

# FANIE CILLIERS SC

## BEHEMOTH OF THE JOHANNESBURG BAR DEPARTS

In this edited version of a conversation Jean Meiring held with the late Fanie Cilliers SC on the afternoon of Friday, 20 March 2015, his inimitable voice rings clear.

*Erratum: this recordal and edit of the late Fanie Cilliers SC in his own words, the article referred to appellate division justice Oscar Calgan. It was meant to read Oscar Galgut. We sincerely apologise for the error.*

I was born in 1936 in Stellenbosch. We lived in Mostertsdrift. *Jonkershoekweg* no 16. The whole universe consisted of it and *Van der Stelstraat*, which was under suspicion because there were people there that had neither inherited, nor built their homes, but had bought them. That was not acceptable.

Well, that was the centre of the universe. My mother was a De Villiers and they looked down on everybody because they were firmly convinced that they were ensconced there when Van der Stel came later to found the town. After all, my mother's uncle was the executor of the Koopmans-de Wet estate.<sup>1</sup> That was her biggest claim to fame. They would make these unbelievable bloody snobbish claims. My mother said, "I'm not a snob. You can ask anybody – well anybody that matters."

They were very strange people. They lived in a world of their own and thought that the whole universe paid attention to what they said. They could speak *ex cathedra* on anything. It was a very odd world. The university consisted of 2,000 students or – as JC de Wet<sup>2</sup> said – at least they had been registered at the university. And there were about 60 professors of whom I probably knew 50, because everybody lived in Mostertsdrift anyway and everybody knew everybody else.

My father had been a farm boy from Wellington, but he was



On Friday afternoon, 20 March 2015, having shifted his half-written manuscript opinion aside, Fanie Cilliers SC is in mid-flow - in part musing, in part mischievous - in his paper-laden chamber at the end of the corridor in the heart of the Island Group - while Albert Einstein eavesdrops.

gifted.<sup>3</sup> All the Cilliers were extremely dumb. They were usually 20 years old in Standard 6. But there was one strain of grace and that was my father's mother, a Retief. She was a great-granddaughter of Piet Retief,<sup>4</sup> who had been a *skelm prokureur*, you know; that old woman had brains. Nobody else in that family had brains; the bit that we inherited, we got from her.

The old man, he was a physicist, came from the farm; he went to Göttingen and studied for four and a half years under Hilbert,<sup>5</sup> who was the greatest mathematician of the century. Heisenberg<sup>6</sup> was one of his examiners, but he wasn't allowed to talk because he was an assistant. De Broglie<sup>7</sup> came from Paris; Bohr,<sup>8</sup> from

Copenhagen. Bohr actually came to listen to a four-hour lecture my father gave. Einstein from Berlin. He knew everyone. All the famous quantum people. The only one he didn't meet was Dirac, the Englishman.<sup>9</sup>

I once asked my dad, "You met all these very famous people, who impressed you the most?" He said, "J Robert Oppenheimer."<sup>10</sup> I said, "What impressed you about Oppenheimer, apart from the fact that he was a very good physicist?" He said, "Well, to start with, he was a world authority on Eastern European furniture. Second, he could read Sanskrit fluently. Thirdly, when he left Göttingen and went to work for a year under Lorentz of the

Lorentz transformations, after a year, Lorentz asked him to give two lectures – and he gave the two lectures in Dutch.”<sup>11</sup>

He said: “When you mix with people like that, you realise just what a backwater we are.” My dad got a *summa cum laude* in mathematics and theoretical physics. He came back, he gave up physics and went farming on the Orange River. He was a *boer* at heart. And then came the Depression and the drought in the thirties, everybody lost everything. So, he took a place at Ikeys as a senior lecturer, but he preferred Stellenbosch, so he went there as professor and taught physics, but really at heart he was a farmer. He could do anything. He was good in literature, economics. He was a good golfer, a good shot. He was a very gifted man, but still he lived in a little ivory-tower world.

I attended Stellenbosch Boys’ High, now Paul Roos Gymnasium. I still got a beating from Paul Roos, the 1906 Springbok captain.<sup>12</sup> He was headmaster. He gave me a beating for some form of insolence. Then, in Standard 6, Paul Roos was built and we moved across there.

I went to school in 1943. It was a very privileged time. We were a country that’d escaped all wars. I mean the Boer War was over. There was no inflation. From the 50s into the 70s, there was no inflation and it was a stable world. Of course, you had the local social, economic and political stresses and you knew they were there. Like any society, if you’re one of the privileged few, it’s a very nice place to be. Of course, you’re vulnerable. Nobody is more vulnerable than the privileged minority.

I wanted to do science – I still have a great interest and I read a lot of cosmology, particle physics until I hit the mathematics that I can’t master – and my father said to me, “Fine, you can go and do science if you want to, but then you must go and live in America. South Africa you will get nowhere. You need teams, you need computers, you need lots of money if you’re going to get anywhere in science”.

We were 11 in the class and five professors. So that’s JC de Wet, Mortie Malherbe, Whitey van der Westhuizen, Klaus Schwietering and Abraham de Villiers, whose son is now rector. It was a very privileged setting. Mortie Malherbe was still lecturing when I went. He was 85 – there was no retirement age – with his helmet and his raincoat.

I’d done Latin at school under Mr Taylor from Standard 7 to matric and then, at varsity, I had to do Latin 1 under Professor Smuts.<sup>13</sup> That was very difficult because he was teaching in Afrikaans medium. I’d had it in English at school.

I once went in for my criminal procedure oral. After five minutes, JC said to me, “You don’t know the work.” I said, “Oh, professor.” He said, “You’ve applied for a Rhodes Scholarship. You’ve got a record, but this is going to be a blotch on your record.” I said, “Well, Professor ...” He said, “Now Kempen, who was a professor of Afrikaans *grammatika*,<sup>14</sup> tells me that that Strydom girl has handed in a seminar that she is quite unable to write; is that where you’ve been wasting your time?” I said, “Well, Professor ...” He said, “Now, listen, just go home and phone me when you’re ready to do the oral.” The next week I phoned him, I went in and got a good mark. He knew about

our amorous malpractices, why you’re performing badly. It was a wonderful place.

JC de Wet had a laconic way about him, he could be dismissive of people in a way. You know what HB Thom<sup>15</sup> wrote him a letter once – with the full authority of the *Nasionale Party* and the *Broederbond* and the *ACVV* and the *Voortrekkers* and the *NG Kerk* behind him – asking: “Dear Dean, kindly furnish the university council with an explanation for the high failure rate in the third year in the law faculty. JC responded: “Dear Rector, the high failure rate in the third year is attributable to the low marks the students achieve in the examination.”

Johan Van Zyl Steyn – Lord Steyn – was in my brother’s class at Stellenbosch. He was three years ahead of me, but I know him well. They were poor. They battled to make a living because his father, Van Zyl Steyn, had died early. His mother took in boarders.

After the LLB, I got the Rhodes Scholarship. It was two years without responsibility, which is something one doesn’t often have in life. I was specially privileged because I travelled, I was on the sports field every afternoon, we chased women, we went to interesting meetings. It didn’t matter whether I got a good or a bad degree.

In fact, my tutor, Barry Nicholas, who became Regius Professor of Roman Law,<sup>16</sup> said to me: “Listen, you’ve been to that so-called University of Stellenbosch, you’re not as young as the other guys, I actually don’t want to see you near a law lecture hall for the first year. You go and attend some lectures on arts or mathematics or whatever you’re interested in, but you don’t have to work. There are going to be 40 questions and you have to answer as many as you want to. If you answer one, it had better be bloody good, but let’s say you answer five or six, we will do enough work to prepare you for that and we can do that in the second year, even in the last six months.”

It was a nice attitude and it released me for trouble and to play sport and to do things. I did a lot of TV work in those days. In 1961, it was the Republic and then there was an assassination attempt on Verwoerd. Things became very topical, so I did a lot of work for the BBC, ITV, the Canadian Broadcast Corporation.

Hilgard Muller was the ambassador in London.<sup>17</sup> Through my father, he was asked: “Look after my kid.” Whenever something topical happened, they would phone Muller and he would refer them to somebody; often he referred them to me to give me some income. I actually earned more from the TV than the Rhodes Scholarship.



Oxford around 1959

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Watson was a man of about 24 or 25.<sup>18</sup> I looked at the topics I could take. I had to choose between real property, equity and Roman-Dutch law. I chose Roman-Dutch law and Watson taught me. Watson, as you know, edited the Digest. I walked in and introduced myself because there were like seven or eight in the class. One of them was Keith McCall, he became a judge in Natal.<sup>19</sup> I introduced myself and Watson spoke Afrikaans to me with a heavy Scottish brogue – but he spoke Afrikaans. I said, “Where the hell did you learn this?” He said when he got the appointment and looked at the law reports and there were judgments in Afrikaans – he knew German – so, of course, he realised he had to master Afrikaans.

I used to get *Die Burger* with the ship; ja, it came a fortnight late. Then I would read it and take Watson *Die Burger*, not that he was interested in the news, but he was interested in the language.

The day I came back, my father fetched me on the ship. The Pendennis Castle. That was a fast ship. It only took 11 days, whereas the other Union Castle line ships took 14. It was a new ship. I came back with the Pendennis and my father fetched me, and Alf Trollip,<sup>20</sup> who was the Minister of Tourism in the Nat cabinet – he was their token Englishman – he visited my father and he said, “What are you going to do?” I said, “I don’t know, Alf, I’ve just come back. I haven’t got a job or anything, I’ve got to go and look for a job now. He said, “Why don’t you go to my son, Tony Trollip, in Johannesburg and article with him, you’ll learn a lot. So he picked up the phone, he phoned his son. He said, “Yes, he can come.”

Tony hadn’t been at the side bar for five years and didn’t qualify to have a clerk, but I got to clerk to Tony Brink at Cliffe Dekker and Todd, as it then was. I spent two years there. By the time I came to the bar after two years, I had 100 trials behind me. I was in court every day. They were small things. It didn’t matter whether you won or lost, but you got experience. So, that was a very good training.



I started by living in the Sunnyside Hotel for R19.50 a month, for which you got dinner, you weren’t there at lunch, but you got sandwiches, and breakfast. Michael Stegmann and I stayed there.<sup>21</sup> And they did your washing. I earned R50 a month as an articulated clerk. It was enough. My second year I got a big raise. I earned R90 a month.

Then, Jan Victor of Perskor<sup>22</sup> came to me. He said he was starting a big thing *Lex Patria* – they were going to cut-and-paste ordinances – and wouldn’t I like that job. I said it’s not what I have in mind. He said, “I’ll pay you R500 a month.” I was so overwhelmed by this offer that that evening I sat with a friend of mine, Robert van Zyl, and his father was Gerrie van Zyl, who was a big businessman in Cape Town. I told him about this fantastic offer. I mean it’s an absolute dead end for a chap who had three degrees, but R500 a month!

Gerrie van Zyl looked at me and he said, “Are you tempted?” I said, “Of course.” He said, “I’ll tell you what, come and work for me.” He ran Marine Products and Iscor and he said, “I’ll pay you R5,000 a month. I said, “Done, Gerrie.” He said, “Don’t be a fool, go and back yourself.” The best advice I ever had. You know when you’re that young and they start dangling those sorts of figures in front of you, you fall for them. He said, “No, go and back yourself.”

So, then, three of us went and shared a flat – two school mates that I’d grown up with from Sub A – we shared a flat in Illovo. Mike Fouché and my cousin, Cecil Bedeley. The latter worked for Goldfields and Mike Fouché worked for Farmers’ Winery.<sup>23</sup> We shared a flat; slowly, they got married. My cousin got married first, then there were just two of us. It was R120 a month and the other two said – because I’d just come to the bar – they said they would sponsor me. In the event, I didn’t need it because in my first month I earned R80 and then in my second month ... There was no pupillage. You just started practising. I had some experience from Cliffe Dekker, and I did know a few firms. So, in my second month, I earned R250 and it stayed there for about a year and then suddenly I earned R1,000 a month and I thought this is the end of my material needs. I can now think about art and creativity and other better things than money. R1,000 a month!

The reason for that was Cecil Margo<sup>24</sup> sponsored me. Margo was very fond of Afrikaans. You know he spoke very good English, spoke fluent French – his wife was French – but in the war he’d learnt Afrikaans. So, it was fluent, but a bit stilted. He was very fond of Afrikaans and, when there was an Afrikaans play and I had a few actresses that I knew, I would take Margo. So, we became great friends. He would get me work from the State Attorney and from the big firms and he would teach me.

So, I suddenly jumped to R1,000 a month! I remember in those days it was a scandal that we heard that Rex Welsh had

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charged R350 for a morning's work. It was a scandal.

I was very good in drunken driving. I did a lot of divorces. The whole East Rand used to brief me. I'd do 15 divorces in a day and you got R75 a divorce. I was very good on stamp duty. I was not so good on the rest. But, there were 100 people at the bar and, after the war, the economy had probably increased tenfold, when the bar doubled. So, there was a lot of work. Everybody who could do the work got it. That was the big thing about Johannesburg. There was no clubbiness. You know you knew everybody at the bar. In the motion court, if you sat there and you closed your eyes you could pick everybody by his voice. When I spoke Afrikaans in the motion court, everybody would look around to see who is this clown.

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Island Group and 621 then shared the sixth floor.<sup>25</sup> We were 17 or so in Island and 621 had the rest of the floor. But, I was on 621's half. I was next to Higgy Isaacs,<sup>26</sup> on the one side, and Denys Williamson<sup>27</sup> opposite me and Charles Nathan<sup>28</sup> and all those guys. I was actually physically in 621, although I was part of the Island Group.

The groups meant something. First, you must realise that essentially it is a group of practising individuals sharing overheads. You share a receptionist, you share a tea lady, you share a messenger and you share a fax machine, a copy machine. And you shared pool typists. Nobody had private typists. The first people at the bar to get a private typist was Chris Plewman<sup>29</sup> and I. We got a lady called Jacqui Porter. She was a very attractive lady and we shared her. Gert Coetzee<sup>30</sup> came to talk to me and said, "This is a profession, not a business. It's not done to have a private secretary." So you were slotted into pool typists and your pool facilities. So, although you may have walked past Oscar Rathouse<sup>31</sup> and Rex Welsh<sup>32</sup> and Cecil Margo all the time, functionally there were two different groups, Island and 621.

Rathouse could do everything and anything. He could read a case until it said what you wanted it to say. He could cross-examine in a deadly fashion; quiet, understated, but deadly. He could analyse the law. Some people said he was a mechanic. I would say he was brilliant because he was so quick. He would bring into relationship things that you didn't think were related and, as he said, if you do, it's going to have a consequence.

Rathouse was profound. That was what impressed me about him. And, he was a very interesting man, too. We would go to the cricket together. We sat here at Wanderers, in 1970. Peter Pollock and Proctor were opening the bowling. I said, "Uncle Oscar, good opening pair." He said, "No, no more than useful." I said, "Uncle Oscar, I saw Lindwall and Miller, in 1949." He said, "Did you ever see Gregory and MacDonald?" That was in 1923. You can't win against old timers.

I called him Uncle Oscar. I couldn't call him Oscar. It's like Maisels: I couldn't call him Isie and I was too friendly to call him

by his surname. So, what else? Old Afrikaans tradition: *oom*.

Welsh was encyclopaedic. He really knew company law, tax and most commercial things backwards and his library was annotated and up-to-date. Rex was a very nice man, a shy man. Rex and I spoke Afrikaans. He spoke it fluently. Very, very learned man and a wonderful pianist. But lonely. His wife ran off with a priest and he went home and he would talk to his recording machine. He was a very sad character in the end.

Margo was a great advocate on his feet. He had a presence. Chaskalson was thorough, and by that I don't mean to minimise him, but he left no stone unturned hey.

But they were wonderful, that whole floor. I mean there was Hanson.<sup>33</sup> Hanson could talk down to anybody. He was a brilliant man. The only thing is you didn't know if he worked. If he worked, he was wonderful; if he didn't work, he was hopeless. You never knew if he would work or not.

Hanson appeared in the Glazer kidnapping. Glazer was a wealthy man. His kids got kidnapped. The accused got convicted by Hiemstra<sup>34</sup> and he went to ask for leave to appeal and, although he was very severe on sentence, he was a very polite man. He listened to Hanson for 20 minutes and then said to him, "But, Mr Hanson, what possible prospect is there of success on appeal?" Harold said, "My Lord, you've decided this case wrongly once, I don't want to hear you on the merits again." Hiemstra just gave him leave. The Appellate Division said leave should never have been given, but he could do that.

And I had many interests outside the law. Well the first thing, I was very fond of the theatre. Even as a kid, theatre interested me and I loved Shakespeare, I loved the poetry in it. When I came here, David Beasley and I started together. David was into the arts and he married a ballerina. He introduced me to a few actresses and Sandra Prinsloo became a great friend of mine and there was a lot of good theatre, the Alexander Theatre in Braamfontein, the Market didn't exist yet. And old Trollip at Cliffe Dekker had run the Johannesburg Operatic and Dramatic Society for many years and performed two musicals a year.

I would sit in a play and think that I could write that scene better. I know it was probably imaginary, but I took an interest in the functionality, because what you are doing, you're creating a fantasy world, pressing a story of a lifetime into two hours and you've got to be very, very economical with your words, they have got to be telling and you have got to keep the audience awake you know, if the thing is getting a bit metaphysical then there must be a snow avalanche or something which the director must introduce to wake up the audience and so forth, so I liked it the mechanics of theatre and we used to go to a lot of theatre.

Then I got involved in the litigation around the banning of the novel *Magersfontein, O Magersfontein*. Connie Mulder had banned it and Lammie Snyman,<sup>35</sup> who was head of the Publications Board, had promised Mulder that he would ban it before the election. I acted for the publishers, Human and Rousseau.

I didn't meet Etienne Leroux, the writer. He lived in isolation in Koffiefontein. Piet Streicher was my junior in that case.



Big fishing, probably around 12 years old.

**“Kobus van Rooyen...phoned me to say he had something on his conscience – that he had been influenced, he was young and impressionable and should not have done it. I said, ‘Kobus, if you have a problem with your conscience, phone a priest, don’t phone me.’ Because I will not forgive people who bloody behave that way.”**

It got banned and, 30 years later, Kobus van Rooyen, who had sat with Lammie Snyman, phoned me to say he had something on his conscience – that he had been influenced, he was young and impressionable and should not have done it. I said, “Kobus, if you have a problem with your conscience, phone a priest, don’t phone me.” Because I will not forgive people who bloody behave that way.

I met Louis Eksteen, who was a professor of Afrikaans in Pretoria. For 10 years, we did radio programmes together. It was a thing called *Skattejag*. It was about clues and people could phone in, it was live, it was for an hour and a half on Monday evenings from 7:30 to 9pm. We had a listening audience of 600,000. On *die Afrikaanse stasie*. Then, I did a programme with Hein Toerien about the origin of words and I did another programme with Louis Eksteen about quotations, *Wie het gesê?*, which became a bit of a cult.

I remember one day, Morkel van Tonder<sup>36</sup> opened up with a few obscure words and he said, “*Wat beteken die woord oöliet?*” I knew it by chance. I said, “It’s the *tegniese naam vir ‘n kalkneerslag*.” He said, “Hoe de hel weet jy so iets?” I had seen it in a patent specification. So I said, “No, Morkel, I heard it with the *tussenverkiegings*.” He said, “In the *tussenverkiegings? Wat het dit daarmee te doen?*” I said, “*Nee, ‘n oöliëfikus is ‘n man wat kalk praat.*”

The next week, I was in the Director-General’s office. He sat me down and said there were about 200 complaints against me. I said I couldn’t let an opportunity like that pass.

Another case that brought the arts and law together was *Tommie Meyer Films*. I acted for Tommy Meyer. Sam Norval briefed me and his own firm acted for Pretoria University, so it was the firm against itself. And then Sam had to withdraw here in Johannesburg, so I recommended we go to Thys Nel of Deneys Reitz. What was particularly bitter about the case was that it was the Broederbond fighting the Broederbond – about money.

It was about a coloured at the University who, just before being selected for the Springbok team, was found out as a coloured and he didn’t get in. It’s a heartrending story. Sybil Coetzee acted in it, and Anneline Kriel. That was when I met Anneline, who later married a friend of mine. It created a lot of interest.

It’s a long story, but we came before a Judge, who I’d rather not mention, but I thought he was biased and some Pretoria counsel came out and said before my client, “That Judge is biased, you won’t get a fair hearing.” So, my client asked me to ask the Judge to recuse himself. It was a tough thing to do because it was just on the say-so of a couple of things, but I thought I owed it to my client and I said, “Just wait, just wait for a couple of hours.” I drove to Oscar Calgan’s home in Pretoria.<sup>37</sup> I said,

“Uncle Oscar,” – he was then in the AD and they weren’t sitting, the term was different – “I want to ask your advice, but you’ve got to promise me that you won’t intervene, you’ll do nothing about it. I just want advice.” I said that this was a politicised case. I asked, “Will I get a fair hearing here?” Oscar said, “No.” I was then satisfied that I was not doing an injustice. The next morning, I went with our opponent, William de Villiers. He was fuming when I asked the Judge to recuse himself. I said, “William, it has got nothing to do with you, it’s between the Judge and his conscience, on the one side, and my client, on the other. You’ve got nothing to say about it.” He was furious. I said, “I’ve come to ask you to recuse yourself.” William let off steam and the Judge said, “I’m recusing myself.” William protested, but we got Anton Mostert. He blew them out.

When I saw Oscar Calgan walking down the corridor at the TPD, I wondered, “What is he doing here?” Despite his promise to me, Oscar had ... Those were politicised days. Anyway, we won in front of Anton, went to Bloemfontein and they had to see the film on the night before – the five Judges with their wives came and, when the lights went on, Diemont<sup>38</sup> turned around to Servaas Hofmeyr<sup>39</sup> and said, “Is that all that the fuss is about?” So, then I knew. And the next day, the five Judges’ wives came to court and they all sat on my side of the court. That case was decided by the jury.

I’ve written a couple of plays – both in English. I wrote them for the West End or for Broadway. I sent them to a heavyweight critic in England. He wrote back and said, “I’ve read it, it’s a very interesting theme, it’s very good dialogue, it’s got a surprising ending. It’s not a play, it’s an extended joke.” That put paid to my pretension as a serious playwright.

I read before I go to bed every night for probably an hour. I read history, biography, I read cosmology and I like reading economics and current affairs and so forth but at the end of the day for me there are three big stories, the story of the universe, its beginning and where it will end, the big cosmological picture, the story of evolution, life on earth, it’s a fascinating story, and thirdly the history of man which is only 10,000 years back, we don’t know historically what happened before, and I love reading any of those three things.

I started golf at the age of 10 and, by the time I was 12, I was a 9 or a 10 handicap. The course in Stellenbosch was next to the hospital. The new one I helped plant with my own hands. Matie Taljaard, a professor of geology, and my father and Professor Schumann<sup>40</sup> helped plant that golf course. We paid a *tiekie* for a round and you paid your caddy a *tiekie*.

At Oxford, I didn’t play golf because I played rugby, hockey, I threw javelin, I did all sorts of things. I didn’t row because then you can’t do anything else, you have to be up at 7 every morning seven days a week and I was not good enough to get a blue at golf. I was five shots off.

Now, I play once a week, either Saturday or Sunday. Clive Cohen<sup>41</sup> and I played for 40 years, we played 1,700 games against each other. Never an ill word. For 40 years and then he died.

I also play with my wife. It has been 12 years, she has never beaten me, she has tried, but it’s not going to be that easy.

My own writing for work? Everything is longhand. It’s laborious but it’s safe. I can’t think faster than I can write. Writing to me is a guide to thinking: Oh, I have said that, I have to correct that, here is a red flag, be careful.

Here I am doing an opinion for Sasol. The pages are numbered. It's for the typist. I give it to her and she can read my handwriting. She's next door.

I tell you, when one looks back at university life, I know at the time it is your whole world and ego and all of that, but your marks really are of no consequence, except to open doors for your next studies. It really is of no consequence: the gulf between academe and practice is so big that it tells you nothing about how good a lawyer you might become.

And people, a chap who is emotionally rich, the type of guy who will come and pull you out of the trenches where the bullets are flying I value much more than the super-intellectual. The emotionally rich guy, the loyal guy, the guy who is fun is worth a hell of a lot more than those eggheads.

I do continue working and don't plan to retire. My peers are either dead or retired. So, you have to look at your support base. My support base consists of a few clients which I have seen through five or six CEOs. Those people have stayed with you because you know their whole industry. They have invested in you. The legal advisors have come and gone, but their successors, they stay with you.

Then, I have a few friends like Michael Katz, who has been my supporter for 40 years. While I have that support, I don't mind working. I would rather do that than get up in the morning and not know what to do.

And for the money I earn now, I would give it away. I take out a RA up to 15% of my earnings and then I make the beneficiary, somebody whose kid I've never met, but I know are nice people and who can't afford to send their kid to university. **A**

Cilliers family



## Notes

- 1 Marie Koopmans-de Wet (1834–1906) played a prominent role during the Anglo-Boer War (1899–1902). She organised petitions, women's meetings and received about 2,000 boxes of relief goods from the Netherlands.
- 2 Towering professor at Stellenbosch's law school for thirty years (1942–72), expert in many fields, primus inter pares of which was Contract, and famed for a mode of delivery – of his textbook, read line by line – on the other side of monotonous.
- 3 Andries Charles Cilliers (1898–1980) was professor of theoretical physics at Stellenbosch in the period 1940–1963. After his retirement, he was awarded honorary doctorates by UCT, Wits, Rhodes, UPE and UNISA. He published several volumes of autobiography.
- 4 Pieter Mauritz Retief (1780–1838) was a Voortrekker leader.
- 5 David Hilbert (1862–1943) was a German mathematician, recognized as one of the most influential mathematicians of the 19th and early 20th centuries. Hilbert discovered and developed invariant theory and the axiomatization of geometry, as well as formulating the theory of Hilbert spaces, a foundation stone of functional analysis.
- 6 Werner Karl Heisenberg (1901–1976) was a German theoretical physicist and a central pioneer of quantum mechanics.
- 7 Louis-Victor-Pierre-Raymond de Broglie (1892–1987) was a French physicist, who made fundamental contributions to quantum theory.
- 8 Niels Henrik David Bohr (1885–1962) was a Danish physicist who made important contributions to understanding atomic structure and quantum theory, for which he received the 1922 Nobel Prize for Physics in 1922.
- 9 Paul Adrien Maurice Dirac (1902–1984) was an English theoretical physicist, considered to be one of the most significant physicists of the 20th century.
- 10 Julius Robert Oppenheimer (1904–1967) was an American theoretical physicist and professor of physics at the University of California, Berkeley.
- 11 Hendrik Antoon Lorentz (1853–1928) was a Dutch physicist who shared the 1902 Nobel Prize in Physics with Pieter Zeeman for the discovery and theoretical explanation of the Zeeman effect.
- 12 Paul Johannes Roos (1880–1948) (Oom Polla) was one of the first South African Springbok rugby union captains and led the first South African rugby team to tour overseas, to Britain in 1906.
- 13 Frans Smuts was a professor in Latin at Stellenbosch from 1951 to 1981. Legend had it that he could speak the language fluently.
- 14 Willem Kempen was a professor of Afrikaans linguistics at Stellenbosch from 1948 to 1974.
- 15 HB Thom was a professor of history and vice-chancellor of Stellenbosch from 1954 to 1959.
- 16 Barry Nicholas (1991–2002) was a famous Romanist and comparatist and the author of the bright orange textbook, *An Introduction to Roman Law*. He was a fellow of Fanie's Oxford college, Brasenose. In fact, he was not Regius Professor, but All Souls Reader in Roman Law.
- 17 Hilgard Muller (1914–1985), later Minister of Foreign Affairs.
- 18 WAJ (Alan) Watson (born 1933) is a Scottish legal historian, one of the world's foremost authorities on Roman law, comparative law, legal history, and law and religion.
- 19 McCall was appointed the bench in 1990 and passed away in 2016.
- 20 Alfred Ernest Grey Trollip (1895–1972) was a South African politician. He defected from the United Party to the National Party, in 1961. A distant relative of Athol Trollip.
- 21 Judge Michael Stegmann was also a member of the Island Group and had also been a member of Brasenose College.
- 22 The Afrikaans publishing house.
- 23 Stellenbosch Farmers' Winery, now Distell.
- 24 Judge and famous aviation enthusiast.
- 25 Of Innes Chambers, in Pritchard Street.
- 26 Judge.
- 27 Judge.
- 28 Judge.
- 29 Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeal.
- 30 Judge of the former TPD.
- 31 Member of Group 621.
- 32 Longtime leader of Group 621.
- 33 Harold Hanson was a member of 621.
- 34 Judge.
- 35 Judge and former member of the Island Group.
- 36 Afrikaans writer.
- 37 Judge of the former Appellate Division.
- 38 Judge Marius Diemont.
- 39 A former member of the Island Group.
- 40 Professor of Economics at Stellenbosch.
- 41 After Rex Welsh, the leader of Group 621.