

Mandela appeals to jittery whites not to flee

GROWING IMPATIENCE with the failure of the South African Defence Force and the police to halt political violence overshadowed Nelson Mandela's final campaign rally yesterday before this week's elections, which are expected to win him the presidency.

An at times unwieldy crowd of at least 100,000 people packed into the grounds outside Durban's King's Park Stadium heard Mr Mandela appeal for restraint after the elections to honour the African National Congress' 80-year struggle for democracy in South Africa. "Nothing is going to happen to the property of any family, black or white,"

he said. "We're taking precautions because we want a South Africa of national reconciliation, peace and unity."

His criticism of the SADF and the police was his sharpest yet. Mr Mandela vowed to crack down on followers of Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi's mainly Zulu Inkatha party, believed to be responsible for the murder of three ANC activists on Thursday in the KwaZulu "homeland" capital, Ulundi. "They must pay for those crimes and they are going to pay," he said.

At least five other ANC members were still missing in Ulundi yesterday after 17 activists and several

Independent Electoral Commission monitors were attacked while distributing leaflets and posters. It was the worst outbreak of political violence in Natal since Chief Buthelezi's decision last week to lift his boycott on the elections.

Under the terms of the 31 March state of emergency declared in Natal by President F W de Klerk, Mr Mandela said, the army and the police were supposed to confine the KwaZulu police to barracks, to "weed out" its members linked to "Third Force" political violence, and to shut down paramilitary training camps for Inkatha.

"The SADF and SAP have done

none of these things except to run round in the streets," Mr Mandela said. He told the crowd of yesterday's bombing of the ANC's headquarters in Johannesburg, in which nine people died, but urged his supporters not to "concentrate on the violent activities of those who want to disrupt these elections".

He said the elected government would consider an amnesty for members of the security forces involved in politically motivated violence until last December. "What

we are not going to do is consider an indemnity for those who are killing people now," Mr Mandela said.

Non-racialism was a strong theme in his address, which at times provoked wild applause. "We stand for majority rule, we don't stand for black majority rule," he said. "All of you in this country: Africans, Coloureds, whites and Indians, this is your country. This is our country."

Mr Mandela made a special appeal to whites, whom he described as the country's "best asset", not to flee the country. He said everyone would be needed to open a new era for South Africa. "We appeal to

those communities who have benefited under apartheid, do not leave us in the lurch," he said.

The ANC had plans to promote jobs, peace and better housing and schooling for the poor, he said. "All these evils of apartheid can change with a government that cares."

The rally began with a performance of Indian dancers and was urged on with chants of "One country, many cultures" until Mr Mandela, smiling broadly and looking energised by the massive turnout of Zulus, whom Chief Buthelezi claims support his Inkatha party.

Flanked by his long-time colleague and fellow Robben Island in-

mate, Walter Sisulu, and the ANC's candidate for premier of Natal province, Jacob Zuma, Mr Mandela rose to sing the congress' national anthem, *Nkosi Sikelele iAfrika* (God bless Africa), with a customary clenched fist. Immediately he paid homage to the man who had kept the ANC together while he spent 27 years in jail, the late Oliver Tambo, whom he described as "one of the greatest sons of our soil".

Mr Mandela clearly relished the moment on the eve of the ANC's expected victory at this week's polls. "After all the struggle and bitterness, we are now there," he said.

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Van Riebeeck's descendants rush to embrace their brown kin

AN OLD crack has it that the first people of mixed race in South Africa appeared nine months after Jan van Riebeeck's Dutch settlers landed in Table Bay in 1652. Van Riebeeck's Afrikaner descendants have treated them like illegitimate children ever since: half with affection, half with shame, but never as equals.

Apartheid called them Coloureds; for want of anything better, some have taken to saying "so-called Coloureds". Others have described them as "brown Afrikaans", and the political demands of the new South Africa have made white Afrikaners rush to acknowledge the relationship.

There are 3.4 million South Africans of mixed blood, nearly 9 per cent of the population. In two of the nine new provinces, Western Cape and the Northern Cape, they are in the majority, and their former oppressors are wooing their votes with such success that these are the only two areas of the country where F W de Klerk's National Party is expected to win.

"I can understand why they are

F W de Klerk's party finds it expedient to woo the people it once treated like outcasts, Raymond Whitaker writes from Cape Town

piesang (banana), *blatjang* (chutney) and *pondok* (shack), they retained their Muslim faith.

The whitewashed mosques of Cape Town's Malay quarter, among the oldest buildings in the country, testify to the group's continuing distinctiveness.

But Islam is just one element in South Africa's most diverse community. Khoi origins are obvious among many Coloureds, while others are purely or mainly Malay in appearance. Some can pass for white if they choose (those who cut themselves off from friends and family, and moved to another area in search of more privileged status, were said to be "trying for white"), while others again are indistinguishable from blacks, but speak a mainly Afrikaans dialect and worship in the Dutch Reformed church.

There are Coloured Rastafarians, and Islamic fundamentalists who wear Arab robes and *keffiyehs*.

When apartheid sundereed the symbiotic relationship between whites and Coloureds in the Cape, splitting families and forcing those deemed to be the wrong colour to move out of their homes, it made absurd attempts to classify this diversity. Coloureds were divided into Cape Coloured, Cape Malay, Griqua (in the Northern Cape), Indian, Chinese and, in desperation, "other Asiatic" and "other Coloured". Crude racial tests were applied, such as pushing a pencil into a person's hair to see whether it fell out, to determine whether he or she was white or Coloured.

"We have always been in between," said Prof Small. "Our tongue is Afrikaans, by and large [the first language of more than four-fifths of Coloureds, according to official figures], and our religion is mainly Calvinist, even though the Islamic component had had an influence out of proportion to its numbers. There is still a search for identity."

Prof Small believes the Coloureds' uncertain status accounts for their savage humour. "We are the satirists of South Africa. We are cynical about leadership, which is one reason why we have never been able to organise on a large scale." The darker side of being "in between" manifests itself in social problems such as alcoholism, drug addiction and gang violence. Coloured males have the lowest life expectancy of any group: 57.6 years, compared with 57.8 for blacks and 69.4 for whites.

Rejection by the whites united Coloureds and blacks against apartheid, but, as Prof Small put it, "oppression is not culture". The cultural influences on Coloureds have been Western and Eastern, not African, and that is proving to be the key factor in how they are choosing to vote. In doing so they will belatedly be fulfilling a key element of National Party strategy since the early 1980s: shifting South Africa's racial divide from whites versus non-whites to blacks versus non-blacks. It failed as a means of denying blacks their rights, but it will play a vital role in enabling the Nationalists to cling to as much power as possible after the election.



A peace monitor chats to children at Macassar, near Cape Town. The Western Cape is one of only two areas where the National Party is expected to win

Photograph: Glynn Griffiths

Little Oxford in Africa muses on new identity

THERE is a slight frisson when a visitor asks for William Magkoba or Makaziwe Mandela at the University of the Witwatersrand. Not that anyone in the country's largest English-speaking university, nearly 100 years old, academically excellent and avowedly liberal, would actually say anything. But there is fear of the new Deputy Vice-Chancellor and the Special Projects Development Officer. They are the university's first two black senior staff members, recently appointed, and they trail after them the dreaded double-A word: Affirmative Action.

It would be difficult for anyone to suggest that Dr Makgoba got his job only because he is black. At 41 he is MB, ChB, DPhil (Oxon), FRCP, currently head of Molecular Endocrinology at London University's Royal Post-Graduate Medical School and Deputy Director of Chemical Pathology at Queen Charlotte's and Hammersmith Special Health Authority in west London. He also holds the Chair in the school of Pathology at Witwatersrand University. Until he was 14 he was a shepherd boy, one of nine children of a schoolteacher in the Northern Transvaal.

In 1976 he was South Africa's top medical student but he left the country in 1979 because there were few openings for ambitious blacks, and Oxford offered him a Nuffield Fellowship. Since then he has been offered various posts in South African universities.

"I would not have come back until things had changed" he said. "It was like kicking against stone." His manner is quiet but warm and very confident. "Black people ask if I think I am just a token but I don't think I will operate in that fashion. I am quite independent and have strong views about what I am going to do," he says.

Ms Mandela is also an academic: she completed her Masters at the University of Massachusetts and worked recently at the African Academy of Sciences at Nairobi. She is Nelson Mandela's daughter from his first marriage and says the name has sometimes helped and sometimes hindered her. There was a deep rift between father and daughter when he came out of jail and she admits to a lot of bitterness

Affirmative action is ruffling academic feathers, Richard Dowden writes from Johannesburg

over her parents' divorce, when she was four years old. She says that now they get on as "well as can be expected" but she will not be voting for her father in the election.

She is voting for the Democratic Party. Her manner is tough, perhaps a little abrasive. "I am not such a diplomatic person," she says. "I'm very straight and say what I think".



Ms Mandela: mission to make university more accessible

The task facing these two is daunting. Although Witwatersrand University, in Johannesburg, has made impeccable statements about its openness to all races, it has done little to implement them. At present the top administrators of the university are all white and male. About 50 out of 1,200 academic teaching staff are black and about 6,000 of the 19,500 students are not white — in a country where the national black-white ratio is about five to one.

"There is a big fear here and to an extent their fears are justified in the sense that they did not expect in their lifetime that we would be where we are today," says Dr Makgoba. "We are not going to destroy

the university but we want the same access and we want to emphasise slightly different things. We don't want to kick anyone out; we want to help everyone feel involved."

Ms Mandela says: "There is a lot of anger and pain among black people and a sense of alienation in this white institution. And there are fears on the part of whites who think affirmative action means they are going to lose their jobs."

The debate centres on the conflict between affirmative action and academic standards. Until recently the government spent five times as much on educating a white child as a black child. "There is no doubt a need for affirmative action in South Africa but I can't argue against the academic-standards argument," says Ms Mandela. "Affirmative action is a numbers game but that isn't where the debate should end... we have to create a balance. We want to maintain the quality but we have to recognise that other people have been left out."

Ms Mandela has already visited all departments and drawn up a profile in terms of sex and race but she denies that she aims to force the departments to achieve a racial balance reflective of the national average. University education in South Africa is not publicly funded, and students have to find sponsors or borrow money for accommodation and books. Most black students get 95 per cent financial aid, but some of them have difficulty finding the remaining 5 per cent.

Dr Magkoba says: "My role is to give a vision for academic matters in the new South Africa. It's my fundamental belief that the university has to have an African cultural component. It is not a question of language; it's about a way of doing things. Africans did not arrive here yesterday; they have got cultural traditions. We have got to draw up syllabuses and curricula which reflect that and are relevant to our country, not relevant to Europe."

"In terms of the vision of the university we must ask: Do we want a little Oxford in Africa or something relevant to the people here?" he says. "It's a question of culture. In the new South Africa it is not so much who is going to rule as which culture is going to dominate."

94 Election Notebook

IN HOW many countries would 70,000 people turn out to see a politician? Nelson Mandela's victory rally on Saturday did not quite fill the furthest, most nose-bleeding corners of the FNB soccer stadium on the edge of Soweto. Some ANC officials were disappointed with the turnout. But the occasion was startling enough: an entire stadium full of young, ecstatic African faces.

On the eastern side, about 120 rows back, there was a solitary white spectator in stylish sunglasses, looking as though he was waiting for a rock concert to begin. As a Nigerian journalist pointed out, to witness the concentration of so many politicised youthful, black people was to grasp physically — not just intellectually — why apartheid caved in so abruptly.

The neo-Nazi leader Eugene Terreblanche — ET to his fans — held a rally at Brits, north of Pretoria, on the same day to declare war (again) on the new South Africa. About 200 people came along.

THE collapse of Bophutatswana, the erstwhile so-called homeland, may cause a glut on the second-hand car market. Pretoria has taken possession of most of the 29 cars that belonged to the ousted, puppet president, Lucas Mangope. They include seven *bakkies* (pick-up trucks), used to carry milk and chickens on the presidential farms, a Nissan, a Mazda 626, a Toyota Cressida, a Buick and a wide selection of BMWs. Mr Mangope, still unpopular with his former subjects, has been allowed to hold on to his two bullet-proofed cars, a Mercedes 420SE1 and a BMW 750i. The new South African government must decide what to do with Mangope's modest collection of foreign properties: an £800,000 house in Holland Park, London; a £500,000 country home in Buckinghamshire; a residence in Paris which used to belong to Prince Rainier; a villa in the south of France; and — mysteriously — an office in Kiev.

The intriguing question arises: was Mr Mangope exporting his chickens to Kiev?

MANDELA, frail in a smart, rust-red shirt, has extraordinary presence. But he is no orator. ("We are upfront in nation building.") He was out-demagogued by his interpreter, who translated chunks of Mandela's off-the-cuff English into Zulu and the ANC leader's mild tones into something more rabble-rousing.

When Mandela rose to speak, the more excitable members of the crowd loosed off their revolvers and AK47s. At least three people were injured when the bullets returned to earth. Mandela furiously denounced the shooters ("criminal elements") and his security guards, who had been instructed to allow no guns into the stadium. He threatened to expel from the ANC anyone who had "come here today, shooting indiscriminately, frightening a lot of people and causing anxiety on the part of the minority community."

THE Inkatha Freedom Party, with only days left to campaign, took out five full-page ads in yesterday's Johannesburg *Sunday Times*. One was a mock ballot paper, showing its supporters where to put their X. Mysteriously, the African National Congress was nowhere to be found on the ballot paper. To find the ANC, you have to turn to their own similar advertisement on a different page. Believe it or not, the ANC ballot paper clean forgets to mention Inkatha.

NELSON and Winnie are estranged, so who will be First Lady? No one, Mr Mandela says. "If you give me the opportunity by matching me with an attractive lady, I might consider that. But a man of 75 has very little ambition in that direction."

John Lichfield

IT WAS nearly midnight and the little town was asleep. The Mahem Hotel was full, but in the Birds Inn Ladies Bar (dress smart casual) we met Willem, a very beautiful, tall, blond Afrikaner lad dressed in a khaki jacket and drinking brandy and cola.

With a smile as open as innocence he offered us a drink and a bed for the night. What he really wanted was to engage us in conversation. He had never been outside South Africa and only away from Viljoenskroon on military service. His English was not good but he wanted to try. And he wanted to listen too. Where had we been? What had we seen?

What did we think? A pleasanter, more open boy your mother could not imagine.

Viljoenskroon is a tiny dorp on the endless Free State plain. It is clean and Calvinist and I was surprised to find a black policeman on the street. I asked him if he was a real policeman who could arrest people, and he laughed. "You could even arrest whites?" He laughed even more. "I would lose my job — even my life," he replied.

The white right have taken a

Behind the barriers with a nice Boer and his gun

In a tiny rural Orange Free State town Richard Dowden meets a baffled and fearful young Afrikaner unable to accept the reality of the new South Africa

stand here and erected watch towers, known as gun towers, and barriers across three roads into the town. It is a typically ineffective South African way of trying to keep reality at bay. But because the citizens, backed by the town council, have not actually lowered the barriers and stopped anyone, there is doubt about whether or not they are within their legal

rights. Political parties in the area are crying intimidation, but the independent electoral commission lawyers say they cannot order the barriers and gun towers to be taken down.

The local black people are puzzled and inconvenienced by the move. "We never had a problems with them before," said one old man, uncertain whether or not to

continue cycling into town yesterday. "It's just a precaution," explained Willem. "It isn't to stop them coming into town to vote — as long as they behave themselves."

But he was afraid some of the younger ones would want to come and cause trouble. The African National Congress was an "aggressive organisation" he said and

was going to take away white farms and bring in Communism. "They've got the rest of Africa, they took Rhodesia and South West [Namibia]. Why do they want this part too?" he asked with hurt confusion. But he offered to take us to meet a local Afrikaner farmer who was an ANC member.

Willem insisted on paying for the drinks and we drove to his house, a neat bungalow set in a pretty garden. Inside it was comfortable but slightly bleak. Willem dragged in an extra mattress for us

and then went to find another bed for himself. The walls of his room were bare except for a South African flag and in the corner was a grey metal gun-cabinet, which he opened to show me his shotgun and belts of cartridges. On a table by the bed was a well-used Bible bound in white leather and inside a little prayer-card marked "Soldier of Christ" on it. He had a stereo system with a pile of rock 'n' roll and dance records. On the table was a sticker which said in Afrikaans: "The Boer and his gun are here to stay". And in the wardrobe was his neatly pressed AWB uniform. He was such a kind young man.

Captain Amr's blunder fuels bloody revolt

CAPTAIN Amr Mustapha of the Egyptian police has a lot to answer for. In el-Azeiza he forced the locals to contribute money for improved facilities at the local gendarmerie. Then he tied an old man to a tree and beat him up after accusing him of theft. Angry at the behaviour of a local football player, Captain Amr attacked the man in front of a crowd of thousands. But he made his biggest blunder on 2 April, when he ambushed what he thought was a car load of Gemaa Islamiya (Islamic Group) gunmen at el-Gheneum, in upper Egypt.

No one disputes that Captain Amr and his fellow policemen set up a checkpoint in the town and stopped a taxi just after nine in the evening. But there are two versions of what happened next.

In the first, Captain Amr pointed his gun at the driver so aggressively that he accidentally fired a bullet into the car. Believing he had been attacked by one of its occupants, his colleagues opened fire at the vehicle, killing its Christian driver, two other men, and a young woman. According to the second version — favoured, of course, by the state security police — a Gemaa gunman in the car tried to kill Captain Amr and wounded him in the arm, but was himself killed when Captain Amr's comrades opened fire. The woman, the driver and another innocent civilian were killed in what the police describe as "crossfire".

Police are failing to crush Islamic fundamentalism in upper Egypt, Robert Fisk reports from Assiut

But the damage was done. Hundreds of villagers who thought the police had been attacked, and rushed to help them, were appalled to discover the slaughter. And they were enraged when the Egyptian government expressed regret rather than responsibility for the death of the civilians. Islamic fundamentalism in upper Egypt thus gained a few more converts to a war which the police are very definitely not yet winning.

Of the 62 people killed in upper Egypt so far this year, 42 of them were policemen, 10 were from the Gemaa and the other 10 were civilians caught up, like the men and women in Captain Amr's ambush, in the violence. Almost all the killings took place in and around Assiut, the grubby old city on the Nile north of Luxor whose exports of agricultural products, textiles, cement and furniture have failed to earn enough money to rebuild the slums and broken apartment blocks that lie beside the Cairo-Aswan railway tracks. On four occasions, Muslim radicals have bombed and shot up the luxury air-conditioned trains in which tourists are hustled past Assiut.

With its run-down shops and creaking cars, Assiut does not look like a city on the brink of war. There are no tanks in the streets, although the local police chief takes a squad of bodyguards to watch his back when he calls by the Badr hotel for his morning coffee. It is what they cannot see which worries the detectives of Assiut, as Ahmed Rifaat, one of the city's brightest young journalists knows all too well. "There are two governorates on either side of Assiut that are full of terrorists who have not yet entered the battle," he says. "No one knows why. They are not carrying arms at the moment. I think it's a tactic to keep them out of it for the time being. But if they took up arms, things could explode here."

The Assiut police are well aware of this potential detonation — and that the men of upper Egypt, most of them former military reservists, know how to use guns. Every week hundreds of young men are arrested, most of them only on suspicion or because their names or telephone numbers have been found in the notes and diaries of arrested men. But money is still reaching the

fundamentalists from abroad — not from Sudan, as President Mubarak would have the world believe, but, according to some detectives, from the Gulf, especially from Saudi Arabia. One section of the video confession of Adel Abdel Baqi, the reformed Muslim radical shown on national television, was censored by the Ministry of Information in Cairo, apparently because he stated that the Islamic Jihad group had received a cheque for £50,000 from Saudi Arabia.

The humiliation of Bosnia's Muslims has also mobilised support behind the armed Muslim groups around Assiut. Hassan Gad al-Haq, the head of the Assiut lawyers' syndicate, sees the fundamentalist challenge as one of reaction. "People react to things like Bosnia," he says.

"They react to unemployment, to the emergency laws — to laws which are so restrictive that they don't allow political parties to influence the society ideologically. These laws, the police arrests, the human-rights abuses and torture by the police, the military courts which try civilians and are all too ready to give death-sentences — people react to all of this. "If these bad things stopped, I am convinced the violence in upper Egypt would stop. What we are talking about is revenge. The Muslim movements here are a reaction to the government's actions and to bad social conditions."

'Intifada' exile gets warm welcome home



Ehap Taeam being greeted by his sister in Rafah, Gaza Strip. He was one of eight Palestinians who returned three years after being exiled by the Israelis for intifada activities

Photograph: Reuter

Self-rule deal on course

CAIRO (Reuter, AFP) — PLO and Israeli negotiators resumed what may be their last peace talks before they sign an agreement on Israeli withdrawal and Palestinian self-rule in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank town of Jericho.

The chief PLO negotiator, Nabil Shaath, said that if all went well, the PLO chairman, Yasser Arafat, and the Israeli Foreign Minister, Shimon Peres, could come to Cairo later in the week to prepare for a signing ceremony next week.

In Jerusalem, Israeli ministers also said an accord on the long-delayed peace deal could be signed next week, but weighty problems remained.

Israel's Economics Minister, Shimon Shitrit, said that before final approval of the deal, the Prime Minister, Yitzhak Rabin, who flew to Russia yesterday for a four-day visit, and Mr Arafat would have to agree on the size of the Jericho enclave, and how Palestinian policemen would deploy on the bridge that divides the West Bank from Jordan.

Mr Shitrit said Israel and the PLO have agreed that 1,000 Palestinian police will enter the occupied territories 24 hours after the accord is signed.

On the eve of his visit to Russia, Mr Rabin said he would seek more active Russian involvement in the peace process. Mr Shaath said: "If the Israelis come in good faith with the intention to finish, then we are ready to finish."

OUT OF JAPAN

Endless enigma lies at the very heart of power

TERRY MCCARTHY

TOKYO — Who holds power in Japan? This is perhaps the most frustrating question for anyone trying to understand how Japan works. Its corollary — whom do we talk to to get something done? — is the 64,000-dollar question for governments seeking to negotiate with Japan. For decades foreign diplomats, business people and academics grasped at one centre of power after another, only to find each one dissolve like quicksilver between their fingers.

The prime minister does not hold power. For more than two weeks, Japan has been without one, after Morihiro Hosokawa resigned because of a financial scandal. There was no sense of crisis and few seemed aware that there was no head of government. Nor does anyone seem to care that the bickering over Mr Hosokawa's successor means that Japan has had no budget

downcast in an inobtrusive, almost servile, manner — as if to look someone in the eye risked provoking a challenge from an armed superior and immediate dispatch with a sword-thrust. Bowing to express one's inferiority is a highly developed social skill.

Street crime is rare in Japan, yet the police drive around in armoured cars similar to those used by South African troops when confronting township riots. Schoolchildren wear the same uniform, get regulation haircuts, buy identical schoolbags and eat their mothers' packed lunches that have the same components in the same-sized lunch box as all their classmates. In office lifts, the youngest woman invariably takes charge of the buttons to open and close the doors. When the last emperor was dying, the nation adopted a sombre "self-restraint", cancelling parties out of respect.

And yet if you ask any Japanese who told him or her to behave in this manner, the answer will be vague: "It is just done that way." "Consensus," say the experts, nodding sagely. "Individuals are terrified of taking responsibility for a decision." But that does not explain Japanese power hierarchies either, since often the consensus is a manufactured myth.

Most Japanese, when pressed, admit to feeling little for the remote figure of the Emperor. The average salaryman dislikes the stereotyping and conformism. He tolerates — if not actually resents — the heavy-handed authority of the police, local bureaucrats, right-wing extremists who deafen the streets with their amplified propaganda, dictatorial teachers, government officials, gangsters and the other wielders of power.

Nor can one build a watertight case for the conspiracy theory about the top bureaucrats who supposedly run Japan Inc to take over the world. Senior bureaucrats spend more time protecting their own fiefdoms than plotting to destroy Western industry.

Karel van Wolferen, who wrote a book entitled *The Enigma of Japanese Power*, concluded that "no one is ultimately in charge". Japan, he says, "is pushed, or pulled, or kept afloat, but not actually led, by many powerholders in what I call the System".

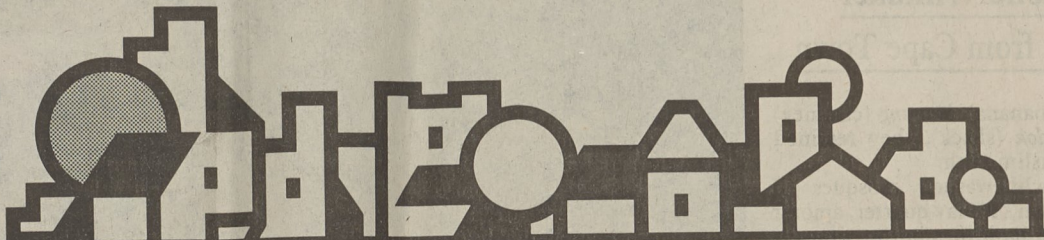
Everything has to be subject to control; nothing can be left to grow wild, at random

for more than a month. The system continues working smoothly, as if political control and decision-making were a colourful irrelevance to running the country.

Mr Hosokawa has not been distraught and miserable, stripped of his job after eight short months as the leader of the world's second most powerful economy. Mr Hosokawa has been gambolling like a schoolboy at the beginning of his summer holidays, merrily attending dinner parties and cherry-blossom viewing ceremonies as if nothing had happened. Last week he told two colleagues that he had been manipulated and "used as a tool" by bureaucrats.

It would be wrong to think of Japan as a carefree, anarchic society. Maddeningly anonymous and apparently unaccountable, power structures thread their way throughout Japanese society, leaving not the smallest space without some form of constraint. The positioning of a bus-stop, the timing of the entire workforce's summer holidays, stunting the roots of a bonsai tree — everything must be subjected to control. Nothing can be left to grow wild, at random, of its own accord.

There is a whiff of fear in Japan's fabled politeness and social deference, as if samurai still roamed the country able to kill people of lower class without retribution. Pedestrians walk with eyes



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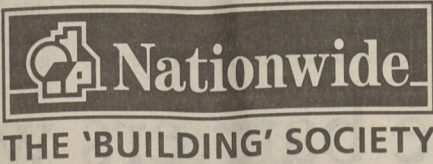
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