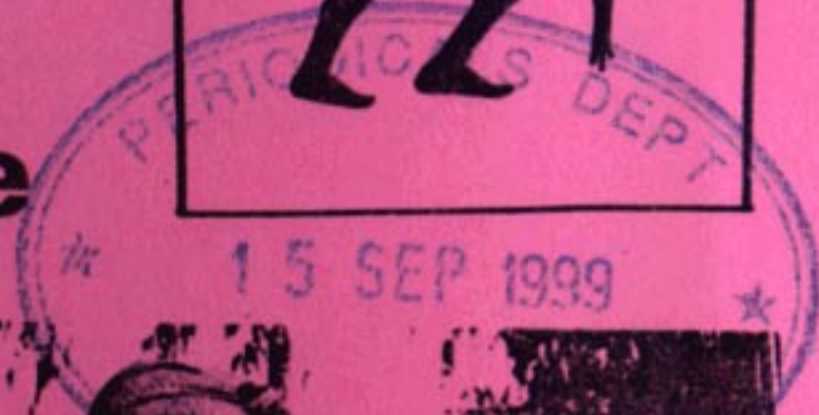


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DAWN

monthly journal of
umkhonto we sizwe



Dawn

monthly journal of umkhonto we sizwe

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Contents

- Editorial Comment: Remember Sharpeville! 1
- To Battle Comrades 3
- I Speak my Mind 7
- Twenty Years of the Fascist Republic - Part 2 . . . 10
- DAWN Politixword - Answers 15
- R a c i s t A g g r e s s i o n 16
- "The Small Window" 19
- R e d B r i g a d e 21
- Heroes of our Revolution 27
- Dawnlight: Featuring 'Presidential Elections' . . . 33
- Reagan's Brinkmanship 34
- Naked Among Wolves (1st Instalment of Series) . . . 37
- Poem: Thoughts on March the 8th 47
- DAWN Politixword No. 3 48

* Cover: A delegation of our oppressed and exploited fighting mothers from a women's organisation of our people's vanguard movement, the African National Congress, giving a thumbs up sign of "Mayibuye i-Afrika."



Editorial Comment

REMEMBER SHARPEVILLE!

Our people and the entire peace-loving mankind will never forget the shocking events of March 21, 1960. On this day 69 of our unarmed people were gunned down in cold blood and more than 200 others injured by the racist trigger-happy police in Sharpeville and Langa during a peaceful demonstration against the inhuman laws of the Pretoria boers.

During the past twenty years the world has witnessed the deliberate pursuing of genocidal policies over our people by those who rule us against our will. Our leaders Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisulu, Govan Mbeki, Ahmed Kathrada, Dennis Goldberg and other patriots of our country have been arbitrarily sentenced either to life or long term prison sentences. Some of the best sons of our Motherland have been done to death by the Pretoria hangman - Mini, Mkaba, Khayinga and Mahlangu; the Pretoria hangman's noose is presently dangling around the necks of our young fighters for freedom - Johnson Lubisi, Petrus Mashigo and Naphtalie Manana. The enemy has even gone to the extent of committing acts of cowardice against our people in the friendly African states that give us refuge. There are scores of others whose deaths were never reported by the racist murderers. The Pretoria rulers have built more and bigger dungeons where our people are tortured to death or maimed including young children. Those who remain

outside p r i s o n s are systematically decimated through bullets, starvation and deceases.

F O R C E

Our people have not taken this lying on their bellies. Under the leadership of our tried and tested vanguard organisation, the ANC, our people created their own army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, to be their shield and striking force, for their salvation from racist brutality for freedom. Our struggle has surged forward to a stage "where," as our President Oliver Tambo has clearly stated "freedom is truly in sight."

What does Sharpeville mean to us today? Sharpeville has become an insistent call to all who honestly cherish the ideal of a free and democratic South Africa of the Freedom Charter. Sharpeville is a call to all genuine South African patriots to wipe the tears of all our mothers whose husbands, sons and daughters have lost their lives at the hands of the racist oppressor. Sharpeville is a c l a r i o n call to bring an end to our centuries-old bondage. For too long we have been the only ones who have had to bury their dead and pledge to avenge the deaths of our mothers, fathers, sisters & brothers. Now is the time for us to make the enemy pay dearly for all the crimes they have committed against our peaceful people. The enemy must also mourn.

The racist enemy is desperately preparing to drown us in a blood bath, for he sees his days are numbered and the whole world is condemning him. We, the people of South Africa, have nothing to lose but our shackles and a bright future to gain. Our just cause enjoys the support of all the freedom-loving people of the world. The enemy cannot win this war which he has declared on us. History has decided that victory is ours. We must fight back with doubled determination. The catchword is: **The enemy is attacking — let us reply!**

FORWARD TO A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT!





TO BATTLE

COMRADES!

In this month's issue, and in commemoration of the Twentieth Anniversary of the founding of Umkhonto we Sizwe, **DAWN** reproduces some extracts from a statement to the people of South Africa by Comrade President Oliver Tambo on the occasion of the 10th Anniversary of MK.

To be precise, the actual date of commemoration is December 16th. But in view of the ever-growing relevance of this highly instructive statement, and in the light of the need to act in line with sound guidelines in this great year, it is our belief that the statement will serve us best when published now - for the remunerative edification of our youth.

All parentheses in this adapted version contain sentences, phrases and dates adjusted to suit these times.

Now let us talk of FREEDOM...

... We call upon all the oppressed and exploited Black masses of the people of South Africa to unite and close ranks against the apartheid monster.

We call upon the miners deep down in the bowels of the earth; we call upon the labourers in the Boer farms and on the farm jails; we call upon the workers in the facto-

ries, in the shops, in domestic employ; we call upon the men who keep the railways going, and on those who bear heavy loads at the ports and harbours; we call upon the men who keep the towns and cities clean; we call upon teachers, nurses, doctors, sportsmen; we call upon all working people and peasants throughout the length and breath of our country to rise and demand the **FREEDOM** of the Black majority.

GET ARMED

(About twenty) years ago on the 16th December, the first salvoes of our demand shook the enemy. On that day we spoke to the White oppressor in a new way; we blew up the hated symbols of oppression with our home-made bombs. In 1967 we made our voice quite clear in the battlefields of Zimbabwe. There the White oppressor learnt the lesson which we must teach him again and again - that a bullet kills a white man too. And out of the barrels of guns and home-made bombs let us go on showing Botha and his gestapo that we are determined to smash apartheid to end racism; and to liberate the oppressed Black people of our country. We are many and the White oppressors are few; our cause is j u s t and white domination is condemned everywhere. The hour to talk Freedom has come. A n d Freedom means struggle against every form of injustice, against every instrument of oppression - against low wages and high taxes, high rentals, high bus fares, high hospital fees, high school fees; it means struggle against the police, against the army, against police informers; it means getting yourself armed to resist the apartheid regime.

Resist the apartheid regime in the towns and cities; in the villages and farms; in the factories and mines; in the townships and slums; in the detention camps and jails. Resist the apartheid regime in the Urban Bantu Councils, in the Bantu, Indian and Coloured Advisory Boards; yes, even in the Bantustans resist the apartheid regime, for freedom is indivisible. There can be no freedom in those Bantustans, unless it extends to all Black people wherever they live in South Africa. Freedom cannot be confined in Bantustans; just as Hitler could not provide freedom in the ghettos; just as US imperialism (could not) provide freedom nor peace in the hamlets of Vietnam. Refuse to be hoodwinked by empty promises. Fight for freedom throughout our country; smash the apartheid and the vile system of racist oppression of the Blacks.

NEW ORDER

The African National Congress of South Africa has remained faithful to the cause of Freedom. It leads the national struggle for the emancipation of all oppressed and exploited Black people. It stands for a new order in South Africa where racism shall be a thing of the past and human dignity and equality shall prevail in the life of our country.

But before that new order shall be born, many lives will be lost. We are ready to meet the challenge. The ANC and its military wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe, and all revolutionary opponents of the political system represent the unbreakable will and determination of the African people of South Africa to spare no effort or life in order to attain our goal - the total liberation of South Africa from white racist domination and imperialist exploitation. To achieve such a noble goal; to fight for the realisation of such a lofty ideal - no sacrifice could be too great.

It will not be easy to accomplish this task. Initially the white oppressor enjoys land, air and naval power. He is backed by a mighty industrial-military machine whose bedrock is international imperialism. But the same white oppressor has a very soft underbelly. He depends on cheap Black labour to keep the wheels of the economy turning. Let us now mobilise our Black power to liberate ourselves from alien bondage. It is our power that sustains the life in South Africa. Let us fight for Freedom.

Let us arm ourselves with the willpower and fearlessness of Shaka; the endurance and vision of Moshoeshe; the courage and resourcefulness of Sekhukhuni; the tenacity and valour of Hintsa; the military initiative and guerrilla tactics of Maqoma, the farsightedness and dedication of S.P. Makgatho, Sol Plaatjies, Langalibalele Dube, Isaka ka Seme, W.B. Rubusana, Meshack Pelem, Alfred Mangena, Paramount Chief Letsie II of Lesotho and all founding-fathers of the African National Congress. Let the dream of Moshoeshe who cherished a great alliance of African people to resist their separate conquest come true in our lifetime. Let us fight for Freedom. The White enemy in South Africa can and must be defeated.

OUR BEDROCK IS UNSHAKEABLE

Our bed-rock is the support of our own Black masses; it is the support of all national liberation movements in Africa, Asia, Latin America; it is the support of democratic forces in Europe, Scandinavia, North America; it is the stirring

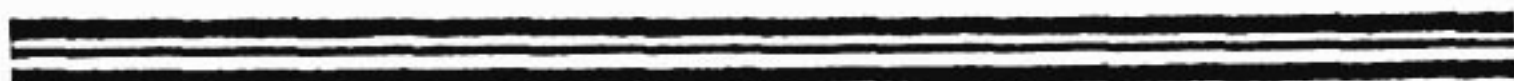
conscience of humanity that is at last echoing from world-wide religious organisations; it is the consistent anti-imperialist support that the entire socialist camp renders to our liberation struggle. Our bed-rock is unshakeable; it is international solidarity that so firmly rejects apartheid and race oppression.

(This year on December 16, we shall celebrate the 20th Anniversary of the formation of U m k h o n t o we Sizwe. This will not be a day of festivity. It will be a solemn day of rededication to the struggle to liberate our fatherland - South Africa.)

This is the day when we pause and reexamine ourselves and our organisation. Are we living up to what is expected of members of a revolutionary and fighting organisation? Is the OATH we took of any meaning and substance to those who swore to fight until freedom is won? We must unite and follow in the footsteps of our martyrs - in the footsteps of the men who fell in the frontline in South Africa and Zimbabwe and in other countries - men such as Molefe, Mini, Khayinga, Mkaba, Bongco, Solwandle, Saloojee, Imam Haroun, Paul Patersen, Patrick Mola-
oa, (and yesterday Solomon Mahlangu). What hope do their children have? What hope do all oppressed Black children have? Let us think of all the patriots languishing in Botha's dungeons - Mandela, Mbeki, Motsoaledi, (Walter Sisulu), Ahmed Kathrada, Goldberg. Others like Mrs Florence Matomela, Alpheus Madiba, Caleb Mayekiso were killed in prison. And many more have been killed and continue to die in jail. They go unheralded but confident that we will avenge their death.

Let us rededicate ourselves to the struggle to liberate South Africa and smash the apartheid monster. Let our courage and inspiration spring from those fallen heroes who have already set us a good example on the battlefield.

Eternal glory to the m a r t y r s of freedom! To battle, Comrades, to battle!



I SPEAK MY MIND

On the Year of the Youth

BARNEY MOTLAPA

It is an undeniable fact that the youth have an important role to play in the overall struggle against Apartheid, Racism and Imperialism. But it is very important to understand and accept that the leading force of our revolution is the working-class. Let us not confuse the importance of our role with the leading force in this struggle because a failure to understand and accept this will lead us to wrong and dangerous conclusions whereby we may find ourselves fighting side by side with the reactionary circles and not fighting against imperialism and reaction.

The African National Congress has declared 1981 the Year of the Youth after a thorough analysis of the tasks that lie ahead in this year and of course having greater expectations and hopes from us that we will fulfil whatever task in whatever field, promptly and excellently.

What then are our tasks and responsibilities? Our struggle is waged on many fronts, using both our pens and guns. One of these battlefronts is the struggle to win the minds and hearts of our people, to inspire them with our revolutionary ideas which become a "magnetic force when they capture the masses." We need to improve our structures and perfect them, to create new ones where none exist. This is possible if we all contribute to this - contribute by subordinating our personal interests to the interests of the revolution. Contribute by listening to those that have been tried and tested during the course of time, contribute by listening to our leaders so that the ANC remains a vanguard which subordinates the interests of its members to the common cause - a revolutionary vanguard which fights against any form of factionalism and creation of cliques & groupings; a vanguard which completely eradicates laziness, irresponsibility and misbehaviour - in short a people's movement.

The success of this year, 1981 depends on us. So let us pledge ourselves in this Year of the Youth to rededicate ourselves to the cause, to redouble our efforts and make this year a success. Let us pledge to avenge those that fell in the battlefield and fight for the release of Comrade Nelson

Mandela, our leaders and other political prisoners languishing in the fascist dungeons.

NOSIZWE GWAQAZA

When the National Executive Committee of our people's organisation, the African National Congress declared 1981 the Year of the Youth, we the fighting youth of South Africa in Umkhonto we Sizwe, beamed with joy. Not only is this year dedicated to the youth of our country who are in exile (both students and soldiers) but also to all our militant youth who are inside the country, black and white (democrats).

Therefore, since 1981 is also the 5th Anniversary of the June 16 Uprisings and the 20th Anniversary of the formation of our People's Army, it goes without saying that it is also the year in which we are to intensify the armed struggle.

Our working youth should use their lethal punch (labour power) against the exploiting class. They should strike for better working conditions, demand equal pay for equal work and also demand the right to form their own trade unions. It is the task of the youth to demonstrate that they (working youth) together with our toiling parents are the decisive class that is going to crush exploitation in our country and implement the people's beloved and delicious honey, the Freedom Charter.

The schooling youth of our country should demonstrate and show Botha and his henchmen that they want a universal and equal education system for all. The purpose of education should not be to enslave them and make them feel inferior to their white counter-parts, as is the case with Bantu Education.

We of the ANC and its allies should arm our youth inside the country with politics and military weapons for the overthrow of the Pretoria fascist Nationalists. We should explain the eighth clause of the Freedom Charter to them - that by opening the doors of learning and of culture, the African National Congress shall strive to:

"... discover, develop and encourage national talent for the enhancement of our cultural life ... Education shall be free, compulsory and equal for all children... The colour bar in cultural life, in sport and in education shall be abolished."

Finally, our youth in the so-called independent homelands should reject and defy all apartheid laws imposed upon

them by the Union Buildings' murderers. They should give no recognition to the pseudo-independence of Transkei, Vondaland, Bophuthatswana and the forthcoming Ciskei 'independence'. They must fight the fraudulent independence by refusing to collaborate and by popularising our popular demands as enshrined in the Freedom Charter.

JAMES MAKHULU

Since the heroic nation-wide upsurges of 1976, our youth have openly said: "NO!" to the oppressor. I will never forget their stirring song "We will never be killed by boers, we are still young" which inspired thousands in their courageous marches during the June 16 Uprisings. The seething spirit of our young people has never been daunted ever since.

The achieved unity between the youth of our country both inside and outside can be ascribed to the African National Congress' revolutionary line, our people's fervent patriotism and their determination to fight and establish a free and democratic South Africa based upon the Freedom Charter. It is precisely for this reason that the leadership in the National Executive Committee decided to declare 1981 as the Year of the Youth. Personally I realise that never before has the youth of our country been called to the fore-front of our revolutionary armed struggle to avail themselves as now.

The youth this year is faced with difficult tasks and decisions. It needs to revive the June 16 spirit which eliminated fear. Already we have examples which serve as a source of inspiration to us as we continue with the cause for which so many people have been murdered. Solomon Mahlangu, from our midst, who kept his morale and convictions intact till he was murdered and James Mange, who did the same till he was saved from the hangman's noose by the pressure which our people and the international community exerted by demanding his unconditional release. Today three militants of Umkhonto we Sizwe are condemned to death by the racist court of Pretoria. We must fight for the release of Comrades Johnson Lubisi, Naphtalie Manana and Petrus Mashigo - who have been sentenced to death for opposing Apartheid.

The call to our youth this year is that they should mobilise all their strength and energies. We should make our enemy bleed. The youth should teach the racists to recognise a black man as a human being. History calls upon our youth to commemorate in the most fitting way the 20th Anniversary of our People's Army and the 5th Anniversary of the June 16 Upheavals.

Twenty Years of the Fascist Republic Part 2

- EDWIN MABITSE

The twenty years of the so-called Republic of South Africa have seen the implementation of policies—through specific laws and administrative practices—which when examined against the lies of the racists at home and abroad, reveal to us how apartheid continues to strangle the lot of the black people and flourish on their blood. This exercise is carried through by the Pretoria racists with satanic delight.

INFLUX CONTROL

Through the Bantu Urban Areas Act of 1945, as amended, and by the Bantu Laws Amendment Act of 1964, the apartheid regime continues to channel the injection and ejection of black labour into the so-called white areas. With this the regime is able to ensure the presence in urban areas, on the main, of only those amongst the blacks who are considered essential for the operation of the economy. The rest of the population is huddled up in the Bantustans and the so-called Coloured and Indian reserves.

Migrant labourers are denied the right to live with their wives and children by law. Under the provisions of the above-mentioned law, no African can be in an urban area without certain qualifications or a job; no African can enter an urban area without obtaining a labour contract from the labour bureau; no African can remain in an urban area without continuously applying for permission to stay. Furthermore all Africans, for a variety of reasons can be 'endorsed out' to the Bantustans by the authorities at any time.

WORKERS AND WORKERS' RIGHTS

This is equally true about the conditions of workers and their rights. Whereas the well-developed economy of South Africa is the result of the toil of the millions of black workers, black workers are almost without any meaningful rights whatsoever. An array of don'ts oscillate like the sword of Democles around the black worker's neck.

Any African worker can be arrested on his way to work for not having his pass on his person. Blacks are arrested for the 'crime' of being unemployed, amongst whom, some who have

not registered with the labour bureaux as job-seekers may be classified 'idle' and sent to boer farms to toil without pay for the white man's republic.

Attempts are also made to deny the black workers the possibilities of organising themselves into trade unions of their own choice, through which they could therefore be in a better position to press their demands as organised formations. In this connection, a series of acts have been legislated; the Industrial Conciliation Act of 1924, the Industrial Conciliation Act of 1956, the Bantu Labour (Settlement of disputes) Act of 1953, the Bantu Labour Regulation Act of 1964 and others. As if this is not enough, the police force is used as a strike-breaker, to intimidate workers and cow down leaders. The genuine trade unions are deprived the chances of operating through the arrest, banning and banishment of leaders as well as usage of such ruses as to label them 'communist agitators'. Finally, the African workers continue to be tied to employers since the provisions of the Mines and Wages Act of 1911 makes the breach of labour contract a criminal offence for them. All these practices and intrigues are the foundation stones of the apartheid labour policies - policies which have transformed the blacks into a labour army easily manipulated by the Manpower Planning commission on behalf of, and, in the interests of the racist republic.

These practices have proved so remunerable to the white minority that the Pretoria regime has no intention of ever moving a step away from them. The Riekert and Wiehahn commissions and Piet "Wapen" Botha's so-called dispensation policy are but the polishing of a gilded facade whose interior remains rotten to the core - for all intents and purposes, they are a well-calculated clap-trap exercise aimed at winning the confidence of the West.

PASS LAWS

All policies of the boer regime vis-a-vis the Africans are administered with the assistance of the pass laws, which for decades upon decades, have been central to the people's resentment of white minority rule. These have provoked anger which on many occasions culminated in fierce battles throughout the bigger part of this century. Thousands of our people are arrested daily as a result of these laws. South Africa has a record annual arrests of over 700,000 for petty offences arising mostly out of 'violation' of the pass laws.

In 1977 the Pretoria racists disclosed a plan to 'replace' the pass books with 'travel documents' to be issued by the Bantustans. These 'travel documents' contain the same requirements and their holders are subject to the same kind of restrictions. In essence, therefore, the racists never intended to do away with passes or to repeal the pass laws, but sought to use this new camouflaged scheme as a means of luring the people to register with the abhorred Bantustans.

SOCIAL WELFARE

"... there is not one starving African in South Africa ... the Nationalist Party would not allow it." This lie was



Infants suffering from malnutrition, Baragwanath Hospital, Johannesburg

uttered in a mood of hypocritical boast by former Minister of Bantu Administration, racist M.C. Botha, more than ten years ago. Up to this day Radio South Africa continues to sound the same horn to people all over the world. The world is tired of this sermon but the Pretoria racists have no intention of ceasing their hopeless preaching. For upon these lies rests the illusion of ever being able to win the hearts and minds of the international community.

At first sight, the welfare situation in South Africa is one of extreme inequalities between blacks and whites. South African whites are amongst those enjoying the highest standard of living in the world - they earn fat sums, live in posh houses and they have more than enough to feed and clothe themselves. These luxurious conditions are jealously protected by the racist state. The direct opposite of this, is the case with the blacks.

H O U S I N G

The urban black population is the most badly housed, to say nothing of the rural population. The notorious 'match-box' system is all what the boer politicians call better. On the other hand, due to the insufficiency of these poorly built 'match-box' houses, shanty towns (ghettoes) housing millions of blacks are a common feature in most sub-urban areas of



South Africa. Here people live under horrid conditions where hunger and disease are the order of the day. Worse still is the rural population whose homes are hovels in the truest sense of the word. These are people who are harassed by the forced removals scheme. And yet the racists would have the world believe that all is well in South Africa.

The fascist regime will never disclose to Africa and the world that today, almost 20 years since the inauguration of their 'republic' millions of our people are still homeless. The Institute of Race Relations has estimated that the Soweto housing backlog alone will reach about 50,000 by 1985.

FOOD EXPORTER

The regime boasts without let up that South Africa has the most advanced medical system and is at the same time the largest food exporter in the continent. But what is the reality? About 40,000 complain of protein calorie - malnutrition (PCM) - blacks only - are treated annually in South Africa. The Department of Paediatrics at Cape Town once estimated that "for every one case treated by doctors, 40 others are never reported or seen." Last year alone, the Department of Health in Pretoria estimated that by December 864 cholera cases had been reported - all but two of these occurred in the Eastern Transvaal. During the beginning of March this year, Radio South Africa, in a bid to pretend that the regime was particularly concerned about the spread of cholera in black areas, had the audacity to report the increase in number to more

than 2,000 cases. This epidemic which claimed the lives of many Africans, unsurprisingly appears to have spared the lives of whites - perhaps this is the cause for 'celebration' on the occasion of Republic Day for whites.

Whereas it is true that South Africa exports food (mainly maize) to Malawi and elsewhere, the world at large, let alone the recipients of this food exports in general, have not been informed (by Pretoria) of the frightening starvation statistics of blacks in that country. According to Race Relations News 1980 "will go down as the year in which malnutrition reached near-crisis point." Following a survey, a Johannesburg city councillor and Dr. Nthato Harrison Motlana of Soweto, on estimation, "expected 50,000 children to die in the rural areas during the year, and that the lives of a further 100,000 were at risk (Sunday Tribune 4/1/81). And according to Professor Ali Moosa, in the past 16 years, "... 45% of the paediatric admissions to King Edward Hospital in Durban during this period, had suffered from severe malnutrition. Medical care had been unable to save the lives of 24% of these children."

At the same time, according to the source mention above, two surveys in the Tongaat area in Natal revealed that 60% of Indian children in the area were malnourished. This is the truth about a country whose regime, last year only, spent well over R110-million to keep behind bars a huge prison population.

These shocking statistics can never be complete. South African official statistics do not provide truthful information on the welfare situation for blacks in the country. This is precisely because the white government is doing absolutely nothing to solve the problems. Here we have just tinkered with statistics of some areas of South Africa, but they are sufficient to expose the honest realities of the South African socio-political situation.

E D U C A T I O N

The white fascist republic has continued to intensify its denial of equal and free education for blacks. This is in accordance with the intentions of the architects of apartheid, that education for blacks should be aimed at preparing them to understand their role as servants of the white master. This diabolic design has met with fierce resistance on the part of the people. Past and current campaigns against Bantu Education have received much coverage and publicity. For the purpose of brevity this article will not dwell upon the

issue of inequality in the education system and poor schooling conditions. But it is important to note that this is yet another charge which we level against the P r e t o r i a rulers and their 'republic'.

May 31st is not our Day!

At 20 and under Piet Botha, does the South African 'republic' show any signs of a change of heart, are there any prospects of a future development to the better, and above all, what is there for the black man to celebrate?

The history of white minority rule in our country, is in itself ample proof of the fact that, the character and conduct of the South African regime has never been more horrid and unacceptable to the black South Africans as it is today. The declarations and promises of past boer leaders - the Malans, Verwoerds, Vorsters - and the professions and sloganeering of the present Botha-Malan rulership only serve to expose the revolting nature of apartheid rule. The Pretoria regime is false to its own supporters - who are told that they are devine appointees of God - and worse still, wears a false smile to its own stooges at home and props abroad.

With a distorted Bible, it outrages humanity in the name of 'western civilisation' and it has trampled freedom in the name of the 'free world'. Let us denounce vehemently all that which aims at the extention of the life-span of this obnoxious r e g i m e and its false republic.

May 31st to the Black man is a day that expose to him the gross injustice, humiliation and degradation which he has suffered at the hands of the white minority regime. May 31st is simply not our day - our subject on this day should be; "How best can we forge and implement effective measures to defeat fascism in our life time."

DAWN politiXword No. 2 Answers

ACROSS: 1. Coup 3. Moral 6. Mutiny 7. Bee
7. Knight 11. Tool 12. SA 13. Mandela
16. Military.

DOWN: 1. Combat 2. Ustinov 3. May 4. Rib
5. Lieutenant 9. Neon 10. Game
12. Sam 14. Apt 15. DDR.

RACIST AGGRESSION

Excerpts from a speech delivered by the Chief Representative of the African National Congress, CDE. CONNIE DLINGEA, at a Conference in Luanda, the capital of the People's Republic of Angola.

Today the aggressive character of the racist regime has become more pronounced because essentially the balance of forces has tipped markedly in favour of the progressive forces and the liberation movements in Southern Africa. Portuguese colonialism collapsed from the blows of liberation movements and in its place progressive independent African states of Mozambique and Angola came into being, whose policy is to support the liberation struggles in Southern Africa. The triumph of the liberation struggle in former racist Rhodesia resulted in the formation of a new independent African state of Zimbabwe.

Since the mid-70s, opposition against the barbarous regime inside the country has reached unprecedented levels in all spheres. Mass participation in militant actions against the racist regime has spread throughout the country. The black students' uprisings of 1976 which started in Soweto and spread throughout the country confirmed this mass participation in demonstrations, protests and boycotts. Thousands of black school children and students went into the streets of Soweto and other cities in the country and openly defied the trigger-happy South African police. Unable to control the situation, and redress the students' demands, the racist police opened fire at these young black South Africans and murdered over a thousand children. Hundreds were injured and others were imprisoned. This policy of mass murder, confirming the criminal nature of the apartheid regime has continued up to the present day. The revolt of young black South Africans has continued since. Only last year, the country was engulfed in yet other militant campaigns, boycotts and demonstrations by black students against the regime. They demanded better education, better facilities for the students and teachers and the scrapping of apartheid education.

C A U S E S

The basic cause of the hectic, aggressiveness and intolerance of the regime is its inability to contain the liberation

struggle which is led and directed by our people's organisation, the African National Congress.

The ANC, the liberation movement and vanguard of the struggling people of South Africa has within this period intensified the liberation struggle to an extent as never before. The internal mobilisation, the political campaigns, the underground clandestine work and the armed operations against the regime have been so conducted, that even the enemy itself, arrogant as it is, has had to admit that the ANC and its military-wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe (the Spear of the Nation) is the biggest threat to the continued existence of the obnoxious apartheid regime.

The increased underground work and the military operations are becoming more widespread, more often, more daring and more sophisticated. The militants of the African National Congress have attacked police and army units of the racist regime, and have attacked strategic government military and economic installations like SASOL and Secunda oil refineries, and have thereby demonstrated bravery determination and sophistication. The racist regime has always tried to destroy the ANC but has failed. The African National Congress has grown in prestige in the eyes of the struggling people, it enjoys international support and is feared and hated by the racists and imperialists.

The ANC, being the vanguard movement of the black people of South Africa, is their legitimate spokesman and the only force capable of delivering heavy body-blows to the enemy, the only force capable of answering racist fascist violence with revolutionary violence. In this protracted struggle, the ANC has reliable allies in Africa, in the socialist countries and in other parts of the world (democratically-minded forces in the Western countries). The ANC has set itself the revolutionary goal of continuing with the liberation struggle until victory is achieved.

ISOLATION

The other cause of racist aggressiveness is the ever-increasing isolation in Africa and internationally. The racist regime is finding it increasingly difficult to prove its legitimacy. Even some imperialist countries who are the main props of apartheid South Africa, are finding it difficult to openly flirt with apartheid.

The threat to stability, peace and security by South Africa is never as clearly reflected as in its wanton acts of

aggression against neighbouring independent African states. Since 1975/76 up to now, the racist regime has committed over 200 provocative armed attacks against the People's Republic of Angola (the reparation of which are estimated at more than 7-billion Dollars). Some of these attacks have assumed large scale attacks involving occupation of certain parts of southern Angola. These barbaric criminal acts have at time assumed full war scale. This undeclared war on Angola is being pursued by the regime to dissuade the people and government of Angola from supporting liberation movements in Southern Africa i.e. SWAPO of Namibia and the ANC of South Africa.

Namibia is illegally occupied and ruled by the fascist Pretoria boer regime. Encouraged by the imperialist countries the regime has sabotaged the UN-sponsored Geneva Talks on Namibia's independence. These talks had come about as a result of the incessant armed struggle waged by the only representative of the Namibian people, SWAPO of Namibia, against the illegal racist regime which has colonised their country.

Quite recently the apartheid regime has once again carried out criminal acts of brutality against the peoples of Southern Africa. Towards the end of January, racist commandos of the Union Buildings' fascists violated the territorial integrity of the People's Republic of Mozambique and attacked the ANC's residences at Matola, a town just outside Maputo. The target of the attack were three residences of South African refugees, members of the ANC.

The assassination of South African patriots, members of the African National Congress by the tyrannical apartheid regime is a continuation of the barbarous policy of apartheid which resulted in the death of hundreds of Zimbabwean refugees in Mozambique, Zambia and at Kassinga in the People's Republic of Angola, as well as the more than one thousand school children murdered in Soweto on June 16, 1976 and everywhere else.

COUP D'ETAT

It should be remembered that racist Pretoria recently tried to foment a coup d'etat in Zambia, carried out repeated attacks against Angola, infiltrated bandits and mercenaries into Zimbabwe and Mozambique to destabilise peace and security in these countries.

All these acts are a continuation of the barbaric policy of apartheid, a policy of aggression, resulting both from arrogance and desparation. As a continuation of the same policy, the regime has sentenced three young militants of our people to death for opposing apartheid. They are Comrades

Johnson Lubisi, Petrus Mashigo and Naphtalie Manana. These acts of wanton repression, mass murder inside the country and aggression externally, only confirm that the international community must give comprehensive support to the ANC and the oppressed people of South Africa. International campaigns should be launched to save the lives of our three comrades. It is necessary to step up the campaign for the release of our leaders and all political prisoners in the country. The Pretoria regime must be totally isolated and the international community must demand the withdrawal of the racists from occupied Namibia.

The international community will not be deceived by the internal cosmetic insignificant changes aimed at entrenching apartheid. Support assistance and solidarity must be given to the African National Congress of South Africa and the struggling black people of our country, the only force that is determined and capable of ridding mankind of this racist scourge.

'The Small Window'

- ELDRIDGE KATSE

"Gaan uit, gaan uit jong. Gaan staan buitekant en koop deur die klein venster." (Get out, get out you. Go and stand outside and buy through the small window). When I tried to answer, a hefty boer who was cutting "boerewors" with a big knife, came charging at me. He was quiet demented with anger. Without wasting time, I tactically retreated to the small window outside before the racist monster could slash me.

This incident took place in early 1976 at one restaurant in Bloemfontein, the citadel of apartheid in the Orange Free State, when I was en route to Port Elizabeth. This restaurant is the kind of shops that also sell hardware. Only whites were inside, some were buying whilst others were comfortably sitting and enjoying their delicious meals.

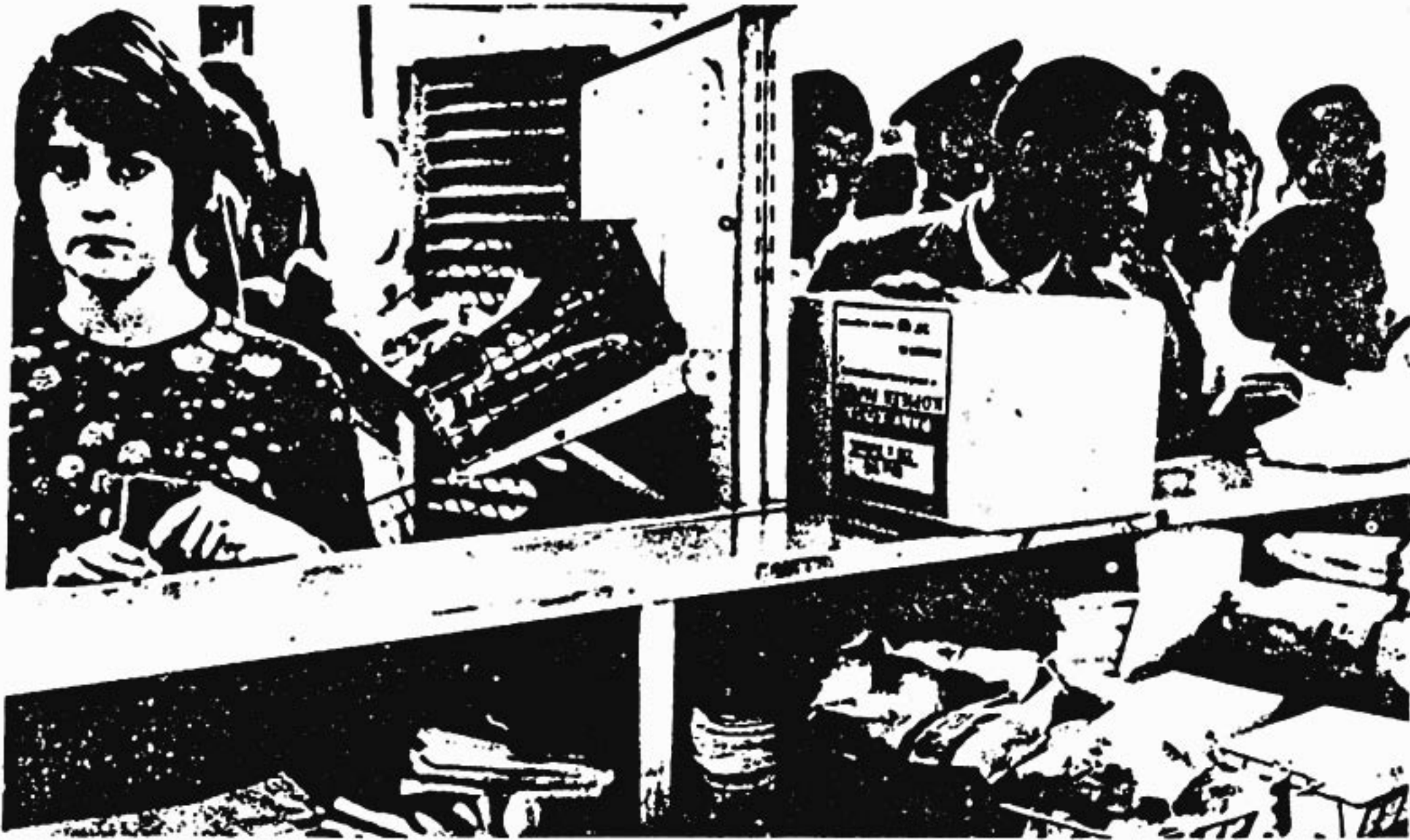
W I N D O W

The size of the window at which I and two other Africans were waiting to buy, was approximately 50 X 40 cm. A young white girl, far younger in age than me, came to serve us. I

asked her at what price were they selling their bicycles.

"They range from R60 to R80," she said.

I took out R80 and told her to give me a blue bicycle that I pointed at. And added, "I want it through the window also".



"No!" She replied, "this window is too small for a bicycle to be taken out, you can come in my boy".

"Isn't it that only whites are allowed to enter inside your exquisite shop?" I asked angrily.

"Wait, let me tell the boss about this problem", she replied.

The beefy boer came to me and harshly said: "Kom binne en vat jou fiets, kaffir!" (come in and take your bicycle kaffir!)

"I want it to get out through this window that you first referred me to", I said.

"Sorry my friend, I only thought that you wanted to buy food, come and buy your bicycle from inside my friend," the racist said with a pretending smile.

"No!" I responded, "my friend, take it out through this window. The other Africans are going to buy through this small window, I also want it in the very same manner."

"My dear friend," said the racist, "I'll soon call the police to come and arrest you for making funny jokes next to

my shop. Come inside or else..."

"Call them, call them to come and arrest me," I said beaming with joy.

Meanwhile, people were laughing at the top of their voices, and when I looked at the Boer, I realised that he was fuming with anger. He immediately telephoned the police telling them of "'n parmantig kaffir" (a stubborn kaffir) and quickly dropped the phone.

Within three minutes, I heard the screeching brakes of the notorious 'pint milk' (white Land Rover) near the restaurant. Six racist boers banged the doors of their two vans and came towards us, and more than ten people who were now at the small window of the shop dispersed to the nearest hiding places. The racists shouted: "Staan vas!" (Halt!) I was now left alone near the small window arguing with the racist shopowner. Two stout boers accosted me and asked me whether I was the "stubborn kaffir".

"No!" I replied.

"He's the one," intervened the boer inside the restaurant.

"Actually, what's the matter?" Inquired one of the fascist policemen.

The shop-owner related the story to the policemen as it started, without any distortion. At that time, I was as quiet as a church-mouse, holding my money in my right hand conspicuously.

"Go in and buy," the police ordered me.

"No! You are going to arrest me for entering where only whites are allowed to enter", I told him, "I only want it through this small window."

The other policemen who were with him laughed their lungs out and went straight to their vans.

"Okay, vanish from here if you do not want troubles," uttered the racist cop.

"So long," I responded, walked to the car and drove off.

THE RED BRIGADE

- REBECCA MBOROZA

In October 1978, the United Irishman, the official newspaper of the Irish Republican Army (IRA), reported that in a sensational scoop, a Spanish newspaper had obtained and published a top-secret US intelligence directive, which ordered US agents operating in "friendly countries" (to the US), to carry

out political violence and terrorism unless the government cracks down with "adequate vigour" on progressive workers' movements.

The order was signed personally by the US Army Chief-of-Staff, General William C. Westmoreland, and had gone out to all US Army undercover agents, the report said. The original report appeared in the Spanish news magazine Triunfo, which got a copy from a disgruntled CIA agent.

TOP SECRET

The directive - marked TOP SECRET and numbered FM30-31B - provides proof of US policy, with Westmoreland ordering his men to use "controlled corruption" and "destabilising violence" to convince "friendly governments" of the necessity for repressive policies if they show "passivity or indecision" in fighting workers' movements.

The United Irishman comments that "friendly countries" would include Italy, Spain, France and Ireland.

Where "passivity and indecision" are shown in the fight against "Communism", the order says, "the Intelligence service of the US Army must have at their disposal the means to mount special operations capable of convincing the government and public opinion of the friendly country of the danger, and the necessity for action".

To achieve this the agents are ordered to infiltrate Left-wing movements and push for violent policies, and organise splinter groups to carry out acts of violence and terrorism. "The use of extreme Left organisation can contribute most effectively to the realisation of the goal", the document points out.

G O A L

The goal is clearly a repressive Right-wing regime, no matter what the cost to democratic rights, the United Irishman states.

Whether or not this document is authentic - and the evidence from other former US Intelligence operators like Agee would suggest that it is - the activities of the Italian Red Brigade certainly fulfil these designs very effectively.

After the kidnapping and murder of former Italian Prime Minister, Aldo Moro, the Italian Communist Party (PCI) percentage of the vote fell from what it had reached in general elections in 1976 - two years previously. In a statement after these elections the PCI said: "Terrorism, violence and disorder have among their fundamental objectives that of to

hit the Communist Party and to frustrate its policy, and they are exhaustively used by those on various sides who wish to draw ammunition from the poisonous and deceitful anti-Communist campaigns." (May 1978).

In June 1978 a PCI leader commenting on the election results said there has been a certain amount of confusion among the general public, which was exploited by the Christian Democrats, due to the fact that the terrorists called themselves Communists, taking the name "Red Brigade" and using Communist Party symbols as well as using jargon which sounded Marxist."

Trade union leaders, judges, left-wing journalists, prosecutors, politicians and policemen have all been gunned down in the streets in recent years in Italy. How did the modern wave of terrorism start?

THE RECENT WAVE

The recent terrorist wave began in 1969, when neo-fascists placed a bomb in a bank in Milan which killed 16 people. The sporadic terrorist attacks which continued for the next five years were virtually all from openly far-right groups, as part of their so-called "strategy of tension."

This strategy was aimed specifically at creating such tension as that a right-wing dictatorship could come to power, thus preventing what was seen as the quickening march of the Communist Party towards power. In May 1974, a bomb placed by neo-fascists killed 8 people in the town of Brescia, and in August 1974, a bomb went off in a train tunnel killing 12 passengers on the Italian express bound from Rome to Germany.

However, this violence failed to have the desired result, and the PCI continued its increase in strength, gaining well over 30% of the popular vote in elections in 1975 and 1976. At the same time the PCI was putting forward its policy of 'historic compromise' in which they would share power in some kind of coalition with the ruling Christian Democrats. The PCI had been deliberately kept out of government in Italy since 1948. This policy of 'historic compromise' brought the PCI under increasing attack from ultra-left groups, which accused the PCI of collaboration. Of course within the PCI itself there were many who opposed the 'historic compromise' from the left, and who felt that to take this position was, amongst other things, playing into the hands of the ultra-left.

However, v a l i d these criticisms of this 'compromise position within the PCI may be, there is no doubt that the USA has remained bellicosely hostile to the prospect of Communists joining the government in Italy, and Carter made several statements to this effect.

US HOSTILITY

By the mid-70s there suddenly emerged a great upsurge of so-called left-wing groups carrying out acts of terror. They tended to concentrate more on assassinations and wounding through shooting in the knees, of individuals, rather than mass bombings which the straightforward fascist groups mainly used.

However, if their methods were to some extent different their motives were similar. They labelled the PCI and the trade unions as "reformist stooges of the international state of the multinationals", and declared their object to be the creation of a civil war in which the right would initially seize power, but this would later pave the way for an 'autonomous socialist' revolution, because this would provoke the workers to rise against the right.

ASSASSINATIONS

The confusing variety of groups with leftist names carried out ruthless assassinations and knee-capping attacks against state officials and capitalists, but also against representatives of the left, some leading Communist trade unionists and left-wing journalists. (In fact as Italy's top judicial officer pointed out in 1980, the one group they never attacked were neo-fascist leaders). Of these ultra-left groups the best known and most active appeared to be the so-called Red Brigade, but various other "left" groups - Front-line, the 28th March Brigade, etc., also claimed existence.

The most spectacular killing was early in 1978. Former Prime Minister, Aldo Moro, was kidnapped by the Red Brigade in a ruthless and highly efficient para-military operation (his five bodyguards were shot dead in the street by the kidnapers). The kidnapers turned out to be Red Brigades, who later murdered Moro after massive publicity stunts which clearly influenced the elections which took place shortly afterwards. He (Moro) was the leading figure in the Christian Democrats who wanted union with the Communists.

In 1979 there were reportedly 40 political assassinations in Italy, and overall there were over 2,500 recorded terrorist

incidents, and apparently 147 separate groups claimed responsibility for these. The right-wing Institute for the Study of Conflict says 135 of these groups claimed allegiance to the far left. (Whether they were of the far left or not, the significance seems to be that they claimed it, and that there were so many groups, which fits exactly with the US Army Intelligence plan outlined on in the first page of these notes).

L I N K S

The Red Brigades are reported to have had fairly close links with the Baader-Meinhof gang in West Germany, and with other European terrorist groups of the far left (who apparently exchange arms) and with some Palestinian groups. It would certainly appear that neo-fascists (not to speak of CIA provocateurs) infiltrated groups like the Red Brigades, as their openly fascist violence had merely been helping the left. It appears that terrorists from both right and "left" had sympathisers and supporters in the police and intelligence services in Italy. However, since early 1980 police have been pursuing the left terrorists more effectively and it now appears that they may have succeeded in capturing a large number of the leaders. (Trial still awaited; could drag on.)

This defeat for the ultra-left groups may only be temporary, but it is significant that open neo-fascist terror has emerged more strongly again in 1980. Early in the year a prosecutor who was investigating the extent of collaboration between extreme right and left terrorist groups, which he believed was now taking a clearly organised form, was assassinated by a far-right group with the name Armed Revolutionary Nuclei, which was the same group which later claimed responsibility for putting the bomb in Bologna railway station in 1980, which massacred over 80 people.

S T R E N G T H

In a survey conducted by the PCI in 1977 they estimated active terrorists to number only 700, but they felt there could be as many as 10,000 sympathisers. An article in the London Financial Times early in 1980 estimated the number of terrorists in Italy at 1,000. Red Brigade's strength is estimated at a few hundred. It is interesting to note that 40 sons and daughters of senior Italian politicians (nearly all of them Christian Democrats) are wanted by the police to answer terrorism charges, and in July 1980 the Italian Prime Minister, Cossiga, narrowly escaped impeachment proceedings after alle-

gedly tipping off one of his colleagues whose terrorist son was about to be arrested.

PHILOSOPHY

The Red Brigade's literature & slogans are a mixture of ill-digested Marxism and far-left claptrap. They appear to have one word on the brain: war. A recent document contained the phrases "revolutionary class war", "war of long duration", "c l a s s war in the centres of imperialism", "anti-imperialist civil war" and endless other combinations with the word "war" in. They regard "imperialist war" between the United States and the Soviet Union as inevitable. They describe it as war between imperialism and "social imperialism", and they regard this war as an opportunity to raise "insurrection" in the cities. However in spite of this apparent Maoism, they also use much anarchic and individualistic rhetoric. Recent splits in the Red Brigades and a number of important arrests indicate that the real organisers may be a group of academics at Padua University, members of the ultra-left movement called Workers Autonomy. The thinker behind the group, which has "collectives" in several universities, schools and hospitals and control of two radio stations in Rome, is Professor Antonio Negri. This movement preaches "sabotage" of the machinery of state and of economic production, and the creation of little islands of autonomous "counter-power" in schools and other institutions. Investigating magistrates are working on the theory that the Red Brigades are the secret "armed wing" of Workers Autonomy.

Whether there is a real demise of the Red Brigades remains to be seen - certainly ultra-left terrorism is at present on the wane and right-wing terrorism on the increase. The ultra-left have not achieved their objectives - massive working-class demonstrations have taken place against them. The ultra-left groups have in the last year become increasingly isolated and divided, and there appears to be a new determination on the part of the state to smash them.



HEROES OF OUR REVOLUTION

- PIET KHOZA

The great German revolutionary-poet and playwright, Bertold Brecht, made the most accurate observation when he said:

"There are those who struggle for a day and that is good; there are those who struggle for a year and that is better; there are those who struggle for twenty years and that is better still; and there are those who struggle all their lives and these are the ones we cannot do without."

The name of W.H. Andrews has its rightful place among those who fought for freedom all their lives.

Affectionately known as Comrade Bill, W.H. Andrews is a legendary figure in the history of the South African liberation movement. He was born in England in 1870. "He was a very handsome, imposing personality, highly principled and modest. All who knew him were impressed immediately by his iron-will, self-discipline and unrelenting championship of the working-class." That is how the Secretariat of SACTU described W.H. Andrews in a preface to his pamphlet "Class Struggles in South Africa." Here was a man who lived through all the stages of the development of the South African labour movement right from its infancy up to a time when it truly became a vital force of the liberation movement in South Africa.

TIRELESS ORGANISER

At an early age in his life he was hardly twenty years old when he joined the ranks of the working-class and became a fitter. During the days of the historic "gold rush" which followed the discovery of fabulously rich diamonds in Kimberley and later gold in the Witwatersrand, he came to work in the gold mines. From that time until his death, he dedicated his life to the struggle for a new social order in his new homeland, South Africa.

When trade unions were for the first time established in

South Africa, initially as branches of British unions, Comrade Bill personally participated in the opening of the Johannesburg branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in 1893. He had his first experience of a strike in South Africa in 1897 when the entire white working-class in the Randfontein mines downed tools in protest against wage reduction. On the request from one J.B. Robinson the mine-owner, Paul Kruger dispatched a strong force of his mounted police with orders to clear every miner and his family out of his house and off the mining property within twenty-four hours. Bill Andrews and his wife were among the victims. This experience and many more bitter ones that were to follow made Bill Andrews a hardened fighter.

His outstanding revolutionary qualities earned him the confidence of his fellow workers and was consequently charged with highly demanding responsibilities. As a national organiser of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers he led many a successful strike action.

RAND REVOLT

One of the most exciting experiences in his life was the 1922 Rand Revolt in which he was actively involved. Describing some of the turbulent moments during this event W.H. Andrews wrote: "I was in my office with George Mason, Ernest Shaw and a few others on the Friday morning, when suddenly the police surrounded it, and plain clothes men rushed into every office in the Trade Hall and arrested everyone..."

"Two lorry loads of trade union officials, red, pink and yellow were rushed off under armed guard to the Fort and handed over to the jailer. The Internationale (official organ of the CPSA - ed) was suppressed, the printing office of the Communist Party dismantled and its office raided by police.

"Police stations were stormed and police disarmed and made prisoners and Fordsburg police station burned down. A three days battle raged, particularly in Benoni, Boksburg, Booysens, Vrededorp, Newclare and Newlands and other suburbs of Johannesburg..."

W.H. Andrews' staunchness in defending the interests of his fellow-workers earned him the hatred of the bosses and the government and was arrested and imprisoned on numerous occasions as was the case after the 1922 Rand Revolt and when he and other prominent working-class leaders like Comrades Moses Kotane and J.B. Marks faced charges of sedition after the

great 1946 African miners' strike. The workers loved and admired him and looked up to him for advice, encouragement and leadership. For some years he was chairman of the Witwatersrand Trades and Labour Council (a co-ordinating body with both industrial and political functions). In 1924 he was elected the secretary of the Association of the Employees organisation. He also represented his class on a number of important commissions and conferences of the International Labour conferences of the International Labour Organisation.

ORATOR AND JOURNALIST

Class struggle was the best school for Comrade Bill Andrews. It taught him how to employ various weapons thus further enriching his contribution to the cause of the exploited and oppressed. He was both a talented orator and a master of the pen.

His moving words were fuel to the exploited, spurring them on to more resolute action. On his excellent performance as an orator E.S. Sachs who was once General-Secretary of the Garment Workers' Union and one of the outstanding working-class leaders who learnt much from W.H. Andrews wrote:

"A superb orator, Bill Andrews is able to combine simple language with eloquence, dignity and humility. His speech was a call to action for the workers, a real inspiration."

That was during the 1922 Rand Revolt when he addressed 5,000 workers in the City Hall, Johannesburg. His speech greatly influenced the proclamation of a general strike after two months of indecision. A few days later W.H. Andrews was arrested.

In 1927 with other speakers Bill Andrews addressed large meetings of African workers organised by ICU. At one of the meetings he advised the workers to learn a lesson from the Chinese workers who had reached a peak of their revolutionary movement. The speech was reported and was the subject of a heated debate in Parliament. Various Members of Parliament suggested that Andrews should be "laid by the heels", "put up against the wall" and subjected to various unpleasant experiences.

All this could not deter a man who had long chosen the thorny path of struggle rather than the easy path of capitulation.

His election as the 1st Secretary-Editor of the CPSA was

the peak of his journalistic endeavours. Before this he had already started with the challenging task of a series of lectures on the struggles waged by the working-class from the early days. These lectures first published in 1941 under the heading "Class Struggle in South Africa" are an invaluable piece of history, a great and lasting service to the South African labour movement. This is an honest record of the achievements and shortcomings of the earlier generations rich with examples of courage and determination. It is history written by an active participant and partisan. This is a work which should be thoroughly studied and grasped by every young South African revolutionary. In 1977 SACTU decided to republish it so that "the knowledge thus gained will add vital fuel to the effort to bring about the eventual downfall of the hated Apartheid regime in South Africa and usher in a new dawn for all workers in our country."

WORKERS' PARLIAMENTARIAN

Comrade Bill did not confine his activities to the daily struggles of the working class for higher wages and better working conditions. He realised that the proletariat must wage its struggle in the political arena as well. Under his chairmanship the Witwatersrand Trades and Labour Council backed the Labour Representative Committee for the 1907 elections. The advances made by the workers during this parliamentary battle encouraged them to form the South African Labour Party (SALP) in 1910 bringing together almost all trade unions and socialist organisations in South Africa. Bill Andrews was one of its founder members. In 1912 he was elected to Parliament to represent the Georgetown section of Germiston and during the four years that he sat in parliament he stood firm in defence of the interests of the working-class.

INTERNATIONALIST

W.H. Andrews was one of those early working-class revolutionaries who always strived to make the labour movement the pace-setter of the struggle for freedom in South Africa. Even during the days when he was enmeshed within the racist policies which plagued the white labour movement as they still do today, Bill Andrews always believed that it is the question of class, and not colour, which is at the base of the conflict in a capitalist society.

The moment of decision in his life came during his days as a member of the SALP when the outbreak of the First World War became the melting-pot for separating real international-

ists from chauvinists, hirelings of imperialism. Reactionaries of the Creswell-type, men whose only concern was to use the labour movement as a step-ladder for reaching positions of power and comfort, were hysterically whipping up war-fever, urging the rank-and-file membership of the Labour Party to support a war that could only benefit the exploiters. Bill Andrews took his position in the trenches alongside other revolutionaries like S.P. Bunting, Ivon Jones and Colin Wade, who had by then formed the War on War League to oppose the war from within the ranks of the Labour Party. When all such efforts had failed in the face of stepped-up support for reactionaries by the Smuts government - arrests, bans on revolutionary propaganda and deportations, the defenders of proletarian internationalism formed the International Socialist League (ISL) in 1915.

The stage was now set for Bill Andrews to play his role in applying the principles of proletarian internationalism on the South African reality. As a candidate to the Transvaal Provincial elections of 1916 W.H. Andrews declared that it was "the imperative of the white workers to recognise their identity of interest with the native worker as against their common masters ... it is time for the white worker to deal with the native as a man and a fellow worker and not as a chattel slave or serf. Only that way lies freedom and justice for all."

His was not a lonely voice lost in the wilderness. It was an expression of the feelings coming straight from the hearts of his comrades in the ISL.

V E T E R A N

The life of Comrade Bill reached its blossoming stage after the birth of the Communist Party of South Africa in 1921. At a conference held from July 29th to 1st August, the Party was founded. Comrade Bill Andrews was elected Secretary-Editor, while Tyler the Chairman and Bunting the Treasurer. The organ of the new Party was "The International" (inherited from the ISL) under the editorship of W.H. Andrews. At a public meeting preceeding the founding conference it was Bill Andrews himself who addressed over two thousand workers announcing the establishment, aims and character of the new Party.

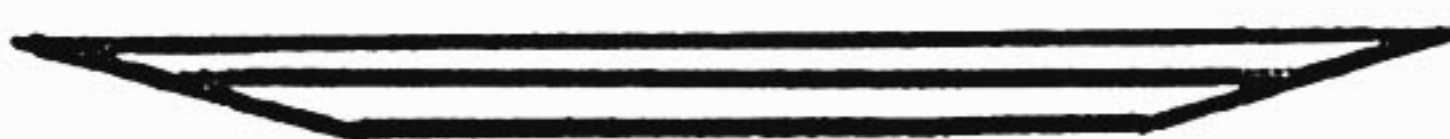
From then onwards Bill Andrews became deeply involved in the crucial task of applying the revolutionary ideas, worked out by the pioneer leader of the workers of the world, Karl Marx and later Lenin, to the concrete situation in South

Africa. In its endeavours to fulfil this gigantic task the Party has gone through hard times. Under the leadership of seasoned fighters like Bill Andrews, the CPSA grew into a powerful weapon of the proletariat in their ongoing battle against the exploiting class, a vital force in the struggle of the African people and their Indian and Coloured brothers for liberation from colonial domination and exploitation.

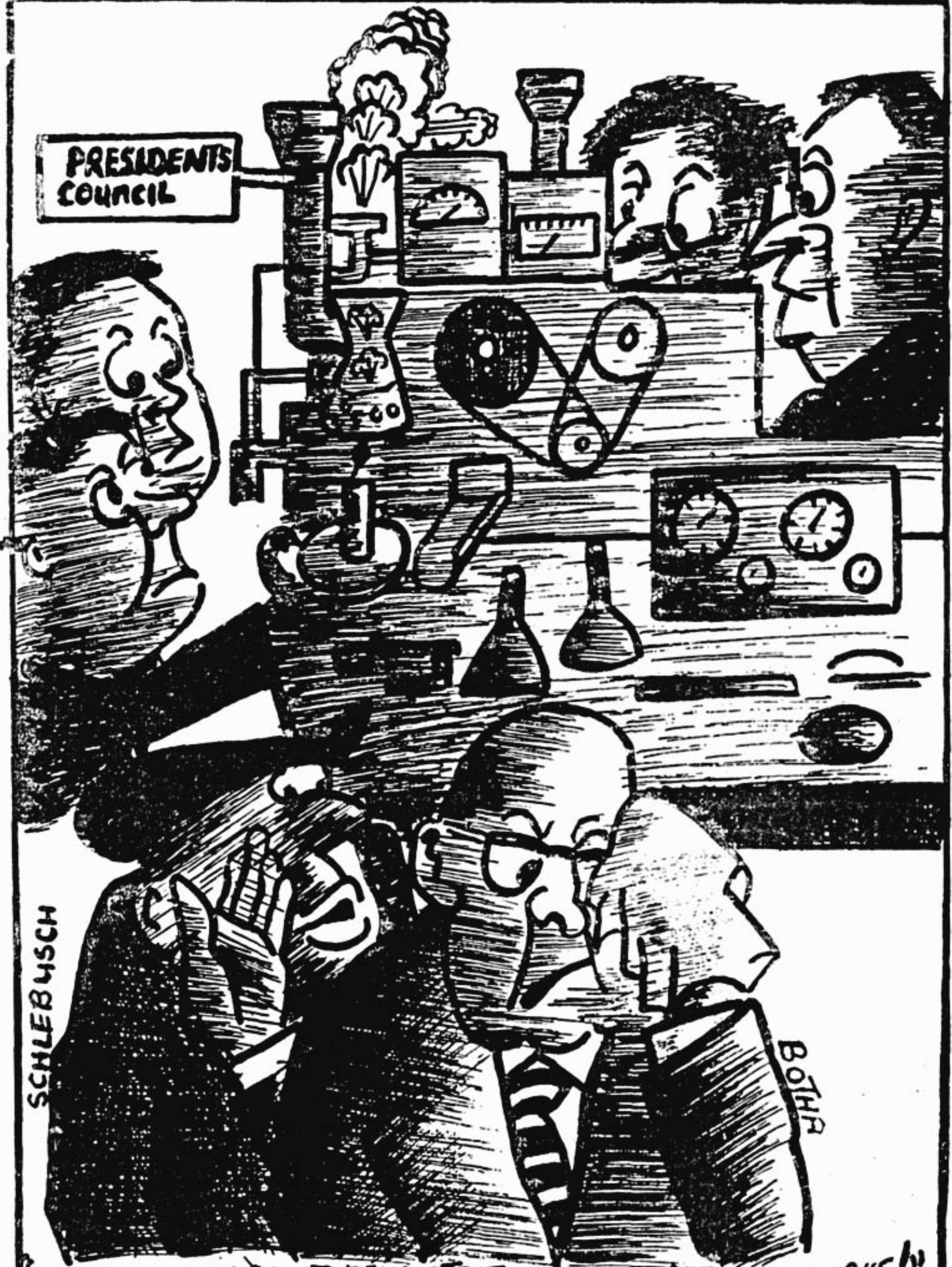
The Party's courageous stand against all forms of oppression earned it the hatred of the bosses and racist rulers. The most fascist elements among the colonial oppressors, the Afrikaner autocrats, assumed power in 1948. From the first days of their reign the racist law-makers rushed to table the much-detested Unlawful Organisations Bill (later passed and renamed Suppression of Communism Act). This was the beginning of an all-out campaign to crush all democratic forces in the country, the CPSA being the first victim. The only question now was whether the Party should continue to exist or not.

It was during those testing moments that Comrade Bill Andrews sent a message of encouragement to his comrades on his eightieth birthday. "Remembering the path which has been blazed by our members for over thirty years and inspired by the example of such fighters for freedom as Nkosi and many others who died for their opinions, let us face boldly the renewed and perhaps more ruthless attacks which are threatening", he wrote.

Just before the Suppression of Communism Act was passed in 1950, the Party was dissolved temporarily and tactically. In the same year the veteran of the working-class and champion of the cause of the African people for freedom, Comrade Bill, died. The reappearance of the Party under the new name South African Communist Party (SACP) was, in a way, the fulfilment of W.H. Andrews' last wish in life. The Party emerged a mightier force capable of continuing the struggle underground. Though he lives no more his indispensable revolutionary qualities, honesty, loyalty, courage, tact, logic dignity and determination, continue to inspire the thousands of fighters who remain to continue the fight. Comrade Bill lives in the hearts of the millions of our embattled people. His is a life worthy of emulation.



DAWNLIGHT... FEATURING 'PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS'



SCHLEGELBUSCH

BOTH

IT LOOKS GOOD ON PAPER, DEMONSTRATE HOW IT REALLY WORKS.

REAGAN'S BRINKMANSHIP

- BONGANI MATWA



We are living in dangerous times, in times of nuclear armament, a time when the world has been pushed back to the brink of war. A time analysed by Comrade President Fidel Castro in the following way:

"At times one gets the impression that we are living through days similar to those that preceded

Hitler's election as Chancellor of Germany. I do not mean to say that both situations are exactly the same. Back then a lunatic like Hitler could start a war with the hope of winning it and without the risk of humanity being wiped out. I think that lunatics nowadays have a different straight-jacket which are changes that have taken place in the world, the current world balance of forces, and we still hope that these lunatics will use common sense."

It is at this grim time that Ronald "Cowboy" Reagan steps into the picture.

BROTHERS

Ronald Reagan, the new President of the leading and most reactionary country in the world, the United States, has assumed the mantle of the cold war warrior. Who then is this man? Ronald Reagan, a former Hollywood cowboy film-star, infamously known as a notorious racist governor of California, an outright anti-communist who wanted to kill Angela Davis in her framed-up murder trial, is the man who has now entered the American White House. The Pretoria racists have praised their brother in class and racism for they are birds of the same feather, they flock together. This racist cold war warrior bases his foreign policy on the old imperialist cold war policy of the early fifties.

C O L D W A R

This policy took roots after the triumph of the Great October Socialist Revolution in Russia. According to Winston Churchill, that fat imperialist warmonger of Great Britain, its aim was to strangle the Soviet republic in its cradle. Fourteen capitalist countries following this policy, invaded Soviet Russia during the civil war of 1918-1922.

Soviet Russia, led by the Bolshevik Party of V.I. Lenin, routed these invaders and practically strengthened their peace policy. Imperialism had to resort to economic blackmail and other subversive actions. In 1941 they pushed nazi Germany against the Soviet Union and her people. The U S S R supported by all progressive mankind defeated these schemes by destroying the fascists.

The emergence of the World Socialist system, made the new 'strongman' of the capitalist world, the US, to take it upon themselves to pursue the cold war policy. This they did as early as 1945 just before the defeat of nazi-Germany, when General Patton, one of the cold war warriors, told the world to get ready for another 'inevitable' World War III.

This policy, right from President Harry Truman, till the present times has been the US' foreign policy. Weapons of mass destruction were produced in the United States, and other young states invaded under the guise of defending democracy, while in practice the cold war policy was carried out with red hot lead and bombs. Korea, Vietnam, etc., were the victims of these warriors, but the Soviet Union, the bulwark of peace did not stand and watch. It came to these countries' assistance and helped them to route the forces of darkness.

Contrary to the US imperialists who in their propaganda talked of nuclear armament and war, the Soviet Union talked of peace and initiated detente which has culminated in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) One and Two agreements - and it is the US rulers who are deliberately delaying the ratification of SALT Two. Today in their propaganda, they have revived their fairy tale of the century, 'Soviet threat'. They have brought Reagan from the Hollywood screens to torpedo SALT agreements, like a cowboy in a cards game in a pub. He (Reagan) bases his foreign policy on Jimmy Carter's State of the Union message in which he publicly announced his intent to be the strong man of the seventies.

The Pentagon's foreign policy as pursued by Reagan with General Alexander Haig and Henry Kissinger, is nothing else but an attempt to return to times gone forever. Today we are living in the era of peace and disarmament, of national liberation and social revolution.

This militarist (Reagan) is failing to analyse soberly. His policy smacks of Hitler's demagoguery. This racist mad cowboy talks of:

- (a) Working to achieve military superiority over Warsaw member states, as led by the Soviet Union, so as to start afresh talks on disarmament with the US occupying a position of strength.
- (b) Pushing and waging wars of aggression against South-east Asia and the Middle East, so as to protect the US 'interests' and 'reverse' the defeat suffered at the hands of heroic Vietnam.
- (c) Annexing Puerto Rico, repudiate the Panama accord, and introduce a naval blockade against Cuba and recolonise her.
- (d) Promote counter-revolution by supporting fascist regimes in Central America, e.g. Christian military junta of El Salvador.
- (e) Cutting all aid to Nicaragua and getting rid of the revolutionary forces in that country.
- (f) Propping up reactionary regimes in Africa, and supporting bandits like UNITA in Angola.
- (g) Aiding racist South Africa to counter the UN arms embargo and possible economic sanctions.

These are but some of the aims of this 'defender of democracy' and world 'civilisation'. People like these easily forget the lessons of history, and behave like the 17th century pirates in the 20th century. They shut their eyes to forces of peace and to them we say as Comrade President Fidel Castro says: "Our duty is to struggle for peace while at the same time being ready for anything."

NAKED AMONG WOLVES

by

BRUNO APITZ

Chapter 1

This is a priceless work by one seasoned revolutionary artist, Bruno Apitz 'who lived its story'. From the first page you begin a journey through the bitter experiences and ordeals of the worst victims of Nazi bestiality. The presentation is so profoundly done, and so touching that the reader is automatically invited to take his place among the prison inmates; to feel with them the tortures of fascist terror, to cry with them and fight with them - in brief to identify with them in their relentless struggle to vanquish their captors.

This is no mere recording of tragic episodes, but a story about men of unbreakable spirit and boundless courage who refused to trade their urge to destroy the Nazi beast for petty freedom and trinkets. At the mercy of the SS - some of them for about twelve years - they knew that they were strong and refused to bow down. The going was not easy. There were differences and misunderstandings, sometimes tempers flared, but the fact that unity was crucial to their freedom was the strong bond that held them together. The smuggling into camp of a small child whose safety almost became the thin thread on which hung the fate of more than 50,000 inmates set the snowball rolling ... The Second World War raged on towards conclusion, bringing as it did both hope and despair... but the steadfast persevered, never losing hope for a single moment.

In this issue **DAWN** begins a serialised publication of the novel in abridged form.

The everlasting drizzle clung that late afternoon in March, 1945 to the coats of fifty SS men standing on a concrete platform which was sheltered by a slanting roof. This platform, called Buchenwald Station, was the end of the railway track leading from Weimar to the top of the hill. The camp was nearby.

On the wide expanse of its mustering ground that sloped down towards the north, the prisoners had assembled for the evening roll call. Block after block, Germans, Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, Jews, Dutchmen, Austrians, Czechs, Fundamentalists, criminals... an immense mass drummed together into an exactly lined-up giant square.

Today a secret whispering was going on among the assembled prisoners. Someone had brought the news into camp that the Americans had crossed the Rhine at Remagen...

R e m a g e n !

To be sure, a long distance still separated it from Thuringia.

All the same. As a result of the decisive winter offensive of the Red Army which had penetrated into Poland in the direction of Germany, the western front had begun to move.

Nothing in the faces of the prisoners expressed how deeply the news stirred them.

Silently they stood in rank and file, and their eyes followed the block führers who were walking along the blocks counting the prisoners. Imperturbable as on ordinary days.

The individual block führers (leaders) had long since handed in their count to Reineboth, the report führer, and had ranged themselves in an irregular row at the gate. Despite that, it took another hour before the figures checked. Finally Reineboth stepped up to the microphone stand. Ready-attention!

The giant square froze.

Caps-off!

With one stroke the prisoners ripped the greasy caps from their heads. Kluttig, the assistant camp führer, stood at the wrought-iron gate listening to Reineboth read him the report.

Negligently he raised his right arm.

For years it had been like this.

The war was purposely ignored by the SS in its relations with the camp. There, one day followed another as if nothing important were happening. But beneath the automatic unfolding of the day's business, a current flowed. Only a few days ago, Kolberg and Graudenz had ... fallen in the heroic battle to superior enemy forces ...

The Red Army!

Rhine crossing at Remagen ...

The Allies!

The pincers were closing!

NEW ARRIVALS

Reineboth had another announcement.

"Prisoners for the clothing room to the clothing room.
Block barbers to the bath!"

This order was nothing new to the camp. It was simply another new transport arriving, as had happened often in the last few months. The concentration camps in the east had been emptied. Auschwitz, Lublin ...

Buchenwald, although it was already full to bursting, had to take in as many as came. The number of new people arriving almost daily rose like mercury in a thermometer. Where were they to go? To accommodate the masses of arrivals emergency barracks were created in an area off to one side within the camp. Thousands of them were driven into what once had been stables. A double barbed-wire fence was strung round the stables and from then on the result was called the "Little Camp."

A camp within a camp, cut off and observing its own laws of life. People from all the countries of Europe were herded there, and no one knew where their homes had once been, no one guessed their thoughts, and they spoke a language that no one understood. People without names or faces.

Half of those who came from the other camps had already died on the march or been dispatched by their SS guards. The corpses simply lay in the roads. The transport lists no longer checked, the registered numbers of the prisoners got mixed up. Which belonged to a living man, which to a dead one? Who knew the names and the backgrounds of these people?

" M a r c h ! "

Reineboth switched off the microphone. The giant square came to life. The block seniors commanded, and block after block faced about. The immense human formation dissolved and streamed down the mustering ground to the barracks. Up above the block fùhrers disappeared through the gate.

At the same time the freight train with the transport was rolling into the station. Even before it had actually stopped, a number of SS men ran along the train unhitching their carbines from their shoulders. They tore open the bolts and pushed the car doors apart.

"Out, you filthy swine! Out, here! Out!"

The prisoners were standing in the stinking confinement of the cars, pressed one against the other, and the oxygen suddenly flowing in made them giddy. To the clamour of the SS they squeezed themselves through the opening, tumbling and rol-

ling over one another. The remaining SS guards drove them together in a confused mass. The cars turned out their contents like bursting boils.

THE SUITCASE

One of the last to jump out of the car was the Polish Jew, Zacharias Jankowski. An SS man cracked him over the hand with the butt of his rifle as he tried to pull his suitcase after him.

"Jew pig, damn you!"

"Got your smuggled diamonds in there, eh you swine?"

Jankowski pulled the suitcase along with him into the protection of the crowd.

The SS men climbed into the cars and swept out the rest with their rifle butts. They tossed sick and exhausted people down like sacks. The dead remained behind in the corners that had been painstakingly kept free for them during the long journey. One of the corpses lay in a half-sitting position and grinned.

The SS had formed the crowd into marching ranks which - escorted by the savage gang - moved towards the camp, swaying and reeling.

Jankowski had succeeded in stealing into the midst of a marching group and thus escaping the blows of the SS, who were hitting out in all directions. Nobody in the formation bothered about the man next to him. Each was occupied with his own worry about the unknown fate awaiting him. The sick and the exhausted were dragged along out of a habit of self-preservation that had become animal. In this way the procession staggered along the road to the camp and through the gate.

Numb after the blow, Jankowski's hand hung from the wrist like something alien and hostile. But his need to look after his suitcase was greater than his pain. The main thing was to get the suitcase safely through the gate to the new camp, come what might.

Jankowski glanced about him with eyes. He allowed himself to be crowded through the narrow gate in the midst of the push. His experience helped him to conceal himself so skillfully that he did not attract the attention of the SS but eddied unchallenged into the camp.

It was a miracle that he had got the suitcase here at all. Jankowski shudderingly dismissed all thought so as not to scare the miracle away. He believed with ardent fervor in just one thing - merciful God would never let the suitcase fall into the hands of the SS.

On t h e m u s t e r i n g g r o u n d the group again fell into formation.

Jankowski used up his last bit of strength in order to march with more or less steady steps in the procession that was now being led into the camp. No r e e l i n g, no staggering; that attracted attention. Jankowski felt a buzz and a rush in him up to the temples, but he hung on and saw with relief that the formation was being convoyed by camp inmates.

In the open place between high brick buildings, the block barbers were already seated on stools in a long row when the procession arrived. Here the commotion started all over again. This did not go off so simply, for a Scharführer was shouting and blustering among them, driving them first here, then there, like so many chickens.

When quiet had finally set in and the Scharführer had disappeared into the washroom, Jankowski sank exhausted on the stony ground. The stabbing pain in his hand had died down to a dull throbbing. Jankowski sat for quite a while with hanging head and started when he was violently shaken. One of the prisoners who had accompanied the procession stood before him; he belonged to the camp patrol. He spoke Polish: "You - don't sleep."

Jankowski raised himself uncertainly.

Most of them were already naked. Wretched figures, who stood trembling before the barbers in the cold drizzle, had peeled themselves out of their torn rags. All the hair on their bodies was being shorn with hand machines.

Jankowski tried with the good hand to strip off his scanty clothes while the Pole from the camp patrol helped him.

Meanwhile two inmates went around and poked among the clothing, here and there picking up a sack or a tied bundle to inspect it. Jankowski was alarmed.

"What are they looking for there?"

The camp patrolman looked round at the two and laughed good-naturedly.

"That's Höfel and Pippig from the effects room."

He made a s o o t h i n g gesture towards the suitcase.

"Nobody will swipe anything from you here. Now go ahead, brother, and have your hair cut."

Jankowski balanced on naked feet over the sharp stones to the barber.

In front of the entrance to the washroom the Scharführer was causing more congestion and clamour and driving the newcomers into a big wooden vat. F i v e or six men at a time.

They had to plunge into a disinfectant solution that stank from long usage.

"Get your heads down in it, you polecats!"

He brandished a thick club over the bald-shaven heads, which hastily vanished into the slime.

"He's drunk again," whispered bowlegged little Pippig, formerly a typesetter from Dresden.

Höfel paid no attention to the remark. He nudged Jankowski's suitcase with his foot:

"The stuff they manage to drag along..."

As Pippig bent down for the suitcase, Jankowski stumbled over to them. Fear fluttered in his face. He burst out talking at them. They did not understand the Pole.

"Who are you?" Hofel asked. "Name, name."

The Pole seemed to understand that.

"Jankowski, Zacharias, Varhava."

"Is this your suitcase?"

"Tak, tak."

"What have you got in it?"

Jankowski talked, gesticulated, and held his hands protectively over the suitcase.

The Scharführer burst out of the washroom and drove the people before him with curses. To avoid notice, Höfel shoved the Pole back into the line of naked men. Jankowski fell directly into the hands of the Scharführer, who grabbed him by the arm and swung him towards the washroom. So Jankowski had to step into the vat, and after that was pressed into the washroom by the pushing of the frightened people.

Pippig squatted down curiously and opened the suitcase.

At once, however, he shut down the lid and looked at Hofel in consternation.

"What's wrong?"

Pippig opened the suitcase again, but only wide enough so that Hofel, who had bent over could just see inside.

"Man, close it!" he hissed, stood upright in a hurry and looked anxiously round after the Scharführer. He was in the washroom.

"If they get onto this ..." Pippig whispered.

Hofel made impatient motions with his hands.

"Get it away! Hide it! Quick!"

Pippig squinted towards the washroom like a thief, and when he was sure of not being observed, he hastened with the suitcase to the brick building and disappeared.

B O G O R S K I

Under the warm rush of water the distracted people came to rest for the first time since their entry into the camp. It was as if the water had rinsed them clean of all agitation, all fear, and the horrors they had survived. Borgoski was familiar with this transformation, which took place every time. He was still young, barely thirty-five years old. An airforce officer. But the fascists of the camp did not know that. For them he was a Russian prisoner-of-war who, like the many others, had been brought to Buchenwald from a camp near the front. Borgoski did all he could to preserve his anonymity. He was a member of the International Camp Committee, the ILK, a strictly secret committee in the camp. Apart from the few initiates, none of the prisoners, to say nothing of the SS, knew of its existence.

Quietly, Borgoski walked up and down between the showers. His smile alone was enough to give the newcomers a little feeling of security. He remained standing before Jankowski and observed the slender man who, with closed eyes, was enjoying the comfort of the warm rain. What place is he dreaming of, thought Borgoski, and then asked in perfect Polish:

"How long have you been on the way?"

T o r n from his strange, faraway dream, Jankowski opened his eyes in fright.

"Three weeks," he replied, and smiled back. Although he knew from experience that silence was the best protection, and the more so in a new, still unknown environment, Jankowski suddenly felt the need to communicate.

In haste, with eyes uneasily glancing about, he told of the march to Buchenwald. He reported the terrors of the evacuation. For weeks they had tottered along the roads, weak and hungry, without rest and without pause. At night they were driven together in the fields and they had sunk down exhausted on newly plowed fields frozen hard as stone in the snow, pressing close to one another for shelter against the cruel night frost. How many had failed to report next morning for the march ahead! Detachments of the SS convoy then crossed the fields and finished off those who still had life in them. Peasants found the corpses and buried them where they lay. How many had collapsed on the way! How often the guns had gone off at them! And every time the finishing shot whipped out, the procession was driven forward at a running pace. Run, you swine! Run, run!

When Jankowski fell silent because there was nothing more

to tell, Bogorski asked: "How many came from Auschwitz?"

Jankowski answered softly, "There were three thousand..."

A willing smile quivered over his face. He wanted to say still more. He felt the urge to entrust someone in this strange camp with the secret of his suitcase, but the Scharführer had the showers turned off and was driving a fresh group into the washroom.

Jankowski staggered out into the damp cold.

The suitcase had vanished!

Hofel, who had waited for the Poles quickly pressed a hand over his mouth and whispered:

"Trap shut! Everything's all right."

Jankowski understood that he was to behave calmly. He stared at the German, who said urgently, "Take your junk and scram."

"A PUSSY-CAT..."

Like a child happy over a new toy, Pippig hastened up the stairs with the suitcase to the effects room.

By late afternoon all of the inmates of the commando had left the long, narrow clothing room, where the thousands of sacks hung that contained civilian articles. Only the elderly August Rose stood at the counter rummaging through various papers.

He looked up in a surprise at Pippig stealing in.

"What are you dragging in here?"

Pippig hushed the question with a quick movement of his hand.

"Where's Zweiling?"

Rose indicated the Hauptscharführer's room with his thumb.

"Keep a lookout," said Pippig hastily, and scuttled to the back, into the nearly dark clothing room. Rose looked after him, and observed the Hauptscharführer, whom he could see in his room behind the big glass window.

Pippig came up forward again, made a gesture to Rose admonishing silence, noisily opened the door to the clerks' office, which was next to Zweiling's room, and called extra loudly:

"Kropinski, come on down for interpreting!"

Outside, Pippig gave Kropinski a rapid sign, and the two stole towards the back. In the farthest corner of the clothing room they disappeared behind tall stacks of wardrobe sacks and garment belonging to deceased prisoners. This was where the suitcase stood.

Pippig, mercurial and excited, stretched his neck out to

look round the stacks once more; he rubbed his hands and grinned at Kropinski as if to say: Now just see what I've got... Then he snapped open the locks and lifted the suitcase lid. With his legs wide apart he shoved his hands into his pockets and enjoyed the success of his surprise.

In the suitcase, huddled together, its little hands pressed to its face, lay a child wrapped in rags. A boy, perhaps three years old. Kropinski stooped down and stared at the child. It lay motionless. Pippig tenderly stroked the little body.

"A pussy cat. Came to stay with us".

He wanted to turn the child around by the shoulder, but it seemed to resist. At last Kropinski found words: "Poor mite," he said in Polish. "Where do you come from?" At the sound of Polish, the child moved its head forward like a snail that had drawn in its horns. The tiny, initial sign of life was so enormously exciting that they gazed intently into the child's eyes. The small face already had the seriousness of a knowing person, and there was a luster in the eyes that was not the luster of childhood. The child looked at the men in dumb expectation.

They scarcely dared to breathe.

R o s e could no longer control his curiosity. He had glided softly to the corner and was suddenly standing before them.

"What's this supposed to be?"

Violently startled, Pippig whirled about and hissed at the astonished Rose:

"You sick in the head? Coming back here? Get up front! You want to have Zweiling on our necks?"

Rose waved his hand.

"He's dozing."

He bent inquisitively over the child and bleated:

"A nice toy you picked up for yourself."

IF THE KID SCREAMS...?

The arrivals were soon dispatched, and at last Höfel had an opportunity to see after the child. Rose, who had returned to the counter, detained him.

"If you're looking for Pippig..." Avid with curiosity he pointed to the back. Hofel replied shortly:

"I know. No blabbing about this, understand?"

Rose acted indignant. "Am I a stool?"

Offended, he looked after Höfel. The other prisoners had become interested and asked questions, but Rose did not

answer. With a secretive smile he went into the clerks' office.

The child was sitting upright in the suitcase, and Kropinski, kneeling before him, was trying to get him to speak.

"What is your name? Tell me. Where is Papa? Where is Mama?"

Hofel had joined them. Pippig whispered helplessly:

"What'll we do with the thing? If they catch it they'll beat it to death."

Hofel kneeled down and looked keenly into the child's face.

"It no talk," Kropinski stated in despair.

The strange man seemed to upset the child. It tugged at its ragged jacket, and its face remained strangely rigid; it seemed not to know what crying was.

Hofel held the nervous little hand firmly.

"Who are you, hm, you little feller?"

The child moved its lips and swallowed.

"It's hungry," Pippig burst out, seeing the light. I'll get it something."

Hofel stood up and took a deep breath. The three looked at one another perplexed. Uneasily Höfel pushed his cap to the back of his head.

"Yes ... yes yes ... of course..."

Pippig interpreted this as a sanction of his intention, and was about to hurry off. But the aimless words were only Hofel's attempt to express himself and order his confused thoughts. What was to become of the child? Where could it go? To begin with, it probably had to stay here. Höfel held back Pippig and considered.

"Make him a bed," he instructed Kropinski. "Take a few of the old coats, lay them there in the corner and..." He halted. Pippig looked at him questioningly. Sudden alarm could be seen in Höfel's face.

"If the kid screams...?"



THOUGHTS ON MARCH THE 8th

Tormented over ages
Condemned to slave without pause
They are tossed around without cause
And we the progeny
saw them discarded like withered flowers
in the metropolis of Capital.

The breed of unyielding vigour
Broad of heart like a magnificent river
See them come and kiss the fists
of soldiers of freedom's fight
For in revolution lies their right
away from prejudice wrapped in mist.

Women of the world united
"Women for Peace" undaunted
S e e t h e m c o m e
Like doves with their grace
They capture the eye
Like flowers in bloom
unmatched by any scented dye.

From Havana to Hanoi
From Sydney to Seattle
Yes, in their millions
Under the starlit Asian canopy
Under the African sun
Across the oceans in the European snow
Their stirring voices are one
Their hearts with vision glow
With them our horns let us blow.

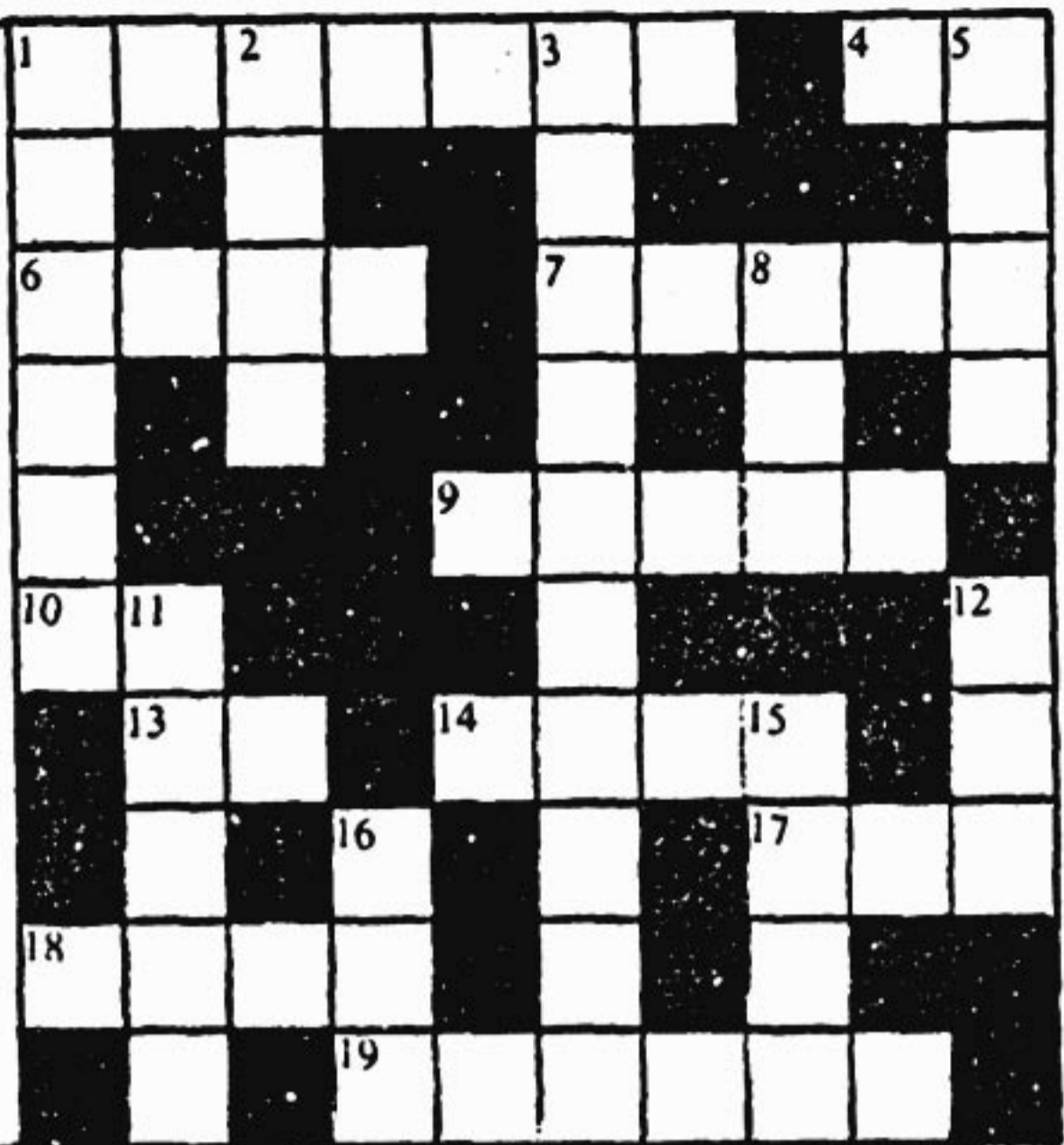
For each March eight
There's unity in their marching feet
Risen from shackles
Facing the future - in mind posterity
Advancing they are fearless
Advancing towards lofty victory.

- LERATO MORENA

DAWN

Political Word

No. 3



CLUES

Across

1. "There Shall be Houses, Security and ..."
4. Chief Luthuli's initials.
6. To drown.
7. Ulyanov's pseudonym.
9. Fried potatoes.
10. To unswitch off.
13. Before r o c r .
14. Turret is one of its parts.
17. Solid water.
18. Public vehicle for hire.
19. Capital of the People's Republic of Angola.

Down

1. Author of "History Shall Absolve Me."
2. I Speak my ...
3. Comrade Mandela's African name.
5. Month of the Soweto Uprisings.
8. A short sleep.
11. Province in our country.
12. Comrade Slovo's name.
15. To be good towards others.
16. Pretoria should be sanctioned with it.

See answers in DAWN Vol. 5 No. 4

DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY

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AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS AND THE
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