

Popular front

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COVER: "Freedom volunteers" canvassing for nationwide demands which were taken to the Congress of the People for drawing up the Freedom Charter, and the fighting June 16 youth marching on the footsteps of our veterans.



Editorial Comment

Living Monuments to our Future

These two days, June 16 and 26, are living monuments to our future, a new society in which our people shall govern and enjoy the fruits of their labour, living in peace with all mankind. What gives such great significance to these days is that they are not just days always to be remembered as part of our rich history of resistance but that they mark events which are very much part of our living history, today characterised by the heroic battles of our people to overthrow the colonial fascist tyranny of the Pretoria rulers and the entire class of capitalist blood-suckers and tomorrow by the actual fulfilment of our historic mission of creating a new society along the lines of the Freedom Charter.

June 26 is *South Africa Freedom Day* which has been marked by our people since 1950 when the African National Congress called the first national political strike as an act of national mourning and protest at the killing of 18 Africans during May Day demonstrations. The historic Campaign of Defiance of Unjust Laws was launched on this day by the ANC and the South African Indian Congress in 1952. So too the Congress of the People at which 3 000 delegates representing our people from every corner of our land met on this day in 1955 at Kliptown to draft the Freedom Charter. It was this last event which gave the fullest meaning to South Africa Freedom Day when the delegates of our people declared to all our country and the whole world exactly what freedom we are fighting for and pledged that *"These freedoms we will fight for, side by side throughout our lives, until we have won our liberty."*

June 16, the day of the Soweto Uprisings and Massacre, takes us seven years back when about 1 000 school children were killed by the police in

Soweto alone and hundreds in other parts of the country during the ensuing months of nation-wide resistance. This merciless slaughter of innocent and unarmed school children who were demanding an education free from enslavement exposed more than ever before the true nature of the apartheid system - brutal national domination and super-exploitation of the indigenous African majority defended through genocidal policies; it closed the debate about the legitimacy of our people's resolve to fight the oppressor bullet for bullet to win freedom. What is more, the event showed the heroism of our youth, the custodians of our future.

Two decades of fierce resistance separate these two days. Yet they both symbolise the unity of all generations of our people in a common struggle for common basic goals. The continuity of growth and militancy which they so strikingly reflect in our resistance is a guarantee that the apex of all our sacrifices is victory for all our people.

This truth is convincingly borne out by the growing unity in action between the militant students and the battle-steeped workers which finds expression in campaigns against Wilson-Rowntree, racist republic celebrations, the puppet South African Indian Council, etc. The current efforts of our people to forge unity through the creation of a United Democratic Front in which both workers and the students are taking their positions alongside the entire oppressed masses to wage relentless battles against the enemy's dangerous divide-and-rule schemes like the Presidential Council, Orderly Movement and Settlement of Black Persons Bill, the bantustan system are the greatest step forward in our struggle in recent years. The unbeatable combination of mass action spearheaded by the working class and the pounding blows of the armed militants of the ANC who constitute Umkhonto we Sizwe and most of whom like Mosololi, Mogoerane and Motaung were baptised in the fires of June 16 will ensure that our united action is crowned with victory over the murderous regime of Botha.

All this poses great challenges on all South Africans whose future is guaranteed only by the Freedom Charter. We owe it to all our fallen patriots, our selfless friends throughout the world, future generations and ourselves to prepare ourselves for the final battles in which our future will be decided. This can be done through united action and to be successful we must:

- join the African National Congress underground;
- swell the ranks of our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe;
- create mass organisations both in urban and rural areas;
- implement the slogan of "*one industry one union, one country one federation:*" and
- put all our strength behind the emerging United Democratic front.

DESPERATE MURDERERS

THE PRETORIA CUTTHROATS

- AURORA MFANAFUTHI

On the 9th of June 1983, the Pretoria boers defying all reason and logic executed Comrades Simon Mogoerane, Jerry Mosololi and Marcus Motaung. With these murders the enemy sought to achieve the impossible, to destroy the fighting spirit of our youth and thus prevent them from joining Umkhonto we Sizwe, to dampen the revolutionary spirit of our masses, and therefore corrode the social base of our army, to boost the ever-sagging morale of their fascist army and white population and drive fear into the ranks of our People's Army. All of these aims will surely perish under the fire of revolutionary struggle fuelled by the blood of Mogoerane, Mosololi, Motaung, Mahlangu, Mini, Khayinga, Mkhaba, Bongco and many others who have died under the apartheid hangman's noose.

The Pretoria cutthroats driven against the wall by the ever-increasing powerful blows of our determined people, resort to this abhorable crime in order to satisfy their sadistic lust for the blood of our martyrs, when they have been proved unable to stop the mighty surge to freedom that is raging like wild fire throughout our enslaved Motherland. Everywhere today the masses of our people are striking back at the enemy with unparalleled heroism. They have repeatedly refused to move from Crossroads, KTC and Driefontein squatter camps, the students are refusing to swallow the slave education that is being forced down their throats, our parents are refusing to pay high rents and bus fares; the workers, refusing to accept their permanent state of impoverishment, are turning more and more to strike actions.

AN ALTERNATIVE POWER

The African National Congress has emerged as the alternative power in our land, the eminence of Umkhonto we Sizwe still stands unchallenged and its cadres surviving amongst the population that shelters them. Faced with this volcanic situation internally, the enemy is trying to spill its forces into Africa by attacking Angola, Mozambique, Lesotho, Seychelles, Zimbabwe and other Front-line States. In doing so the enemy seeks to destroy this powerful upsurge. What the enemy does not reckon with is that within South Africa there co-exist two powers, the ra-

cist regime representing oppression and fascism on one hand, and the African National Congress standing for freedom and democracy, on the other hand. The enemy doesn't understand that the ANC has become indestructible, that as the emergent new power, it will move from strength to strength until it finally destroys the regime root, branch and stock and relegate it to the dustbin of history.

It should be borne in mind that the enemy has committed these judicial murders even though they have been condemned by the international community, lest it be forgotten that the African National Congress signed the Geneva Convention Protocol ensuring the human treatment of prisoners of war and these murders can only strengthen the righteousness of our cause before the eyes of the international community and our people and furthermore make us to vent our anger at the apartheid regime and all its defenders.

CALLOUS MURDER

These callous murders of our comrades dash any illusions that Botha may have created in the heads of anybody in the West and at home (especially the leaders of the Coloured Labour Party) that he is moving away from racial discrimination to a multi-racial society. The pipe-dream of the 'Presidential Council' and constitutional dispensation will now be heavily stained by the blood of our three martyrs. Botha's 'liberal' masquerading has been stripped off once again and he stands clearly and glaringly for what he is, a fascist murderer, crazy warmonger and a ruthless racist killer whose hands are dripping with the blood of our people at Crossroads, KTC, Driefontein, with the blood of Nxenge, Ruth First, Joe Gqabi, Saul Mkhize, Harrison Dube and the murder of our 3 Comrades - Mogoerane, Mosololi and Motaung. This is not the first crime against our people, already thousands have laid down their lives for freedom and many more are going to choose death when it is weighed against their love for freedom and their people.

History has proved time and again that guns, bombs and hangmen's ropes can silence life, but not just ideas. Adolf Hitler burnt millions of communists, anti-fascists and democrats in ovens of Nazi Germany, killed 20 million Soviet people and others of occupied Europe and yet on May 9 1945 Nazi Germany fell disgracefully and deservedly before the might of the Soviet Army. Already as we take off our hats and pause in a moment of grief, we and millions of other South Africans vow to follow this thorny path of arduous struggle till victory.

We vow that this crime can never weaken Mk, but will invigorate us, give us increased determination to root ourselves even deeply on South African soil and finally to dislodge the enemy. We vow on our comrades



Marcus Motaung



Simon Mogoerane



Jerry Mosolodi

graves that the hands that brought their death can never be left free, their blood can never spill in vain, their flesh will never rot, their sacrifice can never be forgotten. They will always remain in our hearts and minds, remembered by our people. They will be remembered by all MK cadres who will draw inspiration from their heroic sacrifice. Comrades Mogoerane, Mosololi and Motaung will even be remembered by the enemy who will cringe in fear, afraid of retribution, as the blood of our comrades continue to haunt him, reminding him of bitter battles to come. We vow that this crime will bring back retribution more biting than the South African Air Force headquarters explosion. We charge our people not to mourn but to mobilise. We charge our People's Army not to falter but to hit back hard and brutally at the enemy. We vow to flatten mountains and move oceans aside in our long and bitter march to freedom. The blood of our martyrs will water the tree of freedom. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

"Go well, my son, I love you. I am proud of you because you are to die for your people. We'll meet where you are going. You must know the struggle will not end even after your death."

-Mrs. Sarah Mosololi-

Mastering the Art of Winning Victory

COMRADE AMOS ALUKO, A COMBATANT OF OUR PEOPLE'S ARMY,
DISCUSSES THE MILITARY, POLITICAL AND ORGANI-
SATIONAL ROLE OF UMKHONTO WE SIZWE IN
OUR WAR FOR NATIONAL LIBERATION.

The challenging task facing our vanguard movement for national liberation, the African National Congress, our allies, as well as our people's army, Umkhonto we Sizwe, can be summed up as follows: to "master the art of winning victory". True, this has been the primary task of our entire liberation movement since its inception. But at this present moment in our liberation struggle the urgency of the need to fulfil this task with the greatest success has acquired marked prominence. To see this clearly one needs only take a close look at the tasks arising out of the achievements made by our movement and entire people in the recent past and the new possibilities that have emerged; the deepening economic and political crisis which is hitting the entire apartheid system; the all-out counter-offensive by the Pretoria colonial-fascist regime, its puppets and US-led imperialist partners.

ART OF WINNING VICTORY

The task before us is a crucial one. The pace of intensifying our liberation struggle and finally the winning of victory by our long-suffering but fighting people will depend on the extent to which we are able to fulfil the task successfully. The task involves raising to the highest level possible the transformation into action of our understanding of the struggle to destroy the oppressive and exploitative apartheid system and build on its ruins a new society of the Freedom Charter in which "The People Shall Govern" and share in the country's wealth. Central to this understanding of revolutionary struggle is the time-honoured truth that the people are the real makers of history and that to carry out this historic mission the masses need a dedicated leadership armed with a correct revolutionary theory to organise and lead them to victory. The organisation and leading of the masses to victory is a task which falls squarely on the shoulders of the vanguard organisation and its ability to fulfil such a demanding task is what mastering the art of winning victory actually means.

The approach of the revolutionary leadership of the heroic people of Vietnam as expressed in the writings of Le Duan has great relevance to our situation today. Basing himself on the teachings of V.I. Lenin on the art of revolutionary leadership, Le Duan says: "... the art of revolutionary leadership lies in knowing how to win step by step in judicious fashion... From the initial steps to the final victory, a revolution must of necessity go through many stages of struggle beset with difficulties and complexities and full of twists and bends, in order to clear one obstacle after another and gradually change the relation of forces between the revolution and the counter-revolution, until overwhelming superiority is achieved over the ruling classes. To push the enemy back and wrest one success after another for the revolution and proceed to the total defeat of the enemy and a complete victory for the revolution...

"A revolution is not a coup d'etat; it is not the upshot of plots. It is the work of the masses. Hence, to mobilise and rally the forces of the masses, to set up and expand the political army of the revolution, is a fundamental, decisive problem. This task must be attended to in an unflinching and sustained way through all periods, both when no revolutionary situation has appeared as yet and when such a situation has risen and matured. To this end, one must mingle with the masses in everyday life and be active wherever the masses are, even within enemy organisations; one must keep abreast of the situation both in the enemy's camp and in ours, correctly appraise all schemes, moves and capabilities of the enemy, accurately assess all changes happening in his ranks, and at the same time be fully aware of the state of mind, wishes and potential power of the masses. In this way one will be able to put forward appropriate slogans, both incisive and timely, which will rouse the broadest masses to action and take them from the lower to the higher forms of struggle, thereby ceaselessly heightening their political consciousness and building up the army of the revolution both in scope and in depth."

History has it on record that the Vietnamese revolutionaries basing themselves on this sound understanding of the forces at work in their revolutionary struggle and the decisive force of change, organised, inspired and led the Vietnamese people to win the most heroic and inspiring victory by a colonised people fighting against the most powerful and reactionary imperialist power, the United States. Likewise, history has assigned the ANC, our allies and Umkhonto we Sizwe the task of leading our people to victory over the most reactionary fascist regime Africa and the whole world have ever known in recent times. To emerge victorious in this fierce conflict, as we must, demands that we strain every nerve and muscle to live up to the challenges of the moment.

Our main tasks are clear and they must be fulfilled with the urgency they deserve. These were set out in the January 8 address of the National Executive Committee of our people's vanguard organisation as follows:-

"To increase our offensive power we must organise the people into strong mass democratic organisations. We must organise all revolutionaries into underground units of the ANC. We must organise all democratic forces into one front for national liberation."

Such are the crucial tasks whose fulfilment will really take our people to the shores of victory. Success demands that every section of our movement should fully play its role in our drive to master the art of winning victory.

What is the role of Umkhonto we Sizwe in this campaign?

We must address ourselves to this question. While all of us agree that what our situation calls for is more resolute action it must at the same time be clear that this action must be guided by understanding. An examination of the role of Umkhonto we Sizwe, therefore, is an inseparable part of our day to day efforts aimed at meeting the challenges posed by the urgent need to advance our revolutionary struggle to even greater heights. Here we shall focus our attention on two main aspects of the role of our People's Army, that is the military and the politico-organisational.

STRIKING FORCE

Umkhonto we Sizwe is our people's army, the very core of our people's effort to put up organised military resistance against the Pretoria regime's reactionary violence aimed at drowning our people's resistance in blood for the purpose of defending the oppressive and exploitative apartheid system. Umkhonto we Sizwe is "the striking force of the people for liberty, for rights and for their final liberation". While the pre-condition for our liberation - both politically and economically, as clearly set out in our programme, the Freedom Charter - is the seizure of political power - the capacity to mould society according to their will - by the oppressed and exploited masses, the role of Umkhonto we Sizwe is to create the conditions necessary for this transfer of power from the racist rulers to the people. This means that our People's Army must strike at the chief instruments of the colonial fascist state machinery, the army and police, so that finally the oppressors cannot use this instrument to suppress the masses when they, having acquired in the course of freedom struggle the highest level of political consciousness, organisation and unity, rise up, armed and unarmed, to storm the citadel of racist rule and take power into their hands.

In other words Umkhonto we Sizwe, which in the past has been the most effective weapon of our movement for applying the tactic of armed propaganda suited to the situation which emerged after the Soweto Upsurges will now begin to raise our military offensive to higher levels. Step by step our People's Army will be engaging the enemy personnel applying guerrilla tactics as outlined in the "Strategy and Tactics of the ANC".



Our people saluted Mosololi, Motaung and Mogoerane (Cape Town meeting).

This, then, is the primary role of Umkhonto we Sizwe in the military sphere. (However it should be borne in mind that the seizure of power by our people will not be a result of military confrontation only but instead of a combination of both this confrontation and organised, united and sustained mass political actions).

But that is not all. As the core of our people's organised military resistance the role of Umkhonto is a broad one. It also includes ensuring that the broad masses of our people take an active part in the military offensive. The point is that even in the military confrontation, victory can only be achieved when the masses of our people, that is apart from the large numbers which must be drawn into the ranks of Umkhonto we Sizwe, also fight the enemy with modern weapons, when we are, therefore, waging a people's war in the true sense of the word.

For this reason it is necessary that our People's Army must fulfil two related tasks: firstly to equip our people with at least elementary skills of modern warfare and, secondly, to organise and lead the people in actual confrontation beginning with the simplest operations. It is only on this basis, that is from the military point of view, that the principle of arming the masses can acquire meaning in our situation in which the oppressor regime denies the vast majority of the oppressed masses an opportunity to acquire military skills. As to how this should be done practically is a matter which will become clearer as we actually carry it out. The

very people's experience in political struggle, the movement's wealth of experience in working underground as well as the creative application of the wide range of methods used before us by other peoples in their struggle to our own situation present us with many possibilities which must be tested and proved in action.

POLITICAL ORGANISER

The other aspect of the role of Umkhonto we Sizwe at the present stage of our liberation struggle is a politico-organisational one. Our main tasks in this connection have already been referred to as stated in the January 8 address of our National Executive Committee. The fulfilment of these tasks is geared towards moulding our entire people into a conquering political force able "to harass the enemy politically so that his forces are dispersed and therefore weakened". This in fact is another vital aspect of waging a people's war which as our movement correctly understands it is fought not only with the gun but also with the devisive weapon of the masses, political organisation, which is the very basis of conducting successful military operations.

It is clear that this crucial task of organising, inspiring and leading the broad masses into conscious and united political action with the seizure of power as the strategic goal can only be successfully carried out by a political organisation armed with a revolutionary theory and a dedicated leadership with experience in leading the masses, in other words the ANC. But this does not mean that our People's Army has no role to play in organising the masses and to say this does not at all contradict the preceding statement. This is not only based on the consideration that the task is so urgent that every capable revolutionary must contribute in its fulfilment, which is a fact. It is especially based on our understanding of the nature of our army, an army whose combatants are first and foremost militants of the ANC, vanguard fighters. We may add that in practice combatants of Umkhonto we Sizwe have already proved themselves capable of being political organisers.

The role of Umkhonto we Sizwe in the political mass actions of our people, therefore, is not confined to that of giving a cutting edge to these actions with military operations which is very important and has produced great success during the post-Soweto period and especially in our movement's three-year programme of laying the foundation for deepened mass mobilisation (1979 the Year of the Spear, to 1982 the Year of Unity in Action), a role which is certainly going to develop further qualitatively as our struggle unfolds.

It also includes the actual painstaking work of organising the masses,

involving the creation and strengthening of mass democratic organisations, creating underground units of the ANC and recruiting for Umkhonto we Sizwe, conducting propaganda and agitation to raise the political consciousness of the masses and to inspire them into resolute action which grows in intensity with every new campaign; involving the masses in deciding upon and taking action, etc. In short, an MK combatant must also play the role of a political organiser, he must be where the masses are and fight with them.

CONCLUSION

In raising the pace and broadening the scope of our liberation struggle both in the military and political spheres our movement and entire people will not be moving from nowhere. Our activities in the recent past which were based on the progress made earlier have ensured great achievements. To quote our National Executive Committee: "... our movement is not only an opponent of the apartheid regime but has actually emerged as an alternative power which has won over the conscious and active support of the majority of our people... Our policy document - the Freedom Charter - adopted in 1955, has not only stood the test of time but is winning the hearts and minds of growing numbers of our people, including honest patriots and democrats in the white community as well."

It is also clear, and this can be deduced from the very assessment cited above, that through its pounding sophisticated blows against the regime's strategic installations like oil depots, police stations, military bases and nuclear power stations our People's Army has once more proved to our entire people and the whole world that the African National Congress is worthy of its historic mission of leading our people to victory and that our people can effectively confront the enemy bullet for bullet and emerge victorious. This experience is rich with lessons on which we must build in developing the support given by the masses of our people to the struggle into committed active participation.

Concerning the deepening of the role of MK combatants in fulfilling the urgent tasks of political mobilisation it must be pointed out that to succeed in the whole drive in mastering the art of winning victory certainly demands a certain measure of specialisation. In the political field this means that the political programme in our army should pay more attention to training all-round political organisers capable of efficiently combining propaganda, agitational and every other aspect of political organisational work. This, naturally, should be coordinated with the essential task of drawing all revolutionaries into underground units of the ANC. Besides that the practical situation is such that MK combatants even if his specific task is not that of political organiser will now and then have to switch over to it. That is why we must be all-rounders, soldier-political organisers.

Success in fulfilling all the crucial tasks which confront us today demands that we display the greatest courage, skill and initiative - always aware that as we advance the enemy's counter-offensive intensifies correspondingly and that we must therefore be able to frustrate the enemy and advance even further. Above all we must always be guided and inspired by our revolutionary understanding that, as our "Strategy and Tactics" states: "The winning of our freedom by armed struggle - the only method left open

MK**SOLDIER**

LET US ORGANISE

OUR TASK TO THE WORKING PEOPLE

- PART THREE

- KHUMALO MIGWE

In our time only a mass movement that is accompanied by a people's army shall destroy the Apartheid forces, only an organisation that will organise a revolutionary army of the whole people shall lead the new revolutionary state of people's democracy in South Africa. This building of a powerful revolutionary army, composed of the working masses, whose strength should logically correspond to its historic task, is another urgent historic demand.

Often people who have no knowledge at all of what a social revolution in modern times really means and requires, gloss over the practical importance of this question of military organisation and people's participation in the armed struggle. But the more such people fail to see this need, the more they tend to see 'militarism' lurking whenever mention is made of the need for military organisation of our working people, the more we are mystifying the practical requirements of our liberation.

Our working people, daily massacred or tortured to death by the fascists, have developed a serious conviction over this question of revolutionary and organised mass violence, they have learned lessons from the fascist experience and they now advance the slogan: "Freedom or Death", which has reverberated throughout South Africa in the heroic combat assaults of Umkhonto we Sizwe.

to us - (understood correctly as a continuation of the political struggle by means which include the use of force - AA) demands more than passion. It demands an understanding and an implementation of revolutionary theory and techniques in the actual conditions facing us. It demands a sober assessment of the obstacles in our way and an appreciation that such a struggle is bitter and protracted. It demands, too, the domination in our thinking of achievement over drama, and that victory is certain.

S' VIEWPOINT

"Only an armed people can be the real bulwark of popular liberty," wrote Lenin in "The Beginning of the Revolution in Russia". Our working people are no longer going to die unarmed. And the sooner Umkhonto we Sizwe succeeds to involve the people inside South Africa in Combat, the sooner it succeeds in arming the revolutionary combat units among the masses, the sooner will the racist soldiers throw down their weapons, and the black members of the South African Death Force (SADF) will at last begin to realise that what they are doing is inglorious and they will join sides with the people against the racist murderers of defenceless working people.

Revolutionary committees, to direct the conduct of armed actions right within the country, must be set up at every factory, community or rural village. It is for Combat that the masses are organised, and conversely it is combat that organises them further, once said Le Duan. This then is another practical basis on which South African revolutionaries can and must unite to strike the common blow.

The workers of the whole world, in Socialist and Capitalist countries alike, are now looking eagerly towards the South African revolution, crossing their fingers that the racists and their imperialist allies will not win; the whole African continent now realises that the victory of the South African people will be the turning point in the history of Africa. Let us, therefore, bear in mind that we owe it to humanity as a whole and to our African compatriots equally, to develop a revolutionary striking force from the millions of our people, which will guarantee the certainty of our victory. But without the involvement of the masses in armed struggle, we remain a minority force fighting a majority SADF supported by the racist section of the white population.

Political events in the past few years indicate irrefutably that an uprising of the historical magnitude of the 1976 Soweto one is gradually maturing in South Africa. The significance of these events is the importance of the organising tasks facing our vanguard alliance (ANC-SACP) for meeting the impending battles heroically and victoriously.

When the inevitable political upheavals come again, let them find us prepared for them, prepared with nuclei of a revolutionary army among our people. No military reprisals can diminish the importance of this task. And only by understanding this task clearly, and only by posing it boldly and persistently, can the units of the revolutionary army develop among the working people in order to win complete political victory over the racists and become strong points of a revolutionary government. Writing in "The Revolutionary Army and the Revolutionary Government", Lenin remarked:

"The revolutionary army is needed for military struggle and for military leadership of the masses against the remnants of the military forces of the autocracy. The revolutionary army is needed because great historical issues can be resolved only by force, and, in modern struggle, the organisation of forces means military organisation."

South Africa is pregnant with revolution, national in form but social in content, and what political sex the child will be, will be determined not at the stage when such child will be born, but right now at the stage of embryonic formation. Let us therefore organise for a victorious revolution that shall not be stopped on its way but that shall continue uninterrupted to complete change.

Bantustans - a repressive tool of Pretoria

The mistake that is always committed by the exploiter capitalist class is that of ignoring the lessons of history and the laws of social development. The recent history has long proved that the system of capitalist ex-

exploitation coupled with brutal oppression of the working masses must of necessity be superseded by a more advanced socio-political order that will surely give first preference to the interests of the people. This historical necessity and logic is valid to all countries where brutal exploitation of the masses exist. This is irrespective of the deceptions like 'reforms', 'civilisation', 'democracy' and the like. For the exploiters to try to turn a blind eye to this drive is to commit a grave blunder that will throw them unexpectedly into an abyss of history.

This is the mistake and blunder that the fascists of Pretoria have never learnt to correct. The racist Pretoria regime is purposefully ignoring the lessons of the recent peoples' revolutions that have taken place just at their door steps. They are purposefully ignoring and resisting the lessons of how the colonial empire of the Portuguese was grounded by the peoples of Angola, Mozambique and Cape Verde and Guinea Bissau. Instead, they have resorted to the balkanisation and fragmentation of our country at a rate unprecedented in history. Instead of meeting the demands of our school children in 1976, they gave what they called independence to the Transkei bantustan for the intensification of the oppression and exploitation of our people.

Today more than three of these so-called homelands have been granted phoney independence. This is also an attempt by Pretoria to reduce the pressure that our people are exerting upon that system of brutal oppression and soulless exploitation not for the benefit of the tribal elite that has been put in charge of these institutions but for the internal and external big businesses. These tribal bogus states have nonetheless resulted in untold torment in our country.

The bantustan is by its very nature a repressive institution. It will be a grave mistake for us to think that the bantustan system was founded in 1963 when the Transkei under Pretoria's protégés, the Matanzima brothers, accepted what was then called self-government. It has been in the interests of the Nationalist Party to balkanise our country so as to secure their power and therefore domination over our people. This is proved by a pamphlet issued by the head office of the Nationalist Party shortly before the end of 1947. It read: "The policy of our country should encourage total apartheid as the ultimate goal of a natural process of separate development... the bantu in the urban areas should be regarded as migratory citizens not entitled to political or social rights equal to those of the whites. The process of detribalisation should be arrested." This is enough to prove that a bantustan is the logical outcome of the Land Act of 1913 that had robbed our people of whatever piece of fertile land available in South Africa.

The forced evictions of our people by the Pretoria cutthroats are in line with the arrest of this process of detribalisation and therefore of unity that has been forged decades ago. For the puppets to applaud these evictions is equivalent to applauding and endorsing the repression and division of our country against unity that hundreds have died for.

Furthermore these institutions are but important pillars in the South African capitalist economic order in that they are responsible for the providing of cheap labour power to what the racists call white South Africa. Today the economy of South Africa is largely based on the cheap labour power of the Black population.

The economy of South Africa rests upon the shoulders of the African population that is used as the pillar to balance it. Any move aimed at removing this load threatens the very existence of the Afrikaner capitalist rule together with their allies. That is why it has become more than urgent for our people to unite against this institution and bring its downfall and of the whole apartheid system forthwith.

A new and revealing aspect of the bantustans is the growth of the repressive powers of the puppet state apparatus in these areas. The Pretoria regime has readily conferred upon the homelan' leaders powers of the type it itself possesses in excess which also guarantees that the rule of lawlessness will be existent or already exists where these have been granted 'independence'. It is then not surprising for stooges like Charles Sebe to be so bold as to admit that "we (puppets) are a government terrorists."

In the Transkei, the draconian proclamation R400 is ruling the territory and is further used to silence any opposition against oppression. No less sinister are the so-called rehabilitation centres that have been built in some of these bantustans. Recently chief puppet, Lennox Sebe, confirmed that he, also, is going to build a new concentration camp run along military lines to 'discipline' the contract labourers who have violated their contracts in 'South Africa'.

Presently the number of the trade unionists detained in these so-called homelands far exceeds those detained in 'white' fascist dungeons. The rule of the gun has become the order of the day. The mysterious deaths in detention has assumed new proportions. The reckless use of their armies tipped with the mercenarism of the selous scouts has resulted in the death of a number of our people in Pondoland and many other regions of our country. The use of the Inkatha impis against our students has not passed unnoticed. In the bantustan of Vendaland multiplied violence against our people has been the order of the day. A number of our patriots have been cold bloodedly murdered in Mphephu's dungeons. In Bophuthatswana like in

all other bantustans, trade unionism is under brutal suppression. Huge sums of money have been demanded from our starving masses to support this terror campaign against their liberation. Added to the economic over-load which is worsened by the high inflation rate which has kept the prices of consumer goods ever high is the maintenance of these puppets. All these are enough proof to show that these labour reserves have nothing in common with the interests of our oppressed masses. This once more shows that these are institutions that are aimed at reinforcing the rule of the Nationalists and ensure their monopoly in the reins of power. This is done with the hope of retarding our advance towards liberation.

There can never be any other weapon to fight these institutions than organisation. We, the oppressed nation, are the one who are also responsible for our liberation. As our late Chief Albert Luthuli stated:

"The length of the term of slavery depends largely on the oppressed themselves and not the oppressor... We have the key to freedom - not the oppressor..."

In all peoples' struggles for freedom the world over, it has been proved that victory over the forces of oppression and exploitation is impossible without a united and determined people. The creation of the puppet killer squads in these reserves has been necessitated by the regime's plans to see us killing one another. At this stage we cannot manage to be responsible for our own oppression, no matter what amount of racist deception and hoodwinking is used. The puppet armies and police can never be stronger than our unity against the whole apartheid system. We need to organise ourselves into small but massive underground fighting cells. We need to unite in action with the people who live in the urban areas.

Bantustans are a divisive institution for us not to realise our strength and unity. It then becomes necessary to join democratic organisations and join hands in the fight against Pretoria. We must join democratic unions, student organisations, women's federations and other civic organisations within bantustans. Let us boycott their elections and demand an end to these oppressive camps and be part of the emerging United Democratic Front and together advance towards the goal of a democratic non-racial South Africa. Our ANC and Umkhonto we Sizwe, need us. Let us be part of this revolutionary force and reinforce our gallants in the destruction of the Pretoria tyranny and its puppet armies in the bantustans.

STRAIGHT TALK...

Pommeling Granite with Rubber

This June, 19 years since the incarceration of the Rivonia Trialists and about 21 years since the imprisonment of our leader and national hero, Comrade Nelson Mandela, our talk is straight and unflinching.

In speaking of this towering giant of undying courage and determination, that upright advocate of freedom and justice, the living Prometheus who fetched fire from the hearths of Shaka, Hintsa, Sekhukhuni, Moshoeshe, let us paraphrase Mary Benson in reply to the question what manner of man is this Mandela: Commanding, unrelenting, passionate, magnanimous, Mandela is a fearless man who inspires courage in others. He derives his strength from the people and from his conviction in ultimate victory. But, he insists, he is only one in a large army of people, and he would not want to be singled out from the many thousands of men, women and - since 1976 - school children, who have given themselves to the long struggle.

For close to 21 years comrade Mandela has stuck to his guns, moved by the same bright vision of a free and democratic South Africa and together with his comrades they are fighting by all means in their power to advance the cause. He remains "a competent general who pins his hopes on the superior striking force he commands" and inspires into feats of unparalleled heroism the united masses of the down-trodden people of our land. He is a living legend whose name strikes fear into the hearts of the boer-fascist oppressor.

The enemy fears Mandela not only because he is a force of example to our embattled people but precisely because together with the Sisulus, Mbe-kis, Motswaledis, Kathradas, Goldbergs and others he belongs to that dedicated breed of patriots and revolutionaries who, as in the words of the late Chief A.J. Luthuli: *"represents the highest in morality and ethics in the South African political struggle."* He is a symbol of the Black man's commitment to a South Africa of the Freedom Charter. From him we learn that in the fight for a better future for our country and people no sacrifice is too great. Neither the back-breaking toil of a prison quarry at Robben Island, the mind-renting experience of long incarceration nor the sickening arrogance of a boer-warder moron at

Pollsmoor can demoralise a man committed to serve in the front ranks of popular struggle for a life-time. Wise patriots resign themselves to his counsel and follow his example. The conscious and determined freedom-loving millions inside South Africa and abroad will always fight for his release.

At the time of composing this 'talk' dedicated to the 21st Anniversary of Comrade Mandela's incarceration, we are aware of continuing harassment aimed at wrecking his body and soul. The aim of Pretoria's gangsters at Pollsmoor - we do not even need to add that this is per deliberate instructions of the apartheid authorities - in subjecting him to mental and physical harassment is calculated to realise a long cherished dream of putting him to death, and by so doing, it is idly hoped by the myopic racists, the fountainhead of Black popular and revolutionary struggle would have been stemmed and in its place will emerge national demoralisation and submission, and as for the African National Congress and Umkhonto we Sizwe, they further hope in their lunatic fulminations, they must also fumble in due course.

Let the enemy be warned! Should he bring about the murder of Comrade Mandela through whatever schemes he shall not withstand the popular avalanche, he shall not be spared the Spear of the Nation, he shall not be spared the wrath of the ANC. And he may not withstand international condemnation for the death of one who has risen in stature to a position of an exemplary world figure.

We in the fighting ranks do not doubt that the satanic efforts of the enemy will fall short of their object. Nelson Mandela and the rest of that cream of our leaders will never submit to harassment. They will remain upright and will fight back indefatigably and from their example our victory is assured. We are certain that the actions of the enemy against our leaders are as futile as pommeling granite with a rubber mallet.

We call upon all our people and the conscious world to intensify the campaign for the release of Nelson Mandela, our leaders and all political prisoners in South Africa.

Let the enemy assimilate the message clearly:

*Burst Pollsmoor
For his courage of steel
Crumples your cardboard grill*

*Burst Pollsmoor
For not even the lime island
could choke this titan grand*

*Burst Pollsmoor
 For you are a sand castle
 Do you hear the roar of the Black ocean*

*Burst Pollsmoor
 For the spears of Mandela
 Strike at Koeberg, SASOL, Pretoria*

*Just go burst Pollsmoor
 And save yourself the rout.*

- EDWIN MABITSE

A SOBER ASSESSMENT

EXTRACT FROM THE RIVONIA TRIAL STATEMENT

(20, APRIL, 1964).

"I do not... deny that I planned sabotage. I did not plan it in a spirit of recklessness, nor because I have any love of violence. I planned it as a result of a calm and sober assessment of the political situation that had risen after many years of tyranny, exploitation and oppression of my people by the whites.

I admit immediately that I was one of the persons who helped to form Umkhonto we Sizwe, and that I played a prominent role in its affairs until I was arrested in August 1962.

... I and the others who started the organisation did so for two reasons. Firstly, we believed that as a result of Government policy, violence by the African people had become inevitable, and that unless responsible leadership was given to canalise and control the feelings of our people, there would be outbreaks of terrorism which would produce an intensity of bitterness and hostility between the various races of this country which is not produced even by war. Secondly, we felt that without violence there would be no way open to the African people to succeed in their struggle against the principle of white supremacy...

But the violence which we chose to adopt was not terrorism. We who formed Umkhonto were all members of the African National Congress, and had behind us the ANC tradition of non-violence and negotiation as a means of solving political disputes. We believed that South Africa belonged to all the people who lived in it, and not to one group, be it black or white. We did not want an inter-racial war, and tried to avoid it to the last minute."

- NELSON ROLIHLEHLA MANDELA -

MMK



Women's Forum

The Challenge is facing us

- MITCHELLE BROWN

Our people cannot be free unless the women are free and Umkhonto we Sizwe cannot become a People's Army unless women are part of it.

Ours is a People's Army. More than half of the people of South Africa are women. It is therefore only armchair revolutionaries who can still afford to debate about whether or not to mobilise women into armed struggle.

For us it is a question of how to go about this process of mobilisation and organisation. We have never regarded our struggle as women as separate from the struggle of all our people for national liberation and social emancipation. Indeed, we believe that it is precisely in the field of political and military struggle that we shall overcome centuries-old oppressive and negative ideas about the so-called inferiority of women.

This is why we say that the African National Congress and Umkhonto we Sizwe are schools of equality. It is in these schools that women must realise their full potential as individuals in their own right and become an organised force in the forefront of our revolution.

We say that black women in our country are triply oppressed - as blacks, as workers and as women. These three struggles are indivisible; just as freedom is indivisible. Therefore all three struggles have to be waged simultaneously. Just as erroneous and dishonest as it is to talk of waging class struggle after national liberation, in the same way it is just as dishonest to talk of women's liberation after national liberation. MK is the arena in which we must fight for all three freedoms. Freedom will not come walking to us. We learned this a long time ago. Therefore it is imperative that we fight for our freedom as women as well.

It is precisely because black women are the most oppressed people in our country that all women, black and white, have to take up the gun as combatants to help overthrow the racist regime. Women are waging battle against high rents, increasing food prices, bus fares and train fares. It

rising cost of living in our country is a direct result of the regime's desperate policy of militarisation. Botha's regime is spending more and more money on its army - with the result that life becomes more and more costly for the working people. We have to see the connection between Botha's plans to enlarge the size of his army, and the increasing cost of living. Our pockets are empty and our children are starving because it is costing Botha more and more to produce bullets to kill our children.

The story of Khosi Mbatha's testimony of torture is one which must reach all women in our country. She tells in simple, powerful language how her daily experiences as a black woman in racist South Africa and her detention and torture brought her to the realisation that it is finally only through armed struggle that we will defeat the boers in Pretoria. Our children are now called 'terrorists'. Khosi's child was taken from her by force to a so-called 'home for terrorist children'. Lilean Keagile's young son was called a 'terrorist' when he cried as his mother was viciously assaulted before his eyes. A four-year-old boy was shot dead during the Maseru Massacre because the fascist South African Death Force (SADF) saw him as a 'future terrorist'.

We women are now seen as 'breeders of future terrorists'. We have to become, not terrorists, but guerilla fighters to protect our children and win freedom for our children. An Indian woman from Guatamala in South America explains this when she says: "The fascist army is getting more and more sophisticated with its weapons, equipment, tactics and intelligence operations. We must do the same. We must know how to get out of our houses when the fascist soldiers block the door. We must know how to make and throw petrol bombs. Even a two-year-old must know this. If a child's parents are killed, the child has the right to defend itself. I myself have been doing this, learning and teaching these things."

There are many things we women must learn, and teach others. We must know how to shoot, how to throw hand grenades and how to manoeuvre under fire, how to retreat from a bad situation. We must know also how to conduct reconnaissance of targets like power stations, police stations, enemy military camps and government buildings. We have access to many of these and must know what to look for, and how to draw maps so that our combatants know where and when to hit! We must know also how to hide weapons for Umkhonto we Sizwe. Our houses have to become bases for MK combatants. In the bantustans women have a vital role to play in our armed struggle. For it is us women who are in the majority in these deserts of terror. It is we who are dumped here with our children in resettlement camps. Thus, it is even easier for us to move around in such areas, performing tasks for MK without being detected.

The precedent of women in armed struggle has recently been set right on our borders in Angola, Mozambique and Zimbabwe. Today in the People's Republic of Angola women soldiers in FAPLA march as confidently as men, holding AK sub-machine guns. In Southern Angola, where FAPLA is fighting the boer aggressor troops, the Angolan Women's Organisation (OMA) is there also in the trenches, mobilising and organising women to battle.

Our first and main task now is to build women as a force within our People's Army. We can and must be able to meet the enemy on equal terms. It is precisely because women must be mobilised into struggle that we exist today as a women's section of the African National Congress. We have thus also to take up the task of mobilising women into the ranks of our People's Army. We have to assert ourselves as women, to assert our right to work closely with our army in building women cadres. But we can only do this when we are in Umkhonto we Sizwe ourselves. It is our duty to see to it that MK is a People's Army.

Our nation cannot be free unless the women are free. Umkhonto we Sizwe cannot be a people's army unless the women are part of it. This is the challenge facing us now.

LEARN with DAWN

You too Countryman, can be a Freedom Fighter

The murderers of Saul Mkhize, Hector Petersen and countless other victims of Soweto, Sharpeville, Langa, Bulhoek shot to kill. They were cold-blooded and inhuman. With the same callousness that drives the Pretoria cutthroats to lunatic plunder and carnage, they are destroying villages and homesteads in parts of Mozambique, taking potshots at innocent Basotho and breeding bandits for subversive ends from across the border. The Botha-Malan regime rules by the gun. We

have come to learn through bitter experience that the gun in the hands of the boer-fascist bullies is an instrument of human destruction and untold coercion, a tyranny enforcing device.

The time has long come for you countrymen to learn the manipulation of guns for the purpose of making your voice louder, making your political demands more boldly and effectively.

The gun in the hands of an oppressed people should be used as

an instrument of political struggle for political ends, for the conquest of a free and democratic South Africa where the rule of law will aim at the welfare of the people and the benefit of social progress. You of the down-trodden must know how to manipulate the weapons that are used to press your people down to positions of humiliation, degradation and deprivation. Know how to make each bullet count so that those butchers of Pretoria and Maseru, the villains that came for Solomon Mahlangu, Mosis Motaung, Jerry Mosololi and Simon Mogoerane's lives with noon and cold-bloodedness should reap the fruits of their evil seed. Combine our everyday struggle around local and national issues that affect our daily lives, rejection of the fascistic political schemes of the enemy such as the Presidential Council, Bantustans, etc. Confront the enemy on all fronts and forge unprecedented mass political offensive. Seek to swell the People's Army and swell the ranks so that at the vanguard of our struggle, the spearhead of the revolutionary armed struggle, will cut deeper across all sorts of apartheid fortifications. Umkhonto we Sizwe will continue to

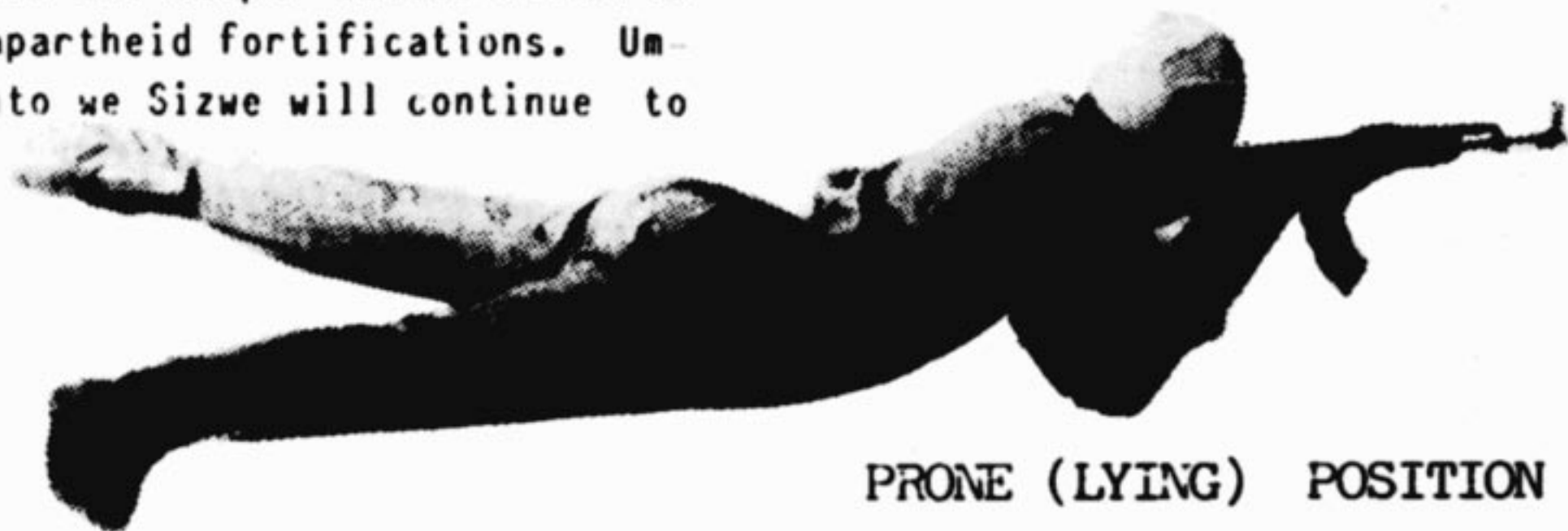
play its part in the front ranks of the people's defence.

Learn with Dawn how to help augment the armed might of popular struggles. In this issue we give some general tips on the principle of aiming.

THE PRINCIPLE OF AIMING.

Shooting can prove quite a tricky affair when one is not acquainted with the general aiming principle. Below we give the tips relevant to almost all fire-arms;

- A. When aiming with any type of fire-arm remember:-
1. Relax your body and control breathing.
 2. Aim steadily keenly.
 3. Hold your breath when pressing the trigger.
 4. Never jerk the trigger.
 5. In case you are using a rifle, press the butt firmly to the shoulder curve.
 6. Your weapon must always be held firmly.
- B. There are three basic firing positions:-
1. Prone or lying position.
 2. Kneeling position.
 3. Standing position.



PRONE (LYING) POSITION



KNEELING POSITION



STANDING POSITION

NB. When one has already conquered higher levels of marksmanship it shall be possible to shoot from awkward positions including when

in motion. But it is important for learners never to hurry since this stage will come with experience.

RING NOTCH SIGHT.

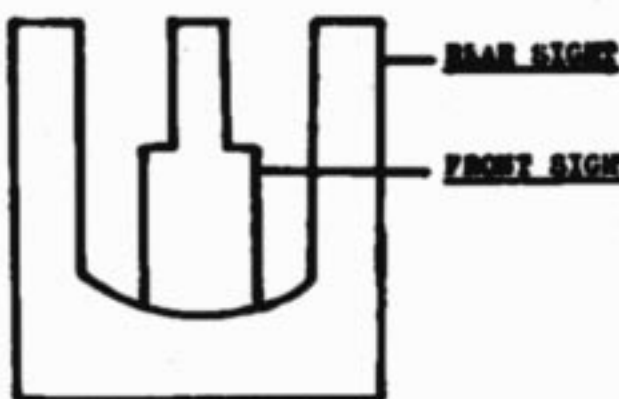
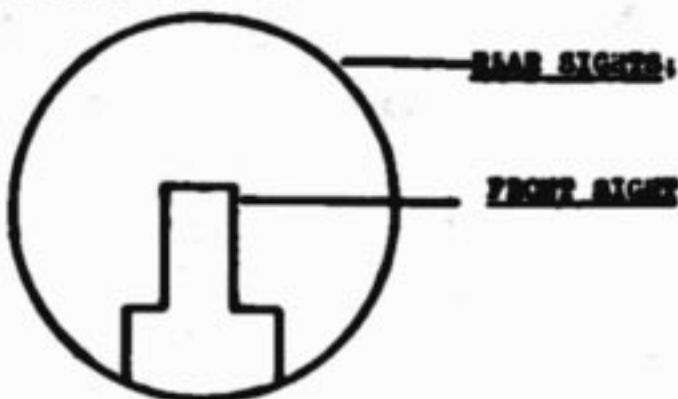
ALL SOUTH AFRICAN ARMY RIFLES
FN, FAL, G-3, B-1, B-4, H-1,
H-3, H-15, H-16, UZI.

U-SHAPED SIGHTS

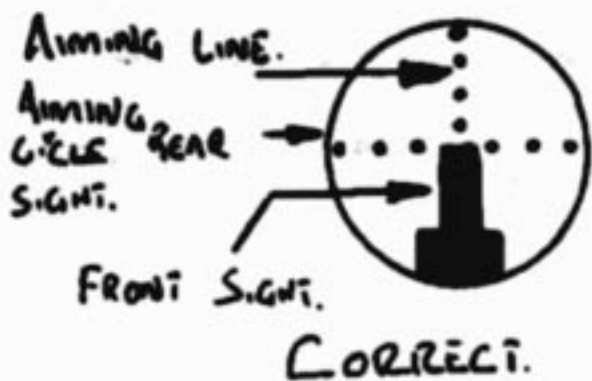
AK-47, AEM, RPD, RPK, PM,
RPG-7, SVD.

V-SHAPED SIGHTS

303, G. HAUSER, H-1, WINCHEM
COLT, BROWNING, & other carb
PISTOLS & REVOLVERS
.38, .45, BABY BROW, COLT,
WALTERS, LUGER, BROWNING,
STAR, BARRETT⁴.



AIMING CORRECTION WITH RING NOTCH SIGHT.



The principle of aiming in all fire-arms is the same, no matter the type of weapon you are having at your disposal - pistols, carbines, rifles, automatic rifles, sub-machine guns, machine guns, etc.

NOTE:

It is important to note the corre-

ction of the front and rear and the leveling of the sights. If not followed according to the diagram, then you will face a lot of difficulties during firing, but if followed according to the diagram then you will surely strike and every Boer soldier, policeman, agent or traitor you take aim at.

DAWNLIGHT:

ENEMY COWARDS FLINCH

.. AND THE PEOPLE UNKHONTO UDUNA WERE SAYING... UZOSILEKELELA

SAVE YOUR LIFE SON OF UN DER NERVE! THIS PLACE IS DANGEROUS!



I TURN LEFT AND RIGHT THIS CAR IS JUST BEHIND DEFINITELY ITS MY! LET ME DASH OUT OF THIS MAN!



HEY! WANT GET ITS ME MORWENDU!

CORWARD! WHY ARE YOU CHASING ME?

GIVE ME BINOCULARS FAST I WANT TO SEE PROPERLY WHO ARE SINGING IN THAT CROWD

LIES! I KNOW EVERY THING! YOU WERE RUNNING AWAY BY THAT SINGING CROWD.

DAWN PolitiXword No. 2 Answers

ACROSS

1. Armscor 5. OR 7. Rout 10. Parade 11. Range
13. F a l l I 14. Precede 15. US 16. Assail

DOWN

1. Armoury 2. Mercenary 3. Coup 4. RI
6. Reveille 8. Tan 9. Palace 12. EEC

HEROES OF OUR REVOLUTION

- JOYCE MOGALE

In our revolution we always find time to review the role that has been played and continues to be played by those undoubted stalwarts who have contributed life and soul for the liberation of our Motherland. The example of these stalwarts is like an undying fountain of experience and a source of inspiration to the present fighting generation. It is from these gallant fighters that we take our azimuth so as not to get lost or diverted from the noble goals of our struggle. It is for these reasons that we revisit the history of one of the mothers of this revolution; a fighter, teacher, leader and an organiser of our people.

Comrade Frances Baard, presently lives at Mabopane, in the Bophuthatswana bantustan. 1 It was not her choice that Mother Frances left her place of birth Port Elizabeth but the liking of the Pretoria criminal rulers who wanted not only to frustrate her tireless efforts of organising our people but to further split her family into fragments. Because of her undying desire to see her people free wherever they are found, no amount of racist arrogance and bestiality could break Frances. This is reflected in her message from the dock during an abortive marathon Treason Trial. *"No matter where you work, unite against low wages... unite into an unbreakable solidarity and organisation which is the only protection we can possess against low wages, injustice and oppression."* This call is today still reverberating in the corridors of our struggle especially in this Year of United Action.

Comrade Frances Baard



Comrade Frances Baard was born in 1901 in the district of Port Elizabeth. She was only a year old when the Boers and British signed their conspiratorial treaty at Vereeniging, a treaty that was to determine the destiny of Blacks from the cradle to the grave. As an African child she could not escape from the combined Boer-Anglo oppressive colonial designs. She came into direct confrontation with the exploitative system of colonialist capital as a domestic worker and later as a teacher. These are the two fields of labour where one can rightly say that it is where she accumulated political experience. It is this exploitation of her people that she vowed to tirelessly and heroically fight against.

An arrogant ignorant racist boer policeman once said of Frances: "Hier is 'n groot agitator" (Here is a great agitator) when he saw her in an Anti-pass demonstration in Port Elizabeth. The apolitical fascist policeman could not understand the importance of Frances Baard becoming an agitator against the oppressive system of rule of Pretoria. He could not understand the importance of her agitating her people to fight against influx control, racial segregation, colonialist degradation, mid-night raids, exploitation and oppression of the Africans. That is why that fascist shoved our Mother into a police van. One hopes that at this stage, with the mounting of armed attacks against unpopular police stations, military garrisons, SASOLs, etc., if that racist has not yet been hit by our bullets, he must have corrected his racist mind and negative attitude towards our people or accept the sweeping broom of change.

The period of the 50s was marked by mass upheavals in our country. This was a period of massive demonstrations against pass laws, ever sky-rocketing rents and bus-fares, indiscriminate fascist shootings, enslavement and corrupt bantu education system, exploitation, etc. This was a period when our people were in need of the best qualified leaders to lead them in these struggles. During this period power was under the most notorious Afrikaner lunatics of the Nationalist Party that had won the whites-only elections in 1948 and was publicly professing a policy of "sit op die kaffer se nek (sit on the kaffer's head).

This is the period when Comrade Baard proved herself an unshakeable and unyielding leader of our workers and women. She could be found at the factory floor organising workers, at the women's anti-pass campaigns and also involved in many other forms of political struggle leading people, mobilising for action and organising for victory. During this time Comrade Frances was the secretary for the Food and Canning Workers Union (FCWU). As Secretary and indefatigable organiser she was constantly victimised by canning employers and dismissed from work for her fearless stand in demanding just and decent treatment for the workers.

This never demoralised or cowed her but instead instilled in her more hatred against the system of oppression and exploitation. Because of her leadership qualities and staunchness, she was time and again delegated by the local branch of the FCWU to attend and raise the grievances of the workers at SACTU annual conferences. Comrade Frances was also one of the SACTU National Executive Committee members. It is this dynamism that has kept her throughout.

FOUNDING OF FEDSAW

During the foundation conference of the Federation of South African Women, Frances Baard was one of the inspiring speakers. It shall also be recalled that she was elected in 1950 as Secretary of the ANC Women's League in Port Elizabeth after having joined the African National Congress in 1948. Within FEDSAW she played a major role in the organisation of the women. In 1956 she was amongst the leading demonstrators who went to Pretoria to confront the fascist Strydom on the issuing of passes to women. In Port Elizabeth itself militant and uncompromising demonstrations under her guidance and leadership were taking place. The enactment of the Bantu Education was not met without resistance by our people. Comrade Frances as a qualified teacher used her profession for the benefit of our people's education as enshrined in the Freedom Charter.

One other lesson that we the fighting women of South Africa draw from Comrade Frances is that she was always prepared to sacrifice all the luxuries for the benefit of the super-exploited women of our country. She rightfully belongs to that breed of women who always have the interest of our people at heart.

HARASSMENT

Because of her staunchness, tirelessness and fearlessness, our Mother was harassed, imprisoned, detained, restricted and denounced by the racist colonialists as one of the enemies of 'democracy'. For this in 1962 she was prohibited from the premises of Langeberg Kooperasie Beperk by the racist management. This was a clear attempt by the bosses to sabotage all efforts aimed at organising workers. In the same year, the Pretoria regime detained her and in January the following year she was banned. This was but an introduction to a series of attacks against her. In the same year Comrade Frances was arrested and put under the torturous solitary confinement for the whole year. She was thereafter served with a five year banning order for the so-called Contravention of Communism Act and on her release a banishment order was once again served on her to a remote ban-tustan location, Mabopane, a long way from her original home though her

banishment order has now been lifted she had decided to establish herself there.

Comrade Frances Baard is today 82 years old but still convinced that in the end the people will win. She can no longer move like on the 50's and 60's but continues to inspire and give advice to the budding fighters for liberation. She is still remembered in the Eastern Cape as one of the dynamic leaders of the trade union and women's organisations.

What Comrades Frances together with other heroes of our revolution like Lilian Ngoyi, Helen Joseph, Mary Moodley, Charlotte Maxeke, Ray Alexander and others have sacrificed for will triumph over the forces of racism, colonialism, exploitation and oppression. We doff our hats in recognition of her bottomless courage and devotion to the popular cause and vow to carry on in her noble footsteps.

THE REAL LIFE OF DOMINGOS XAVIER

José Luandino Vieira

At half-past six in the afternoon, with work finished half an hour earlier, Domingos ran across the grass to find his *companheira* and the baby Sebastian on his mat. Now that the engineer Silvester had put him on the day shift, he enjoyed coming home like this with the sunset on the hills, to play for a while with the baby, before eating and then resting on the mat against the warmth of Maria. The other tractor driver, on the night shift, had delayed him with some questions about the daily maintenance of the machine and other small matters.

The encampment was far off, away from the work site, lying on a slope at the left of the road where were lined up in rows the identical huts for the black workmen and labourers on the dam. A rivulet of dark and dirty water ran through the *sanzala*, carrying the daily garbage of the inhabi-

tants before being lost below in clumps of green grass. A little way apart were two roofless huts, with barrels serving as latrines which were emptied at night by two residents on a roster basis. On Saturdays the doctor came rushing in his small car, made a quick health inspection and then left. Up there, in the fresh air on top of the hills, lived the white workmen in aluminium dormitories, and further away, in houses with beautiful gardens round them, with tended lawns, lived the senior staff of the construction company. It was a good twenty minutes' walk across the grass which Domingos made, climbing up from the quarries then running to the little hut, to the family which watched out for him every day.

He found his *companheira* braiding baby Basty's hair and listening to a neighbour mourning her son. It was painful for Domingos to hear Mama Zefa, and he too much regretted that his friend Sousinha had disappeared suddenly, nobody knew how, nobody knew why. He had just disappeared; the Administration's blue truck had not come to take him away; his body had not been found floating down-river. Anyway, how would a driller go and fall in the river? Working only in the quarry or in the stone-pit, he did not run a risk. The pneumatic drill was heavy enough, thudding all day in weak chest of Sousinha, young, dry, but always determined.

At first they went on looking, Zefa even went to the town; at the administration they did not know anything, friends amongst the *cipaios* confirmed that they had not arrested him, but later no one thought more about the workman. Domingos Xavier, his friend, at first worried, later bit by bit was finding out the reason for his friend's disappearance. Thinking about it, he felt rather sad, because Sousinha could have warned him. But nothing, no one knew anything. Only the engineer Silvester, overseer of that section, did not seem surprised. When Domingos spoke to him about the disappearance, he looked up from the plans he was consulting and then, with a smile, said casually:

"Don't worry. Nothing has happened to him, for sure..."

The trust in the engineer Silvester, the machine technician, whom all the people in the encampment addressed as Mr Engineer, was of long standing. It dated from the time when Domingos, still a child merely learning to grease and clean the tractors of the Sugar Company, had heard a conversation which encouraged him to go up to the technician and always to seek a job on the site where he would be working. There was this, and now in addition the talks he guessed at between Sousinha and Silvester on the dam sight. The driller had never said anything to him, though Domingos Xavier and Sousinha fell every day into discussions on topics, which the people, even in the *sanzalas*, treat only in whispers. Domingos never had the nerve to ask. But it came out one day by chance. He remembered very well

the circumstances: on the night before, Timothy, a skinny lad who was timekeeper in the electricity section, had been caught in his cubby-hole by the storeroom reading pamphlets which were circulating in Luanda and they found in his suitcase some books - Domingos and Sousinha did not know the titles - which the police did not approve of. Mr Simon, a friendly old man in the workshop, very secretively told Domingos that the lad was not alone when the Administrator came to arrest him. The other person with him had fled through the little window at the back. It was after one in the morning when this happened, but old Simon, with his chronic insomnia brought from Sao Paulo in Brazil, was at his window and saw a shadow running away; he had not taken much notice, thinking it was an affair over a woman. But later the name he whispered to Domingos, who was having the play on the tractor tracks checked, but of which he could not be certain, was not a revelation for the tractor driver but a confirmation of what he had guessed. For on the day of the incident, Sousinha had spoken to him:

"You know, friend Domingos! I'm upset. That business of Timothy... Did you know him well?"

"No. The lad lived very much on his own, nobody spoke to him; all the people, there in the quarries, said that he was dangerous, one of those studious types... In the end, look! They came to take him."

"But why, *mano*? When the lad didn't talk, didn't get mixed up in things, went on with his studies only?"

Domingos smiled, scratching at the earth with a small stick, then confided:

"Look, *mano*! Today I was being told that he was one of the good ones. This lad had a brain. Books and those pamphlets from Luanda."

Sousinha opened his mouth as if in surprise and seized the opportunity. He said tentatively:

"I don't believe it, *mano*. It can't be!"

"It must be true. The person who told me doesn't tell lies."

"So who told you then?"

Domingos' laugh made him aware that he would not make any headway like this. Sousinha smiled back and then Domingos began to tell his story:

"Look, *mano*! I was waiting for the chance to explain. Friends don't have secrets from each other. So I'm going to tell you. But you swear you won't tell anyone else."

"I swear, on my word of honour. You can talk!"

Domingos moved the rock on which he sat closer to the other and, changing his voice to a light hum to merge into the other noises of the *sar-zala*, he whispered:

"I know that you are close to Silvester. That engineer puts a lot of

trust in you, I can tell you! Where he goes, I go too. Where he goes, he always manages a slot for me. He says that I am a good tractor driver. There was the time when they put me on the night shift. For a month the shift wasn't changed; only the whites had day shifts, but for me and Carlitos never! I complained to the foreman, he wanted to dock me half a day's pay. With that, I went to speak to the engineer...."

Sousinha, leaning towards his friend and gripped by the clear and direct words of the tractor driver, was nodding his head in approval. Domingos Xavier, taking pride in his connection, explained:

"You understand, brother! He isn't one of those whites who looks after you so that you will like him, or to feel good out of sentimentality. No! I know that sort well, *mano* Sousa. I know that sort very well... If one day you miss out on raising your hat, they are straightaway saying that you are ungrateful, all the blacks are the same, and they end up sending you to the Post. This man isn't like that, friend Sousa! With this one his head's in charge..."

"Sorry" His heart too. If you had seen him this morning when they told him about Timothy's difficulty. Eh! He went really white, white as that wall. It's not only his head, no!"

The tractor driver made a vague gesture, trying to back up what he had said, trying to put it in another way, but said only:

"I know. It's not that... But you understand, don't you? He isn't like the others, no. I knew him at the Bom-Jesus sugar-fields. There I was only an apprentice to the tractor driver..."

In Domingos Xavier's quiet voice the engineer came to life with his slight, nervous look, his glasses with their thick lenses, his habitual shorts, his quick, smiling talk.

"He didn't dock anyone's pay without hearing the foreman and the aggrieved man. It was like a court. Heavens, how many times the foreman had to back down!..."

The tractor driver supported his tale with details, quoted instances, imitated the engineer in his poor *Kimbundu* with its Portuguese accent. But Sousinha impatiently lit his pipe, drew two puffs, and pressed:

"Go on with the story, *mano*, go on! I know all that already, I know it well...."

"Well then! One day the manager came to our encampment at midday and kicked over all the tins of fufu and fish; he said that we all had to go to the canteen, where there was good food!"

"How, how could he?"

"Just like that, *mano*. The shopkeeper was a friend of the manager, and had set up a canteen there. He had soup, macaroni, only the whites' food,

and badly cooked. And so expensive, I can't tell you. Those of us on the tractors and the hoppers wouldn't take it. We went on cooking our fufu and cassava; we ate our own food, you see. I can't tell you, *mano* Sousa, I can't tell you!"

And stretching himself, he drank in the fresh air. Gravely, he put his hands on his friend's frail shoulders and went on:

"It was just like I am talking to you, Sousa. One day he put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Domingos, you are a good tractor driver. But more important, you are a good man, a good Angolan." Word of honour, *mano* Sousa, word of honour! My heart went into my mouth when he said this. I'd never heard anything like that said by a white man. Then, when I was going away, he said to me very softly: "You understand, Domingos, I too am an Angolan. Study! If you can, study. You will be a good engineer." And he went off quickly, with that knock of his. I can't forget, *mano* Sousa I can't!"

Sousinha stood up, scratched his chin, shifted his gaze to the grass, went on smoking in silence. The night made itself felt in all the tiny disturbances of its silence, broken only by the steady roar of the Kuanza below. Sousa sat down again and, already smiling, told his friend:

"I already knew this story, *mano*. He did this to you because you stayed behind the tractor to listen to him quarrelling with the manager about the people's right to live as we live, with our things, our food, just as we want. Isn't that true?"

"How did you know?"

Sousa put out his pipe and whispered to his friend,

"Listen, Domingos! Don't tell anyone else, but don't you ever forget: Silvester is our friend."

And he went in, into the shade of his hut, to rest his thin, dry body, jarred all day long by the thudding of the pneumatic drill. And no one ever saw him again on the works site or in the *sanzala*.

At first they went on looking, Zefa even went to the town; at the administration they did not know anything, friends amongst the *cipaios* confirmed that they had not arrested him, but later no one thought more about the workman. Domingos Xavier, his friend, at first worried, later bit by bit was finding out the reason for his friend's disappearance. Thinking about it, he felt rather sad, because Sousinha could have warned him. But nothing, no one knew anything. Only the engineer Silverster, overseer of that section, did not seem surprised. When Domingos spoke to him about the disappearance, he looked up from the plans he was consulting and then, with a smile, said casually:

"Don't worry. Nothing has happened to him, for sure..."

The trust in the engineer Silvester, the machine technician, whom all the people in the encampment addressed as Mr Engineer, was of long standing. It dated from the time when Domingos, still a child merely learning to grease and clean the tractors of the Sugar Company, had heard a conversation which encouraged him to go up to the technician and always to seek a job on the site where he would be working. There was this, and now in addition the talks he guessed at between Sousinha and Silvester on the dam site. The driller had never said anything to him, though Domingos Xavier and Sousinha fell every day into discussions on topics, which the people, even in the *senzalas*, treat only in whispers. Domingos never had the nerve to ask. But it came out one day by chance. He remembered very well the circumstances: on the night before, Timothy, a skinny lad who was timekeeper in the electricity section, had been caught in his cubby-hole by the storeroom reading pamphlets which were circulating in Luanda and they found in his suitcase some books - Domingos and Sousinha did not know the titles - which the police did not approve of. Mr Simon, a friendly old man in the workshop, very secretively told Domingos that the lad was not alone when the Administrator came to arrest him. The other person with him had fled through the little window at the back. It was after one in the morning when this happened, but old Simon, with his chronic insomnia brought from Sao Paulo in Brazil, was at his window and saw a shadow running away; he had not taken much notice, thinking it was an affair over a woman. But later the name he whispered to Domingos, who was having the play on the tractor tracks checked, but of which he could not be certain, was not a revelation for the tractor driver but a confirmation of what he had guessed. For on the day of the incident, Sousinha had spoken to him:

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ever saw him again on the works site or in the *sanzala*.

Now Domingos Xavier, playing with baby Basto on his mat, is remembering his friend. And the voice of Mama Zefa, constantly mourning her son, pains his heart, something makes him sad and worried this end of afternoon.

And it was already nine o'clock at night, with the full moon over the *sanzala* silvering the fast waters of the Kuanza between the hills, when the sound of a truck by the huts put fear into the hearts of mothers and sweethearts. The blue truck was the enemy; whenever it came, someone would go bound and battered on the back of the truck to the town. Then, bang! He did not return or he returned all beaten up with hands and feet swollen. Once the truck began a round of the encampment, like a kite hovering over young chickens, no father knew any more if on the next day he would see his son return from work; or clock in; or answer the foreman's morning roll-call.

Small lamps were lit, mothers with their babies peered fearfully from doorways. The truck had already stopped, with its headlights pointed at Domingos' hut, and the *cipaios* were banging their truncheons on the door and bellowing for it to be opened. The Cadet, who had come at the wheel, stood a little way back, holding a pistol.

And that night the people saw Domingos come out, still buttoning his trousers, with his eyes almost blinded by the truck's headlights; the beating began inside the hut, with Maria in tears and the child Sebastian awoken and wailing. Two *cipaios* held the tractor driver while a third covered him with punches and kicks. Domingos Xavier, a tall, thin man, bowed deeply in instinctive self-defence, and still tried to run back to his *companheira*, but the Cadet gave him a quick tap on the neck with the pistol butt. The *cipaios* grabbing him by arms and legs, threw him onto the back of the truck.

As night fell on the truck rolling on its way, only the moans of Maria and the crying of baby Sebastian could be heard over the silence of the awakened people. Then the women surrounded Maria, someone tied Basto on her back, hushed the baby. Throughout the night the silence was broken by sobs, children's crying, soft talk of pain, humiliation, hope...

Sliding like the waters of the river, these images filled Domingos Xavier's thoughts; they loomed in the haze of a tired brain, aching from the *cipaios'* boots, while the moonlight spread its soft shawl over the body sprawled in a cell. The white light penetrated a small opening guarded by steel mesh, and the tractor driver, who could hardly lift his head, glimpsed the cloudless blue sky through swollen eyelids full of sand. It was the blue sky and the moon of his land that watched over him...

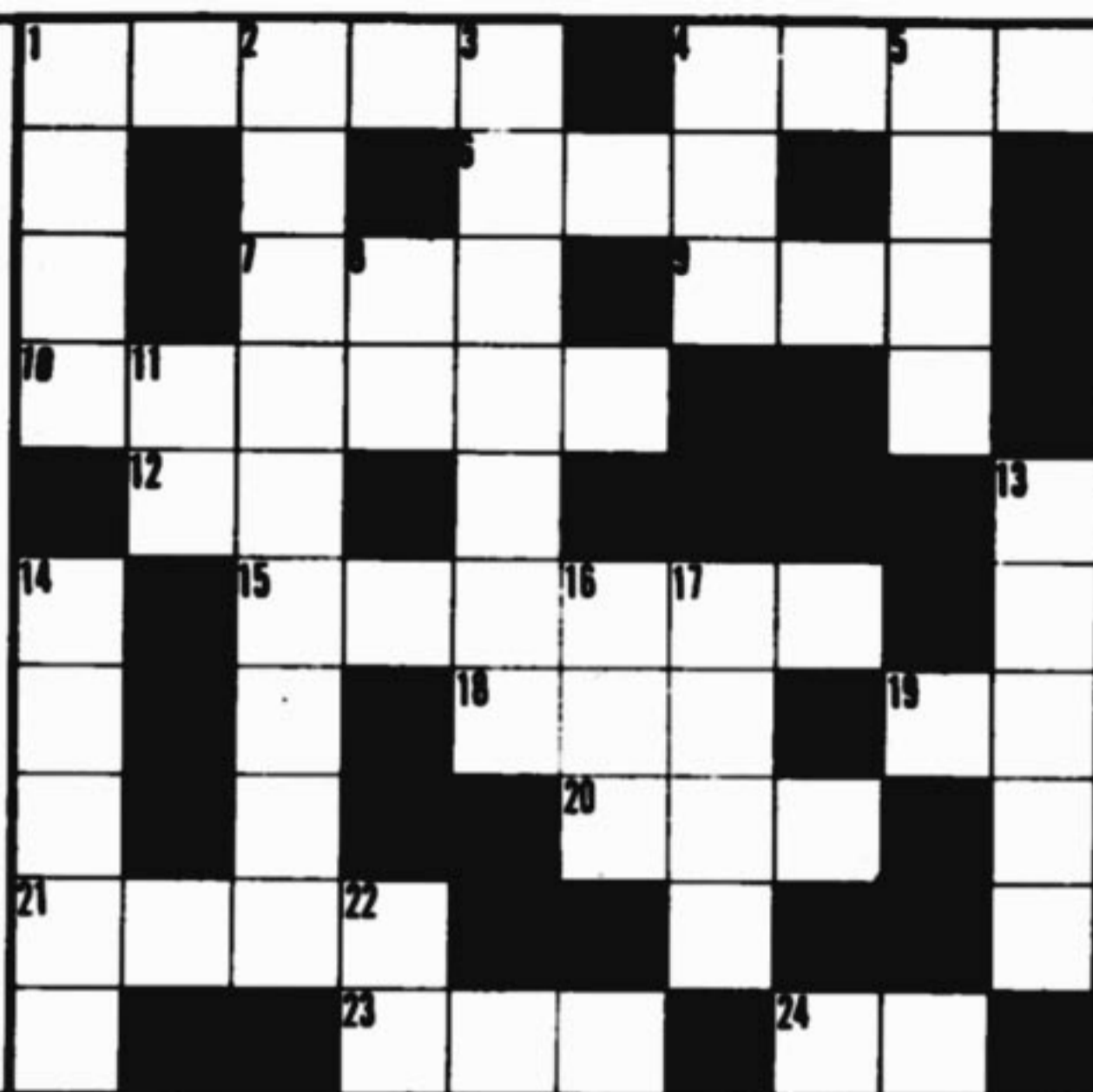
It was an effort for his long, thin and now battered body to fit in the cell. He did not remember being brought there; everything was strange, distant, like the white light of the moon. His chest ached in exceptional pain. He groaned, first biting his lips, then more loudly, when he succeeded in stretching out on the narrow flagstone which almost filled the cell. Face down, he felt the pains from the beatings on his hands and feet, so swollen that he could not rest them on the cement. Thoughts ran like the waters of his beloved Kuanza: Maria sitting in the doorway, half-past six, carrying baby Basti on her back, or braiding his hair; Maria going out with the other women, down to the river, where the rapids began, to wash clothes; and the river, the broad Kuanza which had witnessed his birth, up on the plateau just a trickle of water, just a noisy child, but which he knew farther on running broad, calm and powerful towards the sea. But there, where Maria and the women of the people did their washing on the rocks, it was angry, maddened by the hills which closed it in, the granite bends which it had cut centuries ago, roaring with rage in the rapids, breaking up into spray, then tamed, running down to Muxima.

And more images, more visions, with the moonlight playing on the cell. The long road; the baobabs in flower; the dawn journey in the truck after a night at the Administration. Feet, hands and neck tied by the same rope and the good smell of earth damp with the night-time dew coming to his nostrils, filling his chest. The blind beating by the *cipaio* at any movement. But the morning sun kissed his swollen face, then showed him the great iron-clad door opening before him on this clear morning, with the *cipaios* beating and chasing back the people, whose solidarity he felt through their silence and whom he saw before his sticky, swollen eyes. And in this way he went through the door; he did not feel the blows of the *cipaios*; he saw only the women with their babies wrapped up in their clothes, the snivelling babies with frightened eyes - they came to people his memories. Snotty, barefooted children, peeping with fear, there in the town, when they bundled him off the truck. But when had it all happened? When? The moonlight made all his memories the same, confused images in time; his body ached, his back, torn by the bull-hide whip, was glued to his shirt, his tongue was a piece of swollen meat in his dry mouth. His eyes were sticking, hands and feet swollen from the caning with a *palma-toria* Maria with baby Basti, crying and bawling - everything crowded his memory. He closed his eyes and the Kuanza ran in the moonlight, roaring and angry or tame and gentle, a broad sea without waves. Sleep came and conquered everything, everything, even the fatigue and the determination to stay awake, to think. But sleep was like the Kuanza, nothing withstood it. Stretched out, he let himself float on the river of his childhood, of the plateau which had witnessed his birth.



Politicsword

No. 6



Clues

ACROSS

1. His sentence was recently commuted to life imprisonment.
4. ... was founded by the Luthuli Detachment.
6. Not true.
7. Monopoly concern.
9. Mary Bernard (charged for ANC activities) is one.
10. Thinly scattered.
12. Before noon.
15. Not human.
18. Put the ... among pigeons.
19. Similarly.
20. Every ... Dick and Harry.
21. It is a bird.
23. Name of our first SG.
24. Initials of Ma-Sisulu.

DOWN

1. Coherent unit of matter with no specific shape.
2. Capital of Pakistan.
3. The rules are somewhat ...
4. An animal's secret lying place.
5. A guerrilla moves like it.
8. Trade Rights.
11. Father.
13. She became Vice-President of SACTU in 1960.
14. Mandela ... our people.
16. Material for landing gymnastics.
17. Bomb dropped in Nagasaki and Hiroshima in 1945.
22. Outsize.

See Answers in DAWN Vol.7 No.7

DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY

Radio Lusaka

Shortwave 31mb, 9505 KHz

7.00 p.m. Daily
10.15-10.45 p.m. Wednesday
9.30-10.00 p.m. Thursday
10.15-10.45 p.m. Friday

Shortwave 25mb, 11880 KHz

8.00-8.45 a.m. Sunday

Radio Luanda

Shortwave 31mb, 9535 KHz
and 25mb

7.30 p.m. Monday-Saturday
8.30 p.m. Sunday

Radio Madagascar

Shortwave 49mb, 6135 KHz

7.00-9.00 p.m. Monday-Saturday
7.00-8.00 Sunday

Radio Ethiopia

Shortwave 31mb, 9595 KHz

9.30-10.00 p.m. Daily

Radio Tanzania

Shortwave 31mb, 9750 KHz

8.15 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, Friday
6.15 a.m. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

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

WE DEMAND AN

END TO THE

EXECUTION OF

THE

PEOPLE OF

SOUTH AFRICA!!



BOTHA THE BUTCHER