



James Clelland

NOVELS

Deeper Than Colour

Anyway, youth and its pursuit of hedonism beyond the age of dignity is both disgusting and destructive. This generation's youthful selfishness encourages self-absorption and reckless behaviour beyond anything seen before in the history of what is euphemistically called civilisation, meaning European of course. We, the white ex-youth of South Africa, were brought up in the backwash of the sixties in Europe, and were always about a decade behind whatever their flavour of the year was. The swinging sixties took place here at the beginning of the seventies. Conscription got in the way, somewhat, but we still managed to emulate them, with Bats instead of Beatles, and Des and Dawn instead of Peter, Paul and Mary. We did everything to try to prove that, like Israel, we were a transplanted flake of Europe. We acted as if we were a final frontier against the combination of blacks and communism, a mixture created and discussed in order to make every white person shiver with fear. Every man is equal? I mean, pur-lease, we cannot begin to consider such revolutionary kak!

By the time we reach my age, mid-forties, the old abilities are long gone, even if propped up with pharmaceutically manufactured erections. Shine on, you crazy blue diamonds! And, as a demonstration of our selfishness, we're doing our best to kill off human populations in vast tracts of the world. No, I don't mean I'm in sympathy with the bra-less, hairy-armed, pathetic, green wankers who wail about whales and global warming and other futile issues that only one country in the world can solve – and that sure ain't this piece of rock and sand at the bottom of Africa. Those greenies must just grow up and accept that this is a harsh and doomed planet and get on with what's left of their miserable lives, before it's too late.

What I'm getting at is that we decided collectively to have fewer children than any generation before us, so that we could spoil ourselves longer and deeper, much further into middle age. This is a genuine weapon of mass destruction, in this case the destruction of civilisation as we know it. Industrial societies need consumers: children – frankly, those willing and able to be convinced to consume – for we need to move ever faster on this production treadmill. But the selfish sixties – a much better name than swinging – has propelled our society towards the Armageddon of the twentieth century. We have to face up to endless elderlies and the aged, wall-to-wall old age homes full of bodies that consume nothing except our cash and oxygen. These living mortuaries are jam-packed with mere collections of failing organs, old people like my brain-numb mother, wastes of space and resources. I cannot see myself as old. I won't allow it to happen.