



MARCHING ORDERS

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WILJY NIE SAAMWERK? JY GAAN

AND SOLID DUTY LOVED AT THREE



CAPE TOWN UNIVERSITY

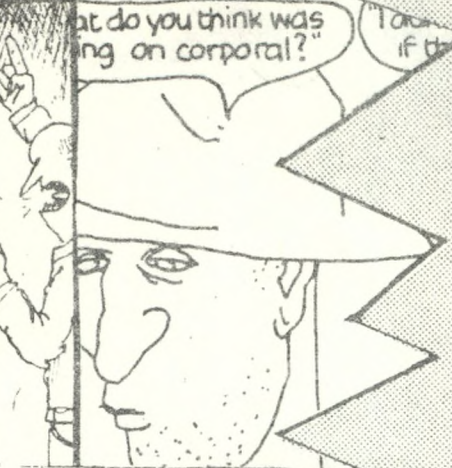
AS DICK STANIS IN THE DEVASTATED RAAL, HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERS HIS MOTHER + HIS LITTLE SISTER...

ONS IS OCCUPYING SWAZILAND
WES AFRICA PQU
RIGHT OF CEIKA
SUID WES PROVIA
ONS VYFDE LAN
IT IS ON

THE CHRISTIAN
ER KNOWS THAT HIS
S TO PROTECT HIS
ONES FROM THE

at do you think was
ing on corporal?"

"I don't
if th



As South Africans we are part of a total onslaught strategy. Military service is one element of this.



Every day we are faced with messages about war and the military. Soldiers through the streets of the cities and older brothers do camps and border duty. Ride Safe, Bonus Bonds and the Southern Cross fund all encourage us to take part in the military effort.

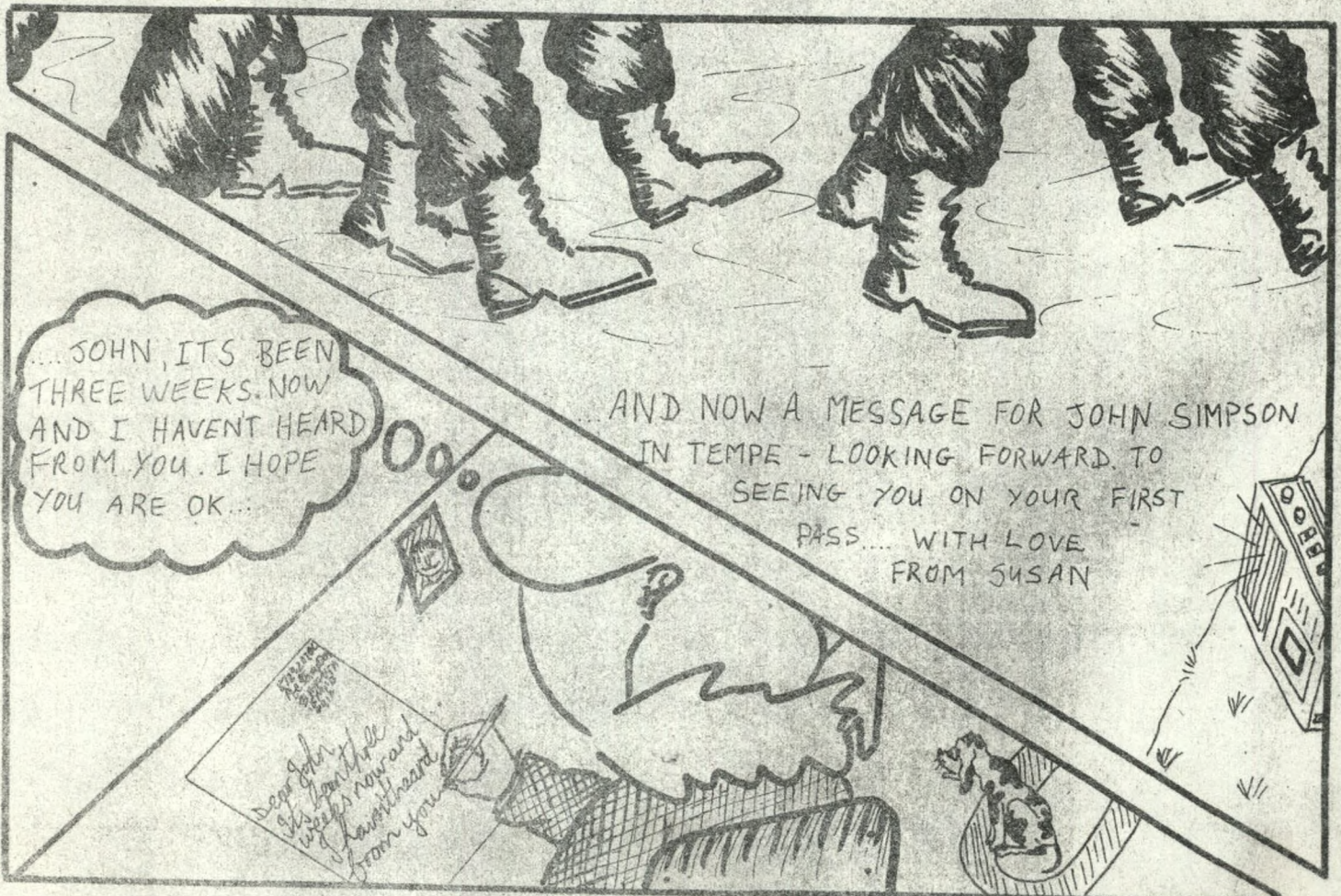
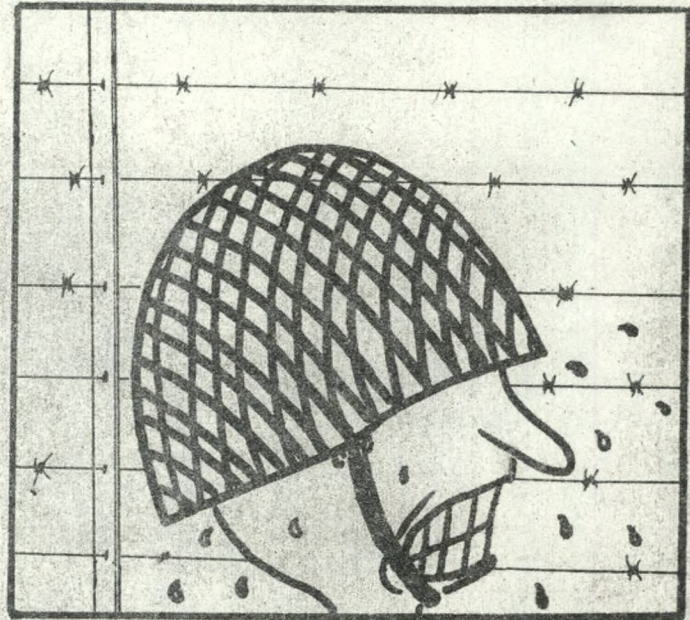
THAT KID MUST HAVE
BEEN THE SAME AGE
AS MARY. WHAT ON
EARTH ARE WE DOING?

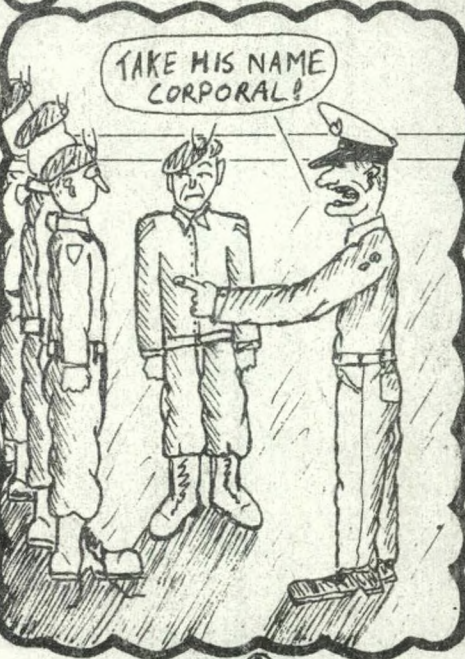
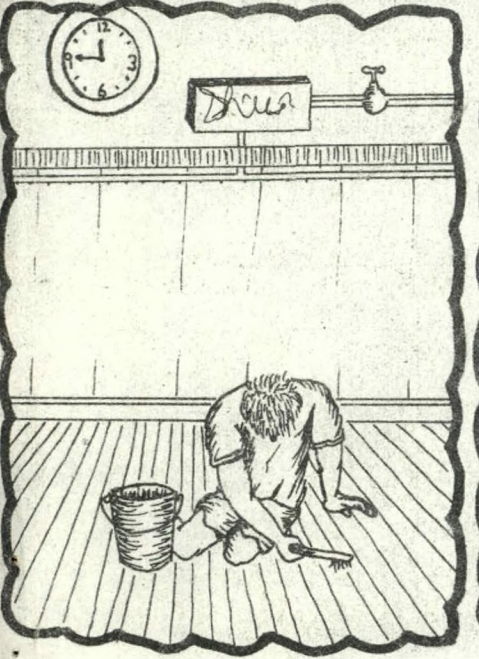
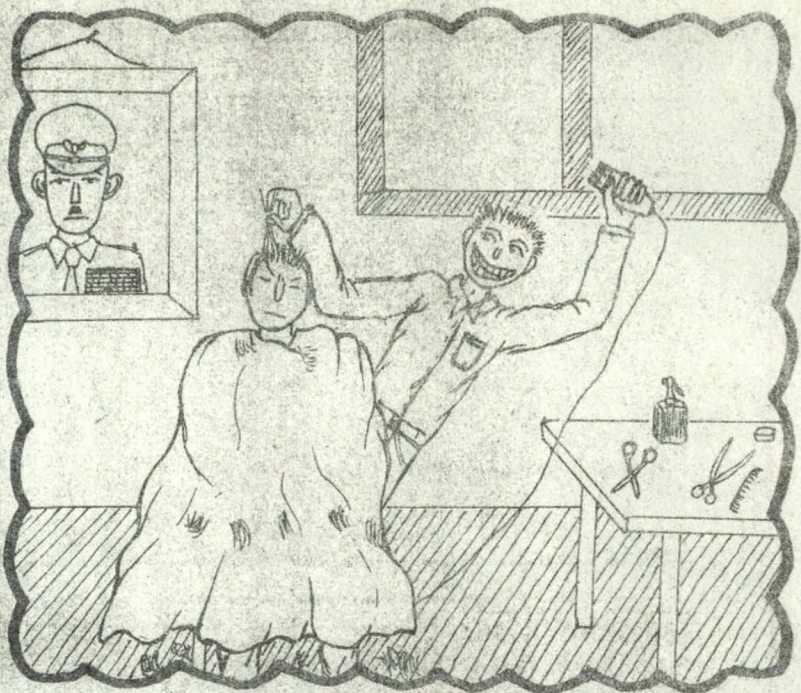
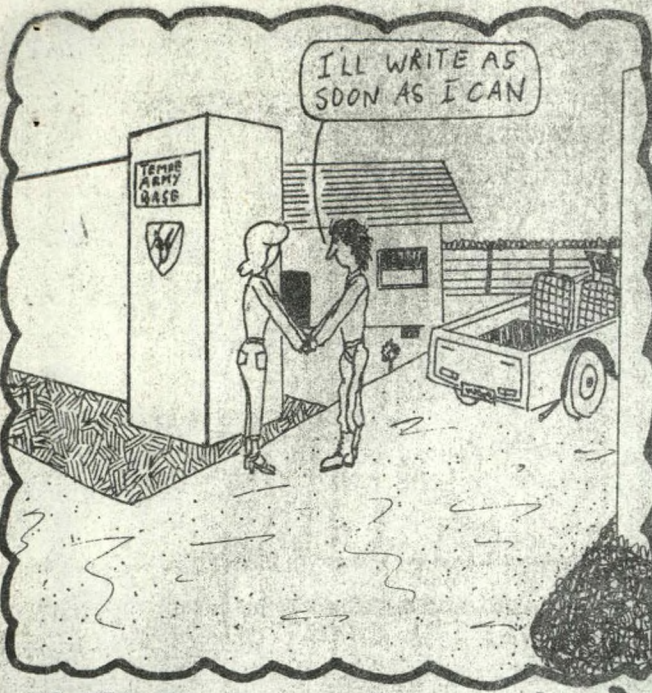
I CAN'T GO BACK THERE
+ BE PART OF IT AGAIN!!

D
QUEST.
RIKA IS
OVINCE
LAND

The society that we live in tells us that war is inevitable and that, while there are some sacrifices, it is good for men to join the army and for women to support and wait for them to return.

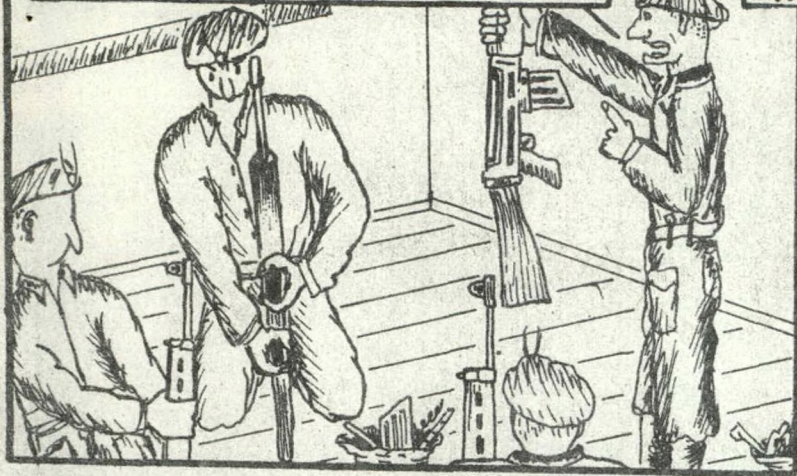
Some of us have begun to wonder if the messages we are hearing are all the truth.



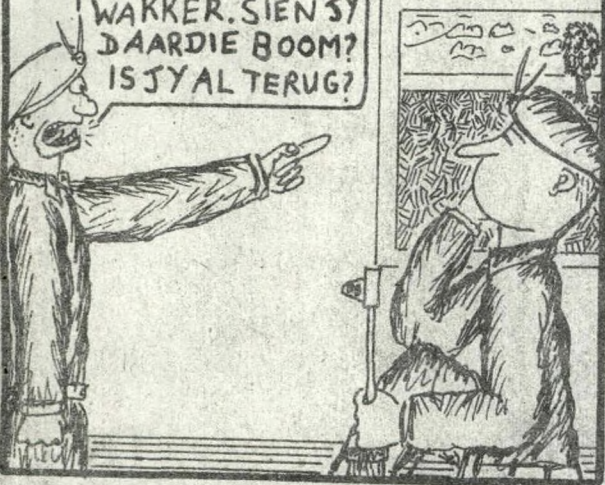


DIE GEWEER IS JOU WIFIE..

... YOU NEVER LET HER GO



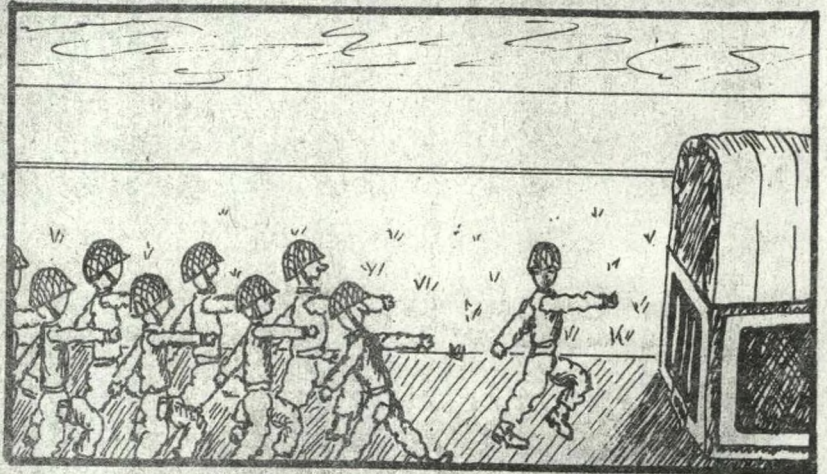
SIMPSON, WORD WAKKER. SIEN SY DAARDIE BOOM? IS SY AL TERUG?



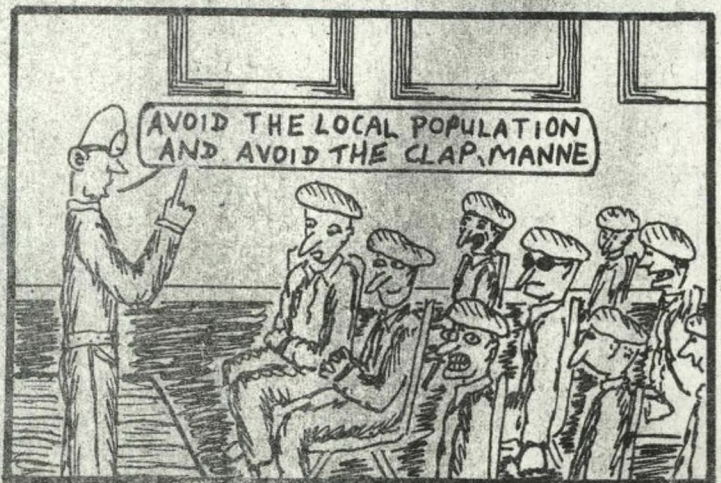
AND THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER KNOWS THAT HIS DUTY IS TO PROTECT HIS LOVED ONES FROM THE THREAT.

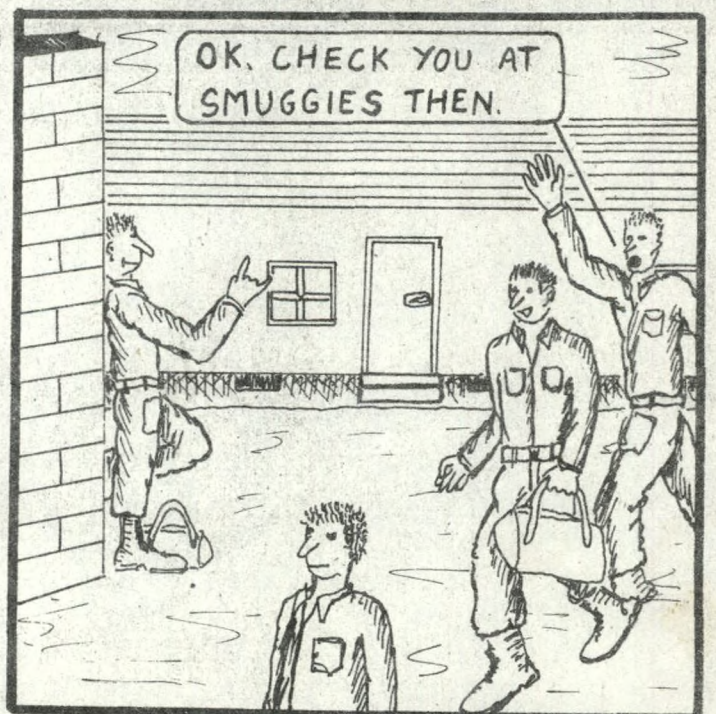
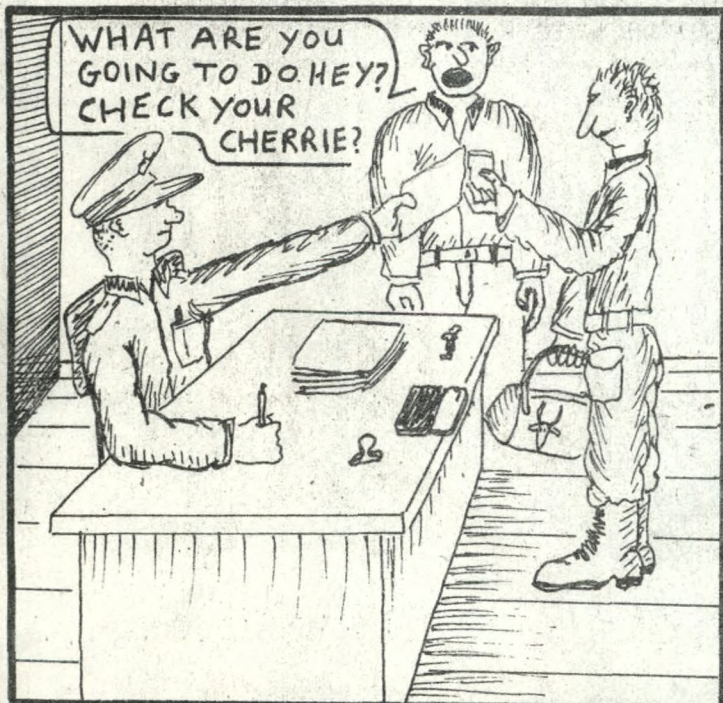
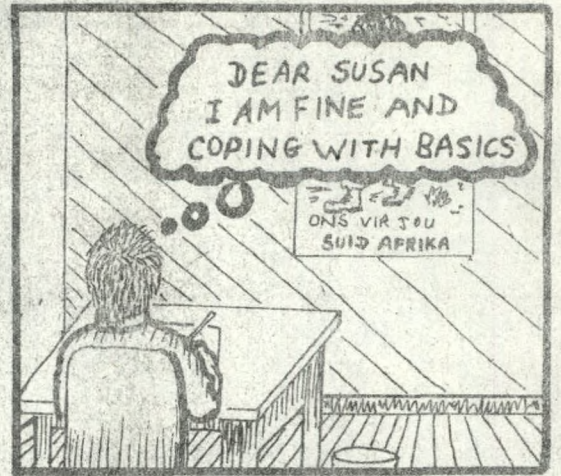


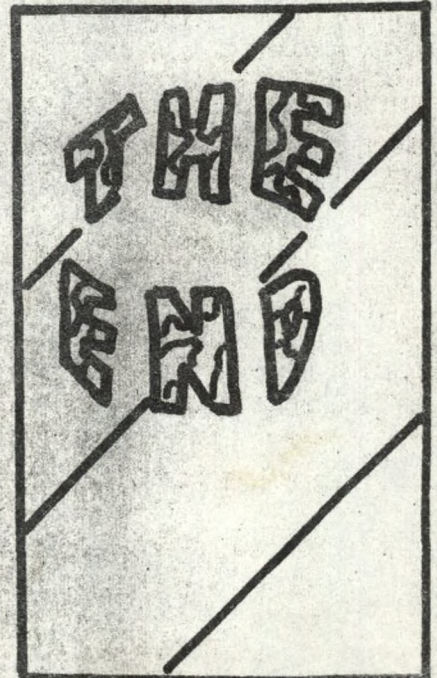
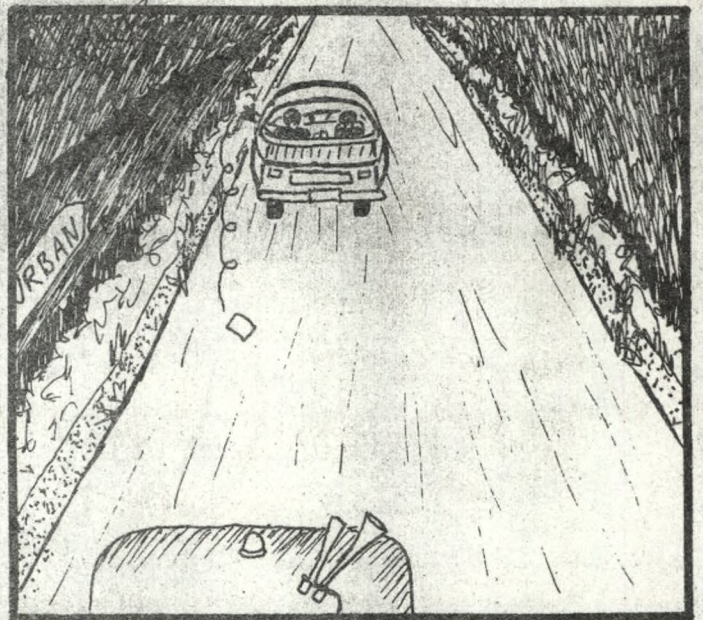
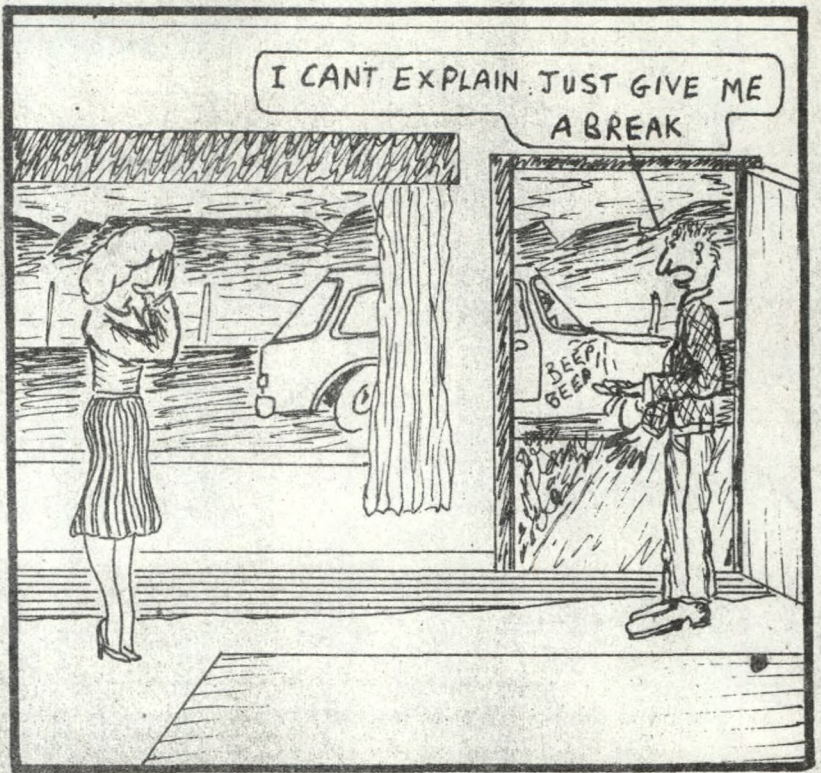
WHO'S THAT HEY? LEKKER!



AVOID THE LOCAL POPULATION AND AVOID THE CLAP MANNE





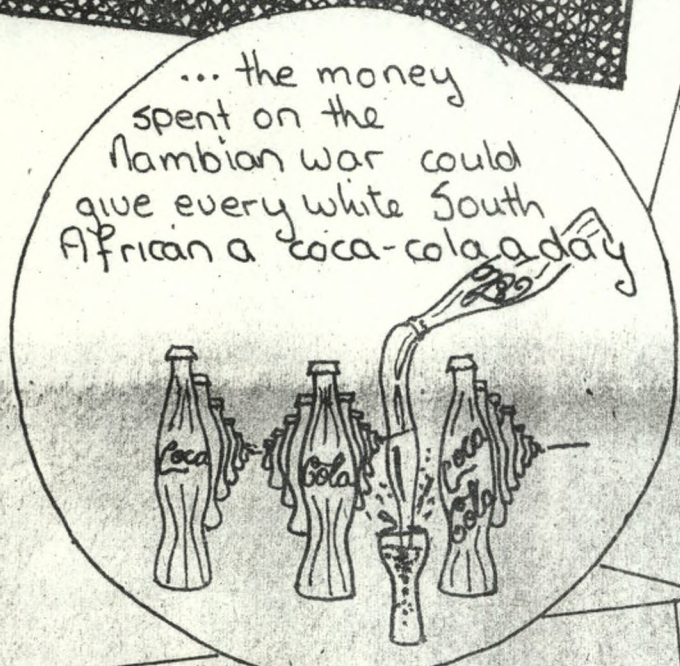


DID YOU KNOW

... the SADF uses weapons supplied by Russia



... the money spent on the Namibian war could give every white South African a coca-cola a day

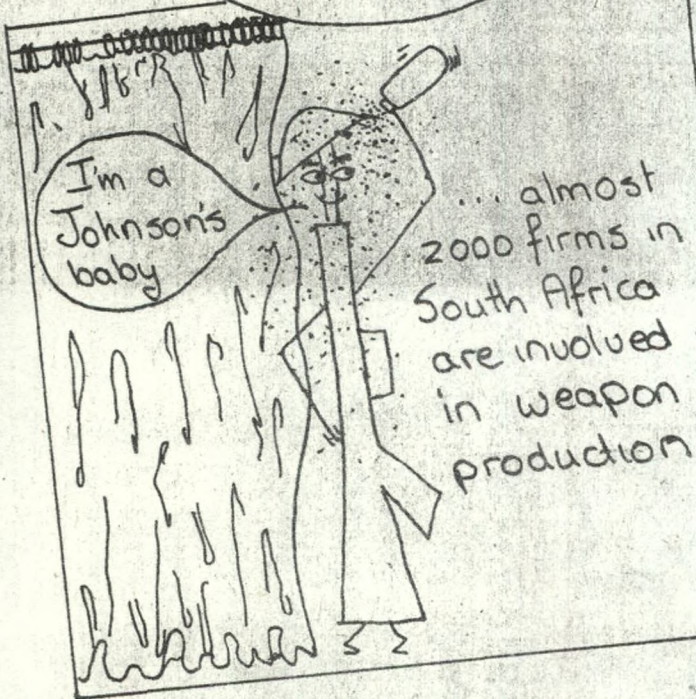


... Armscor is the third largest concern in South Africa



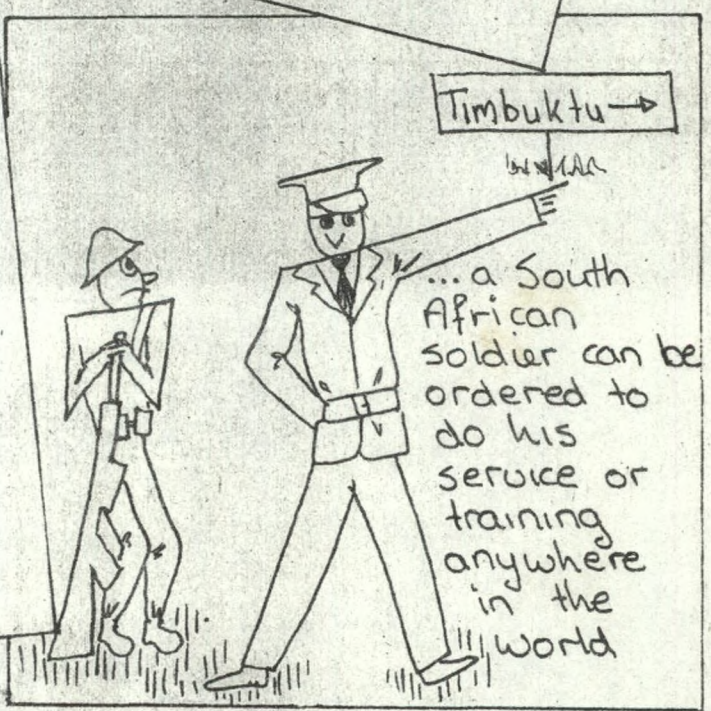
I'm a Johnson's baby

... almost 2000 firms in South Africa are involved in weapon production



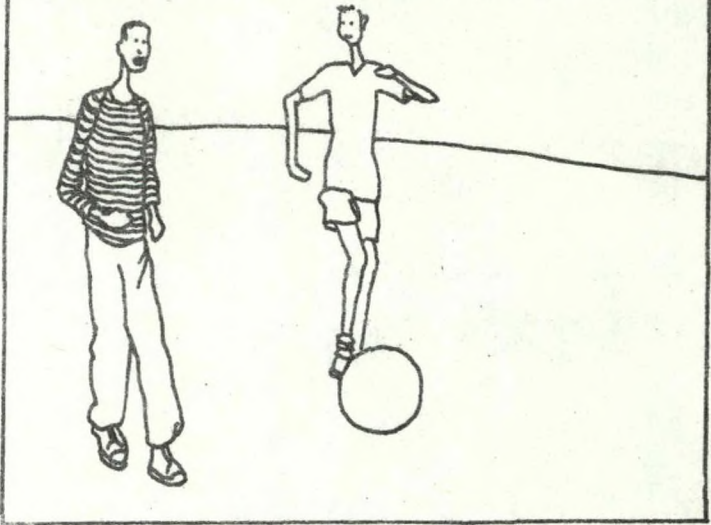
Timbuktu →

... a South African soldier can be ordered to do his service or training anywhere in the world

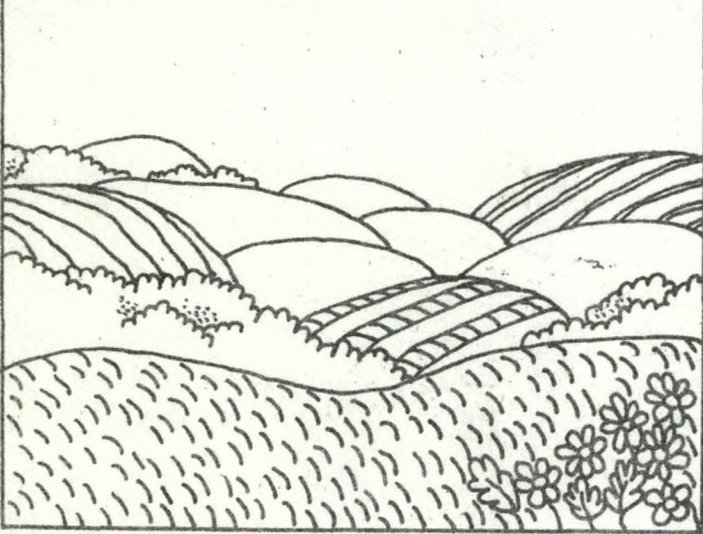


FARM FRIENDS

This story begins during the 1960's, on a farm in Natal. Two friends, Ken and Sipho, both born on the same farm are playing.



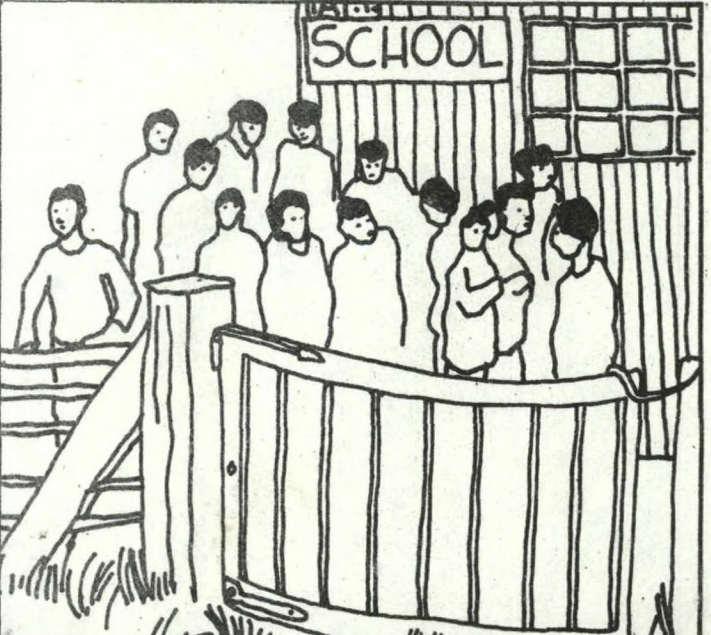
These times on the Natal farm lay the foundation for their knowledge of the South African bush.



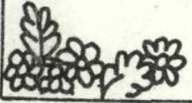
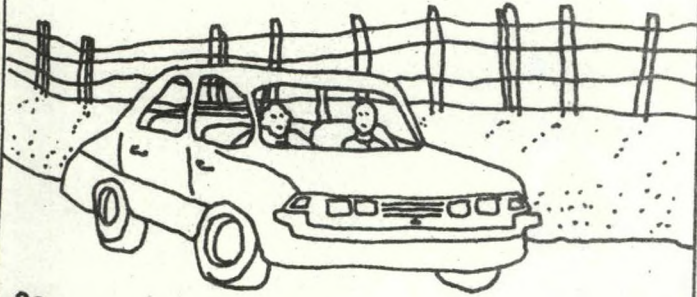
and for the friendship which grows between them.



The times for them to attend school. Sipho walks to a school a few miles away.



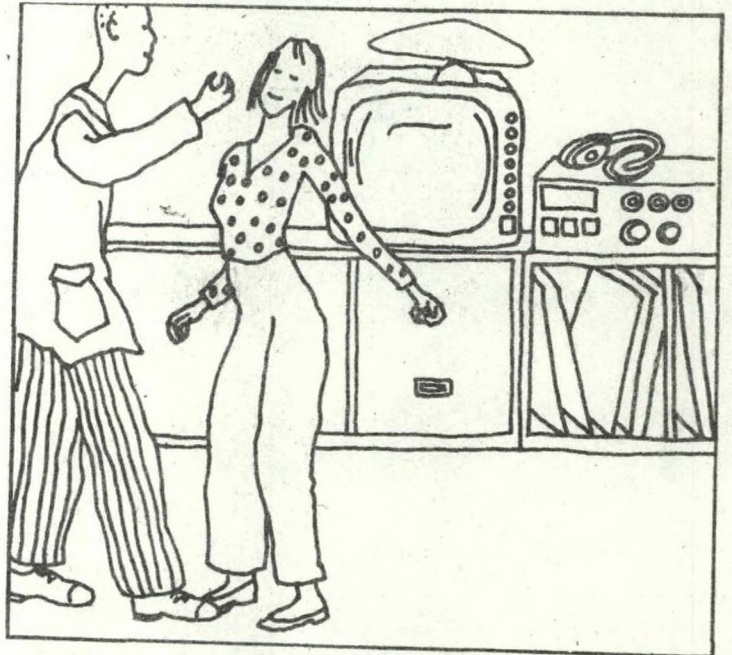
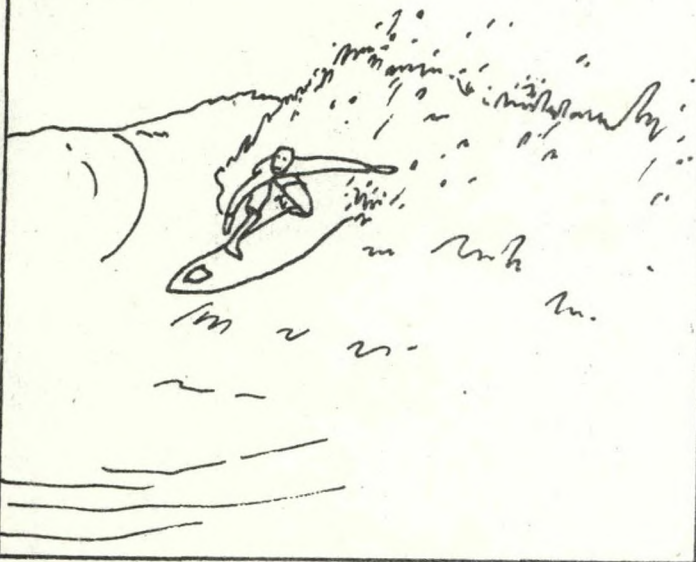
Ken attends a school near Durban. They see each other during the holidays and despite the forces which wish to keep people in South Africa apart, they remain friends.



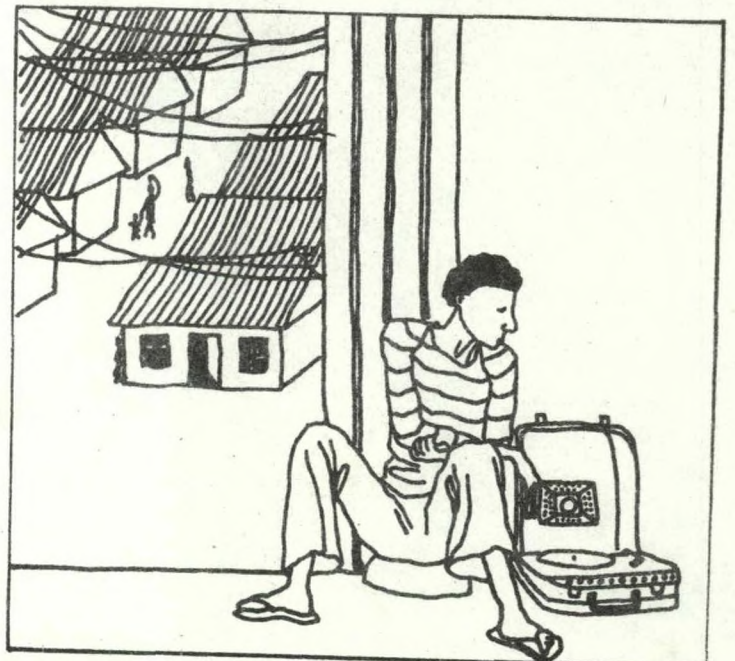
Then a longer separation comes: Ken goes to university in Cape Town, Siphos leaves for Soweto, seeking work in Johannesburg.

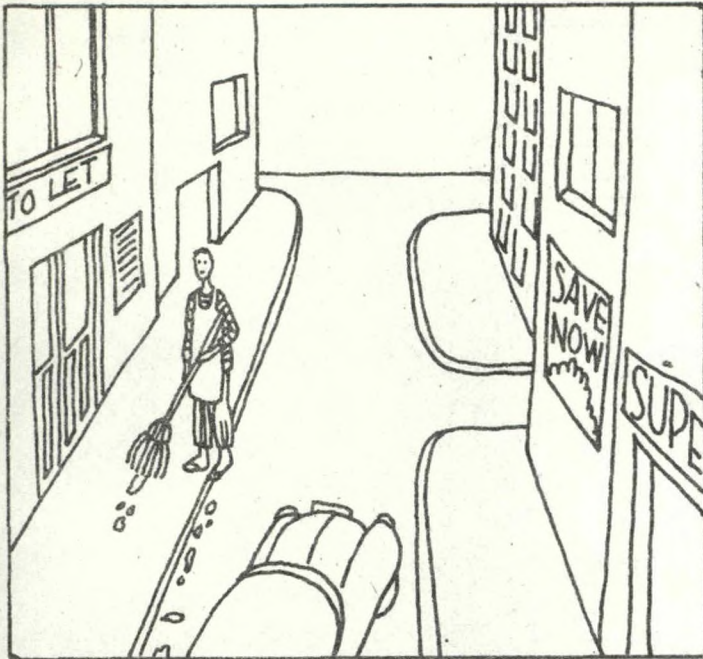


Ken has the time of his life in Cape Town.

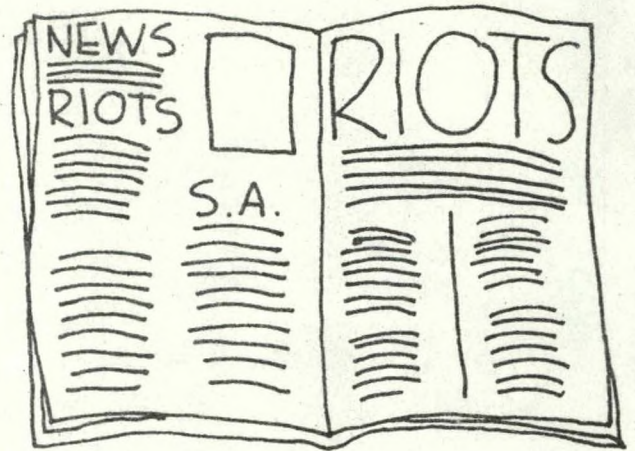


Siphos's experience is very different.





Then came 1976, the most painful watershed in South Africa's history, thus far.



This pain and violence, which Sipho experiences causes him, together with thousands of others, to leave the country of his birth.



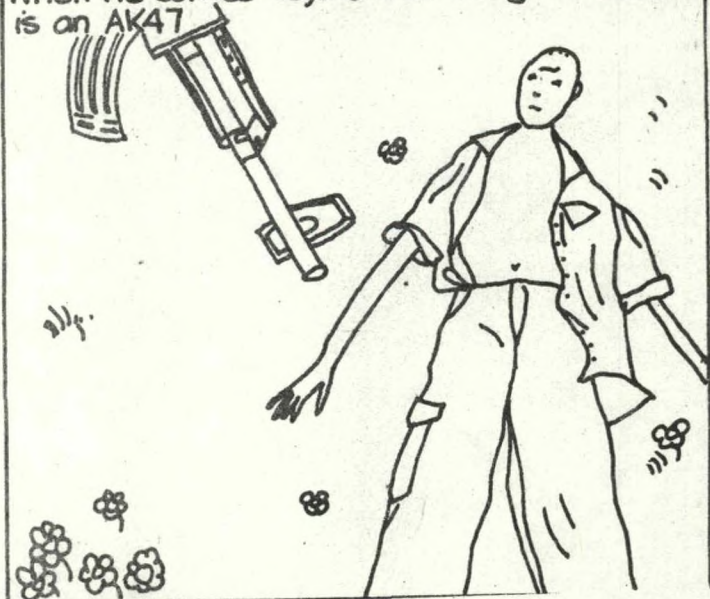
A few years later, Ken graduates from university - and is conscripted to the army. After a number of months, Ken is sent to a Northern part of South Africa, to patrol the bush.



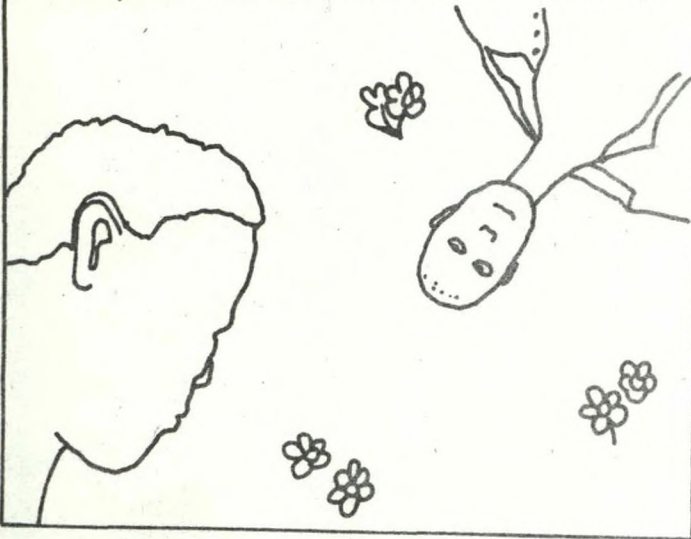
During that time, Ken is driving back to the camp. The road is slippery, but Ken is driving fast, too fast. The car hits a rock, skids and overturns. Miraculously, Ken is flung clear, but knocked unconscious.



When he comes to, the first thing he sees is an AK47



Feeling vainly for his own gun, he hears his name being called by a familiar voice. He looks up and sees a familiar face.....Sipho!



Without a word, Sipho offers him some water.



"Sipho.....are you one of them.....why?!!!"

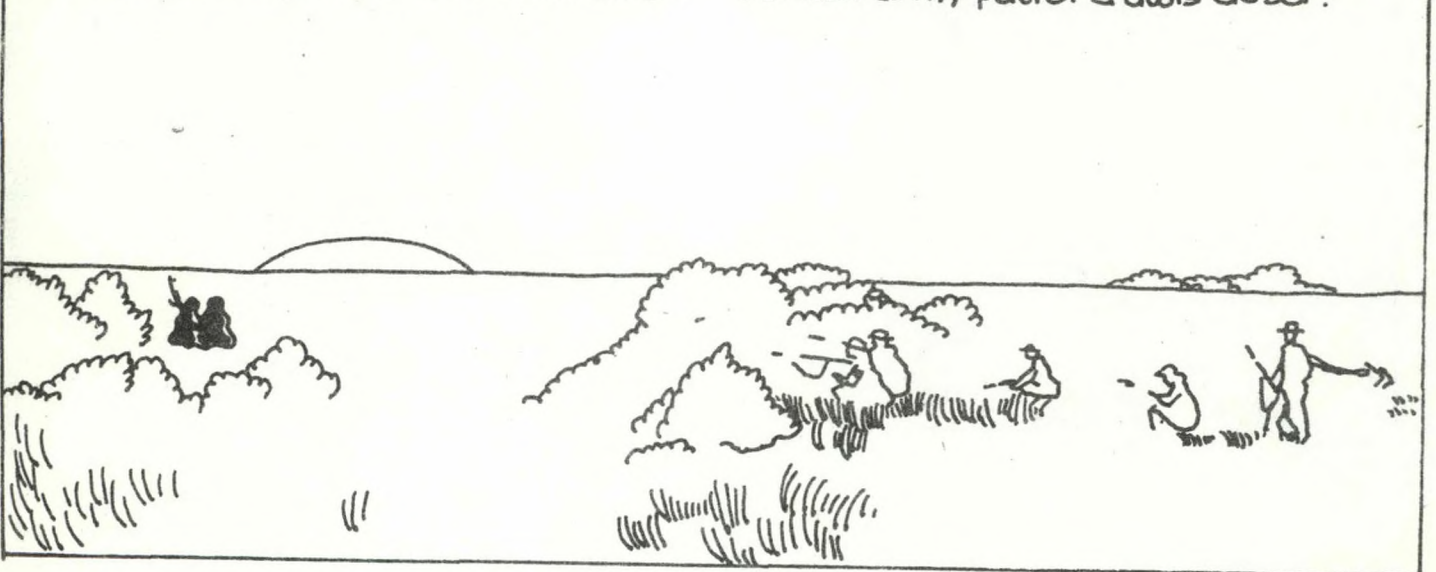


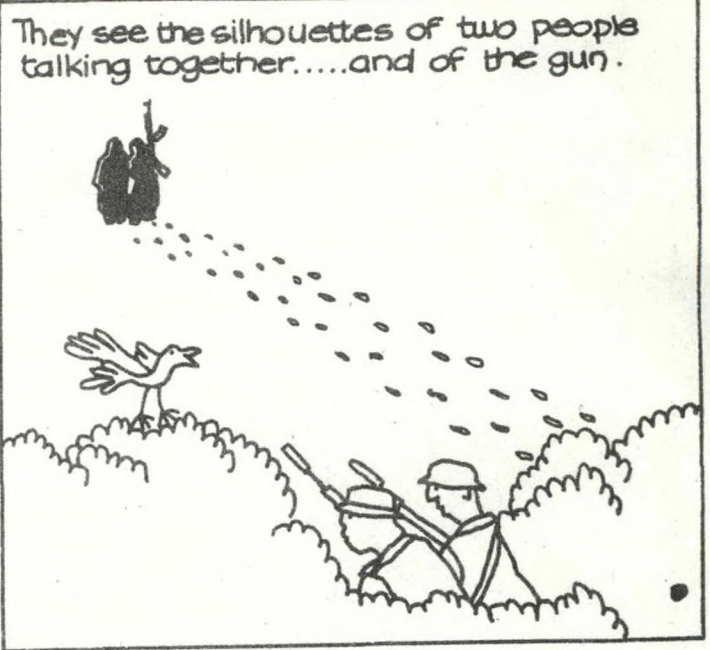
With a sigh, Sipho begins to tell Ken, together they talk through the night, share a meal, their friendship is reaffirmed.



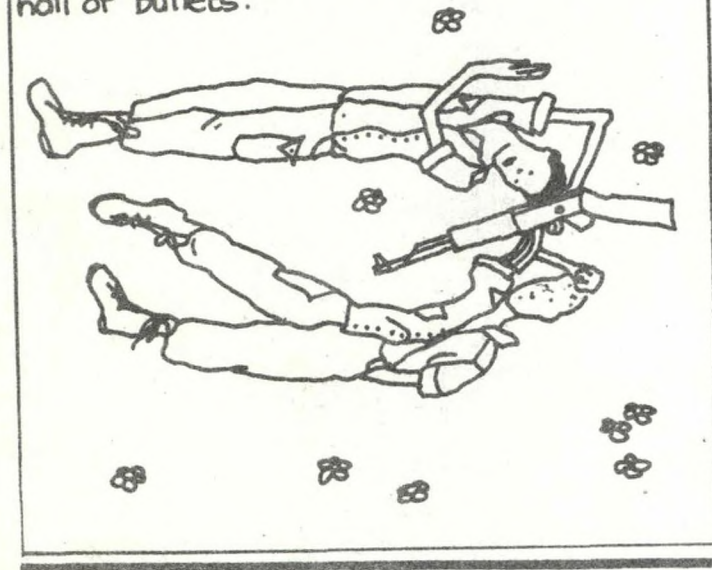
The sun begins to rise, the two friends continue to talk and listen to each other.

But, a hundred metres away, a South African army patrol crawls closer.

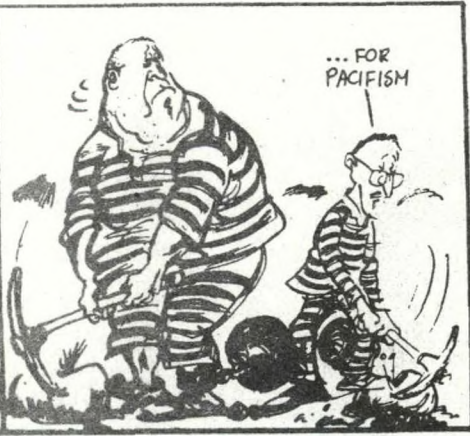
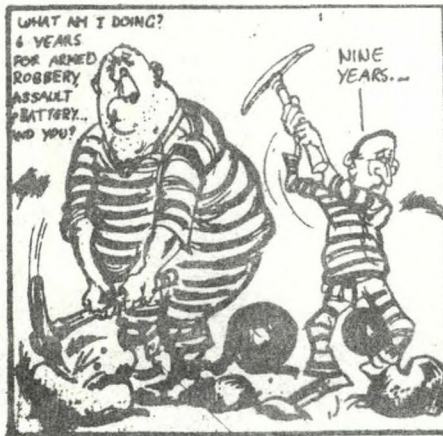




A conclusion is reached, an order hastily whispered, and the two friends die in a hail of bullets.



The patrol comes warily forward, and the men are dumbfounded at what they find.



27 Oct.

Dear Mom & Dad,

Here I go again. Last time I wrote, I wasn't very depressed but now I'm really down in the dumps again - worse than ever before. It's the first time that I've thought seriously of going AWOL. There's only two things stopping me at the moment - one is that I'm not sure where I'd go and what I'd do and the other is the feeling that I'd be letting you down - that you'd think I was a failure. Also I wouldn't want you to feel that there is anything wrong in the way you've brought me up. The problem is that you've brought me up to be an individual - its these other people who have failed - they've failed to live - they've never created anything and they never will. Life has passed them by and in their malicious hatred of everything that still clings to life they seek only to destroy.

The other day in the garden I was sitting looking at a thistle and I wanted to touch it and feel the burn of its spikes in my flesh. And then I suddenly just reached out and grabbed a leaf of the plant in my hand - nuts eh?

Let me try again to explain how I feel - its as if there's a small flame of life burning deep down somewhere inside - and I can't let it go out, because then I die spiritually. In this military situation that life spirit has no outlet other than rebellion. And its my inability to rebel that causes most of my anguish and grief. I'm scared that sometime in the near future the need to rebel may become a question of life or death - and then I choose life.

I hope this helps you understand me better without making you worry unduly.

I no longer believe in the possibility of compromise - only in an absolute choice between life and death. I hope nobody tries to force me to compromise.

The army is irrational. The greatest crime you can commit against a man is to make him a victim of your irrationality - it is one thing which will break your spirit and I don't want my spirit broken. The army uses irrationality on purpose to break you down and that is one of the things I can't take.

I'm oversensitive and possibly also emotionally immature, but when I make my mind up that I'm going to do something, I'll do it. Its not a question of not having courage to stick out the army - it would take more courage to AWOL. I feel weak and inadequate here in the army - I need to assert myself and I can't so I experience anguish. The law of the jungle rules here but I'm not a fighter and its not my sort of jungle.

I'm getting incoherent so I'd better sign off.

Love, your son.

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