

# DAWN



VOL. 7 No. 3

MARCH 1983

Monthly Journal of Umkhonto we Sizwe



BA 300.4005  
DAW

5.92/83

RECEIVED BY

1992-08-04

# DAWN

Monthly Journal of Umkhonto we Sizwe

## Contents

Editorial Comment - The Legacy of Sharpeville	1
Heroes of our Revolution .....	3
Learn with DAWN .....	7
"An Injury to One..." .....	11
MK Soldiers' Viewpoint .....	14
Poem .....	19
A Century After Karl Marx's Death .....	20
DAWN Politixword No.2 Answers .....	22
Destroy Bantustans and March Forward to Freedom .....	23
MK Women's Forum .....	27
Naked Among Wolves .....	31
DAWN Politixword No.3 .....	40

**COVER:** \* March 21 was the 80th birthday anniversary of "Uncle" J.B. Marks. He was the Chairman of the SACP and Treasurer-General of the ANC at the time of his death in 1972.

**THE YEAR OF UNITED ACTION**



## Editorial Comment

# *THE LEGACY OF SHARPEVILLE*

The Sharpeville Massacre and the subsequent banning of our organisation, the African National Congress, are two events of great importance in the history of the Black man's struggle. In the main it is the two events that made clear to all that without arms in hand our fight for a new South Africa fashioned along the principles enshrined in the Freedom Charter, the only viable alternative to apartheid tyranny, would end up being just a pipe-dream, or, at best, would take us centuries to realise. Hence the formation of our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, as the reply to the unending terror and violence of the arbitrary apartheid state.

The ensuing years have indeed been difficult, years of gruelling, bitter and hard fighting, of advances and setbacks, but always years of victory. Today, 23 years after Sharpevil-

le, we still and with added stubbornness are steadfastly raising our fists against the clouds, demanding freedom not only in our lifetime, but NOW. The masses of the oppressed of our land in all their formations are up in arms, mobilising all their strength to put the apartheid system to a speedy end. The Anti-republic and Anti-SAIC Campaigns, to mention only two, are unforgettable episodes in this arduous march and are shining examples of the resolve of our people to spare no quarter in the struggle against racist tyranny. SASOL, Voortrekkerhoogte, Komatipoort, Koeberg and Pietermaritzburg, to mention but a few, bear witness of the glaring presence of Umkhonto we Sizwe, the army of our oppressed, as the unfailing spearhead of these popular mass upsurges.

The despotic rulers of our land are not folding their arms marvelling at the cloud of revolution gathering over the laager. Sharpeville - which was in no way the first massacre of unarmed Africans, nor the first of its kind in scope and everything - was not the last. There has been the Soweto June 16, Matola and Maseru Massacres; and more will follow as our goal becomes more clearer and much nearer. It is precisely the certainty of their inevitable overthrow that make the racists frenzied, sending them running amok.

Countrymen and fellow-combatants, this year the enemy is visibly digging in. Despite our growing rejection of the 'Presidential Council', the racist regime has not as yet abandoned its plans but is daily seeking new ways and means of dividing the Black oppressed, as evidenced in the so-called new deal for urban Blacks.

Coupled with this are also frantic efforts to silence all voices of principled opposition. The Detainees' Parents' Support Committee (DPSC) is being accused of being a support group of the ANC because of its unflinching opposition to detention without trial and torture of detainees. Add to this the establishment of an Eloff commission of inquiry into the affairs of the South African Council of Churches.

We need not be reminded as to what follows the findings of such commissions. Cillie, Wiehahn, Steyn, Rieker, etc., are as vivid in our memory.

These are open and desperate efforts to disarm us by silencing all organisations through which our voices of protest against the status quo are heard. We must not allow the racists to succeed.

In the face of this brutal onslaught by the enemy we need to heed with revolutionary haste to the call of the National Executive Committee on January 8 to:

- " \* organise the people into strong mass democratic organisations;
- \* organise all revolutionaries into underground units of the ANC;
- \* organise all combatants into units of Umkhonto we Sizwe;
- \* organise all democratic forces into one front for national liberation."

The decision of the Transvaal Anti-SAIC Congress (TASC) to revive the Transvaal Indian Congress (TIC) and the call for the formation of the United Democratic Front to fight against the so-called President's Council's constitutional proposals are giant steps in the right direction. We must all extend the call to the formation of a National Front for Liberation, rallying around the Freedom Charter and uniting in action all forces opposed to apartheid rule. United in action, the surest and speediest way to victory, let us all trample over the fascists' heads and march forward to liberation.

# HEROES OF OUR REVOLUTION

## ("UNCLE" J.B. MARKS 1903-72)

— NDABEZITHA KHUZWAYO

*"AS FOR ME, I COULD NO LONGER  
LIVE WITHOUT FIGHTING OUR  
OPPRESSOR".*

*Uncle J.B. Marks*

To retrace the steps in the life of Comrade John Beaver Marks is to page a life full of history. He was born in a small dorpie of Ventersdorp in the Western Transvaal on march 21, 1903. October 1972 saw the eclipse of that rich life which has since left a flame of hope and inspiration to all those dedicated to freedom. "Uncle" JB's (as he was affectionately known) parents were of working class, his father being a railway worker and his mother a laundry worker.

Like most African children who grow amidst grinding poverty and uncertain future, his choice of ambition was limited. It was not surprising that most of "Uncle" JB's relatives encouraged him to aspire for priesthood. Undeterred by social limitations and colour-bar, the young J.B. fought tooth and nail to become a teacher. After completing Primary education, his parents scraped the last penny to

see him into the doors of Kilnerton Teachers Training College in Pretoria. There J.B. was perturbed to witness and even experience harsh conditions endured by students. Being a man made of sterner staff, J.B. Marks took up the cudgels and together with his colleagues confronted the authorities. After leading a strike against the institution, the young Marks was expelled as a "bad element". As he put it later, that experience inspired him to take "the path of active struggle against racial and social oppression".

True to the life and expectations, J.B. was to feature most prominently in trade union and political battles against the white colonialist regime. The immediate sequel to that was J.B.'s appearances on the platform of I.C.U., the Communist Party and the League for African Rights. It was only logical that in 1928 J.B. Marks joined the African National Congress. Later in life in an interview J.B. had this to say: "I was much influenced by my father who was a staunch supporter of the ANC and myself had revolted against conditions, particularly those

at the institution where I was trained, where missionaries did not treat the students well".

However, despite all obstacles, the young J.B. managed to secure the teachers' diploma. His fighting spirit and uncompromising stand earned him the hatred of school authorities at Vredefort school where he taught in the Free State and this led to his expulsion.

It was in 1929 during the anti-pass campaign organised by the Communist Party that J.B. experienced a breathtaking episode on the political platform. It was December 16, 1929, the anniversary of the Battle of Xcome, when white hooligans charged at the platform on which Marks and Mofutsanyana addressed the audience. The white hooligans, drunk and swearing: "Kaffir-voetsek!" "Kaffir-voetsek!" opened fire, murdering 11 Africans. As one was taking aim at J.B., one African woman pounced on the rascal and snatched the revolver and saved the former's life. Finally, angered and determined to punish the racist disrupters, Africans gave chase to the white hooligans who ran away. What led to the political storm was Marks' non-chalant declaration; "Africa belongs to us". The emphasis of his speech was the task of bringing about a national democratic revolution in South Africa whose pre-condition would be the demise of white supremacy for people's power.

### COMMUNIST PARTY

This was a time when the Communist Party drive to rouse the masses into

militant political action and J.B. a one of the crusaders advanced to the fore in the battle-lines. Accordingly J.B. Marks was in 1932 proposed as a demonstrative candidate for a parliamentary by-election in Germiston. What the Communist Party wanted to prove was that the majority of the people were Africans and if franchised would vote for a Communist candidate. In this way the Communist Party dramatised the injustice of the whites-only constitution. The occasion was also used to campaign for democratic rights and immediate demands such as the abolition of poll tax and lodgers' permits on Africans. The Communist Party also held several large meetings and demonstrations many of which were broken up by the regime's police. During his election speeches Marks picked on the most clear, simple and appealing cut-lines. For instance; he would emphasise the fact that the white candidate represented imperialist slavery whereas he was the harbinger of struggle for full franchise rights, unemployment, insurance and an end to colourbar. Thanks to opportune and dynamic tactics; the candidate for the Hertzog government plunged to defeat. After conducting its own ballot in the location, Marks secured a good three hundred votes. This was indeed a step of real movement, for besides exposing white farce, it mobilised and harnessed the people into the train of national liberation.

### INDEPENDENT NATIVE REPUBLIC

The 1930's up till the close of

the decade, the Party was beset with serious problems. Amongst the most pressing and serious issues was that of an Independent Native Republic. Membership was not in one over the issue. It was during these hard times that some of the Party stalwarts as J.B. went abroad to acquire the skill of the most revolutionary theory which is Marxism-Leninism in its scientific brand. This necessity found him within walls of the Lenin School in Moscow. When "Uncle" J.B. returned to the shores of his Motherland the Party was still stuck in the storm of ferocious Nationalist government assaults as well as schisms and factionalism in the Party. A gale of such storm found him excluded from the Party for a technical breach of its regulations. Rooted to party principles and discipline, J.B. remained loyal to the Party until he was re-admitted when the Party had recovered from the problems which had beset it. Commenting on these stormy days Moses Kotane stated: "The Party tended to win every united front mass organisation by blatantly controlling it and dictating its policy. A united front to be successful must be a genuine united front in which Africans could feel that they really had some power and control."

Following the failure of the All-African Convention to halt the passing of Hertzog Bills to disenfranchise African people, J.B. and E.T. Mofutsanyana took the initiative in forming a committee to revive the ANC in

the Transvaal. This step was opportune indeed in that it re-invigorated the Movement in that part of the country with a vigorous leadership and effective political work. Said and done, J.B. was elected executive member of the ANC and Transvaal President in 1950.

The forties could be said to have been a roaring decade on the workers front. Unrest was simmering as over 300 000 Africans slaved in the bowels of gold, separated from their wives and pinned to slave wage flexed their muscles. This situation, miserable as it was challenging, found J.B. Marks poised as leading trade union activist. It became no surprise that in 1942 he was elected President of the African Mine Workers Union. In the same year J.B. was elected to the Presidency of the Transvaal Council of Non-European Trade Unions. In both capacities he exercised a tremendous influence on trade union development.

#### AMWU

The tornadoes of the roar in the 40s came to pass in 1946. In April of 1946 a Conference of the African Mine Workers Union (AMWU) decided to put forward the demand for a 10 shillings a day. After mine owners balked at the demand a chain of strike actions broke out. On August 4, 1946 a public conference of over one thousand delegates was held in Golden City where it was decided to call a general strike of all mine workers as from 12 August 1946. As workers braced themselves for the strike-confrontation, Marks warned workers: "You are challenging the



J.B. Marks (left) presiding at a mineworkers' meeting in the forties.

basis of the cheap labour system. You must be ready to sacrifice in the struggle for the right to live as human beings". The strike trail involved over 100 000 miners led by Uncle J.B. himself. The workers were adamant on a 10s a day wage and improvement of living conditions. Police opened fire injuring 1 248 and killing nine people. "Uncle" J.B. was arrested and miners forced back to work.

That strike and political storm has since engraved indelible imprint on the road to a free and democratic South Africa. Indeed, the 1946 miners strike can be confidently christened as a major lodestar to militant miners' strikes which have since proved an immense threat to the fascist regime. The mid-1982 country-wide strikes in the gold, coal and platinum mines echoed this truth.

True to the words which he expressed in a Moscow Conference that "there is no way to emancipation except that of revolutionary armed struggle," J.B. Marks lived by the revolutionary

zeal and inspiration befitting a revolutionary. During his new task of campaigner and leader of the liberation movement abroad, Comrade J.B. proved an outstanding ambassador of his people. He also endeared himself to the hearts and minds of MK cadres more especially by his down-to-earth relation to cadres and candid solution of problems. Little wonder that whenever problems arose "Uncle" J.B. would avail himself in the camps and face up to problems with cadres. One Comrade, June Kokoana said of Uncle J.B.: "I remember him as a passionate, fatherly, friendly and revolutionary leader. His honesty and modesty remains a shining example".

Now that a decade has gone by since that towering figure ceased to be among the living, we need to examine our steps along this arduous road of revolutionary struggle which he illuminated with his life. The call for unity of trade unions as issued by the Hamanskraal, Langa and Johannesburg summits is a most welcome step. Needless to say, "Uncle" J.B. would have



encouraged this step as "real movement". This is the right course in that it answers such burning questions as how workers' movement must survive, grow and become effective in preservation and defence of workers' interests. The call for "One Industry, One Union, One South Africa, One Federation" is exactly what "Uncle" J.B. would be striving for. A veteran revolutionary and trade union champion, he is a shining example underscoring the necessity of combining trade union and political battles in a war of liberation. That some trade union activists and leaders have blazed this trail can only mean a deepening of our revolutionary tasks and

progress. The slogan, "An Injury to One is an Injury to All" must be seen to be a thread running through all our common burdens under and struggle against apartheid. It is a call to arms. In the face of such demonic arenas as Bantustans, President's Council, OMSBPB, Unemployment and repression, the ball is in our court. This must be taken in line with achievements Umkhonto we Sizwe has secured on the battle arena against the enemy. "Uncle" J.B., as part of our people's dedicated and dynamic leadership serves as an indistinguishable flame of hope and inspiration to all those dedicated to freedom and independence.

# LEARN with DAWN

## *You too Countrymen, can be a Freedom Fighter*

1. South Africa was conquered by the gun and today is ruled by the gun. Untold terror and bestiality is daily meted against the lot of the downtrodden Black masses to which you belong. Not a day and not an hour passes without black men, women and children being forced to kiss the ground in salute to their tormentor. This cannot be left to continue unchecked...

2. The enemy's arsenal is a collec-

tion of a variety of weaponry from several Western imperialist and capitalist powers that shore up the apartheid system, covertly and at times overtly. We the downtrodden and deprived by law the right to learn the manipulation of these weapons - obviously the enemy fears an angry oppressed black man who can handle a gun...

3. But the enemy is not as strong as he claims and his guns can be

rendered ineffective or even used against him if and when we know how to use them! We can all learn how to fight and contribute to the advancement of the common cause. The revolutionary arsenal is wide: stones, spears, pangas or any other useable weapon, yet these cannot suffice without our mastering of fire-arms. Thus we must now learn to operate the rifles and guns used by the enemy's soldiers and police against our people.

4. We must do this discreetly and with extreme caution because the enemy has infiltrated his agents and stool pigeons amongst us. We must beat the enemy at skillful exercise of clandestine tactics. Learn well how to organise into underground active units of the South African revolution. This is crucial to the future of the

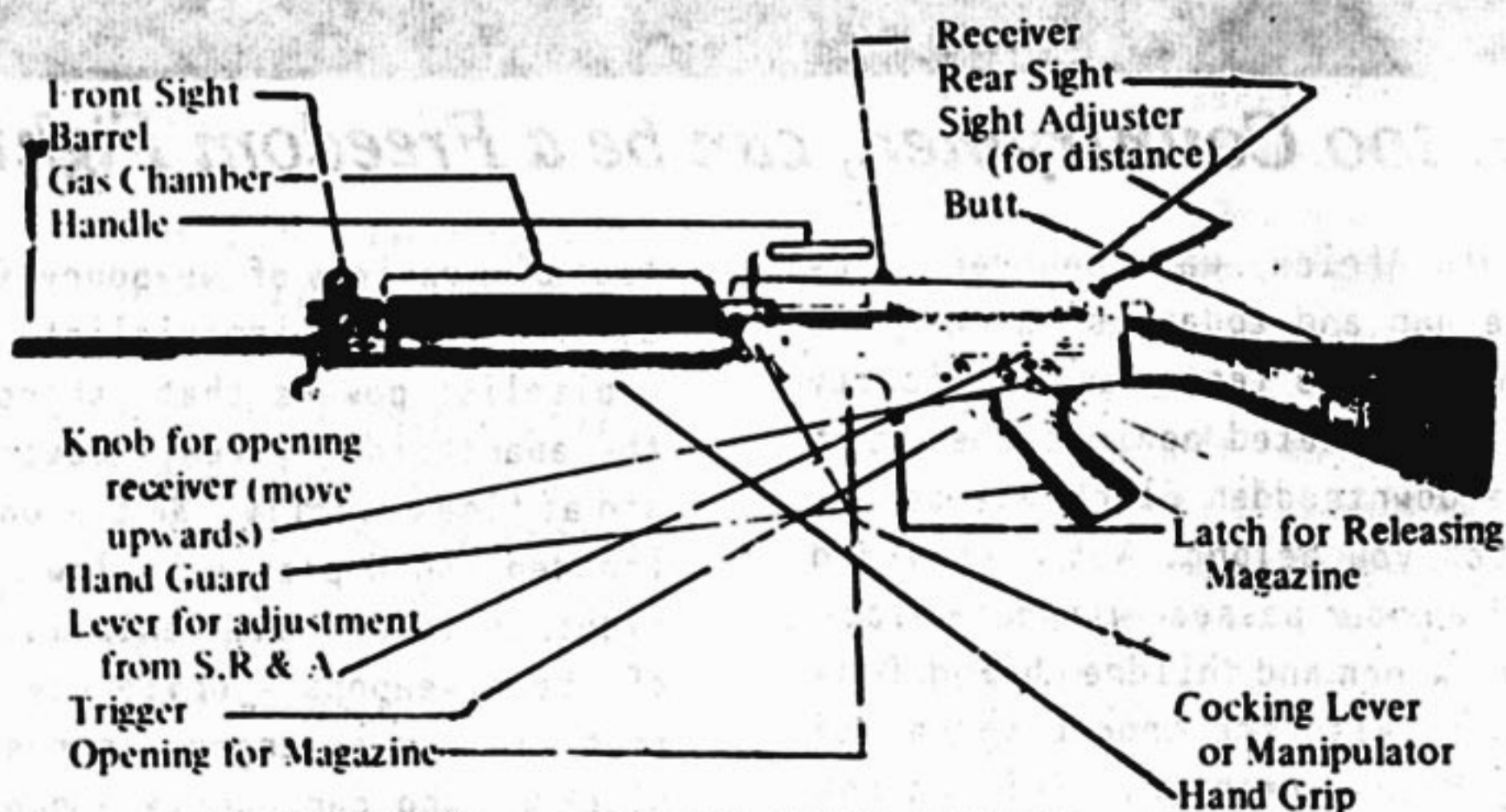
liberation struggle...

5. Know that this is a difficult path. The enemy will seek out all of us who choose to tread it with the aim of destroying us. But never lose your nerve, stay cool and move with caution. The people are the mountains and we are the people, so we are strong.

6. Umkhonto we Sizwe is amongst you! It will help in the selection of targets! It will help in advancing your knowledge! It will help to make you better fighters for a better future.

7. NEXT TIME YOU COME ACROSS THIS WEAPON, KNOW HOW TO MANIPULATE IT...

(You'll probably remember seeing it during the 1976 and subsequent upheavals where it was used against our people).



**BELGIUM 7.62-MM NATO, FAL**

1. The FAL is one of the standard NATO sub-machine-guns. Though it is of Belgian make, it is produced in several Western countries including South Africa under licence.

2. It is an automatic weapon. This means that it is a weapon which does not require its operator to make any movements to reload the weapon. After a shot (single) or burst, the firer just squeezes the trigger and continue firing until the magazine is empty.

2. Purpose of the weapon is to eliminate personnel of the opposing side. (N.B.: We can use it against enemy soldiers and police).

4. Purpose and design of some mechanisms and parts:

#### BARREL:-

- it directs the bullet;
- it has a bore inside with grooves which make the bullet to spin;
- the bore breech portion is made to fit a cartridge and is called the cartridge chamber.

N.B. Barrel is coupled to receiver by means of a junction.

#### RECEIVER:

It accomodates the firing mechanism and serves to join together all parts and mechanisms of the sub-machine-gun and to ensure proper closure of the breech with the bolt, etc.

It has:-

- Inside slots to lock the bolt,
- a lug to eject fired cartridge

cases and a guide rib to guide the travel of the bolt.

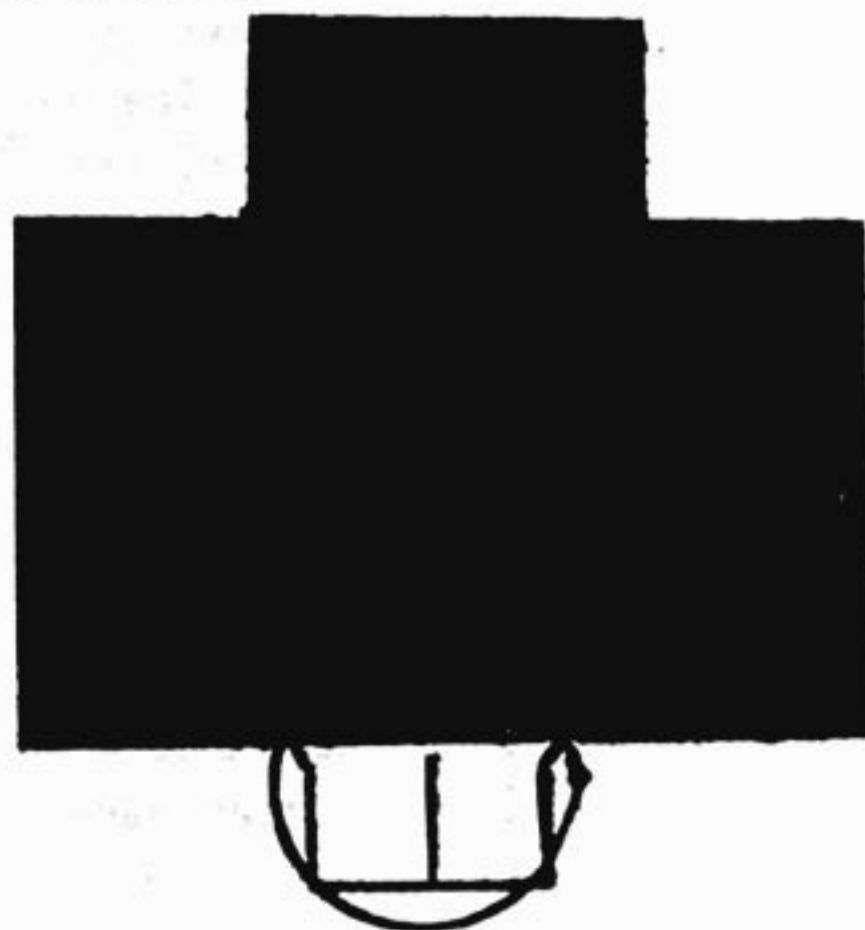
- At the bottom there is an opening for the magazine and trigger.

- On the left-hand side there are three notches marked S, R and A (S = Safety, R = Semi-automatic/Single fire and A=Automatic fire), and two knobs, one for changing lever at S, R and A and the other for opening the receiver.

- On the left-hand side again there is a manipulating or locking lever.

N.B.: To lock/load weapon pull the manipulator fully backwards along the receiver and release. Cocking is done only after inserting the magazine.

#### THE SIGHTS:



N.B.: When aiming at a target it must appear through the sights in this manner.

They are mounted on the front and rear of the barrel for aiming. The front sights have two ears and a pin at the centre. The rear sight bears an adjuster that runs on rails for setting the sights at appropriate distances, i.e. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 where 1 = 100m.

**RECEIVER COVER:**

Ridged metal cover for closing the receiver to protect its interior.

**MAGAZINE:**

Metal case with capacity to carry twenty (20) cartridges.

*N.B.:* To load magazine, feed in the cartridges one by one. To empty magazine eject also one by one.

**MAINTENANCE:**

Each firearm needs to be kept clean and oiled. This guarantees its combat readiness. Weapons that are neglected tend to rust fast and will cause stoppages and develop other problems during firing. The barrel must be poked with a rod fitted with a piece of cloth, the gas chamber thoroughly wiped and the interior of the receiver mechanism kept free of dust, rust and foreign particles. After cleaning the weapon must be oiled (lightly) and kept until required for use.

**CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FAL SUMMED UP.**

1. The FAL is a Belgian-made sub-machine-gun.
2. It loads with 7,62mm calibre cartridges.
3. The range of aiming with the wea-

pon is up to 600 metres.

4. The weapon is effective within a range of 400 metres.
5. The maximum bullet flight of the weapon is 3 600 metres.
6. The bullet leaves the muzzle at 715 metres per second velocity.
7. Weight of the weapon is 6kg.

**TO LOAD:**

Move the safety/select lever up, to place weapon on Safe. Place a loaded Magazine into the opening for magazine well and latch. Draw the Operating handle to the rear, and release. Bolt and Carrier will move forward and chamber a round. Place the select lever on type of fire desired, down for semi-automatic, forward for full automatic.

**TO FIRE:**

Pull the trigger, the weapon will fire full or semi-automatic depending on the position of the select lever. When the Magazine is empty, the Bolt will remain to the rear.

"Learn well how to seek revenge. Courage but intelligent courage." So that we may preserve our strength by manouvring with skill for the purpose of building a most powerful revolutionary armed offensive for the conquest of power and the creation of a South Africa of the Freedom Charter, a society of hope that will abound in peace and brotherhood.

# 'AN INJURY TO ONE...'

## THOUGHTS ON TASKS FACING THE TRADE UNION ORGANISATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

— *ARNOLD SELBY*

South African colonial labour policy is based on the migrant labour system. Its intention is:

- a. To squeeze the last possible gram of surplus value from the labour of Africans;
- b. To ban a permanent, settled and stable African working class;
- c. To keep the African toilers in a permanent state of dispossession and enslavement;
- d. To prevent African unionisation; and
- e. Prevent African workers from being united with workers of other races.

All laws aimed at the control and movement of African labour are based on the migrant labour system. It is out of question to think that Africans can win a measure of social justice within the migrant labour system or through struggle at the point of production outside the framework of the broad fight for national and social liberation. The task of strengthening the non-racial revolutionary trade union movement is one of the main tasks facing the struggle for national and social liberation in South Africa.

By their very nature African unions cannot survive and be effective without being political. From the very day of its birth an African union comes into conflict with the migrant labour system and thus into a direct confrontation with the violence of the aggressor apartheid state.

It is the migrant labour system which forces Africans into a position where they have to form unregistered unions apart from their fellow workers of other races. So the demands of the African workers are not simply worker's demands but are also demands put forward by Africans for national rights as well as worker's rights. So at the point of production they carry out both a class and a national battle.

However, the demands of the African workers are not, and have never been, demands for separatism. These demands are in effect demands for all workers to have full and equal trade union and political rights. The basic content of these demands is for workers' unity as is reflected in the slogan of the South African Congress of Trade Unions (SACTU) - "AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL".

### SACTU'S TASKS

The independent and class character of revolutionary trade unions in the South African liberation struggle is expressed in the preamble of SACTU's constitution:

"The future of the people of South Africa is in the hands of the workers. Only the working class in

alliance with other progressive-minded sections of the community can build a happy life for all South Africans free from unemployment, insecurity, poverty, racial hatred and oppression, a life of vast opportunities for all the working people".

From the very day of its founding, March 1955, SACTU became a component of the national and social struggle, headed by the African National Congress. In the liberation front SACTU as the mass social organisation of the workers is committed to all aspects of the liberation struggle without reservation.

This means that at the point of production SACTU is also committed to strengthen and support Umkhonto we Sizwe in promoting the armed struggle for the seizure of power by the people and for the complete destruction of the colonialist aggressor state.

At the point of production revolutionary trade unions do not only hold anti-apartheid and anti-imperialist basic attitudes but at the same time take an anti-capitalist position. The ideological and practical preparations are acquired for promoting the struggle both on day to day issues and on long-term aims.

It must be borne in mind that at the point of production not every worker is a member of the national movements. But every worker can be recruited to, drawn into or come under the influence and direction of the trade union force. It is at the point of production that the revolutionary

trade unions have the task of mobilising the working people. It is through practical activity that SACTU at the place of work strengthens the links of the national movements with the working class. Trade union organisation, therefore, is the very life-blood of the most advanced strata of the population which has everything to gain in bringing about the victory of the national democratic revolution and taking it through the transition stage to socialism.

In the booklet "ANC Speaks" a SACTU representative writes:

"SACTU will play its part in uniting the working people for this struggle. The many SACTU cadres now in jail and the many others found in the forces of MK are proof that our members are not lagging behind in the liberation struggle."

Here too, under the guidance of and in close co-ordination with the ANC, the task of SACTU is the choice and recruiting of suitable cadres for Umkhonto we Sizwe from the point of production, taking into consideration the industrial situation and leadership requirements at the different concerns. It is at the place of work that SACTU also recruits activists for the national movements.

It is at the place of work that the toilers can be linked to this struggle in a number of ways:

- The carrying out of agitational and organisational work; explaining the fight for the winning of workers' social and political rights as set

- out in the Freedom Charter;
- Lightning strikes for immediate demands;
- Strikes for political demands, in support of the armed fight and in co-ordination with armed actions;
- Passing on information to the ANC about the manufacture of arms and other military equipment or any other information useful to the liberation struggle;
- Sabotage of military and economic infrastructures which can be used against the people's liberation struggle;
- Organisation of the unemployed along the lines of mass unemployed unions in urban and rural areas with particular emphasis among the unemployed deported to the Bantustans and
- All activists at the point of production and among the unemployed must be carried out in close co-ordination with and under the direction of the ANC.

In carrying out the above tasks it must be borne in mind that the workers are constantly confronted by the military and militarised police of the colonialist-racist state. A long history of strikes drowned in blood testifies to this.

### PROBLEMS

Generally speaking the above tasks are carried out in conditions of underground struggle. John Gaetsewe, General-Secretary of SACTU, emphasises this in an article published by

the United Nations Centre Against Apartheid, June 1977: "... in the long term meaningful advances can only be made on an underground basis".

All known SACTU activists have been put out of action by bannings, banishments, exile, detention, imprisonment and murder. Thus at the point of production the activists have to carry out their work in such a way that they do not expose themselves. Conditions have to be created whereby workers at the point of production can prevent the activists from being put out of action and when casualties do arise to ensure continuity of leadership.

The migrant labour system makes trade union organisation very difficult. It is the cause of a continuous high labour turnover, a rootless army of unemployed and a large mass of land starved worker-peasants.

The migrant labour system places emphasis on dirt-cheap labour than on skills. In individual large enterprises workers are fired and hired daily by the score. During his working life an African goes through a number of enterprises and periods of unemployment. He acquires a knowledge of a vastly differing occupations. The case of an African being employed at one concern, say for 5 years, is exceptional.

At one enterprise an African may be a trade union member. After being thrown out there he may find that there is no trade union organisation at the next firm where he works. So he falls away until such time that he lands in another enterprise where

there is a trade union functioning.

A further difficulty is that unemployed workers after a certain period are deported to the countryside. Ever larger numbers are now being deported to the Bantustans. Overnight urban workers are turned into direct migrant-labourers, placed in peasant environment without land and no opportunities of employment there. He is faced with contract labour, when it is available, or starvation.

These difficulties account for the present low level of trade union organisation. In the "African Communist" No. 78 1979, L.E. points out that less than 2% of the African working class is organised and comments that this is one of the major weaknesses in the South African national and social liberation struggle.

### WHEREVER THERE ARE WORKERS THERE MUST BE SACTU

#### URBAN AREAS:

In the enterprises SACTU' activists

must not only be good revolutionaries but at the same time outstanding workers. Even though employers under the migrant labour system look more to a low wage sheet, than to efficiency, they are nevertheless reluctant to sack outstanding workers. Being a good worker gives a SACTU activist a chance of a longer working life in an enterprise.

Organising and mobilising at the point of production also means the training of workers themselves to take over political and trade union leadership. So when a worker is fired at one place he will, as a matter of course, continue political and trade union activity at the next. Get every worker into SACTU, make every worker a leader - is a good organising slogan.

#### RURAL AREAS:

Agricultural workers on big farms and estates could be classified as:

(a) Migrant labourers;

# MK



# SOLDIER

## Mass Action and Armed Struggle

EXTRACTS FROM A DISCUSSION PAPER PRESENTED BY *LUMKILE MBHELE*

Our strategic goal is the armed seizure of power. The logical question which flows from this statement is, what do we mean by that. What do we envisage when we talk of

armed seizure of power?

When we talk of armed seizure of power we visualize a situation where we will wage a protracted revolutionary armed struggle till the overthrow



- (b) Forced and prison labour;
- (c) More or less regular farm hands with ties of a feudal nature to the landowners. Here, too, trade union organisation is necessary.

Migrant workers who are in the urban areas for periods of contract labour but regard the countryside as their home and feel an attachment to the land can be activated on both the issues of workers' rights and the land question. These workers could be prepared for trade union activity already prior to their departure for the period of contract labour.

Special attention should be paid to organising the unemployed in the Bantustans. Burning tasks to be tackled are questions of the right to work at an occupation of one's choice, the right to domicile and the right to movement.

The whole issue of trade union work in the rural areas brings into focus the close links between workers and

peasants - worker and migrant worker-peasant, agricultural workers-farmhands and the land hungry peasants. The migrant labour system has greatly narrowed the traditional gap between urban and rural areas. The worker-peasant problem in South Africa is closely interwoven.

The rural areas, including Bantustans, provide fertile ground for trade union activity and at the same time enable the liberation movement headed by the African National Congress to promote and strengthen worker-peasant unity.

### CONCLUSION

Revolutionary trade union tasks and problems are, of course, tackled within the framework of the national liberation movement headed by the ANC.

At all times there must be close co-ordination with and direction from the African National Congress.

## S' VIEWPOINT

wal of the racists, when the ANC as the alternative government will then seize power. Now immediately we make the above statement a lot of issues come to one's mind. What about the strength of South Africa, its technological advancement and so forth? How on earth do we hope to realize our aspirations?

For an answer let us turn to the "Strategy and Tactics of the ANC"; "Except in very rare instances, the people's armed challenge against a foe with formidable strength does not achieve dramatic and swift success. The path is filled with obstacles and we harbour no illusions on this score in the case of South Africa. In the

long run it can only succeed if it attracts the active support of the mass of the people. Without this life-blood it is doomed."

This passage needs no further elaboration, for it speaks for itself. Without the inclusion of the masses in the armed struggle not only as supporters but as full-time participants, we can never hope to succeed.

### A HIGHER FORM OF STRUGGLE

Firstly we must understand that armed struggle is a higher form of struggle and since it is not only logical but practical to start climbing the ladder from the lowest rung, therefore we can never hope to wage a successful armed struggle without mass actions.

Mass actions help to educate the masses. Through their involvement in mass actions the political consciousness of the masses is heightened. It makes the people realise their potential strength and also the need to take the struggle to higher plains in order to succeed.

Another important point is that the enemy will always respond to mass actions viciously. Therefore, mass actions have the effect of stretching the enemy, who whilst having to keep a close eye on the masses also has to contend with guerrilla actions. Thus the enemy line is stretched to the limit, thereby weakened.

Mass actions, as I said earlier on, increase the political consciousness of the masses, not only of those who are involved but also those who are sta-

nding on the side-line and watching. Through mass actions, organisations spring up. This is where the leadership springs up and is recognised by the people, also it makes it easier for an underground movement to draw cadres for the underground work and also cadres for the army.

### OTHER FORMS OF STRUGGLE

As I have said earlier on that armed struggle is the highest form of struggle, it is therefore necessary to understand that armed struggle can never be looked at in isolation from other forms of struggle. Other forms and facets of struggle have of necessity to be examined.

In this connection our "Strategy and Tactics" states:

"When we talk of revolutionary armed struggle, we talk of means which include military force..."

The above quoted passage clearly demonstrates that armed struggle comes as a result of many factors. It is part of the methods employed for the furtherance of our revolutionary goals. It is not as if other methods are no longer in use or the importance of them has been relegated but it is that in order for our struggle to succeed we have to reply to fascist terror with revolutionary violence.

The fact that our strategic objective at the moment is the armed seizure of power demonstrates that armed struggle is part and parcel of our day to day struggle. It should not be understood as a short cut to victory. That is why it is necessary

to think of the armed struggle in conjunction with other forms of struggle, especially mass actions.

The involvement of the masses in the armed struggle further means that the masses must recognise armed struggle not as a prerogative of a few specially trained individuals who, like a messiah, will come and liberate them. They must of necessity feel that the armed struggle is their own. For that is when we are going to get the full participation of the people. When we are firmly rooted among the people we will then be able to translate the concept of a people's war into practice.

It will be impossible to involve the masses in armed struggle if we portray the armed struggle as complicated, sophisticated and sensational - a form of struggle which is very special and therefore for very special people. It must be portrayed as simple and within everybody's grasp. It must build confidence not only in its success (which in itself is very important) but also that the people must feel capable of carrying it out themselves.

### **MASS MOBILISATION**

Le duan in his book **THE VIETNAMESE REVOLUTION: FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS, ESSENTIAL TASKS**, says:

"Before the seizure of power and in pursuit of that aim, the only weapon available to the revolution, to the masses, is organisation... It is for combat that the masses are organised; conversely it is through combat that they are further orga-

nised and educated and the forces of revolution expanded. Therefore propaganda, organisation and struggle must go hand in hand, the common purpose being to form and enlarge the political army of the masses in preparation for the decisive leap."

Mass mobilisation is basically the building of an organisation. And in our case the organisation is for armed struggle. You don't mobilise without any purpose, you should have a purpose. Mass mobilisation in our case should be for building organisation for the revolutionary armed struggle.

That means that in our everyday work we should never fear to make the people know and understand that in the end we will have to fight it out with the boers as we are already doing. Lenin in **SELECTED WORKS**, Vol.3 p.385 says:

"The masses must know that they are entering upon armed bloody and desperate struggle. Contempt for death must become widespread among them and will ensure victory..."

This is exactly what I mean when I say that the masses must realise that the armed struggle is their own.

Even pure political actions like strikes, boycotts and other forms of struggle must be understood as a process of development of our struggle towards the fulfilment of our strategic objective. We should teach the people that when they act they don't just act for the sake of acting but this is part of the development to higher forms of struggle with armed struggle being the highest form.

Our mass mobilisation should ensure that the struggles of today are not a rehearsal of the fifties, but they should reflect the higher stage in which we are in our struggle. So that our mass mobilisation whilst not relegating the importance of other forms of struggle, should reflect the fact that we are mobilising for armed struggle, that we are rooting our struggle in the people who are the anchor of this revolutionary ship.

### **INTER-CONNECTION BETWEEN MASS ACTIONS AND ARMED STRUGGLE .**

Here one is not talking of the people's war as a concept, but one is talking of the people's war as a tactic.

Here one visualizes a situation when armed struggle will be firmly rooted at home, where the people as a whole will be carrying out armed actions themselves. (When I talk of 'people as a whole' I am not referring to an ideal situation when all the people to a man will be involved in armed struggle). When the people will be part of the revolutionary army, Umkhonto We Sizwe being the core of that People's Revolutionary Army.

As I said earlier on that mass actions help to educate the people, it helps to make the people realize their own potential strength, it also helps to make the people realize the shortcomings of other forms of struggle which do not include armed struggle. This is particularly so because the enemy is bent on always frustrating the efforts of the people.

Besides, the people's war as a tactic is the only tactic that ensures not only victory but that after winning the war, the revolutionary gains will be successfully protected. For if the people feel that the war is their own then logically they will also feel that victory is theirs and anyone who seeks to reverse that victory will be strenuously opposed not by a few conscious persons but by the masses as a whole, for one protects with all his might his own. It is exactly in this spirit that Le Duan in his book, VIETNAMESE REVOLUTION: FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS; ESSENTIAL TASKS; p.43 says:

"The revolutionary violence aimed at toppling the ruling class must necessarily be that of the masses, of the broad masses that are oppressed and exploited."

The next logical question to ask is: How do you get to this ideal situation? For an answer I suggest we turn to the statement of the National Executive Committee made in 1973, at the close of its second session of that year:

"Our movement as the vanguard of the national liberation revolution must step up its activities inside the country, teaching the oppressed new and revolutionary methods of struggle. Guerilla warfare skills must systematically be made available to our operatives."

This means taking our politico-military skills to the people at home.

# A SONG OF THE BRAVE

We are the children of courage  
We are courage  
The courage of millions  
Not cowed by centuries  
Of destitution under the claw

We are the children of hope  
We are hope  
The hope that keep multitudes  
Charging fearless against the rabid beast  
That spreads decay and death in our land

We are the current of a roaring river  
Sweeping away all the rot  
With the force of accumulated anger  
Releasing all our pent-up fury  
In a concerted drive against the tormentor

We are the heirs of a glorious resistance  
The custodians that bridge across time  
To give meaning to the past in future  
Sustaining the fire kindled in torturous pain  
Of generations martyred in barbarous slavery

This then is what we are  
The anguish of a nation in labour  
Which crowns the pain in beauty  
Of ridding mother Africa of the scourge  
So that peace may again reign in her skies  
Drawn from our breasts and blood  
We the children of courage

– NATHANIEL MTSHALI

Marx died 100 years ago on 14 March 1883 at the age of 65. He was laid to rest in the London cemetery of Highgate at the side of his wife, Jenny. They had suffered bitter poverty and much sickness in exile from their native Germany but were rewarded by the knowledge that they had contributed enormously to the revolutionary cause and that it would inevitably triumph.

Frederick Engels, Marx's lifelong comrade in arms and co-author, delivered the graveside address. He told the small gathering of relatives and followers that Marx's death had inflicted an immeasurable loss on the militant working class and on social science.

Just as Charles Darwin discovered the laws of natural evolution, so Marx discovered the laws of historical materialism and social evolution.

Marx pioneered many other striking advances in the social sciences with new theories of political economy, revolution, consciousness, class struggle and religion. Before all this, however, he was a revolutionary who dedicated his life to the overthrow of capitalism and the emancipation of wage workers.

More than anyone else in his time he made workers aware of their class position and showed them how to free themselves from wage slavery and capitalist dictatorship.

When he and Engels produced the Communist Manifesto in 1848 only a small minority of people had reached the stage of accepting socialism. Of that minority only a handful called themselves Communists or scientific

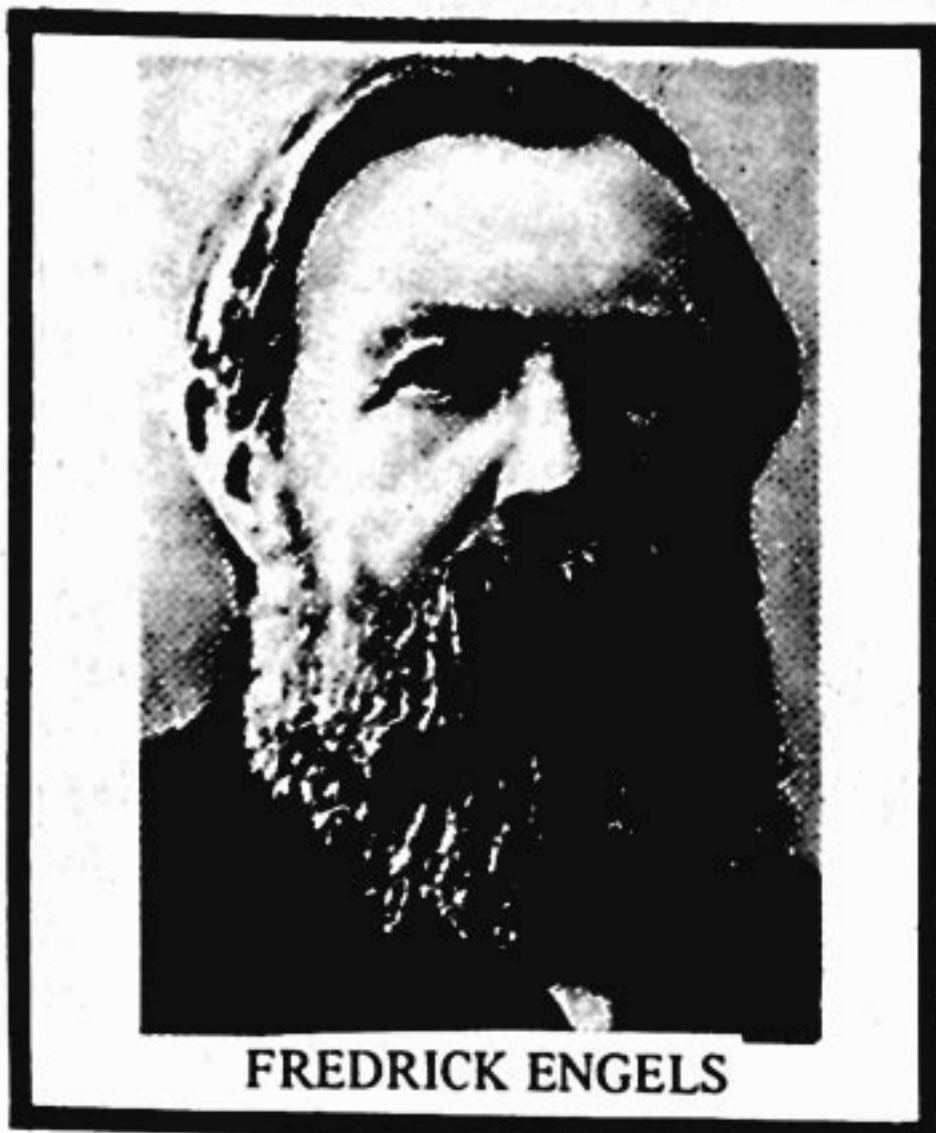


KARL MARX

**A GEN  
KAR**

socialists in the sense of the Manifesto.

A working class consciousness developed steadily in the leading industrial countries. Engels could claim in 1886 in a preface to the first



FREDRICK ENGELS

# **CENTURY AFTER KARL MARX'S DEATH (1883 - 1983)**

**- JOE MATLALA**

English edition of Das Kapital that the great book was widely known in Europe as 'the Bible of the working-class'. The conclusions arrived at in this work, he added, 'are daily more and more becoming the fundamental principles of the great working-class movement, not only in Germany and Switzerland, but in France, in Holland and Belgium, in America, and even in Spain'.

## **MARXISM-LENINISM**

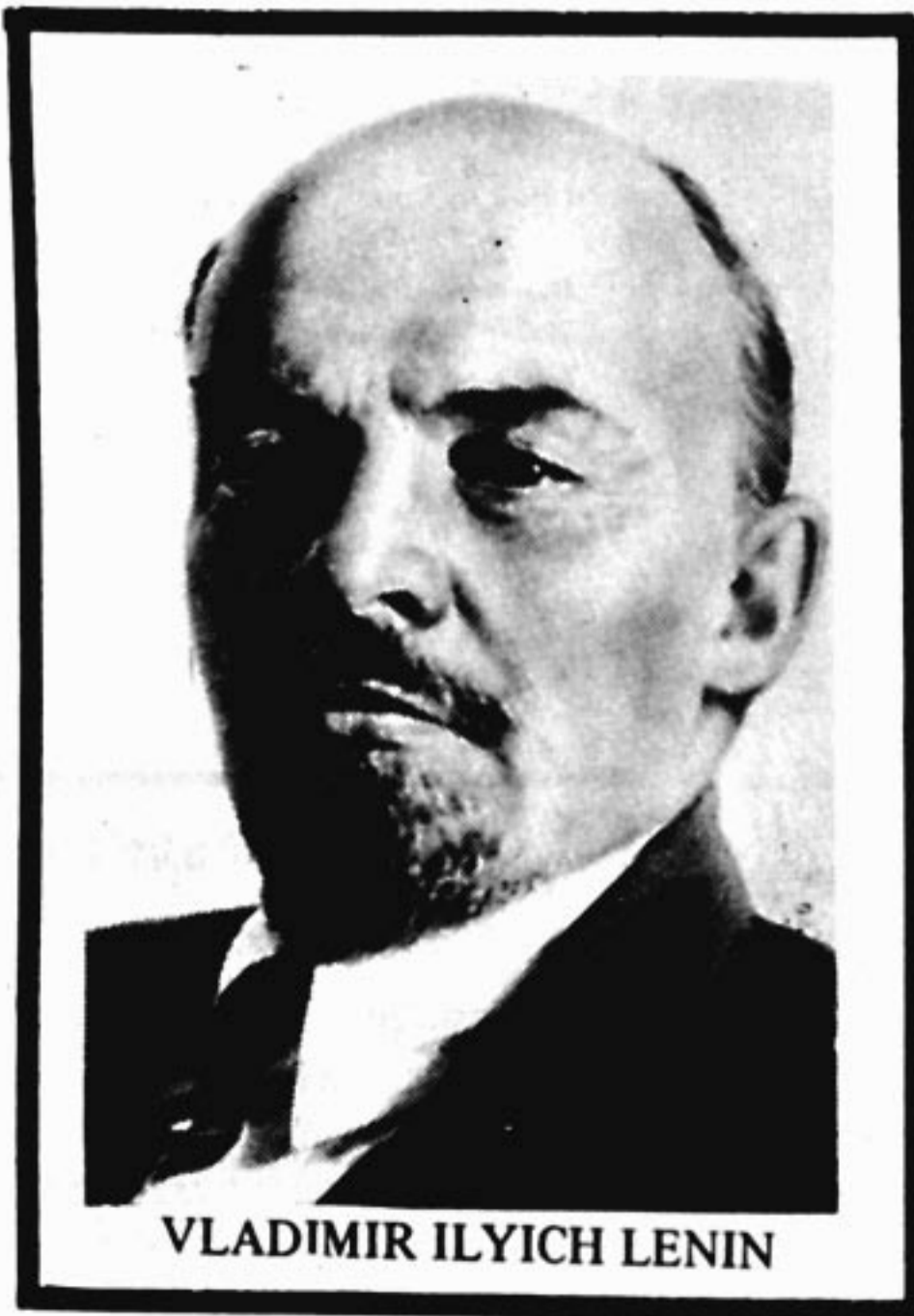
It was not given to Marx and Engels to witness the realisation of their dreams. Their life's work was continued and fulfilled, however, by Vladimir Ilyich Lenin (1870-1924), a genius of the proletarian revolution.

He bridged the gap between the founders of scientific socialism and the October Revolution of 1917 - the greatest event of our century. A diligent reader of their writings, he

carefully absorbed their method of approach and conclusions. Lenin did not slavishly follow the masters, but applied their teachings to the formation of a Party of a new type, the strategy of Revolution and the building of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Communists recognise that the views of the great revolutionaries though expressed differently are basically the same. Marx, Engels and Lenin combined practice with theory; they were revolutionaries in deed as well as in word, and never doubted that socialism would follow capitalism in all parts of the globe.

An important reason for their confidence is the inability of capitalism



**VLADIMIR ILYICH LENIN**

to overcome its inherent tendency to produce recurring economic crises such as the present one. In these world market crises, explained Marx, the contradictions of the capitalist mode of production break through to the surface.

### THE DANGER OF WAR

To avoid collapse, imperialist states are embarking on the dangerous path of preparing for yet another world war.

Hitler tried the same thing fifty years ago. He failed to achieve his aim of world conquest and the establishment of a Reich that would stand for a thousand years. His plans were shattered by the Red Army and Soviet people in the Great Patriotic War for the defence of socialism and peace.

Hitler's mantle has fallen on Reagan. He too has vowed to destroy the Soviet Union and dump Communism on the ash heap of history.

For this purpose Washington and its NATO allies are stockpiling nuclear and conventional weapons in strategic centres in every continent.

South Africa's racists who are en-

gaged in fighting a colonial war on their own account have placed our country at the disposal of the United States militarists.

Our struggle for liberation and majority rule has thus become part of the global struggle for peace.

### THE WAY AHEAD

The small band of scientific socialists who belonged to the Communist League which launched the Manifesto in 1848 has swollen into a mighty army.

Communists are in power in the socialist countries of Europe, in South America, Asia, and Africa. There are Communist Parties or parties with other names which embrace Marxism-Leninism in 96 countries. Together they form a powerful band united in struggle and proletarian solidarity for the realisation of Marxist ideas of building a class society based on public ownership of the means of production, planned economies, economic growth, raising living standards and equality of treatment of all persons regardless of sex, race, colour, nationality or religion.

### DAWN PolitiXword No. 2 Answers

AGROSS: 1.Commodore 5.LA 6.Rare 7.IT 9. Blitz 10.Sally 12.Mass  
14.Jan 16. Nitro 18. Utah 19. EEC

DOWN: 1.Cordon 2.Marksman 3.Drill 4.Elize 8.Tiyo 9.Blast  
11.Uncle 15.Onu 17. Roe



# Destroy Bantustans and March Forward to Freedom

**(FROM A RADIO FREEDOM BROADCAST)**

— ZABA MALEDZA

About 75km north east of Pretoria a congested ghetto of tin shacks, mud huts and houses stretches into the dusty horizon. This will be your first sight of KwaNdebele - the smallest of Pretoria's "homelands". Verwoerd did not even provide for this Bantustan in his original plan of dispossession of the Black majority. Population estimates range from 200 000 to 1 million, a sign of utter confusion and disregard for the people dumped there. What strikes you as you travel in this area is the way the land changes. As you leave "White South Africa", the sprays irrigating rich and green white-owned farms, give way to scrubby bushveld and finally you come to a dry, poor soil which produces mainly thorn bushes. Dust hangs in the air, and as every car passes, clouds of dust pollute the dry hot air. The dust drifts over you, covers your hair, eyes and clothes.

## FARMING

Of course there is no farming here. Looking around you will notice the tiny barren plots around the tin or

mud shacks - without any crops or vegetables. The residents say that this place was never irrigated...that this place, formerly consisted of dry, white owned farms in which the racists spent their weekends. That is how impossible they were considered for cultivation.

If you ask these residents where they come from, they will tell you that they were evicted from well irrigated rich "White owned farms" in and around Delmas, Witbank and Middleburg. Another group will tell you that they were chased away from Bophuthatswana and from Lebowa - by the puppets there, while another group was expelled from "White urban areas". Who was in Middleburg, Witbank or Delmas before the boers?

Within a short time of your arrival you will be told by the residents that this dumping ground is controlled by a clique of businessmen - politicians who monopolise the few businesses that you will see in this wilderness. All liquor licenses are held by the "cabinet ministers". They

will quote the example of one puppet administrator who owns three bottle stores and four general dealer shops.

All the "ministers" have one or more businesses. In the cabinet, the highest qualified has a junior certificate. More than half the teachers are unqualified - some have only a standard six certificate. But despite this shortage of qualified teachers the puppets appoint their unqualified family members to teaching posts, even if there is somebody more qualified.

For the residents of this hunger-land the sun rises earlier and sets later than anywhere on earth with the exception of sister Bantustans in racist South Africa.

The sun rises at 2 a.m. when hundreds have to board the first buses to far-away "White South Africa" to work for Whites. It sets at 9 p.m. when the last group of tired workers return to the miserable ghetto. In all, more than half the workers must rise before 4 a.m. No other workers on earth have a longer working day. For these victims of apartheid the average working day is 14 hours and for hundreds of them it is 19 hours.

How long can a worker live under such conditions? Why should he rest for only 5 hours for everyday? Can his health survive such a strain for a year, for two - for everyday? Is this his share of 'independence' when Skosana and his family own a butchery and a general dealer shop in addition to their fat salaries and government cars; F. Mahlangu owns a cafe, Mnguni, a cafe, Cornelius Mahlangu a chain of

businesses and a bottle store at the 'capital' Siyabusa to show that he actually rules the Ndebele with the backing of his masters in Pretoria; and finally Ntule, the junior certificate intellectual of this pack of blood suckers, has a supermarket, a restaurant and a bottle store?

All of them in addition to their fat salaries the regime subsidises houses and free cars. And for their benefit our people must choke under the dust of KwaNdebele, wake up at unnatural hours to work for the boers, return home late and physically exhausted... a people sentenced to a slow death. The rest must go without work; the children must starve, suffer from malnutrition and related diseases. Again this area must add its quota of tiny graves - to recreate the Dimbasas, Limehills and Onverwachts of our Motherland.

This then is Kwa-Ndebele, whose treacherous puppets, have conspired with their master in Pretoria to declare this mockery independence by the end of next year. These puppets have already agreed in principle to opt for 'independence' in May last year during their meeting with racist Piet Koornhof in Cape Town.

Puppet history is repeating itself. The traitors' road of collaboration has a new batch of fellow-travellers consisting of greedy, selfish and unpatriotic stooges. Skosana has joined Matanzima, Sebe, Mangope and Mphephu. The remaining people, the oppressed black majority, can stop this treacherous drive to perpetual enslavement.

For their survival it is a duty they cannot postpone any further. As usual Skosana and Company did not consult the people when opting for 'independence'. Puppets never consult. They claim, that as soon as they were granted 'self-government' there was no turning back. What they deliberately forget is that that very 'self-government' was demanded by them as puppets, and that even then there was no need to consult the people.

The Inzundza Tribal Authority which was recognised by Pretoria in 1974 is a puppet creation designed to take advantage of Pretoria's policy of robbing us of our birthright to South Africa. Most of you were working where you were staying. You never had to wake up at 2 am to go to work. Now you have to do it so that Skosana and Company can live in posh houses, drive beautiful cars, earn fat salaries and an empire of businesses.

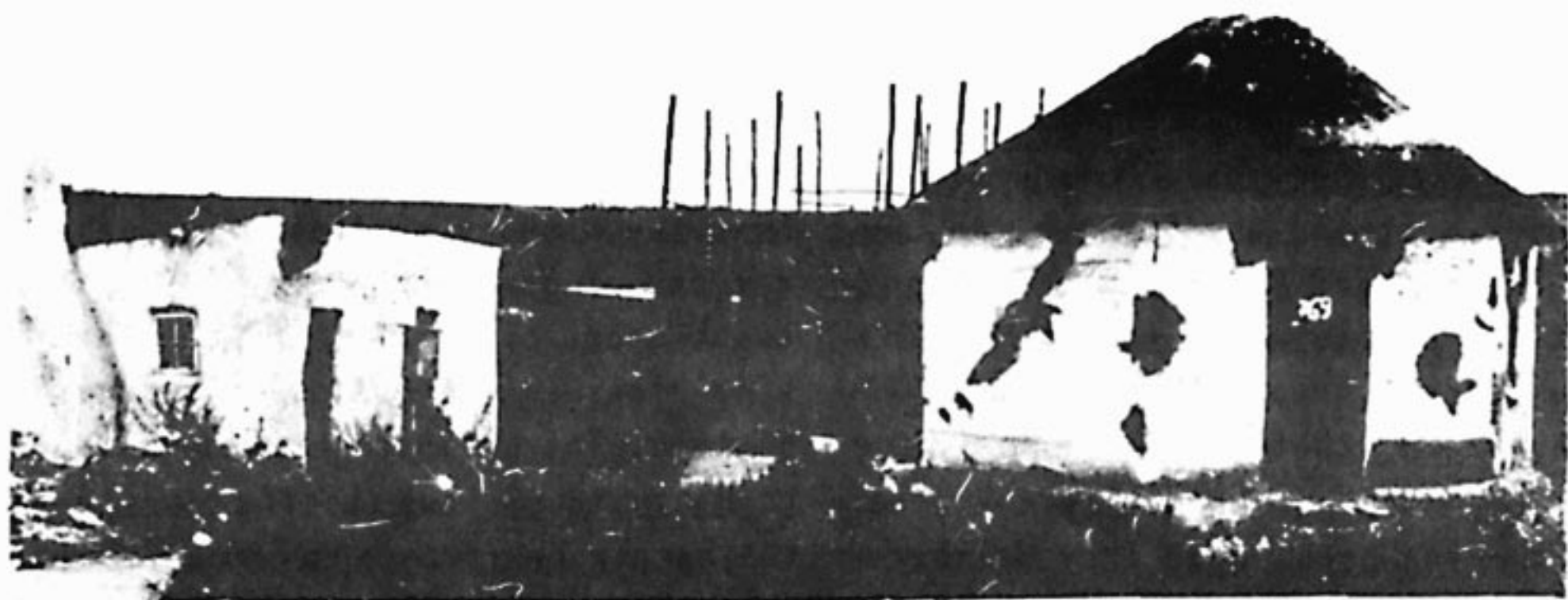
Has Mahlangu and Skosana any connection with Nyabel, the Mapoch who fought bitterly and heroically for 8 months when he was besieged by boers in the caves, are they the descendants of Mashobane who was a terror to the boers? Their action gives us a negative answer. Even the examples of Venda, Ciskei, Bophuthatswana & Transkei have taught the puppets nothing. The failure of Bantustans in Zimbabwe, the crumbling of the DTA Bantustan grouping under the hammer blows of SWAPO in Namibia has gone unnoticed by these stooges.

Quite often history may tolerate adventurists for a moment, but will

never let any stooge reverse its course. The history of Africa in general and of Southern Africa in particular seems to be unclear to these simpletons in the Bantustan puppet regimes. The resistance of our people to Bantustans shows itself clearly in the heroic resistance to forced removals. Every week there are clashes with the fascist gestapo all over the country who are trying to bulldoze our people out of their ancestral homes. This has become a life and death struggle. Who is to blame? Pretoria and its puppets.

Who benefits from the people's suffering? Again it is the black puppets and their white racist masters in Pretoria. All puppets benefit from Bantustanisation. It matters little whether 'self-governing' or 'independent'. While driving Pretoria's cars on the road to dummy independence they want to retain some credibility by claiming that they won't opt for 'independence'. At best they are buying time to see which way the wind is blowing and they present a very funny spectacle while twisting their necks at 180 degrees to address the revolution as if they were part of it.

Puppets never consult. If they had consulted the people would have thrown the Freedom Charter into their faces. The people would have told them that "South Africa belongs to all who live in it... and that no government can justly claim authority unless it is based on the will of all the people." That "The People Shall Govern", not a white racist clique or



This is where people live in 'independent' Transkei the belly-crawling nest of vipers, the puppets in community councils or Bantustans. Most of all, the people would have told them that "The People Shall Share in the Country's Wealth", and that neither the boers nor the Skosanas must grow fat when the people starve and die.

It is obvious that the only people who benefit are the boers and their puppets. The people are being sacrificed here. In order to survive the people must strike back at their enemies. We are not just addressing the people of Kwa-Ndebele - this is just an example, a sample of the massive campaign to disinherit us all. It was the Transkei and you thought it had nothing to do with you. So you did nothing. It was Bophuthatswana, and perhaps you were still not touched, and therefore you did nothing to stop this injustice. But, after Venda, Ciskei, and today Kwa-Ndebele no right thinking blackman or woman can still continue deceiving himself or herself into thinking that he or she is not involved.

### UNITY

Whether you are in town or countryside the road is the same unless

you stop the Boers and their puppets. This calls for united action between all people in urban areas and in the countryside - between all ethnic groups from the Cape to the Limpopo and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. All democratic organisations must establish branches everywhere to unite all ethnic groups and to map out common strategies to destroy these puppet regimes and their masters. Form underground organisations to educate the people about Bantustans and to mobilise them into united action against the puppets and their masters in Pretoria.

Do not vote for them. Form strong opposition parties to destroy Bantustans. Disrupt their meetings and their parliaments. Attack the puppets and make life impossible for them as they are trying to make it impossible for you. You must not let them continue growing fat at your expense.

The Bantustan is your greatest enemy because it creates disunity among us. The Bantustans and the puppets are used by the boers to enslave us, so that now we are being used to enslave ourselves. DESTROY BANTUSTANS AND MARCH FORWARD TO FREEDOM.

# MK



## Women's Forum

## FORWARD TO BATTLE

— BUSI CEKISANE

This year 1983, designated by our vanguard national liberation movement, the African National Congress, as that of United Action, is an historic year in the path of struggle treaded by the people of our country, South Africa. A special year indeed for the women's detachment of the forces fighting against apartheid domination. It is the 70th anniversary of the 1913 Women's Anti-pass Campaign.

Women are a major contingent in the main-stream of our struggle and as combatants in the front ranks of our valiant people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, in particular, there can be no more befitting manner for us to begin this new year than to go back in mind seventy years ago (to 1913), to reflect upon and to learn from the phenomenal events of that year.

In 1913 the white minority racist regime with its usual draconian laws, decided to sell to African women their right to reside in the urban locations

of the Orange Free State. The price the regime wished to exact from the women was a shilling per month — which sum none of the women could afford to eke out of their miserable survival funds.

The women sent petition after petition and deputation after deputation to entreat the racists to withdraw the residential pass-permits. But the racists turned a deaf ear to all these requests.

The women then resolved that they had stomached enough racist arrogance. 600 of them marched to the Mangaung (Bloemfontein) municipality offices and demanded to see the racist mayor. When they could not see him, they took the bag in which they had deposited all their passes, placed it at the feet of the deputy mayor and told him that they would buy no more passes.

This just spirit of defiance spread like wild fire to other OFS towns where thousands of women challenged the buying of residential passes. Many women were arrested and sentenced to terms of imprisonment. All of them refused to accept the option of a fine and courageously crammed the prisons of the South African fascists.

Then, in united and steadfast resoluteness 800 women marched from the location to the town hall in Makelekela (Winburg) in a striking mass demonstration of women.

This was a brilliant manifestation of united action - a remarkable feat. We dare not fail to learn from such an excellent lesson, for history will not forgive us. Those women of the Orange Free State in 1913 won the victories they had set out to achieve, albeit after nearly five years in 1918, when passes for women were withdrawn. (Passes were of course re-introduced later in 1956). The fact that the regime was forced to withdraw the residential passes because of the campaign initiated by the women in 1913 is sufficient inspiration for us. For each victory scored brings us nearer to our final goal of wresting complete political power from the colonial usurpers.

It is imperative therefore that we emulate the spirit of 1913 - the spirit that no doubt helped to drive 20 000 and more women of all races to the Union Buildings of the apartheid regime on August 9, 1956, in a mammoth anti-pass demonstration.

We have one billion times more reason to rise now as the women rose in 1913. Conditions for the oppressed and exploited black majority inside our country belie the fact that South Africa possesses one of the wealthiest sources of raw materials in the world and is industrially one of the most advanced states internationally. Unemployment figures are rising to

record levels. Close to 3 million people are unemployed. Extreme poverty is inevitably leading our people to sickness and death. Kwashiorkor, scurvy, pellagra and beriberi are rife. Tuberculosis, cholera, poliomyelitis and typhoid fever have reached epidemic proportions. The black infant mortality rate is among the highest in the world. Because of influx-control laws we live in tin-shacks in squatter camps. And as if that is not bad enough, we are bulldozed out of the tin-shacks and driven like cattle to desert-like Bantustans. Even in the urban areas when we are not considered superfluous Bantus, we remain perpetual minors. We lose our match box houses when our husbands die and our family life is broken by the migrant labour system. Food, rent and transport costs are exorbitant and conditions of work break our backs. Forced contraception and sterilisation are increasingly used by the Pretoria fascists for the mass genocide of our people.

Over and above this, boer terror repression is being systematised to over-reach the Nazi level of Hitlerite Germany. And with CIA and NIS snake-like killer tactics, the racist regime has become yet more diabolical, to the point where five-year-old children are detained by the SAP gestapo. (Report in the "Sowetan" of 23.12.82).

Internationally, the racists have never been on a faster rat-race to launch smear campaigns against the ANC and its allies. The Nokononos and Hlapanes are but contemptible samples of



Martyrs of the barbarous Maseru raid.

disgruntled vermin in this racist rat-race.

There is continued racist aggression against the Frontline States by boer killer commandoes to murder innocent and unarmed civilians indiscriminately. Women, children and the aged and disabled are slain by the mercenary war dogs of the SADF. The graves of our dead in Lesotho's Thaba Bosigo had not even sunk when racist premier, Piet Botha, boasted that if the Kingdom of Lesotho continued to support our struggle he would send yet more invasion squads into that country, or into any of the other Frontline States.

Then there is Washington's Ronald Reagan of course - the godfather of the Pretoria cutthroats. We have him to contend with as well. For our struggle is not an isolated one. We are part of the mighty anti-imperialist force which strives for the total independence of nations and for their right to self determination. We are kin and kindred of the noble family whose cause is that of justice, peace and progress for man.

These are but a handful of the reasons why we have to capture the spirit

of 1913. It is 70 years since. This means that 70 years extra effort has been added to our struggle. We are indeed stronger for this worthy endeavour. And without having any illusions about the fact that our quest for social emancipation is bitter and protracted, we have cause to be optimistic. Both at home and abroad events augur well for the struggling people of our land. It cannot be otherwise. It is an historic reality.

On the international scene the racists have never been more left out in the cold. It is freezing out there for the Botha-Malan ruling clique and those who put them in power. Apartheid South Africa is no longer just the polecat of the world, but the world has begun to lash out at this cancerous polecat. The racists try to lick their wounds behind their laager iron curtain. But they know the truth only too well. Politically, economically, culturally, educationally, ecumenically, sports-wise and in all international relations generally, progressive mankind is saying: "NO to Apartheid, an international crime against humanity".

At home, apartheid is shaken. Its spineless watchdogs are trembling at their knees on the borders of our country. Apartheid institutions are crumbling; never to be re-built.

The women in 1913 further charted the path of challenge which was begun as early as during the Wars of Resistance. This challenge is greater in our time. What are the demands of this challenge?

The past seventy years have taught us day by day that the white minority regime will never voluntarily step down. Comrade Joe Slovo has shown us that there is "NO MIDDLE ROAD." Our first Commander-in-Chief and all-time leader of our people, Comrade Nelson Mandela, says that there is NO EASY WALK TO FREEDOM. Twenty-one years ago, the spear and shield of our nation, Umkhonto we Sizwe, made a clarion call to armed action in defence of the people against the fascist violence of the apartheid beast. Let us answer MK's roll call. Then forward to battle!

Further, let us unite in step behind the tried and tested movement of our people, the African National Congress. Let us mobilise and organise. Let us use all conceivable forms of legal, semi-legal and illegal methods of struggle. We already have structures and formations to reinforce our united offensive.

Among the most popularly known are:-

The Federation of South African Women.

The Domestic Workers and Sales Ladies Associations.

The United Women's Organisation.

The Civic Associations.

The Residents Organisations.

The Detainees Parents Support Committees.

The NUSAS Women's Conference.

The Ad hoc Detention Action Committee.

SACTU and all trade union organisations.

Students organisations.

Church, sport and cultural Unions.

Through these formations and new ones that we must form, let us unite non-rationally against the inhuman apartheid regime and for the ideals set out in the Freedom Charter. In this year of the 70th Anniversary of the 1913 Women's Anti-pass Campaign, let each one of us see herself or himself as a goalkeeper who is the team's last hope. If he or she fails to save a shot the team will be one down.

We must also rally international political and material support for our struggle and unite with other oppressed peoples the world over. Under the heroic banner of the SWAPO Women's Council, the women of Namibia are courageously resisting imperialist-backed boer illegal occupation. Through their sweat and blood they are determined to eventually win their right to self-determination. Their heroic struggle is a direct contribution to our revolutionary struggle for national and social liberation.

This year is also the 20th Anniver-



sary of the Rivonia arrests and here again, of vital significance for us women, is the fact that five of our women patriots - political prisoners in fascist gaols - lost a second application in the supreme racist court, late last year, asking for an order declaring their detention and isolation in prison to be illegal. Thandi Modise, Elizabeth Nhlapo, Kate Serokolo, Elizabeth Gumede and Catherine Mokhoere are all serving sentences under the so-called Terrorism Act. They are kept in separate cells and are isolated from each other. The fascist judge ruled racist Commissioner of Prisons had the right to separate and isolate our freedom fighters as he felt fit. Let us secure

our comrades' release from solitary confinement.

We likewise take this opportunity offered by the occasion of twenty years since Rivonia to more rigorously than ever before renew our demand for the repeal of the death sentences imposed upon six of the finest sons of our Motherland - Marcus Motaung, Jerry Mosololi, Simon Mogorane, Bobby Tsotsobe, Johannes Shabangu and David Moise. We demand the unconditional release of Comrade Nelson Mandela, our leaders and all other political prisoners.

In the spirit of 1913, we MK women say to apartheid and world imperialism. **NILIBAMBE LINGASHONI!**

---

# **NAKED AMONG WOLVES**

**by Bruno Apitz**

---

## **Chapter 20**

He jumped from the bunk where he had been fully dressed, and pressed against the door of his cell, listening. Meisgeier had pulled out his gun. Mandrill put it back in its holster for him. "No shooting in the bunker."

He went into his room with the two men. He took a heavy wrench and a strong chisel out of a crate and gave one tool to each. "I can't stand the sight of blood," he said; he was ashen about the mouth. They walked up the bunker corridor and opened a cell.

Förste stood behind his door, his arms raised as on a crucifix, and listened with shuddering breath.

The four prisoners in the cell had jumped up when the door opened. They saw Mandrill with the Unterscharführer and the Rottenführer in the ghastly light of the blue emergency bulb.

Brauer and Meisgeier knocked down two of the prisoners, and before the

others grasped what was happening they had also sunk to the floor beneath powerful blows. The two completed their work, striking again and again until the last rattle had died away. The inmates of the other cell heard the trampling, the groaning, the moans and the rattle. Suddenly someone in the cell beside number 5 began to scream. It was unnaturally shrill and piercing. A second scream joined it.

Höfel and Kropinski stared into the darkness, their heads cocked, the screams fluttered into their cell.

Cursing, Mandrill ripped the cell door open and pulled out the screaming man. The two Scharführers threw themselves on the other inmate and beat him down with murderous blows.

With vicious strength Mandrill had grabbed the screaming man and dragged him to the grilled door that closed off the bunker corridor. He pressed the screaming man's head against the iron doorjamb and forced the door closed so that it squeezed through the victim's neck. With a choking gurgle the body collapsed. Then Mandrill pulled the strangled man back to the cell and threw him on top of the one who had been beaten. "I don't like to hear screaming," he said.

Meisgeier's lips trembled with blood lust, and Brauer was about to unlatch cell number 5 when Mandrill stopped him. "They're for me." In one step he was at another cell. "Watch it, there's six in here." He listened at the door; it was quiet inside.

Meisgeier and Brauer got ready to strike. Mandrill hesitated a moment, then ripped the door open. One figure shot out of the cell, four, five followed. Brauer yelled. Mandrill was thrown to the ground with a pile of people on top of him. Roaring, the two other Nazis beat into the pile. The strength of the desperate men was not enough. Powerful as a bear, Mandrill had shaken off his attacker, kneeled on him, pressed in his throat, and bashed the defeated man's head against the cement floor.

The horrible fight had lasted only a few minutes, the men were too exhausted to put up much resistance. Now they lay strewn about, dead.

The unexpected resistance had made Brauer wild. Drunk with murder and alcohol he staggered along the bunker corridor shouting: "Where's the rest of the swine?"

Höfel and Kropinski had fled into a corner of their cell. They stood ready to spring, their features distorted with horror.

Förste in his cell was also ready to spring. If they come to me, he thought, If they come to me.... Yet the thought wavered before the decision born of a mortal fear that told him he must jump at the throat of the first man who entered the cell. And his cell remained locked.

Preternaturally dark, the morning crawled out of the night, fading slug-

gishly from black to dreary gray. Förste sat on the bunk in his cell. He had waited the whole night for death; he knew that Mandrill would not leave him, the witness, alive.

The gray morning crept towards him. The livid light gave the cell walls eyes. Gray and silent, the walls gazed at him. Förste was bare and helpless. He would die as he had lived in the bunker, like a shadow. The last remnant of human resistance in him had been annihilated that dreadful night. Yet beneath the ashes of his being a secret spark still glimmered. Hope fanned the spark, and Förste sought desperately for a possibility of saving himself. He did not have much time left. The farther the morning crept along the walls, the shorter grew the span. Could he disappear somehow in the cell? Must he jump at Mandrill's throat? Or was there some corner in the bunker where he could hide? The thoughts chased one another fearfully.

Höfel and Kropinski were experiencing something similar. The night of death had shuddered past them. They knew that they were the only living prisoners in the bunker, for they were to be the last to die. They stood close together, seeking refuge in one another. In the ghostly shimmer of morning that filtered through the cell window they saw each other's faces and each saw in the expression of the other his own, with morbid, large, wide-open eyes and the trepidation of mortal fear in their features. Kropinski whispered: "Maybe Mandrill not there, maybe he go away?"

Höfel denied it vehemently. "He's still there. I know it, I feel it. If they had all run away, they would've done us in with the others. He'll come today..."

Höfel's hunted eyes wandered about the bare cell and remained fixed on the door.

"Listen, Marian, this is what we'll do."

Höfel squeezed into the corner at the door. "I'll stand here, and you there." Höfel pointed at the opposite corner. Kropinski squeezed into it.

"When he comes in you immediately grab him by the throat and press hard. Do you think you can?"

The gentle Kropinski altered. He narrowed his eyes, his lower jaw thrust forward, and his hands slowly closed and opened.

"I'll duck down and pull out his feet. No!" Höfel burst out, "not like that! When he comes in I'll give him a punch in the stomach with all my strength that takes his breath away, and you press his throat."

They looked at one another feverishly, tested their willpower and their strength in each other's faces, pressed themselves close to the wall, and waited, waited...

It became light. The reverberations of the war had shaken up the night like no other before it. Erfurt had fallen that night and thus opened up

the direct road to Weimar, for which the advancing Americans were preparing the decisive thrust.

The unremitting drone grew more powerful from hour to hour. The countryside surrounding the camp had become a theatre of war.

But the 21 000 remaining prisoners knew nothing of the gruesome murder that had raged through the bunker that uneasy night; they did not know that the dangerous Kluttig had been the first to flee, or that the other SS officers were making feverish preparations for flight, while their cars waited. The fascists had to escape now or never if they wanted to avoid being captured by the Americans.

They were still there, however. The reinforced sentries were still posted on the towers. In the rising light of morning their black figures stood out more plainly than ever, menacing in their motionlessness, broad coat collars turned up against frosty dampness.

One command, one move towards the machine guns, the bazookas and the flame throwers - and ten minutes of concentrated fire would suffice to extinguish all life within the barbed wire.

To prevent this catastrophe in time by means of armed revolt was the last decision made in the gray of morning by the ILK. From now on the only valid orders would come from Bochow, the military officer.

At his command the groups were waiting in the blocks for the order to break out; the hiding places of the weapons were once more occupied by the camp patrol. Concealing themselves as well as they could from the sentries on the surrounding towers, other members of the camp patrol were keeping the valley below the camp's north slope under steady observation. They were even equipped with field glasses.

In the distance the thunder rolled and rumbled ceaselessly. Sometimes the explosions sounded as near as if the shells had struck only a few hundred yards from the barbed wire. The disturbance had long since driven the prisoners out of the blocks. They were standing in the roads, suspiciously watching the towers and the gate. Suddenly everyone was in motion. In the lightening sky a chain of American fighter bombers zoomed across the camp. The prisoners rejoiced: "They're coming, they're coming!" But the planes vanished in the distance. Bochow had also run outside with a few comrades and looked after the planes as they tore away. Pribula stood beside him with tight lips, his hands in his pockets.

"Why you always waiting till last minute?" he said darkly.

Bochow did not reply; his tension was near the breaking point. The blasts succeeded one another at ever shorter intervals. Machine-gun fire chattered far and near.

At 9:30, still breathless from running, an observer from the camp patrol

brought Bochow a report that tank movements could be perceived from the north slope on the summit of a far distant hill. What kind of tanks? Fascist? American? Were they escape or attack movements? It was impossible to tell. There was nothing to do but wait.

Zweiling had waited in vain for Kluttig's return. When morning came the booby could no longer doubt that his wife had left him with the Hauptsturmführer. Hellish confusion reigned in the colony. Scharführers, wives and children, scolding and shouting, crowded between cars packed to bursting. Left to his own devices, Zweiling stood in the living room. Now he had to think for himself how to make a safe getaway. He looked about him in perplexity and let off his bitterness in a curse: "Lousy bastards!" With an angry gesture he waved away his fury - they wouldn't get him down; he had thought of something, and it drove him back to the effects building. In the clerks' room he rummaged among the prisoners' identification papers. For half an hour he had been searching with trembling fingers, in the mess of documents he had dumped over the table.

Förste was still sitting in his cell in the same place. He dared not move from the spot. There was no way out for him any more, and no rescue. With deep sadness in his heart he had to admit that the years of existing like a ghost in the bunker had not hardened him and that he was anything but a fighter. Yet he still had one satisfaction: he had remained a decent person, and with modest joy he thought of the good he had done for Höfel and Kropinski, who were now going to die with him. In his death he would become one of the great host that was without name or number, humus soil out of which some day a finer world would flower. Perhaps there was the meaning he was looking for. When the camp gate was blown up, that soil would already have claimed him.

A brief hour after the fighter planes had raced over the camp, a plane appeared that the prisoners had never seen before. Slowly, and at a fairly low altitude, it circled back and forth. The sentries on the towers looked after it in concern, calling out agitatedly to one another. The prisoners between the blocks stared at the strange phenomenon. The American plane was an artillery observer which established the targets. It caused an uproar not only among the prisoners but also among the SS. SS motorcyclists raced around the barbed wire fence, shouting commands to the sentries on the towers, final commands issued by Kamloth.

Zweiling had found what he was looking for. But he did not only intend to camouflage himself with false papers. He had also pulled a zebra suit out of a pile of old prisoner's clothing, and exchanged it for his uniform.

Suddenly he started in terror. There was a man behind him. Wurach! Zweiling's hair stood on end as if he were seeing a ghost. "What do you want

here?"

Wurach, who had crawled out of his hiding place and seen the Hauptsturmführer in prisoner's clothing, snarled:

"So that's your game, you dog..."

Zweiling jumped back: "Get out of here!"

Wurach drew in his head menacingly. Zweiling pulled the pistol out of his pocket.

Müller and Brendel heard the shots. What was that? They looked at one another. "Quick, inside!"

They rushed into the building and tore up the stairs. The room was locked. With powerful kicks they battered in the door.

"Hands up!"

With the pistol still in his hand, the surprised Zweiling raised his arms. The camp patrolmen jumped at him. Wurach lay dead on the floor.

In his office Schwahl was shouting at Kamloth: "Have you gone crazy?" He was ashy pale and his cheeks were shaking.

Kamloth had issued an order to open fire on the blocks a quarter of an hour before the troops withdrew.

"Take back the order immediately. You'll have us all on the gallows!"

Kamloth cursed savagely: "You can all go to hell, we're loused up anyway."

"Goddam swine!" squawked Weisangk.

Kamloth gave him such a push in the belly that he staggered backward. "Manage for yourselves." Kamloth pulled his cap over one eye. "I'm getting out of here."

Schwahl sank into an armchair, annihilated. The motor of Kamloth's car whirred outside. Three, four shells droned quite nearby. Schwahl jumped up. Distracted, he looked towards Weisangk. "And now? What now?"

Weisangk wagged his head helplessly. Schwahl rushed to the desk, pulled open the drawers, stuffed papers and documents into his pockets, threw his coat over his shoulders and jammed his cap on. "Out of here, let's go," he gasped.

From his window Reineboth saw the commandant's car speeding away. "Schwahl's running out!" he called to Mandrill, who was in the room with him.

Förste stood trembling in the cell, he heard Mandrill's hard footsteps in the corridor. The latch of his door was pulled back. "Get out!"

Förste saw the cold excitement in Mandrill's gray face. Obediently the unresisting man slipped out of the cell. The night's dead lay in the corridor. With his fists Mandrill drove Förste into his room and pointed to a crate: "Pack my stuff!" Förste's fluttering heart quailed in fear. Submissively he began to turn out drawers and closets.

Müller and Brendel had stood Zweiling in a corner. Now they pushed the ~~chair~~ aside and turned back the rug. While Brendel covered Zweiling with a pistol he had taken from him, Müller pried up the floor with a chisel. Zweiling's eyes opened wide as the weapons appeared.

"Kind of unexpected, hey?" Brendel laughed, contemptuously, proudly. Zweiling's lower jaw wobbled: "I - I didn't know about that..."

"No, we didn't mention it to you," Brendel mocked him, and Müller hefted the pistols in his hands under Zweiling's nose. "But an SS man's behind is always the best cover..." He pocketed the pistols. "We've taken the pistols out too soon, we've got no orders, what do we do now?"

Brendel shrugged his shoulders: "Wait till the orders come."

"And what do we do with him?"

"He can wait too, he's our first prisoner."

Zweiling's knees gave way. Brendel took hold of him and pulled him up against the wall: "Stand straight, you crapper."

At the windows of the front row of the blocks the prisoners were watching the gate. They observed hasty activity and saw Scharführers dragging crates out of the gatehouse and loading them onto a truck. They saw Reineboth hurrying back and forth, directing the nervous bustle. Mandrill came out of the bunker and threw packages onto the truck.

"They're packing up," the prisoners whispered to one another in excitement.

A desperate struggle was going on in Förste's breast. The job he was doing was the last he had to perform. Mandrill was preparing to flee. Förste strained his wits to the limit to discover a last chance for rescue. Where was it - where? As soon as Mandrill left him alone for a moment Förste, feigning intense activity, looked for a way out. Could he barricade himself in a cell, hide himself somewhere in the bunker, run away? All at once he saw the key on the outside of the room door. A fright like a suffocated cry shot through Förste. Was that the escape? Mandrill hastened by with two Scharführers. They were bringing the crate to the car.

Seconds decided Förste's desperate resolution. In one leap he was at the door. He pulled out the key, whisked into the room, and locked himself in. Quaking all over his body he pressed himself against the wall beside the door, his blood racing. At this awful moment something happened! A dully sonorous moo suddenly swelled high, droning and penetrating like the trump of the last judgement. It was the enemy alarm siren, the warning signal to the SS at the approach of the enemy. Its terrible sound penetrated everyone. In the blocks it stopped the breath in the prisoners' throats. Bochow and his comrades burst out of the block and stood outside with the muffled howl of the siren pouring over them. On the grounds of the SS the trumpet-

ing whirled them into a maelstrom. It swept the SS companies out of the barracks and they ran away in wretchedly drummed-up marching order. Scharführers lost their heads and fled. The loaded truck at the gate made a hasty turn and rumbled into the confusion and turmoil on the road. Reineboth shouted! Mandrill leaped back into the bunker, bellowed, shook at the locked door, and booted it violently. Reineboth hurried in:

"Come on, come on!" he yelled, took no time to wait for the raging Mandrill, tore out again, started the motor-cycle and shouted back once more: "Mandrill!" Then he leaped into the seat and just as the motor was humming loudly Mandrill ran over, jumped into the sidecar, and the machine howled away.

In the corner of the locked room Förste fell to his knees. His last strength flowed out in an uninhibited weeping. It was a release through tears that gave him the sweetest moment of his life - although he did not know it.

With their senses intent, Höfel and Kropinski stood behind the door of their cell ready to spring, as they had resolved in their desperation. They heard the noise and the haste and the terrible trumpet sound. They heard Reineboth's shouting and Mandrill's bellowing, they heard the crashing kicks against the door, and suddenly it was as if the racket and the clamour out there in the corridor had been swallowed up. Kropinski stood in the corner beside the door, his hands, like two open clamps, projecting their menace into the inexplicable stillness. Neither of the two condemned men dared to breathe and still less did they dare to consider the tiny hope in their hearts that was palpitating the silence like cautious antennae.

While the siren was still screaming into the drone and chatter of war in the environs of the camp, the group leaders had rushed to Block 17. The roads were teeming with alarmed prisoners. In all of them, in Bochow and in the members of the ILK who had also hurried to Block 17, decision was flaming.

The time had come!

It was like the twelfth hour: one could all but hear the bronze chimes resounding.

"Stage-three alarm! Distribute weapons! Groups to their positions. Start the outbreak at once!" Bochow commanded.

Pribula threw his fists up over his head. He did not utter a sound, although his whole body was panting for the cry of liberation. He rushed away with the group leaders.

Suddenly commands were ringing out in all the blocks.

"All groups line up!"

Before the surprised prisoners realized what was going on, disciplined



detachments formed up in front of the blocks. Taking no notice of the surprise their appearance caused, the groups marched at the double into certain blocks, down to the infirmary, and to the heating pipes and sewage drains. The members of the camp patrol assigned to all these points were already waiting. Floors were torn up, walls knocked in, ditches opened with picks and shovels, and everywhere weapons came to light, weapons, weapons!

Pribula and his men in the Polish groups smashed the flower boxes in the windows of the infirmary barracks and pulled the oilsoaked rags from the carbines.

One group hurried to the clerks' room with a machine gun. It was set up in Kramer's office, which was directly opposite the gatehouse. Bóchow took over the commando.

In a few minutes the arms had been distributed and the groups had occupied their positions. They did not hesitate a minute longer than necessary and already the first shots were cracking out on the north slopes and bullets were whistling about the heads of the frightened sentries.

The storm broke loose!

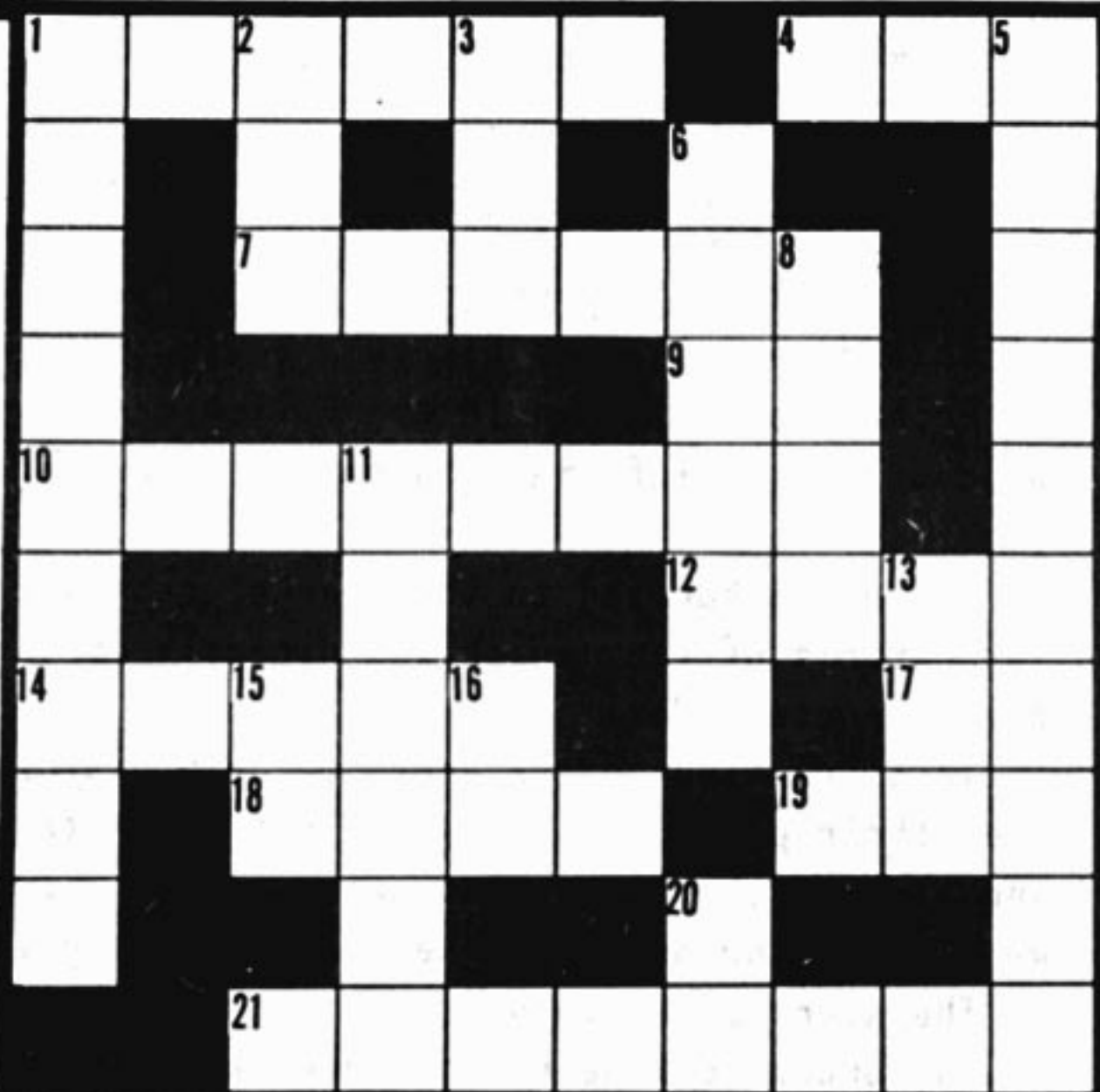
The groups on the north slope ran across the open ground to the neutral zone. Detachments of Germans and Yugoslavs secured the flanks with fire aimed at the surrounding towers. The groups of Poles led by Pribula had already thrown the boards and doors over the barricades. The wire was cut in five or six places at the same time, and with wild shouts of victory Pribula and his men crawled through the holes. Machine-gun fire was directed at them from towers farther off, but the shooting sentries, who were wildly throwing hand grenades in all directions, were checked by the German and Yugoslav groups. Incendiary bottles were hurled at the towers, where they exploded with loud reports. The spreading flames drove the sentries down. Pribula and one troop had forced their way into a tower; the sentries were overcome in a brief hand-to-hand struggle, and Pribula jerked the machine gun around and sent wildly jubilant volleys into the still occupied towers.

Simultaneously with the outbreak on the north slope, the storm on the gate began.

Riomand, having taken exact aim with the machine gun from behind the invisibility of the window pane, ripped off the volleys in rapid succession at the gallery of the main tower. The smashed pane showered its splinters around him. One of the sentries was hit. He threw his arms into the air and collapsed. The other sentries dodged down, taken by surprise.

Seconds later, the men in the first row of blocks burst out of their ambush. Propelled by their own battle cries in a multitude of tongues, the armed men stormed across the grounds, Germans, Frenchmen, Czechs, Dutchmen.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE



## Clues

### ACROSS

1. An attack by troops coming out from a besieged place.
4. Barrier or obstacle
7. Irresponsible
9. North East
10. A battle between fighter aircrafts
12. The capital of Italy
14. Not far off
17. A boy; --- egg
18. An intertwining of pieces of rope to fasten them together
19. Conjunction
21. A disordered state of mind

### DOWN

1. Newsletter of the sell-out Coloured Labour Party.
2. Not cooked
3. Hotel
5. The referring of a question to the people of a country for direct decision by a general vote.
6. International mining and trading conglomerate
8. Founder of the Angolan nation
11. Great Soviet Military leader
13. Mankind
15. All right
16. A preposition
20. Also known as

See Answers in DAWN Vol.7 No.4

# **DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY**

## **LISTEN TO RADIO FREEDOM**

**VOICE OF THE AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS AND  
UMKHONTO WE SIZWE, THE PEOPLE'S ARMY**

### **Radio Tanzania**

External Service, Dar es Salaam, on:

1035 KHz, Medium wave; 9685 KHz, 31mb shortwave  
Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays at 8.15pm (S. A. time)  
Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays at 6.15am (S. A. time)

### **Madagascar**

6135 KHz, 49mb shortwave. Monday — Saturday 7—9pm  
Sundays 7—8.30pm.

### **Ethiopia**

9545 KHz, 31mb shortwave; 9.30 — 10.00pm daily.

### **Lusaka**

9580 KHz, 31mb shortwave, Monday-Friday 7.00 — 7.45pm.  
Wednesday 9.30 — 10.00pm, Thursday 10.05—10.30pm.  
Friday 10.30—11.00pm, Saturday & Sunday 7—8pm,  
Sundays 8—8.45am, 25mb, 11880KHz

### **Luanda**

11955 KHz, 25mb and 9535 KHz, 31mb  
7.30pm (S. A. time)

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

# STOP

# ON THE APARTHEID

# HANGMAN!



tsotsobe



shabangu



mosolodi



mogoerane



moise



motaung

FREEDOM FIGHTERS SENTENCED TO DEATH  
FOR UMKHONTO WE SIZWE ACTIVITIES  
**SAVE THEIR LIVES!**