and poetic play presents the reader not with an apo-
thetosis but something altogether more rewarding and
though-provoking: a thematically layered tale about
women (and the bodies that make them) and the ne-
cessity of surrendering into a seeming paradox of vul-
nerability and strength.

I Turned Away and She Was Gone
was nominated for
four Fleur du Cap Awards, including Best New South
African Script, and was nominated for a Naledi Award
for Best Cutting Edge Production.

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Like a Mule Bringing Ice Cream to the Sun.
Sarah Ladipo Manyika.

Sarah Ladipo Manyika is a British-Nigerian writer. Her
second novel, Like a Mule Bringing Ice Cream to the Sun, is a
stunning exploration of memory and recollection. We
meet the protagonist, Morayo, who is a retired English
professor living in San Francisco with the yearning for
smells, experiences and sights long past.

As a womxn who was born and raised in Nige-
ria and later married to a man 19 years her senior, she
grapples with life as an older womxn. She actively lives
as a soldier of a small revolution that will not let old
age determine the trajectory of her life. This revolt oc-
curs through maintaining a youthful body, a battle to
not shrink herself but to rather walk tall, adorned in
colourful cloths that still carry the lingering smell of
a Nigerian market place. She flirts openly and is well
acquainted with the way in which her body can meet
pleasure. There are some things in her life which are
characteristic of old age such as the staggering accu-
mulation of bills, the thousands of dollars donated to a
non-existent charity and the mystery of money stashed
everywhere in the house, to the horror of a young friend
and the delight of mice incisors.

Morayo seems to have a grasp on the past, through
contemplating how her current situation would unfold
if she was twenty years younger. It is a living memory,
the voracious manner into which she delves into the
past and wills it into the present. At a glance, this is
another story about an old womxn holding on to dust
and torn pages, however Morayo is a womxn who feels
and experiences. Sex and sexuality are themes which
are pervasive in the book, which is extraordinary in a
world that bundles the bones of old folk into closets
of asexuality, their desires and orgasms topics of taboo
that are locked away. Morayo, however, speaks of sex-
ual intimacy in a less than ordinary way which subtly
robs the reader of the ability to be cognisant of the age
of the character. However, the ever-present anxieties
remind us of her age and the plight of a 75-year-old womxn whose independence is threatened by a letter
from the DMV demanding to know her fitness as a
driver. Again, her anxieties manifest when she suffers
an injury characteristic of people her age that forces
her to spend time in a rehabilitation clinic with people
her age and older. However, Morayo fights to keep her
youthful demeanour by defying expectations and sulk-
ing over the oversized hospital clothes that are devoid
of the colour and intrigue she is constantly building
around herself.

The beauty of San Francisco does not fall on blind
eyes as Morayo recognizes the way in which she is
greeted by kindness, the boys who have green nail pol-
ish and are often the first to compliment Morayo on her
colourful outfits and regal nature. It is through the eyes
of different characters that the reader is also afforded
the luxury of seeing the protagonist. She regards her-
self as a worldly person, once married to an Ambassa-
dor and having lived in many places. The voices of these
various characters reflect the diversity that she speaks
of. Her lost books end up in the hands of a homeless
white womxn, her favourite exchanges happen with
the Chinese mailman and more than a lingering glance
is shared with a Caribbean man.
This novel is riddled with charming sentimentality and has a way of reminding the reader of life not being over until it really is.

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