

9

Facts + Figures 1 / Apartheid Lager Advert.

68.84.13

ECC Play - Public Launch - Aug 1985

SCENE: Large T.V screen mid stage, otherwise stage empty.  
(mikes?)

(Paper-mache masks. Enormous decorative hat for Elize and preferably a pink dress)

CLIFF: Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. For those of you who do not recognise me, I am Cliff Jaundice, ace interviewer for SABC news Focus Propoganda...ah...I mean ...Programmes. Ahem, today we are focussing on the army and in particular on conscription. Now, it is my privilege to introduce to you someone who needs no introduction! For the 1st time on an English speaking campus,...ladies and gentlemen...Mr PW Botha. (starts clapping).

PW: Dankie Cliff. Middag studente. This is a free country. The privilege of free speech is enshrined in our hallowed constitution. Let those who abuse it be warned. Believe me, studente, you will come across plenty of these agitators in the hotbed of communism to which you have come for your tertiary education. Oppas! This campus wallows in the sickly pit of liberalism. But for the purpose of todays focus on conscription, I have decided to adopt a policy of consructive engagement with this university. So here I am, and you are lucky to have me.

As you know, the Defence Force is my baby, so too speak. This country often used to be described as a

police state. As Minister of Defence, I made it my business to change this state of affairs in every way possible, to such an extent that this description cannot possibly now apply. Nowadays, they call this country a military regime. Honestly, there's no pleasing some people.

I have always maintained that the army should be our highest priority. In this matter I have attained my objective. This year my government will spend R4500 million on defence. They don't call me Piet Wapen for nothing. Of course, some leftist liberal agitators are complaining that we are spending too little on housing. Honestly, there's is no pleasing some people.

(And) most recently it has been difficult to explain to the people of, for eg, Sebokeng, Cradock and Sharpeville (al weer daardie plek) that when the army uses guns batons and teargas on them, it is acting as their friend and protector. You young people have the golden opportunity to be able to get in on this glorious bandwagon. When we conscript you, you will also be able to go and visit all these interesting places and show the inhabitants what is good for them. Not only young white men, now its old white men, young immigrant men. Next will be young coloured men, old coloured men, young white white women, old white women, young coloured women etc etc. Lekker ne? En nou, studente, wil ek my vrou tjie Elize vir julle voorstel vir n paar woordjies. Ek dank u. Stamp out the total onslaught!

CLIFF: Thankyou. Before we go on to hear from Tant Elize,  
we have a message from our sponsors.

BOETIE HY GAAN BORDER TOE

For the fifty second consecutive week at the top of the  
charts...is Operation Blunder Chariot with their smash  
hit...

Boetie, hy gaan border toe!

(now assume positions as part of a band. Singer, weilding a  
brown troopie hat and starts to sing)

Twelve! Thirteen! Fourteen!

(singing chorus) Boetie hy gaan border toe, border  
toe, border toe

Boetie hy gaan border toe da, da, ra,  
da, da.

Boetie het short back and sides  
Boetie gooi nou hand grenades  
Boetie skiet goed met sy gun  
Boetie is n regte man!

(singing chorus)

Boetie saves by Barclays Bank  
Boetie drives a Datsun tank  
Boetie shaves with Wilkinsons  
Boetie's on our T.V screens

(singing chorus)

Boetie veg die kommuniste  
Boetie skiet die terroriste  
Boetie <sup>veg</sup> vir God <sup>en</sup> land  
Boetie sterf...in n pad ongeluk.

(singing mournfully) Boetie is nou hemel toe, hemel toe,  
hemel toe

Boetie is nou hemel toe...

Nou sing hy "Silent Night"

#### APARTEID LAGER ADVERT

Back in 1948, brewmaster D. F. Malan, presented a new beer that won first prize in the elections that year. Today the beer is still enjoyed by thousands of right-thinking South Africans.

Somewhat bitter, somewhat rough, with the white froth on top - Apartheid Lager - the beer that's stood the test of time. From Broederbond Breweries.

CLIFF: (Elize, what have you to say on the matter.)

ELIZE: I've got a few words for the gallant little ladies out there. Firstly, I want to thank you all for the lovely letters, especially the juffroutjie who said my beautiful pink outfits make me S A's answer to Princess Di. Maar dis to pragtig ne?

Do you know girls, without your help, the SADF wouldn't be where it are today. Every little bit counts, alles is belangrik. From your Southern Cross Fund cake

sales, to the SADF yo-yos you buy, to the messages on Forces Favourites and the loving letters you write to your boys on the border.

We all know that God didn't create us ladies so that we could go and fight alongside our men. We were made to be protected by them and in return we keep his home ready for him. We uplift his heart with fond words and vetkoek, and he goes forward into battle proud and strong, knowing what he are fighting for.

So remember, keep telling him you love him, se dat jy hom lief het, hoor? Even if you are two timing, or for that matter, 3 or 4 timing him. And when you send him koeksisters, make sure they is wrapped in greaseproof paper, it do wonders for a sticky situation, and keeps them nicely soaked in the vet. Well that's all from me, groete na julle almal, baie dankie, totsiens!

CLIFF: Thank you PW, thank you Tannie Elize. I'm sure the studente will take your words to heart and will soon be out there fighting your war. Right now, I would like to present some brave young men who are doing just that.

(Cliff freezes. Clive moves to front of the stage decisively. Stands at ease/attention. Recites monologue staring straight in front)

CLIVE: I couldn't believe my eyes. There were 2 kids - couldn't have been older than Pete or Helen - about 13 or 14 years old. They chucked their rifles to the ground and stood there crying. Our barrell was no more than 5 yards

from their faces by now. John and I stopped. Claude asked what to do. I didn't quite know. How could anyone knock off two kids? Insanity. I radioed base and said that I'd picked up two prisoners. He said that we couldn't afford to keep any, so to destroy was the only way out. I switched off my radio - there was no chance I could bring myself to do it. A Unita soldier stepped out from behind my car. He casually opened up on the kids and took one's arm off at the elbow. This shocked the kids and sent them running for cover. I remember being amazed that the wounded one hadn't dropped. I looked around and saw Basie looking at me. The bastard would have drilled me if I had done nothing, I'm sure. So I said to Claude not to fire until they had got well behind the huts.....gave them a fair chance, and then Claude opened up on the huts nearby. We moved further. Bit my lip as we neared the huts - hope the poor shits had 'got away. As we passed I saw they had hidden behind the first hut and copped it real bad. Shit. One was dead. The other was shot just about in half and was still twitching. The same Unita soldier stepped out again and put his FN against the kid's head and pulled off 4 shots. I tell you, it still gives me nightmares.

CLIFF: I'm now going to move out into the crowd to do a spot survey of student opinion. What does today's youth feel about conscription? Are they afraid of the army, or are they proud to fight for their culture and their country? Aha, here is a fit and strong young man. What is your name?

MIKE: Mike Hardcastle

CLIFF:What do you think about conscription?

MIKE: Ag man, 2 years is 2 years too long. My girlfriend Sally went and left me for this stupid pommie from England while I was stuck up on the border. You know, the army is a kuk jorl. I mean it really messes everything up. But then I suppose its necessary. But you know what the joke is, this oke from England - he thought be didn't have to go, and now he's got a July call up. Served the Bastard right. You know who they should call up next the coloured and indians, like you know my buddies are always complaining they come back from National Service, and guess what, they can't get a job cos some coloured's got it. In fact you know what I think about conscription, they can keep it, it's for the birds.

CLIFF: Thank you, ah, I think I'd like to find some one a bit older, a bit more mature. Aha, I'm sure he's a respectable sort. Oh d... we se...to be ha... problems ...sound. Hallo hd... ..... ladies and ....we apo... for this interuption please be... meanwhile ...filler programmes.

(Cliff must keep normal face - simply his voice must be interupted.)

(News focus presenter enters and takes mike from Cliff - chairs are brought in . He/she tries to cover up actively behind him/her)

NEWS FOCUS PRESENTER: In case you were wondering about all the technical hitches, this is just a reminder that you

are watching SATV. Once more a patriotic welcome to another (rendition) of NewsFocus. (~~As announced earlier, I am standing in for Cliff Saunders (Scruples) who is away at the moment making ...another documentary on the President's man Dr. Jonas Savimbi.?~~) Tonight we are focusing on the aftermath of the tricameral elections. As you viewers know, the elections have come, and the voters didn't go. But that's beside the point. The point is that we now have a full House of Representatives who are not quite sure who they are representing and a full House of Delegates who are not quite sure who delegated them. With me in the studio tonight are some of the <sup>honorary</sup> ~~honorary~~...I mean, <sup>honour</sup> ~~honour~~able MP's. (to MPs) Gentlemen, unlike the many out there who are too immature to exercise their political rights, you are going into parliament...

MP One: That's right. We are going in and we are going to deliver the goods.

PRESENTER: Oh, so you're going to be the delivery boys?

MP two: We are going for a period of five years.

PRESENTER: And if it hasn't worked, then you will pull out?

MP Three: Well no, we calculated that after five years we would have made enough to retire quite comfortably.

PRESENTER: I see. I notice that all of you gentlemen are walking with crutches tonight. Is this a matter of playing follow the leader?

MP Two: Not really, we got an advanced salary...



MP Three: Nou is ons sakke so vol, ons kan nie opstaan sonder crutches nie!

PRESENTER: R13 000 is a lot of money what are you going to do with it all?

MP One: There's a lot of good that can be done. For instance, I'm sending my poor under privileged children to a private school for a better education.

MP Three: I'm going to use some of my salary to create employment for two gardeners, three maids and a chauffeur.

MP Two: And to improve international relations, I'm going to use a significant part of my salary to boost the tourist trade to Mauritius.

PRESENTER: One final question, what do you gentlemen see as the most important wrongs that hurt your people?

MP Three: I think its a crime that our people don't have enough housing.

MP Two: I think its a crime that transport costs so much.

MP One: I Think its a crime that GST is so high and still climbing.

PRESENTER: But you gentlemen are going to have free housing, free transport and high salaries.

All three: Well, who said crime doesn't pay?

PRESENTER: Mr Hendrikse, I think as a cabinet minister, it is fitting that you should have the last say. ~~w~~ould

you care to repeat what you said in a television interview after your election victory?

MP One : Not at all. At last we as a people can finally say without any qualms:

"Ons sal lewe, ons sal sterwe, ons vir jou Suid Afrika".

PRESENTER: On that appropriately patriotic note let us then rise to end off with the singing of our anthem.

All (singing): Uit die blou van PW se oe, uit die diepte van sy sak  
Van die CRC se boikot tot onder die tricameral se dak  
Van 'n Volksie, brood en 'n bord sop tot  
<sup>Mercedes</sup>  
(~~Morcedes~~) en braaivleis  
Van 'n koue, twee kamer p<sup>o</sup>dokkie na 'n lekker double storey huis  
Ai die lewe hier is heerlik, asseblief extend conscription  
Ons sal lewe, anders sal sterwe, hul vir ons callaboration!

(Bass backing on song. At end of interview all freeze)

(Dull repetative bass sound begins in the background.)

#### FACTS AND FIGURES

The fuel bill alone of the three day Operation Thunder Chariot military war game was 1,3 million rand.

In 1982, the Namibian Support Committee estimated that South Africa was spending in excess of 734 million rand annually on the war in Namibia - More than 2 million rand per day.

The number of national servicemen failing to report for duty rose from 1596 in 1984 to 7589 in this year's January intake alone.

Twenty percent of total government expenditure is allocated to defence, the budget of which has increased six-fold over last ten years.

A young man who refuses to render military service due to conscience is liable to 6 years imprisonment.

From 1983 to <sup>1984</sup>1884 the government spent R3361 million on defence and only R6 million on housing.

X CLIFF: Welcome back to the University of Natal where our interviewing continues. I'm sure you girls have got enough sense in your pretty little heads not to listen to the radical elements at this university. What are your names?

FRAN: I'm Fran Zyl Slabbert.

LESLIE: I'm Leslie Union.

CLIFF: What do you think about all of this?

FRAN: I know I don't want to be ruled by communists. And I suppose that if we didn't have an army, who would defend us from the Russians?

LESLIE: You know I've heard the Russian housing is so short that married couple have to live with their in-laws. Can you believe that people actually live under those conditions? I'd absolutely die if I couldn't get my own house.

CLIFF: And what are your feelings about the army?

FRAN: Well, my Reggie has just come out of the army. He was actually a teeny weeny bit sad about leaving. You know he was an officer. He's here at varsity now, but sometimes he wishes ~~be~~ <sup>he was</sup> ~~were~~ back there doing something worthwhile and really belonging. He says all the men on campus are such drips it makes him quite sick. Says he'd like to knock the shit out of those radicals and pansies.

LES: Well you know what happened with me and Selwyn? Ag, I was quite lazy on campus last year. Used to bunk lectures a lot, especialy Pol. Sci 1 - All those long words like institutionalized violence and illegal occupation of territory. I didn't have a clue. So I spent most of my time in the union knitting Selwyn this amazing punk jersey in camouflage colours. Anyway...

(Freeze)

HELL BENT TERROR

Finger curled tight - light squeeze.

Upon the hell bent terror bearing down on me

As I lie in the dirt

With my corporal behind me.

It's not until you've had to kill that you  
understand he says

Once you've understood there's no return.

The hell bent terror bears down on you  
from every wall that clothes you and your square  
bed and shining floors and screaming corporals.

Who sit with you on Sundays watching rugby.

We love another, work together, sneak through the  
grass together

Save each others lives from the hell bent terror  
bearing down on you.

And soon the night descends with every cigarette  
glow drawing death

With every careless move

With every doubt which shadows your eyes drawing  
death from the hell bent terror bearing down on  
you.

Until you can't remember if you've ever had a  
friendly conversation with a black man, with a man  
outside the white nation who protects you from  
the hell bent terror bearing down on you.

And if you ever feel drawn to the sound of kwela  
on the streetcorner

You're supposed to remember the hell bent terror

You listen no longer

You turn up your memories of the cigarette glow  
drawing death from the black of the night where

the cocking of a rifle travels 500m to the ears of  
the hell bent terror bearing down on you.

And if you travel through the dry starvation of  
the homeland homeless

You ought to remember the hell bent terror.

But as the terror fades and you re-adjust you may  
find yourself listening to the kwela on the  
streetcorner with the nostalgia of a child crying  
for a mother removed by the lack of a dompas.

And if you walk through the ghetto

On a kwela-living evening you may well remember

The red glow of a brazier warming the hands of a  
cold nightwatchman.

Than the postman arrives with a brown envelope

You tear it open

You notice the red stamp

You recognise the camp

Your heart quickens

The words glow brighter

The letter swirls

The nation calls

The night descends

You hear the cocking of a rifle

Your cigarette butt glow and you realise

That the hell bent terror is bearing down on you.

And you realise

That the hell bent terror is bearing down on you.

And you realise

That the hell bent terror is bearing down on you

You may ask yourself

Who is the hell bent terror

And you realise

That the hell bent terror was a poster on the wall  
of your bungalow

And you realise

That the hell bent terror was a cardboard cut-out  
on the shooting range.

And you begin to wonder

If there isn't someone sitting in Pretoria  
Cutting out hell-bent terrors.

And posting them on the walls

To scare the children into believing

That if you don't sit tight

When you hear the kwela

The hell bent terror is going to leap of the wall  
and bear down on you.

(Cliff waves goodbye to girls)

CLIFF: There we have it, a clear representation of student  
opinion among the ..fairer sex. We turn now to interview  
more male opinion.

(Freeze)

SUNDAY TIMES EXTRACT

VOICE 1: I was on the Border for about a year, and all the time we were geared up for contacts and ambushes. We didn't have to think, the army did it for us. It was as if the guys had split personalities. A guy who went to church every Sunday would suddenly become like an animal in that kind of situation.

VOICE 2: We were small kids in the middle of the jungle. We woke up at every sound and didn't know what we were fighting for and supposed to do. Seven years later I'm still thrown into the most horrible depressions at the slightest reminder of Angola. When I got back I couldn't communicate with anyone, not even my family.

VOICE 3: You are under sub-conscious stress the whole time. You may not be able to see SWAPO, but that doesn't mean they aren't there, and anything can happen at any time. One minute you can be driving down a dirt road, a perfectly rural scene - trees alongside the road... and you even start appreciating being there. And then you hit a landmine. Or somebody ahead of you does.

CLIFF: Excuse me sir, what is your name?

COLIN: Colin Makepeace.

CLIFF: Been to the army, or are you going after your university career?

COLIN: No - well...I'm thinking of becoming a C.O.



CLIFF: Ha, ha. A C.O. What sort of ou is that?

COLIN  
A C.O is someone who refuses to fight in the SADF even if it means being put in jail. I cannot go to Angola, Mozambique or even Sebokeng carrying a gun. I would be defending a society based on violence against its own citizens. I cannot defend a system which has forcibly relocated 3 million people. I cannot defend a system which through its homeland policy has deprived more than 8 million South Africans of their citizenship. I cannot defend a system which has destroyed the family life of millions through migrant labour. None of these I can do and still lie with my conscience.

(In pairs all people who have been in the play so far move on. Cliff doesn't freeze but watches them and eventually with P.W. takes off his mask. First pair states first statement, second joins first and together they state the 2nd statement. etc. Bass in the background. Bass stops on "We call for an end to conscription" and last 3 statements. Note - final pair to come in are P.W and Cliff with masks off and carried.)

#### DECLARATION

We live in an unjust society where basic human rights are denied to the majority of the people.

We live in an unequal society where the land and wealth are owned by the minority.

We live in a society in a state of civil war, where brother is called on to fight brother.

We call for an end to conscription.

Young men are conscripted to maintain the illegal occupation of Namibia, and to wage unjust war against foreign countries.

Young men are conscripted to assist in the implementation and defence of apartheid policies.

Young men who refuse to serve are faced with the choice of a life in exile or a possible six years in prison.

We call for an end to conscription.

We believe that the financial cost of the war increases the poverty of our country, and money should rather be used in the interests of peace.

We believe that the extension of conscription to coloured and indian youth will increase conflict and further divide our country.

WE BELIEVE THAT IT IS THE MORAL RIGHT OF SOUTH AFRICANS TO EXERCISE FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE AND TO CHOOSE NOT TO SERVE IN THE SADF.

WE CALL FOR AN END TO CONSCRIPTION

WE CALL FOR A JUST PEACE IN OUR LAND

Final Grossed: fake script (Nov 84)

-1-

Leigh  
Penny.

Chris B  
David  
Willie

CAST.

1. "Total Onslaught" - song

Al

Verse : There's a total onslaught to be fought  
Or at least that's what we've been taught.  
It's the latest national sport  
Every true South African loves a good raut  
Chorus: So come and join the army, army right now  
And give a thumbs down to Moscow.  
Left, right, left, right left,  
Everybody in step with the SADF.  
Everybody in step with the SADF.

No. 4

"Don't stop the bush war" - song.

Al  
Don't stop the bush war  
It makes my heart so proud  
Our men become so manly  
You'll spot them in any crowd  
The headlines read  
"Three hundred dead -  
And only five of ours!"  
Donations to the Southern Cross Fund  
In lieu of pretty flowers.

And Armscor has a lovely place  
To try out all its guns  
And advertise to all the world  
Buy ours, they work, they're fun!  
They sent him home in a  
The South African flag  
Was draped across the box  
And a note said  
"Thanks a lot"

Chorus I'm a troepie and I'm alright,  
Don't ask no questions, I'm here to fight  
He's a troepie and he's alright,  
Doesn't ask no questions, he's here to fight.

What a wonderful state we're in  
We can even sometimes cry  
So don't stop the bushwar  
Vote Nat until you die..

Rapping song

Colin Hip, hop, hop  
 Don't like the army  
 Gonna harm me  
 Gonna scar me  
 Gonna drive me barmy  
 Gonna scare me mommy  
 So hip hop hop  
 Conscriptions gotta stop  
 We're gonna take no strop  
 We're gonna knock it off the top  
 Gonna sweep it with a mop  
 Hip hop hop  
 Left right don't wanna fight  
 I'd rather take flight  
 I'd rather take fright  
 Than fight, than fight  
 For White Might  
 Left right, Left right  
 Left right, Left Right (fading)

Colin : I odn't want to go. I support the End Conscription Campaign. People must be free to choose, whether they want to serve or not.

Willie: Free to choose. Willie my boy, my late mother said to me a few years ago . You have got ~~KA KA~~ The Corps or the Born Rree Kids. You know, I have discovered that there there is not much difference. You should see what the ous get up to on the border. Notnice. Not nice at all. The Born Free - Kids are sometimes like choir boys compared to what theyx guys get up to in South West. Or Namibia. That`s what you commies call it. We`ve been told all about you. Not that I believed a word. *Willie*

( Car stops - they run) Voice : I`ve only got space for one. The white one.

Colin I can't possibly take that. It's totally against my principles.

Willie Ag, nonsense. You've got to get to Cape Town. You're never going to get there on principles. I'm still going to be on the road whether you take the lift or not. Apartheid`s still going to be here. So take it and use some common sense survival skills.

Colin Are you sure?

Willie Sure #I am sure.

(Colin gets into the car )

Willie Damn this uniform. I am taking it off and going home.

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**END CONSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN (ECC)**

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