

of honour with Duma Nokwe. Sisulu took advantage of the festival to discuss with other African delegates on the reconvening of the Pan-African Conference. He travelled to Israel, Britain, Poland, Czechoslovakia and to China on the Trans-Siberian rail. The journey to China brought him into contact with the Indonesian national movement and on his return via London he met many exiled leaders and veterans of the African Liberation Movement. Sisulu returned to South Africa in December 1953 and went to the Queenstown Conference of the ANC.

Eventually the Pan-African Conference was held in Accra in 1953 with Alfred "Hutch" Hutchinson and Ezekiel Mphahlele as ANC delegates.

### **BANNING AND ARREST AND MK**

Sisulu was banned in 1954 and was arrested a week later for breaking the ban by attending a meeting of the NEC. He however continued working clandestinely for the movement. He was arrested under the State of Emergency and charged with Treason with wide sections of the ANC leadership.

On April 20, 1963, Sisulu went underground to join the High Command of Umkhonto We Sizwe.

On July 11, Sisulu and other leaders of Umkhonto were arrested at their Rivonia headquarters. For months they were held in solitary confinement

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# **FOR NO REW**

Allow the free flow of time honoured memory to take us back on a voyage into the protective womb of the past. Let the winds of change stop for a while as we feast our hearts upon the richness of our creation. Pause and listen to Mangaung clapping hands, listen to violin voices

and often brutally "interrogated" — by the security police. Nelson Mandela was brought from Robben Island to join them in the dock when the trial finally got underway on December 5. During his detention, Sisulu revealed, he was told he faced the death penalty, but he could avoid being hanged if he gave information to the police. He refused to co-operate. Finally, life sentences were passed on Sisulu and his fellow accused. As of this writing Sisulu has been behind bars for almost 19 years, Mandela for 20 years. Life imprisonment for political involvement in South Africa simply means that those incarcerated in this hideous way are not eligible for parole or remission.

### **CONCLUSION**

It is only in the deeds of such heroic and selfless men like Walter Sisulu that an MK cadre could mould his own life. Comrade President O.R. Tambo had this to say: *"On the occasion of his 70th birthday, in the name of the people of South Africa, the National Executive Committee of the ANC wishes to announce that it has resolved to bestow on Walter Sisulu the high and heroic title 'Isithwalandwe - Seaparankwe' in recognition of his fearless service to the cause of liberation, democracy, social progress and peace."*

And most of us can add the amen: **A LUTA CONTINUA!**

# **OTHER AIR**

—Joe Congo

slicing the air. A hand upon a hand, shoulder marrying shoulder, we inhale the commanding birth of unity. The counselling years and decades of our existence have an open message to be read and heard by all in our manful siege upon enemy positions.



**"...And till our dying hour  
We'll hate the whip that flogs our land."**

**South Africa, breathe this once, at least today the air is clean. Release bubbling joy to trample roughshod over father, mother and child. Unlatch every lock and key, the knock is on every door for this birth is of the child of kindness smiling on every household. Unbutton every ounce in solemn remembrance to the January 8 "gathering of the brave". Unfurl the people's banner for this is the day we never died. This is what it is, this is how it should be for the chorusing birth of the heart of hearts that ushered our march from war to war. Posterity rises to a man, posterity is grateful, we are grateful. 70 Years! Arms in hand!**

### **JANUARY 8**

**January 8, 1912 must have been a day of gaeity in the air. The sun should have risen earlier than usual in unison with our pride soaring to the summit of mass decision. To the boiling of pots mothers must have hummed a vaporous rainbow song, the children in their playgrounds an orange smile. Whiter clouds must have dotted the sky for grandfathers to say this must be the day, grandmothers more adamant that there could be no other day. All were saying 'the point is to change the world', not all has been lost, life can still be altered in the making of the coming day, our human name can still be restored. As tears of breathtaking joyous achievement ran rivulets so were the frowns of tribalism drowned. The hug was for a man's worth, for the man's labour of love in the service of a flowering nation. History was upon us begging no entry but entering. It must have been the longest day of welcoming the dictatorship of change. It is a day to be relived in our time.**

**A new beginning was upon us, a new response was our ready reply, we embraced the past to knife our weight upon the future. So it was that in 1912 the fires of glory were lit over our land. So it is that today the prism of time acknowledges our endurance over the distance of unblinking loyalty. The path has been that of men forcing furnaces in the building of a land of partisans. Many have come, many have gone, many are coming and others still going as we refuse to part ways and grow bald come torturing enemy skeleton thumbs. It is now our turn in this unbroken relay towards the finish that cries out for no apology. Let us live in it in the fullness of courage for future generations to wish they had lived in the morning song of our time.**

**There have been lulls, raging fires and pauses but we have remained in**



the midst and thick of our encircling assault. "Lizalise idinga lakho" we sang as the first in Africa. The promise remains unfulfilled, after 70 years the tyrant still sits on his throne. Yet these are years filled with no regret, years during which no milk has been spilt. Today we stand as the collective summation of many a negotiation of dangerous turns, thunder years of weathering unkind gales and storms. Years of backbiting stabs of poisonous slander. Ours has been destined to be no split of a second victory, the enemy is still desperately digging in, the people's grievance is deepening; our aims can only be higher.

### **BOLD CHANGE**

Having travelled such a distance we can settle for no half-measured changes, for no paper ennobled victory. We are reaching out to the furthest recess of bold change. Ours is not a wild and unbalanced resolution that can grind to a halt by wishful applause. We cannot tire now after so long. What would have been the need of all these years? What would have been the reward of sustaining such courageous endurance? Let it be another 70 years than one year rewarded with barefooted freedom, than one year rewarded with roundbellied few. Our 70 years is reason enough, confidence enough in us enforcing our true liberation. Let it be that as we raise the people's flag those that made it all possible are not left behind. It cannot be that all these 70 years are reduced to a mistake. Such is our conquering battle song.

100 Years after Isandlwana! We are one people! To fallen warriors! We are one people! For our land and plough! We are one people! For Mtlokwa and Gcaleka! We are one people! The Congress of the People is loud! We are one people! Rivonia to Matola! Sipolilo to Morogoro! We are one people! For Lutuli's flaming memory! Duma Nokwe's bayonet name! We are one people! To 20 years of our glorious army! 60 Years of a stalwart ally! We are one people! For 70 years of youthful staunchness! 70 Years in unbreaking attack! We are one people! Till victorious revolution! An indivisible people.

### **MANGAUNG**

As the sun again goes down we rise to honour the day as a reminder that there is still work to be done. As we fall to rise the distant Mangaung sunrise beckons for more. To the fallen we say the lightning battle cry shall continue to resound with a fierce deadly pressure. Till we are lord over our land the enemy will bleed. As things turn sour, the enemy nastier we shall be exploring his septic wounds. Fearless battle upright-

ness is what we are as we make our home-grown 'festival of the oppressed'. Breaking new ground, growing from an army imbued with confidence, soldiers calmly resolved in calculated courage, ours is the winning march. We are no newcomers in war, 'no strangers to burials', no cowards under the heat of fire, we grow from the depth of pain. As we converge upon the butcher's nest we shall be giving a good account of ourselves.

All the fullness of these 70 years, all of the hardships and accompanying victories, errors and losses, corrections and repeated advances, reprisals, retreats and daring assaults. All, for no other reward other than a nation that visibly brightens in mass delight as we bury our hearts in happy commitment. Let us again say Amandla! We again say Mayibuye!

In celebration! As we redden the field!

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# **NAKED AMONG WOLVES**

**by Bruno Apitz**

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## **Chapter 14**

Gay had called in a few other Buchenwalders after Pippig. Not with any intention of carrying through an interrogation. He only wanted to feel them out. He took his line of questioning from the impression he had of the man who stood before him, and he soon noticed that all of them were hard-boiled customers. None of them knew anything.

Now he concentrated his attention on Rose, for whom he had served up Pippig so succulently. The afternoon was well advanced when he summoned Rose.

"Well, my boy, have a seat. Rose was your name, right?"

"Yessir."

Gay lit a cigar and laid the match circumspectly on the ashtray, saying with a worried sigh: "You've got yourself into a stupid mess. How long have you been in the camp?"