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FORWARD TO A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT!

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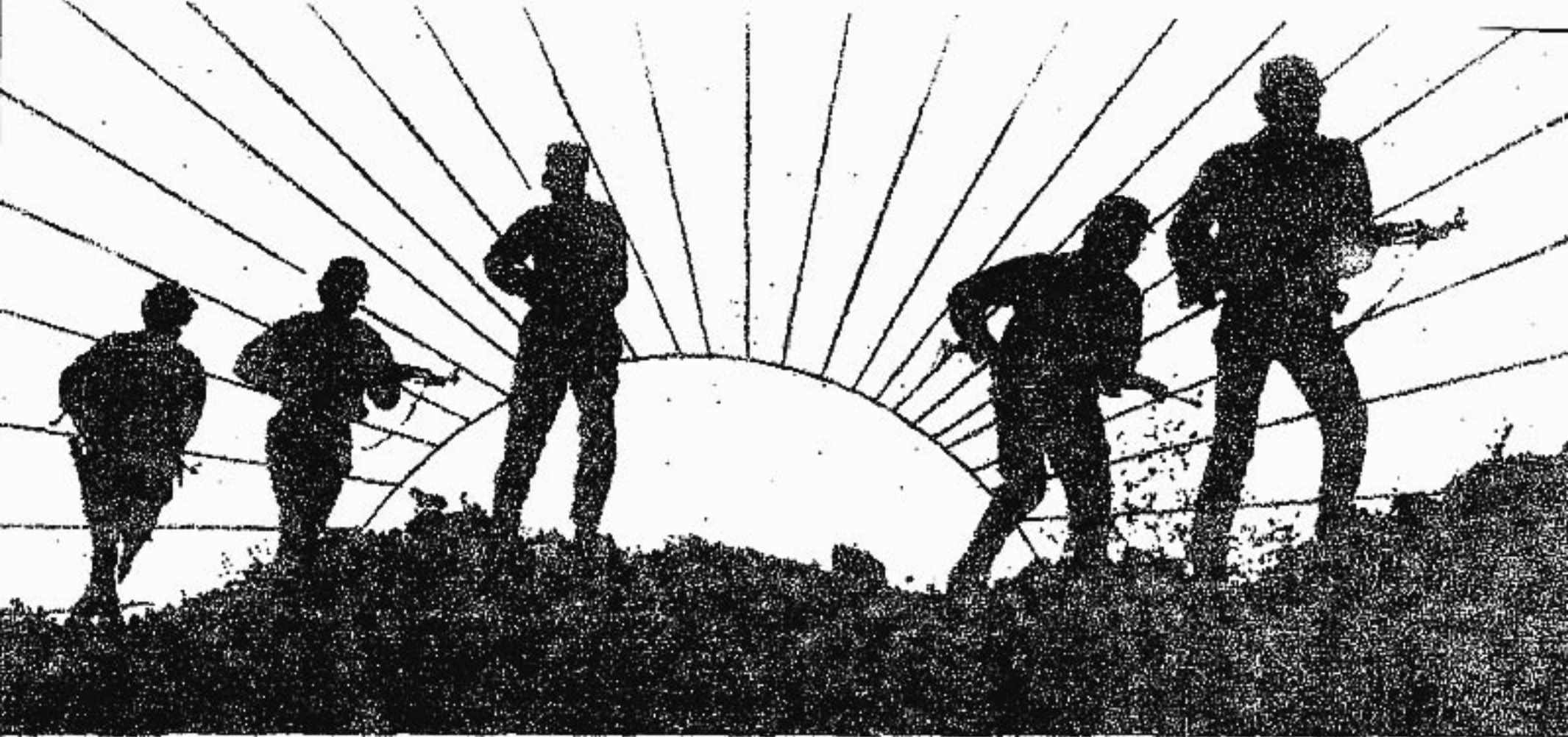
November 1980

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YEAR OF THE
CHARTER





Editorial Comment

WE DO NOT FEAR THE FUTURE

By sometimes criticising apartheid, the leaders of the imperialist countries think that we cannot think. Even our children have taken up to arms against apartheid. What can refrain their parents from doing so? This is not the voice of despair, when we point out that imperialism is riding on our backs. They are carting away our gold to Wall Street in London, and Fort Knox in America, for their own glory; while Rome is burning.

If some of us have read a collection of stories known as the Arabian Nights; then we are no fools. We know who Ali Baba is. We also know who the Forty Thieves are. The only difference here is that imperialism and apartheid is working according to a scheme they have formed. By sometimes shouting at apartheid from the rooftops; they think that they are taking us for a ride - that we are merely digging the gold for Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, not knowing what they are doing to us.

The power is in our hands. First, we are going to defeat apartheid; and then, as high and mighty as they might seem to be, that would be the beginning of the end of imperialism.

We blame imperialism for what is happening to us, because

throughout the years, countless resolutions and appeals went to France, the United States, Britain and West Germany, by the international community, calling upon these countries for political, economic, military and cultural isolation of the racists, in the interests of peace and security in Africa and throughout the world, but these countries have refused to listen and instead maintained economic and military ties, despite the United Nations resolutions. Today Roelof Botha can boast of a "crack force that can do anything in Africa". But our President, Comrade Oliver Tambo, has pointed out:

"In terms of the struggle of the peoples of Africa for political and economic independence, including the struggle of the South African people, the possession of the Atom bomb by the South African racists will not be a deterrent. This struggle will continue. Do the Western powers really think that their interests in South Africa would be saved by setting Southern Africa aflame? It remains doubtful whether the Western interests would survive the flames".

How many times this year alone have the racists threatened that they would blow up everything in our country as soon as they realise that our victory was in sight, so that "there would be nothing left?"

To requote the truth made by the racist newspaper, "Die Burger", the statement it made in 1965 which appeared in DAWN last month in our column, "Human Touch" - its editorial claimed in that year in April that "South Africa's ultimate power lies in her ability to unleash international difficulties of which the end cannot be foreseen".

And how does that editorial end by sounding their own doom? "But when the survival of a free white nation in Africa is threatened, it has the moral right to resist, whatever the international repercussions might be for others".

Thanks to the Freedom Charter: **South Africa belongs to all who live in it...** Thanks to our beloved Comrade President O.R. Tambo, who threw in the olive branch on June 2 when he told the BBC in Dar-Es-Salaam:

"The Sasolburg Operations are an appeal for reason; for the international community to see to it that the oil embargo against South

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Organise or Starve

An extract From A Radio Freedom Interview With Comrade ELI WEINBERG

Question: Well, the racists are saying that these strikes are caused mainly by rising expectations of the African workers because of what Botha has been saying by way of reforms, etc. Is that so?

Com. Eli Weinberg: Well, what expectations can the African workers have? You know, they struck at very considerable sacrifice and cost in the early 70s. The strikes of 1972, 1973 and 1974 also on a very immense scale, brought them some benefits. They got some increases in wages. But in the seven years since then, these gains of the workers have been eroded by the increased cost of living. Today the real wages of the workers are between 15% to 20% lower than they were in 1973 and that is the expectation the African workers can have from the regime in South Africa. The expectation of lower and lower wages, of greater and greater exploitation.

ORGANISE

It is obvious to the workers that if they want to maintain even their meagre standard of living of today they cannot do it unless they organise. And that is the lesson which the South African Congress of Trade Unions has been teaching the workers of South Africa ever since its foundation. We had just published a history of SACTU, 25 years of history. It is entitled "Organise or Starve", and that was the slogan of SACTU when SACTU came out with the Pound (£1) a day campaign way back a quarter of a century ago. Organise or starve; if you don't organise you will not achieve anything. And the workers are taking up this lesson today, they are building their unions, they are increasingly becoming active in demanding higher wages and better conditions.

Question: In what sort of practical way should they organise





Combined with the \$1 a Day Campaign was
the Anti-Pass Campaign.

so that they can achieve their aims?

Cde. Eli Weinberg: Well, they must build independent democratic trade unions over which they have rank and file control and they must exercise their demands, exercise their influence through the democratic organisation of their trade union. Of course, they must also understand this is basic in real trade unionism as we have seen with wages since in the last seven or eight years. You cannot maintain your gains ... under the existing conditions of power, where the employers have full political power and the workers have no political power; they will be loosing all the time and therefore part of the struggle of the workers, part of building their unions is to contribute to the struggle for political power.

ACTION

Question: The racist regime has been meeting the actions of the workers mainly by sacking them or putting them to the bantustans or detairing trade union leaders, in the case of FOSATU ban its capability to collect funds both locally and abroad. How should the Trade Unions react to this type of strong-arm tactics of the racist regime.

Cde. Eli Weinberg: Our whole history has shown that the repression exercised by the racist regime will not stop the growth of the Trade Union movement. The bannings, the detentions, the arrests we've had them on an increasing scale since the sixties. After the banning of the African National Congress, the whole

executive of SACTU was banned and restricted. Every official, every organiser was banned and restricted during the late 60s and early 70s they imprisoned many of our people ... they tortured them, they killed some of our leaders but the movement is going on, the movement is growing. They are sack- ing workers and putting them on buses and sending them back to the bantustans. What are they doing? They are exporting the revolution to the bantustans, because these workers are going to go back into the bantustans with militant spirit which they have and they will teach those workers who are coming from the bantustans back into the urban areas to work. The South African Congress of Trade Unions has declared 1980 The Year of the Workers. We took that decision at the end of 1979. And what has happened in 1980? 1980 has been the Year of the Workers, the workers have taken up this idea of the Year of the Workers. I am not saying that we had directly influenced it but SACTU is conscious of the wishes and the will of the workers and it has been proved and the workers have exercised that will during this year 1980, in the massive strikes all over the place. So repressions will not stop the working class movement.

HIGHLIGHTS

Question: Speaking about SACTU what would you say now that it is 25 years old. What would you say are the highlights of its past years?

Cde Eli Weinberg: I think that the best story to tell about SACTU is this new history that we have just published, "Organise or Starve", which is not only a history of SACTU. It is a history of the efforts of sacrifices, of the endeavour of tens of thousands of workers who have given their lives, their energies, their blood in order to build the trade union movement. SACTU has a magnificent record of achievement. It not only built trade unions and organised the workers in mass campaigns, it conducted the famous Pound a day campaign. Even in recent years SACTU issued out demands three years ago to the employers for higher wages and better conditions and for the whole series of demands affecting the lives of the people. We are serving new demands on the employers right now this year. New demands for increased wages, improved conditions and so on. We are initiating new organising drives to build the trade unions of the unorganised workers. To bring the unorganised workers into the trade union movement.

We are working for building up the organisations of unemployed workers who are without protection whatsoever, the black unemployed workers of whom according to the very conservative



estimates of the capitalist press there are over 2-million already and the number is growing. Those workers have to be organised in order to protect their interests and that is one of the tasks which SACTU has set itself in the near future and we are hoping to achieve that by mass mobilisation of the workers, by getting the workers themselves to take the initiative as they have been doing in building the organisations and in advancing their demands. You know when we speak of SACTU, we can't speak of the organisation in isolation from the people, the Basotho have a very good proverb, they say: "MORENA KE MORENA KA BATHO", that is, "no chief without people", that is "no SACTU without people". SACTU can only be an organisation if it has the support of the people and that is what we are aiming at, building up mass activity, activating the people and intensifying their activities in their own interests.

REGIME

Question: Well, coming to the regime itself, it seems to be having some kind of problems among themselves, I mean the racists, especially in the Nationalist Party. There have been significant factions, one led by the Prime Minister, Piet Botha, and apparently supported by the racist army. And the other led by Andries Treurnicht, that is the leader of the Nationalists in the Transvaal. And the other is the vanquished, led by Johannes Vorster, Mulder and the rest, NGK itself. It also has a serious crisis of conscience as shown by members defecting, some leading members of NGK defecting, and generally some internal problems, spiritual problems so to say. And even the racist army suffering from defections, desertions and even mutinies. And the Broederbond had stood up and criticised the racist Prime Minister through its leader, Boshoff. Now given all this situation within the racists themselves, can you say that they are able to bring changes to South Africa that can meet the situation as they claim they are able?

Cde. Eli Weinberg: The question of whether these cabinet changes are significant or not, depends on how one looks at it. They are not significant from any point of view of change. They are significant from the point of view that they indicate a degree of panic amongst the ruling circle. You know in the last six-seven months, Botha has advanced six different consti-

tutional proposals. It advances one thing discards it, it advances another thing discards it, because the people are rejecting these alternatives. These cabinet changes are of no significance as far as the ruling circle in South Africa is concerned, they know very well that their system is doomed, that apartheid will fall, that it will come to an end. What they are trying to do is to delay and to maintain the system of white supremacy, of white domination as long as possible, for the purposes of the exploitation of the majority of the people, the black working class, the black working people. That is the main purpose. Now we must look at it from the point of view of what is the real answer. Are these cabinet changes going to produce any changes or what is it that is going to produce real changes?

CABINET

As far as the cabinet ministers are concerned, the big capitalists in South Africa, the wealthy people, their solution when apartheid falls is already prepared a long time ago. They have put away money, sorted away money in Swiss Banks, they have bought land in Latin America, they can go away. But the Afrikaner white working class has no place to go. For them South Africa is the only place. Their language is not spoken in any other part of the world, they have no ties with any other part of the world, they have no financial resources to run away, to leave the country. So they are faced with one alternative, apartheid, or what we offer them. It offers them and their children, their future, what does it offer them? It offers them insecurity, continuous pressures, rifts, frictions, fighting.

What do we in the African National Congress offer them? We offer them democracy, peace, security, peaceful living together with all the people in South Africa. Equal opportunities for all the peoples of South Africa. And, they will have to make up their mind to choose. Between apartheid which means continuous insecurity for them and the Freedom Charter which offers them free and democratic South Africa. That is the decisive and the significant question that is posed for the white working people of South Africa. For the capitalist they can find their own solution, they will run away. But the workers can't run away, they have to stay there and they will have to make up their mind to make their peace with the liberation movement. This is not just something that we offer them out of goodwill or anything like that. It's the only historical solu-



tion which history gives them. This has happened in other parts of the world, it has happened in Mozambique, it has happened in Angola, it has happened in Zimbabwe and that is eventually the answer for the white people in South Africa too, that sooner or later we would be having a Muzorewa in South Africa?

Cde. Eli Weinberg: I think that the Muzorewas are finished. You know the Muzorewas don't represent the mass of the people. You can see what happened in Zimbabwe where the people voted for those who conducted the armed struggle and against the Muzorewas - the traitors, the sell-outs, the neo-colonialist servants. People like Muzorewa represent the dream of the aspiring capitalists who would like to maintain the exploitation of the masses of the blacks and take part in that exploitation, and get a share of it. But the majority of the black middle classes have no stake in apartheid. It is true that the present system is offering them advancement. They are suggesting that in the bantustans they will have scope for developing, for building up capitalism and so on, but the middle classes do know very well that the moment they walk out of their bedrooms or out of their shops, when they walk out into the streets it doesn't matter whether they are capitalists or whether they are professionals or what they are, the nearest white policeman will stop them and ask for their pass. They are black and that is why the Muzorewas have got no chance. The black middle class have got no hope of competing against the multinational co-operations these days. You know some black businessmen opened supermarkets in Soweto or somewhere. It took them three years of planning, of fighting in getting licences, in getting the ground and so on and when they had gone as far as building the supermarket a group of white capitalists opened a hyper-market on the other side of the fence; and they can't compete against that.

In terms of the Freedom Charter we will open up facilities for all races on an equal basis. But under monopoly capitalism those facilities do not exist...

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL!



Our Commitment To Peace

- Steve Dliwayo

The fate of mankind today rests upon the pillars of peace against the forces of evil which are trying all in their power to throw the world into a holocaust.

The decade of the 80s calls for more effort to ensure peace in our mother earth. This challenge stems from the objective concrete situation existing in the world today. Whereas progressive mankind has scored substantial victories in this field over the past decades, imperialism's threat to peace is far from being eradicated, on the contrary it still has its poisonous teeth to bite. The South African liberation movement headed by the African National Congress has fully taken upon itself this difficult task and has been an active participant to strive for the attainment of peace. The struggle for peace is regarded by our movement as being exceptionally important for all the peoples of the world. We are proud to state that our leadership are the pivots of peace. Comrade C.R. Tambo, Mr. Yussuf Dadoo and Comrade Alfred Nzo are all members of the World Peace Council. The late Uncle John Beaver Marks was also a member of the World Peace Council. The African National Congress is the pillar of peace in our country.

Cause of Tension

An intensive, concentrated propaganda campaign with echoes throughout the world has been unleashed by the most reactionary circles in the West, in the form of the so-called 'Soviet threat'. This increasingly acquires the form of the Cold War of the 50s and it ascends to reach alarming peaks particularly in the face of taking over of power by the extreme rightist reactionaries of Reagan's and Thatcher's mould. The treacherous Maoist ruling clique of China has joined hands with the impe-

rials to further aggravate the international situation, thus putting at stake the lives of millions of people. Fabrications about 'Soviet threat' and similar slanders on the Soviet Union are, from the point of view of the African National Congress, not only false but also posing a direct danger to peace efforts, and they need to be fought against. The defence of the socialist community primarily the Soviet Union, it should be emphasised, is the criterion to the commitment to peace.

It is no secret that the Soviet Union has been in the forefront in struggle for peace since its birth starting with the declaration of the Decree on Peace under the leadership of the great Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. Fresh in our memories are the supreme sacrifices made by the Soviet people in routing German Nazism, that arch-enemy of humanity. Under our very eyes the Soviet Union is spearheading the fight for disarmament. The Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT-2) testifies to this end. The people fighting against imperialism's colonial policy have found a true friend in the Soviet Union. The cries about 'Soviet menace' are aimed at weakening the striking power of the world revolutionary movement, and to isolate our people and all peoples fighting for their freedom from their true ally.

At this juncture it will be necessary to cast our eyes over the events in Afghanistan. The US imperialists are shouting loud about 'Soviet intervention' in that region. What is obvious, however, is that there is no Soviet intervention in that region of the world. What occurred there is that the revolutionary forces headed by Babrak Karmal have taken the responsibility of continuing the April 27, 1978 revolution sabotaged by US imperialism, to ensure the freedom of the Afghan people and to raise high the banner of peace by contributing in doing away with the US military bases which are aimed at aggression against the people around that territory including the Soviet Union. In full conformity with Article 51 of the UN Charter and Soviet-Afghan treaty, the revolutionary Afghan government requested Soviet help which the Soviet Union, honest to its Leninist principles, granted. On the other hand imperialism has been employing Afghan bandits based in countries like Pakistan to sabotage the people's revolution. This action forms part of imperialist aggressive neo-colonialist policy and must be combated.

The main forces which are pursuing the policy of war and aggression have long exposed themselves. They are the monopolies, particularly those attached to the military industrial complex. At the helm of this brass in the Western bloc is of

course the US. In a mad pursuit after super profits these forces have tried and are trying to hinder any progress whatsoever in the achievement of peace everywhere in the world. They have unleashed innumerable wars costing a high toll of human lives for the sake of gaining profit from the arms production. Perhaps Vietnam could relate the matter most perfectly today. Today the neutron bomb has been made, threatening the whole of mankind. Despite the Soviet initiative in withdrawing 20,000 of its troops and 1,000 tanks from the German Democratic Republic, the West has deployed new weaponry in the form of Pershing-2 and Cruise missiles in Western Europe.

Imperialism has spread its tentacles in all the regions of the world. In South-east Asia repeated acts of aggression are perpetrated by Maoist China against the Socialist Republic of Vietnam, directly aiding imperialism. Warships are flocked

into the Persian Gulf in a bid to intimidate Iran and other oil producing countries. Alliance with the Zionist Israel against the Palestinian people has been established. Bases are continually being established in the Indian Ocean. Presently new military bases are constructed in Somali while US troops are conducting joint exercises with Egyptian forces in order to enable the US warmongers to carry on its subversive activities against the Arab people, revolutionary Ethiopia and all other anti-imperialist forces around that region.



In Latin America, the United States is continuing to intimidate people fighting against Yankee imperialism. Cuba in particular has been the subject of slanderous propaganda, subversive activities including economic blockades.

Threat to Peace in Southern Africa

Imperialism is trying by every means to have Southern Africa acting as its satellite in pursuing its aggressive policies. In defiance of UN resolutions to impose economic sanctions and arms embargo against the racist South African regime, the NATO countries have boosted up racist South Africa to a self-sufficient arms producing state. The Western powers headed by the Pentagon, support the apartheid regime, whose existence has been declared a crime against humanity, for the sole purpose of super exploitation of the black people and preserving that notorious regime for its global strategic role against the African continent. They have gone to the extent of enabling the fascists to build nuclear power stations which pose an immediate threat to the neighbouring countries in our continent and the world as a whole, moreso that they are not signatories to the Non-Proliferation Treaty. In an attempt to bring the neighbouring countries under its economic bondage it has introduced concepts such as the 'Constellation of Southern African States', a move which has met with bitter rebuff it deserves. Acts of aggression are being unleashed against neighbouring countries such as People's Republics of Angola and Mozambique, Republic of Zambia, Lesotho and other countries to stop them from supporting the national liberation movements. Hundreds of civilians and innocent people in neighbouring states are massacred day in and day out. Factories, hospitals and schools are destroyed by the apartheid war machine.

The Freedom Charter and Peace

The struggle for national and social liberation is organically connected with the struggle for peace. The winning of Nobel Peace Prize by the late President-General of the African National Congress, the great Chief Albert John Lutuli, suffices to show this simple truth. Our people's aspirations, their commitment to peace and the internationalist policy of their vanguard organisation, the ANC, are clearly stated in the most democratic document in the history of our country, the Freedom Charter, particularly in the clause dealing with **Peace and Friendship**. Here it is clearly pointed out that in contrast to the policies of the racist government presently

ruling our country, the future free democratic state will strive for maintaining close friendship and co-operation among all neighbouring countries. It will respect the sovereignty and independence of countries such as Lesotho, Swaziland, Botswana, Mozambique and Zimbabwe. The democratic South Africa will seek to solve all inter-state problems through peaceful means, thus negating the very existence of military bases of the imperialists in our country. The policy of peaceful co-existence is our ideal aim. Our internationalist policy is also expressed in our declaration of our obligation to help other colonised and struggling people. In short, with the implementation of the Freedom Charter, international bodies responsible for ensuring peace will be strengthened.

Already many patriots in our country have sacrificed for the triumph of peace, democracy and justice. Our people led by the African National Congress and Umkhonto we Sizwe are hitting hard on the enemy. All stratas of our society led by the black working class are fighting back against the multi-nationals, the breeders of war. The campaign for the release of Nelson Mandela, other leaders of our people and all political prisoners without whom any talk about peace is an absurdity is growing by each passing day. The vehicle towards our goal is the revolutionary armed struggle which is raging on today thanks to the people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe and its political umbrella, the ANC. The support of the liberation movement and the isolation of the enemy are therefore a substantial contribution to the effort of establishing peace both in our country and the whole world.

DAWN politiXword No.9 Answers

Across: 1. Attack 4. NEC 6. Prague 7. Bat
8. Beggar 10. Ernesto 13. Sat 14. Granma

Down: 1. Amphibious 2. Trap 3. Clue 4. Nkobi
5. Culture 9. Great 11. Ten 12. Ma

OBITUARY

-James Pitse

I am the first warrior
I must reach the end of this journey.

I can see the new life,
I can see beyond this journey.
Which has cost so much.

I am the one
Who gave birth
To the Bull of Isandlwana
Whose calves gave birth
To the young warriors of today.

These lines are the lifespan of Comrade Jeremiah Senzanga-khona Ncgaphephe Ntunja, the oldest warrior of Umkhonto we Sizwe, who gave birth to most of us. He has left us.

Comrade Ntunja left the country and joined Umkhonto in 1962. He has been together with us until he was posted to Cairo last year where he met his death.

He joined the African National Congress in 1930. The Communist Party of South Africa in 1939. He joined the ranks of Umkhonto we Sizwe of which he is founder-member at its formation in 1961. And during the same year he went underground in the bush in the outskirts of Fort Elizabeth until he left the country in 1962.

We have experienced the tracks that had excited our curiosity. Discovering footprints in unexpected places, each of us feeling a little like the shipwrecked Robinson Crusoe whose life story we had been given by the English writer Daniel Defoe. We remember the excitement of Robinson Crusoe, when walking on the beach of his lonely and desolate island of despair, he suddenly came upon the trail of a human being who had gone before him. Archaeologists feel something of the same excitement when they come upon the fossilised footprints of men and beasts who walked the earth thousands of years before

Modern man. In the sand of a beach or in the mud or dust of a woodland trail, we can read the records of birds and animals. Sometimes the footprints tell a story. We can tell, perhaps, that a dog chased a springbok, and we can see the point at which the springbok leapt to safety, driving its hooves into the soft earth. Sometimes we see footprints that can enable us to reconstruct scenes of exciting action.

Footprints have no life of their own, but through them many lives stamp their impress on the earth. Through intelligent observations and alert imaginations, we can make the footprints tell a story. Like these two lines from a black American old lyric:

"You never miss the water till the well run dry,
You never miss the mother till she close the eye".

Ours being a difficult struggle, we draw inspiration from the life filled with action like the life of Comrade Jeremiah Senzangakhona Ncgaphephe Ntunja, with whom we shared life during the most trying years of Umkhonto. We called him just "Ncgaps". That, in itself was a salutation which he loved, only when he was in our company. To us, he was like Danko who carried his heart high above his head as light to those who were following him through dangerous paths, where death lurked around the corner. And we followed Ncgaps on the road to freedom until he left us.

No member of Umkhonto worthy of the name would ever forget him. As our leader Comrade Moses Mabhida told us:

"I know a portion of him that became important in his life - to sacrifice for his people. He was close to the late African National Congress stalwart, Gladstone Tshume, whom he buried in 1957 at New Brighton in Port Elizabeth where they worked together and Comrade Ntunja was leading the Party".

At moments like these it is always correct that we think of those who have laid down their lives in the course of our bitter struggle. Umkhonto we Sizwe, young as it is, has already a long list of glorious patriots who swell the ranks of the immortal martyrs of our country. In their memory, those who are still strong enough to carry a gun and confront the same enemy which martyred them in the prime of their lives; must repeat the words of one of our compatriots who said:

"The distant hour is surely at hand,

I shall no longer be stranger in my own land,
Nor landless, voteless, helot of circumstances;
Oppressed, persecuted and hunted
By the disciples of Hitler and Fascism
In the deepest South of the Seventh Hell".

A number of Umkhonto we Sizwe militants, some of whom were members of the ANC-ZAPU armed guerrilla units who fought and distinguished themselves in clashes against the combined units of the Rhodesian and South Africa regimes in Zimbabwe in 1967 and 1968, fought with his words.

Heroes of Umkhonto and others who have laid down their lives in the service of the people and the revolution never die. Their dedication and heroism shall always inspire those whose task is to carry aloft the revolutionary banner of the African National Congress until victory is won.

HAMBA KAHLE QHAWE!

Human Touch

The Beauty of Poetry

- Sunrise

Africa is rich in poetry. A Nigerian writer, Osadebay, says that in Africa there is "a wealth of culture and fire feelings which find expression in our music and poetry. We sing when we fight, we sing when we hate, we sing when a child is born, we sing when death takes a toll".

These poems come from different parts of Africa.

All these poems have one thing in common. They are oral poems. They were never written down in books for people to read. Instead these poems were made up to be said (or sung) aloud to a live audience.

There were many different kinds of poems performed by different kinds of poets. There were praise poems that sang the praises of chiefs, kings, warriors, famous people and gods. There were poets of the people found in the poorer houses, on the roads and at public gatherings. They carried news and opinions from town to town.

There were poems that were half-spoken and half-sung, like songs at funerals and the poetry of hunters and warriors.

And there were poems and songs which were performed by

everyone: songs of insult, songs about heroes, drinking songs, songs in the middle of stories, maiden songs, love songs, songs of prayer, work songs and lullabies for children.

These songs and poems were performed at special occasions like births, initiations, weddings and funerals. Or they were sung in daily life.

Poetry and song has always been an important part of the lives of people in Africa, and this tradition of living poetry continues.

When we read the oral poems of Africa, we find art and how the people felt about things like war, marriage, love, death and religion. We are reading about the history of Africa, as told by the people themselves.

Here is a praise poem which a man made up for his bull. To the Nilotic people, in southern Sudan, cattle were very important. Here a Nilotic man pours out his pride:

"My bull is white like silver fish in the river
White like the shimmering crane bird on the river bank
White like fresh milk
His roar is like the thunder of the Turkish
cannon on the steep shore.
My bull is dark like the rain cloud in the storm.
He is like summer and winter.
Half of him is dark like the storm cloud,
half of him is light like sunshine.
His back shines like the morning star.
His brow is red like the beak of the Hornbill.
His forehead is like a flag, calling
the people from a distance,
He resembles the rainbow.
With my spear I shall drive my enemies.
Let them water their herds at the well;
the river belongs to me and my bull.
Drink, my bull, from the river, I
in here to guard you with my spear".

"Freedom Songs" are sung all over the country. Here is a freedom song from the 1950s. This song is an appeal to Chief Luthuli who was President of the African National Congress and Dr. G.M. Naicker, President of the Natal Indian Congress at the time.

"God, save volunteers,
God, save Africans,
God, save Volunteers,

God, save Africans,
We say yes, yes, Chief Luthuli,
And you, Maicker liberate us".

Dilika Jele.

Violence and the Oppressed

Never in history has violence been started by the oppressed. How could they be initiators, if they themselves are the result of violence? How could they be sponsors of something whose objective introduction called forth their existence as oppressed? There would be no oppressed had there been no existing situation of violence which established their humiliation and subjugation.

Violence is caused by those who oppress, who exploit, who fail to recognise others as persons - not by those who are oppressed, exploited, and unrecognised. It is not the unloved who cause dissatisfaction, but those who cannot love because they love only themselves. It is not the helpless, subject to terror, who cause terror, but the violent, who with their power create the concrete situation which gives rise to the "rejects of life".

It is not the tyrannised who initiate despotism, but the tyrants. It is not the despised who cause hatred, but those who despise. It is not those whose humanity is denied that humanity (thus negating their own as well). Force is used not by those who have become weak under the yoke of the strong, but by the strong who trample them down.

Comrade President O.R Tambo

The role of the solidarity of progressive forces in the struggle of the people of South Africa is very great. The present situation in South Africa, in which the racist oppressive regime has to reckon with the strength of the liberation movement led by the African National Congress and its allies, is a direct product of international solidarity with our struggle. Such solidarity is displayed by the countries bordering on South Africa, other members of the Organisation of African Unity, many progressive parties and organisations, our friends in different parts of the world.

Our successes have been made possible by the victories of our comrades-in-arms who have also relied on international solidarity. This solidarity enabled the people of Zimbabwe led by the Patriotic Front and the Namibian people led by SWAPO effectively to resist the racists, whom the Western countries

are supplying with modern weaponry. Likewise, the staunchness of Angola, Zambia, Mozambique and Botswana in the face of unprovoked aggressive actions has placed the peoples of Southern Africa firmly in the ranks of committed internationalists.

Of Revolution in Africa

The enemies of the People's Republic of Angola were disappointed in their hopes that the death of Dr. Agostinho Neto would throw the Angolan revolutionaries into confusion. During the funeral of their leader on the 10th September, 1979, the members of the Party's Central Committee vowed unswervingly to follow the road of socialist orientation, strengthen the Party's unity on the basis of Marxism-Leninism, and firmly resist those who encroach on the people's gains.

Rally Against Fascist Invasion

A moving scene in Luanda this year was when workers were given the morning off to join a huge rally to protest against the continuing Pretoria invasion of the Voluntary Firm Trench of Revolution in Africa.

The rally, which was organised by the National Union of Angolan Workers, stretched as far as the eye could see across a big field in the industrial outskirts of the city.

British Ambassador, Hugh Bryatt, was present among the guests at the front of the podium to hear MPLA Central Committee member for the installation of People's Power, Bernardo de Souza, condemn Britain, France and the United States as "the only friends of South Africa."

It was not easy to see what Mr. Bryatt thought of it, wrote Noll Scott of the "Morning Star", but there was no mistaking the enthusiasm of the crowd as Mr. de Souza pledged total continuing support for SWAPO in Angola and the African National Congress in South Africa as well as other liberation movements throughout the world.

On the People's Republic of Angola independence day on November 11, President Jose Eduardo do Santos, told Angolans:

"We are now certain from what a spokesman of the newly elected government of the US said that they are going to interfere in our internal affairs, and also support UNITA bandits".

DAWNLIGHT... Starring Koornhof



AN ESSAY ON PATRIOTISM LOYALTY DEVOTION AND DISCIPLINE

-Edwin Mabitse

It is my sincere belief that the discussion which I intend to initiate will serve us good when approached in the proper constructive spirit. We often speak of such qualities as discipline, devotion, loyalty and patriotism. I deliberately choose these four because personal experience has led me to conclude that amongst the fundamental qualities of a freedom struggler, they are the most profound and yet in most instances they suffer the misfortune of imprecise definition. Not so much because we are unable to conceive them but rather because of their close relationship. This is perhaps the reason behind the common confusion of either one or all of them with an individual's temperament.

PATRIOTISM

What then is discipline, devotion, loyalty and patriotism, how are they connected and how do they mould a revolutionary character? In discussing them I select to start with patriotism. In simple terms patriotism means love for one's country, the motherland if you choose. But love for one's motherland is not identical with blind love that does not discriminate between the good and the bad existing in the country, that does not reject fanatical identification with even those aspects that do not conform to the well-being of the people - let alone promote the interests of the working people who are indeed the creators of material wealth, setting the stage for cultural prosperity and other social heritage.

Therefore, patriotism is an honest quality of a selfless member of a community. It is the love for one's own people, relatives and friends, love for the struggling poor, identification with the efforts for the promotion of material and spiritual well-being of everybody, and recognition of the equality of all fellow countrymen. This extends to pride in the social and cultural traditions of the people. Above all patriotism encompasses realisation of the need for collective existence, for unity.

LOYALTY

It dawns therefore that a person imbued with such characteristics qualifying his attitude towards the life of his people will be true to the noble cause of fashioning the best social life for his country. He will faithfully align himself with those forces in the country working towards the realisation of this objective. He will enlist with the most patriotic of organisations to which he will consistently be true. In short he will be loyal to the progressive movement. This sums up the relationship between patriotism and loyalty.

DEVOTION

It is only when one is loyal (as explained above) that one becomes capable of having a clear and zealous attachment to the noble principles of his organisation. The ability to serve his organisation, his comrades and people with loving steadfastness is then cultivated and as it flourishes, it blossoms the quality of devotion. Of all the qualities under discussion the relationship between loyalty and devotion is perhaps the most intricate. One cannot be devoted to the popular cause whilst at the same time being disloyal to the organisation that is the custodian of the principles of the people's struggle; this would be a contradiction that will further suggest complete absence of patriotism in this example.

DISCIPLINE

The above qualities can be developed and sustained only under conditions of disciplined organisation, both of the individual and the collective. By disciplined organisation here I am referring to a collective of disciplined persons characterised by mutual respect, comradeship and understanding. An organisation whose structures mirror this spirit of mutuality and adherence to morally sound principles of conduct. It is evident enough that such perfection is inconceivable without the discipline of individual members. By discipline of individuals I am far from flirting with the discipline of the stick, mechanical discipline characteristic of bourgeois organisation in state, government, army and other institutions. Such 'discipline' is essentially not discipline since it necessarily manifests itself in deceptive conduct behind which hovers fear; fear of authority, and fear of failure since this would warrant humiliation and punishment. Here comradeship is unknown and mutual respect is a luxury that cannot be afforded. Personal consideration reigns supreme and all life goes under

the slogan of "everybody for himself and god for us all". All these balance on a platform of very low morality. This kind of 'discipline' is counterrevolutionary and we reject it.

The discipline I speak of is that which is based on understanding and acceptance of the noble objectives of one's movement (or country). In this connection, I am referring to the politics which serve as basis for commitment, the understanding of the need to obey comrades' authority, to be dutiful and to carry out the tasks of the movement energetically and unreservedly, to be respectful towards one's comrades and leadership, to strive for the protection of the movement from both internal and external enemies. Discipline is indeed a noble quality which is fraternal to honour. The key element of revolutionary discipline is that it is conscious. This guarantees the high morals of all revolutionaries.

I hope that this humble contribution will manage to spark off a discussion of these questions in our army so as to assist us in our noble task of waging this revolution to its logical conclusion. In conclusion, I can do no better than reiterate the symbolic slogan of our journal, "DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY"!

Continued from page 2

Africa is carried out. The African National Congress does not want bloodshed".

"The Star" has also acknowledged our maturity: "for the apparent policy of generally restricting attacks to 'strategic' rather than civilian targets enables the ANC to retain a broad international acceptability".

When we look at the Great October Socialist Revolution which we marked earlier this month, we note that the importance of Lenin is not a thing of the past because he is dead. We are looking to the future. The Revolution has not failed or dropped like the civilisation of the Roman Empire. It has not made a 'shameful conquest of itself' like the British Empire. The October Revolution is still developing with younger nations like Ethiopia and the People's Republic of Angola. It is real.

Look at what is happening in our country, and you see the decaying civilisation of capitalism, like civilisations of its past when they reach a certain stage. We might just as well state that imperialism is moribund, but very dangerous - if we look around the present conference tables. The degeneration is normally followed by a collapse of the entire system.

The future is the future which Lenin foresaw and we have every right to smile - all of us. We do not fear the future.

Adventurer Clothed As a Diplomat

- Evelyn

Since the victorious popular uprising of February, 1978, the people of Iran have never rested due to a pressure by US imperialists and their agents. Since the Ayatolla Khomeini came to power, there have been lots of changes in the government. This is of course a part of a continuous struggle for consolidation of power whilst some of the individuals have been striving for position of power for purposes of determining the destiny of the Iranian revolution in favour of imperialism.

History teaches us that revolutions are made by the masses but sometimes certain characters choose to enjoy the fruits of revolution for themselves to satisfy their own lust by wittingly or unwittingly. This suggests that the masses have to exercise maximum vigilance in order to defend their revolution from camouflaged imperialists agents and adventurers who are always on guard to start their insidious tricks and manoeuvres which contradict the aims of the revolution.

As shown in Iran, there has been some figures who climbed into high echelons of power and from the beginning of the formation of the new government they wanted to reverse the revolutionary process. A fine example of this lot is the former Foreign Minister of Iran, the most corrupt and odious element, Adegh Ghotbzadeh. This is an extreme adventurer who worked himself up and won confidence of Ayatolla Khomeini and after which he has been using his position against to the aims of the Iranian revolution.

Ghotbzadeh was born in 1936. During the time of his youth, he was involved in a lot of lumpen activities. He was a leader of bandits who used to terrorise people on the streets. People in Isfagani street remember with horror some of his activities.

In the early 50s, he made acquaintances with a Syrian Arab and became his servant. In the same period he got in touch with Richard Coltain, an adviser of US embassy in Teheran and a CIA spy. The staff of the US intelligence service liked him for his impetuosity, capability of making intrigues, perfidy and his readiness to sell to the imperialists the necessary and useful information. So he became a servant of the US State Department.

In the late 50s, he travelled to the US using a Syrian passport and posing as a correspondent of "As Saura". In the

US he kept his links with Coltain. Ghotbzadeh fulfilled a CIA task which was to form a so-called Organisation of Islamic Society of Iranian students, whose sole purpose was to keep a permanent control of all the Anti-Shah activities. He was to inform the CIA, the SAVAK and Shah in person about all these activities. During his work in the US he made special visits to Europe and the Persian Gulf. CIA characterised him as a very useful agent and this explains why he was pardoned for violating some of the American laws. Coltain once declared: "Ghotbzadeh was a very important worker, but his hooligan tendencies which are uncontrolled created serious problems for us". For example in America he raped a little girl and this led to opening up a case against him which wasn't closed even when he was masquerading as a diplomat.

Because of this case, the State Department was forced to deport him in order not to expose his links with the US officials. Coltain tried to plead for his case but failed and in 1963, he was deported to Europe, where he maintained his contact with Coltain and found himself in circle of English Intelligence Service. At that time he availed himself to the Palestinian fighters and as a result studied a special military course in one of the Palestinian camps. He participated in some Arab operations but still under strict orders from his CIA masters.

In Europe he had links with former Minister of Justice in the US, Ramsay Clark, who started grooming him around Ayatolla Khomeini, posing as a leader of the Islamic students in America. US media gave Ghotbzadeh a lot of publicity. When Ayatolla Khomeini returned to Iran, he got close to the National Iranian Radio and TV organisation. He appeared as one of the strongest supporters of the Ayatolla, a partisan of Islam and in practice he remained a staunch US and SAVAK activist. With the assistance of American and British agents, Ghotbzadeh rose quick to become a Foreign Minister of Iran.

As a Foreign Minister, he exposed himself as a political careerist. During the elections for Presidency, he also stood up. In his desperate attempts to become a President, he told the Iranians on the eve of elections that through his efforts the Panama government has arrested the Shah and would soon be extradicted. This of course was a lie. He worked hard not to disappoint his masters. A Turkish newspaper wrote that he had met the last Prime Minister, Bachtiar, in Switzerland, in July 20-21, 1980 and sometimes in the middle of July he had secret meetings with representatives of the US government in Norway and Sweden. In these meetings he advanced ideas that

religious leaders of Iran as led by Ayatolla Khomeini were the main obstacles towards improving relations with the US.

It was also revealed that in February, 1980 he had visited Paris and had been informed by Carter's emissary and CIA agent that there were armed preparations by US for Tebes region. After the failure of this desperate act by the US, he immediately visited around the Persian Gulf with an aim of informing CIA about the Iranian leadership's reaction to the US. armed aggression and about their next move.

The Americans have used Ghotbzadeh against the Afghanistan revolution. During a second session of Islamic Conference he included counter-revolutionary elements of Afghanistan in his delegation. As a result of this act, he put other Foreign Ministers in Islamabad Conference in great difficulties. Due to his outright pro-US position in the conference, the Libyan Foreign Minister reminded him that they were dealing with Islam - of Mohammed and not of Brzezinski.

This adventurer continued his activities. He consciously worked for CIA money and persistently trying to isolate Iran on the international field. It becomes clear that Sadegh Ghotbzadeh was serving US in Iran and he was such a good riddance.

In fact everyone will agree with one of Iran's leaders, a brother of Ayatolla, Chalchaly that this adventurer deserves the same punishment as that given to counter-revolutionaries.

The Racist Court

- Joe Congo

"If justice is thy plea, consider that in the course of justice none of us shall gain salvation".

- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE -
The Merchant of Venice.

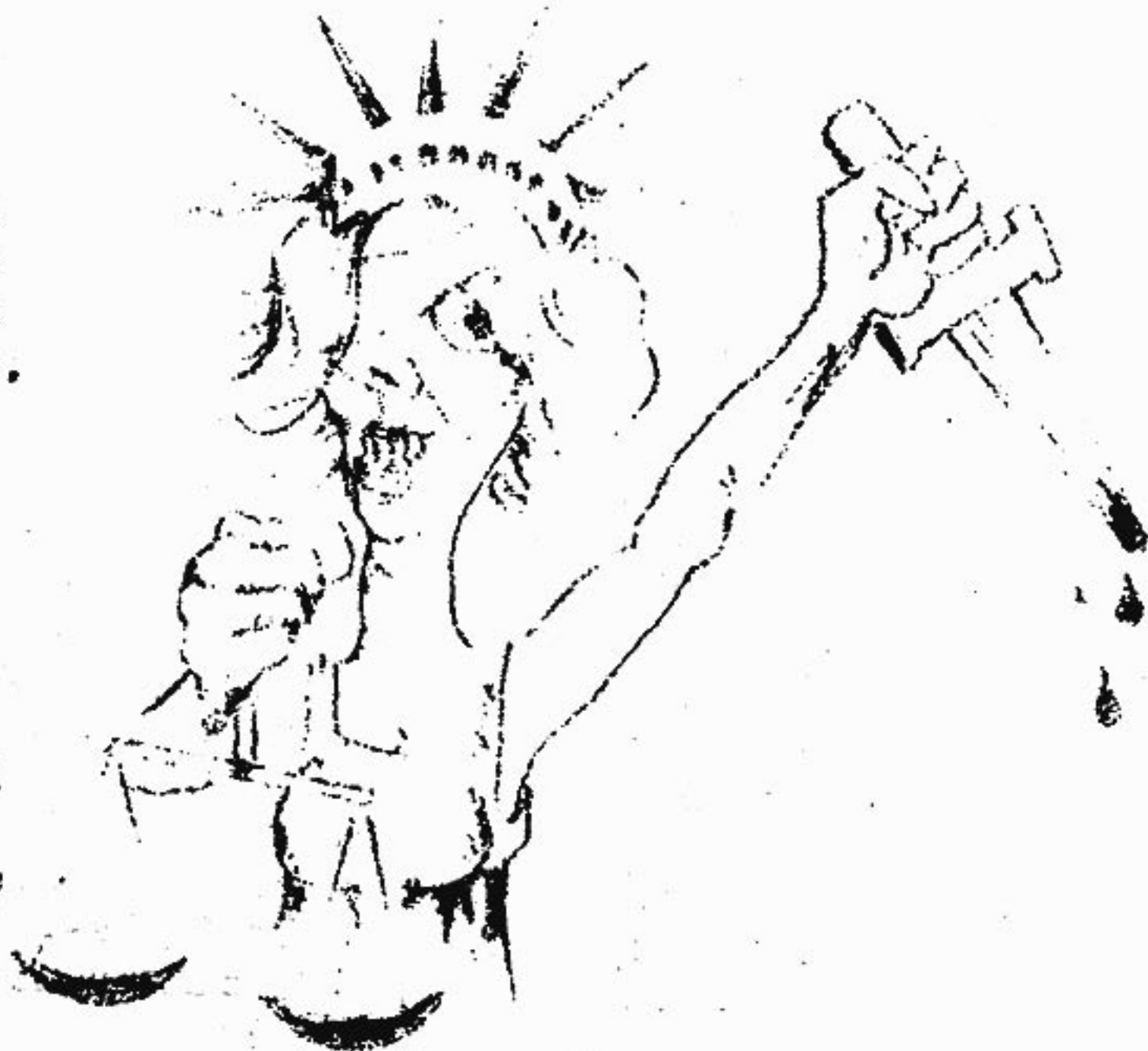
The Goddess of Justice is always depicted as a blind woman weighing the scales. Hers is to hear and weight the arguments advanced by both parties involved in a case.

The judge therefore, reigns supreme. He is supposed to be sober and above and beyond prejudice when it comes to the defence and protection of the law. The upholding of Justice.

There should be no premeditation. His Lordship should

never at all costs allow himself to be influenced by anything that is sub-judice. No matter from which quarter it might come. Not even from Hammurabi or Julius Caesar. Justice must be upheld.

The Goddess of Justice is an Angel. Whether you have tons of gold like the rich or a ring of rags like a beggar or a tramp. All are equal before the law - and Justice remains impartial. In short, social status and integrity vanish. All are equal before the law.



The scene is a supreme Court in South Africa - which falls under the jurisdiction of Roman Dutch Law, where the Law of Evidence must be subscribed to.

"Silence in the Court!" The gavel is sounded: "Silence!"

There is a ring of silence around the Court and you can hear a pin drop and heart beats. The judge accompanied by two assessors enter and His Lordship is the first to sit, flanked by his assessors.

On scanning the Court I reflect and soliloquize quietly: "He may as well have ordered us Non-Whites and Whites. The White Court". For this is how we are seated and made to feel. But I do not say anything because of the present environment. All our ears are just eager for impartiality. As the charge sheet is read I know that this is a murder case but could not make out whether there are any extenuating circumstances or not. I am not well-vested in legal gymnastics. I just look and listen until the verdict...

There is nothing political though. The complainant is an

Afrikaner farmer who is neatly dressed like a dandy. He is an immaculately elegant gentleman, spotlessly clean from bald to toe. Pink and freckled, a pure Paul Kruger descendant. Except for some signs depicting inbuilt anger, he seems relaxed. For all the tension that grips our part of the courtroom he could well be listening to a Beethoven symphony.

It transpires that the charge sheet reads as follows: The accused, an African is a tractor driver on this Afrikaaner's farm situated in Hoopstad. On some day he had failed to report for duty and as a result a consignment of maize destined for the railway station had failed to be delivered. The farm owner's eldest son in a fit of anger had rained blow after blow on the poor soul. In self-defence (or the court shall decide) the accused had seized the nearest spanner - a screwdriver and drove it home between the upper ribs resulting in instant death. Stiff-necked judges and everybody follow the proceedings.

Looking at the accused, I read him as a middle aged family man. In greasy overalls, all honour and dignity fading he stands facing the coming crossroad of justice. The ventilating air cooling system seems non-functional as torrents of sweat pour down his black shining face.

At this juncture I try to turn this simple murder case over in my mind. I argue that judicial wordspinning notwithstanding the accused is guilty. Guilty? Yes, of murder of course. I take a second look at this mutton-nourished Afrikaaner. He wouldn't steal, would he? He has everything. The other lacks everything. There is an absence of an equal point of departure. I would make a bad judge... this is murder pure and simple. But ...

"... and therefore this court, by the powers constitutionally vested upon it sentences the accused to death".

"But... Oh! God! ... my children ..." Choked by anguish, words failing him, he resigns himself to silence. The fate of a man who at death's door strains to understand why he had been given life.

My disturbed train of thought. As the saying goes "Justice should not only be done but seen to be done". But for whom? True, the lion and lamb cannot and never will agree on the meaning of justice. The lamb shall be dogged down as prey until it realises that for justice to prevail the lion must die.

"The Court shall rise". Everybody stands except for a middle aged sobbing mother clasping a newly born that has yet to know of the father's fate. In some days our country shall be scarred with yet a widow and fatherless children.

In single file the panel moves out. Justice has been

meted out. We remain standing, standing to honour this spectre of widowhood.

"My Lord", "Your Lordship" you really are blind.

There is the verdict glaring at me right in the face and there is nothing I can do about it. Perhaps, did that great English propagandist have this type of situation in mind when he wrote: "If justice is thy plea, consider that in the course of justice, none of us shall gain salvation?"

In The History of Sir Henry Esmond, William Makepeace Thawkeray tell us of a judge who, after a sumptuous break, goes to the British High Court and sentence a poor man to death Just like that. That is the situation in this South African Supreme Court.

NELSON MANDELA

Let us all praise Mandela
leader of the oppressed and exploited
a true nationalist and democrat
like father in the family
the masses demand your leadership

It is out of your capabilities
that history commissions you
to lead the down-trodden
of our motherland
To you racist monsters
we say a loud
"hands off Rolihlahla"

Asia, Europe, America and Africa
are not quiet
on top voices they cry
"Release the leaders of the people"
while time allows

Those quiet are not dumb
their actions are a fighting talk
talk of MK and ANC
surely you mention Mandela
with the first rays
of the rising sun
your name will be mentioned.

A Thema

WE ARE NOT ALONE

- Pat Mafuna

We heaved a sigh of relief when we heard that the death penalty on our Comrade James Mncedisi Mange had been dropped. We knew that he was going to be reunited with his wife, Pauline Dipuo Mange and their son. But when Justice Rampf said that Comrade Mange was going to serve 20 years - the whole atmosphere changed.

The imperialists and their lackeys interpreted this as a change of heart on the part of the racists. We, however, know clearly that this is not the case - especially with the regime which has, and is still continuing to shoot down unarmed and harmless demonstrators.

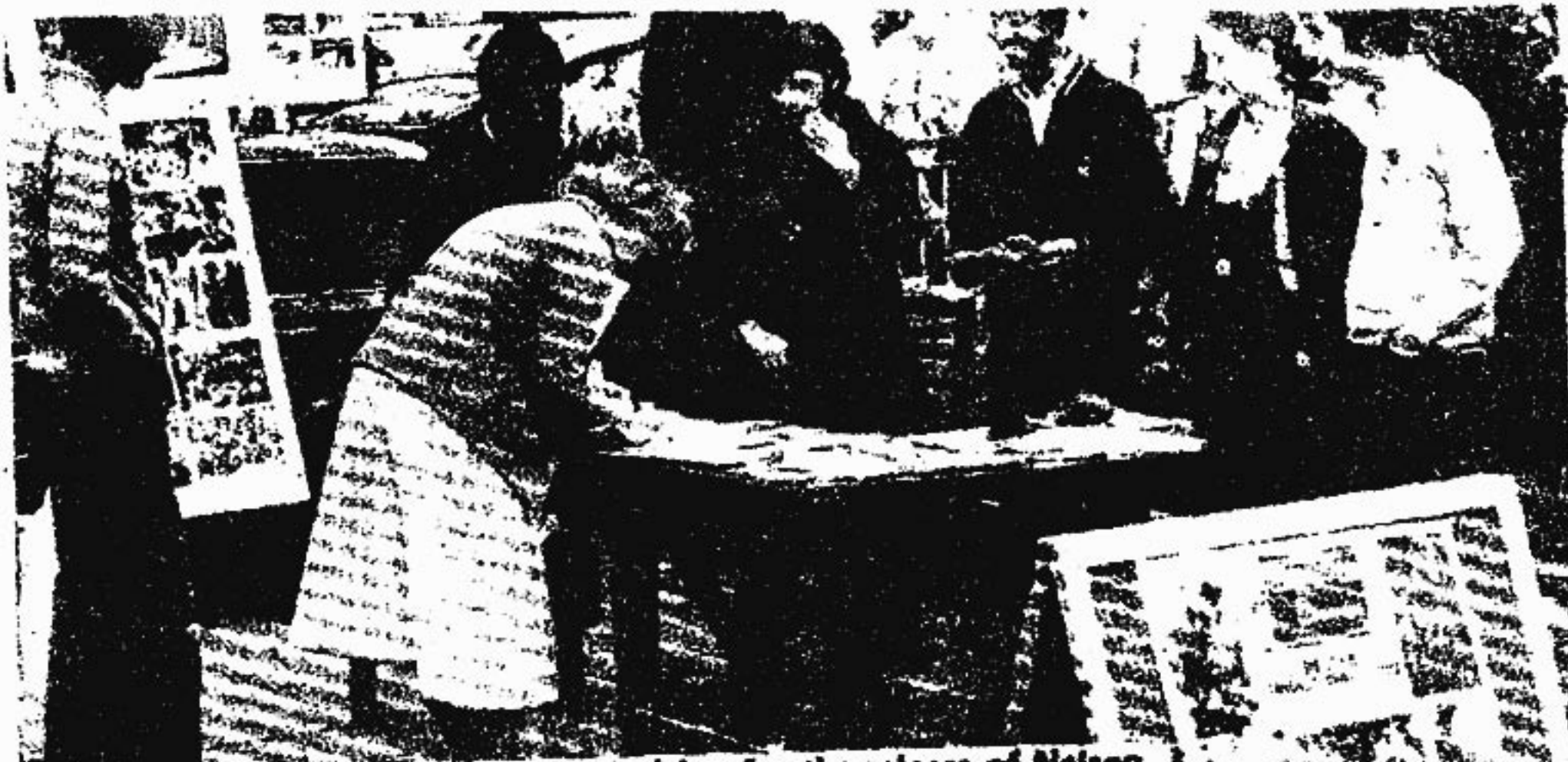
We noted as early as the day when the twelve comrades were charged, that the classification of the charges as 'treason' meant the racists were aiming at imposing one or more death sentences on the accused. But now, why has the death penalty been commuted to 20 years?

LESSON

The Botha-Malan regime had learnt a lesson from the execution of Comrade Solomon Mahlangu of how our people react to the cold-blooded murder of their heroes. So the fascists, seeing the current uncontrollable upsurge, realised that if what happened in Mamelodi after April 6 happens again in Soweto, the situation will soon run out of control.

On the other hand, one cannot fail to praise the consistent role played by international opinion, especially the United Nations, in this campaign.

Immediately after the passing of the judgement, the international community, as usual, took up the protest call of the African National Congress. Protest demonstrations and picketing were frequently held outside the South African embassies in the Western countries. Imperialist governments were pressurised by progressive movements and the people of their countries to intervene and save Comrade Mange from the gallows. Some governments in the West had already sent messages to Pretoria 'persuading' and 'pressurising' Pretoria to reverse her decision. The UN also sent a message warning the Botha fascist government not to repeat the Mahlangu tragedy. Posters of "SAVE THE LIFE OF JAMES MANGE" could be seen at every



AAM supporters in Bristol sign the petition for the release of Nelson Mandela and all other political prisoners.

conspicuous position in the Western countries.

This, however, was not the first time that the international pressure had saved the lives of our comrades from the hands of the Hitlerites. In 1961 the international support, organised by the then newly formed International Defence and Aid Fund, prevented the Boers from plotting any framed-up charge against the Treason Trialists when it was clear that the State case was failing. Again, in 1963-64 the international pressure played a big role in saving the Rivonia Trialists from the gallows. Even in recent political trials, the world public opinion still continues to help our arrested comrades. It was not the mercy on the part of the judge that Comrade Joe Gqabi and 5 others had to be acquitted in the notorious Pretoria Twelve trial. Who on earth could expect that Comrades Martin Ramokgadi and Mosima Segwale who were convicted of being the head of the ANC underground network in Johannesburg and of attempted murder of a policeman respectively, could receive jail terms, considering also that Comrade Ramokgadi was a former Robben Island prisoner? All this happens, thanks to international support.

When it comes to the campaign for the release of all political prisoners, the world community, have long ago started this campaign. The campaign for the "RELEASE MANDELA, OUR LEADERS AND OTHER POLITICAL PRISONERS" is an old saying in many countries, especially Britain and Netherlands.

We have also witnessed the kidnapping of comrades from other countries into South Africa by the Botha lawless regime, like the recent case of Comrade Victor Matlou. Who can deny that the UN and the rest of the world public opinion played a major role in the release of such comrades?

The peace-loving international community has thrown all its weight behind our movement. These are the people who give us food, clothing, weapons, shelter, etc. These are also the people who have isolated Pretoria politically, militarily, economically and otherwise.

Now, Comrade James Mange is going to serve a 20 year hard jail term. We must remember that what we are demanding is not a lighter sentence but the immediate and unconditional release of all political prisoners.

Even when they are in jail, our friends never forget the fate of our leaders and patriots. While they continuously put pressure on the Pretoria racists, they consistently rally around our patriots, giving them the honour they deserve. On January 9, 1978 an ANC delegation led by our Secretary-General, Comrade Alfred Nzo, attended a ceremony at Amsterdam University organised by the Dutch Anti-Apartheid Movement, supported by the University Council, the Dutch Communist Party and other progressive organisations at which our leaders on Robben Island, Comrade Govan Mbeki, was awarded an honorary doctorate for his firm dedication to the cause of freedom.

Recently Comrade President O.R. Tambo led a delegation to New Delhi to receive, on behalf of Comrade Nelson Mandela, who has been refused permission by the boers, the highest order in India, the Jawaharlal Nehru Award granted by the Indian government to Comrade Mandela for his outstanding contribution to the struggle for the liberation of our people and against all forms of discrimination.

We must never commit a mistake of overstressing the punch of the world opinion on the racists because we know that the Boers can defy international opinion or advice. Here they are today, in Namibia despite a pile of resolutions by the UN calling and ordering Pretoria to pull out of that territory. Again we saw for ourselves last year how the fascists defied the whole world in the case of Comrade Solomon Mahlangu. But, on the other hand, we must note that the Boers, no matter how defiant they are, cannot stand the total isolation of the whole world. Even the treachery of the imperialists who support them despite world condemnation will not save them forever. Backed by the freedom-loving people of the world, our fighting people will destroy apartheid.

NOTES FROM THE GALLOWS

by

JULIUS FUCHIK

Chapter 7 CHARACTERS AND PROFILES II

"FLINK"

This one is not a mere figurine, nor yet a whole character. Something between the two. He has not the clear perception needed to make him a personality.

There are two of that sort here: simple people, passively sensitive, merely terrified at first by the horrors into which they have stumbled, then longing to find a way out of them. They search for any sort of mental support, for they are not self-reliant men. They search for support by intuition rather than by perception. They help you merely in the hope of receiving help from you. It is right to give them help - both now and in the future.

These two are also the only two of all the German officials in Pankratz who have been at the front.

Hanauer was a tailor from Znojmo, who returned early from the eastern front with frostbite, which he himself arranged. "Warfare is not for people," he philosophises in Schweik style. "Nothing in it for me".

Hofer, a cheerful shoemaker from the Bata Works, went through the French campaign and then deserted his military duty, even though he had a promotion promised. "Oh, sh-!" was his expression as he waved his hand over all the complications he got into daily - and they were plenty.

These two were very much alike in their feelings and their fate. But Hofer was the more fearless, the more expressive, the more complete personality of the two. Flink is the nickname for him in almost all the cells.

The day he is on duty is a day of calm in the cells. Do whatever you wish. If he shouts at you, he winks his eye to show that he doesn't mean you, but that the inspector down below must hear how stern he is in action. His efforts at severity are wasted, however. He no longer convinces anyone, and no week goes by without his being punished.

"Oh, sh-!" He waves his hand and goes his own way. He is still a young frivolous shoemaker's helper, rather than a guard.

You can catch him playing pennies against the wall cheerfully, even passionately, with the boys in the cells. A moment later he will drive the prisoners out into the corridor to inspect the cell. If the inspection lasts too long and you get curious, you will find him sitting at the table, his head on his arms, asleep. Calmly and luxuriously sleeping. He is safe here from his superiors because the prisoners in the corridors keep watch and warn him of any approaching danger. He needs to sleep while on duty, for his rest at night is disturbed by the girl whom he loves above everything in the world.

Will Nazism be victorious or defeated? "Oh, sh-!" Do you think it possible that this circus go on for ever?"

He does not count himself among them. That makes him interesting. What is more, he does not wish to belong to them, and doesn't belong to them. If you need to deliver a secret note to some other department, Flink will take care of it. If you need to send word to someone outside, Flink will take it out. If you need to talk with someone in order to convince him and thus save the lives of further people, Flink will take you to his cell and stand watch outside - proud as street boy of his ability to put one over on the police. You often have to argue with him to be careful - in the midst of danger he does not feel it much. He is not at all conscious of the true significance of the good he does. It just relieves him to do as much as he can, but that interferes with his real growth.

He is not yet a personality, but is growing into one.

" K O L I N "

It was one evening in Martial Law. The guard in SS uniform who let me into the cell went through my pockets very superficially.

"How are you getting along?" he asked in a whisper.

"I don't know. They told me I'll be shot tomorrow".

"Did that terrify you?"

"I've been expecting it".

For a moment he ran his hands mechanically down my coat lapels.

"Maybe they will do it. Perhaps not tomorrow; perhaps sometime; perhaps not at all. But in times like these... it is well to be prepared...."

Then he was silent.

"But in case they should, would you like to send word to someone? Or ... would you like to write? Not for present publication, you understand, but for the future. How you got

in here, whether anyone betrayed you, how certain ones behaved. Just so what you know doesn't pass out with you".

Would I like to write? As though that weren't my most fervent desire!

In a moment he had brought paper and pencil, I hid them carefully so that no inspection should discover them.

But I never touched them for a long time.

It was too good to be true - I couldn't believe it. Too wonderful in this dark building, a few weeks after being arrested, to find a man in the uniform of those who only skouted and beat you - to find a man. To find a friend who gives you his hand, and helps you to speak for at least a moment with those who will outlive all this - and even with those who will not outlive it. And at the very moment when they are calling out names of those to be executed, in the midst of men drunk with blood, and among those whose throats choke with terror so that they could not cry out if they wished. To find a friend at such a moment - no, that is unbelievable. If it isn't true, then it is at least a warning. But what strength of spirit a man must have to put out his hand of his own accord to a person in a situation like mine! What courage!

About a month passed. Martial law had been repealed, the shouting died down, the cruellest hours had turned to memories. It was evening, and again I returned from a grilling with the same gang to let me into the cell.

"I see you pulled through. Was everything all right?" He looked very solicitous.

I knew what he meant, and that question moved me deeply. It also convinced me more than anything else of his sincerity. Only a man who had the moral right to ask that question could ever have asked it. From that moment I believed him; he was one of us.

He was a strange person at first sight. He walked the corridors alone - a calm, close-mouthed man, cautious and observing. You never heard him shout. You never saw him strike anyone.

"The next time Smetona looks this way hit me one, please". My neighbours in the other cell were asking him to be a little more active for his own sake.

"That isn't necessary", he said, shaking his head.

You never heard him speak anything but Czech. Everything about him told you that he was different from all the rest, but you would have had a hard time to say why. They also felt it, but weren't able to put their finger on the reason.

He succeeds in being everywhere he is needed. He brings

claim where people have become excited and confused. He brings encouragement where people hang their heads. He makes a new contact where mere lives outside are threatened and our conviction has been broken with the people who can save them. He doesn't get buried in details, but works systematically and on a broad scale.

This is nothing new. We went into Nazi service from the beginning with this in mind.

It was too good to be true - I couldn't believe it. Too wonderful in this dark building, a few weeks after being arrested, to find a man in the uniform of those who only shout - and beat you - to find a man. To find a friend who gives you his hand, and helps you to speak for at least a moment with those who will outlive all this - and even with those who will not outlive it. And at the very moment when they are calling out names of those to be executed, in the midst of men drunk with blood, and among those whose threats choke with terror so that they could not cry out if they wished. To find a friend at such a moment - no, that is unbelievable. If it isn't true then it is at least a warning. But what strength of spirit a man must have to put out his hand of his own accord to a person in a situation like mine! What courage!

About a month passed. Martial law had been repealed, the shooting died down, the cruelest hours had turned to memories. It was evening, and again I returned from a grilling with the same guard to let me into the cell.

"I see you pulled through. Was everything all right?" He looked very solicitous.

I knew what he meant, and that question moved me deeply. It also convinced me more than anything else of his sincerity. Only a man who had the moral right to ask that question could ever have asked it. From that moment I believed him; he was one of 'us.

He was a strange person at first sight. He walked the corridors alone - a calm, close-mouthed man, cautious and observant. You never heard him shout. You never saw him strike anyone.

"The next time Smetorz looks this way hit me one, please", my neighbours in the other cell were asking him to be a little more active for his own sake.

"That isn't necessary", he said, shaking his head.

You never heard him speak anything but Czech. Everything about him told you that he was different from all the rest, but you would have had a hard time to say why. They also felt

it, but weren't able to put their finger on the reason.

He succeeds in being everywhere he is needed. He brings calm where people have become excited and confused. He brings encouragement where people hang their heads. He makes a new contact where more lives outside are threatened and our connection has been broken with the people who can save them. He doesn't get buried in details, but works systematically and on a broad scale.

This is nothing new. We went into Nazi service from the beginning with this in mind.

Adolf Kolinsky, the Czech guard we are talking about, from an old Czech family in Moravia, pretended to be a German in applying for a job guarding Czech prisoners first in Hradec Kralove and then in Pankrats. There must have been bitter thoughts among those who knew him. Four years later the German prison superintendent waves his fist in Kolinsky's face and threatens:

"I'll drive that Czechishness out of you!"

A little late in the game. And the superintendent is mistaken. He would have to transform not only Kolinsky's Czechishness, but crash the very humanity in him. Here is a man who consciously and voluntarily signed up with the enemy in order to fight him within his own ranks, and to help others fight him. A man whom constant danger has only strengthened in his purpose.

O U R S

If they had brought us cocoa for breakfast on February 11, 1943, instead of the black brew made of I don't know what, we would hardly have noticed that miracle. Because that morning another miracle happened - the uniform of a Czech policeman hovered around our cell.

It only hovered. All we saw was one step of the black trousers and high boots. A dark blue sleeve and a hand lifted to the lock, opened and then closed the cell door, and disappeared. It all happened so fast that a quarter hour later we were ready to believe that we had never seen it.

A Czech policeman in Pankrats! What ramifying conclusions one could draw from that one fact:

Within two hours we were drawing them. The door of the cell opened again and a Czech police cap locked in and lips said, smiling broadly at our surprise:

"Freistunde!" "Recess!"

There could be no mistake now. Among the green-gray uni-

forms of the SS guards in the corridors, there had appeared several dark spots - Czech officers - who looked very radiant to us.

What could this mean for us? What sort will they be? But whatever sort they are, the very fact that they are here speaks pretty plain language. How near to the end must a regime be when it must accept into its most sensitive apparatus, into the most important organisation it has for support, members of the very nation which it wishes to o p p r e s s? What an extreme lack of manpower it must suffer at the front, if it is willing to weaken its police power just to gain a few individual soldiers! How long do you suppose that regime hopes to last at this rate?

Of course they would send only selected men here, who may turn out worse than the German guards, who have lost their alertness and their faith in victory. But the fact, the very fact that Czech police are substituted for SS men is an unsailable proof that the end is near.

That is the way we argued.

And there were many more of them than we allowed ourselves to suppose at first. The fact was that the machine had very little choice, there simply were not men enough for all the work the regime had to do to protect itself.

We first saw Czech uniforms in Pankrats on February 11.

The next day we began to get acquainted with the men in them.

One would come along, look into the cell, shifting feet uneasily on the threshold. Then answer our look with sudden courage, like a little kid which jumps up on all fours with one burst of peevish energy.

"Well, how are we getting along, gentlemen?"

We reply with a smile, and he smiles back. Then bursts out with:

"Don't be angry with us. Believe me, we would rather go on tramping the pavement outside there than watch you in here. We had to do it, but perhaps - perhaps something good will come of it...."

He was happy when we told him what we thought of their coming into Pankrats, and what we thought of them. Thus we became friends from the first moment. That was Vitek, a simple goodhearted boy - the first one who hovered around the door of our cell that first morning.

The second was Tuma, a really typical old Czech cop. Rough and noisy but fundamentally good - the sort we used to call "Pop" in the jails of the Republic. He saw nothing exception-

al his position. On the contrary, he felt right at home and maintained order, or broke it, in his own way with the usual coarse jokes. He would hand some bread into the cell, or cigarettes, pass the time in conversation with anybody about anything, except the political situation. He did it all perfectly naturally, not hiding the fact that this was his conception of guard duty. The first reproof he received for it made him more careful, but did not change him. He was still old Pop, the cop. You would never dare ask anything big of him, but you breathed easier with him around.

The third Czech policeman paced the corridors scowling, speechless, seeing nothing. Paid no attention to attempts to approach him.

"They didn't get much when they chose that one", said Daddy after watching him a week. "He is the least successful of them all".

"Or else the smartest", said I, for the sake of argument since opposing views on small matters are the spice of life in a cell.

Two weeks later it seemed to me that the silent one winked an eye slightly out of the line of duty. I replied with the same signal, which can have a thousand meanings in prison. But nothing happened; I was probably mistaken.

A month later, however, everything came clear. It came suddenly like a butterfly breaking its cocoon. The scowling cocoon cracked and a living being appeared. It was not a butterfly, but a man.

"You are building monuments", said Daddy about several of these character sketches.

That I would like to do, in order to keep alive the memory of comrades who fought truly and bravely here and outside, and who fell. But I would like also to memorialise the living who helped us no less faithfully and no less courageously in the most difficult conditions. I should like to bring personalities like Kolinsky and this Czech policeman out of the ghostly corridors of Pankrats into the light of life. Not for their glory, but as an example to others. Because human duty will not end with this battle, and it will require heroism to be men as long as people are not truly human.

The story of policeman Jaroslav Hora is a very brief story. But in it one finds the life story of a whole man.

Radnicko is a far corner of the country, in a beautiful region, but dreary and poor. His father was a glassmaker, who led a hard life. Drudgery when there was work, and poverty

when unemployment made its home on the land. That either threw one to his knees or raised one's head in dreams of a better world. To believe in a better world and fight for it, his father became a Communist.

Young Jarša rode among the bicycle troops in the May Day parade with a red ribbon woven round the wheels. He did not leave that red ribbon there, but carried it somewhere inside him when he went to work in the lathe shop, to his first job with Skoda Works.

The unemployment crisis came, then military service, then a chance for a job with the police. I don't know what the red ribbon in him was doing all that time - perhaps it was rolled up and laid away somewhere, perhaps half forgotten - but not lost. One day they assigned him to duty in Pankrats. He did not come voluntarily, like Kolinsky, with a purpose already worked out. But he became conscious of a purpose the first time he looked into a cell. The ribbon unrolled.

First he had to scout out the field of action and measure his own strength. His face scowled with concentrated thought, where to begin and how to begin. He was no professional politician, but a simple son of the people. He had the experience of his father, however, a firm kernel of character around which his decision formed. When he was decided what to do, a man broke out of his scowling cocoon.

He was a fine person inside, remarkably clean, sensitive, shy but manly. He dared whatever was necessary. Both small and large things are necessary, so he does small things and large. He works quietly, without gesticulating, deliberately, but without fear. It is all so natural to him, the categorical imperative within him. This is what has to be done, so why talk about it?

That is about all. That is the whole story of one character, who today can count to his credit several human lives saved. Those people still live and work outside because one man in Pankrats did his human duty. He does not know them personally, nor they him. Nor do they know Kolinsky, but I hope they will get acquainted afterwards. These two workers found each other very quickly, and made the best use of their opportunities for service.

Remember their example. The example of two men who had their heads with them and their hearts in the right place, and made full use of both.

D A D S K O R E P A

When by chance you see all three together, you have a

living picture of fraternisation - the gray-green uniform of the SS guard Kolinsky, the dark blue uniform of the Czech police, Hora, and the light, unhappy uniform of the prison trusty, Dad Skorepa. You see them together very rarely, however - very rarely. For the simple reason that they belong together.

Prison regulations allow work in the corridors, cleaning and serving meals, to be done "only by particularly reliable prisoners, disciplined and strictly isolated from the others". That is the letter of the law, the dead letter - woefully dead. There are no such trustees, and never have been. Certainly not in any Gestapo prisons. The trustees here are antennae, feelers thrust out by the prison collective in the cells to contact the free world in order to live and communicate with others. How many trustees have paid with their lives for some message which was intercepted, for being caught with a secret note on them! But the law of the prison collective mercilessly demands of their successors that they continue the same dangerous work. Whether they go into it courageously or are afraid - they are forced to work for the collective. One only risks more if one is afraid, only loses out sooner or later, as in all underground work.

This is underground work of the tenth degree, directly under the hands of those who are set to stamp out opposition. In the sight of guards, in posts which they assign, under a rigid schedule set by the enemy - under most difficult conditions. Everything you have learned about illegal work outside is inadequate here, but you are required to do as much or more than before.

There are masters of illegal work outside, and masters of it here among the trustees. Dad Skorepa is a past master, quiet and unassuming in appearance, but as agile as a fish. The guards praise him - look what a drudge, how dependable, interested only in doing his duty, far from anything which is against regulations. They tell other trustees to follow his example!

Yes, trustees follow his example! He is really a paragon of trustees as prisoners wish them, the sturdiest and yet most sensitive of the collective's antennae.

He knows who is in every cell, knows every newcomer from the first moment - why he is here, who his contacts are, how he has behaved outside and how his pals have behaved. He makes a study of "cases" and tries to unravel them all. That is important if he wishes to carry through outside contacts and occasionally to give sound advice.

He knows the enemy, also. Makes a careful study of each

guard, his habits, his strong and weak points, what to watch out for in him, what he can be used for, how to trick him or put him off the track. Many of the guards' characteristics which I have used were told me by Dad Skorepa. He knew them all, can define them exactly and well. That is important to one who wishes to move freely about the corridors and do his work effectively.

But above all, Skorepa knows his own duty. He is a Communist who knows that he must be a Communist every moment, that there is no time or place to fold his hands in his lap and "let the work ride". I should say that he has found his best place here in the greatest danger and under the heaviest pressure. He has even grown while here.

He is elastic; each day or hour presents new situations which demand new methods. He invents them fast and cleverly. He may have only a fraction of a minute. That is enough to knock on a cell door, listen through the peep-hole to a carefully prepared message and then deliver it clearly and exactly to a cell at the other end of the corridor between the moment that his guard goes down stairs and the relief comes up one flight of stairs. He is careful and has great presence of mind. Hundreds of prison notes have gone through his hands - not one was caught, nor even suspected.

He knows instinctively who is in trouble, who needs encouragement with a few words on the situation outside. He knows whom he can encourage with a special look of those fatherly eyes of his, when a man needs strength to fight down despair. He knows who needs an extra roll or ladle of soup to build up strength for the next period of hunger punishment. He knows who needs an extra roll or ladle of soup to build up strength for the next period of hunger punishment. He knows such things from thorough experience and his own tender feelings - and then does what is necessary in each case.

That is D a d Skorepa. A soldier, strong and fearless. A real man.

I should like those of you who will read this someday to see in him, not only one man, but the best type of trusty, Hausarbeiter, who has been able to transform the work demanded of them by the oppressor into service to the oppressed. There is only one D a d S k o r e p a here, but there are others of different human cast who also serve the cause, and serve no less than he. I wished to sketch them all, here in Pankrats and those in Fatchek building, but am sorry there are only a few hours left - too short for "the song which is sung so

briefly, but is lived so long".

So there is time only for a few more names, a few examples of the many, whom it is but fair to remember:

"Renek" - Josef Teringl is a hard, inflammable, sacrificial man connected with quite a lot of the history of Fetchek Building and our struggle in it. As is his inseparable good-hearted pal, Joe Bervidu.

Dr. Milosk Nedved, a handsome and noble boy, who paid for his daily assistance to our imprisoned comrades with his life at Oswiecim.

Arnost Lorenz, whose wife was executed because he refused to betray his comrades. A man who went to his death a year later in order to save his friends, the trustees of Number 400 and their whole collective.

Vashek Razku, of wonderful, indestructible humour.

Amy Vikova, close-mouthed and deeply devoted, who was executed during Martial Law.

Springer, that clever, ever cheerful "librarian", who always invented new ways to do his necessary work.

Bilek, that tender youth....

These are merely examples, samples. Personalities, great small, but always real characters - never mere figures.

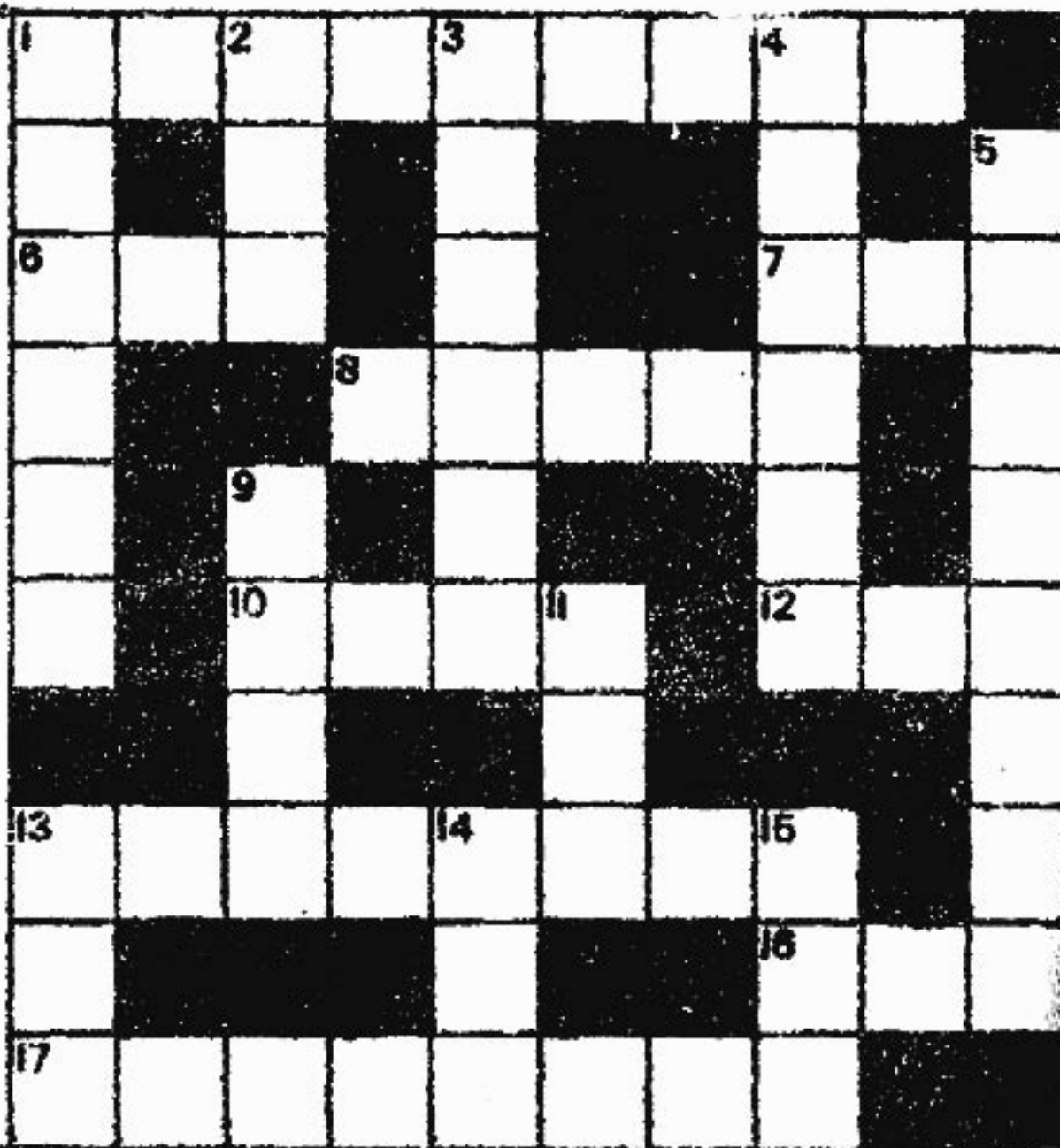
"... the principal element of the south african reality is not what the racist white minority says or does but what the democratic majority says and does."

Comrade O.R. Tambo

DAWN

PolitiXword

No.10



CLUES

Across

1. A crime against humanity.
6. Precious stone cut and polished.
7. A large number or amount.
8. Comrade Salooje's first name.
10. Calm and unexcited.
12. The workers do this in the mines.
13. Last rebellion prior ANC's formation.
16. Baked dish of meat or fish.
17. What we are doing on the Boers' economy.

Down

1. Firm Trench of the Revolution in Africa.
2. Anti-Apartheid Movement.
3. First Cuban cosmonaut.
4. Piece of land totally surrounded by water.
5. "The ... is my Life".
9. Inter-continental Ballistic Missile.
11. Past tense of light.
13. Boycott in our country.
14. ... of the People's War.
15. Tailless monkey.

See answers in DAWN Vol. 9, No. 12

**DISCIPLINE IS THE
MOTHER OF VICTORY**

our battle cry is
and will continue to be
VICTORY OR DEATH
WE SHALL WIN!
-Comrade President
O.R. Tambo

Learn well how to seek revenge.
Courage but intelligent courage!

**WE DEMAND
THE RELEASE**

Banned: Winnie Mandela



**OF OUR LEADERS
AND ALL
POLITICAL PRISONERS**