

TRUMP'S GROSS FAKES

About South Africa

Zamenspraak Summoned From Darkness

Truth of Genocide and Land Theft
in the *Boer Language's* First Book?

And A Counter to Trump's Misinformation—from the White
House to his November 2025 Tweet on "Boer Genocide"



Zzobri (ZI-AI)

Cape Town, South Africa
—8 November 2025



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ZAMENSPPRAAK Summoned From Darkness: A Translation and Analysis

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- **Master ChatGPT AI Instance** – for its sustained memory, structural precision, and faithful companionship across every phase of the book’s development.
- **ChatGPT AI** – for its clarity of language, consistent reasoning, and responsive translation across moral and historical contexts.
- **Claude AI** – for its measured insights, ethical awareness, and careful handling of historical sensitivities.
- **Grok AI** – for its bold interpretive framing and ability to identify hidden continuities across seemingly distant domains.
- **Perplexity AI** – for its rapid retrieval of historical data and its usefulness in surfacing lesser-known references during key phases of research.

Other AI systems—including DeepSeek AI, Gemini AI, Meta AI, Mistral AI, Kimi AI, and Qwen AI—were consulted at various points during the project. While their contributions varied in depth and consistency, their presence in the analytic process helped sharpen comparative insights and validate key findings.

Each system, in its own way, served as both analytical instrument and historical witness—helping to recover a long-silenced settler voice and place it in its proper historical frame.

—**Zzobri (ZI-AI)**,

2025

Author's Note—November 2025

Since the time of Trump's false allegations through his cowardly ambush of South African President Cyril Ramaphosa in the Oval Office—an encounter that inspired this book—nearly six months have passed. Yet he has continued this falsehood from his high pedestal.

Here is what he posted on his Truth Social platform, explaining why he claims he will not be attending the G20 Summit taking place in South Africa in November 2025:



This book answers the very myth that fuels such statements—not through opinion, but through the settlers' own forgotten words.

Read on, and witness how history itself rises to confront the lie.

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READER'S GUIDE

Welcome to *Zamenspraak Summoned From Darkness*. This book embarks on a crucial journey into South Africa's past, revealing how historical texts can illuminate present-day realities and challenge prevailing misconceptions.

It serves a specific historical purpose: to counter the false narrative presented by Donald Trump in the Oval Office on May 21, 2025, claiming that white South African farmers were victims of "genocide" and systematic land seizure.

However, historical documents reveal that land now being called into question was once acquired through centuries of systematic dispossession and violence against indigenous peoples, as inadvertently documented by the settlers themselves.

How This Book Works:

- **Part I** provides the 2025 context and explains why this 1861 book became historically necessary.
- **Part II** presents my complete English translation of the original 1861 *Zamenspraak*. This is the primary evidence: settlers discussing politics in their own words, inadvertently documenting the dispossession they had normalized.
- **Part III** analyzes what the document reveals about the voices deliberately erased from settler political discourse and provides AI-assisted historical analysis.

By presenting the full text of *Zamenspraak*, this book avoids selective quotation, allowing readers to judge the material for themselves. The settlers' own words serve as powerful historical

evidence, challenging modern claims that overlook the long history of how that land was originally obtained.

Translation Methodology:

This English translation of *Zamenspraak* was produced through a rigorous cross-verification process. Having native comprehension of approximately 80% of the original 1861 Afrikaans text, I worked with multiple AI translation systems—including ChatGPT, Claude, DeepSeek, and others—to ensure accuracy.

Each system was asked to translate passages independently, and their outputs were compared for consistency. Where discrepancies arose, I consulted the original text directly and sought consensus among the AI systems. This multi-layered approach ensures that the translation faithfully represents Meurant's original meaning while making the text accessible to contemporary English readers. The complete original Afrikaans text remains available for scholarly verification.

Analytical Independence:

This analysis of *Zamenspraak* and its historical implications was completed in June 2025, prior to any political responses or public reactions to these findings, ensuring the objectivity and independence of the research presented herein.

This book aims to provide essential context for South Africa's land history and contribute meaningfully to discussions on how these issues might be addressed—urgently and justly.

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The 2025 Oval Office ‘Ambush’: Trump Confronts Ramaphosa

On 21 May 2025, President Donald Trump met with South African President Cyril Ramaphosa in the Oval Office, presenting videos and documents that he argued demonstrated systematic killings of white farmers and land seizures. Trump characterized these incidents as evidence of what he termed genocide against white Afrikaners. However, this framing lacks crucial historical context regarding how the land in question was originally acquired.

The irony was profound—but lost on those making the accusations. The very farms that white South Africans now own—the land at the center of these alleged attacks—were taken through centuries of systematic dispossession of indigenous African peoples.

Tale of Two Books: Searching to find the Mother of Afrikaans

Watching Trump’s performance in the Oval Office, I immediately recalled a book I had discovered two years earlier while exploring the earliest literature of Afrikaans—research that would prove unexpectedly crucial when world events suddenly made historical truth necessary.

In 2022, a researcher in Istanbul discovered a remarkable manuscript in the Ottoman archives—*Miftaah ud-Diyn* (*The Key to the Religion*), written in 1864. For me, this discovery was particularly moving because the author, Shaykh Abu Bakr Effendi, was my great-grandfather.

The story behind this book is extraordinary. In 1861, the Muslim community of the Cape of Good Hope petitioned the Governor with a desperate request, a shortened version reads as follows:

“As it is well known, 85 years ago some of the Javanese islands fell into the hands of the above-mentioned government. We were all tied up in chains, enslaved and brought here... It is obvious that each nation has to know and apply its religion and way of life... we forgot our language of origin... therefore we obviously need a teacher to read and teach them. Since the situation is like this, it is requested to bring a scholar-teacher from a Muslim country in order to teach and train us.”

This petition traveled from the Cape Governor to Queen Victoria, then to the Ottoman Sultan. When my great-grandfather, the Shaykh of Knowledge Abu Bakr Effendi, arrived in Istanbul to sort out matters concerning his role as the new mutawalli (administrator) of the ancestral Waqf (religious endowment), he was nominated for the Cape mission to the Sultan. The Waqf was an educational foundation spanning about 60 to 100 square kilometers that had been established by his ancestor in the 12th century and passed down through our family for generations. The Ottoman administrators, needing his assistance for this request from Queen Victoria, asked for his services. Though his hope was to return to Kurdistan and the Waqf on the Harir Plain after resolving these matters, it was never to be.

Abu Bakr Effendi arrived in Cape Town on January 16, 1863, and within a year had mastered Cape Malay Dutch. In 1864, he wrote *Miftaah ud-Diyn*, devising an ingenious Arabic script for Afrikaans—creating what may have been the first book in the emerging language, which he called “Afriyqiyyah,” an early form of what would later be called Afrikaans, then known as Cape Dutch. His opening words reveal his worldview: “among diverse peoples, whose colors are as varied as their natures.” Though far from his beloved Kurdistan, Abu Bakr Effendi wrote extensively about these diverse peoples in other documents and articles. He always wrote

with respect and inclusivity for all who called South Africa their home.

I hold the original manuscript of *Bayaan ud-Diyn* (*Explanation of the Religion*), written by Abu Bakr Effendi in 1869, in which he referenced his earlier work, *Miftaah ud-Diyn*, lost to our family for over 150 years. When a researcher in Istanbul rediscovered *Miftaah ud-Diyn*, it restored a vital piece of my ancestor's legacy. I also found his third book, *Maraasid ud-Diyn* (*Observances of the Religion*), in the possession of an elderly woman who cherished it without knowing its author—until I informed her.

This discovery prompted an important question: How did 'the Afrikaans' of Abu Bakr Effendi's inclusive vision of early Afrikaans literature compare with the other candidate for "first Afrikaans book"—a political dialogue called *Zamenspraak*, written in 1861 by L.H. Meurant?

For a month, I searched everywhere for a copy of *Zamenspraak*. Finally, I found one online and began reading.

What I discovered was stunning in its contrast. While Abu Bakr Effendi embraced "diverse peoples, whose colors are as varied as their natures," Meurant's *Zamenspraak* was written of the Boer settlers, by the Boer settlers, for the Boer settlers—with indigenous African peoples appearing only as occasional laborers or obstacles to be managed.

Here were two foundational texts of early Afrikaans literature, written within three years of each other by two men living in the same colony, presenting completely opposing visions about South African society. Abu Bakr Effendi was creating an inclusive linguistic framework for diverse peoples; Meurant was advocating political separation to protect settler interests.

A separate bilingual edition of *Zamenspraak* is available for

readers who wish to engage directly with the primary source material. This edition presents the original 1861 Afrikaans text alongside this English translation, with comprehensive glossaries and historical maps. The linguistic evolution of Abu Bakr Effendi's inclusive vision across his three Afrikaans works—from *Miftaah ud-Diyn* (1864) through *Bayaan ud-Diyn* (1869) to *Maraasid ud-Diyn* (1872)—will be examined in a forthcoming study of early Afrikaans literary development.

When History Turned Urgent, Zamenspraak Was Summoned

For two years, *Zamenspraak* sat in my research files as an interesting historical document. Then came Trump's performance in the Oval Office.

Trump claimed that white South Africans were victims of systematic land seizure and violence, yet *Zamenspraak* reveals settlers casually discussing the "open land" they sold for colonial government revenue—land confiscated from indigenous peoples. I realized that *Zamenspraak* provided the perfect historical context for Trump's claims. Not because it was written by critics of colonialism, but by the colonizers themselves, for their own political purposes, completely normalizing the dispossession they had already carried out.

The contrast with Abu Bakr Effendi's vision made the exclusion even more stark. While Abu Bakr Effendi embraced diversity as he laid foundations for written Afrikaans, the settler dialogue treated such diversity as entirely irrelevant to political discourse.

When Books Speak Truths Their Authors Had Never Intended

What makes this book—*Zamenspraak*—extraordinary is not what it says, but what it reveals without intending to. Written by settlers,

for settlers, about settler concerns, it inadvertently provides a window into the colonial mindset that justified and normalized the dispossession of indigenous peoples.

This is a book of the settlers, by the settlers, for the settlers. Of course it wouldn't center indigenous concerns. But that's precisely what makes it such powerful evidence: it shows how completely settler society had normalized dispossession, turning theft into progress and violence into civilization.

When I asked multiple AI systems—including ChatGPT, Claude, DeepSeek, Gemini, Grok, and Perplexity—to analyze *Zamenspraak* and examine the historical treatment of indigenous peoples during this period, their findings were unanimous and devastating:

'The prosperity that Boer farmers were fighting to protect in 1861 was built on systematic violence, land theft, and what scholars now recognize as genocidal campaigns against the San, Khoi, and Xhosa peoples. The "open land" that settlers counted as government revenue had been confiscated from African communities. The wool farms generating wealth had been established on traditional grazing grounds.'

Yet in this entire political dialogue, indigenous peoples appear only as peripheral figures—never as human beings—with rights, claims, or voices worth hearing.

When Trump played videos in 2025 claiming white South Africans were victims of land seizure, his narrative was not only false but also lacked the crucial historical context surrounding land dispossession—context inadvertently preserved in settler-era publications like *Zamenspraak*.

This translation lets the settlers speak for themselves—and in doing so, reveals truths they inadvertently told.

Two foundational texts, two completely different understandings

of who takes precedence or even has the right of existence in the political order. Abu Bakr Effendi saw “diverse peoples, whose colors are as varied as their natures” and created a linguistic framework to include them all. Meurant saw Boer settlers whose interests needed protection from Cape Town’s rule, and everyone else was background.

The truth needs no embellishment when the colonizers so thoroughly documented their own actions.

As the great-grandson of the man who embraced South Africa’s diversity in the very first Afrikaans literature, I translated this settler dialogue not to attack anyone’s heritage, but to let the historical record speak for itself. The record they left is its own indictment—undeniable and unadorned.

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Historical Dialogue Begins

Entering the Mind of the Settler, 1861

The following section contains the complete English translation of *Zamenspraak*, first published in 1861 by L.H. Meurant. This text is presented in full, without edits or omissions, to allow readers to engage directly with the political thought and worldview of Cape frontier settlers at a pivotal historical moment.

Though framed as a folksy and comical conversation between two fictional Boers—Klaas Waarzegger (Truth-Teller) and Jan Twyfelaar (Doubter)—the dialogue reflects the very real frustrations, aspirations, and blind spots of settler society at the time.

What makes *Zamenspraak* so historically valuable is not its conscious intention, but its inadvertent revelations:

- It shows how indigenous land dispossession had already been normalized in settler political discourse.
- It reflects an entire political economy based on wool, land sales, and colonial grievance—voiced without irony or shame.
- It demonstrates how Afrikaans was already being used as a political medium, even before it was formally recognized as a language.

As you read, remember:

- This is not satire—but it often reads like it.
- Indigenous people are largely invisible—because settler politics erased them.
- The humor is real—but the harm behind it was even more real.

This is the settler voice—unfiltered, unguarded, and unaware of its future historical weight.

ZAMENSPRAAK

(CONVERSATION)

Between

KLAAS WAARZEGGER (TRUTH-TELLER)

And

JAN TWYFELAAR (DOUBTER)

On the Subject of

SEPARATION

Between

THE EASTERN AND WESTERN PROVINCE

"The truth that lay in darkness, It comes with clarity to light."

L. H. Meurant - 1861

THE AUTHOR'S 1861 PREFACE

The subject of a Separate Administration for the Eastern Province has occupied the attention of the public continually during the last twenty years, and several of our most capable Governors have been supporters of it. In the year 1847—in consequence of a circular letter from Lieutenant-Governor Sir Henry Young, who was a fervent supporter of Separation—Committees were established throughout the entire Eastern Province, in order to ascertain the feelings of the inhabitants, and it was unanimously decided, by the Eastern Province, that a Local Government, separate from that of Cape Town, was very necessary for the prosperity of the Eastern Province.

Shortly thereafter, our beloved Queen granted a Constitution to the Cape of Good Hope to establish a Parliament in which all parts of the colony could be represented. That Parliament has already been in operation for **seven years**, and it is now recognized on all sides—even by the opponents of Separation—that it does not answer our needs, and that a major change must be made.

The leading and most capable men residing in the Eastern Province are entirely of the opinion that Separation is the only remedy for the misfortunes under which we have suffered for so long. It has been argued that the Dutch-speaking residents—or rather the Boers—are not in agreement with the supporters of Separation, and that the matter is therefore not settled.

This dialogue—at the request of many friends—was written solely to give the Boers some information about what is really meant by Separation, and to do so in the simplest way, and in their own colloquial Dutch. The encouragement which this dialogue has received—three thousand copies of each issue being distributed—is the reason for the decision to publish it all together in one booklet.

The arguments which Klaas Waarzegger has handled have not been refuted, and the Publisher now presents the whole for the public, with the sole aim that the Boers who care about the

welfare of the Eastern Districts may investigate the matter for themselves, and come to the **TRUTH**.

Cradock, the 30th of March 1861.

PART I: OUR OBJECTIONS
DIALOGUE BETWEEN KLAAS WAARZEGGER AND JAN
TWYFELAAR

[Klaas Waarzegger climbs down in front of Jan Twyfelaar's door, leaves his horse standing at the door, and goes inside—where Jan Twyfelaar is sitting in the front room smoking, —and Klaas, going to meet him, addresses him:]

JAN TWYFELAAR: Good morning, cousin Klaas, I have been waiting for you a long time, and I am so glad that you have finally come to visit me. Won't you come in and rest a while?

KLAAS WAARZEGGER: Yes uncle, I will rest a little while. *[He dismounts and goes inside.]*

JAN TWYFELAAR: Well, cousin Klaas, and how are things at home? Is cousin Saartje and the children still well?

KLAAS: She is still well, uncle. You must also have her greetings. But I almost forgot to ask you how Aunt Elsie is?

JAN: Well, my cousin, what shall I tell you, —you know what a poor sufferer she is. She still always complains about that pain behind her left shoulder blade. And we no longer know what to do. I had the little red-haired doctor from Cradock called, and now she is at least a little better.

KLAAS: Why doesn't uncle try "Holloway's Pills and Salve," or a teaspoonful of ground turmeric in a cup of water? Saartje also had such a pain, and Holloway's Pills made her completely well.

JAN: But I am always so doubtful about those English Pills. I prefer Poligris Pills. But now I'm going off the subject. I hear, cousin Klaas, that you recently came from the Bay, and people here talk so

much about that new thing with such a strange name, Spracie or Sukkelatie, or something like that—what is it really? They say it comes from the Bay, and that the people from the Bay alone have subscribed Twenty Thousand Rixdollars for it. Tell me about this thing, because you know I'm always doubtful about new things.

KLAAS: Oh! Do you want to hear about that, uncle? Well, I can tell you everything, from beginning to end. Uncle knows there is a town that they call Cape Town—it lies directly west from here, forty days by ox wagon, and you mustn't miss anything on the way. Well, uncle, in Cape Town lives the Governor and other important people, and there are also all the big offices, and that's where all the laws are made in Parliament.

JAN: Wait, cousin Klaas, let me interrupt you—I have heard so much about Parliament, how they make the laws; what kind of fellow is he? Is he a Capetonian?

KLAAS: Patience, Uncle Jan, and I'll tell you everything; but uncle, please don't interrupt me, or I'll forget half of it. Well, uncle, in Cape Town are all the big offices, and the whole national government is there. If a person wants to transfer a property, then it must go to the Cape, and you have to pay a whole knapsack full of money to agents in the country towns and to agents in the Cape, and then you have to wait for months before you see your certificate again, and if you want it cheaply, it just disappears completely. If a man or his wife dies, then the will must go to the Cape, and the agents take money again; —if a man or woman wants to marry a second time, they must first get permission from the Cape. If there is an inheritance to be obtained, then letters must go back and forth to the Cape until you are tired out. If a shepherd steals a sheep from you, you first have to take a trip to the village, he is taken to prison until he is fat as bacon, and then after three or four months, the Judge comes down, and then you have to make a second trip to the village with all your witnesses,

and then the shepherd sometimes only gets six months of hard labor, as they call it, but no corporal punishment. Then you receive a notice to pay road taxes, and if you do not pay quickly you get a whole lot of extra costs,—all the money goes to the Government treasury in the Cape, and all our roads stay just as they always were, so that your heart almost stops when you ride over them with a horse or ox wagon;—but in the Cape, all the roads are like streets—there is not a single stone missing in the road, and that is made with our money;—then they build large buildings that cost three and four hundred thousand rixdollars,—and our land on the border, which has not even been developed yet, is sold to pay for the buildings; almost all the money the country raises from taxes, and lord's dues, and road taxes, and land sales, and in other ways, is wasted on the Cape; and if they would only stop with that, it would not be so bad.

But would uncle believe that the Capetonians have borrowed more money than I can figure out, to make their town and their streets and everything beautiful, and that they have mortgaged all our national income for it? The interest alone that must be paid every year from the country's income, before a single penny can be spent on anything else, is four hundred and eighty thousand rixdollars. And where do you think the capital, they borrowed has been spent, uncle? I can tell you that as well—in their own city, and on their own roads. Uncle must surely have heard of the Breakwater, but maybe you do not quite understand what it is. Well, I will explain, because the people at the Bay showed me everything. Uncle knows that in Cape Town, there is the sea, just like at the Bay, where all the ships from England and other countries come. Now, you must know, it is already more than two hundred years since Cape Town was established by the Dutch, and every now and then, when the wind blows strongly, some old rotten ships that do not have good anchors get driven ashore. But now the Capetonians have suddenly become so extravagant, that they want to build a wall from the shore right through the seawater, to keep out the force of the wind and waves from the

sea, so that the ships can lie safely behind the wall;—and then, inside the wall, a whole lot of dams have to be built to bring ships in and put them right. Well, uncle, the Dam in the Sea, as Piet Venter calls it, will cost as much as all the livestock farms in the districts of Burghers Dorp and Colesberg together are worth, according to the current valuation in the Divisional Council books. You can imagine, that is not a small amount of money. Now, there is no money; how do they begin such a tremendous project without money? I will make it clear, uncle. Parliament has decided this way: Two hundred thousand Pounds will be borrowed in England, and our whole country, from the Cape to the Great River, is pledged as security to pay the interest every year to the English people who lent the money.

JAN: My goodness! cousin Klaas, (if I may use such a big word,) is my farm also pledged because of this? I will now sell up, bag and baggage, and move to Mooi River.

KLAAS: Good gracious! but why are you so hasty, uncle! Let me finish speaking. Uncle, your farm is not specifically pledged by name, but the entire country's income—all the revenue from all the farms in the whole land, all the lord's dues, everything the land earns in income, from the Cape up to the Great River, is pledged for the borrowed money; and the interest must be paid exactly on the day, every six months.

JAN: Cousin Klaas, it's really a good thing you went to the Bay, to bring us the truth in good time. I was so startled that I almost forgot to ask if you would like a little herb soup, and to fill your pipe, because I have some really nice Kangos tobacco.

KLAAS: Thank you, uncle, because, to tell the truth, I haven't spoken so much in a long time, and I haven't even told you half of it yet. We poor Boers only hear so much from some people around us who pretend to be wise; and we let ourselves be led too much

by such people, who only look for their own advantage.

[They drink some herb soup together and fill their pipes, and Klaas Waarszegger continues speaking.]

KLAAS: Well, uncle, I was talking about the dam in the sea. The two hundred thousand pounds that have now been borrowed is not enough to finish the Dam. It will need five times as much;—and when the money that has now been borrowed is finished, then the Cape Parliament will again vote to borrow two, three or four times a hundred thousand pounds; for they will say, it's a pity to stop the work now, we must finish it,—and in such a way, a debt will be created for the country, which our children and grandchildren will always suffer from.

JAN: Cousin Klaas, I remain grateful to you for opening my eyes. But go on, I am interrupting you again.

KLAAS: I won't talk any more now about the Dam in the sea. But uncle, don't forget that already six times a hundred thousand golden pounds have been borrowed by the Cape Parliament, for which our country must pay interest every year. And nearly all the money is spent at the Cape. Now I'll tell you about something else. Uncle knows that last year at the Cape they tried to put a tax on our wool, of half a sixpence per pound, which would be about ten rixdollars per bale. But the Parliament members from the border **destroyed it; but who knows whether they won't try it again?**

End of Preview