

# IZAK JOHANNES BARNARD



“Come on a trip you’ll never forget ... away from the rat race and back through time to another world ... it is no trip for the faint-hearted, who must have their luxuries; we follow in the paths of the old explorers; paths which in ten years time may be tar (so we have to hurry.)”

— Quoted from the first Penduka Safari brochure.

“Izak Barnard has explorer’s blood in his veins. And a dangerous glint in his eyes when he sees a track in the Kalahari Desert that apparently few other men have been on. ‘We go by the small roads’ is his slogan. He will go bounding off across the veld without regard for personal comfort. And if one of his customer’s want to see something special on the horizon, then it’s on. You’ve got to be tough for his kind of touring. But if you want to relive the Africa of Moffat, Livingstone, Anderson, Selous — the Africa which will be gone when your grandchildren get the wanderlust (and the tar roads come)

— you go along Izak’s small roads.”

— By Anne Bentley, Scope Magazine, 10 March 1972

“You have to spend days travelling to get the feel of the bush. The fun thing about a safari is the group dynamica. Sleeping under the stars is a great social leveller, and the unexpected always happens. A mixture of nationalities is always most interesting and in effect a safari becomes a new nation. When on tour you also have to be a diplomat and psychologist, for every walk of life comes along.”

— Izak as quoted in Sunday Express Living, August 14, 1983.

In this interview Izak was described as “belongs to a dying breed. Like a desert cactus, he’s thorny on the outside, soft inside. The crinkly smile-lines at the edges of his eyes belie his stony facial expression, and under the rough craggy features you couldn’t find anyone kindlier. And his is the wit of the farmer — born of hardship and isolation. And he knows the Kalahari and the Okavango areas like a taxi driver knows the backroads of his city.”



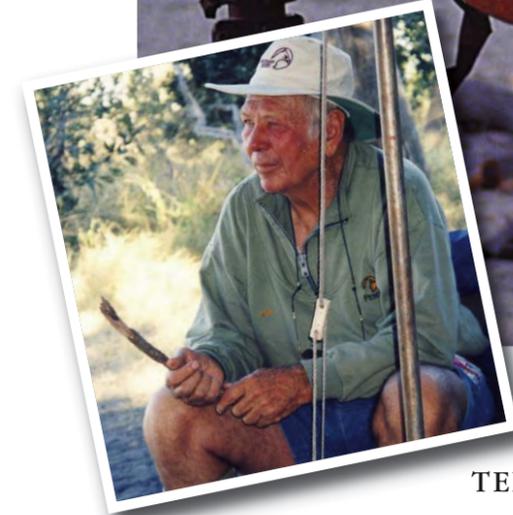
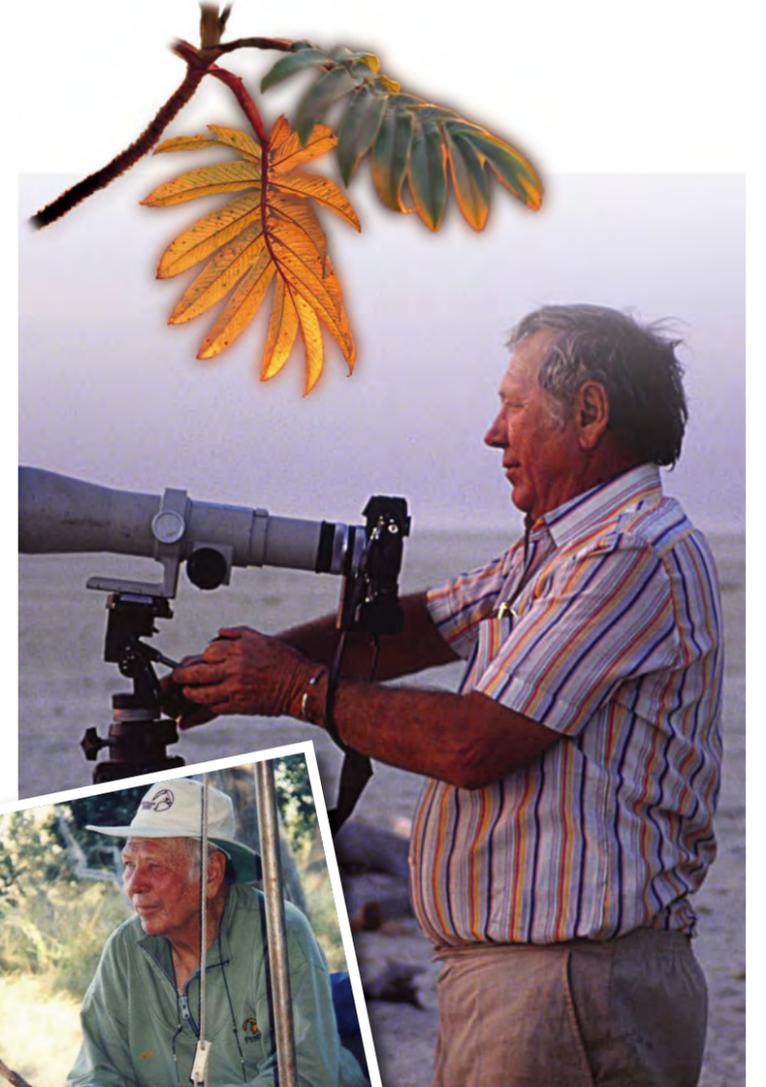
IN FOND MEMORY OF

**OUR BELOVED**  
 HUSBAND • FATHER • MENTOR  
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 ENGINEER • TRAILBLAZER  
 PHOTOGRAPHER • CONSERVATIONIST

19 SEPTEMBER 1933 – 6 MARCH 2011



# IZAK JOHANNES BARNARD



TER HERINNERING AAN

**ONS GELIEFDE  
LEWENSMAAT·PA**  
LEERMEESTER • MENTOR • VRIEND  
INGENIEUR • STORIE VERTELLER  
FOTOGRAAF • NATUURLIEFHEBBER

19 SEPTEMBER 1933 – 6 MAART 2011



“Because of my grey hair  
and my age, I would like to  
say a few words about Izak Barnard on behalf of us all ...

I have travelled a great deal; the world has been my playground – and I have dined with Kings and Queens and Prime Ministers ... but I do not think I have ever met a man in my life who has impressed me more with his knowledge, and not on just one subject. I will always regret that I cannot take you home to my friends in Hawaii – because it is going to be hard to describe you to them. Keith, Padre and I are going back home with such memories of your intellect and knowledge – be it birds, flowers, grasses or animals. I have never come across anything like it in my life – and I truly take my hat off to you, sir.”

– Ernie Albrecht, Consultant, Pan American World Airways, Botswana, 1983

“ ’n Vindingryke Wes-Transvaalse boer het met ’n nuwigheid in safaritoere vorendag gekom wat oorsese toeriste gaande het.

Izak Barnard, 38, ’n boer van die distrik Geysdorp, het bloot as stokperdjie met die toere begin. Sy slag-spreuk is: doen dit self – en dit geld vir alles van kamp opslaan, kosmaak, brandhout aansleep tot by pap wiele oppomp.



Hy ken paaie (eintlik net twee skaars herkenbare stofspore!) waar daar miskien met die grootste geluk een voertuig per maand kom, en net so goed ken hy die land dat hy vir myle der myle somer sy eie paaie oopry.

Vanaand om die kampvuur begin hy gesels. Dan kan hy maklik ’n diep seun raak. Hy kan gesels oor Shakespeare, oor Beethoven, die Polinesiërs, oor wêreldpolitiek, die Boesmans se herkoms, oor Afrika-politiek.”

– Rapport Tydskrif, 22 Augustus 1971

“The veld and the people always interested me and I am very keen on history and the old pioneers. The only way to understand is to go to places where the conditions are exactly the same. I like the lonely places.

But everything in the world is changing so fast that even in 10 years this may be a big gravel road.”

Izak Barnard leads the kind of life that other men only dream of. He may not have been the first white man in any part. But nobody who sees him bouncing over the spring-hare holes on the Makgadikgadi Pan, cruising by makoro down the Okavango River or simply nursing his “dop” by the camp-fire can doubt that he enjoys it more than even CJ Anderson could have. And sees to it that others do, too. Which is surely more important.”

– Anne Bentley, The Star Newspaper, 1972