

ONE MAN SHOWS

The black and white years

Pieter-Dirk Uys



DISCLAIMER AND WARNING

The scripts in this collection from 1981 to 1994 have not been altered to reflect today's values and current sensibilities.

They are an authentic record of what was performed at the time. The words are specific here to their social context. Deeply offensive terms were used ironically and satirically to expose racism, sexism, hypocrisy and to reflect the prejudices of society at the time. Offensive depictions and harmful terms have therefore been purposefully retained for historical accuracy. To alter the words and scripts would not only give an untrue and false account of the performances, but would render the satire and political import of these scripts incomprehensible.

First published in 2021 by Missing Ink
PO Box 15509, Vlaeberg, 8018, South Africa
Email: missingink@iafrica.com

© 2021 Pieter-Dirk Uys
www.pdu.co.za

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, mechanical or electronic, including photocopying and recording, without written permission from the publisher.

Applications for performance rights, both professional and amateur, should be addressed to: PD Uys Productions, P O Box 175, Darling 7345 or email productions@evita.co.za

ISBN 978-0-6398404-6-8 (print)
ISBN 978-0-6398404-7-5 (ePDF)

Cover based on the 1985 poster 'Die Boy van George' by Nicholas de Klerk
Postcards pp 30, 32: photos Ruphin Coudyzer, design Nicholas de Klerk
Photographers: Brian Astbury, Dudley Bunn, Ruphin Coudyzer,
Benny Gool, Beni Stilborg; Cartoonists: Andy and Zapiro.

Thank you also to Brent Meersman, Arks Smith, and Jo-Anne Friedlander

Typesetting by User Friendly
Set in New Baskerville 10.25 on 15.5pt

Contents

Countdown	5
The black & white years 1981–1994: A groot satirical trek	7
The minefield	10
Some mines explode	19
1981 ADAPT OR DYE	31
Circling the wagons	33
April Fool	41
<i>Adapt or Dye</i>	51
EVITA: DON'T CRY FOR ME	87
1984 Total onslaught	97
Ja – No – Orwell – Fine	99
<i>Total Onslaught 1984</i>	110
Will the real Piet Promises please stand up?	143
1985–1988 ADAPT OR DYE OUTSIDE THE LAAGER	151
Adapting outside the laager	153
Dusting off the roots	169
<i>Adapt or Dye 1985–1988: The World Tour</i>	175
NOWELL: 'WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER'	211
1986 Beyond the Rubicon: Cavorting across the river	215
<i>Beyond the Rubicon</i>	225
MY BREAD & BOTHAS	265
1987 Rearranging the deckchairs on the SA <i>Bothatanic</i> : Herding icebergs	275
<i>Rearranging the Deckchairs on the SA Bothatanic</i>	283
1988 CRY FREEMANDELA THE MOVIE	325
<i>Cry Freemandela the Movie</i>	333
WINNIE, BUT NOT OUR CHURCHILL	369
1990 A kiss on your koeksister: Something at the end of the tunnel	373
<i>A Kiss on Your Koeksister</i>	385
VLIJMSCHERP IN NEDERLAND	421
Negerküsse	429
Humor Über Alles	435
1994 One man one volt: The end of the beginning	445
<i>One Man One Volt</i>	450
SHOWING OFF TO THE WORLD	482
Back to the future	486



Evita's first press photo pose 1981: note PDU's shoes!

COUNTDOWN

London's Drury Lane Theatre's Wednesday matinee will start at 2 p.m. I pick up my ticket just before one – 'a return' – otherwise I wouldn't have been able to see the hottest musical in town. The doors of the auditorium open and I have my ticket torn and find my seat in the centre of the still empty auditorium. A huge wall of red velvet curtain hides the stage. Silence. I am alone in heaven.

Fifty-five minutes to go. The tick-tock in my head is like the tick-tock in my heart when I'm getting ready for my own shows behind those curtains. I always try to get to the theatre two hours before the 'beginners on stage' cue. I really only need ten minutes to get my few props and costumes ready. The rest of the time is just for me, alone. Backstage is the one place where I have always felt safe, protected, excited.

Thirty-seven minutes to go. I close my eyes and let my ears fill in the details – hushed voices of people finding their seats; the volume increasing as more patrons enter through multiple doors; rumbles of conversation; highs and lows of laughter. Twenty minutes left. On the other side of the curtain, I'd have set my boxes on stage, my bottle of water, hidden, just in case, not forgetting that one terrible time when it wasn't there! Ready to go, waiting in the soft blue emergency lighting with eyes closed, listening to the approaching tide, in all those theatres, in many countries, in the southern and northern hemispheres – a 2,000-seater in Holland; a 45-seater in an Off-Broadway New York neighbourhood. The language of excitement is universal among audiences. Sometimes I wonder – have they made a mistake, thinking it's going to be Liza, who's only here on Friday?

Five minutes to go. In the auditorium I am now one face among thousands, all looking in the same direction, all snuggled into horribly uncomfortable chairs which count back a century of bums on seats. Around me is a familiar tension of excited conversation, hissing gasps of breath and short whoops of loud laughter, hungry for theatre. I've been alone on the other side of that curtain over 7,000 times and yet never felt lonely. That is when I think of how it feels to be in Row D, sitting in that valley at the foot of a high mountain, waiting for the angels to fly into one's arms. While up there – one man ready to show, standing behind a curtain on the edge of the highest cliff in the world, ready to fly without real wings, but still believing that my frail papier-mâché props will carry me.



PDU the stage manager with the props on a ladder

Two o'clock. Tick-tock. Hold a few minutes for those latecomers. Then the lights dim and the rumble of humanity drops to a pregnant silence. Deep darkness. A relieved whoosh as the heavy red curtain goes up, up and away. There's no turning back now.

THE BLACK & WHITE YEARS 1981–1994

A Groot Satirical Trek

Months of forced confinement; the Covid-19 revolution hit me in mid March 2020. Overnight 220 performances for the year were cancelled. ‘Social distancing’ meant ‘Stay at home!’ Especially my age group. Eskom switching off our power for hours a day in rolling blackouts had already forced me to reinvent the uses of darkness. With a few candles lit, I could clear out cupboards, sort papers and rearrange costumes in my theatre attic. The lockdown gave me even more scope.

Since 1973, I had written and performed 46 one-man shows. Now I suddenly had time to add the texts of the satirical revues to my website, where all my plays are already free to read, and the interest in them has been inspiring. As I worked through this material, it started forming itself into something other than an archive. Besides the texts that covered the apartheid years, I found myself looking back on a 40-plus-year career in the theatre. Most of the work was instinctive, much of it raw and naïve. In the passion of the moment there was no explaining and analysing, few discussions, not even the acknowledgement of fear and danger which was there every day. But now I had time to explore and understand what I had done back then.

As the words ‘satire’ and ‘satirist’ became part of a CV, I found Lenny Bruce’s definition in the late 1950s: ‘Tragedy plus time equals

satire.’ That couldn’t quite work for me in a South Africa of legalised racism; the tragedy of the day had to be exposed that evening. But the truth was seldom funny or entertaining. Media was controlled; the press heavily censored. Under apartheid, everything accepted as daily life was manufactured and handed to us as ‘the facts’ by the regime. So how do you expose those lies and tell the truth in such a situation? It needed the masks of characters. Because fear is true, but so is laughter.

Looking back now, there is – surprisingly – still much in the material to laugh at. I avoided telling jokes. The truth could be bitterly funny and that was the dynamo of my shows: people could laugh at their fears, because that is what I also had to do. I would not look away from the things that frightened us. And so I laughed with my audience at the absurdity, the obscenity, the impossible odds. In order to expose racism, one had to reflect and show racism. Today, some of it makes me cringe, makes my skin crawl, but back then it had to be outed.

‘Pieter-Dirk Uys? Who do you think you are?’

‘Pieter-Dirk Uys? Wie dink jy is jy?’



PDU photoshoot, 1981

It's taken me over half a century to find out who I am. I'm not going to tell you. I want to show you, courtesy of *The Oxford English Dictionary*:

- * **One-man band**: a street entertainer who plays many instruments at the same time; a person who runs a business alone.
- * **One-night stand**: a sexual relationship lasting only one night; a single performance of a play or show in a particular place.
- * **Stand-up**: performing by standing in front of an audience and telling jokes.
- * **Entertainment**: the action of providing or being provided with amusement or enjoyment.
- * **Satire**: the use of humour, irony, exaggeration or ridicule to expose and criticise people's stupidity or vices.
- * **Subversive**: seeking or intending to subvert an established system or institution.
- * **Comedy**: entertainment consisting of jokes and sketches intended to make an audience laugh: a play with a humorous or satirical tone in which the characters ultimately triumph over adversity.
- * **Offend**: cause to feel hurt or resentful; be displeasing to; commit an illegal act; break a commonly accepted role or principle.
- * **Drag queen**: a man who ostentatiously dresses up in women's clothes.
- * **Humorist**: a humorous writer, performer or artist.
- * **Clown**: a comic entertainer, especially one in a circus, wearing traditional costume and exaggerated make-up; a playful amusing person
- * **Jester**: a professional joker; a fool at a medieval court

I'm in the above somewhere.

THE MINEFIELD

Live theatre is for me the audience, that precious collection of people giving their valuable time to forget about the monstrous in their lives; the foundation of my dreams since the late 1960s, when The Theatre saw me and decided that I was the perfect sucker to capture. Life imprisonment without parole. When filling in forms I always dither at 'Occupation'. Writer? Playwright? Performer? Yes, and more. But I'm not a politician – that's a cul-de-sac. I exploit reflections in the cracked mirrors of daily life, entertaining in a minefield. During the 1980s it was like doing the tango in front of a firing squad.

Rehearsals take a playwright's words and use them as building blocks to find a character. We spend hours working with other characters in a setting that eventually leaves the page to become one's world for the length of the run of this thing called 'play' – a live exhibition for strangers; not just once, but again and again. Writing a play is another instrument in this theatrical orchestra, the blueprint for the final work of art. It's the road map to make sure we do not collide, while the director acts as the traffic cop, making sure that the rules of the road are observed, that each vehicle is ready to race and that no one crashes into the spectators.

The critics might not always like the way you drive even though very few of them would have the courage to try. Combining performance, direction and playwriting, when all three of these energies work together, anything is possible. Being in theatre demands terminal optimism: the show will go on; the play will work; the season will be a success; there will be a film, a television series, an award and a legacy.

And if none of that happens, you pick yourself up, dust yourself off and start all over again.

'It's only a film, Ingrid,' Alfred Hitchcock said to Miss Bergman when she was stressed out about a scene they were filming. Yes, it's only a play. But it's also one's life. And then you crash into a wall. Your plays are banned by the government. Many artists are involved and they get damaged. The ensemble tries to reorganise itself and start again. But funds dry up. You're on your own. What can you do alone? It has taken me decades to find answers to such questions.

Experience butters the tongue, allows sticky words to slide across it. What made me become a one-man band? Was it because of anger against the system? No, I think it was to piss off the dominee, the teacher, my father – they who represented the system. Who was the enemy? Those who were doing horrible things to other people. If I attacked them, they would win. But if I made fun of them? Would they also laugh? Would laughing at them make them less horrible? Not to laugh *with* them, but *at* them gives one what I call a weapon of mass distraction. An audience does not expect to laugh at its fear. And yet, as they left the performance, they realised that they'd actually been laughing at things they hadn't even dared to think about.

Experiencing live shows through a theatre text is not a familiar format for many readers, but like a road map, it's not so strange once you recognise the road signs. All the clues are there, so one's imagination becomes the Hollywood in the head. I am alone on stage throughout the performance, changing in front of the audience from one character to the next. That means careful preparation before the show, setting out costumes and props in the right order, ready to wear in an instant. My drama school training as a stage manager means that once PDU the actor is on stage to perform, all the technicalities have been sorted out by PDU the stage manager. I soon created a list of rules:

1. Discipline foremost.
2. Planning essential.
3. Health crucial.

4. Interval optional (and usually only inserted if management needs it to sell drinks).
5. And my mantra: 'Speak clearly and don't bump into the furniture' – courtesy of Noël Coward.

Touring around South Africa also had its demands. Nothing is round the corner. I'd drive myself, often travelling through the night during those years when it was still safe. The magic of the Karoo during a full moon demands the occasional stop to take in the silence, the smells, the sounds, the universe; a car or a truck as a distant whisper, growing into a roar as it streaks by.

Checklist on arrival at the theatre:

1. Backstage safety: all exits to outside locked from within.
2. Does management have an emergency alternative? Most did not. So suggest: if there's a gunshot, houselights on immediately and assist evacuation of audience. Hopefully the bullet misses me.
3. Park the car close to the stage door for easy exit.
4. The three boxes on stage with me, all filled with the props and costumes, are easy to strike after the performance and pack in the car.
5. Usually I was back on the freeway on my way home before the audience had even left the theatre.
6. Hang up all costumes and sort all props in preparation for the next show.

Here are a few pointers in performance that in 1981 became my gospel within a week:

1. Each sketch with its character is a story. Tell it.
2. Don't lecture or give answers, but keep asking questions.
3. Avoid being judgemental. You're there to help change minds.
4. Be original, knowing that everything has already been done, said and shown. Surprise is your trump card.
5. Try and stick to the text for the sake of costume and character changes.

6. Structure improv-windows in the material so that you can ad-lib, but know where you left the performance. There is nothing worse than ad-libbing and then not remembering where to re-enter the show.
7. Topicality is essential, but it usually takes four days to sink in with an audience. Be patient. One day maybe you will have to announce the end of the world four days after it's happened.

Many words and slogans have been used to describe the reality of life in South Africa during the apartheid years. 'Minefield' is a good one, not necessarily understood by me then, as I was brought up in the cocoon of legalised racism and Calvinist control. I just knew and felt that the way things were, and were accepted to be, was wrong. Being a student at the University of Cape Town allowed me to listen to political shouts and subversive whispers.

As 1969 dawned, I knew I would probably not find all the facts, but I needed to find the truth. I was now armed with a BA Drama degree and terminally infected by The Theatre. I boarded a Union Castle liner headed for the United Kingdom, determined to experience their theatre, still the best in the world. West End, here I come!

While British drama schools were beyond my reach, I managed to get into the London Film School (LFS) for a two-year course in film-making. Living in the armpit of Anglo-Saxon theatre culture, movies and books – all unbanned and essential fodder for my colonial brain – soon led me to write my first play, *Faces in the Wall*. I staged it during the vacation in a lecture room at the film school. As a result, I was accepted by a literary agent.

My sister Tessa and I spent a few weeks holiday on the island of Ischia in the Bay of Naples. I now felt like an international native, also close to Sophia Loren's Naples, which was good. Sophia had just given birth to her first child after years of waiting. The island became our holiday refuge for the next three years, those few weeks barefoot in sea sand, far away from stress. *La dolce vita* exposed itself in the poem I wrote on my last day there.

*In sea there stirs an island green
Where sun is gold and people dream
Forced laughter echoes through the towns
What glamour abounds!
So sick with sounds!
Polluted coves of petrol fumes and paper bags and foreign tunes
The good life*

*Few fun-filled weeks of casual life
Of parties, drink, no boring strife;
No problems, debts – existence ends
A day eternal always mends
sores of ambitions, hopes and fears
No cares of life exist round here
Some good times end*

*The fire drowns below the sea,
the parties dry, the lack of glee
Rain and grey creep like a plague,
the glitter dulls, the memories vague
And age is real with laughter gone,
death is to feel and be reborn*

*Green island rotting in the surf
where clouds are dull and vineyards turf.
Sighs shudder nightly from the walls
that housed the fun and gave the balls.*

*Season's over.
Coffins close.
The island smiles and plants a rose
till next time when the sun will shine
and life and hell will be so fine.*

On our first visit, we stayed in the pensione of Irma Elsas, a family friend. I had crawled across her on the beach in Kleinmond when I was two. She took me back to my parents and they became friends. Irma was visiting to claim her widow's pension. Her South African husband had been killed in the war. The little village of Forio was then still a picture-postcard paradise.

Sophia sent me a telegram:

PIETER UYS C/O ELSAS CASA LOMBARDI 8 = FORIO-
D'ISCHIA – SORRY MISSED YOU AGAIN STOP AM IN
MALAGA FOR NEW PICTURE STOP HAVE MOST
BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAYS LOVE – SOPHIA

I had brought with me my LFS one-minute commercial to show her, in case we would meet. News of the telegram and the film raced through the piazza, which was used to such tales, since Visconti had a house on the cliffs, and Fellini would come and cast faces in the crowd for his films. An evening in the church hall was arranged where I ('the friend of Sophia!') would show my film.

12/09 16.35 + 71775 FRN PX2 31748 MI ITC 4

LOC025 721Q8 SVILLA E = E/SV/Q1Q48/3Q1535 ---

SEVILLA TLX DE TORREMOLINOS 27 12 1500 --

-- SORRY MISSED YOU AGAIN STOP AM IN MALAGA FOR NEW PICTURE STOP HAVE
MOST BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAYS LOVE - SOPHIA --

TELEGRAMMA
N. di recapito. Ritorno al fattorino alle ore
NULLA È DOVUTO AL FATTORINO PER IL RECAPITO

= ELT - PIETER UYS C/O ELSAS CASA
LOMBARDI 8 - FORIO-D'ISCHIA -

The telegram from Sophia Loren

‘It’s a 60-second film,’ I stuttered.

‘*Bravo, bravo! Schön, schön!*’ was the reply.

Any excuse to dress up! The hall was packed with the latest fashion and multilingual excitement. The priest stood next to the table with his 16-millimeter projector on a heap of heavy religious-looking books. My little film on the reel was smaller than a teacup saucer! I was introduced, dramatically. The name Sophia was repeated over and over and everyone applauded more and more. The lights dimmed; a hush descended. The film started, a minute passed; the film ended. Pause. Lights up. Silence.



PDU in ‘Milk’ commercial at LFS

I stood up and spoke slowly so that everyone – Italians, Austrians, Germans, English – could follow. ‘I’m a film student in London. This commercial for milk was my third-term project. And the girl in the film ... is not Sophia. It’s me!’ The priest crossed himself. Or was he hinting at a later rendezvous? Then shouts took over from the murmurs. ‘*Encora, Pietro, repeat, wieder wieder!*’ They wanted to see it again! By now I could thank the bottles of wine from the priest’s cellar for this reaction. I nodded at the him. ‘*Encora per favore?*’ He

struggled. He didn’t know how to rewind. So I helped him, doing it by hand. Lights dimmed.

The film flashed on the white sheet, sixty seconds of me in a white gown, blonde hair, lipstick and beauty spot, acting to Chopin’s ‘Minute Waltz’, and as a voiceover: ‘When life’s a drag, relax with a glass of milk. It’s cool, it’s refreshing – and at least it’s real.’ She/me ends up dipping a finger in the glass and dabbing milk behind my ears like perfume with a wink. The End! The party spilled out into the piazza. It could

have been the Cannes Film Festival. I wished Sophia had been there too.

The next day talk of a 1940s' Chicago gangster limousine was the town's breaking news. It could only drive the main roads on Ischia as all the other streets were too narrow. The car rolled into the piazza and shuddered to a halt. Four men and two women got out and settled down at a table next to ours. The redhead ordered drinks, not just for themselves, but for everyone. Everyone knew who that was. Daniel Cohn-Bendit had arrived. I immediately remembered the drama of the 1968 Paris Uprising, in which he'd been a major energy.

Was he on Ischia on holiday? Or was revolution waiting in the boot of the car? One girl pointed at me. 'Are you the guy who made the film with Sophia? Danny? That's the guy!' I just nodded. Hours later we were still there. Danny the Red asked me about South Africa. He had a few suggestions. 'Not many cobbled streets,' I said. 'We have to throw bricks.' His charisma, humour, arrogance and ego all made a good combination to join the menu of history. Sitting next to him, I hoped I had peeled off a bit of it for myself.

After graduating from the LFS in 1970, I managed to carve out a job there in order to justify a resident's permit. It gave me two more years in London, which I planned to make my permanent home. While manning the LFS film library, I also wrote a television series about Empress Josephine for National Theatre star Geraldine McEwan, who showed generous interest and gave encouragement. But the project was turned down by Granada TV. They said the script was 'naive'. As a spare wheel, I created a play, *The Rise and Fall of the First Empress Bonaparte*.

But every day I was discovering more about my own country – on television, in the media, at the pub, in the film studio: the truth about apartheid. I now knew some of the facts. What had been a way of life back home was becoming a crusade against my roots. Apartheid must go! I became friends with people my age who had political passions deemed illegal and subversive by South Africa. I had to get used to the

reaction of disgust when I announced myself as a white South African, being ‘the Nazi boer’ like a bad smell in a perfume shop. I was not going to go back to all that ...

But I did. Early in 1973, back on a Union Castle ship with suitcases full of booty: books and records, and a picture of Nelson Mandela, illegal in South Africa, hidden in the LP folder of the National Theatre recording of *Much ado about nothing*. The Space had just opened in Cape Town, the first nonracial, non-nationalist theatre in South Africa. I was now going home to break the law. I had a beard and long hair to match the look. Within weeks my first play there opened. It was well received and for the next three years I wrote, directed and acted in plays, helped with publicity, swept the stage, and made tea for others in a true ensemble of energy, commitment, humour and trust.*

* All these plays are available on my website: www.pdu.co.za/plays.

SOME MINES EXPLODE

Under apartheid, the law demanded a whites-only audience and cast. When the security police came to raid, we hid our 'guests' who were not white in the props room. My plays were about people living against that background of political oppression. Ordinary, and sometimes not so ordinary, my characters reflected the fears and the prejudices they shared with the audience. The audiences were surprised by the humour. Instinctively, I at once knew its value.

In London I had tried to combine harsh reality with the shock of comedy. My plays at The Space had a sharp political undertone as well as a comic halo that, at first, greatly depended on so-called swear words. South African audiences were easily paralysed with laughter at *kak* and *poep*. The censors also recognised the value of these words.

During this period, I staged *Faces in the Wall* (1973), my play about a young gay man with a Greta Garbo fixation and his relationship with his flatmate and a mysterious girl who spoke Swedish; *Popcorn* (1973), my one-act play about an actress confronted in her apartment by men who want to kidnap her baby; *Pity about People* (1974), about a disturbed man and his mental flights into fantasy; and *Selle ou Storie* (1974), which went straight for the Afrikaners' jugular. It was banned. Ironically, the official letter of condemnation was not in Afrikaans! *Karnaval* (1975) was also banned. The reason given was 'obscenity'— and many swear words were listed. The politics was brushed aside. No martyrdom for the potty mouthed; I didn't end up in jail.

The censors perused the works in detail and below are some highlights of official condemnation:

In terms of section 11(1)(b) of the Publications Act, the directorate submitted a copy of Selle ou Storie to the Committee of Publications for its decision. The Committee of Publications examined the copy of Selle ou Storie submitted to it under that subsection. At a meeting of 24 June 1975, at which all its members were present, the Committee of Publications decided unanimously that, in its opinion, Selle ou Storie was undesirable in terms of section 47(2)(a), (b), (c), and (d) of the Act. The Committee of Publications informed the director of its decision and gives the following reasons therefore:

A:

- (i) in its tone and character;
- (ii) in its handling of homosexuality and free-love relationships;
- (iii) In the recurring use of religious invocation and expletive (Christian);
- (iv) in the coarseness and vulgarity of much of its language, Selle ou Storie is likely to pain and offend many persons, but particularly those members of the population of the Republic of South Africa whose constant endeavour it is to uphold a Christian view of life.

B: The homosexual relationship between Rufus and Gregory, and the free-love relationships between Rufus and Ester Viljoen and Gregory and Sandra, are deemed to be indecent and/or offensive in terms of section (47)(2)(a) of the Act.

C: The following words and phrases and sentences in Selle ou Storie and the context in which they are

used are deemed to be offensive in terms of section (47) (2) (a) of the Act.

- (i) kak!, poephol, stront, gangbang;
- (ii) kakhuis-vloer, kaal hol, glinstrende stront, jou klein kak!, slapgat donner, moffie-mond, die ou verlepte doos met die kêsh en kontakte;
- (iii)
 - a) haar vriende se gate lek;
 - b) ag, kak af, man;
 - c) vee jou blerrie voete af! Ek willie jou modder en mis in my tapyt ingetrap hê nie;
 - d) Klink asof groot tiete met die naam pas;
 - e) die feit dat ek saans op jou rondspring soos 'n rammetjie is ook romanties;
 - f) Hou jou mond, Sannie Stront!;
 - g) And because I sometimes feel obliged to share my bed with a ram doesn't mean that I'm quite primitive;
 - h) Die Hoer is terug in die Huis!

D: The following words and phrases and sentences in Selle ou Storie and the context in which they are used are deemed indecent and/or obscene within the meaning of section 47(2) (a) of the Act. (hereby listed from (i), (ii), (iii) a-j)

E: The following words and phrases and sentences in Selle ou Storie and the context in which they are used are deemed to be offensive to the religious feelings of many inhabitants of the Republic:

- (i) the recurring use of the words: O my God! Here God! Dank Vader! O Here!
- (ii) 'En die Engelekore skree Poephol Poephol!'
- (iii) O God!; God's busy!

F: The following, and the context in which they are used, are deemed to bring a section of the inhabitants of the Republic of South Africa into ridicule or contempt:

(i) 'Not all Afrikaners spend their nights with the oxen in the shed'

'Ag nee wat, ons is mos eenvoudige boere. Kom ons eet maar lekker op die vloer.'

'Would you like another drink, Sandra? Or don't you partake of our national sport?'

(ii) 'Het jy jou klere uitgetrek?' 'Here Ester, dis vir 'n Afrikaanse rolprent!' 'Jy weet hoe poeperig ons ou boererolprente is so tussen die Groot Vrek en die Van Der Merwes van Poepfontein.' 'Siestog, Greg, die ou boere-teater se knieë is al seer';

(iii) 'Een bruin mensie tussen die groen sterre van ons blanke jeugdom? Nou dit, Veteraan-trekkersvrou Viljoen, is wat die gewone mense 'n rede vir ongelukkigheid noem.'

'Hulle laat my soos 'n middeljarige Trekkersvrou lyk!'

'O Here, tog nie weer nie! Ester Viljoen het besluit dat sy nou 'n middeljarige Trekkersvrou is en sonder hoop!'

'Congratulations. What's the part? Some Voortrekker's mother?'

G: The following are deemed to be harmful to the relations between the Black and White inhabitants of the Republic. Alternatively, to bring the Black inhabitants of the Republic ... into contempt:

'Kaffer! Ek weet wat jy doen?'

'Hy kon egter kos smaakvol bedien. Hy't ook skoon-geruik. En dit nogal van 'n kaffer.'

'Mense erken jou in die straat.' 'Natuurlik. En ek is wit!'

'Whisky en water? Die verdrukke massas drink kafferbier, ou verligte liefeling.'

'I don't go out of my way to smile at kaffirs to show how liberal I am.'

That was just from the banning of *Selle ou Storie*. Karnaval and *Die van Aardes van Grootoor* lay ahead. So, I gratefully acknowledge how much I owe the Publications Control Board (PCB). They certainly pointed me in the right direction. If an apartheid government accused me of 'setting the racial groups in disharmony against each another', I was definitely on the right track!

My first one-person show was a 45-minute lunchtime riot called *Just Hilda* (1974), a drag collection. One of the Afrikaans tannies I impersonated certainly left her DNA and eventually became Evita Bezuidenhout. Very few sharp knives were drawn in that show against the politics of the day; it was more about making camp fun of social prejudice and moral indignation.

The Space's end-of-the-year pantomime was *Snowwhite & the Special Branch*. Two coloured chaps become sing-and-dance friends with a white girl, Snowwhite, who can't handle the sun on the beach. So now she is very brown and is reclassified 'coloured'. The Fairy from the Special Branch, disguised as a security policeman, waves his magic wand. A 'happy ending' emerges as apartheid is abolished. The real security police came and left at interval, having paid for their seats. No censorship evolved.

Karnaval (1975), set in a boarding house down the road from The Space, was about young Afrikaans girls and their 'immorality' with Javanese sailors (honorary whites). The armour of white supremacy protected by a white God on New Year's Eve was the heartbeat of the story. It was banned – '*Ons mense praat nie so nie!*'

But censor action was no joke. There were no clever T-shirts to be worn. A brown official envelope was delivered in person by a gruff

security policeman. The company of performers felt the contempt and sarcasm of the public. It was not politically correct to support our subversion. The typist at the censor's office came to our rescue. Her list of the banned words could only make us all laugh, which became the therapy of our survival. Laugh at fear and make that fear less fearful? My motto for the future.

My third play that year was *God's Forgotten* (1975). Set in the official residence of a cabinet minister, where his three daughters are waiting for his return from a secret overseas trip about breaking sanctions. The residence is surrounded by high walls and security. Outside, the riotous majority have brought the revolution to the doorstep. Yet there was none of the expected censor reaction, probably because the title was in English and there were no swear words.

After three years of 24/7 at The Space, I was exhausted. I left and created a small ensemble under the name *Syrkel* and took to the road. Our first 'entertainment' was a revue, *Strike up the Banned*, a collection of sketches ridiculing the censorship system and the hypocrisy of a holier-than-thou society that voted for tyranny. Now I had discovered the solid structure on which I could hang the sweet and sour fruits of humour in the future.

Jan van Riebeeck High School asked me to write a play to celebrate their 50th year. *Skote!* (1975) dramatised the preparations for a matric dance. Gunshots are heard outside. The immediate assumption is that the blacks are in revolt. It turns out it's the small white son of the caretaker with his father's pistol up in the clock tower, acting out what he has seen on television. The play allowed the children to explore their attitudes to each other and their teachers. Politics bubbled gently beneath the surface.

Syrkel also presented a triple bill for Christmas at a commercial theatre: *Snowwhite & the Special Branch*, *Strike up the Banned* and *Black Beauty & the BOSS*, the latter a send-up of the Bureau of State Security and other dangerous targets. The season was massacred by the critics and died a slow and expensive demise.

Nineteen seventy-six saw riots in townships, starting in Soweto, and

general fear and discomfort in white society. I managed a production of *The Rise and Fall of the First Empress Bonaparte* with the students of the UCT drama department, while writing a new play that was clearly influenced by the political rhythm of the moment. *Paradise is closing down* (1977) is set in a fashionable cottage in a former non-white, now gentrified area, where three white women prepare for a night out, in spite of rumours of rioting. A confrontation with a young coloured intruder brings out many sexual and social tensions, as well as much needed humour. Meanwhile, my script for the film *Dingetjie & Idi*, where General Idi Amin comes to Cape Town for a heart transplant by Dr Christiaan Barnard, hiccupped into the public domain and then happily died a natural death. What I hoped were political gags just gagged.

It was time to celebrate the Afrikaners' roots that our official history had never allowed us to smile at. *Die van Aardes van Grootoor* (1977) opened at the Baxter Studio to small numbers. It was the first time I unpacked a circus closet of Afrikaner political eccentrics. The play presented boere sturm-und-drang with five episodes from an imaginary 750-episode radio soap opera, reflecting corruption, racism, sexual reinvention and politics. The production made no excuses for its ridicule of political leaders and Calvinist beliefs, all happily punctured by sex, drugs and boere political rock-n-roll. The censors would discover the play a few months later at its Johannesburg run and then all hell would break loose.

I packed up my blue Volkswagen Beetle and moved to Johannesburg. The Market Theatre was my next port of call. I was alone in a great metropolis. The Market Café hosted *Strike up the Banned*, which I did partnered with Rika Sennett, a beautiful, bright Afrikaans actress, famous for her television image, sharing her large audience of fans with me. *Die van Aardes van Grootoor* opened at the Market's smaller venue, The Laager, and that's when all hell broke loose. The play was banned. The Market appealed. We won our appeal and could perform the play again, with certain deletions and additions. To our delight, it all just sharpened the satirical punch and hilarity.

15 November 1978. Die Appelraad is eenparig in sy bevinding dat Die van Aardes van Grootoor, onderhewig is aan weglatings hieronder genoem en 'n ouderdoms-beperking van 2-18 jaar, oor die algemeen nie ongewens is nie.

Algemeen:

Alle gevalle waar die Ouma winde laat moet weggelaat word.

Die fotos van Afrikaner leiers nl: BJ Vorster, DF Malan, HF Verwoerd en PW Botha moet weggelaat word.

Die nabootsing van die Staatspresident se stem moet verval.

Gevalle waar aan die vroulike borste gevat word moet weggelaat word.

Die gebede deur Fanie moet weggelaat word.

Versag deurgaans die uitspraak van die word KUX in advertensies voor elke episode.

Episode Vier: Vervang Ouma se poepe met niese;

vervang 'kaffers' met 'swartes';

sny die gebedsposisie;

vervang 'gifpoeper' met 'bloedsuier';

sny 'Laat ek net eenkeer die liefdesvoggies in my donker spielonke voel vloei';

vervang 'Net Mimi sal gaan lê' met 'Net Mimi sal val';

vervang 'Maak maar alles oop ...' met 'Maak toe jou oë ...';

vervang 'Well, I've never had it, but Dolla has it on Fridays' met 'Never!';

sny 'O Johannes Vuurklip, met jou moet ek wip!' en '... open my Sesamie to your Abracadabra!';

sny 'my grootvoor vir Grootoor!';

vervang '... wydsbeen op my rug val' met '... en val';
 vervang 'rooikopkoggelmander' met 'ding'
 vervang 'gat' met 'alie';
 vervang 'een groot poep en sy's weggeroep' met 'een
 groot nies en toe skeur haar lies';
 vervang '... en 'n vrou sonder 'n man is soos vere
 sonder 'n voël' met '... en 'n man sonder 'n vrou
 is soos 'n voël sonder vere';
 vervang 'O naaimasjien!' met 'O Blikemmer!'
 Episode 400:
 vervang 'O duiwedrol!' met 'O sensorsnit!'
 Episode 600: vervang:
 'vuilgat' met 'sensor';
 '... en sy bediende' met 'en sy diaken';
 'krimpelien drol' met 'krimpelien mof';
 ''n Vrou sonder liefde is soos 'n doos sonder
 deksel'; met ''n Vrou sonder liefde is soos 'n
 koek sonder 'n kers';
 'meidjie' met 'skattie';
 Episode 780: vervang:
 'presidentsvrou' met 'Mevrou Prima Protea';
 'meid' met 'pluraal'.

However, the curtailment of free speech has a chilling ripple. My two new plays, ready for production at the Market Theatre, were put on hold. To produce them under Publications Control Board scrutiny could lead to more bannings, which would be financially crippling. Rex Gibson, the editor of the *Sunday Express*, invited me to write a weekly column for his newspaper. The first one ran on 19 November 1978 and for the next two years that weekly ejaculation helped me create a satirical shorthand with which to reflect the state of the nation with confusing humour and suspect solutions.

I created different characters to give familiarity to certain political points of view. One of them was an Afrikaans tannie, the wife of a

National Party MP. Once a month she would appear at a Pretoria braaivleis and spill the beans on the Information Scandal and other titbits. She didn't have a name until the editor called her 'the Evita of Pretoria', saying that she managed to say all the things in newsprint he couldn't even mention in an editorial.

It was the first admission of my impending multiphrenia. Knowing that most of what I wanted to say was either illegal, sub judice, secret or just racism-as-criticism, I kept these characters in the standby waiting room, in case they were needed in an emergency, which at the time I didn't realise would be only a few months away. The actress playing the glamorous 'Elana van Aarde' in *Die van Aardes* took ill on a Monday. We had a full house. I took over her part. My soon-to-be Evita of Pretoria had at last found good legs in very high heels.

In 1979 two of my plays were produced internationally. *God's Forgotten* was staged at Theatre La Mama in New York, directed by my UCT drama teacher, Mavis Taylor, with four South African actresses who were now resident in the US. There was a suggestion that I should come over to New York. There was also a possibility floated of a work permit. Wouldn't I like to leave South Africa? My instinctive reaction was 'thank you – but no thanks'. Emigrating had never and would never be an alternative. But I was part of the team at the Edinburgh Festival for the run of *Paradise is Closing Down*, which then moved to the Young Vic in London.

South Africa was being rocked by the Information Scandal, also known as Muldergate. It implicated Minister Connie Mulder and his Department of Information in plans to use government resources to fight a propaganda war by bribing international news agencies, even purchasing the *Washington Star* newspaper. A slush fund established *The Citizen*, the only major English language newspaper favourable to the apartheid government. I rushed back with *Info Scandals*. We performed in a small venue in Pretoria, a few blocks from the office of the censor. We were crapping on their stoep and knocking for paper. The PCB banned the revue, then on review allowed us to continue, but demanded a deletion – the sketch about a censor.

Nineteen eighty saw me team up with my sister, Tessa, firstly in The Laager for *Uyscreams from the Wimpy Archipelago*, and then on the main stage of The Market, where we were joined by Thoko Ntshinga for *Uyscreams with Hot Chocolate Sauce*. These revues included songs as well as sketches. Thoko created a fictitious black homeland and called it 'Bapetikosweti'.

Next, in a first for me since drama school, I was cast in a play not written by me, sharing a stage with four other actors and with a director in charge. The Baxter Theatre cast me as Pozzo in Samuel Becket's *Waiting for Godot*, which toured to Cape Town, the Grahamstown Festival and Johannesburg. I thought they'd only cast me because of my PW Botha impersonation in *Die van Aardes* and that the play would be localised, as John Kani and Winston Ntshona, fresh from the Tony Awards in New York for *Sizwe Banzi is Dead* and *The Island*, were to play the two tramps. But happily there was no attempt to cash in on apartheid.

The Johannesburg season at The Market was sold out. The next stop would be in two months' time, at London's Old Vic, followed by a season in New York. In the last week of performances at The Market, it was decided to refresh the local production with the racist apartheid flavour for the overseas presentations. I phoned my agent in London, who after a pause, said: 'Would you allow someone to do that to one of your plays?' I left the production. A few days later, I was watching the news on SATV. PW Botha was wagging his finger and licking his lips as he said: 'South Africa? Adapt or die!'





1981 ADAPT OR DYE

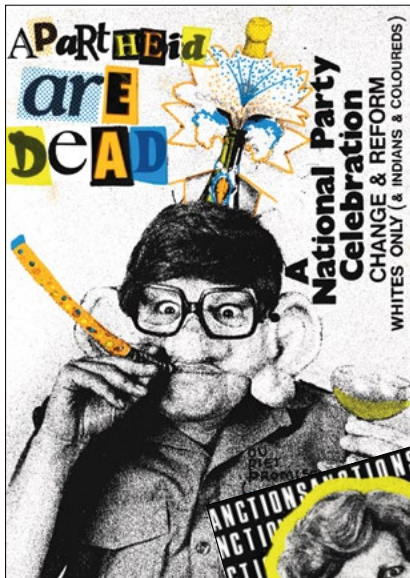


ADAPT OR DYE!

politiek met plezier/politics with pleasure
(subject to daily change in order & content)

Written by Pieter-Dirk Uys
Directed by Pieter-Dirk Uys
Costumes by Pieter-Dirk Uys
Set by Pieter-Dirk Uys
Make-up by Pieter-Dirk Uys
Sound by Pieter-Dirk Uys
Props by Pieter-Dirk Uys
Publicity by Pieter-Dirk Uys

Pieter-Dirk Uys as Mrs Evita Bezuidenhout
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Nowell Pine
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Hamlet Botha
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Piet Pienaar
Pieter-Dirk Uys as the Gompie
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Bunnie Kappie
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Oom John-hulle
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Barbara Woodhouse
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Sersant Swart
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Pridmore Janse van Vuuren
Pieter-Dirk Uys as the Censor
Pieter-Dirk Uys as the Singer
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Die Leter
Pieter-Dirk Uys as Pieter-Dirk Uys



CIRCLING THE OXWAGONS

After the *Die van Aardes van Grootoor* experience, I knew the value of writing a comedy focused on the politics of the moment. A play in production also meant a company of actors who had to be paid and also protected from the turmoil of censorship. To perform a satirical show that attacks what needs to be attacked in society, in the belief that it would fundamentally alter the situation, is something I never even considered. Entertainment was then and still is my priority. A social comedy that was pleasurable for the audience, while hinting at inspiring alternatives to the meanness of the times, could start with laughter and then maybe change a mind. I would learn the hard way that comedy often leaves one trapped inside our own prejudices.

Pieter-Dirk Uys has said it all, especially for the voteless
– *The Sowetan* (Johannesburg) April 1981

Acid vignettes to bruise some egos. A devastating portrait of a bigoted society. Voters and non-voters are urged to catch it quickly. Before it gets banned.

– *Daily News* (Durban) April 1981

Pieter-Dirk Uys has never been better in this sparking pre-election bit of highly intelligent nonsense. It really is politics with pleasure

– *Sunday Express* (Johannesburg) April 1981

His material is thoroughly up to date. This roadshow is a beautiful safety valve for boiling election emotions

– *Sunday Tribune* (Durban) April 1981

I dyed laughing at Uys. Underlying the mirth is a layer of serious intent. South Africa's leading satirist has never been better

– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) April 1981

It came directly from the mouth of PW Botha. 'Adapt or die!' he told South Africa in 1981 and announced the general election that he expected would entrench the Nationalist government for the next thousand years of 'democratic rule'. He was turning South African politics into his one-man show.

I've always been fascinated by the magic of one person on stage, holding the audience's attention with the minimum of fuss. I could point retrospectively to various artists and talk of their inspiration, but I don't think my admiration of their original work created in me the need to try and do the same. In the mid 1960s, I saw Marlene Dietrich every night during her week-long appearance on stage at the Alhambra Theatre in Cape Town, and Marcel Marceau at the same theatre some years before. In 1980, Shelley Berman sat on the stage of the Civic Theatre in Johannesburg. With a mike and a glass of water, he created a chorus of characters and was dazzlingly witty. I had gone to the performance with a theatrical agent and she asked me to join her and Mr Berman for dinner afterwards.

I remember being pleased to see that he didn't perform during dinner but was quite reserved and tired. He was certainly not going to work hard to impress me, someone with an unpronounceable surname. I recall saying to him: 'I'd love to do a one-man show, but I'm not sure how.' I cannot remember his exact words. It was not the *how* of it, but the *what*. What would I say? Did I know? To stand up and perform was not the problem. I first had to determine what to say and then the how would take care of itself. He said, 'Why don't you make a list of all the things you've ever wanted to do, and then see what comes out of that?'

That was his advice. He went back to his stories of American showbiz, which was what we really wanted to hear about.

'n Aand soos die kan ons almal net goed doen

– *Die Transvaler* (Johannesburg) April 1981

'n Skitterende eenmansvertoning wat jou gelyktydig kielie en in die maag tref. Stem revue! Stem Pieter-Dirk Uys!

– *Beeld* (Johannesburg) April 1981

Virtually all of it is funny, even if the humour is black in more ways than one

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) April 1981

Die karakters wat hy uitbeeld is 'n baie humorvolle en ook baie raak siening van ons situasie

– *Die Vaderland* (Johannesburg) April 1981

The best laugh since the election. Brilliant! Not a single weakness, absurdity or idiosyncrasy of our way of life has escaped the observant eye and keen tongue

– *The Cape Times* (Cape Town) May 1981

P.D. op sy stukke ... skerp oog en tong piets almal

– *Die Burger* (Kaapstad) Mei 1981

For politicians this should be made compulsory viewing.

PD Uys's revue is hilarious. Don't miss it

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) May 1981

Back at my desk, though determined to also be seen on the stage of the Civic one day with a mike and a glass of water, I could not think of anything I wanted to say. Did I want to do a show like Marlene Dietrich? Yes. A show like Marcel Marceau? No, I preferred doing Marlene. A show like Shelley Berman? Yes, except he'd already done it. I didn't

want to be a pale copy. There were no other one-man shows for inspiration ... Except, on SABC evening news, with the sound turned down, there was the prime minister punching the air with his finger, licking his chops. I tried to copy PW Botha's finger wagging and wobbling lips while playing a Marlene Dietrich song for inspiration: 'Look me over closely, tell me what you see.' Day after day this one-man show on television was preparing us for the upcoming election and demanding from us 'unity and strength'.

One night I had drunk enough wine to allow the merging of contempt with drama as another chapter of the Botha soap opera unfolded on television. I decided that the election could only be a waste of time and money, that it would mean nothing in this quasi-democracy, and that above all, politics had become predictable and dull. What one really needed was some fun, I thought, as Foreign Minister Pik Botha glared at his interviewer and blustered through his same old story. He, Pik Botha, would defend his seat in the Johannesburg constituency of Westdene against the HNP (Herstigste Nasionale Party) and the PFP (Progressive Federal Party). Westdene was just around the corner from me. Why not stand there as an independent candidate? This way I could bring pleasure back into politics and piss off the politicians.

I decided to structure each of my hustings on the lines of a show, doing all the characters, like Pik Botha and PW Botha, and maybe even the wife of a Nationalist MP, the waiting-in-the-wings Evita of Pretoria. With a little help from some of my theatrical friends – glamorous actresses with low-cut dresses and charm – I would take a leaf out of the American election carnival and have a political party. I would also enjoy the publicity that would emerge from my foolhardy but daring stand against the minister of foreign affairs. I wouldn't go out of my way to win. Who would employ the poor man if I did him out of his job? I watched the Bothas with new interest. There were enough Bothas to fill the bill. I phoned some friends to find out what they thought and they welcomed my plan with enthusiasm and lots of laughter. We also had serious discussions about how far we could go in making fun of the system. Apartheid was not funny; racism was no joke.

Pieter-Dirk Uys is one of those individualists without whom life would be too conservative to be borne – there are only a few of this kind – and only one of him

– *The Friend* (Bloemfontein) September 1981

Onnutsigheid met skerp rand

– *Die Burger* (Kaapstad) September 1981

Bedenklike smaak kry te dikwels die oorhand

– *Die Volksblad* (Bloemfontein) September 1981

Laughter – and the brittle, cruelly incisive, yet strangely compassionate insights that makes for the best in satire. And *Adapt or Dye* is just that

– *Rand Daily Mail* (Johannesburg) October 1981

A winning blend of satiric wit, insight, talent, versatility and vitality

– *SA Jewish Times* (Johannesburg) October 1981

At times the theatre erupts into laughter of such hysterical proportions, it drowns the dialogue. At others there is a sepulchral hush, for there is nothing whatsoever to laugh about

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) October 1981

Pieter-Dirk packs a satirical punch ... highly funny and appropriately ridiculous

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) October 1981

Uys is 'n satirikus by uitnemendheid, 'n voortreflike en skerpsinnige waarnemer, 'n briljante akteur. Pieter-Dirk laat die trane loop ... 'n aanbieding wat sekerlik nie in almal se smaak sal van nie, dus moet net mense wat wel bereid is om vir onself te lag, 'n besoek hieraan bring

– *Die Transvaler* (Johannesburg) Oktober 1981

In 1981 it was not done to beard the political lions in the den of party politics. Although the Information Scandal of the late 1970s had started to loosen the stays of South Africa and the boeregods had slid off the Nationalist Olympus and landed with their well-rounded bums in the mud of disgrace, politics was still written with a capital P, and the leaders were all beyond laughter. A problem seemed to haunt our sips of wine and rude Botha jokes: what would happen if I actually won? Being practical, we thought of the possibilities through a haze of Premier Grand Cru. I decided that at my last pre-election day meeting, surrounded by the world press and a smouldering Pik Botha, I would make the following announcement: 'Dear friends, I don't need your votes. I'll be alright. Vote for those who need your support. Long live individuality. Long live independence.'

The protectors of the status quo had not sat around Parliament for all those years without protecting themselves. There were laws to prevent 'unsubstantial candidates' (like me?) from 'demeaning' (sending up?) the system. I had to find 300 signatures in the constituency of Westdene to support my candidacy. I had to be declared legitimate by the voters of the parish. Then I remembered my many friends in Westdene. Armed with voting rolls smuggled to me by members of the PFP, I announced my intentions of upstaging the NP candidate. All my friends smiled and signed. 'How serious are you?' they asked. 'Well, it's going to be quite a show,' I said, 'a hoot! We'll put the pleasure back into politics.'

They looked at each other, at their small children and their large mortgages. Many of them worked for the monolithic South African Broadcasting Corporation. Their signatures on my list would inevitably find their way to the top floor of the high-rise SABC building. Those signatures would end up on the boss's desk. The boss of the SABC was the other candidate. Pik could take their jobs. Some were prepared to risk it if I assured them that I was at least serious about it and not campily flippant.

I had to ask myself whether I could support 300 workless, hungry and passionately involved friends in a political campaign whose sole purpose was to bring theatre to the streets. Plans were not coming

together as they do in the movies. Now it was not 'how'; it was 'what'! I acquired an answering machine for my telephone, soon to become my secretary and guard-dog protector. One of the messages, in a gruff voice, said: 'Hey Uys? You want to be the John Lennon of Westdene?'

Slowly the acrid stench of real politics began to encroach. I had to commit myself to something other than just clowning in the streets with a wagging finger and well-licked lips. People were at stake. Then I received an express letter from Paris in answer to one of mine, sent some weeks before, in which I had excitedly written of my plans to mock the granite façade of boerocracy. The letter was from a friend of 20 years. It gave me the final push in the right direction: 'Don't mix yourself with real politics. It's a dirty game. Go back to the theatre where you are strong,' wrote Sophia Loren.

Tien uit tien! 'n Maraton-lag-aand wat elke Suid-Afrikaner behoort te sien – *Oggendblad* (Johannesburg) Oktober 1981

Long may he be inspired to observe and absorb as only he can in revues as witty and brilliantly presented as *Adapt or Dye* – *Pretoria News* (Pretoria) October 1981

Skuif die daaglikse katastrofes opsy en geniet die aand met PD. Onvervangbaar! – *Die Vaderland* (Johannesburg) Oktober 1981

This is a master satirist, master writer, master actor at the top of his form – *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) October 1981

As revue-kunstenaar staan Uys in Suid-Afrika kop en skouers bo die ander uit. Sy samestelling van bitsige satire, deernisvolle humor en geldige tersake kommentaar op landsake, maak hom ongetwyfeld die meester van die genre – *Beeld* (Johannesburg) Oktober 1981

Rates among the best one-man comedy performances I have ever seen – *Sunday Express* (Johannesburg) October 1981

It is a sad commentary on the state of theatrical satire in this country, that it is considered sufficient for an entertainer to look and sound funny, even when there is pitifully little verbal wit, nor political comment of the less-than-obvious or original variety, to praise.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) December 1981

Unfortunately the bulk of the material does not measure the heroic breadth of the intention. As a political skit it's a drag.

– *Rand Daily Mail* (Johannesburg) April 1981

So, instead of losing my deposit to the NP government, instead of keeping Minister Pik Botha awake at night worrying about his future, instead of being shot in the backside by some mad crusader in a church hall, instead of ending up on the backbenches of Parliament as the independent MP for Westdene, never to be heard from again, I decided they would now have to pay to see my campaign. I would not need to take any sides, and with the election round the corner, it would only last for three weeks. I would also acknowledge the inspiration I'd received from another one-man show. I would call my concert *Adapt or Dye*. I now knew 'what'. The 'how' was on its way.

APRIL FOOL

The show was to open in Durban on 1 April 1981 as a late night performance. I sat in a Johannesburg restaurant with Margie Ramsay, my stage manager, discussing what we still needed to find for the show, when someone said to someone else that US President Ronald Reagan had been shot. Suddenly satire ceased to matter. All the clever lines and funny juxtapositions in my little show withered in the face of an attempted assassination. No jokes here. But I was lucky. Old actors never die. 'They shot him through the head and it made no difference,' I could say on stage. I had started out on my voyage. My long walk to freedom? With bra, fedora, feathers, finger, tongue and small South African flag clutched in my hand. Time to adapt.

A nation's conscience, Pieter-Dirk Uys is a great artist and a winning personality and his one-man show is unalloyed delight – *Rand Daily Mail* (Johannesburg) December 1981

Uys 'n profeet van die tyd. By Brecht en Brel het Uys die kuns geleer van die waarheid tuisbring deur humor
– *Beeld* (Johannesburg) Desember 1981

Man-alleen sorg Uys vir baie pret. Eenman soos min is dit inderdaad – *Die Transvaler* (Johannesburg) Desember 1981

Ban the plural orbs and adapt or dye laughing!
– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) December 1981

Adapt or Dye is 'n moet-sien-opvoering ... selfspot was nooit
een van ons nasie se tydverdrywe nie
– *Oggendblad* (Johannesburg) Desember 1981

PDU se vermaak is nog reg in die kol!
– *Die Vaderland* (Johannesburg) Desember 1981

P. D. knows exactly who he is getting at, and so, to our
unadulterated delight, do we. His jibes are needlepointed
– *The Star* (Johannesburg) December 1981

We eventually arrived in Durban in my Beetle stuffed with props and costumes, having crawled along the N3 from Pietermaritzburg in cascading rain. My windscreen wipers did not work. Margie leant out of her open window to keep me on the road as I could see nothing. I remembered someone saying that rubbing a potato across the windscreen allows the water to glide down. But no potato; no gliding. Lesson Number One for the rest of my touring life: check the car from tyres to wipers.

Exhausted, we moved into the Upstairs, a small fringe theatre run by Saira Essa and Allan Joseph. A production of a Genet play preceded *Adapt or Dye*, which was due to start at 11 p.m. on that wintery night. I've always loved April Fool's Day. It was on that first day of April that the Publications Control Board had opened for business. Since then the censors had done so much for me as my personal public relations department, giving me publicity that neither money could have bought, nor my work could have justified. Having stumped up and down the streets of Westdene, I had discovered what it felt like to be the average white South African voter. It allowed me for the first time to write without self-censorship.

I'd also learnt the Publications Act off by heart, so I knew where to knit in a few landmines for the censor's attention. Most of my material in the show was ripe for censorship, if not outright banning. Maybe the late night slot would give protection, assuming most censors had

already put their teeth into a glass and switched off their lights. On 1 April at 10:30 p.m. with 30 minutes to go, I sensed that I had a better chance of survival than the deeply dramatic and decadent Genet production that preceded me. I had *kak* and *poep* to tickle any funny bone. Besides, I felt safe in Natal with its strong colonial past, hoping for a Monty Python giggle from Row D. That first performance was fraught – *vrot* – filled with a lack of experience. Maybe I had the ‘what’, but the ‘how’ flew out the window. Never having done a one-man performance like this before, I had not focused on the need for detailed rehearsal and careful repetition, and it needed editing.

One of my teachers at the London Film School had the best advice: ‘Once you have your first draft, lose 50% and then cut half!’ I hadn’t done either. On that night I learnt the first in a future bible of lessons: if you don’t remember the words, recall the meaning; you can fool an audience with charm and rude words, but you can’t fool yourself. I flailed through the material – metaphorically and literally. Since I had not planned the costume changes in detail, there was no Velcro on the dress of the MP’s wife (the character soon to emerge as the future Evita Bezuidenhout). I had to tear the dress open at the back to get it off. My Pik Botha felt quite tall, till I discovered I’d been doing him while still in her high heels. My experience as an actor had been in parts written by Shakespeare, Marlowe, Genet and Beckett. Their words were sacred. Now, I had to deal with mine and my lack of respect for them, which meant that while I knew them, I didn’t always know where they fitted.

There came the first long and terrible pause. A total blank. The audience sat watching, waiting. Sweat trickled into my eyes. Shall I tell them I’ve gone blind? Can someone help me off the stage? None so blind as he who can’t remember the *where*. I spoke. ‘Do you notice this pause?’ A general nodding. ‘Well, when you study South African politicians, you become aware of long pauses.’ More nodding. ‘And do you know why they use such long pauses?’ Another pause. ‘Because they also can’t remember their lines.’ Applause. I looked up into the darkness where Margie was trembling at the light switch. ‘Darling? Where am I?’ She gave me my cue. The show went on. After the show, a drama teacher

came backstage. She lavished praise on my 'Brechtian moment of alienation'. When was that? 'That wonderful moment of pause. It must have taken a tremendous amount of rehearsal.' 'Oh yes, tremendous.'

The satire doesn't desert him once during the performance. Pieter-Dirk Uys is biting, pathetic, masterful, but essentially funny – *The Cape Times* (Cape Town) March 1982

The underlying trouble with *Adapt or Dye* is that in reality it isn't funny at all ... a brilliant piece of satire, a laugh-a-minute socio-political dissection of things South African.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) March 1982

Uys is a master of impersonation who has a sharp political wit and his ninety minute show is a tour de force. All together now: P D is a wow!

– *Grocotts Daily Mail* (Grahamstown) March 1982

Dis spottery wat jou met gemengde gevoelens laat. Pieter-Dirk Uys slaag daarin om jou tussen uitbundige lagbuie al die netelige politieke turksvye met dorings en al te voer.

– *Oosterlig* (Johannesburg) April 1982

People easily laugh at their prejudice, until they realise that they've given themselves away. I react to their reactions, therefore my material is always a work in progress. Our bilingualism – English and Afrikaans – is a gift. Using both languages theatrically is like a fifth limb on a four-legged beast. It makes it possible to draw on an extra source of humour, which springs from the historical hang-ups associated with our twee tale. During the 1980s, Afrikaans was more dominant in my performances because it was the language of power, the language of oppression, the language of the 'enemy'. I love the language, but I used less of it when politics was off my menu.

Many of the characters during these years, till the dawning of the

age of Mandela, were only believable in Afrikaans, often through their stubborn refusal to speak English. Much of the comedy was also focused on the colonial English speaker who did not get the Afrikaans at all. The censors were more likely to ban plays with Afrikaans titles and content. The English ones were ignored with contempt. Sketches in my shows making fun of the censors were a regular chili bite.

Which brings me to colour. Most of the usual suspects lined up on my stages during this time were white. We are of the same Afrikaner tribe and so to impersonate them did not take more than adding a hat, a fat bottom lip, a wagging finger or very big ears. The Afrikaans accent would expose that part of their DNA, while the English accents could quickly identify the character without too much apology or explanation. But doing 'people of colour'? It is often foremost in interviews. 'Do you put on black make-up?' No, never, and never ever have!

Once I realised that while apartheid might be the system of separating blacks and whites, it was not always just based on colour. Apartheid was and is based on sound, probably thanks to our system of education. On the phone or radio one can immediately hear that certain people are not white. There are black, coloured, Indian and white chords. Accents are also part of colouring in a character. In the democratic realities of the 21st century, where political correctness manages to straighten any curve in the road of communication, using accents can often be seen as racist.

Don't miss this rare treat.

– *The Friend* (Bloemfontein) May 1982

Mr Uys reveals himself as a brilliant entertainer. He also acts, in some ways, as a collective conscience for us all.

– *Natal Mercury* (Durban) May 1982

Satire's resurrection – and as funny as ever.

– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) July 1982

Hoewel Uys se vertoning komedies van aard is, laat hy enige denkende mens baie meer doen as net lag. Met sy fyn en skerpsinnige humorsin, laat hy geen groot politieke figuur of gebeurtenis met rus nie.

– *Die Transvaler* (Johannesburg) Julie 1982

After four performances at the Upstairs in Durban, the 60-minute show moved back to Johannesburg as a late-night hour at the Market Theatre in a small venue that sat 50 people. It played beyond the expected three weeks and then moved to the Baxter Theatre in Cape Town. The Baxter's Concert Hall held 638 people. The show needed to be 90 minutes and so more additions joined the satirical menu. The Evita of Pretoria found a surname and Mrs Bezuidenhout became a farce to be reckoned with.

Meanwhile, back in the real world, besides our daily bombs, limpet mines, shots, assassinations, arrests and imprisonments, political farces were happening that cried out for a satirical slap. Since 1979, I had my weekly column in the *Sunday Express* reflecting the politics of the moment with humour. Cuttings, cartoons and headlines soon filled the box next to my desk. The markets were in top gear, with gold soaring. Shares were up 16% and property prices in Cape Town at an all-time high. Then the nation gasped as it discovered the Information Scandal. Officials had flown more than 6,000 km and across the United States to evaluate a typist! Some went on expensive holidays to the Seychelles on the private jet of millionaire industrialist Louis Luyt. Suddenly Prime Minister BJ Vorster was kicked upstairs to be state president. To be above the law? In celebration, the minister of finance raised the price of white bread by five cents and brown bread by four cents.

While South Africa and Lesotho signed a monetary agreement, the new Prime Minister PW Botha's salary was raised to R73,200. At the same time it was revealed that there were no pharmacies or bakeries and only two supermarkets in Soweto for a black population of one million. Then State President BJ Vorster resigned unexpectedly and Marais Viljoen became acting president. Would this mean that Vorster

was now within reach of the law regarding the Information Scandal revelations? Meanwhile, 25,000 pupils took part in a school boycott with their principals backing their action. Plans were announced to wipe out a massive shortage of 7,000 classrooms over the next six years. Pink Floyd's 'Another Brick in the Wall' was banned for fears it would become a song of liberty for black pupils.

Hy is 'n moedige kunstenaar wat as vertolker van die tyd
satiriese kommentaar lewer.

– *Beeld* (Johannesburg) Julie 1982

Of course this is political satire, so Pieter-Dirk Uys takes
most of his ideas from Pretoria. What a consummate satirist
he is.

– *Rand Daily Mail* (Johannesburg) July 1982

Soms is dit 'n ongemaklike lag. Dis slim, vernuftige
teatertegniek uit die boonste rake.

– *Rapport* (Johannesburg) Julie 1982

The minister of justice announced names of 133 persons detained as a bill was introduced to protect the South African flag from desecration: R10,000 fine or five years in prison. A British Council's fact-finding tour came to investigate racial discrimination in South African sport. While Transkei banned the *Daily Dispatch* newspaper, it was reported that black people in many parts of South Africa would soon have the right to see live theatrical performances with whites. The Dutch Reformed Church announced that it had no objections to reconsiderations regarding the Immorality Act and Mixed Marriages Act. An appeal against a fine and conviction for sunbathing in the nude at Sandy Bay was heard before a full bench. The Free Mandela campaign was launched.

To be funny is one thing; to be subtle frequently another, but
Pieter-Dirk manages both.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) July 1982

This is satire at its best. It's also a safety valve which allows us to put some of the iniquities and inadequacies of our political system in proper perspective. The revue is also outlandishly and outrageously funny.

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) July 1982

Nearly 7,000 blacks were arrested under pass laws in the Cape Peninsula in the first six months of the year. And then Desmond Tutu was arrested and his passport confiscated! Helen Suzman threatened to sue the government for intercepting her post. Civil liberties were under siege. Even legitimate parliamentary activity now could not be conducted without ministerial permission. The United Nations issued a blacklist of 65 multinational companies and 270 sportspersons with links to South Africa. The homeland of the Ciskei became an 'independent republic'. I certainly had enough material to fill a year of weekly columns, but how much of it could fill 90 minutes on stage?

While the finances of apartheid South Africa were being threatened by sanctions and boycotts, I was advised to form a company for my future earnings. I was used to R20.50 per week at The Space Theatre. My *Adapt or Dye* ticket price was R3 in Durban and for the Market Theatre's late-night season. Here in the Baxter Concert Hall with its 638 seats, my take for the week was R15,000! This first cheque burnt



The first cheque

my hands. Can't be right. Can it? I phoned the theatre to check. They thought I'd thought they'd made a mistake. They were very clear: there was no mistake. 'And you'll probably get more next week!'

Fifteen thousand rand? A week? Why did I feel so guilty? Of what? The daily *Cape Times* headline was about police violence and brutality in the Crossroads squatter camp and the women and children caught in the crossfire. A local Catholic church was assisting with food, medicine and housing. I banked the cheque, drew my usual R20.50 and got a bank draft for the rest made out to the Catholic charity. I went to their church in Cape Town. The huge door was closed. I knocked. I rang a bell. Eventually it opened. An old nun peered out. I handed her the envelope. 'For the people of Crossroads.' She nodded. And closed the door. I heard her lock it. A week later, I felt no guilt banking the second cheque.

The subsequent 'world tour of South Africa' also took me out of the cities and into the real world. I did one-night stands in towns that don't usually feature in mainstream schedules. It was very important to listen carefully to the reactions of audiences there, Afrikaners who did not bask in the warm sun of irony or see the need for a tongue-in-cheek enjoyment of the unfunny realities of our quasi-Nazi state of mind and action. Sasolburg's Civic Theatre is another example of brutalist state art, a concrete airport built with money from the local Sasol oil empire with all the mod cons needed to welcome a Wagner opera or a Julie Andrews musical. I would only need four lights, a body mike and crossed fingers that my assassins did not catch up with me there.

The evening show was sold out, not something she had seen for many moons, said the manager when she brought me a rooibos tee and some koeksisters. 'O ja, someone left this note for you. Lekker speel, hoor?' and she left, blushing. The note was from my 'Deep Throat', a gay whistleblower security policeman who provided a careful stream of gossip and detail out of the enemy camp. 'Hi doll, I'm here to see how you kill off my bosses!' Signed 'Beulah'.

The show went well and not a shot was fired. While I was sorting and packing the boxes to load into my Volksie, waiting, engine running,

at the stage door, the manager entered the dressing room, flustered. 'There's someone to see you, Meneer Uys.' I said, yes, I know. 'Okay.' She turned. 'It's okay, Miss Beulah' And there she was, my whistleblower, who probably blew more than whistles and who was probably the most successful drag I had ever seen, certainly during my tour of these National Party towns. Movie star names flashed through my mind: Paulette Godard, Rosalind Russell, a touch of Elizabeth Taylor? Beulah sat on a chair and crossed her legs with style. 'Toemaar skattie, you don't have to call me sersant!' We laughed till his make-up ran. Only in South Africa!



Evita Bezuidenhout

Adapt or Dye

The World Tour of South Africa

This text, based on the final performance in August 1982 (which can be seen on YouTube), was the basis for the South African touring show. Adaptations were made for each evening, each city, each season, depending on the politics of the day, the society and the world of South Africa. * Upstairs Theatre Durban * Market Café Johannesburg * Baxter Concert Hall Cape Town * HB Thom Theatre Stellenbosch * Arts Theatre George * Opera House Port Elizabeth * Rhodes Theatre Grahamstown * Sterrewag Theatre Bloemfontein * André Huguenet Theatre / Intimate Theatre / Market Theatre Johannesburg * Baxter Theatre Cape Town

THE 1981 CAST

Pieter-Dirk Uys

The Security Man

Evita Bezuidenhout

Nowell Fine

The SATV Newsreader

Dr Piet Koornhof (Minister of Cooperation and Development)

Jan van Riebeeck

A Cape minstrel / 'n Kaapse Klopse

Pik Botha (Minister of Foreign Affairs)

Tannie van die Kappie Kommando

Dr Andries Treurnicht (former Minister of Statistics; future leader of the Conservative Party)

Barbara Woodhouse

A censor from the Publications Control Board

An Afrikaans poet

PW Botha (Prime Minister)

THE STAGE SETTING

A backdrop in the orange, white and blue colours of the flag. In front of it a screen also in those colours, shoulder high so that PDU can change into characters behind the screen while talking to the audience. On the edge of the screen a small cactus 'bugging device', with aerial. One chair on stage. A mike on a stand to one side.

THE SHOW

Evita Bezuidenhout enters through the audience to the sounds of 'Die Lied van Jong Suid-Afrika'. She wears a leopard-print dress, fox fur, turban and wide-brimmed hat. She sits on the chair, takes out her notes and a small pistol that she replaces quickly. She checks her make-up. Then Evita is cued. She stands at the mike expecting the South African national anthem. It is not that: it is 'God save the Queen'. She realises the mistake.



EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT: Skattie? That is 'God save the Queen'. We are a republic; there are no queens in South Africa. (*She is speaking to the technician up in the box*) That's the wrong anthem, hartjie. This is not Durban. Here in South Africa we still sing 'Die Stem', nè? Just look around and you'll find a little dosie with the old Department of Information sticker on it. In it you will find a little SABC cassette with an SAUK sticker on it called 'Die Stem'. Put it on. Then wave your Uzi and I'll get all these culture vultures to stand to attention.

Foeitog.

Of course, ladies and gentlemen, when you hear the anthem played now, you can all feel free to stand up and show some respect and pride for our wonderful country. Because the national anthem is not the anthem of the National Party – yet. Like black and white, patronage and party politics should not be allowed to mix. Nè Dr? Gits, ek dog u was nog in die tronk ...? It really gives me such a gril to be here tonight on this very suspicious occasion. In a country so vrot with tension, it is an uplifting experience to see you here, happy and white. And so ...

... honoured guests, professors, doctors, Broeders and fellow members of the President's Council. A special welcome to the present Administrator of Kan'gwane and Mrs Quazilesi. Also to the former Administrator of Kan'gwane and Mrs van Zyl. Or vice versa, I didn't see the news tonight. Welcome also to Dr Ignatius Dumphi, Venda's minister without casino and of course his three Mrs Dumphies. Then a great welcome to the chief of security at Buckingham Palace and Corporal King and, of course, the chairmen of the president's 143 commissions of inquiry. Also to members of our prorogued Parliament in transit: Mr and Mrs Botha; Dr and Mrs Botha; General and Mrs Botha; Prince and Mrs Bothalezi – a great welcome to you all.

En dan natuurlik 'n baie groot welkom aan ons dierbare gaste uit Paraguay: Adolph en Greta Goebbels en dan natuurlik ook Dr Dingdong Chingaling van die Republiek van Taiwan. And of course here is a little card I received from? (*She reads*) 'Sorry, I can't be with you. Am otherwise detained.' Of course this is from Mal Mike Hoare en sy spanmaats. Siestog. Ai daardie stoute kabouters. A deep welcome to members of the security police and your faithful dogs, persons of the free press, ladies and gentlemen, friends and observers from the Waterberg region.

My name is Evita Bezuidenhout. Don't cry for me O HNP? Of soos ons nou in die koukus sing: 'Treurnicht vir my liewe Andries'. (*Laughs*) Baie dankie, maar Mimi Coertse is ek nie. As you all know I am the wife of Dr Prof Hasie Bezuidenhout, the member of parliament for Laagerfontein, and it gives me such a gril to be here this evening and

to thank you all for your generous contributions towards the erection ...
(*She checks her notes*) ... of our proposed statue to the unknown soccer player.

Adapt or die? Oh my dear friends, all things must come to an end, as we all said to ou Connie Mulder three years ago. My gits mense, is dit al drie jaar laas dat Connie sy alie gesien het? For the last 18 months it has been my pleasure to address you on various occasions. Ag, how I've enjoyed it. There are many people to thank: PW, Piet, Pik, AP so tussen hakkies, en dan natuurlik die Broederbond en die SAUK vir die bystand en aanmoediging.s

Baie dankie ook natuurlik aan daardie mense wat so teen ons gekant was en is. Van Zyl, Helen, Jaap, Gatsha en die ander 22 miljoen. Toemaar, julle spoor ons net aan tot groter dinge. Maar voordat ons met vanaand se verrigtings voortgaan, 'n paar woorde van persoonlike dank aan 'n paar mense wat so baie gedoen het om vanaand moontlik te gemaak het. Eerstens aan ons liewe vriende verbonde aan die plaaslike tak van die Vroue Landbouvereniging – die Joyce Waring tak? Gertie? Hilda? Nora? Priscilla? Is julle daar bo in die galery? Baie dankie, skatties, vir julle heerlike koeke en terte.

Dan natuurlik baie dankie aan Korporaal Hattingh en sy groepie jong Burgermag maatjies, wie buite die saal wag om te sorg dat niemand met ons nuwe Mercedes Benze lol nie en dan natuurlik te verhoed dat ons hier ontwig word deur seker gomtorige elemente in ons volk. Janee toemaar Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging! Gaan speel in die teer met 'n veer. Glo my, ons trotse Afrikaners sal nie somaar so gaan lê nie. En dan 'n spesiale woord van dank aan liewe Tannie Hester Holtzapfel wat uit haar siekbed opgestaan het om die pragtige blomme te rangskik. (*She looks round; no flowers*) Waar is die blomme? (*She refers to a card embossed with black*) Ag verskoning, dames en here ... wat is dit? 'Die roudiens vir Tannie Hester Holtzapfel wie skielik vandag in die bloemiste inmekaar gesak en gesterf het, sal oormôre uit die Katolieke Kerk vertrek.' (*A strong reaction*) Katolieke Kerk? Siestog!

Now for the benefit of our foreign dignitaries who have not yet managed to master the intricacies of the Afrikaans language, like those of you

from Rhodesia, Argentina and Houghton, I'll just speak slower. Dames en here, 'n spesiale woord van dank in absentia aan die groot leiers van Suid-Afrika ... (*She looks up to heaven*) Dr Verwoerd? Advokaat Strydom? Dr Malan? (*She looks down*) En Meneer Vorster? 'n Groot woord van dank vir julle Godgegewe beleid van apartheid waarsonder ons nie hier vanaand sou wees nie, maar wel in iemand anders se kombuis – of êrens onder 'n plastiese sak op die Kaapse Vlaktes.

Ja-nee, yes-no. Ladies and gentlemen, who spread that vicious rumour that politics can't be fun, hey? Ag, our boere politics has been such fun of late, especially since Andries Treurnicht staged his little coup d'état, or should I say, staged his little coup d'étata? But to those of you here tonight, smugly waiting for the decline and fall, the demise, die vervrotting of our beloved National Party? To you communists I just want to say that our unitate has never been more vires.

South Africa is a stable country and although any boer knows what you find in a stable, life in our beautiful country is so open, you can see the security police everywhere. The right goes more right, while the left gets more wrong. We really live in such exciting times. I mean just look at our PW last week in Bloemfontein? My maggies! Ending white rule and not including one black face? Nou dis wat ek oulik noem. As I said to Mrs Matanzima in Bloemfontein ... she and Mrs Mangope were there as observers. They came to observe what Tannie Elize and I was wearing.

I wore my very nice luiperdlap rokkie that Mrs Kaunda gave me when her husband was sitting on the fence with PW Botha. She also gave me these vreeslike kommen oorbelle, maar nou ja ... mens kan mos nie nee sê nie. Maar sy's baie oulik. Hulle's almal vreeslik oulik, weet u? Regtig. Hulle word ouliker en ouliker by die dag hierdie ... uitlanders. But there you are, a sign of the times, because do you know, some of my best friends have black friends. We are letting anyone into our country who is nice and white and not quite insane.

Mrs Kaunda said to me then, in those days when we were still talking to each other, she said to me: 'Ag you know, Mrs Bezuidenhout, black power will break South Africa.' Toe sê ek vir haar in Afrikaans: 'Maar skattie, die swartes breek mos alles.' Of course we must realise that here

in South Africa, our nation is really vrot with tension. No, I said last week to Mrs Matanzima that being a true South African is never having to say Sorry Baas. We talked at length about PW's new South Africa. Mrs Matanzima was not very impressed that we gave the vote to the coloureds and the Indians and the Chinese. She said: 'What is your apartheid coming to?'

I said: 'Ag ousie, luister na Madam. Dis absoluut brilliant! Because by giving the vote to the Chinese and the Indians and the coloureds means that the blacks will have to kill them first before they get to us. And by that time we are all safely in Paraguay. Nè Dokter? Ja-nee my vriende, just look what our National Party has done to South Africa. Since we took over the flabby remains of a third-rate British colony in 1948, we have achieved wonderful things in this country. Firstly, we have created a new concept in parliamentary representation. O ja! All the parties in Parliament are now allowed to nominate members to the House without all the boring nonsense of elections. And nobody seems to mind. So democracy se moer.

As I was saying only the other evening to the French ambassador as we were watching a rerun of *Caligula* in Sissie Groenewalt's garage. I said, now that all our white men are under the jurisdiction of the army, why doesn't the army take over properly, like in Argentina? Then at least we can go to church on Sundays without feeling so guilty. Although I must say, the thought of Vause Raw and Dr Connie Mulder in tight uniforms is nearly too much to bear. Maybe they are our perfect weapon against the total onslaught, of hoe, Magnus? And then they call us Nationalists fat cats in Parliament?

Nou ja, what else have we created besides Cliff Saunders? We have created the great homelands of South Africa: Venda, Ciskei, Transkei, the Free State and of course all those little pieces of... of Bop ... Bap ... bohoph bo toemaar toemaar. Have you ever heard Sol Kerzner say it properly? We have created Sun City. We have electrified Soweto and we've launched the President's Council. Another millstone has been reached. As my husband has always said: 'You can lead a horse to water, but what do you do if it starts floating on its back?'

My husband sends his regrets for not being here this evening on this suspicious occasion, but I did receive a very nice postcard from Taiwan. Hasie is there to launch a new submarine for our navy: the SAS Sub-judice. (*She looks at card*) It looks like a lovely picture of our new State Theatre in Pretoria .. (*She reads*) ... the Taipei Houdang Parking Garage. All these concrete blocks tend to look so alike.

I can tell you now a state secret. You know that our good friend Dennis Worrall has now been made our ambassador to Australia? And there is talk that Hennie Smit might become our ambassador to the Seychelles ...? Hoekom lag julle? Ons het iemand nodig daar wat kan flink-dink. I have been appointed as South Africa's ambassador to the homeland of Kan'gwane. That was on Monday. On Tuesday they took Kan'gwane away from me and gave it to Swaziland, but gave me inKwa'vuma instead. Thanks for nothing.

On Wednesday they took Kan'gwane back from Swaziland and gave inKwa'vuma to KwaZulu en nou sit ek met niks. Ala wêreld! Siesa Piet, waar is my tuisland? I also want a casino for legal gambling. But then we've always known that the language of the gambler is English. How does one translate the word crap table into Afrikaans? And blackjack? In Afrikaans it sounds like a garden boy.

That is the second blow I have had this week. Then my husband telephoned me from Taiwan, collect, to tell me that the rand has fallen badly against the dollar and the Swiss franc. Maar toe sê ek vir hom: 'Hasie moenie so bekommerd wees nie. Our finances are in the hands of dear Senator Owen Horwood.' And we in the National Party all know how Senator Horwood makes his money. Like any other Horwood. As the minister of finance has pointed out: live within your income, even if you have to borrow to do so.

Nou ja, van die os op die Nat kombers, soos ons so graag sê. Our glorious Boere Republiek has survived for 21 years, in spite of all the odds: the Donald Woodses, the Breyten Breytenbachs, the Joe Slovos, the Peter Hains, the Neil Agates, the Bikos, the Mandelas, the Sisulus, the Sobukwes, the Tutus – the blacklist is endless. As Ian Smith once said: 'There is no reason why we whites shouldn't remain ruling here for at

least another thousand years.' Of course, in our case, God and the Bothas willing. Dus, dames en here, en die ander 20 persent vir 'n groot Christelike toekoms, dink Nasionaal en hou Lady Chatterley kaal!

(SOUND: 'Don't cry for me' intro music for her exit behind the screen where PDU starts taking off clothes, gloves, dress and reappears as Nowell Fine, the sexy blonde kugel.)

NOWELL FINE: Howzit dolls? I'm so fed up. Listen, I went to see this *Adapt or Dye?* Satire-schmatire. If I see another kugel on the stage, I'll platz, I swear to God. Just all too much for a white woman. I managed to get to my hairdresser this morning. I've got a fantastic new hairdresser in The Firs, right next to my gynie. Let me tell you: he frizzed my hair, freaked me out, blew my mind and ripped me off, all for under R40. An absolute bargain, hey? So here I am, the Dolly Parton of Kugeletu!

Listen, I'm so glad you could pop in your tax-deductible contributions to our 'Help the poor suppressed blacks' charity, of which I am the chairperson. Yes? No, well okay fine... Listen, have some Perrier while I have an urgent word with my garden boy. Oh and while you wait, just glance at those reports on the way this government causes malnutrition in the homelands. My dear, it's enough to make you throw up your caviar!

(She calls) Nimrod? Now where's the black so-and-so. Garden boys? 'Pastoral plurals' – they're so unreliable. Typical, hey? They squat all over South Africa and when you offer them a decent job, all you get is damn cheek. *(She calls again)* Nimrod? Madam's calling! *(She sees him)* Oh there you are! No man sis Nimrod, don't give Madam such a fright. So now tell me: did you weed the lawn? You wed the lawn. Did you polish the oak tree? Scrub the patio? Clean my Mercedes and the master's Audi? Even the maid's little shopping Honda? 'Yes-Madam-no-Madam-yes-Madam!' Oh Nimrod, don't be so submissive ... Madam won't beat you ... Madam will kill you with kindness. There now, Nimrod, off your knees ... and remember, boy, your Madam is a liberal.

Shame, one has to be so careful, so patient. After what this terrible government puts them through: pass books, laws, Soweto, separate

development, apartheid! It never ends! Look, I'm all for integration. I don't mind living next to blacks, I swear to God. Although on second thoughts, this area is so expensive, I doubt if any kaffir could afford to live here. Careful ... I don't want to talk in front of the Schwartze.

(She sees him) So what's it now, Nimrod? No, Nimrod, get off your knees. Stand erect and show your manhood! *(He does: she reacts)* No, Nimrod, put it away. That's a very naughty thing to do, hey? Naughty native! *(She looks)* Outstanding. So what's it now? You're hungry? Nimrod yum-yums? Ag shame, Cookie's watching TV2 and 3 and no one fed you. Don't worry, Nimrod, Madam will see to

everything. *(She calls)* Salieri? Leave something on the plate for Nimrod, there's a good Afghan. OK, Nimrod. Now don't dawdle over your Epol, or Madam will be very crossy-crossy.

Adapt or die? God knows we try. You know my husband and I are absolutely crazy about South Africa, I swear to God. But now that we've got all our money out, we might as well emigrate. I mean, there are two things we just can't stand about South Africa: apartheid and the blacks. OK bye dolls! Let's go to Maseru some time. I believe they've got a lovely live-sex show on the go called 'The Postman Always Comes Twice!' *(She calls)* OK Nimrod, Madam's ready. So now listen, Nimrod. Today Madam is Queen Elizabeth of England and you are a virile young naked intruder in my bedroom. Now no rough black hands on Madam's fair white skin today. I know yesterday we played Zimbabwe-Zimbabwe,



PDU as Nowell Fine

so that was OK, but today Madam is a true queen, so please wear your nice white Gucci gloves at all times.

OK, so listen? I'm going to hide in the Jacuzzi. Close your eyes and count till ten ... if you can. And Nimrod? If you peep or don't do exactly as I say, I'll report you directly to the police. You'll be in a bus on your way back to the Transkei before you can say Steve Biko. (*She gives a deep sigh of relief*) Thank God for The System.

(BLACKOUT)

(*Behind the screen PDU takes off wig, earrings, necklace, eyelashes.*)

PDU: As we say in Cape Town: As my pa my nou so sien, dan kry hy 'n bleddie stroke op die plek! But you see, politics might be a pleasure, but believe me, at times it can be a hell of a drag. This *Adapt or Dye* wasn't meant to be a revue. Originally when they announced the general election last year, I decided to stand as an independent candidate in the Johannesburg suburb of Westdene opposite Pik Botha. And then I suddenly thought: what would happen to Pik Botha if I won? So I came back to the theatre instead.

It started in Durban on the first of April 1981 and now we're in August 1982. We started as a late-night show, knowing that the Broederbond and the Kappie Kommando went to bed at nine, and can you believe it, two weeks ago Minister Piet Koornhof came to see the show and sat in that seat having paid for it. Maybe it's time to stop; I might be on the coins soon.

It's been wonderful doing this show during the last 18 months. It's been very difficult to tell you more about it, because in all fairness I should ask for a truly objective view.

(*SOUND: SABC news intro music*)

(*PDU adds wig and glasses for impression of familiar Afrikaans newsreader; also his staccato vocal rhythm.*)

THE TV NEWSREADER: Goeienaand.

Adapt or Dye, die kamstige revue van Pieter-Dirk Uys vier sy 270ste opvoering in the Markteater Johannesburg. *Adapt or Dye* het in April 1981 begin as 'n verkiesingskonsert en het sederdien oor die hele Suid-Afrika gespeel, in albei tale en albei geslagte en voor 'n honderd duisend mense.

Onder die teikens in ons politiek, was die geagte Ministers van Binne-landse Sake, Buitelandse Sake, Samewerking en Ontwikkeling, Verdediging, Mannekrag, Pos en Telegraafwese, Mineraalsake, Energie, Polisie, Justisie, Onderwys, Waterwese, Bosbou en ander geliefde poep-holle wat nie hiergenoem is nie. Volgens Pieter-Dirk Uys is sy materiaal so eensydig, weens die feit dat die Progge in die afgelope tyd niks opspraakwekkends gesê het nie. Hy het dus nie Helen Suzman se onlangse telefoongesprekke uit Moskou geluister nie.

Pieter-Dirk Uys het min hare en 'n bra vrotterige kennis van rugby. Hy word blykbaar beskerm deur die linkgesinde vermoë om vir onself te lag, maar waarlik hier by die SAUK is dit onmoontlik om vir onself te lag en buitendien wat is snaaks?

Ons visuele politieke kommentaar vanaand is vervaardig deur Ster-Kinekor. En nou krieket. In Engels. Goeie nag.

(BLACKOUT)

(*Behind the screen: PDU takes off wig and glasses.*)

PDU: Let's just say that during the last few months I have been doing a lot of travelling with my aunt. Evita Bezuidenhout and I did a world tour of South Africa in our ossewa, from Durban to Johannesburg, Cape Town, Stellenbosch, Bloemfontein (twice!), Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown and George. The 2009th performance was in George. We did invite Him, but that voice chose to remain in the Wilderness instead. In Cape Town two cabinet ministers came to see the show and were very upset because their names were not mentioned.

When I was in Johannesburg up in Hillbrow a lady waited for me in the

foyer one night and said in Nowell Fine's accent: 'Listen, I don't know why you do that white liberal woman, because I don't know anybody who talks like that, I swear to God!' In Bloemfontein we did give a matinee on a Wednesday afternoon so that the Kappie Kommando could come, and after the matinee, a boere oomie was waiting for me in the car park and he said: 'My magtig maar daardie Bezuidenhout vrou praat 'n klomp kak, maar hel sy't mooi bene!'

I must say during the last few months I've had a tremendous amount of competition. There has been better satire in South Africa – very pertinent, quite shocking and in many cases, more entertaining. I refer to the productions in Parliament's national assembly hall in Cape Town with that star-studded production of *Much ado about Nothing* with Vause Raw as himself, as well as a lunchtime production of *Julius Caesar* with FW de Klerk as Marc Anthony and with Ferdi Hartzenberg and Andries Treurnicht alternating as Brutus.

Julius Caesar himself was heard to say on many occasions: (*As PW*) 'E tu Andries? E tu?' Since then Dr Treurnicht has left that production to star in his own one-man show, but more about him at a later stage.

It's been invigorating being the life and soul of a political satire, although I think political satire in South Africa died the day they awarded Dr Piet Koornhof the Freedom of Soweto. Let's just say it's been exhausting trying to keep up with the Bothas. Because every time I think I have something original for this show, I find out they did it the day before. In fact I had a number all worked out called 'Bokkie Ons gaan Seychelles Toe' and then they tell me I have to do that one in camera. So let's just say that everything in this show has been done before in real life. The nice thing is: at least here we can still adapt.

(*SOUND: Solemn music as PDU adds the costume for Minister Piet Koornhof.*)

About a year before the outbreak of the French Revolution, with hordes of hungry angry people milling around Paris in search of answers, the rulers were gathered in their fortified Palace of Versailles, sipping wine

and playing cards. The king and queen heard of the mob anger and were concerned, as Christian leaders usually are. The queen compassionately declared: 'If they don't have bread, give them cake.' Two years later those very people took off her head at the guillotine.

(PDU adds the Piet Koornhof mask.)

PIET KOORNHOF: Thank you very much. I'm very pleased to be here ... and I would like to state here most categorically ... and I would like to repeat that with conviction ... and state here most categorically ... that in my Department of Cooperation and Development we have said: if they don't have bread, give them cake. No, thank you and I'm very glad you asked that question ... I'll come to Soweto in a minute ... but I'm very happy to announce that we have decided to furnish the public with a whole new selection of cake and I am happy to have three bona fide examples of the cake to show you here tonight:

(Holds up three editions of the Afrikaans photo magazine KYK.)

Thank you very much ... I'm glad you asked that question; I'll come to the Crossroads squatter camp in a moment.

(Holds up KYK 1.)

The *KYK* I have here in my hand has got a thousand uses, because because because if you hold it up like this ... you've got a roof over your head. But that's not all! Now take another *KYK* at a 90-degree angle like this, and secondly another *Kyk* at a 90-degree angle like that ...

(He demonstrates with two KYKs.)

... and thirdly another *Kyk* in the air, you've got yourself a very nice little house, but that's not all that's not all ... I'm very glad you asked that question; I'll come to pass books in a minute ... we have decided to furnish the black people of South Africa with selections of *KYK* ... Now this next *KYK* here has got a lot to do with the new constipation of South African states.

(Holds up KYK 2.)

You might recall our prime minister talking about the new new new South Africa last week ... I don't want to repeat it here because we've all



PDU as Piet Koornhof

heard it before, but but but if you take this *KYK* ... take this *KYK* and open it to page 17, you will see:

A) take Kan'gwane and give it to Swaziland.

B) take Kan'gwane from Swaziland and give it to KwaZulu!

C) have a cupcake and call it Lesotho

D) start the process all over again as E) F) G) etc etc etc so that by this time, everybody else is so damn confused that you can take the whole of Natal and move it up to the Limpopo.

Thank you thank you ... wait a minute, I'm very glad you asked that question about Soweto. Just chuck it out! Now you move down and take Pretoria ... the whole of Pretoria ... and put it safely in the

middle of the Free State and call it our capital. OK? OK? OK? No fine! Now go further down ... don't worry don't worry about Namibia on page 28 that's too late. Just go down straight to the Cape ... don't worry about the squatters ... go to Cape Town and see Robben Island? Pull the plug and let the bleddie thing go down ... thank you very much ... no, wait a minute. I'm very glad you asked that question, Mr Saunders, I'll see you in the bar afterwards.

(Holds up KYK 3.)

The third *KYK* is in fact a bona fide piece of cake, because it has been printed on high-protein paper and all the inks is nutritious and delicious, so that any malnutritious little black baby that sucks at a page of this *KYK* will get all the vitamins and roughage it needs to be a happy little black baby and shortly we can assure all and pensioners

and old people of a very nice diet for less than R20 a month but that's not all ... thank you very much, I'm very glad you asked that question of who's going to pay for it. I don't have the answer yet, but what I can say here most categorically and repeat it with conviction: we have always said we have always said if they don't have bread, give them cake, but but but now they all can have their *KYK* and eat it! Thank you very much ... apartheid are dead!

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: Ja, and he's one of the nice ones ... by the way, do you know why they changed the name of the department from 'Plural Relations' to Cooperation and Development? After voluptuous-lipped Minister Connie Mulder resigned and left the cabinet, there was no one who could say the word properly: PPPPPPlural!

(Becomes aware of the small cactus in pot with aerial.)

Testing testing ... is there a bugger in the house? Korporaal Hattingh? Sersant van der Walt? Cliff Saunders? Sersant Swart, is jy hier?

(Sersant Swart is a voiceover.)

SWART (VOICEOVER): Ja Meneer Uys natuurlik is ek hier. Listen man, I wish you'd speak slower. My shorthand isn't so good.

PDU: Well, you'd better catch up, because this show is 90 minutes long and there's no interval.

SWART: Ninety minutes? No interval? Hell, I better go quick.

PDU: For a tape recorder?

SWART: No man, to the toilet. Listen, why don't you do something that is based on known facts, man. Something safe?

PDU: What's safe? Something on the SABC?

SWART: No man, try Jan van Riebeeck.

PDU: 1652? The father of the nation? That's safe!

(SOUND: 'Jan Pierewiet' as PDU changes into Jan van Riebeeck: he keeps on white shirt and adds long curly Louis XIV wig, black hat with orange white and blue feathers, small moustache and walking stick.)

JAN VAN RIEBEECK WITH HIS DUTCH ACCENT: Voertsek! Gaat weg van mijn mooi hoed, zeemeeu.

Verdompt! Wat een verlate plek is dit hier aan de Zuidpunt van Afrika! Hierdie Kaap van Storms. Hierdie Kaap de Goede Hoop! Daar is geen toekoms hier vir een wit man met een groote kultuur-agtergrond soos ik.

Hier staat ik voor julle, ik, Jan van Riebeeck, met mijn drie skepe in de Baai – de Drommedaris, de Rijger en de Goede Hoop, mijn drie Volkswagens van de Hooge

Zee. Daar word van my verwagt dat ik hier een verversings-stasie moet aankweek voor de Vloot. Wat dink hulle is ik dan? De Kolonel Saunders van de VOC?

Dit gaat eenvoudig niet. Dit gaat niet! Hier is te veel Zuid-oostewind. Hier is te veel wilde dieren, te veel zeemeeus. En wat is nog meer, hier aan de Kaap is een geweldige problem hoor. Ja, jullie moet tog niet vir mijn vrou Maria vertel. Ik zal dit ook niet in mijn dagboek skjif, maar hier aan de Kaap is daar glad te veel meiden. Meiden! Met de groot gaping tussen de tanden! Ik het alreeds voor mijn vrou Maria gesegt: 'Ons moet hierdie plek noem Maitland!'

De ander dag loop ik ewe kordaat hier aan de Heerengracht en daar staat een van hierdie meiden en zy fluit voor my – deur de gaping tussen de tanden. Zy segte: 'Myn Heer ...?' (Zy kente toe noch niet de woord Baas) Zy segte: (*In the Cape Coloured accent*) 'Hey Meneer, kom saam met my. Ek gat vi' Meneer 'n baie lekker tyd gee, nè? En alles net vir een gulder.'

'Een gulder? Te duur, te duur, te duur!'

'Nay Meneer, ek doen iets special! Ek het die Spanish Influence!'

De Spaanse Invloed? Ik dog toe dit zal mijn land Holland help in de



PDU as Van Riebeeck

oorlog tegen Spanje. Ik het toe met haar gegaan – vir patriotiese redes alleenlik, Pastoor Treurnicht vergeef mij. En de volgende oggend word ik wakker en ik geef haar de een gulder en ek seg voor haar:

‘Siena? Maar waar is dan hierdie Spaanse Invloed?’

‘My Spanish Influence? O Here Sewentien, Master, I forgot! Ole!’

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: That was safe. That was also over 300 years ago. That was all right as long as we were making the coloured people. But now that they are making themselves, that’s where the problem lies.

(SOUND: Cape Minstrel Carnival music: ‘Ai ai ai dis ’n nuwe jaar’ as PDU adds minstrel costume in orange, white & blue, and a doek round the head. He is getting ready for the New Year parade in Cape Town.)

CAPE MINSTREL TROOPIE: Hey? You smaak my costume? Windgat nè? Borrowed from the SABC wardrobe department. No, the TV cameras are here to do a documentary of us Cape Coloured people and our contribution the heritage of the Cape. Wha la!

A joke: cabinet reshufflement: good news and bad news. They took Minister Lapa Munnik from Pensions, ja, he said pensioners can survive on R20 a month. They gave him Posts and Telegraph. They know that it’s so buggered up, he can’t make it worse. Now the bad news: R20 for a telegram.

They’ve decided to form a department for giving names to things and places. They decided to give a name to that little no-name camp near Nyanga on the Cape Flats where the squatters are. They decided to call it Quo Vadis. That’s Latin for Soweto.

Technically I am also a refugee here in Cape Town behind the Grape Curtain. I come from the township there by Graaff-Reinet. Ja, my whole family comes from there; Karoo boere all! Ja, that’s where I got this scar. We were playing soccer one Sunday and a kid pushed me up against some barbed wire. Even then there was always a lot of barbed

wire near to where my grannie used to live. She was already dead a year. The move killed her, they said, the move out of the town. My grannie used to live in that beautiful house where only white people now live. Ja, *Panorama* magazine came to take pictures. I still got them. High ceilings, big windows, wooden floors and a stoepie that curls three parts round the house. Ja, my grannie lived there till she was old, and then she was forced to move. Group Areas Act. Ja, I'm sure you've heard of it.

Nay, sy was nie siek nie, ek wiet nie, my ma doesn't want to talk about it anymore. She says: Ag los dit uit; let bygones be bygones. But my grannie had some beautiful things in that house. A big stinkwood table that could seat six people and a green velvet sofa. And an organ ... it's true – an organ in the lounge. Ja, the church got the organ. For the white weddings. My sisters liked to check out the weddings.

Ja well anyway, ou grannie was eventually told to leave her house and move into this new little township house – two rooms, no electricity, no water, no garden. A bucket toilet outside with no door. Anyway, the authorities told grannie she'd get all the decent facilities one day, but she went and died before she could. Shame man, none of her beautiful things would even fit into this little house – not the stinkwood table, not the chest of drawers, not even the bed my mother was born in. Nay man, net so 'n stoeltjie hier en 'n tafeltjie daar.

Anyway the white people in the town ... you know, grannie's neighbours and friends from the old days? They said they'd store her beautiful stuff and grannie was so pleased that she could leave all her nice things there, till she could fit them into her new little house. Somehow. And then grannie went and died. We don't even know who's got all her stuff. Listen man, you can't go around Graaff-Reinet nowadays knocking on the white man's door saying: 'Ekskuus tog Master, maar ek dink daardie stinkwood tafel behoort aan onse dooie Grênnny. Kan ons dit asseblief terugkry?' Never, where! You knock on the white man's door today, he shoots you before he says hello!

Ja, we still live in that little house. Actually I'm married now, so it's just my ma and my little sister. There is still a tree in the front and not too much dust. Actually my wife and me live here in the Cape. A nice little

place there by Mitchell's Plain. I'm busy fixing up the storage room, then my ma can come from the Karoo for a holiday here by the sea. Maybe we can do that when I get back. No man, I've got to go up to the border to do some fighting.

You look surprised, hey? You didn't know there was coloureds in the army also fighting on the border? Ja man, there's no colour bar in desperation! But how can you say I'm bitter? I'm not bitter; I'm happy. Hêppy New Year Master! You people sit in the President's Council and Parliament and make us promises of change. Ja, OK. But I must say, every time I pass that beautiful house in Graaff-Reinet with the high ceilings, the big windows, the wooden floors – and the stoepie that curls three parts round the house? And I think of my old grannie sitting by candlelight and crying for her lost life? I can't help but hate, just a little ...

(SOUND: Repeat intro music into BLACKOUT.)

PDU: When we eventually get a chance to just think about our beloved South Africa, our beleaguered Suid-Afrika, our enigmatic Azania, what is the picture that comes to mind? Is it that glossy postcard of the sun setting over Table Mountain? Or is it the image of South Africa as one of world's last great bastions of Christian democracy as perpetuated by the SABC? Or is it that illusive paradise of braaivleis-rugby-sunny-skies-and-Chevrolet? And then do we allow ourselves to remember a Steve Biko, an Albert Luthuli, a Breytenbach and a Smit? I know we've all been warned that the swart gevaar would one day come and destroy our society. But no one told us that the gevaar could also come from a Jan Swart, a Sarel Swart and ... Sersant Swart?

(No reaction from Sersant Swart.)

Well, 40 years ago England and America were fighting Japan and Germany to the death. Now they're all great friends. I suppose here the impossible is also possible. Over 20 million of them and under four million of us? Ag, never mind, that's politics. Let's leave politics to the politicians. At least they do it for a living.

(Behind the screen: PDU starts putting Pik Botha's costume on.)

By the way, have you noticed how many actors have been going into politics lately? There's old Ronald Reagan running America. And Jane Fonda running everywhere else. Elizabeth Taylor was known to dabble in the US Senate before she found her Little Foxes. Melina Mercouri is now culture minister in Greece. The Pope himself had a play on in the West End of London only a few months ago.

(PDU adds the Pik Botha moustache.)

So I'd like to introduce you to another politician with his roots very firmly in the theatre. In his youth he used to carry spears in National Theatre productions. He now throws those spears at National Party spectacles. Of course I refer to none other than ons eie Roelof F Botha, also known as 'Pik' to the matinee audiences. You might have seen him on TV recently in his one-man show *Raging Bull*, and who knows, next week he might be starring in *Bridge over the River Kunene*. But tonight, in a deserted Houses of Parliament, one solitary light still glows.

(SOUND: Fanfare.)

VOICEOVER: My Lord Hamlet? My Lord Hamlet? Are you within? Are you still in the house canteen?

(PDU adds a short black wig. He looks like Hamlet.)

PIK BOTHA AS HAMLET: To be or not to be in Namibia, that is the question.

Whether it is nobler in the mind
to suffer the slings and arrows of international outrage,
or to take arms against a sea of troubles
and by opposing them, end them?



PDU as Pik Botha

To die? To sleep
 – nooit, no way
 and by a sleep to say we end the
 heartache
 and the thousand natural shocks
 that our flesh is heir to?
 Ja-nee, 'tis a consumption
 devoutly to be wished;
 to die, to sleep
 to sleep, perchance to dream of a
 white homeland?
 Ja-nee, there's the rub.
 For in that sleep of death what
 dreams may come ...?
 There's the aspect that makes a
 calamity of so long a career!
 For who else will bear the whips
 and scorns of time?
 The oppressor's wrong; the law's
 delay?

The insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the
 unworthy takes?

Who hey?

PW Botha with his 'adapt or die'?

Piet Koornhof with his 'apartheid are dead'?

La Grange with his 'shoot to kill'?

Treurnicht with his Mona Lisa smile?

The other Bothas and Bothalezis?

Nelson Mandela in his room without a view?

No, my friends: me! Moi!

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

(He looks at a Time magazine with Tutu on cover)

Tutu? Tutu!

O that this too too solid flesh would melt

This *Time* is out of joint!

(He produces a skull.)

Alas, poor Balthazar, I knew Vorster well

a fellow of most infinite jest

(He gets rid of skull.)

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable

seem to me all the uses of this word 'nationalist'.

It is not good, nor it cannot come to good.

All is not well, I doubt some foul play.

Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right.

To be honest, as the world goes, is to be one man 'pikked' out of ten thousand.

(He picks up a Rand Daily Mail with headlines.)

Oh? 'What a rogue and peasant slave am I'?

(He tears paper up.)

Words ... words ... words.

Let them be well-used,

for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.

But magtig: 'rogue' and 'peasant slave'?

I am pigeon livered and lack the gall to make oppression bitter.

Come back, Jimmy Kruger, all is forgiven.

Ja-wat, I'm afraid we must be cruel to be kind.

(He reads from a National Party poster.)

'Vote Nationalist, now more than ever'?

I suppose, the play's the thing.

(SOUND: Choir music softly under voice.)

Good night sweet democracy,

and flights of weeping angels sing thee to thy rest ...

(SOUND: Choir music to climax.)

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: Ja-nee ou Roelof F Botha. Wonder what the F stands for? Did you see the newspaper today? A survey came out about why so many white South African men have skew mouths? It's because when they pass the maid in the kitchen, they say 'see you in the garage'. Sersant Swart? Is jy al terug?

(Behind the screen: PDU starts getting into the costume of Kappie Tannie, adds black kaftan and antique glasses.)

SWART (VOICEOVER): Ja, Meneer Uys. Toemaar, ek het alles op band. You're already in a hell of a lot of trouble, hey. Making fun of senior cabinet ministers is maybe okay, but that Broederbond joke can get you slashed tyres on your car. And hey, don't mention the Zulus! They'll somaar burn down the theatre. Why don't you tell them dirty stories? They're so used to local smut, they won't know the difference. Or tell them a nice Lapa Munnik joke!

PDU: That will cost you R20!

SWART: Ja. Okay, I just want to phone my superiors to book you a single room to cool off in. Hey? I'll be taping you, so don't get too bleddie smart. *Adapt or Dye?* What a bleddie stupid name for a concert.

PDU: Well, it's not quite original you know, Sersant Swart. Our own prime minister coined the phrase quite recently, when he said to South Africans: adapt or die. Of course he was only joking. Sersant Swart? Vorentoe!

(SOUND: Music: 'Sarie Marais' as PDU adds black Voortrekker kappie.)

TANNIE KAPPIE: O wee O wee O wee!

Ek dra swart want ek rou.

Ek rou vir my land en my volk.

Ek ween.

Ek kners op my kunsgebit.

Ek skeur my bloomers.

Ek dra swart, want wit pleeg selfmoord!



PDU as Tannie Kappie

My land het 'n hoer geword en sy
lê en hyg onder die eerste vyand
met sy liberalism en leuens. My
land is 'n slet. My land is 'n
ongehude moeder.
O wee O wee O wee.

(Dramatic pause)

Dit staan geskrywe: hy wat nie by
sy eie bly en deur sy eie voortleef
nie; hy sal vergaan. Dit staan
geskryf op die mure van die dames
toilet in die Uniegebou. In die
mans toilet van die Voortrekker
Monument staan uitgekerf: wit en
swart sal nooit bymekaar kom,
behalwe in sonde en lus! Daardie
Kilroy het geweet waarvan hy

skryf! Dit kan gelees word in die modder van Bapsfontein en die
sandtjies van Hartbeespoort: jy moet jou naaste liefhê soos jouself,
maar 'n kaffer bly maar 'n kaffer!

Die Engelse is ons aartsvyande. Die Katolieke is die anti-Chris. Die
Jode is almal diewe.

Die Liberale stink. Die Verligtes stink nog meer. Maar die huidige
Nasionale Party ruik soos 'n verlate nagwa in die son!

O wee die seun van Afrikanerdom wat sy erfenis bevuil en hom aan on-
natuurlike en vieslike sondes skuldig maak, soos integrasie op die
stasie, of saamdans? Hy vat 'n kans, want die Kommando het sy adres!
Dit staan geskrywe in Tannie Sannie de Villiers se Croxley Fineline
Notebook dat die Afrikaner die uitverkore volk is, en alleen deur ons
sal die waarheid voortleef.

O wee hom wat sy rug draai op die graniet van die Gebod om onheil-
saamhede te pleeg met die waterdraers en die houtkappers. Wee die

man wat sy hand uithou na 'n swarte. Sy vingers sal afvrot en sy maag sal liederlik werk vir 'n jaar!

En kyk? Waar is hulle wat ons erfenis so verraaï het? Waar is die groot leiers van weleer? Waar? In skandaal vertrap, die een op die ander. Staan op teen die wette van apartheid en julle sal ook afkak!

(SOUND: Another one bites the dust' – she starts dancing.)

Klap hande vir die witman! Toe kom!

Come now! Let's give all the whites our clap!

(SOUND: Music and dance in a frenzy.)

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: Well, somebody was right about one thing at least: black is beautiful. By the way, my kappie was made for me by couturier Chris Levin, in case there are some tannies in the audience who want to ring him tomorrow? Black might be beautiful, but white still makes the rules.

So I would like to use this opportunity of thanking all the politicians and their parties, without whom I would have had nothing to say in the last 18 months. I have had the best scriptwriters in the world! They have given me so much new material every day that I can keep on adapting and just never die. Although let's face it, with gag writers like Lapa Munnik no one will starve. At least I don't have to pay taxes any more. I just pay royalties.

So let me take you now to another one-man show playing to full houses all over the country with tremendous publicity in all the newspapers. A one-man show with a great future in South Africa, very simply entitled: *The Importance of being Andries*.

(SOUND: Organ music as PDU adds dark glasses and a high black top hat. He holds a biblical book – the dominee from hell.)

ANDRIES TREURNICHT: Broeders en susters van die Konserwatiewe
Gemeentes in ons land

Gee nou vir mekaar die regter hand en onthou dit: ons bly wit.

Laat ons bieg en hiermee verklaar;

O Suid-Afrika moenie huil nie, moenie Treurnicht.

(He turns page violently.)

Ek is AP van die KP with support from near and far,

Nou's ek leier van die eier,

Die Konserwatiewe Party van RSA.

Broeders en Susters ...

(He turns page violently.)

Give the blacks a home for plurals,

Connie Mulder's weer in die saal,

Kom hang saam lekker aan sy lippe,

And give us whites the whole Transvaal.

Friends ...

(He turns page violently.)

Who said losers can't be winners?

Look around us and you'll see,

Every has-been in the business;

I even expect Nixon to join me.

O Suid-Afrika moenie huil nie, moenie Treurnicht.

(He turns page violently.)

Welcome back to Jimmy Kruger!

There are many in his mould.

Warm him up with praise and flattery,

Before it all leaves him stone cold.

Gee hom vir ons!

(He turns page violently.)

So kom na my met gebed en kettings,

Stuur jul geld en hulp en krag,

Ons sal staan soos gloeiende vaandels

in PW Botha se swart nag!

(He turns page violently.)

Like right-wing maggots from a carcass,
see them ooze from near and far,
saam met AP van die KP,
Die toekomstige leier van Wit RSA!
In die naam van apartheid en verkramptheid en die boere gees.
Amen.

(He snaps book closed violently.)

(BLACKOUT)

VOICEOVER: And now let us join Barbara Woodhouse and ‘Training Progs the Woodhouse Way’!

(SOUND: Piano music intro as PDU adds skirt, cardigan, blonde wig, glasses, sensible shoes and basket. Two small and one big toy dog on chains are on the chair.)

BARBARA WOODHOUSE: Right, settle down now. We don’t have much time and there’s an awful lot to learn.

There you are darling, you sit there ... Sit! Stay! ... good, and you sit there. Sit! Stay! Oh dear, you’ve still got something to learn, my dear ... lovely boy, sweet boy, we’ll get you right, won’t we?

(She is nipped by the dog.)

Oh no, we don’t do that, do we? Do we? Naughty boy! Bad bad bad bad as a brown patch in a pear! There. We’ll soon put a stop to that.

Oh yes, my way of training Progs puts a stop to a wide variety of things – partaking on international rugby tours for a start. We must attempt to get the owner right for the Prog and not vice versa. Mustn’t we, darling? Yes, good little Prog. And poo in the garden and not on the Jaguar’s front seat, good little Prog. So if you all cooperate and do exactly as I say, you too can have a nice obedient Prog ... and just think how nice everything will be? Federal development instead of provincial apartheid. A huge step forward. Right.

My method of training Progs is a very quick one. I meet them on a



PDU as Barbara Woodhouse

Monday and by Wednesday they're refusing to sit on the President's Council. It doesn't take six months to instil a sense of boycott in a little Prog – it's almost immediate if you do what I say. Just remember – there is no such thing as a bad Prog unless mental – but you know, I don't think we've got any of the mad ones left. They were put down rather smartly – so do exactly what I say and, very important, enjoy yourself! A Prog needs that right – or should I say, left – tone of voice, correct hand signals etc to make him happy.

To train a Prog my way you must have the right equipment – no sir, that is not what I meant – and to illustrate to those of you who quite

incorrectly have your hands deep in your pockets, I'm going to show you some of the wrong equipment people have been using on their Progs. (*Takes a variety of objects out of her basket*) A Nat party-sticker? This sticker is a no-no. Wrong! Out! Poo! Cack! It will confuse your Prog terribly and before you know it, he will be doing just that. (*A jewelled collar*)

Now this might be painful for some, but such ostentation is also not advised. No wonder our Progs get quite an unfortunate reputation if we flash the carats. No point in collecting money for the starving brats in KwaZulu with a bit of Liz Taylor round your Prog's neck. It'll be a small sacrifice, I am sure. And when you are at home you can wear it all day. I mean your little furry friend, not you! Not unless you go in for things like that? Meet me in the car park. I've got quite a few fancy tricks to show you. Jolly good.

Now if you're going to use a collar when taking your Proggie for a walkie, this chockchain by Anglo-American can do no harm whatsoever – not in the least ostentatious, and I'll show you on my bare arm that there is no pain attached to wearing these at all. There, a nice loud click and a jerk! (*She screams*) Poo! There, didn't hurt at all. Anyway, this will keep your Prog from becoming adventurous and doing bad and silly things, like having hoolies with animals not of his class.

Remember, class. Class! All my Progs have class. You don't need much training to have class. You've either got it, or you haven't – and we've got it! Haven't we, little dears? (*Strokes a doggie*) Ah yes, this bushy-tailed little mite is called Frederick ... nice hairy back ... the little rock on whom we all build our hopes ... and this rather dozy little thing is Dave, a great one for dilly-Dalling around. Unfortunately, Helen the Great Dane can't be with us tonight, but I've got quite a few others at home. Harry – he's the Swartz one! Alex, the little Boraine terrier, and of course Molly and Monty, my two performing Progs – and then there's good old Marius, the St Barnard.

Wake up darling, no sleepies on the jobbies. (*Clicks*) Ah, many little Progs get all brave when they hear the click and I give them a few good jerks – jerk 'em and love 'em, that's my motto. Always praise them by scratching their chest. Never rub; you can go blind when you do that! And say 'What a good girl' or whatever may be the case. (*She looks*) Ah, what a good boy! That makes them happy.

Now watch: here comes Frederick – jerk! – look at his tongue wagging – jerk! – now sit! Sit! Very good boy. (*She is nipped*) Ow! We can do without too much affection on parade. Sit, little shit and stay! You mustn't use too much strength on a small Prog. Look what it did to my little Eglin spaniel.

Hello little Dave? Don't be nervous. Well, if he's nervous, I'll just jerk him all the harder, because curiously, hard jerks help. Heel! Bit nervous this little Dave, just can't make up his mind. (*Waves away mites*) Oh, no wonder, it's those damn gnats ... go away ... soon put a stop to that. (*Takes out anti-Nat spray and sprays*) I always say, once the damn Nats start hovering, it's time to stop and retrench.

Just a final thing. I've been asked to recommend the best food for small Progs. Well, naturally I recommend the NRP's Vause Progfood. Comes in handy containers and you can feed your Prog Vause – raw or cooked. Then of course another great favourite, especially in the Transvaal, is good old boere-Vause. That comes in HNP cans, or just in plain bags.

Well, that's all for now. Remember what I said and take this thought home with you: you can teach a Prog tricks, but if you can get him to swim with the tide, you've really got something. Cheerio.

(SOUND: She exits behind screen to piano music.)

PDU: What extraordinary women will Great Britain gives us next, pray? From a Lady Di to a Mrs Woodhouse to a Mrs Thatcher? Now why didn't Mrs Thatcher send Mrs Woodhouse to the Falkland Islands? She would have had them out on walkies in no time at all. Do you notice I use an awful lot of Wet Ones to take off the make-up? Even that is very political, because that is what Maggie Thatcher calls her cabinet ministers. The Wets! Come to think of it, that's what PW Botha also calls his ministers. Nattes!

Right, on to something a little more serious, maybe even a little more profound, and I can promise you, lots more local. In 1948 the National Party inherited South Africa and they've been ruling it with a rod of droëwors ever since. For 34 years to be exact. I've been alive for 37 years, so the Nationalist government has been my umbrella for most of my life, making most of my decisions for me, as I think for many of you too. During those years, our government has created vast, huge monuments that will be associated with us by history for the rest of time, like we associate ancient Greece with the Acropolis, or the Roman Empire with the Coliseum. I would like to mention three of our vast eternal monuments: The Group Areas Act, The Pass Laws and The Immorality Act, three glittering gems in our necklace of political heritage.

So I think it is pertinent at this moment for me to pay tribute to another great monument, as South African as boereboude and

Anneline. I refer to my very own public relations department, the Publications Control Board, also known as the censor board, and I would like to thank them from the bottom of my heart, for everything they have done for me in the past. But first I must put on some trousers.

(SOUND: 'Anything goes' as PDU adds trousers, a tie, waistcoat, glasses and hat. The poephhol takes a Scope magazine and folds out a nude centrefold, then holds the document and becomes the censor.)

THE CENSOR: I hereby exorcise the powers invested in my singular person to declare the following things as follows in terms of the Publications Act of 1974:

- a) Whereas, because of the obscene nature of their shapes, the following objects are deemed undesirable: candles, cucumbers, boerewors and plural orbs, formerly known as niggerballs.
- b) Whereas, the following places have been declared indecent and/or obscene, the following places in South Africa will hereby cease to exist: Holfontein, Kakamas, Nigel and Donkergat.
- c) Whereas, tomorrow has been declared undesirable, because of the obscene phrase: the crack of dawn.
- d) Whereas, the following are also banned: photographs of any prison in South Africa; media coverage of any unrest in South Africa; quotations from the utterances of any banned person and organisation; the wearing, flaunting, displaying and / or circulating of the banned ANC flag, ANC colours and / or any other ANC communist slogans.
- e) Whereas, because of the obscene insinuations as perpetuated by the 'koek' and 'moer' in Koekemoer; the 'shits' in Lipschitz; the 'tiet' in Titties, the telephone directory has been declared undesirable.
- f) Whereas, all Afrikaans universities are to be closed forthwith, because of the 'fak' in fakulteit.
- g) Whereas, all nudity, other than that of large black women in the homelands which is regarded as officially natural – all other nudity

is deemed offensive and undesirable. If we were meant to walk around with no clothes on, we would have also been born black!

(BLACKOUT)

(For the performances in Stellenbosch, the heart of Afrikaner kultuur, the following sketch was added here.)

(PDU adds untidy hippy look for the Afrikaans poet reading his poems.)

THE AFRIKAANS POET: Baie dankie ... ek weet die sensors is hier, maar never mind. Dis 'n groot eer om vanaand hier in die hart van Stellenbosch te staan en twee van my gedigte voor te dra uit my onlangse verbanne digbundel Kaalvoet, Kaalkop, Kaalgat en Siesa-sokkies. Ek wil dadelik wegspring met die eerste gedig en die gedig waarmee ek gaan wegspring is 'n protesgedig en dit heet, 'Die Jeug Staan Op'.

(Hy dra voor.)

'Die flipping verlede maak my kwaad

Die flipping toekoms is my maat

Ek sit

Ek kyk

Die vrou is maer

Maar nee, vertroebelend sit en staar

Voorwaar na die dood

Met 'n ander se brood

Gewaar die skadu teen die berg

Skelmagtig terg

Suid-Afrika?

Yui!

Baie dankie, baie dankie. Die tweede gedig wat ek gaan voordra is 'n liefdesgedig; opgedra aan Sonja Heroldt, en dit heet 'Liefde deur die mis gewaar':

(Hy dra voor.)

‘Liefde...

... ek kyk in jou ...’

... ja, eintlik sou dit sommer bakgat gewees het om in die agtergrond so ’n ou viooltjie te gehoor speel het, maar nou ja, as jy nie kan nie, kan jy mos nou nie ... ‘Liefde deur die mis gewaar’, opgedra aan Sonja Herholdt.

(Hy dra voor.)

‘Liefde ...

... ek kyk in jou ...’

... ja, eintlik sou ’n ou bekfluitjie ook lekker gewees het. Anyway... ‘Liefde deur die mis gewaar’, opgedra aan Sonja Herholdt.

(Hy dra voor.)

‘Liefde...

... ek kyk in jou oë

dit bruis en borrel soos ’n stroom

die kraai knetter

dit reën

êrens poep ’n valk’

Baie dankie.

(BLACKOUT)

SWART (VOICEOVER): No, wait a minute Mr Uys. Listen, don’t be so damn negative. For two years now you’ve got rich by getting at the members of the government. You make fun of the Afrikaans language, the culture and heritage, Paraguay, Taiwan, Koornhof? Nee man, los hom uit. This is a beautiful country: sea, braaivleis, rugby, sunny skies and bonus bonds. Be positive about our future. You’ve done nothing here to show us really what this country is all about, do you know that? PDU: I see. I’ve shown nothing of what this country is really about?

Okay, Sersant Swart, fasten your seatbelt and switch on your tape recorder, because here it comes.

(PDU leaves the stage to get into the PW Botha costume: suit, carnations, NP rosette, hat, glasses, shoes.)

(SOUND: Military band playing, crowds applauding, the two voices of the SABC and SAUK reporters describing the event. A familiar celebration to the listeners. Both are voiceover.)

SAUK: Dis 'n heerlike aand ...

SABC: I've just seen the minister arrive, yes the minister ...

SAUK: Ja, die minister, dames en here, daar is hy, die minister van ...

SABC: ... a splendid evening ...

SAUK: ... met sy vrou. Sy dra natuurlik 'n baie fraai hoed ...

SABC: ... yes, a very fashionable hat ... of course millions of people here ...

SAUK: ... duisende mense, dames en here ...

SABC: ... of all colours ...

SAUK: ... alle Suid-Afrikaners tesaam ...

SABC: ... all here together: white, Indian and coloured communities to the right and of course a few of the others to the left ...

SAUK: ... stil aand ... geen wind ...

SABC: ... and what would you say, is that ...?

SAUK: ... ja, dis die militêre begeleiding vir die eerste minister ...

SABC: ... a wonderful moment, ladies and gentlemen; some on horseback holding the flags ...

SAUK: ... die volle militêre mag ...

SABC: ... looking very elegant here tonight, to make that speech we've all been waiting for ...

SAUK: ... die groot toespraak, dames en here ... en hier kom hy nou, die leier, ons eerste minister van ...

SABC: ... the homeland leaders all being greeted by ...

SAUK: ... deur sy Edele gegroet met handdruk en respek ...

SABC: ... a great moment ...

SAUK: ... groot oomblik ...

(PDU as PW Botha has entered: he takes up his position behind the screen in front of the mike as the music fades.)

PW BOTHA: En dus ... om nou finaal af te sluit ... laat ek sonder skroom my saak hier onomwonde stel. En daarom, dames en here, wil ek hier ... so vêr dit my persoonlik aangaan ... maar trouens sê ek dit nie hier net namens myself nie. Inteendeel sê ek dit wel ook namens die ander ... die derduisende ander wat hoop om dit te sê ... namens die derduisende ander wat dit wil sê ... namens die derduisende wat dit probeer sê ... maar ook namens die derduisende wat dit nie so maklik kan sê nie! Maar ten spyte daarvan weet ons vanaand: ons kan dit sê ... ons mag dit sê ... en dus gaan ek dit sê.



PDU as PW Botha

En dus, met ander woorde dames en here, is dit nou ... sonder om eers te twyfel ... dit is as'tware 'n feit ... en ek wil dit weer herhaal: nie een keer nie, nie twee keer nie, maar om die waarheid te sê, wel 'n derde en finale keer: Suid-Afrika!

Ons Suid-Afrika! Hierdie Vaderland, ons geliefde Suid-Afrika! Nie Suid-Amerika nie! Nie Taiwan, of Paraguay, of Indië nie. Nie Europa met sy kruipende sosialisme nie! Nie die Vereenigde State van Amerika met sy kwynende kapitalisme nie. Nie Rusland met sy keiserlike kommunisme nie. Nie Engeland met sy probleme nie. Nie Australië, of Sjina, of

Meksiko, of Kenya, of Kanada, of enige ander plek op hierdie aardbol behalwe dit wat ons eie is en juis dit wat ek reeds aan die begin wel gesê het! Nie!

Desnieteenstaande sê ek dit sonder vrees, sê ek dit vol hoop, sê ek dit vol liefde: Suid-Afrika is ... Suid-Afrika is ... Suid-Afrika is ...

(Like a record repeating, his arm swings out like a puppet.)

(SOUND: Diana Ross sings:)

Do you know where you're going to?

Do you like the things that life is showing you?

Where are you going to?

Do you know?'

(On that last line, while PW is still miming the repeats, fade to ...)

(BLACKOUT)

THE END

EVITA:
DON'T CRY FOR ME



THE RECORD-SETTING, TABOO-BREAKING, LEGEND-MAKING EXPLOITS OF
THE FAMILY BEZUIDENHOUT IN

PIETER-
DIRK
UYS

Farce about Uys

NOW ON VIDEO
IN REAL, LOCAL COLOUR!



PREMIERE VIDEO

FARCE ABOUT UYS

A LEGAL ASSEMBLY IN TWO RIOTOUS ACTS BY PIETER- DIRK UYS.

STARRING PIETER-DIRK UYS, THOKO NTSHINGA, CHRIS GALLOWAY

DIRECTED ON STAGE BY DAWIE MALAN • EXECUTIVE PRODUCER SID MORRIS

DIRECTED BY KOOS HATTINGH

PRODUCED BY PREMIERE VIDEO & P-D UYS PRODUCTIONS.

COLOUR RUNNING TIME 125 MINUTES

Printed by Seagull Offset Jhb.

Pieter-Dirk Uys, a thoroughly uninhibited satirist, hones his sense of the absurd on the blatant contradictions of South African politics

– *International Herald Tribune* (Paris) July 1983

In South Africa it is easy to answer questions about Evita Bezuidenhout. Where does she get her dresses? Does she like shoes? What are her children like? Does she believe in the Easter Bunny? Is she having an affair with Pik Botha? Has she had a facelift? What does she think of Pieter-Dirk Uys? That last one was difficult to answer briefly. Once out of the laager, the questions were anchored in a different minefield. Why were you allowed to put on a dress, mock and imitate a racist government and get away relatively scot-free? Putting on a dress and pretending to be a woman should have been deemed completely immoral by government standards. How were you able to win over the Afrikaner public? I can't remember all my careful answers. At first she didn't even have a name. She was just a character in my *Sunday Express* newspaper column who, once a month, could spill the beans on the latest National Party scandal. She'd start with the words, 'Hello, skattie, have you heard?' and end with '... but don't tell a soul. Promise?'

Uys soon noticed that by using her voice to spread his message, he could get away with more. His jibes at Botha and the government were received more agreeably through her voice. Instead of seeing Uys's commentary as a threat, the white public saw the same critiques through this woman, just like a neighbour complaining about the government. This woman in his head had a way of putting things that evaded criticism and scandal. Seeing incredible potential, Uys embraced her immunity and developed this character more fully. She became Evita Bezuidenhout

– Sam Stiegler, 'There are no (drag) queens in South Africa'
(Tufts University) 2005

In the early 1980s there was a hit musical in London and New York based on the life of Evita Peron. I eventually read a biography of the lady and found a fool-proof model for Tannie Evita Bezuidenhout. She made her first public appearance in *Adapt or Dye* in 1981, still unnamed then, but memorable. She was only meant to last for the three-week run. But she wouldn't get back in the box under the dressing table.

The show toured the country and Tannie Evita started the show in all the major cities of South Africa. At the Baxter Theatre she entered along the organ loft, a walkway above the stage and into an auditorium of 638 seats, then down flights of stairs to the stage. It was an entrance no one could forget, and hell to manoeuvre on high heels through false eyelashes. Evita's outfit was originally found in a secondhand shop: a leopard skin dress, a moth-eaten fox fur, a black scarf to go round her head and a black picture hat, very much like Marie du Toit in *Die Kandidaat*. Her shoes were clumpy sandals with built-up soles, an outfit a platteland drag queen would treasure.

Even when she was offstage, she was on-guard; people never forgot that she was constantly performing. Despite her realness, people knew that she was an illusion and therefore let her exist. Uys knew he could use Evita as a shield as some people saw her simply as a drag queen and therefore not worth the worry.

– Daniel Lieberfeld, 'Pieter-Dirk Uys: Crossing Apartheid Lines' (*The Drama Review*) Spring 1997

Evita does not swear. No bad language; no blasphemy. She has no sense of humour and doesn't understand irony. Maybe that more than anything has contributed to the fact that she is still a farce to be reckoned with in this 21st century. During the years of National Party rule, Evita featured in every new show, from *Adapt or Dye*, through *Total Onslaught* into *Beyond the Rubicon*. When I started believing suggestions that she had overtaken me – 'can't you do anything without her?' – I left Evita out of *Rearranging the Deckchairs on the SA Bothatonic* and *Cry*

Freemandela the Movie. It made no difference. People said she was wonderful in both shows. She was featured on television and in magazines. The media loved her as a front page picture. She left the dressing room behind and strode into the world as if she owned it.

While many descriptions of my Evita focus on drag, I have never seen her as that. Drag is an art form of wondrous extremities and I have been happily influenced by the drag queens presented by the likes of Danny La Rue and by Barry Humphries's legendary Dame Edna Everage. Theirs were social creatures in a life beyond politics. Evita Bezuidenhout is a politician and then a social monster. Her family emerged as answers to questions: daughter Billie-Jeanne (Billy-Jean King?) and twin sons, De Kock (gay) and Izan (Nazi spelt backwards); and her husband, Oom Hasie, with a Hitler moustache. Eventually, her sister joined the dynasty. Bambi Kellermann does have a sense of humour and respects irony and, as a result, she and her sister don't speak to each other.

Evita's separation from Uys was not all her own doing, however. He could see the growing phenomenon that was Evita. Her fame and popularity leaped out of his control and he realized that he should keep his distance. He began referring to Evita in the third person, as if he and she were two separate people, to give her the space she needed to thrive.

– Daniel Lieberfeld, 'Pieter-Dirk Uys: Crossing Apartheid Lines' (*The Drama Review*) Spring 1997

Is Evita just a character? Yes and no. She must age with the years (as she has done), always ten years older than me. But in an era of political correctness and gender enshrinements, as a relic from a bygone age of glamour, Evita Bezuidenhout exists offstage as well. Just because she doesn't exist, doesn't mean she's not real. She is probably soon going to be the only character I have that can cross the red lines of race, gender and respect. She has adapted and not died, nor dyed. Her three black

grandchildren have dragged her into the 21st century and so she can criticise and speculate about issues that I can't. As a member of the ANC, she now flaunts her designer-democracy loyalties to the party and the country, sometimes a contradiction in terms. The black and white years of apartheid show her development from a stand-in chorus girl to a fully fledged superstar, examples of which can be seen on YouTube: a BBC special *Message to Major*; the feature film *Skating on Thin Uys*; the 1983 comedy *Farce about Uys*.



The constitutional reform referendum in 1983

On 2 November 1983 the constitutional reform referendum, which introduced the tricameral parliament, found a passionate supporter in the ambassador to Bapetikosweti. Could it be thanks to her open letter to the people of South Africa that PW Botha won by 66%? Two and a half million whites voted; 33 million blacks watched.

SUID- AFRIKA

Ambassade
BLANCHE-NOIR'
PRIVATE BAG
BAPETIKOSWETI
8694



BAPETIKOSWETI

EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT
ambassadeur

Her Excellency the Honourable Ambassador Mrs Evita
Bezuidenhout, gives her reasons for voting YES on 2 November

I vote YES for South Africa. I also vote YES because I work for the South African government as the ambassador to the independent homeland Republic of Bapetikosweti. And as such I am very aware of what happens when you just give the natives everything, just like those Vote-No people are demanding. Here in Bapetikosweti they have everything. Look for yourself when you drive through on your way to the casino. They have lovely sun and fresh air, electricity, their own bus services, 2,000 new Mercedes Benz motor cars and one Impala. An old fighter plane, not a bokkie. Each week they give out new stamps. They have the sweetest little flag and naturally an arrangement of 'Nkosi Sikelele Africa' as their national anthem. We say nothing.

Next year they start their own television system, of course, full of anti-us propaganda, but we say nothing, And why do we say nothing? Because they are independent and therefore, (Van Zyl) Slabbert, Andries (Treurnicht) and Harry O(ppenheimer), there is no reason to vote NO! Because, skatties, there are

no blacks in South Africa! Ja-nee, of course there are supposed to be eight million citizens spread over the various bits and pieces that make up this delightful Bapetikosweti. There are however, at present, only 60 bona fide passport holders living here. (The thousands of Mercedes all belong to our people coming to gamble or to watch Fluffy Fanny strip at the Glitter Pit.) The other 7,999,940 Bapetikoswetians are of course just lying around the streets of our RSA, waiting for the promised political rights. Ag nee wat, ala wêreld! Imagine me lying around (Robert) Mugabe's streets? He'd just say to me: 'Sorry madam, but your hinterland lies back there!'

I say YES on 2nd November because if I vote NO, Pik (Botha) will take away my nice official cars and then I'll probably lose my little homeland. And I'm not really keen to teach in Linden (Johannesburg). I vote YES because who knows? If PW and other yes men don't want that executive post, I might just become South Africa's first Madam President. Imagine: Statuspresident Evita Bezuidenhout! My YES is a NO to the right wing with their naked racism and cheeky insolence. My YES is a good kick in the gatsha for the lefties with their whimpering and dikbek-politiek. On 2nd November 1983 I will vote YES PW, because as you have all known for years: I'm just a girl who can't say No!

With Evita, Uys also carefully monitored her use of language. She switched back and forth from English to Afrikaans on stage, while always making asides directly to the audience in Afrikaans – Calvin Trillin, 'GADFLY: Pieter-Dirk Uys, his character Evita Bezuidenhout and South African Politics', *The New Yorker* May 2004



The Ambassador and her diplomatic passport

‘South Africa is my hinterland and so I say YES for South Africa. I think PW’s new constitutional proposals are very nice. I’m mad about the three parliaments instead of just one mixed-up one, because I know us white stateswomen are not prepared to compete with the gaudy wives of Indian and coloured MPs. Liewe land! I also think it’s about time that affairs became either general affairs or own affairs. The military is the general’s affair, but my age is my own affair. Although the press have been trying to make it a general affair for years.’

When Evita spoke, she echoed the patronising pronouncements of the apartheid government with a verisimilitude that gave Uys’s performances a chillingly tragic subtext.

– Ron Jenkins, ‘Stand Back Johannesburg’

American Theatre, November 1997

Uys dons false eyelashes and presidents listen

– *Los Angeles Times* August 2007



Evita provided a chance for white South Africans to laugh at the absurdity that had become South African politics. It was not possible to laugh at the government itself; censorship and other tools used by the Botha regime stopped all critics at the gates. Evita, as a representative of the government, therefore allowed people to express their frustrations without fear of consequences. She was an exact replica of those who were causing South Africa so much pain. But because she was just a replica, the public could direct their dissatisfaction in the form of laughter, at her and only her.

– Ron Jenkins, 'Subversive Laughter: The Liberating Power of Comedy', *The Free Press* (New York) 1994

1984 TOTAL ONSLAUGHT



PIETER-DIRK UYS in

TOTAL Onslaught 1984

(ja - no - Orwell - fine) A
One - man
Six - woman
Twenty - politician
Show

written by..... PIETER-DIRK UYS

directed & designed by..... DAWIE MALAN

Stage Director..... CELIA ROSSOUW

Stage Manager..... WILLEM PRETORIUS

Programme & Poster Design..... NICHOLAS DE KLERK

THERE WILL BE NO INTERVAL

Evita Bezuidenhout's Official State Car designed and executed by Willem Pretorius.

Special thanks to:

AWL PANELBEATERS of Wynberg, Johannesburg for the donation of the colour change respray for the car;

SEGAL FASHIONS of Doornfontein for the donation of the leopardskin-material for the car upholstery;

BIG 'N TALL Man's Shop of Bree Street, Johannesburg for the Size 15 Shoes.

Produced on it's World Tour of South Africa by P.D. UYS PRODUCTIONS.

SMOKING IS NOT PERMITTED IN THE AUDITORIUM.

THE TAKING OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE MAKING OF TAPE RECORDINGS OF THIS PERFORMANCE IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

JA – NO – ORWELL – FINE

As there is so little time to establish a character, racial stereotypes can take over and do damage. Learning on the job, I had to work out what the difference was between cartooning and stereotyping – sexual, ethnic, religious and political. Me playing all the characters – including the women and people of colour, from left to right, male, female and convertible – was often shrugged off as pantomime. But the fluffy ball of silliness hid in cotton wool the sharp blade of attack that could draw blood. The most important lesson being learnt was never to laugh at what the audience finds funny. The temptation to solicit a wave of laughter from a bland audience with my own chuckles had to be smothered constantly. I also learnt that a lack of loud laughter didn't necessarily mean my point hadn't been made.

Uys satire warmer. Sy uitbeelding van die Suid-Afrikaner se kleinlike party-politieke struwelinge, sy vrese en sy beheptheid met 'n totale aanslag teen Volk, Land en Taal slaag uitstekend. Sy liefde en kommer vir sy land kom sterk na vore.
– *Die Volksblad* (Bloemfontein) Februarie 1984

Mincing through the playroom of SA politics, Evita has almost achieved an existence independent of her creator – an indication of the dominating position that Uys holds in satirical revue in South Africa.

– *Grocotts Daily Mail* (Grahamstown) March 1984

The video release of *Adapt or Dye* brought me a huge audience. Pirated copies flooded suburbs and townships; something I encouraged. While touring, I started working on a play that would feature the whole Bezuidenhout family. Evita was already legendary and had introduced her family, passing commentary on the state of the nation: her husband Oom Hasie, her daughter Billie-Jeanne, her twin sons De Kock and Izan. The action was set in her embassy 'Blanche-Noir' in Bapetikosweti, while Mrs Bezuidenhout and most of her family were abroad. De Kock stayed at home. When he hears of the impending visit of a Sersant Uys, a security policeman investigating suspicions of family corruption, De Kock tries to confuse him by impersonating his mother, his sister, his neo-Nazi twin brother and his father, supported by his best friend, Sophie, the maid. The play was called *Farce about Uys*. It was directed by Dawie Malan and was a smash hit throughout the country.

Uys satire is still incisive.

– *Eastern Province Herald* (Port Elizabeth) March 1984

Uys versteek angel agter lap speelgoed.

– *Oosterlig* (Port Elizabeth) Maart 1984

Total Onslaught 1984 is skaterlag politieke- en sosiale satire in die beste Uys tradisie.

– *Rapport* (Johannesburg) Maart 1984

Uys excels in onslaught. Opens the can of dubious but interesting worms that is South African politics ... brilliant wit and biting satire to help keep our sanity and our sense of the ridiculous alive.

– *Daily Despatch* (East London) March 1984

After that ensemble farce, I went back to a new one-man show – *Total Onslaught 1984*, also directed by Dawie Malan, and inspired by two people. One was my faithful contributor, PW Botha, who, with his

chorus of bleating Broeders, warned us time and again of ‘the total onslaught’ from the communists, leftists and us enemies of the state etc. The other inspiration was author George Orwell with his famous horror novel, although his version of 1984 seems to have happened in South Africa in 1948, though no one noticed that *Animal Farm*. Nevertheless, Orwell was now the flavour of the year, hence the subtitle *Ja-no-Orwell-fine*. I was also careful not to read too much about other performance techniques, even though I had detected a danger. Sometimes the supposed satirical target, through the sheer demonic energy in the performance, becomes the most dynamic figure in the story. Falling in love with targets was one problem; *Sieg heiling* our various führers was another.

Pieter-Dirk Uys offers what every society needs – an opportunity to laugh at itself intelligently. For laughter remains one of the healthiest and most effective agents of cleansing amid the trauma of life in 1984.

– *Eastern Province Herald* (Port Elizabeth) March 1984

Pieter-Dirk does it in style. As always he sees with a clear vision and bites deep. His show is versatile and very funny, but there is an underlying tone of sombreness.

– *Evening Post* (Port Elizabeth) March 1984

Dit kom van alle kante. Die aand word ’n kuiertjie op die *Animal Farm* van ons politiek. Ja-nee-Orwell-fine. Pieter-Dirk Uys is ’n fyn waarnemer van tipiese Suidafrikanismes.

– *Die Burger* (Kaapstad) April 1984

It’s a laugh a line, sustained Pythonesque insanity, a blitzkrieg on the senses, an unrelentingly irreverent satire, a ... well, a total onslaught. South Africa would be poorer without Pieter-Dirk Uys.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) April 1984

The structure of this konsert was similar to that of the original *Adapt or Dye*, except this time there were more props on stage. The acting area took on the appearance of a child's playroom, with a rope ladder extending from the floor up into the flies. On this ladder were hung toy animals representing various cabinet ministers – of defence, finance, law and order – a veritable boereplaas in our 1984. On stage was a junk box, out of which came toy tanks and a tea set, and next to it a child's desk and chair. The junk box also held the adjunk ministers.

Everything was painted red and surrounded by rolls of barbed wire, on which small pink dolls were suspended. If it wasn't for television, I could not have done any of this. When Neil Armstrong became the first man to set foot on the moon in 1969, South Africa was one of the few countries unable to watch the live event. TV was described as a 'little bioscope', which would have to import films showing races mixing, while adverts would make Africans dissatisfied with their lot. All those predictions came true!

As from January 1976, a single television channel became the explosive new intruder into our homes and hearts, in English and Afrikaans, but like everything else, not mixed. By 1985, separate channels for Zulu, Xhosa, Sotho and Tswana balanced the two for whites. In order to find their audiences, the theatre had to adapt to TV schedules. I remember how shows were sensibly moved to a later time so that audiences could watch *Dallas* first, and then come to us. Soon white South Africa was addicted to being told how to think, what to believe and how to live. Newscasters like Cliff Saunders turned into opinionated propagandists, lecturing on the benefits of our separate developments. The National Party used the medium to create their political superstars. Without them I would have been speechless.

Once again PW Botha gave me my title. He said: 'The total onslaught is upon us!' The revue opened in the white Nationalist citadel of Bloemfontein in February 1984. It was like doing *Fiddler on the Roof* in Nuremberg. Once again my small car, after a major service, took the show on a World Tour of South Africa, ending with four performances on the opera stage of the State Theatre in Pretoria where it was also

filmed for video. The 1,200 seats were sold out for all four shows. A large rock was found under seat 23 in row D. Presumably they fumed or laughed so much they forgot to throw it.

'n Gelag ... anderkant die trane. Dit resoneer met 'n innigheid, 'n erns en 'n diepte wat nog nie voorheen so duidelik in sy werk na vore gekom het nie.

– *Beeld* (Johannesburg) Junie 1984

Laugh all the way ... bitingly funny characteristics, outrageous comments and absurdity makes this revue a theatrework of the highest order ... thoroughly entertaining.

– *The Sowetan* (Johannesburg) June 1984

Pieter-Dirk Uys surpasses anything he has done before in satirical revue. Such intelligence. Such richness. Such pertinence. Such perception. Such laughter, such joy.

– *The Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) June 1984

Impish Uys launches his own Orwellian onslaught ... he has produced a heady distillate, ranging from total hilarity to poignant sincerity ... and we know then that this is really 1984.

– *Rand Daily Mail* (Johannesburg) June 1984

Pieter-Dirk – brilliantly observed and wickedly, wonderfully funny.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) June 1984

Performing at the State Theatre in Pretoria created tensions. It was a venue for whites only, being a government-controlled cultural centre. My colleagues at the Market Theatre believed in a boycott of apartheid venues. I agreed, but also knew that I had to confront the lion in his den while smelling of raw meat; preaching to the converted was no longer a challenge. At first, the State Theatre directorship made sure that they didn't have a date free for me when I went to book early in

1983. Was it going to be a nice Evita show without all that unnecessary political stuff? Yes, I said with halo glowing. I also paid the full amount for the booking, a year in advance of the October 1984 date. I didn't lie; Evita was the star of the show. There were, of course, a few supporting political actors to warm up the audience. Management was not happy, but they couldn't cancel the performances as the contract had already been signed and they'd taken the money.

P-D laat ons lag vir onself. Hy is soms op sy ernstigste wanneer hy so heerlik spot met alles en nog wat.

– *Die Vaderland* (Johannesburg) Junie 1984

Nobody escapes from Pieter-Dirk Uys's political snakes and ladders. Devastatingly funny and chillingly satirical. The wondrous Mr Uys's closest shot at becoming the ultimate satirist. This is it! The ace from Uys.

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) June 1984

Total onslaught on the jugular via the funny bone. Pieter-Dirk Uys at his searing best.

– *Sunday Express* (Johannesburg) June 1984

Total Onslaught was directed by Dawie Malan. Working with a director on a political revue often resulted in two opinions on each action, which took up too much time and caused confusion. The performance had to be personal; the buck had to stop with me. It was rare that I worked with a director in the traditional way through rehearsal and discussion. What evolved through the years was to open the show with a preview, invite a trusted third-eye to come and take notes of that performance, the content and the reaction of the audience, and I would then cut my foot to fit that shoe. I started treating each character as a member of my orchestra: a violinist, a trumpeter, the cellist, a double bass player, oboist – so that no one sounded the same, giving the music of delivery variety.

Uys's biting best. His animal farm has politicians depicted as fluffy toys, while he gives a rundown of the political game of snakes and ladders, as played amid the ever more complicated constitutional set-up. Few escape the proddings of Uys's scalpel-sharp wit. Truly a konsert to remember.

– *Your Day* (Durban) September 1984

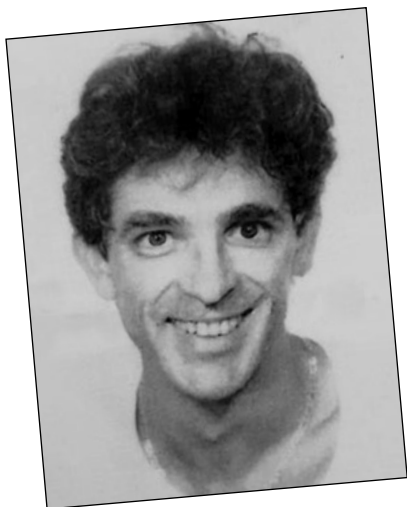
Another ace from Uys! A razor-sharp and fast-moving show.

– *The Daily News* (Durban) September 1984

Apartheid is dead. Long live apartheid. Another total onslaught has indeed been launched.

The Cape Times (Cape Town) October 1984

My friendship with Dawie Malan began at The Space Theatre and developed into a close relationship of trust and creativity. He was brutally honest, never sentimental or politically correct, but politically committed to expose the unexposed in our social turmoil. His sense of humour was invigorating and often drew blood. He criticised my repetitions and would challenge me to embrace every ticking time bomb. Born in 1949 and trained at the University of Stellenbosch Drama Department, this immensely creative and talented performer and director battled through physical disability and health problems to firmly establish himself as an influential presence in the theatre of the 1970s and 1980s. We worked together at The Space on many productions, sometimes both as actors, often with him directing as well. *Die van Aardes van Grootoor*, *Farce about Uys* and *Total Onslaught* 1984 succeeded beyond all expectations, thanks to his outrageous courage in direction. He died tragically at the age of 36, a year after the *Total Onslaught* season. With every new production, I still hear his voice: 'Nee! Dink weer!' Through Dawie I met Nicholas de Klerk, who for any and every production idea, set or costume came up with an elegant design solution no matter how small the budget. He and I started working together on *Die van Aardes van Grootoor* in 1978 and since then every production has had his invaluable input.



Nicholas de Klerk

Pieter-Dirk: salute his courage! The State Theatre is within spitting distance of both the Union Buildings and Skilpadsaal and it takes a lot of courage to deliver such a hard-hitting revue that so skilfully cuts to the heart of all political standpoints and pretentions.

– *Pretoria News* (Pretoria) October 1984

Total victory for Uys, launching his own guerrilla war from within, often to devastating effect. It is marvellous entertainment.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town)
November 1984



Dawie Malan and Thoko Ntshinga, also a stalwart of early Uys productions
Farce about Uys and *Skating on Thin Uys*

My experience of *Adapt or Dye* proved how much entertainment depended on the audience identifying with political characters. Sometimes they wanted more than political escapism. I had to be careful not to roll up the carpet of comfort too swiftly. The bare floor of dissent could be a quick mirth killer. Theory also tended to become lecture, and so thanks to SABC's prime-time coverage of the daily propaganda, the superstars of the National Party were soon household names as well as heroes for media cartoonists. Prime Minister PW Botha led the band, with Foreign Minister Pik Botha and Minister of Cooperation and Development Piet Koornhof just one step behind. Evita Bezuidenhout could fill in the details from her position as wife of a National Party MP and also as fledgling ambassador to a new black homeland.

Nowell Fine from the white liberal left would comment sarcastically on the state of the nation. Other members of the permanent political chorus would be the 'father' of the new constitution, Chris Heunis, as minister of constitutional development and administration, Dr Andries Treurnicht, leader of the Conservative Party (CP), Jaap Marais, leading the ultra-right Herstigte Nasionale Party (HNP), and Vause Raw with his New Republican Party (NRP). The Progressive Reform Party (PRP) had only one representative in Parliament, Helen Suzman.

Filling my box of cuttings with issues that might be used in the upcoming show, the obvious focus was the new apartheid constitution. The whites-only referendum of 2 November 1983 was to approve a tricameral parliament, in which coloureds and Indian South Africans would be represented in separate parliamentary chambers. Black South Africans would remain unrepresented. The result showed 66% in favour, 1,360,223 out of 2,062,469 registered white voters. The new Constitution would come into force on 3 September 1984, with PW Botha inaugurated as state president on 14 September and the post of prime minister abolished. Main players in future satirical onslaughts would remain from the National Party and the Conservative Party as opposition. New Tricameral additions to the chorus were Rev Allan Hendrickse, leading the coloured Labour Party, and Amichand Rajbansi from the Indian House of Delegates.

Koornhof took over the chairmanship of the President's Council, which in turn replaced the former senate. The 60 nominated members (white, coloured, Indian and Chinese) would resolve disputes between the three chambers. Audiences were aware of ongoing undercover security encroachments, while the Border War, where their sons were deployed, remained an unspoken nightmare. PW Botha announced a state of emergency that would go on for the next six years.

It may very well be that Uys has misread the political climate. Everything is not so fine in Uysland.

– *The Friend* (Bloemfontein) February 1984

No, this definitely wasn't his best!

– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) April 1984

He plays it safe. Thus the whole evening, while undeniably amusing and enjoyable, leaves one unfulfilled; the appetite is merely titillated, not satisfied.

– *Financial Mail* (Johannesburg) June 1984

Ons Land
Ons Volk
Ons Taal

TOTAL
Onslaught
1984
(ja - no - Orwell - fine)

FEATURING

Mrs Evita Bezuidenhout's
SURVIVAL • MANUAL
for all White Women of Kultuur

'n verkrimpte weergawe

Total Onslaught 1984

The World Tour of South Africa

* Sterrewag Theatre Bloemfontein * Baxter Concert Hall Cape Town * Opera House Port Elizabeth * Alhambra Theatre Durban * Market Theatre Johannesburg * Rhodes Theatre Grahamstown * Guild Theatre East London * Churchill Theatre Pietermaritzburg * Windhoek Theatre South-West Africa * State Theatre Pretoria

THE CAST

Pieter-Dirk Uys

A security bodyguard

Two TV studio voices

PW Botha (Prime Minister)

Vause Raw (Leader of the New Republican Party (NRP))

Jaap Marais (Leader of the Hestigte Nasionale Party (HNP))

A housewife

A businessman

Oom PW and his puppet Klein Chris (Chris Heunis, Minister of Constitutional Development)

Maraai from the Cape Flats

Dr Piet Koornhof (Minister of Cooperation and Development)

Nowell Fine

Evita Bezuidenhout

While the structure of the show stayed the same, the content was affected by daily political upheavals and was adapted daily.

THE STAGE SETTING

The set resembles a TV studio where children's programmes are created. The design also reflects the game of 'Snakes and Ladders' and includes some

familiar toys, as well as words and images from real kids' programmes, including a toy black baboon in a cage that claps the cymbals in his hands and moves his head, controlled from offstage. There are also two crates on stage – one a cabinet, the other a junk box – as well as a desk and chair.

THE SHOW

There are sounds of police sirens and of a motorcade arriving as the audience prepares for the start of the show. The curtains are closed. The houselights fade out as the curtains open. Blue light illuminates the stage. A yellow police beacon centre stage flashes.

A bodyguard enters through the auditorium carrying two torches and flashes them into the audience; then turns them onto PW Botha who is behind him. PW wears a three-piece grey suit, and his familiar hat. He wears dark glasses. He takes one of the torches and he and the bodyguard get onto the stage. Their torchlights flash across the set, revealing the toys hanging from the rope ladder, the snake with open mouth on the floor, and other details. Stage lights on full.

(Voices (Offstage Voiceovers) as in a TV studio. PW studies the stage details.)

VOICE 1: Who's on camera one?

VOICE 2: Ek dink hy's in die kantien.

VOICE 1: Well, get him back, man! Come on people ...

VOICE 2: Kry ons nie hieronder tee nie?

VOICE 1: OK, we've thrown together some footage ...

VOICE 2: Mooi goed van Angola ...

(PW hands a pistol to the bodyguard, whispers to him and the bodyguard exits.)

VOICE 1: No, leave Angola. Officially we don't know what the truth is. Use some Russians.

VOICE 2: Russiese wapens?

VOICE 1: What about the Cubans? The ANC?

VOICE 2: Wie is die ANC? Who do we show?

BLACK VOICE: Ag, just show any of us, Baas.

PW: Verskoon my, is dit waar julle 'Wielie Walie' skiet? I thought it was

...

VOICE 1: Reverend? They're recording the Epilogue down in Studio 4.

(PW replaces his dark glasses with his familiar glasses. He is recognised.)

VOICE 2: O! Die Eerste Minister?

PW: Nou goed, kan ons begin?

VOICE 1: Oh God ...

PW: Not quite ...

VOICE 1: OK, everyone stand by ...

PW: And there, en dus

VOICE 1: Not yet, sir. Just a few seconds please ... where's Cliff Saunders?

VOICE 2: Hy's met Pik in Studio 2. Wine tasting...

VOICE 1: Sir? You're seated at the desk. That's right. Now please remember, we're on camera one. Straight ahead of you ... that's right.

(PW sits at the desk and faces the mike. He launches into his speech.)

PW: South Africa! Suid-Afrika!

VOICE 1: Sir, we are in close-up. Please no hand gestures. Just the face.

PW: Maar wat van die vinger? Almal hou so baie van die vinger?

VOICE 2: En oppas vir die lippe, Meneer ...

PW: Lippe? Maar Elize sê my lippe is lief.

VOICE 1: Close up, sir. This is like acting.

PW: Ja-nee, politics.

VOICE 1: Stand by. *(PW gets up)* Sit, sir! *(PW sits)* Sir, your speech will be visible to you on the teleprompter on camera one. *(PW checks and nods)*

Make up! *(PW produces presidential sash and hold it against his chest)* The presidential sash? Not yet, sir. A bit premature? Now just relax and be yourself. *(PW removes sash)* Just remember: no fingers, no lips

PW: Can I smile?

VOICE 1: Rather be yourself, sir.

VOICE 2: Ja-nee: agt sewe ses vyf ...

VOICE 1: ... four three *(Signature music of popular magazine programme Prime Time)* Welcome to *Prime Time*, coming to you live from the studios in Auckland Park. Your hosts are Martin Locke and Dorianne Berry ...

VOICE 2: Nee man, that's *Prime Time*. This is the other prime.

(PW makes his speech 'reading' off the teleprompter but getting more animated as he goes.)

PW BOTHA: The total onslaught is upon us in all its totalitarianism and it is in the spirit of this totality that I am here tonight to assure you all that, in spite of what you fear, all is not lost for I am still here. And when I talk to you about the threat against us I mean just that. I don't single out specifics. I don't point a finger at the ANC, or the PAC, or SWAPO, or the United Nations, or the World Council of Churches, or the South African Council of Churches, or the anti-apartheid movements throughout the world. I talk about the total onslaught against us and all those who mean us ill. And I also include those who are not named here tonight.



PDU as PW Botha

Let it be known tonight and forever: whoever slaughts against us will get their fingers burnt. Let anyone point a finger, he will get a fist. Let anyone steal a glance, he will get a glare. Let anyone throw the first stone, he will get an avalanche. Because we know what tune they played before the walls of Jericho. We are prepared for the worst.

Sticks and stones can't break our bones, thanks to the guns of General Magnus Malan, but words will never hurt me or you – whites, coloureds, Indians and others, even blacks. Of course, like zebras they will always want to sit behind bars, if only to pretend they are white horses.

We in South Africa need not fear the propaganda of a totalitarian state in 1984. Why should we? George Orwell's *1984* happened here in 1976 but we didn't tell you. We will move through 1984 into 1985 and we will balance this total onslaught with our total strategy. And therefore in future ...

(His voice cuts out but he still mouths and gestures with anger and threat.)

VOICE 2: We apologise for this break in transmission. Please do not adjust your sets. We have a sound problem. In the meantime some music ...

(*SOUND: Boeremusiek while PW still in action: 'Wat soek jou alie in haar vensterbak? Jy kan maak met jou loeloe wat jy wil'. The music stops and PW's voice is back.*)

PW: ... and that is our total strategy. Thank you.

VOICE 1: Jammer Meneer, ons moet dit weer doen ...

PW: Hoekom? Was dit die lippe? Te veel gevinger? Hello? Ons doen nou die Afrikaans nè? (*Taps the mike*)

PW: Parliament One Parliament Two Parliament Three testing testing ...

(*Sound of the baboon screaming. A light onto the baboon in his cage.*)

PW: Hello? Is anyone there?

(*The baboon starts clapping his cymbals wildly. PW stares at it and when it stops clapping, gets up and silences the baboon with a fingerwag.*)

PW: And now ladies and gentlemen, I will do my famous impersonation of Pieter-Dirk Uys.

(*'PW' takes off his glasses and is PDU.*)

PDU: Dis natuurlik nie waar dat PW Botha so bles is nie. Hy't 'n welige bos hare, maar Tannie Elize hou dit in haar handsak. Sy's bang hy gee dit ook weg aan die swartes. SABC studio? What is the difference between the SABC and the Titanic? The SABC has more passengers. What is a total onslaught? For the Titanic it was an iceberg. What is our total onslaught? Is it communism? Black power? Sanlam? Ster-Kinekor? SAA breakfasts? Of late, Mr Vause Raw of the New Republican Party has become a bit of a total onslaught, 'n totale aanslag ...? Totale afslag! Since he found out what fun it is to hold hands with PW Botha, methinks our ou Boere-Vause doth protest too much.

(SOUND: The SABC news jingle.)

(PDU adds Vause Raw's glasses and NRP rosette and the snake-sausage that becomes his double chin and speaks with a heavy English accent.)

VAUSE RAW: Ons sal altyd probeer om positief te wees ... in ons benadering tot alle problems ... maar ons sal ook krities wees ... because ons sal dit altyd baie duidelik stel en het gestel sodat ons is 'n onafhanklike party ... met ons eie identity en dat ons glo ons het 'n belangrike rol om te speel in die toekomstige politics van Suid-Africa ... maar ons kritiek sal nie geniepsig wees want ons glo aan opbouende kritiek maar ons is 'n onafhanklike party ... en waar die Regering fouteer sal hy op sy voete geslaan word en ons sal altyd probeer om in alles wat ons doen, mooi in die hande van die Regering te speel en ek wil net vir die NRP Pinetown



PDU as Vause Raw

Branch dankie sê vir die Jane Fonda Exercise records ... nice joke ...

PDU: There is, of course, no truth to the rumour that the NRP has decided to drop the R. Welcome to the games people play with our lives, our money and for our approval: the snakes and ladders of South African politics. Some very interesting snakes or ladders in opposition: Van Zyl Slabbert also known as Supervan – up-up-and-Oi-vay! Helen of Goy also known as St Helen of Houghton. And then of course Dr Andries Treurnicht – ou AP van die KP. Terloops ek hoor die Konserwatiewe Party is nou te koop: R1000 sonder AWB – with that remarkable gang

of has-beens: die Skilpad Bende led by Connie 'Lucky Lips' Mulder. Die rede dat Connie se mond so skeef staan, is omdat as hy by Andries Treurnicht verbystap, dan sê hy 'Wanneer vat ons oor, Andries?'

Right behind him, Professor Carel Boshoff op soek na sy stukkie regs kultuuuuuur. Abrakadabra van die Boshoff op die Nat komberse: Tant Betsie Verwoerd en haar dogter Mev Anna Boshoff. In the rear met teer en veer, Eugene 'skiet-hom-in-die-hol-dol-pa-wil-die-vel-heel-hê AWB Terre'Blanche. And there's always another ex-minister. Lourens Muller? Jimmy Kruger? Without power they all look alike.

And then last but not least, the extraordinary Jaap Marais of the Herstigte Nasionale Party, of liewers die Ontstigte Nasionale Party. Foetitog, ou Jaap het onlangs horribaal geskrik toe hy in die straat sien hoe iemand een van sy ou HNP posters teen 'n kafferboom vaskap!

(PDU adds Jaap Marais rosette.)

JAAP MARAIS: Maar dames en here, Meneer die Voorsitter? Hierdie nuwe konstitusionele bedeling van PW Botha sal lei tot net een ding: en dit is een man een stem! Maar Meneer die Voorsitter? Glo my! Nie die een man een stem wat die Progge en ander liberale in gedagte het nie. O nee! Mnr PW Botha wil homself verhef tot diktator! En dan Meneer die Voorsitter, is hy die een man en met die een stem!

(The baboon claps his cymbals happily.)

PDU: Hey shut up! You have no voice here, remember. Banned! OK? You'll get into even greater trouble if they find out you're in a room with more than one person at the same time. Banned! And you can't be quoted, so who's going to know? *(Baboon claps)* We're not going to let you free either, so shut up! So much for the silent black majority.

Right, we've met the oppositions and the governmentals. You've met me and I've met you. That just leaves us with one more farce to be reckoned with. *(At the junk box)* The adjunct ministers. All big trees start as small acorns. Personally I don't really know any 'adjunk' ministers. You only hear about them when they make a mistake and then you never hear from them again.

(PDU takes out of the junk box the costume of the housewife – first a wig.)

I knew this would happen at some stage tonight: one of Mrs Elizabeth Albrecht's old wigs? *(Adds a dressing gown)* Mev Anna Boshoff se vreeslike gekultiveerde tea gown? *(Adds high heels)* Marie van Zyl se katkissasieskoene? *(A portable radio)* One of Esmé Euvrard's old radios? I know what these all are: they're donations to the Southern Cross Fund to be sent to our boys on the border. Can you imagine receiving a nice box from the fund and finding all these things in it? Now I know what they mean by the total strategy.



PDU as the housewife

(SOUND: Music jingle of SABC Radio's Woman's World.)

(The housewife sits at the desk with a toy tank, toy radio and toy telephone from the junk box. She listens for a bit, then switches the radio music off. She has a bad smoker's cough and yet is dying for a cigarette throughout.)

THE HOUSEWIFE: Ag no man, hell, I just don't know anymore. All the prices are going up, all the benefits are going down. It's a damn disgrace. Bread up six percent and that's only the beginning they say. *Sis* man, it makes you sick. Seven percent General Sales Tax you now pay to help the government fight the communists? And the blessed cafe owners put it all in their pockets? Millions, they say, millions a year! No gee, man ... Beer, cigarettes, toys, not even talking about school and food? All out of proportion to what a person earns.

(She puts on one earring.)

A friend of Joanie's says our cost of living here is even higher than in England. And what do we get for it in return? Coloureds and Indians in our Parliament, thank you very much. No *sis* man, it makes you sick. You can see it on the street, on their faces – the triumph, leering at you. In Parliament today, in the bedroom tomorrow! No man, I just don't know.

(She blows her nose loudly.)

What ever happened to decent politics?

(She puts on the other earring.)

Joanie's friend says our political wilderness is getting wilder, while our cultural desert looks more deserted. Ja well, I suppose so, if you look at it her way. Shame, and she reads. Sportsmen come here if you pay them, I suppose. I just don't know anymore. What's going on in this blessed country suddenly? With this new dispensation/compensation/whatever from the government? And cabinet ministers in trouble? And then old Andries Treurnicht? Being made out like he's some kind of fanatic or something? Jeez. They'll wake up when it's too late.

(She takes out a cigarette, looks at it and puts it back.)

Ja, he's a white man and he will stay a white man. At least let him try. *Sis* man, it's enough to make you sick. They'll all run away one day and we'll have to stay. Where can we go, hey?

(She puts on handcream and rubs her hands.)

Terrorists going crazy all over the country. Right here in Pretoria, you walk in the street and BANG! Suddenly you're dead for minding your own business. I mean look what's happened in Zimbabwe? Shame, poor Rhodesia. And now South-West and Namibia and all that? I mean, what's it all mean, hey? Communists in Angola and Mozambique hating us. And killing our people and now we feed them with mielies? While our poor natives starve to death right here in their homelands? Of hunger! Our natives! I don't know. The whole place is going mad, man. Going to LM in Mozambique, hey? To eat prawns at the old Polana Hotel? No, *sis*!

(Bad cough. She takes out her cigarettes. Puts them back in her pocket.)

People are killing themselves all over the country for no reason. And even then it's the wrong one. White against white, while the blacks just sit on the pavement. Listening to their horrible pop music, always too loud. Rubbish on the TV and everyone laughing at things that matter. And meanwhile our boys are out there fighting somewhere ... someone ... Shame ...

My kids are driving me crazy. Won't go back to school. Don't want to do their homework. Play all night. Pacman, video games. What's next? Motorbikes, dagga, drink, sex? Sis. My husband spends all his time in the bar or under that blessed car. The char uses the phone while I'm out.

(She scratches her scalp and looks at fingers.)

GCM! I think I've got dandruff! I wonder if any of them have thought what would happen. To this family? If I just walk out? Hey? Hey? That's why I'm still here. There's no one else. What's the point of caring, if they're just going to give this all away. To coloureds and blacks who've all now got those fancy degrees. Because of all my taxes? I just don't know. Sometimes I wonder: is it worth it? Trying to keep civilisation alive here? Is it worth it? Hey? Is it worth it? I don't know ...

(Bad cough. She takes out a cigarette.)

Hell, I might as well start smoking again!

(She strikes a match and lights up.)

(BLACKOUT)

VOICEOVER *(In a sing-song sendup of advert jingle)*: You can stay as you are for the rest of your life, or you can change ...

PDU: Change. The catchword of the eighties. In 1980 we paid five cents for a stamp. Next month it's 11 cents. That's maybe small change. Last week at Komatipoort, Red Riding Hood had the wolf to tea: that's big change. Funny, five and a half years ago Connie Mulder was nearly our prime minister. I wouldn't be here if he was. Here today, Fanie Botha tomorrow. But still the children must fight a war. Yesterday against an enemy who becomes tomorrows friend? Are we getting better? Or is the

world getting worse? I don't know either. Meanwhile in Civvie Street, the businessmen of South Africa make sure that the money keeps rolling in.

(The businessman sits at his desk. The phone rings. He answers it.)

THE BUSINESSMAN: Ja, Suzanne, dis nou jou etenstyd. Jy hoof nie te wag nie. Trek net die Krygkor lêr vir die vergadering. Jy kan vanmiddag die briewe voltooi.

(He puts down phone.)

Soos baie ander families in ons straat, het ons ook 'n seun in die Weermag. Hy't sy eerste paar maande diens voltooi sonder enige redes vir klagtes of feesviering. Hy't baie van ons land gesien uit treinvensters, en hier en daar iets geleer wat hy nie eers aan sy eie pa kon verduidelik nie. Hy't daardie jongseunlyf verloor waaroor ons hom 'Dikkie' genoem het. So vinnig gegroei dat sy ma begin huil het toe sy daardie eerste naweek saam weer by hom staan en besef sy voel nou soos 'n ou vrou. Ek is bevrees sy't sedertdien een geword. Sy't nooit weer reggekom na die motorongeluk nie. Sy't verval in 'n roetiene van slaaplose nagte en weeklikse besoeke aan die apteker vir haar 'precious prescriptions'.

(The phone rings.)

Verskoon my ... Hello? Yes, good. No, I've postponed the preliminary meeting till he's rested. We'll have a rep from Armskor sitting in. Good.

(He replaces phone.)

Die telefoon. Dikkie moes mos altyd bel uit een of ander obskure plek en dan die nommer van die tiekieboks uitgil dat ons dit gou neerskryf om terug te bel en lekker lank te gesels. Juis die aand toe hy bel om te vertel dat hy vir 'n ruk huistoe kom, was almal so opgewonde. Somaar deurmekaar gebabbel om nuus te hoor en nuus te vertel. My vrou het oor haar gesondheid gesels; sy sussie oor haar liefdeslewe. Maar wat kan 'n mens nou juis oor 'n telefoon sê?

Toe dit my kans was om met Dikkie te gesels, het ek die vroumense deurgestuur na die TV kamer, waar ander waarhede kwytergaak is: oor die VVO, Beiroet, en rugby. En die vreeslike feit dat Tant San in Brakpan deur 'n boeldog in die boude gebyt is ... ag ons gewone wêreldnuus.

'Pa, ek is oor drie of vier weke weer by die huis. Ek het 'n pas,' het

Dikkie vertel daar ver uit sy bos-oorlog, êrens noord van Pretoria en suid van Luanda, waar hy besig was om ons te beskerm teen die terroriste seuns van ons bediendes en tuiniers. Sy nuus was amper te goed om waar te wees.

‘Dikkie, jou ma sal so bly wees om jou weer by die huis te hê, man. Sy het jou regtig nodig ... lekker gaan stap langs die see? ... o nee, sy’s natuurlik baie beter ...’ My wit leuen het moeilik vertel. ‘... maar sy het nou al ons aandag en liefde nodig. Jy sal sien wat ek bedoel.’

Die TV nuus het plek gemaak vir die advertensies wat vetkat Suid-Afrika lekker-lekkend aan haar kredietkaarte wys. Dit was toe Dikkie gevra het of hy ’n maat kon saambring. Ek dink toe aan my dogter met haar ‘liefdeslewe’. Ja wat, the more the merrier. Maar hy vertel toe verder.

‘Dis die chommie van my, Pa. Pa weet hy’s deur ’n rowwe tyd. Pa ... ek wou liewers vir Pa-hulle betyds waarsku. ‘Waarsku? Dwelms?’ ‘Nee Pa, dis net die outjie was in ’n landmyn-ontploffing, Pa...’ Die telefoonlyn het weerklink en gekraak.

‘Landmyontploffing?’

‘Ja Pa, hy’t albei sy bene verloor, Pa.’

‘Sy bene?’

‘Nee, maar Pa, hy’s heeltemal okay. Rêrig Pa. Dit sal goed vir hom wees om met ons te wees.’

My seun die Goeie Samaritaan. Maar ek het die outjie nie eers jammer gekry nie. Net geïrriteerd dat ’n slagoffer my familie wou gebruik om beter te voel. Waar was sy familie? Sy mense? Dit was onnodig, onnatuurlik en buitendien, sonder bene? Ek kon dit natuurlik nie vir Dikkie sê nie. Ek het hom net reguit gesê dat sy Ma iets so aaklig, so vreesliks nie kon hanteer nie. Ek het gedink my seun sou verstaan. Hy’t my blykbaar te goed verstaan.

Twêe dae later was hy dood. Selfmoord. Sien, al was my seun sonder sy bene, kon hy nog steeds die pille bykom ...

(The phone rings.)

Hallo? Oh yes, hallo and welcome, how was your flight? ... Good ... Yes, I was saying to your ambassador only yesterday, we can look forward

to great cooperation between our countries ... of course, only if there is stability ... and there is ... yes, great changes ... very exciting ... Ja, let's meet in about an hour? Fine. Welcome to South Africa.

(He picks up the toy tank off the table and switches it on.)

(SOUND: A real tank shooting. The toy tank runs across the stage firing its gun.)

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: War war war? No more war. Make love not war? Of soos ons in Afrikaans sê: Steek dood maar nie met 'n mes!

(He replaces military toys on the ladder.)

Hey Magnus? Hendrik? Hier's julle speelgoed. We tried so hard to get Magnus something really nice to play with, not just a bomb or a plane or a tank. And then we found him a magnificent glittering grey battleship called the SAS *President Vorster*, but unfortunately it sank itself.

(The baboon claps. PDU goes to the junk box and peers in.)

You'll never believe who also lives in this box.

(He takes out loud checked jacket.)

Michael de Morgan?

(Takes out florid bow tie.)

And his colleague Kim Shippey? We really have some great teams in South Africa: Piet Koornhof and Helen Suzman, Sol and Anneline, Zola and Budd, Mike Schutte and Kallie Knoetse. But our greatest team must be PW Botha and Chris Heunis! A team to put Laurel and Hardy to shame. A team to make nonsense of the Marx Brothers excluding Karl and Lourenco! Let's eavesdrop at a Cabinet meeting ...

(SOUND: Music of the children's TV show Wielie Walie. PDU puts on the jacket, bow tie, PW hat and glasses. He takes out a ventriloquist dummy out of the box. Oom Chris Heunis.)

VOICEOVER: Hello maats!



PW and Chris Heunis – by Andy

OOM PW: Hallo Magda! Hallo, maats in die *Wielie-Walje* Ateljêe! Ai, dis so lekker om weer by julle te wees. En wat sê jy? (*Chris shakes head*) Sê dan hello vir die maats? (*Chris shakes head*) Jy kan niks sê nie, want ek het jou dan nog nie voorgesê nie. Wat is dit? (*Chris whispers*) O, hy's 'n bietjie ontsteld, want ek het hom nie aan julle voorgestel nie. Nou ja, ek is Oom PW en dis my klein maatjie, Klein Chris. Sê nou hello vir die maats, Chris?

CHRIS: Hallo maats!

(*He smiles by lifting his upper lip.*)

OOM PW: Ja-nee, kyk net hoe mooi glimlag hy? Kan julle sien, maatjies? Kyk wat hy alles kan doen? Hy's baie slim. Rol die oë, Chris ... daar's hy ... baie slim. 'n Mens sou nooit dink hy doen dit alles self nie, nè?



Nou ja, Chris, wat sal ons vandag doen? Sal ons rugby speel?

CHRIS: Nee.

OOM PW: Sal ons troepie-en-terroris speel?

CHRIS: Nee.

OOM PW: Sal ons stories vertel?

CHRIS: Ja.

OOM PW: Wil jy die storie hoor van Gogga-maak-vir-baba-bang?

CHRIS: Nee. Die storie van Jaap en Andries!

OOM PW: Maar dis dan die selle ou storie. Nee wat, Chrissie, kom ons vertel vir die maats die nuwe storie. Ons het mos so lank geoefen. (*Chris looks blank. Oom PW whispers in his ear*) Toe nou?

CHRIS: Die storie van die Nuwe Bedeling?

OOM PW: Dis hy, die storie van die Nuwe Bedeling. Nou goed, maats. Daar was eenkeer vier families wat saamgewoon het in 'n straat ...

CHRIS: Republiekstraat!

OOM PW: In Republiekstraat. Die vier families was ...?

CHRIS: Die familie de Bruyn!

OOM PW: Die Coolie gesin ...

CHRIS: Die familie Swart...

OOM PW: ... en die familie de Wit. Die familie de Bruyn het mos in die kombuis gewerk en skoongemaak. Die familie Swart het in die tuin gewerskaf en gewoel. Die Coolie gesin het al die afslag-goed gaan soek

by die Pick n Pay. En die familie de Wit het lekker in die sitkamer gesit en TV gekyk. En ...?

CHRIS: Koeksisters geëet!

OOM PW: Dis reg. Maar dinge was nie lekker nie. Sien, net een familie het al die besluite geneem en die onkoste gedra van hierdie afsonderlike ontwikkeling. Wie was hulle?

CHRIS: Weet nie.

OOM PW: Was dit die familie de Bruyn? (*Chris shakes head*) Die Coolie gesin? (*Chris shakes head*) Die familie Swart? (*Chris shakes head*) Mmm? Wie het al die besluite geneem?

CHRIS: Die Broederbond!

OOM PW: Chris? Gedra jou! Of jy gaan terug na George! Dit was natuurlik die familie de Wit. En toe op 'n dag stem mense: Ja. Ja! 'n Oorweldigende ja!

CHRIS: Ja-nee!

OOM PW: Nee, net ja!

CHRIS: Ja!

OOM PW: Ja! Kom ons verander die reëls! Kom ons woon saam in vrede! Kom ons vier families ontwikkel saam! En toe bou hulle een groot huis.

CHRIS: Met net drie kamers?

OOM PW: Met drie afsonderlike kamers: een vir die Coolie gesin, een vir die familie de Bruyn, en een vir die familie de Wit. Saamwoon sonder saambly.

CHRIS: En wat van die kaffers?

OOM PW: Shhhh. Die familie Swart het teruggegaan na hulle tuis-strate. Vendaweg ... Umtataweg ... Ciskeiweg ...

CHRIS: En Qua Qua Laan?

OOM PW: Ja wat, hulle't mos nie enige rede om by die ander families te bly nie. Hulle't buitendien so baie kinders gehad en het net nie ingepas nie. Toe gaan hulle terug van waar hulle gekom het. Maar in Republiekstraat het die mense baie lekker gewoon.

CHRIS: Vir altyd en altyd ...?

OOM PW: Nee. Net vir vandag.

CHRIS: Maar wat van môre, Oom PW?

OOM PW: Wat van môre? Chrissie, as ek dit geweet het, het ek mos ook in Paraguay gaan woon. Sê nou totsiens vir die maats, Chrissie?

CHRIS: Totsiens maats!

OOM PW: Totsiens maats!

(SOUND: Music from Wielie Walie.)

(BLACKOUT)

(PDU replaces the puppet and takes off jacket, tie, glasses and hat.)

PDU: Of course, the only way to do Chris Heunis properly is never to move your lips.



PDU as Chris Heunis

A new Constitution? Many things will change in our lives and in this country. For a start, ignoring 71% of the population is going to be a problem. Then of course there is the nightmare of the opening of not just one, but three parliaments! Someone is going to also wear the same dress as Mrs PW Botha wore, if that is possible.

And the national flag? We'll have to adapt it to the present situation. Take out the little flags in the middle: the Union Jack, the Vierkleur, the Vrystaatse vlaggie – and put in their place new symbols of state: a samosa for the Indians, a Barclaycard for us en 'n paar valstande vir you-know-who!

Of course we whites take democracy for granted. We've been

doing it so well for so long, but now it is time to teach other South Africans where to put their crosses. Not necessarily on their backs. One of these lucky groups are the coloured people, die bruin mense, die ander-Afrikaners. I mean, did they really have the vote before 1948? Really? So are we now back at square one? I don't know. Anyway, how the hell do you teach a group of people to rule, when actually they've been ruling us from their kitchens with a rod of iron for years.

(PDU adds the overall and doek, rolls up his trouser legs and becomes Maraaai the Maid.)

MARAAI: Hey? No man Grênnny, I'm here in the playroom. Grênnny? I told you, I am working. No one will rape you, Grênnny! Wishful thinking, blerrie ou vrou. *(Deep sigh)* Tsjoe! Master is out! Madam is out! The kids is at school! En hier sit ek met liewe Heksie. Sy werk so op my bleddie nerves, man. Steek haar neus in alles. Kom in my kombuis in haar blerrie wheelchair like a 'Night Rider': 'Too much salt here, Cookie; too much sugar there, Cookie! Do this Cookie! Do that Cookie! Haar koekie op 'n paal! I don't take it from anyone. Eina, my voete maak my klaar! En kyk hoe lyk die kamer? By the way, het julle gesien? I got an envelope addressed to me: Maraaai February care of here. The last brown envelope I got here care of, was from the receiver of revenue. I wrote back: 'Thank you very much, dear sir, but as a brown person I don't think I'm allowed to join your club, yours truly.'

(She looks in the envelope and takes out a booklet.)

'How to Vote: coloured/Hoe om te stem: Bruin' Windgat!

(She reads.)

'Dear prospective coloured voter...' Nè? 'As you know, you have a choice coming up in August 1984, to be represented in a democratic parliament under the same roof but not under the same ceiling as whites and Indians...' Waar wil ek langs Indians sit? Anyway ... 'The choice is: a) having the vote and becoming a person or b) just staying a Hotnot. Please fill in the IQ test on page one, and if you've proved that you can read and write and think, then turn to page two.'

(She pages.)

Bleddie ambitious. Nogal page two! 'The IQ Test'.

1. 'Why is football the most popular sport among black South Africans?' Because it's the only time a black man can chase a white man and get paid for it and 80,000 people stand up and cheer?
2. 'How do coloured people make an omelette?' Easy. First you steal two eggs ...
3. 'Why do policemen now wear polo-neck cardigans?' Seker to hide their flea collars?
4. 'What do the numbers 1652 and 1948 have in common?' Nou ja, Jan van Riebeeck came here in 1652, and Dr DF Malan came in 1948. But in common? 1652 and 1948? Ah, adjoining rooms at the President Hotel in Bloemfontein!
5. 'What do you call a politician who doesn't lie, who doesn't cheat and who doesn't steal?' Dead! Now turn to Page two.

(She pages.)

Page two: 'How to prepare yourself for a life in South African politics. Find a pink carnation.' A pink carnation? 'It's in your bleddie envelope, man!' O ekskuus vir my!

(She finds one in the envelope.)

This is a package deal! 'Now put it on: left side for the United Democratic Front. Right side for the Labour Party'

(She dithers.)

Ek sit dit in die middel. Ek is mos komsee-komsa. Now turn to page three.

Page three: 'How to form your own political opinion and those of others'. Dit smaak ek nou. 'Now using the following words and phrases listed below, try and convince your apathetic neighbour to vote our way.' Apathetic? Sy's pathetic! Me and my neighbour don't usually talk. Sy gedra haar alreeds so wit, jy kan met haar 'n man vang.

(She calls) Hey Abdoltjie? Gaan roep jou ma? Hey Abdoltjie? Jy hou jou lyf common met my? Hey, ek gooi jou met 'n Coke blik! You're talking here to a political animal!

(The neighbour 'appears'.)

Hey Mrs Tieties? Ag excuse me, Mrs Tieties, is jy lus vir so 'n political argument across the fence? Hang on, ek kyk eers na my list.

(She refers to her page three.)

OK. 'Dear neighbour, notwithstanding pressures from the outside: communism, democracy, the total onslaught – in other words/met ander woorde, and as far as I am concerned, let me state here most categorically, and I say it not only on my own behalf ...'

(She comes to the end of the page.)

O gaats, no more words left. But what have I said? I sound just like Piet Koornhof on TV. Hey Abdoltjie, gaan sê vir jou apathetic pathetic ma: you bleddie hotnots better vote right in August, or we kill your chickens, throw bricks through the windows, tease the women and klap die kinders – and that's just the good news.

(She is shocked at her outburst.)

Nay sies, politics brings out the worst in a person. Nay waar, ek praat mos nie so met my neighbour nie. Turn to page four.

Page four. 'How to look the part of a politician.

A) Study the following diagram carefully and memorise it. Stand!' Ek stand mos? 'Feet apart!' Ag ekskuus ... 'Stomach in; backside in.' O dis lekker! 'Knees together!' No, sorry. Impossible. 'Head erect and proud?' OK! 'Head forward on neck angled to the right.' So? 'Right hand in fist for kragdadigheid!' OK. 'Right hand wave in air to make a point, waving forefinger, pointing to threaten the enemy, pointing and pursing the lips.' Daars hy! 'Lick the lips!' Nay, ek voel nou soos 'n PW chameleon of a Heunis likkewaan!

B) 'Now look into your envelope and take out your new dispensation Kit No 89.' Wonder whatever happened to No 88?

(She takes a wig and moustache/beard for Allan Hendrickse out of the envelope.)

'Now put on your political front ...'

(She puts them on.)

'... you are now the leader of the coloured parliament, Eerwaarde Allan Hendrickse ...'



PDU as Allan Hendrickse

(She now speaks as him.)

‘En ek het die government gesê ... notwithstanding pressure from the outside ... in other words / met ander woorde ... as far as the Labour Party is concerned ... independent and proud ... ons vat die Vote en sê baie dankie Master ...’

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: Pik Botha sent me a message a few weeks ago. He wanted to know how was I going to do him in this new show. I thought it was a joke and so sent a message back. I said: ‘You tell Minister Botha, if he gives me Angola, I’ll give him Intelligence.’ Damn, I didn’t ask for Mozambique as well. Leave that to Piet Koornhof.

(PDU looks into the junk box and takes out the Piet Koornhof wig, then the Koornhof mask with big nose and ears. He adds glasses and Kyk magazine.)

PIET KOORNHOF: Thank you very much and very glad to be here and allow me to state most categorically – it’s damn hot. So forgive me winding up my arms before we get down to the nitty-gritty.

(He rolls up his sleeves.)

Now the nitty is this: it’s 1984 and that means change. Small change but still change. The gritty of the nitty is that there are a few points of gritty that I want to clear up first.

A) I would like to state here most categorically and state that I am not

responsible for anything that goes wrong in the department of cooperation and development. Like anything that goes right isn't my fault either. Thank you very much, apartheid are dead. Now B); I'll come to C) in a minute.

B) Of late there's been a lot of rumour and gossip going around about the position of the urban black. Now I don't want to go into it here, because I don't have a bleddie clue what it's all about, but-but-but it's a hell of a problem and hopefully someone somewhere will come up with something soon. Thank you very much Dr Treurnicht, I'll see you in the bar over a glass of Bols afterwards. Now C):

C) As you all might remember, in the last year — or was it two? Three? I don't know. I don't want to go into all that now, but we specifically said: if they don't have bread, let them eat cake. Thank you very much, I thought you'd pirate that bleddie video.

Now it's 1984 and things are getting better all the time, so we are moving away from old policies of disintegration into new fields of decentralisation. And so we are chucking out the KYK – yes, we've had our cake and eaten it and it tastes horrible. So we are very happy to announce the very first launch of *SEE!*

(*He holds up the English version of KYK.*)

Get *SEE* for yourself and see for yourself! Ladies and gentlemen? None so blind as those who don't buy *SEE!* It's not see through. As you know, we have changed the policy of chasing the blacks into the sea; now we



PDU as Piet Koornhof

don't even allow them on the beaches. But you, as a bona fide taxpayer in this country, have a right to know where your money is going and it's all in *SEE* to see. Get *SEE* for yourself and see for yourself! Believe me, when I looked at the figures in this edition I nearly pooped.

Right, just briefly from *SEE*: 'The government, i.e. in other words me who represents you ...' No, not you, man, you've got your own government there in QuaQua. Don't be so blerrrie difficult. Take your independence and buy a Mercedes! 'The South African government spent in the homelands and on promotion of decentralisation during the 1982/83 financial year the sum of 1,700 million rand of your money. In addition, in addition, a further 164 million 300 thousand rand 52 and a half cents of your money was spent on subsidies for black bus passengers.' Anyway, I don't want to go into that now, so let's move on. 'In addition to the bus tickets, seven million 600 thousand rand of immovable property was also moved to five homelands!'

What does that mean? How can immovable property be transferred? Who's having me on here? No hell, Lapa, man ... Anyway, ladies and gentlemen, I could go on forever, millions here, trillions there of your money. Your money going down the drain, because as we all know, the homelands policy is a ball's up! So there you have it. I'd better use this opportunity to state most categorically and off the record that I have decided to stop, to stop, to stop putting my foot in my mouth for a very obvious reason.

(We now see his size 15 shoes.)

I'm glad you like them. I went walking across the Verwoerd Dam last week and it worked, it worked. There's no water in the dam!

I might have a big department with a big problem. I might have a big deficit. I might have a big nose. I might have big ears. I might have a big mouth. I do have big feet. But ladies and gentlemen, there's another part of me that's also big! In fact it's not just big. It's huge! My sense of humour! Thank you very much, apartheid are dead! That's the joke!

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: When I was doing one of my seasons of *Adapt or Dye* in Johannesburg, a former American ambassador came to see the show with a party and came backstage and said: 'Great! Pieter? How would you like to come to the United States of America?' Yipee, I thought, Broadway here I come. They sent me to Iowa. That's a bit like Beaufort West without the Barnards. Or rather Soutpansberg sonder die Bothas. Iowa City, right in the middle of America, far away from Manhattan and Broadway, Hollywood and LA. The real America. Hamburgers, French fries, kids, joggers, baseball, gridiron, Mondale, and there I found myself as one of 35 other writers representing Third World countries. Was I supposedly representing Azania? Me? Afrikaans? White?

I met some wonderful people on this International Writers Programme at the University of Iowa. Poets from Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia; novelists from Mexico, Ghana, Peru; playwrights from Red China, Kenya, East Germany – and me, the Boer from Johannesburg. They were very surprised to see me. 'Why are you white?' they asked. I said it was the food on Pan Am.

That's where I met real Communists for the first time. Communists from Bulgaria and East Berlin and Beijing. Communists in Iowa?

I said: 'Excuse me, but are you really a Communist?'

They said: 'Yes.'

I said: 'Don't say it so loud!'

They said: 'You're a white South African?'

I said: 'Yes.'

They said: 'You should whisper.'

And there in Iowa City, Iowa, USA, I realised, at the age of 38, that all my South African definitions of things that mattered to me made no sense at all: my South African understanding of protest, of democracy, of anger, of logic. Logic? How can anyone give logic to the black Bantustan policy?

'Well, you see,' I explained, 'we have all these black tribal reserves called Bantustans: Transkei, Ciskei, Venda and Bophuthatswana. And each has their own president and their own flag and all the nice democratic things that we also enjoy in South Africa proper, like the

vote and political prisoners. But they don't have their own money. They still spend nine billion rand of our money each year, but we're working at that. Meanwhile they can each be allowed glittering casinos like Sun City, where gambling can happen and uncensored films can be shown – meaning white tits (black tits were regarded as *au naturel*).

And we South Africans can cross the border and do all those things we are not allowed to do back home! Even sleep with our black maid and maybe the coloured garden boy! And we don't even need a visa, just a Visa card. And the whole point of all this corruption and confusion is that one day all the black tribes of South Africa – the Xhosa, the Zulu, the Tswana, the Sotho, the Venda, the Shangaan – will each have their own independent homeland. So logically there will be no blacks in South Africa.' The writer from Romania thought it was pretty logical. So there we were in Iowa in the summer, sitting in the grass next to the slow-moving river, talking and drinking vodka and wine and swapping crazy stories and true confessions of survival against all the odds – this being 1983. Ferdinand Marcos was ripping off the Philippines. Remember Ferdinand Marcos? He bought all those shoes and half of Manhattan real estate for Mrs Imelda Marcos. Well, he was in the White House drinking tea and eating jelly babies with his best pal Ronnie who'd just bought red china for his wife Nancy – it looked great on a white table cloth.

Then the Filipino poet became very upset. 'If I had a gun, I would go to Washington and shoot that bastard. Marcos put me in jail for a year because one of my poems made him out to be a pig!'

Janos the playwright from Poland just laughed. 'A year? I was in solitary confinement in Poland for two years!' We all drank to the obviously hopeless cause of Solidarity.

Christina the beautiful poet from Argentina smiled. 'Ah but darling, were you also tortured? Look. No fingernails.' And then they all looked at me.

'Hey Pieter Apartheid, what happened to you in South Africa? Were you imprisoned, tortured, in solitary confinement?'

'No,' I said. 'I'm white.'

They looked at me: the battered, the bruised, the tortured, the torn.

‘But my plays were banned!’

‘Bravo Pieter Apartheid. Your plays were banned, because you stood up against the hated apartheid regime; because you defended your Christian principles; because you fought for human right and decent values. That is why your plays were banned, no?’

I said: ‘No, my plays were banned because I used the words *kak* and *poep* on page three!’

(BLACKOUT)

(PDU changes into Nowell Fine. She has her make-up tray and is getting ready for her shooting lesson.)



PDU as Nowell Fine

NOWELL FINE: (*She is paging through that day's newspaper: we see the front page headline*) Who ever thought it would happen? Someone once said: ‘There is nothing to fear but fear itself.’ Who said that? Or did I just think that up in my own head? I mean dinner parties in Johannesburg have become such a depressing bore! All we talk about is crime and violence. Last week we were in Cape Town at the Schwerski's. They're off to Canada. We made small talk about this and that, you know Cape Town. How to deal with problems of stone throwing on the N2 on the way to Cape Town Airport. Very simple: stay in the fast lane, drive like hell and don't stop for anyone in distress,

not even a nun with a broken leg. Drive over the holy one. And wear a crash helmet just in case.

(She sorts out her hair.)

Over the main course they asked us how we survive restaurant robberies in Joburg. You know, when those balaclavaed schmucks rush in with their AK-47s just after you've had your crayfish cocktail? And force you to lie on the floor with a soggy chip up your nostril?? Firstly don't make jokes. No wisecracks about anything. Also don't wear any jewellery when you go out in Joburg, especially no diamonds in pierced ears. They rip off the ears with the loot. And always take some cash so as not to irritate the robbers. And keep a condom handy just in case they understand English.

(She uses hand cream.)

Then as far as hijacking goes? Slow down at the red robot but don't stop. When it's green, stop because there's probably a township taxi coming through their red light at full speed. Keep windows closed, doors locked. Put a blow-up Rottweiler on the back seat going woof woof woof. Tin of Doom on the front seat.

(She dries her hands on towel.)

Last night after a DA security briefing in Sandton, I sat next to this woman I can't stand. Such a Portuguese kugel; gives us Jewish-African princesses a bad name. Compulsive emigrant. Sees a black face in power and packs the Gucci bags. What a world traveller – from Lourenco Marques to Beira, to Luanda to Salisbury to Windhoek to Kimberley to South Joburg. Where can she move to from here I ask myself! Then I put two and two together. You read it in what's-his-name's column. That woman who keeps all her security keys on one key ring? First lesson in survival: don't even keep your spare security keys in Joburg! Mine are in Boston with my daughter. But no, this madam has all her keys on one keyring. The keys for the outside gate, the inside gate, the outside door, the inside door, the keys to unlock the safe, the car keys for the 4×4 and the Lexus – all on one key ring. It's so damn heavy when she puts them in her sling bag, she dislocates her shoulder.

(She adds eye make-up.)

Rich bitch, spends her days lying next to her pool. Topless. At her age? It's disgusting and provocative. No wonder there are so many crimes perpetrated against women in Joburg. There she is topless, tantalising the garden boys. The trees around her property are groaning with black garden boys being tantalised. Then on top of it, she's also a snob. When she has a dinner party, which I have never accepted invitations to I might add, she doesn't order flowers from a florist like any normal hostess. Oh no, she has to go out onto the pavement and cut the roses hanging over her security wall so that she can say to her guests: Look at my lovely roses. I risked my life going out onto the pavement. And the blacks hate those damn rosebushes hanging over the pavement – their Velcro gets caught in the thorns!

(She powders her face.)

Anyway, the story goes like this: she needs roses for her evening dinner party. So she puts her skimpy top back on, takes the shears, grabs her sling bag and triples out onto the pavement. Looks left, looks right. No one there with a gun. So she quickly clips some roses when a gust of wind slams the doors shut. Inside door, outside door, inside gate, outside gate. Damn, she sighs. Keys in my bag. No. Keys inside house on same key ring!

(She adds lipstick and lipgloss during ...)

So there she is at 3 p.m. in the afternoon, outside on the pavement in her skimpy bikini without a stitch of make-up and her hair looks like dreck. This woman is now on the verge of a major platz. Luckily she sees the garden boy from the rich Indians next door on his way back from a few drinks at a local shebeen, of course as pissed as a fart. She hides behind a shrub and calls him: 'Oi, boy!' He thinks she's a burglar and throws stones at her. She takes off her top. Her tits hit her knees. Now he recognises her! She says: 'Listen boy, Madam's locked herself out of her place. Please climb over the security wall and set off the burglar alarms. At least then the security firm can see the red lights flashing. They'll think I'm being burgled, dash over here, see me like this and unlock the door for me.'

'No,' says the garden boy, 'I'm not a burglar!'

‘Don’t be so difficult,’ she says. ‘I’ll give you 40 rand.’

No, he’s too scared of her dogs.

‘The dogs all died yesterday,’ she says lying through her teeth.

So this poor drunk schwartze climbs the tree, scrambles over the high security wall, tearing his clothes on the jagged barbed wire along the top. Before the alarms can even go off, he’s hanging upside down into her garden with three man-eating Rottweilers trying to chew him from the face in.

(She sprays perfume.)

All the barking and screaming attracts the neighbours from watching sport on TV. They look out of their window and see the black man and the dogs. They grab their guns and start shooting. But they’re so drunk and high on coke they can’t shoot straight. Luckily one of their bullets hits the panic button next to the jacuzzi at the pool. Now all the alarms go off. Now the security people know there’s a problem. Of course they take over 40 minutes to get there. The first thing they see is a half-naked old white woman crying on the sidewalk and inside, hanging upside down, a black man being licked by three dogs. They shoot the black in self-defence. And now this stupid woman is being sued by her Indian neighbours because their fancy garden has gone to shit.

(She files her nails.)

Anyway, there I am sitting next to her. Not letting on that I know the whole story.

I say: ‘Howzit.’

She says: ‘Whozit?’

I say it’s me. I didn’t see you at the election briefing. So what’s happening?

She says: ‘Don’t ask. I’m so sick of this damned country. Fed up with the crime and corruption, the violence and the theft, with the townships being subsidised by me because they don’t pay for their electricity and their water. I’m going back to Portugal.’

‘Oi, the last resort,’ I sigh. ‘But listen doll, don’t keep all your keys on the same key ring in Portugal. You might be mugged in Lisbon by a real refugee from Africa.’

Well no, I didn't say that. I should've said: 'Listen doll, there is nothing to fear but fear itself.' As true's God, I'm absolutely finished. Who said that?

(She adds sunglasses and a crash helmet.)

Right, now I'm off to my target-practice class. Where's my gun ...

(BLACKOUT)

(PDU goes off-stage to get into Evita.)

(SOUND: Sirens and cars arriving.)

VOICEOVER: Ladies and gentlemen, her excellency the South African ambassador to the independent homeland Republic of Bapetikosweti!

(A bodyguard in leather with AWB insignia appears on stage as the lights brighten. Then Evita comes on in her fur coat and all her glory. He slips her a small pistol, which she puts in her pocket.)

EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT: Good evening, goeienaand Dr van Rensburg? Professor-Dokter Bernady, Dr Steyn, Dominee en Mev Dominee van Aswegen, Regter Coetzer, Minister Ellis, Colonel Greenwood, General Delport, Dr Hupfleisch, Meneer ... Meneer?? Ag skat, gaan koop vir jou êrens 'n graad! Maar kyk dan vir ons eie PW Botha? You don't even need a degree to be chancellor of an Afrikaans university.

I'm sorry I'm late, but as you know, my life as the South African ambassador to the independent homeland Republic of Bapetikosweti is not just restricted to petty diplomacy. I have so much to do for Volk en Vaderland, en ek kan regtig nie lank by julle vertoef nie. Ek het so pas 'n foon oproep in my motor ontvang van Pik Botha. Hy't my mooi gevra ... o ja hy't nou geleer om mooi te vra ... hy't my mooi gevra om so gou's moontlik na Angola te vlieg om te help met die sosaties vir môre se groot militêre braaiveis. En dan natuurlik Vrydag se Afrika Akkoord. Ons is almal so opgewonde om te sien wat dra Mev Kaunda en die ander meide.

Ek staan juis hier in my snoesige wit pelsjas, my snoozy little white mink that I wore recently in Moscow to the funeral of President Yuri Andropov. Very cold in Moscow. Of course I was there unofficially. Minister Louis Nel phoned me in Geneva, where I was opening another boereworsfabriek, and asked me to go to Moscow incognito to see for sure if this Andropov was dead or not. Well, I stood in the VIP queue at the bier, the body lying there surrounded by flowers. I saw some beautiful proteas, seker weer Eschel en Katie Rhoodie se streke. So I said to Margaret Thatcher: 'Maggie? Dink jy die ou Kommunis is uiteindelik dood?' Toe trek Maggie een van haar hoedespelde uit en druk dit in die boud van die lyk. Nie eers 'n piep nie. Hy's dood.

Aardige vrou, die Maggie Thatcher, soos 'n ysterkoeksister en tipies Engels, soos my ma Ouma Ossewania Kakebenia sou sê. Nou ja, as you can see, I am not dressed for this kind of weather, but as you might have read in your local National Party organ, I'm on my way to the Transkei, where relations with us have been chilly of late. Ek sal buitendien nooit krimpelien dra voor die Matanzimas nie! I'm actually off to Umtata to help get our embassy ready, vloere skrop en muurpapier hang, to get it ready for a dear friend and colleague of mine who has just been promoted from being South Africa's ambassador in London to being our ambassador in the Transkei.

Then I also promised Riaan Eksteen, 'Koedoe' Eksteen, head of the SABC, that I would pop into Brandfort and find out for sure what Sir Richard Attenborough said to Winnie Mandela. I won't be able to tell Koedoe or you what Mrs Mandela said, because as a banned person she may not be quoted. However, having read the transcripts of the tapes at security police headquarters, I distinctly heard Sir Richard say to Mrs Mandela that he wanted my daughter, Billie-Jeanne, to play the lead in that film he intends to make here in South Africa about the life of Anneline Kriel.

I also received some confidential news on my car telephone. Dr Minister Piet Koornhof bel my en belowe toe vir my, en Piet se beloftes maak skuld, dat die distrikte Soutpansberg en Pietersburg binnekort ingelyf gaan word by my tuisland van Bapetikosweti. Ja, julle donners wou mos

teen ons stem? Nè Dr? You might remember there are eight pieces of Bapetikosweti dotted all over South Africa. Shame, we had a ninth little piece, but it washed out to the sea during the floods. And as ambassador I spend a lot of time on the road, going from one piece to the other. So I have been given the most beautiful present: a magnificent white 1967 Cadillac convertible. So 'n wonderlike slap wit ding, 'n regte kerb-to-kerk kar. As ek deur 'n dorpie ry, dan spring die Golfies op die sypaadtjie. It was a gift from the president of my homeland, President Ignatius Makoeloeli. Die liewe ou Pompies.

Old habits die hard. I still see him running the Total garage in Laagerfontein. Anyway Pompies got so much money from the South African government, millions and millions of rands, that he really was at a loss. Until I chose a few Picassos for the embassy guest room – en die pragtige wit kar, so 'n regte Tuisland Taxi. Izan, staan Mama se kar reg? You will remember my son, Izan Bezuidenhout? The youngest Afrikaner to kill a hyena with his bare hands and he was only 11. Ja kyk gerus, Tannie, lekker groot hande. Izan has just got back from America, where he sorted out the affairs of a good friend who belongs to something called the KKK. Wat het daar gebeur, Izan? Lakens gedra en 'n spits hoed? Toemaar jy kan later vir Mama alles in the kar vertel.

Nou ja mense, ek moet gaan. President Botha wag vir my net bo in die straat. As julle my Cadillac wil sien, if you want see my Cadillac from near, follow me out quickly because it is a convertible. Ek is bang 'n seemeeu sal op my luiperdlap-sitplekke tjorts. But before I go, I want to dampen rumours being circulated by the liberal press, that I have been seeing Prof Carel Boshoff in private. Belaglik! Ek sien niemand ooit in die privaat nie! But as you know, my husband Dr JJ de V Bezuidenhout has been asked to join the new executive committee in search of a new right-wing cultural movement. Ai tog, die naam wat hulle gekies het? Afrikaner Volkswag ... nee, Volkswagen? Nagwag! Ek bel toe vir Carel en sê vir hom, ek het die perfekte naam vir sy organisasie. 'Die Komitee vir Afrikaanse Kultuur'— Carel Boshoff se eie K-A-K. Nè, Dr?

Kom, Izan, Mama moet gaan. Baie dankie mense. Voorspoed vir 1984. Have a happy 1984, George Orwell notwithstanding. Don't be frightened by all this total onslaught nonsense. And remember always, Big Brother is only big when surrounded by people who are small. Baie dankie.

(She leaves the stage with the bodyguard as the houselights come up, walks through the auditorium, encouraging the audience to follow her. Outside the theatre stands the Cadillac convertible. The bodyguard opens the car door for her. Evita settles in on the leopardskin-covered backseat. Wagner plays in the cassette player. The people crowd round the car. It is like Hollywood. Applause. Autographs. Then the car drives off, flags flying. The number plate is 'eVITA 1'.)

THE END



WILL THE REAL PIET PROMISES PLEASE STAND UP

Unlike film or television, on stage there is no opportunity to cut to the next scene, do second takes or stop the action. But on stage, it is possible to go from an ageing male statesman to a Botoxed female princess, sometimes with only the addition of a wig and glasses and the physical stance one assumes. There is no time to introduce the character and their backstory. One needs to signal instantly the face and body language that can only belong to the person in your spotlight, but unlike film there are no latex masks on stage. Margaret Thatcher's walk is 70% of my impersonation. Posture, pace and self-belief all help to give my mimicry more dimension. But then again I don't overdo it. You only have two hands, ten fingers, two eyes, one mouth. Evita's character is focused on the mouth, PW on the finger, Tutu on the tongue (and his giggle), Thatcher on her posture and vocal squeeze; I call it her lavatory face: squeeze ...

My Winnie Mandela works even though it hardly looks like her. The real Winnie had a honey warm voice, was soft spoken and sexy. But people see Winnie in my cartoon thanks to the costume, headdress, clenched fist and the over-articulated struggle slogans. Dr Piet Koornhof was easy to do because he so perfectly looked like a reject from the Disney store, with big Jumbo ears and a long Pinocchio nose, his wide smile and tin-pot cackle. Koornhof's speech rhythm, repetitions and bad grammar bring him to life within seconds – 'Thank you very much, baie dankie, apartheid are dead!'

But I had an irresolvable problem with Koornhof during the 1980s when he was basically second in command of the National Party. As minister of cooperation and development from 1978 to 1984, he was responsible for the implementation of apartheid laws that saw the forced removal of tens of thousands of people. My Koornhof sketches in *Adapt or Dye*, *Total Onslaught* and *Beyond the Rubicon* were sprinkled with things that he had recently said. Audiences laughed at the familiarity of the character in spite of his ghastly actions.

A big shock came when I discovered that Dr Piet Koornhof was a fan! He liked what I did, he said. The minister would come to my shows, sit in the fourth row centre and laugh at me doing him. The audiences laughed at him laughing at me doing him. His laugh was infectious. Even at the Market Theatre, where we broke the law by making people of colour welcome, blacks and coloured patrons sat transfixed by the merry minister. That in itself could keep a shrink busy for a year.



I had a selection of Koornhof masks made to hide my face behind his ears and nose. I presented one of the masks to his wife, on television, as a present for him. He sent me fan mail. After his visit to the Baxter Theatre to see *Total Onslaught*, a letter from him as acting prime minister, on official embossed paper, arrived, although most of it, I think, was aimed at 'her'. The letter included an invitation to lunch or dinner.

We did have that lunch. That's when he said with a smile: 'Yes, you make fun of me and, yes, I laugh

Piet Koornhof and PDU on film set
1985



Republiek van Suid-Afrika - Republic of South Africa

Form.
Ref.

Ministerie van die Eerste Minister
Ministry of the Prime Minister

Privaatsak X193
Private Bag

Kaapstad
Cape Town

0000

PERSOONLIK EN UITERS GEHEIM

Mnr Pieter-Dirk Uys
alias Evita Bezuidenhout
P/a Homes Roadweg 10
PINELANDS
7405

Beste Pieter-Dirk

Ontvang asseblief my opregte dank en waardering vir die kaartjies vir "Total Onslaught tof 1980".

Persoonlik het ek die produksie terdeë geniet, maar ek mag nie sê watter gedeelte ek die meeste geniet het nie. (Ingevolge die Wet op Staatsgeheime - Wet 12 van 1978).

In my nuwe hoedanigheid spyt dit my om u mee te deel dat die Regering besluit het om u uit amptsmotor in te trek ingevolge die beleid op die besparing van Staatsfondse.

Voor ek die Kabinet skommel, het ek ernstig besin of ek u in my Kabinet moet opneem, maar vanweë u uitspattige kleredrag meen ek sal u nie inpas in die nuwe Bedeling nie - terloops u grimmer ook gans te swaar. (Net 'n vriendelike wenk).

2/...

-2-

Die goeie nuus is egter dat ek nie Mapetiki osweti gaan weggee nie en stel dit my in staat om u daar te behou as ons Ambassadeuse. Sterkte met die belangrike werk wat u daar in belang van Suid-Afrika verrig.

Graag wil ek u nooi na 'n middag of aandete (ernstig) en sal so gou doenlik met u in aanraking kom om 'n geskikte datum te reël.

Nogmaals baie dankie en sterkte op die pad vorentoe.

Vriendelike groete

U kopieskrywer

Piet Koornhof

PIET KOORNHOF
WAARNEMENDE EERSTE MINISTER

because it's funny, and yes, you say things that's true, but who in the cabinet would do a better job than me?' We made a list on the serviette and came to the conclusion that he was the best of a rotten bunch. 'That's what my life has been,' he said, 'always the choice of two evils.'

In June 1984, President PW Botha and his wife Elize went on their first international jaunt to Europe. The Sunday before their departure, Evita Bezuidenhout was featured in a double-page fashion spread in *Rapport*, a major Afrikaans newspaper. She showed off what she would be wearing as she guided the presidential couple through the icy receptions of unfriendly foreign hosts. Koornhof once again took over, this time as acting president. Evita sent him a telegram and he read it out in Parliament:

NOU DAT DIE BOTHAS OORSEE IS KOM ONS WORD
KONING EN KONINGIN
– EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT

More material for the shrink? But that's not the last drumroll. Koornhof suggested to PW Botha that freeing Nelson Mandela would be the only way to ensure peace in South Africa, and as a result, the minister was exiled to Washington DC as the South African ambassador. During my run of *Adapt or Dye*, I did him in his own backyard at his official residence. Most of the invited audience were members of the international diplomatic corps who couldn't believe their eyes or ears. But there's more. During his tenure in the USA (1986–1991), he made a speech predicting the demise of apartheid. Then he went and proved it – in 1993, aged 68, he left his wife for a young coloured woman. He and Marcelle would come and visit me at my theatre in Darling with their twin babies in a pram.

Evita said from the stage: 'Piet? Are you really the father of these two little babies? Their ears are so flat.'

'Ja, nee,' Piet replied.

After the laughter, she added, 'In a few months the ears will shoot out, and then you can pick up the Discovery channel!'



Piet Koornhof and Evita

At his invitation, Evita and I (not at the same time!) were guest speakers at the Blouberg Rotary Club, where he was on the committee. A fax arrived the next morning:

Aan Pieter-Dirk Uys van Piet Koornhof
8 April 1998

Beste Pieter,

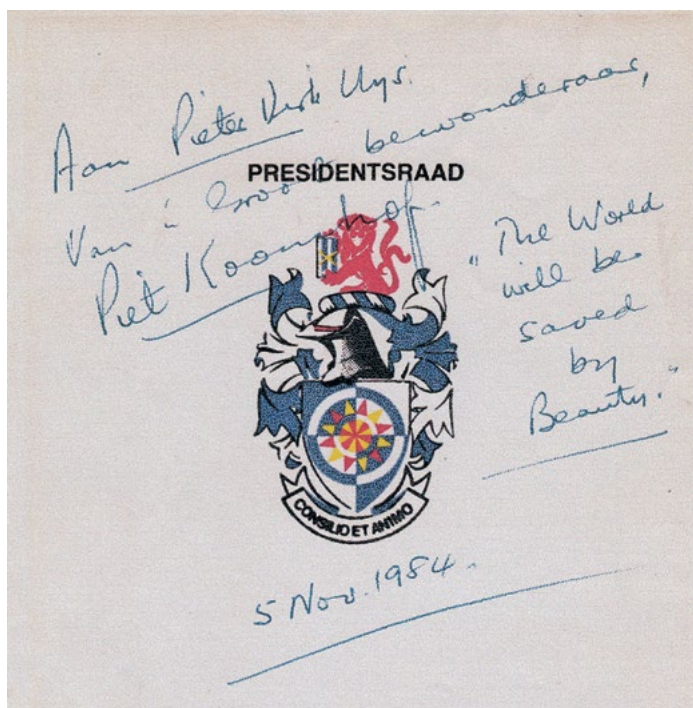
Namens Probus Klub Blouberg, duisend-maal dankie vir die skitterende wyse waarop jy gister ons ere- en altejee-gas was. Dit was 'n geleentheid wat ons nie sal vergeet nie. Jou uit-die-vuis gesels met al die humor tussen in was groots – almal het dit baie geniet.

Vir my persoonlik was dit so lekker om na jou te luister oor die dinge wat ek ook in Suid-Afrika belewe het. Die mense beseft nie – en jy is so baie beskeie daaroor – welke reuse rol jy gespeel het, die reuse bydrae wat jy gemaak het, dat wit en swart Suid-Afrika mekaar beter verstaan en saamwerk.

Dis 'n wonderwerk wat hier plaasvind en plaasgevind het na 1994; sonder jou bydra sou dit myns insiens nie moontlik gewees het nie. Jy is 'n wonderlike gawe deur die Goeie Vader aan Suid-Afrika; 'n geniale mens, 'n genie, en daarby vriendelik, menslik en toeganklik.

Ons waardeer dit en sê Baie Dankie. Wees asseblief gestaal en gesterk en geniet dit wat jy so skitterend doen.

Met agting en vriendelike groete,
Piet Koornhof vir Probus Blouberg.



Aan Pieter Dirk Uys
Van 'n Groot Bewonderaar
Piet Koornhof.
"The World will be saved by Beauty"
5 Nov 1984

He always laughed first, which was not usual for a senior target during that grim and unforgiving time. He was one of the few former apartheid ministers to acknowledge the atrocities committed under their control during apartheid. He joined the ANC in 2001. But in the 1980s, the buck stopped with him. To have fan mail from a target could be bad for business. His disarming sense of humour was a small light deep in a dark tunnel of despair.

At his funeral in November 2011 the card on a large bunch of roses was read out to the assembled mourners by his son:

‘With loving memories, my darling funny Piet Koornhof. I will miss you so much. I wish you a wonderful heavenly audience’ – Evita Bezuidenhout

Applause and warm laughter filled the church.

SUID-AFRIKA SOUTH AFRICA



Designed by M. Hollis. Produced and distributed by Bopetticsewell Marketing Enterprises (Pty) Ltd.

from 26 March
 Tues. Wed. Thurs. 9pm
 Fri. & Sat. 9 & 11pm

ADAPT OR DYE!

The Writing on the Walls of White South Africa
Rioting

A One Man Show
 with
PIETER-DIRK UYS

Would you buy a Second-hand Country
 from one of these Characters?



Tickets
 £5

At the **BOULEVARD THEATRE** W.1.
 WALKERS COURT, BREWER STREET W1.
 BOX OFFICE: 437 2661

1985–1988
 ADAPT OR DYE
 OUTSIDE THE LAAGER

**YOU
ARE LEAVING
THE FREE WORLD
YOU
ARE ENTERING
SOUTH AFRICA**

This sign was in the foyers of the theatres where I performed
outside South Africa

ADAPTING OUTSIDE THE LAAGER

Touring a one-man show in South Africa during the 1980s was not very complicated. Usually I was in my own car with a big boot so that my boxes could easily fit. I'd stay at a good hotel, which through the years had become my base when in that particular town. I would get to know the different managements at theatres and most importantly the stage managers. I'd find a good local publicist in each town or province and to this day I still work with them with success and affection. Nineteen eighty-one and 1982 saw *Adapt or Dye* crisscross South Africa. Nineteen eighty-three was a year of touring *Farce about Uys*, a comedy set in Evita's homeland with her son, De Kock, impersonating the whole family to confuse a security policeman, Sersant Uys, who is investigating their corruption. Then came *Total Onslaught 1984* – my answer to PW Botha's new tricameral dispensation, which would give whites, coloureds and Indians each a chamber of Parliament.

After filming *Skating on Thin Uys* during the first half of 1985, I had my first experience outside my laager – a week of late-night performances of *Adapt or Dye* in November in the Tricycle Theatre in London NW6. The Commonwealth Conference in the Bahamas that October had given me some good hooks to hang material on, thanks to Thatcher's refusal to adopt sanctions against South Africa. I would end the 40-minute late-night show with her in full denial.

The play that preceded me had a big cast, so all the dressing rooms were taken. It was freezing that winter week. I'd wait outside in the

courtyard at the door that opened onto the stage. Holding my three little boxes filled with props and costumes, at 11 p.m. I'd come onto the stage and get on with it. On the second night I arrived early, to find a group of anti-apartheid activists with banners and flyers demonstrating on the pavement. 'What's happening?' I asked.

'There's a white Afrikaner racist making jokes about apartheid,' one explained. DOWN WITH YIUS [*sic*] said a poster. I picked it up and joined them. It was too cold and they gave up and went to the bar in the foyer. I asked for five tickets at the box office for them.

'Come and see,' I said.

'Are you going to see that racist show?'

'Oh yes, I'm going to demonstrate on stage!'

They came. They saw. They didn't wait for an autograph.

What he does provide is laughter, not a commodity we associate with the work of Athol Fugard or Barney Simon ... scores freshly informative points as well as the obvious bulls-eye. – *Financial Times* (London) November 1985

Frighteningly sharp South African comic with his infamous show *Adapt or Dye*. – *The Guardian* (London) April 1986

Highly recommended for those who like their humour passionate. His is a form of agit-prop satire this country has never produced – yes, at times very funny, but also grindingly direct. – *City Limits* (London) April 1986

Uys deserves crowds and prolonged applause for a funny, true and uncomfortable show. – *What's on in London* (London) April 1986

The funniest and most devastating attack of apartheid you are likely to get ... highly articulate and intelligent exposure if the idiocy of the system. – *The Stage* (London) April 1986

The Boulevard Theatre was in an alleyway of London Soho's sex-and-strip armpit, and I presented my late night show there during April 1986. On arrival at Heathrow Airport, I was stopped by the customs official. He waved at me to open my suitcase. I opened it. On top of all the costumes and props was Maggie Thatcher's handbag and Evita Bezuidenhout's high heels. The official looked down at them, then at me, quite expressionless. 'Sir? The handbag and the shoes don't match.' He waved me through and turned his attention to the next trolley.



PDU as Maggie Thatcher (above) and as PW Botha (right) at the Boulevard Theatre

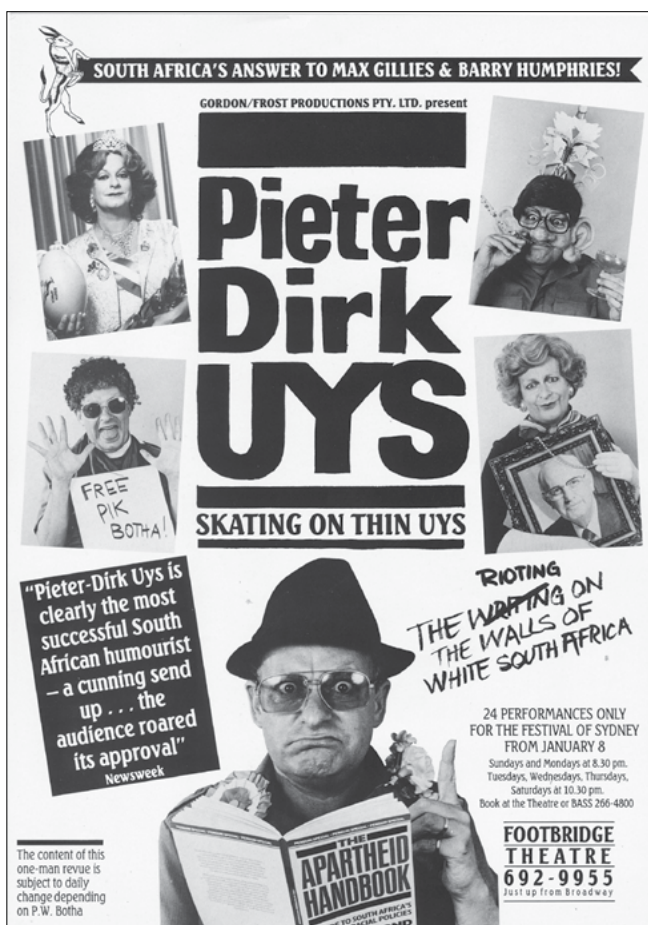
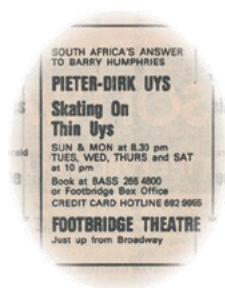


A few days earlier, US President Ronald Reagan had bombed Libya. There was a tangible fear of reprisals. The venue belonged to soft-porn mogul Paul Raymond and the show before me was a capless nipple orgy. The dressing room, where I had a small table in a corner, was shared with three girls who didn't bother to cover up their attractions. Why was I there? people asked. One can't think of a better place to expose the unmasked nakedness of apartheid, I answered.

The first Saturday night show presented close to midnight had only two bookings. Would I cancel? I said no. And I'm glad I didn't. It was a lesson to live by. The two people, performers who came after their play

had ended, were Glenda Jackson and Nigel Hawthorne.

By now I had structured the new show for 1986, to be called *Beyond the Rubicon*. Much of what developed during that London week became the basis for it, which took me through 1986 into 1987. In August 1987 I performed for a few weeks at the Footbridge Theatre in Sydney, Australia, with a version of *Adapt or Dye*, renamed *Skating on Thin Uys* – a silly decision since no one on the continent caught the pun on U-y-s.



Poster for the show in Australia

It's at once highly entertaining and quietly disturbing, the sensitive balance of a very successful performance ... thoughtful and highly entertaining theatre.

– *On The Street* (Sydney) January 1987

The script is rapier sharp, he accomplishes his changes of character on stage before our eyes. It is a passing parade of the actor's art.

– *The Sun-Herald* (Sydney) January 1987

The most thought-provoking show in town at present: Mr Uys's casual style belies the depth and gravity of his subject.

– *Sunday Telegraph* (Sydney) January 1987

Uys is the complete subversive comedian.

– *Sydney Morning Herald* (Sydney) January 1987

It is a blackly funny and immaculately performed piece that really is political satire at its sharpest.

– *The Australian* (Sydney) January 1987

Uys is charming, witty and perfectly at ease with his audience, while pulling no punches in getting his message across. This is didactic theatre at its sharpest: a political lesson and a theatrical treat.

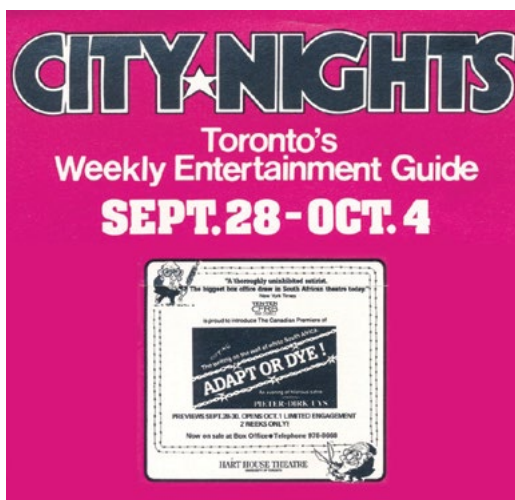
– *Variety* January 1987

Uys takes it all in his stride to give a frighteningly funny performance with a satirical bite which hurts.

– *The Bulletin* (Sydney) January 1987

A Canadian producer saw the show and booked me for a season in Toronto and flew me first class from Cape Town to Toronto. Sometimes it helps having a producer. He met me at the airport with a stretch limo. En route to the theatre, he asked what I'd need on stage. We had just passed an alleyway. I said, 'Stop!' We stopped. I got out and went to

the first heap of garbage awaiting collection where I found three solid, newish boxes. ‘That’s it,’ I said to the producer. ‘My set.’ He was rather pleased. The season was extended for a week, which gave me five days off in between. The producer sent me to New York, and booked me into the Plaza Hotel. The financial meltdown of 19 October 1987 happened on my third day there.



A lot of laughs and some tears. In the end it’s sad and beautiful and not to be missed.

– *The Mirror* (Toronto) October 1987

You’ll laugh till you cry ... brutal, hilarious and effective.

– *Toronto Sun* (Toronto) October 1987

Go laugh and weep. – *Toronto Sun* (Toronto) October 1987



During the 1988 *Adapt or Dye* season in London, I was invited to take part in *Two Dogs and Freedom*, a fundraising concert in support of children living under apartheid. The audience was deeply South African. Evita's speech still gets quoted: '... but just remember when it is so easy to attack us, when it is so easy to forget us, when it is easy to hate us, then please remember how easily the seed of legalised racism found fertile ground in my country, how quickly it grew, how lavishly it bloomed and easily it has adapted even to countries ... (*She looks up into the British heaven*) ... where the sun seldom shines.'

My Maggie Thatcher, the Iron Lady of Downing Street, was applauded with vengeful energy and then carried offstage single-handedly by the British leader of the opposition, Neil Kinnock. The *Spitting Image* team were there with their Maggie-and-PW puppets and they asked me to do the PW voice in the sketch that ended the concert. That was a sweet revenge.

Wry and affecting. – *The Listener* (London) November 1988



Neil Kinnock meets Evita Bezuidenhout

It is hard not to admire Uys's
detestation of apartheid.

– *Daily Telegraph* (London)
November 1988

Reveals extraordinary
versatility. – *Morning Star*
(London) November 1988

Savagely funny show about
South African white
supremacy by a savagely
funny Afrikaner.

– *Sunday Times* (London)
November 1988



PDU as PW Botha with *Spitting Image*
puppet Maggie Thatcher

Touring outside South Africa, managements and producers would handle the work permits, the flights, accommodation and local transport. The UK bookings were always handled by my literary agent, Patricia Macnaughton, and accommodation was not needed as I could stay with my sister in London in Highgate, with Hampstead Heath as our backyard. A wonderful paradise of winding paths, hilly meadows and clusters of trees with benches where I could sit and memorise the latest additions to the evening's show. Discipline became the backbone for every performance. There would be no one to blame if something went wrong. The buck stopped with me, and sometimes also the lion, the elephant and the kitten! I had become my own producer, stage manager, author, researcher, costume-carer and publicist. A dinner invitation was always welcome.

When Honey Rider appeared out of the surf in the film *Dr No*, wet hair clinging to her sculptured body, bikini drawn on by the angel Gabriel, I didn't image that this goddess would one day eat from my plate. My late night performance slot sometimes allowed an early meal near the theatre. Such an invitation was not just fun; it was also very

welcome. Patricia phoned early. 'Darling, come and meet us for dinner at the Garrick.' (That famous gentlemen's club, founded in 1831, assured her that we would be done by nine.)

'Yes,' I said, thinking of the food. 'I'm only on at 11.'

'See you there. By the way, darling, suit and tie. House rules.'

All I had was the dark suit that I wore on stage as PW Botha. And as we said 'goodbye, kiss, kiss', I heard the name Ursula. I slipped into the dressing room, donned my PW suit, sprayed the armpits with a whiff of Evita's perfume (just in case) and met Patricia and her husband, Peter, in the foyer of the great establishment. Peter, as a member (Patricia as a woman could not join!), took me on a tour of the grand reception rooms, with a hilarious running commentary on the scandals and superstars that had dined and wined there through the ages.

We sat at a table for four. 'Ah,' said Patricia, 'she'll be a bit late. She's being interviewed on Thames TV. Live.'

'Who?' I asked.

'Ursula, darling,' Patricia purred, 'we're having a bite with Ursula Andress.'

A sudden breeze gushed in from the street below and up the stairs. The dining, wining and chatting members and their guests stopped and turned towards the door. Her blonde hair cascaded across her bare shoulders around the straps of her glittering gown. The famous smile invigorated the gasping old knights and panting lords, who still only saw Honey Rider in her bikini.

A rush of *hello darlings*, hugs and kisses. I got a firm handshake. Her voice was like gold given glitter by her Swiss accent – a soft growl, a silly giggle, then a deep sigh. Her hands fluttered from one description to the next. I don't think my mouth ever closed. She looked at me. 'Are you also in the business?'

Patricia explained. 'Pieter is my South African.' We all toasted that. 'And what does this South African do?' asked the goddess.

What do I say? Patricia leant over and patted my hand. 'Pieter is a political satirist.'

Ursula Andress looked at me with disbelief. 'No. Really?'

‘Yes, darling, we must take you to his show.’

‘Really?’ Ursula Andress giggled. ‘A white political satirist? In South Africa? That’s the craziest thing I’ve ever heard.’

It was one of the craziest meals I’ve ever had. We all ordered from the menu, except the film star. ‘No darling, I don’t do dinner. I’m fine.’ Our dishes arrived, with aromas wonderful and tempting. ‘Don’t wait,’ she commanded, fanning her fabulous face with her menu. Then she took her fork and while regaling us with tales of *Dr No* and James Bond and being a star, she proceeded to eat all our food. Patricia’s salad, Peter’s chicken, my veal. And then she got up, patted me on the head, kissed Peter, hugged Patricia, gave the ancient gawkings a lingering smile and with a little wave went back to Gabriel’s chariot.

‘Sweet thing’, sighed Patricia. ‘Pudding, anyone?’

Nineteen eighty-eight saw the final sinking of the *Bothatonic* before a refloat at the Market in December. Then back in the queue for another work permit for the UK: *Adapt or Dye* at the Purcell Room of London’s Festival Hall for three performances in August. This was the full length show, which would then move north to the Traverse Theatre for five performances as part of the 1988 Edinburgh Festival.

Hilarious and precarious in equal measure, this production is shot through with a defensiveness that is scarcely surprising, given the risks Uys takes.

– *The Observer* (Edinburgh) August 1988

His skills as a mimic are breathtaking.

– *The Independent* (Edinburgh) August 1988

This is not undergraduate satire: it’s grown up and it’s for real. His show is frighteningly clever and frightening.

– *The Scotsman* (Edinburgh) August 1988

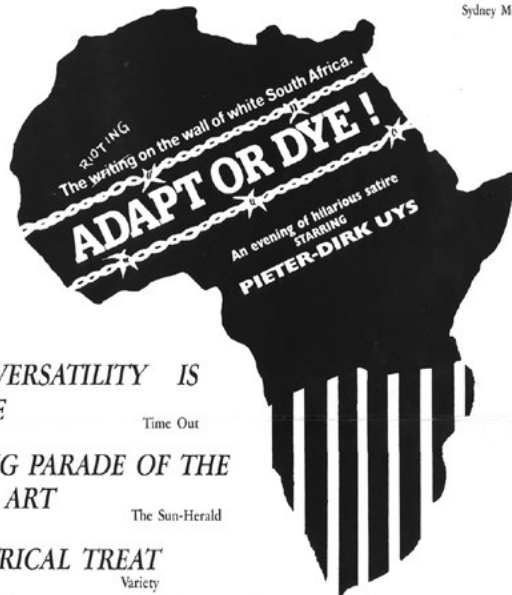
Hilarious and precarious in equal measure ... nobody is safe.

– *The Observer* (Edinburgh) August 1988

PIETER-DIRK UYS

IS THE COMPLETE SUBVERSIVE COMEDIAN

Sydney Morning Herald



UYS'S VERSATILITY IS
IMMENSE

Time Out

A PASSING PARADE OF THE
ACTOR'S ART

The Sun-Herald

A THEATRICAL TREAT

Variety

POLITICAL SATIRE AT ITS SHARPEST

The Australian

A FRIGHTENINGLY FUNNY PERFORMANCE

The Bulletin

GO LAUGH AND WEEP

Toronto Sun

Edinburgh Fringe 1988

TRAVERSE THEATRE

16 - 21 August at 21.30

Do I have roots anchored in British culture? With a German-Jewish mother from Berlin and an Afrikaner father with an Uys family tree rooted in Belgium and France, I took the German-Dutch echoes in my life for granted. A test I had for a South African TV programme on DNA stated that my origins were in the Congo long before the Belgians. It ended up as a great punchline in many a show. So after the



Evita at Heathrow Airport

performances in the UK, it was over to Holland with the 1988 Dutch-friendly version of *Adapt or Dye*. After the premiere in Amsterdam at the Nieuwe de la Mar Theatre, impresario Wim Visser's 1989 tour included, Eindhoven, Alkmaar, Haarlem, Tiel, Emmen, Leiden, Utrecht, Arnhem, Groningen, Maastricht, Enschede, Rijswijk, and ending back in Amsterdam where I was based. I took a daily excursion to whichever city I was performing in that night, coming back to Amsterdam after midnight on the freeway. It would become a familiar circuit for me for the next few years with a growing audience, greatly helped by the VPRO-TV recording of the performance that was broadcast on 8 October.

A South African satirist crazy about his country; poison for his government ... horribly funny, shockingly relevant and exceptionally compelling.

– *De Waarheid* (Amsterdam) August 1988

Entertainment with an open blade ... Uys presents an evening of superb quality ... he is critical, independent, suspicious and aggressive. The content of his show doesn't look dangerous at first, but those who listen forget to laugh. And those who laugh, do so with a feeling of shame.

– *Het Parool* (Amsterdam) August 1988

Uys lets his characters tell truths that are terrifyingly funny ... besides the topicality of the material and the remarkable pace of the show *Adapt or Dye* is also a wonderful example of Uys the actor. – *de Volkskrant*

(Amsterdam) August 1988

... a triumph for him and a theatrical experience for us, because Uys is a phenomenon. Uys can be compared with our very best. Hopefully he will be back very soon.

– *Algemeen Dagblad*

(Rotterdam) August 1988



PDU as Maggie Thatcher, watched over by Dutch police in Holland

It all happens at the same time: the actor shows his brilliance, the satirist makes his point and the cabaret artist gets his laugh ... a multi-dimensional theatrical experience. Through his wonderful melicious mimic and his pointed performance, he presents an extraordinarily complex picture of the absurdity of South African society.

– *NRC Handelsblad* (Amsterdam) August 1988

What makes a cabaret artist good? Original self-penned material that presents the audience with another look at the world, a faultless performance and an engaging personality. According to this definition, Pieter-Dirk Uys is a superb cabaret artist. From the standing ovation he received it is clear that Pieter-Dirk Uys came to Holland, was seen and conquered.

– *Trouw* (Amsterdam) August 1988

PIETER-DIRK UYS

de eminente witte zwartgallige cabaretier uit
Zuid-Afrika weer terug in Nederland

Het kon niet uitblijven. Na het daverende succes in het Nieuwe de la Mar Theater in augustus 1988 moest Pieter-Dirk Uys wel terugkomen in ons land. De totaal onbekende blanke Zuid-Afrikaan kwam, zag en overwon. Binnen drie dagen was hij wereldberoemd in Nederland.

6 september 1989: verkiezingen in Nederland en in Zuid-Afrika. Toeval? Smullen bij Pieter-Dirk Uys.

september

di 5 t/m zo 10	AMSTERDAM, Nieuwe de la Mar Theater	020 - 233 462
di 12	EINDHOVEN, Schouwburg/Globe zaal	040 - 114 488
wo 13	ALKMAAR, De Vest	072 - 127 344
do 14	HAARLEM, Stadsschouwburg	023 - 315 571
vr 15	TIEL, De Agnietenhof	03440 - 13647
za 16	EMMEN, De Muzeval	05910 - 17000
ma 18	LEIDEN, Schouwburg	071 - 131 844
di 19, wo 20	UTRECHT, Stadsschouwburg	030 - 310 241
do 21, vr 22	ARNHEM, Schouwburg	085 - 422 741
za 23, zo 24	GRONINGEN, Stadsschouwburg	050 - 125 645
di 26	MAASTRICHT, Stadsschouwburg	043 - 293 828
wo 27, do 28	ENSCHDEDE, Twentse Schouwburg	053 - 323 233
vr 29, za 30	RIJSWIJK, Kleine Schouwburg	070 - 959 856
zo 1 oktober	AMSTERDAM, De Meervaart	020 - 107 393

Pieter-Dirk Uys is a white South African performer who uses his roots as an Afrikaner to satirise his society and attack apartheid. His latest success is 'Adapt or Dye' - 90 minutes of outrageous sketches which demolish the 'logic' of apartheid. With lightning speed Tutu becomes Margaret Thatcher becomes Botha becomes Mrs Evita Bezuidenhout. 'Go laugh and weep'.

'Uys moet blijven' (de Tijd)

'Kan, Sonneveld en Hermans in hun beste dagen' (Algemeen Dagblad)

'felle satire' (de Volkskrant)

'hij zou hier beroemd moeten zijn' (NRC-Handelsblad)

'amusement met opengeklapt scheermes' (Het Parool)

Schedule for 1988 return season

The daily Jekyll and Hyde realities in my work exploded seemingly out of nowhere. Maybe my heady celebration of free speech got the better of me, because I reportedly said one thing and Evita Bezuidenhout said it better. While in Utrecht with the show, I was interviewed for *de Volkskrant*, a major Dutch newspaper, something I was quite used to by then. While I was very keen to talk about the feedback that I had received to the show in Holland, there were many questions about my country, nearly all focused on apartheid.

As always, the cultural boycott was an issue and again I repeated my discomfort with the hypocrisies around it. In order to cripple the

system, everything must be done to get rid of apartheid and sanctions could be a mighty weapon. The fact that I was sitting in Holland being interviewed was proof that sanctions were not effective. I had stepped on a landmine. The journalist waited for me to implode further. I didn't disappoint him. 'Passports should not be accepted, phone calls refused, flights boycotted, medicines not sent. That is your problem, not mine. I have enough problems.'

I hoped to lighten the conversation with me having to diet for Evita Bezuidenhout. But the issue of the cultural boycott would not evaporate. How come I was against that and not other sanctions, the journalist asked. 'I work in the temple of communication and cannot understand (a cultural boycott). Nothing can be decided from the outside.' Now, I thought, let's talk about the tannie. But no, the journalist kept prodding.

Had he ever been to South Africa? I ventured. He said no. 'To start with,' I continued, 'people should come and see South Africa for themselves.' He promised he would. Had I been at the Wembley Stadium birthday concert for Nelson Mandela while in London? I hadn't, but added '... it would have been even more beautiful if Sting, Whitney Houston, Michael Jackson, Miriam Makeba and Hugh Masekela had come to South Africa and given a concert in Soweto.' He agreed and at last we could move on to spend the rest of the time talking about the most famous white woman in South Africa.

All hell broke loose. The report in the *Cape Argus* – 'Uys speaks out on anti-SA sanctions' – was read to me by my father, who never phoned me in Holland because it was too expensive. He was very upset, and angry. The security police had made contact to check if that Pieter-Dirk Uys was his Pieter-Dirk Uys. 'Why do you always say things like that?' Pa hissed, remembering a similar crisis after a television interview in Australia, when my answer to the question: What would you do if you were black? was: 'I'd be making guns in Lusaka!' I had to ask Dr Jekyll to leave the room and invite in Mr Hyde disguised as Evita Bezuidenhout. We penned a press release to the South African media:

'Pieter-Dirk Uys wishes to clear up any confusion that he may have supported sanctions against South Africa. Those views belong to the

venerable ambassador to Bapetikosweti. In order to clear up any confusion, he shares an extract from the text of Mrs Evita Bezuidenhout's speech in his one-man revue *Adapt or Dye* now touring the UK and Europe: "We control the media in South Africa for a very good reason; PW Botha's mind is made up. We don't want to confuse the people with facts. But the only fact you people see here (in Europe) is sanctions.

"Let me put you in the picture, my dear friends. For every country that pulls out of South Africa, two jump in. Kenneth Kaunda and Robert Mugabe scream for sanctions from their frontline states, while toasting their determination with South African wine. Gold and uranium never seem to find their way onto your sanctions list. Now, isn't that hypocritical? Toemaar, we in Pretoria understand. We also know that hypocrisy is the Vaseline of political intercourse.

"Let me say here most categorically: the only way sanctions will work against us would be total sanctions – no post, no telephones, no planes, no South African passports overseas, no diplomats. Yes, even no medicine and no prayers. But such universal commitment to control the greedy men among you would be too much to expect, and we don't. However, your present selective sanctions have been a great success – for us. Ever since you left South Africa in a sulk, taking your investment with you, we now don't have to explain anything to anyone. We now control the media. We control the people. We control the revolution. Thank you for making it so easy. We at last, have one man, one vote. PW Botha is the man, and his is the vote."

DUSTING OFF THE ROOTS

Democracy dies behind closed doors, so I try to force those doors open with laughter. Politics is a disease without a cure. To neutralise power needs commitment and keeping calm. *Adapt or Dye* had the perfect title, content and structure to last me ten years. Most of the characters were known to audiences outside South Africa. The real ones were on their television screens nearly as often as they were here in the homeland, the Laurel and Hardy of our political circus – PW Botha and Pik Botha – with Piet Koornhof as the supreme court jester. Evita Bezuidenhout reminded many people of their aunt, school teacher or Dame Edna Everage (with gratitude to the genius of Barry Humphries, another one-man band). Jewish-African princess Nowell Fine was recognisable to many as their mother-in-law or spinster sister.

Tiptoeing into the minefield of foreign battlefields was frightening. Instead of taking the audience thousands of miles to South Africa, where they would much rather see and hear about lions and elephants, I brought my satirical cluster into their backyards and parliaments, where the elephant in the room reflected the similarities between our shared prejudices and the familiarity of the political beasts we had in common. The one question that kept coming from South Africans was: ‘But will they understand us?’ Well, yes, I don’t think it’s difficult for a free society to understand crimes against humanity. My main job was the use of humour to convince audiences that these people were not simple monsters. They were even more sinister because they were human. They loved animals and their own children. They prayed to God and believed Him to be white and not a Her.

Tracing the major influences on me as a little person, much of it was firmly anchored in British entertainment. I loved war films and the *Carry On* comedies, the closest I came to unbridled sex. A nurse putting a daffodil into the bum of a patient was the height of shock and awe. My *Lion* and *Tiger* comics arrived every Wednesday on the mail ship from the UK and I would collect them at a kiosk at Pinelands Station. But once the theatre bit me, my monthly purchase of *Plays and Players* was an umbilical cord to London's West End. I hadn't expected to find so many South Africans in my London audiences not laughing at the *poep* and *kak* which kept my local home-crowds happy. Most of the compatriots were in exile, some self-imposed, most forced. Homesick and lonely, they embraced the familiar stench of our beautiful country.

They also waited for me after the show, wanting to be reassured that things would get better. Most of them found the comedy unnecessary and the humour essential. I had to grow up and stop hiding behind characters. When they asked me, 'What do you think?', I had to have my opinion thought through. And I'm still working at it, because the answer needs daily reinvention and re-evaluation.

Meeting presumed enemies of the state was a celebration. The swart gevaar and 'red peril' were patriots who tried to speak Afrikaans in spite of what it represented. Most of the conversations were not about the politics, but about people. The *Adapt or Dye* mission adapted to different cultures and political sides. It was important to show the difference between being anti-apartheid or anti-South African. I met very few of the latter. They emerged in Holland, offended that I could even suggest that apartheid was their fault! It was a bit of a relief to get back to London with handbag and shoes that didn't match, to play at the Hackney Empire in the East End of London, followed by a three-week season at the Donmar Warehouse, Covent Garden.

It was on the flight back to Johannesburg to prepare for the rerun of *Bothatania* that I dipped my creative pen into a few Bloody Marys and structured *Cry Freemandela the Movie*. That show was performed into 1989, while I rehearsed and produced a company of five performers in a new play, *Just Like Home*.

SCHEDULE:	
SA	Market Theatre Warehouse: 15 th May till 4th June "Pieter-Dirk Uys in London"
GERMANY	Arrive London: 6th June
	Hamburg: 14th June till 20th June
	London: 20th June till 24th June
	Fly to Johannesburg: 24th June
SA	Johannesburg: 25th June till 2nd July
	Travel to Cape Town: 2nd July
	Rehearse JUST LIKE HOME Cape Town 3rd July - 8th July
	Perform GRAHAMSTOWN FESTIVAL 9th July - 11th July
CANADA / UK / ...	Fly back to London 12th July
	London 13th July till go to Montreal round 16th July?
	Montreal 17th July to 24th July
	Return to London 25th July
HOLLAND	Nazareth Channel 4 Shoot and rehearse: 26th July - 5th August
	6th August: JUST LIKE HOME Company arrive
	7,8,9 Aug: Rehearsal
	10,11,12 Aug: Perform at Purcell Room ???
HOLLAND	13 August: off to Edinburgh
	EDINBURGH FESTIVAL 3 weeks
	AMSTERDAM: 4th September - 10th September ?????
HOLLAND	PDU IN HOLLAND: 4th September till end Sept?????
	JLH at King's Head after Edinburgh ?????

PDU's 1989 schedule

Behind the self-mockery is a sad and winning sense of frustration. – *The Independent* (London) November 1988

What is funny about apartheid? Nothing – but it is the absurd and ridiculous facts of white supremacy that Pieter-Dirk Uys uses to present hilarious new aspects – all based on truth – of a subject that does not bear laughing about.
– *TNT* (London) November 1988

Reveals extraordinary versatility.
– *Morning Star* (London) November 1988

Uys's humour is essentially satirical but the area in which he deals is so grim that the effect is disturbing, rather than funny. – *Evening Standard* (London) November 1988

Uys does the impossible. He breaks your heart with laughter. Do go and see him. – *Sunday Express* (London) November 1988

The touch of Weimar in his funny, bitter satire, the flavour of Isherwood and "Come to the Cabaret" – *Sunday Telegraph* (London) November 1988

His Botha ... is a masterpiece of living caricature. Even better is his Homeland Ambassador Mrs Evita Bezuidenhout ... it is as though Dame Edna Everage exchanged gladioli for a machine gun. – *The Times* (London) November 1988

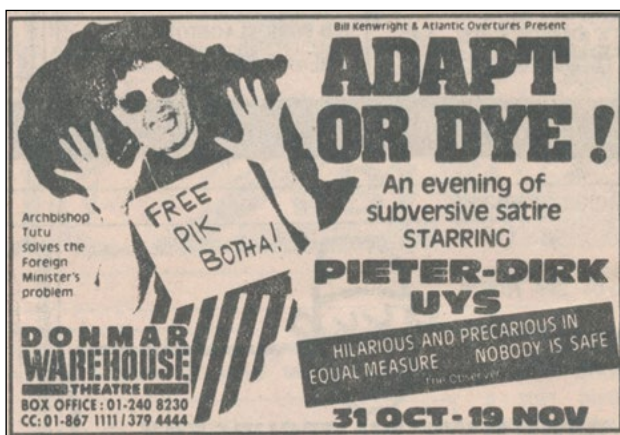
Definitely not a dodo. – *Soho News* (London) November 1988

A fine balance between agit-prop and angry laughter. Pieter-Dirk Uys's aim is true. (His) versatility is immense. I leave the theatre feeling more angry than amused, which is probably what Uys intended. – *Time Out* (London) November 1988

Wry and affecting. – *The Listener* (London) November 1988

It is hard not to admire Uys's detestation of apartheid. – *Daily Telegraph* (London) November 1988

Savagely funny show about South African white supremacy by a savagely funny Afrikaner. – *Sunday Times* (London) November 1988



Donmar Warehouse, London, 1988 advertisement

Back to the queue for another work permit for the Assembly Rooms at the 1989 Edinburgh Festival. During the run PW Botha resigned and within minutes I had to change him from present tense to past. My Channel 4 show *Bite the Ballot* had to face the television audience without him on 29 August. A hastily-prepared notice was added: 'Do Not Adjust Your Sets. PW Botha is no longer president of South Africa. Just because he resigned doesn't mean he's changed'. Maggie Thatcher got her own back at me some years later when she also resigned a few hours before my show. Adapt or ...?

Uys's show does a complete demolition job on apartheid.. It is witty, moving, clever and comprehensive.

– *Evening News* (Edinburgh) August 1989

Uys never loses sight of the show's main purpose: to detail the horrors of apartheid with razorsharp satire ... damning and terrifyingly funny.

– *Review 89* (Edinburgh) 1989

Stunningly sharp apartheid satire ... shockingly good mimicry and a hefty punch of politics.

– *The Guardian* (Edinburgh) August 1989

His technique is that of a skilful judo artist, throwing the system with its own oppressive weight.

– *The Scotsman* (Edinburgh) August 1989

My tours to countries outside South Africa since 1985 were an important annual breath of fresh air. It also helped me to put the politics at home into perspective. Somehow, spending so much time under the canopy of local politics, I would start to miss the wood for the trees. Being outside the laager strengthened my optimism, especially when in London, surrounded by the words and personalities of those whose thoughts and politics were curtailed at home. It helped me go back and remember that there were heroes and hope in spite of things. Out in the world, the hooks on which to hang our complex reality were surprisingly simple: apartheid, British colonialism, the Afrikaner and his attitude to the world, sanctions (while selling South Africa), the burning of books, the crucifixion of free speech and the mock in our so-called 'democracy'. In July 1990, the *Adapt or Dye* material resurfaced at the Just for Laughs Festival in Montreal Canada for ten performances.

Uys walking the finest line between comedy and tragedy with his barbs about apartheid.

– *Montreal Globe & Mail* (Montreal) July 1990

Because he comes from the toughest and most tortured reality, his satire has the most acidic bite.

– *The Gazette* (Montreal) July 1990

Adapt or Dye 1985–1988

The World Tour

This text, the basis for the international show, was performed in the UK in 1989, after the sudden resignation of PW Botha. During the tour, adaptations were made for each season, each city and every country, depending on the politics of the day, the society and the world. The tour included the United Kingdom, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Australia, the United States of America, Canada, Ireland, China and Serbia.

THE 1985–1988 CAST

Pieter-Dirk Uys

A security policeman

PW Botha (Prime Minister then State President)

The Shambok Travel agent

OMO washing powder adverts

FW de Klerk (State President)

Archbishop Desmond Tutu

Pik Botha (Minister of Foreign Affairs)

Three township boys (pikkies)

A township policeman

The rebel cricketer

A troopie on the border

Dr Piet Koornhof (Minister of Cooperation and Development;
from 1987 SA Ambassador to the USA)

A white voter

Nowell Fine

Evita Bezuidenhout

Margaret Thatcher (UK Prime Minister)

THE SETTING

As centre backdrop the orange white and blue colours of the SA flag with graffiti and slogans on it. A shoulder-high screen for making costume changes without losing contact with audience. Four cardboard boxes holding props and costumes for changes on stage in front of the audience. Relevant graffiti on the boxes. A chair.

THE SHOW

The audience seats itself. The security policeman enters through the audience and studies them, then goes onto the stage. He speaks into a walkie-talkie. The voice replying is on tape, very British.

SECURITY MAN: Testing testing, Captain Botha? Come in South African Embassy? Captain Botha?

VOICEOVER: Yes, SA Embassy here. Captain Botha's out on secret business. This is codename *Salmonella* from MI5 helping out. Carry on ...

SECURITY MAN: Ja, well, I'm here in this place where Pieter-Dirk Uys is doing his anti-South African rubbish ...

VOICEOVER: Can you find any evidence against him?

SECURITY MAN: I can make up a lot of evidence, but there's enough just here: anti-South African slogans sprayed on the colours of our flag – Amandla, Viva ANC, SADF out of townships, and Fok die Boere. Then there's some boxes of South African produce. Hey no *sis*, here's a banned word. I can't pronounce it, but let me spell it for you: F-R-E-E ...



PDU as security man

VOICEOVER: ... M-A-N-D-E-L-A yes. Do you see any listed people in the audience?

(The security man peers out through opera glasses.)

SECURITY MAN: There are people here from the ANC, PAC, UDF, anti-apartheid, Greenpeace, IRA ... but hell, all those terrorists look the same through these glasses. I'll have to check the lists.

VOICEOVER: Record everything with your video camera.

SECURITY MAN: Ja, don't worry, we'll get this little bugger when he comes back to South Africa. I'll quickly just read this audience our rights. Over and out.

VOICEOVER: Over and out, old chap ...

SECURITY MAN: Ja ja, jou bleddie Engelse gat, old chap ... *(He reads)*
Your attention please, u aandag asseblief. For obvious reasons this area has and is hereby declared part of the Republic of South Africa. Your attention is drawn forthwith to the fact that this area is therefore covered by and subjected to the South African Police Force and the South African Security Forces under the present national state of emergency recently made a way of life in South Africa, and under which this meeting and/or gathering will and can be banned and/or prohibited when seen to be seriously endangering the public peace and/or prosperity. A person and/or persons can therefore legally be detained indefinitely or longer, if the actions of such a person and/or persons are deemed to lead to a state of public disturbance and/or disorder. A so-called meeting and/or gathering is officially defined as 'an assembly of any number of people and/or peoples'. You have all been warned herewith and/or forthwith. Hierdie waarskuwing is ook in Afrikaans beskikbaar. The South African National Anthem will now be played.

(SOUND: 'Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika' is played.)

Stop! *Stop!* That's the wrong song. That's 'Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika'. Don't you people know anything? That's the banned anthem of the banned African National Congress. That's not the official South African National Anthem. The official South African National Anthem is called

‘Die Stem van Suid-Afrika’. The official South African National Anthem is also the anthem of the National Party of South Africa. The National Party rules South Africa. The banned African National Congress does not and cannot and over my dead body will not rule South Africa, so play the right anthem and not the left one!

Don’t start with this Wembley Stadium crap here. This is the reality. Let’s get the facts sorted out right now. Everything can be banned, anything could be illegal, nothing should be allowed. So relax and enjoy yourselves. This is your last warning. Just because you won’t always see me, don’t mean I’m not still here. The South African National Anthem will now be played. Every decent Christian person will stand.

(*SOUND: ‘Die Stem’ is played.*)

(*PDU changes into the PW costume.*)

PDU: Well, that’s about as much change that you will ever see happening during the South African National Anthem. It’s not as famous as ‘Deutschland Über Alles’, but then it’s still early days. You must remember the Germans have set us Afrikaners a very high standard: it will take us a little more time before we have killed six million blacks. But now at last Hollywood has discovered the Ugly Afrikaner, like in the film *Lethal Weapon 2*. Glasnost has made the bad old KGB redundant and the real Nazis are quite respectable now, thanks to Kurt Waldheim and Indiana Jones. Enter the Bad Boer. So my national anthem might still catch on. The other national anthem, ‘Nkosi Sikelel’ iAfrika’, has already made the hit parade. It was the theme song to the film *Cry Freedom*. Of course most of us whites didn’t know the words to ‘Nkosi Sikelel’ iAfrika’, while most blacks don’t want to remember the words of ‘Die Stem van Suid-Afrika’. We all seem to know the words to ‘God save the Queen’ though, which is, I suppose, where it all started.

Knock Knock?

Who’s there?

Pee Double-U!

Pee Double-U who?
Have you forgotten already?

(PDU changes into PW Botha.)



PDU as PW Botha

PW BOTHA: What? No applause? I have been received by the most important people in the world, did you know that? President Mobutu of Zaire, President Stroessner of Paraguay, the third secretary of the French minister of the interior, Mrs Thatcher's husband. Do you realise who I was?

For 11 years I was the absolute ruler of South Africa, and just because I was suddenly forced to resign by my own cabinet, you all think I am a has-been? Where would this show be without me? As

State President PW Botha, I lead South Africa from the land of milk and honey, across the River Rubicon, into the Wilderness and this is the thanks I get? It is thanks to me that apartheid is dead. We no longer practise apartheid in South Africa. We don't need to; we have it down to a fine art.

After everything I did: I got rid of the Immorality Act and the Mixed Marriage Act. I gave Soweto electricity and received the freedom of the city. I had tea with Nelson Mandela in our special Taiwan china so that he didn't have to drink out of a plastic cup. I created the present Tricameral Constitution and no one in the world can make sense of it without me. So don't push me too far. They will miss me one day when they remember how fondly I strove for peace; how I fought for peace; how I prayed for peace, how I killed for peace – the biggest piece.

As far as my place in history is concerned, my mind is made up: don't

confuse me with facts. As far as the so-called peaceful future under President FW de Klerk is concerned, let me point out here and repeat with conviction: South Africa won't ... South Africa won't ... South Africa won't ...

(Repeat until BLACKOUT.)

(PDU changes into the Shambok travel agent.)

PDU: Goodbye PW Botha. That proves one thing about politicians: they're only human. Here today. Gone tonight. The old Boer emperor is gone; long live the new Boer emperor. South Africa? It's very complicated, very delicate, very intricate, extremely volatile, appallingly misrepresented and utterly, utterly ...

THE SHAMBOK TRAVEL AGENT: ... utterly heartbreakingly tragic, and frankly if you haven't been there to see it for yourself with your own zoom lens, you won't know what the hell you're talking about. And the white wine is superb! So here's your chance with Shambok Travel: it's the flavour of the month, the bargain of the week. Six hundred pounds return London to Johannesburg, all expenses paid, bail included if needed. Three heavenly weeks in a hellish state of emergency which will no doubt guarantee that you will probably live to tell the tale. And what a tale there is to tell.

You start off in Johannesburg on the highveld, the golden armpit of Africa, less the Big Apple than the Big Guava. Plunge headlong into the good life with a traditional braaivleis / barbeque in the shimmering white suburb of Sandton, just a stone's throw from the seething black hole of Alexandra township.

Meet a real white liberal; that is, someone who lets the maid watch *Dallas* while doing the ironing. Then from the frying pan into the fire: a luxury bulletproof bus tour of Soweto with its electrified wire fences, assuring the people of one man one volt. See the burnt-out ruins of Winnie Mandela's old shack. Gasp at the marble splendour of her new palace, suitably set in that part of Soweto called Beverly Hills. If you're

lucky, you might even see the Mother of the Nation herself, so sadly soiled by scandal since her Mandela football team has been so publicly absorbed into South African police custody. Winnie's in the Pooh.

Then leave the Transvaal behind you for a quick foray into beautiful colonial Natal, where the good old days of the Queen's English is 'not yet went'. (*Attempts SA accent*) Stand on the veranda of your peaceful bungalow on the rolling green hills outside Pietermaritzburg, sipping Pimm's to the reassuring cacophony of Elgar, and watch the sullen African night sky explode with angry flames of civil war. Use your flash before night's gone; in the blackness you will pick up the whites of eyes and teeth as the slaughter of them goes on and on and on. More killed in Natal than in Beirut this year, but then there are seven times more blacks than people here, so you won't run out. Never fear, never fear, never fear.

Behind the Grape Curtain in the fairest Cape in the whole circumference of the earth, visit Parliament, the sandbox of South African democracy with three chambers: one for whites, one for coloureds and one for Indians. The blacks don't need a chamber. See them all over Parliament making the tea, working in the gardens, watering the lawns, driving the Mercedes Benzes. Peep across the fence at Tuynhuis where recently one of them, the so-called 'father of the nation', took tea with the ailing emperor of the Boers.

Take the special tour: In The Steps Of Mandela. Vomit your way across Table Bay in a choppy boat ride to Robben Island where he was forgotten for 20 years. Not wasted; it's still solitary confinement to anonymous freedom fighters not famous enough to warrant a mention in *The Guardian*, or even a little birthday bash at Wembley. Then trek through the luscious white suburbs of Newlands and Constantia to stare at Pollsmoor Prison where Walter Sisulu and other leaders still languish and where Saint Nelson had a room without a view for six years.

Then speed across the Cape Flats and stand excitedly outside the Vic Verster prison where the 'leader of the opposition' is spending his 27th year in captivity, albeit now with a colour TV, a microwave, a swimming pool and occasional tea with a ministerial jailer. For those with a conscience, have a crash course in how to dodge sanctions against

South Africa. Visit a crayfish factory and see how, for only a few million pounds, to appease anti-apartheid pressure at home, you can change your name and letterhead. So now Cape crayfish go from Hout Bay to Taiwan, where they're repacked and relabelled, sent off to Bolivia for another label and end up on British dinner tables as Israeli crayfish from the Dead Sea! All this from Shambok Travel and more.

Read a daily newspaper that has been censored under the emergency regulations and because it is illegal to leave blank spaces in newspapers to indicate censorship, you'll never know the difference. Your daily read is chock-a-block full of sporting titbits about your favourite rebel English cricketers, Princes Diana or the utterly utterly heartbreaking tragedy of Northern Ireland, Lebanon and Central America. And by seeing it you discover the steadfastness and iron will of their führer and you will thank God for FW de Klerk.

And when you eventually come home to the good old strikes and rising interest, you could even attend your next anti-apartheid rally with a real tan. And when they ask you where you got it, as you're passionately throwing Outspan oranges down the toilet, you can answer with a clear conscience: 'It's all thanks to Shambok Travel. My tan? I got it in paradise!' Which of course you did.

(BLACKOUT)

(PDU adds a Free Mandela T-shirt.)

PDU: A blackout? Back in South Africa, to challenge the state of emergency, one would be tempted to take that blackout to the Supreme Court and have it declared unconstitutional. But then this is not South Africa. Back in South Africa to wear this T-shirt is against the law. People are in jail for wearing this T-shirt in a public place. Just by seeing it, you could be guilty by association. Wonder when Mrs T will discover that little phrase? But then this isn't South Africa. This is the United Kingdom of Great Britain. This is free society. Isn't it?

You have freedom of speech here. Your press is free. You can read what

you like, and if you don't like it, you can burn it. You can argue, you can have opinions, you can vote people into power. Theoretically, you can also vote them out again. Your freedom frightens me about as much as my oppression appals you. Nowadays in Johannesburg, when you hear that daily bang down the road, you have to phone someone here in the UK to find out if it was one bomb or two bombs. Except nowadays not even you people are that sure any more.

My name is Pieter-Dirk Uys. I'm a white South African. I'm an Afrikaner. My mother was a Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany, so that makes me a Jewish-Afrikaner. Or an Afrikaner-Jew. At least I belong to both chosen people. The present government in South Africa has been in power for the last 41 years. Since I was two years old. Imagine a government that has been in power since the days when Margaret Thatcher was still a virgin.

For the last 15 years, I have been writing plays about South Africans. Most of my early plays were banned by the censors. I made some stupid mistakes, I use the word God, which made my work blasphemous, and then I also used obscene words like 'shit' and 'fart'. In Afrikaans they really do sound obscene: *kak en poep*. Some nostalgic laughter here tonight ...? Someone did ask me today if I'd be using any Afrikaans in my show. Do I need to? You all know the most famous Afrikaans word: apartheid. OK, so let me teach you two new ones: *kak* and *poep*. They all three mean the same thing.

Before the 1981 election, PW Botha told us all to adapt or die. We have adapted a little and died a lot. I started doing this sort of thing then and South African politics became my bread and Botha. So for the last seven years I've performed all over South Africa: in Johannesburg and Cape Town, Windhoek and Soweto, Bloemfontein and Pretoria. Believe me, doing this show in the State Theatre in Pretoria in front of 1200 Afrikaner civil servants is like doing *Fiddler on the Roof* in Nuremberg. Recently I've managed to get out of the laager to get a breath of fresh air. I've performed in Australia and Europe and Canada. There are 35,000 South Africans living in Toronto. Soon I'll be able to do this show all over the world in Afrikaans.

And now I'm here and you're here. For an obvious reason. You see, we white South Africans have become world famous. Not just world famous for our beautiful country, or for the gold, or for the sport. We are now world famous because you have seen us on your television screens torturing and killing black children.

(VOICEOVER: *The security man interrupts.*)

SECURITY MAN: *Kak kak kak!* Pieter-Dirk Uys? Stop talking such rubbish man. Don't think just because you're out of South Africa, you can say what you like. Every decent country has laws against blasphemy, obscenity and libel. Anyway, you really think these people here will know what you're talking about?

PDU: Oh yes...

SECURITY MAN: Ja, it's easy to come here and be anti-South African.

PDU: There's a big difference between being anti-South African and being anti-apartheid.

SECURITY MAN: Not in Pretoria, boetie. So you're here to tell some funny jokes about us?

PDU: No more funny jokes. Just the facts.

SECURITY MAN: OK, then give them the nice facts about South Africa: the wild animals, the cheap labour, the gold, the beaches ...

PDU: The white beaches?

SECURITY MAN: Ja, these people will love our beaches for whites only. Who really wants to sit on a beach or on a bus next to a black? Another black! Let me tell you something, Uys: these people here also have trouble with ethnics. They just won't call a spade a spade like us. Hey Uys? You look nice in that suit. Just like any other business man who's got rich on apartheid.

(SOUND: *A jingle of the OMO washing powder commercial.*)

PDU AS A HOUSEWIFE: ONO! Ooooh, I never believed all those advertisements for ONO.

That ONO washes whiter than white? But now I know it's true.
My husband is a prison warden and ONO is the only detergent to take
the blood out of his uniform.
ONO!

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: Now that was inspired by a letter from a nice white lady in Durban written to the detergent people, giving that as her reason why she wanted to be in the TV advert. Makes you quite homesick, doesn't it? Blacks, whites, coloureds, Indians, English, Afrikaans, Jews, Catholics, Muslims, Xhosa, Zulu, Tswana, Sotho, Venda, Chinese, honorary whites, ex-Rhodesians, British immigrants: about 32 million of us live in South Africa today, of which about four million are white; of which about three million have the vote; of which about one and a half million use their vote; of which about 900,000 voted for PW Botha's government during the last election. So that's 900,000 out of 32 million. That's not a democratic government; that's a small town council.

I'm sure you're dying to know how to rule a country of 32 million people representing only three and a half percent of the population? Not difficult if you're in full control of your radio, TV and newspapers; if you are in control of the army and the police; if you control the education or the lack of it; if you control the fear. You've got to believe that God is on your side. Then all you need are a few bits and pieces – stukkies en brokkies – to just pick up where PW Botha left off.

(PDU adds the PW hat, glasses and the presidential sash. He puts a cassette into a portable machine for the FW de Klerk voice (On tape.))

PW: Congratulations to whom this may concern. Listen to this tape carefully and don't panic. It's already too late. You are now the state president of South Africa.

FW (VOICEOVER): But Mr Botha ...

PW: Don't interrupt, Mr de Klerk. Just do what I tell you and no one

will know the difference. Look into the ballot box. What is the first item?

FW: A pink carnation.

PW: Put it on ... no, on the other side. Always dress to the right. Next?

FW: An election rosette.

PW: Put that on the left of centre side. Next?

FW: Rose-coloured spectacles.

PW: Put them on. What do you see?

FW: Tomorrow belongs to us.

PW: That's a good start. Did I leave you anything to protect you against criticism?

FW: A machine gun?

PW: I said against criticism, not against the majority.

FW: The Boer crown.

(PW touches his hat.)

PW: Now go to the microphone. Lick your lips a few times.

FW: But my mouth isn't dry.

PW: Then think of absolute power.

FW: It's dry.

PW: Use your finger. No, don't tell the world what you think of them. Make them think of you. Now say after me: apartheid, apartheid, apartheid.

FW: Apart Hate ...

PW: Apartheid is dead apartheid is dead apartheid is dead. Lick the lips, wag the finger ...

FW: But ...

PW: You're the president of South Africa. Do what you're told.

(PW mouths the words with FW.)

FW: 'So let me say here tonight to the world with determination. Let me say it to the ANC without fear of contradiction. Let me say it here to Archbishop Desmond Tutu with supreme Christian confidence: South Africa won't ... South Africa won't ... South Africa won't ...

(Repeat till the BLACKOUT.)

PDU: What a year it's been since I was here last. For 11 months nothing happened. Well, we lost the war in Angola and decided to pull out of Namibia, but that hasn't yet happened. We heard that Nelson Mandela would be freed, but that hasn't happened yet. They said the Group Areas Act would go and the Population Registration Act and the Separate Amenities Act would go, but that hasn't happened yet. They even said the neo-Nazi right-wingers would take over the government, but even that hasn't happened completely. But they never said PW Botha would resign. And that happened!

Suddenly I was without my leading man. No PW Botha. Adapt or die? You've probably seen the new man acting the president, like me. I happen to have a poster with his face on it. Actually I always tour the world with about 400 posters of different people who might rule my country within the next 24 hours. You never know. Except I don't know who half of them are because they've been in jail all my life.

(Shows a poster of FW de Klerk.)

See, same bald head, same glasses, same IQ, same problem. Except this man was our minister of national education for the last six years, and if you realise how brilliantly he managed to keep education down to the lowest common denominator, the emperor's new clothes aren't that new. Let's give the understudy a chance to play PW Botha. I don't think the Ou Krokodil will vanish.

I think at this very moment he is tiptoeing to the Victor Verster Prison with his master key, to open the door and say: 'Nelson? Come, I'll buy you an ice cream.' Then he'll go to the state president and say: 'Goeie môre FW, nee nee jy kan ons gordyne hou. I've got some good news and some bad news. The good news is: I've received a Nobel Peace Prize for freeing Nelson Mandela. The bad news is: he's sitting at your desk.' Remember, you heard it here first.

'President de Klerk? President de Klerk! Archbishop Tutu is dead!'

'Dead? I didn't even know he was in jail!'

(PDU changes into his Tutu costume.)

VOICEOVER: And now, ladies and gentlemen, direct from the palace in Stockholm, the White House in Washington and the white suburb of Bishops court, the one and only Archbishop Desmond Tutu!



PDU as Archbishop Desmond Tutu

ARCHBISHOP TUTU: Thank you very much my friends.

If pigs could fly, all South African police stations would be international airports!

I am a Nobel Laureate. I am the Anglican archbishop of Cape Town. I am 58 years old.

I cannot vote in my own country. Any 18-year-old can vote, just because he is white.

Believe me, for blacks, apartheid is not just a pigment of the imagination.

Not so long ago PW Botha came to visit me at my official residence in Cape Town. He wanted my participation in his plan to use negotiation as a means to change and reform apartheid. We sat next to my swimming pool and had some tea. The Southeaster wind came up and blew PW's hat into the swimming pool, and as we

know, PW cannot think without his hat. So I went to the pool and walked across the water to where the hat was drifting, picked up the hat and walked back to the edge of the pool, and handed him back his hat. And the next day PW told his colleagues that Desmond Tutu can't even swim!

(BLACKOUT)

(PDU changes out of Tutu costume and prepares for Pik Botha.)

PDU: When Desmond Tutu saw my impersonation of him for the first time, he said: 'That was very good, but you don't wear enough rings on your fingers!' Never a dull moment.

Now President de Klerk has chosen a new cabinet. I have a new chorus line, quite a few new Afrikaner politicians to make world famous. But FW at least left me one of the old regime, one of the old Bothas, a minister of foreign affairs who still thinks status quo is Latin to describe the mess we're in.

A survivor like Tallyrand was to Napoleon, like Herr Genscher is to Germany, like Henry Kissinger was to the USA, here is our charming, our diplomatic, our loveable and quaintly named Pik Botha!

(PDU adds Pik wig and moustache.)



PDU as Pik in the sketch on Channel 4

PIK BOTHA: Let me start without ceremony and say this with conviction: I blame European governments for everything that has happened in South Africa recently. Can't you damn people mind your own business? What the hell do you know about South Africa? You understand nothing. Believe me, if you sat here as a white minority with five blacks for each of your children, you too would be concerned, to put it mildly. For God's sake, if you can't help us, leave us alone!

How can you accuse us Afrikaners of separating the races? God separated the races! So who can

really point a finger at us? Where in the world is there a society that is as just as ours in South Africa? Australia only discovered their fight against apartheid, after they had massacred all their aboriginal peoples. Remember, today we have 32 million blacks in South Africa and they only have 160,000 left in Australia.

Can Great Britain be holier-than-thou and ignore Northern Ireland, while pointing a finger at us in South Africa? Where at least we enjoy religious freedoms on every segregated front? And while the world bends over blackwards? Where in Africa, with all its affront and indignation, is there a society that enjoys the democratic freedoms we allow those in South Africa who deserve them?

We are sick and tired of being represented as Nazis and thugs. I warn you! If you continue to interfere in our internal affairs, you will unleash forces in South Africa the end result of which cannot be foreseen. My government will keep law and order in South Africa, and no one in the world will stop us!

But we are not insensitive. We know we have made small errors of judgement. We are aware of our mistakes. After all, we are only human. I will be honest enough to admit that if Jesus Christ came back to South Africa today without letting us know in time, He would not be allowed – because of His non-European origins – He would not be allowed to live in a residential area of His choice. Yes, this we know. This we regret.

It is also true that health, welfare and educational systems would discriminate against Jesus Christ on the ground of the colour of His skin. Yes, we are aware of this and we are sorry. We will change our ways. Give us five years. However, Jesus Christ will never be a problem in South Africa.

As you know, we Afrikaners are a very Christian people. So when Jesus Christ arrives in our beautiful South Africa, we will immediately declare Him an Honorary White.

Amen.

(BLACKOUT)

(PDU removes the Pik Botha costume.)

PDU: Three small boys, not black, not white, just mixed-race Cape Coloured, sell the afternoon newspaper at a busy intersection. And the one kid says to the other:

‘How old are you?’

‘I’m six. And you?’

‘I’m seven. Hey Pikkie? How old are you?’

‘I don’t know...’

‘What you mean you don’t know. How old are you?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘Hey, Pikkie, do you drink?’

‘No.’

‘Do you smoke?’

‘No.’

‘Can you make a petrol bomb?’

‘No.’

‘Then you’re four.’

Some kids are really lucky. They aren’t tortured or raped. They aren’t electrocuted, burnt or threatened with death. They aren’t even locked up without trial. They’re just shot. Once. While running away from the police. In the back. Would it therefore not be fair to say that our white minority regime is using somewhat draconian measures to control the so-called revolutionary forces?

SECURITY MAN (VOICEOVER): Hey Uys? I have been ordered to remind you that in terms of Section 7(1)(c) of the emergency regulations, you are prohibited from announcing and/or disseminating within or outside South Africa without permission any comment or news about the conduct of the security forces concerning the maintenance of the public safety or public order. It is also forbidden to use negatively descriptive words in connection with the South African government and the situation within South Africa in terms of the emergency regulations. Examples of such subversive words are: white minority government instead of ‘democratically elected government’; draconian measures

instead of 'positive moves', and revolutionary forces instead of 'communists, thugs, hippies, liberals, addicts, archbishops, punks' etc etc etc!

PDU: OK.

Mary had a little lamb

It's fleece was white as snow

And everywhere that Mary went

This lamb was sure to go ...

Ba-ba-black-sheep have you any wool?

Yes Baas Yes Baas three jails full

Siembamba little black baby

Siembamba little black baby

Beat him with your rifle

Shoot him in the head

Kick him till he's quiet

Then he's good and dead ... then he's good and dead ... then he's good and dead ...

(During this PDU changes into the coloured policeman. He wears his cap back to front so we don't realise what he does. He is off duty. (In the South African version he was the Cape Minstrel Carnival Troopie.))

THE POLICEMAN: With all the South African troops pulled out of Namibia and back home, one wonders where they are and what they are doing? Ja, if you don't hear about it, you could even start thinking it's never been there. Well, on the surface I suppose things are a bit more quiet in the townships. It's not so much a state of emergency; more a way of life.

Funny, after all that rioting and death and horror, old PW Botha still expected us Cape Coloureds to be grateful for everything apartheid did for us. But that's OK. We say: thank you Baas for the vote that you've given us coloureds to democratically elect our own little parliament. Thanks for making it possible to fight your system from within, just a stone's throw away from the real seat of Boere power.

No listen, we Cape Coloureds are the symbol of the real South Africa: a bit of everything. My ma is dark; my pa is white. Ja, I never knew my pa. No, we've always lived here in this coloured township. Now we call it a suburb. We live a few blocks down here, in the little house with the yellow door and the white fence. We lived there with my granny since when I was born. Shame, she died the year after. The move killed her they say. The move. From Cape Town.

My granny used to live in Cape Town in a big beautiful house where the white people now live. High ceilings, big windows, wooden floors and a veranda that curls three parts round the house. My granny lived there till she was quite old, and then she was forced to move. Group Areas Act? Ja, I'm sure you've heard of it.

I don't really know all the details. My ma doesn't want to talk about it, even today. She says: let bygones be bygones. Hell, but she told us my granny had some beautiful things in that house. A big stinkwood table that could seat ten people. And a green velvet sofa. And an organ! It's true, an organ in the lounge. The church got the organ. For the white weddings. Ja, we used to always go and look at the white weddings, especially my little sister.

Ja anyway, old granny was forced by the Group Areas Act to move into this little township house on the Cape Flats. Two rooms, no water, no electricity, no garden, the wind blowing the sand everywhere. The white authorities promised granny that she would get all the decent facilities one day, but she went and died before she could. Shame man, none of her beautiful things would even fit into this little house. Not the stinkwood table; not the chest of drawers; not even the bed my mother was born in. Just a little chair here, a table there.

Anyway some white people in Cape Town, you know, granny's good friends from the old days? They said they'd store all her stuff. And granny was so pleased that she could leave her beautiful things there, till she could fit them into her new little house – somehow. Then old granny went and died. And we don't even know who's got all her stuff! I mean you can't go around Cape Town today knocking on the white man's door and say: 'Excuse me Master, but that big stinkwood table belongs to our

dead granny. Can we have it back now?' Never, where! You knock on a white man's door today? He shoots you first before he says hello!

So we still live in that little house with the yellow door and the fence. Actually I'm married now, so it's me, my ma, my wife, my sister, my auntie ... Ja, when I'm finished this stint, I'm going to build a spare room for the baby. No man, when I've finished this stint in the police. You look surprised? You didn't know there was coloureds and blacks fighting on the side of FW's boys in blue? Ja man, there's no colour bar in desperation.

But I must say: every time we patrol past that house in Cape Town with the high ceilings, the big windows, the wooden floors and the veranda that curls three parts around the house. And then I think of old granny sitting by candlelight and crying for her lost life? I can't help but also hate. Each time a little more.

(BLACKOUT)

(PDU changes into the rebel cricketer.)

THE REBEL CRICKETER: Having given careful consideration, not only as a qualified English cricketer, but also bearing in mind my responsibility for my family, I have made the decision to tour South Africa this winter. I know very little about the situation, but I do not believe that it will be construed as a victory for apartheid. I will be there as a cricketer to help break down apartheid. I don't feel I'm promoting apartheid. I hope I will see change in South Africa.

(He indicates income.)

A great deal of change!

(PDU changes into the SADF Troopie's military jacket. He holds a letter and a photo.)

THE SADF TROOPIE: It's happened again. How can a person swallow a blade? I just can't understand it. Last week that kid from Durban went



PDU as SADF troopie

and swallowed glass. Jesus, swallowed glass? The minister of defence was recently forced to admit in Parliament that it happens about one a day. One a day? That's about 365 a year at one a day. And that's only the attempted suicides in the army. That's not the ones that succeed. The soldiers that hang themselves. The troopies that shoot themselves. Now that's what I don't understand. You got the gun and the bullets. You know how quick it can be. So why swallow blades or glass, for God's sake, when the government gives you the weapons to kill yourself with?

(Looks at the photo in his hand.)

Ja old buddy, and you were always so scared up on the border that the terrorists would get you and

blow off parts of your body, and what your ma would say when they showed you to her? Shit man, they showed us another film the other day of what those ANC terries do. Not just to us whites, but to their own people. Disgusting things like putting tyres round their necks and burning them alive. And also what those Russian limpet mines do. I don't know what to believe any more. I mean OK, but it could also be your own people, you know, putting bombs in supermarkets and parked cars, just to make us whites hate the blacks more. I don't hate blacks. Come on man, there are blacks in the army somewhere.

I hate being here though. Up in Namibia it was OK, because it was a war zone and all that, but here? Just down the road from where I live? Having to patrol these dark streets in an open Casspir from one black

township to another, with one of guys smoking a joint just in case they chuck in a hand grenade? Or we hit a land mine and you end up as another name on the marble monument? Oh yes, you get a nice medal for that. You don't get a medal for swallowing a blade, because it's so shit being here and having to shoot the kids of the maid that used to bath you when you were small and tell you all those stories of her piccaninnies in the locations far on the other side of the moon. Now we're there and those piccaninnies hate me, hey; wish me dead. Call me a fokken boer! Listen, I'm not a boer. I swear I'll vote for no one in the coming election.

Got a postcard the other day from my friend Andre. He got his two year call-up papers and managed to get out the next day via Zimbabwe. Now he's in Australia teaching Vietnamese kids in Sydney. Ja, he misses home, but he says at least it's good to live half a life without fear. Without fear? Ja well, I suppose it's fair enough to say: fuck it, I'm getting out of South Africa. I'm not going to kill the kids of our maid. But someone said to me ... was it you? Someone said to me: if you drop your gun and run, the soldier who picks it up might just have a passion to use it on innocent people. Did you say that? Well, at least while we are watching them, they can't just get away with it.

I wasn't watching, man, I'm sorry. I'm sure if I had, you wouldn't have done this. I would've stopped you. I would have said: don't be crazy! There's only three weeks left in the army. Think of the life after all this death! They say what we're doing is right. I hope it's right. Because I can never one day say: I didn't know what was happening. Jesus, I hope it's right ...

(Sounds of battle / rioting.)

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: So apartheid is dead? Ever since the Group Areas Act has become such a foundation stone of our great Christian democracy, nearly half a million families have been forcibly removed from their homes: 66% coloured, 32% Indian and 2% white. Four million blacks have also been

relocated, with two million others still waiting tonight to be declared criminals in their own homes. But then apartheid is dead. Today only 85% of South Africa is zoned for whites only, so not all is lost. Democracy is being broadened on every front. The government is dancing to a new tune, the Reform Rap: one step forward four steps back.

Separate development is changing; grand apartheid is being reformed: oppression with compassion, kiss and kill. And with Britain wanting – democratically, of course, and overflowing with a sense of fair play – wanting to repatriate boat people from Hong Kong back to Vietnam from whence they came, could it be that Mrs Thatcher and her Major were taking yet another successful leaf out of the apartheid handbook?

(PDU adds Piet Koornhof's big-ears-and-nose mask.)

DR PIET KOORNHOF: Hello, I am here incognito as a mere minor spokesman for my government, here on this secret mission from Pretoria to share with Number 10 Downing Street the great success of our policy of change and reform. In other words, how to get the kaffirs, wogs and munts out of our country and back to the jungle where they belongs.

We in South Africa are of course trying to be like you here in the UK, where you don't need laws to do what you like. So we've repealed the Immorality Act and the Mixed Marriages Act, so now blacks and whites can marry, among others, each other. Of course, thanks to the Group Areas Act, there's nowhere they can legally live together, but that's another story.

Apartheid are dead. We believe in change; we believe in reform; we believe in a future. It is not our policy to chase the blacks into sea. As you know, we don't even allow them on the beaches. But the world of course sees only the black side of our politics, except for Mrs Thatcher, who wouldn't know it if she saw it. So let me tell you how successfully we do things for our blacks in South Africa.

Last year we spent R200 million on bus tickets for black bus passengers going to their homelands for a nice holiday. Isn't that nice? With your

railways always on strike, free bus tickets might just be the answer. This is how we do it: your black maid is in your kitchen in Johannesburg. For black read boat person. OK? Now her resident papers are not in order. So our police come and take her away. No, we don't brutally take her to jail. Jails are full. No, we kindly take her to the bus. Now very gently we put her on the bus. We give her a free bus ticket and send her back to her homeland for a nice permanent holiday.

Alas, there is no ocean between us. So instead of drowning, she runs away from the homeland all the way back to Soweto. And there are already two million surplus 'boat people' in Soweto. As we all know, Soweto is no place for a holiday. But thanks to the state of emergency, the army is in Soweto; the police is in Soweto; the press is not in Soweto – so we go into Soweto, find your maid, burn down her house and take her back to the bus. Now very gently we put her back on the bus. We give her another free bus ticket and send her back to her homeland for another holiday.

Hells bells, people? She runs away from the homeland again. She doesn't go back to Soweto. Oh no, travelling has now turned this 'boat person' into a tourist. Now she goes the 1000 miles down to Cape Town to be with her husband and becomes a squatter. And as we all know, the Crossroads squatter camp is no place for a holiday. So we send in the army and police with sweets and cooldrinks for all, find your maid hiding, demolish her shack, shoot her husband in self-defence and take her back to the bus. Now not so gently we coax her back onto the bus. We give her another bus ticket. That's the third free bus ticket for the same person! And believe me, there are still millions and millions of other black 'boat people' in South Africa all waiting for their free bus tickets.

It's too expensive! That's why apartheid must die. It's bad for business, in spite of help from Mrs Thatcher. So now, in order to save us taxpayers R200 million in free bus tickets, we've repealed the pass laws as well. So now we have no more pass offences, no more 'boat people', no more bus tickets and no more apartheid. Now the buggers can walk and we just get local councils to get them for trespassing.

So do what we do: pass the buck. Let your local council do the dirty work. We call it 'own affairs'. Call it what you will. Just remember that now your black maid can work for you in Johannesburg for ever and ever without a permit or a pass. And what's more, you don't even have to pay her a salary. You can now legally marry her! Thanks you very much, Mrs Thatcher, apartheid are dead!

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: The happy friendly face of Afrikaner nationalism. Some whites however regard the National Party as leaning towards communism. Some whites regard FW de Klerk as a dangerous liberal who will lead the country into the arms of the swart gevaar or rooi gevaar or geel gevaar, all the colourful perils: black, red, yellow. Have you ever thought of President de Klerk as a dangerous liberal?

One has to redefine everything in South Africa all the time: what does it mean to be a Christian in South Africa? What is a liberal? What is right wing? What is left wing? What is right? What is wrong? The official opposition is still to the right of the government and to the right of them we find the AWB, Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging, with their brown shirts, swastikas and guns. Very original. So if you live there, you'll have the best of both worlds: Germany before the war and Russia after the revolution. What would you do?

(PDU changes into the white voter – a thug with a can of beer in his hand and towel round his neck.)

THE WHITE VOTER: I'm a white South African and I'm proud of it and my ma's a white South African and my pa's a white South African and my grandparents is white South Africans and we've all lived here in South Africa since 1800 and even before so fuck you all.

I'm a white South African and I'm proud of our culture and the beer and the rugby and the police and we all love our country and is proud of it so fuck you all.

I'm a white South African and I live in a whites-only area because that's what I voted for and why I vote and anyway who wants to live next to kaffirs who are stupid like animals and don't even behave like human beings and anyway apartheid is decent and it's right and it protects us against kaffirs and coolies and communists and kaffirs and anyway it's in the Bible so fuck you all. So fuck you all! I'm a white South Africa and I'm proud of apartheid so ...



PDU as the white voter

(He bends forward while 'throwing up' – the towel becomes the headdress of Nowell Fine. She stands up and her sketch starts with 'Dora?' During the sketch she puts on full make-up – false eyelashes, lipstick, gloss, powder, rouge, eyebrows – so that Evita's make-up is on by the end of the sketch.)

NOWELL FINE: ... Dora? Now where is that maid! *(She calls)* Dora? Are the kids ready for supper? Kids? Are you ready for supper? Okay kids, get in the car. Dora? Also take the dogs – get them something simple. Kentucky Fried Chicken, they love it.

(She adjusts the towel round her head.)

Those dogs really freak me out, but I suppose that's what you get when you cross a Rottweiler with an Alsatian – at least you get a white neighbourhood!

(She calls.)

Dora? Don't take the master's Mercedes or my BMW – take your own shopping Honda. And Dora? Don't give the kids Irish coffee – I don't want my kids spoilt!

(She sets a tray with make-up and sits.)

Oh my God, I'm absolutely finished. Being a white liberal in South Africa today really demands everything from a person. Let me tell you, now that Dora's got her driver's licence, she's taken such a weight off my shoulders. She now drives the kids to dinner every night. Aren't I a lucky mother? All I have to make for supper are four reservations.

(She wipes her face dry.)

Anyway, most steakhouses here around Joburg are multiracial or just don't care, which means Dora can also sit at the same table and watch the kids eat. I said to her: 'It's a nice steakhouse, Dora. It's international. Pretend you're Whoopi Goldberg. Eat a steak!' Now I find out she's become a vegetarian. Can you believe it, a black in a steakhouse just eating salads and vegetables? So much for cannibals in Africa! Hang on, I must do my mouth.

(She adds lipstick.)

I swear to God, that's the longest my mouth has been closed since 1976. Cannibals in Africa reminds me of a joke I heard the other day at the hairdresser. It seems they're playing a local South African version of Russian roulette at Sun City. A white man goes to bed with four black girls and one of them turns out to be a cannibal ... I also don't understand it, I swear to God. Anyway Herbie doesn't understand jokes. Can you believe it? I'm a Jew married to a Jew who doesn't get the joke! You won't believe what he said to me the other night.

He said: 'Nowell?'

I said: Ja?

He said: 'Are you asleep?'

I said: No.

He said: 'So why do you always keep your eyes closed when we have sex?'

I said: 'Herbie, God forbid I should see you enjoying yourself.'

No sense of humour at all.

(She starts adding black liner to her eyes.)

Reminds me of the nightmare I had last night. Did I have a nightmare last night? I can't tell you. I'll tell you! I dreamt it was the future in



PDU as Nowell Fine

South Africa. Black majority rule. No one in the world wanted us. So we whites had to evacuate South Africa and take refuge on the moon. The moon? My God, that place has got *no* atmosphere!

(She adds glue to the false eyelashes.)

Hey, do you like my hands? Got them from my mother. You won't believe how many people stop me in the street, or at the video shop, or at the gynie and they say: 'So tell me, Nowell Fine, what do you do to keep your hands so nice and soft and smooth?' Nothing.

(She adds left eyelash.)

Anyway, Herbie never relaxes like me. As a prominent white liberal, he's always wheeling and dealing, on the golf course with the

government on the one hand, and then secretly in some basement in Lusaka with the ANC on the other? On ways to get our money overseas. On how to break sanctions. S'true's God, if I knew the road to the airport was safe, I'd emigrate. Let's face it, there are two things I just can't stand about South Africa: apartheid and the blacks!

(She adds right eyelash.)

But where can we emigrate to? Australia? Please, do me a favour: final proof that there's death after life. My husband went to look around New Zealand, but it was closed. And London is so expensive and full of tourists. Sis. My friend Sharon lives in Hampstead. She says she can't find a decent maid in London. Can you believe it? No my dear, give me Johannesburg any day. I'd rather be killed in my own bed than have to get up and make it myself.

(She adds mascara to eyelashes.)

Anyway, I don't want to talk about politics. I just want to say that if it wasn't for Dora, I'd have a nervous breakdown on the spot, I swear to God. What would I do without Dora? She's been with us since she was R15 a month. So I said to Herbie: 'Listen doll, maybe it's about time we were seen putting our money where Dora's mouth is.'

So let me tell you something outstanding. Herbie and I have decided to build Dora her own little house in Soweto. Listen, it's a bargain. They've thrown around so many stones, you don't have to buy bricks. A nice kosher little pad with a patio where she can entertain. There's place for a pool, but Herbie said: 'For God's sake, wait with the pool – Rome was not built in one day!' Of course Herbie would know. Anyway, she's got a nice little Jacuzzi in her bedroom and a bidet in the bathroom to wash that hair. And a sunken lounge like Alexis Carrington's got in *Dynasty*? Oh yes, and a spare room for her family.

(She adds powder and rouge.)

Can't say I'm mad about the idea of that family trampling mud and muck all over the house, but they seem to have this very close family thing going among blacks, hey? God, it's revolting. Anyway, we'll have the whole place burglar barred and burglar proofed, so if any relative tries to scale the walls, they will be in jail before you can whisper Free

Mandela. Well no, actually they don't yet have electricity in all of Soweto as such. Except on TV for show, you know, where the Tutus live and where Winnie hides. Anyway, Herbie has promised to fit Dora with a nice generator, so that she can have the important things: hair dryer, microwave, deep freeze, a new-fangled home computer, video, TV – you know, the usual.

(She sprays perfume.)

And there's the whole point. If things go from worse to worst from one state of emergency to another and we can't get out of this damn country because of United Nations sanctions, or civil war or whatever else is waiting round the corner. And if we whites are forced to hand over South Africa to a black majority ANC government, meaning that Herbie and me have to move out of our beautiful place in Lower Houghton to make way for some ex-convict, we'll just move into our house in Soweto. Not only does it have all the mod-cons and full security, it also has a nice spare room for the maid.

(She checks her appearance in the hand mirror.)

Outstanding. Right.

(She stands up.)

Now I'm ready for bed.

(She exits with a flourish, then returns as PDU takes off the towel. The Evita make-up is already on. All that still needed is another top, in Thatcher blue, and a wig, which can be done during this intro; plus fur and jewellery.)

PDU: One night after the performance in Johannesburg, a woman stopped me at the stage door and said in a perfect Nowell Fine voice: 'Pieter-Dirk Uys? I don't know why you do that character, because I don't know anyone who talks like that, I swear to God!'

When I started doing this sort of thing in 1981, it was still the 'good old days of freedom of speech' quote/unquote. And yet even then there were some things that couldn't be said. Terrible things – like the truth. Heresy like corruptions and lies and even murders. When in doubt, put on a frock! I created a gushy middle-aged Afrikaans woman called

Mrs Evita Bezuidenhout who said the things I couldn't get away with. One night after the performance at Pretoria's State Theatre, a very angry, very big Afrikaans policeman confronted me in the car park. 'Hey Pieter-Dirk Uys, jou klein donner, now you go too far! You muck about with our language, you mess around with our culture, you make us Afrikaners look like Nazis – but hell you've got nice legs!' So Evita Bezuidenhout became the Joan Collins of the Boere Broadway, mainly in her capacity as the South African ambassador to the independent homeland Republic of Bapetikosweti. Mrs Bezuidenhout is also in town tonight on some very secret sinister business and ... oops, here she is...

(PDU adds the Evita wig and fur coat.)

EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT: Thank you, baie dankie. It's such a pleasure being back here in the UK. I really so enjoy coming through Heathrow Airport – so exciting. And it reminds me of Johannesburg Airport. I just swept through with my diplomatic passport, while the poor Asians and Hong Kong Chinese and Jamaicans were grilled like criminals and probably deported back to their homelands. I've always told Mrs Thatcher that it was time to have a homeland for the Scots, a homeland for the Welsh, two homelands for the Irish and no homeland for the Hong Kong Chinese. I think she's listened.

I am Evita Bezuidenhout, the South African ambassador to Bapetikosweti. As you know there are eight pieces of Bapetikosweti scattered all over South Africa. No shame, we had a ninth little piece, but it was washed out to the sea during the floods. The president of Bapetikosweti is a good friend of mine. A nice clean black man called Ignatius Makoeleli, and he comes and drinks tea with me, like Mandela did with PW. Well, Makoeleli was my garden boy for nine years. I'm on the last leg of a global tour to make the present government of FW de Klerk as acceptable as possible throughout the civilised world. I have had great success in Paraguay, Chile and here among Mrs Thatcher's football fans.

Is daar Afrikaners hier? Nee, moenie juisself weggee nie. Hulle sal julle donner. Net 'n paar woorde: vriende? Wat soek julle hier, so ver weg van ons tussen die Engelse? Kom huis toe. Ons het julle baie nodig. That was a special message for those of you here who understand Afrikaans. For those of you who don't? Tough.

This is my fourth visit to the UK this year to get spare parts for my hair dryer and to see if I can get the Blowpipe missile for our army. On my shopping spree I did pick up a few nice cheap things like Mike Gatting and his team. What a bargain. No, it's certainly not cricket; it's brilliant politics.

London always so reminds me of home: Mandela Street here, Soweto Square there, Nelson's Column. We have so much in common, we Afrikaners and you Brits. We share a Boer War where we invented guerrilla tactics and you the concentration camp. The British Empire? There is a lot you take credit for. We were a British colony for 150 years, so believe me when I tell you that most of our apartheid laws were not passed in South Africa, but here in your Parliament next to the Thames, the cradle of democracy.

Democracy is a funny thing, hey? When we were a young Afrikaner nation struggling to find our identity -- our language, our culture -- we could only learn from you. And we did. We watched British India and British Ceylon, British Rhodesia and British Kenya and there we learnt that democracy is too good to share with just anyone.

You must remember: in this country whites are still in the majority, at least for the next few years until the millionaire Hong Kong Chinese arrive. In South Africa we have now given the vote and a separate parliament each to our Indians and coloureds, so now the blacks will have to kill them first before they get to us. And by then we're all safely living in NW3.

Although we don't allow people to say so in public, we do have freedom of speech in South Africa. It's just after speech that freedom goes. But all I hear here is the word: Sanctions! Sanctions against the racist regime in Pretoria! Firstly, racism is an English word: in Afrikaans it means 'policy'. And secondly, let me put you in the picture regarding

sanctions. As your wonderful Mrs Thatcher so often points out on your behalf: 'If you put the fat white man on a diet, the thin black man will starve.'

Did you know that for every company that publicly disinvests from South Africa, two companies secretly jump in? Mugabe of Zimbabwe and Mulroney of Canada scream for sanctions while toasting their determination with South African wine, this while imports from South Africa to Canada have risen by 130% in the first four months of this year? Gold, uranium and plutonium never seem to find their way onto your sanction list. Isn't that a bit hypocritical? Never mind, we understand. We know that hypocrisy is the Vaseline of political intercourse.

Of course sanctions have been a great success. For us. Ever since your companies have left South Africa, there is no one to whom we have to explain anything. We can do what we like. We now control the media, we control the people, we control the revolution. Thank you for making it so easy for us. The president is now the only legal vote left in South Africa. Yes, we now have one man one vote. And that is the truth. And as you know, we in the South African government believe in truth. That is why we only use it on very special occasions.

Solutions are so simple when you are here, so far away from the problem. I can only assure you that when change comes to South Africa, it will happen because *we* are there. But just remember, when you find it so easy to attack us. When you find it so easy to condemn us. When you find it so convenient to forget us. Remember then how easily the deadly disease of legalised racism took root in my land. How lavishly it bloomed. How quickly it infected a nation. And how adaptable it is even to countries that pretend they are immune.

(Evita moves to the 'Made in UK' box for the change into Maggie Thatcher: She removes the fur and the diamond necklace and earrings and puts on the pearl necklace and earrings; removes the brown Evita wig and puts on the blonde Thatcher wig; removes the false eyelashes and finally, adds Thatcher's handbag.)



PDU as Margaret Thatcher with
PW Botha

MARGARET THATCHER: No, no no ... you are going too far. My humble name is Margaret Regina and I am just a legend in my own third Reich. We have all just witnessed the horrors of apartheid. It is an evil system and it must go. The leaders of the civilised world and the British Commonwealth are demanding comprehensive sanctions against South Africa. But I will not ... I will not ... I will not ... I will not ...

(Repeat into BLACKOUT.)

PDU: I have a confession to make. I do not write my own material. The South African government writes all my material. Let me quote from one of our few remaining daily newspapers, the *Government Gazette*:

‘In answer to a question from the Honourable PFP MP for Houghton, Mrs Helen Suzman ... nearly 800 South Africans officially became members of a different race group last year in accordance with the Population Registration Act:

‘518 coloureds became white

‘14 whites became coloured

‘Seven Chinese became white

‘Two whites Became Chinese

‘Three Malays became white

‘One white became an Indian

‘50 Indians became coloured

'57 coloureds became Indian
'17 Indians became Malay
'Four coloureds became Chinese
'One Malay became Chinese
'89 blacks became coloured
'Five coloureds became black.'

You notice that no blacks became white? And no whites became black!
I couldn't have made it up if I tried.

(As PDU leaves the stage, he is stopped by the security policeman's voice.)

SECURITY MAN (VOICEOVER): Your attention please. In terms of the state of emergency and the various draconian powers invested in me by the South African government, I have decided forthwith to ban this meeting and/or gathering and close down this show. It's subversive, it's obscene, it's blasphemous and it's true ... that everything Pieter-Dirk Uys said here tonight is a lot of subversive rubbish. It's all lies. Just an excuse to wear woman's clothing. And that's also illegal and against the law in South Africa. Now you've all got five minutes to disintegrate in an orderly fashion.

(PDU exits. The audience leaves the theatre.)

THE END



NOWELL: 'WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER'

'Why do you attack us? We're the good guys.'

It's all well and good laughing at the apartheid government, making those National Party racists look ridiculous and exposing their arrogance and their crimes. But wasn't the liberal opposition also groomed with the comb of hypocrisy? White liberals were always proud of their ability to laugh at themselves. Really? Everybody can do with a satirical slap. Equal opportunity satire. When the National Party got the clenched fist in the face, the opposition PFP/DP/DA got a tickle with a sharp blade. The character of Nowell Fine predates Evita. In 1975 at the Grahamstown Festival, then still called the Shakespeare Festival, in my revue *Strike up the Banned*, actress Michele Maxwell performed a Jewish-African princess in full bloom – a perfect kugel with nasal vowels and clipped consonants, reflecting many in the audience.

When *Strike up the Banned* opened at the Market Theatre some years later, the kugel was an essential target for a Johannesburg audience of many kugels. It was also my first venture into female impersonation, and also illegal in the minefield of Nationalist Christian society. Taking from one of her stock phrases – 'ja-no-well-okay-fine' – by the time *Adapt or Dye* launched itself in 1981, she was called Nowell Fine and became a legend in her lunchtime. She has grown with me, like Evita Bezuidenhout. Maybe they are my yin and yang of white

South African 'feminism'. Technically, Nowell's sketch was essential if Evita was to end a show, because during my kugel's monologue I could do all the necessary make-up to be ready as Mrs Bezuidenhout. All I still needed was her hair.

In 1998, I left Evita in the dressing room. *Going Down Gorgeous* was a one-person kugel cantata comprising eight scenes from Nowell Fine's life, starting in 1981, and moving on to the 1994 election, through the Mandela honeymoon, and ending in a then-futuristic 2005. This was the introduction:

'What I want to celebrate tonight is being South African. My father Hannes Uys was a Calvinist Afrikaner; my mother a German Jew. So that makes me a Jewish Afrikaner. At least I belong to both chosen people. I've spent most of my time illuminating the Afrikaner side of me through Mrs Evita Bezuidenhout.

'Tonight, I want to move to the left. Nowell Fine started life some years before Evita as my white liberal member of the PFP and the DP. The Jewish-African princess; the kugel, now a rare and protected white species, speedily being replaced by black kugels, some called Felicia, others Dali.

'So share with me the saga of Nowell Fine from 1981 to a few years beyond 2000. A typical South African who was loudly left (while secretly voting right), and who believed she was right, because everyone else had to be wrong. In order to play a successful kugel, I need three things: shoes, hair and mouth. I didn't learn much during my 53 years: can't surf the sea, or the internet; can't spell 'heaven', or play the trombone. But I can put lipstick on without a mirror!'

(The series of *Going Down Gorgeous* is available on YouTube)

That was in 1998. I did it then and I still do it now. My most recent show in 2019, before the Covid-19 pandemic struck, is *#HeTwo*, a retrospective of Evita's life through performance and archive footage. Nowell appears as audiences remember her in *Adapt or Dye* – younger, blonder and passionately breaking an apartheid law.

NOWELL: Excuse me! Yes, howzit, I'm Nowell Fine and I was here first. Here, on a stage long before that Afrikaans woman. In 1975 I appeared in a sketch in his show *Strike up the Banned*. I was his first female impersonation. Then it was illegal for a man to dress in female attire. But remember, in 1975 I represented a huge section of South African voters: white, blonde, liberal, wealthy, and on top of everything, Jewish. The kugel was a farce to be reckoned with and I was it! Then came *Adapt or Dye* in 1981 and I was featured, looking like this. That Bezuidenhout woman only opened the show looking like a real drag queen in that cheap leopard skin ... (*She notices her leopardskin top*) ... in that big hat.

But then I was starred in a later scene with my garden boy Nimrod, beautiful and black with green fingers. I had an affair with him. Oh, get over it! Yes, in 1981 it was a major crime; now you can't even entice them over for a Heritage Day braai! Nimrod? I was absolutely finished! Then in subsequent shows I was always here to show audiences that we white liberals were putting our money where our mouths were. Or me, putting my mouth where Nimrod's ... oh, never mind ... Yes, no, well fine ...

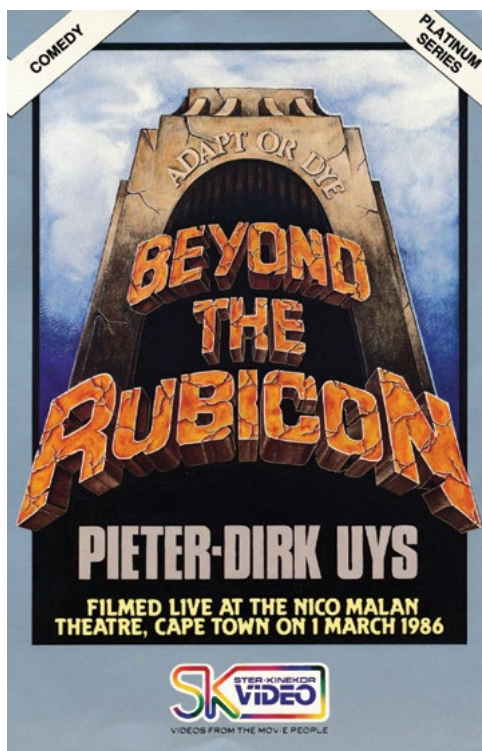
Nimrod was with me on and off right through the 1980s, and then my maid Dora took centre stage. She was like my black sister. Now Nimrod's the South African ambassador to Cambodia and Dora is a member of parliament for King William's Town South. And me now in 2019? I don't look like this anymore. I am being portrayed as old former white liberal, now legally a member of the ANC. Oh, how I long back to the days of the struggle. At least there was something to look forward to.

Of course, I was an illegal ANC cadre. I had a banned picture of Nelson Mandela hidden in my room. I knew that one day the security police would raid, so I hid it so well, it took me ages to find it. But the day he was going to walk free from jail – 11 February 1990 – I had a party at my house with my new black friends and Dora, the potential citizens of the future. I told them: 'Comrades? I was always on your side – amandla, awethu, viva la cucaracha!' I said. 'I had a banned picture of Madiba hidden in my room. It could have got me locked up in jail for treason,'

And I held up the picture. Then someone said: 'Nowell, I didn't know you liked Harry Belafonte!' How was I to know? Mandela's picture was banned for all those 27 years.

As April 1994 drew closer, most of my PFP friends packed for Perth and left. Wake me when it's over! I stayed. 'Blacks should be allowed to live wherever they like,' they said, 'but not next door to us!' So they left for Sydney Australia taking their kids, the cat, the dogs, the boat and the maid. Yes, and as true's God, they were right. Their neighbour would be black: Nelson Mandela! And there they are living in Sydney with Vietnamese neighbours who kept eating their dogs.

Why would I ever leave South Africa in those days of the struggle? Besides, where would I find a decent maid like Dora? In London? In Tel Aviv? In San Diego? In Australia? Are you joking? Give me Johannesburg any day. I'd rather be murdered in my own bed than have to get up and make it myself!



1986

BEYOND THE RUBICON

Cavorting across the River

Beyond the Rubicon is marvellously funny, though not untinged with the tragi-comedy of a cracked society. An absolute winner. The razor-sharp mind and brilliant wit of the political satirist who can safely claim to being South Africa's brightest home-grown product, re-creates a universe of types, prototypes and personalities.

– *Eastern Province Herald* (Port Elizabeth) May 1986

Uys goes beyond the Rubicon with dignity. He fulfilled his role as artist in the theatre, to entertain his audience and allow us to learn. Beneath his usual sharp and entertaining mimicry and his wonderful sense of the ridiculous, we were allowed a longer glimpse of the very serious man who shares our pain. Mr Uys has moved from the ridiculous to the sublime. Still sharing, still smiling, the audience still laughing, in a different way.

– *Daily Dispatch* (East London) May 1986

In Roman history, the Rubicon was a shallow river marking the boundary between Ancient Rome and Gaul. Julius Caesar crossed it in

49BC and thereby committed his army to war. There would be no turning back. On 15 August 1985 at the National Party Congress in Durban, President PW Botha made a speech to a worldwide audience of over 200 million people. It had been whispered, possibly by Pik Botha in his best theatrical sotto voce, that a new golden age of negotiation and genuine power sharing was to be announced, which would include black participation in government and even the unconditional release of Nelson Mandela. True to form, PW Botha bristled at such rumours and discarded his prepared notes. Instead, he wagged his finger at the world and turned the small light at the end of the tunnel into darkness with an avalanche of venom.

Uys has become so much of a cult figure, that he is now trading on telling audiences what they expect to hear.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) August 1986

Uys's 'editorialising' so to speak, is never as interesting or amusing. In fact, it is frankly a trifle embarrassing. I've heard precious few lines from Uys that would raise a smile, let alone a laugh.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) December 1985

Bravo Mr Uys. Your damning indictment of South Africa's 'traditional way of life' puts the realities of our country under the spotlight which warns us that, if we had any sense, we would work together for a better land for all. I salute you.

– *Evening Post* (Port Elizabeth) May 1986

Pieter-Dirk maak sy stem nou dik. Hierdie satire lê swaar. 'n Mens lag nie meer so maklik nie, want dit maak dikwels seer. Tog 'n mens gaan met 'n hele paar gedagtes huis toe – en is dit nie maar steeds die siel van satire nie?

– *Die Volksblad* (Bloemfontein) Mei 1986

Hy laat apartheid nie net meer belaglik lyk nie, maar iets monsteragtigs. Hy is allermens eensydig – almal, wit, swart of bruin, links of regs, homo- of heteroseksueel word bespotlik gemaak. Tot hy self loop deur. Ook Thatcher en Tutu: sappige vrugte tussen die turksvydorings wat die keer giftig seer steek.

– *Oosterlig* (Port Elizabeth) Mei 1986

When *Total Onslaught* ended its onslaught on South Africa at the State Opera House in Pretoria, the time had come to do something else. I wanted to take a year off to make a film. By the end of 1985, Evita Bezuidenhout was established as the ambassador to a homeland. She had her Cadillac. All she now needed was an embassy and some drama. Our homeland fiascos were the perfect setting for a film. Oil is discovered in the ‘independent homeland Republic of Bapetikosweti’ much to the horror of PW Botha’s government. Evita’s instructions are to get the oil back for South Africa. The president of the homeland used to run the petrol station in the neighbourhood and assisted mevrou in her garden. He agrees to Pretoria’s demands, but on one condition: Evita’s daughter, Billie-Jeanne, must marry his son, Leroy. (The film *Skating on Thin Uys* is on YouTube)

The Immorality Act and Mixed Marriages Act were still in full force and so the story could veer from left to right, touching on apartheid hiccups, homeland corruption and casino confusions, government hypocrisy, moral quicksand, and a close and personal look at the life and times of she who was fast becoming the most famous white woman in South Africa. Chris Galloway played the same Sersant Uys, who in the comedy *Farce about Uys* arrived at the embassy Blanche-Noir to investigate corruption, now the ambassadress’s head of security and chauffeur. Lizz Meiring starred as Evita’s secretary, Bokkie Bam, while Evita’s sons, De Kock and Izan, and daughter, Billie-Jeanne, were all bit parts for me, as well as husband Oom Hasie. My Rubicon was still far beyond the horizon. (*Farce about Uys* is on YouTube.)

Heilige koeie meesterlik gemelk. Deur Uys se oë kry die gehoor die geleentheid om Suid-Afrika te sien in 'n lig wat vir baie mense, vanweë hul oogklappe, in die duisternis bly. Dis hoe ons land lyk. *Beyond the Rubicon* mag nie misgeloop word nie. – *Die Transvaler* (Johannesburg) Julie 1986

Beyond the Rubicon is 'n hegte, fyngestruktureerde eenmanvertoning wat die mees uitbundige lagbuie dikwels pynigend laat nasleep. Die keer is sy rande skerp en sny selfs tot die bloed vloei. Dit is eintlik verpligte 'vermaak' vir almal wat die koekonmentaliteit wat te lank die doen en late van Suid-Afrikaners oorheers het, wil afsweer.

– *Beeld* (Johannesburg) Julie 1986

Velvet gloves go in a show with a punch that hurts. We see ourselves, our country and our future through a glass darkly. This is Pieter-Dirk Uys's toughest revue and in an age of confusion and unease, his voice speaks out clearly. It needs to be heard. – *Pretoria News* (Pretoria) July 1986

Evita's film started with a short documentary to introduce the ambadress, not just to her white compatriots in South Africa, but also to the black citizens of her homeland. It gave us a chance to colour in absurdities of social and political detail, with real politicians Helen Suzman, Minister Piet Koornhof and Dr Connie Mulder playing themselves with straight faces. The filming and launching of *Skating on Thin Uys* took up the first half of 1985. In August that year, South Africa and the world sat waiting for PW Botha's speech at the National Party Congress in Durban.

PW didn't let me down. He trashed expectations, wagging his finger at the world and telling everyone to go to hell while announcing the crossing of his Rubicon. Where to from here? Straight to the stage. I had the title. Now to structure the material. Political events however overtook the gags: the Immorality Act and the Mixed Marriages Act

were repealed. Under a state of emergency, South Africa exploded in blood and hatred, while *Skating on Thin Uys*'s sex across the colour bar, suddenly now legal, suffered a *coitus interruptus*.

Alles wat 'n 'heilige koei' is, en nie een is nie, loop onder Uys se skerp tong deur in 90 minute se genot.

– *Die Vaderland* (Johannesburg) Augustus 1986

Take a look at yourselves! I dare you!

– Video review in *The Star* (Johannesburg) August 1986

When the truth is brutal, affecting all South Africans, there are no more jokes, only facts. And it is from these facts that Uys draws his material. He does that not only with talent, but with courage and daring. Welcome home Bra Piet, welcome to the front.

– *Sunday Tribune* (Durban) August 1986

Die ernstiger Uys is 'n goeie wending.

– *Die Burger* (Kaapstad) Augustus 1986

Entertaining home truths without malice. He opens our minds with laughter and allows us to breathe free air again. He is wonderfully entertaining, but seriousness is never far from the laughter.

– *The Cape Times* (Cape Town) August 1986

He is still extraordinarily entertaining, mincing outlandish satire and caricatures with acute social political comment and at times a chilling, prophetic vision of the future.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) August 1986

I turned 40 in 1985, sitting on Hampstead Heath in London with a Mars bar and a Coke in my hand, celebrating more than just a birthday.

I had been invited to perform a late night show at the Tricycle Theatre in Kilburn. It was titled *Adapt or Dye*. Although four years had passed since the original *Adapt or Dye* in South Africa, it was still a perfect title. One lesson learnt doing this show in London was that South African politics was a South African nightmare and its relevance was limited beyond its borders.

In London I was a bit of boere moon dust to be stared at and regarded with some horror by the English. ('You remind me of a Nazi with a good heart who shows a photo while saying: "Look, we planted daffodils at Auschwitz!"') But there was no resistance from the London audience. The only fuming at my material came from a feeble fight-back campaign from our embassy in London.

Outside South Africa, our politics was a requiem; in South Africa it had to be a reflection. So I came back to the frontline cities and crossed my Rubicon on a tour of the war zones of our segregated revolution where, as the months went by, the reality of an ongoing state of emergency made my stage one of the few places in the country where one could still say it as it is. The revue would go back to South Africa after the London run and develop into *Beyond the Rubicon*.

Uys attacks with histrionic brilliance. And it's funny, to boot – extraordinarily funny, even when it touches a raw nerve, or elicits a gasp of shock.

– *Sunday Star* (Johannesburg) September 1986

Long live Pieter-Dirk Uys all the while apartheid is alive!
The white imagination needs him. The court jester, cap, bells, motley and all, has become cheeky.

– *Weekly Mail* (Johannesburg) September 1986

You can certainly take your maiden aunt to see this show, though, on second thoughts, she may leave the theatre highly entertained, but extremely insecure.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) September 1986

Angry Uys crosses a personal Rubicon. I have never been more impressed by his talents as a serious actor-dramatist. His amusing satirical forays are now so strong, that it makes a lot of the laughter stick in your throat. But it has had a remarkable effect on the show. It is a tour de force.

– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) September 1986

Beter, skerper en met meer oortuiging as ooit tevore. Hy laat jou nog skater, maar dit is 'n gelag waarvoor jy betaal – met nadenke.

– *Beeld* (Johannesburg) September 1986

Pieter-Dirk Uys se jongste aanbieding is waarskynlik sy beste ... dodelike erns wat soms agter skerp, snaakse satire skuil. Die galgehumor in verskillende skakkerings van swart is raker en skerper as ooit.

– *Die Vaderland* (Johannesburg) September 1986

Meanwhile back in the real world called home, besides daily bombings, riots and detentions without trial, war-torn South-West Africa morphed into independent Namibia. Desmond Tutu became archbishop of Cape Town, though still without a passport. President Samora Machel died mysteriously in a plane crash on the South African border. Chernobyl leaked in Russia and the Koeberg nuclear power station in the Cape made us hold our breath. Meanwhile the mother of the nation left her internal exile in Brandfort and made a speech on 13 April 1986: 'With our boxes of matches and our necklaces we shall liberate this country.' It was time to invite Winnie Mandela to join my chorus line.

Laughter in Purgatory will elevate the spirits. Pieter-Dirk has a flair for spotlighting the bizarreries and absurdities of South African life and in this 'emergency edition' this special talent is as well-honed as ever. It is sheer theatrical brilliance. Uys is an impressionist of genius.

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) September 1986

Funny? Yes. But the laughter is uncomfortable these days. Humour abounds in this presentation and laugh follows laugh with trip-hammer regularity and rapidity, but the laughter echoes in the mind and evokes the shadowy images that might portend a nightmare.

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) December 1985

Hy bly een van die min wat satire ken en verstaan. Sy humor is onmiddelik, sy bitterder kommentaar langafstand. Dit tref eers later. – *Die Vaderland* (Johannesburg) Desember 1985

Dit is gestroop en pure pitkos. Uys se sketse het steeds 'n skerp snykant and in sommige van sy nuwe sketse het sy aanslag 'n meedoënlose krag.

– *Beeld* (Johannesburg) Desember 1986

Another Uys up Pieter-Dirk's sleeve. It's first-rate entertainment. And it's funny – very funny. Don't miss it!

– *Business Day* (Johannesburg) December 1986

To find out what was really going on, one had to listen to many whispers. Sanctions forced local arms manufacturers to make more than enough weapons than needed for controlling just our revolution and so armaments exports blossomed under blank covers to other countries. Little of the true state of affairs was reflected in our media. While foreign media would show the breaking news of men, women and children injured when police opened fire on a large crowd on the 25th anniversary of the Sharpeville Massacre, and reflect the world's outrage at raids on Botswana, Zambia and Zimbabwe by South African forces, our news was a bumper season for Cape Town hotels. We were still best value for international tourists.

The *Rand Daily Mail* ceased publication and one of the few dissenting voices was silenced. Cracking down on the media included taking television crews from the BBC, CBS and others in for questioning.

Some were accused of 'staging' riots. Meanwhile 'Piet Promises', the nickname for Minister Koornhof, who kept promising and not delivering, tried as NP court jester to soften the grim experience of the forced removals of thousands of black people.

Two sketches that were easy to do in London proved to be complicated on home turf. My Mrs Thatcher brought the house down in the UK. Everything about her was perfect for ridicule. Her voice zig-zagging from suffocating gasp to squeezed groan, her forward-leaning walk, the candyfloss golden hair, the nuclear handbag: the works. Those in South Africa who recognised all those clues were thrilled, but most were left perplexed. Mrs Thatcher sadly did not get enough South African TV screen time to deliver an instant laugh.

Then there was the sketch of the white voter, based on what had happened to me back during my season of *Adapt or Dye* in Johannesburg. I was at the Jeppe Street post office sending registered mail to my agent in London. There was a commotion outside in the street. A black man on his bicycle had accidentally crashed into the back of a bakkie. The cyclist hurt his knee. The white man pointed his gun, kicked and screamed insults. He then got into his bakkie and reversed it over the man's bike. None of us did anything. Most looked at the posters on the walls, some straight ahead. Black and white and brown – and me! – pretending it wasn't happening. I created a sketch in the car, shaking with anger and disgust at my cowardly compliance. I put it into the show that night. It didn't work. My performance was warped with fury. It worked chillingly well in the London show though.

It was time to bring my white voter back across the Rubicon. It was not self-censorship to avoid doing sketches about necklacing or the sons lost in the Border War. I was by now very aware of which red lines not to cross, and yet suddenly people were talking. Plays were being written and the confusion of many white men was whether to do their military service and face the reality of going to war in defence of a dead man's dream, or go to Canada. Dr Hendrik F. Verwoerd's white paper was curling round the edges, yellowing with irrelevance and becoming soggy in the spilt blood of youth. By 1986 the Border War had moved

down the road into the black townships. That reality was still unbelievable in 1986, but not impossible to share.

In this revue Pieter-Dirk Uys is not shooting rubber bullets. They are very real and they hurt. It is satire edged with bitterness. But then the present situation is South Africa leaves little room for laughter. The Uys humour is no longer the razor blade embedded in the koeksister. It is a freshly-honed scalpel cutting deep.

– *The Windhoek Advertiser* (Windhoek, South-West Africa)
January 1986

Uys is angrier and less tolerant than before. His humour is a bit blacker and less flippant. There is a distinct feeling of unease and foreboding at the end.

– *The Cape Times* (Cape Town) February 1986

It is fascinating to see just what Pieter-Dirk Uys does pull out of his cardboard boxes next in the non-stop 90 minutes in which he holds up a cracked mirror to our cracked society.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) February 1986

Beyond the Rubicon

The World Tour of South Africa

* Market Theatre Johannesburg * Windhoek Theatre South-West Africa/Namibia * Nico Malan Theatre Cape Town * Opera House Port Elizabeth * Guild Theatre East London * Andre Huguenet Theatre Bloemfontein * Grahamstown Arts Festival * Elizabeth Sneddon Theatre Durban * State Theatre Pretoria * Hexagon Theatre Pietermaritzburg * Baxter Concert Hall Cape Town

THE 1985 CAST

Pieter-Dirk Uys

The security policeman

Billie-Jeanne Bezuidenhout

The arms salesman

Archbishop Desmond Tutu

PW Botha (State President)

A British resident

Three township pickies

A housewife in the OMO advertisements

A German TV director

Riaan Eksteen (Head of the SABC)

A township policeman

Dr Piet Koornhof (Minister of Cooperation and Development)

Oom Hasie Bezuidenhout

A white voter

Nowell Fine

Evita Bezuidenhout

Margaret Thatcher (UK Prime Minister)

THE STAGE SETTING

Black curtains surround the acting area. A battered orange, white and blue flag hangs centre back. Three cardboard boxes piled one on top of another are off-centre with a barstool behind them. A live mike on a stand is on the other side of the stage. Each box has a bold label plus graffiti:

Box one – made in SWA ‘Free Namibia’

Box two – made in RSA ‘Free Mandela’

Box three – made in UK ‘Free Northern Ireland’

THE SHOW

The security policeman is on stage with his torch, searching for suspicious objects. He takes note of the torn colours of the South African flag hanging as a backdrop, the initials of political parties on the flag, the graffiti on the cardboard boxes. He also notes the people in the audience.

There is a packet centre-stage. It has the familiar red ‘CAN’ logo. He lifts it and studies the contents. He turns the packet around in the process and we see the same logo as ‘ANC’. He exits quickly with the packet.

(SOUND: Police sirens shriek and the show starts.)



PDU as security man with CNA bag)

SECURITY POLICEMAN (VOICEOVER):

Testing testing Rubicon Rubicon
Attention please.

Your attention is drawn forthwith
to the fact that this area is covered
by and subjected to the special
regulations and all-encompassing
powers ceded to the South African
Police Force and the South African
Security Forces under the national
state of emergency recently
gazetted.

Your attention is also hereby
forthwith drawn to the Riotous

Assemblies Act No 17 of 1956, which has since been superseded for most purposes by the Internal Security Act No 74 of 1982, under which this meeting and/or gathering will and can be banned and/or prohibited when seen to be seriously endangering the public peace and/or prosperity.

A person and/or persons can under this act be detained for a period of 48 hours and/or 180 days without trial, if the actions of such a person and/or persons are deemed to lead to a state of public disturbance and/or disorder.

According to the above act and/or subsequent acts, a so-called meeting and/or gathering is officially defined as an assembly of any number of people and/or peoples. You have all been warned herewith and/or forthwith. Hierdie waarskuwing is ook in Afrikaans beskikbaar.

(A hard-sell announcement follows.)

VOICEOVER: And now, direct from her triumph at the Paraguayan song contest and subsequent tour of Uruguay and Taiwan, na haar triomf in die Vrystaat en haar konserte vir ons manne op die grens, en in die swart woonbuurtes vir ons soldate en polisiemanne, ons eie Billie-Jeanne Bezuidenhout!

(Billie-Jeanne enters in showgirl glory.)

BILLIE-JEANNE: For me a state of emergency is when I lose my mascara! I want to dedicate this song to our beloved State President PW Botha, who last year forced South Africa across his Rubicon into a new era.

(She sings unaccompanied.)

Suid-Afrikaners is plesierig

Dit kan julle glo

Hulle hou van Suid-Afrika

En dan maak hulle so

(She waves the South African flag.)

Suid-Afrikaners is plesierig

Dit kan julle glo

Hulle hou van kultuur kultuur kultuur



PDU as Billie-Jeanne

Is it now goodbye to droëwors en boerewors en koeksisters en Gé Korsten? Totsiens vir Mimi Coertse en die Blou Trein en die Springbokke en PW Botha se dogter?

En dan sing hulle so
(*Now backing tracks are added: the song from the film Skating on Thin Uys. First verse.*)

Adapt or Dye beyond the Rubicon
See how things have changed
The white is black
The lies come true
But as our freedoms go away
And fear takes hold of me I say OK
RSA? Tomorrow is another day
(*Chorus.*)

So I say no way, no way, no way,
hey
I say no way, no way, no way, hey
(*Second verse.*)

All the tears I shed for you
Country of my birth
You gave me life
You gave me hope
But never taught me how to cope
And now the things that always
was
Just isn't the same no more
What happened, hey? RSA?
Is this how we whites have to pay?
(*Chorus.*)

So I say no way, no way, no way,
hey
I say no way, no way, no way, hey
(*She speaks over backtracks.*)

(Chorus.)

No way, no way, no way, hey!

I say no way, no way, no way, hey!

(The song ends. She enjoys applause, then gives an unaccompanied encore.)

Suid-Afrikaners is plesierig

Dit kan julle glo

Hulle hou van apartheid

En dan maak hulle so

(She gives a Nazi salute.)

(BLACKOUT)

(PDU changes out of Billie-Jeanne's costume and into a three-piece suit.)

PDU: And that was the only daughter of Ambassador Evita Bezuidenhout, who had to miss that performance as mevrou had more urgent matters to solve. So this first round of applause means you're applauding the set out of habit. It's not a Tony Farmer set. It's pure Gucci cardboard. Would I spend less than R250,000 on a set for this theatre? Nooit!

Adapt or Dye. Now who would have thought that would become my bread and Botha? Remember how the old krokodil told us all to adapt and die in 1981? Well, he wasn't joking. Since then we've adapted a little and died a lot. And here we are beyond the Rubicon on the (*Gives date*) in (*Gives venue*) en kyk hoe lyk ons nou?

When Julius Caesar crossed the River Rubicon it was the beginning of a civil war. When ons eie PW crossed his Rubicon, he even changed the meaning of the word 'historical' to 'hysterical'. In 1984 I put my last show, *Total Onslaught*, onto video at a performance in the State Theatre in Pretoria. Like doing *Fiddler on the Roof* in Nuremberg you may ask? I looked at the show the other night just see how we've developed on the road to normality.

Actually, I could do that whole show here again tonight, because in spite of all the propaganda, nothing has changed. Only words have changed: prime minister has become state president; terrorist has

become freedom fighter or vice versa. Parliament has had three illegitimate Baster babies. What else has changed? Now it's hundreds of our people being killed. That's a change.

The government has swapped their laager for a bunker, there's a change. South Africa is bankrupt, that's no change. And yet still apartheid manages to change, like political Scrabble. From baasskap to separate development to plural democracy to cooperative coexistence to constitutional reform – maar onthou net, 'n kaffer bly maar 'n kaffer! And here we are in another state of emergency, and now black fights black and white fights white and black kills black and white kills black, and the Bothas spend six million rand on face-lifting Tuynhuis, our Elize's Palace. There must surely be a difference between PW and Roman Emperor Nero? Hell, at least Nero could play the fiddle.

Talking about change: not so long ago the definition of a South African patriot was a white with a big house, two cars, three servants. Now the definition of a South African patriot is a white who is still here because he can't sell his house. Our future has changed from substantial to subversive. Under the new Louis le Grange laws we can't talk or think or care. The rest of the world knows more about us than we do. Selle ou storie.

They talk about us from the White House to 10 Downing Street to the Kremlin to Pollsmoor Prison to Lusaka. Back to Pollsmoor Prison; back to Lusaka. We white South Africans are now world famous. Not just for our gold, perfect sunshine and Zola Budd. Or even for our legendary foreign minister's sense of diplomatic timing. We are now world famous because out there everyone has seen us nightly on their television news killing black children.

(Security policeman voiceover interrupts.)

SECURITY POLICEMAN: *Kak!* Pieter-Dirk Uys, you're talking rubbish again. Testing testing Rubicon Rubicon. Can you hear me?

PDU: Oh yes.

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Careful what you say. There is laws against obscenity, blasphemy etc etc etc ...

PDU: And against subversion?

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Very funny. It's easy nowadays to be anti-South African ...

PDU: Anti-South African? Or anti-apartheid? There's a hell of a difference.

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Not here, boetie. I though you was going to tell some nice jokes about us, like the other videos of you ...

PDU: No more jokes left. Just facts.

SECURITY POLICEMAN: What facts?

PDU: The facts we aren't told? The facts we regard as fiction? People vanish without trace. People in jail? A few weeks ago I was in London with my show and I could quote Nelson Mandela and Winnie and Oliver Tambo and Steve Biko.

SECURITY POLICEMAN: No man. If you have to quote, quote decent people. What about Minister Chris Heunis?

PDU: What about Chris Heunis?

SECURITY POLICEMAN: They say Chris Heunis has got love bites in his neck.

PDU: Yes, all self-inflicted. Quote Chris Heunis? Impossible. (*He tries*) 'The government's position in this regard is clear. Let us avoid semantics and talk in terms of concepts.' They say if you can understand what Chris Heunis says, you can win a seat on the President's Council. On the other hand, if you correctly guess Elize Botha's weight, you can win a homeland ...

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Hey Uys, you look nice in that suit. Just like any other businessman who's got rich on apartheid.

(PDU adds a bowler hat and an umbrella, changing into the Denel arms salesman.)

THE ARMS SALESMAN: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself. The name is Botha. No, I'm not one of the famous political Bothas: PW Botha, Pik Botha, Stoffel Botha, Naas Botha or Chief Bothalesi. Nee wat, I'm just an ordinary Denel Botha. I have swopped Pretoria for the world. Swopped my tin helmet for a bowler

hat, swopped my R2 rifle for an umbrella, swopped my Casspir for a Cressida. And here I am, a sophisticated Afrikaner man of the world at your service.

I would like to say a special word of welcome to our special guests here tonight from various beleaguered governments. From Chile, Nicaragua, the Philippines, Lesotho and of course Great Britain. Welcome to beleaguered South Africa. Enjoy your stay and may you purchase what you've come for. Our range of antiriot gear. The catalogue is available under separate cover. But just to tantalise you, allow me to show you some of our most successful wares. Dankie Kosie, die Baas is nou reg vir die skyfies.

(He pretends there is a screen with slides.)

Most of our equipment has been very successful. We've only had 1000 casualties in the field and if you recall that there are 22 million against us, that's not bad. Okay. The first slide indicates our Alsatians ... Nee, Kosie, the slide is upside-down. Wat's jou probleem, jong? Weer dronk,? Word wakker ou kaffer word wakker. Well, ladies and gentlemen, if this slide was the right way up, you would see that these vicious Alsatians is security dogs that come in various sizes: large, medium-large, very large and somaar blerrie large. They are always nice and hungry which helps. Volgende skyfie Kosie.

Now we come to the manual equipment: truncheons, batons and quirts. The truncheon is familiar. The baton is this short thick thing and q-u-i-r-t has a good firm grip on the handle, tapers off to a sharp point, which in turn rips out a nice piece of flesh to give rioting students and biased reporters something to remember you by. Volgende skyfie, Kosie? Ah, the water cannon. Now those of you from the platteland are familiar with the water cannon. It cleans the streets at night. But now we also use it to clean the streets of crowds. We have come up with a nice range of vivid bright colours. You might recall our famous Purple People Eater in Greenmarket Square? We turned the square purple and the dye sticks to the skin for up to three days, which makes it easy for us to track the subversives down. Ja-nee dokter, a real case of adapt or d-y-e? Kosie?

Waar's die skyfie, man? Dis 'n blank screen ... oh no, wait, this is not a blank screen. This is teargas! As you can see, ladies and gentlemen, because we have problems with the weather, so often teargas is blown back into your own eyes, while black widows, foreign newsmen and eight-year-old rioting children get away with their lives. Our locally made brand has a lethal cyanide component that causes a memorable reaction is the human body. Ala wêreld, one wonders whose side is God on, if He can't control His winds? Next slide?

Ah yes, now we come to the major element in riot control entitled 'Bullets'. Two sections here: nonlethal bullets, which means they don't work. And lethal bullets that are carefully programmed for full-frontal entry no matter where you fire them from. Which, in turn, negates all the stupid evidence that we shoot the boppers in the back. Kosie?

Now we come to the nuclear deterrent. Wag 'n bietjie, Kosie. That's top secret. You've got the wrong box of slides there. If the box has a picture of Baas Magnus Malan on it, dan is dit beslis die verkeerde doos. Try the next slide? Germ warfare. No, Kosie, that's covered by the Official Secrets Act, so I must deny any knowledge of those items. However, ladies and gentlemen, just off the record, we have perfected a local strain of the AIDS virus that only attacks blacks who are not our servants. Kosie?

Good. Now to end on a commercial note of hope. Thanks to the brilliance of our scientists and our Christian endeavour for the upliftment of the human condition, we have come up with the perfect antiriot device. Good old laughing gas! That's right sir, spray it on your critic and watch him die laughing. All these goodies have been made in South Africa by South Africans, for South Africans, but are also available under plain cover to export to anywhere in the world, via Israel or Switzerland.

Ladies and gentlemen, dames en here, meine Damen und Herren. Be prepared like us. Then you don't have to take anything for anyone.

(He poses with his umbrella like a shotgun.)

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: Europe in the late 1920s. Maybe you're too young to remember? Or maybe you lived there during that time and that's why you don't want to remember? Maybe you just saw the TV series, so I'll remind you anyway. Europe in the last years of the 1920s, where some people tended to laugh and scoff at Adolf Hitler and his Nazis in the brown shirts and swastikas and guns, never dreaming that those thugs could come to power. More or less like we laugh and scoff at Eugene Terre'Blanche and his Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging with their brown shirts and swastikas and guns, not realising how easily these buffoons could come to power here, especially in cahoots with other right-wing lunatics like Andries Treurnicht, Jaap Marais and Carel Boshoff. And yet all they want is the grand old apartheid that Dr Verwoerd lived and died for, which in comparison makes PW Botha look like a Prog!

So Eugene Terre'Blanche wants a white homeland? A Boerestaat? What a wonderful idea! Let's give him Pietersburg in the Northern Transvaal. Then we can put a high fence around it and feed them nigger balls and samosas and driehoek-koeliekoekies! And when they declare themselves an independent white republic, we'll send them the best ambassador South Africa has. Someone who will truly tell them to go to hell!

VOICEOVER ANNOUNCEMENT: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, direct from the palace in Stockholm, the White House in Washington DC and his own house in Bishops court, the one and only ... '

(During the announcement PDU changes into Desmond Tutu.)

DESMOND TUTU: Thank you very much my dears, thank you very much my friends.

I have seen so much writing on the walls of South Africa.

I remember reading: Love your enemy it will ruin his reputation.

I remember reading: Apartheid is just a pigment of the imagination.

I remember reading: If pigs could fly in South Africa, John Vorster Square would be an airport.

But the best writing on the wall I saw was on the wall of my home. It simply said: It takes Tutu Tambo!

And now I get a blackout!

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: Blacks, whites, coloureds, Indians, English, Afrikaans, Jews, Catholics, Muslims, Xhosa, Zulu, Tswana, Sotho, Venda, Chinese, honorary whites, ex-Rhodesians, British immigrants: about 27 million of us live in South Africa today, of which about four million are white; of which about three million have the vote; of which about one and a half million use their vote; of which about 700,000 voted for PW Botha's government during the last election. So that's 700,000 out of 27 million. That's not a democratic government; that's a small town council.



PDU as Tutu

So how do you rule 27 million people representing only two and a half percent of the population? Well, first you need full control of your radio, TV and newspapers; you need to be in control of the army and the police; you must control the education or the lack of it; if you control the fear. You've got to believe that God is on your side. Then all you need is a rosette and a carnation.

(He adds them.)

If you have a wife with a large front, she can wear three of each on either side and if they don't clash with her shocking pink frock. Rose-coloured spectacles.

(He adds the spectacles.)

What we still affectionately call Die Boere Kroon.

(He adds the hat.)

Oh yes, before you stomp where angels fear to tread, just remember that international audience of a few million viewers as you cross your Rubicon.

(PDU has now changed into PW Botha.)



PDU as PW Botha

PW BOTHA: Revolutionaries may stamp their feet. The communists may scream their lies. Our enemies may try to undermine us. But South Africa? Here is the reality.

The total onslaught is upon us in all its totalitarianism, and it is because of this totality that I am here tonight to assure you that, in spite of the talk of a future black president in South Africa, have no fear, for I am still here.

And when I talk about the total onslaught, I mean just that. I don't single out specifics. I don't point a finger at the ANC, or SWAPO, or the UDF, or the UN, or the World Council of Churches, or the South African Council of Churches – or any other anti-apartheid movement throughout the world. I refer to the total

onslaught against us and all those who mean us ill. And I even refer to those who have not been named here Tutunight!

He who slaughters unto us will get his fingers burnt. Let anyone point a finger, he will get a fist, for we are ready for the worst. Sticks and stones can't break our bones, thanks to Minister of Police Louis la Grange. But

words will never hurt me or you: white, Indian, coloured and any other South African. Even black. But then most zebras like to sit behind bars, if only to pretend they are white horses.

We no longer practice apartheid. In South Africa. We don't need to practice; we have it down to a fine art. And therefore allow me to state my manifesto for change and reform in South Africa – and I don't say it here in a merely presidential capacity.

I say it here on behalf of the hundreds of those in South Africa who want to say it. I say it here on behalf of the thousands of those in South Africa who try to say it. I say it here on behalf of the millions of those in South Africa who aren't allowed to say it. But I am in charge here and that's why I don't even have to say it.

To members of the media? Oppas. My mind is made up; don't confuse me with facts. And so, as I cross my Rubicon, I say here without fear of contradiction, I say it with conviction: South Africa will not ... South Africa will not ... South Africa will not ...

(BLACKOUT)

VOICEOVER ANNOUNCEMENT: And now, what did the archnationalist say to the archbishop?

DESMOND TUTU: Thank you very much my dears, thank you very much my friends.

When PW Botha crossed the Rubicon in search of change and reform in South Africa, he took me along to row the boat, And halfway across the Rubicon, the hurricane winds of change blew off PW Botha's hat – and as we know, PW cannot think without his hat. So I got out of the boat and walked across the water to where the hat was drifting. I picked up the hat and walked back to the boat across the water to hand PW Botha back his hat. And the next day the SABC objectively reported that Archbishop Tutu cannot swim!

But I can take out the lights!

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: Recently a man went to a barbershop in Cape Town near the Houses of Parliament to have his hair cut. He sat. The door opened and PW Botha walked in. The man got very excited and stood up, brushing past PW's bodyguards. He took PW's hand and shook it warmly as he said: 'Mr Uys! I loved your new show!' The trouble with political jokes is that they usually get elected!

(Security man voiceover interrupts.)

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Testing testing Rubicon Rubicon. Hey Uys? Can you hear me? Listen, why do you always get at us Afrikaners, man? We're not the only ones getting rich on the system, I mean, not like ... ag, you know what I mean ...

(PDU changes into the British immigrant who is ready to send a video message to the UK.)



PDU as the Colonial Brit

THE BRITISH IMMIGRANT: You're absolutely right, old chap. It must be pretty awkward when the system works so well in the end that you just can't get rid of it. That's your problem, old man. I'll just set the chair here in the centre and stare ahead, is that the idea? I hope this thing is working. I'm not good at these modern gadgets. You say I can start at random? Jolly good.

(He sits and stares ahead at the camera.)

Hello chaps, this is me in sunny South Africa, sending you all the best for the reunion from myself and Vera. I hope the video camera is working. I got it cheaply from an old Jewboy who suddenly took the chicken run when his business went bang. Well, Vera sends her love. She can't be here this afternoon as

she's still down at the range taking lessons. She's become quite a good shot, has old Vera.

Well, I hope you chaps are having a splendid season there in England. Makes me quite homesick. What nonsense really; Vera and I can truly say: we had a farm in Africa! Kenya, Uganda, Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, and now here. Next step is the sea, what-what? Not bloody likely. We've found our paradise on earth here. South Africa the beautiful. Marvellous weather, cheap labour, splendid security. Politically a bit dicey, but nothing that can't be fixed with a bit of force, nudge-nudge wink-wink. We're finding the same thick-headed approach down here that we faced up north. Remember what we used to say in Rhodesia? If we'd kicked Mugabe in the arse in time, we would've kept Salisbury. Well, no point in crying over spilt blood.

Our son John-boy is still doing his army training. He was fighting up on the border with Angola, but now he can stay at home at night because he's now just down the road in the black townships. Damn convenient. I don't know; we have to start protecting ourselves down here. This bloody PW Botha wants to give up apartheid. Damn traitor. That's what we all came here for in the first place, isn't it?

Well, now we joined a political party called the HNP. *Herstigte Nasionale Party*. Far too many Neanderthal boers involved and it's all in that damn Afrikaans, but we do speak the same language basically, if you get my drift, nudge-nudge wink-wink. Can't give the country over to the barbarians, can we, hey? What-what?

Goes for you lot and that Labour Party as well. Hope your next year is better than the last one. We read all these stories about poor old Maggie getting her knickers in twist over Gaddafi and then dropping them for Reagan. But let me share something with you chaps that you might not realise: when you watch the SABC here, you realise how bad things really are over there in the UK. Irish genocide, black riots, looting, racial tensions, hooliganism. We left just in time. Oh yes, and don't believe all that left-wing rubbish they print about us here. And yes, say hello to poor old England for me ...

(A police siren passes.)

... but then again, I suppose if the shit really hits the fan here, we'll just pack up and come home.

(BLACKOUT)

PDU: Imagine Cape Town on a perfect day. No wind. The magnificent Table Mountain etched against the blue blue sky. Hot golden sunshine. Sparkling seas. Soft white sand. Ice cold wine. Peace. Tranquillity. Cape Town, the perfect womb with a view. White suburbs nestling cosily round the foot of Devil's Peak under sprawling oak trees. Fat pets snoozing in the shade.

Then move a few kilometres away, still keeping the mass of mountain in the background. But now you're on the Cape Flats, on the sand in the coloured and black townships. No peace, no tranquillity, burnt-out cars, smouldering buildings, fear, hatred, soldiers, police Hippos and Casspirs. And black children with fists in the air, victory on the faces. White children in uniform, guns in hand. Shots, screams, death. Krygkor vs BricKor.

While just up the road under the oaks, a white mother is buying her children nice ice creams. She doesn't see the smoke anymore. She doesn't even hear the sirens. It is a great success, our segregated revolution. In a year of unrest, 1600 black South Africans were killed; 220 were children. Between the black and white: guns, bullets, laws, fear; all the paraphernalia of death that protects South Africa from democracy.

(PDU into the three township pikkies)

'Hey, hoe oud is djy?'

'Ek is ses. En djy?'

'Ek is sewe. En Pikkie? Hoe oud is djy?'

'Ek wiete.'

'Wat bedoel djy, djy wietie? Jy moet mos wiet hoe oud djy is!'

'Nay, ek wietie.'

'Hey Pikkie rook djy?'

‘Nay.’

‘Drink djy?’

‘Nay.’

‘Kan djy ’n petrolbom maak?’

‘Nay.’

‘Dan’s djy vier!’

(SOUND: The jingle for an OMO washing powder commercial.)

PDU AS THE HOUSEWIFE: Ooooo I never believed all those advertisements that OMO washes whiter than white but now I know it’s true. My husband is a prison warder and OMO is the only washing powder to wash the blood out of his uniform. OMO.

(BLACKOUT on the jingle.)

PDU: The white ... *(He is aware of the security policeman listening)* ... the white minority regime ... *(No reaction)* ... through this general state of emergency ... *(No reaction)* ... is using draconian measures ... to control revolutionary forces ...

(The security policeman voiceover interrupts.)

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Hey, Mr Uys, I have been ordered to remind you that in terms of section ...

PDU: 7(1)(c)?

SECURITY MAN: Yes, 7(1)(c) of the emergency regulations, you are prohibited from announcing or disseminating within ...

PDU: ... and / or ...?

SECURITY POLICEMAN: ... within and/or outside South Africa without permission any comment or news about the conduct of the security forces concerning the maintenance of the safety of the public ...

PDU: ... or public order ...?

SECURITY POLICEMAN: ... or public order, ja, or of the state of emergency. No, man, let me do my job, man.

PDU: Sorry. Carry on condemning.

SECURITY POLICEMAN: It is also forbidden to use negatively descriptive words in connection with the government of this country ...

PDU: You mean not China?

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Hey?

PDU: Not China? Just South Africa?

SECURITY POLICEMAN: China? No, hell man, I don't know where I am now ...

PDU: 'The government of this country and the situation within'.

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Thank you. ... and the situation within in terms of the emergency regulations. Examples of these subversive words are ...

PDU: White minority regime?

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Instead of 'democratically elected government'. Draconian measures instead ...

PDU: ... instead of 'positive moves'?

SECURITY POLICE MAN: And revolutionary forces instead of ...

(He stops.)

PDU: Instead of? What?

SECURITY POLICE MAN: No, you tell me, Mister Know-all?

PDU: Instead of communists, thugs and others.

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Especially others.

PDU: Okay. *(PDU recites)* Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow, and everywhere that Mary went, this lamb was sure to go.

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Hey?

PDU: Baba black sheep, have you any wool? Yes baas, yes baas, three jails full!

SECURITY POLICEMAN: Hey, wait a minute, man ...

PDU: Siembamba mama se kindjie, siembamba mama se kindjie, draai sy nek hom, gooi hom in die sloot, skiet hom in sy kop?

SECURITY POLICEMAN: 'Dan is hy dood'! Hey, we also used to sing that at school.

(He laughs.)

(PDU adds a knotted handkerchief over his head plus glasses.)

PDU AS THE GERMAN TV DIRECTOR: *Nein nein*, no singing, children, please concentrate on me. I am the film director. Now all the cameras are hidden in the boxes on the back of this railway truck. But they can all see you. Now remember what we rehearsed *und* when I say the word ACTION, please throw your stones in that direction and not here. Also remember: those who are going to throw the petrol bombs? Careful. It can go bang too soon and petrol is scarce here in the townships.

Ach du lieber Gott, diese schwartze Kinder sind so blött!

Children please: remember to shout out clearly Down-with-the-USA, Death-to-Ronald-Reagan, Up-with-the-PLO. *Was?* *Ach Gott* I was in Beirut too long. What do they shout here? *Was ist das?* A Free-Mandela? Baader-Meinhoff could give them some lessons.

Kinder? I have some very good news. If you are all good today, you will each get your very own free Mandela. Now remember: I want some burning necklaces for the film. Are the tyres ready? Not from that Mercedes; it belongs to me. Now you will all be on world television, like *Magnum* and *Kojak*. Good luck, children, and remember, this is not a party! This is supposed to be revolution.

Action!

(BLACKOUT with gunshots.)

PDU AS A TV NEWSCASTER: Well, there you have it. A typical example of foreign news staging unrest and resulting in the government being forced to declare a state of emergency to save black lives. Of course, the banned ANC is behind this onslaught against our Christian democracy. The Bureau for Information in Pretoria has again stated their willingness to supply all the answers as long as there are no questions. And now for a very important reality check: over to the director of the SABC, Riaan Eksteen:

PDU AS SABC HEAD RIAAN 'KOEDOE' EKSTEEN: In Parliament today the minister made it very clear. The fact is that the SABC is in no way a biased organisation, or in any way unfairly politically slanted towards



PDU as Eksteen

our fantastic government. The magnificent speech by the exceptionally brilliant minister put the rubbishy claptrap muttered by all opposition members to shame.

When some communist fool in the anti-South African PFP accused the SABC of suppressing free speech – and we won't repeat here what he said – the gracious minister, in the spirit of Christian democracy, for which he and his government are famous, smiled and turned the other cheek.

The SABC is objective, impersonal, unbiased and in no way boring on any level, the minister said. Tonight's special edition of *Network* will carry his speech in full in English and in Afrikaans,

and also on TV2, TV3 and Radio South Africa.

A spokesman for the Bureau of Information has announced that 23 people died in unrest during the last 24 hours, yes. However the SABC would like to objectively point out that most of the deceased were knocked down by buses, while the rest were dead from yesterday anyway so they don't count. And now sport.

Contradicting rumours that South Africa is totally isolated on the sports field, the first international test match was played today between the Taiwanese sack race team and the Springboks. Of course we beat them up and won. We won ... we won ... we won ... we won ... we won ... we won ... we won ...

(Into BLACKOUT after the sixth repeat.)

(SOUND: OMO jingle for commercial 2.)

PDU AS ANOTHER HOUSEWIFE: Ooo I never believed all the advertisements for OMO. That OMO washes whiter than white, but now I know it's true. I washed the whole Transvaal from north to south from east to west in OMO and now all the kaffers, Porras and Yids are pure white. Thanks to OMO.

(SOUND: Jingle into BLACKOUT.)

(PDU puts his police cap on back-to-front.)

CAPE COLOURED COP: Ja, it seems a little more quiet. Ironical, hey? All this rioting in the coloured townships causing so much unhappiness in government circles. Maar dis soos ou Allan Hendrickse sê, nè? We coloureds fight the system from within. From our own little parliament, just a stone's throw away from the white seat of power. Ja, come to Cape Town and get stoned.

Ja, we coloureds here behind the Grape Curtain are the symbol of the new South Africa. Check nou vir my – my ma is dark; my pa is light. I never knew my pa. No, we've always lived here in this coloured township. We now even call it a suburb. We live there down the road, past the police barricade and those burnt-out cars. There by the burning building. My old school. That's where I got this scar. We were playing in the old days and some kids pushed me up against the barbed wire. There was always rough kids around the area we lived with my old granny. Shame my granny was already dead a year.

The move killed her. The move from Cape Town. My granny used to live in a beautiful house in Cape Town where the white people now live. High ceilings, wooden floors and a veranda that curls three parts round the house. Ja, my granny lived there all her life, and then one day she was told to move. Group Areas Act? Ja, I'm sure you've heard of it.

Nay, sy's nie dood aan siekte nie, Ag, my ma willie daarvan praat nie. Sy sê: let bygones be bygones. Hell, but my granny had some beautiful

things in that big house. A stinkwood table that can seat 10 people and a nice green velvet sofa. And a organ. No, it's true: a organ in the lounge. The church got the organ. For the white weddings. Ja, we used to always go and look at the white weddings, especially my little sister. Ja, anyway, old granny was forced by the Group Areas Act to move into this little township house on the Cape Flats. Two rooms, no water, no electricity, no garden, the wind blowing the sand everywhere. The white authorities promised granny that she would get all the decent facilities one day, but she went and died before she could. Shame man, none of her beautiful things would even fit into this little house. Not the stinkwood table; not the chest of drawers; not even the bed my mother was born in. Net so 'n stoeltjie hier en 'n tafeltjie daar.

Anyway, some white people in Cape Town, you know, granny's good friends from the old days? They said they'd store all her stuff. And granny was so pleased that she could leave her beautiful things there, till she could fit them into her new little house – somehow. Then old granny went and died. And we don't even know who's got all her stuff! I mean you can't go around Cape Town today knocking on the white man's door and say: 'Excuse me master, but that big stinkwood table belongs to our dead granny. Can we have it back now?' Never. Where! You knock on a white man's door today? He shoots you first before he says hello!

So we still live in that little house with the yellow door and the fence. Actually I'm married now, so it's me, my ma, my wife, my sister, my auntie ... Ja, when I'm finished this stint, I'm going to build a spare room for the baby. No man, when I've finished this stint in the police.

(Turns his cap round and it is a recognisable police cap.)

You look surprised? You didn't know there was coloureds and blacks fighting on the side of PW Botha's boys in blue? Ja man, there's no colour bar in desperation.

Ironic, hey? My little sister out there now throwing stones at me. Can you blame her? Can you blame me? But I must say: every time we patrol past that house in Cape Town with the high ceilings, the big windows, the wooden floors and the veranda that curls three parts round the house. And then I think of old granny sitting by candlelight

and crying for her lost life? I can't help but also hate. Each time a little more.

(SOUND: Police sirens into BLACKOUT.)

PDU: Apartheid is dead? Ever since the Group Areas Act has become the foundation stone of our Christian democracy, 127,000 families have been thrown out of their homes: two percent white, six percent coloured, 32% Indian. Apartheid is dead. Today 83% of all South Africa is zoned for whites only. As a result, over four and half million black South Africans have been officially relocated, with 1.8 million still waiting for that bulldozer to arrive. But not all is lost.

Our government is dancing to a new tune: the Rubicon rumba – one step forward three steps back. Somewhere in South Africa there is hope. Somewhere in South Africa there is celebration. Somewhere in South Africa there is a real national party!

(SOUND: Comedy music as PDU changes into Piet Koornhof in party mood.)

MINISTER PIET KOORNHOF: We are celebrating change and reform in South Africa, because as you remember, last year we've repealed the Immorality Act and the Mixed Marriages Act, so now blacks and whites can marry, among others, each other. Of course, thanks to the Group Areas Act, there's nowhere they can legally live together, but that's another story. Apartheid are dead. Gesondheid!

We believe in change; we believe in reform; we believe in a future. It is not our policy to chase the blacks into sea. As you know, we don't even allow them on the beaches. Apartheid are dead. Bottoms up! We believe in truth. The right wing and the left wing accuse us of lying to you, but how can we lie to you? You voted us into power for the last 40 years because we believe in truth. That's why we only use it on special occasions. Apartheid are dead!

We've also given all blacks South Africa citizenship. They must just write to Pretoria and ask for it and thanks to Bantu Education very few can

write a letter! Apartheid are dead. The pass laws is also gone. Let me explain how. In the past we spent R200 million on bus tickets for black bus passengers going to their homelands for a nice holiday. Isn't that nice?

This is how we do it: your black maid is in your kitchen. Now her passbook is not in order. So our police come and take her away. No, we don't brutally take her to jail. Jails are full. No, we kindly take her to the bus. Now very gently we put her on the bus. We give her a free bus ticket and send her back to her homeland for a nice permanent holiday. But no, guess what? She runs away from the homeland and goes all the way back to Soweto. As we all know, Soweto is no place for a holiday. But thanks to the state of emergency, the army is in Soweto; the police is in Soweto; the press is not in Soweto – so we go into Soweto, find your maid, burn down her house and take her back to the bus. Now very gently we put her back on the bus. We give her another free bus ticket and send her back to her homeland for another holiday.

Hells bells, people? She runs away from the homeland again. She doesn't go back to Soweto. Oh no, travelling as now turned this lady into a tourist. Now she goes the 1000 miles down to Cape Town to be with her husband and becomes a squatter. And as we all know, the Crossroads squatter camp is no place for a holiday. So we send in the bulldozers and find your maid, demolish her shack, shoot her husband in self-defence and take her back to the bus. Now not so gently we put her back on the bus. We give her another bus ticket. That's the third free bus ticket for the one person! And believe me, there are still millions of blacks all waiting for their free bus tickets.

Apartheid are dead and South Africa are bankrupt. So we've repealed the pass laws as well. So now no more bus tickets and no more apartheid. Now the bidders can walk and we just get local councils to get them for trespassing. So no more Immorality Act, no more Mixed Marriages Act, no more Pass Laws. Now your black maid can work for you in Johannesburg for ever and ever legally. And what's more, you don't even have to pay her a salary. You can now marry her! Thank you very much, apartheid are dead! Nastirovja!

(BLACKOUT)

(SOUND: Jingle for OMO commercial 3.)

PDU AS ANOTHER HOUSEWIFE: Oooooo, I never believed all those advertisements for OMO saying that OMO washes whiter than white but now I know it's true. Ever since communists and liberals and the enemies of South Africa have been spreading these rumours that we Afrikaners don't have pure Aryan blood, my Afrikaner blood is now pure and white because I ate a whole box of OMO.

(SOUND: Jingle into BLACKOUT.)

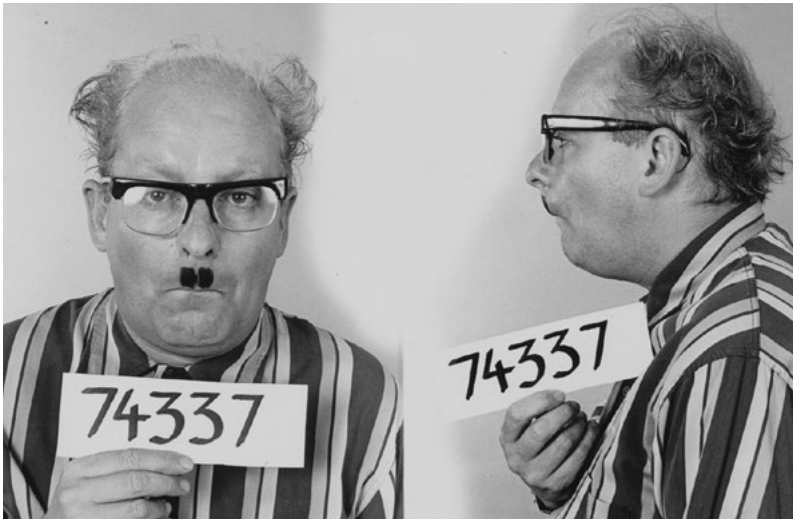
PDU: Minister Piet Koornhof once offered Mrs Evita Bezuidenhout a position in the Cabinet, but said her make-up was too thick. Evita Bezuidenhout started as one of my chorus line in 1981. Since then she has gone from strength to strength, gathering together her family: her husband Oom Hasie die Dokter, her blonde daughter Billie-Jeanne the singer, her twin sons De Kock and Izan. She became the most glamorous member of Pik Botha's diplomatic corpse. She made her own film. Ja, Evita Bezuidenhout has become the Joan Collins of the boerewors Broadway. But then some people suggested that I'd taken it all too far. Now it was time to kill off Evita Bezuidenhout and her terrible brood. Well, just because they don't exist, doesn't mean they're not real. But maybe it is time to kill off fantasy. Maybe where South Africa is going, there won't be a place for any of my Bezuidenhouts ...

(A court room: PDU into Oom Hasie who is on trial; the lawyer is black and on voiceover.)

LAWYER: Silence in court. Will the accused please stand? Please state your name.

HASIE: Hasie Bezuidenhout.

LAWYER: Your full name.



PDU as Oom Hasie

HASIE: Dr JJ de V Bezuidenhout, voormalige LV vir Laagerfontein.

LAWYER: Dr Johannes Joubert de Vos Bezuidenhout. You stand accused of treason against the people of South Africa, in that you did knowingly perpetuate an evil system which caused death, terror, agony and fear. How do you plead? Guilty or not guilty?

HASIE: Is daar iemand hier wat Afrikaans kan ...

LAWYER: Guilty or not guilty?

HASIE: Ek wil die verrigtinge laat voortsit in Afrikaans!

LAWYER: Guilty or not guilty!

HASIE: Ek weier om die jurisduksie van hierdie hof te aanvaar!

LAWYER: You have been proven guilty of treason against the peoples of South Africa and will be sentenced by this court.

HASIE: En noem nie vir my Dokter nie. Noem vir my Baas!

LAWYER: Dr Bezuidenhout, just answer yes or no to the following indictments. One: you were a lifelong member of the Afrikaner Broederbond and accordingly enjoyed superior status in society in spite of your inability to perform the important jobs you were given. Yes or no.

HASIE: Dit was 'n geheim.

LAWYER: Two: you, a declared member of the Dutch Reformed Church, engaged in the activities of a church, a so-called Christian church, while perpetuating a system of racial repression against people in an unchristian, even heretical manner: yes or no.

HASIE (*Mutters*): Julle kaffers het julle eie kerk gehad!

LAWYER: Three: your political involvement as a member of the inner Cabinet in matters of national education contributed directly to the destruction of our society ...

HASIE: Ek verstaan glad nie wat jy sê nie ... kan ek miskien 'n glas water kry?

LAWYER: Dr Bezuidenhout? You did not attempt to educate white children to accept inevitable change and refused to educate blacks to look forward to change. Yes or no?

HASIE: Dit was ons beleid ... miskien so 'n ou suiglekkertjie? My mond is heel droog.

LAWYER: Four: you stole millions of rands from state funds and illegally placed those amounts in personal accounts, in numbered Swiss bank accounts. Yes or no?

HASIE: Ja, maar dit was my vrou!

LAWYER: As a member of the SABC board, you conspired to withhold the truth from your own people and didn't use the medium of television or radio to help them adapt and so they died. Yes or no?

HASIE: Ons het geen keuse gehad nie ...

LAWYER: Dr Bezuidenhout, you have been found guilty of the crimes of apartheid perpetuated by yourself in the name of democracy and Christianity. You are hereby sentenced: you will keep living as you have for the last five years. You will not be influenced by any other culture but your own. You will stay in Pretoria forever. You will only and always watch SATV.

HASIE: Ek is dus ontslaan?

LAWYER: No, Dr Bezuidenhout. You have just been condemned to death.

(BLACKOUT)

VOICEOVER ANNOUNCEMENT: And now, here's Dezzie!

(PDU changes into Archbishop Tutu.)

ARCHBISHOP DESMOND TUTU: Thank you very much my dears thank you very much my friends.

I am a Nobel Laureate.

I am now the archbishop of Cape Town.

I cannot vote in my country.

I am 53 years old.

Any 18-year-old can vote, just because they are white.

Now that my friends is one hell of a joke.

(Slow BLACKOUT)

(PDU into the white voter – a racist thug, drunk, with beer can in hand.)



PDU as the white voter

THE WHITE VOTER: I'm a white South African and I'm proud of it and my ma's a white South African and my pa's a white South African and so was my grandparents who was here since 1800 and even before so fuck you all.

I'm a white South African and I'm proud of our culture and the beer and the rugby and the police and we all love our country and is proud of it so fuck you all.

I'm a white South African and I live in a whites-only area because

that's what I voted for and why I vote and anyway who wants to live next to kaffirs who are stupid like baboons and anyway apartheid is decent and it's right and it protects us against queers and coolies and

communists and kaffirs and anyway it's in the Bible so fuck you all. So fuck you all!

I'm a white South Africa and I'm proud of apartheid so ...

(He bends forward getting 'sick' and the towel round his neck becomes the headdress for Nowell, then adds a dressing gown. She prepares the make-up tray.)

NOWELL FINE: I can't believe it! Christmas!

(She picks up a newspaper.)

The 24th December? Yes, yesterday.

(She reads.)

'Winnie Mandela won't be visiting Nelson Mandela in Pollsmoor Prison on Christmas Day as her protest against the system of apartheid.' What

a cow! And anyway, when are they going to release that man, for God's sake, every week a new rumour. We all thought PW would announce it in his Rubicon speech. Goodbye rand!

(She shouts.)

Amandla!

(She looks around.)

Hope we're not bugged..! Oh wake me when it's over!

(She calls.)

Dora? Where is that maid ...?

(She calls.)

No, hang on, it's Christmas Day.

(She adjusts the towel around her head.)

She's gone off to somewhere to be with her friends. I said: 'Bring your friends here, Dora.' Come



PDU as Nowell Fine

on, she's more than just my maid; she's been with the family since she was 15 rand a month! But I caught my husband's eye and I knew, on the surface Herbert might be a white liberal, but deep down ...

(She whispers.)

... he votes Nat. Dear Herbert. 'Nowell, who needs the friends of the maid here on Christmas Day? They raid the fridges! They drink the whisky. They talk in Xhosa and then they make us feel guilty!' My husband Herbert is not half as bad as my brother Selwyn. I'll never forget the trauma in the family when Selwyn emigrated to Australia. It nearly killed our mother. Nearly. No, she's still around, phoning me every hour, telling me how the nurses are stealing her jewellery and that the banned ANC is hiding under her bed. Or does she mean the CNA? The mind's not so good anymore. Short-term memory gone, but long term? Remembers the year of my birth. She lies!

(She adds eyeliner to each eye as she talks.)

So Selwyn is here with his three kids for a Christmas in Bantry Bay with 'Auntie Nowell and Uncle Herbert Fine'! I said; 'Why Christmas? We're Jews, doll. Christmas is not our celebration.' That was just my excuse. Listen, who needs an ex-South African coming back from Sydney with bitchings and moans about everything South African? 'Yes, Selwyn, apartheid is still here; it's not a pigment of the imagination. No, Selwyn, no revolution yet, but we're trying, okay?' Selwyn platzed when I refer to Dora as 'the maid'. He calls her 'girl'! Girl?? Is that Australian for 'madam'?

'So how's it in Australia, Selwyn?' I asked. 'Nice living next to Vietnamese neighbours who eat your dogs?'

No one laughed. It seems the other Chinese neighbours did! So anyway last night was the 24th of December. We sat at the Christmas tree and handed out presents with Herbert dressed as Father Christmas. I swear to God, he looked like a rabbi in drag. What a schmuck. Our kids didn't turn up. Went clubbing. 'Do they have condoms?' asked Selwyn. I said: 'Why? They're kids.' He says there's some virus happening among gays. 'Yes, Selwyn, but these are my kids. They might not be gay, but they're not unfriendly.' No sense of humour at all. I tried again: 'Happy

Christmas. Happy Pesach. Nice being Jewish. Have the best of both worlds.' No. Nothing. Hang on, I must do my mouth ...

(She takes her time adding lipstick.)

... I swear to God, that's the longest my mouth has been closed since that Rubicon speech! I suppose the best of both worlds is being a liberal and a South African. But what about Nelson Mandela's world, I thought. His Christmas Day? Alone in a prison cell surrounded by barbed wire, police dogs, guns, laws and lies? Does he have a little Christmas tree like us? Does he have a nice time like us? So that's what I did this morning.

(She adds rouge to cheeks.)

The lounge was a mess of Christmas wrappings and tinsel and there were broken balls all over the floor because the damn cat was up the tree. I think it licked at the icing of the beautiful chocolate cake Dora made for Selwyn's children. Hello? 'Nowell, they don't eat chocolate; they're vegans.' They're idiots! And the beautiful little toy bear I got from the girls at the office. And a puzzle of Napoleon crossing the Alps from Herbert's mother. With her there's always a hidden agenda. So who cares? Nelson Mandela might care. So I loaded the car and took off on my long drive to Pollsmoor.

(She adds eyelash glue to the eyelashes.)

Finding that place on Christmas Day is like looking for a communist in the PFP. Impossible to find, although you know it's there somewhere! Eventually I drive round a corner and there it is. A big sign which says: PRISON. I park the car to the one side of a whole lot of media vehicles: Kombis with dishes on the roof and cameras everywhere.

'Oh my God, they've released him,' I thought, 'what do I do with the cake?' A camera crew came up to me. Swedes I think.

'Are you a lawyer for Mr Mandela?'

I said: 'Excuse me, no comment. Go back to Copenhagen.'

(She adds on the left eyelash.)

Then two policemen came across. They chased away the media who scampered away like dogs. So maybe no one had been released after all.

‘Can we help you?’ the one said. I am here to see a friend. ‘You have a friend here, lady?’ I hate it when they call me that. Yes. I’ve brought him a few Christmas presents. ‘That’s very nice.’ And a cake, I added. ‘A cake?’ They looked worried.

(She adds on the right eyelash.)

Yes, a chocolate cake. My maid ... my mother baked it. ‘And who is this lucky friend?’ asked the young one. I dropped my voice so the media could not hear. Nelson Mandela, I whispered. 466/64. ‘Who?’ they whispered back. You know? Nelson Mandela. 466/64? They shook their heads. ‘Sorry lady, there’s no one here by that name and number.’ Can you believe it? I said, but this is Pollsmoor Prison! ‘It is,’ they said and pointed to the name on the sign.

(She adds mascara to both eyelashes.)

So? I wished then and there that I was wearing my Black Sash! ‘So what, lady?’ the older one said, ‘I’m telling you, you’ve come to the wrong place.’ I sort of smiled as if he was making a joke. I said: But everyone knows he’s here. ‘Who is everyone?’ asked the young one. Those people. And I pointed at the camera crews and journalists. ‘Those are not people,’ he said, ‘they are media. They know nothing.’ But I came specially to bring Nelson Mandela a few presents and a nice cake, I said. I wanted to cry. I bit my lip. It helped. The older cop looked sympathetic. ‘Show us what you have in the boot, lady,’ he said. So I opened the boot ...

(She adds eye shadow to her eyelids.)

... that’s a little toy bear. He picked it up and squeezed it. Maybe he thought I had slipped in a file for Mandela to saw through the bars! ‘Did you pack all these presents yourself?’ I nodded. ‘Did anyone give you anything to wrap as a present which is not just a present?’ I shook my head. ‘And what is in that big box.’ The puzzle, I said. It sounded really stupid. But the older policeman looked impressed. ‘A puzzle? Well he’s certainly got the time for a puzzle.’ So he is here! I had caught him out!

(She adds powder.)

‘No,’ said the policeman, ‘wherever this Mandela is, you must find him,

lady. And the cake ...?' He lifted the lid off the cake tin and sniffed at the chocolate icing. 'Nice cake.' I could see where the cat had licked a hole in the decorations. I nodded. 'A cake for this Nelson Mandela?' I nodded. They both stared down at the cake. I swear I heard a ticking come from under the icing. The cake suddenly looked like a lethal weapon. 'And you say your mother baked it?' I nodded and thought of her dying which made me look sadder. The older policemen came close to me.

(She adds more lipgloss.)

'Okay, lady,' he said. 'Let's say for the sake of argument that this Nelson Mandela is here, which he is not. And we deliver this cake to him from you, baked by, as you say, your own mother. And he eats this cake and dies because, between here and there the cake has been poisoned!'

(She checks her appearance in a mirror.)

My heart stopped. My mouth was dry. I tried to sound casual. But my maid ... or my mother would never ... I tried to explain. I even said: We're on his side ... I mean we're white liberals ... I mean.... 'Lady? Do you want to be responsible for the death of Nelson Mandela?' I left the cake in their hands, closed the boot, burst into tears and drove back to Bantry Bay. What a narrow escape! I'm absolutely finished! But then again, I might have saved Nelson Mandela's life! Not that the cake was poisoned, but then you never know. Oh well, six more days left till 1986. Let's hope someone gives Mandela a cool drink for the New Year. Shame, I don't think he'll ever come out.

(She looks around and then whispers.)

Aluta continua ...

(She looks in the mirror.)

Outstanding. Right. Now I'm ready for bed.

(She gets up and exits.)

(BLACKOUT)

(SOUND: OMO jingle for final commercial, followed by just the voiceover of PDU as the housewife.)

PDU AS ANOTHER HOUSEWIFE: Oooo, I never believed all those advertisements for OMO that OMO washes whiter than white but now I know it's true. I washed myself in OMO and now all my colour is gone. In fact I am just an empty white space and that's why you can't see me so bugger OMO!

VOICEOVER ANNOUNCEMENT: Will the following person – ID 350928.853.006W – come to the stage. Now! Evita Bezuidenhout? This is your final reminder. It is now time for your contribution.

(We are in a future South Africa. Black rule. White ghetto. Evita enters in fur coat – under which is the blue dress and jacket for Mrs Thatcher, who follows this sketch. She carries her handbag, in which are Maggie's pearl necklace and matching earrings.)

A FUTURE EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT: My dear friends, my lieue vriende, it is a great honour for me to be here again with you after so many years. Let me just put on my glasses to see if any of the old Broeders are still here? My maggies, dokter? Wel nog lewendig? Nie meer in die tronk nie? I know many of the older people will remember me, but for the benefit of the younger generation: I am Evita Bezuidenhout, once a senior member of Pik Botha's diplomatic corpse as ambassador to the homeland Republic of Bapetikosweti. You might also remember me from the old 17-cent stamp. My talk to you here is mainly in English for obvious legal reasons, but it is available in Afrikaans for those of you who still understand Afrikaans and can afford a 50-ruble stamp.

Our mission was once to adapt or die. Our mission now is survival. Self-pity, bitterness, hatred – all these things sit heavily on the shoulders of the Afrikaner. I know some of you have recently passed by your beautiful homes where you were once happy with your husband and children, julle meide en tuinjongens ook deel van die familie binne perke. And all you see now is the overgrown driveway and your beautiful motorcar still on blocks or turned into a township taxi? Vasbyt vriende. Accept the realities. Everything has changed.

Since our terrible revolution with black against white, our terrible civil



Evita with gun

war of white against white; our terrible collapse as a great and proud nation, our former Republic of South Africa has been brutalised into blankostans and boerestans. Former Johannesburg is now in the Republic of Egoli. We whites are forced into a stinking ghetto on its outskirts. Ek kan nie eers daarvan praat nie. We've given it a nice name which helps; we call it Quo Vadis. That's Latin for Soweto. Jan Smuts Airport is now Winnie Mandela Lughawe (*Pronounced loega'we*). I see the street outside is Allan Boesak Boulevard. I don't even want to talk about Cape Town and its Mount Nelson Mandela Hotel.

Yes, my friends, this is the reality. Black people are now in charge. Black people make the laws. Black people are on the stamps and the coins. Black people are in the police and army and can come to our little pondokkies at any time of the day or night, usually at two in the morning. They can search us without warrants; they can beat us without mercy; they can arrest us without charges ; they can imprison us without trial. They can take away our children. They can kill our loved ones.

They can even refuse to allow us to bury our dead. Ja-née, hulle het baie dinge by ons geleer!

And that is why I am here to say to you: communication is all we have left between us and the darkness. If a black talks to you – and they seldom do; they kick first – but if it happens, don't fall back on the terrible words on which we based our power, words like baas en miesies and madam and outa and jong and meid and kaffer. Ja, kyk hoe lag die ou-Rhodesiers. What did you bring us from the north to help our survival? Munt, terro and houtie? Baie dankie daarvoor. Sit nou lekker in ons reddingsbootjie en hou julle monde.

So when a black man who is in charge of your future says: Hey Boer! You say Êwe. And if you can't remember the ethnic word, say Da Kamaraad. Maar skielik onthou ek. Was dit 1986? We taught you Zulu on SATV. Who bothered to learn? Who remembers the Zulu word for hello? Sayibona. Dis mooi, Dr Treurnicht, u onthou? Die ander mooi woord is: Kunjani. Ons het 'n kat gehad met die naam Kunjani, maar toe vreet die AWB dit op.

Terloops mense, van die os op die nat kombers, oppas vir Afrikaans. Ons kan nogsteeds Afrikaans vrylik praat in die Republiek van Pretoria-Oos, but in the rest of Azania, Afrikaans is still a listed language. They are very strict. We are only allowed ten Afrikaans words per hour. Oppas vriende, Robbeneiland is weer vol. Nee Dominee! Tien Afrikaanse woorde per uur! Ja, ai tog daar gaan al ons lekker lang poepgrappe. Vriende, ons taal is in ons hande. Carry with you at all times a nice thick black koki pen. Die Afrikaanse taal mag nie sterf nie. Ons moet skryf op elke toiletmuur in die land. Skryf: Afrikaners-is-plesierig! Skryf: Vrystaat! En almal, please write wherever you can: Free Pik Botha!

I just want to assure you that we are quite safe here tonight. We have permission from the minister of law and order. This is not an illegal gathering. You won't be arrested or shot or beaten when you leave. Julle kan lekker sit en ontspan. Lekker plek die, nè? We used to come here in the old days when we were still in charge. It was called the ... ? Named after ... ? I can't remember the Broeder. What is it called now?

Ah, the Desmond Tutu Superbowl. Also named after one of our great political actors.

Now, friends, let me give you some tips on how to communicate with black people without losing your dignity or your life. The easiest way is waving, maar dis ook nie meer so maklik nie. Don't wave like this ...

(She shows the open five finger hand wave.)

The blacks are still very sensitive after all the years of slavery under us, and when they see a white wave like this, they will think you've guessed their IQ! En dan gaan hulle vir julle donder. Beware of the Fascist salute. Ever since the AWB formed the Fourth Reich in the Zoutpansberg, this has a penalty of 15 years. Ladies, take care when you come out of the yard into the kitchen and say to your black madam: 'Madam, outside the rubbish is this high'

(Indicating the height looks like a Nazi salute.)

Hulle sal julle slaan.

I don't even want to talk about the two-finger greeting. One of those won Winston Churchill the war and the other lost Eschel Rhodie South Africa. So oppas vir die vingers. The only way to communicate with blacks is with the clenched fist salute. Toe? Oefen, mense, julle gaan dit nodig kry. Wat is die probleem daar? Oh yes, for the benefit of our ladies who still can't make a fist because of their many facelifts? Luister skatties, pretend you've got a nice big diamond ring in the palm of your hand.

(Demonstrates.)

Daar's dit, toe gaan al die vuisies. Dit werk altyd. Now the rest of you, put a stone in the palm of your hand, make a fist, wait for the police car, then wave at the police car and throw the stone and run like hell. Nee, dit werk mooi. Ons het dit destyds van die klonkies in die Kaap geleer. Now once you've waved, you might have to shake hands. Kom nou, konsentreer – een twee een – toe professor? Oefen met mevrou professor. Los eers die klippe uit die vuis. Ja, I see some ladies are wearing gloves. Very important to keep the hands soft. If you don't have anything Gucci left, ask your madam if you can borrow the plastic washing-up gloves. Ag, te hel met borrow; steel die goed! En dra die

goed, because white women without soft hands are immediately reclassified. Dan's julle vinnig op pad na die myne.

Also avoid wearing any jewellery in public. Even fake paste diamonds and gold. Julle soek vir moeilikheid. Remember blacks had to mine the things that we whites wore. So be careful. If you must have a nice necklace, go to the state jeweller and he has a selection of Dunlop, Goodyear and Firestone. Maar los diamante liewers. Ek het vriendinne in oud-Waterkloof wat rond loop sonder ore. Ja, tuinjongens het hulle ore met die tuinskêr afgeknip net vir die oorbelle. En ons lyk belaglik sonder ore. Kyk nou hoe lyk Piet Koornhof.

I would like to end on a personal note. Comrade? Waar is daardie kind met die geweer? Comrade, can I say something personal in Afrikaans? Dankie. I must first thank President Mandela for lifting my banning order, so that I could leave Bapetikosweti to come to you tonight. Also thank you to the minister of law and order, Comrade Oliver Tambo, for lifting the state of emergency and allowing me to use more than ten Afrikaans words in the hour.

(As she counts the words off on her fingers.)

Baie dankie, Meneer Tambo, ons waardeer dit tenseerste.

Vriende, ek het wonderlike nuus. Thanks to the intervention of our friends overseas – we don't have many left: Louis la Grange in Paraguay; Margaret Thatcher, now prime minister for life in England; and our other great friend, the American president, Nancy Reagan. Thanks to their intervention, I can tell you now that our beloved leader PW Botha will soon be freed from Pollsmoor Prison in Cape Town, although he still refuses to forswear violence. But they will let him out on humanitarian grounds, because Tannie Elize is eating them out of house and home.

Dames en here, vriende? Sterkte altyd. En onthou: Vrystaat!

(She ends with a clenched-fist salute. Then in full view of the audience, PDU changes from Evita Bezuidenhout into Margaret Thatcher: he removes the fur coat and the diamond earrings and necklace and puts on the pearl earrings and necklace; removes the brown Evita wig and puts on the blonde Thatcher

wig; then removes the false eyelashes and finally, adds Mrs Thatcher's handbag.)

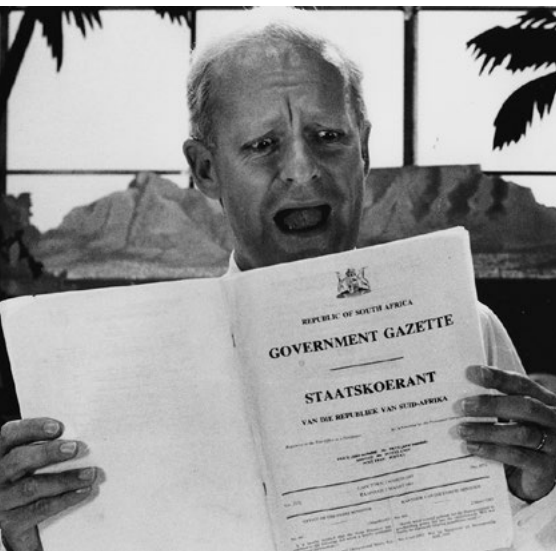
MARGARET THATCHER: No, no no ... you are going too far. I can't be Queen Victoria and Winston Churchill at the same time.

We have just all witnessed the horrors of apartheid. It is an evil system and it must go. The decent world is demanding sanctions against the apartheid regime. And that brings me to the United Kingdom.

As I have stated time and time again: we cannot ... we will not ... we cannot ... we will not ... we cannot we will not ...

(Repeat into BLACKOUT.)

PDU: I have a confession to make. I do not write my own material. The South African government writes all my material, the best scriptwriters in the world. I must give them credit because without them I would have nothing to say. But where does incompetence end and satire begin? What's coming out of Parliament is really the joke. Seventy-three percent of South Africa isn't even represented there.



PDU with *Government Gazette*

So let's put a fence around Parliament and call it Disneyland. Our own Mickey Mouse democracy. To illustrate, let me quote from one of our few remaining newspapers, the *Government Gazette*. Now this is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me PW:

'Nearly 800 South Africans officially became members of a different race group last year in accordance with the Population Registration Act:

'518 coloureds became white

'14 whites became coloured
'7 Chinese became white
'2 whites became Chinese
'3 Malays became white
'1 white became an Indian
'50 Indians became coloured
'57 coloureds became Indian
'17 Indians became Malay
'4 coloureds became Chinese
'1 Malay became Chinese
'89 blacks became coloured
'5 coloureds became black.'

You notice that no blacks became white? And no whites became black!
I couldn't have made it up if I tried.

THE SECURITY POLICEMAN (VOICEOVER): Testing testing Rubicon
Rubicon. Ladies and gentlemen I have been ordered to close this show.
It's subversive, it's obscene, it's blasphemous and it's true ... that
everything Pieter-Dirk Uys said here tonight is rubbish. It's all lies. Just
an excuse for him to wear woman's clothing. And that's also illegal and
against the law in South Africa. Now you've all got five minutes to
disintegrate in an orderly fashion.

*(SOUND: Gé Korsten sings 'Suid-Afrika' as one by one the stage lights snap off
until only one is left on PDU.)*

(BLACKOUT)

THE END

MY BREAD AND BOTHAS

In 1987 I compiled *PW Botha In his Own Words* for Penguin, a collection of quotes without explanation or comment. The only personal note was in the dedication: 'The name of Dimitri Tsafendas comes to mind, without whom we might still be deep into the reign of Emperor Hendrik the First'. That quote made most media pages as 'tasteless comment of



PDU as PW checks the facts

the year'. But let me acknowledge my prime scriptwriter in his own words.

This so-called terrible word (apartheid): if it means oppression; if it means destroying the rights of people, then I'm not all for it. If it means oppression, I reject it. If it means positive development, I accept it. – as prime minister giving his victory speech at the Union Buildings Pretoria after a YES vote in the referendum (3 November 1983)

I am going to keep order in South Africa and nobody in the world is going to stop me. – as State President interviewed by Ted Koppel on NBC's *Nightline* (*The Star* 25 March 1985)

An irresponsible press is the greatest enemy of democracy.
– *Sunday Telegraph* interview (London) 18 March 1979

I am a democrat.
– at an NP election meeting (Stellenbosch) 22 April 1987

We do not force people to move to new homes, we coerce them.
– a press conference (Berne, Switzerland)
The Star 2 June 1984

I don't know why people take life so seriously. After all, you'll never get out alive. – at a business lunch (Johannesburg)
The Star 20 January 1986

I switch off the lights and sleep within a few minutes. I never take a guilty conscience with me to bed.
– interview in the *Sunday Times* (London) 5 April 19807

I'm an African. – as prime minister interviewed in the
New York Times (*The Star* 11 February 1983)

I may know where I want to go, not how to get there.

– as prime minister opening the Gazankulu legislative
assembly (12 March 1982)

I can also enjoy a joke from time to time.

– as prime minister opening the South African Agricultural
Union congress (Durban) 20 October 1981

One match in the hands of a fool is enough to set this
country alight.

– as prime minister at the National Party
Congress (Bloemfontein) 30 July 1982

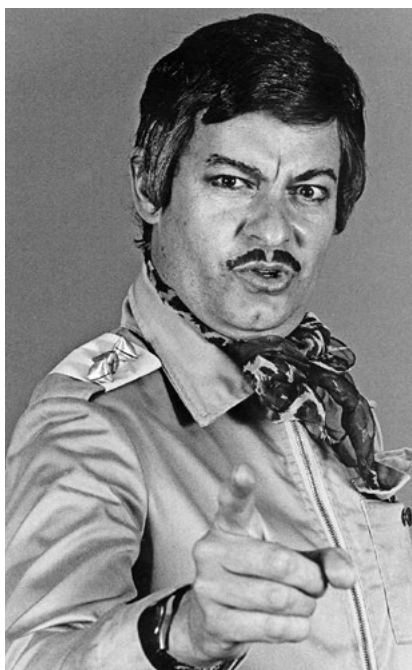
Much of my early teenage years were spent as a boy soprano in my father's children's choir. PW Botha's children were a part of our gang for a few months, and so I met their parents. Tannie Elize Botha was loving and all-embracing, the centre of many occasions with sweets, cooldrinks and kindness. The passing grey-suited shadow of her husband was all we saw of the then minister of defence. As expected, once out of school I was drafted into the South African army as a conscript. My base would be a camp outside Potchefstroom fixing army trucks. Really? Me? Fixing army trucks? I wrote to the minister who was also the father of the Botha kids in the choir. 'Oom PW? Help!' He did. I was transferred to the South African navy.

The arrival of Evita Bezuidenhout renewed the relationship with Mrs Botha. On each birthday she would receive a bouquet of flowers from Ambassadors Bezuidenhout with special greetings to her husband, the president. And every year a sweet all-embracing thank-you card in her own hand would arrive for Evita c/o me. The president was obviously too busy to add kisses.

When in 1990 I wrote Mrs Bezuidenhout's biography, *A Part Hate A Part Love*, I made a point of sending a signed copy to all the politicians mentioned in her explosive rise to fame. It was just good manners. It was also an audition to see who would wink back. There was no reaction for the president's office. Many years later, when democracy had

drained all the monsters of their poisonous juices, a former secretary to PW remembered receiving the gift. The book was read by a few close advisors. The president was given extracts and suggested legal action. On the day of publication, Evita Bezuidenhout gave a press conference at the Carlton Hotel in Johannesburg and announced her intention to sue Pieter-Dirk Uys for libel and insults. President Botha was quietly advised to drop his lawsuit. He would have had to stand in the queue, behind Mrs Bezuidenhout.

It's often observed that people start to look like their pet dog. Soon I didn't need make-up or a hat to pass as PW Botha. But to look like the other Botha, Pik, still takes some manoeuvres. My first meeting with the minister of foreign affairs after my ill-judged election upstage of 1981 was during the filming of *Message to Major* for the BBC. Evita's interview with Roelof F (Pik) Botha would send clear messages to 10 Downing Street. Pik's secretary was quick to reply and soon we had a date to film in his office in Cape Town. He was charming and funny.



PDU as Pik Botha

He twinkled at Evita and she twinkled back. The actor in him came to the fore and he purred apologies for apartheid with his tongue in her cheek, after hissing at international sanctions. The scene ended up on the cutting room floor. The powers at Broadcasting House didn't care for the unwelcome charm and sense of humour from this Botha. As soon as Evita became ambassador, Pik Botha as minister of foreign affairs was automatically her boss. I spread the rumour that he was having an affair with her. Audiences loved the nonsense and she denied it with equal

passion. The trouble was Pik Botha started believing it! Late one night in 1989, a cluster of pages vomited out of the fax machine, a curled up love letter from the man.


1 Mei 1989
MINISTER VAN BUITELANDSE SAKKE
MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Aan die Weldele Hooggebore en
Mees Gestrenge Dame: Haar Eksellensie
die Buitengewone en Gevelmagtigde
Ambassadeur:
EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT

Seer goetse Ambassadeur, Tat my
iunige spyt kan ek nie van u
gewaande witsediging gebruikmaak
om die aanbrenking van die
skietstilstand op 30 April 1989 by te
waan nie. Soos u weet is dit
vandaag 1 Mei — dus Werkersdag.
My Vakbond is baie streng daarop
gestel dat geeneen van sy lede op
hierdie dag hem of haar weet inspan


Bladsy 2
MINISTER VAN BUITELANDSE SAKKE
MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

om enige iets te doen nie. Ek
het my Departement opdrag gegee
om die produksie van alle probleme
vir die dag te staak. Dit sal
natuurlik meebring dat ons meere met
'n oerproduksie sal sit.

Ek neem die vygmoedigheid
om vir u bietjie advies te gee —
soos ek ook vir dr. Treurnicht
geei het: "The education of the ignorant
is as much of a problem as the ignorance
of the educated."

Jy sal moet 'n krap leer om
reguit te leef nie.

Men should not be prominent
for the same reason that pigs should
not be fat,


Bladsy 3
MINISTER VAN BUITELANDSE SAKKE
MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

A gentleman's agreement is
often one which no gentleman would
put into writing.

He who can lick can also bite.

Defeat is not bitter if you
do not swallow it.

Dit help nie om op die regte
spoor te kom as jy in die
verkeerde rigting beweeg nie.

Martyrs are more dangerous than
fanatics.

It is easy to find rational
reasons for believing the absurd.

Status quo is a Latin phrase
to describe the mess we are in.

Many a man has gone into
politics with a fine future and
came out with a terrible past.


Bladsy 4
MINISTER VAN BUITELANDSE SAKKE
MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

En ten slotte: antken asb.
dat 'n diplomaat se hoof funksie
is om met mense klaar te kom
wat jy nie kan uitstaan nie.

Stekke met u goetse papjies.

Ek sluit weldra by u aan.

Aitvang asb. my verskering
van die meeste hoopgelyng.

Pik Botha
Kaapstad
1 Mei 1989

Fax from Pik Botha

(BUITELANDSE SAKE EMBLEEM)

1 MEI 1989

(Per hand geskryf)

Aan die Weledele Hooggebore en Mees Gestrenge Dame: Haar
Eksellensie die Buitengewone en Gevolmagtigde Ambassadeur:
EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT

Seergeagte Ambassadeur,

Tot my innige spyt kon ek nie van u gewaardeerde uitnodiging gebruik maak om die onderbreking van die skietstilstand op 30 April 1989 by te woon nie. Soos u weet is dit vandag 1 Mei – dws Werkersdag. My Vakbond is baie streng daarop gestel dat geeneen van sy lede op hierdie dag hom of haar moet inspan om enig iets te doen nie. Ek het my Departement opdrag gegee om die produksie van alle probleme vir die dag te staak. Dit sal natuurlik meebring dat ons môre met 'n oorproduksie sal sit.

Ek neem die vrymoedigheid om vir u bietjie advies te gee – soos ek onlangs vir Dr Treurnicht gesê het: "The education of the ignorant is as much of a problem as the ignorance of the educated."

Jy sal nooit 'n krap leer om reguit te loop nie.

Men should not be prominent for the same reason that pigs should not be fat.

A gentleman's agreement is often one which no gentleman would put into writing.

He who can lick can also bite.

Defeat is not bitter if you do not swallow it.

Dit help nie om op die regte spoor te kom as jy in die verkeerde rigting beweeg nie.

Martyrs are more dangerous than fanatics.

It is easy to find rational reasons for believing the absurd.

Status quo is a Latin phrase to describe the mess we are in.

Many a man has gone into politics with a fine future and come out with a terrible past.

En ten slotte: onthou asb dat 'n Diplomaat se hooffunksie is om met mense klaar te kom wat jy nie kan uitstaan nie.

Sterkte met die grootse pogings. Ek sluit weldra by u aan.

Ontvang asb my versekering van die meeste hoogagting.

Pik Botha

Kaapstad

1 Mei 1989

When President Nelson Mandela formed his government of national unity in 1994, he invited Pik to join his cabinet as minister of minerals and energy affairs. Just after the election of 27 April, we filmed two series of *Evita's Funigalore*, with Mrs Bezuidenhout interviewing the elected leaders of this new democracy. In the first series, Pik Botha played Scrabble with Evita in the title sequences and so spelt out the name of the guest. In the second series he had his own interview, during which he took her down a gold mine and up a Big Wheel like in *The Third Man*.

We ended the shoot with the first scene where they meet and greet. She walks up to the front door and rings. He opens the door. He smiles. She smiles. He holds out his arms. 'Evita.' She holds out her arms. 'Pik.'



Pik and Evita down a mine

They embrace. He kisses her on the cheek. We had to do three takes, because Pik's six-year-old grandson was watching and laughing too loudly. 'Oupa soen vir Tannie!' he cooed. I don't think he realised that there was more to this tannie than met the eye.

Since his death in 2019, my impersonation of Pik is still warmly applauded. When he says:



Pik and Evita on the Big Wheel



Evita and Pik

‘I’m not here ...’ we all know what that means. He also reminds us that ‘none of us are here; this is no longer satire, it’s a séance’. A favourite Pik gag was inspired by PAC cadre Bennie Alexander changing his name to Xhoisan X. ‘Which means Pik Botha becomes Guronsan C?’

I will have to do my take on PW Botha too for the rest of my life. When he died on 31 October 2006, the *Mail & Guardian* ran my reflection on the man who wrote my scripts.

‘Now the *ou Krokodil* can become a pair of shoes and a matching bag in the Museum of Apartheid! Will this be PW Botha’s obituary or just an old bitchery? Neither. I am sorry for his family. A death among relatives is never easy and one wishes them well.

That’s the fact: an old man died in the wilderness. But PW Botha is alive and well and wagging his finger and licking his lips in my chorus line. I was doing him at the launch of the Friends of the Treatment Action Campaign in Cape Town at the moment of his passing. A swish of a crocodile’s tail passed me by, or was it just wind?

‘I will keep doing PW Botha. He is part of the history of our country and, more than ever, it is important to remind us of where we come from, so we can truly celebrate where we are going. As Bette Davis said about Joan Crawford: “Just because she’s dead, doesn’t mean she’s changed.” My relationship to PW was one of cartoonist and cartoon.

Botha wrote my material. All the titles of my one-man shows during the 1980s came from his mouth. After 26 years of impersonating him, I can truly say: “Yes, he was my bread and Botha. I now even look like him ...” But ironically the echoes of his rantings are still with us.

‘Today, 20 years later, a GW Bush is repeating what PW Botha said first: “He who is not for us, is against us.” Botha used the word “terrorist” in a modern context and frightened us all into silence.

Looking back on his life in politics

is the task of those who need to analyse how for so long he wielded the total power we gave him with such bloody success. I always needed some hint of compassion when I did him. Assassination is easy – 49% anger and 51% entertainment is hard. Maybe the feeling that there but for the grace of God go I, forced me to try and understand why things went so wrong. So ultraright. Maybe realising that Botha’s brand of fanatical devotion was the most dangerous.

‘He was not corrupted by wealth. He was not a bullshitter like so many others. He was committed to his patriotic passions and demented dream. We whites were all plugged into that dream, and when we eventually found humour as a weapon of mass distraction, it helped us laugh at our fear and make that fear less fearful. I think this is a celebration. Not of the death of an old irrelevant dinosaur from a bygone barbarian age, but of the fact that in spite of all he was responsible for, PW Botha died peacefully in his home. Not in jail. Not in exile. That says so much about our present young democracy. Irony will have the last laugh. Where PW Botha is now, he will find many, many, many feet to wash.’



Xmas card from the Bothas

Rearranging the Deckchairs on the
S.A. BOTHATANIC



1987

REARRANGING THE DECKCHAIRS ON THE *SA BOTHATANIC*

Herding Icebergs

Nat ship of state hits another Uys-berg! Full of double entendre about sex and politics, it was wonderfully funny and original. Beneath the surface laughter, don't forget the iceberg syndrome. – *The Cape Times* (Cape Town) April 1987

Pieter-Dirk Uys gets away with blue murder, back in town with a masterful satire on PW and his crew. The audience is left with spilt seams. – *South* (Cape Town) April 1987

'n Bietjie snaaks en baie so-so
– *Die Burger* (Kaapstad) April 1987

New P-D Uys revue fails. As I write this I can remember little of the performance. It is that unmemorable!
– *The Argus* (Cape Town) April 1987

Meanwhile back in the real world, in the general election of 1987, the National Party won, with the Conservative Party as the official opposition. The swing to the right was one of despair and gloom. Fourteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-six people were detained for 30 days and correspondents from *The New York Times*, ITN, and the BBC were expelled. PW Botha reimposed the state of emergency and vowed to fight rather than talk to the ANC. In Dakar, the president of Senegal opened a meeting between the ANC and prominent Afrikaners who were promptly accused of treason back home.

On one of SATV's three channels, the RMS *Titanic* sailed into my vision one winter evening. It was *A Night to Remember*, the 1958 film starring Kenneth More, which I'd first seen aged 13. That soggy drama has always remained one of my favourite horror stories. I could already see the first class filled with prominent, rich, overweight white South Africans, the third class overcrowded with workers, and steerage full of nameless hundreds. The ship of state? The *SA Bothatanic*, perhaps?

What can one say about a Pieter-Dirk Uys revue that opens on election night? The metaphor of a doomed ship is a lovely one, well sustained right throughout. The satire has become much harder, much harsher.

– *Pretoria News* (Pretoria) May 1987

Cheeky bugger. Dark as the satire is, the satirist has never been more on target.

– *Sunday Star* (Johannesburg) May 1987

'n Brilljante metafoor. Uys is 'n meester van die blitsige tersyde opmerkings. Dit verhoog die tempo van die produksie en is 'n kenmerk van 'n komediant van gehalte. Die breë komedie laat jou skater, maar lewer terselfdetyd indringend kommentaar op die Afrikaner se huigelaar. Uys bly die meester van sy medium. Niks of niemand is heilig of onaantasbaar nie.

– *Beeld* (Johannesburg) Mei 1987

This is a major departure. It is now smart to perceive a fundamental change in his work, from court jester to satirist, his effervescent humour replaced by a burning anger. It's no place for the squeamish. His portrait of Captain PW as a mad dictator is chilling and prescient. Uys is warning us all.

– *Weekly Mail* (Johannesburg) May 1987

Wicked hilarity. This is unquestionably the best revue Pieter-Dirk Uys has ever presented.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) May 1987

'n Sprankelende plesierige aand. Hoewel die stuk 'n ernstige stelling maak, wemel dit oor die algemeen van onheilige humor, spitsvondigheid en berekende vulgariteit. Van die begin af boei en vermaak die vertoning op 'n hoë peil. Pieter-Dirk Uys op sy beste.

– *Rapport* (Johannesburg) Mei 1987

The *Beyond the Rubicon* South Africa tour of 1987 was over. Since 1981 there had been *Adapt or Dye* and *Total Onslaught*. I had performed in London. I had made the film *Skating on Thin Uys*. But there was now an ambassadress to a black homeland who liked being on the front pages of newspapers and live on television. I was never invited, but she was. People casually commented that Evita Bezuidenhout had taken over my life.

After three one-man operas, I was also lonely on stage. This was soon solved when at one boozy theatrical Sunday lunch in Cape Town with Chris Galloway and Ralph Lawson, as well as Beni and Maria Stilborg, the idea of South Africa as the 'unsinkable' *Titanic* was hatched. Ralph would direct, Beni would design a pop-up programme, and Chris Galloway would partner me in a show of at least a dozen characters.

Bytend satiries, skreeusnaaks en skitterend. Gewis 'n treffer.

– *Die Vaderland* (Johannesburg) Mei 1987

God bless this ship and all who sail in her. A splendidly seaworthy craft is no longer a ship of South African fools. It has become the boat of the mad. To depict South Africa as a luxury liner is witty and cleverly sustained.

– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) May 1987

Apartheid ain't what it use do be. The show is helluva entertaining. An hilariously funny example of black comedy.

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) May 1987

A gallery of grotesques aboard the Ship of Fools. Nutty as a fruit cake, but with more bite and every bit as full of delights. Satire to make you sane. Uys knows the fears, but more importantly, his humour reduces them.

– *Business Day* (Johannesburg) May 1987



Cast and director

I was in the best of hands. Ralph had also grown up in Pinelands and we both enjoyed the same films, superstars and jokes. He'd stayed with

me in London during the 70s and furthered his studies at the Central School for Speech and Drama. After 11 years there, he returned to South Africa to do award-winning work both as an actor and a director. Chris Galloway had also studied in London, at the Webber Douglas School of Dramatic Art. After his return to South Africa, he gave acclaimed performances in a great variety of theatre genres as well as in films. We met at The Space, where he performed for me in *Snowwhite and the Special Branch* and *Black Beauty and the BOSS*. We worked together again in *Info Scandals*, *Farce about Uys*, *Die van Aardes van Grootoor* and *Appassionata*, and both of us in drag in *Paradise is closing down revisited*.

Chris was a lifesaver. 'Hi Chrissie, are you sitting down?'

'Oh God, when do we start?'

Beni Stilborg and Maria Jensen adopted me as part of their family during my years of strife and drama through censor squalls and my father's fury. Beni was a great designer and creative spirit and Maria the wisest woman on the block. ('Money is the toilet paper of life. If you have too much of it, you spend your life on the toilet!')

Boatload of humour and satire. The show moves along with good balance between mirth, biting comment and gloomy introspection, to its inevitable conclusion.

– *Natal Mercury* (Durban) January 1988

With no little disrespect, using symbolism of the voyage in an 'unsinkable' ship, he mirrors the ills of the evil system. In a sense, he is a cartoonist. More to Uys than just a laugh.

– *Daily News* (Durban) January 1988

Die SA *Bothatanic* laat 'n mens lag, dit laat jou ril, dit laat jou dink en dit laat jou wonder wat môre gaan gebeur. 'n Uiteraard professionele aanbieding waarin daar iets vir almal is, en wat niemand se sensitiwiteit in ag neem nie.

– *Tempo* (Durban) Januarie 1988

If theatre is the mirror of society, then Pieter-Dirk Uys holds up a reflection that is immediately funny, but shows the brittle realities of this peculiar land in a way that is discomfiting, sometimes cruel and even offensive.

– *Today* (Durban) January 1988

The delight of the work is its send-ups.

– *Business Day* (Johannesburg) March 1988



S.A. BOTHATONIC

EMBARKATION

Proof of relevant passenger-class required (FOR OUR RECORDS ONLY)
 Crinkly fuzzy hair, flattish noses, no teeth, funny accents and the use of 'djoumasemoer' into 3rd CLASS.
 Currybreath, overdressed gaudy and cheeky but rich into 2nd CLASS. All others who can rapidly recite all verses of DIE STEM, bank with VOLKSKAS and into 1st

(Blond eyes, blue hair free pass, also rich broeders and ons eie mense.)
ALL OTHERS INTO STEERAGE!!!!!!
 Upon your arrival you will be greeted by a Witdoek or a Kitskonstabel who will accompany you to your cabin, where you be met by your Cabin Stewardess.

THE NATIONAL LINE RETAINS THE RIGHT TO BE WRONG IN ITS CHANGES & REFORMS TO THE STRUCTURE AND CONTENT OF THIS CRUISE.

Bothatonic was the one show that cried out for a programme. I often regarded theatre programmes as my Act One: to entertain the audience before the show even starts. In the case of a doomed ocean liner, the programme became a package of laughter: a sick bag in which was:

- * the ship's menu and 'whine' list
- * the cruise program of events
- * a postcard with a list of messages to choose from
- * the excursion information for the visit to Pollsmoor Castle
- * Credits for the show itself
- * an 'embarkation' ID card
- * the thought for the day: 'Speak when you are angry. You'll make the best speech you'll ever regret'

Typically funny and admirably theatrical political satire.

– *Eastern Province Herald* (Port Elizabeth) March 1988

Uys often brilliantly reminds us of the various indefensible idiosyncrasies under apartheid, the brutality and the inhumanity. But the medicine is given with large doses of humorous sugar. A bitter pill laced with laughter.

– *Evening Post* (Port Elizabeth) March 1988

At his best he is brilliant, at worst simply banal, but Pieter-Dirk Uys is rarely, if ever, mediocre.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) March 1988

CRUISE PROGRAMME

*Welcome on board
Welkom aanboord*

Relax on the Anna Noethling Pooldeck
(Weather permitting)

WE WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT THE HENDRIK VERWOERD RESTAURANT IS CLOSED FOR EXTENSIVE RENOVATIONS.

CELEBRITY LECTURE:
World famous sex-therapist Dr Ruth Weissenschwanz will discuss your particular problem. For mature persons only.

YOUR DECK WILL BE CONSTANTLY CLEANED BY A MEMBER OF OUR STAFF. GIVE HIM ALL THE SUPPORT YOU CAN BY THROWING YOUR CRAP OVERBOARD.

CONSTITUTION GALLERY: Koeksusters will be served.

The Purser gives a tour of his domain.

THE LIFEDRILL: ALL PASSENGERS MUST PARTAKE.

CABARET IN THE HELDERBERG BAR!:

Relax on deck with your favourite newspaper.

THE PIET KOORNHOF RESTAURANT
Fresh Cape Crayfish tails and other sanctionbusted delicacies.

Demonstration on the John Vorster Squaredeck: how to do it without anyone really knowing.





THE CROSSING OF THE LINE CEREMONY!
Meet the Great and Powerful Poseidon and his Colourful Sidekick Phoebe and be punished for the crossing the line during 1986/7!

TV CHANNEL 3: BOTHATANIC NETWORK
Your very own kids on TV!!!!!!

THE SAMPIE TERREBLANCHE SKOUBURG: the premiere showing of the kudu-winning silent film: "THE STATE PRESIDENT'S BRAIN IS MISSING"
An all-star cast
a thrilling intrigue
a shocking climax
30.000.000 in the cast
4.000.000 billed!
3.000.000 paid
1½ MILLION bonus!
SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND ONLY WITH LINES!!!!!!!!!!!!

NOTE: All Nanny's?? A special treat for you on the A-I Deck!!!!!!!!

Late-night Insight: **PLATOON** – another perspective.

THE FANCY DRESS: The Captain's Cocktail Party: during which medals will be presented.
DRESS: Lounge Suits
DRAW: Sitkamerstel

THE NATIONAL LINE RETAINS THE RIGHT TO BE WRONG IN ITS CHANGES & REFORMS TO THE STRUCTURE AND CONTENT OF THIS CRUISE.

Long may this cockeyed liner sail and one day, please God, may it actually find a destination acceptable to all its passengers. This is a streamlined shipshape liner purged and refined so that every scene both counts and cuts. The bitterness and anger running beneath the humour erupts in blatant attempts to shock – and shock they do.

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) March 1988

Uys remains one of the funniest and most accomplished stage performers in the business.

– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) March 1988

Uys holds a mirror up to our sick-making complacency, but brilliant satirist that he is, includes in the programme the white paper bag to use afterwards.

– *The Cape Times* (Cape Town) May 1988

There is much to laugh at, but also much that is chilling.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) May 1988



Rearranging the Deckchairs on the *SA Bothatanic*

A Political Pantomime for Two Performers

The 1987 South African Tour: * Market Theatre Johannesburg *
Baxter Concert Hall Cape Town * Elizabeth Sneddon Theatre
Durban * Opera House Port Elizabeth

THE 1987 CAST

Pieter-Dirk Uys performs:

Gloria (a kugel)

Dr Ruth Weissenschwartz (the
sex therapist)

Ossewania (a conservative
tannie)

Pastor Allan Hendrickse
(a coloured politician)

A fat businessman

The British jogger

A crayfish tail

Dirk (a security policeman)

Public Relations Officer Pik

Dr Piet Koornhof (as 'Piet
Promises')

Sannie ('n Afrikaanse meisie)

A nanny

The Ship's Captain PW

The Voice of God

Chris Galloway performs:

Phyllis (a kugel)

A cleaner

Kakebenia (a religious tannie)

The ship's purser

Mr Rajbansi (an Indian
politician)

A thin businessman

The Australian jogger

A crayfish tail

Chris (a security policeman)

Judge Poesseidon (as Poseidon

God of the Sea)

Johnny (an English boy)

An SADF troopie

The First Officer

THE STAGE SETTING

An elevated ship's bridge with a railing on which hangs a lifebuoy with the name SA Bothatanic. On the main deck three deckchairs. There is a dummy in the centre chair. We used a full-sized soft flexible figure that was used in life-saving exercises and so could be easily manipulated. The face is blank; the colour is neutral

THE SHOW

(SOUND: A brass band plays as the audience settles down.)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Your attention please. The *SA Bothatanic* is about to sail. Will all those travelling on her kindly proceed on board now. This is your last reminder. U aandag asseblief. Die *SA Bothatanic* gaan binnekort seil. Sal diegene wat nie saam reis nie, asseblief onmiddelik aanwal gaan. Dit is u laaste waarskuwing. Dankie. Thank you.

(Two kugels, pregnant Gloria and overdressed Phyllis, come through the auditorium fully dressed to depart. They get onto the stage. Bells ring and hooters blow. The houselights dim. The brass band music climaxes as the ship leaves the quay. The kugels wave and throw streamers and exit. The following announcement has the brass band in the background; the voice is that of PW Botha.)

CAPTAIN'S ANNOUNCEMENT (VOICEOVER): Welcome on board the *SA Bothatanic*. Leave your worries and troubles behind you. Eat, drink, play sports and be merry, because you are in the best of hands. On behalf of the National Line, we wish you a bon voyage. This is your captain speaking. Namens die Nasionale Linie, welkom aanboord. My bemanning en ek sal alles in ons vermoë doen om u reis so gemaklik as moontlik te maak onder die omstandighede. Doen net wat van u verlang word en dan sal alles goed gaan. Laat ons almal: eerste, tweede en klas, saamseil na 'n nuwe horison. Baie dankie.

(The ship is underway. Pregnant Gloria waddles onto the deck and sits heavily in a deckchair. Overdressed Phyllis enters with a large bag.)



Chris Galloway as Phyllis and PDU as Gloria

PHYLLIS: So howzit?

GLORIA: Oi, schwitzing. Oh, I love your pearls. Enormous!

PHYLLIS: Shame, the oysters nearly died. Lovely ship. Very expensive.

GLORIA: Very exclusive. So where are we going?

PHYLLIS: Well, I'm going to the beautician, the hairdresser, the gynie and the aerobics class.

GLORIA: No, where's the ship going?

PHYLLIS: I thought you knew?

GLORIA: No, I thought you knew!

PHYLLIS: No, didn't you read the brochure?

GLORIA: No.

PHYLLIS: Oh. No, the National Line gave all the passengers a glossy brochure in black and white ... *(Indicates for those down in steerage)* ... and in full colour ... *(Indicates for them)* ... telling us and them where the ship is going, how much it will cost us, and what to do in a state of emergency.

GLORIA: What do we do in a state of emergency?

PHYLLIS: Nothing. Pretend everything's fine. Carry on like normal.

GLORIA: On board this ship, what can be normal?

PHYLLIS: You must try and think positively.

GLORIA: Is that what the brochure says?

PHYLLIS: No, I'm just using my mind.

GLORIA: Oh. Maybe if we ask someone, they'll tell us?

PHYLLIS: (*Referring to the dummy in the centre deckchair.*) Try waking him.

GLORIA: Excuse me? Excuse me! Can you tell me where this ship is going? (*Pause*) I think he's drunk ...

PHYLLIS: Then try Afrikaans.

GLORIA: Oh, I've just never managed to learn it.

PHYLLIS: Oh? Are you new to South Africa?

GLORIA: No, I've lived in Natal all my life.

PHYLLIS: Oh. (*To the dummy*) Excuse me, doll ... (*In heavy English accent*)

... Ag ekskuus pop, maar na waar gaan hierdie boat?

(*No reaction from the dummy.*)

GLORIA: I wish he would go and sit somewhere else.

PHYLLIS: He doesn't even look like a first class passenger to me.

GLORIA: Isn't there someone we can call?

PHYLLIS: (*Calls*) Oi!

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Attention all passengers / aandag alle passasiers. This is your purser speaking, dis u beursie hier. We are now well and truly all at sea. For your entertainment, many things have been organised to take your mind off. There's sports on all decks, games for the kiddies. There's the fancy dress coming up and of course films and TV etc / ensovoorts. The bureau for information on A deck will furnish you with daily bulletins. Die Skeepskoerant sal ook die nuutste verwickelinge aan u oordra. Geniet dit. Have a nice day.

GLORIA: I've been thinking. Maybe I should've gone somewhere else.

PHYLLIS: Do you have a visa?

GLORIA: At least I might have a future somewhere else.

PHYLLIS: My husband Selwyn says the government is keeping the rand right down to keep us rich whites from leaving.

GLORIA: Well, you know what they say: when the Jews start packing it's time to go.

PHYLLIS: And when the Portuguese start packing, it's too late already!

GLORIA: But we know people who are leaving everything behind, but they're going.

PHYLLIS: Paranoia!

GLORIA: Perth!

PHYLLIS: But why go? What's the problem? Everything's okay.

(She holds up a newspaper full of censored holes and OK Bazaars adverts.)

(SOUND: Singing of 'Nkosi Sikelele' is heard from steerage.)

GLORIA: What's that?

PHYLLIS: Seagulls.

GLORIA: No, that noise!

PHYLLIS: *Sis*. Steerage is full of them.

GLORIA: Them?

PHYLLIS: Blacks. *(She mouths the word grotesquely)*

GLORIA: Well, I wish they'd keep the portholes shut. I mean, I don't mind people down in steerage; I mean, God knows I'm not prejudiced. I just don't want to know about it.

PHYLLIS: So just enjoy yourself. This is still the best that money can buy.

GLORIA *(Reads the newspaper)*: I find the newspapers so depressing. All you read about is these terrible incurable diseases ...

PHYLLIS: And South Africa is full of AIDS!

GLORIA: AIDS? You mean 'Maids'? Oh my God, there's been another riot!

PHYLLIS: Oh no, who rioted?

GLORIA: Certain people who may not be named.

PHYLLIS: Oh, them again. What happened?

GLORIA: Certain events that may not be reported.

PHYLLIS: You swear to God? Any damage?

GLORIA: Certain vehicles which may not be identified.

PHYLLIS: Let me see the picture?

GLORIA: No pictures allowed.

PHYLLIS: Shame, and Pietermaritzburg is so pretty.

GLORIA: That's not my indaba, doll. Do you have the crossword over there?

PHYLLIS: Yes, but it's the same corny old crossword they give us every year, just with some or other variation. I just don't know what the world is coming to.

GLORIA: It looks very complicated to me.

PHYLLIS: Well, I can never make head or tail of it.

GLORIA: The clues are outrageously hard!

PHYLLIS: Outrageous!

GLORIA (*Reads*): 'Nine whites became coloured, 506 coloureds became white, two whites became Malay, 14 Malay became white, two Indians became white, seven Chinese became white, one Griqua became white ...'

PHYLLIS: What about 40 coloureds became black?

GLORIA: No. 'Six hundred and sixty-six blacks became coloured.'

PHYLLIS: Hey? Surely 87 coloureds became Indian? Or 76 Indians became coloured?

GLORIA: No, doll, '56 coloureds became Malay, 509 Malays became Indians, 61 Indians became Malay, four coloureds became Griqua ...'

PHYLLIS: Four Griqua became coloured!

GLORIA: 'Two Griquas became black, 18 blacks became Griqua, 12 coloureds became Chinese, ten blacks became Indians, two blacks became ... other Asian'?

PHYLLIS: You see it doesn't make sense!

GLORIA: 'Two coloureds became Indian, one coloured became Black. One Koornhof became Malay'? Hey?

PHYLLIS: You see it really doesn't make sense!

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: The bureau on A deck is very happy to help you with the crossword. The answer is: No blacks applied to become white. And no whites became black.

BOTH: Okay ja no fine, now that makes sense!

PHYLLIS: Listen, I'm off to the Inkatha Lounge. That famous sex therapist Dr Ruth Weissenschwantz is giving a lecture on the facts of life. I don't want to miss it.

GLORIA: If only someone had told me about the facts of life ...

PHYLLIS: Ditto, doll. I had to ask all about the facts of life. I went to my mother and said: 'Mommie? Where do I come from?' And she gave me a false address in Lansdowne!

GLORIA: Shame ...

PHYLLIS: Hey, here's a magazine for you to read. It's full of very funny articles. Take your mind off all your terrible problems.

(She hands her a Government Gazette.)

GLORIA: The *Government Gazette*? Is it still around? *(She peruses the document)* 'Population Registration Act ... Suppression of Communism Act ... Group Areas Act.' Oh yes, I think I've seen this magazine somewhere ...

PHYLLIS: Turn to the back, past the comics. The science fiction section. A long list of all the people detained without trial. Can you believe it? Nearly 30,000 people detained in the last year. I nearly platzed!

GLORIA *(Reads)*: 'Famous last words' ...

PHYLLIS: Oh, I missed that. Anyone we know?

GLORIA: Hendrik Verwoerd?

PHYLLIS: That's why I missed it. I never get involved in politics. Bye doll.

(She exits.)

GLORIA: Bye doll. *(Reads)* Famous last words? 'Hendrik Verwoerd – "It's all going black"; John Vorster – "Leave the ginger ale, there's no time!"; Jimmy Kruger – "It leaves me cold"; Nico Diederichs – "The money's under the pillow!"' *(Thinks and gets it)* Brilliant!

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: And now ladies and gentlemen and the other confused 34%. Direct from the Riaan Eksteen show and Mrs Botha's koek-and-custard-party. The one woman who will tell you how to get it up, how to keep it up, and how to put it in. The brilliant Dr Ruth Weissenschwantz!

(Gloria exits, the dummy stays in the deckchair and Dr Ruth Weissenschwartz enters with her heavy German accent.)



PDU as Dr Ruth Weissenschwartz

DR RUTH: Hullo hullo, I am so glad to see there are many of you here with big sexual problems. The problem is usually the fact that you think you have a problem, meaning we all tend to make a mountain out of a moleheap. A good example of this is the paranoia that exists among you about a very simple truth, and that is that each of you here tonight is entitled to an orgasm. Not just a small group of you can come. You can all come! This is the concept of one man one climax, or one woman one climax, but then we women have multiple climaxes, so that's another story.

Now down to business: I have some questions from you in the audience and I will answer them to the best of my ability. Alzo ...

'Dear Dr Ruth, I'm afraid I might be forced to have a big election soon. What must I do?' This is from NPO in George.

Why are you frightened of a big election? Some people pay good money just to have a small election, like in the Transkei. I can only hope that

when you have your election, it won't turn out to be a whites-only election; that will prove that your circulation is very bad. First see that you allow yourself a good period of foreplay. Find those who care for you and rouse them to a passion so that you do not only have a good election, but also a very satisfying climax. Beware of premature ejaculation. This happens often to those of you who prefer masturbation. You independent-minded people must take care!

'Dear Dr Ruth I have had this affair with this person for many years on and off. We should get married, but seem to be incompatible. What do we do with our problem?' CP from Waterberg.

CP? You are right! This is a problem. Look carefully at what is at stake. If you and your lover, HNP of Schweitzer-Reinecke, want to tie the knot what is stopping you? Is it pigheadedness? Does your lover HNP maybe have a big bank overdraft that you will have to pay off? Or is it that you just don't like each other anymore? Many couples are forced into a relationship through desperation and not love, and there is no future in this. Alzo ...

'Dear Dr Ruth, I am pregnant and don't know who the father is. Should I have an abortion?' PFP of Sea Point. You are obviously not a surrogate mother! Find out who the father is. He may be black; he may be married; he may be independent; he might be a young Turk and he may not even want to marry you in spite of all his promises. Then think: what will you do with the baby? Can you be a single parent? I see you are living with an old auntie. Well, if NRP of Natal can help you raise the baby, very good. But be aware that the other parents on the block will be jealous of you and might mean your baby harm. Maybe you should move?

'Dear Dr Ruth, I cannot keep an election for more than a minute. How can I be elected forever?' AWB of Ventersdorp and/or Pretoria. Ah, sieg heil to you too. AWB, this is a very tall order. You are being greedy. You want too much. Be satisfied with what you have and develop it. If you can only be elected for a minute, enjoy it while it lasts and make it worthwhile. But don't force the issue. You will cause pain to more than just your member.

The only real piece of good advice I have for you is this. All of you, have a climax with the election, or else you must give your right to orgasm to those 74% who at present don't have it, but know what to do with it. Vielen Dank, thank you very much and be good. If you can't be good, get better.

(As she leaves, the deck attendant arrives and hands her his card with a question. She reads it and ushers him forward. She exits. The attendant shyly confronts the audience and then flashes – exposing a three-foot-long black penis. His T-shirt has the letters ANC'.)

(BLACKOUT)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Passengers are reminded to check with the bureau for information as to regulations pertaining to the fancy dress. We would also like to point out that owing to security reasons, D deck has been closed to all passengers. Passengers in second and third class will therefore be temporarily permitted to enjoy first class facilities indicated by green cards and blue letters. Please be sure to check where you can go. If not, contact the bureau on A deck.

(The cleaner has entered.)

THE CLEANER: Ja. *(Sends up the voice making the announcement)* Please-be-sure-to-check-where-you-can-go-If-not-contact-the-bureau-on-A-deck. 1988? A happy new year? A year of hope? A year of change and reform? No more Immorality Act. No more Mixed Marriages Act. No more pass laws. The Group Areas Act is still gone today but back tomorrow.

(Reads from the newspaper.)

'Seventy-eight people killed on the roads during the holidays'? It happens so quickly. I know. My dada was driving. My mom was sitting next to him. I was in the back. I don't know why I didn't get them to fasten their seatbelts. We'd been out celebrating. I'd just got a new job. I was now a teacher. It happened so quickly. A car went into us. A drunk driver. Not a scratch on him.

My parents were badly hurt but the ambulance came quickly. They put my dada into the ambulance with me onto the stretcher and then someone went to look at my mom who was lying in the road. Her bag was open. They saw her ID and what it said. She was unconscious. I tried to say something, but they closed the door of the ambulance and we were driven off, leaving my mom lying there. Why? They say they were waiting for the coloured ambulance to arrive. They then took mom to the coloured part of the hospital. But when they got there, someone decided there must've been a mistake because she looked so white, and so they let her lie there while they phoned for the white ambulance to come and fetch her and take her round the corner to the white part of the hospital, but by then my mom was dead.

You see they died in separate hospitals, my mom and dada. Embalmed in separate mortuaries. Buried at separate funerals. Now they lie in separate cemeteries. My white dada and my coloured mom. I made some enquiries in Pretoria to complain, but then some Christian civil servant there decided that maybe I, me, have been incorrectly classified. So now they've reclassified me as a coloured! That's why I now can't keep teaching at a white school. Also my girlfriend broke off our engagement. But it's legal now, I said to her. We can get married, I said. But I don't want to become a coloured by marrying you, she said. And where would we live now that you're officially a black and I a white? she asked. You see, she didn't want to then be thrown out of a grey area, she said ...

(He shrugs and exits sweeping.)

(Tannie Ossewania enters.)

OSSEWANIA: O sies sies sies! Ek voel bevuil, ek voel verkrag. Sies. Die wêreld lê met haar bene wa-wyd oop. Seks net waar jy kyk. Die strande is vol kaal boude; ons godgegewe SATV is vol kaal koppe en die koerante is vol Karl Marx! Waar jy vandag kyk word daar verkrag en gesodomiseer, gemasturbeer en verorgasmatiseer! Maar wat te veel is, is te veel. Daardie Dr Ruth se sekslesing is die laaste klimaks!



PDU as Ossewania and Chris Galloway as Kakebenia

(Tannie Kakebenia enters.)

KAKEBENIA: O sies! Ek is lelik in die sagte dele geknou! Nog nooit in my bestaan as Afrikaner-teef en vooraanstaande Christen-huigelaar moes ek iets so passief aanhoor. Ek wil kots en net kots en weer kots! En reken, Ossewania, daar was ook klein onskuldige kindertjies in die gehoor!

OSSEWANIA: En Kakebenia, nou praat sy met hulle in tweede- en derde klas!

KAKEBENIA: En hoeveel verder sal dit gaan as dit? Tot heel onder tussen die diere? Het ons kultuur dan so gesak dat enige sogenaamde seks-terapis met sulke woorde en waardes voor die dag kom? En dit nogal in 'n pûbiese plek? Is daar geen beheer op hierdie skip teen sulke subversiwiteite nie?

OSSEWANIA: Nie soos in die ou dae nie.

KAKEBENIA: O nee, Ossewania, in die ou dae toe Admiraal Hendrik en Kaptein Balthazar hierdie skip onder beheer gehad het, toe was dinge

soos geslagsorgane en ander vryhede 'n tabboe fak, maar nou word daar openlik gepraat van demokrasie en skrotome, van menseregte en genetalië....

OSSEWANIA: En ek het altyd gedink Genetalia is die Italiaanse Lugdiens!

KAKEBENIA: Peniste!

OSSEWANIA: Testakels!

KAKEBENIA: Pramme!

OSSEWANIA: Stemreg!

KAKEBENIA: Voorvelle!

OSSEWANIA: Klitoorisse!

KAKEBENIA: Persvryhede!

OSSEWANIA: Sanksies!

BOTH: Sies!

KAKEBENIA: En daar moes ek ewe bedoord sit, terwyl daardie vuil-smoelige sekskommunis almal tot jagtens toe opsweep met haar vieslik, ongure

OSSEWANIA: ... onpure ...

KAKEBENIA: ... lewensfeite? Reken, daar het 'n man langs my met 'n yslike vuurige belang gesit en luister. Yslik! Soos 'n mal slang in 'n geskeurde sak!

OSSEWANIA: Sies!

KAKEBENIA: Sies twadraad! En toe sy praat van organismes, toe kyk hy na my kant!

OSSEWANIA: O nee!

KAKEBENIA: O ja! En vat aan my!

OSSEWANIA: Met sy vuurige belang?

KAKEBENIA: O nee, met sy swetende vrees ...

OSSEWANIA: Sies!

KAKEBENIA: Een man een klimaks? Sies!

OSSEWANIA: Unitêre orgasmes!

KAKEBENIA: Afskiet!

OSSEWANIA: Indruk!

KAKEBENIA: Uitpluk!

OSSEWANIA: Skiet! Hyg! Skiet!

KAKEBENIA: Ontplof ontplof ontplof!

(They enjoy minor orgasms.)

(SOUND: The singing of 'Nkosi Sikelele' heard from steerage.)

OSSEWANIA: Daar kerm dit weer ...

KAKEBENIA: Sies sies sies ...

OSSEWANIA: Duisende van hulle ...

KAKEBENIA: Diere ...

OSSEWANIA: Swetend ...

KAKEBENIA: Stinkend ...

OSSEWANIA: Singend ...

KAKEBENIA: Sies!

OSSEWANIA: Met hul ritme ...

KAKEBENIA: ... indruk ... uitpluk ...

OSSEWANIA: ... wit koek kouend ...

KAKEBENIA: ... swart lull lekkend ...

OSSEWANIA: ... ons doos drommend ...

KAKEBENIA: ... sy voël vretend ...

OSSEWANIA: Glimlaggend!

KAKEBENIA: Sies!

OSSEWANIA: Vol hoop?

KAKEBENIA: Sies?

OSSEWANIA: Optimisties?

KAKEBENIA: Sies!

OSSEWANIA: Die toekoms?

BOTH: Sies!

(Now a major climax.)

KAKEBENIA: Hoe gaan jy kom?

OSSEWANIA: Na die fênsiedress?

KAKEBENIA: Iets mooi uit die Boek?

OSSEWANIA: Iets uit Bloedriver Ses Vers drie?

KAKEBENIA: Ek het gedink ek kom as die Voortrekker Monument met daardie twee moordenaars Krygkor en Briekkor hangend aan elke kant.

OSSEWANIA: Ek gaan gou my Lady Chatterley boek by die Skeepsbiblioteek inruil ...

KAKEBENIA: O Ossewania, hoe kan jy nog Ingles lees? Na wat hulle aan ons in die konsentrasiekampe gedoen het?

OSSEWANIA: Ag nee, dis 'n oulike storie van 'n tannie en haar tuinjong.

KAKEBENIA: O? Sal ek dit geniet?

OSSEWANIA: O ja. Maar wat lees jy dan?

KAKEBENIA: 'Drol Stories' deur Bal-sak.

(She exits.)

OSSEWANIA: Beter as 'Kakstories' deur Brink.

(She takes out her needlepoint.)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: We had a record number of passengers entering the competition in which the ship's course was to be correctly predicted. Most of you predicted that the ship would rapidly move ahead, then veer confidently to the left. However, you were all wrong. The ship has not moved at all. We are drifting in circles to the right. There was no winner. Try again tomorrow. Thank you. Dankie.

(Tannie Ossewania shakes her head and continues her needlepoint.)

A REVOLUTIONARY VOICE IS HEARD AFAR (VOICEOVER): We the passengers on this ship declare for all the world to know that this ship belongs to all who sail in her, from first class to steerage, and that no ship's officer can justly claim authority, unless it is based on the will of us passengers! Amandla!

(The ship's purser enters looking for the source of the voice. Tannie Ossewania also looks around worried, then sees him. They have a bilingual conversation.)

OSSEWANIA: Kom net naby my met jou vurige belang! Ek is gewapen met my nasionalisme en as jy jou beverde seemeeu vir my waai, sal ek sy bebloede snawel met my naainaald steek!

PURSER: Tannie asseblief / Auntie please, I am your friendly Purser / u vriendlike beskermbeursie!

OSSEWANIA: O? / Oh? A bilingual / 'n tweetalige man / man?

PURSER: Have you heard something strange / het u iets radikaals ontdek?

OSSEWANIA: Subversive singing / aanvallende getril!

PURSER: We will overcome / ons sal oor alles kom!

OSSEWANIA: Maar wat/ but what / is dit / are they?

PURSER: A N C / gulls!

OSSEWANIA: Ek is bang / I am 'bang'. Ek soen jou wang / I kiss your 'wang'!

PURSER: But I must protect / ek is op diens / against the onslaught / ek sê totsiens.

OSSEWANIA: I lie in wait! Don't be so dumb!

PURSER : Ja, ek sal kom / yes I will... arrive!

(Ossewania exits. The purser rearranges the deckchairs as he talks. The dummy stays in his chair.)

PURSER: Nou ja / narrow yes. I was a poor only child / uit 'n ryk familie van ses broers, born in the middle of nowhere / in die hart van Pretoria, and I has a dream to become a train driver / maar ook ryk en bekend, and humble and / en dus 'n politikus I join the party at an early age / en gryp alles wat ek kan, gently absorb all the benefits of this Christian nationalist / Broederbond breinspoeling education / opvoeding, goes to the best school / en danksy my pa word ek hoofseun. I works for my matric / en pa reël 'n beurs. I works harder for my first degree / vyftien rand na 'n posbus in Pretoria with crossed fingers / met selfgeadreseerde koevert, but soon I get ambitious / diamantsmokkel dagga wapens valuta, and I joins the SABC as newsreader / en hier volg die nuus, proving that the good old days of English is not went / maar fok die Rooinekke / anyway.

(SOUND: The singing of 'Nkosi Sikelele' is heard from steerage.)

But it is not time for wastage / Sharpeville Pratt die Wind van Verandering. My brilliance is espied and BOSS / infiltreer my onder medestudente, till I write my thesis 'How to cheat on Political / Krabbel, om jou Blankes alleen te los without moving your whites only / maar toe kom die Smit Moorde en skandale en leuens. Our policies cannot be got rid of / ons was die breins om mooi skoon en wit te bly. We are ready

to rule our world / as die res deur bomme ontbind. We have all the answers / vrae is 'n las, so bugger off Mandela / bevry Tsafendas!

And when the dancing is over and the party lights fuse in the morning mist, me and maybe someone from the kitchen and another from the crèche, three from the engine room and two from sickbay. We will take our guns out from under the carpets and above the Pierneefs in the chapel and take what is ours. I was a poor only child born right in the middle of nowhere, but I has a dream.

So keep us in mind / julle beter vir ons lek / or else you'll get a shock / want julle almal sal vrek!

(He gives the AWB Nazi salute.)

(BLACKOUT)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Owing to security reasons C deck has now also been closed to passengers. Part of D deck is now open for second class and third class who may no longer use first class facilities. Just to remind you of the fancy dress. Are you getting ready? Ladies and gentlemen, the first class swimming pool is now ready for your enjoyment.

(The leaders of the coloured and the Indian chambers of parliament enter: Reverend Allan Hendrickse enters in an antique bathing suit.)

HENDRICKSE: Excuse me First Officer? Hello Mr Purser? Captain? Are you lurking without? Okay, the coast is clear. Hey coolie? Hey colleague? Hey pssst?

(Mr Rajbansi enters shyly, also wearing a bathing suit.)

RAJBANSI: We'll get into trouble

HENDRICKSE: What trouble? They are all at their potjiekos, eating, drinking, skinning, plotting and planning. Just the right time for us to have our swim.

RAJBANSI: I cannot be seen to be doing what you seem to be suggesting.

HENDRICKSE: Jisis, I'm just saying: come and have a dip in the first class pool, ou pêl. I'm not asking you to clean the Voortrekker Monument with your tongue.

RAJBANSI: I did that last year.

HENDRICKSE: If I can't make a splash on the bridge, at least let me make waves in the pool. Kom man, your colour won't come off ..

RAJBANSI: But my hair...?

HENDRICKSE: Put on a doek! The tea cosy won't shrink. Come on, it's the Indian Ocean. Feel at home. Last one in the deep water is a boer-boetie!

RAJBANSI: But what will He say when He finds out?

(He refers to the Captain as God.)

HENDRICKSE: He'll say 'Watter nie-blanke was in my wit see?' And then I'll take the blame again and apologise on TV which is good publicity and worth that new Mercedes.

RAJBANSI: But what if He hauls us over the carpet?

HENDRICKSE: We'll just smile and bow and say:

(Backtracks for 'Bosom Buddies' from Mame: they sing together.)

BOTH: We'll always be Botha's buddies

Nats, broeders and pals

We'll always be Botha's buddies

RAJBANSI: When PW rejects you, there's me to protect you

HENDRICKSE: If I say that his tongue is vicious

RAJBANSI: If I call him uncouth

BOTH: It's simply that who else but ou Botha's buddies will stand up and tell him the truth.

HENDRICKSE *(Speaks)*: We in the Labour Party will not agree to an election in 1989 and what is more, while Chris Heunis repeatedly says that as far as the Group Areas Act is concerned, people of colour now own and possess more land than they would've had it not have been for the act!

RAJBANSI *(Speaks)*:: We in the House of Delegates, also known as the House of New Delhi, want to say that it's time we got negotiations going, because once we've got negotiations going about allowing Indians in the Orange Free State, there will be no need to find a solution for anything because, as we say, the solution is not the answer!

(SOUND: Backtracks resume and they sing.)

HENDRICKSE : I'll always be Andries Treurnicht, if you'll be Jaap Marais and though I admit I bitched you,

I skinnered, I gloated, but I'm so devoted

RAJBANSI: And if you say that kissing arse made me into a star

HENDRICKSE: It's simply that who else but a tricameral buddy will point out how tweegevreet you are!

BOTH: We'll always be Botha's buddies

Nats, broeders and pals

We'll always be Botha's buddies

RAJBANSI: When the baases reject you, there's me to protect you

HENDRICKSE: If I say your demands are hopeless

RAJBANSI: If I call you bizarre

BOTH: It's simply that who else but an old beach buddy will point out how silly

(They speak.)

HENDRICKSE: Silly?

RAJBANSI: Pathetic?

HENDRICKSE: Stupid?

RAJBANSI : Idiotic?

HENDRICKSE: Irrelevant?

RAJBANSI: Nationalist!

HENDRICKSE: Coolie!

RAJBANSI: Hotnot!

BOTH: Who else but a Botha buddie, will point out how off-white you are!

(They both exit with a flourish.)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Offisiere Magnus, Vlok, Coetzee meld dadelik aan. Officer Magnus to steerage. Passenger Marais, there is another urgent telex for you at the bureau from your Uncle Andries. First class passengers are reminded that the fancy dress will allow you to use your imagination as never before. All first class passengers are welcome to take part. We would like to remind passengers to enjoy themselves within their allowances, even if they have to borrow to do so.

(An overweight businessman enters sipping Diet Coke. He talks to the dummy.)

FAT MAN: Hello, can I borrow this deckchair? Hello? Oh? Are you sleeping. Shame, I woke you.

(He takes the other chair and sets it up.)

(Thin businessman enters.)

FAT MAN: Hey, where's your wife?

THIN MAN: Gone to the duty-free shop to spend everything on anything.

FAT MAN: Small price to pay for some peace and quiet ...

THIN MAN: You better wear your hat. You don't want to get sunstroke.

FAT MAN: Shame man, no one wants to turn brown any more.

(They laugh and sit in the deckchairs, each with a newspaper. The dummy in the chair between them is still asleep.)

VOICE FROM STEERAGE: We the passengers on this ship declare for all the world to know that this ship belongs to all who sail in her, from first class deck to steerage, and that no ship's officer can justly claim authority unless it is based on the will of all the passengers. Amandla!

ANOTHER VOICE: Hey kaffer, hou jou bek!

FAT MAN: That *Citizen* paper you're reading has a nice unbiased letter page as always. Seventeen anti-Tutu letters vs one anti-Botha.

THIN MAN: Pik or PW?

FAT MAN: Naas.

THIN MAN: Here's an open letter to Nelson Mandela. Page six ...

FAT MAN: Yes: *(Reads)* 'Dear Nelson, the key is under the mat, see you in Beverly Hills, love Winnie'?

THIN MAN *(Reads)*: 'Dear Mr Mandela I don't know if they will publish this letter ...'

FAT MAN: And then they say we don't have freedom of speech in South Africa?

THIN MAN: We do. It's after speech that freedom goes. *(They laugh. The thin man continues reading.)* 'I am a black man like you with a wife like you and daughters like you. I also suffer ...'

FAT MAN: We all suffer! My wife is a reborn Christian, and one of my favourite businesses is in liquidation!

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'I have very little education because it was very difficult for us to get to school ...'

FAT MAN: And then they burn them down!

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'I have a dream also. I want a future for me and my family ...'

FAT MAN: Handouts, that's all they want: I-am-black-fill-my-sack!

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'We have problems, Mr Mandela ...'

FAT MAN: You're telling me!

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'We have no work ...'

FAT MAN: You're telling me!

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'My wife drinks and the kids are never home ...'

FAT MAN: You're telling me!

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'We were moved off our tribal land by the police and now we just drift around ...'

FAT MAN: There used to be a very good law to prevent that sort of thing from happening!

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'The whites treat us like animals ...'

FAT MAN: Rubbish! We treat our animals better!

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'They have killed many of us in the past ...'

FAT MAN: Not enough.

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'South Africa shows that there is a place in the world that has a future for black people ...'

FAT MAN: Over my dead body!

THIN MAN (*Continues*): 'I want to live in South Africa, Mr Mandela, because I see a future for me and my family in South Africa and not here ...'

FAT MAN: Here? So they're not satisfied with all those homelands we gave them?

THIN MAN: This is not from a homeland. It's from Australia.

FAT MAN: Hey?

THIN MAN (*Reads*): 'P.S. Mr Mandela, I am an Aborigine'

THE VOICE FROM STEERAGE: We declare that those 74% in steerage ...
(*There is a gunshot and silence.*)

FAT MAN: Who is shouting all that subversive crap?

THIN MAN: Some guy with delusions of grandeur. Even calls himself Admiral Nelson. They have to keep him locked up in the Pollsmoor Suite. For his own safety.

FAT MAN: Good riddance. Listen man, I've got some interesting inside info in case you want to share with me?

THIN MAN: They going to let him out?

FAT MAN: God, no. After 25 years inside, they say he's still too violent. No, I'm told they're building a new luxury super liner in top secret conditions.

THIN MAN: You think we should invest in this new ship?

FAT MAN: Has my instinct ever been wrong? Didn't I say condoms would make you rich?

THIN MAN: But this ship's still fine ...

FAT MAN: Sure, the *SA Bothatanic* might be the ship for today, but wait till you see the *SA Bothalesi*. (*They laugh*) By the way, what are you coming to the fancy dress as?

THIN MAN: Casper the Friendly Ghost?

FAT MAN: Not so friendly any more. You come as Casspir, you'll force the Captain's wife to come as a Hippo. You should come as that famous harbinger of doom, the Flying Dutchman.

THIN MAN: Who's that?

FAT MAN: Pik in a plane!

THIN MAN: I don't know. I'll probably come as the usual I suppose. A nationalist.

FAT MAN: A nationalist? At least you don't need a costume for that. I used to really enjoy these fancy dress parties in the old days.

THIN MAN: Oh?

FAST MAN: I used to come as the old United Party.

THIN MAN: How did you dress as?

FAT MAN: A Union half-Jack!

(*The fat man exits laughing.*)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Offisier Magnus, dadelik na die brug. Offisier Vlok na die agterent. Anders is dit heerlik stil. Visibility good except in the teargas. Daar is g'n wind en die skip is presies op skedule.

THIN MAN (*To dummy*): I believe you've decided to come as a member of the 'Banned'? Good idea. Then you can't be quoted and only be in the room with one person at the same time! My wife and I have decided to come in simulcast: she's coming as *Chariots of Fire* and I'm coming as Ossewa-brandwag!

(*The thin man exits.*)

(*The British jogger enters and jogs around the deck until the Australian jogger enters.*)

BRIT: Ah, there you are. Did you have chance to look at the company report? As you can see, we have decided to disinvest all our visible South African holdings by the end of the month.

AUSSIE: But why, you're making millions.

BRIT: You try and explain that to my shareholders in the UK. They are quite happy with their dividends, but don't want to know where from.

AUSSIE: So you've publicly sold all your holdings to local companies?

BRIT: Yes, 'disinvesting'. For the record, ANC becomes XYZ, Blues Inc. becomes Greens Pty (Ltd) and of course, Pretoria Holdings becomes Soweto Shares.

AUSSIE: And you export crayfish tails?

BRIT: Ingenious. From the Cape, via Durban to Taiwan, where they are repacked and relabelled and sent to Australia.

AUSSIE: Do we know?

BRIT: Do you read Mandarin?

AUSSIE: No.

BRIT: Then you don't know. So from Perth they get repacked and off to Bolivia go the crayfish tails.

AUSSIE: Bolivian crayfish tails?

BRIT: Now Israeli crayfish tails.

AUSSIE: Is that kosher?

BRIT: They counted the cash and then cut all ties.

AUSSIE: And the crayfish?

BRIT: Relabelled again and repacked off to the US of A as Saudi Arabian Red Sea hors d'oeuvres worth millions of rand.

AUSSIE: Dollars?

BRIT: Hundreds of dollars.

AUSSIE: And no one knows where they hail from?

BRIT: Crayfish tails all tend to look alike.

AUSSIE: Brilliant!

BRIT: Champagne at the Kruger Bar? Coming?

AUSSIE: Great.

BRIT: Only the best. French.

AUSSIE: French?

BRIT: Well, originally French, via Taiwan, Korea, Japan and Parys in the Free State.

AUSSIE: Bottoms up bluey!

BRIT: Vrystaat Brucie!

(BLACKOUT)

(The performers slip into their crayfish costumes.)

CRAYFISH 1: Ag na sies man waar's my tande? Gatiepie? My tande is weg?



Chris Galloway and PDU as crayfish tails

CRAYFISH 2: Ag, bogger off man, ek is ge-jetlag.

CRAYFISH 1: Bogger jou jetlag. Help my soek, man. God, what good is an export South African crayfish tail without her teeth?

CRAYFISH 2: Your passion gap will take you far!

CRAYFISH 1: Ag man, gaan skyt. Ek vat nie cheek van jou nie, hoor jy? Especially not so far away from Hout Bay.

CRAYFISH 2: Ek is moeg, man ...

CRAYFISH 1: Word wakker man! Stand up and be counted. Maar my God, Gatiepie, waar's djou bril?

CRAYFISH 2: Jisis, ek is blind!

CRAYFISH 1: Waar's djou spekticals?

CRAYFISH 2: Hoe moet ek weet as ek nie kan sien nie?

CRAYFISH 1: O my God hier sit ons in bits en pieces. Under embargo in a foreign land.

CRAYFISH 2: And in our stupid disguises. Me, like Lawrence of Arabia ...

CRAYFISH 1: And me like Yasser Arafat?

CRAYFISH 2: No one will think we're illegal South Africans.

CRAYFISH 1: Wat sal die mense by die huis sê as hulle ons so sien?

CRAYFISH 2: No, man, ek verlang so na die Kaap!

CRAYFISH 1: What a send-off we had. Everyone was there. Die Calamari's met die kinders met die groot bekke. Die Snoek Susters met hulle stink asems. Almal was so excited. 'Gatiepie en Maraai, julle's uitverkore onder die Kriefsterte van die Kaap.'

CRAYFISH 2: 'You are the chosen tails!'

CRAYFISH 1: Vous en moi!

CRAYFISH 2: Bon voyage, they say, all the way, Doris Day! Send us a card from the US of A!

CRAYFISH 1: En fok die sênctions!

CRAYFISH 2: Te moer met disinvestment!

CRAYFISH 1: En hier is ons nou, our disguises blown. Ek sonder my mobile bek en jy sonder jou roving eye!

CRAYFISH 2: Under arrest in the Big Apple?

CRAYFISH 1: Laat ons klink soos common criminals en robies, nè?

CRAYFISH 2: We can always ask for political asylum?

CRAYFISH 1: Waar gaan ek na 'n asylum? Is jy dan mal? My ouma was destyds daar by Valkenberg Asylum opgevreet!

CRAYFISH 2: Nè?

CRAYFISH 1: Ja, hulle't haar gepoach ook nogal!

CRAYFISH 2: Nè?

CRAYFISH 1: Ja, siestog, somaar gevreet sonder imagination, raai.

CRAYFISH 2: Jy bedoel sonder Thermidor of so iets fancy?

CRAYFISH 1: Ek sê mos: somaar common gevreet op wit brood met 'n wyn that was neither blanc nor noir!

CRAYFISH 2: It's enough to make a tail vomit.

CRAYFISH 1: Hou jou in, we've got enough problems. O God Gatiepie, we have no passports or visas!

CRAYFISH 2: We're crayfish tails non grata. They can torture us. They can switch off the deep freeze!

CRAYFISH 1: Maybe we should say we're from the Cape Flats. Personal tidbits of ou Alan Boesak. Victims of the system?

CRAYFISH 2: Ja? And if those Americans switch off the deep freeze?

CRAYFISH 1: Dan word ons bits en pieces summierlik vrot!

CRAYFISH 2: And I've never been to the US of A ...

CRAYFISH 1: What you mean, man, you've never left Hout Bay!

CRAYFISH 2: O Houtbaai? Ek verlang so na die Kaap ...

CRAYFISH 1: ... ek verlang ook na die Kaap ...

CRAYFISH 2: Hou my klou vas, Maraai ...

CRAYFISH 1: Gatiepie? Hier's my stertjie ...

(BLACKOUT)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Just a note to all first class passengers: superb crayfish tails are being served at the buffet on the poop deck. It has also been reported that passengers have been supplying food from the first class dining room to persons on G deck. We would like to point out that this gesture, no matter how well meant, is generally not appreciated by those on G deck. It is also against ship's regulations. Thank you.

(Dirk and Chris, the two security policemen, appear – not in uniform but with familiar gait and gesture.)



PDU as Dirk demonstrates how to convince a suspect

DIRK: What did the seagull say when it flew into Table Mountain?
(Chris reads from newspaper.)

CHRIS: 'One of the accused had his medical drip ripped out before being questioned and was whipped with a hosepipe.'

DIRK: One of the accused had his medical drip ripped out and ... what?

CHRIS: And whipped with a hosepipe.

DIRK: Yes, but before or after?

CHRIS: It doesn't say.

DIRK: It's a crucial piece of information. Was the medical drip ripped out before or after he was whipped with a hosepipe?

CHRIS: What difference does it make?

DIRK: A big difference. You have either two things: a) a medical drip or b) a hosepipe or just one thing that was first the one and then became the other.

CHRIS: So what?

DIRK: You've seen a medical drip? It's delicate, right?

CHRIS: Ja, I suppose so ...

DIRK: And a hosepipe is ... well, a hosepipe.

CHRIS: Okay.

DIRK: You get someone to hit you first with a medical drip and then a hosepipe. You'll suffer more under a drip. It's like a whip. The hosepipe is ... well, shit, I wouldn't use a hosepipe.

CHRIS: You did on the accused.

DIRK: I never used a hosepipe on the accused.

CHRIS: It says here: 'One of the accused had his medical drip ripped out before being questioned and was whipped with a hosepipe.'

DIRK: Bloody communist paper...

CHRIS: 'One of the accused was whipped with a hosepipe and another smashed to the floor.'

DIRK: Do they say he was beaten to death?

CHRIS: Eh ... no.

DIRK: Okay. 'Assaults on detainees, as long as they do not result in death, are justifiable.'

CHRIS: 'One policeman's policy was: you thrash him until he cracks, until he points out what has to be pointed out.'

DIRK: Ja, it's so ... what's the word? Sexual. Ja, 'sexual'. He's got something you want. He knows it. He knows what he's got and that you want it, that you would kill for it. But he doesn't give it to you. He doesn't open up. He plays hard to get. He plays the coquette.

(He now demonstrates on the dummy.)

So now you have to woo him. You take it slowly so that you don't spoil the climax. You are tender in the beginning. You stroke him gently with a live wire, avoiding the sweat pools of his terror, so that you don't blow a fuse and put the whole place into darkness. Then you feel the skin and touch it and pinch it and squeeze it with the tips of your fingers. Now he's getting hot. Hot and sweaty and tries not to scream because that would spoil it for him, because he's playing hard to get, but you don't let up. You take parts of his body and mould them together and stretch them and just as it looks like he's going to crack, you take out your gun and slide it into his open mouth feeling the teeth chattering against the cold metal. And then you pull him up towards you and whisper sweet nothings in his ear: 'talk to me, boytjie, tell me everything I want to know, or else I will have to come to the end of my wooing.' And then your finger tightens on the trigger and he feels your pressure against him and then the gun goes off in his open mouth! Click. Not bang. Not the climax yet. But the little bastard has cracked by now and

spoils all the fun because he blabs and blubbers and tells you everything you want to know. The names, the addresses, the secrets. And you know something?

CHRIS: What?

DIRK: You never feel satisfied, man. It's like being with a woman with no heart. There's no heart in the thing.

(Looks at the paper.)

Well, at least they put in a nice picture of us.

CHRIS: Yes, but what came first: the hosepipe or the drip?

DIRK: You'd better watch me carefully next time, which is in about 20 minutes. See you down in steerage.

CHRIS: Okay. I just want to shave and change my shirt. Oh, by the way, what did the seagull say when it flew into Table Mountain?

DIRK: Fffffuuuuccckkkkkk!!!!

(They exit.)

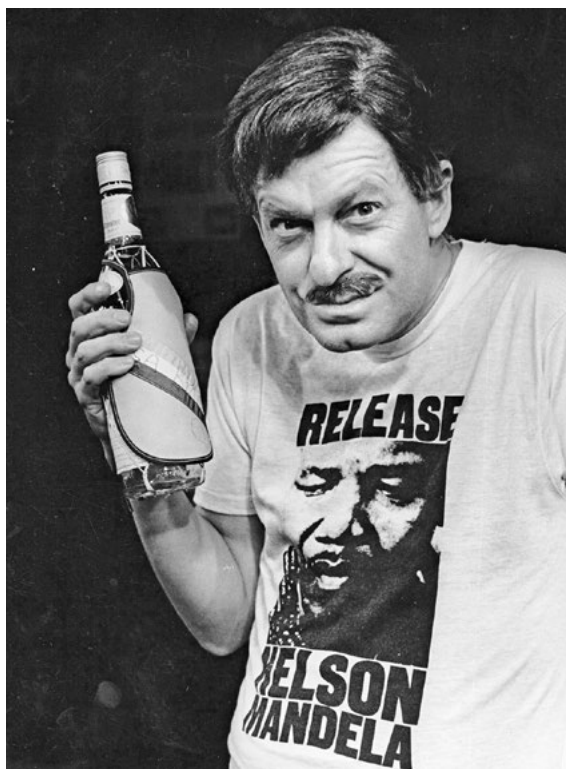
INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Just to remind you of the fancy dress. First the emergency bells will ring. This is just a practice run; we repeat: this is just a practice run. Please do not panic. Alhoewel u uniforms en gewere sien, is daar geen noodtoestand nie, ons oefen net. *(Bells ring)* All passengers report for lifeboat drill immediately. First class passengers collect lifejackets and full equipment and report on deck. Lifeboat drill for second and third class passengers is voluntary.

(Pik Botha enters as the public relations officer.)

PIK THE PR MAN: My name is Public Relations Officer Pik, and I am here to explain lifeboat drill procedures on the *SA Bothatanic* to all first class passengers. It is imperative that you all know what to do if the ship is suddenly forced to terminate its primary purpose. In other words, if this ship is not positively operational, or to put it more bluntly, if it sinks. However as far as we are concerned, this is unlikely, if not impossible. The *SA Bothatanic* as we all know is unsinkable. It has been carefully designed into three watertight chambers, also known as a tricameral

structure, which means that while one chamber might be declared unoperational for some or other reason that I cannot here identify under ship's regulations 14 (a), (b) and (c), the other two chambers, which are still operational, will therefore continue to function more or less normally, also for reasons that are sub judice and anyway not in the public interest to divulge at this moment in time. The only way the *SA Bothatanic* could find itself in hot and deep water is when all three chambers are simultaneously crippled by some major onslaught introduced from without. However this subversion is impossible, knowing the singlemindedness of Officer Magnus, Officer Vlok and Officer Coetzee. So don't worry. Nothing will happen. If it does, you won't know what hit you.

So here are some useful tips for your survival in a state of emergency. Firstly, obey all orders without question. Secondly, you each have a lifebuoy, either in the kitchen or in the garden. However no buoy will necessarily guarantee your survival. In fact, on the contrary. Thirdly, the ship's lifebelts, one of which I carefully hold in my free hand, are familiar to you all. The lifeboats can all be seen hanging on the sides of the ship. These lifeboats are beautifully painted and nice and clean, but are not operational as they will never be needed. I would just like to refute here with conviction and most categorically deny the vicious rumours being circulated on board this ship that senior officers of the crew have illegally sold off the only operational lifeboat to a Swiss



PDU as Pik Botha

concern. This is totally untrue! In fact, it is a lie! The Captain's one-man commission of inquiry will soon prove these allegations to be a good excuse to declare martial law.

There are two special lifeboats on the bridge. These are specifically reserved for senior officers, their families, friends and pets; adjunct-senior officers, their families and lawyers; all card-carrying members of the National Line and other broeders, as well as the odd nominated has-been and his pro bono lawyer. Your safety is our concern. Just do what you are told and everything will be okay. Thank you for trusting in the National Line. It makes sense.

(BLACKOUT)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Okiedokie! What next do we have on the have-fun-with-us-agenda? Right folks, it's the moment you've all been waiting for. It's the place to be at! The first class pool deck. Grab hold of your conscience, because it's the crossing of the line ceremony! So make way for the 256th Bothatanic Commission of Enquiry! Make way for the Lord-Agter-ste-voor, Justice Poesseidon!

(Poesseidon enters.)

Make way for the gracious corpse diplomatique, the one and only magician of the political Scrabble board, ons eie poep in die President's Council, Piet Promises with a PhD from Oxford and Cambridge!

(Piet Promises (Piet Koornhof) enters.)

PIET PROMISES: Baie dankie and thank you very much. I'm very glad to be here, but as you know, I might be who you think I am, but then I might not, as we in high places always catch the wind in our ears. Baie dankie. Let me introduce my objective friend, the Lord-Agter-ste-voor Poesseidon. He is also a law unto himself. He had just declared himself insane!

POESSEIDON: Accusations against us run down my back like a duck's water and as I have a finger in every legislative tart, I know it's better to have a state-of-emergency voël in the hand than have two borderwar-koeke in the bush!

PIET PROMISES: Af met die demokratiese broek en in met die totalitarian padda!

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: The lord chief justice will now speak.

PIET PROMISES: Hang on, Justice Poesseidon, hang on. (*Addressing the dummy, who is the white voter*) Now listen, dear passenger, if he asks you a question, just say yes. Say yes! You've been saying yes for 40 years. It will save me a lot of time and all of us a lot of trouble. Okay?

POESSEIDON: White voter! It is hereby decreed forthwith that you have in the past, not so long ago, all crossed the line from optimist to pessimist. (*Piet Promises encourages the dummy to say yes*) White voter? You have most of all crossed the political line from left to right. Are you guilty? (*Piet Promises encourages the dummy to say yes*) Is there one person among you who will stand trial for being a white voter? (*He is now addressing the audience*) Is there no one here who will defend what has made you Baas and not Klaas?

(*SOUND: A fanfare.*)

PIET PROMISES: Thank you very much, gracious Poesseidon, baie dankie oulike poes-dinges. Mr White Voter? Have you also heard rumours of another impending general election in the near future that no one wants in the first place?

POESSEIDON: Say yes!

(*They both cup their ears to hear from the dummy.*)

PIET PROMISES: Yes, thank you. What will you do as one of the four million out of 30 million who is allowed to vote? Will you vote?

POESSEIDON: Say yes!

PIET PROMISES: Yes, thank you. Will you vote PFP? Will you vote NRP? Will you vote HNP? Will you vote CP? Will you vote Independent etc? Or will you just accept this R20 note and vote NP? Say yes!

POESSEIDON: Say yes!

PIET PROMISES: Thank you white voter! Another landslide victory for the NP! Do you know what is going on around you at the present moment? Say yes.

POESSEIDON: Yes!

PIET PROMISES: Good. So you know about the restrictions in spite of the restrictions, the detentions in spite of the detentions, the shootings in spite of the chaos of the nightly weather report?

POESSEIDON: O shit, is *Dallas* on tonight at nine?

PIET PROMISES: White voter? Are you happy with your democracy? Say yes.

POESSEIDON: Oh yes!

PIET PROMISES: Good. You are therefore happy with your democratic state of emergency, your democratic detainment of people without trial, your democratic lack of democratic freedoms? Say yes.

POESSEIDON: Ja-nee.

PIET PROMISES: White voter? Do you care? (*Pause*) You must answer.

POESSEIDON: I heard the yes.

PIET PROMISES: Thank you white voter, you have once again proved that you will never cross any line. You will now get your just reward.

(SOUND: Music as the dummy is necklaced with a blow-up kiddies pool tyre.)

(Poesseidon and Piet Promises exit, leaving the dead dummy lying on the deck.)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Attention all mummies and daddies who can't be bothered to cross the line. If you have a child being attended to by our special educational staff for which the National Line is famous, tune in to your friendly ship's TV monitor and watch your child on TV. Jannie? Sannie? Who is going to talk to us first? Sannie?

(Johnny and Sannie skip onto the deck excitedly. They are monsters, spoiled brats.)



PDU as Sannie

JOHNNY: No, me, me, me! Our cat died. Our cat's name was Blackie and he died. We found him in the garden and he was very naughty because he was going next door and eating there and playing with the other kitties and we found him and said to him Blackie you've been so naughty you must get a smack and he wouldn't say anything so we said he must close his eyes and then when his eyes were closed we put a tyre round his neck and round his legs so he couldn't move and made a fire and then our cat died.

SANNIE: You lie! It never happened like that! You made it up!

JOHNNY: I didn't, I didn't, I didn't!

SANNIE: You did, you did, you did! We put the tyre round our kitty's neck!

JOHNNY: You didn't!

SANNIE: We did! It was a tricycle tyre. It was a warning. You people are bad. My pa says your pa is a bad person!

JOHNNY: My pa is not bad.

SANNIE: Your pa is a coward. My pa says your pa is on LSD! LSD! LSD!

JOHNNY: Only because he went to Australia to LSD: Look See Decide. My ma hates Australia. She says you can't get a decent maid there. My ma says she is going to stay in South Africa. My ma says she'd rather be killed in her own bed than get up and make it herself.

SANNIE: Sies, my pa says you are Jews!

JOHNNY: My pa says you are Nazis!

SANNIE: My pas sê julle is kaffer boeties.

JOHNNY: My pa says you are racists!

SANNIE: My pa sê julle is kommuniste!

JOHNNY: My pa says you are NP!

SANNIE: My pa sê julle is kak!

JOHNNY: My pa says I have the key to the future.

SANNIE: Toemaar, ons het al die sleutel vir die kas in die sitkamer. Pa sê as hulle op ons werf kom, kan ons die kas oopsluit en die gewere uithaal, mik, korrel en skiet! Want wat soek 'n kaffer op ons werf?

JOHNNY: We never use the Afrikaans word *kaffer*. We say it in English: kaffir.

SANNIE: Behalwe ou Jakob. Hy's ons kaffer. Hy verf die hele huis vir R10. Ons kan 'n kaffer vir minder huur, want die goed het nooit werk nie, maar ou Jakob is ons eie kaffer en hy kry R10 en hy's dierbaar.

JOHNNY: We give all our old clothes to our garden boy for his children, but they never say thank you. We must always say thank you for everything.

SANNIE: Ja, ons ook. Baie dankie, liewe Jesus, vir die lekker kos en klere ...

JOHNNY: ... and the sun and the birds ...

SANNIE: ... en mama en papa ...

JOHNNY: ... and mummy and daddy in Joburg and stepdaddy now married to mummy ...

SANNIE: ... en ou Jakob en Siena en daardie ander vet meid wat Woensdae kom om Siena te help houtkap ...

JOHNNY: Mary?

SANNIE: Ons ou Mary!

JOHNNY: She works for us! On Tuesdays and Thursdays!

SANNIE: Ons is nederig en dankbaar en ons is soet. Dan kry ons lekkers!

JOHNNY: We get jelly babies!

SANNIE: We also get jelly babies. Ek hou van jelly babies in rooi en geel en groen ...

JOHNNY: I like the green ones best.

SANNIE: I also like the green ones!

JOHNNY: The black ones taste funny.

SANNIE: Ja sies, I don't like the black ones!

JOHNNY: There are so many of them!

SANNIE: Ek gooi die swart jelly babies weg.

JOHNNY: I also throw away the black jelly babies ...

SANNIE: But I throw away the black jelly babies after I bite off their heads!

(He chases her off the deck amid laughter and screams of fun.)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Just to put you in the picture. The man who fell overboard had no head so identification could not be made. Otherwise the sea is calm and the three full moons are nice and bright. Will first class passengers please take their seats now for the premiere screening of the silent film *The President's Brain is Missing*. This picture is recommended for the children as the violence and corruption is very educational. They can also read the talk-titles. This treat is for first class passengers only.

(The nanny enters exhausted, and sits.)

NANNY: Au. Apartheid is not what it used to be. In the old days I knew where I stood. In my place. Now I can go to the cinema with Master and Madam. Now I can go to the opera with Kleinbaas Ashley. Now I can go to hotels and bars and steak houses and most beaches. Now I can do all those things, if I could afford it. Now I can go wherever I like as long as I don't trespass. No more pass laws. Now my handbag is lighter. No more Immorality Act. Now my naughty cousin Nomsa can be happy with her white boyfriend. No more Mixed Marriages Act. But my naughty cousin Nomsa is still not married to her white boyfriend because he's married.

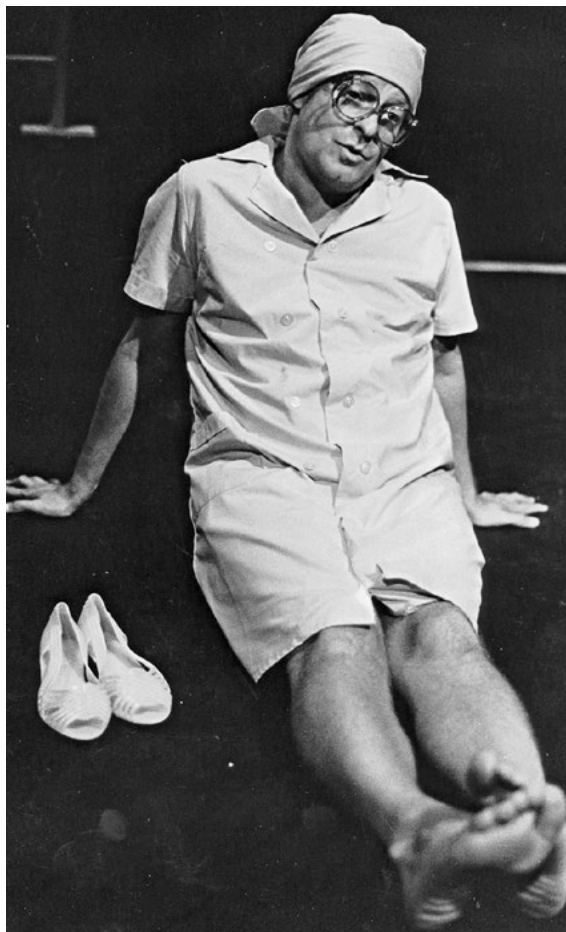
She says the government has taken away all the excitement of her hiding in the cupboard when her boyfriend's wife comes back early from the hairdresser and her husband is still in bed with the maid. Nomsa just says: 'Faster Master! The madam's coming!' But my naughty cousin Nomsa is also a wise woman. 'Men?' she says. 'They are all the same.' She laughs. 'Change and reform? Aikona!' So here I sit under a

sign in both official languages: Zulu and English, a black woman in a white place? Ja, net die Aia wat kyk na die kinders, the nanny in the green overall with matching doek. No one takes any notice of me. They just pass me by. Even their dogs, who are allowed here, don't bark at me, because here I am not a kaffir out of her place. Oh no, I am just Mary, the blackamatic-in-green looking after the kinders.

But there are no kinders. You see, I am not a nanny. I went to the supermarket and there I bought this special permit to the white man's world with its matching doek. So now I sit here all day and no one takes offence. I look around at the families and I think of mine. My child is eleven and runs with the Comrades. My daughter is in Lusaka. My husband is still in jail. Not famous; just a black man who fought for his rights. And here I sit and wonder: only when he is free and my children are free and I am free, can we work out all this change and reform.

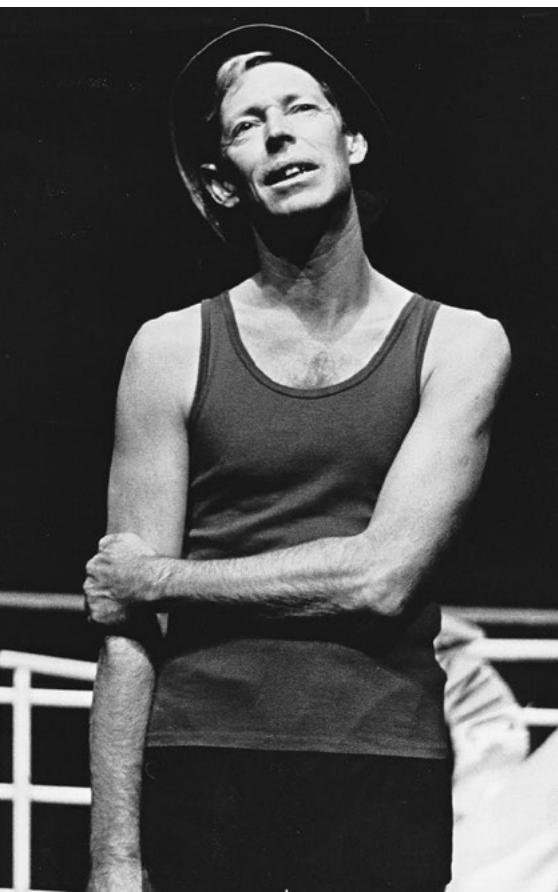
(*SOUND: 'Nkosi Sikelele' singing is heard.*)

They say the future of this country is black. But then why is the sea sand so white ...?



PDU as the nanny

(As she leaves, the troopie appears. They look at each other; then she exits and he covers the dummy with a sheet.)



Chris Galloway as the SADF troopie

THE SADF TROOPIE: It's happened again. How can a person swallow a blade? I just can't understand it. Last month that kid from Springs went and swallowed crushed glass. Jesus! Glass? I read in the paper about what some minister said in Parliament recently. That it happens about one a day? That's nearly 365 a year, one a day. And that's the attempted suicides. That's not the ones that succeed. The ones that hang themselves. The ones that shoot themselves. Now that's what I can't understand. You've got your gun and your bullets. You know how quick it can be. So why swallow glass or blades, for God's sake, when the SADF gives you the weapons to kill yourself with. *(Looks at where the dummy lies covered with a sheet)* And you were always so scared that they would get you and blow off parts of

your body and then what would your ma say when they showed her your bits and pieces to identify? I remember those films they showed us in basic training of what the terries do. Not only to us, but also to their own people. Terrible things like putting tyres round their necks and burning them alive. And what those Russian limpet mines can do.

I don't know what to believe any more. Who knows? Could it even be our own people who put those bombs into dirt bins and parked cars?

Just to make us whites hate the blacks more? I don't hate blacks. There are blacks in the army somewhere. I hate being in the townships. Jesus, I hate that more than anything in the world. Driving around in those open fish tanks with someone smoking a joint just in case some teenager throws in a hand grenade. Or we hit a Cuban land mine. At least you get a medal for that! You don't get a medal for swallowing crushed glass, because it's so shit having to shoot at the kids of the maid who used to bath you when you were small and tell you stories of what she heard on Springbok Radio. Shame, Springbok Radio is now also gone. Lots of things have gone.

I got a postcard from my friend Andre the other day. He got his call-up papers same time as me and managed to get out the next day via Zimbabwe. And now he's in Australia teaching Vietnamese kids how to speak English. He says Sydney is like East London. Horrible. But he says it's good to live a life without fear. Fuck him! Where was he when the lights went out? Well, I suppose if I had the guts I would have also said: Fuck it, I'm getting out of South Africa. I'm not going to kill the kids of our maid Mary. I also wanted to go. But then someone said: If you drop your gun and run, the person who picks it up might just have a passion to use it. At least if some of us are here watching, they can't get away with it.

I wasn't watching you. I'm sorry. I'm sure if I was there, you wouldn't have done it. I would've said to you: there's only a few more weeks to go, man. Think of the life after all this death. Maybe that's why you said what the hell ... what the hell ... they say that what we're doing is right. Jesus, I hope it's right. Because I can never one day say I didn't know what was happening. Jesus, I hope it's right ...

(He picks up the dummy with the sheet and exits with it.)

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT: Will Troopie Landman please report to G deck immediately? Troepie Landman? Meld dadelik aan vir aktiewe diens.

(Sounds of unrest and shouting from steerage as Captain PW appears on the bridge.)

CAPTAIN PW: Oh, what a beautiful morning, o wat 'n oulike nag. How I love standing on the bridge of my ship and looking north and south, east and west, and realising that we are still in the middle of nowhere. Ladies and gentlemen? This is your captain speaking. I have two very important announcements to make. Firstly, the fancy dress has been cancelled. Too much of the material used was flammable, if not explosive, and the attitudes contrary to my ship's regulation 14 (a), (b) and (c). And secondly, we no longer have a state of emergency. It's now become a way of life.

INTERCOM ANNOUNCEMENT:
Attention all passengers, aandag alle passasiers. The captain's cocktail party will now commence; die kaptein se Nasionale Party sal nou begin.



PDU as Captain PW

(SOUND: Backtracks for 'My Way' as the Captain sings.)

CAPTAIN PW (*Sings*): And now the end is near and so we face the final curtain

My friends I'll say it clear, I'll state my case of which I'm certain
I've lived a life that's full , I've travelled each and every highway
But more, much more than this, I did it my way.

(The First Officer enters in full riot gear:)

FIRST OFFICER: Captain? I think you must turn the ship around.

CAPTAIN PW: I'm sure you can handle whatever problem there is.

(SOUND: Backing tracks resume.)

CAPTAIN PW CONTINUES SINGING: Regrets I've had a few, but then again
too few to mention

I did what I had to do and forced it through without exception

I planned each chartless course, each careless step along the byway
but more, much more than this, I did it my way.

FIRST OFFICER: Kaptein, daar lê ysberg voor in die water!

CAPTAIN PW: 'n Uysberg kan niks aan my skip doen nie!

FIRST OFFICER: But Captain, it's not just one iceberg. There's also an
ANC-berg, A UDF-berg and an INKATHA-berg!

CAPTAIN PW: Don't change course!

FIRST OFFICER: But Captain...

CAPTAIN PW: I know where we are going. I just don't know how to get
there. South Africa ...!

(SOUND: Backing tracks resume.)

CAPTAIN PW CONTINUES SINGING: ... you laughed, you fought, you
cried; you've had your fill, your share of losing

And now as your tears subside, I find it all so confusing

To think I did all that, and may I say not in a shy way

Oh no, oh no, not me, I did it my way

For what is this land, what have we got

ons het die berge, the sun so hot

we have got change , play-play reform

while death and horror, remains the norm

FIRST OFFICER (*Pleads*): Captain, what do we do?

CAPTAIN PW (*Sings*): The record shows, I aimed the blows, and did it my
way!

(The SA Bothatonic hits the Uysberg.)

(BLACKOUT)

(In the silence a solitary violin plays the first bars of ‘Sarie Marais’. Then it seems to gurgle away under the water.)

(The two actors enter, still in costume. They both look heavenwards for help.)

CAPTAIN PW: Help ons! Ons kom na U nederig en bang. Dinge gaan nie so goed met ons nie.

FIRST OFFICER: As in the past, we come to You for guidance. As in the past You have shown us the way!

CAPTAIN PW: Ons het geleef volgens U Woord ...

FIRST OFFICER: We were ruled by Your laws and commandments. Please help us in this, our hour of need.

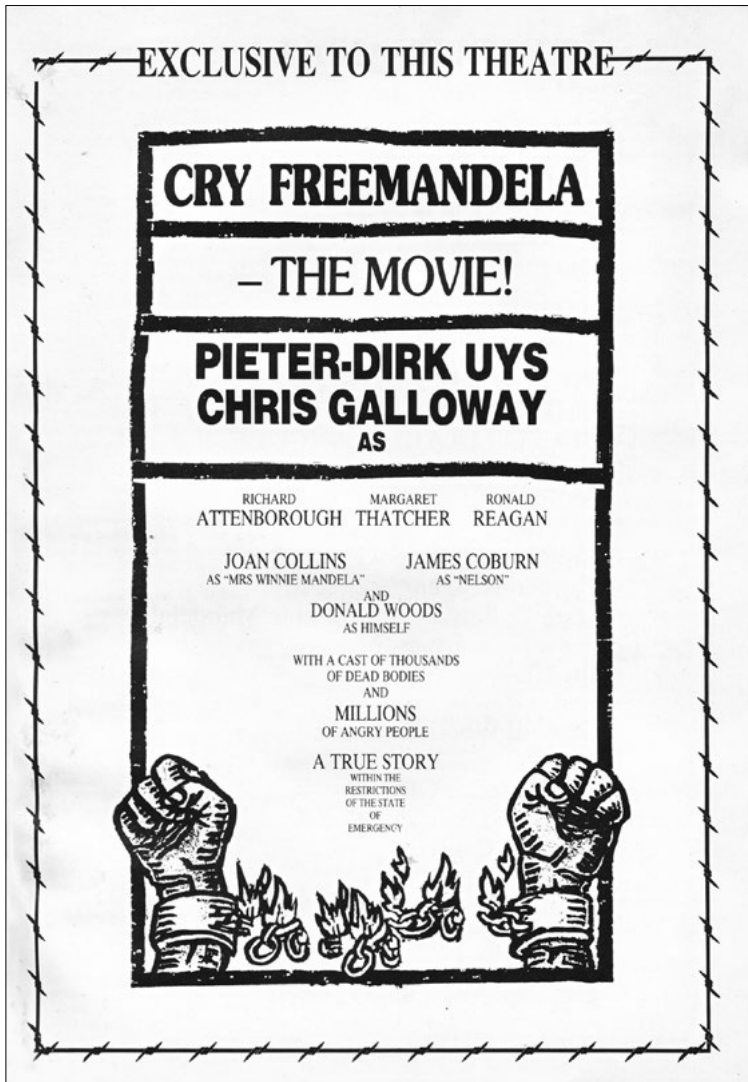
CAPTAIN PW: Help ons! O Here, wat moet ons doen?

A GODLY VOICE FROM ABOVE: This is a recording. We are busy at the moment and just can't take your call. But if you leave a message, we will get back to you as soon as we can. Please don't scream until you hear the bleep. Have a nice day. Sayibona.

(SOUND: An SOS (...---...) bleep as the performers take their bow and exit.)

THE END

1988
CRY FREEMANDELA
THE MOVIE



Taking the mickey out of politicians. *Cry Freemandela* is a belly-laugh from beginning to end. Yet beneath that laughter is the cruel realisation that it is the political folly in our country that we are laughing at. And this is where Uys succeeds as satirist: no podium rabble-rouser. He infuses a justifiable outrage at the political situation in this country.

– *The Sowetan* (Johannesburg) December 1987

Pieter Dirk Uys is a satirist at the very height of his career. The material in the revue could offend both right and left. *Cry Freemandela* will be playing to capacity houses for the duration of its run.

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) December 1987

It leaves us cold.

– *Business Day* (Johannesburg) December 1987

Tasteless and unfunny Uys.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) December 1987

I toured the United Kingdom and Europe from August to November 1987 with *Adapt or Dye*. The return season of *Rearranging the deckchairs on the SA Bothatanic* was scheduled to open at the Market Theatre in December. Then I saw Richard Attenborough's epic film, *Cry Freedom*, already banned in South Africa, on a big screen in Leicester Square.

'Cry Freedom is a 1987 epic drama film directed and produced by Richard Attenborough, set in late 1970s apartheid-era South Africa. The screenplay was written by John Briley, based on a pair of books by journalist Donald Woods. The film centres on the real-life events involving black activist Steve Biko and his friend Donald Woods, who was forced to flee into exile to expose the truth behind the death of Biko. Denzel Washington stars as Biko, while actor Kevin Kline portrays Woods. Cry Freedom delves into the ideas of discrimination, political corruption and the repercussions of violence' – Wikipedia

The film told a strong story and was brilliant at informing British audiences about the issues around the death of Steve Biko in apartheid South Africa. Here was the ABC of explanation; back home it needed the XYZ of solution. How would it go down in South Africa? It had American and British actors playing the local characters. Sitting in an SAA Boeing on my way home, I structured an answer to that question.

Skerper, meer bytend en donkerder, Uys die hofnar waag baie en wen; ook towenaar, jongleur, en koordloper van formaat. Soos 'n mens geleer het om van hom te verwag, is Mnr Uys 'n tolk van ons tyd wat vermaak en perspektief bring.

– *Rapport* (Johannesburg) Desember 1987

He is in a rare position of power and he uses that position to great effect. The show will probably upset people on all points of the spectrum.

– *Financial Mail* (Johannesburg) Desember 1987

It contains some of the best moments he has ever created. The framework is brilliantly topical. A fascinating new departure for him.

– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) Desember 1987

Pieter-Dirk Uys op sy beste. Sy onderstroom van dodelike erns kom al meer na die oppervlakte. Uys wil ons ongemaklik laat voel en hy slaag daarin.

– *Die Vaderland* (Johannesburg) Desember 1987

A one-man band is all very well and works so long as you don't trip yourself up. Had I a producer sitting next to me in that Boeing, he would've reminded me that I'd had a *Bothatanic* sold-out season earlier in the year and I was virtually guaranteed a three-week 'back by public demand' success. But I wasn't wearing my producer's hat.

If I'd had a director sitting next to me, sipping a martini, I would've

realised that three-weeks rehearsal on a new project was far too little time. But I was sipping a gin and tonic alone.

If I'd had a scriptwriter waiting for me at the Johannesburg airport, I would've given him at least a month to write the first draft. But I was all of them and none of them got a word in edgeways. The scribbled structure and dialogue on my lap was my answer to *Cry Freedom*. As usual I'd found some very thin ice and was going to confidently skate on it, with fingers crossed. During the season of this new onslaught, I don't think my feet ever stayed dry.

The man is still the most innovative satirist around. Uys's real genius lies in his mimicry of movement, intonation and facial expression.

– *Weekly Mail* (Johannesburg) December 1987

Uys se jongste is onsamhangend en gebrekkig.

– *Die Transvaler* (Johannesburg) Desember 1987

Uys pushes the boundaries of bad taste to the blackest reaches. For all its cleverness in concept, the show is disappointing and often boring with its laboured humour. This is a satire of tastelessness.

– *Pretoria News* (Pretoria) December 1987

Skewering apartheid! A dark satire – and much of the roaring laughter from mostly white audiences that greeted his previous productions has turned uneasy at best.

– *Newsweek* January 1988

A new subtler Uys begins to emerge. Sensitivity and pathos are strangely, and yet most effectively mixed with satire and irony in this up-to-date, yet somewhat unusual Pieter-Dirk Uys show.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) April 1988

Mandela would have loved this one! Uys manages to combine the whole mix beautifully. He maintains his message, but manages to blend in some humour, some pathos and whole lot of truth.

– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) April 1988

The moment I touched down in Johannesburg, I phoned Chris Galloway, who was all set to come up for the *Bothatonic* return season. I asked if he was sitting down and told him to stand by. I flew to Cape Town. I talked him through the new plot and plan. Was he game to take my hand and jump into the deep end with concrete shoes? We only had three weeks to rehearse. In the fourth week we would be on stage, not on the deck of the *Bothatonic*, but in the studios of Richard Attenborough. Chris laughed and said, ‘Yes, when do we start?’

Luckily, we were still outside the window of publicity and so we could change the title and details. The setting would be a selection of scenes being filmed for *Cry Freedom*, each on a backdrop that could be flown in from above. The Market didn’t have flies, so each background would have to be wheeled into place. The Cape Town venue, with all its mod cons, could fly scenery – a new experience for me. Chris was the perfect Donald Woods and the backbone of the story. I would develop my impersonation of Maggie Thatcher and find a new body language as Richard Attenborough. The challenge – to put it mildly – was to have the Maggie character play policemen, a doctor and eventually PW Botha. A director would have been a great help with this. Instead, Chris directed me and I directed everything else.

Outrageous, wicked and shameless! Here is a cryptic Uys at his best.

– *South* (Cape Town) April 1988

Uys’s new satire is a laugh a minute. Let’s hope his biting wit continues to sting the consciousness of those who continue to propagate the hypocrisy of apartheid.

– *Southern Mail* (Cape Town) April 1988

Cry Freemandela the Movie was cobbled together in a hurry, and it shows. Uys's most dangerous excursion so far into the darkness of our national soul and its international exploitation. Inevitably there will be controversy.

– *Sunday Star* (Johannesburg) April 1988

A note about the title: it was illegal in South Africa to print, publish, scribble or suggest the words 'Free Mandela'. So we put it out as one word – FREEMANDELA. The adverts were then allowed! Again the programme became my Act One:

A true story within the restrictions of the state of emergency with Pieter-Dirk Uys and Chris Galloway as Richard Attenborough, Margaret Thatcher, Ronald Reagan – and Joan Collins as Winnie Mandela, James Coburn as Nelson, and Donald Woods as himself – with a cast of hundreds of dead bodies and millions of angry people. The clapper boy is played by Arthur Molepo.

... and ...

A notice to the audience: you are hereby reminded that under present South African law Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisulu, Govan Mbeki, Oliver Tambo, Steve Biko, Donald Woods and parts of Winnie Mandela may not be quoted. No in-depth research into the reality of their points of view was legally possible. Therefore most of the characters in this entertainment are based on pure fiction and rumour and any similarity between them and any person living, dead or in prison is purely coincidental luck.

Niks kan vergelyk word met die gevoel wat 'n mens het, nadat jy Uys in volle swang gesien het nie. Dis net iemand van Uys se bekwaamheid wat so iets kan bewerkstellig. 'n Aand dus om te geniet, te verduur, te ervaar – en te moet sien.

– *Die Burger* (Kaapstad) April 1988

A really chilling sketch was the kicking to death of the golliwog (Biko), while Joan Collins (as Winnie) was a hit with the audience. – *The Cape Times* (Cape Town) April 1988

For the season in Cape Town at the all-white government subsidised and controlled Nico Malan Theatre, there was also a postcard included in the programme, addressed to Mr Stoffel Botha, Minister of Home Affairs, Hendrik Verwoerd Building, Parliament Street, Cape Town 8000, and written by hand:

DEAR MINISTER BOTHA

This is to Complain that CRY FREE MANDELA by P-D UYS at the NICO MALAN THEATRE is:

- a) offensive
- b) blasphemous
- c) permissive
- d) anti-ons mense
- e) promotes the ANC
- f) is subversive, disgusting, rude and true.

I hope you BAN IT, or else I will vote for the C P

Annonoumous [sic]

The publications act still allowed only one anonymous complaint to activate censorial action against any entertainment. We were holding thumbs that it still did!

As the audience is seated and ready for the show to start, the entire choral version of the banned ANC anthem 'Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika', which is on the soundtrack of the film *Cry Freedom*, is played. At the Market Theatre in Johannesburg this was applauded, but at Cape Town's all-white Nico Malan Theatre, it was not only totally unexpected but also dangerously illegal. Some people stood; most people dithered. Would they be arrested if they showed any respect? Are they guilty by association? Would the play be banned for playing something banned?



Mr. Stoffel BOTHA
Minister of Home Affairs
Hendrik Verwoerd Building
Parliament Street
CAPE TOWN 800,

✂-----

DEAR MINISTER BOTHA

THIS IS TO Complain that CRY
FREE MANDELA By P-D UYS
at the NICO MALAN THEATRE IS
a) offensive b) blasphemous c) permissive
d) anti-ONS mense e) promotes the
ANC f) is subversive, disgusting,
rude and true. I hope you BAN
IT or else I vote for the C.P.

Annonoumous.

Cry Freemandela

The Movie

Presented by three performers during late 1987 into 1988 at
* The Market Theatre Johannesburg * The Nico Malan Theatre
Cape Town * Applications to perform at The State Theatre in
Pretoria were not answered * Other venues in South Africa
approached were suddenly fully booked till 2000.

THE 1987 CAST

PIETER-DIRK UYS plays:

Sir Richard Attenborough

Mrs Margaret Thatcher

A policeman

A doctor

The voice of the puppet Ronald

Reagan

Emperor PW Botha

Miss Joan Collins (the film star)

Mrs Winnie Mandela

ARTHUR MOLEPO plays:

The clapper boy

CHRIS GALLOWAY plays:

A policeman

Donald Woods (friend of Steve
Biko)

James Coburn (a Hollywood
star)

RECORDED VOICES reproduce:

Sir Laurence Olivier

Marlene Dietrich

Richard Burton

Michael Caine

In the play's text, passages set within quotation marks ('xxxxxxx') indicate the dialogue of the film; passages without quotes indicate that the characters are speaking as themselves.

THE SHOW

(*SOUND: The full recital of the banned and anthem is played.*)

(*On stage Richard Attenborough is discovered sitting, facing upstage, in his director's chair; with his name on the back, reading a British newspaper. He turns to the audience as the anthem ends.*)

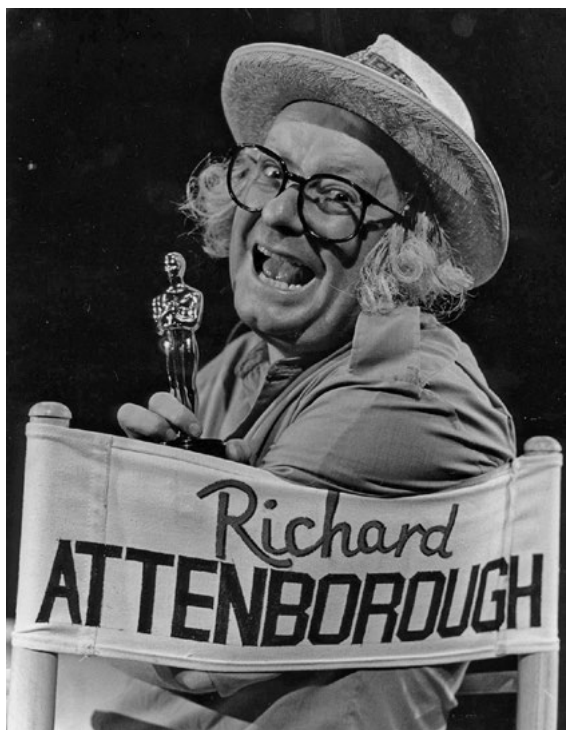
RICHARD: Hello my darlings, I am Sir Richard Attenborough, Oscar-winning director of *Gandhi* etc etc. (*Awaits applause which doesn't happen.*)

No, thank you for not applauding, no please darlings, please. There is a time and a place for clapping and cheering and complimenting, but it's obviously not here and now. No, darlings no, this is a very, very serious moment.

(*Takes out his handkerchief.*)

Frankly, if I hadn't rehearsed this on my VCR, I'd be in floods of tears, my darlings, floods of tears! You're about to see *Cry Freedom* the *Movie*. Oh, it's a small film, a mere trifle and yet, in its own dear way, a great personal statement of commitment to freedom and a commercial indictment of the universally accepted intrinsic evil of apartheid and, if it doesn't get me another Oscar, I'll make a musical about Dr Verwoerd and call it: (*With difficulty in Afrikaans*) *Daar's 'n mes in my jugular ... a mess? Oh, Afrikaans! 'Daar's a Mes in my jugular'*.

(*The clapper boy brings Richard an Oscar on a tray.*)



PDU as Richard Attenborough

Oh, thank you. Just one? Thank you my darlings, I'm not worthy of it. I only did it because I'm an old-fashioned liberal Mary Poppins about the underdog. But thanks all the same for the Gandhi ... I mean this Nelson ... I mean that Oscar. I'm not worthy of it and that's a fact, darlings ... (*Lifts the Oscar and weighs it*) ... it's a bit light, isn't it? (*Bites it*) Oh, yummy, how many 'ingots' did you say?

What you are about to see in *Cry Freemandela the Movie* are the facts. The lives of great men and women, embroiled in their struggle for freedom. The eternal heartbreaking story of bloody sacrifice and never-ending love, of unbridled, unchristian, unspeakable evil and repulsive, menacing Afrikaners. South Africa, where the generous black heart beats with a shining white light of hope, and the pasty white skins of the oppressors ooze and ejaculate the stench of their racist Nazism. Where, because they wouldn't allow me to talk on their pathetic SABC when I was there, South Africans won't see my film so fuck them. But you will, my darlings! You will see *Cry Freemandela the Movie* in wide screen, in colour, in Dolby, all four hours of it. *In eternus cinematicus!*

As I have said, a small film, a mere trifle that owes much to many. Firstly thanks to Dr Malan, Advocate Strydom, Dr Verwoerd and Mr Vorster whose tireless, brutal dedication to institutionalising apartheid created the *raison d'être* for this film and without whom *Cry Freemandela the Movie* would never have needed to be made at all. Also thank you to Mr PW Botha, who could have recognised Steve Biko's relevance, and released Nelson Mandela before I released this film, thus making me horribly irrelevant and the film rather old hat. But, bless him, predictable to the end. Then thank you, oh thank you!

To the beautiful, the brave, the expensive Saint Winnie of Brandfort, Mother of the Nation, Mrs M herself, who incidentally is not getting a penny from this film, and is now going to court to sue me for her royalties. Spoilsport, Winnie darling? Naughty, naughty! Hello there to pretty Mrs Biko, who could have played herself in the film, but alas she is not commercial enough darling, darling. Then thanks to the hero of my film, Nelson Mandela, for just staying where he is, because we all still think he is six foot tall anyway.

Thanks also to a great hero, a great adventurer, a great journalist, who singlehandedly swam the mighty Sparrowcock River and escaped the wrath of the vicious evil South African police force, the horrible South African security forces, the vile South African crocodiles, the yucky South African tsetse fly and the repulsive South African receiver of revenue and brought his story to me, to *moi*: Thanks Donald ... eh ... what? Hoods? Oh ... no, Woods! Donald Woods.

Then thank you, briefly but deeply, to my old chums from the old *Carry On* days, who are taking part in my film free, yes darlings, free! They have all donated their huge fees to the ANC nonviolent Education Fund to keep the ANC politburo in exile supplied with Havana cigars and Scotch whisky for the next year. Bravo to Joanie Collins, to James 'Jimmy' Coburn, to Ronald 'Ronnie' Reagan and dear Margaret 'Maggie' Thatcher for their no mean contribution to my trifle. And yes, to Donald ... Hoods? ... Woods, who plays with himself throughout *Cry Freemandela the Movie*!

Darlings? Let me run and put this little chap (*The Oscar*) with all the others. Toodle-loo, cheerio and cheerie-bye. I'll be narrating the film just to keep you in the picture, in case you also get lost as I did in the maze of South African politics when I tried to track down that sainted woman in Brandfort on a hot and dusty day. But that, my darlings, is another tall story. Take it away ...!

THE CLAPPER BOY ANNOUNCES AND CLAPS: Title sequence / take 1

(*SOUND: Dramatic music. Richard Attenborough conducts it and then, through a hailer, he directs the title sequence.*)

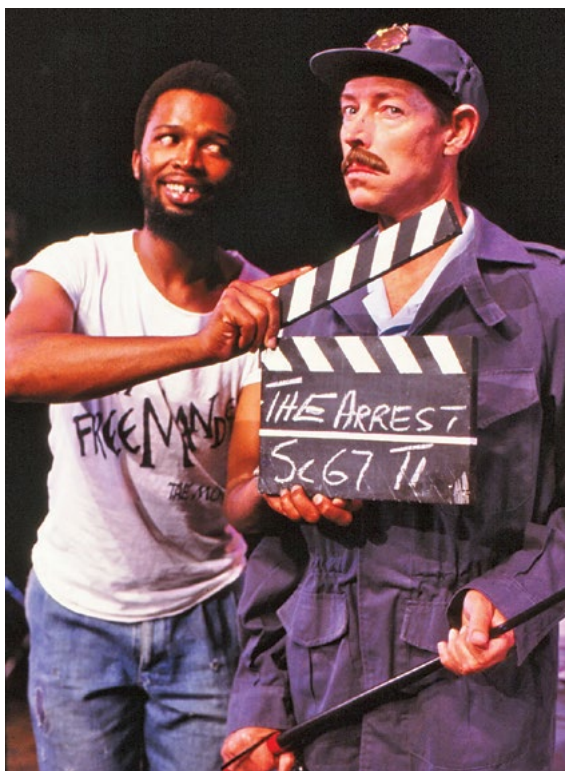
RICHARD: Darlings, I am directing the title sequence here: 'Cannon Films ... Casspir Pictures ... 20th Century Hippo proudly presents *Cry Freemandela the Movie*: a true story within the framework of the present state of emergency.' Now a long shot of the surf crashing onto the rocks ... (*Sound effect of waves on rocks*) ... seagulls ... (*Sound effect of seagulls*) ... Table Mountain. Alright dear Larry, take it away, darling! (*Richard exits.*)

THE CLAPPER BOY: Intro narration / take 1 / stand by Sit Laurence Olivier
OLIVIER (RECORDED): 'South Africa. The soft sensual underbelly of the tough and tortured continent that is Africa. The paradise of the wild and the playground of the free buck and antelope, the loerie and the dove. It is still. It is quiet. Time ceases to exist. Life is a mere buzz track to existence. And then, suddenly ...'

(The policeman enters and acts a 'vicious policeman'.)

POLICEMAN: 'Okay, you fucking kaffir bastards! Move your arses! Die boere is hier! Okay, there is too much liberal undercurrents here. Everybody will listen to what I has to say, and if you don't, we will take you to John Vorster Square and kick you in the balls, smack you round your tits if you're a meisie, and/or throw you out of the seventh floor, which is anyway your own fault because you slipped on the soap in the shower, you bleddie communist bastards!'

(SOUND: Dance music: the policeman dances. The clapper boy applauds. The policeman drops his acted character and goes over to the clapper boy for a mug of tea.)



Arthur Molepo as the clapper boy and
Chris Galloway as the policeman

POLICEMAN: So what's so funny?

CLAPPER BOY: You! You think talking like that will get you a part in this film?

POLICEMAN: I've been trying for weeks. I'm perfect for the part!

CLAPPER BOY: Ja, but they're just getting people from overseas to act in this film

POLICEMAN: But my pa is a policeman, and my uncles. And my grandpa. I come from a long line of sersants!

CLAPPER BOY: Anyone can play a sersant. You must attract the producer's attention. That's how I got this job as clapper boy. I told some jokes.

POLICEMAN: Hey! I'm good at that. 'Why do women have legs? So they don't leave snail trails on the floor!'

CLAPPER BOY: Political jokes, my bra. This is a political film.

POLICEMAN: Political, hey? Okay. 'Why don't black babies play in sandboxes? Because the cats keep covering them up!'

CLAPPER BOY: Listen man, let me help you. 'What is a zebra?'

POLICEMAN: A zebra? A type of bok?

CLAPPER BOY: A zebra is a victim of forced racial integration.

POLICEMAN: Oh, I thought it was a bok.

CLAPPER BOY: It is ... okay, try this: 'What is a guerrilla?'

POLICEMAN: Ha ha, easy. Your grandfather! No? Okay, what is a guerrilla?

CLAPPER BOY: A guerrilla is a South African soldier in Angola.

POLICEMAN: No, that's too hard. No man, can't I attract the producer's attention some other way? I'll even play with his piepie!

CLAPPER BOY: You could hide in the back of a truck and then jump out of the boxes and shoot at the school kids?

POLICEMAN: I want to be a film star man! Or on TV. I'll do anything to be famous.

CLAPPER BOY: Then just be yourself.

(British Prime Minister Mrs Margaret Thatcher enters, talking on her phone.)

MAGGIE : No! No! No! My stand on sanctions is final. The boers are reforming. They're allowing people of different races to marry on condition they promise not to live together.

(The clapper boy encourages the policeman to 'act'.)

POLICEMAN: 'Where? I'll kill the bastards!'

MAGGIE: Hang on, there are too many extras sitting here. (*She refers to the audience*) I'll phone you later. Goodbye Comrade Mikhail... and love to Mrs Gorbachev. (*She hands the phone to the policeman*) Here corporal, take this phone and tap it, will you? It's alright to go now, I'll take charge. (*She looks out at the audience*) What a splendid multiracial crowd.

POLICEMAN: 'It makes me want to vomit. *Sis!* Multiracials?' (*He glares at the audience*)

MAGGIE: Yes. (*Recites*) 'Multiracial. All welcome. Right of admission reserved!' It's an old British trick we tested in India.

CLAPPER BOY: Tell her a joke, man. Practice!

POLICEMAN: Hey lady? What did Adam say to Eve? 'Stand back. I don't know how big this thing gets.'

(*Maggie doesn't get the joke. The clapper boy just shakes his head. The policeman exits dejected.*)

MAGGIE: Sir Richard? Are you out there? (*Calls*) Hello Dickie?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Maggie darling, you're not in this reel of the film. This is still the 1970s. I'm trying to establish South Africa then. The realities of the brutal policies of Vorster and his thugs. And then I'll move to East London introducing the Hoods ... eh ...

MAGGIE: The Hoods? Aren't they usually in Pretoria?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): The Woods! The Woods family and Donald Woods's friendship with a black man, Steve... eh ...

MAGGIE: A black man? I don't know many of those. I met Mugabe and I just didn't like him. Trying so hard to be one of us. Oh yes, dear old Kenneth Kaunda. But he so reminded me of an old monkey, poor thing.

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Now please wait for reel two, Maggie, when you come on as (*SOUND: Rustling of pages*) ... as an Afrikaner policeman who arrests Steve Biko ... ah yes, that's the name of the chap: Biko! You arrest this Biko and nearly beat him to death. Then you come on as ... (*He pages*) ... as a South African doctor ...

MAGGIE: Medical?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Oh yes, this doctor doesn't bother to treat Steve what's-his-name and lets him die ... then you're on as ... (*He pages*) ...

MAGGIE: Sir Richard, must I play all these awfully brutal men? Isn't there someone familiar I can identify with?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): ... yes, you refer fleetingly on page 78 to 'Adolf Hitler'.

MAGGIE: Oh. Any chance of playing someone nice? There must've been someone nice somewhere?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Of course there were nice people around South Africa then; I'm sure there still are now. But history will never give them a thought. The world is bored with Nazis and Auschwitz. Thank God we've now got Afrikaners and Soweto.

MAGGIE: But, Sir Richard, really I don't like playing all these Afrikaner policemen. I know we furnish them with uniforms made in Manchester, but they all sound Cockney to me and you know how I feel about the lower classes.

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): You're doing terribly well, Maggie dear. Just call all your characters Botha or Terre'Blanche or Kruger or De Klerk or Malan, and you're well on your way to getting the audience to grope for the rotten tomatoes. Now get back to the No 10 dressing room, Maggie. I'm in charge here, darling. Stand by everyone: next scene is East London in the 1970s.

OFFSTAGE VOICES: Silence on the set! Silence! Silence! Stand by for a take! Stand by! Stand by! Mark it!

CLAPPER BOY: Scene 1 / take 1 / The Woods' house in East London

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Let's go darlings ... Lights! Camera! Action!

(SOUND: Music underscores the following scene.)

(Donald Woods enters with a Daily Dispatch newspaper and a toy cat.)

DONALD: 'The name is Woods, Donald Woods. My wife is called Wendy Woods and we live here in East London where I run a newspaper. This is our cat Natalie Woods. Our children are nicknamed the Vienna Woods. We're just an ordinary happy white liberal South African family.'
(The music stops.)



Arthur Molepo as the clapper boy, PDU as Richard Attenborough,
Chris Galloway as Donald Woods

Sir Richard? I changed the script here and added some funny bits. You know, universal references: Natalie Wood, Vienna Woods?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Stick to my brilliant adaptation of your dreary book, Thing-a-me darling. Stand by Take 2!

CLAPPER BOY: Scene 1 / take 2 / the Wood's house in East London

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Let's go darlings: Action!

DONALD: 'I am a white South African and could have been played by a galaxy of minor stars who aren't in *Dallas* or *St Elsewhere*, but when no one came to the auditions, Sir Richard decided to spend some money on the biggies. Sean Connery was too old and Vanessa Redgrave wouldn't allow Timothy Dalton to do me. Michael Douglas was busy. Sylvester Stallone couldn't get rid of his accent. And so here I am playing myself. I have radically changed as a person in the first few pages. I once used to be a liberal; I allowed our maid to watch *Dallas* while she was doing the ironing. But now, thanks to the terrible things that are happening in South Africa, we have become progressive: we

do the ironing, while our maid watches *Dallas*. Because I'm paying income tax to this hated Vorster regime, I feel like a collaborator. But what can I do? My activism is restricted to writing editorials of protest in my own newspaper. Like so many white liberals, I am committed. Oh yes, totally dedicated to evading responsibility. Until this page. Yesterday as far as I was concerned "forced removals" were just a painful form of contraception. But not anymore. Now I believe in real power sharing: now we help the maid to do the washing-up while we all watch *Dallas*.'

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Okay darling, skip all the boring crap about your awakening from complacent white liberal to relatively angry moderate wanting the best of both worlds. Skip the next page. Let's get a smidgen of sex and violence.

DONALD: Sex and violence ... ?

(*Maggie Thatcher enters.*)

MAGGIE: At last! This is obviously my cue. (*She acts*) 'Hello my name is Margaret Thatcher. I am a radical British prime minister in my third term, because I am radically right. I am seen by the left as the dictator, which is ridiculous. One is always right and seen to take some consultation. If a woman like that Eva Peron with no ideals can get that far, think how much farther I can go with all the ideals that I have.' (*She stops acting*) Right. Are you someone important?

DONALD: The name is Woods. Donald Woods.



PDU as Margaret Thatcher

MAGGIE: Woods? Any relation to Sir Henry Woods of BBC Promenade Concert fame?

DONALD: No, I'm just an ordinary person. (*Under his breath*) Sir Dickie doesn't want to be upstaged by anyone famous. He doesn't even allow us to drop names.

MAGGIE: Can you?

DONALD: Eh ...

MAGGIE: Are we in this scene together? (*Calls*) Sir Richard, are you there? (*She pages through her script*) What exactly does 'Third World' mean? It's all over my page 89. 'Third World'? Brixton, I suppose ...

DONALD: Third World is the area in the immediate vicinity of Sun City.

MAGGIE: Oh goodie, Sun City. Are we shooting there too?

CLAPPER BOY: Maybe, Madam Ironing Lady. This government's definition of independence is the right of designated ethnic groups to their own place in the sun: at the Marula Sun, the Venda Sun, Mmabatho Sun, Wild Coast Sun, Thaba Nchu Sun ...

(*Then he claps*) Scene 43 / take 1 /Donald Woods banned / stand by Sir Laurence Olivier

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Here comes the second part of your little narration, Larry dear. Action, darling, action.

OLIVIER (RECORDED): 'It was a day like another day ... and yet it wasn't. It looked like any other house but no, it ain't ...' Ain't ... ? 'They should've looked like any other policemen, but they couldn't. They were John Vorster's policemen. They broke down the front door and stampeded into the living room. Of the wrong house. Eventually Donald Thingie-me stood on his stoep and called out:'

DONALD: 'Hello? Are you manne looking for me?'

(*Enter Maggie as another policeman, with a Halloween pig snout over her nose. Maggie 'acts' her version of a South African policeman.*)

MAGGIE: 'Are you Donald Woods, editor of the famous *Washington Post*?'

DONALD: 'The local *Daily Dispatch*.'

(*Maggie stops acting.*)

MAGGIE: Really? It says the famous *Washington Post* here.

DONALD: No, it's just the very ordinary *Daily Dispatch* really.

MAGGIE: Never mind, who cares. (*She acts*) 'Donald Woods, you are hereby declared a banned person.'

DONALD: 'A banned person? You mean ...?'

MAGGIE: 'I mean you are restricted to your home. You can't be in a room with more than one person at a time ...'

DONALD: 'You mean, just me and my shadow?'

(*He sings the last four words.*)

MAGGIE: 'That's the law. Bastard.'

DONALD: 'But what about Natalie Woods? Can she be in the same room with me?'

MAGGIE: 'Is she a person? Or is she a person?'

DONALD: 'She's our kitty cat.'

MAGGIE: Who cares. (*She acts*) 'Bastard cat!' (*She hits the toy cat; then as herself*) Oh dear Lord, I find the South African accent so difficult!

DONALD: You sound more cockney than cockeyed!

MAGGIE: It's because these scenes are set in East London. How awful. No one seems to get the South African accent right.

DONALD: Sol Kerzner? And that nose makes you look like ...

MAGGIE: ... yes, Hendrik Verwoerd. I also complained. Surely that's not right? Oh pish, who cares about authenticity. (*She acts the policeman*) 'Donald Woods? You are declared a banned person' ... bla bla bla ... '... because you are a communist bastard and will be punished!'

DONALD: No, I am a Methodist! (*Repeats his intro*) 'Hello. The name is Woods. Donald Woods. My wife is called Wendy Woods and we live here in East London where I run a newspaper.' (*He carries on till Maggie snores; he nudges her awake*)

MAGGIE: Oh ...? (*She acts*) 'You own an expensive shortwave radio for the purpose of listening to overseas broadcasts?'

DONALD: 'Yes, Spike Milligan and the Goons ...'

MAGGIE: 'That makes you a communist, you rooinek bogger!'

DONALD: 'I'm just an anti-apartheid bogger, Sergeant Swanepoel.'

(*Maggie reacts snorting like pig through her pig snout.*)

MAGGIE: 'Bastard! Donner! Vark! The name is Visser, not Swanepoel. Visser!'

DONALD: 'I am not a communist, General Visser. I'm just against institutionalised discrimination.'

MAGGIE: 'Then you're in the wrong place. Go to Australia!'

DONALD: 'Australia?'

MAGGIE: (*Gives advice*) Oh yes, there they have a system of institutionalised discrimination being applied to all you white South Africans wishing to live there. (*Acts the policeman*) 'And don't talk back, you cheeky piece of rubbish.' (*As Maggie*) My God, who wrote this dialogue?

DONALD: History.

MAGGIE: 'Shut up, bliksem!' (*She beats him*)

DONALD: No, wait ... wait (*Calls*) Sir Richard? I was never beaten by the police ...

MAGGIE: Oh hush dear, they'll pay you another thousand dollars.

DONALD: Beat me! Beat me!

(*Maggie beats him, then exits, leaving him acting pain.*)

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Cut! Looks good. Standby for scene 46!

CLAPPER BOY: Jisis, violence! Unrest! What is madam ironing lady's definition of unrest, I wonder? The inability to relax at a multiracial gathering? (*He claps*)

Scene 46 / take 1 / The hero under house arrest / Miss Dietrich stand by for narration

(*SOUND: Music associated with Marlene Dietrich underscores the following: Marlene's words are recorded, while the clapper boy 'acts' out what she says.*)

MARLENE (VOICEOVER): 'And so because his freedom was taken from him ... (*Clapper boy takes away Donald's Daily Dispatch*) ... he became aware of those around him who were used to their featureless existence ... (*Clapper boy gestures towards audience*) ... he talked to them ... (*Clapper boy mimes talking*) ... his hair turned whiter ... (*Clapper boy puts white powder in Donald's hair*) His family was victimised. Natalie Woods was his only constant companion ... (*Clapper boy puts toy cat in Donald's arms*) ...

as he scratched out his story ... (*Clapper boy hands Donald a toilet roll and a pencil*) ... on scraps of paper, hoping for that chance to escape and tell the world about his friendship with an extraordinary man ...'

(*Maggie enters, wearing a Hitler moustache.*)

MAGGIE: Hang on there, Miss Dietrich. (*Calls*) Sir Richard? I really don't understand this. On page 308 it says 'enter as minister of justice', but then on page 435 it says 'exit laughing'. I can't find my costume for the part of this minister ... 'Jimmy Kruger'?

DONALD: No, I can explain that. Jimmy Kruger is minister of justice, but they already have someone else for the part.

MAGGIE: Oh fiddle-dee-dee, Sir Richard! I spent hours sorting out this moustache, but do I now wear a uniform? Or just that bland Broederbond suit?

DONALD: Don't worry, Minister Jimmy Kruger is playing himself.

MAGGIE: Really? I thought he was dead?

DONALD: Yes ... (*The clapper boy hands him the urn*) ... look at your page 435: 'Just throw his ashes to the wind and exit laughing.'

MAGGIE: But what do I say?

DONALD: It's there, on the urn.

MAGGIE (*Reads*): 'It leaves me stone cold?' And in a stone-cold urn, too. There is a God.

DONALD: Not when Steve Biko needed him.

(*Donald exits.*)

MAGGIE: Steve who?

(*Maggie exits practising the Nazi salute.*)

CLAPPER BOY (*Reads from the script*): 'Scene 52 / take 7 / A black man dies Bantu Steve Biko was part of the future of this country when he died in police custody.

(*He talks to the audience.*)

The minister said he died of a hunger strike. The minister said he used his democratic right to starve himself to death. The minister said: 'His death leaves me stone cold'. The minister thought it would be the end

of it. But it was just the end of the beginning. If Steve Biko had lived today, the anger so brutally ended in 1977 might have been moderate in comparison to the anger now in 1987. You whites have done something terribly wrong. You will now carry your guilt of countless horrors and that guilt will be a terrible birthright to every white baby born in South Africa for generations to come ...

(He looks back at the script.)

Oh, all that dialogue has been cut for this next scene. And it seems there can only be one take.

(He claps.)

Scene 4 / take 1 / A black man dies

(BLACKOUT)

(A spotlight: A golliwog is thrown into the light. Four feet in police boots can be seen.)

(SOUND: Frank Sinatra sings 'I get a kick out of you'.)

(While he sings, the feet in turn dance around the golliwog and kick it to death. At the end of the song, red confetti showers down on the dead golliwog.)

(A slow BLACKOUT)

CLAPPER BOY: Scene 53 / take 1 / A doctor is called

(Maggie enters as the Jewish doctor, still wearing the moustache during this scene. The clapper boy gathers up the golliwog and sweeps the confetti, ignoring the doctor, and exits.)

MAGGIE AS THE DOCTOR: 'This is outrageous. Yes, move the body. Clean up! Outrageous! Can't a person be left alone for at least the hors d'oeuvre and the pork cutlets? *(He has a knife and fork in his hands and wears a table napkin)* Okay, I am surprised. As true's God, I really didn't



PDU as Maggie Thatcher as doctor, Chris Galloway as Donald Woods

think there was anything wrong with him at first. I mean, he looked like any other kaf ... person sleeping off a drunken binge. Anyway, let me tell you now that I'm here, it could have waited for me to finish my dinner! Nothing happens in the cells in PE. The only reason I'm doing this after hours is because the guys cancel my parking tickets and patrol my neighbourhood so that the kaf ... vagrants don't have a chance to break in and steal all my things. They just wanted a clean slate, so don't bother me. I've been acquitted of all blame. My life goes on till we can get the hell out to Canada or Australia and then I can be a doctor again. That is, if you don't dig up old cows with this fucking film and give me a bad reputation.'

(Donald has entered during this, still writing on his toilet roll.)

DONALD: You're a doctor. You have a reputation.

MAGGIE AS THE DOCTOR: 'Don't be such a klutz. You can't see the woods for the shekels. Keep quiet, for God's sake, and let me die comfortably in Perth or Vancouver.'

(Maggie/doctor exits.)

DONALD *(Calls)*: What did you say your name was? Doctor? Dr Lang? Tucker?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Cut! Let's try that scene with a different accent tomorrow. We can't upset the Jews.

CLAPPER BOY: Scene 67 / take 1 / Donald gets a call

(Phone rings. Donald picks up. We hear the voice at the other end.)

VOICEOVER: 'Donald? I can't talk. Get out! Now!'

DONALD: 'But they watch the house all day and night. They tap and bug this phone!'

VOICEOVER: 'Well yes, the reason I will be speaking Latin now is therefore obvious. Donaldicus?'

DONALD: 'Affirmicus?'

VOICEOVER: 'Fuckofficus!'

(The end of the phone call.)

DONALD: 'My God, it's time to say goodbye to my home, my hearth and my beloved Natalie Woods. My kitty friend? *(He cries)*

'Come, Wendy Woods, bring your bobotie recipe and the phone number of your cousin in Surbiton England. Bring the little Vienna Woods and meet me in Lesotho. I must disguise myself and try and get out of here. Let's see ...

(He unfolds a big map.)

'I could go to Jan Smuts and take a plane? No, no one will notice. Let's see: Durban? A boat? No, too long. Let's see: Ah? What's this funny little dried-up river? Die Mossiepielspruit? That will look good in *The Guardian*: The Sparrowcock River! I'll disguise myself as someone nondescript ... A priest?

(He adds enough 'disguise' to look like Tutu.)

'This is all too-too much. But what about my precious manuscript? It's too bulky to hide on my person. Ah, Natalie Woods, you will be my saving Grace Kelly. I will stick; I will jam; I will ram the manuscript up your little Uranus and so smuggle it out of South Africa. Come Natalie Woods. Close your eyes and think of Hollywood.'

(He stuffs the manuscript into Natalie the Cat.)

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Cut! Okay, darlings, let's do another take on that scene. Too much so-called animal cruelty. Stand by narration? Richard Burton? Hello darling!

CLAPPER BOY: Scene 23 / take 1 / The escape / Mr Richard Burton stand by for narration

(SOUND: Music underscores the narration by Richard Burton.)

(The houselights come on. Donald, holding Natalie Woods, escapes through the auditorium and if necessary over the audience members.)

RICHARD BURTON (RECORDED VOICE): 'And so Donald-Dinges-Thingeme escaped from South Africa. Disguised as a Nobel-nobody he got away from the dogs ...

(Sounds of dogs barking.)

... the police in pursuit ...

(Sounds of sirens and shouts.)

... they were actually after a bank robber but never mind ... and soon found himself on the banks of the mighty Mossiepielspuit.

(Donald on the edge of stage.)

With a might leap he immersed himself in the raging waters ...

(Donald gets off of the stage; sound of a small splash.)

... and made for the shore across to Lesotho and freedom, leaving behind the full might of the South African onslaught baying for his blood.

(SOUND: SATV news jingle.)

Crocodiles attacked him ...'

DONALD: 'Voertsek jou donnerse ou krokodil!'

RICHARD BURTON (RECORDED): '... and when he reached the shore, he was roared at by an impala! *(Sound of an impala jet flying over)* ... but he was safe. He was in Lesotho ...'

A KUGEL (VOICEOVER): 'Well, not quite Lesotho yet, doll. Go up the gravel road and turn to the left. That's Lesotho. Turn right for the tarred road to Bloemfontein. Okay? Bye!'

RICHARD BURTON (RECORDED): 'In the Lesotho Sun, he is reunited with his family.'

(Donald embraces some in the audience.)

DONALD: 'Wendy Woods? My little Vienna Woods? What a relief. It's me! In disguise!

(Takes off the Tutu bits.)

'Before someone asks me to either marry them or bury them, let me just slip into something a little less obvious and then I'll get our United Nations Refugee Citizen-of-the-World-passports and free first class air tickets at the expense of the British government. Wendy? We're going home!'

(He skips his way out of the auditorium towards the foyer.)

I'll be on all the talk shows on the BBC and Channel 4! And on *Good Morning America*! And I'll lecture at universities. And I might even meet film stars and they can autograph my scrapbook. And dear Natalie Woods? My poor kitty who drowned in the Mossiepielspuit? We'll have you restuffed and put into Madame Tussauds! Next to my wax-me!

(He exits to the foyer.)

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Lovely darling. Cut! Print! Let's look at the next scene...

VOICEOVER: Mr Attenborough? There's a Miss Joan Collins to see you?

(SOUND: Music from Dynasty.)

(Joan Collins enters.)

JOAN COLLINS: Dickie? Darling? Sir Richard? Dickie! Maybe I shouldn't think so small. *(Calls)* Dick?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Alexis darling! I'm up here? Just been practising my autograph on the bathroom walls. How are you? Don't tell me! I want to know everything. You're divorced at last. Didn't I warn you, darling? Warn you about that man, Dex Dexter? That he was just after your money and so he was!

JOAN COLLINS: Balls, darling! You're mixing me up with Alexis Carrington Colby, Dickie darling. I'm Joan Collins, quite the opposite of Alexis. I got rid of husband number whatever, Peter Holm, because

home was where his heart wasn't.
And yes, he was after my money
and got none. So ...

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Now Joanie,
you realise the risks I've gone to
by casting you in this major
starring role? Do you realise it's
colour-blind casting?

JOAN COLLINS: Darling, yes, yellow
is just not me!

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): It's a huge
part!

JOAN COLLINS: I'm always grateful
for those ...

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): It could
make you a Star!

JOAN COLLINS: I am a Star, thank
you very much!

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): I mean, an
ethereal star. Ingrid Bergman
played Joan of Arc, Charles
Heston played Moses, Jeffrey
Hunter played Jesus Christ, and
you ...?

JOAN COLLINS: Jeffrey who??

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): How do I
describe your character in the
script?

*(Joan Collins pages through her
script.)*

JOAN COLLINS: Eh ... 'Winnie: a
cross between Princess Diana and
the Virgin Mary.'

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): So?



PDU as Joan Collins

JOAN COLLINS: I want a challenge, Dickie. I want to play someone real.

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): What if I tell you that this woman commands the loyalty of millions of people?

JOAN COLLINS: I'm leaving, Dickie ...

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): ... that she has been nominated for countless prizes: Nobel, not so noble and others?

JOAN COLLINS: I'm listening, Dickie ...

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): That she was on the covers of *Time* and *People* ...

JOAN COLLINS: I've been there, darling. I'm going ...

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): That she wears Bill Blass and Calvin Klein originals?

JOAN COLLINS: Which I get to keep?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Of course. And all the jewellery!

JOAN COLLINS: All the earrings? Bracelets? Rings?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): You keep everything, darling!

JOAN COLLINS: Does this character wear necklaces?

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): They're her speciality. Chunky designer numbers that glow in the dark.

JOAN COLLINS: Very me. Say no more, Dickie, I'll do it.

(She opens the script and reads.)

I enter 'as a social worker' ... meet him ... he's six-foot tall, hair parted in the middle bla bla bla ... they have their first date ... a disaster as everyone wants to talk to him about their problems. Shit Dickie, who is this man? Blake Carrington? The Pope?

(She reads.)

They marry ... mmm, not the Pope. He gets arrested. She has a baby ... Baby?

(Clapper boy puts black doll in her arms.)

Oh? She has this baby? ... he is sentenced to life imprisonment ... she has another baby ...? Oh no, this is ridiculous! Where do I put it? My designer bag, my designer script, my designer condoms, and now two designer babies? *Dynasty* was a picnic in comparison. And now ...

(Clapper boy brings her another black doll.)

... another baby?

(She now has two black dolls.)

... excuse me? Surely this can't be right. I mean these are just stand-in babies?

(Looks at the two black dolls.)

Lovely ... two babies, a six-foot tall husband in jail.

(Reads from the script and 'acts'.)

'I never married a man. I married a struggle.' Oh? Very dramatic lines, Dickie. I love them. 'I never married a man. I married The Struggle.' Needs music.

(SOUND: Dynasty music underscores.)

She is allowed to visit him on Robben Island? Really? I'd prefer Majorca. 'I wait. He enters, still six-foot tall, hair still parted in the middle, greying at the temples. Tears come to my eyes. "Winnie", he says ...'

(Hollywood star James Coburn enters as Nelson, but the wrong Nelson – Lord Horatio Nelson of Trafalgar in full regal uniform, with black patches on both eyes, a white stick in his hand, dragging a back-to-front toy ship on a leash.)

JAMES COBURN: 'Winnie? Shiver my timbers and swash my buckle. Walk my plank and be hale and hearty!'

JOAN COLLINS: James Coburn? What the hell are you doing in this art film? And dressed like that?

JAMES COBURN: 'Land ahoy ... ha-ha ... and what have we here? A pretty lass? A virgin wench, forsooth? Let me Braille over you. I know those two cannon balls from anywhere ...'

JOAN COLLINS: Go jump off the poop deck, James!

JAMES COBURN: Joan Collins! The American Open!

JOAN COLLINS: The British Open if you don't mind. James-bloody-Coburn? This is a serious film and it might get me noticed by Fellini and Spielberg, but I can't do it with you mooning about dressed like that. Who the hell are you supposed to be anyway? Captain Hook? Captain Blood? Moby Dick. Ha-ha!

JAMES COBURN: James Coburn.

JOAN COLLINS: No fart face, your character!

JAMES COBURN: I'll give you a clue. 'Kiss me, Hardy!'

JOAN COLLINS: Ask the Marines.
(Calls) Dickie?

JAMES COBURN: Come on, Joanie, where is your legendary sense of humour?

JOAN COLLINS: On the cutting room floor. (Calls) Dickie? I'm walking out!

JAMES COBURN: Relax, Joanie. This is just another crappy movie.

JOAN COLLINS: Oh no! This is a film of commitment, a film of truth, an experience of deep emotion and recognition. You are obviously in the wrong film!

JAMES COBURN: No, honey, I'm not. I'm Lord Horatio Nelson. Kiss me, Collins!

JOAN COLLINS: No, you randy fossil, you're not supposed to be Lord Horatio Nelson!

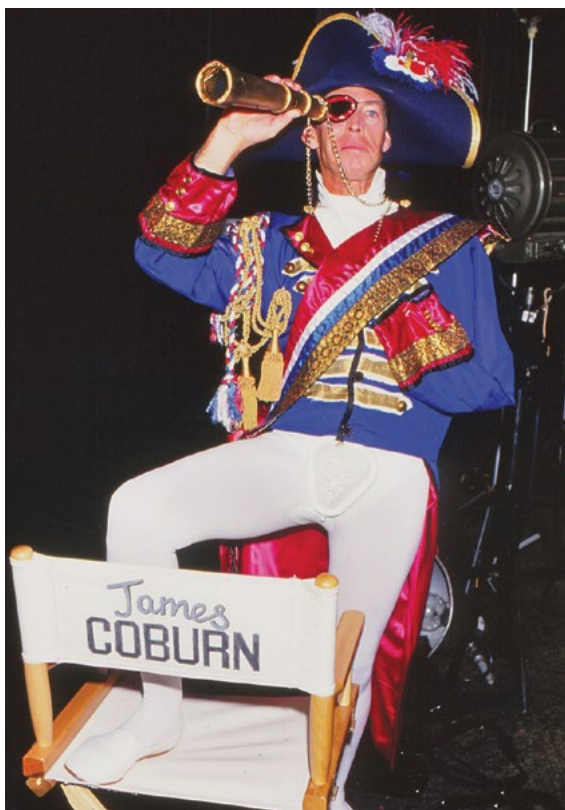
JAMES COBURN: I'm not? (He removes an eyepatch) Mother! I can see!

JOAN COLLINS: You're Nelson Mandela, the imprisoned leader of the banned African National Congress, now languishing in Pollsmoor Prison after 27 years of languishing.

JAMES COBURN: Not Lord Horatio Nelson? Who has it off with half-naked Bo Derek as that Hamilton woman?

JOAN COLLINS: No, James, you play probably the most famous political figure in the world today. A man who has not been seen or heard for 27 years!

JAMES COBURN: Troy Donahue.



Chris Galloway as James Coburn

JOAN COLLINS: The real leader of the South African people. The emperor of Azania!

JAMES COBURN: The emperor? You mean I play that WP Botha guy?

JOAN COLLINS: Not if I play your wife.

JAMES COBURN: No, that's true. So okay, I'm your husband; you're my wife. What do we do now? Go out and have dinner in a limo? Take in a show? Fight? Fuck?

JOAN COLLINS: You're still in jail. You're also a banned person, which means you can't be heard; you can't be quoted by anyone, not even me. So whatever you think is irrelevant.

JAMES COBURN: So that's why my agent sent me up for the part?

JOAN COLLINS: Your picture may also not be seen.

JAMES COBURN: You mean I don't exist?

JOAN COLLINS: Oh, but you do! You will through this film. This is an important step towards the liberation of South Africa.

JAMES COBURN: It is?

JOAN COLLINS: Yes, the setting is Cape Town ...

JAMES COBURN: Sorry. It's against my agent's principles to go to apartheid South Africa, even as a character. Can't they change the setting to something more acceptable? Monte Carlo or Las Vegas?

JOAN COLLINS: Sir Laurence Olivier's also in the film. If he believes in it, why can't you?

JAMES COBURN: Sure, but he's used to playing them.

JOAN COLLINS: Playing who?

JAMES COBURN: Them. Blacks. He spends a lot of his time playing that Othello dude.

(Joan Collins looks down at her two black dolls.)

JOAN COLLINS: Why do I have this feeling that someone's keeping me in the dark. Okay, let's look at page 450 and see what happens. It's before your arrest. I come into your office in Johannesburg and you and Tambo are talking about the ANC ...

JAMES COBURN: Is that important? The ANC?

JOAN COLLINS: My darling, if I'd known about the ANC, I wouldn't have had such a messy divorce.

JAMES COBURN: Ah, anti-nuptial contract.

JOAN COLLINS: Okay. The door bursts open and the police run in. Led by Michael Caine with a South African accent!

CLAPPER BOY: Scene 190 / take 1 / The arrest

(SOUND: Doors crashing and feet running. all sounds and voices recorded to represent a typical SA police raid.)

(Strobe lighting on James Coburn and Joan Collins as they 'act'.)

MICHAEL CAINE (RECORDED VOICE): 'Sergeant van Niekerk? You get the biggie Chief Albert Luthuli. Sergeant Naude? You look after Walter Sisulu; he's dangerous, hey, bleddie dangerous. Sergeant Louw, you take special responsibility for Oliver Tambo. He's bleddy clever. Watch him closely, hey. Sergeant Swanepoel? You get Nelson Mandela. He's a cheeky bugger, partner to that fellow Tambo. Communist and cheeky kaffir. And I want him alive ...'

(In the strobe lighting, figures come on and drag off 'Lord Nelson'. Joan Collins is left crouching with her two black dolls. The strobe lighting stops.)

JOAN COLLINS: 'Oh no, no, Nelson, no! Don't leave me with a baby ... no, two babies...!'

(She has a second thought.)

Me? Black babies? Dickie?

(Then she acts for her Oscar.)

'Oh no, my husband is in jail for life and without the benefit of television and the Pulitzer Prize. The international media will ignore him for years to come. I get banished to the middle of nowhere, Nelson, seeing you only on those rare occasions over champagne and oysters ...' Oops, hang on. Script please?

(The clapper boy comes up with her script and two pieces of ethnic material. He takes the two dolls from her and exits. Joan Collins opens the script and reads.)

‘... seeing you on those rare occasions through that glass in a booth in the prison? Waiting, waiting, waiting.’

(She puts down script and wraps the larger piece of material around her body in African style.)

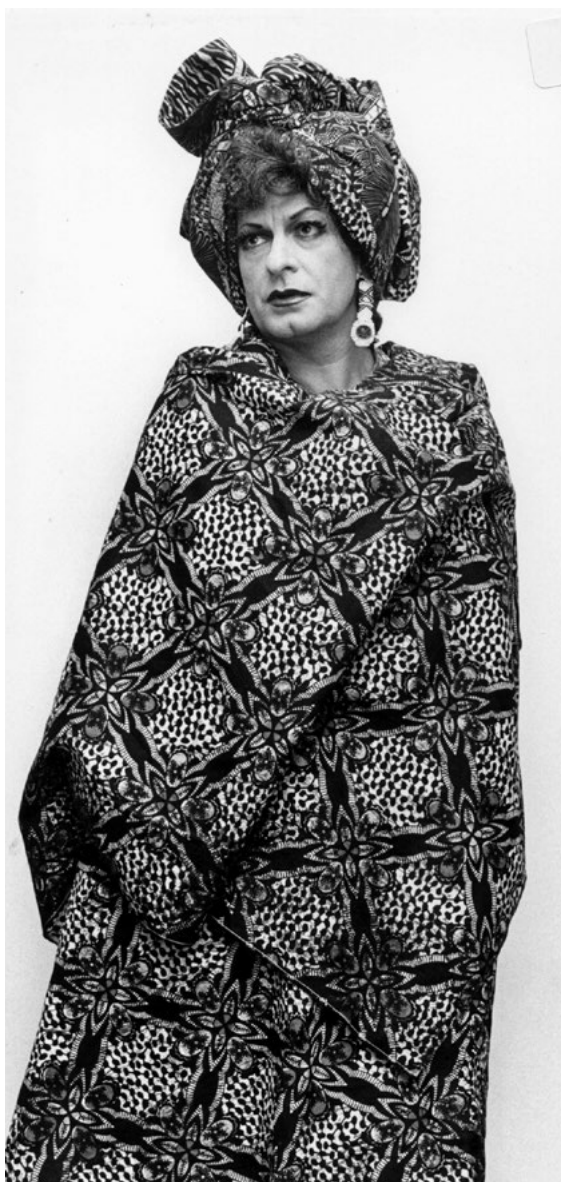
‘But then I never married a man, Nelson, I married The Struggle.’

(She ties the smaller piece of material round her hair in African fashion.

Lights fade down to a spot on her ‘through a window’ that leaves the shadows of ‘prison bars’ on the stage round her. She gives the speech simply and in reality.)

JOAN COLLINS AS WINNIE MANDELA: ‘When my husband was transferred from Robben Island to Pollsmoor Prison in Cape Town in April 1982, the most logical explanation in the public mind was that they wanted to bring him closer to Groote Schuur hospital, that there must be some truth in those rumours about his health after all. It was a shocking thing for all of us. The enquiries that came were just unbearable. I didn’t know about

it. I was studying at home one day and sent one of the children to get me a newspaper. And there I see the front page story and I also heard it from the television in the evening. Sometime later I got a letter from



PDU as Joan Collins as Winnie Mandela

the prisons department in the usual cold way, informing me that my husband had been transferred to Pollsmoor Prison.

‘My first trip there was an unforgettable experience: the drive to the prison itself through the plush suburbs of Cape Town; the most beautiful scenery, with those original colonial buildings. An area I had never been to, because I get confined to the address I usually stayed at down there. I just prayed that he had also seen that scenery, the vineyards, the beauty of this country he was dying for. Because having been confined to the island for 20 years, obviously he had forgotten about the ordinary vegetation, how lovely the country is. But Nelson looked well. Very well. Incidentally, he hadn’t seen one tree on his way to the prison. They were transported in an army truck which could take ten elephants, and they were put in some special cage, he said. There were three of them. They had to stand all the way. It is about an hour’s drive to the prison. He said the last time he saw a blade of grass was on the island as he was leaving. Now he only sees the sky.

‘The prison is in a valley. He must be in a part of the prison that is so enclosed that he can’t even have a view of the mountain. Isn’t it strange that there can still be a difference between nothing and nothing? That island, which was nothing, which was death itself, suddenly became a paradise. There he had a little garden where he used to till the land with a fork and watch plants grow. And he was free to move around in the big yard. There he had a cell with his name engraved on the door to give him that psychological feeling of eternity. This, now, is the end of life. The irony of it all. Pollsmoor is a virtual palace when you compare the structure itself to the other place. And yet he is certainly worse off there than he was on Robben Island. But still Nelson is that same man who left us those many years ago, and who will come back to us in that same spirit. Nelson exudes that. You don’t have to ask. You don’t have to be told. If you know him as well as we do. His spirit remains untouched.

(The clapper boy sings ‘Nkosi Sikelele’ softly under her words.)

‘All his colleagues are also just as untouched as he is. They are absolutely

fantastic. Such total dedication. Such total commitment. No soul erosion whatsoever. They are all like that. They are totally liberated, of course. It is a government in exile. The fact that they are incarcerated is just a reality they have to put up with. They give each other the mutual inspirations and the unshakeable belief that they are fighting for a just cause. And the incoming new prisoners support them in the knowledge that the struggle outside continues.'

(A slow BLACKOUT)

CLAPPER BOY: Scene 83/ take 1 / Around the pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel

(SOUND: Marilyn Monroe sings 'Running wild, lost control'.)

DONALD: 'Hello? Excuse me, my name is Donald Woods and I'm here in Hollywood. And that's my wife Wendy Woods with the Vienna Woods and this was our cat Natalie Woods. And I have a wonderful story about a wonderful inspiring man called Steve Biko. And you must read it, because it will make a great film and it will tell the world about this man that I wished I'd known for longer.'

VOICEOVER: 'Sorry, Don baby, not commercial enough. Have a nice day.'

DONALD: 'Have a nice day.'

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Cut! No, darling, too dull, too apologetic. Stand by for take 2!

CLAPPER BOY: Scene 83 / take 2 / Beverly Hills Hotel

(SOUND: Marilyn Monroe sings 'I want to be loved by you'.)

DONALD: 'Good afternoon, the name is Woods. I'm a banned political refugee exile from South Africa and I knew a young man who was the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement in South Africa, who was also the 46th person to die in police detention and here is a first-draft

movie script that will tell the world what happened to him on 12th September 1977.'

VOICEOVER: 'Oh come on, man, this is ten years later. The world has changed since 1977. Don't you know? Or don't you know! Have a nice day.'

DONALD: 'Have a nice day ...'

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Cut! No, darling, too heavy, too political. Try something the public will understand. Stand by take 3!

CLAPPER BOY: Scene 83 / take 3 / Beverly Hills Hotel

(*SOUND: Marilyn Monroe sings 'I'm through with love'.*)

DONALD (ON THE PHONE): 'Hi, Donnie Woods here. Have I got the property for you! Hot, man, hot. Paul Hogan will love it. Crocodile Dundee? No man, Crocodile Woods! Great cameos for Sidney Poitier, Harry Belafonte. Even a walk-on for Michael Jackson and a wink from Bill Cosby? Reverend Jesse Jackson? Great idea! We can shoot him in the White House! Sorry, the Black House ... never mind. Songs? Sure, great songs. Dance? Rhythm? Great African beat. Paul Simon? Sure, he can write the music! Oops, no! He can't write the music! Little cultural boycott buster! It's a winner, man! Like the *Great Escape*. Think *Raider of the Lost Ark*. Africa and martyrdom. A cross between *The Gods must be Crazy* and *Gandhi*!'

(*SOUND: Music from Gandhi.*)

(*Richard Attenborough enters as Gandhi, holding his Oscar.*)

RICHARD: Did someone use my talisman in vain? Would you please allow me to read your opus magnum? Just up my Via Appia. Time to bring that fascist government to their knees, if only to hear them beg to have their names mentioned in my film!

(*He sees the clapper boy.*)

And what have we here! Dear dear boy of interesting hue! I am planning

a devastating film on Mother Theresa and you'll be perfect for the part. Dear putty-in-my-hands? Please step into my closet. My name is Sir Richard, but you can call me Cute Old Dick!

(He exits with the clapper boy.)

You have really attracted my attention ...

(Donald stays behind, now isolated in a spot.)

DONALD: If I could speak to every person on this globe, I would speak of my friend Steve Biko who died naked on the floor of a prison cell, after suffering torture and torment at the hands of men who represented an especially horrible form of evil: the evil of racism which inflicts hatred and rejection upon its victims for being born with a dark skin.

I would tell them of how the society that bred such a system then exonerated his killers, condoned the laughter with which their superiors greeted the news of his death and voted the man chiefly responsible for it back into office with an increased majority.

I would tell of how Steve Biko's death, although especially tragic for me, was by no means the first of its kind in South Africa nor the last and that it was but the most publicised, most heightened dramatisation of the ultimate effect of unbridled apartheid. Steve Biko's death could be registered as a symbolic representation of the suffering of all black South Africans under the apartheid system. His death was physical. Most of the deaths caused by apartheid are spiritual. There are countless deaths of morale and hope and self-esteem.

For many of his fellow citizens, Steve Biko ended such deaths of morale. He shattered many of the psychological bonds that used to shackle young blacks in South Africa. In terms of the spiritual self-esteem of young blacks in South Africa particularly he was a breaker of chains. Perhaps that, far more than any other, was the reason why the system killed him. Help finish the work of Steve Biko. Help smash the remaining links of the chains he broke, and let the sound of his voice and his words echo around the world so that chains may be broken wherever they hold in bondage the bodies and minds of men.

RICHARD (VOICEOVER): Cut! Print! Lovely darlings, I have a live satellite

interview with Los Angeles and the world. Back in a tick. Have some tea. Oh my God, here she comes again.

(SOUND: The anthem 'God save the Queen'.)

(Queen Maggie Thatcher enters with crown and pomp, holding ventriloquist's dummy Ronald Reagan, with Maggie giving it the voice of Ronnie.)

MAGGIE: Hello everyone! Now don't prostrate yourselves. My name is still Margaret Thatcher and I'm a legend in my third term. And who are you? Are you an irrelevant walk-on in this film? Or are you someone we should know?
DONALD: I was a friend of Steve Biko's.

MAGGIE: You too? Steve, dear Steve. He was my best penfriend. Wonderful chap. Great spirit. Died so young, like James Dean? We so miss him, don't we Ronnie?

RONNIE: What?

MAGGIE: Hearing aid's slipped up his arse again. Ronnie? This boy knew Steve Biko. Isn't it a small world? This is Ronnie, leader of the free world. Say hello to the nonentity, Ronald?

DONALD: Donald. I'm the hero of this film now.

MAGGIE : Not any longer. You go and play with your Lilo in the Persian Gulf, dear. This film is not big enough for two heroes. Fuckofficus!

DONALD: Sir Richard? Do you still need me? Hello?



PDU as Maggie Thatcher with
Reagan puppet

(Sad music: Donald finds a small South African flag in his pocket, gives it a little wave of longing and exits unnoticed.)

RONNIE: Well, all I can say at this stage, is that really I didn't know what was happening anywhere from start to finish, and well, as we used to say in Hollywood: That's how the cookie crumbles!

MAGGIE: Oh, that was wonderful, Ronnie. Inspired. Say it again, Ronnie, say it again.

RONNIE: Say what? I can't remember what I said, Ginger.

MAGGIE: No Ronnie, I'm not Ginger Rogers!

RONNIE: Nor am I Roy Rogers, Jane honey!

MAGGIE: No Ronnie, I'm not Jane Wyman!

RONNIE: Wasn't some famous fool once married to that old iron clitoris?

MAGGIE: Oh fie, Ronnie, that's what you called me last night! But then I suppose you say that to all the girls?

RONNIE: Girls? I don't remember any girls. I just remember sending a cake to the Ayatollah and then sending some bombs to the Contras and then invading somewhere and abandoning someone and .. oh yes, Nancy, not getting the Nobel Peace Prize after eight years on the job? Nancy honey, I want a prize, any prize!

MAGGIE: What about an Oscar, Ronnie?

RONNIE: Oh, can you arrange that, Maggie? I want to play the lead in a movie with a happy ending before I go and join Louis B Mayer in that studio in the sky.

MAGGIE: And so you shall. *(Calls)* Sir Richard? Dear old Ronnie will be wonderful in the part of the hero. He's so forceful and a very good liar. I'd say, cast him as this Donald ... what was his name?

(She looks around, but Donald has left.)

RONNIE: Reagan. Donald Reagan. Gee thanks, Maggie. Is this where I turn into Bill Cosby?

MAGGIE: Yes Ronnie, this is where Bill Cosby comes out of that horrid Pollsmoor Concentration Camp near Cape Town, stepping over the dead rotting bodies of little black babies and their mommies and daddies.

RONNIE: Like in Nicaragua and Sri Lanka?

MAGGIE: Just like Northern Ireland and Chile, Ronnie.

RONNIE: And full of dead kitties and doggies?

MAGGIE: Whatever you like, Ronnie, even dead kitties and doggies.

RONNIE: Like Iran and Iraq?

MAGGIE: No kitties or doggies left there. They eat dead things in Iran and Iraq. You must remember Ronnie, we only take part in civilised revolutions.

RONNIE: So we can have a happy ending?

MAGGIE: What do you say, Sir Richard? It is Christmas. Could there possibly be a happy ending to welcome 1988?

(The clapper boy runs in and hides. The policeman we met at the beginning enters gloweringly. His quirt is a magic wand.)

POLICEMAN: A happy ending? You want a happy ending? This is December 1987 in South Africa and you want a happy ending? There is a state of emergency. We're fighting a bloody war in Angola. There is martial law in the townships. Press censorship. The blacks don't like us and you want a happy ending? We have detention without trial and political prisoners. A right-wing, neo-Nazi opposition and a communist onslaught? And you want a happy ending? Why not!

(He waves his magic quirt. All freeze. He focuses his waving towards Maggie.)

(SOUND: A Christmas carol fills the air.)

(PW Botha emerges out of Maggie Thatcher: he takes his glasses from her handbag; the policeman takes a cloak from the clapper boy and hangs it over PW's shoulders and crowns him with imperial laurels.)

PW BOTHERA: Baie dankie, thank you. Please do not prostrate yourselves, I am here incognito. *(To policeman)* That was a very nice thing you did. You really attracted my attention. I hereby appoint you as ... what can you do?

CLAPPER BOY: He tells funny jokes, Imperial breeder.

PW BOTHA: Jokes?

POLICEMAN: What is your definition of one man, one vote?

PW BOTHA: Oppas boetie, that's no joke!

POLICEMAN: No no, your version of democracy is one in which all whites vote for one man.

PW BOTHA: That is a nice joke. Oulik. I appoint you court jester.

CLAPPER BOY: See you in court!

PW BOTHA: Terloops boetie, we don't have political prisoners. It's all for their own good.

(He addresses the audience.)

Well, I'm sure you never guessed that inside that iron maiden was a boerewors emperor just dying to get out? Enjoy all that? No rotten tomatoes tonight? Once again it has been proven: South Africa needs heroes. We have Naas Botha and Bles Bridges and one or two others. But we have just seen how South African heroes are being cruelly exploited by commercial concerns overseas. And all just because we ignored these heroes and so cast them into the wilderness. This will now end. By imperial decree all these men and women are recognised as heroes of the nation.

Firstly, there will be a Biko Day and a Mandela Day to be celebrated by all in South Africa.

Secondly, we will make our own films about them. *Steve Biko: his life in politics* will be presented by SABC Drama uncensored, unbiased and in mother tongue languages subtitled in Afrikaans.

Thirdly, John Vorster Square is at present being demolished and in its place will rise a multiracial school where all our children will be taught the values of a life together.

And fourthly, I have here a key in my hand. *(Holds up the key)* I will personally now go and fetch Mr Nelson Mandela from his cell in



PDU as Emperor PW

Pollsmoor Prison. I will unlock the door and open it and say to him: 'Mr Mandela? Will you accompany me to the Wimpy, where I would like to treat you to a delicious hamburger and a glass of cooldrink. And there we can just calmly sit together and sort out the future of our country for all our peoples, yours and mine and the other usual suspects.

POLICEMAN: But imperial broeder? None of this can happen. What about the state of emergency?

PW BOTHA: Ag, nee wat man. Fok die noodtoestand!

POLICEMAN: Freedom for all!

CLAPPER BOY: Amandla!

PW BOTHA & POLICEMAN TOGETHER: Vrystaat!

(SOUND: 'Die Stem' is played. PW stands to attention and glares at the audience, willing them to stand. Who will? And who won't? When it is over:

CLAPPER BOY: What else can you do with your magic quilt? Comrade Court Jester?

PW BOTHA: Ja-nee boetie, show us what can you do with your magic dinges?

CLAPPER BOY: 'Scene 876 / take 1 / The happy ending'

(The policeman is tentative. Builds up expectation. Looks at the audience and waves his quilt at them.)

POLICEMAN: Vanish!

(BLACKOUT)

THE END



PDU as Emperor PW and Arthur Molepo as the clapper boy



Dear Mr Uys
 The day you
 are me
 I hope
 you'll
 look like
 this
 I admire you
 Love
 Winnie
 Mandela.



Above left: Winnie as Winnie

Above: PDU as Winnie

'Dear Mr Uys, the day you are me
 I hope you'll look like this.
 I admire you
 Love
 Winnie Mandela'

WINNIE, BUT NOT OUR CHURCHILL

My first contact with Mrs Mandela happened during the 1985 state of emergency. BBC veteran reporter Sue McGregor interviewed her in Soweto, after which Sue was coming to my house in Melville. Winnie autographed a picture for me.

Inviting Winnie Mandela to a performance at the Market Theatre guaranteed the show would start late. Sometimes very late. It also demanded more than two complimentary seats as her entourage could be half a football team. It was usually a relief when she didn't appear. It was disappointing she didn't make the opening night of *Cry Freedom*. It was thrilling to get her apology.

We kept our penfriendship going through the dark days. Then on a Sunday morning in 1991, I had a flight leaving Jan Smuts Airport at 7am. For a hefty fee and return business fare, Evita would cut the ribbon at the opening of a new restaurant in Cape Town and get back to Johannesburg in time for the Monday evening show. I booked in just after 6am with a small suitcase for Evita's bits and pieces. Her dress was in a hold-all hanger.

'She's just gone through,' I heard the SAA girl whisper.

'Evita?'

'No man, Winnie.'

Winnie Mandela? Up at 6:15am? As I got to the security check, Mrs Mandela had just put her suitcase on the rubber strap to go through the x-ray scanner. Stand back, I thought, it might explode! I put mine



THE PEOPLE SHALL GOVERN

MANDELA FAMILY'S OFFICE

P.O. Box 728
Johannesburg
South Africa

Telephone:
939-1358
(By Appointment)

Between Business Hours
8h00 a.m. - 18h00 p.m.

21.12.87

My dearest Peter,

Thank you so much for your invitation which reached me to-day from G-mail Ayob's Office. I'm so sorry it didn't reach me on time, I would have loved to attend.

Judging from the "unhappy" reviews it must have been one of your greatest shows. We all loved it from the little we saw of it in the press.

Nelson sends his fondest regards and admires you greatly,

All my love & admiration

Wthandile

on the belt and went through with no bleeps or red lights. Winnie was gathering her things. I tapped her shoulder. 'Mrs Mandela?'

She whipped round with, I think, balled fists, eyes flashing, ready to attack. I stepped back and gave a giggly gasp. 'Sorry, sorry ... I just want to say hello. I'm Pieter-Dirk Uys.'

The cloud left her face which filled with a beautiful smile, and then she gave me a warm embrace. 'Pieter Dirk Uys!' She said them as three words. 'How are you? I'm so glad to see you. We love you. Nelson loves you.'

I burbled as she parried with more affection. By now we were both pulling our suitcases on wheels, me holding Evita's outfit and she holding a similar hanger. She looked at mine. 'Who's in there – Evita?'

I said, 'Yes. And you?' pointing to her bag.

She pulled a face. 'Mrs Mandela. My husband is getting another degree. I have to play the woman on the hanger.'

Kindred spirits? We got to the stairs to the business lounge. Mrs Mandela sighed and waved her economy boarding pass.

'Oh ... you going business?' she observed. I said yes, nearly as an apology. 'The lounge?' she hinted. I nodded. 'Can I come as your guest?'

We both climbed the stairs with our creatures on hangers in hand. We settled down in a comfortable corner. There were very few people. No one took any notice of Mrs Mandela. A man nodded at me, smiling, pointing at my hanger.

'Is that her?' he called. 'We love Evita.' I nodded.

'Coffee? Tea?' I asked Winnie. She gave me another paralysing smile.

'A little whisky would be divine.'

The sun had not yet risen, so it could still be last night. Never mind, it was afternoon in Australia, so we both had a whisky. We didn't say much. Small talk about small things. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was so much more beautiful than the most gorgeous pictures of her. Our flight was announced.

'Back to the real world,' she sighed.

At the parting of our ways I went up the front stairs of the Boeing and she went to the back with the majority. Business was empty. Just me

and Evita's fan. The plane took off. Suddenly Winnie was next to me. 'Do you mind?' I said nothing, but my delight must have spelt out the welcome. For two hours we sat and talked – my family and her daughters, my work and her daughters. Then all about Evita. That was easy. Then FW de Klerk. That was hard. 'Is he for real?' she asked. Politics sat in the open chair and took over. I was captivated by the sound of her voice – warm, smooth with no full stops; just continuous questions about the country, the way forward, trust and hope. I nodded here and shook my head there. We had tea. We said no to the breakfast. She had to return to steerage for the landing.

How could I ever make fun of this woman again? How could I ever repeat the worst of the things she had said – the tyres and the matches? She had captivated me completely. We landed, taxied to our gate, got out. She was in a hurry. She waved. I blew a kiss and she caught it. Friend for life. I pulled Evita's bits-and-pieces-on-wheels through the exit. The most famous white woman in South Africa in the hanger now felt heavy in my hand. Had the Tannie picked up weight during the flight?

In the reception area the most famous black woman in the world was surrounded by a group of young men – her football team. Some stared at me with eyes like crushed glass. No fans there. Her Xhosa Nostra guarded her. She was still the glittering superstar, to some an Oprah, to others a Whoopy, to many a terrorist, to the majority an inspiration. For me, a lesson learnt: don't fall in love with a target.

1990 A KISS ON YOUR KOEKSISTER

Something at the End of the Tunnel



It could have been on a stage in front of a full house with standing room only. The bald man standing at the lectern. The pause was pregnant. His one-man show. Then FW de Klerk spoke:

‘I committed the government during my inauguration to giving active attention to the most important obstacles in the way of negotiation.

Today I am able to announce far-reaching decisions in this connection. The prohibition of the African National Congress, the Pan Africanist Congress, the South African Communist party and a number of subsidiary organisations is being rescinded. People serving a prison sentence merely because they were members of one of these organisations, or because they committed another offence which was merely an offence because a prohibition on one of the organisations was in force, will be identified and released. The media emergency regulations, as well as the educational emergency regulations, are being abolished in their entirety. The security emergency regulations will be amended to still make provision for effective control over visual material pertaining to scenes of unrest. I wish to put it plainly that the government has taken a firm decision to release Mr Nelson Mandela unconditionally. I am serious about bringing this matter to finality without delay.'

On 2 February 1990, State President FW de Klerk opened the parliamentary session with the speech that changed our world. He introduced plans for sweeping reforms of the political system. He unbanned the ANC, PAC and SA Communist Party, although he emphasised that this did not constitute an endorsement of the socialist economic policies, nor of violent actions carried out by their members. The Separate Amenities Act of 1953, which affected my work as it governed the segregation of public facilities, was lifted, and all those who were in jail solely for belonging to a banned organisation would be freed, including Nelson Mandela. This at last, without preconditions. Madiba was released on 11 February 1990.

Throughout South Africa and the world, FW's Pretoriastroika was received with gasps of astonishment. The foreign press was largely positive, although locally some black radicals regarded it as a gimmick. The right-wing Conservative Party saw it as a massive betrayal of the white population, while the liberal Democratic Party felt itself in limbo, as De Klerk had embraced much of what it espoused. Further reforms followed. Membership of the National Party was opened up to non-whites, and in June, Parliament approved new legislation that repealed the Natives Land Act 1913 and the Native Trust and Land Act 1936.

The Population Registration Act, which established racial classification guidelines for South Africa, was also rescinded. My new scriptwriters seemed to have moved in overnight. *A Kiss on your Koeksister* went through many rewrites and additions.

Uys's famous poisonous wit, which he uses mercilessly on political figures from FW to Winnie, is counterbalanced by the humanity and compassion for which he is known and respected. – *City Press* (Johannesburg) January 1990

I do not think I have ever seen his dramatic intentions quite so electrifyingly revealed ... it is when he infuses the laughter with a surrealistic horror that we see just what an amazing artist he is ... one has to gasp at the extreme dexterity, the meticulous detail and the incessant pace that Uys, the performer, maintains.

– *Sunday Times* (Johannesburg) January 1990

A slick Uys deserves an ace ... the Uys wit positively pulverises its targets ... even when I don't like what he is doing, I am quite incapable of turning my attention elsewhere. – *Sunday Star* (Johannesburg) January 1990

A touch of Chaplinesque genius.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) January 1990

My bread-and-Botha was yesterday's joke. My new punchbag, FW de Klerk, had a trump card hidden up his sleeve against all expectations. I didn't for a moment believe the rumours that the apartheid years would soon be over. Yet, we were not alone. The Berlin Wall cracked and came down on 9 November 1989. 'Mr Gorbachev, take down this wall!' Someone had heard the old movie star's best line and acted. The Romanian presidential couple, Nicolae and his wife, Elena Ceausescu, were executed on Christmas Day in the backyard of their residence. No

comedy there. The Soviet Union would finally implode in 1991, but glasnost and perestroika were not just names for exotic ice creams. A glimmer of light after the 1989 Russian elections elevated Boris Yeltsin into a position of power, having blindsided President Gorbachev, the man Mrs Thatcher had thought she could do business with.

Meanwhile down at the southern tip of Africa, the mortally wounded, overweight white beast was still lashing out in all directions. The 1980s saw the most violence in our history; 1989 was the most crimson of the blood-soaked years. With such hatred, so many victims, so little information and so much fear, the future of South Africa seemed doomed to violent revolution. How could we not end up like Cambodia? Vietnam? The Congo? A South African optimist was someone who expected the worst, hoping that the worst would not be as bad as they'd imagined, or so I'd tell people. There was no comedy in that motto, but the dark humour in it helped me get on with the bitter job. By now that 'job' was in the separate camps of comedy and humour. The first one was where the jokes lived, and the only reason to remember them was to be able to repeat them with style. The second one was where the fingerprint of your soul remained, the individual humour to be able to laugh at your fear and make that fear less fearful. Looking back from 2020 at my collection of one-man-onslaughts against the legalised racism of the times, I shudder at the details and carelessness of my society and how easily the worst became the accepted.

... a delicious cruelty that is more cutting than ever ... Uys's unique talent is the ability to turn the nation's fears and doubts into a theatrical cartoon. By rights (or lack of it) he should have been locked up years ago, but one of his many saving graces is his objective perception which jabs at both the right and the left ... his show is predictably hilarious as it has been for decades, while at the same time refreshing his audiences with up-to-the-minute news reports viewed through his scathing eye.

– *Business Day* (Johannesburg) January 1990

Uys in top gear as both writer and performer ... the sensibility that picks out foibles microscopic or huge; the laser-like pen that carves up its subject-matter as precisely as a surgeon, but with an unfailing sense of the aesthetic, and an acute political awareness ... take time out to see Uys!

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) January 1990

As brilliant as ever ... Uys is traversing the limits of his own ability to make the unspeakable funny ... more than just playing silly-buggers with famous figures or national stereotypes.

– *Weekly Mail* (Johannesburg) January 1990

Contributing to the Pieter-Dirk Uys phenomenon is the schizophrenic satirist's ability to pick from his performance pocket – almost at random – a character to represent a sentiment, a point of view, an abhorrence ... it is wonderful to watch the transformation ... a good balance of pleasure, pain and food for thought.

– *Pretoria News* (Pretoria) January 1990

In most shows during the 1980s I had used this punchline: Hypocrisy is the Vaseline of political intercourse. It easily reflected the politics of the moment, not only in South Africa but beyond our laager. Nineteen ninety enshrined it as an epitaph for politics. Overnight, it had become legal to be illegal. What was banned yesterday became a brand tomorrow. The unmentionables became the celebrated. Yesterday's enemy became tomorrow's future. The present became the former regime. And suddenly no one had ever voted for apartheid!

When that light at the end of the 1980s' tunnel turned out to be not just a glowing bulb, but a new sunrise, the relief was so huge it hurt. It always helped having heroes to inspire the madness of fighting what often felt like a losing battle. While very little was funny during that last decade, 1990 exposed a new wave of hope – politicians with a sense of humour. It was now okay to take Prisoner 466/64's faded and still-

banned picture out from under the mattress, next to my collection of illegal *Physique Pictorial* magazines – a hint of other new freedoms. After the bloody mess of the 1980s, the hopes were for a future that could only be cleaner. At least we will have learnt from the mistakes of the past. Would we? Surely it won't be allowed to happen again?

The apartheid years were making way for the next 'one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind'. The impossible was to become the ordinary. And yet nothing was business as usual; it would be business most unusual. So-called terrorists, communists and enshrined enemies would overnight become citizens, patriots, stalwarts, ministers, democrats and president. I would no longer have to disguise the truth, to caricature the reality, to cartoon the bogeyman.

Uys se Koeksister is nog bietjie rou, maar nietemin kan 'n mens die revue strek aanbeveel. Dis aktueel, skreeusnaaks, 'n skouspel van kostuumruilings en dit doen enigiemand se politieke opvoedig net goed'

– *Die Transvaler* (Johannesburg) Januarie 1990

Uys het sy vinger deeglik op die pols gehou en lewer werk met 'n nuwe energie wat beter is as ooit tevore ... dit is vars, het byt soos suur en skok diep. Op die koop toe is dit van die beste satiriese vermaak in jare in Johannesburg

– *Rapport* (Johannesburg) January 1990

Uys op sy beste is briljant. Uys op sy ghoorste is gruwelik. Hierdie eenmansvertoning illustreer albei uiterstes van sy talent, maat uiteindelik veral laasgenoemde. Dis 'n tandlose wolf wat soen op jou koeksister'

– *Die Burger* (Kaapstad) Maart 1990

By the end the 1980s, I was 45. The National Party umbrella had kept the rain of freedom off me throughout my life. I had tried to turn the fearful threat of censorship into a running gag. Self-censorship

happened in every sentence I wrote. I found a way to disguise my true feelings of despair with this formula: 49% anger versus 51% entertainment. Evita Bezuidenhout had to remain in her homeland and see that all was well in her laager. She started spreading her wisdom through her 'verligte' view of the state of her white nation – 'The future of South Africa is certain. It's just the past that is unpredictable.'

Yet even this mother of the Afrikaner Volk could not predict what was waiting round the corner. I already had a few titles waiting in the wings: *A Kiss on your Koeksister*, *An Evening with Pieter-Dirk Uys*, *One Man One Volt*, *Truth Omissions*, *Live from Boerassic Park* and *Dekaffinated*. All I needed now was the material from my scriptwriters. Would they deliver the surprise of a Pretoriastroika? Or an expected Nuremberg? Could the Mandela years be lying ahead? If the new decade didn't start with a general amnesty, what was the next step?

What this show reveals is Uys's range ... and intense seriousness of purpose.

– *Financial Mail* (Johannesburg) February 1990

It is rich in delicious humour, the product of a razor-sharp mind. He mercilessly exposes the lies and hypocrisy. And he does so with imagination and charm.

– *New Nation* (Johannesburg) February 1990

Uys op sy beste is briljant. Uys op sy goorste is gruwelik. Hierdie eenmansvertoning illustreer albei uiterstes van sy talent, maar uiteindelik veral laasgenoemde.

– *Die Burger* (Kaapstad) Maart 1990

Amandla Pieter-Dirk! Incisive wit, but the language is foul.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) March 1990

A needle in the eyeball from one of SA's finest ... don't miss it.

– *The Cape Times* (Cape Town) March 1990

Not one wit less decisive, the pace is swift, the mood high and the humour pretty near constant. We are, after all, the stuff of which farce is made.

– *Sunday Star* (Johannesburg) October 1990

National Party bazaars will never be the same again. There are no sacred cows.

– *The Citizen* (Johannesburg) October 1990

Uys's National Party Bazaar, which is bizarre in the truest sense of the world. Uys has no mercy. His daggers, sometimes humorous, sometimes shocking, rip open the jugular of complacency. You do not always laugh. In fact, often, you are almost prompted to scream: how dare you! Razor-tongued satire at its best.

– *Pretoria News* (Pretoria) October 1990

It's a bazaar of immense tackiness and blundering goodwill. A bleak view of nightmarish violence underlying the buffoonery. The real theatre of the evening is the magic of Uys transforming himself. It leaves one breathless. Satire of a different strain.

– *Business Day* (Johannesburg) October 1990

An Audience with Evita Bezuidenhout at the Market Theatre Warehouse, with Lizz Meiring as her secretary, Bokkie Bam, was the continuation of a relationship with both Bokkie and Lizz that had started with the film *Skating on Thin Uys*. In the middle of our run, FW de Klerk unbanned everything that was banned. In the last week of the run, Nelson Mandela walked those last steps to freedom. Daily political developments demanded constant adaptations. During the season, Janice Honeyman and I decided on a show staged as a National Party bazaar. Now that the non-white enemy was becoming a friend, how would the monolith iron-lunged white party adapt? Janice and I had attended UCT drama school at the same time, she a year below me, a glorious redhead with

a sense of humour we shared. Her career included running the Johannesburg Civic Theatre and directing many successful productions there for over two decades. Like me, she is still busy.

This is one of his most astonishing presentations. But also an incisive dissection of the almost unbelievable duplicity, double-speak contamination and all-pervasive awfulness of South African politics. Uys is a superb artist: astringent, fluent, twinkling with colloquialisms, and very, very funny.

– *Today* (Durban) November 1990

Back in all his solitary splendour ... a couple of hours in the company of Pieter-Dirk Uys is still very much an occasion to remember.

– *Natal Mercury* (Durban) November 1990

Comedy is criticism, which means that the comic spirit sticks a deflationary hatpin into vanity, pretence, pomposity and prejudice – which is exactly what he does. Every prop, every move, every word has its purpose for Pieter-Dirk Uys, satirist of the first order.

– *The Daily News* (Durban) November 1990

Elkeen van die karakters sê, doen dinge wat 'n mens se hare laat rys. Hy het met iets splinternuuts, iets heeltemal anders, iets heel verfrissends en iets baie snaaks vorendag gekom.

Goeie vermaak as 'n mens se politieke vel nie te dun is nie.

– *Tempo* (Durban) November 1990

Bazaars were a sacred part of the tradition of Afrikaner culture – to celebrate church, school and party. It was usually a clusterfest of trellis tables groaning with melkert, mosbolletjies, ingelegte vrugte and koeksisters, among the embroidered items, homemade doilies, religious books and other boere-baroque treasures. Boeremusiek was the muzak of the time and a great way for us to make fun of the fearful and farcical.

Janice was working on another production, so we fitted in our rehearsals and discussions into her off times, usually spent laughing at other things. Our choice of the right music was essential and soon the bizarre soundtrack for the bazaar was created by a group of excellent musicians making the most ghastly sounds. A veritable brass band from hell, but meaning well with each and every blow.

This bitter-sweet koeksister takes your breath away. His shark-bite wit proves it can be as dangerous as ever. It has both subtlety and broadside. ... a gem of a show filled with gems ... he's funny, very funny.

– *The Star* (Johannesburg) October 1990

Uys: the once and always queen of the edgy laugh, of the guffaw that sticks in your throat and threatens to asphyxiate you ... brilliant and subversive. Of course we're not meant to have a good time all the time.

– *Weekend Mail* (Johannesburg) October 1990

Evita se swak smaak skok!'

– *Beeld* (Johannesburg) Februarie 1990

Sticking to my experience against the background of painful change and reform, *A Kiss on your Koeksister* had to sweetly wield the weapon of humour and remind us of the absurdities, hypocrisies and bizarreness of where we came from, how we were still dragging the heavy anchors of white power, hoping to disguise them as garlands. I also wanted the show to involve the audience in its theatricality, so that they could see each character appear before their eyes, the transformation of the actor usually covered by a blackout. Would I still be preaching to the converted? Maybe, for the first time, the converted weren't all that sure what to look forward to.

During my development as a performer, political irritant and visual clown, my inspirations included the cartoonist Zapiro and the mega-

artist William Kentridge. Jonathan Shapiro in his daily and weekly onslaughts into the minefield of the 'political incorrectness' of criticising racism, xenophobia, homophobia and any other-phobia, led by the example of fearlessness, honesty, fury and humour. Kentridge bridged the chasms from one form of visual art to another, often enriching live theatre with his unique originality and confidence. I learnt from both and treasure the various Evita cartoons from Zapiro and the 1989 iconic drawing of 'Evita and the wild boars' from the pen of Kentridge. His tongue in her cheek was truer than he imagined.





Kentridge sketch: 'Evita and the wild boars'

A Kiss on Your Koeksister

The South African tour: * Market Theatre Warehouse Johannesburg
* Baxter Theatre Concert Hall Cape Town * Drama Theatre
Playhouse Durban * It would then tour Holland, and in 1993 an
extensive tour of Germany retitled *Negerküsse*

THE 1990 CAST

Pieter-Dirk Uys

Oom Herman (the security guard)

The MC

Ambassador Evita Bezuidenhout

Archbishop Desmond Tutu

Katryntjie Blanckenberg

Petronella Burger

FW de Clown

Mrs Winnie Mandela

Adriaan Vlok (Minister of Police)

Elaine Koen and 'Pik Botha'

Die Wit Wolf (a right-wing assassin)

Mrs Margaret Thatcher

An Angel

PW Botha (retired)

THE STAGE SETTING

It is a National Party bazaar, which becomes more bizarre as it develops from slapstick to horror. A large trestle table holds costumes and needed props for the characters. The decorations suggest a bazaar atmosphere: balloons, National Party posters, pictures of politicians, banners with slogans. There is a loudspeaker that broadcasts all the MC's announcements, and a large poster



PDU as Oom Herman

fokken stil. She's a very special new security dog what my son breeds outside Pretoria. Just the thing for de Klerk's new South Africa. A good police pedigree, half fokken mad dog; half fokken wit wolf. Ja, my son and his friends have lost their jobs up in the SAP, because someone said they were killing too many kaffers for fun. So now we make our own security business. Third Force Security: we take no prisoners. We specialise, you know, specialise – black suburban trains, taxi ranks ... No man, Meisie is not like any typical fokken police dog. Meisie is not racially trained just to bite fokken blacks. No more fokken discrimination. Meisie bites fokken blacks,

whites and fokken radicals. En nou is sy fokken-weg, nogal by hierdie fokken plek.

(Into walkie talkie.)

Kom in 2-1-2! My son asked me to help out here at this National Party bazaar this afternoon. Now I must protect this lot of fokken Nationalists? Fokken kafferboeties? Fokken kommuniste!

(Into walkie talkie.)

2-1-2-? Kom in 2-1-2! Kom in ... kom in! Oor! So listen, if you see Meisie, don't fokken panic. Just smile. Lift your hand and say: 'Hi Meisie, hi!' Give her something sweet to eat. 'n Lekker koeksister. Dan sal sy ook somaar fokken gaan lê ... (2-1-2? Kom in ... 2-1-2 kom in! Over!

VOICEOVER: Jy is fokken 2-1-2, jou poes!

(SOUND: Boeremusiek played by a Zulu band.)

(Oom Herman exits, calling for the dog. PDU makes a quick change from Oom Herman into the MC and arrives at the table. He wears different dark glasses to hide the Evita eyelashes.)

THE MC: Mense? Jammer om daardie lekker boeremusiek te onderbreek, maar dit lyk my Oom Herman se hond is weg. Help soek asseblief, vriende. Oom Herman kan ons nie hier beskerm sonder sy wit wolf nie. Thank you also to the Buthelezi Zulu boereorkes from the township for that wonderful rendition of some of Afrikanerdom's most sacred songs. We thank the Inkatha Culture Desk. As you can hear, I am in the info booth, which you will find at the secondhand clothing table. I will keep you in touch with what is happening at our National Party bazaar. Come and browse around. You might find something nice for your maid, or mother-in-law in Canada. It is now nearly time for our official opening and so, in keeping with our tradition of inviting the superstars of the National Party to open us up, Mrs Evita Bezuidenhout, the South African ambassador to the independent homeland Republic of Bapetikosweti, is due ... ah, ja, daar stop die motor ... en daar is sy ... die Buthelezi Zulu boereorkes staan reg om die Tuisland Volkslied te sing ...

(Dog barks.)

... O jisis, Oom Herman? Hier's Meisie. Sy waai haar stert! Kom vang haar liewers ...

(A woman screams.)

... o hel, daar byt sy een van die drompoppies ... toemaar ... the trumpet player in the Zulu boereorkes threw a stone at Meisie and missed. Ja-nee, old habits sometimes die hard. And there is Mrs Bezuidenhout also with a stone in her hand, getting ready for the opening and the national anthem of Bapetikosweti. Tot dan 'n lekker bietjie boeremusiek?

(SOUND: Boeremusiek covers the costume change.)

(We see PDU change into Evita: he adds a skirt and jacket; removes the dark glasses, adds the wig, shoes, earrings, lipstick and a glove on left hand; picks up the handbag, picks up a stone, smiles and stands ready for the anthem.)

(The anthem of Bapetikosweti is similar to other African anthems but also out of tune, in keeping with the standard of the 'Zulu band'. It ends with a dog snarling. Evita reacts with stone in hand.)

EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT: Dis nie 'n hond nie; dis 'n dier!

Amandla! If I said that a year ago, I would have been locked up and thrown away with the key. Who would have thought it possible? In this new South Africa, we are now entertaining ex-terrorists and former jailbirds. Some of my best friends now have black friends. I am pouring rooibos tee for real live communists! South Africa now has something unique in the world: a Communist Party with plans for the future.

It is some months after the 2nd of February, when FW changed our chalk to cheese and we are still here. The mere fact that there are so many of you here today shows what tremendous support our National Party still enjoys among South Africans with minds who mind. Even Nelson Mandela!

The National Party is working and has been working since 1948. Isn't that wonderful? Where in the world would you find a democratic



Evita at the bazaar with koeksisters and a picture of FW de Klerk

government like ours? No, think about it. One political party consistently being in power since those days when Sarie Marais was still a virgin? And that's all thanks to people like you. The National Party thanks you for always supporting us, always secretly voting for us and so keeping us here where we've been relatively undisturbed for the last 42 years.

Nou net 'n paar woorde aan die van julle hier wat Afrikaans nog verstaan. Ons is so bly julle is hier met die Nasionale Party. Ja, so baie van ons lede is onlangs blindelings na regs of oorsee, maar vandag gaan ons nie vinger wys na die arme verkrampste Demokratiese Party nie, of voorlaaiers afvuur op die neo-Nazi Konserwatiewe Party nie. Nee, vandag is ons almal saam in 'n heerlike kermisgevoel van samezyn en nasionalistiese optimisme.

And so to all our old Nats ... waar is julle twee? And to the many, many new Nats from all over the corners of our and their globe: from Romania, Tjekoslovakië, Poland, East Germany, the two from Kuwait ... julle kleur is nie tersake nie; dis die bankboekie wat tel. En daar agter is dit glad geel van Hong Kong. Welcome to this bazaar. The National Party is open to all races. No one can ever accuse us of discrimination. So if you want to become a member, we will be so happy. Just join the queue: whites here, browns there and blacks? Daar agter. We need lots of new South Africans who can shoot straight, who are more or less white, and not quite insane. So welcome to the New South Africa. Especially all our returning exiles who spent their creative years drunk in the bars of foreign hotels. Just remember: you're home now. There is no anti-apartheid movement here to pay for all your drinks.

Nou ja, we have some wonderful attractions at our bazaar for your enjoyment. Braaivleis, potjiekos, koeksisters, melktert, boerewors and all the traditional delights that make us Afrikaners so special. Because of the New South Africa, we also have some new attractions. Nelson Mandela himself! Yes, he was going to come today when I spoke to him over the weekend. Then on Monday he said he wasn't going to come. On Tuesday he wanted to know why he hadn't been invited! And yesterday he accused me of typical iron-fist strong-arm tactics. This

morning I called him Gatsha by mistake and he put down the phone. Toemaar, he has sent his new red Mercedes Benz for you whites who can't afford one of your own to have a look at his. There is also a special tour of the car's burglar alarm system.

Isn't Nelson a remarkable man? After all those ANC speeches overseas demanding that sanctions stay against South Africa, Nelson is big enough to accept a free motorcar from Mercedes Benz, the one car company that always ignored calls for sanctions against us. Shows how quickly Mr Mandela has become a real South African politician. Do you realise how lucky we are? Having two relatively sane men in charge: Nelson and FW? Have you thought of the alternative? Hani and Magnus?

The ANC head of social welfare, Mrs Winnie Mandela, is also here to give a demonstration of how to discipline 14-year-old boys without spilling your martini. There will be a Zulu/Xhosa faction fight behind the kitchens. Please go and have a look. It is important that you know what's happening in your backyard on a Friday night. Another new feature is our multiracial toilets. (*Points to a sign*) Kyk daar bo is die wit man en swart outa, en daar die wit tannie en die swart aia. In die Nuwe Suid-Afrika kan ons nou saamhurk. So met dit ingedagte, oppas wat julle eet.

Former President PW Botha might also appear today. Yes, yes, yes, he recently resigned from the National Party, so if you see him, you can ignore him and the fat lady with him will take him away. Unfortunately Minister Pik Botha can't be here to do his famous potjiekos for you, as he is still in Baghdad trying to scratch the Armskor name off the various missiles we sold them. I think I speak for all South Africans here when I thank Saddam Hussein for hogging the headlines and so keeping us on page 24 of the world newspapers for the last few weeks. Though one wonders, if Kuwait exported oranges and not oil, would President Bush's army be there today?

Of course, I have brought my world-famous koeksisters. You can see some here, delivered by my chauffeur who couldn't stay. He is also part-time minister of justice in the homeland of Bapetikosweti. They're

hanging people this afternoon at 3 p.m., and he wants to be present to sell ice creams. Far be it from our government to interfere with tribal customs and small business in the independent states. Ja, I baked mine all with my own two hands. All for you! In fact I nibbled at so many last night, I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamt that Desmond Tutu came into my bedroom as a koeksister. Nee, nie Eerwaarde Alan Boesak nie; Aartsbiskop Desmond Tutu!! Ek het so hard geskree; tot my man Hasie het wakker geword aan die ander kant van die huis. We can be grateful that such terrible nightmares never come true.

Koeksisters are the symbol of everything that is wonderful about us Nationalists. Like the koeksister, we Nats are sticky and cling on for dear life. The koeksister is solid like we are, individual and yet united, single and yet plural. A combination of minorities that exclude any specific majority. Of course, it all has to make total sense and so I have here a brilliant definition of the modern koeksister for the New South Africa, thought up by Minister Gerrit Viljoen all by himself! As you know he has a very big IQ, net so 'n groot ding, and that is no mean achievement for a Broeder. I quote: 'The modern koeksister for the new South Africa now has three types of dough: white, brown and black, plaited together carefully to form one single whole, and yet each quite separate and individual, all finally covered in the golden syrup of democracy and freedom; three halves that make one delicious whole.'

We know now apartheid was a silly mistake. We are very sorry. We promise we will never do it again. But then again it was only there to keep blacks apart. Xhosas? Zulus? Sê dankie baas! It is the era of Pretoriastroika, which is Afrikaans for April Fool. The koeksister is still with us. That Mona Lisa smile on the face of our state president is not just a smile. It is the symbol of the state of his State: sticky and sweet, three halves that make up one delicious hole. So the next time you see State President FW de Klerk, go up to him and say: 'Evita Bezuidenhout said I could come up to you and in gratitude for your courage, your style and the way you are taking such enormous chances with our lives, somaar give you a kiss on your koeksister.'

(She places a kiss on his face on the poster.)

And now, South Africa, allow me to declare this inevitable fete a reality.
 THE MC (VOICEOVER): Dankie, Tannie Evita. Ja-nee mense, there need be no hunger in our beloved country. If they don't have bread, give them koeksisters. Come and enjoy some of the special koeksisters that Tannie Evita brought us, gebak met haar eie twee hande sonder enige kombuis-hulp. Ja-nee mense, ten spite van alles, bly ons koeksisters wit!

(PDU changes into Desmond Tutu, adding a wig and glasses.)

DESMOND TUTU: Who said nightmares in South Africa can't come true?

I am the golden koeksister that appeared in Evita Bezuidenhout's bad dream.

If she knew I'd followed her here to the bazaar she would really scream.

But I think it is time for me to tell you the way things are.

That lady's propaganda about us koeksisters has just gone too-too far!

So brothers and sisters, allow me to mention my name

I am Desmond, a koekie of world-wide fame

Not naked as you've been told by tannies who brag

but created with love by black ladies in drag

as maids and cooks and black-a-matics all

who do as they're told and then have a ball



PDU as Tutu at the bazaar

subverting the sacred symbols of die boere
 and sending ethnic purity in hulle moere
 Die witvrou is too lazy, her jewellery is te swaar
 so she lets the aia do all her baking sowaar
 I can't recall when last of us
 was baked by a member of the spierwit ras.
 Die spierwit ras? Aikona, let's make a fuss!
 Us golden koeksisters that glisten and glow
 so filled with rapping rhythm but then that you know
 too-too sticky too-too sweet
 have decided to become a real special treat
 At this bazaar we'll do something that'll really spoil
 to each of us we've added a dash of castor oil
 so every Nationalist today who takes a bite
 will end up in those multi-ethnic toilets to have a shite!
 Have a shite! Have a shite? That doesn't sound right
 but you get my drift, it's a hell of a lift
 to see the NP in the pits,
 that's the place where the government sits
 But brothers and sisters
 now that Nelson is more or less home don't sit back and gloat
 it's time for us to demand one calorie one vote!
 The perfect rap for an NP fete
 and time for me to get back onto my plate
 so the next time you take a bite from us
 just remember those words that will soon cause all the fuss
 one calorie ... one vote ... one calorie ... one vote
 (*He dances.*)

THE MC (VOICEOVER): En dis so lekker om koeksisters te eet and it's so
 nice here today eating koeksisters. As you know, our bazaars in the past
 were held to help raise money to buy bullets to shoot terrorists and
 communists. Now, of course, we are expected to raise money to build
 homes and give food to returning freedom fighters. But sanctions have
 been such a success that we have no money to buy the food and clothes

or to house our black brothers. So why don't you go visit little Katryntjie Blanckenberg, who is selling kisses for the NP. Come on, kom nou, put some real sense in the rand and raise money for a good cause. Or Xhosa!

(While MC spoke PDU changed into Katryntjie costume: shirt, school uniform, wig with plaits, tin for coin donations.)



PDU as Katryntjie

KATRYNTJIE: At home I'm not allowed to wear lipstick because Papa says it's a terrible sin!

(She puts on lipstick.)

At school I am not allowed to sit and read poesboekies, because Mama says it's onafrikaans.

(She reads one.)

In church the dominee says I'm not allowed to kiss strange boys on the mouth because they will molest me.

(She purses her lips sexily.)

But everyone says whatever I do here today is all for the National Party, so I can ignore all the rules.

(She calls.)

Kisses for sale!!

Papa says I must talk English today, because of all the foreign

people here today. Papa says foreign money is better than nothing and the rand is worth nothing.

(She calls.)

Buy a kiss for the National Party!!

Oom Phillip bought the first kiss. His tongue was like a gogga in my mouth. Dominee who was watching also wanted a kiss like that, but he

didn't have change and I don't let goggas in for free. But then the Portuguese café man Mr Roderiques kissed me, but he doesn't do it nicely, because he's a Roman Catholic. Teacher says yes, the Catholics are the antichrist, but Mr Roderiques was so embarrassed, he gave me this balloon from Vatican City.

(She has a condom.)

Teacher says it's good to have Portugueses and Greekses in South Africa because they are the types of whites who don't mind living next to blacks in grey areas, because most of them are half-coloured anyway.

(She calls.)

Kisses for sale, 50 cents!

And look at this funny Japanese money I got from Mr Yokohama? He bowed to me and I bowed to him and we both bowed together and I banged my head on his and we both fall on the floor and he lies on top of me and goes up and down for ten minutes and then he suddenly shouts *Banzai* and is quiet like he's dead. But he was just getting money out of his sock. *Sis*, he looks so funny with his slitty eyes and yellow skin, but Papa says the Japses are not the geel gevaar any more, because Mr Yokohama helps us keep our computers working in spite of sanctions, so I must be 'velly velly' nice to Mr Yokohama. So I was and he had two more Banzai's for another four yen!

(She calls.)

Buy a kiss for a better tomorrow!!!

No, this money is from little Mr Ling and has a hole in it. Mr Ling is from Hong Kong. Papa says when Red China takes over Hong Kong in 1997 and all those Hong Kong millionaires are not allowed into the UK with their British passports because Mrs Thatcher has told John Major that she doesn't like coolies, we must let all those millionaires into South Africa where they will be declared 'honorary whites', ja. And if we can count their three million in with our four million? That will make seven million! Ja, and if also count all those cheeky Indians and drunk coloureds who try so hard to be white, then there will be ten million of us against the 30 million who are not us.

(She calls.)

Buy a kiss for the NP!!!

O nee, sies! This money is from Senor Brabant, who has a horrible moustache and comes from Chile. Nobody likes him, but Papa says he helps hide the National Party's money in overseas Swiss banks, so I must do what he asks me to do, maar dit was nogal seer. But Papa said: 'Katryntjie? Just lie still and close your eyes and think of your pussy, my kat!' So I told Senor Brabant what I was thinking about and he said: ja it was also on his mind, and his moustache was so tickly. He showed me how they do democracy in Chile. It's like we do it here in South Africa. He tied my hands together and made me hang from a hook on the wall with my feet in cold water and then he plugged my vlegsels into the electric socket. But Papa said that's not covered by 50 cents. So Senor Brabant gave me this golden necklace and Papa said: ja-nee, then it was okay to broaden my democracy.

(She calls.)

Kisses here for the NP!

And this little British pound? They get smaller every year. I got this from Sir Edward, daardie Rooinek. Papa and Mama hates the English for what they did to my family in the Boereoorlog. Ja, in die Britse konsetrasiekampe? They raped my grannie on horseback every morning after tea, but because FW de Klerk once was Mrs Thatcher's toyi-toyi-boy, we must still be very nice to her junior ministers coming here to reinvest British money. So I was. I let Sir Edward wear my school uniform and hit him hard on his bum with a police quirt and called him 'Auntie Daphne'. Maar waar, o waar is al die Afrikaners? Ek wil ook 'n boer soen. Oom? Soentjie te koop? 50 sent? 50 sent, Oom? 45 sent? 40 sent? Ag, al die Afrikaners is bankrot! En daardie kaffer wat my so aankyk?

(She calls.)

Hey man! Gaan terug na jou vyfster-sel in die nuwe Mercedes waarvoor my familie moes betaal!

O nee, hy kom hier. Hy't 40 sent in sy hand! Ja, hulle kan dit nou bekostig.

(She is getting nervous.)

En niemand sal my help nie, want daardie kaffer is 'n ANC leier en 'n spesiale gas van die Nasionale Party. Ek wens ek het my eie geweer gehad, soos Oupa en Ouma en my boeties. En Oom Barend Strydom. Liewe Jesus help me!

(She calls.)

Kisses for sale?

(The black man is there.)

No, it's now R25! I'm sorry I can't help you with your little 40 cents. You just can't afford me now because I've just been privatised. SOENNET! KISSNET!

(She throws a kiss at the audience.)

THE MC (VOICEOVER): Yes, we are privatising South Africa as quickly as we can, so that only whites with money can share in the future. Nou ja mense, dis 'n lekker dag hier en ons geniet onself terdeë. Big prizes to be won in our exclusive National Party raffle, so get your tickets from Petronella Burger, known to all as our public relations person. Geluk met vandag se sukses, Petronella. En dis lekker hier vandag by ons lekker bazaar. 'Dink Nasionaal en hou die meide kaal!' Ek bedoel 'Dink Nasionaal en sit die land op die paal!' Nee ... 'Dink Nasionaal en vrek in die kraal!' Ag ... 'Dink Nasionaal en bly sterk in die saal?' Ag, gee my nog 'n lekker koue bier ...

(During the above PDU has changed into Petronella: shoes, shirt, skirt, earrings, wig, hat and basket.)

PETRONELLA BURGER: Buy tickets for the raffle. Koop by my 'n kaartjie. You never know what you might win. Hello Dominee? Kaartjie vir die raffle? Dis nie 'n sonde nie; dis politiek. Dominee, dis ek, Petronella Burger! Ek het mos destyds in die kerkkoor gesing. Maar die wêreld het verander. *(She teases him)*

Ek behoort nou aan die ANC. Ek ondersteun die Kommunistiese Party. I now have a big black lover. Grappie, Dominee? Now that it's legal to be illegal in South Africa, no one seems to even get shocked. Amandla! Nkosi Sikelele! Long live Josef Stalin and John Lennon! Oh shit, look



PDU as Petronella

what my word processor did to my nails. Hey? Wat soek daardie sekuriteitsdonner by my nuwe motor?

(She calls.)

Nanny? Amandla Comrade Nanny, just go and tell that racist pig to leave my new BMW alone. Tell him that machine is a portable fax plugged into my car phone and not a limpet mine. And Comrade Nanny, if the traffic police moan about my car, just mention my name, Petronella Burger. Tell them Oom John and Oom Pik are close friends of mine. Wat bedoel jy, Madam se kar is op 'n geel streep? Skat, die hele fokken land is op 'n geel streep!

(She takes out her portable phone and dials.)

Kunjani Sipho? Dumela doll, what's happening there in Soweto? The end of the world? Xhosa killing Zulu. Anyone we know? OK fine. Listen babe, I'm still here at the NP bazaar. I promised my parents I would help them sell tickets for the raffle. Ja, old habits and all that. Anyway, there's still lots of time, man. If we stick to African time, we will never be late for anything. Êwe. Just keep a place for me in the stadium. This time I want to be close enough to see Winnie's face when no one gives her a standing ovation. I'm not missing this Welcome Home Exiles rally for anything. Shit man, my new Amandla chic, imported from New York, cost me a fortune. ANC colours plus khaki. I know Mr Mandela says the armed struggle is over, Sipho, but if Mrs Mandela can keep wearing her Gucci military uniform, so can I. Where will I meet you? Under the formerly banned flag ... of the formerly banned organisation ... at the unbanned meeting, where formerly banned

people will make formerly banned speeches ... about formerly banned subjects that are no longer banned nor illegal. So do you think anyone will bother to come and listen? For safety's sake let's meet in front of the police station. Amandla darling, amandla.

(She ends the phonecall.)

God man, we alternatives all are so pissed off with this new South Africa! We all voted for the Democratic Party, because let's face it, apartheid just isn't bringing in the bucks like it used to. In the process we halved the NP majority, bugged up the CP and it looked like we had landed ourselves the perfect PR contacts for the next ten years selling five-year plans, when suddenly De Klerk and his smarmy Nats hijacked our liberal democratic nonracial platform, freed political prisoners, unbanned the parties, dismantled apartheid and did all the impossible things that we said we would do when we got into power! And now here we sit in a political no man's land, with a warehouse full of Free Mandela T-shirts! How about Free Mandela – from Winnie? They say Smiley de Klerk's not even going to invite us DPs to his Groot CODESA Indaba. They say we DPs might not even be around at the time. Talk about being irrelevant: while the NP is talking to the ANC about talking about talks, the CP can see to the security in the parking lot, and the DP can look after the catering? From bagels via birijani to boerewors?

(She pulls out a condom from among the clothes on display.)

This party will never cease to amaze me. I've heard of safe politics, but this is ridiculous. Maybe this should become the new symbol of the National Party? It thrives on inflation. It halts production. It gives protection to pricks. And it really gives you a false sense of security while you're being screwed. Ja, ou Effie?

(She refers to FW poster; then she picks up her clipboard for the raffle.)

Okay, let's get some tickets sold for the raffle. Wonder what the big prize is this time around? A timeshare at the Victor Verster Prison?

(She reads.)

'Answer the following easy question and win a 99%-approved white school for your kids. In the New South Africa, what do you call a black man with an AK47 in his hand?' Baas.

So how do you sell democracy to 32 million people who have never been properly taught how to even spell the word? Maybe this is where designer politics could come in quite handy. Isn't that what we public relations people are world famous for? Selling ice cubes to Eskimos and the Afrikaans version of Trivial Pursuit to starving Ovambo tribesmen? Except in the Afrikaans version of Trivial Pursuit, there are no answers. Ja-nee Dominee, jou arme verlore ou drol. This is what your gevrekte National Party needs. A Saatchi & Saatchi-type PR firm to do for you what they once did for Mrs Thatcher. And here I am, a pragmatic alternative Afrikaner who will take the terrible writing on the wall and sell it back to the volk as good news! Let's face it, comrades, old Nats never die. They just adapt. And adapt. And adapt. Vrystaat!

THE MC (VOICEOVER) WITH APPLAUSE: And that applause is for our prime attraction today, the magnificent, the amazing, the totally new FW de Clown, who will do his display of magic and tricks to a dazed and perplexed South Africa. Roll up and see the future disappear before your very eyes.

(During the above, PDU has changed into FW de Klerk clown costume.)

FW THE CLOWN: It's good to be back at an NP bazaar, this time not just as an assistant stage manager, but as the Groot Kokkedoor, Chromedome in person. Yes, I learnt a lot of my tricks from my predecessor, Ou Krokodil Botha, who could just not adapt with the times. You may remember how he did his final trick on television and in full view of the watching nation, disappeared into oblivion. I've not yet managed to fill his trousers, but I'm working at finding some jokes.

You must remember I am 20 years younger than him, which means that I have a lot more to lose if I don't come up with some original tricks. Whereas on the other hand, I can take a little more time in getting them right? I mean: left! Anything from six months to four years.

I come to you straight from my great triumph, conjuring up a new South Africa out of the old South Africa. I'm glad you liked the trick. It is not one I care to repeat. There was very little time to try it out. It all

happened so quickly, man. It was quite a fluke. In fact, it could still go terribly wrong. No, no, let's not have negative thoughts. When you think of the future, just cross your fingers and knock on wood. Not that I'm superstitious. You can't afford to be, not in my business. But then I'm just too nice to ever tell you a lie like the others. Where is my lucky charm? My ou krokodil voorvel!

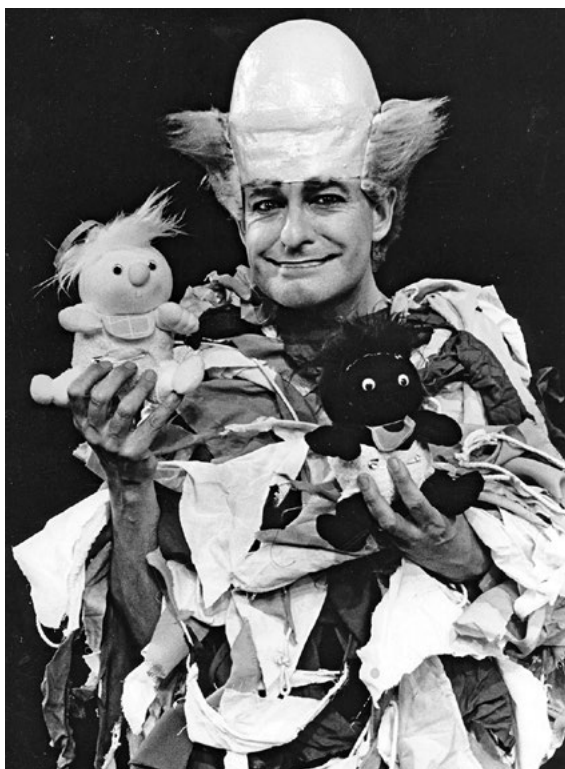
There were, of course, jokes that I did learn from my predecessor, but they were mainly at his expense. For example: never use the finger or the tongue as a punchline. Let me refresh your memory.

(Does a PW demonstration.)

No more of that I promise you. It has been successfully banished into the wilderness where it belongs. Another lesson to avoid from the old regime: the wizard Balthazar John or ou Krokodil never smiled. I, of course, never stop smiling and hey-presto-abracadabra, everyone just lies down for me.

The difference between hype and type: I now believe in the former, getting you hyped up and so excited by my suggestions that you have a climax before you realise that my finger is only in your pocket. Whereas my predecessors were true to type: you could see them coming a mile off, and that was not conducive to any clever bit of imaginative conjuring. So I will leave the jokes.

My tricks, on the other hand, are not here to frighten you. The other one was a past master at frightening a whole nation into a state of emergency with nothing other than hot air, finger and tongue. As a



PDU as FW de Klerk

result they watched him for 11 years with tightly closed eyes, allowing him to do exactly what he liked and getting away with it, too. I on the other hand, want you to see what I am doing and how I do it. I want you to share in my magic. Watch my voorvel.

(He uses his lucky charm to hypnotise.)

You are now part of the New South Africa ... you are getting sleepy ... can you sense it? The brand-new RSA? The completely utterly brand-new RSA. You are now in a deep sleep. When I say the magic word, you will wake up optimistic. You will not worry; you will be happy. Here is the magic word. 'Mandela'. *(Snaps fingers)* See? Who needs jokes? My tricks make you smile. They make you sigh with relief, because they are nice tricks. No dirty tricks here, right? I mean: no dirty tricks left. Right?

One of the best of my successful tricks was one that no one ever bothered to try before in South Africa. It's called 'Opening the Beaches'. To all races? Very simple, more of a bad joke than a trick. Let me demonstrate: watch my hand. My hand is the beach. The beach is closed ... the beach is closed ... the beach is closed? The beach is open! You see how simple? Open? Closed! Open? Closed! Then, in conjunction with the opening of beaches, you take away all the shark nets.

If you've been studying my performance of late, you will realise that reform in South Africa has a simple logic that never fails. Give the blacks something unimportant that they think they never had, and they'll be so happy, they'll forget to demand what they wanted in the first place. A guest from the UK wanted me to demonstrate my other famous trick: 'Freeing Political Prisoners'. Maybe they'll try it in Northern Ireland. Of course the trick only works on famous prisoners. No one really cares about those who can't sell their names on T-shirts. The reason we so readily freed Mr Mandela and the other hangers-on is because we need their accommodation. The new occupants are ready and waiting.

It is not a reality that in order to become a successful magician in my new South Africa, you have to spend at least a few years languishing at the Maximum Security University of Pollsmoor, or the Vic Verster College, even though it gives you that degree of credibility that is valid

all over the world. The reason I've taken such a liking for Mr Mandela – more or less – is that he is unwittingly helping me to work out some new tricks that will completely dazzle you all. I don't usually work with a black accomplice, but let's face it, Nelson is a special sangoma who has had 27 years to get his act together. I can only benefit from his charm, his wisdom and his refreshing inexperience.

Other tricks and jokes I hope to do in the near future include: 'Changing the Group Areas Act from a colourful problem to a grey way of life'. I also intend making the Population Registration Act really act and not just stand there. I will spectacularly defuse the state of emergency by strangling it with my iron fist without spilling any white blood. I will make inflation disappear before you can count to 17% and reappear, double the size of a loaf of bread. I will not remove troops from the townships, but with their help, make the townships vanish in a purple cloud of control.

Unfortunately I cannot complete my final trick here today. It could be my piece de resistance called 'Let's get back to square one and start all over again'. In theory this trick works well in the telling, but there are some practical aspects that I just can't seem to get right ... I mean left. And here I do mean left, as I am stuck on a sleight of hand called 'One Man One Vote'. I am not very keen to grasp this nettle barehanded. You see, if I do it properly, I'll be instantly cut down to size. And by size I mean: see you all down there!

(He points down.)

Nelson is making some irritating suggestions, so opening the National Party to all races might help us; putting Winnie on trial won't. But this is a trick I must crack. The alternative is too ghastly to contemplate. So please be patient. Give me six years? Make it ten? Ten? Ten? Do I hear 12? 12? To the broeder in row five? 12! Do I hear 20? 25? Toemaar, by the time I've taken four years to negotiate myself around this catch 22, it will be too late anyway. Apartheid is dead; switch off the life support. Business will go on as usual, and that is the truth. And as you know by now, we in the National Party always believe in truth. That is why we only use it on very special occasions.

(SOUND: Boeremusiek by the Zulu band while PDU changes out of the clown and into Winnie Mandela. She drapes materials round her body and head and browses through what's on the table.)

WINNIE MANDELA: Amandla Nkosi Sikelele' Viva. Icon's day off! So glad no one recognises me here today. I've already been approached by two men and a woman asking if I would be their token black member of the board. I said, thank you, I am already a madam. Sorry, if this is not what you expected.

(She has pieces of material on her lap.)

Winnie Mandela is tired? That's a shock. Yes, I'm so exhausted from contradicting my husband. When I say A, he says C. No one fills in the N. I'm sick of this 'Mrs Mandela'. She travels around the world, getting free gifts and nice things that none of our people can buy here because of sanctions? No, because they have no jobs or money! So let 'Mrs Mandela' wear her Gucci. I'm here to find bargains at the National Party bazaar. So many whites are packing for Perth, you can pick up all sorts of things for nothing. Look. Some nice material I found for curtains. I must be careful not to also wear it and merge into the curtains. You'll just see my smile. Need to furnish and embalm our big new mansion in Beverly Hills. No, not there in LA; here in Soweto.

(She holds up a piece of material.)

This will go with the marble floor and *Dynasty* furniture. I bought enough of this material for curtains for both left wings of the mansion.



PDU as Winnie

(She holds up another piece.)

No, this is rather for our teensy-weensy little matchbox house in Vilakazi Street, Orlando West, which we now use for all press conferences and photo ops, showing us like we were then. It will match the corrugated iron walls and the Amnesty International gift-voucher collage on the left wall. And ...

(She holds up a red piece.)

... this might be ideal for the windows of Mandela's Mercedes. Might even go with the football togs in the boot. Better keep some of this material for when we take over the official residence from FW de Klerk as the new president of South Africa and her husband. Joking. No material left to curtain the only little window in Mandela's old cell in Pollsmoor Prison, when Andries Treurnicht, Eugene Terre'Blanche and the other Christian neo-Nazis wait for their all-white Nuremberg Trial. And this material ...

(She holds up happy floral material.)

... will not become curtains. This will be for me to wear when I go to court looking demure and innocent. Nkosi Sikelele' Laura Ashley!

(SOUND: Boeremusiek by the Zulu band as PDU changes out of Winnie and into Police Minister Vlok.)

ADRIAAN VLOK: Vlok man, Vlok. Die naam is Vlok. Your attention please, U aandag asseblief.

Here follows an important security announcement. On behalf of the South African Police Force, the National Intelligence Service, the CCB, the FJP, the VWB and the military intelligence here represented today by me as minister, I would like to hereby and most forcefully distance ourselves from the so-called third force, subversively operating at the National Party bazaar under the banner of national security. They do not represent us in any way. Therefore let us know if any communist, terrorist or black trespasser causes any disruption. Our iron fist will leave its mark. So in the light of that I would like to issue a serious warning over this bazaar intercom system to any and all radical and

enemies of the real South Africa. We in the security forces, and especially the police, are sick and tired of being represented as Nazis and thugs. I warn you. If you continue to besmirch us in this way, you will unleash forces in South Africa the end result of which cannot be foreseen. We will protect the status quo in South Africa and not even the law is going to stop us. Have a nice day.

THE MC (VOICEOVER): En almal is lekker hier saam en dis lekker om Nat te wees op so 'n lekker droë dag. Mense, die potjiekos kompetisie gaan nou-nou begin. For our foreign guests and new members, here's a chance to really feel what it's like to be an Afrikaner. En kom ons trap 'n bietjie vas met nog 'n stukkie boeremusiek ... Juffrou Koen? Is jy reg met die Pik Botha potjie?

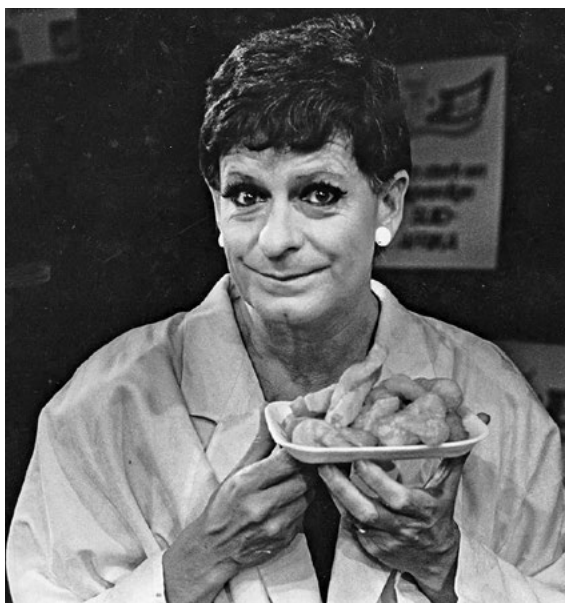
(PDU has changed into Elaine Koen. She will be impersonating Pik Botha, she needs short, dark wig.)

(SOUND: Boeremusiek by the Zulu band.)

ELAINE KOEN: Ja, Oom Jan, ek is amper klaasgeskil aan die aart-appels.

(She has been peeling potatoes.)

Ag nee, open the party of all races and within minutes they turn the place into a Soweto. And yet, everyone is having such a nice time here today. I can't believe my eyes: ANC members talking to lede van die Afrikaner Broederbond? See that man over there? Looks like everyone's uncle? No, it's Joe Slovo, the head of the South African Communist Party, here to enjoy our potjiekos. You know,



PDU as Elaine Koen

after having been paid for so many years to hate Communists like the devil, it's such a disappointment to see that they have no horns. Hulle's so deksels normaal. People think because I work for foreign affairs, I spend every weekend like this, sucking up to Slovo's reds or Mandela's blacks? But I am usually too busy shredding evidence at the office.

Of course, part of Minister Botha's job is to do his potjiekos demonstration for the TV cameras, but that's hard work; part of our government's ... wat's die woord in Engels? Vermenslikingsproses? You know: to humanise against all odds? It works well with Pik Botha; it flops with Adriaan Vlok. Believe me, what Minister Pik throws into his potjie remains a state secret. We often say at the office: Buitelandse Sake is soos Pik se potjiekos – gooi enige damn ding in, solder 'n deksel op, en hoop vir die beste!

I'm also sorry Minister Botha won't be coming here today. After working under him for 20 years, I still find him so sex ... so nice, with those eyes when they're not too red. And that deep voice? And those long pauses, like when the medicinal brandy makes him think twice.

(She adds a moustache and impersonates Pik Botha.)

'Too many cooks may spoil the broth, but too many koeksisters are very good for foreign aids.'

Wait no, hang on! I promised never to do that Pik Botha impersonation again when they gave me my promotion. Minister Pik doesn't like anyone making fun of him, especially behind his back.

(As Pik.)

'Juffrou Koen? Meisie? Where would the South African Diplomatic Corpse be without you?'

Very often I go along with Minister Botha when he flies around Africa on his secret diplomatic missions. From Hastings Banda's palace to Kenneth Kaunda's palace to Robert Mugabe's palace to Houphouët-Boigny's palaces. My boss is always at his best slumming it on safari.

(As Pik.)

'Gentlemen? This is Miss Elaine Koen who will see to your every need.' Well, no, not every need, *sies*. My job is being in charge of special effects. I look after all the bottles of mampoer and dozens of koeksisters.

Kenneth Kaunda is mad about Minister Pik's Akkedis Bult Mampoer, another word for the minister's 'diplomatic initiative'.

(As Pik.)

'Gentlemen, I come to you direct from the new South Africa. Apartheid is dead. So let us please not today use unnecessarily provocative phrases here like 'status quo'. As we know, status quo is just a Latin phrase to describe the mess we are in. I would also like you all to disregard everything I've said in the past in good faith. As you know, there could never, never, never – and I will contradict my own jest of a few years ago with conviction – never be a black president in South Africa. However ...'

"However" is my cue to stand by

(As Pik.)

'... however, let me come straight to the point diplomatically and unemotionally: what the hell has it got to do with you? Who the hell are you people to interfere in the internal affairs of my country ...?'

"Internal affairs" is the code phrase for: "Quick, Elaine, get the booze!"

(As Pik.)

'The reformation of apartheid is an internal affair of South Africa. Foreign affairs could still be your affairs, but general affairs are my own affairs'

Now I bring out the bottles of mampoer...

(As Pik.)

'How can you people still blame us Afrikaners for apartheid? We did not separate the races; God separated the races! So who can point a finger at us? Where in the world is there a society that is more just than ours in South Africa?'

O hel, now I am pouring glasses for Africa! A glass for Robert Mugabe, a glass for Kenneth Kaunda, a glass for Jomo Kenyatta, a glass for Mr Mandela, a bottle for Mrs Mandela and a takeaway for Chief Buthelezi.

(As Pik.)

'While the world bends over blackwards, where on this dark and damned continent is there a free society that enjoys the democratic rights we grant to those in South Africa who deserve them? Zambia? Zimbabwe? Zaire? Gesundheit!'

Everyone drinks politely, but all the black dictators are furious. They want to walk out in protest, but that is undiplomatic and uneconomical. They all know Mad Magnus Malan is waiting peacefully at the border. No, now I must do some very quick thinking: if I feel things are leading up to an unrest-related incident, I must go and get the special potjiekos – that’s the one prepared with a lot of green apricots. We call it Pik’s Revenge. He calls it Lang Gang Diplomatie, because the toilets are usually at the end of a very long corridor. But my boss is always in control. He winks at me.

(As Pik.)

‘But gentlemen, we in South Africa are not insensitive ...’

“Insensitive” is my cue to bring in the koeksisters.

(As Pik.)

‘... we know things are not perfect in the new South Africa. After all, we are nearly human ...’

Now I serve koeksisters for Africa!

(As Pik.)

‘Let me be perfectly honest with you all, as we are safely off the record. If Jesus Christ came back to South Africa today, without letting us know in time, he would still not be allowed, because of his non-European origins, in spite of our reforms, he would still not be allowed to live in a residential area of his choice. This we know; this we regret. Any questions?’

There are hundreds of questions, but no one says a word because their mouths are full of koeksisters, which they try to wash down with lethal glasses of mampoer.

(As Pik.)

‘Very well, as there are no questions, let me give you the answer: health, welfare and education systems can still also legally discriminate against Jesus Christ because of the colour of his skin. For this we are very sorry. We are trying to make amends. Give us four more years.’

Suddenly one of them, possibly Kaunda, bangs his empty glass on the table and says: ‘Here’s-to-five-years-hic!’ I just stand by with the bottle.

(As Pik.)

‘Thank you, President Kaunda, for your timely support of the South African government. Juffrou Koen? Nog ’n dop vir die ou bantoe. Gentlemen, please let me put you out of your collective misery. I can assure you Jesus Christ will never be a problem in South Africa. As you know, we Afrikaners are a deeply Christian people, so as soon as he sets foot in our beloved country, my government will and can still, under the Population Registration Act, declare Jesus Christ an honorary white. Amen.’

En die Mampoer praat. Round the table come amandlas-hic, Viva-hic-de-Klerk! And the National Party becomes the ‘Afrikaner Nationalist Congress’ en almal sing ‘Nkosi Sikelele’ en ‘Daar lê die ding’! En my Baas kom na my, soen my op my voorkop en fluister:

(As Pik.)

‘Juffrou Koen, jy’t hier vandag ’n baie baie belangrike ding gedoen vir ons geliefde Suid-Afrika! As we all know, any good South African diplomat must now do anything in his or her power to get on with those he or she cannot stand! But more important than that? Vice versa!’

Glug-glug hic-Pik!

THE MC (VOICEOVER): Friends? Your attention please? Mrs Daphne Malingabili of the township choir has misplaced her little baby. If anyone finds a small, naked black baby, just put it in a plastic bag and bring it to the info stand. There is reward of a box of Smarties to be shared among you. Then Oom Herman’s dog Meisie has been spotted all over the terrain, but has not yet been caught. Be assured, Meisie is quite harmless. She’s just a nice doggie. So those of you who say you’ve been bitten by a vicious dog? That’s rubbish! Just your imagination. So stop making trouble for the National Party. You’re spoiling everyone’s fun at our bazaar! If you’re bleeding, do it behind the generators where no one can see you. Those of you who also want to own a dog like Meisie, put your names down with Oom Herman. A security dog is every white South African’s best friend; a wit wolf is a kaffer’s worst enemy. Nee man, net ’n ou grappie. Where’s your sense of humour? Kom, waar’s die lekker musiek?



PDU as the Wit Wolf

(PDU has changed into the Wit Wolf: he adds nose, gloves for claws, a black baby doll, a cap gun and a soup spoon.)

DIE WIT WOLF: They call me Meisie and yet I is a Wit Wolf. Hang on ...
(He howls.)

Kaffer!

(He shoots his cap gun.)

I eats meat at the braaivleis from the hand of Oom Herman and somaar bites off the hand that feeds me. I play nicely with the fat children round the potjiekos, but hap't that ugly ou teef that tries to look like Pik Botha, and tear out her top lip with that stupid moustache and spit it out. I lifts my leg against the picture of the state president and my piss makes his colours run. All except the white. White never runs.

(He howls.)

Liberaal!

(He shoots.)

I sink my teeth into the leg of a tuisland leader, but he not notice anything, because pain only happens in a brain and if you have no brain, you feel no pain. No one do nothing to stop me. I is special. I is the symbol of the state of the state. I is the perfect example of 42 years of clever training. I is white because I is pure. White is right!

(He howls.)

Jood!

(He shoots.)

The police Alsatian listen to me. The army Rottweiler wait for my orders. We is watching you as your new South Africa goes too far. Then we will do what we will do. None of you will punish us, because you call us ‘animals’ and you South Africans love rare animals. Thanks to you, the wit wolf is still a protected species.

(He takes the black doll.)

I, when I am a good wit wolf, get an ice cream. I go into the township and help myself to nice lickish ice cream.

(He opens the brain of the doll and with his spoon ‘eats’ the brains.)

THE MC (VOICEOVER): People? Sorry to spoil your fun, but Mrs Malingabulu’s baby has been found, but it’s broken. No, people, you must learn how to respect other people’s property. Even though there is lots where that baby comes from, look at the mess you made. The blanket’s full of blood and the grass is now so slippery that no one wants to eat their boerewors there. Never mind, Mrs Malidinges, just come up to where I am with some identification, and I will reimburse you from the NP Compassion and Flood Relief Fund. Ten rand should do the trick. And then let us eat and drink and be merry, because tomorrow is still tomorrow! Come and check your future in Tannie Maggie’s crystal balls.

(PDU has changed out of the Wit Wolf and into Maggie Thatcher. He added the dress, the wig, lipstick, pearl necklace and earrings, blue eye shadow, a rubber witch nose and the handbag.)

MAGGIE THATCHER: Hello livestock? Please don’t prostrate yourselves; I am here incognito as the fortune teller. I just wish they wouldn’t call me ‘Tannie Maggie’. ‘Mrs God’ would do quite well thank you.

Like Napoleon, I too am waiting to meet my Nelson. That’s why I am here in such a heavy disguise. It wouldn’t be seemly to upstage all this mediocrity with our regal protocol. But then as an honorary member of the Africa Brewderbond, I feel so at home here among you pecking, squeaking, squealing, slobbering beasts and fowl.

A new South Africa? At last, all thanks to my firm stand against



PDU as Maggie Thatcher

sanctions, although the way my luck has been going back home, I might soon be free to take up that kind offer of political asylum in Pretoria. I have some very definite ideas about how to run this place into the ground as well. Not that I have ever had any problems with Mr de Klerk. What a charming chap, with such a pretty smile. He and I always have a very satisfying exchange of views. He comes to Downing Street with his views and leaves with mine.

People still look at me and see the future. I've been telling the world its fortune for the last 11 years, ever since modern history can recall. But deciding what will happen tomorrow won't be as much fun as it was, now that Saddam Hussein has started behaving alarmingly like a white man.

I, in my spare time, prefer reading my own palm. It's so much simpler. You don't have to look your best. And there's no poll tax involved. It tells me in no uncertain terms how to stay where I am. Right on top of my own heap. 'Holy Mother Margaret ...' That's Us. '... don't go for the jugular; just go for the balls!' Ask Denis. I've tried it and it works. Well now, pets and wets, don't be so worried about your future. The future is certain; it's just the past that's sometimes unpredictable. My crystal balls assure me that in the light of your irreversible changes, there will be no bloody revolution in South Africa. But the struggle for peace will leave no stone unthrown.

Well, back to the future for me. Maybe I am in the position now to get these warring black tribes to make peace? The Zulu and the Ex-houza? The click defeats me! Mr Mandela? Chief Bowthala? You two are not helping matters. The world just sees you both for what you are: two spoilt black men. Now zip up, smile and come and grovel in Tent No 10. Thank you all, thank you, I'm so glad you care ... now where is No 10??

(During voiceover, PDU changes from Maggie into the angel, a bergie with one star on an Alice-band.)

THE MC (VOICEOVER): We are all having the most wonderful time. Remember the singalong round the camp fire after the last supper. Almal moet kom en lekker saamsing. Ja-nee mense, daar's 'n lang jaar na ons volgende bazaar. Don't take anything for granted; here today, gone tonight! Which reminds me. Friends? We are all, of course, having a wonderful time here with the National Party, but sadly life has its warts and carbuncles. Look after your personal belongings, your credit cards, your chequebooks, your personal computers, your motorcars and your jewellery. With our new South Africa unfortunately many strangers, who don't appreciate our Afrikaner's highly developed sense of cultural sensitivity, use this veld as a shortcut across from the black squatter city to the only freshwater tap. Ja, vagrants and layabouts and squatters and poor people, parasites and blacks are a fact of life even in the UK, the USA and all over the civilised democratic world. It's not all our fault! So don't tempt the thieving devil!

THE BERGIE ANGEL: Jisis, you'd never believe this was a Christian society? The way I get discriminated against at the bleddie bazaar? I couldn't even sit in the lavatory and mind my own business. 'Don't tempt the thieving devil?' For your compassionate information, I'm not stealing, okay? I'm just looking for lost property. And secondly, I'm not a piece of rubbish. Just because I might look like a bergie, or a tramp, or whatever you stare at to ignore? As a matter of fact, I'm an angel all the way from heaven. Okay? So mind your own business and



PDU as the bergie angel

let me save the world single-handedly.

(He finds a Free Mandela T-shirt on the table.)

Look what I found? A real bleddie antique! A relic from a bygone barbarian age? You know, once upon a time it was illegal and against the law to hold this T-shirt up in a public place. Isn't that stupid? People went to jail for a long time just for wearing a T-shirt like this. Isn't that crazy? In fact, it was also illegal for you to sit there and just watch me hold this T-shirt up in a public place. Isn't that hypocritical? 'Guilt by association'! Ja, toemaar, moet u-self nie wit skrik nie. That was all in the bad

old days of big apartheid. Today we are in the good days of small apartheid. A brand new South Africa? Or the utterly completely new brand: South Africa? Is okay. I'll wear this T-shirt when I fly back to heaven. They won't demand payment at Saint Peter's tollgate. So what are you looking for? My halo? Give me a break, man! I'm just a one-star angel. Halos come with a company car. Jisis, you people have only been brainwashed by the propaganda to take anything at face value.

Just because I don't look like an official bona fide angel, you decide I'm no angel? Just because ou Gorbachev de Klerk has got this nice smile, you forget? A Broeder is a Broeder is a Broeder. Ja, you can lead the Broeders to the edge of the cliff, but you can't make them jump. No, us working angels don't have halos, or heavenly choirs, or whatever you see in the bioscope or the Bible. That's just our Bureau for Information doing their job.

(Clap of thunder.)

Oh my God, if He finds out I'm down here skindering with you people, I'll get into a hell of a lot of trouble in heaven. Ek is alreeds in 'n klomp kak daar bo. Broke a commandment: thou shalt not laugh! I couldn't help it. The ayatollah comes up to complain that his accommodation 'downstairs' is too hot, and then shoplifts a copy of *Satanic Verses*! I laughed so much that I dropped my handbag all the way from Heaven to Earth, and now suddenly there's this hole in the ozone layer and it's all my fault. No, He doesn't like us coming down here, giving you the wrong idea of life after death. Oh yes, there is life after death. For most people it just depends on what they did before death.

Don't depend on the hotline to Heaven. He doesn't bother with prayers from whites anymore. Your Dutch Reformed Church nearly gave Him a nervous breakdown. He doesn't talk to us anymore. Just sits on the stoep with Grace Kelly and Ava Gardner on either side and stares across infinity where Greta Garbo is brushing her hair all alone. He doesn't believe negotiation will solve the problems of South Africa. Now believes violence is the only answer to violence. You don't believe me? Have you seen where your maid lives lately? Or doesn't that really bother you fancy people here behind the Golden Curtain? More of your people get killed in the townships here in a month than in Beirut in two years! But of course, as you know, there are four times more blacks than people here, so you'll never run out of a cheap maid. So don't fear, liberal madam dear, and have another beer!

(Speaks as the madam with a kugel accent.)

"As true's God, I don't mind the blacks killing each other! As long as they leave my maid and my garden boy alone!"

So this is your new South Africa? Smells the same to me: teargas, teargas everywhere, not a life to live. It takes me back to when I was still alive on the Cape Flats. There was an 'unrest-related incident'. Me and my children somaar 'ran into some stray rubber bullets'. Careless us! Ag, rubber se gat ... ja, 'n gat hier... en hier ... en hier! Was I black? I don't know. I think I had a colour once. I can hear it in my voice. Anyway, colour doesn't feature up in heaven. There everyone's invisible. Better tell Tutu.

Ja, all my children are working for him up there in Department RSA Room 666. It's their job to keep a bedonnerde ou Dutchman standing on his head in a blocked toilet for 365 days a year. Then only is he allowed up for ten minutes to get some air and say: 'Oh God forgive me, I didn't know what I was doing!' God's too busy to watch *Loving* on the TV, but me and the kids love it. Anyway, then the ou bedonnerde architect of apartheid must take a deep breath and get back on his head in the kakhuis. Ja, Verwoerd, jy wou mos kom met jou apartheid, jou ou vark! God slaap nie!

(She browses around the table.)

Okay, so now the National Party opens its legs to all races and they don't even have to use a condom? But tell me something? Why do all your presidents look alike? Is there an unbreakable presidential mould with a fatal flaw somewhere in a Pretoria basement?

Anyway, shame, it's nice to see you people being more or less optimistic about your future. When freedom lies just over the next hill, even death can be ignored. I mean, people die all over the world just for being in the way. But now you've changed; your apartheid is dead; you've moved up onto the moral high ground? Haai! I'd be a lying angel if I didn't laugh in your faces.

Hey man, it's (*Give the date*)! The writing on your wall has been there so long, it's already become successful musicals and cabarets all over the world. And now just because a civil servant called De Klerk has opened a door – and his eyes – every white verligte and liberal says apartheid is dead?

(He now speaks as a liberal.)

'Oh dear, no more apartheid. Where do we find a cheap blackie to work for us free? Oh never mind, soon something terrible is bound to happen. Then business as usual.' Something is: while you all worry about who leads who, right now behind your back, nature is dying from pollution and everyone is susceptible to AIDS! So get your priorities right! No more discrimination! Give everyone the vote and a right to make their dreams come true! You South Africans have been getting away with murder for far too long and my Boss doesn't like the competition!

(A clap of thunder.)

That woke Him up.

(He finds Petronella's bag on table.)

Ah, here's my bag! Okay, I must fly. See you all up in heaven? Remember: Department RSA Rom 666. And start holding your breath. It's later than you think!

(The angel exits.)

THE MC (VOICEOVER): Ons tafeltjie is leeg. Dis amper tyd om weer te groet. It's nearly time to call it a day. For all our foreign guests on their way back home, some friendly advice. Use the freeway, drive in convoy, don't stop for anyone who doesn't look like us – and keep your pistol handy. No reason to panic. Everything is under control with the National Party. It's just better to be prepared than scared. En aan ons paar Afrikaners wat oorgebly het? Kom Broeders, vriende, kom. Moenie bang wees nie. Ons het ons Mercedes Benze, ons BMWs en Kombis in 'n laager om die kampvuur getrek. Kom ons sing optimisties vir ons nuwe Suid-Afrika.

(PDU has changed from the angel in a retired PW Botha offstage.)

(SOUND: The song 'Jou kombers en my matras en daar lê die ding'.)



(PW Botha enters wearing Bermuda shorts and a sunhat, and carrying a child's bucket and spade. He looks lost. He snoops around the table and finds a tin of spray paint. He sprays a USSR hammer and sickle cross the face of FW de Klerk on the National Party poster. He wags his finger at the audience. Then a gesture for his right hand: a Sieg Heil salute? A black power fist? A hitch-hiker's thumb? He licks his lips and smiles and gives the audience a middle-finger FU.)

THE END

**Impresariaat Wim Visser
presenteert**

**Pieter-Dirk Uys'
nieuwe one-man-show
'A kiss on your koeksister'**

di 28 augustus t/m
za 1 september
AMSTERDAM,
Nieuwe de la Mar Theater
020 - 233 462

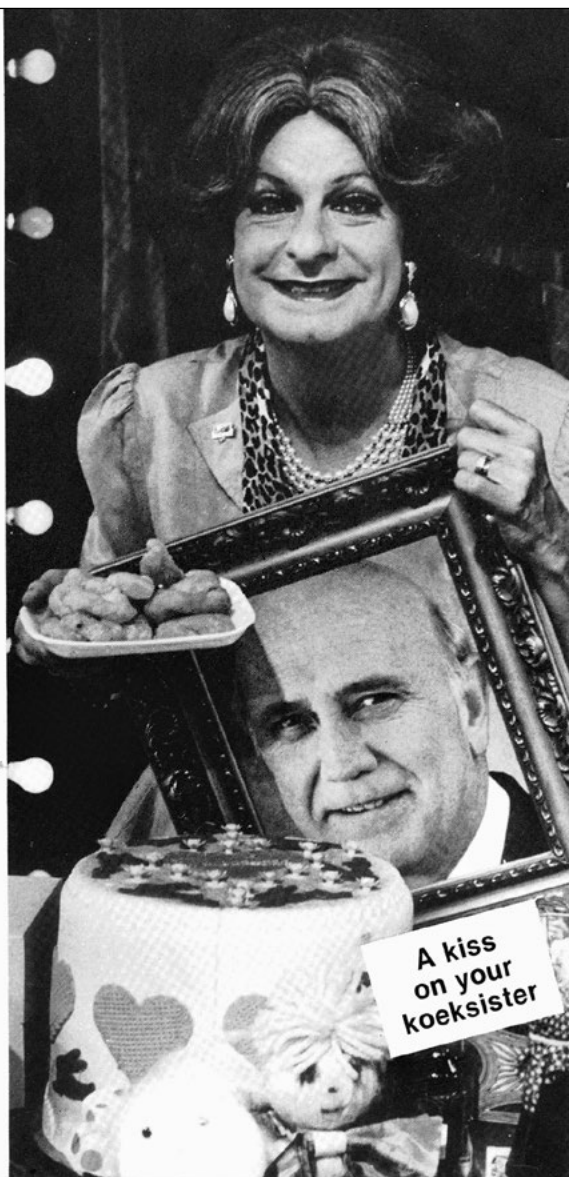
wo 5 september
MAASTRICHT,
Festival Breakpoint,
O.L. Vrouwewal

do 6 september
UTRECHT,
Stadsschouwburg
030 - 310 241

vr 7 september
's-HERTOGENBOSCH,
Casino
073 - 125 125

za 8 september
ENSCHDEDE,
Twentse Schouwburg
053 - 323 233

zo 9 september
HAARLEM,
Stadsschouwburg
023 - 315 571



VLIJMSCHERP IN NEDERLAND

28 August–10 September 1990

By now my performances in the world outside usually happened after a South African season, which meant adaptations and sometimes new sketches. Holland was not just becoming the occasional visit. After the 1988 introduction in the Netherlands (Amsterdam, Nieuwe de la Mar theatre) and the national tour of *Adapt or Dye* and the VPRO television broadcast in 1989, Wim Visser produced subsequent shows in a similar touring plan – starting in Amsterdam at the Nieuwe de la Mar Theatre and then going on to places where I had already been, touching base with a growing Dutch audience, and constantly adapting to old prejudice, expected misinformation and new embraces.

Most of my material was in English. I had thought the Dutch would have enough of the language to follow, but I was surprised to find it was often not the case out on the platteland. Wim translated Evita's welcoming address in *A Kiss on your Koeksister* for me, and the audiences enjoyed her uitlander-Hollands.

We zijn er nog lang niet, in Zuid-Afrika. Mandela is vrij, het ANC gelegaliseerd en de noodtoestand opgeheven, maar het nieuwe Zuid-Afrika staat in kinderschoenen die behoorlijk klemmen en de gemakkelijk weer uitgetrapt kunnen worden. Pieter-Dirk Uys is naar Nederland gekomen om daar op te wijzen. – *Utrechts Nieuwsblad* (Utrecht) Augustus 1990

Een kraam vol kleden, pruiken, schoenen en andere
snuisterijen en daarachter de razende transformateur
Pieter-Dirk Uys als ceremoniemeester van een braaivlees-
feestje van de National Party – so dient de Zuidafrikaanse
satiricus zich in zijn nieuwe voorstelling aan. Toen hij twee
jaar geleden in Nederland werd ontdekt, was zijn optreden
nog min of meer subversief; in eigen land glipte elke grap
door een met moeite opgespoorde maas in die apartheidswetgeving. Nu is het er, naar zijn zeggen, legaal om illegaal
te zijn. Dat stelt nieuwe eisen, de spanning van het half
verbodene is weggenomen. Uys, die altijd al verder ging dan
het simpele pro of contra apartheid, gebruikt de verbale
vrijheid echter met verve. Er zijn nog meer dan genoeg
dilemma's in Zuid-Afrika. Er is inhoudelijk nog altijd meer
dan genoeg aan te beleven.

– *NRC Handelsblad* (Amsterdam) Augustus 1990

The 1990 Dutch tour with *A Kiss on Your Koeksister* included theatres in Amsterdam, Maastricht, Utrecht, 's Hertogenbosch, Enschede and Haarlem. At least they understood the *koeksister* in the title. What the Brits had made of it during the three previews I had at the Edinburgh Festival is anyone's guess. The Dutch media were interested and generous with coverage. Many radio programmes would start close to midnight, live to air, and in deep Dutch. I would be in a small studio in Amsterdam talking to Freek de Jonge, the leading satirist and fellow one-man band in the Netherlands. He was in the main studio in Hilversum Broadcast Centre. His Dutch was fast; my understanding slow. So I often waited for key words like 'apartheid', 'censor', 'Mandela', 'Winnie' and 'Evita' around which to weave the answer, sometimes having little to do with the actual question. My Dutch was often no more than nasalised Afrikaans, the same comedy sound I made when sending up Jan van Riebeeck, the 1652 father of the white nation.

Uys spaart, zoals het de ware cabaretier betaamt, niemand. Hij zit boordevol wantrouwen, bekijkt de ontwikkelingen met een opgewekt pessimisme. Hij maakt zowel president De Klerk belanchelijk als Winnie Mandela. En zo hoort dat. Macht corrupteert, of het nou linkse of rechtse macht is. En machthebbers dienen te worden gewantrouwd. Uys drijft nog meer dan in zijn vorige programma op typetjes. Dat doet hij knap, want hij is behalve met een scherpe en humoristische pen, ook gezegend met een groot acteertalent. – *Het Parool* (Amsterdam) Augustus 1990

Pieter-Dirk Uys is er in geslaagd diep-tragische realiteiten in Zuid-Afrika in een humoristische verpakking te presenteren. Met daarachter de stimulans niet alles wat in Pretoria gebeurt of wordt gezegd meteen voor waar aan te nemen, maar het zand uit de ogen te vegen en te kijken naar de onderstromen in de Zuidafrikaanse samenleving. Omdat Zuid-Afrika volgens Uys, ondanks de politieke ontwikkelingen, nog lang niet van de gevolgen van apartheid af is.

– *Haagsche Courant* (Den Haag) Augustus 1990

The fact that most of our white roots are Dutch was always a tempting totem pole. The fact that their Hendrik Verwoerd came to us begged the question: was apartheid a Dutch export? That rattled quite a few cages. As for the Dutch cultural boycott against apartheid South Africa, I'd ask why then was I there? Because you fight apartheid, they said. 'But I'm white. I'm Afrikaans. Aren't I also responsible for the realities of what's happening?' I suppose if they'd agreed, I would have had to go home.

I was never convinced by the cultural boycott. By not allowing the plays of Pinter, Brecht, Beckett and a long list of other contemporary voices to be performed in South Africa, the boycott was doing the apartheid regime's job for them. Pretoria was just too pleased not to be confronted with all that truth. The sports boycott, however, proved a practical weapon, and probably played a role in suffocating apartheid.

Satire leeft bij de gratie van onrechtvaardigheid, ultieme burgerlijkheid en gebrek aan vrijheid. Wie meent dat de zaken in Zuid-Afrika zozeer de goede kant opgaan dat een cabaretier uit dat chaotische land wel het spoor bijster moet zijn, die kan bij Pieter-Dirk Uys het tegendeel constateren. Uys kiest geen enkele maal partij. Winnie Mandela ontsnapt niet aan zijn blik.

– *Dagblad De Typhoon* (Zaanstreek) Augustus 1990

Uys toont dat satire namelijk ook leeft bij de gratie van een scherp verstand en een gulle lach. Hij beziet Zuidafrika met nog scherpere satire.

– *Haarlemse Dagblad* (Haarlem) August 1990

In alles wat Uys presteert, is het zijn toon die de muziek zet: de hardheid van zijn conference combineert hij met perfect vakmanschap. Daar kijk je je ogen bij uit. Uys biedt een volle schaal met keiharde koeksisters.

– *Trouw* (Amsterdam) Augustus 1990

Uys lijkt niet van zijn stuk gebracht door het nieuwe Zuid-Afrika. Mischien is hij iets minder bitter, maar hij trapt nog even scherp, geestig en venijnig naar alle kanten. Hij onderscheidt de wreedheden en het absurdisme van apartheid, niet blank of zwart.

– *Algemeen Dagblad* (Rotterdam) Augustus 1990

Wat het optreden van deze cabaretier tot iets bijzonders maakt is de voortreffelijke combinatie van vorm en inhoud. Iedere te behandelen figuur, hetzij man, hetzij vrouw, wordt ter plekke bepruikt, geschminkt en gekleed. De overeenkomst tussen de aldus gecreëerde figuren en de werkelijkheid is frappant en zeer amusant.

– *Twintse Courant* (Enschede) September 1990

Bijzonder moeilijk wordt het voor Pieter-Dirk Uys. Het gehele repertoire van deze Zuidafrikaanse satiricus is gebaseerd op een enkele misstand: apartheid. En nu is F.W.de Klerk druk bezig de poten onder het bestaansrecht van de cabaretier Uys weg te zagen. Pieter-Dirk Uys is de laatste jaren stevig aan de borst gedrukt door het keurige liberale, welopgevoede Engelstalige publiek in Zuid-Afrika. Hij werd als een hofnar gewaardeerd. Men vond wel dat hij te ver was gegaan met de creatie van de 'Witte Wolf' ... Dan laat Uys feilloos zien dat de vrijlating van Mandela en gemengde toiletten maar zeer kleine stapjes zijn.

– *De Volkskrant* (Amsterdam) Augustus 1990

Soms betekent zo'n plotselinge vrijheid in een veranderend politiek klimaat de dood in de pot (kijk maar naar het Oostblok waar de theaters leegstromen), maar Pieter-Dirk Uys bewijst dat er voor hem voorlopig nog genoeg werk aan de winkel is. Het afbladderen van de apartheid, voor velen een bron van hoop, voor anderen van angst en frustratie en voor weer anderen de impuls voor opportunistische reuzezwaaien, verschaft Uys een rijkdom aan materiaal ... een satirisch programma van hoog niveau.

– *De Telegraaf* (Amsterdam) Augustus 1990

A kiss on your koeksister is geen gemakkelijk theaterprogramma. Kennis van de Zuidafrikaanse politiek is natuurlijk onontbeerlijk, waarbij men Uys overigens geen eenzijdige kijk mag verwijten. Dat blijkt bij voorbeeld uit de kritische wijze waarop hij Winnie Mandela verbeeldt. Daarnaast is er natuurlijk de taal barriere, omdat Uys zijn ernst en humor in het Zuidafrikaans en in het Engels verwoordt. Wie daarvoor niet terugschrikt, ziet een theatershow van wereldformaat.

– *Brabants Dagblad* ('s Hertogenbosch) September 1990



At the Uitmarkt Festival Amsterdam – Evita and 'FW de Klerk' on tour

EVITA'S PERFECT KOEKSISTER RECIPE

As koeksisters get many mentions in *A Kiss on your Koeksister*, and later in the German version, *Negerküsse*, tour programmes offered the audiences a calming postscript: the recipe for Evita's 'traditional Afrikaner cultural weapon'.

500 g cake flour
2 tsp baking powder
Pinch of salt
2 eggs
1 cup of milk
4 tbsp butter
Cooking oil

Syrup:

1 kg sugar
2 cups water
½ tsp cream of tartar
½ tsp ground ginger
2 cinnamon sticks



First prepare the syrup. Heat sugar and water in a pan and stir until sugar has dissolved. Add the cream of tartar, cinnamon sticks and ginger and boil for a few minutes. Leave to simmer for 10 minutes, until it becomes syrupy. Transfer to a large bowl and allow to cool. Refrigerate for at least 6 hours.

To prepare the dough, mix cake flour, baking powder and salt in a large bowl. Rub in the butter, using your fingers, until it feels like bread crumbs. Beat eggs and milk together and add to flour mixture. Knead into a dough. Form into a ball and cover with wax paper for 2 hours.

Roll out dough to 10 mm thickness. Cut into strips about 8cm × 3cm. Make 2 cuts, 1 cm from one end of the strip, so that you have

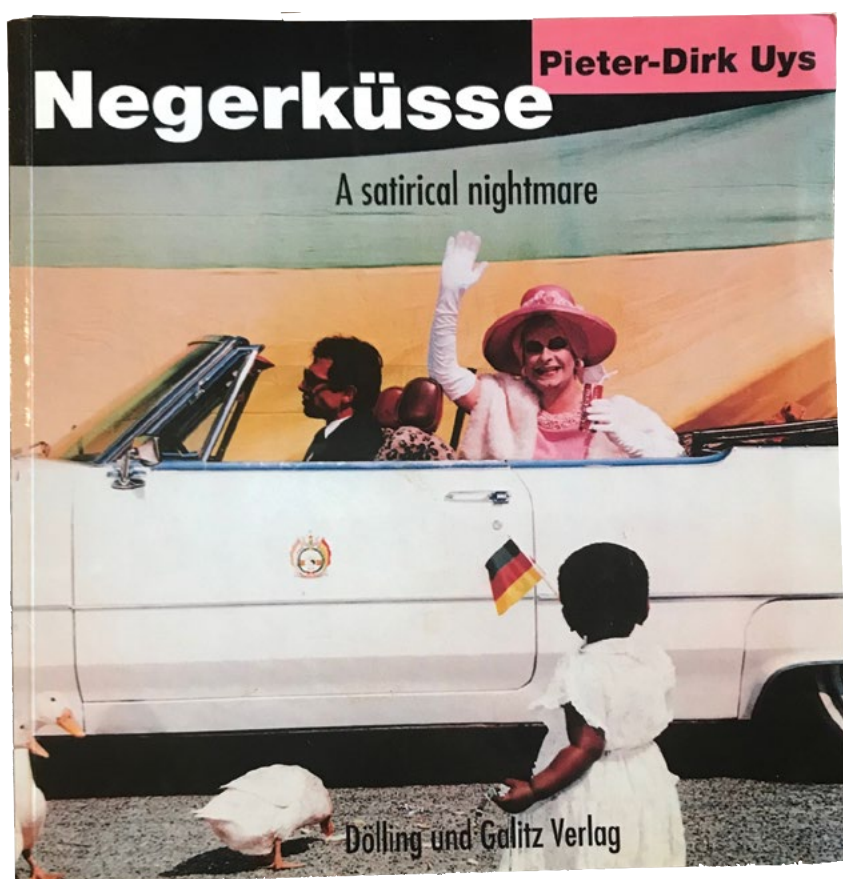
three strips, attached at one end. Plait together and pinch to seal at the bottom.

Heat oil in pan and deep-fry koeksisters for 2 minutes, until golden brown. Drain on paper towel for half a minute, then immerse in cold syrup until all air has escaped. Drain on a rack.

NEGERKÜSSE

(RACIST TRANSLATION DELETED)

13 September–18 December 1993



Forays outside the laager during the '80s and '90s eventually also included Germany. *Südafrika in Farbe* (*South Africa in Colour*) was a combination of sketches reflecting our colourful democratic fancy dress compared with their hasty reunification. The April 1991 national tour, produced by a collection of anti-apartheid organisations, included performances in Steinbach, Berlin, Dortmund, Bielefeld, Minden, Düsseldorf and Dannenberg. My friend, Maria Jensen, fluent in German and not shy to share an opinion, accompanied me, helping to find the local flavours which made my material not just an exotic experience. The performances in Berlin took place a week after the celebrated visit by Nelson Mandela. Evita enjoyed thanking him for being such an excellent publicist, not only for South Africa, but also for her.

After the first show's party, Maria and I were taken into the former East Berlin on a midnight adventure. Walking through the empty streets only lit by feeble streetlamps, it gave me a feeling of what the city felt like back in the 1930s when my mother, Helga Bassel, was living in it. Just before daybreak we also popped into a 'punk-kneipe' in a ruined apartment building with four floors of activity. The band was in the basement from where they could see stars and moon through the huge cavity left by an American bomb in 1944. The rickety tram we took back to the Alexander Platz U-bahn stopped twice for the driver to help sozzled passengers off, gently escorting one to his apartment's doors.

One of my producers, delighted by the success of the show, suggested a follow-up in 1993 that they suggested calling *Negerküsse*. A refreshed version of *Südafrika in Farbe* might have been more adaptable to the audiences in the three countries I would visit: Germany, Austria and Switzerland. Touring this German/English version of *A Kiss on Your Koeksister* was my first real taste of life on the road. In London and Holland I would usually be living with friends in one place and then travelling to the venue each day. *Negerküsse* would mean four months of touring, living in different hotels, starting in autumn and ending in winter. Rudy, my East German driver, was also the technician who ran the show. He spoke English with an American accent, recently learnt

from movies on West German television. My *Sprache* improved out of necessity, as I was constantly live on radio and television, starting with an applauded entrance by Evita and then taking off her wig and lipstick to answer questions about apartheid!

My most vivid recollections seem to be focused on German bathrooms. Every hotel had its own version of shower taps. Some said 'warm' and felt 'kalt'. Others you turned to the left to keep it from scalding you, while the next day's tap was just the other way round. West German hotels were familiar Holiday Inns, while East German accommodation varied from 19th century Prussian to postwar Soviet brutality. I survived on my one full meal a day, which was the breakfast that also included ham, sausages, potato salad and rolls. Occasionally a steakhouse near the theatre would be open for food after the performance. The season started with a few tryouts in Düsseldorf, where the producer was based. It took a terrifying three weeks on the road to smooth out the show. The nervous speed of my delivery was the problem: *Zu Schnell!*

I tried to weave in local issues in my elementary Deutsch, which was dangerous, as I managed to only get away with mentioning a few names and hoped their delighted reaction wasn't expecting me to elaborate in any detail. A newly united Germany had some obvious links with the newly nearly united South Africa. Visiting former East German cities and towns where some performances were scheduled was like a time warp. It put me back in my mother's Germany of the 1920s. Dressing room facilities varied from classy elegant backstage suites to standing behind a torn curtain in a doorway or, and this took the cake, at the bottom of a stairwell which was ankle deep in water. Evita's high heels didn't save the day either. But then, the motto remained: *Boer maak 'n plan!* The venues that booked me for a seven-performance week gave me more time to explore and enjoy the surroundings.

Berlin gave me a freezing week in snow. I found the building in Charlottenburg where my mother had lived. In the swirling sleet, it could have been a black and white snapshot from 1937 when she left in a hurry for safety in Cape Town.

After some shows I could meet and greet members of my audience in the theatre foyer. Many had links with South Africa and obviously could read between my lines, while others couldn't stop staring at me, wondering why I was not black. Most performances were one night stands, after which I'd help Rudy roll up the banners, fold up the trestle table and bazaar items and load them in the Audi station wagon for an early start after breakfast.

The *Negerküsse* tour from September to early December 1993 was brutal. While the structure of *Koeksister* stayed the same, purely because it worked, the content of each sketch had to be reinvented to put the German audience in the picture. Characters would refer to local political issues from a South African point of view and give advice, or sympathy. The danger of explaining instead of exposing was always there. I found the time to study for each upcoming performance in the car during the eternal drives back and forth across the country. Instead of planning the venues of South Germany first and then moving up north, our producer's schedule forced us to race up and down the Autobahn at the frightening speeds allowed, back and forth from north to south, then east to west. I taught Rudy to call our Audi *Unser Ossewa* among other juicy Afrikaans phrases. The beautiful town of Limburg-an-der-Lahn with its iconic cathedral was now in the centre of a united Germany. Somehow we seemed to pass it every third day from a different direction. Rudy would point and shout, 'Fokkin' kak-storie!', and I would yell, 'Jawohl mein Führer!' We got on famously, singing Sonja Herholdt's 'Ek verlang na jou' in harmony. It sounded quite German. The tour plan definitely was!



Every zig-zag on the autobahn from north to south and back
seemed to pass Limburg!



KOEKSISTERS DISGUISED AS NEGERKÜSSE

Clockwise from top left: Bergie/Angel – a one-star refugee in Germany; John Major who appeared out of Margaret Thatcher; FW de Clown; Evita welcomes the world; Katryntjie Blackenberg; Wit Wolf with his crippled swastika

HUMOR ÜBER ALLES

September 1993

Arriving in Düsseldorf on 13 September after a three-week season at the Edinburgh Festival of *An Audience with an African Queen*, I set up the show in a venue called JuTa. My producer invited friends, mostly from the pop world, to my preview. I realised he was a music producer. *Negerküsse* was his first theatrical touring production. An alarm bell rang in my mind. I ignored it. He looked like a successful Hollywood producer. I should have run for the exit. I didn't. After the three-hour tech for lights and sound with Rudy and after the seasons of *A Kiss on your Koeksister*, I could do this show with my eyes closed. But why was I so nervous? Because nothing was the same! Whereas in South Africa the banner across the stage said National Party Bazaar, here the slogan read: *Ferien Macht Frei*, a chilling echo of *Arbeit Macht Frei*, the words over the entrance to Auschwitz.

For the first time in ages, the sense of panic kept my mouth dry. On top of everything, I had forgotten to set my bottle of water. So I had to stop the show and ask for some. Rudy brought me a bottle. It wouldn't open. I sheepishly asked a man in the front row. He twisted and turned and sheepishly couldn't open it either. One of four butch women behind him took the bottle and with a curse, opened it in one twist. The audience applauded. She turned and bowed. I so wanted to employ her to tour with me and break the ice! Or should I say: break the Uys!

The preview performance seemed to go on forever, well beyond the

80 minutes planned. It was a horror story. I fluffed words, stumbled over lines, spoke Afrikaans instead of German. Laughter sounded like hissing; coughing like a pistol being cocked. The applause was loaded with sympathy. There were drinks afterwards. Sweet German wine. Many pats on my head. Sehr schön. Their version of 'Darling? Divine!' Meaning: Kak show. And with still 83 more to go? I just hoped, like always: first is always worst.

Next two nights in Erkrath: 'Ganadenlos und direct, Negerküsse serviert von Pieter-Dirk Uys', then three shows in Dortmund's Theater Fletch Bizzel: 'Satirischer Alptraum ... Negerküsse mit feiner Komik'. A three-day media blitz followed in Hanover and Hamburg to set the scene for the show there. Rudy explained the various comedy circuits around the country and hoped we'd meet up with other touring circuses. Maybe they could take over the rest of my bookings while I run away? I mused.

We were now in North Germany where the dialect sounded Noord-Kaaps. Kiel: 'A satirical nightmare ... Zweimal Kabarett ... Südafrikanisches Panotikum', made way for Flensburg: 'Witz als Waffe'; and then Husum: 'Mitten ins Schwarze, Pieter-Dirk Uys parodiert de Apartheid'. That little theatre was on the waterfront, probably a renovated warehouse, very much up my street. Seagulls screaming outside and a silver moon on the North Sea lapping up against the wooden structures. Then in a university theatre in Hanover: 'Mit Winnie Mandela tanzen, der Kabarettist Pieter-Dirk Uys in Gespräch', after which I had four days off.

Leaving my possessions with Rudy, who was going to visit his step-mother in Hamburg, I took an early flight to London to celebrate my 48th birthday. I went to see my agent about the contract. A little voice kept shouting in my head: Run! Run Run! She sighed. 'Well darling, it's a German contract; they're very complicated. But believe me, you'll make a very good income. I've asked for a bigger percentage ...' and she explained numbers and I just nodded. Then she took me to lunch and we talked about everything else. I asked if she'd read the reviews. 'No darling, it's all in German. I'm sure it's fine.'

OCTOBER 1993

Back to Rudy and my suitcases in Hamburg. More interviews there and some live TV. Everyone is very polite and corrects my German sweetly. I'm starting to feel silly after my Judy Garland moments in London. Rudy has translated the reviews. They all seem to like it. They say I speak *zu Schnell*. They say *Evita hat schöne Beine!* They also say they've not seen something like this before. Oi. Autumn is being shoved aside by approaching winter. Backstage shivers in most venues from now on. First one night in Lübeck: 'Ein Kabarettist mit hundert Gesichtern' and then into the bright lights of Frankfurt. The Frankfurt Book Fair is also bustling with authors and entertainers and I meet many after the shows at Neue Theater Höchst: 'Burassic Park. Geschmackloser Witz als Waffe'.

Evita is invited to the book fair. I take her there on the Sunday afternoon for *Kaffee und Kuchen*. Many people stare at her. A whole week in one bathroom has had a calming influence on me, so I'm ready for the next flurry of one night stands and variations in plumbing. The performance in Obernburg is disrupted by an electrical malfunction and 30 minutes is spent in the dark taking questions from the audience. It's such fun that we all groan when the lights come back on: 'A satirical nightmare von und mit Pieter-Dirk Uys'. Rödermark's show came and went: 'Nicht nur Apartheid in bissiger Ein-Mann-Show abgekanzelt. Kabarettist Pieter-Dirk Uys aus Südafrika teilte mächtig aus'. The hotel shower dangerously scalded my private parts, and Rudy gave me a haircut.

Tante Friedel came to see me perform in Wiesbaden. Family history took over. My mother was engaged to a geology professor in Berlin who, like her, was a pianist. During the constant persecutions against Jews in the mid 1930s, he suggested that she go and visit her parents in Cape Town, where he had sent them a year earlier, until 'this Nazi business blows over'. She only saw him again after the war in 1956, now with his young wife Friedel. Onkel Franz und Tante Friedel became close friends of our family. I stayed with them on my first visit to Germany in 1966. Tante Friedel was the only one left in 1993. In the

Hinterhaus we hugged and laughed and cried backstage, all in German: 'Böse Analyse des "Neuen Südafrika". Viel applaus für diesen Satirischen Alptraum in Hinterhaus.'



Onkel Franz and Tante Friedel from Wiesbaden

Mid October saw me in Marburg: 'Die schönste Botschafterin seit Hans-Dietrich Genscher', and then to Berlin for three days of a media blitz. By now I had my choice punchlines ready *in der Sprache*, and could even handle live interviews with all the *der-die-das* in the right place. Maria Jensen joined me for those three days, helping me find my way from studio to stage and treating me to a glamorous gala starring Shirley Bassey. It was a fundraiser for the famous Berlin drag show that had fallen on hard times. Superstar Bassey offered to be the headliner for the concert. The first half was a company of drag queens doing various impersonations. They looked tatty and lost on that vast stage and the applause was more sentimental than heartfelt. After the interval, Shirley Bassey took over like a tornado and gave an hour of world-class entertainment. At the curtain call she belted out *Hey Big Spender*, inviting all the drag queens to join her in their Shirley Bassey impersonations.

From the sublime to the ridiculously – divine! In Hamburg, on the infamous Reeperbahn, I was booked for six performances at the famous burlesque Palace Schmidt. My glamorous accommodation was a first

floor apartment a block away from the venue, above a sex shop. The only time I could find some sleep without the constant thumping of music from below (just music?) was between 6 a.m. and 11 a.m. The night before my premiere, I was invited to the one-performance-only by legendary naked Annie Sprinkle and her gigantic boobs; original, sharp and funny as she presented her 'environmental art from an ecosexual perspective'. The American burlesque queen was a former sex worker and film maker (aka porn star), earned a PhD in human sexuality and presented a show of her 'visual art' that I will never forget. Nor could compete with.

After the experience she posed topless (and bottomless, I think) in the foyer for photos with her fans, me included. She leant down and her huge breasts hugged, draped on either side of our smiles, like Basset ears! Sadly, I have lost my picture. 'Humor schwarzweiss. Pieter-Dirk Uys bringt Witz vom Kap ins Schmidt ... giftige Negerküsse aus dem Burassic Park ... Winnie mit Peitsche ... Grauen zwischen Schwarz und Weiss ... humor, effektiver als jedes Gewehr.' Ms Sprinkle is still going strong.

The last six days of October saw the show in Münster and Braunschweig, with two days in Cologne for prepublicity. My original booking there was on the night of 9 November. My tour planners hadn't realised that there would be no performance as it was the remembrance of Kristallnacht, as well as the day the Berlin Wall came down. However, the director of the theatre had seen my show in Frankfurt and decided to host *Negerküsse* on that sensitive date. He felt the show was a fitting celebration of speaking truth to power.

NOVEMBER 1993

I welcomed my third month on tour with a show in Essen: 'Negerküsse, die mit Galle gezuckert sind', and then five shows back in Düsseldorf at JuTa, where it had started what felt like centuries ago. Word of mouth had brought good houses for each performance. I tried the water-bottle-doesn't-open trick again and it worked! 'Demo-crazy. Wenn die Rassisten schlafen ... heilsames, böses Lachen. Sarkastische Klagelieder

über die Perestroika. Kein Happy-End'. Many young people stayed afterwards for chats. I asked more questions than they did. They all wanted to come to South Africa. *Warum sind Sie nicht schwarz?* Nobody asked me that in Cologne.

The Nazis called it Kristallnacht, the November pogrom against German Jews carried out by Hitler's paramilitary forces and German civilians throughout Nazi Germany on 9 and 10 November 1938. The German authorities looked on without intervening. Presenting my material in 1993 under the banner *Ferien Macht Frei* in Cologne on this night made me realise that my show had moved from its camp weirdness into satirical reflections of things that mattered. 'Humor ist eine individuelle Waffe'. I met people from my audience who had been in Cologne on that night 55 years earlier. We compared the present state of celebration in both our countries, aware how fragile democracies could still be suffocated through fear, hate and carelessness. 'The danger of the honeymoon,' sighed an old gentleman.

The next night couldn't have been more different. I was on the stage of the Pantheon in Bonn: 'Alles OK? Politisches Kabarett aus Südafrika. Wahrlich eine Rarität!' Still the capital of Germany, Bonn hosted most of the embassies and that included ours. On 10 November die taal could be heard coming from many homesick Afrikaners in the audience. They all wished they'd seen the original *Koeksister* back home, but loved the way Evita had thanked her German audience for having been such an inspiration to the National Party, a moment that certainly was the most controversial shock in the show. 'I am very pleased to be here in Germany, so that I can thank you from the bottom of my heart for everything you Germans did for us in the National Party. Oh yes, you set us a very high standard. It will take us Afrikaners a long time before we've killed six million blacks!'

That breath of fresh Karoo air in Bonn – they even treated me to a real boere braaivleis! – gave me the courage to face the next hurdle of 31 performances through eleven cities in three countries. While I had confidence in my German ingredients, I needed help with my upcoming mini-onslaughts for Austria and Switzerland. Two new friends in the

Bonn Embassy were of great help researching, and faxes flew. Performances in Aachen, Osnabrück and Halle/Saale all suffered from freezing weather, icy draughts on stage and a flu bug that I'd been holding at bay for some time. All my characters had runny noses, while Mrs Bezuidenhout and Mrs Thatcher growled like men.

Ankle-deep in snow, Berlin looked like a Christmas card. My hotel was on the east side of the city and the Mehringhoftheater on the west. It took two U-Bahns to get there by 6 p.m. and a taxi to get back after midnight. I was now living in the city where my mother grew up. With ten performances well booked, I had to nurse myself to tip-top condition. That done, I explored what I could remember of the highlights in her life. After each show, new friendships emerged in the theatre bar of this rambling redbrick warehouse of galleries, studios and the theatre, reminding me of The Space days in Cape Town and the Market Theatre in Joburg.

Halfway through the week I had a night off as I had to fly to Stuttgart to do a live radio interview, which my producer insisted was essential for business in Bavaria. No one could explain why I couldn't just do the interview from a studio in Berlin. There was a reason. The radio show took place in a big theatre in Stuttgart with an audience of maybe 300 excited people. I was asked to bring characters from the show

SONNABEND, 20. NOVEMBER

BUHNE



Froschnezzin
Mehringhof Theater
21:00 Pieter-Dirk Uys, Südafrika:
Negerküsse - Kabarett

PIETER-DIRK UYS: Kabarett aus Südafrika, das darf, wenn es nicht zum Einschlafen sein soll, niemanden verschonen. Der liberale Mitteleuropäer zuckt zusammen, wenn er Sätze wie diesen hört: "Zwei Dinge stören mich an Südafrika: die Apartheid und die Schwarzen." Doch Pieter-Dirk Uys, südafrikanisches Multitalent und Kabarettist, weiß wovon er spricht und reklamiert die Satire als Kunstgriff, dem die Mächtigen wie die Unterjochten gleichfalls unterworfen werden müssen. Sein neuestes Programm "Negerküsse - A satirical nightmare" verschont denn auch keinen: Ob Tutu, Botha, die Mandelas, de Klerk, Major, Thatcher, Golda Meir - sie alle sind nur Kanonenfutter für Uys' satirische Attacke. Wer nun aber glaubt, dies sei endlich einmal ein Kabarettprogramm, bei dem sich der gemütliche Deutsche nicht selbst an die Nase fassen muß, der hat sich gründlich getäuscht. Pieter-Dirk Uys preist das neue Südafrika an als Paradies in der Sonne - mit ausreichend Neonazis, keinen Asylanten, hohem Lebensstandard und prosperierender Wirtschaft. Menschen, die im Wirtschaftsteil der FAZ die Investitionsmöglichkeiten für südafrikanischen Rand studieren, wissen genau, was gemeint ist. Aber nicht nur sie. (Auf Englisch, ab einem Wortschatz von 50 Wörtern unbedingt empfehlenswert.) M.S.
17.-21., 24.11. um 21 Uhr
im Mehringhof Theater

Foto: don't know

Berlin newspaper advertisement

and perform them on air. Panic took over backstage. 'Where are my costumes? The wigs? The make-up? The audience is waiting! We are on in an hour!' I didn't bring costumes, I stuttered. And what for? This is radio! *Nein nein*, they shouted, go upstairs into the wardrobe and find some hats and wigs and furs. That's when I 'stripped my moer'! I don't do a fancy dress show. No one informed me of the performance expected. Sorry. And so I went into the characters 'nude' – meaning without any make-up, wigs or costumes. I think most of the audience were excited to use their imagination. A few shouted rude things at me and I waved and replied in Afrikaans. There was no time to sulk. I finished the Berlin season in the snow and Rudy drove us over various autobahns, across the border and into Austria.

Beautiful Vienna, where the German doesn't sound German, where no one supported the Nazis, and where 'that Hitler' was 'not ours'! 'Wir haben nicht's gewusst ...' A party from the embassy was visible in the front row and their familiar gasps of *skok en sies* tickled my fancy. Koeksisters and coffee were specially served at the after show party. I got back to the hotel as bells chimed midnight. It was now December and I still had to survive three more weeks.

I have always had sympathy for performers who are captured by drugs. Exhausted as I was, believe me, if someone held out two pink

züri-tip Freitag, 14. September 1990 39

Kasernen-Areal

Pieter-Dirk Uys

Atlas-Zelt
Fr 21 h



Der Kabarettist Pieter-Dirk Uys, Sohn eines Afrikaners und einer Deutschen, verbringt sein Leben damit, sich über die Apartheid lustig zu machen. Der weisse Südafrikaner rechnet mit seinen viel weisseren Landsleuten ab. Seine Shows bestehen, sagt er, nur zu 51 Prozent aus Unterhaltung – der Rest ist Wut. In «Adapt or Dye» spielt der 44jährige Uys 20 verschiedene Typen aus diesem Land, das er liebt und dessen Politik er hasst: weisse Durchschnittsbürger, die von der Apartheid nichts wissen wollen oder sie gar noch verteidigen.

Zurich newspaper advertisement

uppers, I'd have swallowed them with thanks. Rudy, who by now had grown a beard and looked like a dealer, drove us back into southern Germany for the show in Konstanz on Lake Constance: 'Zuluschwarze Bissigkeiten.'

Next day back across the German border and into Switzerland for two nights in Zurich at the Rote Fabrik, a legendary dive of left-wing cultural fingerprints, again very like The Space and the

Market. Sophia's secretary came from Geneva to see the show and brought love from 'Mrs Loren' who was filming in Italy. Could we quickly drive down to Sicily to see her? I asked Rudy. He nodded with a smile and said: Gaan-kak-in-die-mielies!

Back across the border into Bavaria and sitting with three texts, trying to get back to the German one and rub out the Austrian and Swiss embellishments. Stuttgart's Renitenztheater introduced me to director Sebastian Weingarten, whom I then invited to visit us in South Africa, which he did. We are still in touch. The shows in Augsburg and Ludwigsburg were successfully ticked off the schedule and on 8 December we finished our technical just in time for the first performance at 9 p.m. in HAI, the premier cabaret-lokaal in München: 'Was Pieter-Dirk Uys macht, ist im deutschen Sprachraum fast unbekannt!'

Somewhere in those two weeks I managed to visit Ludwig's Neuschwanstein fairytale castle and make friends with film diva Marianne Sägebrecht of *Bagdad Café*-fame, who loved the show so much that she came several times. Meanwhile it snowed outside, while it boiled on stage. My accommodation was a room without a view. I swore that I would grow a beard and never shave again. *Genug war genug!* Goodbye to Evita! Goodbye to politics! *Aufwiederssehen Negerküsse!* At least after these four months of hard labour, there'll be shekels in the bank!

A moment to remember in Munich: after the sketch of 'Pik Botha' who, I must say, looked similar to a certain German politician with his upper-lip black moustache and black hair, a middle-aged tante waddled to the stage, stopped me in mid-sketch, pointed a finger at me and yelled: 'Geh' zurück nach Südafrika! Und lass' unser Adolf allein!' And a moment to forget. The tour came to an end playing to a capacity audience in HAI. Then, as a cherry on the cake, my producer calmly informed me that, after XXX number of performances, *schade*, he was bankrupt and, *es tut mir Leid*, there would be no money. Zero.

Like Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*, I just sat on the steps backstage and said: 'I'll worry about it tomorrow.' There were many

phone calls to agents and lawyers. A legal process was suggested. The signed contract was in deep German with fine print that stated any lawsuits would take place in the producer's hometown of Düsseldorf. It could easily have taken ten years of hell. So? Boer maak 'n plan! I decided to put it all down to experience and move on.



Evita says Aufwiedersehen

1994

ONE MAN ONE VOLT

The End of the Beginning

Laughter at the expense of politicians of whatever ideological hue is always healthy. Pieter-Dirk Uys is single-handedly achieving what many other artists and commentators in whatever medium aren't at present. Like a one-man Spitting Image crossed with a Private Eye sense of the deeply silly, the rubber-faced Uys whizzes through everyone. – *The Cape Times* (Cape Town) April 1994

I was one of the turkeys looking forward to Christmas. On 27 April 1994, the first truly general election for all the people of South Africa would be held. My first title for the new dawn was *Bite the Ballot*, which harked back to my UK Channel 4 special in 1989. But then I saw a cartoon of an election poster on an electrified fence around Soweto and 'one man one volt' was born. The lead-up to the election was a traffic jam of chaos, reflected in the hooks I was trying to find on which to hang sketches. Different energies raced off in different directions, all aiming for the same place and issue, but unable to articulate what it was. 'Freedom' was the password, 'change' was on the T-shirt. The bloodletting was already attracting the world media to be witness to the shock and horror awaiting us in April. Nervous whites were stocking up on tins of tuna. That was worthy of a smile.



BALLOT PAPER

SAMPLE ONLY

Make your mark next to the party you choose.
 Etša leshwaqo pata mekgatlo oo o o kgathang.
 Yenza uphawu eceleni kwelimbulo lokhetheko.
 Enda mfungho ethelo ka vanda lori u ri hlalulaka.
 Baya leshwaqo go lebaga la leleko la gago.
 Yenza uphawu lakho eduze nehlangano oyikhetshako.

Plasa u merik langa die party van u keuse.
 Dira leshwaqo la gago go lebaga la phatlhi yoo o e kgathago.
 Kha vha ke luswayo phanda ha drangano lina vha khethe.
 Yenza uphawu lwakho eceleni kwegeti dlo ukhetheyo.
 Dweba uphawu esikhateni esiduze kwenhlangano oyikhetshayo.

PAN AFRICANIST CONGRESS OF AZANIA		PAC		
SPORTS ORGANISATION FOR COLLECTIVE CONTRIBUTIONS AND EQUAL RIGHTS		SOCCER		
THE KEEP IT STRAIGHT AND SIMPLE PARTY		KISS		
VRYHEIDFRONT - FREEDOM FRONT		VF-FF		
WOMEN'S RIGHTS PEACE PARTY		WRPP		
WORKERS' LIST PARTY		WLP		
XIMOKO PROGRESSIVE PARTY		XPP		
AFRICA MUSLIM PARTY		AMP		
AFRICAN CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATIC PARTY		ACDP		
AFRICAN DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT		ADM		
AFRICAN MODERATES CONGRESS PARTY		AMCP		
AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS		ANC		
DEMOCRATIC PARTY - DEMOKRATIESE PARTY		DP		
DIKWANKWETLA PARTY OF SOUTH AFRICA		DPSA		
FEDERAL PARTY		FP		
LUSO - SOUTH AFRICAN PARTY		LUSAP		
MINORITY FRONT		MF		
NATIONAL PARTY - NASIONALE PARTY		NP		

Presented by the Voter Education Programme of the Independent Electoral Commission.

Page 1

To lighten spirits and spread a little happiness in the last days of the Old South Africa, joker Uys comes up trumps again. One Man One Volt can be rated another success for Pieter-Dirk Uys. – *The Natal Mercury* (Durban) April 1994

Uys as adept as ever at pouncing on politicians. A very funny meander down a political memory lane. One forgives him anything when his true genius goes into action. Uys provides the best way to beat ballot box blues. The man's comic genius is undimmed. – *Sunday Times* (Cape Town) April 1994

The results are as hilarious as everyone has come to expect of him. – *Mail & Guardian* (Cape Town) April 1994

Already in January the election rock and roll started. Godfrey Johnson and I got together in the New Year and worked out a cabaret for Bambi Kellermann and her sister Evita Bezuidenhout called *The Poggenpoel Sisters*. The first half was Bambi in cabaret singing the traditional (sacred) Afrikaans songs from the *FAK Sangbundel*. Godfrey re-orchestrated them to sound as if they'd been arranged by Kurt Weill, and Bambi interpreted them as anthems to her childhood traumas. Her *Weimar* was the satirical whiff of grapeshot across the brows of an audience who expected Tannie Evita.

After 40 minutes of cabaret, Bambi had also finished half a bottle of vodka. The interval saw her being helped off stage. The second half was her sister coming to fetch the drunk sibling and keep the scandal out of the media. It gave an opportunity to bring Mrs B into the new shooting gallery of electioneering. The cabaret opened at Eauver The Top, a glorious Berlinesque *kneipe* venue on Beach Road Kalk Bay, which would become a favourite tryout venue for the next few years. We took the *Poggenpoels* to Durban and Johannesburg via the Grahamstown Festival. Meanwhile, I was gathering information and details for the election show.

Maybe it's time to flush some of his hoary old koeksisters down our new non-racial public toilets.

– *Weekly Mail* (Johannesburg) October 1994

Uys is en bly egter 'n briljante satirikus. Sy Pik (dink in Hollands) was verstommend skerp en snaaks.

– *Die Burger* (Kaapstad) April 1994

He shocks, he prods, he rattles and raves, he cackles and hoots, goes for the vacuous, then turns vicious. But most of all, he puts the fun back into the elections. But it is when reflecting on the past 46 years that Uys lets rip. With laughter that often turns black, put the elections into the delightfully Uys perspective.

– *Pretoria News* (Pretoria) April 1994

The content of *One Man One Volt* found a structure during that Poggenpoel run, and was ready to open at the Cape Town Waterfront's Dock Road Theatre in time for the election. The skeleton of the show would stay unmolested as the characters were slotted into a logical political alphabet, starting with world leaders paying tribute to the post-apartheid era. There would also be a presentation of the changing face of Afrikaner Nationalism, going from the first apartheid prime minister, DF Malan, through those who followed him, until FW de Klerk switched on (or off?) the lights in 1994. Evita would feature, as well as Nowell Fine, my liberal Jewish-African princess. Familiar faces from past shows – Pik Botha and Piet Koornhof – would anchor their new attitudes to the mast. Desmond Tutu would feature. I never forgot his finger wag in 1985: 'Why am I not in your show?' Nelson Mandela was the newcomer. I eventually did the sketch with my back to the audience, too inhibited by admiration to risk doing him badly. At least I had found his voice – a cross between Donald Duck and a hadeda ibis!

Uys se tong het 'n knoop nodig.

– *Die Transvaler* (Johannesburg) Oktober 1994

Uys makes the election his own party piece and he is far more entertaining than the politicians.

– *The Argus* (Cape Town) April 1994

The results are as hilarious as everyone has come to expect of him.

– *Mail & Guardian* (Cape Town) April 1994

The lead-up to the election meant wading through a bloody marshland of tragedy, loss of life and hope with very little that was funny. In fact 'funny' left my vocabulary and made way for 'outrageous', 'shocking', 'cringe-making', 'offensive' and 'dark'. Democracy was winking across the divide and invited free speech. I had to find a way to hang bells and whistles on our political statements.

The SABC wanted *One Man One Vote* to air as an April election special. We filmed it in the Market Theatre's disused warehouse during the last weekend in March. A few changes were requested: remove any f-letter, c-letter and k-letter words, as well as a big black rubber dildo. But 90 minutes before its scheduled screening on SABC1 on Sunday 24 April, the show was axed under a section of the Electoral Act that forbids broadcasters to criticise any political parties 48 hours before polling. It was eventually regurgitated on SATV six months later on 3 October, the day that Germany was celebrating four years of reunification.

One Man One Volt

Performances in * Dock Road Theatre Cape Town * Playhouse
Durban * Civic Theatre Johannesburg

THE 1994 CAST

Pieter-Dirk Uys

Evita Bezuidenhout

Queen Elizabeth II

A British Tory MP

Mrs Margaret Thatcher (former British Prime Minister)

John Major (British Prime Minister)

Bill Clinton (US President)

Comrade Boris Yeltsin's translator

Dr DF Malan (Prime Minister 1948–1954)

Adv JG Strijdom (Prime Minister 1954–1958)

Dr HF Verwoerd (Prime Minister 1958–1966; the architect of
apartheid)

Mr BJ Vorster (Prime Minister 1966–1978; State President
1978–1979)

PW Botha (Prime Minister 1981–1984; State President 1984–
1989)

FW de Klerk (State President 1989–1994)

Pik Botha (Minister of Foreign Affairs)

Piet Koornhof (SA Ambassador to the USA)

Desmond Tutu (Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town)

Mrs Winnie Mandela

Gatsha Buthelezi (Chief Minister of the KwaZulu Bantustan)

Ferdi Hartzenberg (Conservative Party MP)

Nowell Fine

A voter

Felicia Mabusa-Suttle (SATV chat show hostess)

THE SHOW

Once again, there are three cardboard boxes filled with props, costumes and wigs. The audience will see all of the costume changes between sketches.

Evita Bezuidenhout is opening an election meeting. Her speech changed from performance to performance, reflecting the ups and downs of electioneering among all the parties.



Evita at an election rally

EVITA BEZUIDENHOUT: Sayibona, dumela, molo, kunjani, hello. I'm happy to see you here and not stuck at home in your kitchen making inventories of your toilet rolls and tins of tuna. We are all so exhausted preparing for the election. I was at FW de Klerk's rally last night, which was full of excited supporters. More black faces than white faces! That's costing us a lot! The National Party is now open to all races and I was so inspired to see them queueing up to join: whites over there, blacks over there, coloureds over here, while the Indians faxed through their cheques.

So many wonderful things are happening very quickly. The independent Bantustans will cease

to exist before the 27th of April, and so as the outgoing ambassador to Bapetikosweti, I have had my hands full with various arrangements, not wanting my homeland to fall over as quickly as the others have. Soon we will all be dissolved into one big black homeland called South Africa. The leaders in QuaQua and Lebowa already phoned Pretoria

and asked to be taken back now, but the number they rang is no longer in use, ever since the escort agency moved out.

I've been in and out of Ulundi and am very relieved that the IFP has eventually agreed to take part in the election. Believe me, I am not very comfortable in a Zulu kraal. I can just hear Voortrekker leader Piet Retief whispering: 'Remember Dingaan and Ungungunglulu!' My new job as a one-woman commission of inquiry looking into protecting our symbols of the old state – statues, street names and languages – from cancellations by the new one has been stressful. One of my triumphs is the new South African flag.

For the last few months, I've sat with Roelf Meyer and Cyril Ramaphosa, with their boxes of crayons, trying to work out the new flag. You've probably already burnt yours in the meantime? A very symbolic reason is the 'Y'. Why? I'll tell you why: the Y stands for 'yield' – because on the 27th April we will all have to yield: either to the left or to the right. If the left gets in, there'll be nothing right; if the right gets in, there'll be nothing left! Just off the record, I cannot, as yet, confirm the speculation that Nelson Mandela has approached me to become the ambassador to the proposed boere volkstaat.

I must go; the country still needs to be run. I just wanted to pop in here and say to all of you: enjoy the upcoming election campaign and have a wonderful election. Don't believe all the rumours and gossips, all the nonsense in newspapers, or the bad news on TV. Didn't you know that elections always bring out the worst in politicians? Just remember, it's all just party politics. We've had our party politics before. We just had a government that won its own elections. So don't forget to register your black or blacks to be able to vote on the 27th of April. And yes, we'll all have the 26 parties to choose from – ag ekskuus Gatsha! – 27! Buthelezi's back in the pack. And if you don't know where to put your cross on election day? Just do what you've always done in the past. Wear a DP T-shirt and vote for the NP!

(PDU takes off the Evita costume and ends up in black leotard and leopard skin scants.)

PDU: ... and not to forget to take off the eyelashes, of course (*He takes them off*) You were right during all those years of having to listen to Tannie Evita. You sat there thinking: 'Hang on, there's something not quite right with this woman, but I just can't put my finger on it.' You can't put your finger on this either (*Refers to himself*). It's like all South African politics today. You just can't seem to put your finger on it either. What do you focus on? Things change so quickly that the political material starts writing itself. I just have to decide on the structure. Do I start the show as a woman and then end it as a man? Or do I just do it as a South African? There are so many targets to focus on. In the old days it was simple. When I started with *Adapt or Dye* in 1981, it was simply good against evil, black against white. The good guys were in jail and bad guys in Parliament, some on the stamps and a few on the coins. There was one very obvious answer to many questions: Free Mandela! It's just that too many of us said: who? Others said: Down with apartheid! And now apartheid is down, and there's just the one question: what the hell is going to happen now?

(*PDU adds the costume details for Queen Elizabeth: sensible British style – scarf, coat.*)

QUEEN ELIZABETH: As Queen of England and head of the British Commonwealth, we are very pleased to announce that South Africa will be re-entering our family of nations after their free, fair and fraught multiparty elections in April.

We have not met future President Mandela, but we are sure he still looks like the T-shirt we once wore on a Saturday morning at Balmoral while washing our Corgis.



PDU as Queen Elizabeth

South Africa has always been very close to our heart. We will never forget our 21st birthday celebrations during our royal tour of Cape Town. As a result, we always secretly sipped a glass of South African wine during sanctions, when it was poured from a bottle of Australian plonk. Proteas adorning our residences have also been ideal places to secrete microphones in the palace apartments of our son and heir, the Prince of Wales, as well as in the parlours of Mrs Camilla Parker Bowles. We thank the South African government for their kind offer to mediate and oversee the ballot. Although we don't wish to become Queen of South Africa until we are sure the election results won't end us upside-down in a cooking pot of boiling water in Natal.

We will be happy to send one of our sons, Edward, Andrew or Charles, to assist South Africa in her marriage of black and white with as much skill as they have proved in their own marriages.

We therefore take great pleasure in launching this new ship of state. May God bless her and all who sail in her.

(PDU changes into the Tory MP)

THE TORY MP: Oh bugger, you've caught me with my frilly knickers up and in my high heels to boot! Let's not waste time with formalities. I am the Tory MP for Hackenstock-on-Tyne, but just call me Mavis for short. As you know, John Major's government of which I am an active or passive part depending on what I wear, has a new policy commitment: back to basics. And more basic than this you could not get.

We believe in high moral values, the sacrosanctity of the family, good old-fashioned standards and a sense of fair play. In fact, everything I stand for at this moment in time.

Just want to say: good luck with the ballot on 27 April. Talk about the turkeys voting for Christmas! When you go to vote, put something frilly on under your tracksuit. Does wonders putting the erection back into the election; might even have a climax with your vote! And speaking of which, they say, if I put this plastic bag over my head and do a bit of heavy breathing, I might even experience my own landslide! Let's hope

I come before I go!

Too-de-loo!

(PDU puts a plastic bag over his head in which is Maggie Thatcher's blonde wig; inside which is the grey wig for John Major and Bill Clinton. He carefully removes the bag and there is Maggie Thatcher. He adds pearl earrings and the black handbag.)

MRS THATCHER: Oh, thank you for remembering me! No, I don't think I am Napoleon Bonaparte; he's dead. I don't want to pretend to be Sir Winston Churchill. My recent book sold far better than his. I am not General Schwarzenegger, or Arnold Schwarzkopf. My name is very simply God. Baroness God.

I am the perfect person to be here to oversee a free and fair democratic election in South Africa. As British prime minister for eleven and a half years, I have become an expert on democracy and how to get away from it. Of course, if I was in charge here it would be so very simple. I'd declare a state of emergency throughout the country, call up the army, slap all the buggers into jail and throw away the key. So simple – in Northern Ireland.

As you know, I am no longer resident in Buckingham ... in Number 10 Downing Street. So allow me to make way for someone who is; for someone who pretends to be in charge, but just keeps letting me down. Now don't worry, this will not be a major change ...

(PDU adds black-rimmed glasses, takes off earrings and wipes off lipstick. Then he removes the Maggie wig to expose the short grey wig.)

JOHN MAJOR: Hello. The name is Major. John Major. I'm ... I'm English. Jolly glad to be here in your beautiful country. Hope to see some cricket. Really love cricket. Maybe some wild animals? Wouldn't mind seeing some of those. A bit of sunshine never hurt either. Otherwise I don't have a clue what I'm doing here. But what the hell, here I am and I'm very happy to be here, so there ... so there ... so there ...

(PDU removes the glasses, adjusts the grey wig.)

BILL CLINTON: Hi. The name is William Jefferson, but you will know me as Bill. I'm American. I once tried South African pot, but didn't inhale. I'm President Clinton's husband.

I bring greetings to you Africans on the eve of your election from the American people. America helped to solve your problems. America will now protect your democracy. Just look at our track record: thanks to America we won the First World War. We won the Second World War. We won the Vietnam War ... nearly. We won the Cold War. We put Noriega and Saddam Hussein in their place. And now we've even solved the Middle East crisis! Thanks to America, Arabs and Jews will now happily live together as Christians!

So let's do things here the American way. What's mine is yours, and what's yours is ours. Most of you whites still seem to prefer living in California; most our African Americans seem to want to belong to Africa. Let's swap. God bless America!

(PDU removes the grey wig, and adds a Russian fur hat, plus an earplug to translate for Boris Yeltsin.)

THE RUSSIAN TRANSLATOR: I translate for Comrade Yeltsin.

"President Yeltsin ... has a message of encouragement ... for the South African election process ... President Yeltsin says... all people... should... all people should ... who can vote must vote ... and then ... establish a firm democracylike in Russia.... a freedom to do as you're told ... President Yeltsin sympathises ... with the South African peoples ... who will now be the ... be the only bona fide democracy in the world ... to be ruled ... to be ruled by a Communist Party ... the only Communist Party with plans for the future President Yeltsin has this to say ... about communism. *Nyet!*"

Nazdarovya!

PDU: With friends like those, who needs democracy? I've just been to the Rand Easter Show in Johannesburg. Evita Bezuidenhout had a

Bapetikosweti stall in hall B, amid other stalls all representing real countries like Egypt, Russia, Lesotho, Paraguay and China. Evita was on show, like the Mona Lisa. Some questions from onlookers made me realise that just because she doesn't exist, doesn't mean she's not real:

'Tannie Evita, would you ever stand in elections?'

'Yes, but let's wait till 1999. We'll need someone then to get rid of whom we choose now.'

A little boy wanted an autograph. Then he said: 'Tannie? Ek weet Tannie is 'n Oom'. That made my day and it needed a lot of acting not to laugh and give my game away.

I asked most of the political parties involved for a poster to put up on the stage to prove that I was not taking sides. I'm still waiting. So I went prowling in the dark to steal some posters. We can now call that affirmative shopping.

(PDU points to bits of election posters on the boxes.)

So allow me to acknowledge and thank the National Party government for being my best scriptwriters for the last 13 years, through *Adapt or Dye*, *Total Onslaught* and *Beyond the Rubicon*. After celebrating the release of Nelson Mandela with *A Kiss on your Koeksister*, cracks in the NP façade appeared. It became legal to be illegal. In the past, some laws were there to be broken. In the future, laws will have to be respected. Freedom of speech is with us in bursts and spurts. The world is watching, expecting a bloodbath. Let's give them a baby shower.

(During the following PDU adds the white shirt, tie and dark suit for the leaders of the National Party.)

I want to look back, but not in anger. I want to give credit where it is due and look back at the achievements of this extraordinary group of politicians – I'm trying very hard to find kind words – who ruled this country since 1948, representing five percent of the population, and who did such an extraordinary job of doing to us what they did to us. En kyk hoe lyk ons nou?

I have my Oom clothes on now – die Broederbond pakkie-suit – so here for your entertainment, enlightenment and nostalgia, the changing face of Afrikaner nationalism from 1948 to 1990, starting in 1948.

I was born in 1945, which means I've only had one government for all my life. I'm really looking forward to a change! The first NP prime minister was Dr DF Malan. He was my father's cousin. That's why I should always say: my satire can start at home.

Hier kom die Ooms!

(PDU adds a hat and 1940s glasses.)



Clockwise from top left: PDU as DF Malan, HF Verwoerd, BJ Vorster, FW de Klerk, PW Botha

DR DF MALAN: Uit die blou van onse hemel
Uit die diepte van ons see
waffle-waffle NP-NP
God is on our side
Babbel-babbel apartheid in trouble?
Die nuwe Suid-Afrika is hier
Pass laws? Lekker lekker
Group Areas Act? Heerlik
Ons sal lewe; ons sal sterwe
Ons vir jou, Suid-Afrika
Oor na u, Advokaat Strydom

(PDU keeps the hat and adds a white carnation to lapel and 1950s glasses.)

ADV JG STRIJDOM: Ja-nee, oor ons ewige gebergtes
waar die kranse antwoord gee
waffle-waffle NP-NP
All in the name of God
Babbel-babbel Leeu van die Noorde trouble?
Bring my sweep, laat hul suffer
Hotnot, coolie, ditto-ditto en ook kaffer
Ons sal lewe; ons sal lewe!
Ons vir jou Suid-Afrika
Oor na u, Dr Verwoerd

(PDU keeps the hat and adds a toy pig-snout nose and an orange carnation.)

DR HF VERWOERD: Uit die blou van my twee oë
Uit die diepte van my hart
waffle-waffle NP-NP
All thanks to God
Babbel-babbel hier kom trouble
Sharpeville? Sharpeville!
Die Nuwe Suid-Afrika is hier

Republiek! Republiek!
Immorality Act? Mixed Marriages Act?
Love your neighbour but don't get caught
Jy moet jou naaste liefhê soos jouself
maar 'n naturel bly maar 'n bantoe
Ons sal lewe; ons sal nooit sterwe
Ons vir jou Suid-Afrika
Oor na u Meneer Vorster

(PDU adds a golf cap and glasses with bushy eyebrows attached. Adds a blue carnation.)

BJ VORSTER: Uit die donker van ons tronke
Uit die selle van ons land
waffle-waffle threaten-threaten
God is one of us
Babbel-babbel info trouble
skiet skop en donner
Ninety-day detention without trial!
One-hundred-and-eighty-day detention without trial!
Steve Biko laat my koud
Ons sal lewe; hulle kan sterwe
Ons vir jou Suid-Afrika
O die wêreld raak nou baie kil ...
... oor na u, Ou Krokodil ...

(PDU adds the PW hat and glasses, plus the NP rosette. Removes the three carnations and replaces them with his own triple-coloured carnation display.)

PW BOTHA: Uit die blou van Tannie Elize se hoedens
Uit die diepte van ons kwaal
wag-the-finger, lick-the-lips, as-far-as-I-am-concerned
Babbel-babbel riots and trouble
Quo Vadis? So where to, Soweto?

A new tricameral parliament has been born
Testing-testing-testing
... state of emergency one, emergency two, emergency three
Crossing the Rubicon? Adapt or die? Total onslaught?
Ja, I will keep law and order in South Africa
and no one in the world is going to stop me!
I looked into my crystal ball and saw
de Keiser unseated by de Klerk?
E tu, FW, e tu?

(PDU removes the jacket, the tie and the hat. He keeps the PW glasses.)

FW DE KLERK: Uit die blou van ons demokratiese hemel
Uit die diepte van ons demokratiese see
Nkosi Sikelele etc ensovoorts
waffle-waffle new-NP new-NP
All in the name of my Pretoriastroika
A new-new new democratic, nonracial, nonsexist, nonsensical South
Africa is born!
Apartheid is dead, Viva New National Party Viva!

(PDU changes into Pik Botha. He keeps white shirt and adds black moustache and wig.)

MINISTER PIK BOTHA: I'm not here. Officially none of us are here.
Unofficially most of us wished we had never been here in the first place.
But because you are here, let me state most categorically, and in the
light of the impending elections and the reality of a democratic South
Africa: it is with pride that I can predict that the New National Party
will ... no, not will ... *shall* win this election, at least in the Western
Cape – even if it kills you!
We killed apartheid! Apartheid is dead.
Apartheid is cold meat. It's a goner. It's a stiff; it's worm bait.
Apartheid has bitten the dust. It has conked out. It is crapped out,

washed out, keeled over, pegged out, popped off, rubbed out.

Apartheid has snuffed it. It has kicked the bucket. It has passed away. It is deceased; it is a corpse, a dead body, a cadaver, a carcass, a stiff.

Apartheid has departed. It is the late; it is expired. Apartheid has shuffled off its mortal coil.

Apartheid is vrek. Hy's in sy moer. Hy's so dood soos 'n mossie.

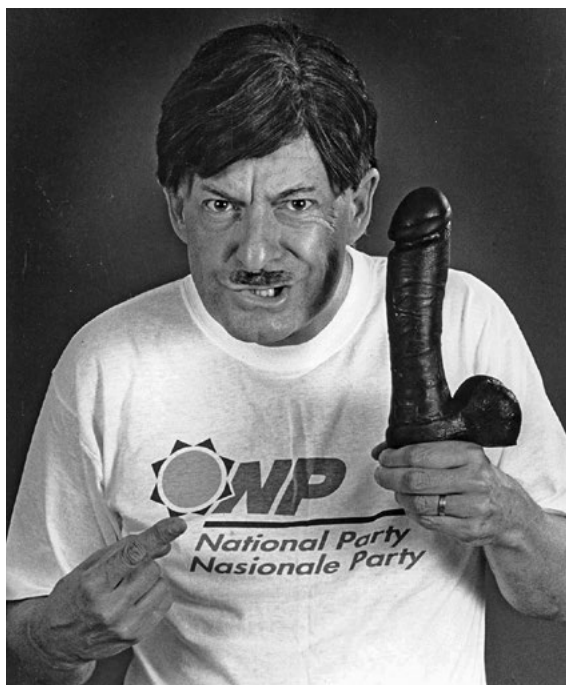
Apartheid is ... what can I say? Believe me, I don't know anyone who ever supported apartheid.

So don't believe what the ANC says. It's all propaganda. The ANC didn't kill apartheid. The ANC became famous through apartheid. We in the National

Party could kill apartheid because we knew where we put it.

The National Party has always cared for blacks and coloureds in the Cape and the Transvaal. The National Party only cleared coloureds and blacks out of District Six and Sophiatown so that you whites could have nice musicals. The National Party kept Mr Mandela on Robben Island for 20 years so that he could study for his degree in peace. The National Party got rid of the Mixed Marriages Act and the Immorality Act, or else today Dr Piet Koornhof and Rev Alan Boesak would be in jail. So moenie panic nie. Alles sal *nat* bly. Dinge sal net aanhou groei. And now here's something off the record. One of my staff, Mrs Snyman, found this bobbitt in the grass outside the New National Party offices. (*Pik holds up a large black rubber dildo.*)

Does anyone know what this implement is? I have never seen one like this before. Where could it have come from? What was it used for?



PDU as Pik with traditional
cultural weapon

Could it be a cellular, or even a muscular telephone?

(He holds it to his ear.)

'Hello? Is anyone there?' No one home ... Is it a telescope?

(He looks into the sky.)

A dictaphone?

(He blows into it as to a microphone.)

Ja-nee, it's a prickly situation. Is dit deel van 'n faksmasjien? Ek weet nie. Maybe a traditional cultural weapon? Should this in fact be the organ of the New National Party?

(He doesn't know what to do with it.)

It doesn't seem to fit. I showed it to Hernus Kriel and he screamed and just ran. Roelfie Meyer smiled and said: 'Hello Cyril'. No, man, it's a mystery. Wait a minute, maybe it's a rare rhino horn? 'n Groot renoster-horing?

(He sticks the black penis to his forehead.)

Ja, wragtig! Now just watch. The ANC will just call this another NP cock-up!

(PDU adds short brown wig, the Koornhof mask with big ears and long nose, plus large black framed glasses.)

DR PIET KOORNHOF: Thank you very much, baie dankie. As you know, as you know, apartheid are dead. And who said it first? Me! I said it right from the start. Even in my thesis at Oxford or was it Cambridge? Never mind, I said apartheid would never work and I've spent the rest of my career proving it.

Ja-nee, I worked against the system from within the system. When I made a law, people thought it was a joke. When I made a joke, it usually became the law. I was the ultimate secret weapon the ANC had for all those years. No really! Truly! I was the Oskar Schindler of apartheid. And when that policy became too obscene for me to carry on, I exposed myself. I resigned, ja, wragtig, I fell off my pedestal! Hel, dit was lekker. And now I'm practising what I couldn't preach, or practice!

You know, politics and sex are very similar. You don't need intelligence

to do either. I love this brown girlie and she loves me big ears and all. And here is the fruits of our love.

(He produces a brown baby doll with similar big ears.)

A biological wonderwerk! Ek dog daar kom net ore uit, maar daar's darem ook 'n fraai gesiggie. Wragtig, if you dim your eyes and pretend you're in Brazil, this would be a very nice light-coffee-coloured ou dingetjie.

(With the baby in one hand and the ballot in the other, he now demonstrates.)

Okay, now this a baby; and this is a ballot paper. Let me show you how you can use your ballot properly and economically, while at the same time, be left holding the baby.

- A. As you can see it's big enough to use as a blanket, or even something on which to blow your nose. Especially if your nose is as prominent as Barbra Streisand's nose.
- B. Now for those of you who don't yet have a nice house? You'll have to wait till the ANC delivers on their promise of one million houses in five years. Or is that five houses in a million years? Never mind, just use this ballot paper as a roof over your head.
- C. For those of you still waiting for the PAC to deliver on their promises of food for all? It will maybe happen once they get rid of all the white settlers and raid their fridges! They don't realise that whites will just take their fridges with them!

(He waves the ballot.)

Now here's the crux of the matter. This ballot is printed on high protein paper and is delicious and nutritious, full of vitamins and roughage. So eat it and let your bowels work nicely. Kak sonder om te betaal, soos ons sê.

- D. For those South Africans who are illiterate, which is most of you, don't panic. Help is at hand. You can also use this ballot to learn how to talk English proper. Read it and become as educated as I. If you can't read, colour it in nicely in red by dipping your finger into anyone's open wound. Which brings me to
- E. Use this ballot as a nappy. It absorbs all the political poo-poo, as you can tell by the 29 brand names on this page. You fold it like this

between the legs of the baby and tie it like so. That's your ballot nicely packaged. Just be careful not to throw the baby out with the ballot box.

(He does it clumsily.)

O God, daar gaan die dingetjie ... never mind. It's just another spoilt paper. Viva democracy! Viva true love viva. Apartheid are dead! Long live affirmative politics!

(PDU takes off white shirt, suit pants and shoes and adds leopardskin pants and matching T-shirt plus homemade-type rubber sandals made from tyres.)

PDU: So this is goodbye to my old scriptwriters. May they retire into the shadows of legend with their retirement bonuses clutched in their hands. Probably most of your pensions and half of our GDP. But don't be nervous. We still have our own traditional cultural vocal weapon. A loud voice! If any Zulu runs into your house, just shout: 'We're on your side!' Just make sure you shout it in Zulu and not Xhosa!

Now we get to the final audition. For all those comrades, icons and cadres queueing up to get into my future shows. Let's start with the sublime and then move on to the ridiculous.

(PDU gets into his Tutu costume: purple kaftan, black curly wig, sunglasses, bishop's mitre and rings.)

I was a complacent white South African. Until I put two and two together:

ARCHBISHOP DESMOND TUTU: Thank you very much, my dears, thank you very much, my friends. I am so happy that now, at last, I can only speak for myself and no longer as the mouthpiece of others who were silenced by the system of apartheid.

A miracle is taking place. Soon for the first time in our history, we will all – blacks, whites, coloureds, Indians, males, females and convertibles – all be in the same boat, as the captain said on the *Titanic*.

So my dear friends, go and vote and make your cross. Make that cross

to bear that cross. For if you do not make your cross, you will have no right to be cross, when you find no Rubicon to cross.

(PDU adds ethnic drapes and headdress for The Mother of the Nation, who is posing for a painter.)

WINNIE MANDELA: *(She practises her slogans and poses on the stool.)*
Amandla!! Viva ANC viva! Amandla! Viva me!

(She addresses the painter.)

And of course, viva you! A world-famous painter! I am so humbled. I have all sorts of lovely outfits to wear. My MK camouflage uniform? Some real leopard skin? I don't do crimplene. This cloak? Okay? Is this pose okay for your portrait? Maybe the fist? Amandla? No? Okay, just asking. You want the other flag? Hani's red one? Okay, just asking.

(Pause as she poses in silence. She gets bored.)

Where is this painting of me going to hang? Parliament? In the foyer of the Great Hall of the People? I hope they've moved all those dusty official portraits of those other killers of kids: Verwoerd, Vorster, Botha? I refuse to hang in the same place with those racists. I know Mandela promised the whites that there would be no Nuremburg trials, but then why go all the way to Germany for a trial in Nuremburg? What about just having them here in Manenberg? In Rustenburg. Johannesburg! I think I want this portrait of me, the Mother of the Nation, to hang in Tuynhuis, ready for when I move in. It might not be immediate, but when the people shout 'Mandela for president', I know who they really mean.

Are you sure I should not be wearing a pink suit and blue hat like Mrs Elize Botha did in her portrait? Or a green and black checked coat like Marike de Klerk? Or a silver gown trimmed with fox fur like Mrs Tini Vorster? Maybe I'll look too black in this getup? I want to stand out colourfully, okay? Not merge in with the shadows ... excuse me ...

(She is distracted by 'someone')

... what is it? Can't you see I am busy? Get up off your knees. I can't hear when you mumble into the Persian carpet. Ja, tell the ANC Western

Cape branch that if there are not at least 150,000 people at the rally, I'm not coming, Unless there is air conditioning in the stadium, I don't get out of my new car.

(She brushes them away. poses again.)

Oh, I am so busy as president of the ANC Woman's League! The most powerful woman in South Africa they call me. And that's to my face! What could they be saying behind my back ... forgive me ...

(Someone else appears.)

... what is it now? Thokosa Youth Club on the line? Tell them to burn down their schools. No wait, today is Tuesday! Tell them to go to school. Today it's not 'liberation before education', it's 'education before incineration'!

(She poses and sighs.)

What a comeback I have made! Michael Jackson could really take inspiration from my rebound ... is that the right word? Rebound. Eish, I can't wait to be in Parliament; in the cabinet; in the world. I want to be minister of child welfare, and if you laugh, it will not be a good year for you. I am just a poor defenceless woman. I just do what I can do to help my suppressed people.

(The painter is impatient.)

Sorry, sorry ... okay, Comrade Tretchikoff, I won't say another word. This had better be a very good portrait, or else you don't get to paint me for the new R500 banknote. Now please remember ... Vladimir? ... I want your famous trademark 'teardrop' on the one cheek, and a raindrop on my earrings. Do you like my earrings? Because of sanctions against South Africa, I don't use matches any more.

(Her earrings are small tyres; she demonstrates by lighting one.)

Come on baby, light my tyre ...

(PDU adds the costume of the Zulu chief plus PW glasses.)

GATSHA BUTHELEZI: Thank you very much. As you know, I am now in the tenth hour of the twelfth day of the sixteenth week of the seventh month of the fourteenth year of this speech. But if you haven't been

listening; if you have not understood what I have been saying, I will be very happy, you know, to start again from the beginning.

Let me just put it all in a nutshell on behalf of the Inkatha Freedom Party and the KwaZulu police, as far as I am concerned, and I know I speak for both parties, and I reiterate it all here again, you know, not for the first time, but notwithstanding, let me repeat here with conviction and say without any contradiction: We Zulus do not have any weapons.

I don't know who sucked that out of their thumb, you know. I have said it to President de Klerk and Dr Mandela. Our traditional cultural weapons are our heritage.

A Zulu without his traditional cultural weapon is not a man. A Zulu who is not a man is not a Zulu. He is a Xhosa. I have only one thing to say here to Dr Mandela and the African National Congress. Oppas. There's a Zulu on your stoep!



PDU as Gatsha Buthelezi

PDU: (*As he changes into the leader of the Conservative Party*) And just to add flavour to the potjiekos, the New National Party even has a more right-wing opposition in the Conservative Party and their unforgettable charismatic iconic leader Ferdi Hartzenberg.

FERDI HARTZENBERG: Nee magtig, wat soek ek in hierdie skets vol kommuniste, kaffers, meide and moordenaars? En nogal in Ingels?

As transitional President Hartzenberg of the boere volkstaat, I should have been in the previous sketch as part of the changing face of

Afrikaner nationalism. Because what are we Conservatives other than the old Christian Nationalists that De Klerk and his veraaiers left behind when they jumped into bed with the enemy? The ANC and the Communists!

And because we are in the Freedom Alliance with Zulus and Tswanas and Cis-Xhosas doesn't mean we are bending over blackwards like the NP. We didn't jump into bed with them. They hijacked our bed with us still in it! Ons is wit! Ons bly sit!

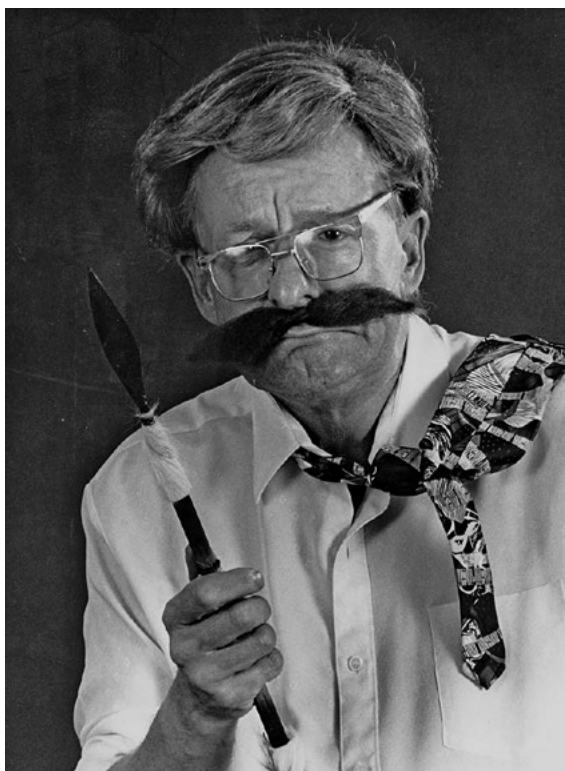
We have decided on the borders of our volkstaat. We claim the whole Transvaal except for those bits of Jews, Tswana, Vendas, coolies, hotnots and Ingelse. We want a corridor to the sea, which the Zulus will give to us, because they don't like water.

(He shows a map of South Africa crisscrossed with claims.)

Dis ons s'n ... dis ons s'n ... dis ons s'n ... dis onsin, totale onsin! Dis hulle s'n. But we have also been made an offer by the TEC which we cannot refuse. An independent area big enough to accommodate all our people. They have suggested as our volkstaat, the top six floors of the vacant Sanlam building in Voortrekkerweg, Benoni. Buthelezi has promised to build a kraal on the roof, so that all our maids and houseboys can live on the premises. Amandla? Amanda!

Volkstaat!

(PDU adds ethnic shirt and wig. He holds two pieces of a torn Mandela poster in his hands. He tries to join them. He gives up.)



PDU as Ferdi Hartzenberg

NELSON MANDELA: We ... in the ANC ... are committed to a united South Africa. There ... eh ... there can be no volkstaat. There ... there can be ... eh ... no Kwazulustan as far as the ANC is concerned. I have discussed recent developments with President de Klerk and condemned them in the strongest terms. We do see the need for a boere volkstaat in Natal as well as a KwaZulu kingdom also in Natal. We suggest a timeshare.

Excuse me, can I have a cooldrink now? Did someone buy me an Easter egg? It is April. I have waited 27 years for a nice Easter egg. Hello? Is anyone there...?

(PDU adds Nowell Fine's outfit: blonde wig, reading glasses and a slash of red lipstick. She holds a phone.

NOWELL FINE: *(She dials)* Hello howzit? Whozit? Is that the ANC? ... Ay-en-see? I want to speak to Dora in fundraising ...okay comrade, I'll hold ... ja, awethu to you too ...

(She waits.)

Sayibona Nomsa? Where's Dora? ... Okay, then tell her to get off that phone ... just tell her Madam's waiting.

(She waits.)

Dora? Always on the phone? You're not at home now. I'm sorry, I overslept. Yes, I know I was supposed to be at the election briefing at eleven, but it's just gone two ... is that bad for African time? Only five minutes late? Great. Well, you know me, you weren't my maid for 17 years ... really? Eighteen? Good, a memory suddenly.

(She listens and gasps.)

Hey? Oh no, I never did that ... true's God, I did that? So how did you manage on R200 a month ... Oh ... Oh? You lie!! I wondered what happened to that ring! How much did you get for it? ... Dora, you were robbed! ... No, of course I'm not cross. Listen, if you didn't steal from me as my trusted maid, you'll for certain steal from me as my trusted government. I'm joking, Dora. Lighten up, doll! If you're going to rule, develop a sense of humour. Learn from us Jews. It's called *bittere*

gelächte ... I'm getting into the car right now if it's not been recycled as a taxi! Amandla Viva la Cucaracha!

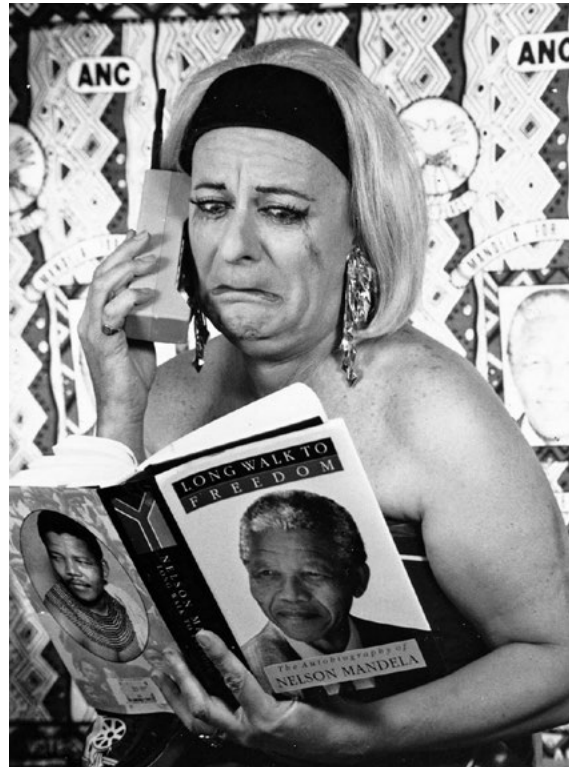
(She puts phone down.)

(She now gets into her politically correct African chic with beads and jewels.)

As true's God, if I'd realised that black woman would one day be where she is today, I would have paid her R300 a week! You've got to laugh, hey? Isn't that what we talked about around the dinner table in the bad old days? How after the revolution, the maid would become the madam? So now we're here!

I suppose it just isn't politically correct to dare mention the old refrain that 28 million blacks could say 'enough' and kick down the front doors of the five million whites in a frenzied rage? Just not practical, doll. They'll get eaten alive by our hungry guard dogs or fried on the live wires.

Anyway, the meeting today is about this proposed wealth tax. Not the best time to mention it before an election, but I suppose it does make sense at an ANC meeting. I mean, considering we've got so much and they still have so little, in spite of what we allow them to 'recycle'. No, I'm quite prepared to voluntarily contribute 16% of my husband's assets. But who gathers and who scatters? Don't tell me they haven't learnt all the necessary lessons from our past governments to know the what, the how, and the when? And as irony would have it, after all those years in exile or jail, they'll win this election and toyi-toyi to the Union Buildings, only to find the kitty empty. Just a half-full bottle of Pik



PDU as Nowell Fine

Botha's ten-year-old brandy and a warped cassette of onse Mimi singing 'Die Stem'.

(She adds to her ethnic costume.)

That's the one decision I made when I officially joined the ANC. I said: Nowell Fine? Each time you go to Shell House, even if it's only to put paper in the fax machine, you see that you're dressed to kill. Just after Madiba was released and the ANC was legalised, I went to my first ANC meeting down the road in Houghton in someone's double garage. With my darling Dora ... no, just to see what it's all about, and wanting to at least be seen with a black to give me credibility. So I joined provisionally as an interim member. Do I need a signpost to see where my bread is to be buttered?

I went to the ANC office one day with Dora to pick up some work she was doing there and I just casually asked: was there something I could help with? I mean ... anything? PR maybe? Can you believe it? They said I was too old, too white. But not too rich! I just paged through my Filofax and dropped a few names. So now I raise money for the ANC: Comrade Nowell Fine, fundraiser for the people! My friends now in Hampstead and California love it!

You'll be surprised how easy it is to raise funds. So many people I know want to get the hell out before the election, but it's too late to sell their antiques, or to get them transported. So I send them off to Sun City for a weekend. Then I organise a little break-in to their house and clean out all the goodies. When they come back, big drama and geskrei. They claim insurance and fly off to Los Angeles happy people.

Meanwhile the booty gets sold off to some returned exile just dying to live in the Eurocentric manner to which they had become accustomed. And after my expenses, I bank the shekels for the party. I've even got a T-shirt: 'Jesus raised Lazarus; Nowell raises funds'. Actually, some of my best friends have been raising funds for years. It's called remarriage.

(She checks her handbag.)

Now, have I got everything? Filofax, lipstick, gun, keys, briefcase. Okay, so call me a kugel, I don't care. Most of our 'Jewish-African princesses' are safely in fairer fields. No, as true's God, I'm a rare and protected

species. Doll, you should see the black kugels at Shell House. The shoes, the hair, the bling! They even sound like me. The ANC women's powder room is now renamed Kugeletu!

(She checks her appearance in a hand mirror.)

Nowell? You look outstanding. South Africa! Fasten your seatbelt. We're on our way!

(PDU adds the costume for a voter from the Cape Flats. She is being interviewed by a British journalist.)

THE CAPE FLATS VOTER: Nay man, gee die bleddie hond kos! Ek is hier besig met 'n interview, ekskuus vir my. Sorry, domestic problems. Okay, now you won't use my real name and address, will you? I don't want the neighbours to know who I am. God, I don't want a bleddie petrol bomb through the window of my front room. I'm bleddie terrified of the violence in this area. With my own eyes I've seen gangs of ANC youths come from the township and stand in wait for our children outside the local school, to throw them with a stone. And please don't tell me they're reacting to years of apartheid and discrimination? Most of them are only 12. We coloureds suffered

just like they did; sometimes even more because we've got brains.

Ja, you people in the overseas newspapers always call us coloureds 'mixed-race', even 'blacks'. I'm sorry, I'm more white than you. Look at



PDU as the Cape Flats voter

my skin? That's not black, hey? That's not even brown. It's nearly pink! I would kick my kids out if they brought home a kaff ... you know, a black to marry. It would be like polluting the blood, wouldn't it? Listen, you can put as much milk as you like in a cup of black coffee, but at the end of the day, it still tastes like coffee. Anyway, my grandfather was a German. You see it in my nose. German. Not Bantu.

This used to be a decent coloured area. Now that the ANC are moving in everywhere, I don't even shop at the corner kèffie once owned by those nice coolies. Now it's so black and so political. Nor do I give any of my business to the greengrocer, now run by those communists who returned from exile. Listen, I know rubbish when I see it. I was spitted at last week by one of their brats in a Communist Party T-shirt. Called me a stupid bitch! Ja, one has to draw the line somewhere. I'm not antidemocracy, you know. I'm just against ...

One now even misses the Jews who used to own those shops before they emigrated. Let's face it, Jews who have money overseas don't stay in this country, and if they have no more than me, which is bleddie unlikely knowing how skelm they are, they'll be the first to vote for the ANC/communists if it makes them more money. I'm not anti-Semitic, you know. It's just I'm against ...

Now take the desecration of the Jewish cemetery there across from the station? First, they say it was the AWB. Then they blame the communists. It's the Jews! They did it themselves just to make us coloureds look bad. Just because some of us are Muslims doesn't mean we're all Arabs! But no actually, I don't really know any Jews, so it's got nothing to do with me.

I suppose I was politically naive, you know, until I discovered my children were being forced to stay away from school. Intimidation of the babies? *Sies*? What's next? I'm damn sick of the situation. Mandela keeps talking education-education-education, and when we get something nice, they burn down the building and try and kill the teachers. They started a new nursery school here last month. Forty-two places for black children and 18 for 'others'.

'Others'? That means whites and coloureds and Indians. It's just not

fair! My little boy was in a fight with a black child. My boy was called a skollie, while the kafferklonkie was let off scot-free! Shit, we got to move out of here. I don't want my kids to grow up and meet someone from this area. I don't want them to have to live in a slum. Those damn squatters will get all the good housing around here under an ANC/communist government.

So call me a missionary in the jungle. I deliver our National Party pamphlets into letterboxes at 4 a.m., because I'm scared of being recognised and attacked. There are animals around here, man, animals! But I'm not prejudiced. How can I be prejudiced with a black daughter-in-law? I just don't see her as black. Her grandfather was Italian. You can see it in her hair: Italian, not Bantu. She's not crazy about me being a member of the New National Party, but when she comes down here, she sees I have a point. Listen, we all suffered under apartheid, but now let bygones be bygones. I mean, someone has got to look after us Cape Coloureds, and it's not going to be the ANC or those communists. So it's not against her I am, you know; it's against this system of proportional representation.

Just one thing, when you write about me, please use a pseudo-plume. Call me 'Mrs Mazibuco' or 'Mrs Patel'. I don't want people to think I'm a racist. It's not true, but they might call me one because of what you write, and I can't take that chance, not with the new baby. And the twins and the other four kids from my first husbands.

God, is that the time? I must go and watch my soaps on the TV. No man, let me be straight with you. We're all so scared what will happen after the election when the blacks overrun this country. You must admit they got more children than us and we are living with the dregs of society, the bleddie dregs. But don't get me wrong, hey? It's not that I'm voting for the NP, because I hate the blacks in the ANC, or the Indians in the PAC, or the Jews in the DP, or the others. It's just, I vote for the NP, because rather the devil you know, than the devil you don't.

(PDU changes into the elegant TV star, our local 'Oprah'.)



PDU as Felicia Mabusa-Suttle

FELICIA: Good evening and welcome. My name is Felicia Mabusa-Unsubtle and I'm black. I'm beautiful and I'm back from America, where I lived for many years picking up this accent, but I won't wear glasses to see what's on the teleprompter, so I really don't know what the hell is going on. But since the SABC has become the SANC, it is not necessary to know anything special. Just be a returned exile with an accent and the telephone numbers of Jesse Jackson and Stevie Wonder. And I'm here to show you on the top level how exciting television is presented ... not. Today's discussion is about voting, balloting, electioneering, lying, cheating, stealing ... *(She has lost her camera.)*

... which camera am I on? *(She finds it.)* ... toyi-toying, third forcing, threatening, cajoling, promising ... *(She's lost it again.)* ... where the hell have you gone? ... *(She finds it.)* ... depressing, hoping, praying, waiting ... wondering ... panicking: what is going to happen after 27 April! Should we go back to the Seychelles now, or sit it out? Should we stock up on tinned food and get 20 videos? And lock ourselves up at home with our Rottweilers and our guns? And what if there is no chaos over the election period? What will we each do with R2000 worth of tinned tuna? Is there life after the election? Will there be life worth living after the election?

We know the answer. The answer is on everyone's lips. On every lamp post, on every TV advert. Confusion is the answer. But what was the question? Do you know? *(She focuses on someone in the audience.)*

Thank you, but you are white, so I won't show any interest in you. You up there? You are black. What is your comment?

(She doesn't wait for it.)

Very nice. Anyone else? Come help me out here, fellas ...

(She's lost the camera again.)

... where's the damn camera? How can I talk to a camera that is not there?

(She finds it.)

We have a distinguished panel of experts here known to you all. Maybe you would like to introduce yourselves, as I don't have a clue who you are. But never mind ...

(She peers into distance.)

... is that the camera's red light? Why does it say EXIT?

(She again finds the camera.)

And so to wind up this discussion: what is the point of democracy? Is there a point to democracy? And if there is no point, why point at it all the time to make a point? It's obviously pointless.

This is Felicia Mabusa-Unsubtle saying goodnight, sleep tight and let the bedbugs bite. Till next week, till next year, till next time. Goodbye and good riddance.

(PDU changes out of Felicia back to himself. He holds up the ballot.)

PDU: Everyone looks their nicest. By the way, this is the ballot you will be voting on in the first democratic election on 27 April. It was not printed in South Africa, but overseas. Why? Because we don't have the proper security to protect the printing. So five Boeings flew from the United Kingdom to South Africa with the 86 million ballots. And someone's making a lot of money in the process. In the old days, the Broederbond got all the printing contracts and tenders; now it's the returned exiles. Fair is fair.

There will also be 11 official languages to tell you what to do at the voting booth: English, Afrikaans, Zulu, Xhosa, Tswana, Venda, Swati ... Kugel? Cape Coloured ...? Eleven official languages? Is this practical?

What happens if you have a vicious Rottweiler at home? What warning sign do you put up on the gate? In one language? Or all eleven languages? Does the sign become the gate? Imagine: Beware of the dog; Oppas vir die hond; uMkhonto we Sizwe?

(PDU points out the parties on the ballot.)

The PAC leads the ballot list only as the result of a raffle. Is that the democratic solution in the future? To raffle it, or flip a coin? Imagine in a few weeks' time at the Union Buildings with the world watching ...

(In the Mandela voice.)

'Eh ... shall we give ... eh ... Natal independence? Or bomb it? Who's got a coin?'

The Pan Africanist Congress of Azania has a green-backed logo of Africa. And a big gold star, not in South Africa, but in Ghana! Jisis, I've heard of kak Bantu education, but this takes the koek! Maybe the PAC is in the wrong country?

Then the Sports Organisation for Collective Contributions and Equal Rights, aka the Soccer Party, the one with balls and a leader who looks like an old Afghan.

Next, Keep it Straight and Simple – the KISS Party. The lady leader is usually so hysterical and shrill on TV, you just want to give her a Valium, or she won't make election Tuesday!

Vryheidsfront – Freedom Front, with General Constand Viljoen's snapshot. He looks good in colour. His party opens the door for people who believe in a closed door. Like those CP and AWB noises who refuse to take part in the election? So now, thanks to the secret ballot, they can all make their cross for die Generaal. And all IFP Zulu impis who are so confused about everything that's happening? They can just vote for the Freedom Front man in uniform. Ja Baas.

Women's Rights Peace Party? Working out multiple orgasms for the new South Africa?

Worker's List Party: a bit of a contradiction in terms. Making a list of stayaway days? I hope there are many so that we can find parking.

Africa Muslim Party. Hang on, after Salmon Rushdie's experiences, not a word about Muslims will pass my lips!

Now come all those parties starting with 'African': African Christian Democratic Party, African Democratic Movement, African Moderates Congress Party, African National Congress. No man, that's not fair. Did Nelson Mandela spend 27 years to now get mixed up with this band of has-beens? How will voters find the ANC in all this if you can't read, are colour blind and all the leaders look alike? Nelson has the most captivating smile and a shared Nobel Peace Prize. He got his for being in jail, and FW got his for letting him out. They didn't get it for peace, but they took the money anyway, so they owe us one.

The Democratic Party. What can I say about the DP that they've not already said about themselves on their posters? 'Not killers, not kidnappers, not torturers, no corrupt politicians'? They shouldn't be in parliament; they should be in the Vatican!

Ahhh, Mister Rajbansi! Leading his Minority Front. He's now such a minority that he's become his own front. Even he looks nice, having sent his hair to the dry cleaners.

And then at the bottom of the printed list, ons eie National Party led by Clever Frikkie. All he has to say at meetings is: 'Vote for the party at the bottom of your ballot!' Not any longer. Look what we got at the last minute? A stickertjie! Or as we say in Afrikaans: 'n Plakker! The IFP has become the squatter in the ballot list! This is going to cause no end of trouble. If this is not stuck on properly, it's a non-vote. Then again, trust FW to change his tune: 'Vote for the only bald man'. Ja-nee, if Rajbansi wasn't so vain ...?

But then just imagine in the real world, on a farm in the Free State:

'Klaasie?'

'Ja Baas?'

'As jy gaan stem, luister nou na die Baas. Daardie plakkertjie vir IFP op jou stembriefie? Ruk dit af; dis kak. Daar is dan die NP. En jy haat die NP?'

'Nee Baas.'

'Ja-Baas. Wel, om te wys hoeveel jy vir die NP haat, maak 'n groot kruis langs die NP.'

'Toemaar Baas, ek stem vir die ANC.'

‘Maar dis goed, Klaasie. As jy Oom Nelson se gesiggie sien, dis die ANC. Dan maak jy ’n mooi tiek langs sy gesig! Die tiek wys hoe baie jy van hulle hou ...!’

Wow, God is in the detail. Make a cross; not a tick! A secret ballot? Who knows? Who believes it? Who cares? We know who will win, can win, must win. So let’s end with the real people, whose vote really counts. That’s us.

One man one vote! Let’s go and do it!

THE END



Photo: Benny Gool

A beginning of the end, or the end of a beginning?

SHOWING OFF TO THE WORLD

On 10 May 1994, Nelson Mandela was inaugurated as South Africa's first democratically elected president at the Union Buildings in Pretoria, virtually on the spot where the coffin of assassinated Hendrik Verwoerd was placed at his funeral in 1966. This irony was shared by many.

I was in Holland in my Amsterdam apartment watching every move on television – seeing Fidel Castro avoiding Mrs Clinton and Gaddafi embracing everyone else, and singular in the seated mass, the separated wife of the new president, Winnie Mandela. Their daughter, Zindzi, accompanied her father at his inauguration.

The world had adopted my skewed definition of optimism, hoping that the worst wouldn't be as bad as they'd predicted. Most newspapers and commentators had predicted a failed election, an explosion of unrest, and the expected bloodbath that was the inevitable end for the apartheid crime. They were all wrong.

It was a party, all dancing, all singing, with celebrations on the left, in the centre, and probably not wanting to miss out on a good braaivleis, even some on the right. The SA Airforce accompanied jumbo jets in a fly past. President Mandela took the salute, born to lead. The mass invasion of world media, who came for the impending South African holocaust, packed their lenses and flew north to catch the award-winning horrors of the Rwandan genocide.

I wore my 'Mandela for President' badge and the Dutch people laughed with joy when they noticed it. The marriage of Diana and Charles had broken all records with millions of viewers. The crowning

of Madiba doubled the viewers and anointed democracy as the star of the moment. Every holder of a vote was reminded of the treasure they held as democrats. It became a glorious international celebration of 'one man one vote', with my country leading by example.

One Man One Volt, fresh off the battlements of the SA tour, had performances in Amsterdam, Utrecht, Arnhem, Groningen, Rotterdam and Leiden. Dutch audiences waited to congratulate me after the show and made me feel like the proud father of a healthy smiling democracy.

'Als je hem hebt gezien, ben je na afloop niet meer dezelfde. De one-man-shows van de Zuidafrikaanse cabaretier Pieter-Dirk Uys zijn bitter, hartverscheurend, vlijmscherp, verbluffend raak en – vooral – ontzettend geestig.'

– *Uitkrant* (Amsterdam) Mei 1994

Pieter-Dirk Uys kan nog jaren voort.

– *Amersfoortse Courant* (Amersfoort) Mei 1994

Niemand is veilig voor Uys. In anderhalf uur tijd tovert Uys als immer een duizelingwekkend aantal types uit zijn verkleeddoos vol pruiken, valse neuzen en make-up.

– *De Volkskrant* (Amsterdam) Mei 1994

Het leukste zijn de sneren die Uys uitdeelt naar de Nederlandse samenleving.

– *Gelders Dagblad* (Arnhem) Mei 1994

Een heerlijke avondje satire van ongekend niveau. Zou alleen een volk in nood zulke grootheden voortbrengen?'

– *Groninger Dagblad* (Groningen) Mei 1994

Pieter-Dirk Uys: politiek cabaret van grote klasse

– *Leidsch Dagblad* (Leiden) Mei 1994

The first weeks of June saw another dream come true. I took a train journey starting in Tashkent, through Samarkand, Alma Ata, into China and the Gobi Desert, stopping at Xian to greet the emperor's imperial warriors and ending in Shanghai. At some stops in the desert astonished residents would stare at us with our white faces and hungry lenses. When they saw the smiling image of Nelson Mandela on my jacket, they all laughed and knew exactly where I came from – planet Pretoria. A Yangtze River trip followed through the three gorges, now no longer in existence thanks to a monster dam.

Then via Hong Kong and back to South Africa to film the first series of *Funigalore* for M-NET, with Evita interviewing the new politburo: Communist Party leader Joe Slovo, ANC Secretary-General Cyril Ramaphosa, Speaker of Parliament Frene Ginwala, Free State Premier Terror Lekota, NP co-author of the constitution in the making Roelf Meyer and Minister of Transport Mac Maharaj. A special shoot with old flame Pik Botha helping Evita with her various introductions of her guests already hinted at a future Burton-Taylor relationship. (These interviews are all available on YouTube.)

August and September saw a three-week run of *One Man One Volt* at the Mason Street Theatre in San Francisco, then back to the new democracy for the filming of the second series of *Funigalore* involving Evita's outings with DA Leader Tony Leon, ID leader Patricia de Lille, Minister of Minerals and Energy Affairs Pik Botha, Gauteng Premier Tokyo Sexwale and President Nelson Mandela; now also on YouTube. The M-NET Evita interviews, broadcast so soon after the election and inauguration, managed to do what only television can achieve: inform and entertain in the comfort of home.

After the interview with President Mandela, now with Evita in the boot of my car, I drove up to Signal Hill to look at the panorama of my life: Cape Town, Table Bay, and in the distance the hills around Darling. And Robben Island. When I was in San Francisco, I took the trip to their Alcatraz, their island in the bay. I found a postcard which read: 'Wished you were here!' I send it to Winnie Mandela. They tell me she laughed.

Apartheid may be abolished by law, but Uys' characters are quick to remind us that racial, sexual and political prejudice are not changed in the voting booth.

– *San Francisco Bay Times* (San Francisco) September 1994

What came first, the comedy or the revolution? After seeing *One Man One Volt*, the satiric tour de force written and performed by South African Pieter-Dirk Uys (pronounced 'ace'), it had to be the comedy. At times the references are obscure for an American audience, but Uys doesn't let the proceedings lag. – *SF Weekly* (San Francisco) August 1994

South African's imitations derive flattery. You can see Uys himself at a fertile crossroads, beginning to turn his considerable talents toward a fruitful examination of a nation in flux. It will be interesting, and no doubt entertaining as well, to see how Evita and her compatriots adapt to the new South Africa.

– *San Francisco Examiner* (San Francisco) August 1994

South African satirist Pieter-Dirk Uys is brave, brilliant and funny in his *One Man One Volt* tour de farce, in rare form here, skewering pomposity with three cardboard boxes full of drag and a cast of characters. He's brave enough to send up both black and white politicians and talented enough to pull off both. I can think of no performer in our country who could get away with something like this so successfully.

– *Bay Area Reporter* (San Francisco) September 1994

Uys brings a message of hope from South Africa three months after Mandela's election and layers it into a funny frantic evening. His show is also a message mixed with plenty of misgivings and apprehensions.

– *San Francisco Chronicle* (San Francisco) August 1994

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Against all expectations, all hell did not break loose. Nelson Mandela's sense of humour captivated the world. He came out of prison and formed a government with those who had locked him away for 27 years. He spoke Afrikaans. He wore the Springbok captain's number 6 jersey and won the 1995 Rugby World Cup for South Africa. He invited the widows of former apartheid prime ministers for tea at his residence, Libertas. He agreed to be interviewed by the most famous white woman in South Africa and treated her like a lady. He encouraged me to look for the mock in democracy and expose the con in reconciliation (or these days in Constitution).

It was not yet time for me to find a real job. The Mandela honeymoon led to the Mbeki marriage which made way for the Zuma divorce. My in tray has stayed full.

Two days after the election, on 29 April 1994, this appeared in the employment-wanted columns of the *Cape Argus*. Life would definitely go on.

Situation Wanted

Reborn democrat temporarily out of power with vast ambassadorial experience and legendary talents of persuasion, international catering reputation, well-travelled, well-heeled, well-respected with Impeccable references seeks post diplomatic or political, or public relations platform in communication and selling the unsellable.

A glamorous asset to any board.

Fully centilingual, pragmatic, married with grandchildren.

Contact:

Ms IVita b'Zuidenhout .

PO.Box 7967 Johannesburg 2000



ARGUS
29 APRIL 1994

Employment
Wanted

SITUATION WANTED

Reborn democrat temporarily out of power with vast ambassadorial experience and legendary talents of persuasion, international catering reputation, well-travelled, well-heeled, well-respected with impeccable references seeks post diplomatic or political, or public relations platform in communication and selling the unsellable. A glamorous asset to any board. Fully centilingual, pragmatic, married with grandchildren.

Contact
Ms IVita b'Zuidenhout
P.O. Box 7967 Johannesburg 2000.

What is Missing Ink?

Working with well-established writers and published authors, **Missing Ink** is an authors' cooperative publisher in which the author receives 100% of the profits from the sale of their work. At **Missing Ink** authors discuss and edit one another's manuscripts and employ experienced freelance professionals to subedit, proof read, and to design both print and eBook editions of their books.

Missing Ink is about what writers want; a community of writers, responsive to both the commercial and creative needs of authors.

Publishers of both fiction and non-fiction.

Also from Missing Ink

Panorama by Pieter-Dirk Uys

Rough Passage by Stephen Gray

Sunset Claws by Brent Meersman

21 at 21 by Melanie Verwoerd & Sonwabiso Ngcowa

8000 Days by Tony Heard

Gods, Spies and Lies by John Matisonn

Cyril's Choices by John Matisonn



<http://missingink.co.za/>