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feel



WHERE CULTURES  
COME ALIVE



## Motsane Getrude Seabela on Dipitša ke Bophelo: Pots are Life

To celebrate Heritage Month, *Creative Feel* spoke to Motsane Getrude Seabela, the Curator of Anthropology at DITSONG:

National Museum of Cultural History about their exhibition *Dipitša ke Bophelo* which translates to *Pots are Life*. She's also chosen a few anthropological objects held in their collection and chatted about the significance of each one.

[WATCH OUR INTERVIEW](#)



## Sandra Naudé on 'Convent Redoubt' A Missing Heritage Site

Have you heard about the missing heritage site known as 'Convent Redoubt'? Sandra Naudé, an Editor at DITSONG: Museums of South Africa, thought it might be interesting to explore this site for Heritage Month.

[EXPLORE ITS INTERESTING STORY](#)



## Mauritz Naudé on Kruger House: The legends live on

Historic sites and buildings are part of the urban fabric of a city or town. They form part of the historic man-made landscape and teach us a lot about our country's heritage. To celebrate a historic site and historic building often signifies the rediscovery of something special: because the place is of cultural significance associated with an event – good or bad, a person of outstanding character or who has contributed to its neighbourhood, city or region and may have represented its

community or cultural group in their cause.' So celebrate Heritage Month with an interesting piece on some of the myths and legendary moments involving Paul Kruger and the Kruger House.

### DISCOVER MYTHS & LEGENDARY MOMENTS



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## Nelson Zwane on cultural explorations & why the rock rabbit has no tail

To celebrate Heritage Month, *Creative Feel* spoke to Nelson Zwane, who has been working for the DITSONG: Museums of South Africa for the past 23 years, working his way up from junior positions to his current position as Acting Site-Curator for DITSONG: Tswaing Meteorite Crater Museum. We find out a bit more about the Museum, Zwane and his cultural heritage.

### MEET NELSON ZWANE



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## I am a Mosotho

by Lemohang Zincume

I am a Mosotho. My family comes from Thaba Bosiu (Lesotho), a place where King Moshoeshe I escaped to in 1824 during the Lifaqane wars. This is a special place that we visit during the holidays to escape the city. We live in huts built with stone, thatched roofs and smeared with mud. When we were younger, we would renew the smearing with mud every Christmas to make sure it is colourful. Every evening, we would cook food over a wooden fire, in a three-legged pot and share stories around the fire. We would eat *papa ka moroho* (pap and wild vegetables). This was a time for elders to pass on knowledge to their children, to sing and dance as a family. One of the things I learned around the fire was our clan name: the Bafokeng clan. This is how we say our praises:



Question: O tsoa kae?  
 Answer: Ha Mmantilatlane  
 Question: Oa jang?  
 Answer: Ka ja bohobe  
 Question: Oa futsoela kang?  
 Answer: Ka metsi a pula  
 Question: Thella hee  
 Answer: Ke thelleteng ke le Mofokeng oa maotoana a finyela  
 Maotoana a makalo ka linaleli  
 Ngoana Mmamorare Liaphole  
 Batho ba tsoang koana Borotse  
 Eare ha ba tšela Zambezi maoto a nyamela  
 A nyamela lehlabatheng  
 Eaba bare ke maotoana a finyela  
 A nyamelletse kae?  
 Ha rea bone!

*Translation:*  
 Where do you come from?  
 I am from a place called Mmantilatlane  
 What did you eat there?  
 I ate bread  
 With what did you mix it?  
 With rainwater  
 Slide then  
 Why must I slide when I am a Mofokeng whose footprints disappeared?  
 A child of Mmamorare Liaphole  
 Their feet as many as the stars  
 A people who came from Zambia  
 When they crossed the Zambezi River  
 Their footprints disappeared on the sand  
 That is how they got their clan name  
 The enemies chasing them asked themselves:  
 "What happened to their footprints?  
 We cannot see them anymore!"



## Celebrating our heritage and culture

by Mariet Conradie

Culture, for me, is an expression of the person I am on a daily basis. It is entrenched in my being, it is part of me and the lifestyle that I live.

I know who I am, where I come from, the woman that I have become and where I am going. There is total harmony in my life. I am living an exceptional, loving and fulfilling life. I am happy and in our home, there is a lot of laughter. My husband and I love gardening. We have a small, but beautiful, garden.

We celebrated my husband's birthday with 25 friends recently, and everyone brought chairs, crockery and food. We coordinated what food everyone would bring before the time. The food that we ate on that day was Woolworths chicken, potato salad, rice salad, coleslaw salad, bread rolls, ice cream, milk tart and a vanilla birthday cake, baked by one of our friends. Ice cream is my ultimate favourite food, and I love anything sweet! (Hate veggies)

We live in a security complex north of the Magalies Mountain. My husband bought a small portable speaker years ago, so we make playlists on our cell phones and then listen to music through this speaker, connected to our cell phones, which we carry with us everywhere! Between the two of us, we listen to opera, classical, pop and country music. We have some special songs and whenever our favourite and special songs come up, we dance there and then, in our own home, any time of day or night. When I exercise on the treadmill, I listen to and watch my favourite music videos on YouTube.

The folk tales that I grew up with, came from both my parents and differed greatly. My mother's father was a well-known minister, Thomas Cronje, and one of the many wonderful things that he did in his life was to start a missionary station close to Lake Tanganyika. On my father's side, we were told stories of the South African War and the stories of heroism of my father's grandfather, General De la Rey, and his brave wife Nonnie de la Rey.

My mother also read to us at night from the Grimm Brothers' books and we had books on fables about animals. My brothers, sisters and I loved reading, we were encouraged by my mother to read and she would take us to the local library weekly.

Both my husband and I love dogs, nature, the sea, trees, birds and wild animals. We have a beautiful dog called Scrufty.



## Tartans, mottos, heraldry and ancestry

by Sandi Mackenzie

Like all inhabitants of this world, my origins began thousands of years ago in East Africa. My clan travelled east to Outer Mongolia, drifted across to India and finally settled in what was then known as Persia. In between then, my great grandparents moved to Ireland and the British Isles.

Part of my work at the DITSONG: National Museum of Military History has involved heraldry; I thought I would describe my family's origins through their coat of arms, tartans and mottos. In the coat of arms, you will find small pictures, plants and animals that will tell you either about the work the first members of the clan did or the countryside or area which they came from. The tartans are Celtic in origin but are still being made today for people who want to start a family tartan. The darker the tartan the further back the family roots can be traced as early dye colours were only made in dark green and dark blue. The amount of red indicates how many relations were born out of wedlock, the amount of yellow tells you how many of your family went insane and the white line stands for closeness to royalty.

In addition to my Mackenzie lineage, I am also a descendant of Swain, Coe and Smith.



**Motto:** CUIDICH AN RIGH – WE SERVE OUR KING (in Gaelic)

**Coat of arms:** USUALLY TWO NAKED MEN HOLDING THE STAG HEAD UP

**Surname:** MACKENZIE SIMPLY MEANS – SON OF KENZIE



## Tswana traditional foods

by Dinazana Legwase

Tswana traditional food is simple and flavourful. Seasoning is mainly limited to salt. The following foods are favourites among Tswana households and are often served at various ceremonies.

#### **Tshotlo (Pounded beef)**

No Tswana ceremony is complete without this dish. It is a meat dish made from cuts of beef. The beef is cooked until soft and then it is pounded. It is usually cooked by the men and seasoned only with salt. It is served at weddings, funerals or any other event. The dish goes well served with *bogobe jwa ting* (fermented porridge).

#### **Bogobe jwa ting (Fermented porridge)**

This dish is a staple in many Tswana households. It is made from fermented sorghum. The dish is cooked like any porridge, boiling water, adding the mixture and stirring to avoid lumps. In many Tswana households, you will find a small bucket with the fermented sorghum mixture. It is a challenge to begin a mixture from the beginning, so it is best to take a bit from an already fermented mixture (*letlhabego*) to make your own.

#### **Bogobe jwa lerotse (Melon porridge)**

*Bogobe jwa lerotse* is made by cooking porridge with *lerotse* (a type of melon). The melon is cooked until soft, then mashed to a point where you can whisk it, the sorghum and sour milk is then added slowly, constantly stirring to avoid lumps. The melon gives the porridge a distinct taste.

#### **Morogo (Spinach)**

This dish is made by cooking the leaves of various vegetables, which include beans, beetroot and pumpkin. Leaves from bean plants are harvested, washed, cooked, pounded in a mortar and pestle, shaped into small balls or medallions, and then dried. Once dry it lasts for a while. The dish is often cooked with onions, tomatoes or potatoes.

#### **Kabu (Dry corn kernels)**

*Kabu* is made by boiling dry corn kernels until soft. It is mainly eaten as a snack but very filling. Once the kernels are soft, they can be further toasted, giving them a smoky popcorn-like flavour.

#### **Dikgobe (Corn and beans)**

*Dikgobe* is made by cooking dry corn kernels and beans. The beans and corn kernels are soaked overnight and cooked until soft. They can be eaten as a snack or mashed until creamy to make samp and beans. Tswana people often say, '*o ja dikgobe ka mmutlwa*', directly translating to, 'you are eating corn and beans with a thorn', which means you are relaxed and have no worries.

#### **Dikgeru (Morula nuts)**

Morula fruits produce a nut stone. Inside the nut stone are 2 or three kernels. The kernels are retrieved by cracking open the nut stone, then using a tooth-pick-like object to remove the kernels. They can be eaten raw or toasted.



## My Jewish Heritage

by Julia Roelofse (nee Silberman)

My ancestors were born in Russia, in what is now the independent countries of Latvia and Lithuania. During the late 1800s (and the 1900s), the Jewish people living in these areas faced several challenges that impacted their lives, such as rules regarding where they were allowed to live, and how they were allowed to trade and carry out their faith. Many Jewish people emigrated to South Africa, America and the United Kingdom because of these laws.

My great great grandfather, his wife and five children arrived in Cape Town in 1898, a year before the outbreak of the Anglo-Boer War.

The above photo is of my grandfather Phillip, born in 1912, his sister Leah, born in 1913, and brother David, born in 1914. My grandfather is holding a coin as he had to be bribed to sit still for the photo.

According to Jewish custom, children should not have their hair cut until the age of 3. (This is linked to Leviticus 19:23 in the Jewish faith). For the first three years of a child's life, they absorb the sights and sounds around them, as well as the love of their parents. The child is a receiver and not yet a giver. At the age of 3, their education does a turnaround and they are ready to produce and share their unique gifts. For a Jewish boy, the transition is marked in a haircutting ceremony. A rabbi will usually have the honour of cutting the first snippet of hair. From this point on, the child is taught to wear a Kipah (a head-covering, recognising God is above) and Tzitzit (a fringed, four-cornered garment) and to recite the blessings and Shema (daily declaration of faith). It is hoped that the child will grow like a tree, tall and strong and produce good deeds and good fruit.

The boys were also 'dressed' to look like girls for as long as possible, up to maturity. This was to prevent them from

being conscripted into the Russian army, even as early as the age of 8. In August 1827, a decree was issued to make Russian Jews liable for military service. From 12 years old they would be educated in Contonist schools. They would then be required to serve in the Imperial Russian Army for 25 years after completion of their studies, often never seeing their families again.

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