

# Horst's Newsletter 40

## March 2019

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Dear friends,

Never a dull moment here. No sooner had we heard how the Gupta brothers helped their ANC/Zuma friends to bleed our state coffers dry, than we came to hear about our home-grown Watson brothers sucking even more out of Government coffers, bribing yet more ANC politicians. The mega political failure at Eskom will cause our economy to flicker for years to come, another ANC debacle. There are more skeletons falling out of the ANC cupboard each day. Can it reform itself? Will Russia interfere in our elections because they want the nuclear deal which for now, Ramaphosa has postponed indefinitely? - We remain on a knife's edge. Thankfully we have our Constitution, a Bill of Rights, an independent judiciary and we still have a free press! Long may this last.

In the deeply mired and unequal society that is South Africa to this day, I cannot ride into my sunset years ignoring what goes on around me. I have lost whatever political connections I once had but replaced this with an involvement in my hood, my Southern Peninsula neighbourhood. I wish not to live unconcerned and uninvolved when so much poverty, despair and anger is all around me.

The intention with my Newsletters is to highlight matters that I cannot avoid bumping into. I hope you will see how and why every story below has a critical bearing on the way we are, here at the southern end of Africa.

Contents:

- Reference to the recent passing of three good activists – none of them compromised by money or power. Because of the immense shame my erstwhile comrades in the ANC have brought upon us, the honest and good people deserve honour and recognition. They are Hugh Lewin, Sonny Venkatrathnam and Carol Moses. The piece about Hugh Lewin is also substantially autobiographical. I describe how Hugh unwittingly helped me understand where I was in a prison in 1975.
- A piece I wrote for the press, once again, about the deteriorating situation in nearby Masiphumelele and the link to a new video on Masi, showing what I keep describing in words. And a photo taken in nearby Hout Bay, another crass rich-poor divide.
- 'Stop the Bantustan Bill' – yes, in 2019 legislation was passed in Parliament that has echoes of our apartheid past. Click on the links to read more about it.
- A website link to Dutch historian Rutger telling the rich in Davos to pay their taxes!
- The latest in the travesty of Germany's refusal to accept its historical role in the Nama and Herero genocide in Namibia.
- Reference to a book on the apartheid assassinations of Dulcie September, Anton Lubofski and Chris Hani.
- And, assassin Ferdie Barnard is to be released on parole. He shot and killed a wonderful friend: David Webster. Webster's then partner, Maggie Friedman, offers some sobering words .

- 1. The passing Hugh Lewin:** Hugh Lewin died on 16 January 2019, aged 79. A good man who paid heavily for his opposition to apartheid. He served seven years in prison and later assisted with the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, taught good journalism and wrote important books. Long before I met him his presence appeared large in my mind. We respect

him because he belongs to those never motivated by the-struggle-will-make-me rich, make me powerful, or bestow glory on me<sup>1</sup>.



Hugh, six years my senior, was a detainee in 1964 when I was in my final school year at Damelin College. I had to re-write the matric exams I had plugged at the Johannesburg German School. Damelin was known as a cram college – a mass production line to provide white kids with a privileged education. I got a first-class pass, good enough to get me a state scholarship<sup>2</sup> to go to university and ultimately become a teacher. I enjoyed history and my history teacher invested in me. He primed us with care and with daring. His foolscap notes had a line down the middle of the page. On the left-hand side were the answers to likely questions that fitted with the official version - the story of white conquest and just victories of the white man; on the right-hand side was a riposte to each point. The left column was there to get us a good exam result. The right column was to make us think and question apartheid, without putting our exam result into jeopardy. His was a gentle liberal push – and ill-fitting in the Damelin sausage machine.

He reminded me of Peter Horn, my teacher at the German school. Peter Horn was the first person/teacher in my life who made me challenge the ethos of race superiority that drenched my home and school environment. He made me think about justice, anti-semitism, not to unquestioningly accept authority and introduced us to African song. Telling my parents across the dinner table that Herr Horn was teaching our after-school youth group one song from each country in Africa before we sang German songs raised eyebrows. My appetite for teenage rebellion made these two teachers stand out. My father was not amused when he heard what Peter Horn taught his charges. He reported Herr Horn to the school board and suggested he be deported back to Germany. By the time Mr Harris taught me history my father already seemed to be treating me as a failed son. Inflicting hurt on my mother, he'd say, They (my brother and I) are your sons. Long hair, listening to Elvis Presley and Helen Shapiro, we were not the strapping young men he had wanted. His capitulation as a father may seem strange but that is a story for another day.

During the mid-year winter holidays during my Damelin year, my dad's world came true. A bomb disguised in a suitcase on a platform in the whites only part of the railway station I often walked through, one street away from the college I attended, exploded to kill white people. A woman was killed and her grandchild maimed. The alleged killer was soon arrested. The newspapers produced a mugshot of Mr John Harris, my history teacher!

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<sup>1</sup> *Bandiet: Seven years in a South African Prison* was originally published in 1974 in London but promptly banned in South Africa. In 1989 David Philip published it in South Africa with the title *Bandiet out of jail*. It included the original book together with other pieces Hugh had written subsequent to the first edition. A 2002 edition was published by Random House, Johannesburg, SA.

<sup>2</sup> The Education department never let me teach. My political writings stood between me and them. I was ordered by court order to pay back my scholarship with 6% interest. It took me years to pay this back.

He looked odd in that photo. The paper did not tell us that they had broken his jaw under interrogation. John Harris was quickly tried, sentenced to death and hanged – the first and only white man to be hanged for a political offences during the apartheid era. Damelin College was quick to re-assure the parents that classes would proceed as normal when we came back from our holidays. Mr Kriel, the headmaster, took over the history classes. The right-hand column Mr Harris had offered us as an alternative to apartheid history was removed. Any trace of Mr Harris was removed, mainly by not mentioning him again.

The bomb exploded on 24 July 1964. I remember telling my dad that Mr Harris, just before the winter holidays, asked me after class about our family road trips to Namibia. We went south and all along the Botswana border until we headed north again, I told him. Yes the border was the dry Molopo and Nossop river beds north and then east of us. It was my only conversation with him. Was he planning to flee across this border after he detonated the bomb, my father speculated? Years later, when I read Hugh Lewin's book *Bandiet*, I learnt that Hugh, already under arrest in terms of the 90-day detention without trial laws, was dragged from the Jeppe police station cell to the site of the carnage at the station. Hugh had a problem. He knew John. They were both members of the non-racial Liberal Party and part of a sabotage unit, ARM (African Resistance Movement), which the liberal Party strongly disavowed.

Hugh wrote the book after serving his seven-year sentence. When it was published in the mid 70s it was promptly banned. I managed to obtain a copy and hid it, to loan to friends, in the deep freezer, under the frozen peas and minced meat. Its cover page froze into the ice and the book circulated without its cover. During the police raid on our home on 26 September 1975, when I was detained, they failed to look in the deep freezer.

In what happened next, Hugh's book had profound significance for me.

I did not know where I was. The cell was high, narrow and slightly wider than a narrow bed, provided only to white detainees. The 25-litre tin with a sharp edge served as my toilet and a similar tin provided a modicum of water. This further diminished the floor space at the door-end of the cell. I could not walk. The barred opening at one end was too high to reach to look out. The door end had an inner grid gate beyond which was a steel gate with a Judas hole on the outside, so warders could watch you without talking to you. Knocking on the walls revealed no resonance. The old brickwork seemed thick, to prevent an escape. I was thrown in and landed on the bed. Was the bed provided so they could report to the International Red Cross that politicians like me were treated humanely?

The next morning I was collected and taken to Kompol in the heart of Pretoria. I had heard about it before. The cubicle in which I was interrogated had what looked like dried blood across the wall where there was also a tap. During the interrogation, with my mood of defiance bristling, I managed to steal a pencil, a ball-point pen and small pieces of paper that I secreted on my body. One feels victorious when such contraband is stolen from under their noses. When all other means of communication are taken away, no radio (TV had not yet been allowed in SA), no newspaper and no other person to see or talk to, then paper and pen assume monumental importance.

I found hiding places in my cell that no warders and SB had discovered for decades. Previous inmates in my cell had loosened large chunks of mortar between the red bricks. I could lever these chunks out and a cavity opened up behind where little pieces of paper were hidden. The defiance of others here before me.

A few nights into my solitary I heard singing. It came from what I understood were Black prisoners. I assumed that somewhere this prison had a dividing wall that kept the races apart. The warders shouted wanting to silence the impromptu prison choir. But to no avail. I hummed some hymns in harmony but did not know the songs in African dialects, repeated throughout the night. Suddenly I knew where I was. Hugh had described his own experiences at this, the Pretoria Local Prison. This was the prison where those sentenced to hang were taken to the gallows. One gallows for Black and White, for male and female, equal only in death.

When the light bulb at the top of the ceiling was switched on I assumed it was 6 am. With this the singing suddenly stopped. Eerie silence was soon replaced by the jingle of keys – the trade mark sound that accompanies warders in a prison. What concerned me was that the sound of keys grew louder and seemed to progress ever closer to my cell. And then in a moment of panic the keys and a commotion came to a halt outside my cell. Was it me? Why here? Was I in the six cells for condemned men next to the gallows? The commotion became inaudible as a group of people seemed to suddenly be shut behind the doors at the top of a short flight of stairs. Hugh had described this in his book. Why was I in death row? Why was I the only prisoner in the cells adjoining the gallows?

Someone opened the Judas hole in my cell door. Next a voice came through the hole and a man Capie Afrikaans whispered: Wat is djy hier voor? (what are you in prison for?). I neared the little hole and said: Security, Terrorism Act. The disc on the far side shut closed. Then it opened again and a piece of newspaper was shoved through. In it was wrapped tobacco. Shut again. When it next opened the side of a matchbox and some matches were flicked in. Shut. Then open once more. The voice said: Good luck. Who was he? When the commotion in the passage returned once more, my audio intelligence concluded that the warders, the hangman and maybe the priest had shuffled back from the gallows with the now limp body of the condemned man. A group of prisoners were made to wait in the passage outside my cell during the hanging. A piercing squeak sounded as though they had a wheelbarrow to remove the broken body of the executed man. That is all I could think, and Hugh Lewin had helped me understand where I was.

Did John Harris, my former history teacher, go through this passage? Might he have been kept in this or the adjacent cells? I did not want to be here.

I again removed the chunks of mortar between the bricks. I had a drive to record with my pen onto paper what happened so close to death. I thought it might, just might one day serve as evidence. Were there last messages here that should be communicated? Was I invading someone else's privacy? I re-read and now wrote down the scrunched messages stuffed in the cavities between the bricks. The first one read, 'Johnny Rood was here for sweet nothing'. The next one read, 'Tsotsi van TJ was here for armed robbery with intent to kill'. So blacks had also shared this cell? How long ago might this have been? The next



message read, 'Pumzile Majeke: The Black people of SA shall be free – 1974'. I knew him! I had recorded his name when he was detained the previous year. But he was not hanged! He was banned and banished to the best of my knowledge. So, death cells did not automatically mean hanging. The next messages read: 'Roll on time', 'Johnny Be Good smuggled money with a screw [informer] – he pimped me – the Rat – they all are – revenge' and, 'PAC says don't squeal' and, 'We don't just want a revolution we want a socialist revolution or no revolution at all – ANC'. Another, 'The struggle is hard – have courage brother' and 'God has sent an angel to be with everyone who is in this cell'. I never smoked. I now took the tobacco in the piece of newspaper, the matches and the side of the matchbox and stuffed these behind a piece of mortar where there was enough space. I hoped it would be a consolation for someone who passed through here after me.

Once a day I was taken to the exercise hall – once used as a place of worship. It was too small to jog in but after my cramped cell I needed to walk. Afterwards I thought: I always walked anti-clockwise, I wonder why? In a dirty corner I saw the inside tin lid that is used to seal Ricoffy. When the warder watching me was talking to another warder I picked it up. In my cell I now had an instrument with which to cut. I cut the inside waist seam of the jeans I was wearing just enough to stuff my diary notes into the seam. If my pants were exchanged for others or went to the wash, all would be lost. But at least I tried. As it turned out I could send my washing in a bag to Ilona who would send me clean clothes but for the whole of my 73 days in solitary I claimed that I was happy to wash my jeans myself at the ablution block when allowed to take a shower. I did 'wash' them, but never the seam where normally one has the belt<sup>3</sup>. By the time I was held at 'Beverley Hills' prison facility I stuck my diary under my bunk with jam supplied in the mornings, and occasionally washed my pants. I could not let the notes stay there for long, lest I was moved or released and unable to gather them – in sight of a warder.

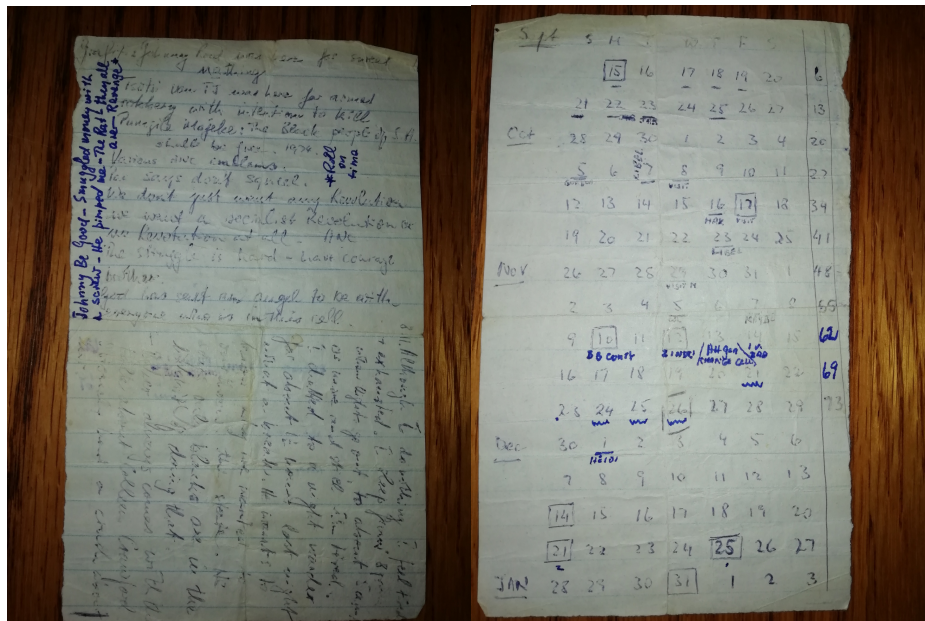
My diary notes survived although some are illegible now. In the autobiography I am now writing I will expand on the rest of the diary I kept.

Below is one faded page with my notes. On the reverse is the calendar I made to know the date. The days I underlined point to the days when I was interrogated at Kompol. I was released on 26 November 1975 but my calendar shows that I expected to be kept well into the next year, maybe longer.

I shall remember Hugh Lewin as a good man who, with many others, helped me escape the slumber of white complacency.

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<sup>3</sup> White detainees experienced absolute isolation because the white prison was rather empty. Whatever the privations of Black prisoners, I mused, I envied them because there were not enough cells to truly isolate a politico. When I was moved to a cell in Pretoria Central prison I assessed that 30 cells around me were empty. The same when I was later moved to Maximum, also known as Beverley Hills. My shoes, belt and toiletries were kept in the cell next to me – so I could not hang or injure myself. When taken to ablution block he'd gesture that I could take my toothbrush and shaving gear from the adjacent cell. Privacy counted for naught. Using the toilet or shower was always under the gaze of a warder. It is remarkable how sensitive one becomes when in solitary. I began to know exactly when to steal paper, or a pen, even a magazine, and how to distract a warder.



## 2. Sonny Venkatrathnam (1935-2019): Robben Islander and Rebel Without a Pause by Ashwin Desai.



'If you ever go visiting in Cape Town/and look across that blue and silver bay/spare a thought for those who ploughed/the gray miles of water/salt and bitter as their tears/who stir in graves as restless as the surge/and wonder if they gave their lives in vain.' – Dennis Brutus, 1996

In the early hours of Friday 15 March Sonny Venkatrathnam, aged 84, died. A man of incredible stature and learning, it is tragic that so many of you reading these words would never have heard of him, let alone met him. A freedom fighter, he was incarcerated on Robben Island in the 1970s.

I knew this man. From afar mostly. But then I got a chance to tell his story, published in a book entitled *Reading Revolution: Shakespeare on Robben Island*.

As the plot goes, Sonny received a copy of *The Complete Works of Shakespeare* on the Island, but it was quickly confiscated. He was shattered as he knew that Shakespeare would be a wonderful companion in the long years ahead on the Island. But then this atheist was saved by divine intervention:

"And one Sunday morning... a warder tells me, 'The (Anglican) Church is here... I tell him I'm an Anglican you know, but I left my Bible in the storeroom... He takes out his keys; opens the storeroom; and I pick out my book: *The Complete Works of Shakespeare*. I take it out and show it to him. "Look here's the Bible the William Shakespeare." The problem is how do we hide it, it's a bare room... So what I did was that, again, providentially, it was Diwali, and my parents sent me greeting cards. So I took those cards, cut them up and pasted them with porridge over the covers of the book. The warders would come and ask me "What's that?" ...And I said, "It's my Bible" ... they did not touch it."

On the Island, books were reflected upon, debated, and absorbed with zealousness and passion. It opened new ways of seeing, while allowing prisoners to escape the prison walls. Given the limited number of books available, many prisoners read the same books over and over again, often deriving new meanings. As Scholes reminds us, "we can read a book again, starting over as Plato believed souls might start over again in life... It is also true, as Heraclitus might have said, that the same person never reads the same book twice".

Prisoners taught others the art of reading and writing, this “education” opening a whole new world. For the first time, many prisoners read and wrote their own letters, a vital means to “escape” to “home”. Breyten Breytenbach, himself a long-term political prisoner, put it beautifully: “as your letter opens/there is an unfolding of sky, or word from the outside of memory”.

In telling Venkatrathnam’s story I got to talk to many Robben Island prisoners. It must be said that some would not agree to talk to me because they had developed a strong antipathy to Sonny. You see, their years in power and the trappings that came with it stood in stark contrast to Sonny, who refused high office and directed an ice-pick at their somersaults and betrayals.

Still, the value of speaking to Robben Islanders is that it involved listening to people who live in two temporal zones. Behind bars, on the rough end of power, but driven by the ideal of a new South Africa. And then, abruptly, into the zone of an apartheid-free country.

As Susan Buck-Morss put it: “When biographically lived time crosses collective time — this historical conjuncture marks a generation born twice”. Paths diverged. Men who bravely stood against everything apartheid could throw at them genuflected to the new power wielders in scenes reminiscent of Caliban giving allegiance to a new master:

“How does your honour? Let me lick thy shoe.”

Sonny would not lick the brogues of power and pomp. He poured scorn on how people were using the state as a weapon of personal graft and Shakespearean plots to pursue power. He pointed me to Macbeth with a wry smile:

“Vaulting ambition which o’erleaps itself/And falls on the other.”

Venkatrathnam lived in Durban for most of his life. He was very critical of the new South Africa that he had sacrificed so much to bring into being, telling the project *Voices of Resistance* in 2002:

“I am bitter, I don’t deny that... so many years of struggle seem to have gone down the drain... You can’t eat a vote; you can’t shelter under a vote... Freedom means the basic conditions of life need to be addressed.”

While there might have been bitterness, Venkatrathnam in conversations saw the most rewarding part of his life as lecturing at the University of Durban-Westville through the 1990s. He was invigorated by young students who were reading Frantz Fanon and Edward Said and who were thinking deeply about the pitfalls of the national democratic revolution.

Venkatrathnam told me he was learning all the time and the students appreciated that the lecturer in front of them bore the scars of his beliefs on his body, but was unbowed. A student of his, Sipho Buthelezi, penned these words about Sonny:

“In your voice/There is history/Unfortunately/It is a history of pain and torture/It is a history of tears and misery/It is a history of the struggle and sacrifice/No money can pay your sacrifice/No object can express my appreciation/Blessed is the ground you lie your bones/I will be there to mourn for you/I will testify You were a noble hero.”

The last time I saw Sonny alive he was sitting in his garden watching over his fabulous red roses. As I left I saw him through the rear view mirror, slightly hunched, slightly lost. Learesque.

I thought about Ernest Hemingway’s *Old Man and the Sea*. Santiago is the solitary fisherman battling the odds. It does not matter that Santiago has returned to shore with the bony residues of a fish feasted on by sharks. During the 84-day odyssey (and Sonny died at 84) he has grown as a person. Santiago refuses to give up both the skeleton of the fish and also his own sense of honour and dignity, and it is this journey that gives rise to the memorable line he speaks in the middle of the ocean and which can sum up Sonny’s motto:

“A man can be destroyed, but never defeated.”

In post-apartheid South Africa, when so many Robben Islanders were diminished, Sonny grew in stature.

On Sunday I joined the throngs at the Clare Estate Crematorium. Listening to the speeches, it dawned on me that it was hard to pay homage to a man whose ideals were turned to dust by the very people he spent so many years with, sharing the trenches of battle.

Still, the wonderful historian Carolyn Steedman reminds us that “Dust is the opposite thing to Waste... It is about circularity, the impossibility of things disappearing... Nothing *can be* destroyed”. She quotes the late 19th century French writer Jules Michelet:

“We will enter our career (the career of the citizen and the revolutionary)/When our elders are no more/We will find there their dust/And the trace of their virtues.” **DM**

*Desai is Professor of Sociology at the University of Johannesburg and author of Reading Revolution: Shakespeare on Robben Island.*

The article first appeared in Daily Maverick

<https://www.msn.com/en-za/news/indepth/sonny-venkatrathnam-1935-2019-robben-islander-and-rebel-without-a-pause/ar-BBUTw9i?li=BBqfP3n>

Horst adds: I did not meet him but his release and then ban was publicised through the Christian Institute/PSC media releases. When Eefje Andriessen from Holland visited SA at the end of 1977 on my behalf (I had been in exile since April 1976) I asked her to visit him and his family in Durban to offer solidarity and any help they might need. Eefje recently sent me her correspondence with the Venkatrathnam s during 1978.

### 3. The passing of Carol Moses.

#### One of 'brightest, most dedicated activists' dies after short illness

EXTRACT QUOTED FROM: CAPE TIMES 18 FEBRUARY 2019 / NICOLA DANIEL



Carol Moses

Cape Town – One of Oudtshoorn's greatest women activists, Carol Moses, passed away yesterday, the ANC announced. She died in a Cape Town hospital after a short illness. The party said Moses, who was acting director in the Department of Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries, was known and respected for her activism, discipline and concern for the poor.

Her comrade, friend and colleague Desmond Stevens said: "She was 14 years old when she led a big march in Oudtshoorn. Carol was one of our better comrades and opposed corruption in a big way." ANC Western Cape secretary Faiez Jacobs said: "We have lost one of our brightest and most dedicated activists. Carol was filled with integrity and we'll miss her. Our deep condolences to her family."

DAFF spokesperson Khaye Nkwanyana said: "She was a distinguished communicator for our fisheries component in the department based in the Western Cape.

Moses is survived by her husband, Clive Stuurman, and their child Che.

**Horst adds:** I am saddened by her passing, the more so at such a young age. Carol worked for me as media liaison officer when I headed South Africa's Fisheries Department between 2000 and 2005.

4. As I have indicated on previous occasions, the semi-ghetto in my neighbourhood, reserved for the poor and exclusively Black Africans, to this day, is **Masiphumelele**.

The local freebee rag would not publish my article (below). The English morning paper, no longer widely read, the Cape Times, did publish it on 3 March 2019. Here is what I wrote.

***Masiphumele: The island of neglect in a sea of plenty.***

*The City claims it cannot supply electricity to shack dwellers in the 'wetlands' area of Masiphumele because the law says so, it constitutes a danger, they say. The City washes its hands and feels righteous. More than ten thousand people have lived here for over a decade. They feel more than aggrieved at the lack of services: power, water, sanitation, land. A Street Talk film, about to be released, has locals speak of their plight.*

## Reality and City fiction.

National Parks say this is no wetland at all! It was compromised (ended) over ten years ago due to urbanization from all sides. They call it an (urban) reed-bed with little if any environmental value. The City has failed to acknowledge this for a reason, I suspect: they don't like the people of Masi. Yes, I suggest that race and class is at the root of this – and indeed, Masi does not vote DA. Masi's services deteriorate each year.

After years of trying, in November 2017, the City was coerced into signing a 'Settlement Agreement' by the Public Protector, the Human Rights Commission and Masiphumelele leadership and then Mayor, de Lille. The City promised to put services on to the land it bought for Masi (Erf 5131) to re-house those in the 'wetland' shacks. Nothing has happened. The promised Masi plan has not materialized.

The narrative of the 'wetland' should read:

- The wetland water was privatized to the lakes at Lake Michelle upmarket estate and by allowing this the City itself destroyed the wetland.
- The City should take National Parks' advice and de-proclaim this as a wetland.
- The City is dishonest because it plans to build a main road through this very 'wetland'.

The City has, it seems, no intention and no plan to undo the apartheid city we inherited. The City has failed utterly. Masi has waited for years. The City should now be taken to court for non-compliance of the agreement it entered into 15 months ago.

The City cannot stop urbanization by making urban living for these people as unpleasant as possible. This is apartheid discrimination by other means. We must accept that the barrier apartheid upheld is the reason for the rapid influx now. This is not the fault of people of Masi.

In recent weeks, on a Sunday, another 30 Masi homes were destroyed by the City's agents.

The City owes restitution and compensation for every home/shack it demolishes, not least because it has no plan where displaced people should go.

We urgently need a vision and an orderly plan which counters the Coloured/Brown, African/Black and White/privilege geography of this City. Anything short of it is apartheid by another name. Right now the City should be charged in court for its failure to honour the 2017 agreement.

Horst Kleinschmidt.  
St James, False Bay.



5. Released this month (March 2019) is a film on Masi. It explains, in the words of local people and their experience living in shacks. A community film channel, rather than the SABC, is showing it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PkbureFNoD0&feature=youtu.be>



6. “Hout Bay mirrors - as do other suburbs - our global economic Apartheid. Many residents of Hout Bay are global citizens - either from overseas or from other parts in Africa. The photo shows the view to Imizamo Yethu from the other side of the valley”. These are the words of friend, Rev Renate Cochrane who sent the picture below to the Cape Town Argus newspaper, which published it. It shows like in Masiphumelele, dire poverty surrounded by a sea of plenty.



7. **Stop the Bantustan Bills!** Civil society is once more on the barricades to try and stop the President from signing into law a Bill passed by both houses of Parliament. It is retrogressive in all its aspects. The University of Cape Town based Land and Accountability Rural Centre has done splendid work to point to the many wrongs of the legislation. I joined a picket outside Parliament on the day the Bill was passed. Now the campaign is to the President not to sign it – grasping at straws you will say. Visit the LARC- UCT website to gain more insight by clicking on the red headlines below – they detail all that is wrong with the legislation.

**STOP THE BANTUSTAN BILLS**

**JOIN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE BANTUSTAN BILLS**  
If made into law, these bills will allow homeland chiefs to make deals with big business, chase people off their land, and force people to attend a traditional court.

**WHAT ARE THESE BILLS?**  
The Traditional and Khoi-San Leadership Bill (TKLB) and the Traditional Courts Bill (TCB) will effectively bring back the Apartheid Bantustans.  
17 million people in the former homelands will be subject to different laws.  
They will have less citizenship and property rights than the rest of South Africans.  
They can be summarised and sentenced by unelected chiefs.  
Women will be disempowered by being denied the right to represent themselves in traditional courts.

**THE GOOD HIDING THE BAD**  
Traditions and culture need to be respected and protected while ensuring that all people have democratic power and equality before the law. These bills do not do that.  
The TKLB does recognise the Khoi-San people, but the rest of this bill is about giving new oppressive powers to unelected chiefs like the apartheid government did.  
People should have a choice to attend a traditional court, but if Parliament's version of the TCB becomes law, chiefs would be able to punish people who challenge them, through traditional court processes.  
Accountable traditional leaders and courts exist. They do not need laws like this.

**BUT WHY?**  
**WHO STANDS TO MAKE MONEY?**  
Clause 24 of the TKLB would give chiefs and their councils the power to sign over your land, including your family graves, your fields and even your homes, to mining companies, large farms, developers and estates.  
They will be able to do this without even asking your opinion, let alone your permission.  
They will make millions while you lose your home.

**WHAT ABOUT XOLOBENI? BAKGATLA BA LESETHENG?**  
The Xolobeni villagers of the former Transkei Bantustan fought a 15 year battle to have a say over their land.  
They said **NA!** to an Australian mining company, because they could see that it would not benefit the community.  
The Bakgatla ba Lesetheng in North West also challenged the mines. Recently the Constitutional Court agreed with them that the people must have a say over their land.  
But the new TKLB would overrule this community right and give legal power to unelected chiefs.

**WHAT CAN I DO?**  
The #StopTheBantustanBills coalition is forming.  
Stand in Solidarity with South Africans who are having their rights sold out because of big business. Tomorrow it could be any of us.  
You can get involved, go to our website [www.StopTheBantustanBills.org](http://www.StopTheBantustanBills.org), and sign the demand that parliament drops these bills.  
When you sign up you'll get updates on the fight, and we'll let you know the next action you can join and make your voice heard.

**SOUTH AFRICA UNITE**  
Support a common citizenship and the same laws for all South Africans!

f t @StopTheBills 078 687 0442  
media.stopthebills@gmail.com

An Initiative By: **Alliance for Rural Democracy**

07 Mar 2019  
by LARC

### Update: Traditional and Khoi-San Leadership Bill (TKLB)

The Traditional and Khoi-San Leadership Bill (TKLB) was passed by the National Assembly on 26 February 2019 with amendments proposed by the National Council of Provinces. The Bill will now be sent to the President to sign into law.

01 Mar 2019  
by Aninka Claassens

### Xolobeni community being coerced into giving up land rights

Mineral resources minister Gwede Mantashe wants to ask unemployed people from surrounding villages whether mining should go ahead.

01 Nov 2018  
by LARC

### The problem with the Traditional and Khoi San Leadership Bill (TKLB) as illustrated by the Maledu Constitutional Court judgment

Getting beyond our fascination with corruption to focus on policies and laws that re-entrench structural inequality | November 2018 What is the TKLB?

29 Oct 2018  
by LARC

### Restoring the Dignity of the Landless

The debate about Expropriation without Compensation ignores threats to the property rights of the rural poor contained in bills before Parliament.

27 Sep 2018  
by Nokwanda Sihlali and Mahlatse Muroa

### Public hearings on land have largely missed the nuance of this complex topic

The release of Kgalema Motlanthe's High Level Panel report in November 2017, alongside resolutions from the 54th conference of the African National Congress (ANC) and the ultimate success of an Economic Freedom Fighters' motion on land expropriation earlier this year, [...]

17 Sep 2018  
by Custom Contested

### Invitation for Written Submissions: Traditional and Khoi-San Leadership Bill (B23B-2015)

The NCOP Select Committee on Cooperative Governance and Traditional Affairs has invited stakeholders and interested people to make written submissions on the Traditional and Khoi-San Leadership Bill (TKLB). Submissions must be sent to the Committee Secretary, Mr. Thembile Moses Manele, [...]

13 Aug 2018

by Aninka Claassens

### Amending the property clause risks making poor more vulnerable to dispossession without compensation

A man sitting next to me at a land workshop in Rustenburg last month asked me sadly whether the problems on the platinum belt meant, as some younger delegates alleged, that Mandela had indeed sold black people out during the [...]

28 Jun 2018

by Peter Delius

### The chief problem with land rights

Since 1994, millions of black South Africans have faced being stripped of their land rights without compensation, or have already lost these rights. Yet this threat has received scant coverage in the media.

11 Jun 2018

by Zenande Booï

### Dispossession without compensation the legacy for poor rural communities

While the nation debates the amendment of the Constitution to provide explicitly for expropriation without compensation, the Constitutional Court is preparing to rule on the rights of poor black communities in mineral-rich former homelands who are routinely dispossessed without consultation, [...]

02 May 2018

by Ayesha Motala

### Traditional leaders – not rural citizens – are at the centre of the land expropriation debate

Land expropriation without compensation has already galvanised much public debate and contestation among leadership from all sectors, but what does this mean for people living in rural areas?

## **8. Davos 2019: Historian Rutger Bregman berates billionaires at World Economic Forum over tax avoidance**

A discussion panel at the Davos World Economic Forum has become a sensation after a Dutch historian took billionaires to task ...

Important to watch.

## **9. Namibia: It is a travesty for Germany to continue to duck German guilt in the Nama and Herero genocide of 1904 -1908.**

From: Helmo Preuss <[helmop@yahoo.com](mailto:helmop@yahoo.com)>

Date: Thu, 7 Mar 2019.

NEW YORK (Reuters) - A U.S. judge on Wednesday dismissed a lawsuit seeking to require Germany to pay damages over genocide and property seizures by colonists in what is now Namibia more than a century ago.



U.S. District Judge Laura Taylor Swain in Manhattan said Germany was immune from claims by descendants of the Herero and Nama tribes, depriving her of jurisdiction over its role in what some historians have called the 20th century's first genocide.

Kenneth McCallion, a lawyer for the plaintiffs, said he will discuss his clients' legal options with them.

The case is unrelated to Germany's atonement for its role in the Holocaust during World War Two, and its payment of more than \$70 billion to survivors and others, according to the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany.

According to the plaintiffs, thousands of Herero and Nama were slaughtered, left to starve or died at concentration camps from 1904 to 1908, when Namibia was known as South-West Africa, after the tribes rebelled against German rule.

A 1985 United Nations report called the "massacre" of Hereros a genocide, and Germany has in recent years negotiated with Namibia's government over the claims.

The plaintiffs said Germany was not shielded by the federal Foreign Sovereign Immunities Act because some of its plunder found its way to Manhattan, triggering exceptions covering commercial activity and improper "takings."

They alleged that misappropriated funds were used to buy buildings housing Germany's consulate general and U.N. mission, while skulls and other human remains were sent to the American Museum of Natural History, and a written account of the genocide went to the New York Public Library.

Swain, however, said the exceptions to sovereign immunity were narrow, and the plaintiffs' relatively expansive view could subject Germany to liability for holding cultural programs or conducting boiler repairs at its buildings.

She also said the transfers of human remains and the account of the genocide bore no "direct" or "immediate" connection to Germany's activities in southwestern Africa.

Jeffrey Harris, a lawyer for Germany, in an interview said the decision "should stand up if there is an appeal. It says the very specific requirements that would allow a foreign sovereign such as Germany to be sued in the United States were not met."

The case is *Rukoro et al v Federal Republic of Germany*, U.S. District Court, Southern District of New York, No. 17-00062.

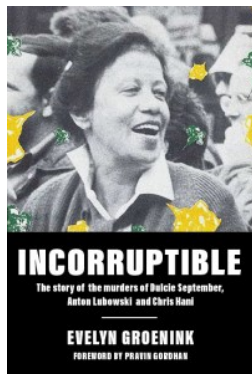
## **10. Dulcie September.** The story of the murders of Dulcie September, Anton Lubowski and Chris Hani.

Quote: It is often thought that Dulcie September, Anton Lubowski and Chris Hani were assassinated by apartheid forces simply because they were freedom fighters. But 'Incorruptible,' a nail-bitingly thrilling reflection of Evelyn Groenink's painstaking research over the past 30 years, shows the truth is different. All three tried to keep their organisations, the ANC and SWAPO, free from wrongdoing. They stood against mafias who had invaded their movement's inner circles. They were not only brave anti-apartheid fighters: they were incorruptible.

One of the most explosive revelations in this book concerns the murder of Chris Hani, 25 years ago. Groenink reveals how the police buried evidence from no less than three witnesses who saw another murderer besides Janusz Waluś; and how the state's "brave" star eyewitness in all likelihood hadn't even been there when Hani was shot.

With corruption endemic in South Africa today, the reader is entitled to ask if things would be different if Hani, Lubowski and September had lived. Though in 2018 the murder of Dulcie September is 30 years past, and Chris Hani's 25 years, the book raises the spectre of similar mafia-type deals that may still be making victims in South Africa – and beyond.

The book has already caused controversy; so much that a planned publication in 2005 could not take place because of the myriad of legal and physical threats -against then intended publisher, Jacana-, that resulted after comments were invited from a number of individuals mentioned in the book.



This new edition of 'Incorruptible' narrates, in a dedicated chapter, the events around that 'requesting comments' exercise. It also includes, in an effort to be scrupulously fair, all responses that were received either in writing or verbally. Whenever the responses were too long to include in the book (one letter received amounted to twenty pages) they are republished in full in author Evelyn Groenink's website, [evelyngroenink.com](http://evelyngroenink.com).

Groenink's quest ... shows a pattern [linking] the murders of Dulcie September, SWAPO leader Anton Lubowski, and the charismatic leader of the ANC's armed wing, Chris Hani. – *De Volkskrant*, the Netherlands

**11. Assassin Ferdie Barnard is to be released on parole. The man he killed was David Webster – a friend and associate when I was working with the Christian Institute. David was a key member of our team when we put up Peter Randall as a Social-Democrat candidate in the white election of 1973. We used the elections to air views that otherwise might lead to charges under the Suppression of Communism Act. Barnard's release brings back the memory David, an unsung hero. The words, below, of his then partner, Maggie Friedman are important.**

**'I am able to leave it behind' - Maggie Friedman on release of apartheid assassin Ferdi Barnard**

**8TH MARCH 2019**

QUOTED FROM: [NEWS24WIRE](#)

The former partner of human rights activist **David Webster** says it's not up to her to decide whether **Ferdi Barnard** should be released on parole for assassinating him.

"It is always painful when the whole thing comes up again," **Maggie Friedman** said telephonically on Friday when she spoke about Webster's murder in [Troyeville](#) in 1989.

Justice and Correctional [Services](#) Minister **Michael Masutha** announced on Thursday that the former government hitman would be released on parole from April 2.

She said Masutha did consult her, but in her view, it was not up to her to decide whether Barnard should be released or not.

"It's not my place to grant him parole or not," said Friedman, who works as a [software developer](#). She felt it was a task for the justice [system](#), which had collated reports about Barnard and committed to monitoring him.

However, she feels victims must be informed if somebody is going to be released. "You really don't want to bump into them in the street," said Friedman.

Asked whether she has been able to forgive Barnard, she said: "I have never been able to understand the process of forgiveness, but I am able to leave it behind." Friedman said she had received numerous phone calls from friends who asked if it was true that she was not opposed to him being released on parole.

But Friedman insisted that this decision was one that the justice system should make, not her. Not keen to be in the limelight, she said she had moved on from the assassination and had also married in 2014.

Barnard was sentenced to life imprisonment in June 1998, after he was convicted of numerous charges, including murder, attempted murder, defeating the ends of justice and the unlawful possession of firearms. He has served more than 20 years of his sentence.

Webster was shot and killed on May 1, 1989, outside the house he and Friedman shared at the behest of apartheid police's security branch, the Civil Co-operation Bureau (CCB).

He was an anthropologist by qualification, but also lobbied against the torture of detainees and detention without trial during apartheid and had held meetings to help their families. As a result, the apartheid government regarded him as a threat.

The SA Press Association reported in 1998 that Barnard had pleaded not guilty to 34 charges, ranging from murder and attempted murder, to fraud and intimidation.

The charges also included the attempted murder of the late justice minister, **Dullah Omar**, in 1989.

According to Masutha's spokesperson **Max Mpuzana**: "The CCB misinformed Mr Barnard and told him that Dr Webster, a pacifist, was involved in terrorist activities."

Webster had also been studying the effects of torture on detainees during apartheid as part of his broader studies.

Masutha said the decision did not mean the end of Barnard's life sentence. The Community Corrections Office will supervise and monitor him as he serves the remainder of his sentence in the community for the rest of his natural life.

The house Webster and Friedman shared was declared a heritage site.

In January, **Chris Hani's** killer, **Janusz Walus** was denied parole again.

Masutha said that there were conflicting reports on whether he expressed remorse for killing Hani, as well as questions over his anger management.

Walus is serving a life sentence for killing the SACP leader in the driveway of his Boksburg home on April 10, 1993.

He has been jailed since October 1993, serving just over 25 years behind bars.

Conservative Party MP **Clive Derby-Lewis**, who supplied the weapon Walus used to kill Hani, was sentenced to death for the murder in October 1993, along with Walus.

Their sentences were commuted to life imprisonment in November 2000.

Derby-Lewis was eventually released on medical parole. He had lung cancer and died at home in Pretoria in November 2016.

Hani's wife **Limpho** opposed their release on parole. 

End.