

ARCHIVES

# TO MY MOTHER

My dear parent,

Cordial and perpetual greetings to all at home. I suppose the whole family is apprehensive and to some extent bitter, over my sudden and unexpected departure. I am bitter myself but it could not be otherwise.

I admit that much was sacrificed to educate me in an effort to secure a better future for me. I assure you mama that all those painstaking efforts, the agonies you experienced for my benefit, were not in vain. I am what you dreamed of. The fruit of the tree you planted, nurtured with your blood and sweat, will be picked and enjoyed not only by you, but by all black parents who like you, are today experiencing untold suffering and humiliation, the African people who are brutally oppressed and exploited by the fascist minority regime and its imperialist allies.

Mama, the choice to leave my beloved country was forced upon me. I had to either lead my already miserable life in perpetual slavery or actively participate in the noble struggle to rid my country of apartheid and its evils. I consciously opted for the latter. My experiences as an African child, born and bred under an obnoxious political system led to a realisation that racist oppression and capitalist exploitation will certainly continue and intensify unless we not only echo even louder our demands for a free and democratic South Africa, but also arm ourselves with modern spears and confront the enemy with arms in hand.

Apartheid feeds on the blood and sweat of millions of the oppressed and exploited masses. I was ceaselessly haunted by memories of hundreds of my fellow-countrymen who were mercilessly butchered in cold-blood by fascist police and soldiers on June 16th 1976. I am deeply sorry to bring back the past mama but it is with a bleeding heart that I am writing this part of the letter. I just can't stop the flow of tears from my eyes. June 16 presented a challenge to the oppressed, particularly the youth. I could not mourn endlessly. I had to find my rightful place in the struggle for liberation, the struggle against the very system which breeds inequality and violence. Is it not this heinous system which conceived an inferior type of education and attempted to force it down our throats?

I learnt there existed a solution to our suffering: the African National Congress and our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe. Together with my friends, we tuned in the voice of the oppressed, namely, *Radio Freedom* and was deeply touched and greatly inspired by the words of courage and determination I heard over the air. The bitter war of liberation that was waged by the people of Zimbabwe inspired me even greater.



I did not know much about the armed struggle raging in Namibia then, except what I got through racist-controlled mass media, which is most often than not permeated with pernicious lies. Nevertheless, I have since come to know that the people of Namibia, led by their vanguard movement, the South West Africa People's Organisation (SWAPO of Namibia) are engaged in a life and death struggle against the very regime which is oppressing us.

Mama, do you remember the tumultuous situation which prevailed in our country in 1974? I mean the pro-FRELIMO rallies. I met a friend who vividly recalled these events to me. The victory of the heroic people of Mozambique against Portuguese colonialism inspired me greatly. It became very clear to my friends and myself that no force on earth, however heavily armed and brutal it might be, can withstand the wrath of a united and determined people fighting for justice and freedom.

Thus, when the time came, I did not hesitate. I joined my friends, who, like myself, were prepared to join the forces of liberation. It pains me a lot mama, but I couldn't bid you goodbye. Time was against me.

The architects of apartheid are sweating profusely at their drawing boards and a campaign of slander is in progress. Our vanguard movement, the ANC, is called a 'marxist-infested' and 'communist-inspired' organisation. Freedom fighters are referred to as 'terrorists' who commit horrible crimes against 'innocent civilians'. To crown it all, they also claim to be a 'God-chosen nation' to lead us, Africans, from bondage, barbarism and backwardness. As if these insults were not enough, Africans according to these self-styled 'pioneers of civilisation' are not developed and capable of ruling.

Mama, all these are frantic attempts aimed at discrediting the forces of freedom. The racist regime cannot stem the revolutionary tide sweeping across our country and is thus resorting to "every method in the book" to save their crumbling house, like a person applying first aid to a patient who needs a major operation. All these attempts are doomed to failure.

You may be asking yourself, what then is the ANC? The African National Congress is a people's movement representing the aspirations of the down-trodden masses for a free and democratic South Africa, free from racist tyranny and exploitation of man by man, a South Africa of the future based on the people's revolutionary document — the

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## **RENDERING ENEMY SCHEMES UNWORKABLE**

In December angry residents of Soweto threw petrol bombs at the Emdeni house of a Soweto councillor, puppet Patrick Gaboutloele, while stooge Joseph Mahushu, the 'mayor' of the Diep-Meadow Town Council, had his house gutted by

fire, causing damage to the tune of R320 000.

Gaboutloele is an incorrigible sell-out. He continued being a councillor, notwithstanding the wrath of the people. His house was petrol bombed again on Janua-