

A SYMBOL OF DIVERSITY AND CHANGE



Stellenbosch
UNIVERSITY
IYUNIVESITHI
UNIVERSITEIT

Medicine and Health Sciences
EyeNzululwazi ngezoNyango neMpilo
Geneeskunde en Gesondheidswetenskappe



PROGRAMME

THURSDAY 2 MAY 2024

WELCOME

Mrs Florence de Vries

(Faculty of Medicine and Health Sciences visual redress project lead)

PRAISE-SINGING IN SEPEDI

Mr Mosibudi Matlatse

(Faculty of Medicine and Health Sciences Physiotherapy student)

READING: DIE BEITELTJIE

Ms Lianke Potgieter

(Faculty of Medicine and Health Sciences MBChB student)

VISUAL REDRESS AT THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE AND HEALTH SCIENCES

Prof Elmi Muller

(Dean: Faculty of Medicine and Health Sciences, Stellenbosch University)

THE ROCK REDRESS PROCESS

Ms Jenna Burchell

(South African artist and visual redress author)

THE PURPOSE OF VISUAL REDRESS AT STELLENBOSCH UNIVERSITY

Dr Leslie van Rooi

(Senior Director: Social Impact and Transformation, Stellenbosch University)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Mrs Florence de Vries

UNVEILING

Prof Elmi Muller and Dr Leslie van Rooi

REFRESHMENTS

Dean's Reception, Clinical Building

PRAISE POEM

(IN SEPEDI)

Ke ngwana wa moAfrika
Ke ngwana wa moAfrika
Ke phela ka maraka dijo tsa setšo
Ka lekgeswana kea swanelwa
Ke bolela polelo yabo Kgoši Sekhukhune
Ke tia dika le diema ke tswaka polelo
Polelokologo ya Lebowa

Bašemane ge ba mpona ba reta
Ba re yo ke moPedi wa mmakgonthe
Mmakgonthe a kgodi ya kgo kgo
Gake ke bine ntshesere nna
Ke tia kati ke hlaba fase ka letolo
Ke ikgantša ka setšo sa gešo

Ke boa Lebowa
Lebowa dihabeng tše kgolo
Dithabeng tša Moletši, Modimolle le Ga-Mamabolo
Ke boa nokeng tša Limpopo
Dinoka meetse maphaaphaa
Ke tseba gae gagešo
Gae ga Mahlaku

Ke itheta ka direto tša gešo
Direto tša bomakgolokhukhu

PRAISE POEM

(IN ENGLISH)

I am an African
I am an African
I pride myself in our diverse food and
Our traditional attires that define our different cultures
I speak the native language of King Sekhukhune
A language with many dialects
A language from the North

Young boys praise when they see me
They say I am a truly an African child
A true descendant of the BaPedi people
I do not dance for the sake of dancing
I stomp the yard and leave trails of footprints
That's what I pride myself in

I am from the North
Where the majestic mountains of
Moletši, Modimolle and Ga-Mamabolo are found
The province where the beautiful Limpopo River lies
With an abundance of wildlife within
its meandering course
A province I call home

The soil beneath which my
forebearers lie

DIE BEITELTJIE

(N EKSTRAK)

deur NP Van Wyk Louw

Ek kry 'n klein klein beitelkje,
ek tik hom en hy klink;
toe slyp ek en ek slyp hom
totdat hy klink en blink.

Ek sit 'n klippie op 'n rots:
– mens moet jou vergewis:
'n beitel moet kan klip breek
as hy 'n beitel is –
ek slaat hom met my beitelkje
en dié was sterk genoeg:
daar spring die klippie stukkend
so skoon soos langs 'n voeg:

toe, onder my tien vingers bars
die grys rots middeldeur
en langs my voete voel ek
die sagte aarde skeur,

die donker naat loop deur my land
en kloof hom wortel toe –
só moet 'n beitel slaan
wat beitel is, of hoe?

DIE BEITELTJIE

(AN EXTRACT)

by NP Van Wyk Louw

I take a tiny, tiny chisel,
I tap it and it rings
I hone it and I hone it
till the metal gleams and sings.

I place a pebble on a rock:
– now this you must admit
a chisel that's a chisel should
break any stone you hit –
I strike it with the chisel point,
which proves both tough and keen;
the pebble cleanly fractures through as
though along a seam:

then, underneath my fingertips
the grey rock cracks apart
and right beside my feet I feel
the soft earth tear athwart,

and dark the cleft runs through my land
down to the root below –
a chisel that's a chisel cuts
just like this, not so?

