

**CIVIL SOCIETY
AND FANATICISM**
Conjoined Histories
**DOMINIQUE
COLAS**

TRANSLATED BY
AMY JACOBS

The definition of fanatics as people who seek to destroy civil society—formulated by German Protestant Reformers in the 16th century—is traced and studied through the long cycles of Western political thought.

\$19.95 paper \$65.00 cloth

DREAM NATION
*Enlightenment,
Colonization, and
the Institution of
Modern Greece*
**STATHIS
GOURGOURIS**

"This is an original and important study of nation formation as social imaginary... adopting insights from a variety of disciplines (literary criticism, cultural studies, psychoanalysis, philosophy, economics)."

—Vassilis Lambropoulos,
Ohio State University

\$18.95 paper \$49.50 cloth

Aesthetic Politics

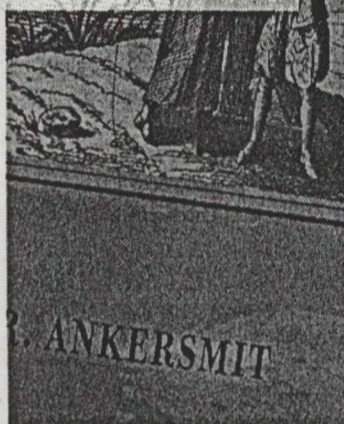
AESTHETIC POLITICS
*Political Philosophy
Beyond Fact and Value*
F. R. ANKERSMIT

Taking as its point of departure a sharp critique of Rawls's influential *A Theory of Justice*, this book looks at politics from an aesthetic perspective.

"Utterly brilliant, closely argued, and clearly referenced to the major positions in contemporary political theory, it is immediately relevant to a range of ongoing political discussions."

—Hayden White,
University of California,
Santa Cruz

\$17.95 paper \$55.00 cloth



Stanford University Press
800-872-7423

MOSES THE EGYPTIAN

The Memory of Egypt in Western Monotheism

JAN ASSMANN

Standing at the very foundation of monotheism, and so of Western culture, Moses is a figure not of history, but of memory. As such, he is the quintessential subject for the innovative historiography which Jan Assmann both defines and practices in this work. It is a study of the ways in which factual and fictional events and characters are stored in religious beliefs and transformed in their philosophical justification, literary reinterpretation, philological restitution (or falsification), and psychoanalytic demystification. One of the great Egyptologists of our time, Assmann offers here an exemplary case study of the vicissitudes of historical memory that is also a compelling lesson in the fluidity of cultural identity and beliefs.

\$29.95 cloth

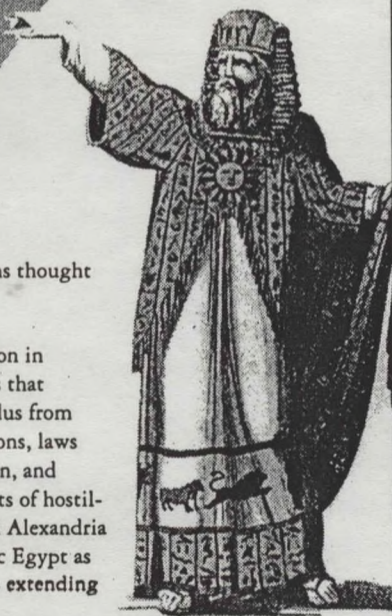
JUDEOPHOBIA

Attitudes toward the Jews in the Ancient World

PETER SCHÄFER

Taking a fresh look at what the Greeks and Romans thought about Jews and Judaism, Peter Schäfer locates the origin of anti-Semitism in the ancient world. Schäfer surveys comments on Jews and their religion in Greek and Roman writings, focusing on the topics that most interested the pagan classical world: the exodus from Egypt, the nature of the Jewish god, food restrictions, laws relating to the sabbath, the practice of circumcision, and Jewish proselytism. He also describes two outbursts of hostility, in the Elephantine community in 410 BCE and Alexandria in 38 CE. *Judeophobia* firmly establishes Hellenistic Egypt as the generating source of anti-Semitism, with roots extending back into Egypt's pre-Hellenistic history.

\$35.00 cloth



Harvard
University
Press
US: 800 448 2242
UK: 0171 306 0603
www.hup.harvard.edu

in the Athlone schoolchild's poem there will remain the awkward question of whether or not to put on trial some of those who did not apply for amnesty, but whose misdeeds the commission has subsequently uncovered (although the amnesty applications are not themselves admissible evidence in a court of law). And there is the matter of reparations. A member of the reparations committee told me they are currently thinking of recommending substantial financial compensation, perhaps as much as 50,000 Rand (about \$11,000) per head—a fortune to a township dweller—for perhaps as many as 20,000 certified victims. That makes one billion Rand (about \$222 million).

Who will pay? Who should pay? While the commission concentrates on victims and perpetrators, the number of beneficiaries of apartheid is much larger. "Of course we benefitted from apartheid," says a courageous, liberal white publisher, "even though we were passionately against it." In fact, every white South African benefitted from it. This is why the ANC, in proposing a Reparations Tax, invoked the ancient Doctrine of Odious Debt. If I were a member of the white business community, I would be preparing my substantial voluntary contribution now.

As for the most ambitious long-term goals—healing, national unity, prevention of future abuses—these will depend on so much else, on the larger political, social, and economic future of South Africa that I hope to address in a further article.

What the commission is achieving, meanwhile, is a significant gain in knowledge and an even more significant gain in acknowledgment. The distinction between knowledge and acknowledgment is an important one, by now familiar in the growing literature on what might be called "comparative past-beating."⁵

The knowledge gained is not, of course, anything like the whole Truth with a capital T. It is rather a body of evidence and confirmed detail about the structure and implementation of repression, the sometimes brutal habits of the resistance to it, and the complex accompanying violence, some of which continues today under slightly different colors. If we ask, "Will the commission's findings transform the story told in the history books?" the answer is "Probably not." Journalists on the anti-apartheid *Weekly Mail* and *Guardian* wearily remark that they have been reporting for years the stories now being explored by the commission. On the plane back from Cape Town to London I re-read Leonard Thompson's excellent recent history of South Africa⁶ and thought

⁵An invaluable compendium, with quite comprehensive coverage up to 1994, is *Transitional Justice: How Emerging Democracies Reckon with Former Regimes*, edited by Neil J. Kritz (United States Institute of Peace Press, three volumes, 1995), with a preface by none other than Nelson Mandela. Priscilla B. Hayner, whose very useful comparative survey of fifteen truth commissions, from 1974 to 1993, is reprinted there, is reportedly working on a book on the entire subject of truth commissions.

⁶Leonard Thompson, *A History of South Africa* (Yale University Press, revised edition, 1995). The same could

to myself: most of what the commission has found is already outlined there. But the detailed findings will fill in many blank spaces and change the contemporary historian's tentative "it seems that" to a firm "we now know."

At least as important is the gain in acknowledgment, and this of two kinds. First, there is acknowledgment to the victims. They learn how and why they or their close relatives suffered. This suffering is given a larger meaning in the history of what many people in South Africa call, without any irony, "the Struggle." What is more, they have a chance to place their own story, their personal history, on the official record. This is oral history on a grand scale. As one scholar has suggested, those who testify are exercising their "right to information" in a novel sense: not just the right to learn information previously kept secret by the state, or its servants, but also the right to inform the state, and a wider public, of your version of events and your interpretation of them.⁷ The victims may or may not be given symbolic or material reparation as a result. It may or may not help them to be spoon-fed categories like "trauma" in which to define their experience, as Amos Dyanti had clearly been spoon-fed. But this acknowledgment has a value in itself.

Second, there is acknowledgment by those responsible for gross violations of human rights and by their superiors. Fifty historians could write accurate, closely documented accounts of the repression, the atrocities, the third force, and still ordinary white South Africans could deny it. But when their former president is reported in every newspaper and seen on national television saying that he apologizes and repents; that it was terrible; that, even if he did not know about many of the worst atrocities at the time, he is shocked by them now—then it becomes much more difficult to deny. And the fact that this acknowledgment is itself qualified by a denial, that their leader is still visibly struggling to face up to the full measure of his responsibility: this makes it not less but more effective.

The term "Truth Commission" has, as one commissioner remarked to me, a slightly Orwellian ring. In fact, he said, that is one reason they added "and Reconciliation." When the next such commission is created, somewhere else in the world, after some dictatorship, civil war, or other horrors—and there will be cause again soon enough—its founders may try to learn something from the South African experience, as the South Africans themselves tried to learn from those who had gone before. The catchy, shorthand description "truth commission" is doubtless here to stay. But perhaps in their formal self-description they might call it a Commission for Knowledge and Acknowledgment. That, it seems to me, is what such commissions can realistically hope to achieve.

—June 19, 1997

be said of William Beinart, *Twentieth-Century South Africa* (Oxford University Press, 1994), another excellent history.

⁷The suggestion was made by Richard Werbner at a conference on Zimbabwe at St. Antony's College, Oxford. (I owe this reference to Terence Ranger, the retiring Rhodes Professor at Oxford.)

The real-life mystery of the missing

WHERE is the original document, discovered on the Island but — as far as we know — never destroyed?

ISUPPOSE I'm about to give the game away and this will rob me of the chance of finding the buried treasure all on my own, but it's such an intriguing prospect that I just can't resist telling you about it. The publication of President Mandela's autobiography this week reveals that South Africa has its own (political) equivalent of undiscovered Van Goghs waiting to be unearthed.

The realisation dawned as I read a review copy of *Long Walk to Freedom* (a surprisingly enjoyable exercise, incidentally, for one who has grown to expect only dull worthiness from "approved" biographies of the great and the good). Following carefully the story-within-the-story of how Mandela wrote and then secreted the earliest draft of the autobiography on the Island in the mid-1970s, I concluded that there were big pieces missing from the puzzle. To wit: where was the large chunk of the original manuscript, written in Mandela's own hand, which was never destroyed? And

where was Mac Maharaj's encrypted, microscopic version of the same document, which he smuggled off Robben Island? These will surely, in time to come, be priceless historical documents.

So taken was I with the mystery of the missing manuscripts that, on arrival at Thursday night's glitterati launch at Douw Steyn's elephantine pied-a-terre, I collared Maharaj and pumped him for details of 20 years ago while the elevated throngs sipped champagne at Johannesburg's answer to the Queen's garden party. Alas, Mac does not know all the answers, but he filled out the riveting story.

On the Island Mandela began to write each night, playing truant from quarry work so that he could sleep during the day. Finishing up to 10 pages a session, he would pass them on to close colleagues for comment and eventual encipherment by Maharaj and Isu Chiba. "We mastered the technique of very small writing," says Maharaj, "and eventually put what took up about 600 full pages of longhand into 60 pages." For security reasons Maharaj was responsible for the safekeeping of his own miniature copies — which he was to smuggle off the Island on his removal to the mainland — and was kept ignorant of the whereabouts of Mandela's

UNDERCURRENT
AFFAIRS



SHAUN
Johnson

longhand document once he had returned it.

The Mandela manuscript was completed by July '76, and so was the encrypted version. Maharaj tells of how he hid away the latter: "I'd accumulated a mass of study material by that time, including economics texts. I made a false file, and also discovered that if you steam off the inside back page of a hardcover textbook, the fabric of the back page comes apart and you can

Revering Rivonia and the raid

The reopened and revamped Liliesleaf, where the struggle suffered an almost fatal neck blow in 1963, is a coup of conflict tourism, writes EUGENE GODDARD

LIKE struggle groupies swooning at the prospect of being inducted into our own imaginary hall of fame, we joined the males on the NS. We had a date with heritage and didn't want to get entangled in traffic. It was still early when we turned into Rivonia, the heart of SA's ultra-left legacy. Residents from the sleepy suburb were doing the bumper grind, eager to get to work on time. We were going the other way, to Liliesleaf farm, eager to stake our claim in SA's history as the first official public visitors to the site where the clandestine headquarters and almost the entire upper echelons of Umkhonto we Sizwe (MK) were raided and routed by Hendrik Verwoerd's Bureau of State Security (BOSS). It hasn't been a farm for many years and much has changed since, the BOSS brutes blighted the Spear of the Nation on July 11 1963, 45 years ago. But a lot has also stayed the same.

The greese made an unholly racket when we nosed into the parking lot of Liliesleaf. It was the same kind of goose honking that had shattered the peace when a van that read "Trade Steam Pressers", and another representing a florist, paid a visit to the top structure of the struggle. That Thursday afternoon in 1963 the men who got out of the vans were up to dirty business; they certainly didn't have laundry on their minds, nor did they come bearing flowers.

Their clothing alone — uniform blue safari suits with a few grey-shod, plain-clothes clowns nosed in broad, brown ties sporting diagonal stripes — merited vocal protestation.

Nicely nestled in country-style tranquility, Liliesleaf was never meant to have an arresting look. That's what we expected: a kind of preserved, eerie mystery. To our surprise we turned into the highly stylised property, all paving and quaint landscaping surrounding a postmodern, bare bones building, that read Liliesleaf Resource Centre on the side.

I thought: "What is this, some kind of hi-tech library?" And a library of sorts it is; a research facility housing most of the material from the Rivonia raid and subsequent trial that resulted

in the long incarceration of the top leadership of the African National Congress and South African Communist Party.

Considering its dark foyer, echoing the architectural starkness of the Apartheid Museum in Booysens and the Hector Pieterse Memorial site in Soweto, you wouldn't say that the spare "reception centre" at Liliesleaf has a bellyful of rare research material.

Like neatly arranged paintings, maps on the wall testify to a kind of decorative deception. Step closer and their cartographic significance becomes clear when you read how police found about 100 maps of SA dotted with key attack points in a coal shed during the Liliesleaf raid.

The maps formed an integral part of Operation Mayibuye, the armed revolt that topped the agenda during apparatchik meetings in a thatched cottage at Liliesleaf, MK's nerve centre.

Another priceless document in the archives is the original warrant of arrest for the "caretaker and cook" of Liliesleaf, a man who went by the name of David "The Walker" Motsamayi. The name on the warrant: Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela.

But who wants to pore over yellowing documents when you can absorb the Liliesleaf story interactively? It's on the multimedia side of things, situated between the Resource and the Liberation Centre, where the real mystique of Liliesleaf lies hidden.

Although most material is stored in the Resource Centre, the best exhibits are located in and around the grand old house and outbuildings.

One such exhibit is the original transistor radio positioned in the kitchen on a table where Mandela sat listening to the acceptance speech that ANC leader Albert Luthuli made when he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo, Norway, in December 1951. Against a life-sized, black-and-white backdrop of Luthuli bedecked with traditional Zulu headgear, the radio still "broadcasts" the chief's wise words.

But it's really Mandela's famous "Shuhm! or Fight" speech, made from the couch benches at the onset of the Rivonia trial in 1964, that captures the imagination. Located in the room where he lived as a "servant", the same



BLACK AND WHITE: Then and now; above, Liliesleaf as it looked in the 1960s, below is how the Liliesleaf museum-cum-research centre looks today. Pictures: EUGENE GODDARD



speech that Mandela was warned would result in certain death by hanging still stirs the heart. It's the gallows gravitas of the speech that renders significant, elsewhere on a wall, the exclamation that was shouted above the court audience after sentence was passed. "It's life!"

Another weighty Mandela moment awaits visitors in the Liberation Centre, where the TV interview, his first ever, with the BBC in 1961 can be viewed.

To say that no expense has been spared to put together a comprehensive cultural-historical experience at Liliesleaf would be an understatement.

When the Liliesleaf Trust announced in December 2001 that the house, then privately owned by a German family and run as a small hotel, was to be restored and turned into a museum, the amount envisioned for such an exercise was put at around R50m. That figure, according to Liliesleaf consultant researcher Sarah Haines, has rocketed to around R80m.

Haines and her researchers even managed to track down a propaganda film called Der Rivonia Prozess.

Made and released in Germany in the mid-1960s as part of an anti-Communist drive, the film stars South African actors and had the

full support of Verwoerd's government. "They even allowed them to use police uniforms," Haines commented.

The documentary could pass for real were it not for the bad acting, supposedly of "terrorists", with everyone expressing shock at the brazen attack of the "heroic defenders" of apartheid SA.

Also in the cottage, where most of the arrests took place, is a black-and-white depiction of what black and white living was like in the 1960s, including an audio account of the raid by Sir Bob Hepple, fellow Rivonia conspirator who turned state witness before fleeing the country.

"The geese started making a noise. Rusty looked up and said: 'My God! I saw that van outside the police station on my way here today.' We jumped up and helped three guys who were in disguise, Walter Sisulu, Govan Mbeki and Ahmed Kathrada, get out through the window."

"They were soon arrested because the place was surrounded and the police had dogs. The door burst open and a detective called Kennedy, whom I had cross-examined in a political trial earlier that year, said: 'You're Advocate Hepple, aren't you?'"

"Dirker, he was another policeman I had cross-examined,

he had just arrested Walter Sisulu, and he said: 'Oh Heppie, now we have you all.'"

Interestingly, Hepple corrects himself from saying "interrogated" when he recalls having "cross-examined" Dirker.

The main house now has a technological marvel of sorts; a digital joyride through a vast visual archive of struggle material. Operated by state-of-the-art clickless mouse sensors that resemble light sabre beam-pods straight out of Star Wars, it takes a while for adults to get a handle on the new technology. For techno-savvy kids, though, it's a gadget blast through the past.

Although a bit pale and clinical on the surface, Liliesleaf is a coup of conflict tourism, Joburg's answer to conquest tourism, or adventure imperialism, without the imminent peril the latter poses to life and limb.

The story of Liliesleaf is an evocative one; a revelation of the struggle's revolutionary roots.

■ Liliesleaf, 7 George Avenue, Rivonia, is open from Monday to Friday from 9am until 6pm, and on weekends from 9am until 2pm. Entrance is R65 for adults and R30 for children under 12. (011) 803-7882. www.liliesleaftrust.co.za



HI-TECH HISTORY: Left, the modern, multimedia resource centre of Liliesleaf is an interactive, technically advanced blast from the past; right, parts of the original farmhouse still have Nelson Mandela cornered.

Collection Number: A3299

Collection Name: Hilda and Rusty BERNSTEIN Papers, 1931-2006

PUBLISHER:

Publisher: **Historical Papers Research Archive**

Collection Funder: **Bernstein family**

Location: **Johannesburg**

©2015

LEGAL NOTICES:

Copyright Notice: All materials on the Historical Papers website are protected by South African copyright law and may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, displayed, or otherwise published in any format, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

Disclaimer and Terms of Use: Provided that you maintain all copyright and other notices contained therein, you may download material (one machine readable copy and one print copy per page) for your personal and/or educational non-commercial use only.

People using these records relating to the archives of Historical Papers, The Library, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, are reminded that such records sometimes contain material which is uncorroborated, inaccurate, distorted or untrue. While these digital records are true facsimiles of paper documents and the information contained herein is obtained from sources believed to be accurate and reliable, Historical Papers, University of the Witwatersrand has not independently verified their content. Consequently, the University is not responsible for any errors or omissions and excludes any and all liability for any errors in or omissions from the information on the website or any related information on third party websites accessible from this website.

This document is part of the *Hilda and Rusty Bernstein Papers*, held at the Historical Papers Research Archive, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa.