

# Newsletter 35

Horst Kleinschmidt

January 2018

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*Dear friends and relations,*

*Some readers have asked if I think President Zuma is as bad or worse than the last years of apartheid rule? My short emphatic answer is: No! - Today we have press freedom, we have independent courts, we have a Bill of Rights (rights as yet largely unfulfilled) and we have a good Constitution. We know of Zuma's crimes because we have a democracy! But we have to defend our democracy! The deeper the ANC sinks South Africa, the more our democracy is under threat.*

*My anger and disappointment over what liberation from minority rule promised, and the mess we made of the possibilities, hurts. Yes there are explanations and there are exceptions, but we could have done so much better! It hurts deeply that the organisation I worked for, harboured, protected and tolerated corrupt people and is unable to rein them in. It hurts even more that they lived with us in exile, biding their time to pounce.*

*Where is my culpability for the state we are in? To say I did not know is not an option. There were deep flaws and warning signs in the ANC over the fifteen years I worked with the organisation in exile. On another platform I could speak to the multiple failure that undermined the noble intent, advanced by some very honourable people, Tambo and Mandela amongst them.*

*I was at times close to important operations but I knew I was not at the centre – a situation I accepted and accept today. The invisible hand of the Communist Party invariably frustrated all the non-SACP members. The need-to-know principle was widely misused to cover up failure and rot. Morals and ethics were frequently dispensed with. I hope to write more about my involvement in my autobiography.*

*My skin is too thin for the hurly-burly of politics. Before exile, in exile and after my return I saw my role as one who worked in the back room, who tried to make administrations work.*

*When ANC rule turned sour after my return from exile I made the mistake to withdraw to the sidelines at the first signs of betrayal and mismanagement. I tended to comment when I should have involved myself at branch level in the organisation I had pledged loyalty to for so long.*

*I was not asked to serve the state in any capacity after my return from exile in 1991, nor was I invited to the many thank-you bashes arranged by Nelson Mandela for the 'struggle stalwarts'. I reckoned I was small fry and I let it be. After my return I did build an ANC branch in Pretoria central, I served as ANC*

*election agent in the first elections and I was an ANC volunteer on the team who facilitated the 1994 Presidential inauguration at the Union Buildings. I never wanted anything in return.*

*In 2000 I was, unexpectedly, considered worthy of cadre 'deployment' and I gladly accepted. I was to transform the white economic monopoly (the quota system) in the fishing industry. Four years later I resigned in despair when ANC MP's started calling me 'enemy of transformation'. They wanted me to get rid of white scientists before a new non-racial crop of experienced scientists had come through the ranks. And young civil servants fashioning themselves as 'political commissars', demanded I rid my, the Cape Town section of the Department of '176 Coloureds' because they failed the national demographic profile. The line between corrective actions and reverse racism was over-stepped. In my book this was a aberration of what we fought for. The ANC call for a non-racial society was hollow.*

*Today the ANC, the SACP included, crowds out the centre-right of the political spectrum in the same space as the DA, Cope and others. Their economic and social policies are basically the same. Our educational crises, our collapsing or collapsed Ministerial Departments, our State Owned Enterprise's and the growing gap between rich and poor cannot survive. Cyril Ramaphosa, not that he has a vision beyond the usual platitudes, is tied down and has to fight for today – because Zuma's criminal force, increasingly disguised as patriotic and nationalism, is unshaken existing within the ANC.*

*I argue for a new, broad left alliance to fill the space that is a void in SA politics today. The ANC has failed to be a pragmatic social democratic party, capable of including the working people and the unemployed, whilst constructively engaging capital in a social compact.*

### **But first, fast backward: my knowledge of and association with Jacob Zuma.**

We knew each other - on first name terms. He was affable and easily amused us with stories of physical combat with Swazi soldiers on the South African border. He appeared part of the leadership who frequently left the frontline to spend time in London, and I presumed was en-route to Moscow or East Berlin. Our home was often a London shebeen for exiles and comrades visiting from within South Africa, not least occasioned because Christine cooked wholesome Durban-style curries.

Where the Tambo's and Mbekhi's, oozed ANC aristocracy, Jacob had no such airs. I first met Thabo and his wife Zanele, ostensibly on holiday, in the London residence of Lord Astor. When a Tambo daughter got married in St Paul's shortly after were Lady Di and her husband married, we in the ANC called it the other royal wedding. We, the plebs were not invited. South African wine was served! But Jacob had been to Robben Island and he married Skosasana, his first and only wife, I thought. In my mind he was a soldier and apparently one who led from the front.

When the ANC, at its 1985 Kabwe, Zambia conference, resolved that real revolutionaries had to be inside the country and be with the fighting people, few of the portly gentlemen of the ANC executive were either able or willing to enter the heartland of the revolution. The gap between theory and practice yawned, also then. But toward the late 80s there was an exception. Seemingly SACP driven, belated expression was given to the Kabwe resolution. Jacob Zuma, Ronnie Kasrils, Siphiwe Nyanda and Mac Maharaj, infiltrated SA to be with and hopefully lead the masses in the revolutionary struggle. The exercise was known as Operation Vula. Whether they knew or agreed that Thabo conducted talks with the enemy on Goré Island I do not know. It was never debated in the echelons I had access to. Were these two strands of revolutionary practice or did they show up an early fault-line in the ANC? Wise commentators argue it was the latter.

The last time I saw him was at Tuinhuis at a Cabinet meeting. It was in 2005, when I as a civil servant in charge of South Africa's fisheries department. My task was to brief Cabinet on plans to re-allocate fishing quotas and achieve equity and to rid us of the age-old white monopoly. Jacob was Vice President, not yet sacked by Thabo. He chaired the morning's Cabinet meeting. After our presentation, on the way out, Jacob, with a broad smile, beckoned me to him. He shook my hand with both of his – a recognition that we went back a long way. The full significance of the Shaik involvement was not yet clear.

I had met Shabir Shaik, years earlier, in exile. Shabir came to London in the late 1980s to brief Aziz Pahad (later to become Deputy Foreign Minister) on the growing internal struggle. I was present as the scribe. I remember Shabir arriving with gifts. His speciality was Lafraugh Whiskey. He soon proposed a business in which he and, according to him, the ANC would derive an income stream, replacing the movement's reliance on solidarity or charity money. But Aziz and I smelt a rat. Aziz requested we exclude him from our network of

Inaugurating a Kagiso Trust rural development project in 1997. In the middle Jacob Zuma, to his right Horst Kleinschmidt, (Deputy Director of KT) then the representative of the EU Fund for South Africa. On the far right, KT Trustee, Yunus Mahomed.



internal contacts. Knowing the tenacity of Shabir, he most probably then (in the late 1980's) found his way to Jacob and to Thomas Nkobi, the ANC Treasurer. After Nkobi's death Shabir incorporated the Nkobi name into his business empire, to demonstrate 'struggle' connections.

I saw Shabir once more many years later, when as head of the fisheries department we issued tenders for coastal patrol boats. Once again he had a

gift – a tatty leather wallet – I still have the evidence. He departed in a hurry when I told him that he was late and the tender was already closed. And I was relieved not to be subjected to his coercive tactics.

The disastrous Zuma years will not be forgotten soon. Any incoming President will struggle to undo the damage. The rot runs deep. The army of looters of Government, and thus taxpayer's money, goes far beyond the patronage of Zuma. His theft and efforts to escape legal sanction have encouraged too many others to follow suit, in the civil service, in the ANC and, in the business community. Institutional capacity has been broken and will take years to repair. Like the ANC's slogan that it fights for gender equality, the slogan for equity as foreseen in the Bill of Rights, is empty rhetoric.

The worst legacies of the Zuma years are the utterly failed education system and the widening of the gap between the poor and the rich. On both scores we rank amongst the worst in the world.

The recent ANC conference at Nasrec demonstrated once again that analyses and on-the-ground policies do not make a candidate for whatever post. The closest we came to something akin to (dangerous) ideology, was Dlamini-Zuma's call for 'radical economic transformation' – a slogan without content, inspired by PR company Bell Pottinger in the UK. Tragically the Zuma era also marks a time that is anti-intellectual, intellect being something they accused Mbeki of displaying too much of.

To re-build our country, still suffering the effects of apartheid and now the effect of the Zuma years, we need real discussion toward a new social contract between Government, working and poor people and the business establishment in which quality and appropriate education and the gap between rich and poor, is addressed. This requires sacrifices by all, including the single-minded selfish rich. At the heart of this we need policy that translates the lofty ideals espoused since 1994 into programmes that are managed by capable and honest politicians and civil servants.

I never imagined Zuma to have it in him to be President. Thabo Mbeki must regret that day in 1999 when the new Cabinet was sworn in. He hoped to make Chief Buthelezi of the IFP, Vice President but when he declined on the day, Mbeki seemed to take the next and closest Zulu he could find and swear him in as Vice President. During the swearing in, Christine and I sat next to Kader Asmal. Right there, after he was sworn in, Kader told us blow by blow what had happened and why Jacob shot to power.

*What is my sense of Cyril Ramaphosa and his National Executive? The balance of two competing forces will prevent CR from changing much. Yes, he will be a much better administrator and might revive Cabinet meetings as a place to discuss policy and hold Ministers to account, but essentially his*

*hands are tied. The two factions of the ANC do not belong in the same party but their absolute devotion to power ties them into a fatal embrace.*

*CR is better than Nkosasana Dlamini-Zuma but that's not saying much in my book. He betrayed his trade union roots and his link to the Marikana massacre discredits him. He is fantastically rich, not because he is a great businessman (as some claim), but because big white capital needed friends in the new South Africa. I cannot see how he paid for the shares he owns in Lonmin, Glencor and McDonalds South Africa. His riches came without pain, on the back of an awful BEE policy. I compare him to the clique of big (white) businessmen who also never worked for the capital they inherited - ill-gotten gains made in colonial and apartheid South Africa. The BEE elite and the old elite combined are our aristocrats.*

Note: Lonmin has still not honoured its promise of providing housing for its Marikana work force. See: [Marikana: Lonmin's dodgy housing record | GroundUp](#)

Glencor is at least as guilty as Lonmin, using child labour in their DRC cobalt mines. Videos on the subject have been removed from the internet but if you go to [Glencore to Double Cobalt Output on Electric Vehicle Demand ...](#) and then go to child labour in the DRC you can connect the dots. And then view the consumer items we all purchase which contain cobalt.

And be reminded that CR bought a plot in Cape Town's Fresnaye, in the City bowl, for R30m in 2015.

All this makes his McDonalds shareholding nearly look good; at least now they put a lettuce leaf on their burgers.

Like politicians the world over, CR will say that he divested himself of his shares when he took political office. Well ... er ... he did not give them away. They are held "at arms length" in a Trust. We all know what that means.

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Following are bits and pieces of family news.

### **1. A wonderful discovery.**

Through my missives on this website I reclaimed, celebrated, united-with, imaged and imagined my previously hidden Khoi-Khoi ancestor Zara. Alas, little is known of her, her family and her people. Most of what we know comes to life through her husband, missionary Hinrich Schmelen. For the uninducted, the Schmelen's are my great, great, great grandparents.

When cousin Otto Uirab and his wife Manda's stayed with us in Cape Town, he searched through the collected materials I call my archive, he came across a book in which he identified a person depicted on a drawing

who probably is **Zara Schmelen's father**. As below image shows, the traveller Gordon drew "a Namaqua family" and added the men's names above their heads. Otto, using a magnifying glass saw the name **Neigaab**, the surname of the male figure on the left. Either name would have the click '// ' before it. We previously heard from the Fredericks' oral history that Zara's maiden name was //Geixas. This is not an anomaly. The issue arises from the different ways in which 'clicks' were represented in writing. Through this the 'N' and the 'G' become interchangeable and both attempt to signify the 'click'..

When Otto Uirab met Martinus Fredericks to exchange their knowledge of oral history of two different but related people, they agreed that this identification was correct. It points to Chief //Neigaab (//Geixab, some would spell it). He was from the !Aman, now Fredericks people. In Nama and Damara tradition a male is identified by the name ending with 'b' whilst a woman is identified by her name ending with 's'.

One may wonder who the females on the picture are? Could one be Zara's mother? Could one be Zara herself as a child and another her sister Leentje?

The book in which the photo appeared was published in 1975 by Struik with the title *A History of Copper Mining in Namaqualand* written by John M Smalberger.

The book is about copper mining but Smalberger details how the local people, none more than the people of Steinkopf tried in various ways to assert themselves against dispossession of their land and were denied any benefit from the copper resources found under their land. The prejudice and arrogance of the Cape authorities and of associated speculators who entered Little Namaqualand at this time, are dealt with, but the lid Smalberger lifts suggests that much more lies behind the marginalisation of the local people. Missionary Brecher of Steinkopf stands out as one who tries to plead for his congregants and writes to the authorities on their behalf. He finds himself in the dubious situation of seeking protection from British rule at the Cape but then they betray him.





Fig. 4 A Namaqua family (from the Gordon Collection, Cape Archives)

Komaggas and Steinkopf play a key role in the developments here in Namaqualand in the middle of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Missionary Hinrich Schmelen, who worked with Brecher, is at the end of his life when an unbridled mining mania descends on Namaqualand from 1845 onwards. He gave Steinkopf its name; the place Zara and her family came from. In so doing he also honoured his religious mentor in London whom he credited with converting him to serve as a missionary.

Zara died of consumption in 1831. Her husband Hinrich Schmelen died in 1848 and Brecher became the leading missionary figure who replaced Schmelen in Namaqualand.

It is instructive to note that Sir Harry Smith, the Cape Governor extended the boundary of the Cape northwards from the Kousie River north to the Orange River in December 1847, fitting in with colonial mining objectives. The boundary was moved from the Oliphant's River in the south to the Kousie in 1805.

2. **Meeting with the Bishop //Gamxamûb.** When I passed through Windhoek last November I met the Bishop of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Namiba, one part of the still divided Lutheran Church, under whose responsibility the Schmelen House in Bethanie falls. The Bishop was most welcoming and listened to my plea attentively. I had been to Bethanie a few days earlier.

I told him that the Schmelen house looks ever more derelict and that displays have partly fallen off their mountings and lie crumpled at the bottom of their dirty display cabinets. The church employs someone who provides the key to the house so visitors or tourists can enter it, but she is on duty during office hours only and misses most of the travellers who for logistic reasons, spend the mornings and evenings in Bethanie.

I suggested to the Bishop that we might invoke the help of the local Guesthouse. I had spoken to them. Since tourists come to Bethanie to visit the Schmelen House, the key to the said house might be deposited with the Guesthouse outside of office hours. If they would promise to accompany tourists to the house, to unlock and lock it again, they might also solicit a small fee for doing so. The Guesthouse offered to do this and would also ensure the place was kept clean.

I have now written a motivation to the Bishop asking that he, as the authority over the Schmelen House, facilitate this improvement. He promised to raise the matter at his next executive meeting. I shall visit him again when next I am in Windhoek in late March this year.

- 3. A fifty-year-old family grievance resolved.** Another outcome of my visit to Windhoek was meeting my cousin Ulf-Rainer Storm. We resolved mistrust and anger that had festered for some 50 years. The result is that Ulf and I are now in contact with each other and I shall spend time with him at his home in Windhoek in March when we will go through the archival material he inherited from his mother, Elizabeth, my direct aunt. She was the main custodian of Kleinschmidt missionary memorabilia. We intend to scan relevant material, sort it, and get it into a state where it can, one day be handed to an archive. We recognize that we are old and amongst the younger generation there is so far little appetite to keep or work with this considerable body of historic material.

But what grievance did we resolve? I got knowledge of it from correspondence Marianne Ewaldt gave me in Salzburg as recently as last year. She handed me letters written by my mother, by Marianne's mother-in-law Erika von Zedlitz and by my aunt, Elizabeth Storm in Windhoek, the mother of Ulf-Rainer. The comments to and fro about my mother and implicitly about myself were not complimentary. The subject matter that had brought us into disrepute eluded me from what I read.

I was now keen to meet Ulf in Windhoek to find out if he knew the reason, and yes, he did! Some time in the late 1960s my father was desperate to pay his dues to the taxman. One evening he sold the missionary Kleinschmidt diary at the bar counter of the Sportklub Windhoek, his favourite drinking hole. I know this from my mother. She said he got R500 or R600 for it, the amount he owed the taxman.

My father and mother's impecunious state was a closely guarded secret and the sale of the diary did not come to light for several years, long after my



father died in 1972. After my fathers death Erika and Elizabeth must have asked my mother about the diary. What my mother confessed was not believed. The rumour sustained itself that my mother and I had sold the diary for a handsome profit without family consultation.

In fact the sale had irked my mother and us, her children. Through Brigitte Lau, a wonderful archivist in Windhoek until her untimely death in a car accident, I learnt, that a Mrs Berker now owned the diary. She had a small association that collect Namibiana. I went to visit her on a visit to Namibia after Namibian independence in 1990. She had a large apartment overlooking the Swakopmund beach. And there it was, the diary, in a protective cover and cabinet, on display. We had a pleasant conversation and I offered to buy it back from her, but she refused. What she told me was that her husband Jochen Berker, the first Supreme Court Judge appointed after independence, had bought it from someone she described as 'unsavoury', a middle man my father appears to have sold it to that night at the bar. The middleman was out to make a profit but Mrs Berker declined to disclose the price the diary was purchased for.

I assumed all along that I was persona non grata with my aunt and cousins solely because of my political involvement and that this approbium had rubbed off on my mother. Shortly before aunt Elizabeth died I decided to visit her and also met Ulf. It was a tense discussion. The matter of the diary was not raised. When I met Ulf now, he told me that his brother Holger had been in the house when I visited, felt so aggrieved that he refused to come and greet me. I asked Ulf if I could meet him now, but Ulf informed that it was too late. Holger died months earlier, on 29 June 2017. (Full name Holger Gerhard Storm)

- 4. Poetry and Dr Eberhard Kleinschmidt.** Eberhard is a more distant cousin who lives in Braunschweig, Germany. Much of his life he taught in France. He writes and recites poetry at festivals and has been published. Since 2016 the German government is under renewed pressure to offer an apology to and compensate the Herero and Nama people for the time when genocide was perpetrated in the war of 1904 - 1907. Eberhard wrote a poem in which he connects the demand for an apology to us, the descendants of Zara, and joins the call for contrition and compensation by Germany. It is an impassioned poem. Below you can read the poem or go online to see his delivery at a poets' slam event.

As background he wrote:

*Ich habe mich beim Poetry Slam auf dem Hintergrund unserer Ahnen für Namibia eingesetzt, d.h. für das betrübliche Faktum, dass seit über hundert Jahren seitens der deutschen Regierung immer noch keine Entschuldigung für das Massaker von 1904-08 erfolgt ist. So der Titel meines Slam-Textes: "Verbrechen gegen die Menschlichkeit: Namibia - mit den Menschen im Land verwandt und verbunden" (s. Text unten). Ich habe diesen Text im letzten halben Jahr ca. 20 Mal an verschiedenen Slam-Orten vorgetragen und damit weit mehr als 2000 Menschen erreicht und auf das ungelöste Problem aufmerksam gemacht. Dieser Auftritt ist inzwischen 2 Mal (2016) bei YouTube dokumentiert, in Stadthagen und in Essen (hier vor 600 Zuschauern). Hier der Link zum 2. Video:*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ESjHoVbWm0k>

*Ich habe mich für die Sache "Namibia" mit diesen Aktivitäten beim Poetry Slam auch bereits beim Vertreter der Bundesregierung für die Verhandlungen mit Namibia eingesetzt: bei Ruprecht Polenz, MdB i.R.. Leider sind im vergangenen Dezember die Verhandlungen wieder gescheitert, und zwar an der Verwendung des Begriffs "Auschwitz"!*

Verbrechen gegen die Menschlichkeit.  
Die Armenien-Resolution des Bundestages -  
sagt euch was ...? Und was ist mit dem  
Massaker in Namibia im Deutschen  
Kaiserreich?

Ja, Mord war's, Völkermord, was da geschehn  
an Namas und Hereros in „Südwest“!  
Ob wir Deutsche endlich dazu stehn,  
was lange schon sich nicht mehr leugnen  
lässt?

Ob öffentlich nun endlich anerkannt,  
was über hundert Jahre lang verdrängt?  
Ob endlich das, ent-schuldigend, als „Schuld“  
[benannt,  
was früher wir in Afrika an Leid verhängt?

\*

Ich widme diesen Text meiner Ur-Ur-Ur-  
Großmutter

Zara Hendrichs [ca. 1793-1831], Hottentottin  
aus

dem Stamm der Nama, seit 1814 verheiratet  
mit

meinem Urahn Johann Hinrich Schmelen, seit  
1811

Missionar der Londoner Missionsgesellschaft  
im

heutigen Namibia, von 1883-1915 Kolonie des  
Deutschen Reiches „Deutsch-Südwestafrika“,  
und ich überschreibe den Text mit ...

„Namibia – mit den Menschen im Land  
verwandt  
und verbunden ...“

1

„Bei dir sieht's aus wie bei den Hottentotten!  
Ist solch 'ne Unordnung nicht auszurotten?!“  
die Oma schimpfte, wenn mein Kinderzimmer  
nicht aufgeräumt. „Mit dir wird's immer  
schlimmer!“

Die Hottentotten-Neger, die sind schlecht;  
wie die so leben, das hat sich gerächt,  
die gibt's kaum noch in Deutsch-Südwest.  
Kein Vorbild sind sie. Du das also lässt!“

2

Als Kind hab ich nicht nachgefragt,  
warum mir wurde das gesagt.  
Wer war das denn? die Hottentotten?  
Wo waren die? Nicht „auszurotten“?  
Dass ich mit denen gar verwandt,  
war lange Zeit mir völlig unbekannt.  
Da wurde vieles totgeschwiegen.  
Das Vorurteil - nicht totzukriegen!  
Wie war das nun? Was war passiert,  
dass Schwarze so stigmatisiert?

3

1904  
Jetzt war der Aufstand da!  
Kein Wunder, was geschah!  
Vom Weideland verdrängt,  
im Lebensraum beschränkt,

durch Dürre große Not,  
gar existenzbedroht,  
als Mensch diskriminiert,  
durch Züchtigung diszipliniert:  
„Jeder hat das Recht auf die freie Entfaltung  
seiner Persönlichkeit ...“, Grundgesetz Artikel 2  
(1)

4

Ein Bierfass. Drüber nackt ein Mann gebunden.  
Die Peitsche zischt. Der Lattenstock drischt  
drauf.

Da wird ein Mensch geschlagen und  
geschunden,  
weil gegen Unterdrückung er tritt auf,  
bis schließlich Rücken und Gesäß zerfetzt.

Was im Bericht steht, wen wird das erregen,  
wie Prügelstrafe hier wird eingesetzt?  
(Zitat) „Ein rohes, gehacktes Beefsteak ist  
nichts

[dagegen!“

(... so der Kolonialbeamte Wilhelm Vallentin)

„Die Würde des Menschen ist unantastbar ...“  
Grundgesetz 1 (1)

5

Ein Herrenmensch, der Kolonist,  
nach Kaisers Vorbild ein Rassist.  
Im Größenwahn und Rassenwahn  
ist ihm der Neger untertan,  
sein Leben, die Kultur nichts wert.

Und wer die Negerin begehrt,  
der kriegt sie ... Und die Soldaten? ...  
sie mehren damit ihre „Taten“ ...

„Niemand darf wegen [...] seiner Rasse, [...] benachteiligt [...] werden“, Grundgesetz 3 (3)

6

Am Waterberg, zunächst nur halb besiegt,  
die Hereros, nun erst recht bekriegt:  
mit ihren Frauen und den Kindern,  
mit Tross und Wagen und den Rindern  
von Truppen vor sich her getrieben,  
dann in der Wüste aufgerieben,  
von Wasserstellen abgewehrt,  
von Durst und Hunger aufgezehrt,  
wird fast ein ganzes Volk vernichtet,  
mit Kaisers Willen hingerichtet.

„Jeder hat das Recht auf Leben und  
Körperliche Unversehrtheit ...“,  
Grundgesetz 2 (2)

7

Am Hals mit Eisen eingeschnürt,  
dort angekettet, abgeführt,  
in langen Reihen fest verkettet,  
dass keiner ausbricht und sich rettet,  
so als Gefang'ner deportiert,  
gleich Auschwitz Lager-interniert,  
der Zwangsarbeit dort ausgesetzt,  
erkrankt, verhungert, tot zuletzt –  
damit beim Aufstand wird „belohnt“,  
wer grad im Kampf vom Tod verschont.

„Die Freiheit der Person ist unverletzlich.“  
Grundgesetz 2 (2)

8

Wer nicht gleich tot, Versuchsobjekt  
der Medizin, nicht abgeschreckt,  
am Menschen Heilung zu probieren,  
nach dessen Tod ihn zu sezieren.  
Gar Totenschädel trifft dies Los,  
wenn sie, von ihrem Körper bloß,  
in Kisten nach Berlin versandt,  
für Wissenschaft als Gegenstand ...  
„Die Würde des Menschen ist unantastbar.“  
Grundgesetz 1 (1)

\*

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Eberhard Kleinschmidt

You can write to Eberhard at:  
[eberhard.kleinschmidt@gmail.com](mailto:eberhard.kleinschmidt@gmail.com)