

DAWN



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Journal of Umkhonto we Sizwe

Seek for our People's Army
and swell its ranks



Umkhonto we Sizwe



DAWN

Monthly Journal of Unkhonto we Sizwe

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YEAR OF UNITED ACTION



Editorial Comment

VICTORY IS CALLING

This December 16, 1983, marks the twenty-second Anniversary of the founding of Umkhonto we Sizwe. Though the past twenty-two years of armed struggle have indeed been an uphill struggle, our People's Army has always emerged victorious. It has convincingly displayed its capability to engage and deliver devastating blows at the hated enemy. The heroic combat record set by our gallant army, from Komatipoort through Mkhuze to Sasol, Voortrekkerhoogte, Koeberg, Cape Town and Pretoria, Pietermaritzburg to Durban, has sown panic unprecedented in the ranks of the enemy. The cracks in the white laager are widening with every passing day.

It is no unwarranted pat-on-the-back to claim that the heroic mass struggles that characterise this decade have to a great extent been inspired by the daring record of our army. Umkhonto we Sizwe has shown not only its growing presence but has also demonstrated that the enemy bleeds and dies. This has filled the hearts of the oppressed millions of our land with hope of salvation and confidence in their ability and strength to fight back, thereby spurring them to more and more heroic actions.

The enemy, swallowing with pain its previous claims of having destroyed the back of the African National Congress, now sings a different tune. They openly admit that armed struggle is there to stay. *"South Africa must be prepared to accept certain levels of discomfort, disruption and even violence in their daily lives. It is imperative that they prepare themselves psychologically without becoming alarmist or dispirited,"* said the chief of the South African Defence Force (SADF). And they are employing all their energies to arrest this visible growth of armed struggle.

Hence the new constitution which has as one of its primary tasks the extension of conscription to Coloureds and Indians. Coupled with this is the growing recruitment drive for Blacks into the SADF. Already they account for more than fifteen percent of the enemy's armed forces. There is also the speeding up of granting 'independence' to the bantustans and, consequently, the creation, arming and deployment of their puppet armies. All because the regime now finds its resource of less than a million white male adults insufficient to meet their security needs.

DESTABILISATION

Inside the country repression has been stepped up to levels unequalled in the history of apartheid rule. And it has been exported to independent neighbouring African states. Angola, Lesotho, Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Botswana and Zambia none has been spared the ferocity of the cornered beast. The chief of the SADF defined (though partly) the goal of the destabilisation campaign against the Frontline States as follows:

"The possibility of further military action by the RSA against the ANC bases in neighbouring countries, along the lines of the recent attack after the Pretoria car-bomb blast, must not be ruled out.

"If the ANC were to be denied bases in neighbouring countries, they would not be capable of carrying out hit and run attacks on South African territory. They would, however, be unable to sustain high intensity operations for any period of time. Denied bases, they would have to infiltrate South Africa by air or by sea — which would make it virtually impossible for them, given the RSA's military might."

This exhorts and emphasises the simple fact that though the support of the Frontline States is vital, we must not and cannot rely on them to wage a victorious armed struggle but on the strength of the oppressed masses of our land. Let us draw lessons from the PLO's armed struggle. The task of the moment is to wage guerrilla warfare in the true meaning of the word.

Our assaults must be spread throughout the length and breadth of our country and they must be consistent and growing. The enemy must know no respite. And, lest we forget, ours is a people's war. Freedom is in sight but will only be within reach and ultimately claimed when the masses of the oppressed themselves are fighting with arms in hand. The successes MK has scored over the past years has made this all possible. Now is the time to build on them and march boldly to the victory is calling.



F R E E D O M

N O W

RESPONSE TO A CRISIS

**JAMES MAKHAYA, a combatant of MK, discusses the
November white referendum**

The history of the Nationalist Party is pock-marked with the continuous manoeuvres to consolidate their power and maintain white supremacy — the rule of the few over the black majority.

Whenever their position is seriously threatened they adopt stern measures. Often, as history shows, resorting to open violence and naked repression. But the racist regime does not use only violence. It also deploys its strategies in every other field, stretching from blatant bribery to political blackmail, from naked military aggression to parliamentary 'reforms'.

The recent referendum on the 'new constitution' is merely another tactic used by the present Botha—Malan clique to dam back the rising waters of change. In 1960 the dreams were being threatened by the growing mass political actions. It was in October, 1960, when he called the whites to choose between forming a white republic and remaining under British rule. Verwoerd succeeded in drawing the whites together to form his racist republic where he and his cronies grabbed more power, enabling them to build their reactionary dream — a racist republic. Exercising their power, the Nationalist Party banned the African National Congress and then proceeded to pass more draconian legislation further oppressing the black majority.

Now, in 1983, Botha and Malan see the storm rising. Apartheid is in a state of crisis — faced with more united mass action, stronger military blows by Umkhonto we Sizwe and disunity in the white community. Thus they have resorted to the referendum tactic once more. This time it is not only to unite the whites, although only the whites will vote, but to bribe the Coloureds and Indians into helping the apartheid regime hold out against inevitable change. The crisis the racist regime is facing cuts deep into the very existence of the minority regime — divisions in parliament are sharpening; white voters are apathetic and disunited; economic pressure due largely to constant industrial unrest has forced the regime to make a loan from the IMF; and massive military spending has helped to deteriorate the situation further. Ironically the apartheid leaders have now turned to the whites requesting their agreement allowing the Coloureds and Indians to join in apartheid rule as more qualified servant-protectors of the monopolists and their profits. Yet at the same time refusing point blank to recognise the right of the black majority to decide their own future.

LANDSLIDE VICTORY?

The final percentage poll at the November referendum was 76 percent, 65 percent voted yes (in favour), 33 percent voted no (against) and a tiny percentage destroyed their vote or in other words spoilt their ballot.

Botha smiled and patted himself on the back. He and his henchmen claimed a landslide victory. But is it such a fantastic favourable turnout?

THE GREAT ILLUSION



First of all 22 percent of the whites did not even bother to vote which is approximately 700,000 voters, i.e. about half the votes cast in favour of the 'new constitution' (1,300,000). These whites who did not vote obviously see nothing better or worse in the 'new constitution'. They were not prepared to vote in favour or against it. Botha's move to draw all the whites together is therefore not a complete victory. Twenty-two percent of his white followers within the white racist republic are not interested in his political gymnastics.

Of those who voted yes there are those who did not want to side with the Conservative Party and other so-called Verkramptes who called for a no vote against the 'new constitution'. Also a large percentage of the yes-voters belong to the monopolist class or its supporters. They feel the 'new constitution' will remove the necessary amount of apartheid so as to allow for more flexibility in production and therefore enable

greater profits and at the same time allow for Coloureds and Indians to be drawn into national service so as to strengthen the already over-worked white security forces. This is an indication of a stronger swing towards welding the monopolists and nationalist capitalists together — not for the betterment of the masses but to make easier the manipulation of money and manpower. Certain features of apartheid have become a spoke in the wheel of developing capitalism. This contradiction, within the system of capitalism itself, must be changed for the maintenance of monopolist power. Not, definitely not in the interest of the masses. For the 'new constitution' does not give the black majority any say in the running of their country. It merely advertises a dazzling bribe for Coloureds and Indians as the price for becoming better servants and protectors of the Botha-Malan regime as well as their blood-sucking national and international cronies.

STATE OF CRISIS

Also to be considered are the 33 percent who voted no. Many of these whites are blatant right-wingers — Nazi-opportunists who are anti-Botha for their own aims. And in no way are they anti-Botha for the upliftment of the African masses. Others, ironically in the same voting group, did so for liberal reasons. Church bodies and liberal organisations, including the Progressive Federal Party, opted to vote against the 'new constitution' as they said it was merely a further strengthening of apartheid.

Botha's landslide victory is not as sure and rock certain as he claims but as we have seen merely reflects the state of crisis in which the racists find themselves today. This state of crisis is not merely brought about by the racists alone but to a greater extent by the struggling black masses who are fighting for their rights, their freedom and their country; by the advancement of the armed struggle by Umkhonto we Sizwe, our people's army; and by the political mobilisation of the masses towards national liberation led by the African National Congress.

The November referendum is a response to a state of crisis. Its results prove that the state of crisis still exists and was not smoothed over by the referendum, nor will it be solved by the planned 'new constitution'.

RESIST WHITE RULE

It does not offer any change, as Botha and his western ideologues claim, but is merely an attempt to maintain power and oppress the African masses further in their own country. The 'new constitution' must not be opposed as something new but as part of the illegal rule of the white minority. We must strengthen our organisations, unite our unions, close ranks and fight for the right to vote for our constitution based on the Freedom Charter to ensure the right to vote for all South Africans in a united South Africa regardless of race, colour, sex or belief.



ARTISTS NEED

A UNION

— SAM NDABA

Apartheid has reduced a black musician to a beggar whereby the road to a job is obstructed with competition among musicians. One sees at recording companies queues of men pleading to be recorded, if not, looking for a job as a studio artist. Poverty keeps musicians worried about the next meal, rent, clothes for himself and his family and money to pay off the hire purchase musical instruments. There is *s e l d o m* time to reflect upon the past and the future and whenever musicians meet in large numbers, it is normally at concerts or massive festivals where the mood is not conducive to any serious discussion. The talk is often about the whereabouts of the next gig, who to contact for which job, when is the SABC offering jobs for commercials, etc. There is no time to get together to discuss problems that have to be tackled by a union, let alone the problem of realising the Freedom Charter. In most cases bands split within two years of their formation. Musicians often end up frustrated and standing at factory gates for jobs. A few band 'make it'. These are those bands that master the trick of keeping the master content by churning out the 'right sound and beat'

Efforts have been made in the past to bring Black South African artists together into a united National Force but were not successful. In the late 50's and early 60's we had a cultural centre in Johannesburg, the Bantu Men's Social Centre (BMSC), the offices of Union Artists, the only coherent body which represented artists then but which for one reason or the other died in the early 60's.

Since then nothing concrete has come up which stands for the unity of artists and articulates their aspirations, frustrations and objectives. The coloniser has taken the land, exploits our wealth and labour, calls the political tune (to some extent) but has failed to colonise our cultural heritage. Having realised that, his next move was to arrest the culture so that it advances no further and in its place popularise western (mainly American) culture among the oppressed. This has to some extent succeeded as witnessed in the entry into our society of American style clothes that went with gangsterism, popularised by Mafia, El Capon movies in the 50's and 60's. This went together with Jazz, and different periods in the US reflected themselves in South Africa in clothes, music, theatre, , etc. For four decades we have witnessed a proliferation of western cultural styles and values in all forms.

The Nationalist government through the myriad of laws has closed all avenues of free musical expression. This they have done by excluding any type of music that went against their interest of perpetuating white supremacy from the radio and now TV through the Broederbond-controlled South African Broadcasting Corporation (SABC). Faced with this state of affairs recording companies, capitalist owned and quick-profit oriented, became willing partners in the campaign to throttle the black song. Only music that set the nation dancing and the most banal songs were recorded and popularised. Choral music that had anything but the reality of our situation was

not accepted. Simultaneously with the above-mentioned events by the end of the 50's, the boers realised the foolishness of their policy of prohibiting Africans from drinking western liquor, although there was also the frustrating question of their inability to tax illicit brews that serves as an alternative, opened the door widely to the African. This was an act which served the system in two ways:

1. The capitalist made huge profits as well as the government which gave itself the sole right of operating bars and bottle stores in townships.
2. The black masses happily drank, openly danced to the state-controlled music, went to church on Sunday and reported to the boss on Monday with a legal hangover.

STRUGGLING MAN

To drink, host and attend parties over the weekends the worker had to stay employed. To relieve himself from frustrations stemming from exploitation and the futility of the vicious circle he found himself in, the bottle and the noises from gramophones and radios was his only solace, and finally the priest told him to pay his tithe to the church, serve his boss well and look for a better life after he dies. That was and still is the vicious circle, complete and serving to dull the consciousness of the masses regarding their surroundings, future and plight.

Let us, then, look at the position of the musicians. Throughout the past four decades, bands have sprung up and disappeared. A few made their mark on the scene and are remembered mainly through their records. The most famous of the early period were the Dark City Sisters and individuals like Lemmy "Special" Mabaso and several others. A few "flew out of the cuckoo's nest" like the Masekelas, Brands, Gwangwas, Semenyas, Mbulis, Makebas and countless others. Some like Kippie Moeketsi, Zakes Nkosi, Ben "Satch" Masinga remained behind to face a slow death in the bantustans and ghettos of apartheid South Africa. Others emerged in the 60's and 70's while some are emerging presently. All these groups and personalities have more than once been exploited by recording companies, agents, managers, producers and promoters. The practice still continues and it is still difficult for musicians to unite.

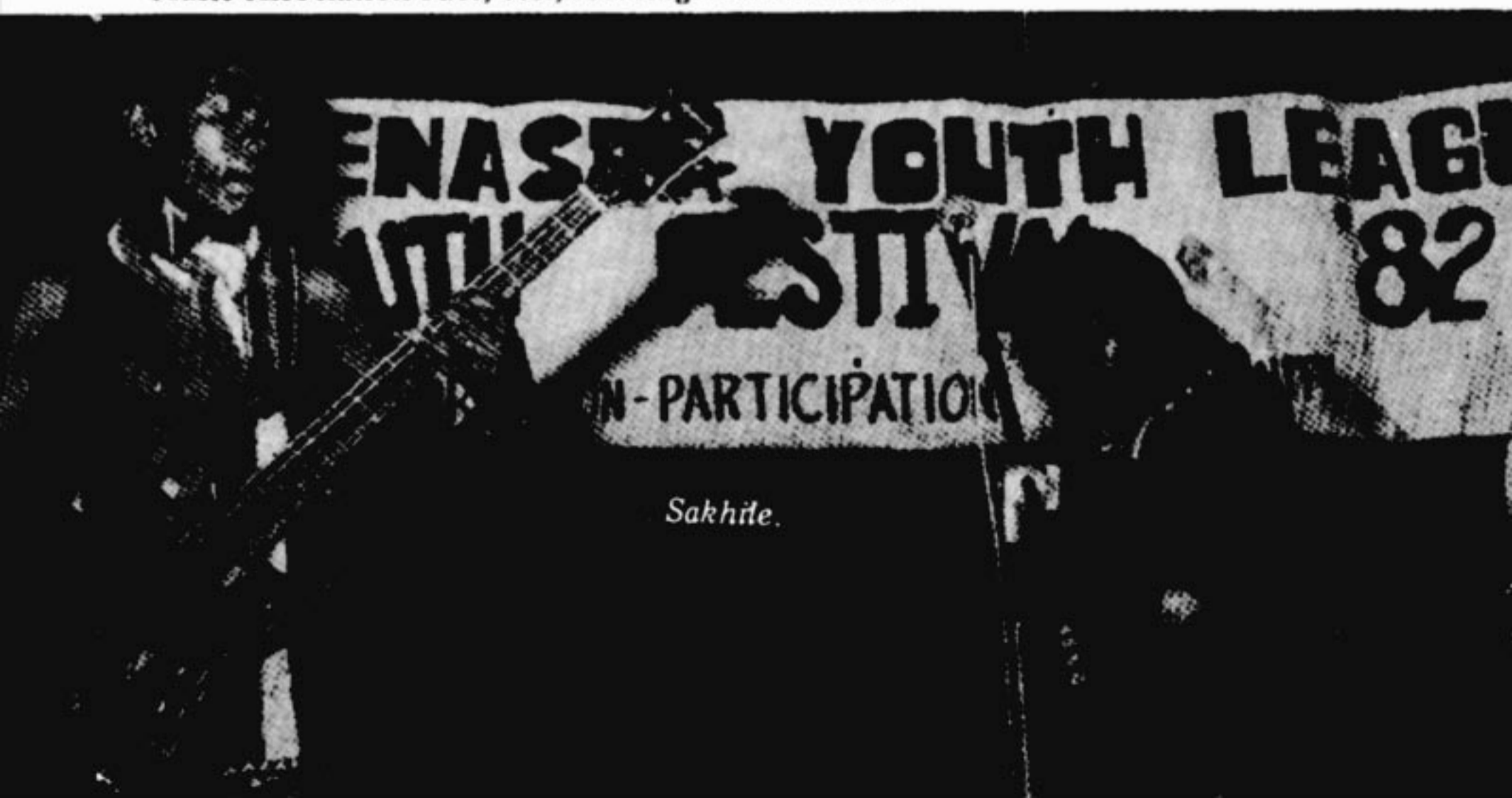
Harari, which adopted the name after playing at Harari township during racist Smith's rule, comes from the stock of bands of the 60s which fused American soul with township beats. Most of them like the Teenage Lovers, Flaming Souls, Inne Laws, Movers, Young Ones, of the 'monkey' jive era died in the seventies with the change of American sound. Harari, formerly known as The Beaters, moved from soul to Britain-American rock (woodstock era), Afro-rock (Osibisa influence) and presently a mixture of Afro-rock and disco.

Galla, a top recording company in South Africa, went on a massive recording-publicity campaign for Harari. The band got white management and is solidly on top, resting assured of airplay, stable income... reason? They keep the nation dancing and also advertise capitalist products. When asked about the band's future, the leader of the band, Siphon Mabuse, answered that Harari's dream was a trip to the US. They did get their trip to Uncle Sam's country but the plight of their own country and people remained the same — colonised and oppressed. The only competition Harari faces is from groups that play 'crossover' like Juluka, Steve Kekane and others.

THEATRE SUPPRESSED

'Quality' theatre left our shores for Britain and USA in the early 60's (King Kong, Sponono) and the vacuum was filled by boring, drab third rate productions. The advent of the Black Consciousness Movement brought a sudden upsurge of radical theatre with students mainly taking part. One should not get the illusion that there were no obstacles in the way of this new development, harassment, detentions, censorship were rife. The demise of this era saw the advent of two-man plays popularised by Winston Ntshona and John Kani (*Sizwe Banzi is dead*). The themes were mainly the satirical portrayal of the black reality. In a bid to counter this development the government through its administration boards demanded to see and approve scripts before they are put up in government halls in the townships which serve as the only venues for theatre, concerts, bioscopes, boxing and some entertainment activities. This is how radical theatre was pushed off the township stages after which plays like *School girl and the Taxi Driver* served as the only source of entertainment. Radical theatre found home in liberal centres in the cities like the Market Theatre in Johannesburg, Baxter and People's Space theatres in Cape Town, etc., and also at liberal universities. But here the theatre is far from the working masses, due to cost, and is patronised by white and black intellectuals and students.

More than once, newspapers have carried stories of actors taken for a ride, left stranded on tours by producers. Worse still are stories of actresses having to use their bodies to get part in plays. On the whole one gets a picture of general disorganisation, depravity, insecurity among workers connected with theatre. Phoenix Players, a centre of actors, is and has been a place of exploitation. It has been run by one Ian Benhardt, a white businessman who has made so much that he is planning to emigrate to the USA. Efforts have been made to bring actors together to form a union. Some have had a temporary success, like the South African Black Theatre Union of the Black Consciousness era before the government clampdown. On the other hand white artists are protected by the law. There are organisations like the South African Music Association Pact, etc., securing their interests.



Sakhile

Painters, sculptors and others are wholly dependent on the galleries which practice daylight robbery. The gallery owners pays the artist whatever fee he seems fit for the individual art item and in turn makes high profits on the sale of the items either in his gallery or in overseas exhibitions. Not united and unprotected, they get ripped-off everyday.

Nevertheless, there do exist bands that pose a threat to the system. There are also hosts of individuals and musicians who are part of this movement. In nearly every township there is a cultural group connected to a church, a youth club or autonomous. These are centres of experimentation where alternative theatre abounds, different art forms are learnt and more often than not you will be met by the sound of acoustic guitars, tamborines, congas, etc., accompanying voices singing an original song. You might find a well-equipped amateur band, a solo guitarist, a poetry group. The inclination is towards Bob Marley, original catchy tunes, freedom songs, traditional songs and poetry. It is some of these groups that appear at commemoration services, celebrations and political meetings to render a song, a poem, or a drama. Also there are the other professional groups which are patronised by intellectuals, students, the white left, etc. The number of these bands is not so big but they manage to survive as professional bands by playing at small clubs, universities, colleges, liberal theatres and centres (Dia-konia, Open schools). Some of these bands which emerged after 1976 are the AK-47s, Afrozania, Malopoets, Tou, Malimu, Badiri, Sakhile, Splash (a reggae group whose two musicians were recently sentenced to an effective four year term under the so-called Internal Security Act) and others. Also there is the third category which is comprised of recordable groups like Juluka, Joy, Steve Kekana and other Mbaqanga groups which have from time to time performed at concerts organised to raise funds for the cause of the oppressed.

Groups have been brought together during the Fattis and Monis and Wilson Rown-tree strikes to raise funds for striking workers, and indeed it was gratifying to see these groups coming forward knowing fully well the likely reaction of the security police. Joy, the female vocal trio refused to perform for the "boys on the border" when asked



to do so by the notorious South African Defence Force during their tour of Namibia. Shortly thereafter the SABC stopped playing *Paradise Road* over the air and a feeble explanation was given, implying the existence of subversive undertones in the song. The song had long reached the number one spot on the ratings charts and was well within the second gold disc mark. All these groups, including those that have long been used by the recording companies need to come together into a strong anti-colonial and anti-imperialist union of South African musicians and artists.



Kippie Moeketsi.

CULTURE NEEDS UNITY

The Federal Union of Black Artists (FUBA), which was built with Anglo-American Corporation and other allied capitalist organisations' funds has always been and still is that glamorous institution that produces different calibres of artists, as a recruiting centre for the Americans and acts as a gallery for its rich patrons. Early this year FUBA hosted an exhibition of paintings of some of American and European artists at the posh home of Harry Oppenheimer's daughter, Mary, in Lower Houghton. South African artists did not take part and then the director was asked for an explanation by the press. He replied that black artists are difficult to reach (meaning that they are not at the phone, live far from towns, etc.) What a feeble excuse for class discrimination!

The Music, Drama, Art and Literature Institute (MDALI), which fancies itself as the messiah of South African cultural workers has so far managed to antagonise a lot of artists with its race exclusiveness and philosophy of narrow black consciousness. Of the two organisations, MDAI is the oldest, coming from the early black consciousness days and could easily have gained respectability and support from the community at large and membership from the artists in particular. But MDAI, like an old spider, sits in its web in the dark corner refusing to move out into the light. The organisation is led by Vusi Nkumane, as its chairman, a former PAC Robben Island prisoner and Zakes Mofokeng as general-secretary.

Progressive cultural groups like Mpumalanga Arts in Pietermaritzburg are found in various parts of our country. Yet, the establishment of a single union of artists, uniting all the artists throughout the length and breadth of our country, still remains a pressing need if our artists are to offer any meaningful opposition to apartheid and imperialist exploitation.

LEARN with DAWN

You too Countryman, can be a Freedom Fighter

The murderers of Saul Mkhize, Hector Petersen and countless other victims of Soweto, Sharpeville, Langa, Bulhoek, Mdantsane, shot to kill. They were cold-blooded and inhuman. With the same callousness that drives the Pretoria cutthroats to lunatic plunder and carnage, they are destroying villages and homesteads in parts of Mozambique, taking pot-shots at innocent Basotho and breeding bandits for subversive ends from across the border. The Botha-Malan regime rules by the gun. We have come to learn through bitter experience that the gun in the hands of the boer-fascist bullies is an instrument of human destruction and untold coercion, a tyranny enforcing device.

The time has long come for you countrymen to learn the manipulation of guns for the purpose of making your voice louder, making your political demands more boldly and effectively.

The gun in the hands of an oppressed people should be used as an instrument of political struggle for political ends, for the conquest of a free and democratic South Africa where the rule of law will aim at the welfare of the people and the benefit of social progress. You of the down-trodden must know how to manipulate the weapons that are used to press

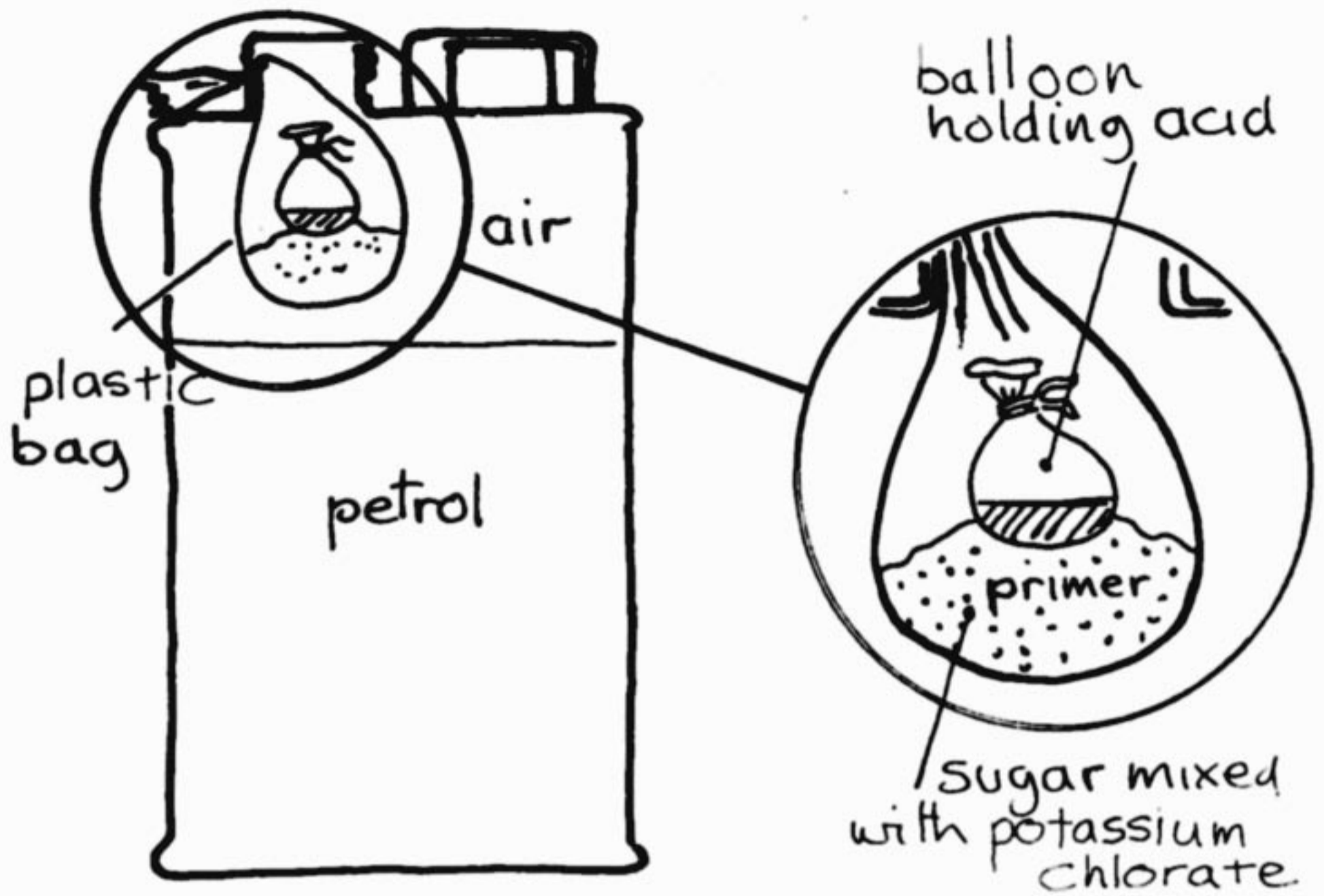
your people down to positions of humiliation. Know how to make each bullet count so that those butchers of Matola and Maseru, the villains that came for Solomon Mahlangu, Marcus Motaung, Jerry Mosololi and Simon Mogoerane's lives with noose and cold-bloodedness should reap the fruits of their evil seed.

Combine our everyday struggles around local and national issues that affect our daily lives, rejection of the farcical political schemes of the enemy such as the Presidential Council, bantustans, etc. Confront the enemy on all fronts and forge an unprecedented mass political offensive. Seek out for our People's Army and swell its ranks so that the van of this, our struggle, the spearhead of revolutionary armed struggle, should cut deeper across all sorts of apartheid fortifications. Umkhonto we Sizwe will continue to play its part in the front ranks of the people's defence.

Learn with Dawn how to help augment the armed might of popular struggles.

PETROL BOMB WITH TIME DELAY

Fill a jerry-can three-quarters with petrol (plastic one is the best). When you are ready to plant the bomb place a few drops of concentrated sulphuric acid in a balloon (or condom). Then tie the balloon and wipe off its outside with a damp rag as a safety precaution in case some



PETROL BOMB WITH TIME DELAY

acid has spilt onto the outside. Place the balloon in a small plastic bag containing a few tea-spoons of potassium chlorate and sugar mixture (the primer). Hang the plastic bag in the neck of the can above the petrol. Tighten the lid of the can so that it holds the bag just above the petrol. After a period of time the acid eats through the balloon, comes into contact with the potassium chlorate and sugar mixture and ignites it. This in turn causes the petrol to explode. Great damage will be done when this bomb is placed inside a building or under the petrol tank of a lorry or car.

SAFETY WARNING:

This explosive device is recommended because all the parts are easy to get and the bomb is simple to make. But great care must be taken to ensure that the acid does not contact the explosive mixture before you want it to. That is why you must make sure that the balloon is perfectly clean on the outside before placing it in the plastic bag which contains

the potassium chlorate and sugar mixture. Also you must use a reasonably strong balloon. If it has a small hole or a weakness in it acid will eat through it quicker than you think. In that case the explosive charge could go off in your hand.

It is convenient to use petrol as the main charge because it is easy to get. If you use a chemical charge, a lot of time is taken up with the grinding of the chemicals into a fine powder. So use a petrol bomb whenever possible.

But you must understand that it does not cause damage through shock waves, but only by burning. That is why it is best used inside a building, when no one is about as your aim is to destroy property, like the pass or municipality office. To do a good job pour petrol on the floor near the bomb so that the fire spreads more rapidly.

NOTE WELL:

You must have space for air in your container. If the container is filled completely with petrol it will not —

repeat — *not* ignite. Petrol burns only when it is in contact with air.

CAPSULE:

Gelatine capsules are useful containers for the acid. They can be used instead of balloon. They can be obtained from chemists. Separate the two halves and carefully fill the large half with sulphuric acid using an eye-dropper. Again, make sure that there is no acid on the outside of the capsule. Close it with the other half. Place the capsule in the primer which itself might be in a plastic bag, balloon or a table-tennis plastic ball. The acid will

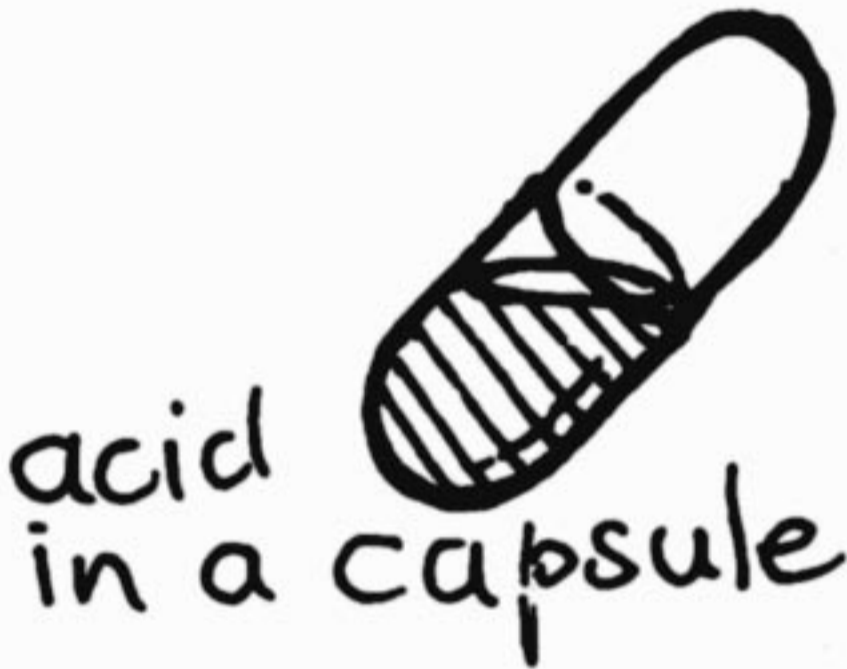
larger one you will double the time delay.

To know the exact time the capsule takes to burn through make some tests. When getting the capsules try to get those from the same batch (possibly the same production date). Check them all for holes or faults and select those which you feel are perfect. Then make tests by filling the larger half of the capsule (using an eye-dropper), wiping it off and closing it. Check the time on your watch. You can also check to see if it lights your primer (potassium chlorate and sugar mixture). Do *not* check it in the petrol bomb. For that will cause it to explode and may cause damage to your hide-out, etc. This testing method is also advisable with the balloons.

SAFETY WARNING:

Always make sure that the outside of the capsule is free from acid before you place it in the primer. If it is not clean it can cause fire and burn you as soon as it touches the primer. Gently wipe with a damp cloth.

Also examine the capsule carefully to ensure that it has no fault. If it has cracks or other faults, the acid will eat through it sooner than expected and the explosive charge will go off in your hands.



take about 8 — 10 minutes to eat through the capsule and set fire to the primer. If you place acid in a small capsule and then place it (capsule) inside a



STRAIGHT TALK...

THE KOORNHOF DICHOTOMY

The end of the year elections under the stamp of the Black Local Authorities Act produced what must have been the most unpalatable Christmas forecast for Piet Koornhof and his lieutenants in the so-called Department of Co-operation and Development. Staged as the ultimate barometer for the government's wooing of the Black urban community into acceptance of a rotten carrot policy which is yet another toxic dressing of the Constitutional fraud, the low turnout during the campaign was definitely a resounding rebuff to the regime's ruses.

The elections, a step towards the creation of local government structures were doubtlessly intended as a Christmas package to lull the turbulent Black urban millions in the face of mounting opposition to the regime's imposition of the tri-cameral parliamentary process which rivals only Nazism with its crude design.

This being the case, the results serve to demonstrate that the people have long awakened from the slumber effect of apartheid's tactics of always polishing the self-same old and rusted facade of racist-capitalist intrigue. They are learning well the art of higher political vigilance and non-compromise with the artful oppressor. This can only mean that the discredited and absolutely genocidal policies of the Nationalist Party government which go under the historically rejected label of Seperate Development, are even been drawn to the rocks.

Looked at from the standpoint of the overall poll for the first round of the elections being not more than 21 percent, the fact that Koornhof could see 'progress' and express 'satisfaction' over the results proves cynical and at the worst ludicrous. His words are utterances of a punch drunk fighter rising from the canvass after a head-rocking combination. He is not admitting the superiority of his adversary nor the defeat but cries that he is still the best and only foul play is the problem.

NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE

The point however is not that the regime has to face up to increased frustrations by the Black urban populace as time goes by. The big question for the enemy is how to tighten its hold over the entire Black masses in the whole of the country. In this line therefore, the outcome of the elections ascends to the higher plane of national signifi-

cance. This is precisely so because Pretoria's main theatre of operation in its political exercise at excising the Blacks from power and economic benefit remains the so-called homelands and the rest of the Group Areas. The oppressed have to launch frontal attacks in all these areas to inject more into the present successes which are being added to the idiom of South Africa's struggle for freedom and democracy. We are now witnessing the trading of hot blows but the enemy is far from being cornered. We must hit harder, even hardest when he is going down.

This talker warns that the regime, as has been customary, will proceed with the imposition of the local authorities despite the overwhelming opposition already manifest. This attitude is undisguisedly expressed in a statement made to the *Financil Mail* by John Hitge, Director of Local Government in Koornhof's department when he stressed that though a low poll would be considered (by the government) a 'disappointment', the process of creating town and village councils was one which 'must continue'.

F A R C E

In other words, the reform farce will continue being forced down the throats of our people. We have to intensify our efforts now to prepare conditions for vomiting this rubbish wholly at the moment of reckoning. Our energy as the oppressed should yank the sluiceways of popular dissent and let well up from behind the edifice of the Pretoria regime, a fateful tide.

That time will come when we have sufficiently demonstrated in mind and limb that we do not only see through boer-fascist preaching but hate the preacher and his church bitterly. That we are not interested to wade anymore in the big cesspool of political deprivation, poverty, homelessness under segregated electricity which will all be governed by a band of local clowns to be called the Black Authority. No more, we want something of our own choosing.

With us, even the exit of Thebehali is not a serious political event. What with Mangope, Mphephu, Matanzima, Gatsha, etc., still there. Ephraim Tshabalala will now wear the crown. It remains to be seen whether he will choose the same mantle and doublet — as was preferred by Thebehali — the past-master at singing Nationalist Party tunes, a hateful turncoat and spineless chameleon. As for us the boat he is rowing is still the same. The change in the oarsman doesn't suggest a change of course — not yet.

The broad anti-racist democratic front w h i c h constitutes a crucial factor for the ultimate defeat of the system must rally even more forces to the path of popular struggle. A united and determined people is assured of victory.

We of Umkhonto we Sizwe will continue to provide the decisive cutting edge to the national political fight.

F O R W A R D E V E R !

VICTORY OR DEATH — WE SHALL WIN!



HEROES OF OUR REVOLUTION

Petros Molefe (1924 - 1961)

Petros Molefe was born in 1924 at Mafeking district. He was the first soldier of Umkhonto we Sizwe to lose his life. He came from a family of three of which he was the last born. He got his primary education in a hard way. Petros and his brother could not go to school at the same time because they were herding cattle. When one was at school, the other looked after the cattle. Their parents died when he was still young. Therefore, Petros had to leave school at an early age to look for work.

He was a musician as well as a tap-dancer. He sang and tap-danced for a group called the "*Diamond-horse-shoe*". That is where he met a young pretty girl nick-named Bikenyana, meaning a tiny thing who later became his wife.

Molefe and his wife joined the African National Congress of South Africa in Alexandra township. He was inspired by comrades Seperepere and Mofutsanyana. The two comrades were his political idols. When houses at Dube were sold to the public, he bought himself a house there. This was in 1954. There was a young ANC branch in Dube and he and his wife were enrolled by the then secretary of the branch. He owned a Zephyr Zodiac car which was always at the disposal of the people, not only of his branch but the entire branches of Soweto. At times the ANC office in Johannesburg used his car for various tasks. The organisation had to pay only for fuel. Not a cent went to his pocket. He became popular in the Reef. He was also a member in the executive committee of the Dube Advisory Board.

ACTION

The late Molefe was always a man of action. Whenever there were general strikes and calls for a stay-at-home he was always in the fore-front, picketing at those who violated the call of the people. The last conference he attended was the All-in-Conference at Pietermaritzburg in 1961 as a delegate of his branch. As usual his car was packed with delegates from various branches. Like other delegates he returned home to implement Maritzburg resolutions. Hence December 16th 1961 found him in the fore-front of Umkhonto we Sizwe. He died in the first operations of Umkhonto we Sizwe. He was accidentally and tragically killed by a bomb which exploded before it was placed on the target.

The fascist South African police were shocked by the first operation of the brave men of Umkhonto we Sizwe. Many people attended the funeral of this heroic son of the South African revolution. Those who gathered at his grave sang freedom songs and made an honest vow that the life of Petros Molefe will be avenged.

As the revolutionary striking power grows and as the struggle intensifies, it is only a

matter of time before the lives of all martyrs in our national struggle will be redeemed and vindicated.

Petros Molefe was the first hero of Umkhonto we Sizwe to fall in action on the battlefield. Others have now also fallen. But the enemy trembles. And victory shall be ours within our life-time.

AMANDLA NGAWETHU! MAATLA KE A RONA!



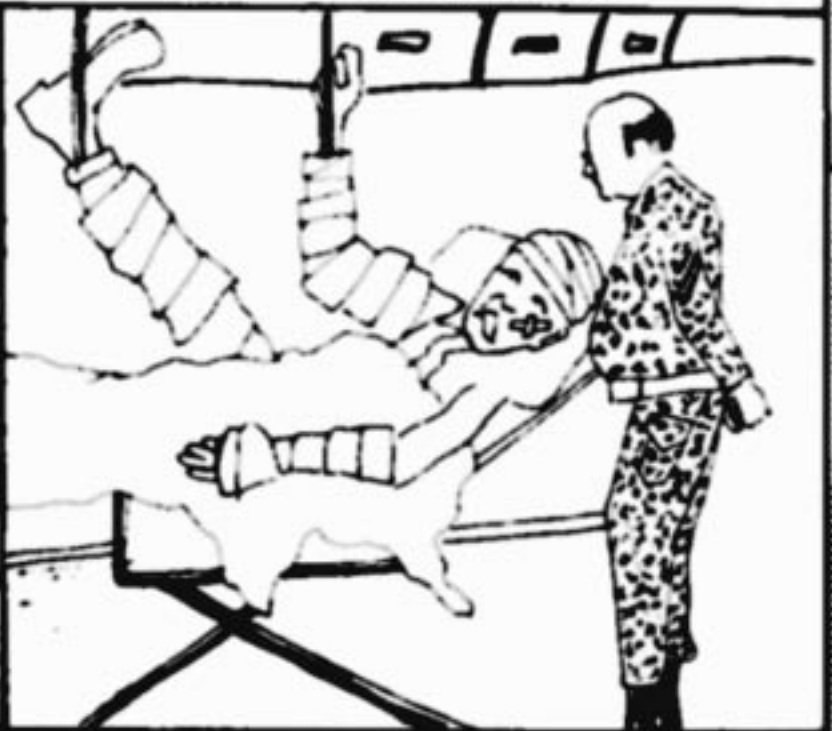
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DAWNLIGHT: LOCAL AUTHORITIES FLOP



PREPARATION FOR THE FRONT

RETURNING FROM THE FRONT



A UNITED FEDERATION

-an important key

- OUPA KGOSI

To unite or not to unite is not the issue that stalls the prospects of a single, united trade union federation, rather political and tactical differences. At one time over registration and the industrial councils and at another over involvement in community issues. On the other hand there is the prevalent regional and industrial rivalry among unions.

A flash back into our history shows that unity has played a decisive role in the day to day struggles of our people. The South African Congress of Trade Unions, formed in 1955, led our workers during the pound-a-day campaign and other campaigns during the 50's. The greatest fact that contributed to the success of these campaigns was the unity of the workers. It posed a serious threat to the racist regime.

During the roaring fifties it became clear that the unity of the trade union movement found its powerful expression in the alliance with other forces. Immediately after its formation in 1955, SACTU joined the Congress Alliance and thereby made it possible for the workers to challenge the racists in one united voice with all sections of the oppressed people. Issues which affected SACTU and the trade union movement in the 50's are more or less the same as those confronting the trade union movement today:

- A united workers voice in one Federation, one country, one union one industry.
- The independence of the black trade unions vis-a-vis statutory regulations aimed at controlling them.
- Participation in the national liberation struggle.

When the Consultative Committee of Black Trade Unions (CCOBTU) was formed in 1979 it exactly affirmed the desire by the majority of black trade unions for unity, independence and political rights in South Africa.

The momentous Langa summit in 1981, expressed exactly this desire for one united federation which would unite the workers for their economic demands, at the same time involve them in the struggle for a free, non-racial and democratic South Africa.

All successive boer regimes have been vehemently opposed to these aspirations of the black workers. Whenever black trade unions established themselves, whenever they made a headlong to win the rights of the exploited black workers, the racist regime has always mercilessly crushed it. The post-Rivonia period shows tireless efforts by black trade unions to survive despite bannings and murdering of trade unionists.

The so much talked about reforms in 1979 was a response to this situation, to

tighten the apartheid screw and dampen this latent workers militancy. As we may see, the militancy of the workers was never crushed. Instead organisation of workers continued under clandestine conditions, only to surface into violent confrontation with capital. The 70's is a fine example of this 'relative calm' which erupted in 'spontaneous' strike actions. It is in this context that the Riekert and Wiehahn commissions were set up which among other things recommended the recognition of black trade unions on the basis that they are registered.

REGISTRATION

A union applies to the registrar of the Department of Manpower, submitting its constitution. The constitution is studied, then approved or rejected by the registrar. Upon registration the union is supposed to hand in audited financial statements. The department holds the right of instituting an investigation or to subpoena the union whenever it suspects that it has breached its constitution or is involved in financial malpractices.

According to the Labour Relations amendment Act, unions can only be registered along racial lines. For instance, the Food and Canning Workers Union is a registered union for Coloureds only, it exists with the African Food and Canning Workers Union for Africans. TUCSA unions are organised along this multi-racial pattern in what they call parallel unions. On the other hand, four FOSATU unions applied for registration in late 1982, followed by the Metal and Allied Workers Union (MAWU). However, some eventually became registered. FOSATU unions are non-racial. Some CUSA unions are also registered with exclusively black membership. A majority of the black independent unions are opposed to registration.

INDUSTRIAL COUNCILS

Next is the Industrial Conciliation Act of 1981, which lays down negotiation and settlement of disputes procedures.

Employers are organised in industrial associations on a regional or national basis. For example, there is the Steel and Engineering Federation of South Africa (SEIFESA), the Building Industries Federation of South Africa (BIFSA), the Cape Bakeries Association and the Natal Employers Knitting Association. There are other industrial associations for the textile, motor and chemical industries.

As with registration, a union applies for membership of an industrial council. Its application can be vetoed by other unions who are already members of the council, in most cases being TUCSA affiliated racist unions. Trade unionists represent their unions on these councils.



Mourners at the fu

Sometimes there can be more than one union on the council and they may be divided on issues affecting the workers. One union may buy favours from the employers at the expense of the workers it claims to represent and other unions.

Negotiations are conducted according to procedures laid down by various laws covering wage agreements and working conditions. Disputes between the two parties are referred to the Industrial courts. The black emergent independent trade union movement, dominated by a proliferation of general workers union, does not benefit from participating in these councils. Moreover, industrial councils undermine the democratic structure of the independent unions. i.e. active worker participation in the decision making process.

In the overall, these measures meant that the unions would be put under statutory regulations and patronage of white racist trade unions. This was the reality which confronted the emerging trade

union movement in the 80's, among them being MACWUSA, SAAWU, FOSATU, CUSA, CCAWUSA and others. Similarly, older unions too had to bear with this new subtle racist 'benevolence', the recognition of black trade unions. This was a change of strategy from "bleeding black trade unions to death" to that of co-option and control, summed up by these words by the commissions' findings:

"To deny black trade unions rights would not destroy them, but would spur underground activity, which would be detrimental to the development of industry."

eral of Dr. Neil Aggett.



FROM REJECTION TO CONFRONTATION

A firm rejection of the official bargaining system became a yardstick for determining a progressive trend among the unions at this period. Instead, they strengthened their shopfloor organisation through the development of shopstewards and plant floor bargaining. This trend must be seen in the background of the peculiar pattern along which these trade unions developed, namely general workers unions.

Contributory factors to this development became the regional basis of the trade unions and the large pool of the unorganised black labour force who thronged the union doors. Thus the main drive of the emergent trade union movement was on organisation and strengthening of this organisation through plant bargaining. It was logical that lacking an industrially-based muscle to confront the employers, joining the official bargaining system would be to decapitate their unions. However, some unions abdicated from this stand for tactical, political or other reasons, i.e. four FOSATU affiliates who applied in late 1982, MAWU, NUTW, CWIU and the TGW and some CUSA affiliated unions.

Despite this stand taken by the independent trade union movement against the official bargaining system it recorded a remarkably rapid growth. A labour observer from the Economics department at the University of Cape Town commenting on this growth says: *"Rather than suffering a major disadvantage, the unregistered trade unions benefitted from their militant stand against state control... and increased their strength."*

This growth became a nightmare to the racists and their capitalist blood-suckers as confrontations erupted during the

1981-82 period, with the workers demanding:

- Higher wages;
- Better working conditions;
- Recognition of their trade unions: and
- An end to unfair dismissal and victimisation of workers.

Work stoppages, strikes, go-slow strikes and walk outs became the main weapons to achieve these demands. According to racist estimates, the Department of Manpower released that there were 342 strikes and work stoppages in 1981, while 1982 came with a record figure of nearly 400. On average about 1,000 workers were on strike on each calendar day in 1982.

Typical of the racists, as the murder of Looksmart Ngudle, Caleb Mayekiso, Lawrence Ndzanga, Vuyisile Mini and many other unionists is still fresh in our minds, they mustered their forces in desultory panic to crush this militancy. This time, they murdered Neil Aggett, hounded trade unionists, raided their offices and even mobilised their homeland puppets, Matanzima banned every form of workers organisation, Sebe banned SAAWU and Mangope all South African-based trade unions in Bophuthatswana.

Maybe Gqwetha's case is the most spectacular ordeal. He has been detained eight times without trial since 1981. At one time he faced terrorism charges but was acquitted because of lack of evidence. He lost his mother and uncle in a mysterious fire which broke out in their house and on the day of their funeral his girlfriend, Diliswa Roxisa was shot dead.

To be continued in the next issue.



To make 1984 another landmark

— GRACE MOTAUNG

As a tribute to the long record of resistance of women in South Africa, the African National Congress has declared 1984 the Year of Women. In 1913, 600 women grappled with truncheon-wielding racist police in Bloemfontein during a protest march against the hated pass laws. Jails overflowed as women in other Free State towns volunteered for arrest. These women were the first casualties in the struggle against passes which climaxed in the pass burning campaign of 1960.

The Year of Women raises tasks that women must accomplish to raise our struggle to qualitatively higher levels. On August 9th in 1956, the Federation of South African Women (FEDSAW) mobilised 20,000 women, who marched to the union buildings in Pretoria. The present development of our struggle demands more than this number to make 1984 another landmark in the name of our fighting women.

Now is the time to do it. It's the time that we women come together and forge stronger ties of unity, to be able to fight and destroy apartheid.

Vesta Smith, a veteran community worker in Noordgesig and a member of FEDSAW remarked that the women of South Africa have remained silent for too long. "You owe it, if not to yourselves, to your children to be heard."



Women up in arms against pass laws,

GRIEF

The plight of women in resettlement camps is painful if one imagines the grief of a woman who gives birth to a child knowing that it is destined to die within nine months. Diseases, malnutrition and drought are rife. A unique situation in a country that boasts about having one of the best medical services, while more than 30,000 African babies die every year. A report in the *Cape Times*, April 21, reveals that out of 4,000 graves dug in the four years of Onverwacht's existence, 60 percent have been of children. Dr. Trudy Thomas of Cecilia Makiwane in Mdantsane, further elucidates this plight. She says malnutrition often begins before birth. Death in the womb is disturbingly common. Dr. Thomas attributes malnutrition to a wholesale breakdown of family life against a background of almost universal poverty. This in turn is a result of rural impoverishment, unemployment and inadequate social services.

Today, women's organisations have sprung up all over our country with the Port Elizabeth Women's Organisation in the Eastern Cape Province, the United Women's Organisation (UWO) in Western Cape. Women in East London and Durban have also organised themselves. Efforts are also made by the Domestic Workers' Association to fight for the rights of the domestics.

This is not enough, women need to build on this mushrooming organisation and work towards a national women's organisation, uniting all the women of our land. Aunt Dora Tamane, addressing the UWO inaugural conference in 1981 urged: *"I have opened the way for you. You must go forward."*

CHARTER

At the same time, we must not forget what the women's charter adopted by the FEDSAW states:

"Women do not form a society separate from men... As women we share the problems and anxieties of our men and join hands with them to remove social evils and obstacles to progress."

The essence of their struggles lies in the national liberation of the oppressed major-



rity. The African National Congress and Umkhonto we Sizwe are at the helm of this offensive. Thandi Modise and Barbara Hogan displayed this spirit of unflinching heroism by taking their place in the forefront of our struggle for freedom.

Young women in South Africa must take this example. They must learn about the struggles of other nations and their courage to fight for their people, and the heroism displayed by women like Deolinda Rodrigues in Angola and many other heroines in Vietnam, Nicaragua and Mozambique. In South Africa too, the shining example of Albertina Sisulu, Winnie Mandela, Dorothy Nyembe, Florence Matomela, Ida Mntwana stands towering in our history. These are the women who could not fold their arms while their children were faced with starvation, disease, inadequate education and other evils by apartheid. Young women of our country must follow in the footsteps of these heroines with determination and fight for freedom in their life-time.

ACTION

The coming year, 1984, must be a year of action. As we know that Comrade Dorothy Nyembe is coming out, after a long spell of imprisonment, she must be welcomed fittingly, by united action. Our welcome should prove that the ideals she was condemned to imprisonment for will never be lost. At home the women must strengthen the democratic people's organisations like the United Democratic Front. More women must be mobilised into the FEDSAW, the Detainees' Parents Support Committee, the UWO, the Port Elizabeth Women's Organisation and other democratic women's organisations. In the words of Mildred Lesea, the women must ensure that their children belong to the right youth organisation, her husband joins a democratic trade union and the whole family belongs to a civic organisation.

These are the tasks of our women in the coming year.

FORWARD TO THE YEAR OF THE WOMEN!



MK**SOLDIER**

We must be seen to be a People's Army

— MICHELLE BROWN

“Change? What change? They are still just racists!” This is the usual response I get from many cadres in our People's Army when we begin to talk about “change” amongst the white group in our country. The view is that there is no change — that whites are still just fighting about the most effective way of oppressing blacks. This is what we said fourteen years ago in our Strategy and Tactics document, adopted in 1969, that *“for the moment, the reality is that apart from a small group of revolutionary whites, who have an honoured place as comrades in our struggle, we face what is by and large a united and confident enemy... All significant sections of the white political movement are in broad agreement on the question of defeating our liberation struggle”*.

This seems to still be the case if we take a quick look at the results of the racists' referendum on 2nd November in which whites were asked to vote for or against the constitutional amendments already approved of by the racist parliament. The results were that of a 76 percent poll, 65,96 percent voted for Botha's constitutional amendments.

These amendments are not there to change apartheid for the better. They are there to streamline it to face the fast-approaching onslaught of the progressive forces led by the African National Congress and Umkhonto we Sizwe. While Botha's propagandists make a lot of noise about the creation of an Indian and Coloured parliament, they are at pains to hide another aspect of the amendments, the creation of an executive president who will rule, not through parliament but through an elaborate set of committees — the most important being the National Security Council (NSC).

This type of government where the president will appoint the members of the NSC personally, will allow Botha to run his war machine efficiently. Not even the very limited form of parliamentary opposition that he has received from the PFP in the past, will be tolerated.

By voting for this type of government, by blindly giving up the little parliamentary democracy they have had so far, whites are blindly grabbing at straws, hoping that more oppression, repression and war will defeat the liberation movement.

What does this mean to us, the cadres of Umkhonto we Sizwe? That whites have no role in our struggle? That we have achieved nothing so far in our mobilisation of whites? That whites will always be reactionary? That ours is a struggle of black versus white?

S' VIEWPOINT

On the contrary no! On the role of whites, as cadres of our People's Army, if we have looked at the situation in our country carefully, and analysed the kind of enemy we are facing, it should be clear to us that we cannot hope to defeat the enemy without involving whites in our struggle. The simple fact that the fascist army is largely white, means that we need whites, not only in the ANC, but in MK. Guerrilla struggles in countries like Vietnam and in the Latin American countries, all point to the important point — that a major turning point in favour of the guerrilla forces only comes about when the soldiers of the fascist army turn against the fascist generals and join the guerrilla army.

So then, have we achieved anything in mobilising whites? By simply looking at the referendum results, many of us will be tempted to immediately answer no. But the referendum results cannot be looked at in a vacuum. They must be seen against other developments inside our country. The anti-war movement, which is one of the most strategically important sections of the democratic movement for our purposes, has never been stronger.

As *The Resister*, journal of war resisters from the SADF, states in its June/July 1983 issue, that for the first time since the 1974 Defence Act which made it a crime to advocate conscientious objection, there has been united opposition to conscription not only from the objectors themselves, but from church, student and civic organisations.

Organisations like the Black Sash, an anti-apartheid women's organisation, and other conscientious objector support groups, churches, student organisations and prominent individuals in the white community are calling for the total abolition of conscription! (Some misguided forces in the business world reacted with alarm too, they couldn't call for no conscription outright like that but timidly suggested that maybe a professional army, i.e. an army of paid mercenaries might be better than an army based on conscription, as the present one is).

OBJECTORS

Young political objectors like Brett Myrdal are addressing mass meetings throughout the country, even though they will face a court martial soon and the threat now of a maximum eight year jail sentence. With the conscription of Indian and Coloured youths also on the way, the anti-war movement will receive and demand increasing attention from the broad democratic movement as a whole.

At another level of struggle young men and women like Carl Niehaus and Jansie Lourens are being convicted of high treason in racist courts. The former, who was sentenced to 15 years for various charges of sabotage, calmly told the racist court on

SADF
SUICIDE
PROBLEM



SADF
SUICIDE
PROBLEM



the day of his sentence that armed struggle as waged by the ANC was not in contradiction with his Christian principles. He told the court that he knew when he joined the ANC, that if caught he could face charges of high treason which carry a possible death penalty if found 'guilty'.

The changing mood of young whites is not the result of a moral somersault of any kind. We are naive indeed if we believe we can mobilise whites on the basis that they must feel sorry for the oppressed people of our country. As we state in *Strategy and Tactics*, it is only the achievements of the liberation movement that will put an end to the process of white solidarity. To put it more concretely, it is only the increasing success of our armed actions, that will and are causing many young white soldiers, and future recruits, to rethink their position in the racist society and army. In the *African Communist*, the late Comrade Gene (Titus) Gugushe says that: *"We have to be pragmatic in extending the social base of our national democratic revolution in the white community. We have to raise concrete issues and not stop at general humanitarian feelings against apartheid"*.

ISSUES

What are the concrete issues we need to mobilise white 'roofs' (trainees) and 'oumanne' (trained soldiers) in the fascist army and of course all the future recruits? The broad issue at stake here is that of a fascist army versus a People's Army. We must not just say that we are a people's army, we must be seen to be a people's army — in action. Speaking at a recent SACTU conference at SOMAFSCO, Comrade Joe Slovo, said of the late Uncle J.B. Marks:

"Another quality of his, which unfortunately is only too rare in leaders, is that he listened to and even believed he could learn from the rank and file. He never used that catch-phrase of bourgeois armies — 'You are a soldier. Yours is not to reason why, yours is just to do and die'. He understood perhaps better than most, that without people's politics, there can be no people's army, and without a people's army, there can be no people's war".

Yours is not to reason why, yours is just to do and die ... this underlines the basic principle of the training in a fascist army — break the man down, and then rebuild him into a cold, emotionless, unquestioning killing machine. The mental and physical battering and torture that SADF trainees go through is part of this process of building killing machines.

Some of the issues we will have to raise when presenting MK as the democratic alternative to Botha's South African Death Force are:

1. The political understanding of soldiers in our People's Army. We know why we are fighting. It is this political understanding, and not drugs, alcohol that gives the soldiers of MK courage in the battlefield.
2. Linked to the question of political understanding, is that of discipline in our People's Army. Unlike a fascist army which relies on brutal methods of physical and mental torture, a people's army relies on *conscious discipline* amongst its cadres. For, it is only when a soldier knows why he or she is fighting, that they will also understand that without discipline an army cannot fight and hope to win. A fascist army which relies on physical violence, assaults, beatings and constant degradation, humiliation and debasement can never be sure of its soldiers' loyalty or discipline in battle.
4. Along with the above, there is also obviously the right of every soldier to make political and tactical input into the army, through the creation of army commissars and by encouraging discussions in sections or units.



Matola: Racist killing machine — do and die *People's soldier — conscious discipline.*

5. While the fascist army regards a trainee as some kind of machine who must simply "do and die", a people's army encourages the constant educational, political and upgrading of its soldiers.
6. Whereas in a fascist army, officers generally abuse their authority and treat rank and file like dogs, an officer in a people's army is there not to mistreat or enjoy certain privileges, but to ensure the constant political, educational, social and military upliftment of all the soldiers under his command. In fact in a people's army, every soldier is taught to be a commander, to take over and use his initiative if the situation demands. Command posts are not reserved for the sons and daughters of big businessmen, and influential cabinet ministers.
7. While soldiers in a fascist army are expected to carry out the most crucial and criminal tasks, all in the name of 'national security' (such as the deliberate killing of defenceless and unarmed women and children, and use of the most base forms of torture and interrogation of prisoners of war) a people's army does not believe that the end justifies the means. This is why the ANC signed the Geneva Protocol Convention. We are fighting a just war. Our enemy is clearly identified as those who carry arms for apartheid and this is seen through our actions which are directed at the SADF and its various wings.

Even then, for a long time, we desisted from hitting enemy personnel directly until the level of struggle required it, as it does now. And also in dealing with his enemy personnel, we do not believe we are justified in using forms of torture like using electrodes on prisoners' sexual parts, making prisoners addicted to drugs like morphine and then withholding the drug, or taking prisoners to view the decapitated heads of other prisoners who refused to talk. Our People's Army does not believe either in the use of internationally banned chemical warfare, which affects not only those it is afflicted on, but even the users. For example, the deadly chemical *Agent orange* used in the Vietnamese war, affected not only the Vietnam people, but also the pilots who flew the planes spraying the chemical.

These are some of the issues we will have to be able to deal with competently with all recruits for our People's Army. However, they are issues which are most important for our work within the fascist army because these soldiers with their direct and daily experience of a fascist military institution like the SADF, will want to see the sharp contrasts between the South African Death Force and our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe.

BE STRONG MOTHER

*I wish you courage
Behind the shattered window panes
under the cracking asbestos
with the rumbling of tummies
of the ever hungry little ones
whose miserable tears never cease
to spoil their innocent smiles
I wish you the best I can.*

*I wish you courage
In that house of sadness
When madly hammering knocks
crushing of merciless boots
and growling of uncouth voices
prelude each coming dawn
to leave you bitter and naked
I wish you steadfastness
In that house of sadness*

*When your heart jerks and tumbles
with each vision of me
to the lens of your brains
I wish you not sorrow
I wish you not grievous tears
I wish you not to focus on me
but the presence that follows
the absence of my presence
I wish you resolution mother*

*I wish you confidence
In the coming of your son
who stately explores the lands
to salvage the lost freedoms
of the helpless and dying lots.
But then, if his flesh disappears
Freedom and justice will appear
I wish you good pluck mother.*



— BILLY MATLALA

RESISTANCE CONTINUES

JOHN LANGA, A COMBATANT OF MK, WAS ACTIVE

DURING THE RECENT UPRISINGS IN

CHESTERVILLE. HE SPOKE TO DAWN.

The persecution and harassment of innocent, particularly African people has become a common-place scene in South Africa. Our history is full of such incidents. The latest cases of Durban and other ghettos commissioned under the Port Natal Administration Board (PNAB) are witness to this fact.

Prior to the institution of Chesterville location, the area was an African settlement known as Mkhumbane. The African people were given permission to buy small plots where they would of their own accord erect houses. Most of the houses, ranging from mud to tin-shacks, were regarded by our people as habitable homes as long as they had the right to stay.

PROMISES

Later on it occurred to the racist authorities that the place could be transformed into something called Chesterville. The government offered dazzling promises on revamping the way of life in the area, apparently in the interest of the community. The new scheme included such basic amenities as electricity, water supplies and modern toilet systems. With such promises in the offing, the community was induced to accept the new offer with vivacious curiosity. The government plans which were on paper were transformed into a concrete reality. The community was then given the permission to choose any house to live in for all they cared. The apparent act of good will took a sour turn when the racist authorities begun demolishing the houses of the families whose interest they purported to serve. Some of the houses were bulldozed into a rubble while their rightful owners were away at work. Having used force to drive our people into the new houses, the government made another offer. It promised to lease the houses on a permanent basis on condition that the tenants were committed faithfully to paying rent for a period of fifteen years. That was during the years 1966-68.

Fifteen years later on, the government failed to deliver the goods as it had revoked the previous agreements summarily. Consequently the heads of the community met to seek a viable solution to the new problem. The ruling authorities, however, stalled their proposals and continued to drive families out of their homes, claiming all the while that they had forfeited the right to stay. The locality was inhabited by the African people from 1940 to date. Throughout this period the rent has been on an ascending scale and not commensurate with the means of the people. Worse still these very houses were not spacious enough to be called habitable. As a result grown-up boys had to erect some hovels outside the allotted yards — mostly tin shacks known as *imijondolo*.

The PNAB however decreed that the new shacks be demolished as plans were under-way to extend the houses to the requirements stated. A big gathering of the commu-



nity was called. The meeting strongly opposed the evil plans of the authorities. The decision to demolish the shacks however was implemented by the racist authorities in disregard of the feelings of the community. Then the rent was on the increase. Bus fares and food prices also sky-rocketed to unprecedented proportions, while salaries remained the same.

JORAC

As a result the community decided to form a body of representatives that was delegated to present its grievances to the PNAB. This body came to be known as the Joint Rent Action Committee (JORAC), to which Mr Harrison Msizi Dube was elected chairman. The committee was meant to represent all the localities under the authority of the PNAB. These localities included Lamontville, Chesterville, Tongaat, Klaarwater, Hambanathi, Sobantu, etc. They were all faced with a common problem. Thereafter, the entire community resolved not to pay rent from the day on which the increase was to be effected. They also resolved to stage a bus boycott. The rent and bus boycott payed dividends as the bus companies and the authorities suffered severe financial and material losses.

It was against this backdrop that the racists and their cohorts plotted the assassination of the reputable community leader, Harrison Dube. The entire upsurge of the community was blamed on that martyr. The villain who carried out the dastardly murder was Moonlight Gaza.

Then the fascist police stage-managed an investigation 'into the matter' which resulted in the arrests of several 'suspects and collaborators'. Ironically Gaza was amongst them. The 'culprits' were faced with the wrath of the community. Their homes were stoned and set ablaze. Buses, bottle stores, administration offices, cars, houses of



police and traitors were set on fire as part of "instant justice".

At the funeral of the martyr one traitor was done away with. He was spotted by the masses jotting down the names of all the speakers at the funeral. Consequently, he was pounded with stones and hacked to death with picks and other instruments. Another co-traitor was seriously injured but survived by the skin on his teeth.

The boycotts then gained momentum. The fascist police were brought in to quell the strikes. They met the wrath of the people — their cars were stoned and set ablaze with petrol bombs. The frenzied police used clubs, teargas and bullets against women, young and old, youths and babies. Two six-month-old babies suffocated to death from the fumes of teargas.

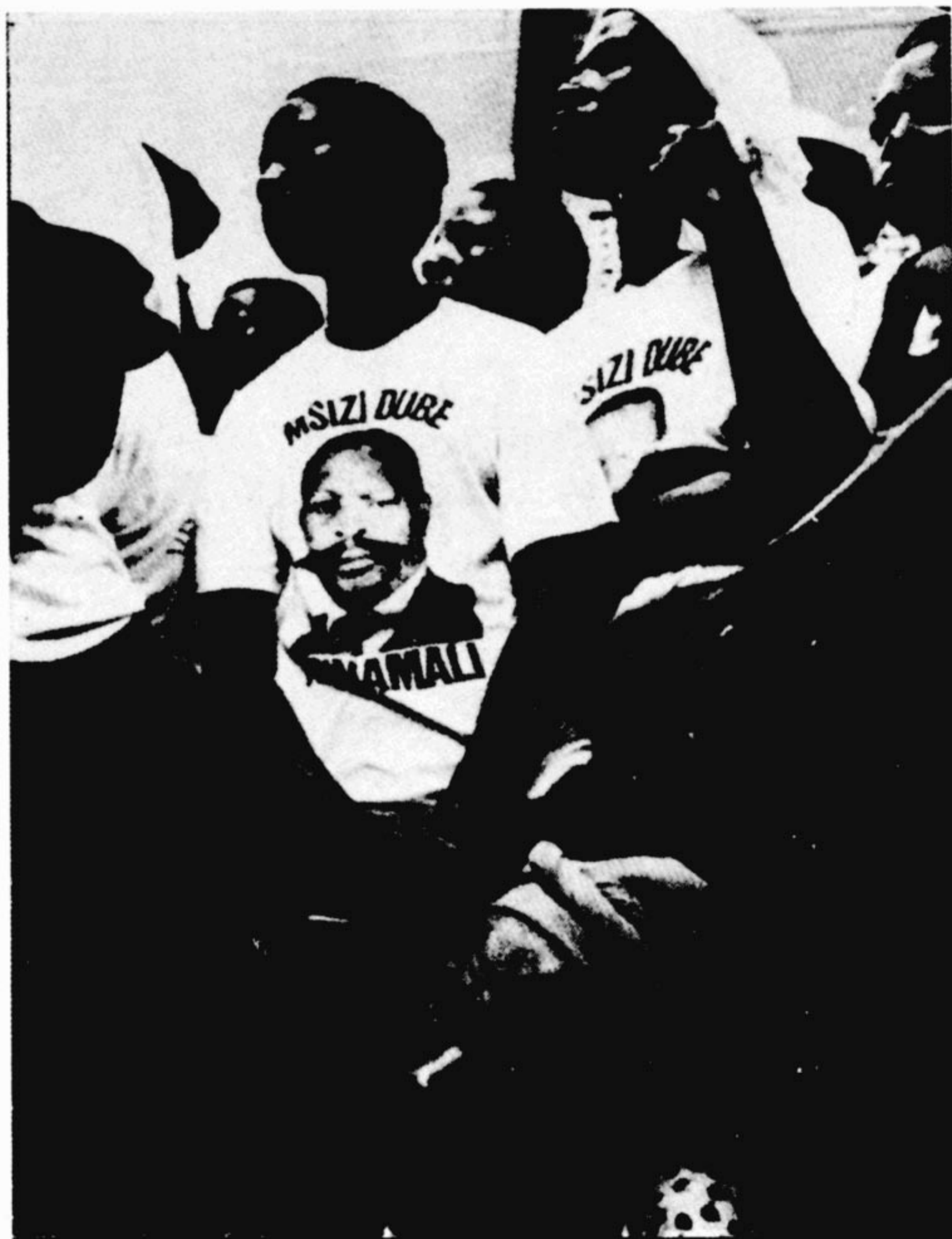
ATTACKS

The racist Minister of Law and Order, Louis le Grange, defended his police claiming that the murders were committed in self-defence. The police were subjected to frequent attacks particularly at night. Scores of community members were as a result arrested. Their trials which were to begin on the 12th and 16th of September were more than once postponed. Those detained were remanded in custody. "Izimpimpi" (sell-outs) were liquidated. The Boers went on a rampage, invaded the locality with armoured personnel carriers and other war vehicles. Several innocent people were shot at and two, Nhlanhla Bhengu and Zinti Mazibuko, had their legs amputated. The racist police and their dogs were unleashed on our people. Clubs and teargas were used against the people.

Despite the fact that the black community has no weapons they had succeeded in inflicting casualties on the enemy. Armed policemen were stabbed to death. One "mpimpi" had his car set ablaze and he was incinerated inside. Other sell-outs also

lost various personal items like cars, television sets, furniture and other domestic property.

The death of Mr Harrison Msizi Dube only served to strengthen our people's resolve to fight on. This son of Africa was replaced by Rev. Xundu, who followed in the martyr's footsteps. The people's spirit of resistance continues.



Dube's funeral: his assassination intensified opposition to rent increase.

THE REAL LIFE OF DOMINGOS XAVIER

José Luandino Vieira

A novel of Angola

CHAPTER FIVE

In the young foliage of the baobab, turtle-doves were singing of rain and Maria, when she heard this, checked the sky in the way of country people. It was blue, blue as she had never seen it. Without clouds, without wind. Just sun and stifling heat, making rivers of sweat pour down her cloths. The turtledoves were singing without respite and the long line of men for documents was dovered in flies which they chased off with great slaps on their thighs.

The Administration building had a veranda in front. like that in the town. At the entrance there was a *cipaio* and inside Maria saw through the open windows men in white uniforms writing in ledgers and tapping at machines. The *cipaio* looked up, listened to Maria's greeting, and went on sitting:

"I would like to speak to Mr Administrator."

"Mr Administrator isn't here. And when he is, he only deals with important matters."

Maria took off her headcloth and fanned herself a little, sighing. The heat was growing more fierce all the time, as mid-day approached. A mangy dog went by with tongue hanging out. The *cipaio* was once more in the torpor in which she had found him, and it was with trepidation that Maria spoke to him again:

"But if he isn't here, who can I speak to then?"

"If you like, I'll tell Mr Secretary. Have you come to make a complaint?"

"Thank you, sir. I would be grateful, it is an important matter."

Getting up wearily, the *cipaio* shook the creases out of his shorts and went into the building. Maria, accustomed to waiting, sat down on the cement steps. On the other side of the square the lines remained as long, as more people were joining them, and often a truck or car arrived, bringing a youth or a man in ropes. A slight breeze began to blow and a gust of hot air ran between the people and the buildings, raising eddies of dust in the sandy squares and giving a deceptive freshness to the body. Maria was thinking of her husband, had no idea where he might be and, without knowing how, was imagining Domingos already on his way to the *sanzala*, in the same truck which had brought him, with the Cadet apologizing for the mistake which had occurred. But the *cipaio*'s voice brought her back to reality again:

"Mr Secretary says that he is just coming?"

"Oh! but is it he who is coming?"

"Whew! Can't you see it h o t

today?

The Secretary, a short, fat man with his shirt all unbuttoned, appeared in the doorway and, seeing Maria by the *cipaio*, came up to her.

"Are you the one who wants to see me?"

"Yes, it's me, Mr. Secretary. I am looking for my husband."

"Who's your husband?"

"Domingos. Domingos Xavier. He works on the tractors, on that site near Dondo."

Hearing this, the Secretary looked at her with interest and was ready to pay attention.

He had heard talk of various arrests made in that area, but had not received any prisoners at the Post. He would have liked to see them and question them, for there were matters which worried him. So far he had only had dealings with common-law prisoners, thieves, people carrying knives or in the most parts innocents who had to be punished to please those who complained. But prisoners of the other kind, for political activities, these he had not seen. So he asked:

"But who arrested your husband?"

"He was arrested by the Administration in the town. The *cipaios* told me they had brought him here to Luanda. It was a Cadet in a blue truck who took him away."

Leaving Maria with the *cipaio*, the Secretary went inside the building and, after having checked several files and having questioned the clerks, he came out slowly, buttoning his shirt.

"Listen, my girl! He wasn't brought here to the Post, you understand? I've just checked. You said Domingos, isn't that right?"

"Yes, Mr Secretary. Domingos Xavier."

"Exactly. No one of that name has

come into the cells at the Post. Do you know where the police station is downtown?"

"I don't know. I left Luanda twelve years ago and this is the first time I've been back."

"It doesn't matter. Ask one of your countrymen. He must be there, you understand? Go there, because that's where he is."

CERTAINTY DISAPPEARED

He turned his back and went away inside. The *cipaio* stayed with her and tried to explain where the police station was downtown. But Maria was not following. The certainty which had grown in her heart early that morning when she got up had disappeared with the Secretary's words.

How was she going to find her husband in such a vast city, without knowing anyone, without knowing her way? What was Domingos suffering at this moment without knowing about Maria, without knowing about anybody? No, she had to look for him, but her confidence had taken flight. It had taken flight just as the fat, white clouds, chased before the south wind, were taking flight, piling up in the direction of Belas, then advancing, rain-filled, over the city. The turtle-doves were still crying in the branches of the baobab at the township's Post.

Slowly, defeated by the heat weighing down all the city, surrounded by the red dust which the eddies raised from the open spaces in the townships, Maria crossed the road and, taking a route she knew, she made her way to her friends' house.

ENCOURAGEMENT

If it had not been for the encouragement of Mama Terry, who was like an elder sister or godmother to her, Maria would have spent that afternoon with baby Bas-

ty on a mat and thinking only of her life, without looking for Domingos Xavier at the police station. That morning's talk with the Secretary, her hope dashed thus by two words verified in ledgers and registers, the alienation she felt in everyone, all made her think it was not worth the trouble. The best would be to wait, and, if God wished, she would have her husband, otherwise how was she going to find him in such a big city? And there was the choking wind which began to blow at the beginning of the afternoon, whirling papers and leaves up to the township, while the sun was hiding itself in great piles of clouds running northeast and growing more ominous as they went.

EXPERIENCE

But her friend Terry spoke so aptly ... Her experience as a woman of the people, living her life in a Luanda township, constantly suffering, had given her this way of seeing everything without ever giving up. Otherwise, my dear, how could we go on living? So many children, but some disappear, others must be buried, Cardoso is already old and there are still two little ones to bring up. You had to be brave and surely, if Domingos was not at the Post, he was at the police station. And then, my dear, if he was worse off. He must be with those new police, the ones who did not have uniform, arrived at dawn in the jeep and just carried people off. They had even recruited some countrymen. But as Domingos was with the ordinary police in the Administration prison in the bush, when they brought him to Luanda he would go to the police station.

And as young Johnny had stayed at home after lunch, his mother made him put on his tennis shoes to escort Maria downtown.

So Maria that afternoon went with the child near the acacias on the tarred road to catch a bus. There the city-bred child was chatting away to Maria, telling her which bus it was, and what pleased him most was that it was he who held the coins to pay for the tickets. While the bus had not come and Johnny went on and on chattering, Maria was gazing at the sea below in the bay, the great dark ships motionless, the waters turning from beautiful blue to grey. The wind had dropped again and the heat was less oppressive. The sun had vanished behind the screen of clouds, which were now flying, black and threatening, over all the city.

The people were apprehensive at the build-up of these clouds, full of lightning, suggesting that thunder, still silent, would come later in the direction of Cacuaco.

Maria thought about the rain, could smell the coming rain, and the great fields of the plateau came to her mind's eye, under a curtain of rain drenching everything but then turning green the grass, the maize, the millet and the sorghum. She did not know what rain was like in the city and could not imagine that the water would soak the tar. In her imagination, the rain would fall only on the sea and the township streets, but could not fall on the place filled by the beautiful houses of the whites with their big gardens.

MUTAMBA SQUARE

Once in the bus, with her thoughts taken up, she forgot Domingos Xavier for a few minutes, and Johnny, sitting very straight and quiet at her side with the two tickets in his hand, did not even look like a back-streets kid. Maria let herself be swallowed by the imminence of rain, thinking that to live in a tiled house did not amount to much; when there is rain,

the people do not feel its gentle beginning, like music, the drops on the roof, slowly getting bigger and in the end the fierce drumming of the rain on the roof plates to lull you to sleep. Once, at the work site, when she was doing housework for a "Mr Engineer", there had been heavy rain and Maria had not noticed. Only when it was time to go home did she see that everything was wet. She felt a very great sadness, as she still liked to come to the doorway, open her mouth and let it fill with rain, just as if she were still a little girl. When they arrived near Mutamba, Johnny took her hand and together they crossed the roads packed with cars and people, so many people that Maria's mouth dropped open. Heavens, so Luanda is like this? Oooh, not even all the people who work on the dam could fill these streets. The child was saying that the Mutamba Square was that way, but could not be right. It was true that she was a child then, but she remembered those times well when with her friends from Ingombota she went down as far as Coqueiros. Where was the garden with the monument without anyone on it? And the tall fig trees? No, my child, I'm sorry but Mutamba Square is not this one. Perhaps you call it Mutamba Square, but forgive me, Mutamba is somewhere else. Johnny answered back confidently, but Maria was not convinced. She only found familiar the police-station building, those trees, and she stopped to gaze, but a policeman cut in quickly:

"What do you want?"

"I came to find out if my husband is a prisoner here".

"Who's your husband?"

Johnny looked closely at the policeman, staring at the holster where he guessed there was a pistol. Maria explained to the sentry who her husband was, what he

did, where he came from. At the end the policeman told her to be quiet and to wait with Johnny on a bench.

As they sat on the bench, they heard the wind outside whistling strongly in the tree branches and driving along the streets. People hurried along, sensing that a thunderstorm filled the wild black clouds in the sky. There was thunder and lightning to come, and some was already breaking over the city. The townships must already be under the thunderstorm. Maria listened and tried to see everything that was going on in the street, the people running, the wind quickening its pace with a roar on the asphalt roads.

PRISON

The policeman came back with a clerk and it was the latter who spoke:

"Look here, missy! There's no one here of that name. But if he's from the dam, the prisoners from there went to the other police. You understand?"

Maria said no, the person who had sent her was Mr Secretary at the Post, he had said her husband was here, sometimes people did not look properly. The policeman laughed and he said:

"He's not here, missy. Why should folk go and tell lies? Tomorrow morning go up to the upper city ... No, the best thing is for you to go to the prison. You know where the townships' Post is, don't

Very carefully the policeman explained to Maria where she should go and look for Domingos Xavier, and then, when she, though disappointed, said yes, he added.

"All right. Now you can go away. ..."

In the street it was already raining. Large, warm drops were falling slowly, forward scouts for the heavy rains which were wandering over the city. The thunder and lightning had stopped for the moment. Maria and Johnny went on

quickly, as the wind's fury had abated a little. The streets were almost empty, people waited inside their homes for the threatened rain to fall.

And it was when they were already near the bus-stop that there came from the black sky the flash of lightning which that afternoon lit all the darkened city, showing ghostly white silhouettes, and a gigantic clap of thunder reverberated and made all the windows shake. It was the signal. The rain in huge, fast drops began to fall in sheets and you could not see anything a yard away. All of a sudden the asphalt streets turned in torrential streams and in a short space of time the waters began to turn red, a sign that the loose sand in the townships was being carried down in the torrents. Maria and Johnny took shelter in the arcades of a big building next to the Square, and it was there that they witnessed the great storm over the city. Gracious, how was it possible? Maria watched in amazement, saw the whole city covered in water; it was rain like there was on the river plains of the plateau and there was not even sand to soak up the water. Here only the cars went by, with the water running noisily under their tyres. The rain, the lightning which lit up the grey afternoon, the thunder made the windows tremble. It put trembling into the hearts of the people up their way, stuck in their houses of mud and sticks, with zinc roofs, and wat-

ching the mud break up, the water fall in torrents through broken roofs, with the walls threatening to fall on top of the inhabitants huddling frightened and wet in the corners. The red water from the streets went everywhere and lightning struck on new roofs or even tore up the great trunks of the fig trees. Then, when the rain looked like stopping and the roads were like raging rivers, there rose a strong wind which whipped the waters but tore open huts, snatched at trees and branches and buffeted the children who were already playing with their reed boats in the rivulets of muddy water. How about such games in the rain-waters, thought Johnny, as he waited in the arcade of the big building by Mutamba Square for the end of the rain's unloading. He dreamed of his reed boats with their sails made from a duck's feather, sand-castles, mud pies for little girls playing at housewives and other games.

It rained for only twenty minutes. Then it stopped as suddenly as it had started. Black clouds, with the wind to whip them on, scurried madly in the sky, but in some places the sky was already washed blue. The sea in the bay had broad red stains of the torrential waters from the townships. Downtown some roads were blocked and in others there was enough sand to trap even the motor cars.

To Be Continued in the Next Issue.

DAWN Vol. 7 No. 9 – Answers

ACROSS:

1. Boesak 3. LLA 5. Thelle 7. Gum 8. Enos 9. Boric
11. Primer 13. Zulu 14. Ion 16. Bolt 17. Butt

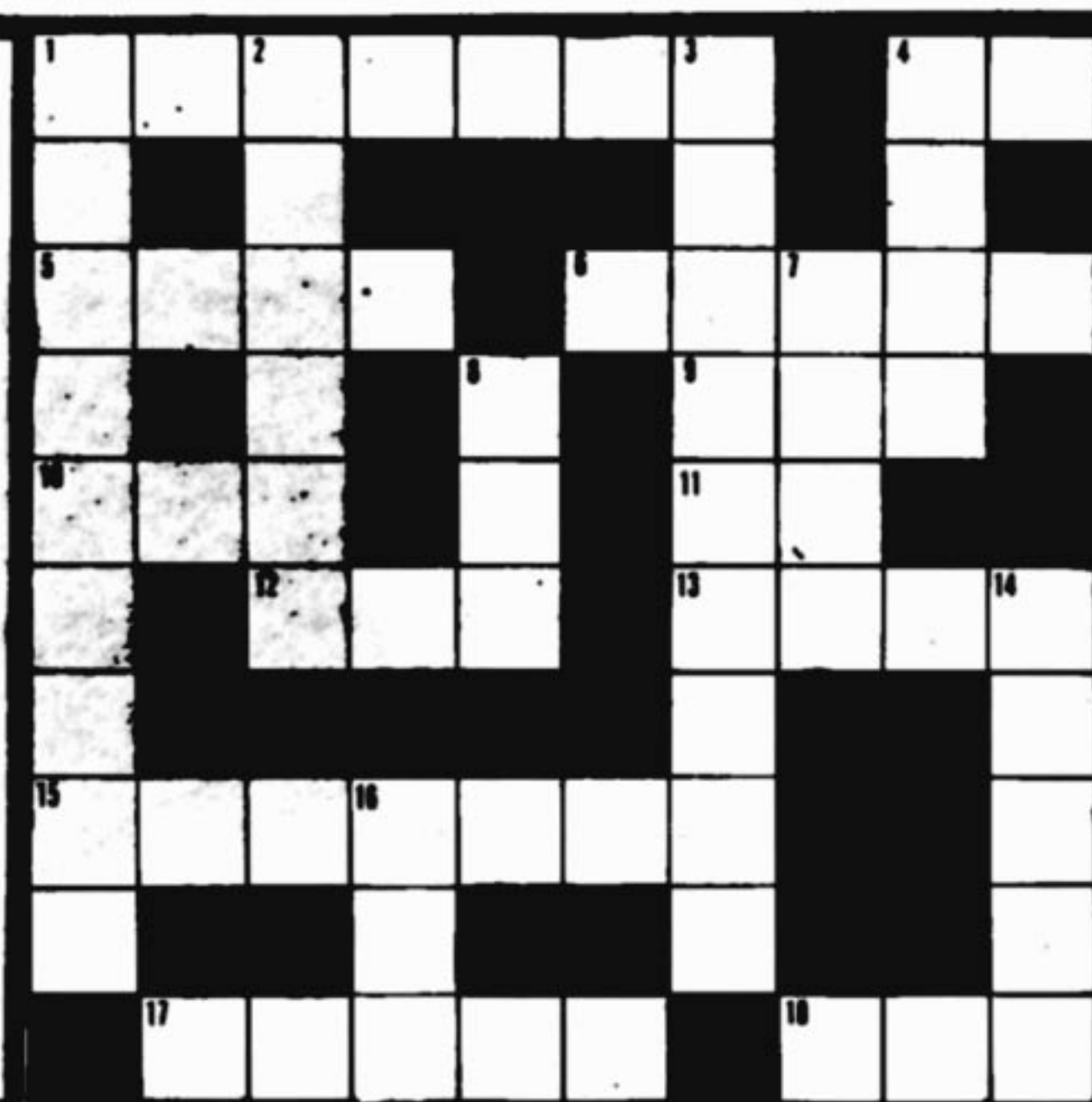
DOWN:

1. Buthelezi 2. Splash 3. Leg 4. ARMSCOR 6. Embargo
10. Rum 12. East 14. It 15. NB



politiXword

No. 10



Clues

ACROSS:

1. Vice-President of SACTU
4. Following.
5. MK's army Commissar.
6. A gun with a long barrel.
9. Owed as a debt.
10. The cleared space from which a player strikes the ball in golf at the beginning.
11. Nazi special police force.
12. To free from something unwanted.
13. Foam on top of beer.
15. A ship for use in war.
17. The range over which a person can see.
18. A reliable assault rifle.

DOWN:

1. General-Secretary of the South African Catholic Bishops Conference.
2. A piece of cloth bearing a slogan.
3. In the middle of a ship.
4. To place on record.
7. Ignites a bomb or an explosive.
8. The creator of the universe in Christian teaching.
14. Events in a sleeping person's mind.
16. To hang loosely and unevenly.

See Answers in DAWN Vol. 8 No. 1

DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY

Radio Lusaka

Shortwave 31mb, 9505 KHz

7.00 p.m. Daily
10.15-10.45 p.m. Wednesday
9.30-10.00 p.m. Thursday
10.15-10.45 p.m. Friday

Shortwave 25mb, 11880 KHz

8.00-8.45 a.m. Sunday

Radio Luanda

Shortwave 31mb, 9535 KHz
and 25mb

7.30 p.m. Monday-Saturday
8.30 p.m. Sunday

Radio Madagascar

Shortwave 49mb, 6135 KHz

7.00-9.00 p.m. Monday-Saturday
7.00-8.00 Sunday

Radio Ethiopia

Shortwave 31mb, 9595 KHz

9.30-10.00 p.m. Daily

Radio Tanzania

Shortwave 31mb, 9750 KHz

8.15 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, Friday
6.15 a.m. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

To move forward we must attack,
act in unity and unite in action.

HANDS OFF THE FRONTLINE STATES!

- January 8 - Formation of the ANC.
- March 21 - Sharpeville Massacre.
- June 16 - Soweto Students Uprisings.
- June 26 - South Africa Freedom Day.
- August 9 - South African Women's Day.
- October 11 - International Day of Solidarity with Political Prisoners in South Africa and Namibia.
- December 16 - Formation of Umkhonto we Sizwe (Heroes Day).



"Our bases are in South Africa itself, our bases are among the people of our country, in the cities, in the mountains, near to Koeberg nuclear power station in the Cape, a thousand miles from any border, near to the SASOL petrol tanks in the heart of the country, and, yes, right in Pretoria itself, close to the Voortrekkerhoogte military headquarters, which we have successfully shelled. The regime cannot find these bases. Therefore, it invents mythical bases in neighbouring territories. For it is easier to massacre refugees in their beds or to send bandits to murder teachers and health workers in Juba than it is to stop the revolutionary process inside South Africa itself."

- PRESIDENT OLIVER TAMBO -

1984

	January	February	March	
Mo	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	5 12 19 26	Mo
Tu	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	6 13 20 27	Tu
Wed	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	7 14 21 28	Wed
Thur	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23	1 8 15 22 29	Thur
Fr	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	2 9 16 23 30	Fr
Sat	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	3 10 17 24 31	Sat
Sun	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	4 11 18 25	Sun
	April	May	June	
Mo	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	Mo
Tu	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	Tu
Wed	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	Wed
Thur	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	Thur
Fr	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	Fr
Sat	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	Sat
Sun	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	Sun
	July	August	September	
Mo	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	Mo
Tu	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	Tu
Wed	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	Wed
Thur	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	Thur
Fr	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	Fr
Sat	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	Sat
Sun	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	Sun
	October	November	December	
Mo	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	Mo
Tu	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	Tu
Wed	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	Wed
Thur	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	Thur
Fr	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	Fr
Sat	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	Sat
Sun	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	Sun