

# "A NAARTJIE IN OUR SOSATIE"

This is a musical documentary of 10 different bands/artists recorded over the last 6 years. All have one thing in common — they show concern about the situation they find themselves in and comment on it through their music.

**1. The Promise:** Timothy (rec. early '83)

After a perilous journey from the Transkei via Sterkfontein, Timothy found his way to Shifty through street connections of what was left of the "Wake" legacy. He did not have a backing band nor could he play an instrument so getting together the music was not that easy (he also kept on disappearing), but it was done and 'The Promise' is one of the results.

**2. International News:** National Wake (rec. early '80)

"A song reflecting the peculiar South African custom of reading news of SA military activity only as reported by international news agencies, as local press not allowed to report such." So quoth former member of National Wake 'a maveric band that appeared out of nowhere in '79, having mixed origins, survived for three years and disappeared finally after the release of their debut album "NATIONAL WAKE". Recorded live onto 2 tracks at Satbel Studios.

**3. Cara Monia:** Stan James

Recorded live at the marvellous 'After the Thunder' concerts held at the Market Theatre in late '83.

**4. Darky:** Corporal Punishment (rec. '79)

4 track recording of the greatest band to walk the asphalt of the Far East Rand. Asked recently to comment on that period, an ex-Corporal was heard to say "At the time we just knew the revolution was coming tomorrow. That was seven years ago so you can imagine how close it is now". Released one EP 7.

**5. Uhuru:** Sankomota (rec. Sept '83) from Lesotho

The core of this band toured South Africa as Uhuru in '78 and halfway through the tour were kicked out of the country (no reasons given). They have since not been allowed back (no reasons given), consequently this song had to be recorded in Maseru. Released one LP, available from Shifty.

**6. Storms and Fires:** Roger Lucey (rec. late '83)

Another song from the 'After the Thunder' concerts, this one by a man with a long history in SA 'protest' music. Recorded two LP's one of which is banned.

**7. Spies:** Joe Azania and the Chameleons (rec. early '83)

Says Joe, "This song is an hysterical 'paranoia' release mechanism after my frightening experience with a gang of policemen led by a 250 lb sergeant perched in a tree outside the 'smoking room' of a now deceased Parktown mansion. After concealing himself amongst the bantams for 4 hours, he (the sarge) finally led an assault on the inhabitants releasing so much hysteria amongst all concerned (inhabitants and police alike) that he finally departed with gang around 6 am (beat finished) blatantly ignoring incriminating evidence". The group consists of the management and early robot machinery of an infant Shifty Studios, then situated in said smoking room.

**8. Survival:** Desert Moves

A university based band circa '83. This song was lifted from a demo.

**9. Hou My Vas Korporaal:** Bemoldus Niemand (rec. '83) unabridged version First offering from this enigmatic character, written when he was doing his compulsory military training. Here's another East Rand Joller/part-time thinker that simply has to be watched — probably Shifty's Easter release (Bemoldus has completed an LP).

**10. Prayer for Civilization:** Kalahari Surfers

(rec. '84)

"The role of the chaplain in modern military establishments can never be over exaggerated. His constant reinforcement of the political ideology through the word of God is a formidable weapon of indoctrination. Those sane and civilized prayers before a bizarre military manoeuvre provide the 'mens rea', the mental environment, necessary to ensure a teenage soldiers keen and obedient participation. One dusty morning on a parade ground in Voortrekkerhoogte I heard a chaplain extol the virtues of obedience. He explained in all seriousness, how the ancient laws of God came down to us from heaven via the government, the army, our commanding officer and eventually found their way into the hands of the numerous, sadistic, little boy corporals who were in charge of us. The gist of the chaplains discourse was that to disobey, even ones' corporal, was tantamount to disobeying GOD. The frightening thing was that 90% of the people around me believed him.

Almost everything in our country begins and ends with a prayer; television and radio broadcasts, parliament, military parades and speeches, even school sports day begins and ends with a prayer. Atheism is no different from communism; and anyone who is not in agreement with Afrikaaner Calvinist policies is communist and part of the total communist onslaught against this country. Sundays, obviously therefore, are sacred. One is not supposed to buy or sell non-food articles such as the occasional blank cassette or a tube of toothpaste. The radio and television stations broadcast hours of boring religious programmes and church services. Sundays are hell. When I think of religion I think of control, of selfishness, of the determined will of a few to survive in a paradise at the expense of many. When I think of God I think of all those prayers He gets before major military undertakings such as the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Cambodia, Falklands, Lebanon, etc. to mention a few. The colonialisation of half world the had the Lords blessing. More recently the Lord helped with Operation Palmiet when South African troops moved into a black township near Johannesburg to help police maintain 'law and order'. The 6th commandment should read 'thou shalt kill.' This would undoubtedly make the chaplains task a lot simpler." — THE KALAHARI SURFER.



**SHIFTY**  
records

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### THE PROMISE

Remember your promise when they put you there  
Remember that promise when they put you there  
just to remind you  
Remember what tears, you promised every change  
Remember those years you said you can manage  
just to renew your plan

On your great platform you would change and reform  
I would sure support you would change every law

whats holding you back now  
where is that change now, where is my bread now  
where is that change now, where is my share now

Down the town hall the writing's still on the wall  
Across the cafe the wall is still dividing  
We're just checking some facts  
Hoping to reach all the good to cheat  
I'll sign a pact if I count all the facts

whats holding you back now etc.

Coming down the only way to survive,  
Kneeling down the only way to be alive

### CARA MONIA

The war drums rumble, the relations' generals grumble  
and threatened by the black mass power politicians humble  
While there on the bed where the dark meet the dead  
and gutter bums lie 'neath the skyway  
well you can't look away from dead dogs that lay  
in the middle of the highway

The mist of the morning hides like a warning, the ghettos  
as guilty ghosts boast of patrols at every outpost  
while dogs always bark at men that are dark  
and deeply suspicious  
does it come as a shock when you shiver in the stark  
and nighttime seems so vicious

oh Cara Monia don't lie in bed with the blankets over your head  
oh Cara Monia don't pretend to sleep when you're wide awake instead

Forbidden men sigh, nighttime calls its curfew  
and dignity denied like a weapon backfires when misused  
While the hidden trespassers and petty pass law offenders  
the accused confined, abused innocently surrender  
but remember so well

The horror of tomorrow lies in young faces of the future  
with fists in the air Inlants are aware of the creature  
if its shit that you sow, why shit you shall reap then  
if you move to slow you'll find you're in it too deep then  
amen amen amen

oh Cara Monia well you're not to blame for the shape  
that the world is in

### INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Post, Post, City Late Post  
they pull a blanket over Soweto  
they pull a blanket nowhere to go  
they pull a blanket over the news  
they pull a blanket nothing to choose

I feel the bomb here grows up inside me  
I feel the bomb here blows up inside me  
I feel the bomb here is something wrong here  
I feel the bomb is something wrong

Going to the movies, what do I see  
going to the movies, what are they throwing at me  
international news, international views  
international news insanity

They send the troops into Angola  
they send the choppers over the border  
they pull a blanket over the border  
they pull a blanket over Angola

international yachting in the deep blue sea  
international jump in society

They pull a blanket over the blanket  
and then a blanket over that blanket  
they pull a blanket to suffocate it  
they put a blanket to suffocate international news  
international news  
international news

### DARKY

You've tangled up the place with petty laws  
you can ban the means but you can't ban the cause  
'shaya wena' up against the wall  
six to one it won't be fun at all

Darky is gonna get you in his sights  
Darky is gonna get you any night

do you think that we will take it so easy  
when you tell us not to take it so hard  
when you're standing on the box and looking cheesy  
we all know that the end is on the cards

Darky is gonna get you with a right and a left  
Darky is gonna get you with a knife

As you blue-eyed boy I really am a failure  
and the truth is I'm a tie-dyed blond  
and I don't want to die or go to jail here  
'cause darky he won't care about this song  
Darky is gonna get us etc.

### UHURU

Sons and daughters of Africa  
why do you scatter  
you're running, you're dying  
you're losing your soil  
Children of Mother Africa  
why don't you speak  
be conscious and firm  
unity is the password

### STORMS AND FIRES

The storms and fires have calmed, but can the pain and doubt  
the wisdom's been shared, and thousands have been scared into believing  
and shifty eyes take note of any rumblings  
of anyone who might just try and step out of line

In a dream I stood feeling weak and naked  
my flesh fell around me the wind got to my bones  
and when I felt at last the storm was over  
I looked for my home and found a pile of stones

The line you walk is surrounded by many signs  
every sign has hard lines and hard lines can only lead to war  
and its come to this, that dialogue can just fall away  
as the armour bristles you don't know where you stand,  
or if you have anything to say

The storms and fires have calmed, but can the pain and doubt  
the wisdoms been shared and thousands are scare into believing  
and some will swear and some will share and some will end up anywhere  
that's right for now  
but anywhere you wind up the storms and fires are heading straight for you

### SURVIVAL

I said something that you didn't want me to  
I talked to those who don't agree with you  
burn up the houses pull down the people  
but what scares you will never disappear

something tells me you're not so sure  
now and then you feel so insecure  
all the time you've been taking chances with  
the lives of those who want so much to live!

From the safety of your barbed-wire  
avoid the stones and the shattered lives  
you hear's cold but your fingers getting warm  
is it fair to judge the colour someone's born

you turf away and say it has to be  
turning round and round and round but you will never see  
there's no return, when you're living survival  
spinning round like a lonely child

They've got feelings that you don't understand  
simple people in a never never land  
burn up the houses, pull down the people  
but what scares you will never disappear

### PRAYER FOR CIVILIZATION

"With confidence in our armed forces we will gain the inevitable triumph so help us God"

"We pray that the end of the war may come soon and that once more we may know  
peace on earth. May the men who fly this night be kept safe in thy care and may they be  
returned safely to us. We shall go forward trusting in thee, knowing that we are in thy care now  
and forever in the name of Jesus Christ amen"  
prayer said for the crew of the 'Enola Gay' (Aug 1945) by Chaplain William Downey.

"Hierdie woorde vorm die aanhef van die grondwet van die Republiek van Suid Afrika dit  
spreek van demokrasie en ons plig aan ons God en Vaderland terselfde tyd beantwoord dit  
die vraag wat aan die oomblik so dikwels gevra word: waarom is die Suid Afrikaans semagte  
in Suid Wes Afrika?"

### SPIES

From the branch of my tree  
I can see and not be seen  
suspicion, suspicion

The spies on a mission  
It was a very Special Branch (tak, tak)

Spies have eyes (they see)  
Spies have ears (they hear)  
Spies always nose (they compute)

Spies have eyes  
Spies tell lies  
Spies report to someone, somewhere, someday, something

From the branch of my tree  
I can see and not be seen  
someone's on the make  
State security is at stake

### HOU MY VAS KORPORAAL

Hou my vas korporaal  
ek's 'n kind'skoon ventwaa  
gaan ek weer my chernie sien  
as ek van die trein afklim  
ja sovaar korporaal  
dis mos swaar korporaal  
ek speel oorlog met my beste dae  
ek en al my maatjies by mekaar

sai so doen kolonel  
sal nie weier alpewel  
elke dag is deur gekruis  
een dag nader aan my huis  
hot en haar korporaal  
ek word naar korporaal  
my ou man se eerste kamp is klaar  
lamper al sy maatjies by mekaar

oogklappe bring nie skoon gewete  
dis my plig dis nie my kouse  
hier sit ek ek sit en vrek  
dis nie my skuld maar ek hou my bek

sy's my nooi en haar naam is min dae  
ek en al my maatjies by mekaar