



Zuid-Afrikaansche Boer Republieke

WHITE PAPER ON THE MARGINALISATION OF THE BOERVOLK IN SOUTH AFRICA

Issued by:

The Temporary Advisory Council, on behalf of the living *Boervolk* collectively united under the Zuid-Afrikaansche *Boervolk* (ZAB), administered by the Zuid-Afrikaansche Boer Republics (ZABR).

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Introduction

The *Boervolk*, descendants of the Great Trek (1835–1840) who among others founded the sovereign Zuid-Afrikaansche Republic and Orange Free State, have been marginalised since the invalid annexation of 1902. This white paper documents economic, cultural, and social injustices against the *Boervolk*, in support of their claim for self-determination under the ZAB Declaration of Independence of “100 Men” (12 July 2025).

Economic Marginalisation

- **Farm Attacks:** More than 3,000 farm murders have been reported since 1994, with *Boervolk* as primary targets. This violence threatens the *Boervolk's* traditional agricultural existence. [Source: E.g., Transvaal Agricultural Union reports, 2020].
- **Land Redistribution:** Policy since 1994 has reduced *Boervolk* land ownership, without compensation for historical rights from the Boer Republics.
- **Black Economic Empowerment (BEE):** BEE legislation prioritises economic opportunities for previously disadvantaged groups, but disadvantages the *Boervolk* by excluding them from contracts, business partnerships and employment opportunities on the basis of race. This leads to forced sales of businesses and unemployment among *Boervolk*, while undermining the *Boervolk's* entrepreneurial spirit (as in historical republics). [Source: Free Market Foundation Index of Race Law, 2025; Institute of Race Relations, 2024].
- **Race-Based Legislation:** Since 1994, approximately 122 new laws have been enacted that use race as a factor, according to the Index of Race Law. These laws (e.g., employment equity, BEE, land reform) are viewed by critics as discriminatory against whites, including the *Boervolk*, and hinder economic participation. Thus, the total of ~144 race-based laws against whites in South Africa, were strongly condemned by the US President in 2025. [Source: Free Market Foundation Index of Race Law, 2025; AfriForum, 2025 – note, figures vary and are viewed by critics as ideological but show a pattern of redress policy].

Social Marginalisation

- **Impact of Farm Murders on Communities:** Loss of families, trauma, and migration leads to the dissolution of *Boervolk* communities. Many *Boervolk* are forced flee to cities or emigrate, undermining social structures. [Source: Transvaal Agricultural Union social impact study, 2022].
- **Trauma and Mental Health:** The violence creates generational trauma, with higher suicide rates among *Boervolk*. [Source: Psychological Society of South Africa reports, 2023].

Cultural Marginalisation

- **Decline of Afrikaans:** Afrikaans, the *Boervolk's* language, is being displaced from public education and media. Fewer than 1,000 Afrikaans-medium schools remain, compared to 2,000 in 1994. [Source: SA Department of Education data, 2023; PanSALB language reports, 2024].

- **Removal of Heritage:** *Boervolk* monuments (e.g., Voortrekker memorials) are vandalised and neglected, threatening cultural identity. [Source: Heritage Foundation SA, 2022].
 - **Town Name Changes:** Since 1994, over 85 towns have been renamed to remove symbols of Boer heritage under the pretence of addressing colonial/apartheid legacies. However, many of these names predate apartheid, originating from Boer Republics and the Great Trek, thus diluting the *Boervolk's* unique historical identity. Examples include Port Elizabeth to Gqeberha (2021) and Uitenhage to Kariega (2021). The historic Graaff-Reinet (capital of the short-lived Republic of Graaff-Reinet in 1795–1796) was renamed Robert Sobukwe Town in 2026, despite local opposition (over 21,000 signatures in a opposition and legal challenges over procedural defects in gazetting). [Source: Government Gazette, February 2026; Wikipedia List of Renamed Places; BusinessTech, 2026]. This trend erases Boer historical ties to places.
 - **Street and Building Name Changes:** Numerous streets and buildings have been renamed, e.g., in Pretoria (Hendrik Verwoerd Drive to Voortrekker Road, then changed again) and Johannesburg (DF Malan Drive to Beyers Naudé Drive). Historical buildings and Monuments face vandalism, and proposals for renaming Pretoria to Tshwane (municipality changed in 2005, city name contested) further marginalise Boervolk identity. [Source: Gauteng City-Region Observatory on Street Renaming, 2012; Daily Maverick, 2023].
 - **Infrastructure and Historical Boer Sites:** Since 1994, key infrastructure and Boer commemorative sites have been renamed, often linking pre-apartheid Boer symbols to apartheid. The Hendrik Verwoerd Dam (built 1965–1972 in the former Orange Free State Republic area) was renamed Gariep Dam in 1995, after the KhoiSan word for the Orange River, erasing its historical context. The Blood River Vow Site (commemorating the 1838 Battle of Blood River) was rebranded as the Ncome/Blood River Heritage Site in 1998, shifting focus from Boer Vows to a reconciliation narrative with a Zulu museum alongside, diluting its original significance as a Boer covenant site. Other examples include Hans Strijdom Dam to Mokolo Dam (1995), Fanie Botha Dam to Tzaneen Dam (1995), and Charlie Malan Dam to Impofu Dam (1995). These changes contribute to the systematic erasure of Boer heritage under the guise of decolonization. [Source: Wikipedia List of Renamed Places; Government Gazette records, 1995–2026; Attitudes Towards Geographical Renaming in South Africa (Ndletyana, 2012)].

- **BELA Act:** Threatens mother-tongue education (Afrikaans) and cultural transmission through centralisation of language policy. [Source: Solidarity Movement analysis, 2024].
- **Identity Dilution:** Historical monuments and publications frame the *Boervolk* as part of broader structures such as the Afrikaner, undermining the *Boervolk's* unique *volkerereg*. [Source: *Boervolk* Identity Clarification ([Attachment H](#)), 2025].

Testimonies and Documentation

Testimonies from victims and their families highlight the human impact of farm attacks. According to a sworn affidavit by Klaas Prinsloo, director of the White Cross Monument, more than 3,000 murders since 1994 are documented, including farmers, their families and workers. The monument, established in 2004, commemorates these victims by planting white crosses, with records from news reports, police reports, family testimonies and organisations such as Tabita. Prinsloo states: "Since December 2023, I actively keep records of farm murders... with over 3,000 crosses representing victims." These testimonies show the systemic threat to the *Boervolk's* safety and cultural survival. [Source: Prinsloo Affidavit, 2026; White Cross Monument records].

- **Personal Testimony from a Farm Attack Survivor** The following is an extract from a recorded account shared with full permission (name withheld for protection). It illustrates the generational trauma and ongoing threat to the *Boervolk*. See [Sub-Annex L1](#) for recorded account.
This testimony underscores the deep trauma, loss of family, and fear for future generations, reinforcing the need for recognition and protection of the *Boervolk's* safety and cultural continuity.

Conclusion and Recommendation

This marginalisation violates UNDRIP rights. The *Boervolk* seeks recognition for peaceful self-determination. The ZAB requests international support to address these injustices through cultural and territorial autonomy under the ZABR, as advocated in the *Boervolk's* UN petition of 25 February 2026.

Sub-Annex L1:

Personal Testimony on the Impact of Farm Attacks Extract from a Sworn Account of a Survivor (Name withheld for protection, shared with full permission)

OFFICIAL GENOCIDE DOSSIER AND INTELLIGENCE REPORT

GRANDPA, WHY DID YOU WAIT?

The Forensic and Psychological Analysis of the Attack on a Boer Family, the Direct Complicity of the GNU's Blue Liberals, and the Betrayal by Foreign Interests.

Exclusively compiled, analysed, and authorized for distribution by the Executive Management of

The Boere Vryheidsfront (BVF)

GRANDPA, WHY DID YOU WAIT?

My people (*addressed to the Boervolk*), today we share a story that lies heavy on the soul, posted with the farmer's full permission. Out of respect for his pain and to protect his family from further harm, we have changed his name and some details. The interview was much longer, full of graphic details of the night that broke him, but we are only sharing this shortened version. We also only share the dictation exactly as taken from the original audio recording. We aim to remain as faithful as possible to the original recording, but under no circumstances will we share the audio recording itself. We do not exploit our people's suffering by laying everything bare; we honor it, let it speak softly, to wake us all up without breaking our people further.

It has now been months since that freezing Sunday afternoon in July 2025 when we sat on his porch, while the winter sun baked deceptively bright on the cement. We deliberated for a long time whether to let these words see the light. It is not easy to look into the mirror of our own loss. But we decided to post it now, because we have come to the realization that staying silent in times of chaos is tantamount to suicide. When the walls of law and order and the boundaries that keep us safe are torn down, the darkness floods in. This story is not just a dirge; it is a necessary warning about what happens when a nation loses its grip on its own destiny.

IN CONVERSATION WITH UNCLE ANDRIES

The farm is quiet. Not the peaceful Sunday afternoon quiet one expects, but a heavy, ominous silence that hangs in the air. The wind pushes through the long grass that took over the garden long ago. The cattle are gone. The kraals are empty.

I sit on the porch with Uncle Andries. Today's afternoon sun bakes on the cement where we sit, but his eyes are in the darkness of that night. His hands are rough, the hands of a man who worked for sixty years to create order out of the earth. But today those hands lie still on his knees. They tremble slightly. He stares at the horizon, but I can see he isn't looking at the veld. He is looking back in time.

We are here to talk about that night in 2018. When I ask him to take me back, he doesn't answer immediately. He closes his eyes, and a muscle in his jaw tightens.

Me: Uncle Andries... I know it is hard. But take me back to that night. How did it begin?

Uncle Andries: *(He takes a deep, shaky breath and looks down at his boots.)*

It started with the dogs. You know, a farmer knows his dogs. Usually, they bark like thunder if something is wrong. That night... they whimpered. Just a low, pathetic sound. And then? Silence.

I told myself it was probably just a jackal. You lie to yourself, because you want to believe your world is still safe. But then I heard it. The wood creaking. The front door.

Me: Did you have time to do anything?

Uncle Andries: *(He shakes his head wildly, his voice breaking.)*

No time. Nothing. My son, Jan... he was forty-two. Strong man. He was staying over with us. He heard it too. He got up from his chair.

I wanted to get up too, but he told me: "Dad, stay down."

Me: *(Softly)* He wanted to protect you?

Uncle Andries: He walked out to the front door. I can still see him standing there on the threshold. Hands in the air. He didn't yell. He didn't fight. His voice was calm... soft. It was that same voice he used to teach his own children to swim. Peaceful. Reassuring.

He told them: "Take everything. Take the truck, the money, the keys. Take everything. Just please leave us alone."

Me: What did they do?

Uncle Andries: *(Tears start welling up in his eyes, but he doesn't wipe them away.)*

They laughed. Have you ever heard a sound that makes your blood freeze? It wasn't a human laugh. It sounded like glass breaking. High and sharp.

And then... the first shot.

Jan stood on the threshold and the shot forced him backwards. He hit the porch hard. Like a massive tree falling in the forest with no one there to hear it. I could hear him

gasping, how he struggled to push himself up. He was so strong... he wanted to get up. He still wanted to help us.

Then the second shot rang out.

Me: *(There is a long silence. The corrugated iron roof creaks in the heat.)* And then?

Uncle Andries: Then it went quiet by him. But the screaming started. The women. My wife. Jan's wife.

They grabbed them and forced them into the bedroom. They grabbed me and threw me down in the hallway and tied me up with wire. My mouth was full of blood where they kicked me. My head was smashed against the wall. I was dizzy, but I was awake. God help me, I was awake.

I heard the bed creaking. I heard them begging. "Please, no. Please." I heard the tears falling on the floorboards.

And when they were done, they dragged those broken women out of the room and left them there in the hallway with me. Like garbage you throw on a heap.

(Graphic content is omitted here...)

Me: You could hear everything?

Uncle Andries: *(He grips the armrests of the chair until his knuckles turn white.)*

Everything. I tried to scream. I opened my mouth to roar, to threaten, to beg... but my voice was gone. Fear steals your voice.

I had to listen as they broke my family. They broke us and left us for dead.

And then, finally, the footsteps faded away. The lights were turned off. The door slammed shut. The silence returned, but this time it was heavy. Like a wet wool blanket pressed over your face until you can no longer breathe.

Me: What did you do when they left?

Uncle Andries: Jan lay outside on the porch. Eyes open. He was staring at the stars. The blood was already seeping under the front door, into the hallway where I lay. Sticky and black in the moonlight.

The women lay in the hallway where they had been thrown down. Bruised. Broken. Their eyes were open, but they were empty. There was nothing left in those eyes.

I couldn't walk. My legs were paralyzed. I had to crawl. I had to crawl through my own son's blood that flowed under the door to reach the telephone on the wall. I called the neighbor.

Me: Did help arrive?

Uncle Andries: Frik came. He walked in, saw Jan on the porch, and didn't say a word. He just stood there and cried. The police came later. They took photos. They asked questions. They wrote in little books. And then? Then they drove off.

(He leans forward, his eyes intense and furious.)

No one comes back, do you understand? No one comes back to see how the women wake up screaming in the night. No one asks how a father is supposed to sleep when he can still feel the warmth of his son's blood on his hands.

Me: And the farm now? It looks... lonely.

Uncle Andries: The farm is dead. The cows are gone. The dogs are dead. The fields are overgrown.

And the women... they never looked the same again. Their eyes are still there, but the light is out. It's like a house where no one lives anymore.

I sit here alone now. Every night the ghosts come. I hear Jan's last breath, that terrible, wet gasp out there on the cement. I hear the women's sobs here in the hallway. I hear my wife's voice whispering in the dark: "Andries, where is our child?"

Me: Are you afraid they will come back?

Uncle Andries: *(He laughs, a dry, humorless sound.)*

Afraid? No. I am not afraid of the men who come with guns. Let them come. What is left to take?

No, I am afraid of something else. I am afraid of my grandchildren.

Me: Why the grandchildren, uncle?

Uncle Andries: Because one day they are going to look me in the eye. They are going to look at this old, broken grandpa who waited. And they are going to ask: "Grandpa, why didn't you stand up? Why didn't you fight?"

And what will I tell them?

I will say: "I tried. With my hands tied in this hallway. With my heart in pieces on the floor. With my son's blood seeping under the front door."

But then I will have to look at them and say: "But now... now it is your turn."

Me: Is that a warning, Uncle Andries?

Uncle Andries: *(He stands up slowly and looks out over the neglected veld one last time.)*

This isn't just a story I'm telling you, son. This is us. This is our blood drying in the dust. This is our silence killing us.

My house is empty. But our people are still here, with our tears, our anger, and our pride.

What are you going to tell your grandchildren when they ask: "Grandpa, why did you wait until it was too late?"

Share it. Let it break you. Let it tear you apart. And then, let it make you rise. Don't let this be just another farm murder. Let it become us.