

# STILL WALKING TO FREEDOM

By H.R.H. Gaob Khoebaha Cornelius III



## FOREWORD

In the very beginning the only people that roamed the plains of Southern Africa was the Bushmen (Boesemanne). They bartered cattle and fat tail sheep with China and Egypt. Some of them ate more meat and drank more milk than the others and so the children born from them were bigger and stronger than the others and they called themselves (men of men) Khoi-Khoi.

When the colonials arrived and asked: “who are you?” and they said Khoi Khoi and Boesemanne. They said: “no, you will now be called Hottentots and Boesemanne. Later when the English arrived they asked us: “who are you?” and we said Hottentot and Boesemanne, they said: “no... you will now be called Non Europeans.” When the Free Burghers came they asked us: “who are you?” and we said Non Europeans. They said: “no, you will now be called Non White.” When the Boere took over they asked us: “who are you?” and we said Non White, they said: “no you will now be called Coloured.”

Many people wonder who is KhoiSan and I remind them that when the Colonials came they came without wives. They consummated with the KhoiSan and because the genes of the father were stronger, some of the children were born with blond hair, blue eyes and fair skin; the other children looked like the KhoiSan. When the slaves came from Indonesia and Malaysia they also came without wives and they also consummated with the KhoiSan. And again because the genes of the father was stronger, some of the children were born with sleek hair, sharp features and a tan complexion, but the other children looked like the KhoiSan. When the blacks came from middle Africa and saw how beautiful we were they also consummated with the KhoiSan. Again because the genes of the father was stronger some of the children were born with dark skin, flat features and curly hair, but the other children looked like the KhoiSan. Many people ask: “who am I? Where do I come from?”

One time when I was in Namibia two fair skinned girls approached me and said: “my mother was coloured and now she says she is KhoiSan and my father is German, so now we are called Basters.

Who are we really?" And this was my answer to them: "When your father left his homeland he was adopted by this land. When he married your mother he became part of this land." They asked: "Who is the land?" I said: "The land is your mother but we have to remember, this land doesn't belong to us; we belong to the land and we can not be separated. So your father became part of the land and out of the land you two were born." Immediately they sat up straighter and said: "So we are born out of the land and we belong to the land and that makes us KhoiSan." Immediately they understood that this is their land and this is where they belong because this is where they come from.

Many years ago when the Red Indians got their land back many people claimed Indian heritage. And because I needed to understand how they did this I asked and was told by an old Indian Chief that they checked their blood and if it is one sixteenth Indian they are classified Indian. He said that when they went back into their family tree and any one of their ancestors in sixteen generations were Indian they could claim their heritage. We can do the same and decide who we want to be, but we should remember if we lie to ourself then we disown all our ancestors. Let me tell you where the Afrikaans language comes from since so many believe it was started by the Free Burgers. In 1658 a young girl named Krotoa (later became known as Eva Van Meerhof) was Jan Van Riebeeck's interpreter. She had a natural aptitude or ability for languages and before long she could begin to understand their Dutch. Later when she became involved with Danish under surgeon named Pieter Van Meerhof she started to understand and speak Danish as well. And it was not long before she managed to she formed an acceptable language which could be understood by all. She used the Dutch, Danish and the KhoiSan language with the Malaysian influence and formed the Afrikaans language as a bartering language. So for years the free burgers used the Afrikaans language and thought and accepted that they were the ones that started the Afrikaans language.

# CHAPTER 1

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I want to give you an insight into how the Cape was truly colonized.

When Jan Van Riebeeck arrived at the Cape on the 6<sup>th</sup> April 1652 he specifically came to look for Harry die Strandlooper because he was the postmaster for the East Indian Company handing over letters to the passing ships. He was told to use Harry as his interpreter. (We always celebrated that day as a public holiday but that was a lie) he only set foot on land the 23<sup>rd</sup> of April 1652. The Chaplin's wife was pregnant and they needed a child minder and Harry recommended his niece Krotoa who was 10 years old at the time. She was the first domestic worker for the Van Riebeeck family. One year later after his excursions looking for cattle for the Fort, he came to fetch Krotoa but they had hidden her away. One Sunday morning while everyone was in church he took her out of the Fort and on his way out he killed the Dutch herd boy named David and stole all the cattle. He then ran to Hout Bay but on all the horns of the cattle was stamped VOC (Dutch East India Company), and since the Chief of the area wanted no trouble with the Commander, he chased Harry away. He with Krotoa then ran to Krotoa's Mother who was the wife of the Chief along the Liesbeeck River. There all the cattle were taken from him and he was beaten and had to run for his life. They then ran all the way to the now Tygerberg Hills because Krotoa's sister lived there and she was married to the strongest Chief in the Area. There they stayed for four years during which time he taught Krotoa English, Dutch, Portuguese and 18 different dialects of the KhoiSan language. He went back to the Fort and offered Krotoa as a peace offering to be Jan van Riebeeck's interpreter. In 1659 with the first Khoi-Dutch war Krotoa played a major part in dissolving the war.

Jan van Riebeeck found it difficult to kill the KhoiSan because they were so fleet footed that he gave a written order (Now we often hear about the Cowboys and Indians and how the Cowboys were paid for the scalps of the Indians.) cut off the upper lip of every KhoiSan you kill and I will pay you for it. Now you can imagine when your upper lip is cut off you are defaced, dehumanized.

During her time working at the Fort she often ran away and dressed in her traditional clothes and went to visit her family. She never lost her culture even though she was indoctrinated into Dutch culture.

Two years before Jan van Riebeeck left the Cape Krotoa asked to be baptized into Christianity. She was the first full blooded KhoiSan to be baptized. She and Pieter Van Meerhof's relationship flourished and two years after Van Riebeeck left the Cape and Waggenaar was Commander they asked to be married. Their banns were read in church and they were the first Colonial and KhoiSan legal marriage at the Cape. Pieter van Meerhof then became the first Governor of Robben Island and the whole family moved there. While living there Pieter van Meerhof went on many excursions for the Commander and Krotoa (also now known as Eva van Meerhof) ruled Robben Island. When her husband was killed on one of his excursions she was taken back to the Fort. At the Cape the Dutch rejected her because she was KhoiSan and the KhoiSan rejected her because they believed she was a traitor. She started drinking excessively because she was a woman in between.

We need to understand that it was Dutch custom to have wine in the morning beer for lunch and rum for supper. She became an embarrassment to the VOC and they then took her children away from her and she became the first woman prisoner on Robben Island. Later she fell and banged her head and died. She was buried on Robben Island. Later they exhumed her body because of her Royal status and buried her in the Castle.

When Lady Ann Barnard arrived at the Cape she wanted a Dolphin pond and they exhumed Krotoa's remains and she became part of the foundation of the Groote Kerk in Adderley Street. During the Apartheid regime all the Parliament Ministers were sworn in at the Groote Kerk. How ironic!

# CHAPTER 2

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When the Nguni Clans came down from middle Africa into South Africa they took land from the KhoiSan by force because they had nowhere else to go. The Xhosa clan only had one King, King Phalo. It was their custom that the King should marry but he did not want to create friction between his two Generals so he married the daughters of both Rharhabe and the daughter of Gcaleka on the same day. Each one gave him a son. Rharhabe was the first born son and Gcaleka tried to dethrone his father and Rharhabe stopped him. Because of the conflict between the two the Elders decided that Rharhabe should go below the Kei River. When he crossed the Kei River in the middle 1700 he encountered the KhoiSan of the !khai !khaun Dynasty ( the big defenders). There was a fierce battle and the KhoiSan could not be defeated. The King of the KhoiSan was known as King Ndoda, a valiant warrior. He could never be defeated and they decided to sign a peace treaty so that everybody could live in peace and harmony.

Later when the Bushmen started killing the cattle of the Rharhabe because to them it was food walking around, the Rharhabe went into battle with the Bushmen. King Ndoda broke the peace treaty because the Bushmen were family. A fierce battle ensued and Rharhabe was nearly defeated when the Thembu and Pondo Clans came to assist Rharhabe. When King Ndoda was fatally wounded on the mountain of Ndoda (now known as Ntaba Kadoda) his wife Queen Gogo took up the spear and bow and arrow and she went into battle. But since it was Xhosa culture not to kill women and children while in battle and another peace treaty was signed between Queen Gogo and King Rharhabe.

The !khai !khaun ruled the KhoiSan clans till 1840 fighting against the Nguni's and the Colonials. In 1840 || Oaseb !Na-Khomab (Cornelius) who was declared as one of the greatest sons of the nation left and went to South west Africa to assist in the fighting with Jan Jonker Afrikaner against the colonials and other Nguni Clans.

During the time of Colonials at the Cape there were no Nguni Clans living there. The only black people were the slaves brought in by the Colonials to help build the castle. The Nguni's or Xhosa's only left the Eastern Cape after 1777 for the Cape. On route there they got very sick when they arrived at the KhoiSan hospital in Genadendal. It was known as the KhoiSan hospital because most of the herbs grew there and most of the women, children and old people lived there collecting herbs and healing the sick. The Xhosa's were healed and shown a short cut to the Cape through the mountain ranges.

The Colonials could never get to Genadendal because of the route via Sir Lowry's pass. When the Xhosa's arrived at the Cape they showed the Colonials the shortcut to Genadendal. They then attacked the area when the women and children were out of the village collecting herbs. They killed the rest of the people in the village. A woman named Lena devised a plan to take revenge and dug a deep hole and made a fire in it and covered it with branches and taunted the Colonials, when they chased her she knew exactly where to run and many of them fell into the hole and died and the rest were killed by the women and children.

This is only two of the heroes' that is mentioned... wait for the others.

# CHAPTER 3

## The Jonker Monarchy:

Most of us know about Oude Ram Afrikaner born 1690 in Tulbach and ruled the Cape till as far as the Fish River as the Khoisan Leader. How he and his sons opposed the colonial rule. His son Klaas ruled from 1760 until he died. His son Khomab Jager Afrikaner ruled from 1790 till 1823. His son !Hora – mûb (Jan Jonker Afrikaner) ruled from 1823 till 1861. Let me stop there for a while and tell you about him. He opposed the rule of the English at the Cape with such passion that when slavery was abolished in 1834 and the slaves and KhoiSan set free, there was a new law passed (the Vagrancy Law) - when a KhoiSan stands around like a vagrant, lock him up. That was when he said:“a vagrant is like a dog... you hit him on the head and think nothing of him. So they regarded KhoiSan as dogs.” There was no freedom for the KhoiSanin this new law. They had to be employed as apprentices on farms for a minimum of 4 yearsand then they could leave. But the farm-owners were clever.

When the parents' time was over they signed up the children and that way then the parents could not leave. In 1840 Jan Jonker Afrikaner took his people and left the Cape for Namibia fighting the oppressors all the way. When they arrived in Namibia he named the place Klein Windhoek which is known as Windhoek today. At a peace treaty of Hoachanas on the 09-01-1858, Cornelius acknowledged Jan Jonker as an equal leader. You will remember that ||Oaseb !Na-Khomab (Cornelius) ruled 1840 – 1867 left the Eastern Cape to assist Jan Jonker in the fight for freedom. Jan Jonker Afrikaner was killed in 1861 and his son Christiaan Jonker Afrikaner ruled from 1861 till 1863 when he was killed his brother Jan Jonker Afrikaner took over and ruled t from 1863 till he was killed in 1889. His daughter Maria Jonker Afrikaner born 1874 was too young to take over from her father and was sent back to Mamre in the Cape. Hendrick Witbooi took over fighting for freedom. When Cornelius was killed in 1867 his son Goraxab ||Oasmab (Barnabas) ruled 1867 – 1877. When he was killed his son ! Gôbeb Gorexab (Petrus) ruled 1877 – 1880. He left Windhoek and fetch Maria Jonker in Mamre.

They got married and moved to Dordrecht in the Eastern Cape where they were given a horse racing farm in lieu of his status as the king of the KhoiSan.

Gôbebe Gorexab Petrus (Piet) Cornelius and Maria Jonker Cornelius continued their reign in the Dordrecht area in the Eastern Cape until they were forcefully removed from their farm by the then ruling Afrikaner Dom regime and their farm taken over. They were removed so that the people could be leaderless. Their first born son David Daniel Cornelius was born in 1907 in Dordrecht and in acknowledgement to him being the firstborn son of the leader, he was cut under his feet.

Chief Piet Cornelius moved to Cape Town after his forceful removal where David Daniel Cornelius (firstborn son) met and married Henrietta Arendse. Their firstborn son, named John Peter Cornelius was born in 1937 and married Theresa Magdalene Roman. Out of their union a firstborn son named Calvin Denver John Cornelius was born in 1960.

As a young boy Calvin Denver John was reared and schooled about the past and responsibilities by his grandfather, David Daniel Cornelius who spent the last five years of his life doing that and when he was laid to rest in 1992, John Peter Cornelius (Father) handed over the responsibility of ruling to his first born son Calvin Denver John Cornelius.

1976 I was a student at Bridgetown High School in Athlone. Part of the student in the Cape decided that we had enough of the discrimination; we wanted equal education and the abolishment of the Apartheid laws. We suffered terribly under the security police. When I left school, I was never part of the uprising again because I was told by my father and Grand-father to stay out of it. In 1985 I became a traffic officer and later as a specialist was part of a group chosen to escort political prisoners from Poolsmor Prison to the High Court. I was fortunate to also have escorted Nelson Mandela. We were told by him that if ever we needed anything we could just come and ask him. What a fantastic moment when in 1990 Nelson Mandela was released. We could taste our freedom.

In 1994 with the first democratic elections we stood with pride in long queues waiting to vote for the first time to make our mark, our mark to freedom.

We believed we were free, but we were not. The freedom was only for the black people, the KhoiSan People were not an issue.

# CHAPTER 4

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In 1995 a man (in this chapter I will not mention names you will have all the names when the book is published) working at the United Nations presented to the United Nations Working Group for Indigenous People {*U.N.W.G.I.P*} that the Khoisan people are still alive in South Africa.

The Griqua Church that was started in 1904 and had church records to date then sent one of their representatives to represent them to try to get the body of Saartjie Baartman from the French Government. Therefore the *U.N.W.G.I.P.* only communicated with the Griqua Church believing they were the only descendants of the Khoisan Nation left.

In 1997 the *U.N.W.G.I.P.* sanctioned the Khoisan people as the First Nation Indigenous People of South Africa. Our Government then approached the historical departments at various universities for guidance. People with knowledge and legal background got together and decided to get land from Government under the banner of the Khoisan Nation and formed a company called Cape Cultural Heritage Developers. {*C.C.H.D.*} someone realized that they would need people whom they should represent, so they formed a council and called it Cape Cultural Heritage Development Council {*C.C.H.D.C.*} and he was the head of that council, while working in the Reconstruction and Development Programme for Government, they were in liaison with 30 organizations. With the aid of the Griqua Church under the leadership of Abraham Le Fleur, he and other activists representing the people were made Chiefs. They now had people so they stated an organization and called it Cape Cultural heritage Development Organization {*C.C.H.D.O.*} this is all because of Governments affirmative action policy. Later acting Paramount Chief representing a certain Clan and a politician, with the help of Roelf Meyer the former National Party politician steered them in the direction they needed to go.

*C.C.H.D.C.* was the organization that Government spoke to. The head of the Historical department at *U.W.C* endorsed their existence and became part of it.

IN 1997 Government hosted a conference for the world to see that the oldest people in the world were still alive in South Africa. A video called “When I Die I Become a Dream” was made and later sold to the BBC and CNN for a substantial amount of money. The money was distributed amongst some of the favorite so called Chiefs and when the others found out that they never got there share, that caused a split in the unity. When the person who founded {C.C.H.D.O.} spoke to journalists he said that funding came from his pocket. UCT anthropologist Emile Boonzaier urged caution in dismissing him as a sham;she said *“I used to see this kind of thing as an invention, a calculated manipulation motivated by another agenda, whether it is land acquisition, political representation, job or an income.”*

In 1998 C.C.H.D.C. was invited to the U.N.W.G.I.P to present themselves to the rest of the world for the benefit of the Khoisan People of South Africa. The C.C.H.D.C. also formed the National Council of Khoi Chiefs and the South African San institute for the United Nation and all other Government Structures to speak to concerning the acknowledgement of the Khoisan Nation. “THERE IS YOUR LAND. TAKE IT” with these few auspicious words the Deputy president Thabo Mbeki announced to the !Khomani San community of the Kalahari, handing over six large farms comprising a total of 40 000 hectares on the 21<sup>st</sup> March 1999 (*Human Rights Day*).

# CHAPTER 5

In 1999 I was part of a drama school called “Fun for all”. We took 114 school children, nurtured and molded their talents and showcased it in stage productions. After one of our productions, John Van Der Ross, a well-known tenor in the opera fraternity, approached me and asked history of a woman named Krotoa. I said that I did not and he then told me the story about the woman that was later renamed ‘Mother of our nation. According to him this was the perfect story to showcase on stage because not only would it teach us more about our unknown or untold history but would also teach our children of the untruths they were taught about our forefathers or ancestors.

John told me that there were documented stories of how the Cape was colonized as per Jan van Riebeeck diaries which they had in their possession. And since my wife is a script-writer we decided to do research to establish whether this was a story to be told. And oh my goodness...as we started our research I was flooded with all the stories my grandfather use to tell. My wife Jenny Arrison and I then left our drama school and became activist for the revival of the Khoisan Nation. We started researching, read through all of Jan van Riebeeck’s journals and realized that the history told to us at school were not at all true. Jenny sat down and wrote a 2hour stage production of how the Cape was truly colonized.

We became part of C.C.H.D.C. and a !Nau was arranged for us. *(Now a !Nau is rites of passage which our forefathers used to do as a celebration for example: when a child is born, a lamb is slaughtered as a sign of thankfulness. That is to thank God for another life given and as the blood flowed into the earth, they would thank Mother Earth similarly as to like Abraham, Isaac and Jacob did in the Bible. Another celebration was when a girl became a woman. Weeks before the !Nau the elders (women) would be with the girl in a hut to teach her now about the responsibilities of a woman, wife and mother since now she was old enough to marry and have children. Another celebration was of course the marriage/wedding celebrations when the young men would dance almost trance-like before the maiden (young lady); she will then choose the young man who was going to be her husband and he would then be the one to take her away into another hut where they would spend the night and he would make her bodily his wife.*

*When there is a swearing-in ceremony to become Headmen and Chiefs there is a !Nau).*

We were taken to Oudtshoorn at one of these celebrations and were sworn in by the then Acting Paramount Chief of a certain Clan. At that swearing-in ceremony he told me to “*go and unite the Khoisan Nation in the Cape*”.

That same year of our !Nau, our Government changed the Coat of Arms of our Country and included Khoisan figures and the Ancient language of our Ancestors as the only Cultural Language of South Africa onto the Crest. Shortly after this we were invited by Government to be part of the Drafting of the White Paper for the Traditional Leaders Act of South Africa. We sat for weeks to determine what would be best for the Khoisan Nation and then presented it to Government. The word went out that when the White paper of the Traditional Bill becomes an Act, that government would start paying the leaders. People then started giving up their jobs and people were coming forward and saying that they were chiefs and all this because that carrot was now being dangled by the government before their noses. It was said the government was going to pay the headmen R6000 and that the chiefs were going to get paid R10 000. I then told Government authorities that if monies were to be paid, it should be paid into a trust account so that not only selected few could benefit from these monies but that it should be used to help and empower our people to become sustainably independent. Well, you can imagine that with those types of words uttered by me I became a serious thorn in peoples’ side because I was now preventing them from taking monies and enriching themselves and not be a benefit for our people. I also said if they got money from Government they will be employed by Government and will then be told by government what to say and do and what not to say and do.

Some chiefs and headmen understood what I was saying and we formed a council and were taken to Price Water House Cooper in Stellenbosch who drew up a National Trust document for the KhoiSan nation as a gift from them to protect the funds that would be coming in for the benefit of the KhoiSan Nation. For about two weeks we sat and discussed with them of what we wanted in the document and then they donated it to us as a gift.

Later that year I went to the U.N.W.G.I.P (United Nations Working Group for Indigenous People) to find out what was happening about the KhoiSan Nation because we were getting no information about the way forward. While registering at the United Nations Building in Geneva some people also standing around there waiting for registration asked me where I was from. I said: I am an African. "Which part of Africa?" South Africa I answered. And what nationality are you? I am KhoiSan. I am First Nation Indigenous. And they bowed to me and I did not know why. Later on I found out that they knew more about our history and culture and heritage than I did even myself. And that they had studied about us believing that we were extinct.

I went to the archives and got all documents of presentations made by our Government and by C.C.H.D.C. and could not believe that the people representing the Khoisan People were only there for their own political and financial gain. I also sat in at IPAAC {*Indigenous People of Africa Co-coordinating Committee*} where all these organizations were represented and steered by white people.

One Lady from the Cree Nation approached me and told me that the AWB sent a Boer to the U.N.W.G.I.P. and asked for the Afrikaner Bond to be declared as First Nation Indigenous People of South Africa. She said: "*I got up and walked out, and then everybody else got up and also walked out. The next day he was on his way back to South Africa*". One evening I sat talking to some of the First people of the American Indians and they asked me if I knew the man that started C.C.H.D.C.

They explained to me that the previous year when he was at the U.N.W.G.I.P he got one night extremely drunk one night and he stood on the balcony of the hotel in his traditional clothes and urinated on the people walking pass. Mary Robinson, the High Commissioner of Human Rights chased him away and banned him from the United Nations and he had to leave immediately.

A Doctor of Theology accompanied him home and he was performing so much on the plane that the Pilot wanted to drop him off somewhere in Africa. This particular doctor then assumed responsibility for him his actions and they allowed it believing that he was a medical practitioner. One afternoon, the Government representative, a(*Chief*) chosen by CCHDC to represent the Khoisan Nation and I went on Lake Geneva to a small town in France called Ivor. There I discovered how Government controlled the freedom of the KhoiSan Nation by paying for everything financially to control them.

# CHAPTER 6

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Whilst at the United Nations for the annual U.N.W.G.I.P, I met a Chief Willie Littlechild of the Cree Nation of Alberta, Canada. He asked me to put my foot on a piece of paper and he marked it out with a pen and he told me that he would ask his sister to make me a pair of moccasins from Elk Skin. He was also Chairperson of the **World Indigenous Olympic Games** and invited the Khoisan People to be part of these Games.

I left Geneva with so much excitement and hope for our people. From there I went to Holland to do more research at their archives about Jan van Riebeeck and their colonization of the Cape. But when I arrived at Schiphol Airport I was told that I was not allowed entry with the excuse that I did not have enough money, even though I was invited with full board and lodgings by a lady from Athlone, who married and had moved to Holland many years ago. Luckily I could understand what they were saying and when I heard that they were going to lock me up in a cell until the next available flight to South Africa, I said that it was okay and that I would not disobey their rules. And so I was allowed to stay at the airport and roam around until it was time for me to get on the next flight.

So they escorted me to the plane and I was deported back to South Africa. Up to this day when I relate this particular story to people how I was deported out of Holland, the genuine amazement on their faces at that is classic since I knew from the start that their petty reasons for not allowing me entry into Holland was just that... petty! Because I was so vocal about my intentions of exactly what I wanted to do in Holland, it was quite understandable that I was a threat. So today I still believe that they have many more crimes and atrocities that was committed during their reign here in the Cape than we would ever know.

When I got home and started reading all the documentation which I had collected at the United Nations, I was devastated and I cried bitterly because I could not believe what and how things were done, using the KhoiSan Nation as an instrument. I spoke to someone whom I found out had started the uprising of the KhoiSan Nation.

This gentleman was employed at S.A.H.R.A. { *South African Heritage Resource Agency* }, but his initiative was taken over by the academics and C.C.H.D.C. (Cape Cultural Heritage Development Council). I showed him all the documents which I had retrieved from the archives at the United Nations and told him all that happened to me in Geneva and everything that I had heard. He told me that everything I had heard in Geneva was true.

After hearing his statement, I realized that I did no longer wanted to be associated with them and withdrew from C.C.H.D.O. In my ignorance I approached the Acting Paramount Chief and told him of my blood line. He appointed me as the Chief of the Goringhaicona Clan (*the Strandlopers*).

Within two months we had a data base of 60 000 people. We then advertised my responsibility in the community newspaper "The Athlone News" and people started calling me, wanting to be part of our planning to get ready for the World Indigenous Olympic Games. Government was not interested in any of our planning but later on we found out that they had taken our initiative and started preparing for their own entrance into the Indigenous games which excluded the KhoiSan people. They would not even consider giving us funding. So once more another dream for the KhoiSan Nation died.

One day I was approached by a man who was part of CCHDC. Apparently he was the appointed Chief of the Goringhaicona Clan, appointed as such by the founder of CCHDC. Firstly he was appointed as the Chief of the Goringhaiqua Clan but the founder found it fit to appoint his then girlfriend as Chiefness of the Goringhaiqua clan and therefore this chief was then given chieftaincy of the Goringhaicona Clan. This man was extremely disillusioned by the goings-on of this particular founder/chief that was just appointing people at will whichever suited him and then later these people would be demoted or ask to leave because (as he decided) were not good enough to be KhoiSan. This particular "chief" was one of the people who did not benefit at all from the proceeds of the film/video which was made and sold to CNN and ABC networks. He also told us that he was present when a Doctor of Valkenberg Mental Hospital informed them that the founder/chief was a patient of his and that all those with him will have to take responsibility for all his actions and that scared them away from CCHDC.

In 2001 from 20<sup>th</sup> March to 1<sup>st</sup> April all nine Provinces in South Africa each donated R70 000, 00 {R490 000, 00} for a conference to unite the Khoisan Nation in Oudtshoorn called **The National KhoiSan Consultative Conference**. The founder of C.C.H.D.C. was made Treasurer and I was the designated scribe for the Western Cape. Later that designation was taken away because now I could and would write the truth about all I had heard and seen and this made me a huge threat to them. I was not even invited to this conference but one of the invited elders decided that I should be there and gave me her invitation. When I boarded the bus they were very surprised to see me there and asked me for my invitation but I just ignored them and went to sit with those who did not have designated posts like chiefs and headmen and whatever else.

On arrival in Oudtshoorn, upon registration I was given delegate status which meant that I was allowed to vote. But that was quickly taken away from me and I was given observer status. Soon after they realized their mistake because now I could ask questions. Thereafter I was given visitor's status which meant I had to shut up and not ask questions. When the conference started visitors were allowed to ask questions but when I stood up to ask a question, I was told by a Professor that I could not ask any questions because I did not have the right status to ask questions. Some of the Khoisan people raised their objections saying that the White visitors could ask questions but our own people could not. Later in the day all those with Delegate status were taken behind closed doors, and voted a group of people in as the National Khoisan Consultative Council (*N.K.C.C.*) and one of them was made Chairperson. This body now became the official body for Government to talk to. C.C.H.D.C was an embarrassment to the Khoisan Nation.

At the Conference I saw how Khoisan Leaders fought each other over money and I asked a Government representative why and others not and that he had told those that did not get money and that was why they were fighting. I asked him how he could do that and he just laughed.

That night there was nowhere for us to sleep and it was suggested that we should sleep in a shop with no curtains, where they would put some beds in. When we were taken there we saw that people walking past the shop would see us sleeping. Some of the people wanted to burn down the place and I asked them not to.

Much later that night we were taken to a shelter for street children and told to sleep there, while academics and politicians and other visitors and the Delegates of the Khoisan Consultative Council stayed in hotels.

The people were angry when they found out that the treasurer still had a lot of money over for himself. I believe that more than 500 people attended the conference, most of the Khoisan communities and organizations were present including observers and Government officials.

# CHAPTER 7

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Also in 2001 Contralesa { *Conference of Traditional Leaders of South Africa* } launched their Western Cape Branch and they invited the KhoiSan Leadership to be part of the Leadership structures. I was the only one present in Strand for the launch. I found out that to be a leader in any culture and part of Contralesa you needed to present your bloodline. No member of C.C.H.D.C. {so called Chiefs} and not even Chairperson of N.K.C.C. (National Khoisan Consultative Council) could present their Bloodline, which is why none of them could be present. Contralesa needed KhoiSan participation in their democratic organization.

I believe I was the only KhoiSan member of Contralesa Nationally, I was then appointed as Vice-Chairperson of Contralesa for the Western Cape. That same year Contralesa had its national AGM and I had to represent the Western Cape. We went to Johannesburg in a minibus taxi. What an uncomfortable drive, when we got to Johannesburg we stayed at Eslin Park. There I was introduced to all the chairpersons and vice-chairpersons of the other Provinces. I was the only KhoiSan Person there. I heard of all the promises made by Government and business opportunities from the business sector for the benefit of the Traditional leaders of South Africa.

In 2001 the Royal Xhosa Council sent a delegation of three Chiefs, to invite me to be part of their council. I was told that I should not be part of the Leadership structures of Contralesa, but instead should delegate someone to take my place. I did not understand the importance of the invitation because I was focusing on uniting the Nation of Khoisan.

Later in 2001 I was taken by the Elders to the last known Kraal of the KhoiSan in Genadendal and (sworn in) in a !nau was made the Paramount Chief of the KhoiSan Nation. I was then taken to the High Court of Cape Town and asked the Chief Justice to ratify the appointment. He said he was too busy at the moment and redirected us to the Chief Magistrate where a document was signed and stamped by him stating that I am the legal Custodian of all KhoiSan land of South Africa.

Later that year the KhoiSan fishermen came to me for help because Waterfront wanted to take away the only safe slipway for the fishermen to launch their boats and make a private beach for the very rich. Nobody listened to them. I then annexed the land under International law to preserve the place so that the fishermen could carry on with their subsistence fishing and help feed the KhoiSan communities. At that time I also wrote a letter to the manager of the Waterfront demanding 45% of all the profits of the waterfront for the benefit of the KhoiSan Nation. Immediately they had a group of lawyers representing them.

A KhoiSan man working for a reputable Law firm in Cape Town offered to assist us pro bono. We now had legal representation but to our dismay he had to withdraw as our lawyer because the Waterfront employed his company to represent them. I was approached by a consortium of business people and was offered 7 billion Rand for the land I annexed. I told them I had no authority to sell the land I was only the custodian of the land.

I went to the United Nation Working Group for Indigenous People (W.G.F.I.P.) in Geneva where I read out a letter of annexation of the Waterfront and all other KhoiSan land of historical value in front of 900 indigenous people throughout the world and all Government representatives. That year our Government made no presentation to the United Nation Working Group for Indigenous People.

Before I left for Geneva Contralesa gave me a letter to represent them at the (W.G.F.I.P.) because they were not registered there. When I returned I realized how they wanted to use me for their benefit and I resigned as deputy chairperson of Contralesa.

In 2002 we were very happy to hear that Saartjie Baartman's remains were coming home. ..

University of the Western Cape was used as a public participation venue so that the proper place could be identified as her burial ground. We informed them that she should be buried at the foot of Paarl Rock because that was the last place she had her !nau before she was kidnapped. They ignored us completely and decided that she will be buried in Hankey in the Eastern Cape because it was politically correct. I sent a letter to a renowned investigative journalist from a TV company in South Africa telling her that we received notification from the Curator of the museum in Paris that Saartjie Baartman's Brains, breast, vagina and bum is still in glass containers in the museum and that all they sent was a skeleton and a busk. She said to us that she could not put it on TV because it was too controversial. The Elders advised me not to attend her funeral because it was disrespectful. We saw how they dance on her grave. A few months later the earth where she was buried shifted. In 2003 we moved to Hout Bay area to assist the people there. I was approached by one of the elders who received a letter from the Basarwa San Community for help because they were forcefully removed from their land by the Botswana Government. She gave me a bus ticket proposing that I would speak with more authority in Botswana. It was the longest 36 hour bus drive for me. When I arrived there, there was no one to pick me up and no accommodation.

The bus company arranged for accommodation that night and the next day when I presented myself at the university they provided accommodation and transport for the rest of my stay. They did not expect me to be there because the organization C.C.H.D.C. was on the agenda. No one came and I was asked to make the opening address. The Botswana Government gave me 7 minutes on BTV for my opening address.

We worked furiously to unite the KhoiSan Nation in preparation for the White paper to become an Act that we worked on in 1999. In 2003 that White Paper became an Act, Traditional Leaders Act 2003. I went forward very excited and asked where we sit in this new House of Traditional Leaders and they told me the Act was not for us only for the black people of South Africa. Was I angry, they pacified us by saying if we have a relationship with a black leader we will benefit from the Act.

# CHAPTER 8

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On the 11<sup>th</sup> March 2004 with a delegation I went to King Williams Town to the Great place of the Rharhabe King, King Sandile. When we arrived there the first thing they said “we know the land belongs to you” I said to them “I did not come fetch the land I come to resign a peace treaty that my Great Grandfather had signed with your Great Grandfather. Immediately he signed the treaty. It was then decided that the peace treaty should have a slaughtering in the same Kraal where the first treaty was signed. The next day all the senior prison wardens in the area were invited to Mngesha and I addressed them. Some of the KhoiSan wardens were ecstatic for the first time their leader spoke to them.

When we came home and I approached Government for now we had fulfilled their requirements of having a relationship with a black Monarch and still nothing happened. Later that year a delegation from the Royal House of Rharhabe came to the Cape and asked to be taken to Robben Island because one of their healers advised that respect should be shown to their ancestors buried on the Island. I took them to the gravesite of Krotoa (the Mother of our Nation) they had never heard of her.

I approached the Arts and Culture department requesting that they put up a gravestone for her and they refused using political excuses. It was agreed by the Rharhabe council that from the 2<sup>nd</sup> to the 4<sup>th</sup> February 2005 a Royal Feast will be held at Mngesha to seal the peace treaty. When the time came I took most of the Elders with to witness this auspicious event. It was held in the same Kraal that the first peace treaty was signed and I was introduced to the ancestors.

What a feast we had, there was enough for everyone to eat. The next day I was taken to the Mount of Ndoda. The Premier and all the Ministers of the Eastern Cape Legislature, King Sandile, King Matanzima of the Tembu House, Queen Bongolethu of the Pondo house and all the Chiefs of the House of Traditional Leaders of the Eastern Cape were present. At the ceremony the Mount of Ndoda (Ndba Kadoda) was given back to me as the heir of that Great King Ndoda. When we left the mountain the heavens opened with Lightning, thunder and heavy rain.

That same year at the opening of Parliament the Rharhabe Kingdom asked for my assistance for they were all invited to the opening. We arranged that they be picked up at the airport with full police escort and taken to parliament. Took them to the doors of the National Assembly and turned back because we were not invited. They could not believe it. The next day we all went to Robben Island to pay our respects to the ancestors and for the first time ever there were 4 Monarchs on the Island at the same time. King Khoebaha Cornelius III of the KhoiSan Nation, King Sandile of the Rharhabe Kingdom, King Matanzima of the Aba Tembu and Queen Bongolethu of Aba Pondo. We visited their ancestors and I showed them the gravesite of Krotoa. Later that year at the opening of the Eastern Cape Legislature I was welcomed and given a special place to sit. At the opening of the Eastern Cape house of Traditional Leaders I was invited to be part of it. The reason I did not accept the seat was because if I did then the Western Cape and the rest of the Provinces would not be recognized.

We went back to the Western Cape Government and said we had fulfilled all the requirements they ask of us. The Premier at the time advised us that we should start the Western Cape Divers Traditional Leaders Forum. Which we did, we got all the Chiefs of the various tribes together and with the authority of their Kings launched that forum in a place called Karatara in the Southern Cape in 2006.

The Premier of the Western Cape invited me to a lunch with King Siqwa of the Gcaleka Kingdom at Levendal. The morning of the lunch he phoned to say that King Siqwa fell ill and was rushed to Pretoria Military Hospital where he later died. I was invited to his funeral and at the ceremony the Premier of the Western Cape told me that when we get back home he will sign the document to legislate the KhoiSan People. At the reception I sat at the table with King Sandile, Queen Noloyisa, President Tabo Mbeki and his mother and the old lady said to me “ I have been waiting a long time to meet you my child” President Mbeki did not say one word to me, all he did was he lifted his glass and saluted me.

Later I understood why he did not speak to me because if he did he would have acknowledged me and the KhoiSan Nation. You will not believe it but when it was time for the Premier to honor his statement that he would sign and legislate the KhoiSan he was removed as Premier.

# CHAPTER 9

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In 2007 we went to the new Premier of the Western Cape to enquire about the signing of the KhoiSan people into legislature and were told that she will have to look into it but her agenda takes priority. Nothing can from it. In September that year was a highlight in our plight for acknowledgement because the United Nation passed the Declaration for the Rights of Indigenous People signed by 145 countries throughout the world and South Africa was one of the signatories.

Now we had a voice and our Government had to listen. We read how Australia who did not sign the Declaration apologized to the Aboriginal people and gave them their rights according to the Declaration. With that knowledge we approached the South African Government about our rights and what a shocker because we are not legitimate citizens of South Africa International Law does not apply to us.

The Declaration cannot be enforced in South Africa. Can you believe it? We wrote letters to the United Nations asking for help. We are pacified saying that the South African Government is in the process of drawing up a new Traditional Leaders Act to include the KhoiSan into the National House of Traditional leaders.

What a load of nonsense. Our people are suffering, in one of the villages not far from me the Grandmother is making a big pot of mielie meal and she is crying and we ask why are you crying she says this is not enough all the children won't be able to eat tonight. Then she stops take some newspaper tears it up and throws it into the porridge, she smiles even as the porridge turns black and says now everyone will eat tonight. In one of the fishing villages the weather was bad that week and they phoned me to tell me they had just killed the neighbors' dog to feed the children but I should not worry half of the dog is in the fridge for tomorrow. I was angry then one of the Elders told me not to be angry I should be worried about the boy that lost his pet.

I was guided by a Professor of International Law who has been helping the Shaur Nation get their rights to their land and the right to self-determination.

We had meetings with the Department of Traditional Affairs and we were told that Government would only work with a body that they established called the National KhoiSan Council. This is the same group of academics and so called Chiefs the voted themselves in at the National KhoiSan Conference in 2001 and they added some more people to fill the quota Government gave.

To crown all this National Khoisan Council does not have the mandate from the people. They are there for their own personal and financial gain.

We kept on having interactions with Government, even wrote President Thabo Mbeki a letter asking for an audience but never got it. I was advised by a member of parliament to apply for a Diplomatic Passport because the constitution says that all monarchs have the right to a diplomatic passport. Followed the due processes and the department of foreign affairs informed me that they do not issue passports but home affairs and home affairs says they cannot issue a diplomatic passport unless sanctioned by foreign affairs. So they sent me from on department to the other with no results.

In 2008 Jacob Zuma sent a delegation to my house saying that at the next elections he will be President. What can he do to help and assist the KhoiSan Nation to have their rightful place in South Africa? For us it was the breakthrough we were waiting for knowing that he is a traditional person being a Zulu Chief and understanding culture. They even advised us to identify land for the Royal House of the KhoiSan and land for projects that would economically empower the KhoiSan Nation. We gave them a letter on a letterhead thanking them for the effort they putting into making our dreams come true for the KhoiSan people to be legislated in South Africa. During that time period we got overhead aerial photos of vacant state owned land that would benefit us for the way forward.

After the elections when Jacob Zuma became President we were excited for now we would get all the things that we were entitled to.

We tried to make an appointment with him at Parliament and were completely ignored. Wrote him letters and he did not respond he did not even reply to the letters and request for an audience.

# CHAPTER 10

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In 2009 I approached the Human Rights Commission of South Africa for help and they told me that they do not deal with International Human Rights only South African Human Rights. We then went to the Public Protector to lay a charge against Jacob Zuma and the then Minister of Traditional Affairs. One of the charges were for not adhering to Batho Pele and for Cultural Genocide. I received no joy from them, their response was that the department will get in touch with me. Later the Department of Traditional Affairs started liaising with us because of the letters written to the President. I said to them that I was not interested in talking to them because of the promises made by Jacob Zuma.

Later that year I received an invitation to attend a function at Freedom Park to honor Nelson Mandela and was requested to bring a delegation. We thought that this was the beginning to our recognition as the aboriginal people of the land. I sent them the names of my delegation for the plane tickets to be booked. They told me that they do not have funds to pay for the plane ticket but will pay for the accommodation. My council decided that I should go and represent them. One of my advisors paid for my plane ticket. When I arrived at the OR Tambo airport someone was waiting to take me to Pretoria. At the hotel they did not have a room reserved for me and they had to give me someone else room. Later that evening I was taken to meet other Royals from Africa in Sandton.

When we arrived there I was told that it was the palace of one of the Kings of middle Africa. Was I blown away, in the driveway stood a Maybach the biggest car Mercedes Benz has ever built. In the entrance hall stood a stuffed Lion bigger than me. In one of the lounges was the President of Contralesa some of the Nguni Chiefs that I knew and was introduced to some of the Kings, Queens, Princes and Traditional Leaders of Africa and some Royals of Germany. The meeting was in preparation for the function at Freedom Park the next day. I was invited to be part of the Forum of Kings, Sheiks, Sultan, Princes and Traditional Leaders of Africa.

The early the next morning the President of Contralesa, the President of the National House of Traditional Leaders and myself were to go to the top of Freedom Park to pay respect to all the forgotten heroes but the President of the National House of Traditional Leaders could not make it (I'll tell you why in the book) so the National treasurer of Contralesa went with. We were the only three representing the Traditional Leaders of South Africa to prepare for the ceremony later in the day. We went back to the hotel to get dressed for the function. Found out that the National Khoisan Council was also invited and a bus load of Khoisan People were driven there, but none of them were treated as VVIP's. All the royals were seated together under a gazebo. Every Royal was invited to make an address. When the person who was to do the Khoisan address was called the other Royal looked at me and asked why I was not asked to do it. I tried to explain to them that I was not recognized by our Government and that was why they would not let me speak on National television. The Chairperson of the NKC made the address and made a total fool of himself that I asked the MC to remove him from the stage. The National Minister of Traditional Affairs promised me that when he is next in Cape Town we will have a meeting to address the rights to the Khoisan Nation. That evening at an award ceremony (The Kings Award of Gratitude) I was asked to present an award to the President of Lybia to the Ambassador of Lybia. The next day I was taken to a hotel owned by a foreign President and noticed that all the foreign Royals stayed there including some of the Ministers and Traditional leaders of South Africa. After lunch I was taken to the palace of the same King again for a further meeting to invite me to their forum. I was also invited to the swearing in ceremony of the youngest King of Africa in North Africa in 2010.

I met a German Prince whom after I told him about the plight of the Khoisan Nation he offered a business proposal that two companies one in Germany and one in America would go into a joint venture with the Royal House of the Khoisan the Build a Solar plant and farm in SA. This project was worth 1 Million dollars. Another German person invited me to be a signatory on the Royal Delphic Council which is the cultural games of the Olympics with two other African Royals.

Even though I was disappointed about what has happened in Freedom Park I came home with hope for now we can become economically empowered to unite the Khoisan Nation.

The Complete issue will be more exciting and informative.

