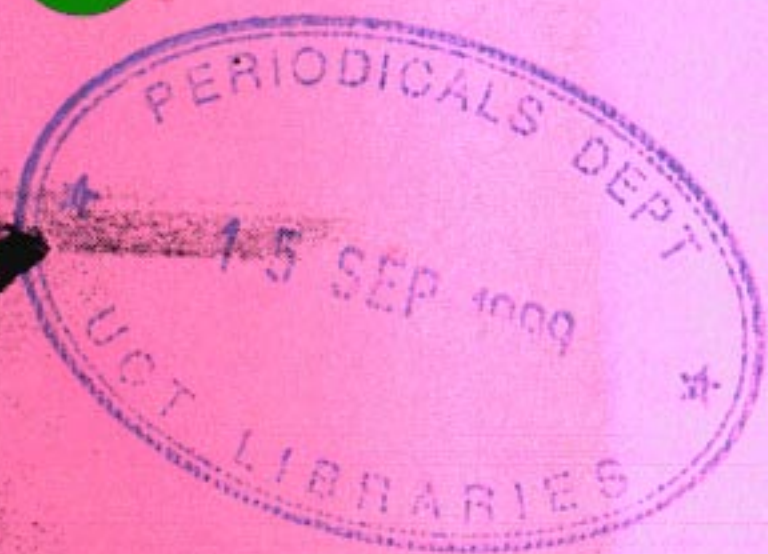


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FORWARD TO A PEOPLES' GOVERNMENT!

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Cover: Khoi marksman - one of the earliest resisters to colonialism in South Africa.

YEAR OF THE
CHARTER





Editorial Comment

THE HOT COLD WAR

We are hearing much these days about the growing Cold War. We want to ask: Just how cold is this war?

It might be a pretty cool war for Jimmy Carter sitting in his air-conditioned Washington White House despatching troops here, battle ships there, arms to that place and Muhammed Ali to this place.

But for the people, the masses, it's a red-hot war - a war in which lives are lost.

We have said many times that imperialism is launching an offensive. The so-called 'Afghanistan crisis' is only a curtain drawn in front of the real goings-on. On the front of the curtain are painted the words - 'Soviet threat'.

REAL THREAT

But if we part the curtains we will see that the real threat to imperialism is not from the Soviet Union itself. The threat is from the oppressed and exploited people of the world who are at last fighting their way to the surface of history to ride tall, proud and free on the crest of mankind's progress.

It is because of this fact - because of Vietnam, Laos, Angola, Mozambique, Guinea Bissau, Ethiopia, Kampuchea, Iran, Nicaragua, Afghanistan - it is because of the rising tide in Zimbabwe, Namibia, Saharoui, El Salvador, Bolivia and South Africa itself that the imperialists are squeezing every last

ounce of energy out of their crumbling system to try to stop the flight of the spear of progress.

PROFIT AND SURVIVAL

And in doing this, imperialism, with its typical lack of concern for anything other than profit and its own survival, is creating a highly dangerous international climate which, as we say, is more of a hot than a cold war.

The sabotaging of the disarmament talks, the deployment of new missiles in Europe, the Olympic boycott, the continuing provision of arms, nuclear technology and investment to South Africa, the threats of strong action against Iran, the Soviet Union etc., are all part of the desperate manoeuvres of imperialism. The imperialists have decided to take a hard line and they don't give a damn for the consequences to the peoples of the world.

This fact is clear in Southern Africa.

The 'Great' Britain, whose ruling class is always pleased to boast about its love of fair-mindedness, democracy and peaceful change is proving now, as it has proved time and again in Ireland, Kenya, Malaya, Palestine etc. etc., that its mode of operation is, has been, and continues to be based on treachery, deceit, hypocrisy, blackmail and, if need be, violence.

We shouldn't be surprised. Could we ever have expected that Britain, after doing its utmost to prevent the Zimbabwean people from winning their freedom through armed struggle... could we now expect that Britain would simply allow the people to win that freedom through the ballot box?

COLLUSION

And should we be surprised at Britain's collusion with racist South Africa? After all South Africa is one of the most profitable investment areas for British capitalists, and Lord Soames is a direct representative of the party of British capital. Whatever the British ruling class, out of its typical hypocrisy, says about apartheid, the South African racists are their bosom pals as long as they are protecting the interests of British capital.

It doesn't worry Britain that the behaviour and threats of the South African racists are creating a highly dangerous situation in Southern Africa and the world. The racists themselves are very pleased about the growing hot cold war. It's

Continued on Page 43...

The Role of Political Education in MK

- Nkosinathi Shezi

Umkhonto we Sizwe is a people's army in creation. Its aims are to lead our people to freedom and national independence. It is in essence a democratic and political army, fighting for and defending the basic aims and aspirations of our people as enshrined in the Freedom Charter.

Political education in all our ranks is therefore of fundamental importance. For us political education should not just be general. It must be filled with concrete content, related to the historical and the present domestic and international political developments. Our political education is closely linked with the realities of our revolution, it takes into account the prevailing conditions and helps us to maintain contact with the masses.

MK - as the creation of a political movement - the African National Congress, with a correct revolutionary theory, has a scientific approach to war. This is manifested in our approach: "war is an extension of political aims by violent means". This in itself requires an MK combatant to be first and foremost a politician and then an armed man. This requires the raising of our political consciousness and ideological level as the basis and soul of our army. This serves to direct and strengthen the class position of our cadres, in the interest of the majority of the oppressed, the toiling and exploited masses of our country.

Furthermore, our political education is founded on the popular traditions of our people, the invincible art of political and military resistance and the unshakeable steeled patriotism inherited from our forefathers.

Our country's future and past history has imposed on our movement a task to create a democratic army.

An army that cannot be made a tool of oppression and terror.

An army that will not assume a role which will be condemned by history. An army peopled by those who are aware of their duties to their country and people.

This can be achieved only if we intensify the building and strengthening of the political and military work in our army. The basis of our political education is political knowledge. The result of this is "self-imposed discipline" which

when possessed by an army eliminates dangers and difficulties and ensures a calculated victory at whatever cost. This is the root from which grows our ability to make heroic sacrifices, our absolute obedience to orders and to our army leadership and our political leadership.

The morale of our army is not derived from artificial or deceptive incentives as in the racist and imperialist armies. In imperialist armies like the South African racist army, genuine political literature is discouraged, dagga smoking is rife and soldiers have no moral reason and clear cause for which they are fighting. The class interests which they defend are not their own interests. Hence their commanders and officers are drawn from the rich class, graduate from military academies which are closed to ordinary working class rank and file. This automatically subordinates the rank and file to the leadership of the rich class. To a certain extent the generals and officers, conspiring and yielding to foreign reaction, reduce their subordinates to a horde of killers and hangmen, often used against their own people.

Unlike the racist and imperialist armies, our morale emerges from our unshakeable moral, political and ideological unity. The mere understanding of the justness of our cause, the class behind it and the class opposed to it, serves to consolidate the people behind us... this our political education takes care of.

Our political and ideological education has a decisive influence on all processes taking place in our People's Army. This education gives us the capability to adhere to correct political and military positions even over long and difficult periods. It is an education that accounts for the spirit of no surrender acquired by our organisation and people manifested by Nelson Mandela, Solomon Mahlangu, James Mange and other heroes of our army. This education is founded on the understanding of the decisive advantages of our people's war over the Botha racist regime and the ultimate victory of the people's cause.

In South Africa, the day is fast dawning when the racist regime and its army will crumble. This is a heavy and glorious task which can be performed only by our army, the army of the working and toiling masses of our country. This can be done by an army that is consistent in its political and ideological staunchness. An army that enjoys moral, political and material support of the whole of progressive mankind.

These are all the manifestations and objectives that make

MK, the spear and shield of our people, the only army that can ensure our people a new democratic South Africa as enshrined in the Freedom Charter. It is the only army that will honestly contribute towards the creation of a people's power on every inch of our land.

'How could I be part of this machine?'

The following article appeared in the November/December 1979 issue of RESISTANCE, the bulletin of the Committee on South African War Resistance based in London. The writer, a deserter from the racist army, tells of his experience as a politically conscious person who refused to participate in the oppression of his fellow South Africans.

At the age of 15, under the supervision of my high school teachers, I filled in forms which would give the military all the information they wanted about me. These forms were compulsory. By this time we all had a vague idea about the army, as we had been doing para-military cadet training at school. This entailed a few talks, drilling and target practice. When I left school at 16 I had my military number.

It was between the ages of 16 and 17 that I started discovering that the army defends the government, the political system, oppression and privilege. All these things I opposed, so naturally I asked myself how I could be part of this machine, the army. What made me question the army at this age? Two reasons, two influences.

The first was the Catholic Church, from which I learnt about the injustice meted out to my black countrymen: the migrant laws, working and living conditions, inferior education and job reservation. I was taught to discern govern-

ment propaganda and to look poverty in the eye.

The other main influence was everyday life since I was born. I grew up in a very poor area of Cape Town: Observatory, Woodstock and Salt River. Everyday I found a reason why I could not defend the South African political system. I was constantly aware of the division between rich and poor, between those who had and those who did not have, and we did not have.

OLD AND SICK

In 1970 my mother stopped working because she was old and sick. She was earning around R16 a week. She received a week's salary and ended work, drew a few week's unemployment and then that was that. She was too old and sick to work and too young to receive state pension. She had been working since she was 15 years old, as a garment worker and in a dry-cleaning shop. She had worked hard. One of the places she worked in was in District Six in a dry-cleaning shop at the top of Hanover Street. District Six became a sort of second home. There was a lot of happiness there. Today it is broken down, the happiness is not there any longer, just a dusty wind. Flattened in the name of the Group Areas Act. The same threat hangs over Woodstock where we once lived and where our friends live.

TORN APART

In Salt River, the Group Areas Act made it a Coloured area: one side of the road where my sister lived was declared a white area, and the other side of the road a Coloured area. Families were torn apart by race classification and the Group Areas Act. One member of a family would hold a white identity card, and another member a Coloured or Indian Card. Our family didn't bypass this experience.

In 1972 I left school at the age of 16. I got a job as an apprentice precious metal worker earning R10 a week. After six months I left and worked piece work at a shop for R1 a day while I was looking for another job. I was eventually employed by the Provincial Administration Hospital Service as a storeman at R107 a month. Such were the circumstances when I considered whether I should go to the army, and take up arms if I did go. The questions I asked weighed up the poverty, oppression and injustices of the people against the government and political system that I was told I had to defend, for survival. Life had always been a struggle for

survival and here I was being told that to survive I had to defend this system. Everything in our society was geared toward rich getting richer and dividing the poor into categories of Black, Coloured, White and Indian so as to break any united effort to overthrow the injustice.

So in 1974 I decided to refuse to take up arms in the army, and try to get into a medical unit. I approached a lay preacher who was also a fairly high-ranking officer in the army. He helped me draft a letter of request to Pretoria to transfer me to a medical unit. In the request I stated that I objected to taking up arms and put more emphasis on the aspect of religious social conscience. The reply turned down my request and said I should speak to my commanding officer at 8 South African Infantry in Uppington.

A GREAT JOKE

In July 1974 at the age of 18 I arrived in Uppington and got nowhere near my commanding officer. However, I immediately made my position known to the only NCO's I had access to in my section. These were Lance-Corporals, young fellows like myself given superpowers over large groups of young men. Of course they thought the whole thing was a great joke and never took me seriously or passed it on to higher authorities. For almost a week while we were kitted out, went through medicals etc. I had not been able to make my point. Eventually it came time to be issued rifles and my turn came. I refused to accept it. I was marched off with two Seventh Day Adventists to see the Sergeant Major. The other two had letters of support from their ministers as well as the fact that their church is recognised by the state as one whose members do not carry arms. My case was different, I had thought this whole thing up myself, with my own arguments, and I was just a mixed-up Catholic.

TARGET

The Sergeant Major confronted me. I told him I was a conscientious objector and would go to prison rather than carry a rifle. He stormed out. Later, he returned and said I was not going to get away with it. I was going to remain in the infantry as a medical aide. Instead of a rifle I would be given a medic's box. He carried on ranting and raving and swearing. I was dismissed. Thereafter infantry life carried on as normal with some extra hassles because I didn't carry a rifle. Of course you stand out from everyone else. You

become a target for everyone. Fellow soldiers, NCOs and officers

This was made worse when P.W. Botha came to talk to the new recruits, on his rounds. Talk is an understatement of course. He came as part of the whole indoctrination programme. Having no gun meant that you had no purpose being there. After he left everyone had their 'purpose' for being there. However there were those who respected my stand.

I had the flue one day after pole Physical Training (a mile-long run with a ten-foot pole). I ended up unable to speak, with a terribly painful chest and throat and a high fever. I was admitted into the sick bay tent, though the nursing sister, a two-pip lieutenant, ranted and raved at me as she thought I was pretending. While in the sick bay I met the first officer who I could put my case to. He was a Nederduitse Gereformeerde Kerk dominee; the camp chaplain. He carried my story to the commanding officer and within a few days I was sent to Pretoria.

ARRESTED

On arriving in Pretoria I had to re-explain my position again. I was sent to Services School where I completed my basic training without carrying arms. At the same time I tried to influence my mates on political lines of thinking which began to emerge in me. I was arrested one day and brought before a Military Police captain who cross-questioned me and searched my possessions. I was asked whether I intended leaving the country. After the search and questions he said something to the effect that he knew how I felt about certain issues but other people wouldn't understand so I should not speak too much as I was upsetting people. I was free to go as he did not think I was a communist as had been reported.

I was then transferred to a Cape Town unit where once again I had to explain my story. I had finished my basic training and was now working as a storeman/clerk. The following year in June I was discharged, with camps waiting like a sword of Damocles over my head. I had served a year and had not touched a rifle.

CALLED-UP

I went back to work where I soon started discussing and organising on a small scale. I also joined a church-backed worker organisation, the YCW, but soon branched off on my way to a final break with religion.

In 1976 by the time I received call-up papers for the

army, for a three-month camp on the border in Namibia, I was active in worker organisation among my fellow workers and in my suburb. I was also totally clear about my political ideology and why I was opposed to the SA political system. I had come a long way since I first decided not to take up arms. I wasn't sure whether it would work again and also felt at that stage that I would not like to go into the army again.

However, it was also a time of personal stress within my family. I was newly married and my wife was pregnant. We were penniless and had no home. I couldn't afford to refuse my call-up.

BATMAN

I reported to my new command and once again I had to relate my story. Once again I stood out; this time amongst older and more hardened men. Arguing meant trouble. These were not school-leavers. This was the 20 to 40 age group. Word got around very quickly. One of the staff sergeants latched onto me and continued to threaten me with what would happen to me up on the border if I didn't do this or that for him. I was to be his batman. I had to carry his kit as well as my own, wash his clothes, polish his boots etc. The unit that I had arrived in practised this batman business. A batman is the servant to the officer class in the army.

Although I explained my position to the regimental HQ in Cape Town I once again experienced difficulties when rifles were issued at the transit camp. Again it was the situation of being in a line and refusing to accept the rifle, then having to explain. Of course by now I had a little experience. This time I also had to argue my way through not accepting a layonet. They said that I had to take some weapon to the border. I made it quite clear that I would only continue weaponless, and then I was allowed to go. From that moment I was very much a marked man.

We arrived in Rundu where I was put in a supplies unit. Our job was to run supplies from Grootfontein to Rundu along the Eastern Caprivi to all bases. While on the border we had one casualty in our unit when a truck was blown up by a land mine.

PROPAGANDA

Every Wednesday there were propaganda lectures and an operations briefing. The first two lectures were compulsory. Thereafter it was optional. They still got a full house. I

often attended these lectures and would discuss them with the other guys afterwards while we were working. I would try to argue out points with individuals, although sometimes it ended up in a soap-box stint. On a number of occasions I was almost involved in a fight.

I was not without friends, however. These were usually guys from the same work background (unskilled miners, workers, stonemen), and a few others (bank clerks, students). These guys who were friendly were interested in talking about things. I would bring up discussion of the old days for instance in Benoni (I've never been there) where their grandfathers went on strike and then try to steer it to modern times and the position of the black worker. I don't mean that they necessarily went along with what I said. These were the guys who called me Kommunis or Kameraad in a buddy fashion. The others referred to me as Kommunis in a derogatory manner. There were also the paternal types like one staff sergeant who would tell me that he knew what I was saying was the right thing but he would never change his ways. During those three months I was always called Kommunis, one way or another, by soldier or officer.

NEVER AGAIN

Fabricating stories to save face became a necessity and I kept promising myself that I would never go to the army again.

All letters sent home had to go through a security check where they were scrutinised. After writing my first letter home I was summoned to the captain's presence where he asked me why I couldn't write nice letters home. I was asked to rewrite the letter. Near the end of my time I was warned to stick to writing about the weather, or the Security Police would pick me up in Cape Town.

One day some SWAPO prisoners were brought into the camp at Rundu. A friend told me about them, where they were and under what conditions they were being kept. Apparently there were two prisoners with a blanket between them (it was winter) locked in a kind of movable cage which was quite small. I was kept away from the area. Further attempts to find these prisoners were thwarted. Enquiries that I made were answered thus: "Nee, Kommunis, jy kan niks sien nie. Nie jy nie". (No, communist, you can't see anything - not you).

TREATED LIKE SCUM

At times there were FPLA troops with armoured convoys restocking at Kundu, as well. Amongst these guys were white Portuguese-speaking men. There were other white Portuguese in South African uniform armed with AKs. One told me they were refugees promised asylum and work after a short stint in the SADF. We had many dealings with the refugees from Angola, who were treated like "scum" by the South Africans. "The Pottas", as they were called, were cheated of their rations by the troops who were supposed to get the supplies to them.

Bread was taken to them in the back of an open truck and dumped at their feet. These were mainly black refugees as well as some white and coloured refugees. South Africa bragged about its soldiers' humanity. What a load of shit.

SECURITY POLICE

When I arrived back at work I found that the security police had been to my boss and had asked many questions, while I was up on the border. We heard that the security police had been to our flat while we were at work.

By the time my next three-month camp came around I was doing a special intensive course as a fitter and turner, and thereby managed to get out of it. Thereafter I changed addresses twice and refused to answer letters that found their way to me. However, they were catching up. It was quite easy with all the information they have on you. The next camp was around the corner. We left South Africa in 1978.

**SOUTH AFRICA
BELONGS TO
ALL WHO
LIVE IN IT**

"THE AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS SALUTES THE BRAVE WHITE DEMOCRATS THAT ARE DESERTING THE SINKING BOAT OF THE FASCIST RULE OF BOTHA. THEY HAVE A ROLE TO PLAY IN OUR WIDENING NATIONAL LIBERATION DRIVE".

- COMRADE ALFRED NZO -

Remember me

Remember me

When the azure sky

Sighs with grief

And the ash-pale lips

Tell of my existence

Remember me

When the green fields of home

Cover my deep wounds

That urge me on

Into the fire of life

Where the whining bullets

Draw me closer to the dawn of freedom.



Victor Motapanyane

The People's Forces for the Liberation of Mozambique

Part One

- Isibukeli



On the 25th September 1964 a small group of men in the north of Mozambique crept through the garden of an administrative post, and opened fire with rifles. Several of the soldiers guarding the post were killed - you can still see one of the bullet holes in the ceiling. The armed struggle for the liberation of Mozambique had begun.

In the Museum of the Revolution there is a photograph of some of the early combatants of the People's Forces for the Liberation of Mozambique (FPLM), barefoot, in ragged clothing, armed with ancient rifles. The leader of the first attack - Alberto Chipande - is today Minister of Defence in free Mozambique, and others of that group also survived ten years of hard combat. How is it, they ask, that with a total of only 250 poorly-armed soldiers they were able to take on and defeat a highly-trained and well-equipped colonial army of 30 000 backed by the might of NATO?

EDUARDO MONDLANE AND THE FIGHT FOR UNITY

FRELINO was founded in 1962 by Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane with the goal of uniting all Mozambicans in the struggle for complete and immediate independence. Its programme defined the enemy as Portuguese colonial domination and imperialism, and referred to the necessity of gaining full economic independence for the country.

Many of those at the founding conference fell by the wayside. Some, who had lived in exile in former British colonies, fell victims to constitutionalism, ignoring the fact that Portuguese capitalism was too weak to be able to attempt neo-colonial solutions. Others, willing to accept armed struggle but ambitious for personal advancement, and starting off with ultra-Africanist declarations, ended up by collaborating with the enemy. But from the start there was a vanguard core that not only remained staunch to the founding principles of FRELINO, but developed and deepened them in response to the

new phases of the struggle.

Now that independence has been won, the Mozambican leaders insist that they inherited nothing from colonialism. FRELIMO was not only a political organisation, it was the creator of the State and the builder of the nation. Eduardo Mondlane's great contribution was towards unity: he united three organisations into one, insisted on the territorial integrity of Mozambique 'from the Rovuma to the Maputo', and opened the doors of FRELIMO to all Mozambican patriots, irrespective of race, sex, region, tribe or religious belief.

From the start, he organised a vigorous combat against all forms of tribalism, regionalism or racism within the organisation, and did so not only at the level of theory, but by welding together Mozambicans of diverse origin through all political and military structures. To this day, the almost total absence of racial awareness in Mozambique is one of the most striking tributes to FRELIMO and the vision of its founder. Contrary to the myths about so-called Luso-tropical culture spread by colonialism, racism in Mozambique was vicious and institutionalised: the people were humiliated and despised at every level, with perhaps even more day to day physical brutality than in South Africa, and subjected to a total contempt for their history and culture. The absence of formal colour bars, and the existence of a tiny elite of 'assimilados' incorporated into colonial social life, only slightly disguised the reality of forced labour (chibalo), compulsory crop quotas and physical punishments (palmatoria).

It was FRELIMO that destroyed racism in Mozambique, and it did so not by proclamations, but by the force of example of collective work, of constant struggle. As Eduardo Mondlane pointed out, the issue was not simply one of drawing the maximum number of talents and energies to the struggle, but of defining who the enemy was, and laying the foundations of the new Mozambican society. To new recruits to the army, he tirelessly explained: the enemy was not a nation, even less a race, the enemy was a system and their job as soldiers was to destroy that system and the instruments of its power, and not to attack any race.

Eduardo Mondlane did not live to see the liberated Mozambique for which he worked so tirelessly. But today in the Government and armed forces, there are Mozambicans of all races and backgrounds and no one says: this Minister is African, that one is white, that one is coloured, that one is Asian. They are all Mozambicans, they do not represent racial or tribal groups. What they are judged by or praised

or criticised for in their commitment, their competence and their comportment. Promoting racial, sexual or religious division is a crime. The schools are integrated, sport is completely non-racial, and there has been a vast cultural upsurge in terms of which all Mozambicans learn the formerly despised songs and dances of the people.

For a South African it is almost dream-like to be in this atmosphere of a new Mozambique, to feel liberated from complexes, to be living in the world of the Freedom Charter. And South Africans can take a special pride in the fact that Eduardo Mondlane, founder of FRELIMO, developed some of his first-formed political ideas when he was a student at Wits University, in touch with comrade Nelson Mandela and other outstanding leaders of the African National Congress.

But not everyone inside FRELIMO shared Eduardo Mondlane's outlook. Like all great leaders, he advanced with the struggle he was leading. A whole series of concrete problems arose that required answers: what to do with captured Portuguese soldiers, should women be allowed into the army, how production should be organised, what the connection was between the struggle of the peasants of Niassa and the struggle in Vietnam, and so on. A profound crisis struck FRELIMO, practical in its manifestations, but ideological in its essence. As head of the consistently non-racial, democratic and increasingly revolutionary trend, Eduardo Mondlane was chief target both of the Portuguese colonialists and of the ambitious elements inside FRELIMO. They combined their forces, and on February 3, 1969, he was blown up by a parcel bomb in Dar-es-Salaam. The plan was that Uriah Simango, Vice-President of FRELIMO, arch-Africanist, eager for power, would take over the leadership.

THE CRISIS INSIDE FRELIMO (1966 - 1970)

In the meanwhile, the armed struggle was being extended. Three factors contributed towards its rapid advance in the northern provinces of Mozambique: an extensive border with Tanzania, then the most progressive of the newly independent states; forests; and in some parts a relative absence of colonialism in the physical sense. But the most important factor, the fourth, was correct political leadership, since inside Tanzania there were reactionary elements trying to deviate the Mozambican struggle, while the forest provided shelter but no food, and the absence of colonialism meant that tribalism and 'traditional feudalism' still had strong roots. It

was those most oppressed by colonialism, the workers of the towns and the victims of forced labour in the countryside, who were the most willing to fight. And it was in this context that the leadership of FRELIMO developed the concept of the Liberated Zones, not to solve abstract questions or conform to some programme or another, but to deal with practical problems raised by the struggle.

What was a Liberated Zone? It was not simply an area from which the enemy had been expelled. That was a pre-condition, but not the substance. A Liberated Zone was an area in which the people exercised power of a new type, in which they liberated themselves from all forms of exploitation. It was in the Liberated Zones that the struggle for national independence was transformed into people's revolutionary war. And it was the problems of how to organise food, health, justice, education and transport in the liberated zones that provoked the crisis inside FRELIMO. The crisis developed bit by bit.

One of the first questions was whether women should be in the military. The reactionaries said: terrible, women can't fight, they only cause problems, and in any event it is against African tradition. The revolutionaries - led inside the army itself by the new Secretary for Defence, Samora Machel - replied that if women could not fight it was because they had never been trained, that if they misconducted themselves it was because men officers abused their positions, and that if tradition was against the women, the tradition was backward and had to be changed. So, the Women's Detachment was formed, and to this day women play an active role in the People's Forces. (One of the members of the General Staff is a woman).

Then came the question of captured enemy soldiers, some white, some black. The reactionaries wanted to parade them through the villages and execute them, but the revolutionaries insisted that captured soldiers be treated as prisoners of war. Under the direction of Secretary of Defence, Samora Machel, the captives were given blood transfusions and food, even when the FRELIMO soldiers were desperately short of both. The whole FRELIMO policy of clemency and re-education developed out of this experience, something the reactionaries could be grateful for, since after their own later betrayals, they were to be put in re-education villages rather than executed. Spies and informers, however, were treated with the full rigours of military discipline, just as today captured spies and mercenaries are sentenced to death and executed.

It should not be thought that the reactionaries were liberals fearful of confrontation with the enemy. On the contrary, they were full of fight, and accused the army of timidity because it refused to attack enemy strongholds and go for the towns. They claimed they were the true revolutionaries, adding sometimes that they were uncompromised by having white wives. (This was their way of attacking the revolutionary leadership of Eduardo Mondlane and Marcelino dos Santos, married to American and South African comrades respectively). They stirred up the students to rebel against the white teachers at the FRELIMO school. They opposed the strategy of protracted war, of popular mobilisation, of a politicised army that studied and grew food as well as fought. Lazaro Nkavandame, Provincial Secretary in the largest and most important liberated zone, had a long history of anti-colonial struggle, which had included organising peasant co-operatives. Uriah Simango, vice-President of FRELIMO, adopted the concept of narrow black power, and declared that his role was to unite all African revolutionaries, and not divide them by talking about class struggle within the national liberation movement or the need to take sides on Vietnam. He even contributed hypocritical articles to the African Communist!

Yet behind all the populist rhetoric, lay the concept of simply Africanising exploitation, of replacing white exploiters by black ones. How shallow and opportunist their revolution was - and they deceived many people outside of Mozambique - was proved by their subsequent careers, when Nkavandame, after his expulsion from FRELIMO, broadcast on the enemy radio and directed enemy attacks against FRELIMO. Similarly, Simango, avid for power, let himself be used as a cover for capitalist millionaires when they put him forward as an alternative to FRELIMO in the period after the 25th April coup d'etat and before independence.

Daniel Chipenda, who recruits mercenaries in Portugal, Nito Alves, who released mercenaries in his abortive coup, the traitors of Zimbabwe who call in South African troops, members of the Gang of Eight expelled from the African National Congress, all imbued by racism and personal ambition, start off by importing enemy ideas into the ranks of the revolution, and end up by fighting physically on the side of the enemy.

How was it that the manoeuvres of the reactionaries, orchestrated by the Portuguese fascist police, were defeated inside FRELIMO?

THE LIBERATED ZONES

The ideological battle between the revolutionaries and the reactionaries inside FRELIMO was always conducted primarily at the level of practice. The revolutionaries won not because their texts or arguments proved superior, but because it was their ideas, their methods of work and their codes of behaviour which solved the problems of the revolution and led the struggle forward. The debates were not conducted over questions of programme or doctrine, but what kind of life should be organised in the liberated zones, and by implication, what kind of society was going to be built in a free Mozambique.

During the course of the war, more than a million people came to be living in the liberated or semi-liberated zones. At first the problems were seen as simply those of bringing health and education to the people, stimulating production, finding recruits for the army, solving disputes. But then it was realised that what was needed was a whole new approach to health in which the people became the primary agents of preventing and managing disease; a whole new kind of education, in which the students became self-reliant and knowledgeable participants in the struggle rather than an elite waiting to take over once independence was gained. Many of the students rebelled. They did not want to grow food or look after animals - that was for the peasants. Neither did they want to go to the liberated zones during vacations - that was for the soldiers, not the future leaders of Mozambique, as they styled themselves. They succeeded in forcing white teachers out of the school (one of whom is now Rector of the University), but FRELIMO closed the school down, and reconstructed it firmly within the principles of the organisation.

Acute struggles developed over production. The army noticed a decline in support from the peasants. Men and women who had walked for days through the bush carrying mortars and shells, braving enemy bombs, suddenly were less active in carrying loads. The army traced the problem to its source: Nkavandame, Provincial Secretary, had installed a network of tribal 'chairmen' under his control, and set himself up as a new overlord of the peasants. After a ten day dangerous march, a peasant would receive a tin of condensed milk or a skirt for his or her trouble. To use a word much employed in Mozambique, the peasants were being 'de-mobilised'. They would accept any sacrifices for true liberation, but not to replace white exploiters with black ones. The 'Chairmen' began to sabotage

the war effort, stopping supplies. When a Commission of Enquiry was sent, one of its members was murdered. After the murder of Eduardo Mondlane, Mkavandane fled. Production was organised on co-operative lines, all tribal structures were completely destroyed, and trade with the exterior was channelled through FRELIMO.

The struggle between two lines, and the victory of the revolutionary line, resulted in a new, deeper definition of the enemy: not simply Portuguese colonialism, but 'colonial capitalism' and 'traditional feudalism'. The chiefs were swept aside - to this day they are ranked with former police agents as unworthy of the vote - and a vigorous campaign was conducted against what were called feudal ideas. The vision of the African past was two-fold: on the one hand, class societies like the Kingdom of Monomatapa, in which the masses were exploited by the ruling class, societies in which women were oppressed and the youth kept subordinate, a world of superstition (obscurantismo), division and backwardness. On the other hand, a world of vigorous popular culture, of work, of music, of dance of struggle. The first world was to be fought against, the second elevated. Thus the politics of FRELIMO were firmly placed in the context of scientific socialism, of universal revolutionary theory, and repudiated even the faintest hints of African exclusivism. At the same time, the culture that was dynamised by FRELIMO was deeply rooted in the people, and directed at overcoming the alienation and depersonalisation produced by colonialism. The remarkable upsurge in popular creativity, especially in the field of dance, is one of the thrilling features of the new Mozambique.

At the centre of all the dynamising processes within the revolutionary struggle, was the army.

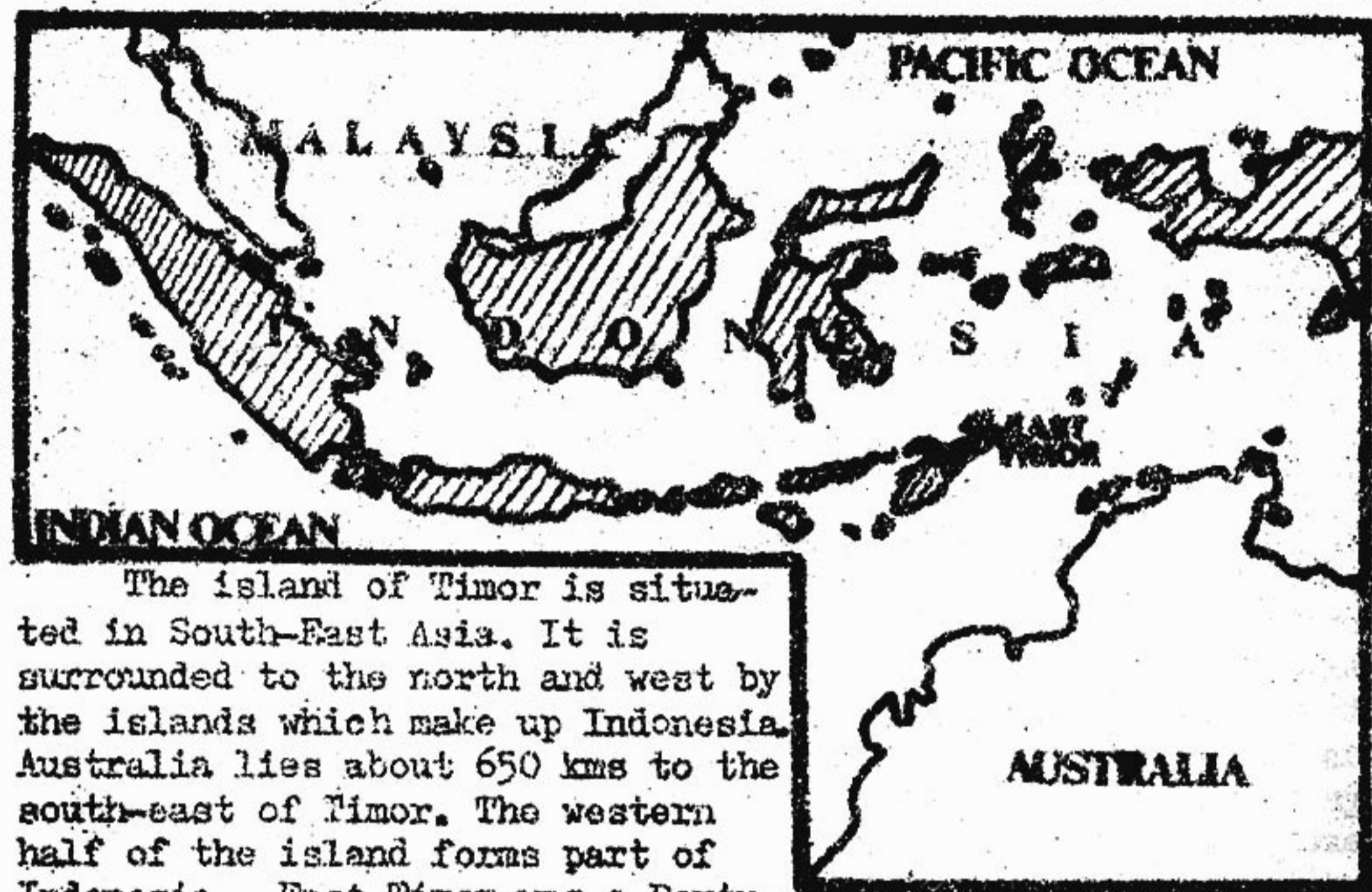
To be continued...



UNITY. WORK.

VIGILANCE!

The Struggle in East Timor



The island of Timor is situated in South-East Asia. It is surrounded to the north and west by the islands which make up Indonesia. Australia lies about 650 kms to the south-east of Timor. The western half of the island forms part of Indonesia. East Timor was a Portuguese colony until November 1975 when FRETILIN, the liberation movement of East Timor, declared the Democratic Republic of East Timor and formed a government. Soon afterwards East Timor was invaded by Indonesia. Since then the East Timorese people, led by FRETILIN, have been fighting a liberation war against the Indonesian invasion force.

The following is an interview with Comrade M. ALKATIRI, Member of the Secretariat of the Central Committee of FRETILIN and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Democratic Republic of East Timor.

Dawn: Comrade Minister, could you explain the present situation in your country and the events which led up to it?

Gãe, Alkatiri: Like Angola, Mozambique and other former Portuguese colonies, East Timor was a colony of Portugal until 1975. In November 1975, after the defeat of the Portuguese colonialists and internal reaction, the Central Committee of FRETILIN declared independence for East Timor -- the Democratic Republic of East Timor. Ten days after the declaration of independence the Democratic Republic of East Timor suffered a massive

aggression from its neighbours - Indonesia. This aggression from the colonial regime of Djakarta was launched with the green light from Washington, from Gerald Ford and Kissinger.

Since 7th December 1975, the date that our country was invaded by the Indonesian armed forces, until now, our people are resisting the aggressors. After four years of armed struggle we continue to resist although over 200 000 of our civilian population have been killed. The armed struggle continues, continues well-organised, as guerrilla warfare.

Until 1978 we had two kinds of armed struggle inside our country - guerrilla warfare and mixed classical warfare, warfare with regular troops. But from January 1978, because of the big offensive launched by the enemy, of encirclement and annihilation, the Central Committee of FRETILIN decided on a period of guerrilla warfare only.

Dawn: What has given cause to Indonesia laying claim to your country rather than allowing you to attain your national independence?

Cde. Alkatiri: The main problem is that the Indonesian regime is a fascist regime, and we tried to establish in East Timor a democratic government. This is why Indonesia, as a fascist regime, supported directly by the United States, never accepted this kind of government in East Timor - a democratic government.

But there are other interests in East Timor too. One is the colonial interests of Indonesia - expansionism. The second is United States imperialism's strategic interest in East Timor. These two interests joined each other and support each other to suffocate the revolution in East Timor.

Dawn: What is your main strategy against such a strong enemy?

Cde. Alkatiri: Our main strategy is in the military field, to maintain a protracted guerrilla war, and, in the diplomatic field, to isolate our enemy more and more.

Dawn: How do you view the relationship between political and military struggle?

Cde. Alkatiri: For us the military struggle is itself a political struggle. The main base for our struggle, the main power, is the force of the people organised by FRETILIN. This is why we always say that we never had ambitions to destroy, to defeat the enemy militarily, but politically.

Dawn: What gave cause directly to the formation of FRETILIN?

Cde. Alkatiri: FRETILIN was born legally in 1974, but before that a small group of patriots, after learning from the history of our people, the defeat that our people suffered during the time of colonialism, because of regionalism and tribalism ... this small group tried to organise by clandestine means the people in one direction, with one leadership. But after 1974 the objective conditions were better for this small group of patriots to work legally and to mobilise and organise the people under the leadership of the Central Committee of FRETILIN.

This movement, born from this small group of patriots, very soon got support from a great number of people in East Timor, and after the beginning of the armed struggle, from all the East Timorese people. Now FRETILIN is a real revolutionary vanguard of the people of East Timor.

Dawn: Are there any countries, governments or organisations that you identify as your main allies?

Cde. Alkatiri: We always identified in principle the socialist countries as our natural allies, but we also see the liberation movements as our fundamental allies.

Dawn: In one of your publications you have printed letters addressed to FRETILIN from the government and leaders of the People's Democratic Republic of Vietnam. Are there any specific lessons that you have learned from the struggle of Vietnam that have a direct impact or can be used directly in your own struggle?

Cde. Alkatiri: Yes. We think that the struggle of the Vietnamese people is a lesson for all the people that are struggling against imperialism, a very good lesson, and we have learned much from the Vietnamese struggle. We have good relations with our comrades from Vietnam.

But we also learned from the struggles of the other people, like the Mozambicans - FRELIMO, MPLA, PAIGC - and now we are learning from the struggles of all the people that are struggling against the common enemy - the South African people - ANC, the Namibian, the Zimbabwean and many other people, and we think that we have our own experience to give to the other comrades. This is why we think that our fundamental allies are the liberation movements, to exchange experiences and to support each other.

Dawn: Comrade Minister, in relation to the specific conditions of your own struggle, could you tell us how your geo-

geographical situation in Asia affects your own struggle in relation to allies, the support you get, and the specific strategy in your area?

Cde. Alkatiri: The situation for us in Asia is not good, particularly in South-East Asia. Indonesia occupies a very good position in that area and there are some conflicts in that area that are forcing the countries all over the world, and mainly in our area, to concentrate their attention on those conflicts. This is why our struggle in East Timor, in the international arena, takes second place. But we think that because we have decided to maintain our protracted warfare, time is with us and we are sure that sooner or later world public opinion will be with us.

Dawn: Where do you get your arms from since you have that difficult situation?

Cde. Alkatiri: We only get our arms, our weapons, from the enemy - first from the Portuguese and now from the Indonesians. It means we are fighting with American weapons against French and American weapons.

Dawn: And how do your natural conditions, the terrain of your country, affect your struggle in terms of guerrilla warfare?

Cde. Alkatiri: We can say that our greatest 'General' is the natural conditions of our country. It is very good for guerrilla warfare. Our country is mountainous country, with big forests and a rainy season which lasts about nine months.

Dawn: Comrade Minister, has FRETILIN developed any specific tactics in relation to the enemy personnel? How do you view political work amongst the Indonesian soldiers, for instance?

Cde. Alkatiri: We are doing much to conscientise the Indonesian armed forces. Until now many Indonesian soldiers have surrendered to FRETILIN and some of them are fighting with us against the regime. But the most important political work that we are doing is inside Indonesia itself with the opposition - legal and illegal opposition - because we think that the situation in East Timor must be known by the Indonesian people, not only by the Indonesian soldiers that are fighting in East Timor, but the Indonesian people on a national level. This is why we are doing a lot of work inside Indonesia, clandestine work, with the Indonesian opposition.

Dawn: Are there any specific lessons that Portuguese colonialism taught you that you are able to use against the colonial-

ism of Indonesia?

Cde. Alkatiri: I think that the two forms of colonialism are different. But the lesson that we have learned from Portuguese colonialism is one. During the 500 years of Portuguese colonialism the people of East Timor were defeated many times because of regionalism and tribalism, and from this we have learned that we must now fight under one leadership, the leadership of FRETILIN. This is the most important lesson that we learned from Portuguese colonialism.

Dawn: Comrade Minister, what is the basis of the morale of your cadres?

Cde. Alkatiri: The basis is that all our cadres know very well why they are fighting. They're fighting for national independence. They're fighting to defend the national integrity of our territory. They are fighting to destroy all the colonial strata. They are fighting for the revolution.

Dawn: And can you tell us what is the basis of the political education of your cadres?

Cde. Alkatiri: The basis of our political education is nationalism, to explain to all the people about our history, about what we mean by our revolution - what is independence for our people and our country, and what is democracy?

Dawn: Comrade Minister, finally, is there any message you would like to pass to the cadres of Umkhonto we Sizwe?

Cde. Alkatiri: Yes, I would like to pass a message of solidarity with the cadres of the African National Congress and the people of South Africa, solidarity from FRETILIN, from the Central Committee of FRETILIN, from the East Timorese people, and a message of sympathy for your people and total support from our organisation, from our people.

Dawn: Comrade Minister, thank you very much.

DAWNlight ... starring "Lucy Myubado"



I AM AT THE FORD PLANT
IN ME TO INVESTIGATE THE
LABOUR UNREST HERE...



THE MANAGING
DIRECTOR DID APPEAR
TO BE INTRANSIGENT
AT FIRST...



BUT I MANAGED
TO MELT HIM
DOWN IN THE
END...



... HE EVEN TOOK ME
FOR A RIDE!

THE POLITICS OF GUERRILLA WARFARE

Part Three

-William Pomeroy

I'd like to refer now to some aspects of personal experience. I'd like to cite the experience of the guerrilla war that occurred in the Philippines in which I happen to have participated.

You know it's always useful to give the experience of other struggles because a great many points can be raised from which lessons can be learnt and mistakes can be avoided. The case that I want to make use of is the one I know best from personal experience. I can draw best the lessons from it.

First of all I'll try to give you the setting in which the armed struggle occurred in the Philippines.

AMERICAN COLONY

The Philippines was for about 50 years an American colony - from about 1898 to 1946 - but during World War Two the Japanese armed forces captured the Philippines from the United States forces and occupied the Philippines throughout World War Two. Japan defeated the American army, forced it to surrender and drove it out. And the Philippine people were left completely under Japanese occupation, and in this condition numerous guerrilla groups arose throughout the various islands of the Philippines - different types of guerrilla groups. But the most effective of them all was a guerrilla movement led by the Philippine Communist Party. It was a movement with the popular name 'Huk' which is a contraction of a Philippine word meaning 'People's Anti-Japanese Army'. 'Huk' was really a most effective guerrilla organisation against the Japanese at that time.

To some extent, even before the war broke out, this movement was planned, because it was believed that the Japanese would attack and that the people would have to resist. So at least the framework and the ideas of organising a guerrilla movement existed before the war even broke out, and as soon as the Japanese invaded, this organisation was put into effect. And it was built mainly in the central province of the main Philippine island which is called Luzon. The central provinces were provinces where mainly rice and sugar cane

were grown, and the guerrilla movement was based on the pre-war peasant unions that existed in this area. It was based mainly on a struggle against feudal landlordism, on the many landless peasants in this area, mainly tenant farmers, who were very militant in the struggle against landlords prior to World War Two. This was the movement which was the base of the guerrilla force, and most of the peasant leaders of the pre-war time became the guerrilla commanders during the Japanese occupation; and almost all of them were influenced by, or members of, the Philippine Communist Party. So this whole guerrilla movement was really a communist-led movement. It was the only guerrilla force in the Philippines with a clear-cut political programme and which was carrying out the political organisation of the people.

STRONG ORGANISATION

Now not only the armed force existed in this area, but the people were also developed into pretty strong organisations. Every village, or 'barrio' as it was called in the Philippines, had what was called a Barrio United Defence Corps, which was really the political administration within the village which was turned over to the people. The Japanese had destroyed the pre-war political system and were using military rule there. The people simply took over the power in these regions on a mass scale. And the organs of local power amongst the people existed. In this situation the guerrillas could function very easily. They even lived in the villages amongst the people and fought the Japanese in the fields.

UNITED FRONT

The political aim of the movement at that time was liberation from Japanese occupation - an aim and a slogan which was capable of arousing the entire population. Nobody disagreed with this idea of driving off the Japanese. So it was possible to have a united front even amongst the pre-war antagonistic groups. Even the former landlords who fought the peasants, during this time became united with them to fight the Japanese, and this was under the leadership of the Philippine Communist Party at that time.

The guerrilla army involved 15,000 armed men and they killed about double that number of Japanese and of the puppet elements used by the Japanese.

However, the guerrilla movement was not liked by the Ame-

rican forces, who eventually returned to the Philippines during the war and drove out the Japanese and re-imposed American colonial rule. However, independence had been promised to the Philippines for 1946, the year after the end of the war. This had been a long-standing promise so the Americans had to carry it out.

But in this immediate post-war period in the Philippines the struggle developed over what kind of forces would hold power in the new independent government in the Philippines from 1946 onwards. The US army and the US colonial authorities feared this mass guerrilla movement that had been built by the left-wing forces during the war. It became quite a powerful political force after the war. So the attitude of the US forces was to suppress and crush this movement.

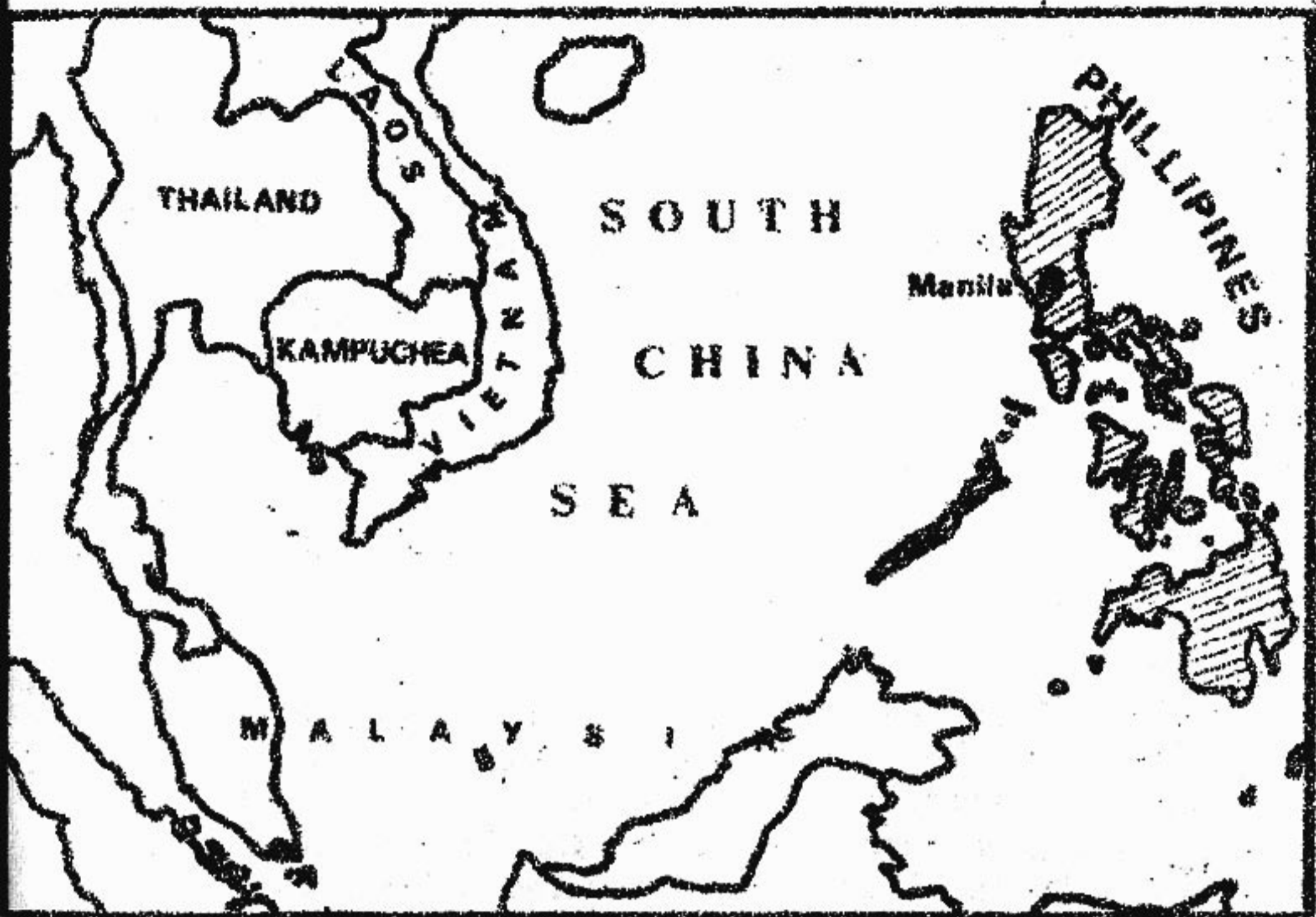
U.S. SUPPRESSION

At that time I was an American soldier in the Philippine campaign. I first came to the Philippines during the war, and I met large numbers of the 'Huk' guerrillas at that time and became well-acquainted with them. I witnessed the suppressive activities of the US army to prevent the organisation and activities of these units. The Americans tried to arrest and disband the 'Huk' units and seize their arms. Many of the 'Huks' were forced to hide, to take to the fields and to the mountains.

Nevertheless the line of the political leadership of this movement, the Philippine communists, at that time, was not to fight the returning American forces but to engage in a legal united front struggle with all the other Philippine forces who wanted a real independence and try to achieve an independence government which would have a real genuine character.

So the Philippine communist movement, along with this big mass movement it had built during the war, entered into a coalition with those national bourgeoisie forces that wanted a real independence. And they participated in the post-war elections that elected the government to take over independence.

The US, on the other hand, created and supported a political party which was completely subservient to their desires. What the Americans wanted was to establish a thorough-going neo-colonial system in the Philippines, where they would have complete control over the economy, have American military bases still remaining in the country, control the Philippine army- all aspects of the country. This is what the US wanted



to achieve. And they succeeded - they won the post-war elections. Their party was elected and took over power.

BALANCE OF POWER

Now the communist-backed political forces at that time organised a broad movement called the 'Democratic Alliance'. All the representatives to the first post-war legislature from the Central Luzon region were from this political movement. Enough of them were elected to hold the balance of power in the Philippine Congress that took over independence. So it was not possible for the pro-American elements in the new government to pass the neo-colonial legislation to put into effect all the measures that the Americans wanted. This left-wing force held the balance of power - enough votes to defeat this legislation.

So what happened - this imperialist-backed government in the Philippines arbitrarily threw out of office all the left-wing representatives. They simply declared that these people were not elected fairly, and this gave the imperialist-backed government enough votes to put through the legislation the US wanted, and the complete array of neo-colonial measures was adopted. But in order to really put this kind of a policy across, the government, backed by American advisers and Ameri-

can assistance, embarked on a mailed-fist suppression of the mass movement in the provinces of Central Luzon - the peasant-based movement which had been the 'Huk' movement during the war.

BLOODY MASSACRE

A bloody massacre occurred in Central Luzon. The villages were totally destroyed and people were killed by the hundreds. The peasant leaders were being arrested and tortured to death. The movement had no other recourse but to take up the arms which they had gained during the war with Japan and to fight back against this government suppression. So the 'Huk' forces regrouped and reformed in self-defence and they fought back in guerrilla fashion against the government forces. This began in the latter part of the year 1946. Gradually a major armed struggle developed in the Philippines.

I was in the Philippines during the war-time, but I returned there immediately after the war in 1946, mainly for the purpose of writing a book and some articles about the struggle going on there. I became involved in the movement and joined the 'Huk' forces. I married a Philippine who was one of the women leaders of the movement - it was a total involvement.

But the revolutionary movement in the Philippines at this time had to make some very hard political decisions about what kind of struggle to conduct. It was possible to conduct an armed struggle in the countryside in the Central Luzon areas and certain areas in the Luzon provinces. It was conducted in a very effective way. The government was defeated in almost every battle that occurred.

At the same time it was possible to conduct legal struggle in the main Philippine city of Manila - the Capital city - where existed some quite strong trade unions with left-wing leadership as well as other mass organisations. It was possible to conduct legal struggle in the cities while the armed struggle was going on in the countryside. There were even mass demonstrations occasionally occurring in the cities supporting the armed struggle in the countryside and the passing of resolutions supporting the peasant's struggle.

LONG DEBATE

But in the communist movement at this time there was a very long debate over what to do in the form of strategy and tactics for this situation. What kind of a struggle could

develop?

At first the main line was to force the government into a democratic peace that would restore rights to the people. But the nature of the government was not really favouring this whatsoever. So there was a struggle going on in the movement itself between forces that favoured a combination of forms of struggle - armed and legal - to compel the government to make concessions, and a group which favoured all-out armed struggle leading towards the eventual seizure of power by the movement.

Between the years 1946 and 1948 this debate and struggle within the Party, within the movement as a whole, occurred. And in the year 1948 the forces in the movement that favoured putting the main emphasis on guerrilla armed struggle won the complete leadership of the movement and adopted the policy of making the armed struggle the main form of struggle in the country, with the eventual orientation of winning power for the movement through the conduct of the armed struggle.

ARMED STRUGGLE

All the resources of the movement - all the cadres of the movement - were thrown into the development of this armed struggle, to the point of taking all the leaders out of the trade union movement and sending them into the countryside to help lead the struggle - total emphasis on armed struggle. And gradually, stage by stage, in fact stage by propaganda stage, the issue was presented to the Phillipine people that you can gain nothing by ordinary legal parliamentary struggle - you'd have to fight with guns to get what you want. That's the propaganda that was presented to the people, and a policy was embarked upon of expanding the armed struggle all over the Phillipines, which is made up, by the way, of many islands. A policy of armed expansion, was adopted.

Teams of 50 to 100 armed soldiers of the movement accompanied by teams of political cadres were dispatched all over the country to various provinces to set up bases and to engage the enemy forces throughout the country.

This was a remarkably successful policy, by the way. From an initial 5 or 6 provinces at the beginning, the movement expanded to about 35 provinces over a course of about two years through the use of this tactic of shifting or sending units throughout the countryside, working amongst the villages, recruiting people from the areas, and establishing bases for struggle. And a step-by-step strategy for the armed

overthrow of the neo-colonial regime was adopted.

FRAUDULENT ELECTION

In the beginning of 1950, following an extremely fraudulent election which the ruling forces won by fraudulent, terroristic means - which caused mass disillusionment in the country - the leadership of the movement declared the existence of a revolutionary situation and made an open call for the armed overthrow of the government.

As I say, each of these steps over a period of several years was a political step - a political decision based on an estimate that it was possible to conduct and advance the struggle because the political economic condition of the government was of such a nature that this was the only kind of struggle that was possible.

In other words, the estimate was made that the ruling forces in the Phillipines could no longer rule in the old way and could no longer stabilise their rule in the old way. Another estimate was that the people as a whole were no longer willing to live in the old way, could no longer tolerate the existing rule and would be ready to take up arms if necessary and die to overthrow the existing rule. And it was estimated that the achievement of power could be gained by the great expansion of the armed struggle eventually leading towards the setting up of a regular army to squarely defeat the armed forces of the government. This was the policy that was adopted and carried out.

Now as it happened, all of these estimates and calculations proved to be incorrect.

INTERVENTION

US imperialism did intervene in the Phillipines, and on a comparatively large scale, with military assistance and economic aid to prop up the regime it had established there. One aspect of this by the way, was that CIA teams came to the Phillipines and were successful in organising an espionage operation which captured the whole top leadership of the 'Huk' movement in one big operation on one evening in the city of Manila, which decapitated the movement at a very decisive stage. It caused the loss of initiative to the movement that was never regained in the course of the struggle. The Philippine neo-colonial ruling forces were able to stabilise themselves and to initiate sufficient surface reforms that satisfied many people and off-set the programme of the 'Huk' movement.

And the people, it proved, were not really ready to join the armed struggle in significant numbers, and it proved that under intensified government military operations, coupled with certain amount of reforms, the people backed away from the revolutionary movement. The result of this whole situation was that the 'Huk' struggle in the Philippines was crushed by the armed forces of the government supported by American imperialism.

The 'Huk' army proved incapable of withstanding very intensive military operations by the government US-directed forces, and the movement was crushed - almost annihilated. Almost all the leaders of the movement were either killed or imprisoned - many of them for periods of up to 20 years. And in the course of the struggle, because people backed away from the movement, the result was essentially isolation of the remnants of the movement.

FAULTY DECISIONS

Around the middle of the 1950s this was the condition that had been produced by the counter-guerrilla operations of the government. But essentially it was produced by the faulty political decisions of the movement in the Philippines. And this, I think, underscores the lessons of the struggle in the Philippines. The reason I mention it is the fact that it underscores the importance of politics in a guerrilla struggle - not only the importance of politics, but the importance of the need to master politics in the guerrilla struggle.

When we talk, by the way, of the situation in the Philippines and the process of withdrawing all legal cadres and putting them into the armed struggle - this caused the virtual destruction of the trade union movement in the cities which was quite strong and effective before. This caused the loss of the working class base of the movement in the Philippines due to the almost total concentration on armed struggle in the countryside amongst the peasantry and the failure to develop many-sided mass struggle, with many forms, amongst the people.

It seems to me that the leaders of the guerrilla struggle in Southern Africa, as well as in other parts of the world, have studied the lessons of struggles such as occurred in the Philippines, and have learned from them and have learned from the mistakes made, and certainly are applying the lessons here which they've learnt with great effectivity.

To be continued....

SOLDIER OF THE PEOPLE

- Sizwe Mkhon

A convinced soldier embodies unity of ideas, feelings and will. He is characterised by stable principles, skills and habits. He always acts in accordance with his knowledge and world out-look, and is consistent in words and deed.

His discipline is not as a result of fear of punishment but stems from the truth; justness of the cause he is fighting for. He fights tirelessly for the unity of his beloved comrades.

He does not wait for a special place where he intends demonstrating heroism and love for his people. On the contrary, he demonstrates heroism, love for his people, wherever he is to be found.

He has utmost hatred for the enemy of his people and boundless love for mankind. He spares neither strength nor courage for the freedom and well-being of his people.

He is characterised by his moral and psychological preparedness to meet whatever situation may arise. His high political maturity, ideological staunchness and selfless devotion to the liberation of his people wins him the confidence of his people.

He is a morally pure, honest, loyal man, possessing a well developed sense of collectivism and readiness to help his comrades.

He is a man of initiative, of creative endeavour, self-dependence, courage and will to achieve set objectives. He is distinguished by a continuous striving to improve his daily conduct and knowledge.

He accepts totally the authority of his commander.

He has both successes and failures, but he is always prepared to improve the former and get rid of the latter. He acts not instinctively but consciously. He prefers fighting fiercely rather than submitting to the butchers of his own people. He does not fail to appreciate the heroic exploits of other peoples, therefore he is free from national narrow-mindedness. To him the victory of the Angolan people, Vietnamese people and Soviet people is the victory of his own people.

To him the death of Pablo Neruda, Agostinho Neto and Alexander Matrosov is no different from the death of his own leader, comrade and father.

He does not shy away from severely testing conditions so as to demonstrate his boundless devotion and love for his people. He is always worried about how best he can contribute to the well-being of the next generations.

He prefers always to be in the forefront in times of difficulties, the culmination of which may be death or severe injury. He always is exemplary, both in taking orders and executing them, and firmly believes in educating others who do not as yet understand the importance of punctually fulfilling orders.

He does not fail to preach the heroic deeds of his forebears to others. He resolutely fights for the unity of his people. Matching word and deed is his daily conduct. He spares neither strength nor courage in correcting himself where he has made errors. His enemies are backwardness, illiteracy, starvation and above all imperialism, racism and colonialism.

He loves most those who support him both materially and morally. He does not fail to accept and appreciate the most difficult tasks that await him in the future and firmly believes that political maturity and ideological staunchness are the best weapons to counter all severe conditions. He has utmost trust in his tested leadership and therefore he cannot be diverted from his cause. The enemies of his people call him a 'Soviet or Communist agent or puppet' but he knows he is fighting because of his love for his own people. He knows full well that the liberation of his people will demand lives, therefore he is selfless and always ready to sacrifice his own life for the freedom of his people.

He is happy to be part of the liberatory force of the entire mankind. He is broad-minded because he loves peace, progress and the well-being of people in the whole world.

He firmly believes in the purity of his army and therefore he is always prepared to educate those who have been victimised by the enemies of his people. He regrets his wasted life under capitalist conditions and therefore he always strives to rid himself of capitalist-inherited tendencies or habits.

He is a soldier of a people and believes in the cause of his people.

NOTES FROM THE GALLOWES

by

JULIUS FUCHIK

Chapter 3 — 'Cell 267'

Seven steps from the door to the window, seven steps from the window to the door.

I know that thoroughly.

How many times have I paced that distance on the pine boards of my Pankrats cell! Perhaps I sat in that cell just because I saw too clearly the results for the Czech nation of the ruinous policies of our city folk. My nation is now being stretched upon the cross; before my cell pace German guards and somewhere out there the political Fates spin the threads of treason. How many thousand prison-cells has humanity plodded through on the road forward? And how many more must it go through? Oh, Neruda's Christ-child, there is no end to man's road to salvation. But man is awake at last, awake at last.

Seven paces there, seven paces back. Along one wall a folding bunk, on the other a dreary brown shelf with its earthenware bowl. Yet, I know all that. Prisons are mechanized now, with central heating, a flush toilet in place of the old bucket - and the people are mechanized also. Chiefly the people - mere automatons. Press a button and a key grates in the lock of the door, or the peep-hole opens into the cell - the prisoners jump up no matter what they are doing, stand at attention one behind the other. As the door opens, the elder in the cell must shout in one breath:

"Attention! Cell two-hundred-sixty-seven occupied by three men - everything in order".

Number 267 is our cell, but the automatons do not operate quite precisely today. Only two jump up. I lie still on my straw mattress under the window - have been lying on my face a week, two weeks, a month, six weeks. I am just being reborn. I can already turn my head, raise my hand. I have raised myself on one elbow, even tried to turn over on my back. But I can certainly write it quicker than I could do it then.

There have been changes in the cell. Instead of three names on the door, there are only two, for Karek has disap-

appeared, the younger of the two men who sang that dirge at my funeral. All he left behind are memories of a kind heart. I can see him only in half-dreams, and remember only the last two days of his stay with us. He kept repeating over and over again the details of his case, and I always fell asleep in the middle of his story.

He is named Karek Maletz, a mechanic who worked at the edge of an iron-mine somewhere near Hudlitz. He carried away explosives which were needed in the underground battle. He was arrested nearly two years ago and is going to trial, perhaps in Berlin. There is a whole group going, and who knows what the sentence will be? He has a wife and two children, whom he loves, loves dearly - but... it was my duty, you see, I couldn't do anything else.

He used to sit on my bunk and try to make me eat. I couldn't. On Saturday - have I been here eight days? - he tries his most desperate trick and reports to the police-master that I haven't eaten a thing in all the time I have been here.

The police-master, that eternally worried Pankrats orderly in an SS uniform without whose permission the Czech doctor cannot even prescribe aspirin, brings in a mug of infirmary soup and stands over me until I down it. Karek is well satisfied with the success of his appeal to force, and the next day pours a mug of Sunday soup into me himself.

But I can't take more. My lacerated gums can't chew even the overboiled potato in our Sunday goulash, my swollen throat refuses to swallow the smallest lump.

"Not even goulash; he doesn't want even goulash", Karek complains, and wags his head sadly over me.

Then he gulps down half my dinner, after dividing fairly with "dad".

Oh, you who did not live through 1942 in Pankrats don't know what goulash tastes like. You can never know! In those worst days, when our stomachs growled with hunger, when the figures under the weekly showers were skeletons covered with human skin, when your best pal stole your food at least with his eyes. Even the disgusting gruel of dehydrated vegetables and diluted tomato sauce seemed a delicacy. In those worst days the trusty dipped a ladle of potatoes into our bowls twice a week, on Thursdays and Sundays, and poured on them a spoonful of goulash gravy with a few shreds of meat. It tasted miraculous - but more than the taste, it was a material reminder of human life, something civilized, something from normal life in the midst of the cruel abnormality of

Gestapo imprisonment. We talked about it with sweet captives. Oh, who can understand the heights of human value a spoonful of good gravy can attain when seasoned with daily dread of dying!

After two months had passed I also understood Karek's consternation when I refused goulash. Nothing was clearer proof of my approaching death than the one fact that I didn't even want to eat goulash.

The night after that they awoke Karek at two o'clock. He had to be ready to leave in five minutes, as though he was just going out for a moment instead of starting on a journey to the end of life, to another prison, concentration camp or the gallows - who knows where? He took time to kneel by my bunk, put his arms around my head and kiss it. Then the raucous shout of the uniformed flunky sounded in the corridor saying that there is no place in Pankrats for sentiment. Karek ran out of the door, the lock snapped... and we were only two in the cell.

Will we ever meet again, boy? And who will leave next? Which of us two will go first? Where to? Who will come for him? The flunky in an SS uniform - or Death who wears no uniform?

I write now in the echoes of the thoughts which gripped us after that first farewell in prison. A year has passed since then, and the thoughts which followed our pal out the door have been repeated often, with greater poignancy or less. The two names on the door of our cell rose to three, and then only two again - then three, two, three, two - as new prisoners joined us and then departed. Only the two who remained in cell 267 still sit here faithfully:

"Dad" and I.

"Dad" is a sixty-year-old teacher named Joseph Peshek, senior of the arrested teachers. He was taken eighty-five days before me, because he committed "intrigue against the German Reich" by working on a plan for improving Czech schools after they should be free again.

"Dad" is ...

But how can you ever write it all down, my boy? Quite a job to describe two men in one cell for a year. In that time the quote marks around his name "Dad" disappeared; in that time two prisoners of different ages really became father and son. In that time we each accepted favourite expressions from the other's speech, habitual gestures, and even tones of voice. You could not tell today which of the personal prop-

y in the cell is his and which is mine, what he brought in with him and what I brought.

He sat up night after night with me, and with his white wet compress cloths scared off death whenever he approached. He cleaned the pus from my wounds and never showed that he was affected by their horrid odour which hung over my bunk. He washed and mended the shreds of my shirt, and when he could no longer hold it together, put one of his own on me. He brought me a tiny daisy and a few blades of grass, which he picked at the risk of his life in the half-hour exercise period one morning in the prison court-yard. His kind eyes followed me out of the cell each time they took me to another "hearing", and he tenderly wrapped my new wounds in wet compresses when I returned. When they took me off at night, he never slept till they had brought me back and he had laid me on the bunk and tucked in my blanket.

That is the way our relationship began after that first night grilling and nothing spoiled it after I could stand up again and begin to repay my filial debts.

But you can never write it all out, my boy, at one sitting. Cell 267 had a rich life that year, and Dad lived through every bit of it in his own way. But the tale is not yet done - and that has the sound of hope.

Cell 267 had a rich life. At times the door opened and we were inspected every hour. That was due to orders for closer supervision over their Communist criminal, but it was also caused by simple curiosity. People often died here when they were not supposed to, but it did not often happen that someone remained alive when everyone expected him to die. Guards came in from other corridors, talking loudly or silently lifting my blanket, expertly savoured my wounds and then, according to their natures, either made cynical jokes or adopted a slightly more friendly tone. One of them, whom we called Smarty, comes more often than the others and with a broad smile asks if "that red devil" wants anything. No thank you, nothing. After a few days Smarty discovers that the red devil does need something - a shave. So he brings in the barber.

The barber is the first prisoner from outside our own cell with whom we get acquainted - comrade Bocek. Smarty's well-intentioned kindness turns out to be rather cruel. Dad holds my head while Bocek kneels by the bunk and hacks his way through the undergrowth with a very dull razor blade. His hands tremble and his eyes fill with tears, for he is convin-



and he is shaving a corpse. I reassure him.

"Courage, boy. If I lived through that grilling in Petchek Building, I can stand your shaving".

But we are both so weak that we have to stop and rest, he and I.

Two days later I get acquainted with two more prisoners. The commissar gentlemen in Petchek Building have grown impatient. Every day they sent for me the police-master wrote on the slip "Unfit for transportation". So they order me to be sent regardless. Two prisoners in the uniforms of trusties or "house-men" stop in front of our cell with a stretcher. Dad struggles to get some clothes on me; the trusties lay me on the stretcher and carry me off. One of them is comrade Skorepa, the solicitous dad of the whole corridor. The second is _____, who leans over me when I slip on the stretcher tilting down the stairs, and says, "Hold tight".

Then whispers, "In both senses, hold tight".

This time we don't stop in the reception room. They carry me down a long hall filled with people. It is Thursday and relatives come with clean clothes for their prisoners and carry home the soiled to launder. They stare at our cheerless procession with sympathy in their eyes, which I don't quite like. I raise my hand to my head and clench my fist. Perhaps they will realise it is a salute, perhaps it is a silly gesture. But I haven't strength for more, even for a word.

In the prison court-yard they lay the stretcher in a truck. Two SS men sit with the driver, two SS men stand at my head with their hands on the open pouches of their revolvers, and we drive off. The road is in bad shape. The wheels bounce from one hole to another, and within two hundred yards I lose consciousness. It is a comic ride through the streets of Prague - a five-ton truck large enough to carry thirty prisoners burns gasoline for one. Two SS in front and two in the rear, their revolvers and vulturous eyes guarding a corpse for fear it may escape from their clutches.

The hearing could not be held with me unconscious, so they drove me back to Pankrats. The same comedy was repeated next day, only this time I held out till we reached the Petchek Building. But the hearing was not long. Commissar Friedrich touched my body a little carelessly, and they drove me back unconscious again.

There followed days in which I could not doubt that I was still alive. Pain - the twin sister of life - reminded me constantly and very pointedly. All Pankrats learned that by

some oversight I was alive and began to send me greetings. By signal tappings on the thick walls, and by the eyes of the trustees who brought in the food.

Only my wife did not know anything about me. Alone in a cell one floor below me and a few numbers farther, she lived in anxiety and hope until a woman from a neighbouring cell whispered during the exercise period that I had met my end, succumbed in the cell to wounds from my first grilling. That was such a blow that she circled the court-yard in a daze and didn't even feel the woman-guard's fist in her face, forcing her back into the line of trudging figures which form prison life. What scenes passed before her great, kind eyes as she sat through the day staring at her cell walls, too broken to weep? The next day she heard another rumour, that I was not quite beaten to death, but had hanged myself in the cell to escape my pain.

All the while I twisted on my loathsome bunk, turning to the wall each evening to sing to my Gustina the song she loved best. Why couldn't she hear me, when I put such feeling into it?

She knows today; she can hear that song today - even though she is further away than she was then. But now the guards have grown accustomed to the fact that there is singing in cell 267, and no longer bang on the door for silence.

Cell 267 sings. I have sung all my life and see no reason for stopping at the end of it, when one lives most intensely. And what about Dad Peshek? He is an unusual case, passionately fond of singing. He has no voice nor musical ear nor memory, but he loves song with a beautiful and devoted love. He finds so much joy in singing that I don't hear it when he slips from tone to tone, and doggedly sings G when your ears long for an A. And so we sing whenever we have a cheerful day, or whenever longing presses down. We sing to welcome good news from the eastern front. Sing for joy or to comfort ourselves, as people have sung for ages, and will sing as long as they are people.

There is no life without song, as there is no life without the sun. And we need song here in double measure because the sun cannot reach us. Cell 267 faces to the north and only in the summer months does the setting sun etch the bars of our window on the eastern wall for a few minutes. Those few moments Dad stands leaning against his up-turned bunk and gazes at that hasty visit of the sun... the saddest sight you will ever see.

The sun! How generously he casts his magic rays, what miracles he works before the very eyes of men! But how few people live in sunlight. He will shine, yet, he will shine for us all one day, and we shall all live in his warming rays. It is wonderful to know that. But I would like to know something incomparably less important - will he shine again for us two?

Our cell is toward the north. Only occasionally, when a summer day is usually lucky do we see the sun set. Oh, God, how I would like to see the sun rise once more.

To be continued....

Editorial - (Cont.)

At the kind of international climate in which their internal oppression and external aggression thrives. And Britain needs at such an ally in Zimbabwe to act as one more form of intimidation of the Zimbabwean people in order to force them to comply with imperialism's plans for Zimbabwe.

And what must be the response of the people of Zimbabwe and us, the people of South Africa, to the manoeuvres of Britain and South Africa? Our response must be unity. We must build a solid rock against which the imperialists and racists will crack their thick skulls.

DANGEROUS TIME

This dangerous time, locally and internationally, demands firm unity, courage and steely determination. Above all we must not be frightened by the might and treachery of our enemies. The racists' threats of aggression against Angola, Zambia and Mozambique will not save them from the wrath of our people. The battle is inside South Africa.

We stand firmly behind the people of Zimbabwe. We give our full support to the people of Namibia in their increased offensive against our common enemy. We pledge our determination to press forward our own struggle and to unite our own people around the demands of our Freedom Charter, so that once and for all the devil that stalks our continent will be vanquished.

AMANDLA NGAWETHU!

DAWN

POLITIXWORD

No. 1

clues

Across:

1. Isandhlwana King.
6. Necessary subject for the artilleryman.
7. Something all workers need and many haven't got.
8. You can make one with petrol.
9. Our answer to the call to surrender.
11. One of 'Dawn's' working tools.
13. Ready, aim,....
14. Boere cop-force
15. An important part of culture.
18. Leader on the Island.

Down:

1. The Boers' nightmare.
2. Use this stuff for hot demolition.
3. It's on our side.
4. The People's Vanguard.
5. Month of a great revolution.
3. "Let it...."
10. A person who should get special treatment.
11. Hole.
12. The kind of society we will build after the revolution.
13. What we want to be.
16. International organisation.
17. Abbreviation for our home.

See answers in DAWN Vol. 4 No. 3

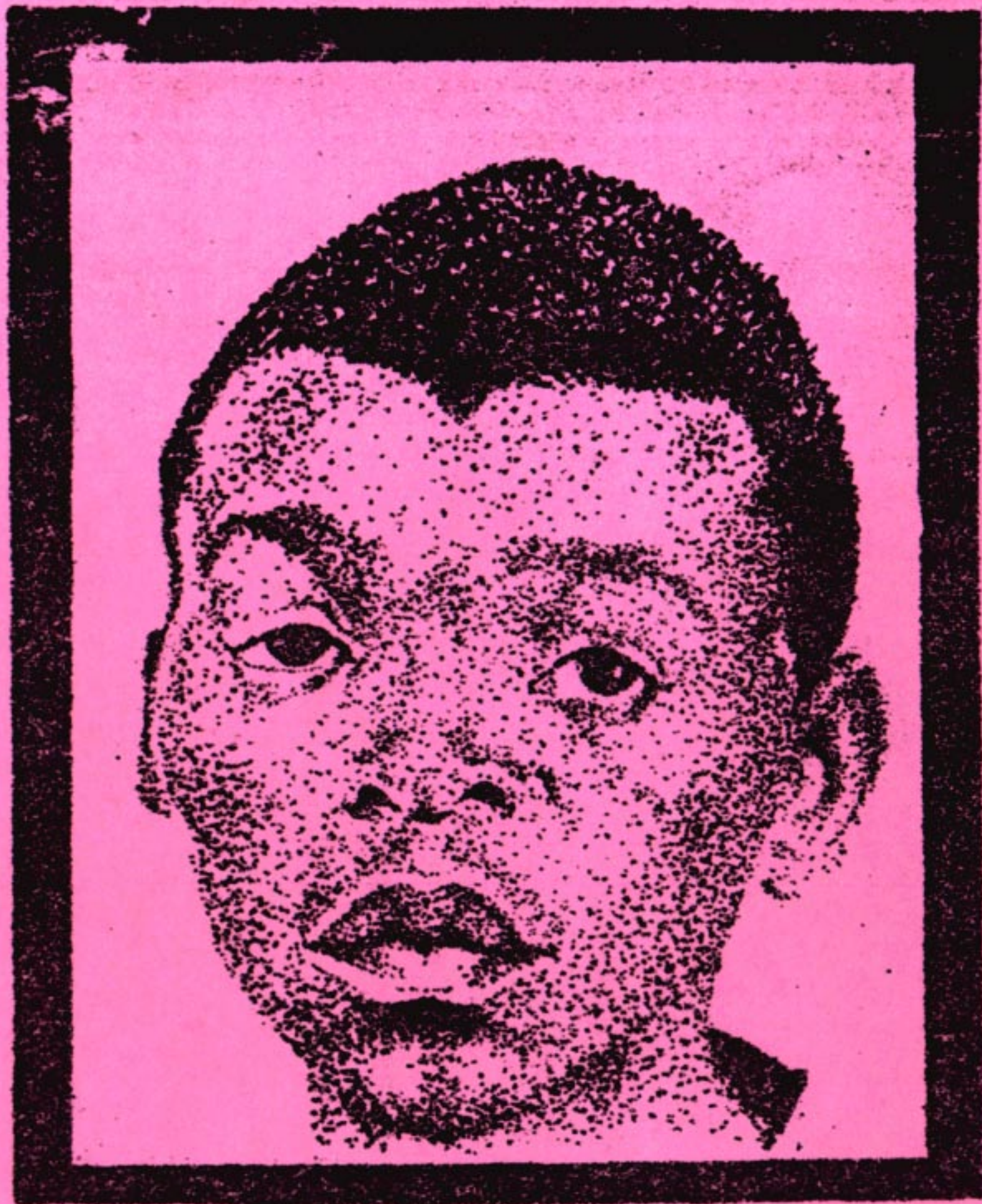
**DISCIPLINE
IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY**

**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!**

**SOLIDARITY WITH
COMRADE JAMES MANBE**



**STOP
THE EXECUTION**