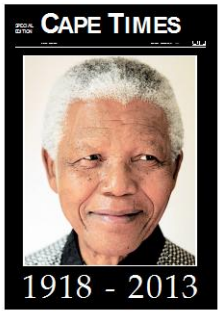
Newsletter 21.
A foot soldier remembers the Mandela family.
December 2013.



Dear friends,

The South African landscape is adorned with some worthy, and many not so worthy white men. Our towns, streets, buildings and history books still reflect, overwhelmingly, white history. It is the victors' history, the history of white conquest during colonial Dutch, then British and more recently apartheid rule.

It is appropriate that Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela's life is celebrated and honoured. All South African's irrespective of colour or race value what he stood for. Memory should remind those who come after us how freedom, peace, justice and democracy can, if not guarded, give way to tyranny, oppression and racism - in any society, any country, at any time.

But too often heroes are sanctified and elevated to become super human. This mystification caries the danger of simplification and can lead to crude adoration or hero-worship.

Between 1969 and 1994 my path crossed the path of Winnie, her daughters, but also that of Madiba. I got to know of the pressures both he and Winnie were subjected to by the cruel and sadistic Special Branch (SB). I witnessed how survival for them at times required them to climb mountains few people ever have to climb. I was at the other end of a telephone when Winnie screamed in despair because police agents attacked and firebombed her Soweto house and I saw the signature of Nelson when he was compelled to entrust his daughters into my care, someone who was a total stranger to him.

In the rough and tumble of the struggle I also had a serious disagreement with Madiba. My feeling is that he never forgave me. I bear no grudge, but intend to show that Nelson was human. We do him more justice this way than when we elevate him to a level where his choices and decisions appear super human.

My interactions with the Mandela's go back to the crisis years. Since 1994 I bumped into Winnie and her daughters only twice, once at a birthday party and once at a funeral.

But …

But Madiba, despite all the respect you deserve, you were too trusting in your dealings with those who have economic power. You short-changed the poor of our country by not questioning the neo-liberal economics, also described as Casino-capitalism, that rules our country now. The justice you wanted could not be served by asking the rich to make selective and inadequate charitable donations. Madiba, for me you remain a wonderful man whose generation brought an end to the biggest crime of all, the legally entrenched racism. But you were blinded when it came to levelling the economic playing field. Those who built South African empires when robbery was legal should not have become your friends and advisors and you should not have opened the door for new greedy empires to arise since 1994. They are trampling on the poor, and now the divide between the insiders and outsiders grows bigger than ever.

We are at a new crossroads today. Is the ANC you handed to the next generation capable of re-thinking the way we order things or are the new elites too attached to their comforts to change? Is democracy itself now under threat because the rich wanted you to continue the old economic order? Is mob rule, the type Julius Malema is capable of, possible?

Below, in chronological order, I record events that shaped my life, especially the 25 years from 1969 to 1994 when Winnie and Nelson's lives impacted on my own.

A reception hosted by Oliver and Adelaide Tambo in their Muswell Hill home in London to welcome Nelson Mandela after his release in 1990.
From the left Horst Kleinschmidt, ANC President Oliver Tambo and his wife Adelaide Tambo, Nelson Mandela and the writer's spouse Christine Crowley.

Not so much as a ripple.

During my school holidays in the winter of 1964, before I headed to university, Nelson Mandela was sentenced to life imprisonment. By a whisker he escaped the hangman's noose. The matter received scant attention. In our home, we as whites, felt that the government was doing its job and keeping us safe from black people seeking insurrection. What did affect and cause grave concern to my father was that my history teacher did not return to classes after the winter break. One month after Nelson Mandela started his sentence on Robben Island this history teacher, Frederick John Harris, member of the South African Liberal Party, on 24 July 1964, planted a powerful bomb in Johannesburg's white's only station; a stone's throw from where I went to school[1]. One woman was killed and others were wounded and maimed. Harris was quickly arrested, sentenced to death and hung before I wrote my end-of-year exams[2].

Harris had momentarily pierced the cocoon of our white complacency. If white society was to wake from the racial prison of our minds, we had a long way to travel yet.

I cannot be sure what the sum of the factors are that caused me to turn my back on the racist white world I had been socialized into. I credit my teacher Peter Horn, at the German School in Hillbrow, Johannesburg with having sown the first seeds that made me question the narrow and right-wing German world I grew up in. John Harris provided a further gentle nudge. As our history teacher, I recall, he provided us with study notes. The foolscap roneo pages he handed us were divided into two columns: on the one side was the official history, the one according to which we would pass our exams and on the other he offered us an alternative view, one that questioned 'separate development', the government's term for apartheid. His apparent fairness must have rubbed off on me. Many years later on a visit to Australia, out of respect, I paid a visit to his widow.

In 1965 at the University of the Witwatersrand (Wits), I pursued an arts degree to become a teacher myself. Wits was the terrain where my worldview changed firmly, first to become liberal and later broadly socialist. I also felt that apartheid could not be opposed by words alone. Statements needed to be followed up with actions.

Standing up for civil rights for the first time.

On 12 May 1969 Winnie Mandela, poet Wally Serote and around forty others were detained under the recently promulgated Terrorism Act. It provided the security police with the means to detain people and hold them incommunicado

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[1] I told my father that Harris had singled me out after class one day. Harris asked me about our family trips to Namibia. In particular he wanted to know about the South African-Botswana border the road took us along. Could one simply 'walk into Botswana' he wanted to know? Naively I affirmed. It later seemed that he was possibly planning an escape after the bombing.

[2] It was reported that he walked to the gallows singing *We Shall Overcome*, despite a broken jaw, caused by a blow from his interrogators.

for indefinite periods – no charge, no court appearance and no legal representation. Torture was used to extract confessions[3].

In the spring of that year, I marched with 350 Wits students from the campus to the police headquarters, John Vorster Square in downtown Johannesburg. We demanded the release of Winnie and the other accused. When sjambok-wielding police descended on us we sat down and were dragged into the police station. Together with 30 others, considered the instigators or leaders of the march, I was charged under the General Laws Amendment Act, also known as the Riotous Assemblies Act. We were eventually found guilty and made to pay a fine.

Winnie's endless ordeals.

Five months after her arrest in December 1969, Winnie and twenty-one others appeared in court on charges under the Suppression of Communism Act. The trial was known as 'The Trial of the 22' or the 'State vs. Samson Ndou and 21 others'. In 1970 the charges were dropped but their freedom was brief. They were immediately re-charged under the Terrorism Act. The charges were identical to the previous ones. The Terrorism Act made it easier for the state to secure convictions, but on 14 September 1970, Winnie and 20 of the accused were acquitted. Only one man, Benjamin Ramotse, kidnapped from a neighbouring country, was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. In all Winnie, on this occasion, spent 491 days either in detention or as an awaiting-trial prisoner. A week after her release Winnie was re-banned for a further five years.

The poster hanging from the pillars of the Great Hall at Wits University read: Release all Political Prisoners. The photo dates from 1967/68. From left to right: Cartoonist Franco Frescura (back to camera), Ilona Aronson, Horst Kleinschmidt, Jackie Bosman and Malcolm McCarthy.

Defending Academic Freedom.

In 1970 I served as Vice President of the virtually all white, liberal, National Union of South African Students (NUSAS). A central plank of our campaign was against the Government's erosion of Academic Freedom. The Government was closing every loophole that allowed universities the right over who was allowed to teach, who may be taught and ultimately what shall be taught. Our universities were systematically cleansed of any remaining black teachers and students.

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[3] For more about this read *491 Days, Prisoner number 1323/69,* published by Picador Africa in 2013. (ISBN 978-1-77010-330-6 or ePub ISBN 978-1-77010-331-3). The contents comprise the notes Winnie wrote in prison during her 1969-1970 detention. It is part biographical and part notes she prepared for her lawyer, David Soggott. David's wife recently discovered them in the Soggott's home in London. David died in 2010.

Inferior institutions were established for blacks on tribal lines, in remote rural areas.

Each year we organized an Academic Freedom lecture to remind students how our education had been impacted by the state's interference. In 1970 NUSAS invited senior British Labour Party politician, Denis Healey, to deliver the annual Academic Freedom lecture. I was designated to show him around South Africa. My task was to introduce him to those who wanted a South Africa free of racial oppression and authoritarian rule.

On the morning Healey arrived I drove him and Steve Biko[4] from Durban airport 300 kilometers north to rural Ulundi to meet Chief Gatsha Buthelezi at his rondavelled and modest headquarters in the heart of Zululand. Healey and I were treated to a fascinating repartee between the black student activist and the traditional chief and leader of the Zulu people. Sitting in deep chesterfield sofa's Steve wasted no time to challenge the Chief over what he called the Chief's collaboration with the apartheid state and the Chief responded by defending his model for a federal South Africa. Healey was particularly impressed with the stature and logic of Steve's arguments. He later wrote that he realized how British policy toward southern Africa had to adapt if Britain wanted to remain a geo-political player in this region[5].

Permission to go to Robben Island denied.

In Cape Town the British High Commissioner had succeeded to arrange that Healey go to Robben Island and meet with Nelson Mandela, a very rare concession. I was refused permission to join my guest to Robben Island. Healey's hour with Nelson took place in the prison commander's office whilst the High Commissioner kept the Commander busy in the other corner to keep him from eavesdropping. Despite that Nelson intimated that they should assume that there were bugs monitoring their conversation. Healey had met Nelson years earlier when he secretly visited London. Healey was struck how pale, nearly white Mandela now looked. He assumed that poor diet, work in the lime quarry and spending inordinately long ours in a cell was the cause. The visit was mostly symbolic and demonstrated to Nelson that the outside world had not forgotten about him and the other prisoners. Waiting for Healey to return at Cape Town's harbor I felt a first indirect, but tangible connection with South Africa's foremost prisoner.

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[4] Steve Biko and I had remained friends after he had lead the break-way from NUSAS to form the all-black South African Student Organisation (SASO). After that we were again colleagues when we both worked for a project sponsored by the Christian Institute and the South African Council of Churches.

[5] See, Denis Healey, *The Time of my Life*, 1989, pages xxxxxxxx


Shanti Naidoo, right with Christine Crowley. Shanti was detained with Winnie and sentenced to two months imprisonment for refusing to testify against Winnie. Shanti later took an "exit permit" to leave South Africa. She worked with me at IDAF in London. She was only allowed back to South Africa in the early 1990's.

In Johannesburg I took Healey to meet Shanti Naidoo who had recently been released from jail. After her detention she served two months imprisonment for refusing to testify against Winnie Mandela. Shanti spoke eloquently about her privations and torture, notably at the hands of one interrogator who had also tortured Winnie. His name was 'Rooi-Rus' Swanepoel, a lawless and violent individual feared by all detainees. We met Shanti at her Rocky Street home where her mother Amma supplied us with wonderful curry. Shanti's father was a close associate of Mahatma Ghandi before Ghandi went to India. All Shanti's siblings had spent varying times in detention and her brother Indres was serving a ten-year sentence for sabotage on Robben Island.


Denis Healey and Horst Kleinschmidt at Jan Smuts Airport in 1970. Healey served in several British Labour Party Cabinets but was a member of the Opposition when he visited South Africa.

'The person in our lounge is Winnie Mandela".

In 1972 I got to know Winnie Mandela. My then wife, Ilona and I had recently moved to the white middle-class suburb of Parkhurst in Johannesburg. We had moved into the house where banned former Franciscan monk Cosmas Desmond was serving a five-year banning order, a form of house arrest[6]. The Government had banned him for his fervent campaign that exposed yet another side of apartheid, the removal of remaining enclaves of black people living in white designated South Africa. Much to the anger of apartheid's rulers, Cosmas' book, *The Discarded People,* had received worldwide attention. The removal of 'black spots' meant forcibly destroying black homes, loading the people and their

[6] On the basis of recommendations by the Security Police the Minister could impose such orders on people they considered should be restricted. You could not appeal against the order nor were you given reasons why such order was imposed on you. The Minister acted in terms of the Suppression of Communism Act. The label 'communist' was stuck on anyone the Minister viewed as an opponent.

possessions onto trucks and then dumping them in waterless and barren land in the newly proclaimed 'homelands'.

As a banned person Cosmas was subjected to a range of restrictions. He was prohibited from being with more than one other person at any time. He could not leave his house from six in the evening until six the next morning. On weekends he could not leave his home at all. He further had to sign-in at a police station once a week. But the banning order said nothing about us dividing the rooms in his house into two sides, one in which he lived and the other in which we lived. If the police came to raid us, as they frequently did, we could demonstrate that we lived 'separately'. We shared only the kitchen. After carefully drawing the curtains at night, even taping them to the walls, our visitors and we would provide Cosmas with company, or indeed hold meetings. Every time there was the dreaded knock on the door Cosmas would retreat to his side of the house. The Security Police watched our house round the clock. The glowing end of cigarettes of the shadowy men in their standard issue unmarked police cars told us that 'they' were watching us. Boredom or meanness led them to raid our home frequently. Rushing through the door they sought evidence that Cosmas had broken the conditions of his order. If two people visited us they wanted to see if there might be five instead of four glasses around the dining table.

One evening my wife Ilona and I came home from work at the Christian Institute to find someone sitting in 'our' lounge. She had been let in by the house-help. The visitor introduced herself to me as Winnie Mandela. I rushed to Ilona who was putting away the shopping in the kitchen and whispered: "The woman in our lounge is Winnie Mandela". She was not allowed to meet with Cosmas because two banned persons were forbidden to meet. She asked us to be the alibi whereby she could talk with him but as soon as the knock on the door came she would become *our* visitor in *our* part of the house. We came to know her over several visits. It was none of our business what they talked about but over time I gleaned that they were involved in operating an escape route for people having to flee the country and wanting to join the exile movement, to gain an education or to be trained as guerrilla fighters.

The picture shows Cosmas Desmond (banned in 1971), Rev. Dale White of the Wilgerspruit Fellowship Centre and David de Beer (banned in 1972), during a service at St. George's Anglican Church, Parktown North, Johannesburg. Cosmas broke at least three conditions of his banning order on this occasion: His house-arrest disallowed him from leaving his home on Sundays, he was not allowed to be with more than one other person at any given time but at St. George's he addressed the congregation. Thirdly he was not ever to be with another banned person – here he is seen with fellow

restricted person, David de Beer. Because of the surveillance of our house in Parkhurst, Cosmas had to be smuggled to church under a blanket behind the front seat on the floor of my car. The decoy was prepared in our garage. Ilona then opened the doors and together we drove past the men in their safari suits, with our contraband stowed away behind us. Nobody in the congregation informed on the event and Cosmas and David were never prosecuted for this infringement of their banning orders.

Winnie was a subdued, rather shy person in those days. On Sundays she attended mass at St. Mary's Anglican Cathedral in Johannesburg. Here she met with great circumspection, Helen Joseph[7], another banned person. They had both registered to study theology through the correspondence university of South Africa, UNISA.

In her Soweto house Winnie suffered repeated attacks intended to terrorise her. Gangs of men in the service of the Security Police, would break her doors down and even rip off the flat roof of her 'match-box' house in the dark of night. On occasions and only if the operator at the manual exchange obliged, she would call us. In the dead of night, hysterical with fear, she screamed for help. We did not know how to provide real help. All we could do was to alert the media and the good Dr. Nthato Motlana[8], one of the handful of Sowetan's with a phone. The attackers were normally gone by the time he brought help.

Winnie Mandela, banned at the time, but after her release after she spent 491 days in detention.

In an endeavour to protect her I raised money privately to have a fence erected around her home – no real solution but it provided an imagined deterrent. No sooner was the fence built than the "Department of Bantu Affairs" told us to remove the northern boundary wall as it failed to correspond with the surveyed boundary of her tiny yard. We argued that we had the wall erected exactly where

[7] Helen Joseph, a white woman had marched with black women to the Union Buildings in Pretoria in 1956, protesting against the infamous pass laws.
[8] Dr. Motlana was an outspoken critic of apartheid and prominent medical doctor, living with his wife and children in Soweto.

previously Nelson had planted a struggling hedge. Back came the answer: he planted the hedge illegally on 'Bantu Affairs' land that was not his. We had to replace the wall.

The uncle in the white suburb.

Winnie was detained and arrested many times but on the 14th October 1974, the Appeal Court halved Winnie's prison sentence from twelve months to six months. Although she had spent numerous stints in jail under the detention laws this was the first time a court had sentenced her to imprisonment. She and Peter Magubane[9], a well-known press photographer who was also serving a banning order, had been caught talking to each other. The evidence that lead to their conviction was that Winnie had entered Peter's van to join her daughters for a snack at lunchtime. Had it not been raining they might have eaten on the sidewalk. No black eateries were permitted to operate in Johannesburg at the time.

When parents are incarcerated the state appoints a guardian to look after the children. Surprising, as it may seem, apartheid applied this rule also to black parents and in Winnie and Nelson's case one might have expected the appointment of rather unsuitable guardians. The courageous and loyal defence counsel of both Nelson and Winnie, George Bizos, suddenly turned to Winnie as she was about to be lead away to the holding cells under the court. The question of guardianship had to be dealt with there and then. I was one of only a few people in court that day. Winnie beckoned me to come to join her and George. Also with her were daughters Zenani and Zindziwe, fifteen and fourteen years old respectively. Zindzi was quietly sobbing and I heard Winnie sternly saying to her: Don't ever, ever let those SBs see that you cry; never in front of them. Then Winnie asked if my wife and I would look after her teenage daughters during her imprisonment[10].

George indicated that this required Nelson's approval. He would immediately arrange to obtain it. When I said that Nelson would not know who I was, after all, I was still at school when he was sentenced, Winnie responded that he was well informed and would have read about me. I was gob-smacked.

When the Mandela daughters were not at the elite Waterford boarding school in Swaziland they stayed in the parental home at No. 8115, Orlando West, Soweto.

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[9] Peter Magubane is internationally recognized for his photo's taken in the heat of confrontations with the police. Books of his photo's bear visual testimony to the time we lived in. I have, to this day, the Nikkormat 35mm camera he sold me on the day he was sentenced. He sold it to support his young daughter during his incarceration.

[10] The Mandela daughters were physically looked after by members of both Nelson's and Winnie's families during her long periods of detention. The guardianship matter did not arise for as long as she was detained as opposed when she was sentenced to serve a prison sentence as a result of a judge's verdict. In her book *491 Days*, Winnie describes the various problems that arose with relatives spending time with Zenani and Zindziwe. At one point she says in her notes from prison, that she wants someone other than a relative to look after the girls.

Sir Robert and Lady Birley in England paid their school fees[11]. I knew the house but I was hardly able to exercise parental control. I lived in a white suburb twenty kilometres away. For me to enter Soweto I needed a permit in which I had to give reasons for my visit. Other than the police and government officials, whites hardly knew where Soweto was. Permits where refused as a matter of course. I had mostly entered the area illegally. Soweto was controlled by a single access road and you took your chances on the stretch of road through no-man's land between Johannesburg and Soweto, hoping there was no police roadblock. On the occasions when I obtained a permit it stated ominously and consistent with white fear and racism, "Any person entering any Location, Bantu Village or Bantu Hostel does so at his own risk".


City of Johannesburg

Stad Johannesburg

NON-EUROPEAN AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT

AFDELING NIE-BLANKE SAKE

PERMIT

ANY PERSON ENTERING ANY LOCATION, BANTU VILLAGE OR BANTU HOSTEL DOES SO AT HIS OWN RISK.

ENIGIEMAND WAT 'N LOKASIE, BANTOEDORP OF BANTOETEHUIS BINNE-GAAN, DOEN DIT OP SY EIE RESIKO.

HOLDER'S SIGNATURE/HANDTEKENING VAN HOUER.

MANAGER / BESTUURDER

The permit that allowed me to enter Soweto from 2pm to 5.30pm on 10 October 1968. It allowed me to go to the YMCA building in Soweto only. I represented the South African Institute of Race Relations to welcome Thami Mazwai home after completing his sentence on Robben Island.

Fortunately I found a man who had recently completed his sentence on Robben Island and, as luck had it, he lived in the same street where Winnie was bringing up her children. The wiry ex prisoner became my strict and stern proxy. Both girls came to see me regularly at my Christian Institute offices. Being teenagers they tested me to the limits, especially when they wanted me to countermand the chiding exercised by the ex political prisoner in their street. And they wanted me to buy them things, like a guitar, claiming their mother's authority, something I

[11] Sir Robert Birley was a former Headmaster of Eaton College, England and taught at Wits University in the late 1960's and early 70's when I got to know him socially. After the World War II he became the UK envoy to West Germany to help re-design the German Education system. The most memorable insight I have is of him commenting on the German 'Berufsverbot' a law enacted in the West German Parliament at the time. According to it, communists would be prohibited employment in the civil service. Birley said of this: How stupid of the German's to pass such a law. In Britain we don't need such a law, we would just know who the communists were and make sure they did not get jobs.

was unable to verify. I consented to many purchases with money provided by the Christian Institute head, the Rev. Beyers Naude, but I refused to buy the guitar.

Winnie spent the first month of her sentence in the Fort, an old Victorian redbrick building, ten minutes from my office. Later she was moved to a prison in Kroonstad, several hours away. When she was released on 13 April 1975 my own freedom was about to expire. In September that year I was detained under the Terrorism Act, never charged and released again months later[12]. In April 1976 I fled South Africa, fearing re-arrest.

Weathering the storm, but the scars tell tales.

Winnie's tormentors had not finished with her. Besides her banning order she was, in May 1977, banished from Soweto to the township of Brandfort[13]. It was gulag South African style. The people of Brandfort location were domestic and farm workers who had little if any education. They were Southern Sotho speakers. Winnie was the sole isiXhosa speaker and by far the most educated amongst them. The next most educated man was the local black policeman. Ominously he placed a crate of beer outside her front door on Friday evenings. He hoped to entice her to drink with him.

Nelson Mandela after his release in 1990 with Ilona Aronson, the author's former wife, our daughter Zindzi (in the foreground), and Priscilla Jana, a human rights lawyer who acted for detainees and political prisoners in countless trials funded by IDAF. Ilona served six months imprisonment for refusing to give evidence against Winnie (see *Newsletter 18 – Beyers Naudé,* of July 2013).

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[12] Part of my detention was served in Pretoria Central Prison, the same prison Winnie was released from months earlier. However she was in the Women's prison for blacks, I was in the male prison for whites.

[13] In *491 Days*, Winnie, in notes given to her lawyer David Soggott, records: "Major Swanepoel said for as long as there are trials and incursions they would never recommend such release [the release of Winnie] but if [she] kept quiet like Mrs. Sobukwe we would have our husbands back if only my husband would promise to be neutral. One thing I should know however is that it is the end of me in the urban area of Johannesburg. They will recommend that I should be repatriated if and when I leave prison". When she was released she was indeed banished to Brandfort.

These were the loneliest and most testing times for Winnie. Ishmail Ayob, both Winnie and Nelson's legal representative,[14] told us in London in the early 1980s that if ever she believed that the struggle could not be won, such thoughts had entered her mind then. He reported that at times she thought they had succeeded; that Nelson would die on the Island and she would die in Brandfort and that they had lost the last battle. She got little news in Brandfort and her only lifeline was when she was visited by her daughters or by her attorney. My impression is that Winnie changed in the time she spent in Brandfort. She became hard and bitter. Her years were slipping away. Her loneliness and lack of intellectual stimulation was far worse than the poverty she had to cope with.

Eventually she left Brandfort defiantly, risking further arrest and became a hardened and flawed activist. Nelson overcame the humiliations in the stone quarry of Robben Island. Winnie was not so fortunate.

Exile ended my plans for a legal career.

Had I stayed in South Africa plans were in place that I serve articles at Ayob's law firm and take up a legal career. Exile brought an end to that. After I fled in April 1976 I represented the Christian Institute's external mission from an office in Utrecht, Netherlands. My mandate ended abruptly eighteen months later when on 19 October 1977, more darkness descended on South Africa. First my friend and colleague, Steve Biko[15] was killed whilst being held by the Security Police. A month later all Black Consciousness organisations as well as the Christian Institute were banned. The officials of the banned organisations, were themselves served with banning orders. The Government took all property of the organisations. They also appropriated the bank accounts. The organisation I represented no longer existed and my colleagues were forced into silence. Yet again apartheid had snuffed out a layer of legal opposition[16].

The United Nations Security Council condemns the bannings.

Immediately after the October 1977 bannings, assisted by the ANC[17], I flew to New York and was able to address the United Nations Security Council on the

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[14] Ishmail Ayob was the attorney who acted for Nelson on Robben Island and for Winnie. Ayob was dismissed as Nelson Mandela's lawyer in later years for assuming roles in regard to the Mandela family considered inappropriate.

[15] I met Steve at the NUSAS annual conference at Wits University in 1967. He happened to sit opposite me at the gala dinner on the last evening. When we all sang *Die Stem van Suid Afrika*, the national anthem of white South Africa, he remained seated and silent. When we sat down he stood up and alone sang *Nkosi Sikelel iAfrika*. I had never heard it before. The leadership at the main table were politically attuned and did not stop Steve in his powerful rendition. Whispers went round my end of the table that what he sang was illegal. I admired his courage and told him so. We became friends. He invited me to come to Durban where I visited him and his associates on several occasions. This was before Black Consciousness organisations had been formed. Later Steve was the Deputy of the Black Community Programmes and I the Deputy of the White Community Programmes of the Study Project of Christianity in Apartheid Society (SPRO-CAS).

[16] See *Newletter 18 – Beyers Náude* of July 2013.

[17] In New York I stayed with the ANC Chief Representative to the UNO, Johnnie Makhathini. Bill Johnston who ran the wonderful organization, Episcopal Church People for Southern Africa, assisted me in the preparation of my speech.

bannings. I called for international sanctions to be increased[18]. I made the obvious point that by banning individuals and organisations the apartheid Government was forcing new swathes of society into the underground. The apartheid rulers, I argued, were leading South Africa into a cauldron of civil war. And I warned that Western Governments needed to halt their support of apartheid. I described how the Soweto uprising of 1976 had already sent thousands of youngsters into exile, their sole desire being to train militarily and become part of a guerrilla force. The 1977 bannings would escalate the flow of people into exile. This repeated what Nelson Mandela faced in 1960 when the ANC was outlawed. Another generation would now see no other option than armed resistance to improve their situation in the country of their birth.

The United States of America, the United Kingdom, West Germany and France were staunch supporters of apartheid. Refugees from South Africa gained access to these countries in exceptional circumstances only. Instead Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union and East Germany in particular, were the ready-made havens for South African refugees. In this way the cold war moulded the shape of Africa. Very slowly and only after massive efforts by the ANC and our allied solidarity movements in western countries, did the west distance itself from apartheid and counter the image that they supported racist white authoritarian states in Africa whilst the 'communist east' supported Black aspirations, freedom and the overthrow of authoritarian regimes[19]. When the Security Council discussed the 1977 bannings, every member proceeded to condemn the South African Government, some forthrightly but the west with its usual reserve.

Exile had personal consequences for me also. Ilona, my wife, chose not to join me in exile but rather carry on the struggle inside the country. Our daughter was not yet two years old when I fled. Even then I had not seen much of her because of my detention. The Mandela lawyer, Ishmail Ayob assisted Ilona and me with the divorce proceedings. When it was all over Ilona and I sent a joint letter to all our friends that we had separated but that our relationship remained cordial and supportive of each other.

After I left South Africa Ilona served six months in prison for refusing to testify against Winnie in what were yet more trumped up charges against Winnie. Although I wanted to return home to look after our daughter this would have been virtual suicide. A new trial was in the making that had motivated my exile[20].

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[18] My address to the Security Council was delayed for several days whilst the Soviet and USA Ambassadors argued over whether I should be allowed to speak. The Soviets said my right to speak would create an unwarranted precedent whilst the US argued that an exception should be made on this occasion. In reality this had to do with the cold war and geo-politics. I cannot be sure, but Johnnie Makhathini, the ANC representative, who introduced me, was not a Soviet insider and thus I lacked credentials with them. Instead Johnnie had gone to the US to broach the subject of my address.

[19] After I addressed the United Nations Security Council I was invited by Democrat Senator Dick Clarke to address a United States Senate Sub-Committee which he chaired. It was an early sign of a slow and limited shift in policy by the USA.

[20] The trial was eventually known as the 'Tokyo Sexwale and others trial". Prior to me fleeing South Africa I had worked closely with and assisted accused number six, Magalies Martin Ramokghadi. He had previously served ten years on Robben Island and in this trial was sentenced to a further 7 years. The cars I rented for him had all carried arms from Swaziland to the Transkei – an effort to oppose the sham Homeland

My speeches throughout Europe and North America would be viewed as treasonable and lead to my arrest if I arrived back home.

Zindzi, my daughter, named after Nelson and Winnie daughter, was refused a passport until she was nine years of age. Even then she was granted a passport that only allowed her to visit Israel to attend a cousins bar mitzvah. I visited her there in Jerusalem in 1984.

Ilona regularly applied for her and Zindzi to get passports. At one point the heroic lone representative for the Progressive Party in the South African Parliament, Helen Suzman asked the Minister to provide Zindzi with a passport. His response stands printed in Hansard, the Parliamentary record: I know the age of the applicant, I will still refuse to issue her with a passport.

Zindzi and I have grown closer in subsequent years but the void caused by our separation during her first nine years cannot be totally erased.

New beginnings after the bannings.


Tannie Ilse and Oom Bey in July 1981 in the garden of their home in Hoylake Road, Greenside, Johannesburg. At the time Beyers was serving the 4th year of his banning order.

After the bannings we had to look for new ways to carry on the struggle. The first matter to clarify was if there was an on-going role for the Christian Institute. Should we reconstitute the Christian Institute as an underground organisation? Should a Confessing Church, such as Dietrich Bonnhoeffer was part of during Nazi Germany be established? Should we join forces with the ANC or maybe the PAC? Some felt we should make common cause with the Black Consciousness Movement (BCM) who wanted to start their own underground structure, with their own guerrilla army. There were more questions. What was our attitude to violence as propagated by the exile groups? What of the Soviet links the ANC had, or the links of the PAC to China? Could BCM steer clear of the geo-political forces or would it be driven into the West's fold? Would BCM be credible if was perceived to have western support? After a period of intense debate and letters smuggled into and out of the country, the main thrust of those whom I worked with, believed a third liberation front, pursued by BCM was both not desirable, nor was it likely to happen. People like Oliver Tambo, the President of the ANC,

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independence apartheid forced on to South Africa. Several of the accused in the trial had been abducted from independent Swaziland.

persuaded us that the ANC was a broad church and that our support for it required neither us joining the Communist Party nor that we had to subscribe to its military wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe. Beyers Naude and others would also continue to find ways of building bridges between BCM and the ANC.

Intense behind the scenes activity did not however provide me with salary indefinitely. In April 1979 I accepted work with the International Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa at its offices in London. Besides an income the move to London afforded me closer contact with the ANC who had offices in London. An intense period started now in which I worked for a salary in the daytime and, without remuneration, worked with the ANC during evenings and weekends.

Oliver Tambo, Thabo Mbeki and Aziz Pahad urged me to facilitate dialogue between the ANC and Christian leaders in South Africa. The ANC established an Interfaith Committee on which I served. To protect this work I was to remain 'a friend of the ANC' rather than a card carrying member. This meant that I would not attend any ANC meetings. Ordinary ANC members were told that I was close to the ANC but was not ready to join. I was also able to say to my internal network that, if ever the SB asked about me, that I was not a member.

Re-building the internal underground.

The Mandela's attorney Ishmail Ayob was a critical link. He had the right to visit both Winnie and Nelson and he had a passport to travel abroad. His role had to be protected at all cost. If his passport would be confiscated a major part of our communication would collapse. Contact between him and the ANC, when he visited London, had to be arranged with utmost care. We had to elude the spies operating from the SA Embassy on Trafalgar Square.

We were being spied upon. Former spy Gordon Winter[21] provides evidence of this when he was a spy on the streets of London. During Margaret Thatcher's rule South African agents even bombed the ANC office in Islington, North London.

I also introduced Ishmail Ayob, once again with great circumspection, to Canon Collins of the International Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa (IDAF) in London. We arranged that funding would go to Winnie, via Ayob, on a regular basis. IDAF was also a banned organisation in South Africa but Canon Collins had put in place an elaborate network to send money into South Africa. With the help of London barristers, all originally from South Africa, Canon Collins designed a conduit that lasted from the time IDAF was banned in 1966 until its unbanning in 1990. For twenty-four years the recipients of our money, and indeed the Security Branch, never obtained evidence that the money had come from IDAF. The spy Craig Williamson tried hard to break the system so that South African attorneys could be prosecuted for receiving funds from an illegal source. In testimony to

[21] *Inside BOSS: South Africa's secret police* by Gordon Winter. Penguin, 1981. **ISBN**014005751X.

the Truth and Reconciliation Commission (after 1994) he conceded that his objective to bust the IDAF operation never succeeded.

A City of London barrister, a partner at the law firm Pennington's, was known amongst IDAF staff only as Mr X. Mr X, Bill Frankel in real life, never visited our offices. For years our meeting place was a row of pews at the back of St. Paul's Cathedral. Bill was the 'cut-out' who received his instructions from IDAF and he then engaged the services of other European law firms who interacted directly with our trusted attorney's in South Africa. All letters and funds had to pass through this route. This way the source of the money was successfully obscured. It provided comfort to the recipients and they could claim, when asked by the SB, that they had no connection with the outlawed IDAF.

Through IDAF, Nelson and Winnie's legal costs were covered, as were Winnie's trips to Robben Island. Additionally Nelson, the trained lawyer, exploited every angle to improve the lot of the whole prison population on Robben Island, including that of the prisoners from Namibia, the country South Africa occupied in contravention of the United Nations resolutions. The prison rules Nelson tested and tried to exploit required Ayob to see Nelson ever more frequently. In this way communication between the exile organisation, the internal structures and the prison leadership on Robben Island was significantly strengthened.

Over its 35-year existence IDAF paid for the legal representation of thousands of detainees and trialists, for the education of several thousand prisoners, either so they could complete their schooling or more often to pay for one, two or three university degrees through UNISA, the correspondence university. The families of the incarcerated were also provided with funds. We paid for the education of the prisoner's children and for an annual trip to Robben Island. A separate operation was set up to make this work. The paper trail with the evidence of all the transactions is housed at the Mayibuye Archive at the University of the Western Cape. It was shipped from London after 1994 in two ships containers.

IDAF origins go back to 1956. The first office was in the basement under Canon John and Diana Collins' house at Amen Court, adjacent to St. Paul's Cathedral[22]. When I started work for IDAF in 1979, I worked closely with Canon Collins and the organisation's General Secretary, Phyllis Altman. My office was in the basement of Amen Court. Quite often I was asked to come up from our dank and windowless office space to join the Canon for a sherry before lunch (half dry and half sweet, the Canon would insist) to tell him the latest of what went on in South Africa and whether our operations provided the required level of support. Some time in 1980 'the Canon', as we called him, asked me to accompany him to a UNESCO conference in Paris. At a reception Canon Collins sidled up to the Soviet Ambassador, reminding him that they had met when the Ambassador was

[22] The Defence and Aid Fund history goes back to the Treason Trial of 1956. The first money was raised from a congregation who attended a Sunday service at St. Paul's Cathedral. Committees were set up in Cape Town and Johannesburg to administer the further funds he raised. Canon Collins was British Air Force Chaplin during WWII, lead the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) with Bertrand Russell and was the inspiration for IDAF during its legal operation from 1956 – 1966 and after 1966 when he established the clandestine operation.

stationed in London. After initial pleasantries Canon Collins said to him: You disappointed me when I suggested that the USSR arrange to liberate Nelson Mandela from Robben Island with the help of a Soviet submarine. This sounded crazy, and not surprisingly the Soviet Ambassador retorted with a gruff voice: The Soviet Union does not engage in histrionics of such a kind.

Piling on the pressure for all Political Prisoners to be released.

Campaigning for a cause required different strategies. The Anti-Apartheid Movements (AAMs), throughout the world and all their allied structures, guided by the ANC, serve as a role model for campaigning to this day. In the UK and elsewhere we constantly had to gain new converts. We needed the support of the political centre in western countries. Conservatives should find themselves more and more isolated.

One such example was to have a bust of Nelson erected in front of Queen Elisabeth Hall, on London's South Bank.

What did Nelson look like? He had not been seen since he was sentenced to lifelong imprisonment in 1964. When the Greater London Council commissioned Ian Walters to sculpt a bust of Nelson, Walters faced a major challenge. Should he rely on photographs of Nelson the young man or should he imagine what age and prison had done to his face? We introduced Walters to Nelson's lawyer Ayob. Ayob could not draw, but he made suggestions to a series of sketches Walters drew. Eventually a seeming likeness emerged. The bust was unveiled on London's South Bank in 1985. It was torched a year later by right wing thugs. It was recast and put on a higher plinth. Now it stands outside Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, London[23].

The most dramatic and effective plan the British AAM ever devised was to mobilize the world's popular bands and their illustrious singers to perform together and collectively call for Nelson Mandela's and all other prisoner's release.

On June 11, 1988 the British Anti-Apartheid Movement organized a *Nelson Mandela 70th Birthday Tribute Concert* of popular-music at Wembley Football Stadium, London. I was asked to serve on the organizing committee. The all-day music fest was a massive success broadcast to 67 countries to an estimated audience of 600 million people. The name of Nelson Mandela could no longer be wiped away. Free Nelson Mandela became a global slogan[24].

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[23] Since August 2007 there is a further statue of Nelson Mandela in Parliament Square, London. Walters sculpted this statue also but died before it was unveiled.

[24] In 1989 Archbishop Trevor Huddleston and I travelled to several far eastern countries. He had access to governments at the very top and we wanted more governments to commit funds to IDAF. In India we met with Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, in Australia with former Labour Party Prime Minister Bob Hawk and in Malaysia we met with the Deputy Foreign Minister. In Japan we failed to meet senior government officials but the 'Arch' had contacts to the Buddhist Monks and we saw them as likely allies. One morning we travelled to Kobe with the bullet train. Then we took a bus up a steep mountain before having to climb countless steps to the temple. - Japan can be disconcerting when you don't know the language and cannot

Winnie Mandela visited the IDAF offices in Islington, London in the early 1990s. Also in the picture are IDAF staff, including Themba Luxomo, Harlene Jasset, May Brutus (between Winnie and Horst) and Eleanor Khanyile whose husband was killed in Matola when South African troops entered Maputo, Mazambique to bomb a house in which William her husband and others stayed.

Our efforts finally pay off.

After decades of campaigning against apartheid we felt in 1990 as though our efforts were finally paying off. At last President de Klerk conceded that apartheid was morally indefensible. On 2 February he announced in Parliament that Nelson Mandela would be released unconditionally. He also lifted the ban on all organisations. This included the Communist Party banned in 1950, the ANC and PAC banned in 1960 and IDAF in 1966. From here on IDAF operated openly and, technically I could even travel to South Africa[25].

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read a single sign. Here we were on our own and not sure what awaited us. After removing our shoes we were shown into a small room in this ancient building, but when the door to this room opened nothing could connect us more to our hosts: facing us was an IDAF poster of Nelson above which stood the words, *Release Nelson Mandela*.

[25] My first visit back to South Africa forcefully reminded me of the days before I left South Africa fifteen years earlier. I had flown to Johannesburg with the head of our prisoner welfare programme, Peggy Stevenson, a fellow refugee. At what was then called Jan Smuts Airport, we stood in the 'foreigner' queue, filled with apprehension. Neither of us had yet had our South African citizenship restored. Behind the customs official of our queue stood a man with dark glasses. We correctly assumed that he was from the SB and was anticipating us. When we got to the customs official he gave my travel document one look and pressed a button under his desk. The conspicuous SB man came over and the customs man said nothing other than, *hier is hulle* (here they are). We were marched off to an office and told we could not enter South Africa. A string of SB men came to the room where we awaited our fate, to take a close look at us. We were not afforded a phone. I had argued that lawyers were waiting for us outside but this did not impress the grey men who oozed hostility. We assumed we'd be sent back to London but a few hours later a seemingly friendly young SB officer arrived and said he had to come all the way from Pretoria. Yes, he knew who we

On 11 February 1990 I stood with thousands of others in Trafalgar Square waiting for Nelson's release, for news of his emergence from prison. Rumours abounded that de Klerk would renege on his promise to release Madiba. And then, Bob Hughes MP, and the Chairperson of the Anti-Apartheid Movement, announced that Nelson had, moments earlier been seen leaving prison. We could hardly believe it and our next fear was that he might be assassinated as soon as he was in public view. A few hours later he stood on the balcony of Cape Town's old Town Hall and made his first speech. Our exhilaration as exiles was unimaginable. We exchanged tears and hugs with friends and strangers alike. The tipping point to a new era was reached, whatever challenges lay ahead.

After his release, in 1990, , Nelson and Winnie Mandela were welcomed by the South African exile community in Camden Town Hall, London. Here I meet Madiba for the first time.

Two months after Nelson's release, on 16 April 1990, we organized a further concert at Wembley Stadium. This time Nelson Mandela was on the stage. We billed it *Nelson Mandela: An International Tribute for a Free South Africa*. It was again broadcast around the world. He was on stage for 45 minutes, of which the first eight minutes was taken up by a standing ovation. He called for sanctions against South Africa to be maintained and for people across the world to continue to press for apartheid's abolition. Negotiations for a new order were yet a distant dream.

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were and that our entry could not be halted after the un-banning the President had announced earlier that year. He apologized for the hold up and we were afforded visitor's visas. That was not the end of my troubles with the SBs though. I was followed wherever I went and at one point had my hotel room broken into. That story is for another time.

My ticket to the concert that was an international reception for Nelson Mandela held in Wembley Football Stadium of 16 April 1990. He was free at last and standing in the flesh before us.

Meeting the man for whose freedom we campaigned.

During his London visit I met Nelson personally for the first time. I met him in Camden Town Hall moments before he was to address the huge South African exile community. Winnie at his side explained who I was and he greeted me warmly.

Alas, I did not hear him address us. The Mandela parents asked me to take my erstwhile charges, Zeni and Zindzi, now big strapping young ladies, to buy them coats as they were shivering in the London wintery air. I had no choice. As we drove toward Oxford Street they indicated that no other store than Harrods would do. I could hardly hide my dismay. It was a place for the super rich. What changed them and their values, I asked myself? I had never been into Harrods and indicated that it was far too expensive, especially if I was to foot the bill. I suggested Marks and Spencer's, but they demurred. We compromised on Debenhams.

Nelson Mandela autographs the book "The struggle is my life", published by the International Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa (IDAF) during Mandela's imprisonment. Winnie is on his right. Horst Kleinschmidt, Director of IDAF is handing the book to him.

Dark clouds gathering.

The year that gave us back Nelson and allowed our organisations to operate legally once more, soon soured for the Mandela family. On 24 September 1990 Winnie was charged with kidnapping and assault. Charged with her were seven members of her so-called Football Club, some charged with the murder of 'Stompie' Seipei Moeketsi. He had been killed in December 1988. Moeketsi was a teenage boy who had displayed exceptionally early skills as an orator and activist. Despite this the Football Club abducted him, accused him of being a spy, took him to Winnie's house, tortured and killed him. Jerry Richardson was, it seems, the hidden hand in it all. He was a member of the Football Club who at the same time was an agent of the SBs. I was regularly present when Thabo Mbeki and other leaders discussed how Winnie was being compromised and how this would affect the standing of Nelson and the ANC.

I was familiar with the issues surrounding the Football Club ever since Winnie returned to Soweto from Brandfort without her banishment order having been rescinded. Oddly the SB never charged her for returning to Soweto. The Football Club, she claimed was established for the political mobilisation of the township youth. ANC leaders had told Ayob on his London visits to convey to Winnie that she had to disband this group of thuggish youngsters. The call to disband the group pre-dated the murder of Stompie. Our sources in Soweto told us that members of the Football Club were in the employ of the Security Police and for as long as they surrounded her she could not be trusted. Ayob told us that these warnings had fallen on deaf ears. In London we supported a group of senior leaders, mostly clergy in Soweto and Johannesburg (including the Rev. Frank Chikane and Ds. Beyers Naude) to demand that she disband the group. She refused all advice.

In the late 1980's the apartheid state was increasingly unable to exert the rudiments of administration to black South Africa. The state was no longer the authority or the law. As the protests grew more areas became ungovernable. But people wanted to lay charges against criminals, they wanted justice, they needed hospitals and at least a functioning Post Office. To the extent that state institutions were still physically present, they were not trusted, police stations least of all.

Revolutionary organisations are never able to quickly replace the old order with a functioning new order. Not the ANC, let alone the PAC, and also not the UDF had the wherewithal to assist people in the void of governance that existed. Ordinary citizens turned to Winnie, believing that she should arbitrate or act. After all she was the most tangible symbol of the ANC. They expected the ANC to fill the void. In exile we were stunned with the many requests she was facing. The reality was that the ANC had no machinery on the ground to provide authority, support or guidance. Despite a decision at the 1985 ANC Kabwe (Zambia) conference that the time had come to put senior leaders back into the country, this had not happened. Operation Vula, an underground task team that included senior ANC exiled leaders, gave some expression to the Kabwe call to bring the ANC leadership back home. Only four senior members secretly

established themselves in the country. They were Jacob Zuma, Ronnie Kasrils, Zimpiwe Nyanda and Mac Maharaj. But this was late in the day and hardly could address the needs of that Winnie was presented with.

From abroad we saw that Winnie assumed responsibility for matters utterly beyond her capacity. When her orders could not be carried out the Football Club enforced them. The situation ran out of control speedily. She was averse to accept advice, even from Ma Sisulu, the other senior 'prisoner' widow in Soweto. Ma Sisulu commanded immense respect and had acted wisely throughout. We heard that communication between her and Winnie had broken down.

Winnie's role in what happened to Stompie remains contentious to this day.

Funding the 'Stompie' trial.

Ayob, the defence lawyer asked IDAF to fund her trial. After weighing up the issues we declined to pay. This seemed a criminal as opposed to politically motivated trial. IDAF had defended political opponents for nearly half a century and had gained the trust of many Governments who made generous donations to us. The governments of Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland paid IDAF amounts annually that made us one of Britain's top not-for-profit charities. We had close to 200 trusted attorneys and advocates in South Africa. The abduction, torture and murder of a child accused by dubious men was counter to our mandate.

Winnie's legal Council did not share the IDAF view and soon got Nelson to intervene. George Bizos, the senior advocate in the case and others argued that Winnie and her accused, besides being not guilty unless proven otherwise in a court of law, was a victim of a web of machinations by the security police. They argued that apartheid agents were doing all they could to destroy the Mandela name, a last gasp by the de Klerk regime to weaken the ANC in the impending negotiations process.

Winnie and Horst at IDAF in London in 1990, before Winnie was charged.

In the early morning after my 45th birthday party (October 1990[26]) the phone rang in our North Islington, London home. Maura, a visitor from Ireland picked up the phone. The voice at the other end said: Good morning, this is Nelson Mandela speaking, can I speak to Horst Kleinschmidt? Quick as a whistle, thinking it was a hoax she retorted: And this is the Queen of England speaking, and she put down the phone. Then she thought better of it and woke me. Moments later the phone rang again. I apologised and Nelson made light of the gaffe. After a late night out I had to quickly gather my wits. Politely but firmly he suggested that his wife should be afforded the funds that would pay for her defence. I explained what motivated our decision but promised IDAF would review the merits of the case, but could make no promise.

That morning I set off to meet retired Archbishop Trevor Huddleston at his tiny flat in the precinct of a church in London's Pall Mall. He was the wise and experienced chairperson of the IDAF Board. We agonised over our decision but felt the matter required the view of all Trustees. When the Board[27] met they decided to reverse the earlier decision and we started funding the Stompie trial. Our decision had far-reaching consequences.

ie, outside the IDAF offices in early 1990. Passers-by identified her vanted her signature. On the right is Sister Bernard Ncube, also a gle veteran.

As soon as the defence attorney received funds from us he submitted what we considered to be hugely inflated invoices. Our remonstrations with him over the high costs resulted in a second early morning phone call from Madiba to my

[26] According to my diary Nelson called at 6.30am on Saturday 13th October 1990. It also records that we had a party the night before, held just prior to my actual birthday on 17th October.

[27] The IDAF Board members were: Archbishop Emeritus Trevor Huddleston, Chairperson of the IDAF Board since the death of Canon Collins in 1981, Ernst Michanek, Vice Chairperson and former head of SIDA, the Swedish International Development Agency, Diana Collins the widow of Canon John Collins, Enuga Reddy, former Deputy Director-General of the United Nations and Chairperson of the United Nations Special Committee against Apartheid, Thorvald Stoltenberg, former Foreign Minister of Norway and Special UN Envoy to the troubled former Yugoslavia, Boudewijn Sjollema, retired director of the Programme to Combat Racism at the World Council of Churches, Renate Pratt from Canada and Amon Nsekela from Tanzania. Also in attendance at board meetings was Bill Frankel, the man otherwise only known as Mr. X. He was a London Barrister who also was the critical link, the "cut out", between IDAF and the law firms he instructed to send the funds to the South African law firms.

home. He said that he thought I was a friend of the family but that he now had the impression that I bore some grudge against the family. I was mortified. We felt that Ayob had us over a barrel.

Our decision soon had other consequences. The biggest donor by far, the Swedish government, through it's representative on our board, intimated that his government endorsed the decision to fund the trial, but the European Union, a recent and new donor, slashed its funds to IDAF because of our about turn. Scores of attorneys were still dealing with hundreds of political trials. These trials had gone ahead unabated, despite de Klerk's conciliatory signals. It soon became impossible for us to meet all the requests sent to us.

IDAF closed its offices in North Islington in December 1991. It was the right decision. Our uncompleted case files were handed to the South African Legal Defence Fund (SALDEF). I helped set it up during several visits to South Africa in 1990 and 1991. The director was Patrick Maqubela, a lawyer who at one time shared a prison wall with Nelson Mandela[28].

Before closing the IDAF doors I had a third bruising encounter with Madiba. In a terse phone call he argued that he had raised an amount of money IDAF had received. He requested I pay it to the Mandela Family Trust. It was counter to our policy for IDAF to be a conduit of funds for others. Besides, I explained, I could not do so because the US dollars I had received were bound by a contract I had entered into with the Coca Cola Company in Atlanta, USA. They wanted the money spent on the Stompie trial.

The unhappy saga had started when I found two elegantly dressed men outside my North London offices one morning. They said they represented the Coca Cola Company and wanted to see me at the Savoy Hotel. They said they had heard that we had difficulty with the funding of the Stompie trial and on the basis of the strict anonymity, wanted to offer us funds. A web of legal intermediaries would make it possible for Coca Cola to deny ever having funded the Stompie trial. I demurred, arguing that we did not take money from companies and did not want donations with conditions attached. When reporting this to the IDAF Board I was persuaded that I should accept the money, on the basis that our finances were in dire straights ever since the EU had reduced our grant. To my regret, when the Board met on one of its very last occasions, it was decided, by majority vote of the Trustees, to pay the money received for the Stompie trial, to the Mandela Family Trust[29]. This caused our financial situation to deteriorate even further.

Returning from exile to more trouble.

When I returned to South Africa on a short visit in 1991, the Mandela lawyer, Ishmael Ayob made efforts to have me arrested by the Sheriff of the court on the basis that IDAF had not paid him fully for all he had billed us. The threat was

[28] Partick Maqubela was found murdered in his flat in Cape Town in 2010. His wife was subsequently found guilty of his murder and of fabricating a false will.

[29] It was decided to send the money not via the attorney Ishmael Ayob but instead via Raymond Tucker, a further lawyer IDAF was supporting with defence funds.

never executed, but from then on I was shown a cold shoulder at the ANC headquarters. Loyal friends at Shell House told me that my name had been removed from the ANC guest list. I was never invited to the functions Madiba arranged for struggle loyalists and veterans. Long before the first elections Thabo Mbeki said to me: You are a very stupid man, you chose to cross paths with the man who is about to become our President.

During my fifteen years in exile I had, what John le Carré would call a 'handler'. He was Aziz Pahad. I handed some five thousand 'situational reports' to him. I wrote these, at night and on weekends, as my contribution to the project the ANC termed 'internal reconstruction'. The reports relayed what was happening on the ground inside South Africa. It helped the ANC in exile to work in concert with the internal dynamics. My network of connections inside South Africa provided me with information and analyses, some of which were based on interviews with visiting South Africans. Other reports were sent by my contacts clandestinely. Aziz became Deputy Foreign Minister after 1994 but other than a few incidental contacts he had also dropped me.

The SALDEF director, Patrick Maqubela, the man in charge of the organisation that mopped up what IDAF could not finish, initiated a meeting between Nelson and me. He wanted to iron out the 'misunderstanding' under which Nelson laboured. It was some time in 1993. Patrick and I were received in Nelson's office in Shell House, the first ANC headquarters in Johannesburg. Nelson was courteous but seemed distracted. Whilst we talked he peered down on the busy street below and instructed his secretary to arrange for him to meet the taxi driver chaos that was visible below. I was no longer on Nelson's agenda and he had much bigger issues to deal with.

The first elections and the inauguration of Nelson as our President.

Christine and I moved to Pretoria in December 1991. For me it was coming home, for her it was getting to know a new country and finding a new career. Pretoria was not my favourite town. I had served imprisonment here but, as it turned out, it was the place we both were offered employment. With others I founded the formal Pretoria ANC Branch and our garage became the poster factory in the run up to the first democratic elections.

Every polling district requires an electoral agent from each of the contesting parties. I was appointed electoral agent for the ANC Pretoria area. Pretoria included areas where the army and air force were located. Rushing between different voting stations on 27th April 1994, I heard radio reports of bombs that exploded at Johannesburg International Airport and elsewhere. I expected Pretoria, the seat of some Afrikaner right-wing power, not to be spared. I had recently witnessed Eugéne Terre'Blanche leading several thousand Afrikaans men, armed and in khaki garb parade down Pretoria's Church Street. They wanted nothing to do with the new South Africa. On Election Day at the Valhalla air force base election station, I had my hands full to ensure that voters were not intimidated by right-wingers, present both in uniform and civilian dress. A cold shiver went down my back when the ultra-right election agent for the Freedom

Front Party, in a conciliatory tone, told me that he had agreed to join the democratic process only in recent weeks. And he added, that prior to that they were ready to fight and that they had lots of weapons. We were on a knife's edge.

Shortly afterwards I took unpaid leave to assist with arrangements for the inauguration of Nelson Mandela as President. I was part of a small band of ANC associated people who tried to balance the huge contingent of apartheid civil servants charged with organising this event. Their inclination was to invite heads of state friendly toward apartheid; we wanted to ensure the presence of those who had assisted with our liberation. The amphitheatre at the Pretoria Union Buildings, the seat of the Executive, proved a tight squeeze and tempers flared more than once. The old guard civil servants saw us as intruders into their domain. At the same time they were professionals at their job; all we had was our fervour and energy. On the morning of the inauguration I received international dignitaries bussed to the venue. I was to greet those who had supported us in our struggle, people the old order civil servants did not know, could not identify and in many instances, when they linked photo likeness to the person, showed antipathy towards.

The moment we had waited for so long had finally come. I was proud to be there and to see our first democratically elected President sworn in. I was not alone when, with moist eyes, we gazed up at a giant Boeing aircraft thunder over us in the amphitheatre, the new South African flag painted on its underside.

At the reception on the lawns afterwards Zeni and Zindzi introduced me to their friends, as in the past, as uncle Horst.

Jumping over my shadow.

Old beliefs die hard. Christine and I had tickets to attend the rugby world cup final at Ellis Park, Johannesburg later in 1994. South Africa was playing our old enemies, the All Blacks from New Zealand. All my adult life I had spent campaigning for the boycott of SA sports teams. Watching this match my sentiments instinctively were with the All Blacks rather than the all-white South African team. I was jolted into reviewing my sentiments when Nelson Mandela, in an incredible gesture to reconcile, wearing a Springbok Rugby shirt, came unexpectedly on to the pitch to congratulate the South Africans on their victory. It was the beginning of the return of SA sports teams into the international arena.

Memory against forgetting.

I have no regrets and bear no grudge. I am glad that my path crossed that of the Mandela's. I am thankful that, as a foot soldier I got involved and was able to make my contribution toward democracy in our country. And now I stand vigil with those who guard that our politicians do not destroy the best of what has been achieved.

Nelson Mandela's contribution to a collective and not divisive South African identity is important and, because he was black, he begins to redress the

imbalance of the imagery that still surrounds us. However the celebration of worthy leaders like Mandela can be misused and the ANC abused Madiba's legacy even before he was laid to rest.

I salute Madiba for his courage and determination but most of all I salute him for all he did and said to create a kinder, less violent and more humane world.

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