

# Squirming White Bodies: Interracial Encounters in Anton Kannemeyer's "True Love" and Ivan Vladislavić's *The Restless Supermarket*

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## Summary

This article explores some of the ways in which "whiteness" as a set of discourses is being revised in the post-apartheid cultural imagination. Through a reading of a comic strip by Anton Kannemeyer and of Ivan Vladislavić's novel *The Restless Supermarket* (2001), the article considers specifically the manner in which performances of whiteness are represented as responding to the pressures felt at the site of the post-apartheid interracial encounter. The feverishness with which discourses of white masculinity are either disavowed or aggressively reinforced (in the case of Kannemeyer and Vladislavić's texts respectively), indicate that post-apartheid revisions of (white) identity work to a variety of ends and continue to play out around uncertainties about the meanings of race. The article considers some of the strategies of translation used in moments of interracial contact, and argues that potentially ethical and responsible performances of whiteness can only take shape if the singularity of the racially and culturally coded "other" is brought to bear on the epistemological certainties of white self-imagining.

## Opsomming

Hierdie artikel ondersoek sekere van die wyses waarop "witheid" as 'n stel diskoerse hersien word in die post-apartheid kulturele verbeelding. Deur die kritiese analise van 'n prentverhaal van Anton Kannemeyer en van Ivan Vladislavić se roman *The Restless Supermarket* (2001), besin die artikel spesifiek oor die manier waarop vertonings van "witheid" verteenwoordig word as reagerend op die druk wat die post-apartheid inter-rassige ontmoeting uitoefen. Die koorsigheid waarmee diskoerse van wit manlikheid óf verloën óf aggressief bevestig word (in die geval van Kannemeyer en Vladislavić se tekste onderskeidelik), dui daarop dat post-apartheid se hersienings van (wit) identiteit tot 'n verskeidenheid van doelstellings werk, en dat dit steeds uitspeel rondom onsekerhede oor die betekenis van ras. Die artikel ondersoek sekere van die strategieë van vertaling wat gebruik word in oomblikke van inter-rassige kontak, en redeneer dat potensieel etiese en verantwoordelike vertonings van witheid slegs kan vorm aanneem as die sonderlingheid van die rassig en kultureel gekode "ander" laat geld word op die epistemologiese sekerhede van wit selfvoorstelling.

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Translation is the most intimate act of reading. I surrender to the text when I translate.

(Spivak 1993: 180)

The manner in which “whiteness” as a social category is inhabited in post-apartheid South Africa is becoming an increasingly popular topic for critical discussion.<sup>1</sup> The heterogeneous group of people who were classified and/or self-identified as “white” during the apartheid era have been under considerable local and global pressure since the 1994 transition to distance themselves from the ideological and corporeal markers that link them with the country’s shameful past. These pressures are felt, more often than not, in those moments of interracial contact in which previously unchallenged performances of whiteness are called into question. In an effort to consider some of the codes that intersect in the post-apartheid white body staged at the site of the interracial encounter, this article offers a reading of two cultural texts coming out of this era – Anton Kannemeyer’s “True Love” (2001)<sup>2</sup> and Ivan Vladislavić’s *The Restless Supermarket* (2001). My reading of Kannemeyer and Vladislavić considers the manner in which some of the frantic revisions of whiteness and South Africanness engendered by the political transition can be elucidated through the concept of translation.<sup>3</sup>

Extending the point made by Gayatri Spivak in the quotation chosen to open this article, I argue that people who engage in processes of inter-subjective translation in moments of interracial and intercultural contact need to undertake careful and skilled acts of “reading”. The manner in which an identity is staged at the site of the interracial encounter depends on how the culturally and racially coded identity of an “other” is interpreted, and on how these interpretations are then used to imagine and construct corresponding performances of identity. When used to frame the shifting manoeuvres whereby white identities are repackaged in post-1994 South Africa, the term translation can only offer glimpses of ethics and responsibility if it facilitates, to use the words of Rosemary Jolly and Derek Attridge, an “understanding of the other that does not reduce the other to the same” (1998: 7). Such a project necessarily requires of the white South African subject to engage in “the most intimate act[s] of

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1. See, for instance, Wicomb 2001; Steyn 2001, 2004 & 2005; Nuttall 2001; and Salusbury & Foster 2004.
  2. See p. 44 for a copy of this comic strip. Thank you to Anton Kannemeyer for permission to reproduce it here.
  3. For a related analysis of the politics of translation in relation to post-1994 stagings of whiteness, see Strauss 2006.

reading” (Spivak 1993: 180). These acts of reading should call into question the certainties of essentialist self-imagining and expose the forms of “sanctioned ignorance” (Spivak 2003: 9) by means of which privilege operates. An analysis of the various strategies of translation used at the intersections of race, language and nationality, I believe, are instructive for what they reveal about the highly contested nature of racial identification in the post-apartheid context.

## An Encounter at the Bar Counter

Anton Kannemeyer’s “True Love”, published one year before South Africa’s first democratic election in 1994, dramatises, in cartoon form, the squirming uncertainty of white male South African subjectivity at a particular international transracial encounter. The strip was first published in the third volume of the underground satirical comic magazine *Bitterkomix*, a forum from which Kannemeyer, his co-creator Conrad Botes and a number of other South African cartoon artists have consistently troubled traditional nodes of Afrikaner identity formation, to both public praise and scorn.<sup>4</sup> Botes and Kannemeyer founded *Bitterkomix* in 1992 when they were art students at the University of Stellenbosch. The publication swiftly rose to popularity (and notoriety) amongst disaffected or “alternative” Afrikaners for whom its anti-authoritarian handling of Afrikaner Christian nationalism and patriarchy offered a welcome platform for a critical rethinking of white Afrikaner identity. A study of a *Bitterkomix* strip located on the cusp between the “old” and the “new” South Africa thus proves revealing, for it emanates out of a range of alternative Afrikaans cultural narratives that emerged towards the end of the 1980s, when apartheid’s crisis of legitimacy started to deepen – specifically for its beneficiaries. Its publication was

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4. *Bitterkomix* is usually published in Afrikaans and is known for its often obscene, always anti-authoritarian and provocative handling of Afrikaner history. The target audience of *Bitterkomix* is mainly young Afrikaners alienated from the draconian traditions of Afrikaner patriarchy, official versions of Afrikaner history, military conscription, the ideologies of the Dutch Reformed Church and Christian Nationalist education. *Bitterkomix* has a relatively strong following amongst “trendy” or critical young Afrikaners and is receiving increased recognition in academic and critical circles. Even though these texts have at times been criticised for being politically irresponsible and evasive in their almost exclusive focus on the petty absurdities of Afrikaner history (see Barnard 2004), the texts are extremely revealing of the anxieties that preoccupy young disillusioned Afrikaners. Rita Barnard suggests that “[f]ew publications register as clearly the new energies unleashed by a transmogrified Afrikaans liberated from its immediate association with political oppression and reconceived as a kind of hip creole, full of subversive nuance” (2004: 720).

made possible in part by the relaxation of censorship laws and by the Christian nationalist regime's increasing difficulty in suppressing dissent from within its own cultural ranks. *Bitterkomix* was also fortunate enough to enter onto a cultural stage on which some space for social criticism had already been cleared by (primarily male) white Afrikaner musicians and poets, such as Johannes Kerkorrel, Koos Kombuis and Joos Tonteldoos, whose aliases variously mock dominant Afrikaner versions of history and the sexual prudishness and moralistic traditions of the Dutch Reformed Church.<sup>5</sup> The notorious Voëlvry Tour<sup>6</sup> of 1989, during which a number of Afrikaner musicians irreverently gave vent to their abhorrence of the emptiness of a deeply racist, sexually puritanical Afrikaner culture of privilege and material excess, broke important ground in opening up the space within which *Bitterkomix* found eager reception.

The comic strip presents the "true" story of Joe Dog, Kannemeyer's pseudonym, confronted by his own racial guilt and anxiety in facing a Black<sup>7</sup> bartender in Germany on the eve of the South African transition. In

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5. Johannes Kerkorrel, Koos Kombuis and Joos Tonteldoos are the stage names of Ralph Rabie, André Letoit and Raul Riekert respectively. Kerkorrel means "Church Organ" while Kombuis means "Kitchen", which could be read as a reference to the historical roots of Afrikaans as "Kitchen Dutch" – the language first spoken on the slave plantations in the Cape. Such a reading fits in with Kombuis's deliberate rejection of so-called standard, apartheid Afrikaans in his music and poetry. Tonteldoos, in turn, means "Tinderbox", but the term also has sexual undertones, since the word "doos" is Afrikaans slang for "vagina". Many of the alternative bands of this era, such as "Randy Rambo en die Rough Riders", chose sexually charged names.
  6. The term "voëlvry" was chosen for its deliberately provocative connotations. It can be taken to mean either "free as a bird" or "fugitive", or, given that the term "voël" is Afrikaans slang for penis, "penis free"/"freed penis". None of the critics that I have come across have picked up on this third meaning, but most young Afrikaners were thoroughly aware of this at the time of the tour, given the sexually prohibitive environments that many of the "Voëlvry" fans sought to escape. Many young Afrikaners of this generation unfortunately found in this music a greater opportunity for the expression of previously prohibited sexual desires than necessarily for a critique of racist Afrikaner ideology. For more on the "Voëlvry Tour" see for instance O'Meara 1996: 368-372; Vestergaard 2001: 29-31; Marin-Curiel 2003: 66-69; and Hopkins 2006.
  7. Throughout the article I use the term "Black" with a capitalised "B" as a resistant political identity. This identity derives from the Constitution of the South African Students Organisation (SASO), the founding body of the Black Consciousness Movement, formulated in response to apartheid racial labelling and discrimination. Used as such, the term "Black" includes those

its staging of the disruption of white male confidence internationally, “True Love” exposes important shortcomings to the kinds of discourses available to the white Afrikaner inheritor of apartheid shame as he stands at the crossroads of race, language and nationality. In the sense that it foregrounds the difficult process of piecing together convincing identity performances out of contradictory cultural codes, this “encounter at the bar counter” raises many questions related to the intersubjective mechanics of creolisation and translation in South Africa today. The awkward cross-racial exchange that “True Love” narrates is telling because it points to the deep reservoirs of racial discomfort and ignorance that the separation and hierarchisation of people in South Africa have sustained.

The first frame in the strip features Joe Dog, sketched from behind, in a bar with a friend, getting ready to leave. The superscript tells the reader that he lived in Berlin for eight months after he finished school in South Africa. The second image frames the Black bartender in a medium shot. In German, he asks for 5.20 Deutschmark. The third frame shifts to a medium close-up of the bartender, whom Joe presumably pays and tells in a “NEWLY ACQUIRED AND WELL NURTURED AMERICAN ACCENT” (Kannemeyer 2001: 17) to keep the change. Upon hearing his accent, the bartender’s face lights up, and he asks him if he is from Chicago. The bartender’s question sets in motion a series of evasions and lies by means of which Joe fumbles to conceal his South African roots. He at first switches to German and tells the bartender that he is in fact Dutch, which, he claims, is a half-truth, since his mother is Dutch. To this the bartender, now framed in a close-up shot, responds in Dutch that he lived in Amsterdam for five years and asks Joe where in the Netherlands he is from. His response to this is revealed in the superscript to the final frame, which features an extreme close-up shot of the bartender:

I BLUSHED, PANICKED AND REPLIED AWKWARDLY THAT I DON’T **SPEAK** DUTCH, EVEN THOUGH I AM DUTCH AND THAT I’VE BEEN LIVING IN GERMANY EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER, DETERMINED **NOT** TO TELL HIM ABOUT MY 17 YEARS AS A PRIVILEGED WHITE SOUTH AFRICAN”

(Kannemeyer 2001: 17)

As he leaves, the barman shouts: “I DON’T CARE WHERE YOU COME FROM, MAN, I LOVE YOU!” (2001: 17; emphasis in original).

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historically categorised as Indian, coloured and African. Each of these categories is used, ultimately, with full awareness of the contested histories within which they came into signification, of heterogeneities of Blackness that operate both within and beyond their confines, and of the creative and resistant ways in which imposed labels have been and continue to be renegotiated.

The exchange hinges on Kannemeyer's use of interlingual translation as a trope for a deeper psychological and subjective process of evasion and disavowal, framed within overdetermining vocabularies of racialisation, embodiment and vocalisation. Joe's particular response to the bartender is clearly bound by his own location in the discourses of racism and colonialism available to white South Africans on the eve of the transition. In contrast, the Black bartender, in his declaration of love, breaches the oppositional racial logic whereby Joe structures his responses. Joe's discursive location is reinforced in the first frame of the strip by the intertextual insertion of Tintin, the well-known Belgian cartoon hero and brainchild of the Belgian artist Hergé, who comes walking through the swinging door of the bar asking for "EIN PILZ, ABER SCHNELL BITTE!" [A Pilsner, right away, please!] (2001: 17). Tintin, who has come to be recognised as part of the iconography of Kannemeyer's work, situates the newly self-reflexive Afrikaner imagination within a global cultural archive. Tintin also provides an interesting intertextual reference to colonial stereotyping, for, as Rita Barnard points out, Hergé's comics

are remarkable for the contrast between the bland eternally youthful appearance of the young hero Tintin (Kuifie, in the Afrikaans translations) and the exaggeratedly racist appearance of the various colonial "others" Tintin encounters, such as the pitch-black, thick-lipped Africans of *Tintin in Congo* or the slant-eyed, pug-nosed Orientals of *The Blue Lotus* – the *Tintin* books, one might say, are "harmless" colonial adventures executed in a style that exposes a worldview that is far from harmless.

(Barnard 2004: 742)

Joe Dog's excessive tiptoeing is staged around homogenising readings of race that the Tintin cartoons have had a hand in propagating – the bartender's subjectivity is fixed within Joe's arrogant assumptions about Blackness. Kannemeyer's depiction of these assumptions as linked to colonial stereotyping underscores the centrality of language and representation to the circulation and perpetuation of racial hierarchies – a link that emerges clearly in many of Kannemeyer's texts. Being resistant to a reading of the bartender as German, he at first codes him as African American and puts on an American accent. But when the bartender starts probing his origins, Joe scrambles to find for himself a sustainable source text from which to stage his translated identity – an identity that he hopes will mask the history of racial terror which he assumes the bartender will read him as the representative of. Joe's response is stereotypical, yet the encounter forces him to consider new ways of interacting, because the bartender's singularity frustrates expectation and requires of Joe to find more careful ways of reading. Just as Spivak surrenders to the text when she translates – a process whereby she, herself, is transformed – so Joe has to surrender to the singularity of the bartender when shaping his responses. That is, Joe has

to allow for the ideological and racial certainties of his white South African socialisation to be shaken up by the bartender's singularity. Even though Spivak refers here specifically to interlingual translation, the same process of careful reading is required when identities are staged and transformed in the intersubjective encounter. Joe Dog has to surrender to the newness presented by the other – read here as text – in order for him to start breaking down the overdetermining certainties of his apartheid socialisation.

The fact that the strip focuses on the bartender throughout this exchange is significant not only because it foregrounds the restrictive gaze of South African whiteness that informs this particular encounter, but also because it renders this whiteness visibly absent. This invisibility could be read as in line with dominant international narratives of whiteness (identified by, amongst others, Richard Dyer and Ruth Frankenburg) as setting itself up as a transparent, empty signifier only rendered articulable if set off against Blackness in relation to which it constructs itself as normative and superior. As such, whiteness is beyond scrutiny. Yet as South African scholars such as Don Foster, Tess Salusbury, Melissa Steyn, Zoë Wicomb and Sarah Nuttall have pointed out, this dominant narrative has taken on a somewhat different guise in the South African context, where the settler minority never experienced their whiteness and its attendant privileges as invisible. This deliberate codification of whiteness as dominant did not, however, expose the specificity of whiteness as a culture of normativity. That is, whiteness remains the norm for universality even if its face here is explicitly rather than implicitly privileged. To gain undisputed access to this culture of whiteness was important in particular to white Afrikaners, who, as Jan Nederveen Pieterse has observed, embarked upon a lengthy ideological battle to establish their own racial “purity” after the South African War (1899-1902). Lord Kitchener described them, for instance, as “uncivilized Afrikaner savages with a thin white veneer” (quoted in Nederveen Pieterse 1992: 104).

In the context of these fraught histories of whiteness in South Africa, Joe Dog's absence from the visual narrative in the cartoon can be read as deriving from a newly self-reflexive hyperawareness of this whiteness and the shameful history that attaches to it internationally. But in its performance of linguistic plasticity, and in its reliance on discourses of Europeanness to recode the white body, Kannemeyer's comic strip persona can also be situated within what Melissa Steyn has described as a narrative of diasporic whiteness (2005). According to this narrative, the decentredness of whiteness in post-apartheid South Africa is resisted through the invocation of a mainstream, international whiteness, coded here as neutral. By establishing subjective links with these discourses of European whiteness, claims to entitlement can be preserved. To his credit, Joe Dog finds only uneasy access into this discursive space, and his body remains unsuccessfully translated throughout this encounter.

Joe Dog's expression of white shame to some extent dates the strip, since the meanings attached to white South African identity internationally have changed in many ways since the strip was first published fifteen years ago. Many white South Africans have become more comfortable with their identities over the years, conceivably capitalising on the affective freedoms the end of apartheid brought, on post-apartheid myths of reconciliation and on the new-found international status of South Africa as a country with one of the most progressive constitutions in the world. This shift, specifically in relation to the performance of whiteness, can be seen, for instance, in the public narrative of actress Charlize Theron's rise to fame. Ms Theron has laboured under feelings of national white shame similar to those Kannemeyer narrates in "True Love". In an interview with *Guardian* reporter Emma Brockes, conducted shortly after Ms Theron won an Academy Award for her portrayal of serial killer Aileen Wuornos, she confesses, for instance, that her nationality was a source of deep embarrassment when she first moved to the United States. A friend even advised her to keep her origins a secret, which she later came to recognise as bad advice:

He should never have said it because it was such a bad thing for me. I started feeling insecure. I started feeling that every time I was around a black person I had to kind of over-explain that I wasn't a racist. You know? That went on for about two years and then I thought, know what? This is so ridiculous. I know I'm not racist, so why am I doing this?

(quoted in Brockes 2004)

Her proud declaration of South Africa as her "home country" in her Oscar acceptance speech should thus be read as part of this significant shift for her, and came to mark the beginnings of a new international dissociation of white South African identity from apartheid shame. Still, this shift has found unequal expression for white South Africans over the years, depending on the stages of racial and historical awareness, apartheid guilt and defensiveness they have reached. Kannemeyer's strip remains current for its self-reflexivity and for what it says about the anxieties and insecurities that will continue to plague white South Africans trying to make sense of the past that lives on in the present. It also offers a useful entry into a discussion of some of the other fluctuations in identification and self-imagining taking shape under the sign of whiteness in the cultural texts of post-1994 South Africa. In particular, it puts into perspective some of the difficulties faced by Aubrey Tearle, the protagonist of Ivan Vladislavić's *The Restless Supermarket*, as he resists adapting to the ideological pressures of the post-apartheid order.



## Right of Admission Reserved: Eradicating Error in Ivan Vladislavić's *The Restless Supermarket*

One hoped this German business didn't lead to a licentious collapsing of borders everywhere. There was never a shortage of volunteers to wield the sledgehammer. People were so delighted to see things fall down, to see the boundaries effaced and the monuments toppled, and to greet every fall with jubilation.

(Vladislavić 2001: 160)

Set in the years leading up to the 1994 elections, Ivan Vladislavić's *The Restless Supermarket*, like Kannemeyer's "True Love", makes the white body the focus of its satirical performance of a particularly neurotic strain of white anguish produced by the changes taking place in South Africa as a result of the transition. Unlike Kannemeyer's Joe, who is physically absent from the visual narrative, the body of Vladislavić's Aubrey Tearle, the protagonist and narrator of the text, is placed at the forefront of scrutiny. Tearle, who is a great defender of "standards of correctness" (Vladislavić 2001: 238), becomes, literally, the embodiment of resistance to transformation of any kind. Instead of surrendering to pressures on him to self-translate and adapt to a new cultural and political climate, he insists on making everyone he encounters submit to his elaborate standards of "Europeanness". If his encounters in the text are figured through the trope of translation, Tearle can be read as refusing entirely to surrender to the text of the other. As a result, his attempts at translating the landscapes, texts and identities he encounters in Hillbrow fail, for, as Spivak notes in her discussion of J.M. Coetzee's *Foe*, "[one] cannot translate from a position of monolinguist superiority" (1993: 195).

As a retired proofreader whose conservative political views are reflected in his treatment of language, Tearle is in no haste to enter the "new" South Africa. The novel exposes, through the hypercritical voice of Tearle, some of the hegemonic ways in which constructions of Europeanness continue to frustrate positive transformation at the intersections of race, language and culture. Aubrey Tearle's obstinate reliance on a fabricated source text of Europeanness to paradoxically ground his identity in South African soil finds expression specifically in the trope of "restlessness" through which Vladislavić articulates the processual dimensions of subject formation and embodiment. Tearle's almost aggressive repetition of previously sanctioned and stabilising discourses of whiteness in the face of enormous change, signals the extent to which these discourses are always already compelled to confront their own tenuousness. The white male subject and body at the site of translation are at risk, thus producing increasingly frantic iterations of

previously legitimising identity performances. The text is situated in Hillbrow,<sup>8</sup> a suburb in the inner city of Johannesburg, from which it enters “the fraught and volatile terrain of South African cross-cultural contact” (Oliphant 2001). The greatest part of the narrative is set in the Café Europa, where the myopic Tearle, its “most venerable patron” (Vladislavić 2001: 15), combats the isolation that his retirement brings. Having expressed his unease with most of the public spaces in Hillbrow – pointing out that the park in Beatrice Street, for instance, has a paddling pool that “attract[s] the wrong sort of toddler” (p. 16) – Tearle is immediately taken with the “European ambience” (p. 17) of the Café Europa (preferring the word “ambience” over “atmosphere”, which he views as “an American commodity” (p. 18)). He considers himself, after all, to be “an incorrigible ‘European’” (p. 15), despite never having set foot in Europe. When he enters the Café for the first time, he is particularly pleased that Mevrouw Bonsma, the pianist, is playing “I love Paris”, “which suited the establishment, if not the city and the season” (p. 16). He also develops an immediate fondness for the painting of the imaginary European city of Alibia on one of the walls of the Café, where a “Slav would feel just as at home ... as a Dutchman. It was the perfect alibi, a generous elsewhere in which the immigrant might find the landmarks he had left behind” (2001: 19).

The immigrant that Tearle refers to is European rather than African, of course, and Alibia is a city that defines itself in Tearle’s imagination against everyone who fails to live up to a specific set of carefully worked out standards of racial and linguistic Europeanness. These “standards” derive easily from colonial constructions of “order” and “modernity” which were employed to justify colonial expansion and which were couched, in South Africa in particular, in explicitly racial terms.<sup>9</sup> These discourses are readily

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8. Alan Morris points out that “Hillbrow is a high-density, high-rise, inner-city neighbourhood one kilometre from the central business district of South Africa’s largest city, Johannesburg .... [It] is one of the very few neighbourhoods in South Africa that, despite the Group Areas Act, moved from being an all-white neighbourhood (in terms of flat dwellers) to being predominantly black” (1999: 3). Hillbrow has also been an important point of settlement for immigrants – during the apartheid years, when the neighbourhood was still predominantly white, it attracted many Eastern European immigrants and, since apartheid restrictions started to erode in the late 1970s, has become popular amongst Africans immigrating from countries such as the Congo and Nigeria. For a detailed analysis of Hillbrow’s changing demographics over the past 30 years, see Morris (1999). For a literary exploration of inter-African xenophobia in contemporary Hillbrow, see for instance Phaswane Mpe (2001).

9. Melissa Steyn, following George Frederickson, points out that South Africa and the United States, “more than other multiracial societies resulting from the expansion of Europe between the sixteenth century and the twentieth”

available to someone like Tearle,<sup>10</sup> especially in the years before the changes that the South African transition brought began to be felt, and his invocation of his European “origins” serves paradoxically to legitimise his position in pre-1994 South Africa, where the engineers of apartheid relied heavily on global colonial discourses of European “whiteness”, “superiority”, “progress” and “civilization” while nonetheless dissociating themselves from European control (see for instance Steyn 2001: 27-28). Yet, as the segregationist policies of apartheid, which were necessary for attempting to create what H.F. Verwoerd called “a piece of Europe on the tip on the African Continent” (quoted in Magubane 1996: xvii), started crumbling in the 1970s and 1980s, the narratives that Tearle relied on to sustain his identity similarly came under threat (to be exact, it was precisely the constructedness of these narratives that necessitated the aggressive policing and otherness management strategies implemented during apartheid in the first place).

In the text, Tearle’s subjective panic is triggered in part by the announcement of the imminent closing of the Café Europa. Aside from the obvious symbolism of the closing of a place called the Café Europa in an increasingly multiracial neighbourhood, the link the text sets up between Tearle’s subjective defensiveness and the reorganisation of public space highlights the extent to which space and subjectivity have always been mutually constitutive, particularly in the context of South African racial policing. Indeed, as Richard Ballard argues, white peoples’ strategies for finding comfort zones in South Africa have always coincided with attempts at managing space, ranging from the segregationist policies that followed the implementation of the Natives Land Act in 1913, to apartheid spatial engineering, to “private boundary maintenance” in the form of newly gated communities, high perimeter walls and barbed wire increasingly visible in

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(2001: 23), have taken the idea of racial differentiation to its utmost extreme, creating “a kind of Herrenvolk society in which people of color, however numerous or acculturated they may be, are treated as permanent aliens or outsiders” (Frederickson 1981: xi-xii).

10. Even though the old racial identity categories have shifted, the effects of globalisation, both new and long-standing, continue to be felt in the ways in which identities are shaped in South Africa. Tess Salusbury and Don Foster, for instance, point out that amongst those who self-identify as white English-speaking South Africans, “globalisation poses a complex intersection of threat combined with opportunity” (Salusbury & Foster 2004: 104). Even though this group of people appeals to narratives of national pride to justify their legitimacy in South Africa, they nonetheless construct themselves as linked more closely with Europe and the West than other South African groups, including Afrikaners. They rely on having privileged access to “a globally hegemonic culture that is largely Western, privileged, English-speaking and of course ‘white’” (2004: 104).

the defensive architecture of post-1994 South Africa (2004: 52-64). Tearle's guardedness powerfully reinforces James Clifford's point, in *Routes: Travel and Translation in the Late Twentieth Century*, that

the currency of culture and identity as performative acts can be traced to their articulation of homelands,<sup>11</sup> safe spaces where the traffic across borders can be controlled. Such acts of control, maintaining coherent insides and outsides, are always tactical. Cultural action, the making and remaking of identities, takes place in the contact zones, along the policed and transgressive intercultural frontiers of nations, peoples, locales. Stasis and purity are asserted – creatively and violently – *against* historical forces of movement and contamination.

(Clifford 1997: 7)

When Tearle expresses his preference for a “Right of Admission Reserved” (Vladislavić 2001: 254) policy at the Café Europa, he is in effect enlisting a form of protective spatialisation intimately linked to his construction of a secure sense of self as “civilised” and of European origin. This map of belonging that Tearle charts for himself points to the translocal and global dimensions of local processes of identity formation, or, to extend Clifford's argument about the constitutive impact of routes upon the formation of roots, signals the transcultural and transnational routes of identification that facilitate the production of local roots. Yet it also points to the constructedness of discourses of European superiority in a context such as South Africa – a point Vladislavić explicitly makes in the novel when he presents the “European” city of Alibia as a phantasm of Tearle's desires of mastery and belonging, and when he shows Tearle to be completely out of touch with “real” Europeans, for instance when one of his acquaintances in the Café Europa tells him: “Ah, yes, the Europeans, you're very big on them. But when you meet one in the flesh, like Bogey, you can't stand him” (2001: 260). These discourses operate within the globally sanctioned ideology of

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11. Clifford's reference to homelands of course takes on added significance in the South African context, where “Homelands” were those territories cordoned off during the apartheid era for the sake of constructing potential African “nations” under the auspices of “separate development”. These territories were granted the right to independence after the implementation of the Bantu Homelands Constitution Act in 1971 – a process which Government propaganda likened “to the contemporaneous decolonization of the European empires in tropical Africa” (Thompson 2000: 191). Whenever any of the Homelands became independent, their citizens would lose their South African citizenship. In addition, these territories were kept economically dependent on subsidies from South Africa by H.F. Verwoerd, amongst others, who “forbade white capitalists from investing directly in [them]” (2000: 191). They were thus clearly part of the apartheid government's attempts at policing the geographical and, by implication, racial and cultural boundaries of white identity in South Africa.

what James Blaut would call European diffusionism, namely the idea that “the economic and social modernization of Europe is fundamentally a result of Europe’s *internal* qualities, not of interaction with the societies of Africa, Asia, and America after 1492” (1993: 2). Blaut shows these myths of European progress as somehow deriving from innate European qualities to have been developed in service of colonialism and to have remained widely accepted across the globe – Tearle’s ventriloquism of said myths being a case in point.

Tearle’s jealously guarded Europeanness flows also directly from Vladislavić’s presentation of the interconnectedness of the linguistic, the social and the spatial in the novel. Throughout the text, Tearle’s proofreading is extended beyond the page, as he sets out to eradicate error in both the urban landscape of Hillbrow and in the people he meets (he is a retired proofreader of the telephone book). The “Proofreader’s Derby”, for instance, which makes up the second part of the novel, consists of Tearle’s “magnum opus” – an elaborately constructed fantasy he writes of a group of proofreaders who save the city of Alibia from the boundarilessness produced by an unprecedented “outbreak of error” (Vladislavić 2001: 196). This fantasy is made up of phrases of real corrigenda that Tearle came across in print and collected over years. He strings together these phrases into a narrative that he wishes to use as the basis for a proofreading competition. (The corrected version of the Derby is presented in the novel.) In this apocalyptic vision of a world without the guiding light of European standards the narrative literally enters the realm of the textual as corrigenda on the page come to be reflected in the shifting of street signs and buildings, resulting in death and destruction. Tearle’s alter-ego Fluxman, whose name significantly reveals Tearle’s own almost tragic anxieties about his changing surroundings, hopes to tell the City Fathers of Alibia: “Take care of the paperwork, and the world will take care of itself” (p. 206). Through careful proofreading, Fluxman and his colleagues rehabilitate the social and geographical landscapes from “error”: “[N]ow the appropriate social distance could be restored between the haves and the have-nots, the unsightlier settlements shifted to the peripheries where they would not upset the balance, the grand estates returned to the centre where they belonged” (p. 226.)

Like Fluxman, Tearle engages in acts of “public-service proofreading” (p. 107) as he imposes his system of absolutes on store names, labels, food and people alike. When, for instance, he meets Spilkin, a regular at the Café and one of the few men who initially lives up to Tearle’s standards of language and race, he scrutinises his actions and appearance, “[p]roofreading him, if you like, for familiar flaws” (p. 42). Yet it is Black people in particular who are the principal targets of his search for error. His idea of a compliment to Nelson Mandela, for instance, (whom he at first mistakenly assumes to be called “Conrad” Mandela until he learns about the term “comrade”) is to state that he is “not unreasonably black” (p. 167). At the

Café Tearle is amazed, in turn, that Spilkin does not recognise any “errors” in his girlfriend Darlene, whom Tearle, in a rehearsal of tired stereotypes about Black female sexuality, at first assumes to be a prostitute: “He was blind to her flaws, and my observations merely annoyed him. I knew from experience how an error that was glaringly obvious to everyone else could continue to evade the best of proofreaders” (p. 165). These “errors” include Darlene’s dress, her use of language, her pronunciation and, in particular, her colour: “None of it up to scratch .... Coffee finds favour in some quarters, but this was insipid” (p. 163). He reads Nomsa, another of the Café’s newer patrons in a similar manner, attempting to fix her body within stable description, thus signalling his own assumptions and anxieties about racial privilege and embodiment: “Her skin had a purple sheen I’d never observed on a colour chart. The sweat stood out like wampum along her hairline. Plastic pearls at the throat. Mouth improbably large, lips like segments of some sea-fruit, a creature that looked like a plant, but was really an animal, something that would snap if you touched it” (p. 264).

His inability to map Nomsa onto “a colour chart” not only “indicates that this character routinely instantiates a colonialist discourse in his dealings with others” (Marais 2002: 104), but it also points to Tearle’s obsession with linguistic (and corporeal) referentiality, and the extent to which this referentiality segues into the social. Throughout the text, Tearle struggles to minimise the gap between sign and referent, signifier and signified, particularly where it suits his overall ideological agenda. His obsession with referentiality is captured at its best when, in the Proofreader’s Derby, Fluxman dreams of a woman named Georgina, and sets about proofreading her body, “making her fluent ... composing every square word of her into a perfectly ordered meaning, into a sentence that meant exactly what it said” (Vladislavić 2001: 220). Tearle hopes, paradoxically, to achieve fluency by halting the signifying chain and arresting meaning within fixed parameters of denotation. He refuses to engage with the ludic in language, hoping instead to draw all meaning back to a standardising, lexical source text. His subjective security, in short, rests to a large extent on his ability to stabilise meaning, an endeavour for which he relies almost religiously on the *Oxford Dictionary of Current English*. His conversations are peppered with off-hand references to the dictionary definitions and etymological origins of the words he uses. As part of “the big ‘clean-up’” (p. 82), for instance, he explains to the owner of the “Restless Supermarket” that his usage of the word “restless” “creates the wrong impression” (p. 83) because it conjures up images of “groceries jumbled together, of groceries jumbling *themselves* together, of wilful chaos” (pp. 83-84). In “The Proofreader’s Derby”, the Restless Supermarket significantly becomes the primary site of translation from error or “restlessness” to order. After Alibia’s lapse into disarray the Restless Supermarket is “barely recognizable”:

The entire space was seething, alive with an indiscriminate, indefatigable jumble of tins, jars, bottles, packets, boxes, bags, all mingled into one substance, whose textures eluded [the proofreaders], being simultaneously soft and hard, fuzzy and sharp, perishable and indestructible. Each element remained vividly itself for as long as they focused on it, and then dissolved back into the irreducible compound as soon as they relaxed their attention.

(Vladislavić 2001: 221-222)

This blurring of boundaries is closely tied to the trope of death that runs through the text, particularly to the extent that restlessness in signification and the pressures of translation upon subjectivity are accompanied by perceptions of loss and nostalgia. Tearle imagines his own death, for instance, “as a precipitate efflux of vocabulary and idiom, the hoarded treasures of a lifetime spent in a minute” (pp. 24-25). He summons this image after being almost run over by a baker’s delivery van at a crossroads, where he significantly ponders the meaning of the word “flow”: “glide along as a stream; gush out, spring; (of blood) be spilt; (of wine) be poured out without stint” (p. 25). Tearle’s anxieties about the dissolution of his life into boundariless flux are repeatedly reinforced throughout the narrative, for instance when Spilkin, Darlene and Wessels (Tearle’s sidekick, whom he cruelly calls “Empty Wessels”),<sup>12</sup> accuses him of not wanting to mix (p. 259), or when Tearle expresses his dislike of portmanteau words such as Currywurst when visiting a German Wurstbude: “It was ersatz, a jerry-built portmanteau if ever I heard one. I had denounced it the very first time I came here” (p. 53). In short, Tearle’s fear of difference and “mixing”/contamination, and the remarkable tenacity of his conservatism can be traced to those views of South African history as always advancing towards an apocalyptic end. Indeed, discourses of danger and the fear of persecution continue to animate conversations about belonging and white racial identification in post-apartheid South Africa. Assessing the relevance of boundaries to South African processes of identity formation in an article written shortly after 1994, Robert Thornton, for example, suggests:

For most of its existence, the sense of the end of history, the coming of bloody and final conflict has characterised South Africa’s view of its own history. It is still the central element of the political vision of the White right-wing, and of some Black ultra-nationalists of the PAC and its allies. It is a vision of a “rolling apocalypse” in which the predicted end is only just put off by another war, another proclamation, another bomb, by segregation, by Apartheid, by “one settler, one bullet”, and now by elections.

(Thornton 1996: 158)<sup>13</sup>

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12. The Afrikaans consonant “W” is pronounced “V” as in “vessel”.
  13. Reading responses to the slogan “One Settler, One Bullet” through a different lens, Grant Farred suggests that white failure to engage with the anger and dispossession that gave rise to the political currency of this slogan

This sense of impending doom has been fruitfully employed in South Africa in the service of a range of ideological projects since the arrival of white settlers. These include the “Black Peril” scares that were disseminated in the wake of the South African War (1899-1902)<sup>14</sup> and fears of a genocidal civil war fuelled by the National Party during the apartheid years in order to retain its grip on resources in the face of considerable international and local pressure. In the post-1994 context, similar fear-mongering languages can be heard in the talk of many of the white people who decided to leave the country in the wake of the first democratic election.<sup>15</sup>

For Tearle, who eagerly invokes these discourses, the threat of dissolution is set tellingly at the crossroads of the South African transition, when publicly sanctioned myths of white and European dominance are shifting, thus producing a gap, particularly in the context of a rapidly changing Hillbrow, between the discourses that have up to now ensured the legiti-

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– a failure that he identifies in J.M. Coetzee’s claim that “as a white South African intellectual he could not take offense at this political maxim” (1997: 69-70) – is a sign of the alarming persistence of white confidence and arrogance. This confidence stems in large measure, he writes, from the ANC’s privileging of the narrative of reconciliation over land restitution and white accountability. The narrative of racial reconciliation has spawned white amnesia, he suggests, that is particularly insulting to the South African Black working class who “ha[s] neither the means nor the will to forget” (p. 77).

14. As part of these scares, white womanhood was constructed as being under the threat of Black male sexual assault in order to achieve “solidarity between English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking whites” (Samuelson 2002: 98).
15. In an openly racist piece published in *Viceland* magazine, self-proclaimed “white South African girl” Aldene Small, for instance, cites the escalating crime rate as the main reason behind her decision to leave the country. She writes:

The shit here is elephant-size and it’s hitting a giant whirlwind fan when the Zulu Nation gets the revenge on humanity they’ve been demanding for so long ... I didn’t want to be in a country where I didn’t feel safe as a young white female. I didn’t want to live in a place where I had to lock every single door behind me twice and have laser beams in my kitchen. I didn’t want to have to buy a car that’s designed to survive a nuclear explosion. Who can live like that?

(Small 2007)

Her claims and the crime statistics she cites in their support fit in nicely with the “horror-stories-from-home” narrative that so many white South Africans use to justify their decisions to leave. For an analysis of this particular narrative of whiteness see for instance Melissa Steyn’s “Rehybridising the Creole: New South African Afrikaner”, particularly pages 72-75.



macy of his subjective performance and a set of discourses from which Tearle has, until recently, been relatively isolated, courtesy of apartheid spatialisation. This gap, the bridging of which requires of Tearle to translate and transform his existing subject position into identity performances that contradict the narratives by means of which he has, until now, maintained the illusion of a stable and uniform racial identity, produces both feelings of deep loss and the threat of death. While at the zoo witnessing the exhibition of a caged *Homo sapiens*, Tearle is overcome with unhomely fear – what Homi Bhabha might call typical of “the condition of extra-territorial and cross-cultural initiations” (1994: 9):

I felt – I had to stop myself from quaking – that we were *in mortal danger*. We were on the verge of extinction, I realized, and the fact seemed chillingly explicit. But what did I really mean? Who were “we”? The human race? People of good sense and common decency? The ragtag remnants of the Café Europa? Was it the royal “we”?

(Vladislavić 2001: 154)

Part of Tearle’s anxiety stems from the fact that the man in the cage is Black, which he admits in a letter to the *Star*, written on 12 October 1989, in which he wonders about “just what sort of man might be regarded as “typical” of the species” (p. 156). Clearly Tearle’s feelings of endangerment are reliant on his racialisation as “white”, and his rare expression of self-reflexivity in pondering the signifying reach of the pronoun “we” suggests his awareness of the constructedness of his imagined community of Europeanness. Cross-cultural and cross-racial contact, that is, the crossing of boundaries hitherto fetishised, and the transformation of cultural source texts central to the production of whiteness, requires of Tearle to release the restless qualities of subject formation through iteration, thus confronting his current subject performance with the threat of death in contact. Tearle’s racialisation is produced through regulatory discourses of whiteness that were widespread in the apartheid years and, as recent studies have shown, continue in similarly aggressive if somewhat changed and masked ways in post-1994 South Africa. Tess Salusbury and Don Foster (2004), for instance, have identified a set of discourses circulating amongst self-identified WESSAs that continue to reify old racial divisions in new and old ways. In line with international discourses of whiteness, these identities are constructed as culturally normative and aracial, resulting in the ongoing ethnicisation and marginalisation of others. In addition, WESSA culture is presented as having a special relationship with Europe and “the West”, as having a role to play in the “upliftment” of Black people, and as being “naturally” middle-class. Salusbury and Foster demonstrate that for WESSAs to employ these discourses while nonetheless constructing themselves as a collective serves as a powerful strategy in trying to retain their social standing in a changing South Africa.

The feverishness with which Tearle invokes these discourses indicates that he is incapable of defending them in contemporary Hillbrow, where the irrelevance of these constructions becomes increasingly evident. Judith Butler argues, in relation to the production of heterosexuality, that the subject is permanently at risk because it is always “compelled to *repeat itself* in order to establish the illusion of its own uniformity and identity ... That there is a need for a repetition at all is a sign that identity is not self-identical. It requires to be instituted again and again, which is to say that it runs the risk of becoming de-instituted” (1991: 24). Similarly, Aubrey Tearle’s iteration of racial, cultural and linguistic purity, which previously required little effort, is now felt to be at risk because his performance of this identity is met with growing resistance. The intercultural encounter interrupts his socialisation in increasingly unavoidable ways. The world within which his identity has assumed significance, in other words, is shifting: “I have been moulded into a shape that was once useful, but is useful no more” (Vladislavić 2001: 282). Whereas Tearle previously felt secure in requesting the translation of language and identity into the publicly sanctioned categories within which he “ordered” the world around him, he is now under increased pressure to translate his own rigid standards. Spivak writes that J.M. Coetzee’s *Foe* “represents the impropriety of the dominant’s desire to give voice to the native” (1993: 195). Like Susan Barton, whose attempts at “educating” Friday are met with his refusal to be translated by her, Tearle’s efforts at translating his fellow patrons at the Café Europa into his version of “standard English” fail. In short, the text asks of Tearle to interrupt the one-way flow of translation typical, according to Bassnett and Trivedi, of colonial translation practice over centuries, “with texts being translated *into* European languages for European consumption, rather than as part of a process of reciprocal exchange” (1999: 5). The demand for reciprocity is complicated by the power dynamics at play, since the one-way process of colonial translation secures the colonisers their position of superiority and a request for exchange is thus necessarily felt as threat.

This threat is explicitly thematised as corporeal in the final, carnivalesque “Goodbye Bash” at the Café Europa, where Tearle is literally painted black. Throughout the text, Tearle registers his fears of transformation and the resulting “declining standards” in and through his body. From early on he obsesses, for instance, about the texture of his skin, worrying at first about being too dry (Vladislavić 2001: 92 and 155) and then wondering whether his skin is “not too thin, parched to a wash of lime-white over my bones, with the nerve-endings jangling in the noisy air, raw as the root hairs of an upturn plant” (p. 170). He repeatedly reads his own body as text, for instance when he refers to his cutting of his own hair as “[e]diting the end matter” (p. 236). When, at the “Goodbye Bash” he is wrestled to the ground and painted black as part of a practical joke (along with most of the other partygoers), he reads his transformation in predictably apocalyptic terms. In

an effort to “disgorge this superabundance of error”, Tearle explodes in a rush of words: “I was not in the habit of speaking in this fashion, of seeing, of saying disorder, of chaos, of coarseness, but I had lost my tone” (p. 273). In response to his outburst everyone falls silent, until only the sound of his own voice remains: “My ears popped and I could hear properly again. Could hear a new voice, which was really my old voice, replete with authority” (p. 274).

Tearle’s voice remains unchanged by his experiences, and his interactions with others continue to be one-sided. When he walks through the streets of Hillbrow with a Coloured girl named Shirlaine after his ordeal at the “Goodbye Bash”, for instance, he briefly realises that he has been dominating their conversation: “She’d hardly got a word in edgeways. I should ask her some personal questions, encourage her to speak about herself. If I was going to cultivate her, that is ...” (p. 291). Tearle manages, in other words, to turn even this rare moment of self-criticism into an opportunity to establish his superiority over the girl. “We all know”, writes Spivak, “that when we engage profoundly with one person, the responses come from both sides: this is responsibility and accountability” (1995: xxv). Tearle wishes to engage in an exchange with the girl, but on his terms, and thereby fails to facilitate the possibility of an ethical exchange and of self-translation.

The ending of the text is no different: Tearle’s wish that he “could pass this entire city through the eye of the proofreader’s needle” (Vladislavić 2001: 298) is reiterated until the very last pages, and the text concludes, significantly, with the following description of the city:

Movements were afoot in those dark spaces that would never be reflected in the telephone directories. Languages were spoken there that I would never put to proof. As if they were aware of it themselves, the lights were not twinkling, as lights are supposed to do, they were squirming and wriggling and writhing, like maggots battenning on the foul proof of the world.

(Vladislavić 2001: 304)

Sarah Nuttall suggests that the ending shows Tearle to be finally becoming part of his surroundings: “Tearle, perpetually out of touch with his city throughout the novel, ... finally comes actually to inhabit its streets, to fall kicking and screaming into the future” (2004: 746). She writes, furthermore, that “[i]n the figure of Tearle an older version of whiteness unwillingly and resistantly writes (itself into) the newly creolising city” (2004: 748). Yet in his ongoing refusal to self-translate, that is, to engage in an act of intimate reading whereby his identity performances are shaped and transformed by the singularity of the other, I would argue, Tearle in fact fails entirely to undergo creolisation.

Nonetheless, Tearle’s inability to transform should not be read as representing the impossibility of an emancipatory transition in South African society at large. That Tearle necessarily fails, to use the words of Mike

Marais, to enact “the movement of closure through which [colonial] discourse ceaselessly seeks to reduce all otherness to its order” (2002: 105), in fact shows this order to be inherently flawed, thereby leaving open the possibility of ethical intersubjective exchange beyond its totalising confines. In its representation of some of the difficulties that attach to the translation of white privilege, Vladislavić in fact gestures toward the possibility of subverting this site of privilege through reflexivity and a recognition of the impossibility of locating within this totalising discourse identity performances that will be socially credible in a democratic South Africa.

That the self-reflexive cultural texts by Kannemeyer and Vladislavić addressed in this article expose discriminatory versions of whiteness that are beginning to register as widely lacking social credibility points to the hopeful possibility that whiteness as a site of privilege will increasingly be contested in progressive ways in South Africa in years to come. I chose the exchanges between Joe and the bartender, and between Tearle and the patrons at the “Café Europa”, for analysis because they seem to offer a useful lens through which to consider some of the transactions over belonging and identity undertaken at the site of the post-apartheid interracial encounter. These texts ultimately confront questions of responsibility in translation, or, put differently, offer suggestions for how translations of subjectivity can become responsible responses to the challenges that the singularity of the other pose to some of the most damaging epistemological certainties of white self-imaging.

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I LIVED IN BERLIN FOR 8 MONTHS AFTER I FINISHED SCHOOL IN SOUTH AFRICA. ONE NIGHT IN A BAR...



... FORGOT MYSELF AND SAID IN MY NEWLY ACQUIRED AND WELL NURTURED AMERICAN ACCENT: "KEEP THE CHANGE." THE BARMAN'S FACE LIT UP.



IN GERMAN I REPLIED THAT I'M NOT AND ALSO THAT I'M ACTUALLY DUTCH (WHICH WAS A HALF-TRUTH, SINCE MY MOTHER IS DUTCH). HIS FACE LIT UP A SECOND TIME.



I BLUSHED, PANICKED AND REPLIED AKWARDLY THAT I DON'T SPEAK DUTCH, EVEN THOUGH I AM DUTCH, AND THAT I'VE BEEN LIVING IN GERMANY EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER, DETERMINED NOT TO TELL HIM ABOUT MY 17 YEARS AS PRIVILEGED WHITE SOUTH AFRICAN. AS WE LEFT, HE SHOUTED:

