



# Fly on the Wall

Fly was multi-tasking. One hemisphere of grey stuff was devoted to the Library's Bulletin. The other to *The Oxford Book of Limericks*. It caused confusion. His chromosomes got in the way. Helped. It always seems to. There wasn't really any less confusion, but the effect was more pleasing. Then this.

I  
Sandile (capo dei capi):  
'Ek willie en gannie afstappie';  
Id' rather be sitting  
And stick to my knitting  
Than bring in the New young and  
uppy.

II  
And then a strange case was  
a-brewing,  
And many it got all a-stewing:  
'Let done be with silk!  
And all of such ilk' -  
What a curious thing to be doing.

III  
The plan to put gags on the papers  
Was dancing the devil of capers,

But the lord of the day  
(With flak coming his way)  
Now seemingly thinner it tapers.

IV  
And of course there is always the  
case  
Of the judge who was said to be base;  
The problem is now  
The who and the how  
Of the judges the judge has to face.

V  
There are those who think taking the  
farms  
And the banks and the mines would,  
like charms,  
Lift the poor from the floor,  
But then others say 'Sho',

There'd be no-one left handing out  
alms.'

VI  
There is little that cannot, with malt,  
Be mellowed and smoothed, to a  
fault,  
While the odd splash of Bourbon  
Wraps it all in a turban  
As sanity glides to a halt.



## The story of Dennis

*Continued from page 51*

Despite the fact that my 'dompas' clearly showed that my name was Dumisa Buhle Ntsebeza, I was told by Johnson that I would be called 'Dennis.' At that stage my attitude, I think, was that if they wanted to call me 'Dennis', it was up to them. I also wanted the job, and I was not going to make a fuss about what the white people decided to call me. So, between Johnson, the officious employee, and Advocate John Foxcroft, the floor leader, notwithstanding what was in my dompas, I became 'Dennis'; and that's who I was called by every advocate for whom I did deliveries and made tea.

I recall that on the 9th floor there were Advocates Comrie, Kooy, Bamford, Gerald Gordon QC, and that on the 10th floor there was the colourful Advocate Snitcher QC, and Advocate Aaron SC (who I now believe practises in the United Kingdom).

During my lunch breaks, I mainly occupied myself with reading newspapers, but got fascinated with a book that had just been published entitled *Four People*, which I then gathered had been written

by Advocate Gerald Gordon QC. I read the book avidly.

The book, as I remember, told a story of two families, one black and one white, and how they were affected differently by the vagaries of apartheid laws; a heart-rending reflection of how, for instance, in the one white family, the family was torn, tragically, because one of the sons born to that white family was a shade darker than his other siblings. Such was apartheid, that, as the one brother grew older and darker, he was forced to go to coloured schools whilst his sibling was privileged to go to white schools. All the consequences of apartheid in terms of residences, schools, amenities, classification, were visited upon the other brother.

The African family, on the other hand, was a typical Langa Township family, which could not live as a family because of the influx laws of that time.

*Four People* was about those kinds of stories, richly woven in the prose of which Gerald Gordon QC was the master. His literary skills were only matched by his prowess in the court room. This advocate was also an author of authoritative textbooks in the area of insurance law. I had done this kind of research on him whilst I was reading his

book, and even though I was quite content to be just a Dennis as far as everybody else was concerned, I could not resist, one day, in the course of my delivering briefs into his chambers, asking him in the following manner: 'Excuse me Sir, am I right that you are the same Gerald Gordon QC that has written the book *Four People* which I have just finished reading, and what a fascinating story?'

I think the question was unexpected, and came as a great shock to Advocate Gordon QC. He was sitting at his table and must have been doing some work because as soon as I asked the question, he sat back in his chair, and asked me, 'What did you say?'

For a moment I hesitated whether I should again ask the question. I gathered strength and, putting on the broadest smile I could on my face, repeated the question. I felt that I should go further and say to him, 'As a matter of fact, I seem to recollect that there is another book which you have written, with which I was impressed'. I told him, smiling foolishly and broadly, that the other book was entitled *Let The Day Perish*. I was saying all this quickly, and that is when he began to take off his spectacles, and looking at me very closely, and then asking, 'Dennis, who *are* you?' 