

REPUBLICAN SONG

(dedicated to the Pietermaritzburg City Council)

Let's celebrate, let's celebrate
the grand Republic fest:
we've shown the whole world that we're great,
that our guns are among the best.

There's a great deal to be glad about,
let's dance and sing in the street:
the rich are rich and the poor are poor
and never the twain shall meet.

We want the blacks to join the fest
and feel they're one with us
(we're taking away their citizenship,
but they won't dare make a fuss.)

The boys are on the border now,
"vasbyt" and "shoot the dogs":
in the large wheels of apartheid
they are humble, mindless cogs.

Let's celebrate especially
the power of the old N.P.:
squabble and jostle and lie to the press
to proclaim its unity.

The N.P. faces the future with pride
and the reason for this we know:
it's going to transform society
into the status quo.

We're enjoying an economic boom,
the sound hums in our ears:
if I can buy a Mercedes
why should I have any fears?

Why should I worry about the poor
whom I read of in the press?

What has it got to do with me
if their lives are in a mess?

Come beat the drum, come beat the drum,
and don't be shy or weak:
we've shown the whole world once and for all
that our way-of-life is unique.

Vortex

ELECTION

The whites are holding an election.

As a black man I look on.

The whites get very excited at their elections.

What is the cause of thier excitement?

Me.

They argue endlessly about what I think,
and what I want to do.

Why don't they ask me what I think?

O no, no, no. That wouldn't be playing the game;
that would be going beyond all civilized electoral procedures.

But why don't they talk to me —

just once, very quickly?

O no: it can't be done.

It is unpatriotic for a white man to ask a black man a question,
unless the white man is sure of the answer,

and insists that the black man repeat it after him,
several times,

to the tune of Die Stem.

So the whites who run the elections aren't interested in my
views and yet somehow they keep worrying about them.

Why is this?

It is because they know what I really think,

but won't and can't admit it,

and so carry on asking themselves the question,

again and again,

hoping that eventually the problem will evaporate.

One day I'm going to creep up behind the white rulers,
quite quietly, quite gently,

and say:

BANG!

POW!

They'll all get such a fright that

they'll hold another election.

Vortex