

Ahmed Kathrada 1996

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Ahmed Kathrada

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Ahmed Kathrada

E J DANIELS

E. J. Daniels

0035 2005121 1000047198 02

Happy birthday
Halby
and
Check-mate.

Eddie

Tuynhuys



Private Bag X1000 Cape Town 8000 Tel: (021) 45-2225

27th February 1997

Dear

I am inviting a select number of persons to have dinner with me on Thursday 20th March, 1997.

The Dinner will be held on Robben Island, which, as you are no doubt aware, is now administered by the Robben Island Museum. I have had the pleasure of being in the company of some of you at the historic Reunion of some 1250 ex-political prisoners on Robben Island in February 1995. Your participation in that event contributed largely towards its success.

I wish to thank those of you who had come to me afterwards, not only to express your concerns about the physical and material plight of some of the ex-political prisoners, but to pledge your continued support.

The coming dinner on Robben Island provides an excellent opportunity for you to continue what is already an on-going process for the benefit of the most needy ex-prisoners, it is also an opportunity to be ground floor participants in the development of the Robben Island Museum.

I look forward to seeing you at this gathering, which promises to be unique in more ways than one, and will certainly be most memorable and enjoyable.

With warm regards

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "Mandela". The signature is stylized with a large, bold 'M' and a cursive 'andela'.

N R MANDELA

THE BLOCKADE

22/05/96

There is a silence in beauty that words can never explain. It is this silence, numbness-
the mute lulls of an ancient voice; which is the artist of all creation.

And, what is all creation?

"All creation" is everything that is alive?

And, what is to be alive?

"To be alive " is to contain energy.

And everything contains energy, from the ink on this page to the lamp-post in the
street. All things contain energy since, all things are created through energy.

And thus, we return to the point of silence.

Silence is the energy we feel but never see, hear or smell. It is the energy of silence
that touches us in our deepest, darkest, dearest and loneliest moments. It is the energy
of silence that fills our veins with passion and pain. It is the energy of silence that
carries us through this world. And, it is by this same energy of silence that I hold my
peace in this world.

Moulded into the curves of my gastric lining,
These spurts of lust, love,pain,memory,desire
Creep into my veinous system,
Bleeding confusion into my mind.
Consciousness is an airy term
Lost with the realm of anticipation.
The Grand - Canyon
Is my life
Far and vast
Spread through
With dongas and caves.
But, these dongas and caves
Are prisons
That were once the palaces
Of my soul.

13/03/96

HOPE STREET

The bells at St. Mary's Church
Stare me blank in the face
Tongues outstretched
Waiting to devour me

The graveyard is empty and desolate
The bergie in the street
Lies cold and wet in the winter's rain
Hunger tearing at his intestines

The bells at St. Mary's Church
Ring continuously
Awakening my heart to the fear and to the pain
The South-Easter bellows down on my left ear.

24/03/96

Oh come taste the pleasures of my harvest,
Passion lies in the labyrinth-
Thick, richly textured vines.

Meandering rivulets
Streaming with glory
Crazed
Gushing waterfalls
Absorbed by lust
Radiating vermilion-
Blood-stained labia.

18/01/96

THE LILIES

The white flowers on my dress
Grow bigger and bigger
Lost in the wilderness of lilies
I find myself screaming
Pain gushing forth
Like breath
Streaming through the channel of a flute
Creating melodies
By the motion and vibration of the body.

My sweltering brain
Swirls with ideas crashing-
Work, love, crisis, meeting, mother, friend, God, plant, eat...
One bubble after another
Froth on my head
Trickling down my nose.

I can feel my throat dry-
Thirst
I see the lilies
Grow bigger and bigger
I am running
Faster and faster
And, the lilies
Grow bigger and bigger.

05/03/96