimba XIX.

From the foregoing, it appears, as Bullock saw: "Although primogeniture was common the Chieftainship, theoretically, descended from the elder to the younger brothers of a family until all had held it. Then it returned to the son of the first Chief. It did not then go to the last Chief's brother but to the son of his father's succeeding brother, and so on . . . the right to succession became the heritage of a few families who are directly descended from the progenitor — the first chief and his brothers." (Bullock : The Mashona p.282).

#### **Role of the Rozvi**

Now, we know that later, it was necessary for a full blooded muRozvi of the mutupo Moyo and Chidawo — moyondizvo, to be present at the installation of a Zvimba. Exactly when this became necessary is not clear. We know however, that the VaRozvi were first involved in Zvimba or Chipata affairs during the fight, for the Chieftaincy, between the brothers Chambara and Beperere Mudzonga weBapu — String of a lung. Here, the VaRozvi appear as backers of one candidate : Chambara. They appear to have played the role of mercenaries willing to fight for who ever they chose. They appear to have been highly respected not only for their fighting qualities but also for their knowledge and use of poison and other medicines.

Since, in the case of Chambara versus Beperere, the Rozvi army was routed and their candidate failed to secure the Chieftaincy and they did nothing about it, we can conclude that they had not, at this time, claimed suzerainty over the people of Zvimba, or Chipata.

This is not the case, later, when we see the VaRozvi, at the instigation of Dandaratsi, actually deposing Mandaza, Mambo Zvimba X and installing son of Gandamuseve, Chinakwenakwe Mambo Zvimba XI. Later, the VaRozvi restored the Chieftaincy to Mandaza's house by installing his son, Gweshe as Mambo Zvimba XII.

Clearly, at this stage, the VaRozvi were the overlords of Chipata. During this period, no succession was considered valid, or, safe, unless, sanctioned by the presence of a representative of the Rozvi Mambo. It was this muRozvi, who crowned the Zvimba with the words: "You are now Mambo Zvimba. Pfuwa vanhu — Nurse the people." Sometimes, the muRozvi, representative of the Mambo invested the

new Zvimba with a red sash. This was the position when the whites came in 1890.

After 1897, Whites assumed the role of the VaRozvi overlordship. As revealed by Zvimba oral history, Rozvi overlordship has little to commend it. It was capricious and extremely brutal.

Although worship through ancestral spirits superintended by Mhondoro : Spirit Media, asserted its influence, as when, for instance, a Mambo went through the selection process leading to Negondo's grave and, also, when the Mhondoro Svingarehoko punished Mambo Mushayapokuvaka for his many crimes, by expelling him from the land, causing him to die and be buried not on Zvimba soil; the dominant factor in Zvimba Chieftainship appears to have been medicines: medicines that caused deaths, magical, mysterious and in explicable things to happen: happenings that strain our credulity, like the Chisora story and Beperere's resurrection and disappearance. To this, one can only say : For those who do not believe in such things, no explanation is possible. For those who believe in such things no explanation is necessary.

Since 1980, the African Government of Zimbabwe has taken over the role of overlord of Zvimba : Chipata, once enjoyed by the VaRozvi and then by the British White Settler Government.

## CHAPTER XII

### Some Names and Other Prominent Residents

VaZakariya Dzvene Samkange says:-

#### Gute

The name Gute, we found from Chimbamauro. This Chirikumeso is the one who played mbira by night: playing, playing. Then he was asked by his grandfather: You, Chisora, your son plays mbira the whole night long, what does he want?" Now, the father replied: "He is of age, ask him."

So he was asked by his grandfather and said: "Ah, to others you have given land. Why was my father not given land?" So the grandfather said: "Ah, is that what you are crying for, my grandson, it is well. What you are crying for, Chisora, I have heard. I now give you the land across over there, the boundary is Musengezi beyond, over there, the boundary is Karamwe, with the Chivero people. Now, it is you who will rule over there." Now, that is the reason why we are called, veGute because there are a lot of Mikute trees there. That is how we got that name.

All those called veGute, are descended from Chisora. We are the same family with Kahungwa, Mavuro, Mashayamombe and Chikambi, we are all Chisora's children.

#### Dununu

Those called Dununu are also Beperere's children. They are the children of Beperere's eldest son: Dununu. That is why they are called Matununu.

#### Chidziva:

Those called Chidziva belong to Matibini who have a youngman called Robert Mugabe that is their family.

#### Dyakonda

Some are Dyakonda's. Those called Dyakonda are the ones of Nyanhi: Others belong to Dokuta — Mabiri who was succeeded as Chief by Patrick Guzha.



The descendants of these five houses are the ones who inherit the legacy of Zvimba. They are the ones who sit on the Zvimba stool.

The Nyamkanga's do not sit on the Zvimba stool because they are the sons of the elder brother of Beperere: Chambara. They have their own land called Chikanga.

### **Musundi**

Zinomwe, was later called Musundi at Chitonzva, there, he was named Musundi after doing battle with Zwangendaba. They had fought an inconclusive fight: with no one coming out the victor. Zwangendaba then said: "Uyi ndoda wena. Uya sunduza emini." That is when he was called Musundi, Musundi.

This Zinomwe was the son of Chirikumeso. Chirikumeso is the one who later became known as Chimbamauro. Chimbamauro's father was Beperere. Beperere's father was Savadye later called Negondo who had a young brother called Chipokoteke. Negondo and Chipokoteke are the sons of Neyiteve. Neyiteve is the one who came from Guruuswa and his feet got swollen, that is where our people are descendant from: Neyiteve.

VaJoni Chirimanyemba says:-

Musundi: The Pusher, was called Musungombiri. This being called Musundi, was because of his pushing with his army: killing people. One year Swazis came, those of Zwangendaba. That is when the name Musundi originated. He pushed them with his army. He was a man with medicines. He drove them away: right up to Muchekakwasungabeta. On his return he was called Musundi who pushes with his army and that became his name. He was a great warrior.

Musundi is the one who begot Madzivanzira, Chiyanike. Mudzingo. The Musundiship first went on Madzivanzira, then on the Mpan-dagutas, and then on Tapfumaneyi son of Ruzvidzo, son of Samkange: Samkange son of Chiyanike. Even today, that is where it still is. That is Musundi.

When Samkange died he had a brother called Chikonochengwe. Chikonochengwe is the one who inherited the mother of Tapfumaneyi who was called vaMarongo: That is when Patsika and Motsi, also called Madyandiife were born.

The Musundis are of the house of Chisora: whose first born was Chirikumeso. He is the one who also, begot Kaguda. Samkange is a son of Chiyanike. He begot Ruzvidzo, Mawodzewa, Uzande and Mudzingo. Mawodzewa is the father of Mushore: the Rev. T.D. Samkange, the father of the author Stanlake Samkange.

VaJoni Chirimanyemba tells us:

### **The Madzimas**

This family of Madzima came from Svosve. That is where they came from. These people had fought, among themselves: the house of Maruta and the house of Chigodora. One side was defeated.

Now, that is when Savanhu, and his two young brothers, one was called Musvaruki, the other died on the way, so I never got to hear his name. Having arrived in Zvimba's land, these people were expert black smiths: making hoes and spears; they got to the hill called Maringowe. That is where Savanhu said: "Ah, I have my own problems, I did this and that. But I am a black smith. Show me where "mhangura" iron is".

They showed him where iron was. That is where he was making hoes: heaps and heaps of them. That is when he found favour and they said: "This, person is a good person". Furthermore, he was a fisherman, in Chegutu. Now, he having lived there the people of Zvimba felt pity for him. The Zvimba then, was a Dununu man called Muringapi who was killed and left a daughter. And it was said: "Now, what shall we do with this daughter?" And they said: "This daughter is the one we will give to this man who makes hoes for us." That is how Savanhu was given a "mhandara" mature young woman and became a "mukuwasha," son-in-law of the Zvimbas.

He continued to make hoes. This "mhandara" given to Savanhu is the one who gave birth to Chikarara. He was the first born. Gave birth to Gomwe who has the name Madzima. Gave birth to Chinhamo and Tambayi. The last born died. He was a boy. These were our first nephews. True they are not of this land but they are the children of our sister who was called VaHuro the daughter of Muringapi.

### **The Nyandoros**

These people of Nyandoro, came to us from their home. They are the Chimangas. This Chimanga was already a nephew of the Zvimbas. Chimanga came and lived near Mushayapokuvaka. Now Chimanga begot the children: Madiro and Muzavazi. That is when it was said: "Ah, you, you are the one I will rule with." That is why you saw Magonya ruling with Guzha. That is what had been given to him.

He never quarrelled with Zvimba, he, in fact, was fighting on Zvimba's side. It was he who lost children in the fighting when they went to expel the VaDamba. They were killed. Muzavazi died. Madiro died. Kujokera died.



### **Chekamba**

Another non Gushungo resident of Chipata is Chekamba, Chekamba is from Murehwa of the house of Vambe. They came from hardship and joined Nyamangara. That is where he was given a wife. This Chekamba is the one who begot these people of Chinyanganya.

### **Mucheri**

This Mucheri did not come long ago. He came recently. Mushayapokuvaka had a wife called Chapo: Chapo's brother was also there. Mushayapokuvaka, came into her hut and sat on the head of his brother in law. The brother in law's insides burst and he died instantly. That is when Gara's mother called VaChapo wept saying: "To have my own brother, killed by the man for whom I am cooking is outrageous, even though, I was brought here as a captive. I will not stand for this." Then she ran away. She returned to her home at Makoni's. That was her home. Her "Mutupo" was Shonga of Chirombowe. That is where she went. Over there, she gave birth to another child.

Mushayapokuvaka responded by saying: "She can go. I couldn't care less." After a while, Gomwe grew up. And they said, "Let us follow, go and see where our mother went." That is when they went to their mother and found: "Ah, there has been a fight at the Chidukus. These of Mucheri have been slaughtered. Mucheri has left his children: Muteka, Mugaranewako, Horomba and a fourth one and, also, their brother in law Mupfungidze — the fifth.

That is when they said: "Now you, son of Zvimba; you Gara. Can't we go back with you? Seeing here, we have been slaughtered." It was Gara who brought them, and presented them to the Mambo, saying: "These people, I have brought with me." And it was said: "Well and good. They can live here." And they built their village. They are not of long ago. They are recent arrivals.

### **The Marigas**

Now, look, you are giving me a hard time, you nephew of Chigwodya (Sigobodla). This is trouble I am having. Now, what I am going to say is this: for my spirit to rest in peace, when the book is out, I will be delighted. Survive. Put my head on the book. My heart will rejoice. And its earnings, I must also see. I have a back ache and my legs are hurting. I was beaten up by soldiers during the war. I am just doing it so that this may be a success.

Now, I will tell you about Mariga. These Marigas, I don't know what they did at their home. They came from Nyashano. From Nyashano

is where Mutekedza came from. They are of the "mutupo" Shava which is called Musiyamwa.

Now, they came through Musundi and said: "We have also come. Changamire. Their job was hunting warthogs: killing warthogs, killing warthogs and giving people. Then it was said: "Who are these who distribute meat to people: meaning:

And it was said: "He is a good man, this one. Even is there were to be a war. We could fight well with this one." Then he was given a "mhandara" mature young woman, this Chokutaura. She is the one who begot Mariga and others. It was not long ago when the Marigas came. This Mariga became Govanwe, because of his distributing meat among people. He is called Shava of Musiyamwa of Mtekedza of Nyashano. He is now our son in law. He came from Chokutaura the sister of Musundi, that is where Mariga came from.

### **The Kutamas:**

About this Kutama, there was a man called Chonyenga. Chonyenga is of the "mutupo" Gumbo who came from the Gutu area, just travelling. Now, he was a blacksmith: making spears, axes *etc.* Then he got to Musundi's yard, clapped hands and it was said: "Ah, you can live here if you like. People like this, who come here, suffering, are good." Chonyenga did his job well. He started repairing the hoes we had, axes, ceremonial axes *etc.* That is when it was said: "Ah! you people, a person like this, what can be done to him?" And it was said: "Let us give him a girl." And so he was given a girl called Mujuru or Manjoro. He was given another one. And they were two: daughters of Musundi. That is when she gave birth to his son called Kutama. Kutama is the one who begot Ushewokunze and Nyava. Nyava had become a medium of our "mhondoro" called Beperere. That is how they came from Gutu of the "mutupo" Gumbo called Mazhirapazhe. They are veMakorekore. They originally came from Dande — that is where they came from. Over there at Gutu, they had just gone there. That is what I am saying I, Chirimanyemba. Do not think I am running you down. We are not running you down. That is where you came from. Who knows you may inherit the Isheship — in a good way — by working for us. Well, did we ever reject people, ourselves? We never rejected people, ourselves.

### **Mountains of Chipata**

VaJoni Chirimanyemba says:-

### **Mavurambudzi**

This is a hill which was very strong. The name was given by

Mushayapokuvaka's servant called Chimtanga. In the hill, were goats whose owners were not known, so when they asked him: "Where have you been?" He would reply: "I had gone to Mavarawembuzi". That is to say; in the hill in which goats lived, because he was a muChikunda. He was a captive this Chimtevenga.

**Chemakarati:**

This place, was full of mikarati (Burke Africana)

**Chiwondemora**

Was called Chikohonona, Mapfukabu — There were all mishamba trees — (Lennea discolor) So people called it the hill of the medium grey, or, olive — dun colour.

**Kakomo Ke Nzou**

This is the hill where elephants used to frequent. That is the reason why it got the name.

**Mashavangari**

This hill is on Mashavangari's old village site. He lived there.

**Mutsahuni**

It is the site of a very old village. Firewood became difficult to find. They stumped the trees. That is why they called it Mutsahuni. They went digging stumps of trees for firewood.

**Chitonzva**

There is a vlel full of "donzvambeva" a prickly plant growing in vleis. So it was called the hill of the "donzvambeva". It is this side of the river bank. In the land that had been given to Chisora : Chimbamauro.

**Chebadza**

This is where the battle between Matema of the "mutupo" Dziva and the sons of Zvimba. This battle left no one. It became sacrificed. As it was sacrificed the Matema warriors saw "mamhandara" three mature young women at the well. And they said: "These women, we can not leave behind." Yet the rules of war forbid their advances. And they slept with the young women. Their war medicine became ineffective. That is the day that war ended. That place was called the hill of hoe — Chebadza where the battle with the Matema people took place and they were defeated. Their Mambo, who was called Matema was killed on the hill called Makoromokwa.

**Katsvanze**

It is a name that was just given.

**Chakona**

Is Beperere's hill. "Chakona chakona amai hava roodziwe". What is impossible, is impossible, one cannot marry off one's mother! Let us fight. That's all. When things are bad, they are bad. That is where a lot of things used to happen : Dununu son of Beperere was also given a hill called Maringowe. Maringowe and Chakona means Beperere and Dununu.

**Madindindi**

Is a hill in Zvimba

**Mandisekwa**

Is a hill in Zvimba

**Mbangasekwa**

A lot of animals used to be found there.

**Kunyumbwi**

**Guve**

**Ushamba**

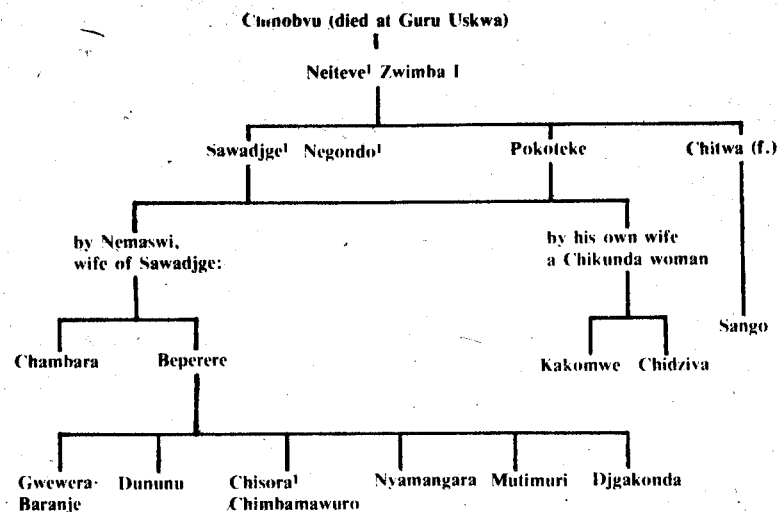
**Gwangwadzo**

It has water inside, grain bins. Even today, the bins are there. That is where many escaped the war being. Marere, Zvimburuke, Bararwe, Mwoyowedemo, Matombomashava. These are the hills in Chipata. Many we have not mentioned.

## By The Same Author

- Novels:** On Trial for my Country  
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Dying Beauty

## Geneology of the Zvimba People



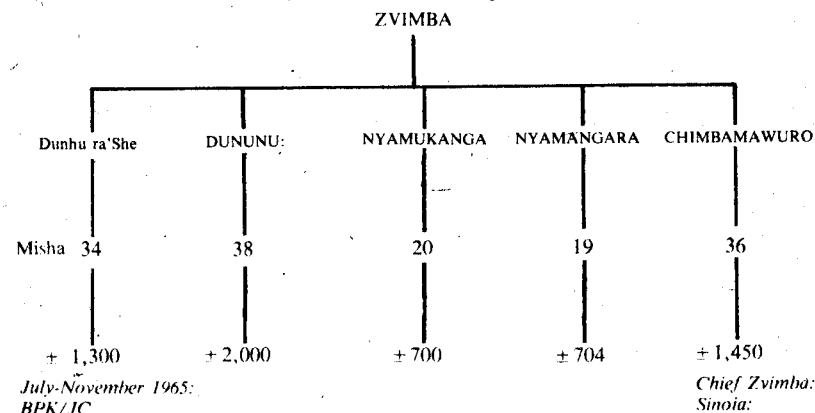
### NOTES:

**Sawadje! Negondo** — married to Nemaswi, a sister of Gwenzi, who gave rise to the **Chivero** chieftainship, mutupo/chidau Shava/Mwendamberi of Hartley; there were no children, so **Pokoteke** was invited to bear children for him. With her, **Pokoteke** bore **Chambara** and **Beperere**.

**Pokoteke's own wife** — she was lobola'd at Chuzu in Portuguese East Africa, a **Chikunda** woman, mutupo Marunga.

This geneology demonstrates that those who sit on the Zvimba stool today, are really sons of ONE MAN: **Pokoteke**. All **Beperere's** children, all **Kakomwe** and **Chidziva's** grandchildren are grandsons of **Pokoteke**. This makes the often bitter quarrels over the chieftainship illustrative of our ignorance of the fact that we are, in fact, all of ONE family: all came from the loins of one man: **Pokoteke**.

## Pattern of Tribal Authority: Chief Zvimba:







Stanlake Samkange was Zvimba's and Mashonaland's first graduate. He obtained his B.A. degree in English and History at Fort Hare University College in 1947. The B.A. Honours in History at the University of South Africa in 1951, the M.Sc. in Education in 1958 and Ph.D. in History in 1968 from Indiana University, U.S.A.

A Professor of History, he has taught at Fisk University, Nashville Texas, Harvard, and North Eastern University, Boston Mass. He is the founder of Nyatsime College.

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- This book, occupies a vantage point in the history of Zimbabwe. It is a forerunner to many that may throw light on the various tribes that form the Zimbabwe nation. Not only is it history to the Zvimba people but also to the country. I am sure both English and Shona versions will form good materials for schools and the general public.
- The evidence is well presented in a chronological manner. It is easy to trace the tribe from the early settlers to the present group. Other people who now live in Zvimba have their origins traced and why they are found among the Zvimba people.
- I wish to express my sincere gratitude to the author for his painstaking effort to gather this information from various sources and his labour to put it together and for a job well done. Makorokoto.

C.C. Chiromo  
*Acting Chief Publication Officer*  
The Literature Bureau  
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