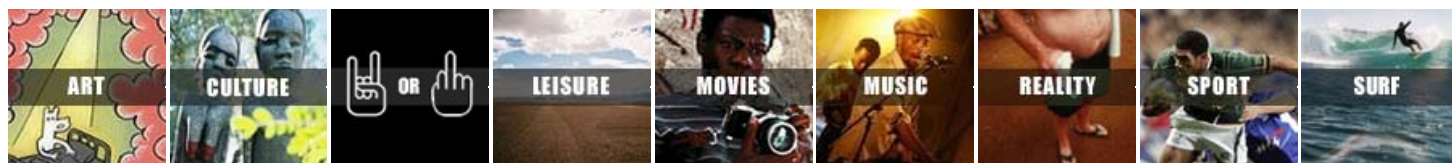




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Lunch In Orania

Thursday, September 22nd, 2011 by Max Barashenkov, images by Luke Daniel



“Watdoen jy?!” Rina Wiid snarls from behind the wheel of her BMW, “Geen fotos van my nie!” We freeze on the backseat, me mid-question, Ricochet Daniel with the camera in his paws. She proceeds, in rabid and venomous Afrikaans, to tell us that all photographic material acquired at the Doornbult concentration camp must be cleared with her before publication. Later, she will make us sign forms, swear fealty to the old South African flag and take a picture of us, for “archival” purposes, but, for now, I feign respect and Ricochet hisses “teef” under his breath. We are 30km away from Orania and knee-deep in Afrikaaner history. Or what’s left of it.



I pity her, the bent yet frisky Rina Wiid. The no-where historian, clutching onto tatters of nationalism, writing in-depth brochures – stacks of ring-bound A4 sheets, littered with pixilated pictures and extensive lists of Boer lineage, that she calls “books” – and whoring them off for R250 to the trickle of German tourists that pass by her farm. To the Fritz this place is a physical acquittal, a geo-historical ‘we-didn’t-do-it-first’, but, for two Cape Town boys, the site of one of the largest British concentration camps during the Boer War is nothing more than rusting shit scattered over the veldt. Rina guides us through the suffering of Afrikaner women, pointing out a horseshoe here, an empty Lee-Enfield