EDIBLE IDENTITIES: FOOD, CULTURE AND IDENTITY IN ZANZIBAR

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Recognizing that identity is no an essential property of individuals and groups but rather multi-faceted, dynamic, and situational leads to a consideration of how, where, when and with what identity is negotiated. (Tamara L. Bray)¹

... food is a universal medium that illuminates a wide range of other cultural practices ... [and provides a] window [into] a complex field of relationships, expectations and choices that are contested, negotiated and often unequal. (James L. Watson and Melissa L. Caldwell)²

The people of Zanzibar and the adjacent coasts of Tanzania and Kenya are the inheritors (and ongoing inventors) of a complex culture and language (Kiswahili) that grew out of trade networks across the Indian Ocean. For a couple of thousands of years, the monsoon winds brought people and goods from the Middle East, India, China and Indonesia to Africa's shores. Thought to be based initially on a mixture of African and Arab cultural practices, linguistic forms and religion - Islam - the culture they created is one that has also incorporated influences from the Indian subcontinent and from Europe beginning with the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. With the arrival of the British in the mid-nineteenth century and their subsequent colonisation of the region, new more rigid attitudes towards cultural mixing and ethnic identities were introduced.³ A number of studies on the origins and processes involved in the development of Swahili culture and of identity have examined economic and labour issues, especially slavery on nineteenth-century clove and grain plantations or popular culture in twentieth-century urban areas.⁴ However, none have examined in depth the most intimate setting for cultural mixing and identity formation - the urban household. The focus of my research is the daily life in the households of Zanzibar during the colonial period from the end of the nineteenth century to the demise of the colonial state in 1964. Specifically, it considers the roles of Islam, gender and British colonialism in the mixing process. In the urban household, masters and servants, men, women and children lived in intimate daily contact with one another. Because the household was a nexus of cultural exchange, the manner in which people lived and with whom played a role in creating and reinforcing the multiple layers of identity still seen in present-day Zanzibar.
The first stage of my project entailed archival research in Zanzibar (September - December, 2004). An examination of Arabic documents from the Kadhi's (Islamic) Court and records of the

Bajiyaa, kachori, potatoes and coconut chutney 'mix' of Indian origin, a favourite snack in Zanzibar.
(L. Rolingher)

Public Trustee under British rule yielded many useful and detailed descriptions of daily lives of elites. However, as in many parts of Africa, the written records of the lives of servants, concubines and other subalterns in the household are few. They are there to be sure, but only tantalizingly so - a *surviva* (slave wife) asking to be allowed to remain in the house her master had left for her use and that of his other 'concubines' or a man who began as a personal servant and later became a cook for one of the Public Trustee's wards. If my work is to give as complete a picture of household life as possible, I will need to include the 'voices' of all those who lived and worked there, but how? This was the question that confronted me daily as I worked away in the archives, but it was my experiences outside the archives, my own 'everyday life' in Zanzibar, that finally provided an answer.

When I arrived in Zanzibar, I arranged to stay at a small 'bed and breakfast' with the idea that after a few days I would look for a flat where I could do my own cooking. However, the convenience of the location and the fact that I would not have to search out every meal and more importantly, the friendliness and generosity of the family who were the owners and of their staff quickly persuaded me to stay put.

As the high-season for tourists had passed, I was sometimes for long stretches the only guest and my hosts frequently reminded me that I should think of their inn as my home. Breakfasts during the first few weeks consisted of the usual tourist fare - eggs, toast, and more fruit than I could ever possibly consume at one sitting served in a small restaurant adjacent to the inn that was mostly frequented by Zanzibaris. Other meals usually involved buying more fruit at the market, the occasional restaurant meal or more often, picking up a few *sambusas, bhajias* or other local delicacies in nearby shops. I enjoyed the latter, but did not think much about it until I returned from a visit to the mainland in mid-October to find many restaurants and shops closed and others hidden from view by canvas sheeting. While I had been travelling the month of Ramadan had
begun and with it a dilemma for my hosts and a solution to my research problems.

I awoke on the first morning after my return to a tap on my door by my worried host anxious to tell me that my usual breakfast eatery was closed and that he was trying to find an alternative. He told me he had contacted several of the larger hotels and was sure he could make some arrangement for the month. However, after several false starts, he decided that he would set up a temporary kitchen in one of the inn’s empty rooms. The young man who worked as the night manager would become the principle cook, and I would take my breakfast in my room.

At that point my daily diet changed considerably. While eggs continued to be a staple, new items appeared each day - *chapattis* or *mandazi* (something akin to a donut, but triangular in shape and not as sweet) accompanied by various kinds of fish cakes and meat balls and the occasional *sambusa* or *bajia* (slightly different from those I had bought in the shops). New varieties of fruit also appeared - *chenza* (tangerine), *fenesi* (jackfruit) and *embe* (mango). Each of these new tastes was served with a narrative or an explanation from the cook and a sense of pride in their 'Zanzibari-ness.' One day following the now daily lesson in Zanzibari cuisine and culture, my instructor exclaimed, 'Zanzibar is different than any other place.'

As Ramadan came to a close, the excitement in the hotel and in the city was palpable. Talk about *Idi al Fitri* (*Eid al Fitr* in Arabic) and *Sikuku* (literally, the big or important day) was everywhere. The long month of fasting was ending and as I was to discover more food experiences awaited. As I walked around the city I saw tents going up and large cooking pots set out alongside the road. When the new moon appeared, everyone came out in their best clothing. My hosts, their children and the staff all included me in their celebrations by presenting me with cakes and other sweets all referred to as *keki,* but each with a unique flavour and appearance.

While I was partaking in these delicious repasts and the social interactions that accompanied them, I was also reading, though sometimes obliquely, about the importance Zanzibaris put on food in similar celebrations in the past. The Public Trustee's records are full of requests for money for both food and clothing required for *Sikuku.* However, accounts of the importance of food were not limited to celebrations. One record that begins in the Public Trustee's hands and ends with a court case involves a man who claimed to be betrothed to one of the Trustee's wards. The man asserted that the woman in question and presumably her guardian accepted maintenance and gifts from him. He submits a long list of items for which he paid on behalf of the woman, a list that prominently features many food items most of which would be classified as luxuries - rice, *haluwe* (sweetmeat), sugar and sweets of various kinds - along side more mundane items like *ghee* (clarified butter). Interestingly, he breaks down his expenditures by month including Ramadan. In another case, in the record of expenses for a funeral an accounting is given of food bought for female mourners. Thus through this accounting of expenses, I found a window into the daily lives of Zanzibaris.

Although these examples point towards the role of food in the lives of Zanzibaris, they do not provide the more complete picture I was looking for nor do they make the connection between food and identity or the role of household life in creating new cul-
anthropological work on Zanzibar.

In each of these works, I found numerous references to food and customs related to food. Burton specifically identifies particular diets with groups he observed - Arabs, Africans and Indians. In particular he uses food to differentiate between Arabs and Indians or 'Banyans' (Hindus) as he refers to them:

Avoiding jowari, the Arabs' staff of life, they [the Indians] eat boiled rice, vegetables, and ghee, or wheaten bread and mung, or other pulses, flavoured with assafoetida, turmeric, and 'warm spices.' They chew tobacco, though forbidden by caste rule to smoke it, and every meal concludes with betel-nut and pepperleaf, whose heating qualities alone enable them, they say, to exist in Zanzibar. 7

Pearce also included food as one of the identifiers of his categories of Zanzibar residents. However, in his case it is the 'Swahili' and the 'Arabs' for whom food provides a distinguishing feature. Arabs are characterised as heavy eaters among whom commensality (eating together and sharing of food) is a prominent feature. He lists the various foods served at the two main meals of the day - breakfast and midday. The morning meal comprises various assortments of bread, with Arab cakes, sweetmeats, and fruits, together with tea and milk. The later meal is made up of a large platter of rice with three dishes of meat and fish, together with sweets, dates and various kinds of fruits. But it is not so much what they eat as the fact that 'the Arab ... keeps open house, and there are few meals at which relatives or friends do not share his food.' 8 In contrast,
Pearce portrays 'Swahili' meals as 'simple' consisting 'of rice, porridge made from the flour of the muhogo, or manioc root, yams, beans, pulse, dates, cooked banana, curry and a relish in the form of small pies of meat or fowl, or more frequently some fish or dried shark's flesh. . . Bread baked in small loaves is also regularly eaten, and an enormous trade is done in such commodities as tea and sugar.'

Both Burton and Pearce relate food to identity, but they are problematic in two ways. First, both are outsiders whose work must be read 'against the grain.' Their assignment of identity is rooted in their own British sensibility towards ethnicity. Much has been written on the British (and other Europeans) penchant for 'inventing traditions' and attempting to assign people to their own pre-conceived categories of identity in order to co-opt various people into their colonial labour systems. While Burton cannot be said to have had the same interest in creating categories as a mid-nineteenth-century traveller and explorer as did Pearce in his role as an early-twentieth-century colonial administrator, both were inheritors of the creation of national identities in Britain, if at different times and with different perspectives on the subject.

The second problem relates to the question of whether the people being scrutinised by writers like Burton and Pearce see food as one of the markers of belonging to a particular group. Peter Scholliers arguing against Alan Warde's insistence that 'there are limits to the capacity of food to express personal identity' points out that 'So called self-evident consumption and particularly food are relevant to people's identity even if they themselves pay little attention to it.' I believe it is true that the 'outsider' can see things that an 'insider' might take for granted, but a study of food that does not take the insider view into account will probably tell us as much about the observer as the observed.

A few published sources do provide such insider views. Princess Seyyida Salme, daughter of Sultan Seyyid Said, first Omani ruler of Zanzibar, devotes a section of her autobiography to a description of the preparations for 'the little festival' (Eid al-Fitr) that follows Ramadan. In her account, she pays particular attention to the slaughtering of animals for the feast and in so doing she remarks, like Burton, upon differences between Arabs like herself and Indians (again like Burton using the term Banyan). She says:

... the throats of the animals are cut in a strictly ritual manner, the heads quickly severed from the body, and after being skinned, the animals are sent into the kitchens at once to be prepared for the festive meal of the morrow. On such an evening our slaughtering yard was changed into a lake of blood; for this reason all the Banyans in Zanzibar, who are vegetarians, looked upon our feasts with much horror, and took care not to come near any such places at this time.

Half a century later, Harold Ingrams recounted a local folktale that also points to food as a marker of identity. It is in a story he titles 'The Virtuous Princess and the Wicked Wazirs,' he retells the story of a princess given into the care of one of her father's trusted aids only to be mistreated. She escapes and after a long journey, finally falls asleep in a large mango tree. The next morning a prince living nearby has his servants lay out his meal under the tree. When she sees it, the princess begins to cry

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and her tears alert those beneath her to her presence. After some cajoling, the princess comes down and when the prince asks her why she was crying, she replies, 'I don't know what to do or where to get food, and when I saw your food I cried, for it is

such food as I would get at home.'

I will not claim here that this story tells us about one group or another, but simply that it suggests that in certain times and places food was seen by people in Zanzibar as one of the ways in which people define themselves and others.

My last 'insider' view at this stage of my project, is perhaps the most interesting, not so much for what his work says, but rather what it does not say, about food and cultural or ethnic identity. This is the *Desturi za Waswahili* (Customs of the Swahili People) by Mtoro bin Mwinyi Bakari, recorded by Dr. Carl Velten and translated into English by J.W. T. Allen. In Bakari's text references to food are frequent, especially in regard to the manner in which it should be eaten, but also the role food plays in rites of passage, holidays and everyday life is present throughout. And one of the things Bakari avoids is any reference to food as a demarcation between identified ethnic groups. In fact, he does not define 'Swahiliness' by contrasting it to some defined 'other', but rather by describing the many customs that it entails in great detail. However, although he avoids questions of ethnicity, Bakari does see food as marking the lines between social groups. In his discussion of *mzalia* (a slave 'whose mother came from inland' and was 'married to another slave and had a child') and 'raw slaves', those recently captured and do 'not know the language or customs,' he says:

The work of the *mzalia* is to serve in the house, to wash vessels and plates or clothes or to be taught to cook, to plait mats, to sweep the house, to go to the well to draw water, to go to the shop to buy rice or meat; when food is ready, to dish it up for the master.  

Then speaking about proper behaviour between masters and slaves, he adds, 'A slave must eat any food that the gentry are eating; but he does not eat with them. A *mzalia* eats with his master.'

I have cited these examples not because they constitute a cohesive narrative of daily

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life in Zanzibar over time (although eventually I will construct such a narrative), but rather because they all suggest that a study of food, which is so often taken for granted, has the potential to provide insights into the complex negotiations involved in constructing identities and social relationships between as well as within groups. However, examining the historical record on food, culture and identity helped me to prepare for the next phase of my research and to formulate some of the questions I would need to ask.

In June 2005 I returned to Zanzibar to conduct a series of interviews with local people. I hoped to discover their own ideas about how food and eating (or its absence), especially during religious holidays (e.g., Ramadan) and rites of passage (e.g., birth, marriage, death), but also in ordinary daily practice, have been and are currently being used in the construction of identity - in defining 'us' and 'them' - on Zanzibar. I was interested not only in the ways food produces or represents difference, but also the ways in which it bridges differences between social or ethnic groups and between private and public life - at particular historical junctures. I looked for information about what is cooked (recipes), who buys the food and where, who prepares it and how, practices related to the eating of food such as who eats with whom and where - both as historically and presently construed. I also wanted to elicit stories about family and group memories and/or traditions attached to particular foods (e.g., foods related to health and healing) and about proverbs, folktales and folk-wisdom related to food and eating that people use in defining themselves and their 'others.'

Over the course of two months with the assistance of two Zanzibar women who generously volunteered their time and expertise, I conducted interviews with a dozen women and their friends and family members based on the questions above and on others that arose from the interviews themselves. Most of the interviews were conducted in the women's homes or, if that was not possible, we made an effort to visit their homes on a separate occasion. In addition to the interviews themselves, I was invited to attend several weddings and spoke informally with numerous people, men as well as women, about food and its relationship to identity on the island.

While my analysis of the material I gathered is far from complete two issues came to the fore during the interviews. The first is the way in which particular foods come to be thought of as 'traditional' and others as 'modern,' and the role such ideas play in creating a sense of community and identity. The second is the way in which certain foods can be identified with a particular group, but also be absorbed into the daily lives of people outside that group. The latter will be important for my dissertation when I begin to examine the role of food in cultural mixing and the manner in which identities are negotiated.

In the introduction to her book Pastimes and Politics, Laura Fair discusses British rationing of rice during the Second World War based on their categorisation of race/ethnicity on Zanzibar. The British had classified Zanzibar's residents into three categories: Asian, Arab and African. Rice had been (and still is) both a staple of the Zanzibari diet and considered a prestige food in Zanzibar and on mainland Tanzania. The colonial administrators decided that only Asians and Arabs should be given rice since it was seen to be a part of their 'culture,' but not part of African culture. Those designated as
Africans were allowed to buy one type of rationed food, maize meal. However, in the eyes of Zanzibaris, this was a food associated with migrant labour from the mainland. To eat it would be to deny their identity as Zanzibaris. The non-rationed alternative was cassava, but according to Fair's research that was a food associated with the bottom rung of Zanzibari society, the rural poor.¹⁸

Based on my reading of Fair, I had expected to hear a great deal about rice and its place in Zanzibari culture and identity from the women I spoke to, but with only a few exceptions that did not happen. Most of the women I spoke with identified rice as important, but also as a 'modern' food, not one rooted in 'tradition' or essential to their identity as Zanzibaris. It was cassava (muhogo in Kiswahili) that played that central role. Not unexpectedly, Bi Mkatawa Juma who we interviewed on her shamba (farm) at Bumbwini, not only identified ugali wa muhogo, a stiff porridge made from pounded cassava, as the quintessential 'traditional' food, but had her daughter prepare a feast of ugali wa muhogo and mchuzi wa chukuchuku, a kind of vegetable and fish soup for dipping the ugali in.¹⁹ However, many of the city dwellers also named muhogo as the traditional.

There are many reasons for this embracing of muhogo as a symbol of Zanzibari identity by urban and rural people not all of which can be discussed here. That some of the interviewees viewed rice as 'traditional' while others did not can be accounted for by individual differences. It is the case that the two who took this view identified themselves as Zanzibaris, but also as Comorian and Yemeni. Those who viewed cassava as the central 'traditional' food identified themselves as Zanzibaris and with their birthplace whether urban (Malindi or Ng'ambo) or rural (Bumbwini and Makunduchi on Unguja, or Pemba). However, another possible explanation may be found in the changing nature of Zanzibar's integration into the global economy. Although the sale of cloves remains important to the Zanzibari economy, it is not sufficient to support the population. About ten years ago the government decided to aggressively pursue tourism as a means to boost the economy and Zanzibar's foreign exchange. Tourism has been a mixed blessing for Zanzibar. It brings in the U.S. dollars that give people access to the goods we in the West take for granted - electronics, cars, etc.-but it also brings people with very different customs and values right to the centers of Zanzibari society. Many of the people I spoke with were feeling pressured to recover or even reinvent Zanzibari 'traditions' as a way to deal with the fast pace of change.

Ironically, while people in the city are looking to the rural areas to provide cultural continuity, in those rural areas urban innovations are making inroads. In my interview with Bi Mkatawa Juma, we talked about the foods she prepares for special occasions like Idi al Fitr at the end of Ramadan in Bumbwini. She told me that in her mother's time and even in her childhood, the celebration had been simple. The foods prepared differed little from everyday fare, but in recent years as her children have grown up and some have moved to the city, the holiday is celebrated with clothes and ready-made foods brought by her city-dwelling children to the shamba. The incursion of consumer goods from the city has created a desire for more such goods and a need to find ways to earn cash rather than depend only on subsistence agriculture. Bi Mkatawa and her daughters make mandazi every morning. They sell it to their neighbours to make a few
shillings in order to have some purchasing power in the global economy, small though that purchasing power may be. Bi Mkatawa did not think this was an improvement. She believes that things were better when people did not need so much, when they were content with what they could produce for themselves. However, when the conversation turned from food to clothes, she admitted that she would like to have a buibui (veil) like her daughter who works in the city, but she could never earn enough money to buy one. A new kanga is the most she can hope for.

While it is important to understand the role of food as 'tradition' and its role as a symbol in creating communities, whether real or 'imagined', I am more interested in cultural mixing and the ways in which food crosses the boundaries people create between themselves and their 'others.' As I noted above, one of the early definitions of 'us' and 'them' reported both by Burton and by Seyyida Salme was that between Arabs and Indians (Banyans or Hindus). Even today, Indians and their food are seen as distinct though no one would deny that Indians are also Zanzibaris. Like rice, Indian cooking - 'traditional' Indian foods like biryani, chapatti, bajiya and kachori - is seen as 'modern' in spite of the fact that Indians have been living in Zanzibar since the arrival of the Omani sultans. However, it is not the 'traditional' or 'modern' qualities of the food or even the actual content of the food, but the way in which people perceive it.

When I asked one of the women who were helping me with the interviewing process about 'Indian' foods like bajias and kachoris, she asked if I would like to watch them being prepared. I replied in the affirmative and she said she would call her sister to arrange it. Very early the following Saturday morning we walked out of Stone Town to an area just east of the Darajani market and arrived at a the door of a 1950s interpretation of the houses in Stone Town proper. It was a two-story building with a few small windows on the exterior walls with large windows and doors opening on to a courtyard at the centre. We were greeted at the door by a woman in her sixties who introduced herself as 'Mzungu,' (European) a nickname she has acquired for her insistence on punctuality and her disdain for gossip. 'Mzungu' is a widow and a retired stenographer whose reputation as a good cook has led her to a second career as a caterer. She took us to her kitchen located at the back of the courtyard and showed us her production line already underway. I photographed the process from the raw ingredients to the finished product. Then, she brought her sister and I each a bowl of her tasty wares. While we were eating, a parade of people from the neighborhood and farther a field came with various containers to take away a meal or two. Every Saturday and Sunday she cooks up a batch of 'take-out' Indian food and in between, as her reputation has grown, she provides food for special occasions - parties, weddings, etc.

What is of interest for my purposes is that 'Mzungu' is most definitely not Indian. She and her family like so many Zanzibaris are descendents of men who came from the Arabian Peninsula with the monsoons to trade and decided to stay marrying local women and raising families. More than that, however, it is the food itself and its relationship to identity that is of interest. As I noted above, during my first stay in Zanzibar when I was given bajias and chapattis for breakfast, they were presented as Zanzibari food, not Indian or Indian-Zanzibari. The cook who brought me these foods is of a younger gen-

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eration than 'Mzungu' and her sister and it may be that the generational difference accounts for the perception of these foods as either Zanzibari or Indian. As Tamara Bray has said identity is 'multi-faceted, dynamic and situational. What constitutes 'Indian' and what constitutes 'Zanzibari' can change depending on the experience and perceptions of the person making the identification. I would also argue that traces of the fluid boundaries 'Swahili' and 'Zanzibari' culture were known for in the past, still survive. 'Mzungu' sees no contradiction in her identity as a non-Indian Zanzibari and her role as a producer of Indian food.

The issues of tradition and of cultural mixing and their relationship to identity still require a good deal more reflection on my part as I go through the material - both archival and oral - I gathered in my two visits to Zanzibar. There are many more issues to be explored as I examine those materials - issues of power and gender, the role of food in constructing social relationships and the negotiations that produce those relationships among others. Nevertheless, even at this early stage, I can see that as James Watson and Melissa Caldwell have said, food does indeed provide a 'window' into that complex and fluid culture and society that was and is Zanzibar.

NOTES:
3I use the term 'cultural mixing' merely as a description of practice, not as an analytical category. I want to thank Peter Mark for his generous advice on the topic when I was writing my M.A. thesis. For more on the topic, see Peter Mark, *Portuguese Style and Luso-African Identity: Precolonial Senegambia, Sixteenth-Nineteenth Centuries* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2002), 21-23 and 82-83. Laura Fair notes in the introduction to her book that even in the early years of British rule a fluid approach to cultural mixing and identity continued to exist. It was only after the Second World War that very rigid, racially based ideas of identity and culture took hold in earnest. The reasons were, as she notes, as complex as the many identities people assumed. Laura Fair, *Pastimes and Politics: Culture, Community, and Identity in Post-Abolition Urban Zanzibar, 1890-1945*, (Athens: Ohio University Press; Oxford: James Currey, 2001), 52-55.
5For more about clothing and style in Zanzibar, see Fair, 2001.
6HD1/12, 'Waki of Saburi Wadi Kidawa,' (Zanzibar: Zanzibar National Archives, 1925).
9Pearce defines the 'Swahili' as people of mixed race, but predominantly African. Ibid., 241-42.
12Emily Ruete, *Memoirs of an Arabian Princess* (London: East-West, 1981), 188. It should be remem
hindered that even before the formal colonization of Zanzibar brought Indians as colonial functionaries, some of their countrymen had come as financiers who backed the slave and ivory caravans from the interior. Many Swahili Arabs owed them a great deal of money, a situation that only worsened through the nineteenth and even into the twentieth century. Moreover, they tended to keep to themselves, a behaviour fostered further by the British in later years. The resentments fostered by that relationship undoubtedly underlay some of the sense of difference described by Princess Salme.

13Ingrams believed some of the stories he recorded during his stay in Zanzibar could be attributed to the Arabian Nights. However, surprisingly, he does not identify the tales with any particular group. He simply says he is not sure which stories originated in Zanzibar and which were brought in by migrant groups. W.H. Ingrams, *Zanzibar: Its History and Its People* (London: Frank Cass, reprint 1967), 350.

14Ibid., 355.


16Ibid., 173.

17The interviews are qualitative rather than quantitative and were conducted in Kiswahili. I have left copies with the Zanzibar Museum for the use of the Zanzibari people as a record of a piece of their own history. The people that I interviewed represent only a small portion of the many cultures and identities represented in Zanzibar today, but they offer important insights into the processes of cultural mixing and identity formation on the island. Because several of the interviews and more informal discussions focused on Indian cooking in Zanzibar, I had hoped to interview a few Indians. However, on reflection, I decided that 'Indian' identity was sufficiently complex to require more study before undertaking such a project. I hope to return to Zanzibar once my dissertation is complete to conduct a second series of interviews that examines how various Zanzibaris of Indian descent view Indian cooking and its place in Zanzibari history, culture and identity.

18Fair, 2001, 47-51.

19Bi Mkatawa Juma, Interview by author, 7 August 2005. It should be noted that while she prepared ugali wa muhogo for us and insisted on its symbolic power, Bi. Mkatawa also had two large mats filled with mpunga (unshelled rice) drying in the sun in front of her house. Rice is also an important part of the rural diet on Zanzibar.


22See note 1 above.