

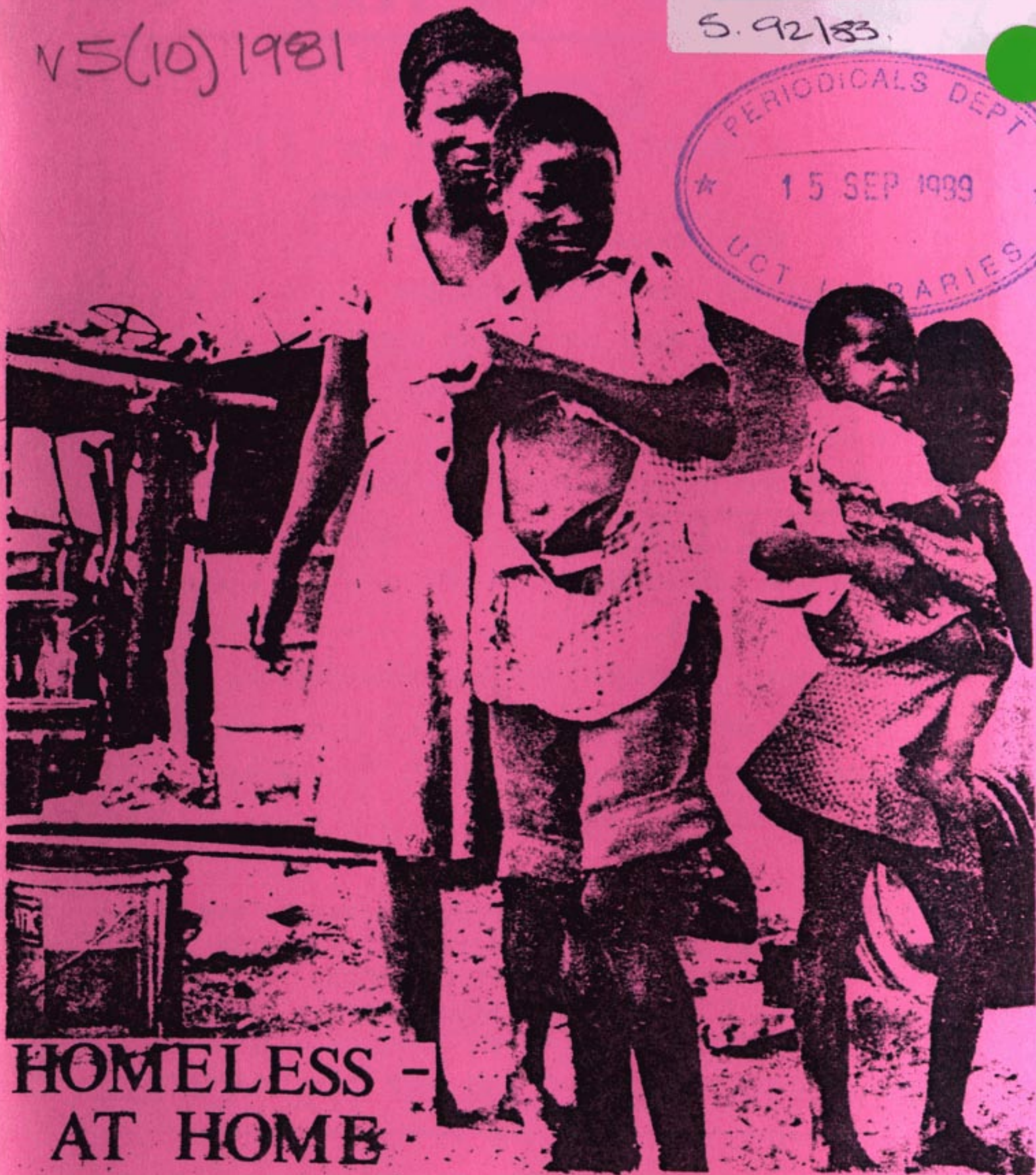
# DAWN

monthly journal of  
umkhonto we sizwe

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**HOMELESS -  
AT HOME**

# Dawn

monthly journal of umkhonto we sizwe

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\* **COVER:** Our oppressed but fighting people are daily resisting the fascist Pretoria regime's forced mass removals. Nyanga and Kliptown squatters recently fell victim to this Boers' terror tactic.

**LONG LIVE THE YEAR OF THE YOUTH!**



## Editorial Comment

# ORGANISATION - OUR MIGHTY WEAPON

The decision to form the African National Congress in 1912 was born out of a realisation by our forefathers that without organisation and consequently unity our liberation from colonial domination would only remain a dream. That was almost 70 years ago. But today the need for united and organised action has become more urgent than at any other moment in our freedom struggle. Only a few days ago on the 19th October we remembered with anger and hatred how on that dark Wednesday four years ago the Pretoria Gestapo staged a clampdown on our organisations and newspapers. Many militant opponents of apartheid colonial domination were whisked away in pre-dawn raids; some were later to die in the racist gaols.

Having outlawed our national organisation, the ANC, the racist enemy was out to completely frustrate our efforts to create our own organisations as opposed to the dummy institutions like the so-called urban community councils, Indian and Coloured Representative Councils which are forced on us. But the racists could not have their way. We fought back. Defying arrests, torture and murder, we mobilised our forces underground to rebuild our organisations and

new ones emerged - trade unions, community, student, church and other organisations. With these organisations getting stronger, in spite of continued repression and because of the strengthening of the ANC's overall leadership inside the country, our mass resistance rose to new heights. Thus after our great May campaign against fascist rule our President, Comrade Oliver Tambo pointed to the future saying: "... the end of May should mark the end of desperate unco-ordinated mass action."

The racists are becoming more vicious. Driven into a frenzied panic by our ever-growing mass upsurge whose striking power is remarkably sharpened by the heavy blows delivered by our gallant freedom fighters of Umkhonto we Sizwe throughout the country, the Botha-Malan fascist regime is desperately attempting to force us into submission through starvation and terror, as can be seen in the skyrocketing food and other prices; the alarming proportions assumed by forced removals and arrests. In order to weaken our struggle against this reign of terror and for final victory the enemy is waging an all-out campaign against our organisations. Inside the country patriots - members of the African National Congress and Umkhonto we Sizwe, leaders of trade unions and many other workers, student organisations and others are charged under fascist laws like Terrorism Act; many others are sentenced to death or murdered in dungeons. Hired murderers are sent outside the country to assassinate our patriots and leaders - Matola and Salisbury are clear examples.

All this shows that the Pretoria colonial regime fears our organisations. They fear them because when we are organised it is possible to co-ordinate our actions and direct them towards a clear and common goal. In turn this makes it possible for us to confront the enemy as a united force on all issues in every part of the country. This is precisely what our ANC and our programme for national liberation, the Freedom Charter, will always stand for. This is the mighty weapon, organisation and unity, which enabled the Vietnamese, Angolans, Mozambicans and Zimbabweans to win their liberation.

Therefore, let us continue to defend, strengthen our organisations and build new ones where necessary especially trade unions, and community organisations like PEBCO and Actstop. Let us all rally around our vanguard movement, the ANC, to win not only our immediate demands but our national independence and freedom in our lifetime.

**FORWARD TO PEOPLE'S POWER!**

# Forced Mass Removals

- PROMISE LAMOLA

The same day when our young combatants; Comrades Anthony Tsotsobe, Johannes Shabangu and David Moise were illegally sentenced to death, the racist tyrants carried out yet another act of naked terror against our people. The fascist police and administration board officials staged a massive nazi-style pre-dawn raid against the homeless people of Nyanga. Police cordoned off the area within minutes, bulldozed and razed all shelters and property. Hundreds were arrested and many mothers were separated from their children. A Johannesburg newspaper (Rand Daily Mail 22.8.81) reported: "At least three babies were separated from their families as 1,000 Nyanga squatters were deported and as the squatters arrived in Umtata in driving rain yesterday... Among them was a woman who was hustled out of Cape Town so fast that her breast-feeding baby stayed behind - while two small babies turned up in Umtata without their mothers... Of the many possessions left behind, one was the most poignant. The bundle, lying in the sun, stirred and a 7 week-old baby began displaying hunger pangs. His mother was not there to feed him."

The Nyanga squatters are being forced to return to the poverty stricken 'homelands'. The government provides no housing nor compensation for their bulldozed houses and property. Evicted people are sent to 'resettlement' camps whose conditions are extremely appalling. With unemployment rampant in these far-flung camps, most 'resettled' families are dependent on money sent by their menfolk who sell their labour power as contract workers. At places like Compensation and Keiskamahoek, these 'surplus' people live in barren wilderness. At the Oxton 'resettlement' camp situated in the stony and desolate wasteland area of the Whittlesea District, children barely old enough to walk rise early each morning to fetch wood from the mountains 8 kilometres away. Water supply is a problem with up to a 1,000 families sharing two taps in some areas. Those who are lucky enough to find jobs in the neighbouring 'white' areas have to commute long distances, leaving at 3 am to return as late as at 8 or 9 pm. This is the life of mil-

lions of our people in apartheid South Africa.

## LANDLESSNESS

The forced eviction of the Nyanga squatters is neither an isolated nor the first incident of its kind. The policy of clearing Africans out of the 'white' 87% of the total surface area of our country has continued unabated since the ascendancy of the Nationalist Party to power. Millions of our people have been increasingly forced into the Bantustan 'homelands' since 1948. Of late this campaign has been stepped up with zeal and gravity, touching all corners of our country. We need only recall the people of Kratzenstein, a 'black spot' 50 km north of Pietersburg; the community of St. Wendonlin's near Durban; the Batlokwa and Ndebele people, to mention but a few.

These people are forcibly removed from lands they have occupied for centuries to poverty-stricken bantustans. In a paper presented to the First Conference of the ANC Women, Comrade Ray Simons described the conditions in Ciskei as follows:

"The population in the Ciskei has doubled in the last ten years. There are 87 people for each square kilometre of land. The Ciskei, which is to become 'independent' on the 4th December, is an over-populated piece of land with little industry and poor agriculture. The people live under poverty conditions, they are more than 11 times as poor as the average white South Africans."

The majority of the people are landless and even the few who have rights to any land at all cannot survive on its products because the land is poor with no fertilizers and irrigation schemes. As a result an alarmingly high rate of infant mortality, kwashiokor, malnutrition and other diseases is the plight of our people.

Faced with these horrible conditions our people are forced to leave for white farms, mines and industries as migrant labourers, selling their labour power for extremely low wages. because of the alarmingly high rate of unemployment in the Bantustans. According to research done by the South African Institute of Race Relations (SAIRR), for every job created in the Transkei there are 120 potential work-seekers. This 'reserve army' of labour is the source of cheap labour created to secure super profits for the white monopolists. These migrant labourers leave their families for periods of up to a year and

more and are housed in single-sex hostels and compounds. The thousands of homeless squatters who are subjected to endless arrests and forced removals are the families of migrant workers. Failing to eke out a living in the 'homelands', the families are forced to join the breadwinners in 'white' South Africa.

## **RACIST POLICIES**

The victims of forced evictions fall into the following categories:

- (i) Africans moved to the Bantustans when townships in 'white' areas are 'deproclaimed'.
- (ii) Africans relocated in the Bantustans under the policy of clearing them off 'black spots', usually black-owned farms in the 'white' areas.
- (iii) The so-called 'illegal' Africans under the inhuman pass and influx control laws.
- (iv) The 'unproductive' Africans, i.e. the unemployed, the old and the very young.
- (v) The Indian and Coloured population removed from their homes under the Group Areas Act.

This shunting around of our people is aimed at enforcing the abominable Bantustan system on our people. By evicting the settled communities in the so-called 'white' areas the Pretoria boer regime intends keeping our people in a state of constant mobility and instability with a naive hope of preventing organised opposition and resistance to the cancerous system of apartheid. We are relegated to the position of 'foreigner' in the land of our birth. We have no say in the government and no rights to vote except for our 'homeland governments' which are merely toy-telephones. This is the plight of a Black man in South Africa. Thus the only way in which we can improve our lot is through resistance.

## **GROWING OPPOSITION**

Mass removals have always met with heroic resistance from our people. We need only recall the fearless struggles of the Ndebele and Batlokwa people against Mangope's treacherous schemes. Recent evictions have also roused the anger not only of squatters but also of other sections of our population; churchmen, intelligentsia, youth, etc. Responding to a plea by Actstop, the anti-removal organisation formed to take up the plight of Group Areas Act victims, about 140 Johannesburg

# SIYAHLALA!



lawyers have rallied to defend free of charge the hundreds of African, Coloured and Indian people charged under the notorious Group Areas Act. Thousands of our people including whites demonstrated against the removal of the Nyanga squatters to Transkei. Protests and prayer meetings were held all over our country and funds were raised to feed and clothe the homeless squatters. Even some of the

Western powers could not close their eyes to this brutal fascist eviction but joined progressive mankind the world over in condemning the Pretoria racists.

The heroic resistance of the Nyanga squatters has provoked the same old response from the intransigent racist rulers. "We will not allow anarchy. Those people (squatters) will find we are not only capable of using strong tactics, but we will use them," said Piet "Promises" Koornhof, racist Minister of Cooperation and Development. What obstinacy in the face of growing internal and world-wide opposition! The racist Premier, P.W. Botha, claimed that the anti-removals campaign was organised, orchestrated and financed by people with ulterior motives, the so-called agitators. This comes as no surprise since all our resistance is seen to be the work of 'foreign agitators' and 'communists' especially when it is most pronounced. But while acknowledging our selfless resistance to mass removals, we also need to point out some shortcomings.

## UNITY IN ACTION

In his January 8 message Comrade President Oliver Tambo urged:

"In particular, we have not yet succeeded to bring together in common and simultaneous action all the black students, teachers and parents... We have allowed the Ndebele people to fall victim to Mangope's machinations in the same way as we have not come to the aid of our brave Batlokwa people. To remedy this national failure, we



should adopt as our battle-cry, the motto of our trade union movement and of SACTU; 'AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL'. The kind of unity we must seek therefore is unity in action, unity for common action against the common enemy, unity for victorious struggle."

It is only through united and co-ordinated resistance that we can bring these forced evictions and other tyrannical schemes of racist rule to an end. Solidarity actions with all fighting people; striking workers, evicted squatters, students on boycott, etc., should be given priority by all sections of our people. No amount of terror can defeat our united and organised mass anger. Let's all come up in one voice as we have done during our nation-wide campaign against twenty years of the fascist republic. Let us use the level of unity and organisation achieved during this campaign as the basis for future battles, be they for issues of immediate, local or national interest.

Our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, has made its presence recognised by sharpening the people's struggle with military blows at the enemy's military and economic installations. The recent devastating attack against the Mabopane police station has added a new quality to the struggle of the people of this area against mass removals.

## **FREEDOM CHARTER**

An end to forced removals will only come about with the total destruction of the apartheid system and its replacement by a people's government based on the Freedom Charter which in part declares that: "THE LAND SHALL BE SHARED AMONG THOSE WHO WORK IT" and further states: "All shall have the right to occupy land wherever they choose." This is the type of South Africa we have dedicated our lives for, a South Africa free from pre-dawn raids, pass laws, Group Areas Act, land hunger and mass removals. We are aware that this struggle will be long and bitter and we have already shown our capability to wage it to its final end, the seizure of power by the oppressed majority.

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**ALL SHALL HAVE THE RIGHT TO OCCUPY LAND  
WHEREVER THEY CHOOSE...**

**- THE FREEDOM CHARTER -**

# Negotiations and Our Struggle

- JOYCE MEKONG

Recently the opinions expressed by some leading groups within the racist ruling minority in South Africa about the need to talk with the African National Congress have been given wide coverage by some leading newspapers inside the country. There are those of the former editor of the "Die Beeld", the Nationalist Party mouth-piece in the Transvaal, Vosloo, who was reported by the "Cape Times" saying that the Pretoria racist colonial regime "would one day have to sit at the conference table" with the ANC. According to the "Citizen", Joel Mervis, of the Progressive Federal Party (PFP) is pressing that the talking must be done "now while there is still time." Naturally, these much-publicised opinions are bound to rouse interest in whether our people's vanguard movement, the African National Congress, would go for the idea of negotiations if approached.

To the extent that these opinions and the resultant interest express recognition that the racist policies have already caused great harm both inside South Africa and the whole of Southern Africa and that the ANC is the vital force for the solution of basic problems in our society, they are quite understandable. However, it must immediately be pointed out that the whole question of negotiations, now and in future, does not rest on whether the African National Congress is willing or not. Rather it depends on certain basic issues which we shall attempt to bring out below and which must never be overlooked.

## **NEGOTIATIONS**

Obviously, the first question is the need to have a clear understanding of the process of negotiations. Since the main problem in our society, presently, is the brutal colonial domination of our people by the apartheid regime of the Nationalist Party and their allies, the experience of other countries who have confronted a similar problem will serve us well. For this reason we shall refer to the example of Zimbabwe where the process of negotiations entailed an acceptance

by the British government that:

- (i) it was the colonial power in Zimbabwe;
- (ii) the colonial system is inhuman and must be abolished;
- (iii) Zimbabwe must become an independent country under a government chosen by the people of Zimbabwe.

This was the basis of the negotiations that took place at Lancaster House, London, and were accepted by both parties, Britain and the Patriotic forces in Zimbabwe. Without such a basis there would never have been any negotiations.

## **RACIST ARROGANCE**

True in South Africa, supposing that negotiations were to be held, there would be variations. For example, here the colonial power is internal, that is the Pretoria fascists. Otherwise there would not be much difference. This, the Pretoria racists know too. But could this be what Vosloo and others who share his opinions mean when they speak of Racist South Africa having to talk with the ANC one day? Let us look at facts.

Listed among what Vosloo says would be conditions put on our vanguard organisation, the ANC, as quoted by the "Cape Times" (10.1.81) are the following:-

- (i) that the population of South Africa is 'mixed and unequal'; and
- (ii) that South Africa would be a divided entity and acknowledge the independence of the Transkei, Venda Bophuthatswana and Ciskei.

It takes no analysis to see that this is just foolish racist arrogance and intransigence characteristic of the fascist-colonialist Nationalist Party. This does not merit the attention of our liberation movement.

## **OPPENHEIMERS**

The position of the so-called opposition wing, otherwise co-plotters of, and beneficiaries from, the ghastly crimes perpetrated by the Pretoria rulers on our people, is not different.

Joel Mervis' observation: "recent events have made it clear that the government's general attitude to the political situation is on the wrong foot" shows sense. But he should also have remembered that the Sharpeville Massacre and all racist policies before then meant the same thing. His recognition of

the African National Congress as "the real leaders of the blacks" is very much correct. So too is Frederik van Zyl Slabbert's admission in the racist parliament that "to maintain domination is going to become increasingly difficult and eventually quite impossible." This was in response to racist Premier P.W. Botha's assertion that the policy of Pretoria government remains white domination or white 'self-determination'. But as soon as Piet "Wapen" Botha demanded to know whether Slabbert rejected the idea of sanctions against the apartheid regime the latter replied with a bold "Yes".

This is not surprising. The PFP of Slabbert, Mervis and the rest represents the interests of big business in South Africa like the Anglo-American Cooperation whose Chairman is Harry Oppenheimer. These are people who are closely linked to the imperialist investors and together are bleeding the black workers dry to reap super-profits. That is why they back the Pretoria regime financially, militarily and in many other ways; it safeguards their economic interests. That is why, too, they joined the Afrikaner fascists in gloating over the barbaric murder of our people at Matola by the suicide squads of the racist army.

## **FEAR OF CHANGE**

At the same time the racist policies of their Pretoria watchdogs run contrary to the demands of their capitalist greed in certain respects. For example job reservation prohibits the training and employment of black workers in skilled jobs. The Oppenheimers and their imperialist partners would benefit much from the unpaid labour of skilled black workers who would be hired at lower rates of pay than white workers. But what they fear most is that our oppressed and exploited people will eventually destroy the entire apartheid system and their economic interests will not survive.

Like Harry Oppenheimer's call on the Pretoria regime that it must effect political and social changes within five years to avoid a revolution in South Africa, the urgency in Joel Mervis' call for talks with the ANC "now... while we still have time to manoeuvre" expresses the fear of a real change which our people's liberation struggle will bring about and its consequences on big business. In other words the negotiations wanted by these advocates of 'free enterprise' is an exercise which will lead to such 'changes' as would leave the interests of the exploiters intact. What they want is that we must reduce to naught all the achievements made through our heroic endeavours of the past centuries and decades of bitter struggle against racist colonial domination and imperialist

exploitation. They expect us to betray not only ourselves including hundreds of our outstanding freedom fighters who have laid down their lives for the attainment of our liberation, but also the sacrifices made by the entire peace and freedom-loving people the world over in solidarity with our struggle. N o t h i n g could be more insulting!

## R E A S O N S

No doubt the apartheid regime and its 'liberal' partners as well as their imperialist allies know very well that the ANC will never be part to any shady exercise as referred to above. They know, too, that the ANC and our entire fighting people it is leading will never settle for anything short of our demands which are clearly stated in our Freedom Charter. B u t w h a t a r e these calls for talks with the ANC all about? This is what we must find out. The Pretoria racists continue to terrorise our peoples in South Africa and Namibia to prolong its colonial domination over us and the brutal exploitation of our labour. The racists can still commit large scale acts of aggression against Southern African states to spread its domination over the whole region to strengthen its position internally and in its capacity as the policeman of imperialism. In spite of all this it is clear that our people are making great advances in our freedom struggle as can be seen in the unchallenged prestige of the African National Congress which includes our people's adherence to the Freedom Charter and growing support for armed struggle. All t h i s spells doom for apartheid.

So, in addition to b r u t e f o r c e on which they rely mostly, the racists are now adding the carrot of talks to their propaganda arsenal for countering our liberatory efforts. It is a well-known fact that like all oppressors and exploiters, the racists and their imperialist allies always distort the people's just struggle for liberation by equating it with bloodshed and portraying the vanguard organisation of our people as a force that blindly sticks to violent forms of struggle. To achieve this they spread lies around saying they want to talk to the representatives of the oppressed while laying humiliating conditions which they know will be unacceptable. They would then scream, saying the people's representatives are not prepared for a peaceful settlement. This is the dirty trick which the then Smith regime of Salisbury and the Pretoria regime of Vorster and Botha used against the peoples of Zimbabwe and N a m i b i a in the recent past in an effort to isolate the patriotic forces.

This can also be seen as a ploy aimed at enticing willing elements from the ranks of the oppressed, collaborators, whom the racists would use to implement a Muzorewa or Turnhalle-type of settlement in order to disunite our people and delay our victory. These are the elements which Vosloo referred to as those who would be acting under the 'guiding hand of Nationalist policy'.

Furthermore, the enemy is toying with the idea of negotiations with the purpose of injecting a dangerous illusion amongst our people who are now correctly seeing revolutionary armed struggle as the only means of achieving their liberation, that it is still possible to negotiate with the racists. The effect of this sinister move would be the creation of hesitation among our fighting people.

Certainly all these dirty manoeuvres, like the bantustan system which our people are rejecting and as they have failed in Namibia and Zimbabwe before, will fail even before they are actually carried out. Our people are now moving on a clearly charted path to achieve their liberation by all means at their disposal.

Finally, it must be noted that the possibility of negotiations in the future cannot be ruled out in South Africa. We have seen how Smith had to swallow his "majority rule over my dead body" empty slogan and went to Lancaster House to hold talks with the Patriotic forces. However, this will not come about as a result of change of heart by the Pretoria marauders. This will happen only when our people led by the ANC and our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, have hit the enemy on all fronts so hard that he really cries for talks on terms dictated to him by our entire fighting people represented by their leading organisation, the African National Congress.

What is more, negotiations must never be isolated from the mass offensive of the broad masses of the people, armed actions included, which produce a situation where meaningful negotiations become possible. This also means that negotiations are not and can never be an alternative to the people's revolutionary armed struggle.

Therefore, we must continue to raise our struggle to greater heights, confronting the Pretoria fascist regime on all fronts with an aim of ultimately crushing it and build a new South Africa as we stated at the Congress of the People in 1955, where the Freedom Charter was adopted. This means that we must be vigilant against all the enemy's attempts to divert our attention from our main goal and to weaken our unity.

**FORWARD TO A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT!**

# Lies Will Not Save The Racist Criminals

EXCERPTS FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH COMRADE  
PRESIDENT O.R. TAMBO PUBLISHED BY MAYI-  
BUYE, FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL OF THE AFRICAN  
NATIONAL CONGRESS, SEPTEMBER NUMBER 9.

**QUESTION:** After the attack on Voortrekkerhoogte, the racists did all they could to try and conceal the losses Umkhonto we Sizwe inflicted on them. What is the extent of the losses and how would you relate this 'official communique' of the regime to those released in other instances?

**COMRADE PRESIDENT TAMBO:** It is often difficult to know the losses suffered by the enemy. It is particularly difficult in the case of the South African regime, and we do not in fact know the precise extent of these losses in the present instance. But four 122mm rockets, each capable of destroying anything within a radius of 50 metres, at least, exploded in a crowded complex of military houses, buildings and structures which included a military airport. There can be no suggestion that the SADF military Headquarters had been vacated before the attack. Everybody was surely there. And yet, according to the 'official communique', the rockets all finished up in a small room which they put in some disorder, causing slight injury to its occupant - an African woman. This communique conceals the fact that a large area of houses, buildings and structures was destroyed, including as we were told before the news blackout, some war planes.



Comrade President Oliver Tambo - "... our people must seek to get their facts from the ANC and its allies..."

The newspaper pictures of an African woman pressed into a reluctant hospital bed with uniformed nurses dutifully tending a barely visible cut on her black skin are a remarkably desperate attempt by the racist regime to conceal grim and starkling reality. The veil is incredibly transparent. In fact, the newsmedia sound sillier and sillier as they progressively lose their freedom, and fall under the tightening grip of fascism. The only truth they are allowed to tell is the lies thought up by the police to deceive and mislead the public, in the interests of racist minority rule. The public, certainly the white public in South Africa, is going about its national affairs blindfolded. That is dangerous!

The press is now being used to project lies, lies and nothing but lies. We know how many children were slaughtered in 1976 in Soweto and round the country. But we also know that through the press the regime grossly understated the figures. We have been told of the numbers who died or committed suicide while in detention. These numbers are a gross understatement of the number of our people assassinated during detention. The SASOL explosions cost the regime something upward of R66-million. The figure was given as R6,5-million.

The enemy, and quite understandably, grossly understates its losses, but to suit its purposes, it exaggerates if it wants to prove its power, strength and superiority. And so, according to its figures, countless thousands of SWAPO guerrillas have been killed and wiped out; numberless tons of equipment captured. Only a few weeks ago the army commanders of the regime were singing praises to their troops who invaded Angola, and, according to them, completely wiped out and crippled SWAPO, demoralising the guerrillas of PLAN, the People's Liberation Army of Namibia. But the racist troops are back in Angola, according to them, to fight SWAPO and eliminate it there. But which SWAPO? Was it a lie that they had wiped out SWAPO, or are they back there in the course of an invasion against Angola? The people of South Africa will never know the truth from the fascist rulers. In 1975 they claimed for months that they were fighting on the borders of Namibia and Angola. In fact, they were near Luanda. Now they claim to have withdrawn from Angola but in fact a fierce war is raging in Angola.

The South African white population perhaps believes these stories. The oppressed don't. Ian Smith played the same game on the whites in Rhodesia, until, to the surprise of the Rhodesian whites and the South African whites, Prime Minister Mugabe was in power. They did not know what had happened. What



had happened was that they had been kept blindfolded as to the reality of their situation.

So, our people must seek to get their facts from the ANC and its allies, from the countries of Africa and its friends beyond the oceans. The South African regime seeks to feed them with nothing but lies. That is why we do not really know the extent of the damage and the casualties resulting from the Umkhonto we Sizwe attack on Voortrekkerhoogte on the night of the 12th to the 13th of August this year.

## **ENEMY SLANDER**

**QUESTION:** As is characteristic with all criminals, the enemy sought to draw a red herring across the track after murdering Comrade Joe Gqabi, by invoking the slander that there are internal conflicts within the movement - a campaign in which Botha and company seem to revel of late. What does the regime intend to achieve out of this campaign?

**COMRADE PRESIDENT TANDU:** The regime has been gravely concerned about the degree of unity within the ANC leadership, within the ANC itself as a body, within the liberation forces comprising the ANC and its allies. And the enemy has been perturbed about the unity that is getting stronger and stronger among the liberation forces headed by the ANC in South Africa; the unity of the people against the regime as was so dramatically demonstrated during May this year when the regime was trying to celebrate 20 years of rule as a republic.

Therefore Botha, his followers, his colleagues, his collaborators & his agents are desperate to find some way of planting divisions within the ANC leadership, within our liberation forces and among the masses of our people. A convenient way to this end is to imply or even allege that Joe Gqabi was assassinated in the context of an internal conflict, some struggle for power within the leadership of the African National Congress. Stories are being thrown around already to this effect; wild stories which have nothing in common with reality. But the enemy is behaving characteristically. We have known this to be done in other cases. The enemy is just unfortunate in that our people understand the tactics of "divide and rule" which take such forms as the establishment of bantustans, and, at moments of explosive unity among the people, the creation of opposition groups and splinter movements. Our people have been long enough in the struggle to understand these enemy tactics.

Although the ANC, in particular, has been subjected to a continuous and close scrutiny designed to detect signs of a

power struggle among the ANC leadership, it has not been possible to uncover any facts indicating an internal struggle because, and simply because, there is none. Instead there is firm unity. Our people understand this, and therefore, no amount of dreaming up internal conflicts within the movement is going to take away from the fact that it is the brutal South African regime which ordered the assassination of a member of the National Executive Committee of the ANC. No amount of cheap lies about the ANC can ever divide our people. What is more, this campaign will not save the racist criminals and their hirelings from the revolutionary wrath of the people and from punishment.

## **NO EASY WALK**

**QUESTION:** Finally, Comrade President, in your address at the funeral of Comrade Gqabi you indicated that the immediate future is not bright. Yet you also said that the struggling people of South Africa are near the end. Could you elaborate?

**COMRADE PRESIDENT TUNDO:** It is inevitable that our just cause will triumph and our objective of liberation and power for the people will be achieved. It is indisputable that today our people's march towards this goal is firm, resolute and irreversible. But it is no easy walk. Inevitably, a grim and increasingly bitter and brutal struggle is unfolding as we advance towards victory. This fact is itself a reliable indicator of the growing proximity of victory. The nearer we approach our goal, the stiffer is the resistance offered by the enemy.

We say victory is certain. In that statement we are acknowledging that the enemy will defend his criminal system with all his might and we are also asserting that the people's just cause is mightier and the enemy will be crushed. The point to bear in mind is that victory will be preceded - must be preceded - by a gruelling conflict which will be costly in every sense of that term for all sides, and certainly for us. In the period immediately ahead of us, therefore, it is inevitable that Africa's war of liberation will reach beyond Namibia into South Africa, the territory which is still under apartheid colonial domination. Nothing can stop this African liberation process. But the intensity of the war is bound to be enormous and Southern Africa cannot possibly escape its harsh political, military and economic consequences.

Our task, the task of the ANC and its allies, of the

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.**

# Our Answer to Legal Terror

- ANDILE MAQOMA

Every advance we make in our march to freedom will always be followed by a more desperate counter-offensive from the apartheid regime. In every case, in order to forge our way further forward our liberation movement not only has to anticipate the enemy's sinister moves but has to keep our liberation forces in a state of constant readiness to frustrate the Pretoria fascists and this is the line which we have consistently followed in spite of all hardships. Today one of the areas of confrontation which calls for our immediate attention is the legal terror unleashed by the racist enemy.

## PAST EXPERIENCE

In the past our people have always expressed their opposition to every aspect of racist brutality including that of the racist courts. We can still vividly remember the inspiring examples of the "Stand by our leaders" campaign which accompanied the historic Treason Trial (1956-1960) & the attack by Comrade Nelson Mandela during his trial in 1962 when he told the racist court in Pretoria:

"I feel oppressed by the atmosphere of racist domination that lurks all around this courtroom. Somehow this atmosphere calls to mind the inhuman injustices caused to my people outside this courtroom."

Then came the courageous stand of our leaders; Mandela, Sisulu, Cathrada, Mbeki, Bram Fischer and many others during the Rivonia Trial and the following trying years, a stand which kept the spirit of no-surrender alive among our people even in the face of heightened repression and drew the attention of the world to our plight. These are rich experiences which must always be taken into consideration. In addition to this the current situation must be closely looked at.

## LEGAL TERROR

What are the facts? South African prisons are over-occupied by more than 300% and the situation is daily worsening. This was revealed in the evidence given by a former chief of the so-called legal aid centre for blacks, a certain Fourie,

when he appeared before the Hoexter Commission of Inquiry into the Functioning of the Courts. This was recently confirmed by the racist Minister of Justice, H.J. Coetzee, **Knowing** that the Pretoria fascist government will always hide the truth we can conclude that the situation is much worse than what the public is told. This could not be otherwise: thousands of black people, including ten year-old children, are daily rushed through the racist courts, then detained for an indefinite period or served with heavy prison terms for 'offences' connected with the inhuman pass laws, for participating in strikes, school boycotts or simply on the basis of suspicion. This is not all. South Africa has the highest rate of executions in the world, with black people being the certain victims. This is in addition to the hundreds of other innocent people who are murdered by the notorious security police while in detention. Against this background scores of our patriots are persecuted in the never-ending South Africa's Reigstag-type of trials.

To make sure that they can send as many of our patriots to the gallows as they please the racists are always pressing for charges of 'high treason'. For their 'evidence' the racist courts rely invariably and solely on 'confessions' extracted from the prisoners through the most brutal methods of torture, 'findings' by the government-appointed 'experts' (mostly members of the security police like the infamous Colonel Staedler) and the undisguised lies told by the scores of the Pretoria regime's agents and informers and state 'witnesses'. This is how six young members of the African National Congress and our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, Petrus Mashigo, Naphtalie Manana, Johnson Lubisi, Anthony Tsotsobe, Johannes Shabangu and David Moise have been sentenced to death within a period of barely nine months. The persecution of our 72 year-old SACTU, ANC and community leader, Comrade Oscar Mpetha is not surprising. Not when the racist courts are acting in open collaboration with and under the orders from the security police, the South African gestapo.

In short this is the situation that we are faced with and, as we have pointed out earlier on, we must immediately find an answer.

## **GROWING RESISTANCE**

We have seen how our patriots have always held high the banner of our revolution even in the face of death. Having been sentenced to death by a racist judge, our young Solomon Mahlangu marched to the gallows with unmistakable pride in

the justness of our cause, leaving us with an ever-inspiring message!

"My blood will nourish the tree that will bear the fruits of freedom. Tell my people that I love them and that they must continue the struggle. Aluta continua!

Since then our freedom fighters have been seizing every opportunity to fight back even from the docks, sometimes in chains (as was the case with the "Pietermaritzburg 11" and presently with Comrade Oscar Mpetha). They effectively disrupt the farcical court proceedings while turning the courtroom into a political platform, urging us to fight on and instil confidence in final victory in our hearts. Even the passing of heavy penalties on them, including the death sentence, cannot demoralise our patriots. That is what happened during the trial of James Mange and ten other comrades. This has become a tradition among our patriots as the recent trials show.

Our patriots are not alone. Risking losing their jobs and arrests and defying gun-and-baton-wielding racist police with their vicious dogs, our people turn out in their hundreds to attend trials to express their opposition to the racist courts and their rejection of the sentences passed on our patriots. Marching from courtrooms, through the streets, our people sing revolutionary songs, waving placards on which are printed attacks on the Pretoria nazis like "Botha is a terrorist" and demands like "Release our leaders Oscar Mpetha and Nelson Mandela". The demand for the release of our leaders



and other political prisoners is also emphasised in protest meetings and strikes. The actions of the African National

Congress including the armed attacks by our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, on economic, military and other government installations play a significant role. Forming an organic component of our people's mass resistance these actions also serve to organise our people's anger and direct it at proper targets.

Our answer to the legal terror of the P r e t o r i a regime as with every other aspects of racist colonial domination, therefore, lies in our organised mass resistance.

## **MAIN FEATURES**

However, in order to make our resistance more effective, it is necessary to point out some of the outstanding features of our actions and on which we must lay emphasis in our future battles.

These actions are country-wide and involve people representative of the cross-section of our population. This can be seen in the wide range of organisations which play a significant role in this campaign against legal terror. We have trade unions, organisations and bodies representing women, schools and universities, teachers, our community in different parts of the country, churches, lawyers, etc. Democratic whites are also participating increasingly. The ANC unites and guides us all.

The p o l i t i c a l content of these actions is rich. Our people are boldly identifying themselves with the African National Congress, Umkhonto we Sizwe and our programme f o r national liberation, the Freedom Charter. Our people know that their patriots are being persecuted for dedicating their lives to the realisation of our fundamental aspirations enshrined in the Freedom Charter. It was not by chance that after the imposing of a death sentence on James Mange in 1979, one leading member of the Teacher's Action Committee declared that "He (James Mange) was driven by ideals which have a noble quality in them. Seeking liberation is a noble pursuit..."

With these actions, which also keep the "Release Mandela Campaign" alive and raise it to new levels, our people are not only aiming at saving the lives of our leaders a n d patriots and securing their release. The identification of the racist courts as instruments of colonial domination & clashes with the police points to the growing realisation by our people of the need to smash every instrument of racist colonial domination and seize power into their hands. The absolute necessity of combining mass political actions with the armed attacks by Umkhonto we Sizwe is also dawning in their minds.

## **C H A L L E N G E**

The over-riding task which arises out of the observation we have made above can be summed up as follows: greater unity, better organisation and more resolute action. This means among other things, that in every region we must demand the release of our patriots throughout the country. We must find a way of joining the efforts of the various organisations that exist inside the country. The demand for the release of our patriots must be combined with other demands of the community; the demand for higher wages, trade union rights, equal and free education, freedom of conscience, the repeal of pass laws and the bantustan system; an end to mass removals, evictions, etc.

Throughout the world hundreds of millions of opponents of the inhuman apartheid system who have always stood firm on our side in every campaign will always be with us. The outstanding example of heroism recently set by the people of New Zealand who waged fierce battles to stop the racist Springbok rugby tour of that country will in time be repeated all over the world. But in the final analysis everything depends on us. We have to set the pace for the whole world. As Comrade Nelson Mandela once said:

"We believe it would be fatal to create the illusion that external pressures render it unnecessary to tackle the enemy from within. The centre and cornerstone of the struggle for freedom in South Africa lies in South Africa itself."

With this in mind let us continue to rally around the ANC, our pillar of unity for national independence and freedom and our army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, to fight and save the lives of our six patriots. This is an urgent question. At the same time we must always be conscious of the overall need to crush the entire apartheid system and bring an end to all atrocities in our country. Victory will certainly be ours.

**SAVE THE LIVES OF OUR 6 PATRIOTS!**

**DEMAND THE RELEASE OF NELSON MANDELA,  
OUR LEADERS AND ALL OTHER POLITICAL PRISONERS!**

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# We Mark Our National Days With Battles

We are approaching two landmarks in our well-defined path to freedom, special days for waging battles.

**DECEMBER 16** marks the 20th Anniversary of the birth of our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe. This day symbolises the unity between the heroic efforts of our ancestors who in defence of our independence and freedom shed their blood on the banks of Ncome River (1838) and throughout the length and breadth of our country and won an astounding victory over the marauding forces of the British imperialists at Isandlwana (1879) and numerous other battles, on the one hand, and the new current stage of our liberation struggle when our people confront the enemy using modern weapons as a united and organised force guided by deepened clarity of our goals thus ensuring our victory.



**MK Combatants in action.**



**Rev. John L. Dube - first President of ANC**

**JANUARY 8, 1982.** On this historic day the entire freedom-loving mankind will be joining us in marking the 70th Anniversary of the formation of our people's organisation, the African National Congress. This is the day when by unanimous decision of the entire people of our country, South Africa, as well as our brother peoples in the then colonised African states represented at our Founding Conference held in Mangaung (Bloemfontein), the banner of national unity and unity of our entire continent were sown on our soil. This day highlights the still-overriding task of strengthening our unity for victory.



## **WHAT SHOULD BE DONE TO MARK THESE DAYS?**

In marking the two coming great occasions let us remember the clarion call made by Comrade President O.R. Tambo at the beginning of the year. "We urge the workers to reach out to organise the unorganised, to bring about the unity of the democratic trade union movement and to intensify the struggle for a just wage and for freedom. We urge all the black people to smash the institutions of separate development including the community councils and the local management committees, and to thwart the attempts to revive the South African Indian Council. We call on all the women to build on the advances they have made during the Year of the Charter, to strengthen their organisation, to draw the millions of our womenfolk into the struggle in the year of the 25th Anniversary of the famous Women's March on Pretoria, steadfastly to follow the example set by the leader and heroine, Lilian Ngoyi. We call on all black professionals; teachers and lecturers, journalists, medical practitioners and nurses, lawyers, social workers, office workers and others, to resist and thwart the attempts of the enemy to turn them into a collaborationist middle class and to stand firmly with the majority of the people for liberation. We call on our people in the countryside to unite themselves into popular organisations and join in the fight against the balkanisation and fragmentation of our country and people. The churches, mosques, religious organisations and Christians and Moslems at large should further enhance the dynamic role they have begun to play in moving the Christian and Moslem masses of our country into the forefront of our battle for a free and humane society. Workers in the field of culture and sport are urged to make greater use of their skill and talent to promote the people's cause. To honour our heroes and heroines, to inspire all of us into great feats of revolutionary daring and sacrifice, the black business community has a duty among other things to help by providing financial and material means, without which no struggle can be conducted."

**FORWARD TO THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR  
PEOPLE'S ARMY, UMKHONTO WE SIZWE!**

**FORWARD TO THE 70TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ANC,  
OUR PILLAR FOR NATIONAL UNITY!**

**LET US FIGHT FOR UNITY AND  
FIGHT IN UNITY FOR VICTORY!**

# TRIBUTE

To

## Comrade Dr. Nomava Shangase

BY COMRADE MOSES MABHIDA, MEMBER OF THE  
AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS' NATIONAL EXECU-  
TIVE COMMITTEE AND GENERAL-SECRETARY OF  
THE SOUTH AFRICAN COMMUNIST PARTY.

Death has once more robbed us of one of the finest daughters of our soil in Comrade Dr. Nomava Shangase. She passed away on the 23rd October, 1981, in a car accident that took place in the north of the People's Republic of Angola near a small town of Piri.

Born in Pondoland on the 9th May, 1931, Nomava Ndamase studied and qualified as a nurse at King Edward hospital in Durban. In 1962 the African National Congress answered an emergency call for aid from the government and people of Tanzania. This country had just obtained her independence and had inherited inadequate health and hospital services. In answering the call from a brotherly people, the ANC decided to approach African nurses in South Africa to go and assist the young African state. Nomava Eslinah Ndamase was amongst those nurses who volunteered to go and serve Tanzania in her hour of need.

When she answered the call to assist the people of Tanzania, Comrade Nomava had already served her people in South Africa. As a nurse at home she was not just a mere wage-earning personality. She participated actively in the struggle for the rights of African nurses. Like all African people she had suffered the indignities of racial discrimination. Comrade Nomava came to understand what it is like to ask for bread and be given a stone. She had to know what it is like to see African children withering away in thousands as a result of kwashiokor. She had come to know what it is like to qualify as a nurse and be treated like a nursing maid.

In 1963 Comrade Nomava got married to Comrade Vusi Shangase and when the latter was transferred to go and work for Radio Moscow in the Soviet Union, Comrade Nomava was also instructed to join him. In 1965 further instructions were given to her to go and study medicine as a doctor. She specialised in obstetrics and gynaecology. During her stay in the Soviet

Union, Nomava Shangase looked after the interests of the African National Congress Women's Section and represented them most effectively at various forums.

On completion of her studies in Moscow, she returned to Dar-Es-Salaam and then proceeded to Lusaka where she was attached to the University Training hospital. After a period of one year, Dr. Nomava Shangase was posted to Luanda where she served in the ranks of our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, until June 1979 when she obtained a fellowship to do a course at Muhimbili Medical Centre with Community Health as her major field of study. Comrade Nomava successfully completed but she did not want to wait for the graduation ceremony on the 29th August, 1981, because of other tasks that she had to fulfil in the People's Republic of Angola.

During the duration of her studies, Comrade Nomava found time to participate in the work of the health team in East Africa. She regularly travelled to Morogoro and the Solomon Mahlangu Freedom College (SOMAFCC) on professional visits to our people. Comrade Nomava also took an active part in the activities of the African National Congress Women's Section. Also of great political significance and importance, is the demanding programme of the Political Committee in East Africa in which she served two terms of office until her departure from Dar-Es-Salaam to Angola where she finally met her death.

This mother, a soldier of our People's Army, grew up under hazardous conditions in Racist South Africa. She was hated as a black child. In terms of her span of life Comrade Nomava was never expected to live beyond the age of five. As she grew up she got accustomed to hearing her people being discouraged and denounced, their mental and moral qualities held in contempt. They were treated as an inferior people. As she grew up she had to conquer this and fortunately for her, she defied and conquered these prejudices. That is why she died as a revolutionary doctor.

In the period of fighting for freedom and human dignity she found herself fitting in those forces that fight for the destruction of backwardness. As she lies buried in the People's Republic of Angola, the firm Trench of Revolution in Africa, some of her comrades-in-arms are fighting and shaking the enemy inside our country, South Africa.

This mother - this doctor, has been with us for all this time. She never thought of making money for herself. She has never earned money as a doctor because she was a servant of our people. Comrade Dr. Nomava Shangase died as she lived; she died in her MK uniform. She leaves a 17 year-old son and a

husband, Vusi Shangase, who is presently furthering his studies in radio journalism.

We of the ANC and our revolutionary army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, pledge to pick up the fallen weapon of Comrade Nomava Shangase and continue from where she left off until we achieve what she sacrificed her life for, the liberation of our Motherland.

**HAMBA KAHLE MKHONTO!**

**LALA FAKU!**

**KHOTHAMA NGQONGQOSHE!**



## **JOURNEYING TO MK**

I have kissed the earth of ancestral Africa.  
Its humid aroma I inhaled  
Arms sideways stretched  
I borrowed the wings of the sparrow  
And exciting flights I performed  
Over elegant grasslands  
And the slopy landscape  
of conquered motherland.  
Over hungry villages  
and starving townships  
Beneath me they swept like movie tricks.

I crow-flied from city to city  
Circled low about ghettos  
The cities bright and dazzling  
Like Persian carpets,  
The ghettos gloomy and putrid

Like s e p t i c wounds  
On the back of conquered Africa  
Played "survival of the fiercest" game  
with police dogs and fascist bullets  
Whilst Africa with heavy mind  
head stuck between the knees  
counts pairs of jack-boots

I leered beyond the mine dumps  
Beyond school yards and police stations  
Across rows of cement hovels  
Apologies of school buildings  
Yet there's laughter here  
As if laughing our own destitute  
And yet there's courage here  
Here I've witnessed the rejuvenation  
of a power rediscovered  
The young generation  
discovered the secret of Prometheus  
With real fire they bring down  
symbols of oppression  
These raging flames beckon patriots  
To the furnace of revolution  
You wouldn't resist  
I couldn't think twice  
And when the clarion sounded  
I was no more playing pilots.  
I scurried and ducked through buses  
and borders

Now we are a wonderful army.  
Here in the f i r m trench  
Here we kissed the lem of the people's spear.  
Here we saluted the grave of slain Bambatha.  
Only yesterday we stood by Mahlangu's grave  
H e r e w e p l e d g e d  
Over the bodies of our martyrs  
H e r e w e s w o r e  
Over the bodies of our slain heroes  
The volcano we have forged is unstoppable,  
"This land will be ours again."

# STRAIGHT TALK...

## A Matter of Urgency for Africa

In our time, a crucial moment in history when, due to the war-mongering policies of the imperialist powers, our beautiful planet earth is being turned into a store-house of weapons capable of completely destroying mankind, the Neutron Bomb, peace has in a very real sense become identical with life itself. Similarly any threat to peace is a threat to the very existence of mankind and this is exactly what the combination of the forces of imperialism and racism, the Reagan-Botha unholy alliance, represent. Not only that; the threat is fast assuming monstrous dimensions.

The recent visit to Racist South Africa by four US nuclear experts therefore is an event which can only have dangerous consequences. The verbal assurances by the US Administration official, Allen Brandberg, that the United States will not lift the ban on sales of enriched uranium to the Pretoria fascist regime until the latter agrees to sign the Non-proliferation Treaty and to have its nuclear installations inspected by the International Atomic Energy Association (IAEA) for nuclear safeguard measures, is nothing more than a smoke-screen for hiding the evil intentions of the adventurist Reagan Administration.

It will be remembered that under the Carter Administration and previous ones, the US together with FRG, etc., was secretly assisting the apartheid regime in the nuclear field in spite of the much-publicised ban and in defiance of UN Resolutions against any form of cooperation with Pretoria. As a result, on the 22nd September, 1979 the apartheid regime was able to explode a nuclear bomb off its coast. A few weeks later the British TV film showed that the rockets for this explosion were supplied by the US-Canadian firm, Space Research Cooperation. Yet the Carter Administration hastened to create doubts as to whether the racists in Pretoria did in fact explode a nuclear bomb.

### **NATO ALLIANCE**

With the warlords of the aggressive NATO alliance represented in the US government by advocates of dangerous madness of 'limited' nuclear war in Europe led by Ronald Reagan, a man who unshamedly declared: "South Africa has for a long time been an ally of the United States", no sensible person

can be led to believe that the four US nuclear experts went to South Africa merely to "discuss technical details of international nuclear safeguards" as the US government propaganda media reported. The fact is that the Reagan Administration which is bent on deploying MX and Pershing-II Cruise missiles on the territory of Western Europe against the will of the peace-loving peoples of Europe who are taking to the streets in their thousands to express their opposition, is now dragging our continent into a nuclear disaster by assisting the aggressive racist regime with more nuclear know-how.

For this visit to have taken place shortly after appeals by the racist military leaders in Pretoria that the Simons-town and Durban naval bases be intergrated into NATO and against the background of visits by South Africa's top military officials to the US is no coincidence. The apartheid regime already boasts of being able to produce a nuclear bomb. But, as the Chairman of the South African Atomic Energy Board admitted, the enriched uranium produced by South Africa's uranium Enrichment Cooperation is of a lower grade than is used for advanced nuclear weapons. So, this visit by the four nuclear experts to Racist South Africa indicates that the racists are on the verge of acquiring high grade uranium or the required expertise for producing it.

Therefore, to waste time speculating whether the US Administration would actually supply the Pretoria regime with high grade enriched uranium or not; whether Racist South Africa would ever use nuclear weapons against Africa or not would be a dangerous exercise. The racists have stated on a number of occasions that they will use anything to defend racist domination. Right now the apartheid regime continues to launch large scale acts of aggression against Southern African states, especially the People's Republic of Angola in defiance of world public opinion.

## **SERIOUS THREAT**

There can be no doubt that the Pretoria colonial regime intends to use its nuclear capacity as a deterrent to the liberation struggle of our people in South Africa and to instill the Southern African states with fear. But at the same time this growing alliance between Washington and Pretoria poses a serious threat to world peace and Africa especially. For this reason our continent is called upon by history to take effective measures to thwart the sinister moves of the Reagan Administration and world imperialism in general. Of particular urgency is the need to win the campaign to stop the training and recruitment of nuclear scientists so that

South Africa can be denied the personnel and know-how necessary for it to develop further its weapons capability. This is bound up with the need to give all-out support to our peoples' struggle for national liberation in South Africa and Namibia under the leadership of the ANC and SWAPO respectively to ensure the uprooting of the apartheid regime, the source of the war danger on our continent. The world forces of peace and progress are daily gaining more strength. Let us mobilise all the forces that stand for genuine peace and freedom on our heroic continent to make our contribution to world peace more meaningful for a common victory. For this noble ideal our people who, under the leadership of the African National Congress, are waging a determined struggle for national independence, freedom and peace right in the citadel of racist colonial domination are prepared for any sacrifice.

## **LONG LIVE AFRICAN UNITY FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM!**

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### **RACIST LIES**

#### **CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.**

cadres of Umkhonto we Sizwe and of the popular masses in our country is to take to the battlefield with all its bitterness and fight through to victory in the shortest possible time; to fight through to the brightness of a new day, a new South Africa; to a totally liberated Africa with Southern Africa totally and at last relieved of the terrorism of the racist white minority regime that rules over us today.

The task of the countries and peoples of Africa and the progressive international community is, first, to support our liberation struggle in every conceivable way, and secondly, recognising its implications for the countries of Southern Africa, to support, strengthen and reinforce these countries; join them politically, militarily, economically in the defence of their independence and territorial integrity. Given this support, our people cannot take long before they liquidate every vestige of colonialism in South Africa, and in the result, in this southern part of the African continent.

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# DAWNLIGHT ...

UMKHONTO STRIKES TRANSFORMERS.



"BUT KITA, I BEGIN TO DOUBT IF BANTUS USE CANDLES FOR COOKING. IT CAN'T TAKE SO LONG TOQ!"

## Gert

"CONFUSING RELIGION"

TRAINING TRAINING

M. MAJOR GERT'S  
SIBASA POLICE  
STATION 'ATTACKED'  
REPORT IMMEDIATELY

OH! JUSUS  
SON OF GOLIATH...  
OH! I'M SORRY, SON  
OF DAVID  
I'M SCARED  
OF M.K.  
HELP ME!



# THE STRONGEST WIND

- EBRAHIM PATEL

Jomo woke up with a start. His eyes searched, trying to penetrate the wispy, pale grey mist of dawn that heralded the coming of a new day. For a moment Jomo thought, with something akin to a rising panic, "Where am I?" And, for one long minute, his ears glued to the laboured breathing of the men sleeping around him - he thought of the nameless faces of men he had known in the dark depths of the dungeons of his native land. This silence, curiously enough, wanted to transport him, to wrest him back - memories being such a treacherous thing - and he remembered the faceless names of men and women he had shook hands with and exchanged greetings, some of whom he had only known by sight and yet others so intimately. He immediately shrugged the offending thought off, the same way, perhaps, that one shoves to the back part of one's mind the snarling memory of an excruciating toothache. It was strange, this disorientation: he had been here for forty-odd days, but he still woke up, each morning, like someone riding astride a stray horse. He stood up, tip-toed, and put in his track suit and running shoes.

He was still desultorily lacing up his shoes when the morning reveille went off in a long, wailing scream that tore his viscera. That damn alarm, he thought with unreasoning anger, can't get used to that thing! The men in the tent jumped. It took a minute for all of them to be dressed and ready for formation.

By 5,00 a.m. they were already assembled in the square. They formed three long columns. The three instructors were also there, serious and unsmiling with their AK-47 assault rifles slung over their shoulders. These were hard men, baked black by a thousand suns in the jungle kilns of Zimbabwe. They had seen the racists - people who through recorded time had always stood on the aggressive side of the gun - fleeing in abject terror at the wake of the people's wrath. The sight of these men provoked excitement in his stomach and he swallowed chilly fingers.

"ITOYI-TOYI!"

After ascertaining that everyone was present, the instructors called, Attention! and the trainees responded, Hee! The three columns then moved out of the perimeter of the camp at a trot, a-left, right-a! a-left, right-a! until the tempo

of running feet increased. Jomo felt the first rivulets of sweat coursing down his warily-clad body. It was then that one of the instructors, a veteran of the Zimbabwean exploits, chanted, "Itoyitoyi!" and the trainees responded in a singular expulsion of bated breath, "Hhoa!"

"Izinkokheli... Hhoa!"

"Zisemajele... Hhoa!" All the time the instructor led them with the chant the trainees would respond in one voice, raising their knees high, jumping and stamping their feet on the morning elephant grass, not unlike so many Mexican jumping bears. This went on for a long time in unbroken rhythm. This was an exercise, in this wilderness, that Jomo found very strenuous, but he pushed on even when his muscles were strained beyond endurance.

Time seemed to stand still in the wild terrain. Jomo had time, though, to look at the lush vegetation, thick elephant and baobab trees; the red dust raised by so many stamping feet. That morning they did a roll-crawl on the still-wet grass and Jomo, his head spinning, rolled on and on and on until he landed in a thorny thicket where he disturbed a large, light-brown bird. The bird gave him a long, baleful stare before it gave a raucous caw, flapped its wings and soared high until it became a dark dot in the wide, blue sky. That damn bird, Jomo thought, has it easier than me here. He thought of home. He thought of the voices of playing children raised in laughter, he saw the smiling faces of young women whose bodies were ripening giving promises of a voluptuous ecstasy. He thought of the wide streets on which people walked, their faces closed like a vault with no one showing signs of the heavy load the nation had on its collective shoulder. He thought... and his brief spell of day-dreaming was rudely interrupted by a barked command, "Move!"

His unit of young militant trainees returned to the camp. They washed and changed and got ready for breakfast. After breakfast morning news was read. Jomo believed that no news was good news; he knew that the world was groaning under an immense weight. Although there were many new things happening in the world, there was one constantly resounding truth: the world was in rocking motion. There was no end to the chronicling of the iniquities and injustices, murders and violations the western powers had perpetrated upon the helpless peoples of Africa, Asia and Latin America. What was more, the trials and tribulations suffered by the wretched of the earth everywhere, were also the dastardly deeds of the oppressors and their kinsmen. Jomo heard - everybody heard - of what South

Africa was capable of doing to her black population every-day: he heard of white women using black miners as a target practice. At the United Nations the United States said it was outraged by South Africa's domestic policies, and Jomo remembered that the United States - the whole western cabal - leads the world in being outraged by the consequences of deeds it engenders and supports secretly. He knew, although this knowledge was jaundiced by a lack of critical analysis, that the Beers of South Africa were not exactly his sole enemy, that they are mere watchdogs in the employ of a marauding beast far more sinister and infinitely more ravaging, imperialism. Jomo was not to know a lot of things until he met the old man.

The old man looked like a nothing-old-man, really, and Jomo never spared him a glance. But on this day, after the morning news, Jomo was clearing the driveway when he felt that there was someone staring at him. He turned, straightened up and his eyes met the old man's. The old man was clad in a faded blue pair of bib overalls and scuffed combat boots. His head was covered by a khakhi hat that had seen better days. Jomo felt a stab of irritation, thinking; what does Mr Bojangles want now? The old man took out a long, black cigar as he approached Jomo. He smiled a snaggle-toothed smile that instantly transformed his wizened face.

#### UNDER A BAOBAB TREE

"Have you got a light, Comrade?" The old man's voice was hoarse, as though it came from somewhere in the bottom of his belly. Jomo wordlessly gave him a box of matches. He turned his back to the old man and resumed his sweeping.

"What's your name, Comrade?" the old man asked, handing Jomo the box of matches.

"J o m o ."

"Ah," the old man said, taking a long pull at his cigar.

"Jomo, you like it here at our place?"

Jomo grunted a non-committal reply. He didn't see any reason to carry on a conversation with this Methusellah. He looked at the other trained comrades clad in military uniforms. He heard the thudding of heavy boots as the men walked. He saw a young woman walking past, in full uniform with her AK-47 slung over her shoulder and wondered how long it would be for him before he also wore battledress and carried his own weapon.

"My name is M b i z o , " the old man said. "I see you have finished working. Let's go sit under that tree." He pointed at a baobab tree. They went to sit under the tree.

"Are you happy here, Jomo?" Mbizo asked, throwing his cigar stub away.

"Well," Jomo said, "I guess I'm happy as could be expected."

"And that," Mbizo said, "translated into simple English simply means you're not happy." He nodded his head several times as though coming to an agreement with something only he knew. Jomo felt rage welling up in him. He knew that Mbizo had no right to judge him. Who was he anyway? Who was he to act the counsellor or the psychiatrist?

"Is the training very hard?"

"It's hard enough", Jomo said. "And I also didn't expect to stay here so long. I thought that by this time I would have long finished, that I would be carrying out operations at home." He paused, wondering what had made him volunteer the last bit of information.

"When I first came out for training, I was just like you. Training was so hard that I thought of running away. But, then, if you run away from here where will you be running to because all the people are here in the people's movement, the ANC. It would mean you have turned your back to over twenty million people of South Africa. And once that happens, you are doomed. Your name will be taboo in the lips of the young ones and no child will ever carry your name because where I come from no child carries the name of a coward."

"But," Jomo said, "I'm not a coward!"

"That's right, you're not a coward. But, then, anyone who shrinks at the thought of training, who does not contribute his utmost insofar as the liberation of our people is concerned, is a coward. Let me tell you a story."

## MBIZO'S CHRONICLE

Jomo prepared himself for Mbizo's chronicle. He looked at the big trucks rolling past, belching acrid blue smoke. He fished out a pack and tapped out two cigarettes. He gave one to Mbizo. They both lit up.

"After our training we went to get our first taste of actual combat. ZAPU was intensifying the armed struggle in the country we now call Zimbabwe, which was Rhodesia then. I see you're doing "Itoyitoyi" every morning. It was in Zimbabwe that we saw the need for physical fitness, where you had to run the whole day in the hot sun while being pursued by helicopters or spotter planes. And it was there where I saw the meaning of commitment. There was a village about 50 kilometres from where we had set up a base. We had an intelli-

gence report that that village was to be bombed, napalmed and generally wiped out of the face of the earth by Smith's murderers. This was going to be a punitive raid because the villagers there had protested vigorously to being sent to the so-called protected villages, what the Portuguese called aldeamentos, the same thing Americans tried without success in Vietnam. Furthermore, the headman in that village was not a paid puppet of western warmongers. He gave support; food, clothing and shelter to the guerrillas.

"So, I was sent to go and warn the people of that village about what was going to happen. I could easily have said that I was sick or that there were no bicycles or donkeys to transport me there. But then I thought of the countless lives that could be lost on account of one man's irresponsibility, me.

"I tell you getting there was hard, lying in wait during the day and trekking in the night. And I had to make sure that I came across neither man nor beast. And the most important thing was that I should stay alive. Getting killed in the forest, my comrades had told me, would have been the most awful thing I would have done. Because I was travelling mainly at night, I got lost for some miles before I could get my bearings. But I managed to get to the village at about 1,00 a.m. of the second day. I came to the village and was almost shot there by one of the tribesmen armed with a .303 hunting rifle. He mistook me for one of Smith's men before I identified myself. Fortunately my Ndebele is not so bad. I was hastily taken to the headman who didn't waste any time getting his people to evacuate the doomed village. In minutes everyone; men, women, children, their cattle, donkeys, goats and chickens from the village was safely ensconced in the village hide-out in the mountains. I sat with the headman, a very astute man of great humour and intelligence, up there on our eyrie looking at the moon-drenched, deserted village below. We didn't wait for long. At about 2.30 a.m. we heard the scream of Camberras and the village was struck by a light more dazzling than lightning and the night turned into day. The bombing must have taken a very short time but to us it seemed like a life-time. Throughout all this I was looking at the headman. His eyes were blazing like the flames consuming his village. It was then that I saw the nature of the enemy we have to face. Later after the bombers had flown away, leaving indescribable destruction in their wake, we went back to the ruins. There was nothing left. Just scorched earth.

## A GLOW OF GREAT WARMTH

Jomo and the old man, Mbizo, sat under the baobab tree unaware of the activities around them. Mbizo told him many stories that morning. He told him of the joint ANC/ZAPU Alliance (Wankie Campaign 1967-68). He told Jomo of the many good men, heroes of our revolution, who no longer trod upon this greening earth. Jomo felt a glow of something resembling a great warmth; for the first time in his life he felt a closeness to another man, something he had never felt before. Somehow, his whole life had revolved around distancing himself from people. This was because he knew that getting too close to people meant getting to know their stories - and all stories were bad-luck stories. And, furthermore, it being a well-known fact that misery likes company, Jomo had no wish of shouldering other people's problems; his own, God knows, were an albatross enough.

But now, here was this old man with his harrowing tales of man's bravery, valour, treachery and cowardice. Here he was listening as he had never listened before, his eyes opening, seeing new vistas.

"You have to know these things, Jomo," Mbizo said, standing up and brushing the seat of his pants, "so that you are strengthened in your resolve to fight these beasts who have been murdering us for all these years. You've got to know the people who, the places where, the reasons why. The pain of our people has been borne for too long a time - and this is your year to discover all those places and the time when our pain began. In that way we shall be stronger than the strongest wind."

That night Jomo slept and dreamt of the promised land. He saw the final coming together of all the people who had been flung far into all the wind of our time. He saw the streets teeming with joyous and exultant multitudes whose tumult was more deafening than the collective thunder of a thousand years. He saw a beautiful people who looked as though they had been carved in the smoothest ivory, their voices raised in celebration of an ideal that had caused our people - strong men and women - to spill millions of bushels of blood and to spend innumerable years in the dungeons of the predators. In the morning when he woke up, he knew with a startling clarity that South Africa would be white no more - but would be decorated with the black, green and gold colours of our salvation.

With this solid conviction he jumped and wearing the

broadest of smiles raced to the training field. "It's learning guns and lots of physical exercises today, tomorrow is freedom and lots of peace for my people," he thought aloud as he approached a group of comrades.

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# NAKED AMONG WOLVES

by

**BRUNO APITZ**

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## Chapter 8

Schupp was carrying out an assignment from Kramer. He had got it after being called to the troop garage to repair a radio for Unterscharfuhrer Brauer, the garage manager.

"You can use the chance to do a little listening," Kramer had said; he meant listening to foreign broadcasts. The recent reports from the front, since Remagen, had become very obscure.

Brauer was not alone in his room when Schupp came in with the usual announcement: "Camp electrician begs leave to enter." Meisgeier, the Rottenfuhrer who helped Brauer run the garage, was also present.

Schupp saw at the first glance that both of them were drunk. The gaunt Rottenfuhrer whose face was covered with fat pimples, had his cap on crooked and was sitting at the defective radio trying in vain to coax some sound out of it. In his high, squeezed falsetto he piped at Schupp: "There's fart in the tube here, you better fix it in a hurry. If not, I'll twist your neck, you son of a bitch."

Schupp did not permit himself to be affected by their threats. He put down his tool kit and replied undaunted: "Better leave it alone, who's going to fix the thing when it's really busted? You're always playing around with it!"

"Playing around," squeaked Meisgeier, amused, and gave the dial a contemptuous twirl. This rough treatment aroused the protest of the expert in Schupp.

"You shouldn't do that," he reproved Meisgeier. He could permit himself this free tone because the SS was dependent on his professional skill. The two men laughed, and Brauer, who had been sitting at the table also approached the radio, unsteady on his legs. He grinned at Schupp.

Suddenly his face contorted. In amazement he pointed at



Schupp and beckoned Meisgeier to him.

"Take a look at that asinine face," he said, and the two of them stared at the electrician. Schupp stared back with round eyes. Suddenly Brauer squalled:

"The **Tube Rube** looks like our **Reichsheini!**"

Meisgeier confirmed the monstrous discovery. An unreasoning terror shot through Schupp. These fellows were dangerous. In another moment Brauer's fist might land in his face because he had the gall to resemble Himmler.

The second of fright dissolved as suddenly as it had come. At the same moment Brauer and Meisgeier burst into yells of laughter. Brauer pounded Schupp appreciatively on the shoulder and laughed boisterously, echoed by Meisgeier's treble.

The danger was over, and Schupp had the sense to put a good face on the matter. The two had not yet finished enjoying their wonderful discovery.

Brauer pulled Meisgeier's SS cap off, jammed it sideways onto Schupp's head, pulled the prisoner's cap out of his hand and then set it on Meisgeier's pointed pate.

Now the joke was complete. A successful caricature of their **R e i c h s h e i n i** stood before them, and Meisgeier struck a grotesque pose in front of it, exploding with laughter.

In a quarter of an hour the British would give their military report, and Schupp had to catch it. He valiantly fought down the pain of his degradation as a human being and waited patiently until the two thugs had finished laughing and were tired of the fun. Then he took the SS cap off and placed it on the table. The mien with which Schupp did this was so unmistakable that it did not escape Brauer. He wrinkled his forehead appreciatively and said to Meisgeier:

"What do you know, you can even insult the guy."

An answer sprang up in Schupp, but he did not utter it.

If he had made a reply confirming the insult, the fun would have been spoiled. He knew from experience how unpredictable these brutes were, like caged beasts whose great irresponsible paws could suddenly hit hard. Schupp therefore managed skilfully to ease out of the situation, he went over to the radio and began tinkering with it.

Here, in this impartial occupation, he was immune, and he noted with satisfaction that the laughter of the two men was ebbing. Meisgeier threw the prisoner's cap to him, since it had lost its value as a prop, put on his own, and left the room. Schupp breathed freely again: he was rid of one of them.

He had already discovered what was wrong with the radio;

it was a loose contact which he could have repaired in no time. But he avoided doing so, because his aim was to get rid of Brauer as well. Brauer was shoving his head into the box and demanding to know what was broken. Schupp had a method of driving away interfering SS men that was almost always successful. The more ignorant the SS men were about technical matters, the more they pretended the opposite, so as not to be exposed before a prisoner. Schupp took advantage of this.

In answer to Brauer's question he gave him a long-winded account of the history of radio. Faraday reminded him of Maxwell, Heinrich Hertz led him to Marconi, he adorned his lecture with technical flourishes, looped electric waves around the Unterscharfuhrer's ears, stuffed his brain pan with condensers, coils and tubes, befogged him with oscillating currents, magnetic fields, inductions, and high and low frequencies, until his head was buzzing like a swarm of locusts.

B r a u e r grumbled impatiently:

"What's wrong with the radio though?"

Schupp turned on his most innocent look.

"That's what we have to find out."

Brauer had enough. He tugged his cap on tighter and bellowed:

"If you aren't finished in a quarter of an hour I'll make hash out of you. Did you hear that, you **Tube Rube**?"

Furiously he slammed the door behind him.

The prankster in Schupp laughed up his sleeve. He quickly fixed the contact and turned on the set. Very faint and far-away he heard the well-known four strokes on the kettledrum. That was the British! And then, just as faint and faraway, in German with an English accent:

**The battle is raging from the lower Sieg to the bend in the Rhine north of Coblenz.**

**American tank forces have broken through to the east from the bridgehead at Oppenheim. Their spearheads have reached the Main near Hanau and Aschaffenburg. Heavy fighting is in progress between the Rhine and the northern spurs of the Odenwald...**

Schupp practically crawled into the loud-speaker. He made every word burn into his brain, in order not to forget anything.

When Brauer came back, S c h u p p w a s still hanging on the loud-speaker, but he immediately blurred the reception and turned the volume all the way up, so that the set roared. Brauer flung himself at the radio with enthusiasm:

"Christ! **Tube Rube**! How did you do it? I fooled around

with it myself, but it wouldn't play for me. You really are..."

This was more than enough praise for a prisoner, so Brauer toned down his appreciation to a coarse:

"Ah, kiss my ass, the main thing the goddam set works." Schupp packed up his tool kit.

## THE CHILD DISCOVERED?

Soon afterwards he was standing with Kramer in his room before the map which Kramer had nailed to the wall. In only a few days there had been a push from Remagen to Oppenheim. From there they were advancing in the direction of Frankfort, and north of Coblenz the thrust was obviously aimed towards Kassel. Without a doubt they were proceeding into Thuringia!

The two men looked at one another wordlessly; both were thinking the same thing. Kramer took a ruler and measured the distance from Remagen to Frankfort. He measured it again from there to Weimar. It made not quite two thirds of the advance already achieved, and...

Kramer took a deep breath, put the ruler back on the table and said in a weighted voice: "In a fortnight we'll be free or dead..."

Schupp laughed:

"Dead? Christ, Walter, those guys up there won't do anything to us any more. They've got water boiling in their ass already."

Kramer warned:

"Wait and see..."

Suddenly he grasped Schupp's arm and pointed through the window at the gate. They saw Kluttig and Reineboth hastening across the mustering ground. Prisoners passing by pulled their caps off and looked round after them surreptitiously. Kramer and Schupp watched tensely which way they went until they had disappeared from view.

"Something's up. Run, Heinrich, trail them and see where they're going."

Schupp ran off.

Kramer's fists pressed his temples, the anxiety rose to a fear that everything had been discovered. Everything!

And when the door really was pulled open, Kramer whirled about in horror. It was Schupp, entering hastily.

"They went to the effects room."

For the space of a moment Kramer felt a blessed relief, but it immediately turned into a new, still greater fear. He stared at Schupp as if all the life had gone out of him.

Reineboth had found the note in the morning behind his door. Puzzled, he turned it over and back, again and again.

Hofel from the effects room and the Pole Krepinski want to play a dirty trick on Hauptscharfuhrer Zweiling. They have a Jew child hidden in the clothing room in the back corner to the right...

Reineboth reread the message several times.

A prisoner from the effects room was the signature underneath.

Reineboth suddenly recalled what Zweiling had done on the previous morning. He had opened the door, stood nonplused, stammered an embarrassed greeting, and gone away again.

Reineboth whistled through his teeth and stuck the note into his pocket. Later he showed it to Kluttig. He too read it a few times without making head or tail of it. He squinted his red-rimmed eyes, and the light deflected harshly from his thick spectacles.

Reineboth lolled behind the desk. "What do you think of the signature?"

Kluttig said, puzzled:

"Well, someone simply stooled."

"A prisoner?"

"Who else?"

Reineboth put on a superior smile.

"Zweiling," he said, and got up phlegmatically.

He took the note from Kluttig and abruptly assumed a sharp tone.

"Zweiling and nobody else wrote the note!"

Kluttig's stupidly astonished face irritated Reineboth. Waspishly he snarled at the camp fuhrer:

"Can't you see? It's as plain as day. That brainless Heinie's been making a deal with the Commies, and now he's shitting in his pants."

Kluttig seemed to see the connection.

"You mean, Zweiling went to the Commies so that if things go wrong...?"

"Quick on the uptake," mocked Reineboth, "in your own way. It can go fast, very fast, in fact. In one week from Remagen to Frankfort - you can calculate for yourself when they'll be here. Listen to what I figure. They softened up Zweiling with this Jew brat. 'Herr Hauptscharfuhrer, just wink an eye and we'll do the same for you when the time comes.' Right?"

Reineboth did not wait for Kluttig's answer:

"That was Hofel's work, and he's one of the organisation. Ergo, who's in back of this circus? The illegal organisation;

get it? We've got to grab Hofel and that Pole too, Whoosis, what's the guy's name?"

Now Kluttig understood. Indignantly he put his hands on his hips.

"What shall we do with Zweiling?"

"Nothing," Reineboth replied. "Once we've got Hofel and Whoosis we hold the ends of the string in our hand. That half-assed Heinie will be grateful if we let him help wind it up."

Kluttig gaped at him in honest admiration:

"God, what a sly dog you are..."

This unqualified appreciation of his shrewdness gilded the youth's vanity, and he drummed with his fingers on the button seam.

"We'll do it all without our diplomat, in fact **against** him. We have to be clever, Herr Hauptsturmfuhrer, very clever! It could turn out badly for us. I told you once, and I repeat: When we strike, it's got to be at the right ones, understand? We can only afford one blow, and it has to hit home."

Reineboth stepped close up to Kluttig and said urgently:

"You mustn't pull anything stupid now. Not a word about the organisation, that doesn't exist, understand? We're just after the Jew brat, get it?"

Kluttig nodded and trusted in the cleverness of Reineboth, who did not want to lose a minute. He jerked his cap determinedly over his forehead:

" L e t ' s       g o ! "

## **"THERE'S NO CHILD HERE"**

They ripped open the door of the effects room and stepped in swiftly.

The prisoners occupied in the clothing room started in surprise. One called out:

" A t t e n t i o n ! "

And everyone, wherever he happened to be, stood at attention. Hofel, who was listening alertly after the call of "Attention" in the clerks' office, flinched when he heard the camp fuhrer and Reineboth. He hurried into the clothing room and reported in the usual way:

"Effects-room commando on the job!"

Reineboth, with his thumb behind his button seam, snarled:

"Line them all up!"

In an overloud voice Hofel called the order throughout the building. His head was whirling. While the prisoners were still hurrying in from all directions and, conscious of the

menace in the sudden appearance of these two, nastily taking their places in the usual two rows they formed for the count, Kluttig asked after Zweiling.

Hofel reported: "Hauptscharfuhrer Zweiling has not been here this morning."

Kluttig made a sign to Reineboth, who quickly went into the clothing room, back to the right. Kluttig meanwhile seated himself on the counter, dangling his legs.

His heart beat in his throat; he felt the hot throbbing larger than life. Strangely enough, he connected the appearance of the officers less with the vanished child than with the 7.65 millimetre Walther. Apart from himself no one knew its hiding place.

It took some time before Reineboth returned. He had put on a mocking smile and was raising his eyebrows.

"Nothing," he said laconically. Kluttig jumped down from the counter. The tension ripped. Rage shot up in Kluttig like a wild jet of wind.

"Hofel, s t e p forward!"

Hofel stepped out of the rank and remained standing two paces from Kluttig. The latter searched with his eyes over the heads of the prisoners.

"Where is the Polish swine Kropinski? Come here!"

Kropinski detached himself slowly from his place, walked between the r a n k s a n d s t o o d beside Hofel. Reineboth balanced up and down on his toes. Rose stood as if turned to stone and forced all his strength into his knees, which were threatening to go soft. The faces of the other inmates were hard, somber, motionless. Pippig's eyes slid from Reineboth to Kluttig.

Fury was choking Kluttig. His head was held stiffly on his long neck. He wanted to master himself and hissed ominously: "Where' is the child?"

Kropinski gulped excitedly. Nobody answered. Kluttig, lost control of himself and screamed shrilly:

"Where's the Jew brat, I'm asking!!!"

At the same moment he turned on Hofel:

"Answer, you!"

Saliva sputtered from his lips.

"There is no child here."

Kluttig looked appealingly at Reineboth, rage making every word stick in his throat. Reineboth walked negligently over to Kropinski, pulled him up closer by the jacket and said almost amiably:

"Tell us, Pole, where is the child?"

Kropinski shook his head violently.

"I n o t k n o w . . ."

Reineboth swung. With a well-trained right he hit Kropinski in the jaw. The blow was aimed so powerfully that Kropinski fell staggering backward into the ranks of the prisoners. They caught him in their arms; a thin red thread trickled out of the corner of his mouth.

Reineboth pulled Kropinski up again - a second blow in the same place. Kropinski collapsed.

With these two blows he had given the signal to Kluttig, who also hit out now, wild and unbridled, both fists in Hofel's face, and then screeched:

"Where have you got the Jew brat? Spit it out!"

Hofel was holding his arms protectively before his head. Kluttig kicked him so furiously in the abdomen that Hofel sank down with a cry of pain.

Pippig's breath came convulsively. He clenched his hands to fists. Senselessly he kept thinking: Hang on, hang on! They're at Oppenheim already! It won't be long now. Hang on, hang on!...

Kluttig's lower lip trembled, he pulled his disordered uniform straight. Hofel got up with an effort. The boot had taken his breath away. He stood gasping and with his head hanging. Kropinski lay motionless.

Reineboth glanced indolently at his wrist watch.

"I'll give you all one minute. Whoever tells me where the Jew brat is hidden gets a reward."

The prisoners stood rigid. Pippig listened into the silence. Would anyone talk? His eyes sought Rose, whose back was to him, but he could see how Rose's fingers were trembling. After an interminably long half minute Reineboth looked at his watch. Outwardly he appeared relaxed, but he was intently considering his tactics. Give the clowns a shock, he thought, that'll soften them up.

"Thirty seconds more," he said graciously, "then we'll take these two along... to Mandrill..."

He made an impressive pause and twisted his lips into a dangerous smile.

"What happens to them there is your responsibility."

He cleverly avoided looking at the prisoners, but kept his eyes on his watch, like a starter.

Kluttig's eyes darted frenziedly from one to the other. The ranks stood as if cast in a mold. Pippig trembled inside. Should I take it all on myself? Step forward, say: It was I, I alone?...

The minute was over.

Reineboth lowered the watch. Pippig felt as if he were being pushed in the back: Now! Step forward! But he stood rigid.

Reineboth poked Kropinski in the side with the tip of his boot. "Get up!"

Now, now, now! It was pulling at Pippig, and he actually felt as if he were stepping forward, weightless, as in a dream. Kropinski got up unsteadily and received such a kick in the small of the back from Reineboth that he reeled towards the door. Yet it was neither fear nor cowardice that held Pippig back. With his eyes rigid he looked after Hofel, who was also going to the door....

For a considerable time after they were left alone the prisoners kept standing stiff and speechless, paralysed by the shock they had just undergone, until Rose, his nerves in ribbons, shook his fists in the air and shouted out: "I ain't playing along with this!"

Life finally returned to the ranks, and Pippig also awoke from his petrification. He rushed over to Rose through the tangle of the breaking ranks, grabbed him hard and threatened with his fist raised:

"Keep your trap shut!"

## **ZWEILING WAS THE STOOL**

Zweiling had, in fact, waited until everything was past, and only then appeared in the building. He looked the prisoners over sourly. They were sitting without occupation at the tables in the clerks' office, and others were standing at the long counter in the clothing room; obviously they too had been doing nothing and only started acting busy when he came in.

Zweiling wanted to ignore deliberately the oppressed mood of the prisoners, and retire into his room. All at once an uneasy feeling crawled over him. Maybe they would realise the note had come from him? He stopped indecisively and twisted his face into a clumsy smile.

"What you looking so stupid about? Where's Hofel?"

Pippig, who was also standing at the counter, did not look at Zweiling, and ripped open the cords that tied a clothing sack.

"In the bunker," he answered darkly, and Zweiling caught the undertone.

"Did he do something wrong?" Zweiling's tongue lay on his underlip. Pippig did not answer, and the hard silence of the others blocked any further questions in Zweiling. He went



dumbly into his room, followed by the mistrustful looks of the inmates. P i p p i g sent a muttered curse after him. Zweiling heedlessly threw his brownleather coat on a chair, and thought. The uneasy feeling would not go away. His instinct told him that the prisoners suspected him. He blinked dully into space. The best thing was to be friendly and to act dumb.

He called in Pippig. "Now tell me, what happened?" Pippig did not answer immediately. "Well, come on and tell me.."

"What could have happened? Hofel and Kropinski were thrown into the bunker on account of the child."

Zweiling blinked. "Somebody must have stooled!"

Pippig answered quickly:

"Yessir, Hauptscharfuhrer, somebody stooled!"

Zweiling let the reply echo inside him and then said:

"So it seems you've got a bastard among you?"

"Yessir, Hauptscharfuhrer, we've got a bastard among us!"

With what force that could be said!

"So you... uh... took it away somewhere?"

"No, Hauptscharfuhrer!"

"Where is it then?"

"I don't know."

Zweiling was visibly surprised.

"How come? Yesterday evening it was still there."

"Don't know."

Zweiling jumped up. "I saw it myself!"

Now he had given himself away. What had been a strong suspicion in Pippig until then now became a certainty: Zweiling was the stool. It was he!

Zweiling stared at Pippig's impressive face. Suddenly he bellowed at Pippig:

"Let them all line up, the whole commando! We'll get that bastard!"

At the same moment he changed his mind.

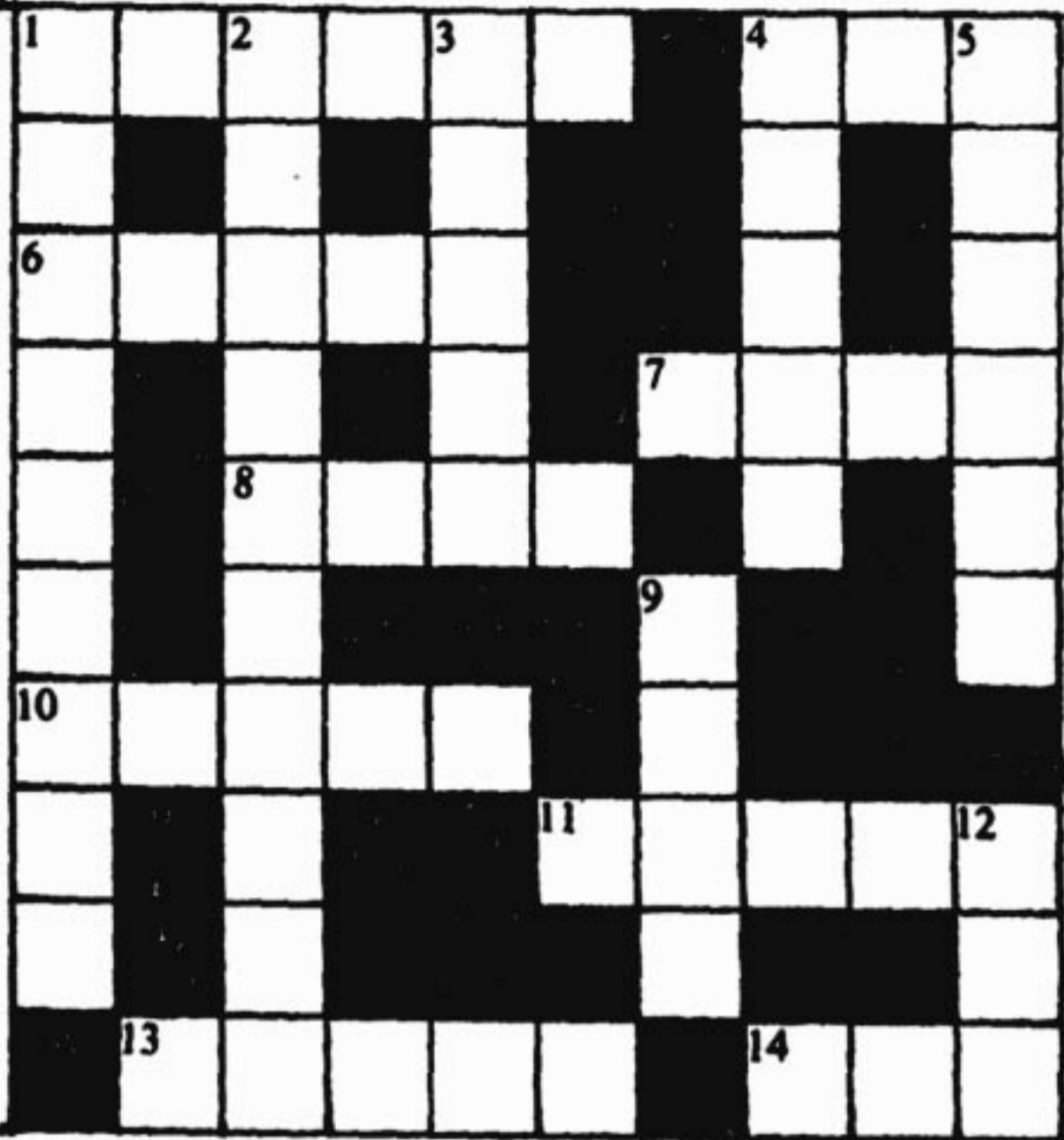
"Nah, Pippig, we won't do that. Let's rather not say anything just yet. Just because I'm a decent fellow I could get it in the neck. We don't have to advertise it on a big sign. You try and find out who the bastard was, and then you let me know. We'll have him strung up."

Avid for Pippig's agreement, Zweiling shoved his tongue onto his u n d e r l i p. But Pippig was silent. He executed the prescribed about-face and left the room. Zweiling looked after him through the window. His mouth was wide-open.

# DAWN

## PolitiXword

No. 10



### CLUES

#### Across

1. Part of a tank.
4. Large disorderly crowd of people.
6. Diplomatic minister ranking below an ambassador.
7. An occasion when food is eaten.
8. No longer alive.
10. Racist police beat up our people with it.
11. Capital of Bulgaria.
13. To fire shots from a hiding place.
14. Surface to Air Missile.

#### Down

1. Mongolian Head of State.
2. The Great October Socialist ...
3. African state facing direct US interference.
4. Comrade Mabhida's first name.
5. Armour-piercing ...
19. Robben Island is one.
12. To put a detonator into an explosive.

See answers in DAWN Vol. 5 No. 11

# **DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY**

**LISTEN TO RADIO FREEDOM, VOICE OF THE  
AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS AND THE  
PEOPLE'S ARMY, UMKHONTO WE SIZWE.**

**RADIO MADAGASCAR:** *shortwave 49 m band, 6135 KHz,  
8-9pm daily.*

**RADIO LUSAKA** *shortwave 41 m band, 7.3 MgHz,  
8-30-9am daily.*


**RADIO LUANDA:** *shortwave 40 m & 30 m bands;  
medium wave 27.6 m band, 7.30  
pm daily.*

**RADIO TANZANIA:** *shortwave, 19 m band, 15,435  
KHz,  
8.15pm Sunday, Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday; 31 m band,  
6.15am Tuesday, Thursday,  
Saturday.*

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

ACT NOW !!

STOP  
THE  
APART-  
HEID  
MURDER  
OF



C O M R A D E S  
NAPHTALIE MANANA  
JOHNSON LUBISI  
PETRUS MASHIGO  
A N D N O W  
ANTHONY TSOTSOBE  
JOHANNES SHABANGU  
A N D  
DAVID MOISE.

THEY ARE PRISONERS OF WAR AND MUST BE TREATED UNDER  
THE RELEVANT GENEVA CONVENTIONS.