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# DAWN

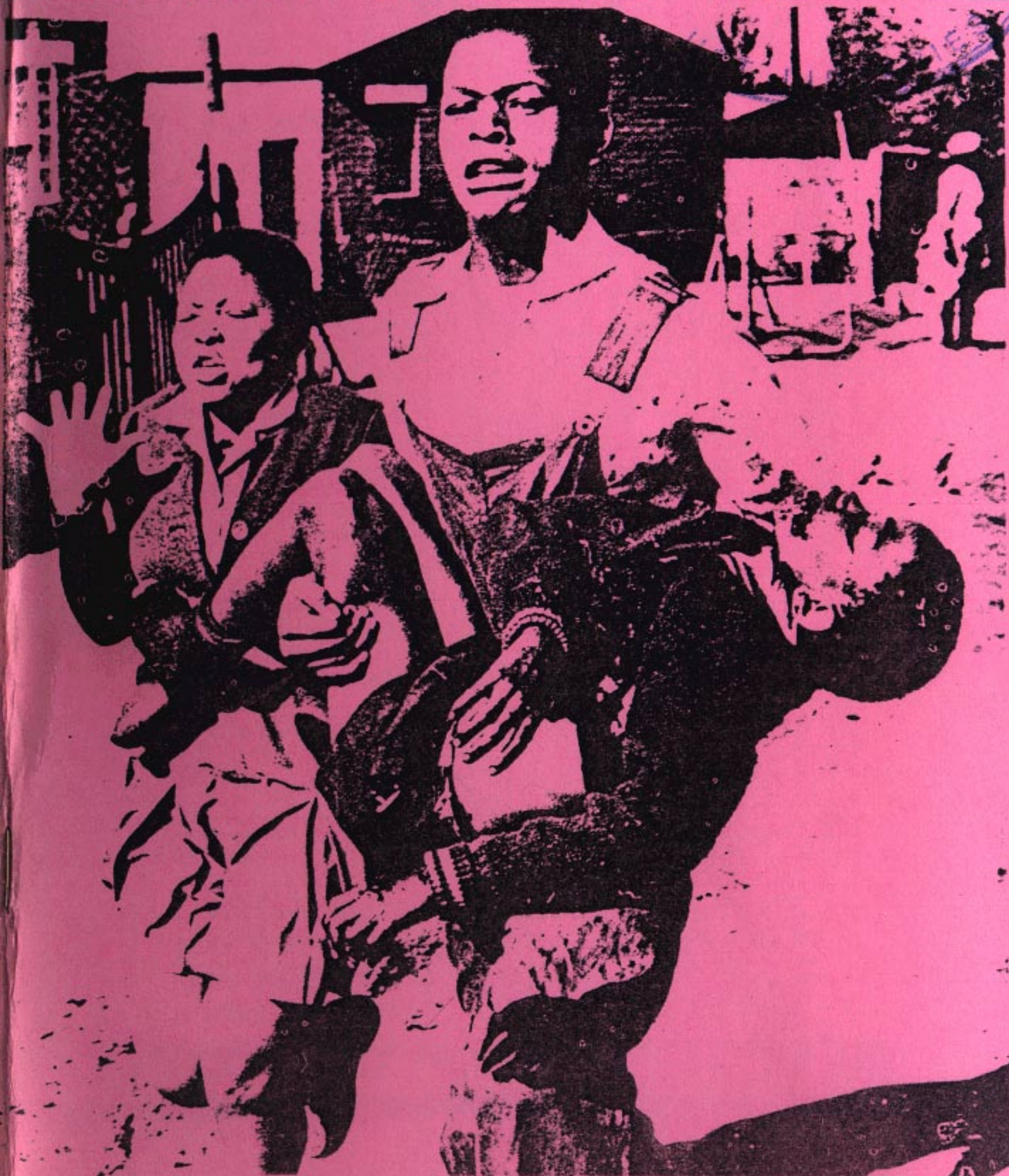
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# Dawn

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\* Cover: The first martyr of the June 16 1976  
Upsurges, Hector Petersen, being  
carried to a waiting car after he was  
shot by the fascist Pretoria police.

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



## Editorial Comment

# FORWARD TO HIGHER SUMMITS!

Since the inauguration of the fascist Republic of South Africa - an exclusively whites-only affair - two decades ago, a rising tide of r e p r e s s i o n has rippled over the black millions without let-up, the aim of which was to silence the voice of protest. Pretending to let bygones pass, the Pretoria nazis sought to drag us to an ignominious celebration of racist Republic day through festivities during which our blood was to fuel the lights. They wanted us to glee over our degradation and exalt with them on republic day - a day which to our oppressed people is but yet another huge nail driven home to lock us out in the cold. For the umpteenth time the united rejection of white minority rule by our people has taught the fascists that we are not rabbits to be amused with carrots.

The t r e m e n d o u s success of the campaign to boycott the May 31st fascist festivities was a powerful blow against racist arrogance and yet a giant stride towards perfecting the dreaded weapon of the oppressed; Unity in action.



The patriotic organisations of our country, representing people from different walks of life that actively responded with unparalleled zeal to the anti-republic day call, in their deeds, re-affirmed the resolve of the people to fight for the democratisation of social life in South Africa. They refused to be cowed down by the massive mobilisation of fascist forces; they defied arrests and bannings; they refused to be enticed with bribes and other trinkets. This goes to show the extent to which our people are now prepared to "shoulder responsibilities and to sacrifice."

Great was also the contribution of the gallant Umkhonto combatants whose lightning operations were perfectly in step with the mood of the campaign. Our comrades, the People's soldiers, once more demonstrated their superiority at skillful exercise of tactics. They defied all security safeguards and undermined the spy networks of the fascists to carry out these most successful strikes against symbols of oppression. This is but the beginning of great things to come!

Our heroic people have demonstrated the tremendous effectiveness of united militancy. Racist republic day was deservedly reduced to a guarded military parade to the accompaniment of empty harangues on the future of white domination. Our oppressed have conquered one summit. Let us mobilise our energy to conquer much higher summits. The initiative is ours and we should use it to build upon the victories scored.

Shame unto the Bantustan stooges who crawled to the republic festivities in response to the white-man baas' snap of the finger. Let us refuse to be toyed with by these care-taker oppressors who are dragging us to the don-gas. With our own hands we must fight for the realisation of the freedom demands enshrined in the Freedom Charter. The time has come when we should rise up as one man to build a new social order that will rid our country and people of all woes and sufferings.

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



# *“We Congratulate Our People...”*

## **Comrade President O.R. Tambo on the Outcome of the anti- republic day Campaign**

“... We started this year with a session of the racist Parliament which characteristically excluded any sort of participation by the majority of the people of South Africa, particularly the Blacks. Towards the end of the session, to be precise on the 29th of January (I think the 28th) a general election was announced. The following day by way of preparing the ground for the unity of the racist forces in our country, the regime sent a commando across the borders of our country into Mozambique, there to massacre members of the African National Congress. They were being sacrificed in order to ensure that the racists supported the regime. Then came the election campaign in which the majority - the Blacks, were onlookers. The issues discussed in the election were about the future of our country, our future. A general election took place at the end of April and then started the month of the celebrations. In all this, up to the end of April, we were treated as if we did not exist. But then we were expected to celebrate that very non-existence. This is why at the beginning of the year in our annual message to the people of South Africa, we declared: There was nothing to celebrate and that we should boycott the celebrations.



*Comrade President O.R. Tambo*



"To celebrate twenty years of the republic was to add an injury to the insult of which we have been a continuing victim. The celebrations were meant to glorify and triumph over 20 years which witnessed an escalation of oppression, exploitation and repression in our country. Colonial domination which was worsening by the day at a time when everywhere else in Africa countries were becoming independent. The celebrations were to glorify and gloat over the twenty years in which the Apartheid system has killed hundreds of thousands of Black children, massacred hundreds and shattered thousands of families. Twenty years of inferior education for the majority of the people. 20 years of forcible uprooting of whole communities, of families and individuals from their rightful homes and dumping them somewhere away from the public as if they were so much refuse. 20 years of arrests, detentions, torture, imprisonment and assassinations and of massacres perpetrated not only within South Africa but in the entire region of Southern Africa. Twenty years of repression, murder and massacre in Namibia. 20 years of Apartheid in all its naked inhumanity. Twenty years of unrelenting misery and suffering at the hands of a racist minority regime. This was a theme of the celebrations. And with this sordid record of Apartheid rule not only was there nothing to celebrate. The celebrations were themselves an act of provocation, a highly reckless exercise of power by a racist minority unwanted, rejected and hated by the majority in South Africa, by the people of Africa and the vast majority of the peoples of the world. The very least we could have done as a people was to boycott the celebrations. Those who called for this - for the boycott - the organisations which supported the boycott, the individuals, the entire people were doing the very least that was expected of a self-respecting people in the face of an act of provocation. And so there was a boycott.

### **UNITED OPPOSITION**

"At no time in the past 20 years have the majority of the people of our country so effectively acted out their united opposition to the Apartheid racist regime. Seldom has the polarisation between the racist minority and the mass of the people been more strikingly dramatised. Any mandate, which racist Prime Minister Botha may claim to have obtained from an electorate in April this year, has been completely annulled by the unanimous voice of the voteless supported by white patriots and true democrats who have firmly, loudly and demonstrably declared: 'No to the white minority racist republic!'



The nation-wide boycott has been the authentic voice of South Africa, clearly distinguishable from that of racists and colonialists together with their spies and puppets.

"The African National Congress does not claim any exclusive responsibility for the success of the boycott. We are united in demanding a new South Africa. What we have needed and sought was an occasion for acting together in unity. That occasion and opportunity came when the fascists called for the celebration of their republic. We all seized upon that opportunity. The youth and workers, the churches and the women, in urban and rural areas, leading personalities in our country, various political, youth and students, civic, religious and cultural organisations, all took up the great theme; there is nothing to celebrate!

"For our part we congratulate you all. We congratulate our people, we congratulate the leaders, the organisers, the campaigners and other fighters for a just, democratic and non-racial South Africa. The African National Congress sought to contribute to the effort at united action. To encourage, to give effect to a united action including action by way of a nation-wide stay-at-home for three days. A call which was commensurate with the monstrosity of the crime that is being perpetrated against us. For it is not just the day, the 31st of May that is at issue. It is our life, our country, past, present and future. We have to act boldly. We have to sacrifice in a big way if we are to deserve the victory that awaits us. The armed units of the African National Congress, members of Umkhonto we Sizwe - the Spear of the Nation - sharpened and gave a cutting edge to the people's protests at the celebrations. Umkhonto added a qualitative element to the massive dimensions of the boycott. The Spear of the Nation is the Spear of the People, it is as strong as the people and it will relentlessly pursue the goal of liberation through the people and as an integral part of the people.

"We call upon all our people, all our patriots to support, to defend, to protect and to fight with the Spear. The People's Spear, the Nation's Spear. The struggle must continue and continues.

### **UNITY IN ACTION**

"The end of May 1981 is of course not an end of the struggle to win power for the majority of all South Africans, but the end of May should mark the end of desperate unco-ordinated mass action. We are united, let us stay united and use that unity in joint actions and mutual support. Our march to



the goal of freedom consists of victories and enemy reprisals. These reprisals have become more vicious and desperate, the closer we approach our goal. Today the workers are on strike - let us support them. Some big firms (and I may say at their peril) are getting into the habit of dismissing workers who demand justice - let us defend the workers. Leaders of trade unions, of students' organisations and other activists of our struggle are being detained, prosecuted or otherwise victimised - let us defend them, let us demand their release.

"We have had the Matola Massacre of this year (January this year). The enemy is planning more reprisals inside and outside South Africa. We must stand firm and march on. Victory awaits us beyond the massacres and assassinations. The notorious Sellous Scouts are now being recruited into the South African army, but will be dressed in a uniform of a Bantustan. They will perpetrate unspeakable atrocities and blame them on the African National Congress and the liberation movement. They have done that in Zimbabwe. Let us be vigilant and refuse to be deceived or cowed. The appearance of the Sellous Scouts on our soil means that our struggle is gathering a momentum that will soon put South Africa - the last colonial stronghold, among the liberated countries of Africa.

"We are in June - the month of our children. June the 1st is observed throughout the world as the International Children's Day. For us in South Africa, June the 1st focuses our attention on June 16th and after. Many of the survivors of the Massacre of Soweto in 1976 and the butchery that followed in other parts of our country, are bearing arms today. They are in the country, they are fighting. In doing so they are not only ensuring our liberation, but are paying the only fitting tribute to fallen heroes. They are continuing the struggle until victory is won. Let us therefore observe the month of June in struggle and in united struggle and if our struggle means hunger, loss of jobs, torture, imprisonment, wounds and death, that is but the price all lovers of freedom, all fighters for liberation have had to pay for their freedom and their liberation. We have consistently as a people demonstrated our determination to pay the price of freedom, whatever it is.

"That is why the enemy is becoming deperate. Therefore, the struggle must continue and continues."

**MAATLA KE A RONA!**



# FIVE YEARS FROM SOWETO

Below we publish a review of speeches delivered at a Fifth Anniversary of June 16 commemorative meeting held in one MK military camp somewhere in the thickets of Africa. The two day long occasion was punctuated by stirring revolutionary songs and war-chants. It was evidently an occasion of rededication and the participants not only vowed to avenge the blood of the June 16 martyrs, but also to uncompromisingly pursue the goal of freedom in our life-time to the bitter end.

The events of June 16 1976 have gone down as a milepost in the recent history of our struggle. They demonstrated complete disenchantment of the people with the Apartheid status quo, and in their wake, galvanised the rising militancy of the oppressed into an avalanche that is fast gathering energy. The five years that have elapsed since this world-shaking episode have brought to the fore the contradictions between oppressor and oppressed in the sharpest form. On the other hand this period witnessed the registration of unprecedented success in the area of political organisation and unity of all strata and sections of our community around local and national issues that characterise apartheid policies in practice. Above all, the generation of June 16 militants who





once engaged the fascist police bare-handed in running battles, only bearing modern arms, but have used them in several lightning strikes against the boer-fascist oppressor.

True to the words of the MK manifesto, they are resolved not to submit, but to hit back and to pursue the goal of popular liberation to its logical conclusion. This unflinching determination is eddying from the crucible of the Soweto Massacres and we vow to kindle it into an inferno that will devour the pillars of boer-fascist tyranny. This vow was echoed throughout the two day commemorative meeting that was marked by a high tempo of vengeful anger.

The speakers - the Umkhonto combatants themselves - took us back to the events preceeding June 16 1976 and in so doing brought to light historical processes that led to "Bloody Wednesday" and correctly concluded that the events of 1976 have brought forth the present political ferment, characterised by broader participation of the oppressed majority. These are the fruits of the lessons of Soweto. In this connection one speaker, **COMRADE ELDRIDGE KATSE** stressed: "Today the lesson that we draw from the 1976 uprisings is that the students and the Youth in general, are a militant component of our national liberation struggle. And to successfully play their role, the youth need the experience and leadership of their parents..." This emphasises the need for the youth to be organised into active fighters and rally behind the authentic vanguard, the ANC, under its tried and tested leadership.

The meeting also noted the ill-intended and fallacious propaganda of the reactionary camp which sought to refute and completely disregard the indispensable role of our vanguard movement prior to, during and after the uprisings. The tremendous efforts of heroic African National Congress militants working from underground e.g. Mdluli, Ndzanga, etc., and the countless pamphlet bombs and broadcasts were but some of the examples quoted. In a hammering conclusion **COMRADE VICTOR TSHABALALA** stated, "Comrades, the national liberation movement of our country headed by the ANC has never left the fate of our people to be decided by the boers. It is no secret that underground workers of our movement had already started to reach our people in the late 60s through leaflets, journals, broadcasts which acted as collective educators, organiser and agitator of our people calling them to rise up and fight the fascist tyranny to the finish." In the same tone **COMRADE DAVID KGABANG** further pointed out, "... This proves once more that despite all difficulties our movement faced, it



made all means in its power to reach and lead the people. We are better witnesses and part of the swelling ranks of the MK since June 16... We are even better witnesses and part of the armed operations carried out by the gallant fighters of MK since this day five years ago. We are also better witnesses and part of the massive mass mobilisation of the entire people of South Africa, under the powerful guidance of our movement..."

The impact of the uprisings crowned as it were by the rising militancy internally, also left an indelible imprint in the international arena therefore elevating our own struggle to yet greater heights in these five years. Comrade David Kgabang appreciating these developments pointed out once more; "In conferences all over the world, Apartheid South Africa appears on the agenda, with condemnations and denunciations from all quarters in support of our cause... and our movement. Our struggle is and will never be isolated from the general struggles of oppressed peoples in the world. The Thatcher and Reagan lunatics' support of the apartheid regime will not help."

#### THE WAY FORWARD

The June 16 events were a response to a deepening crisis that slices through the social life of the black majority. As **COMRADE AMOS MOKOENA** noted, "All indications point out that more Sowetos are (likely to erupt - Ed.) until the economic and social relations upon which the apartheid system is based are toppled by forceful seizure of political power." The current efforts of white minority rule at entrenching and consolidating its positions as against the rising tide of mass anger and disenchantment with their role of serfs to the whites further gives weight to this correct argument.

In the light of the stubbornness and unbending arrogance of the fascist boer authorities, greater demands are imposed on our freedom struggle. The demand is for our people to build upon the achievements of the past five years. To march forward in organised formations to assail the castle of Afrikanerdom and uproot the obnoxious apartheid system.

Let us strive to spread the spirit of June 16 to the countryside, there to fight for unity against the pig-sty reserves - the Bantustans. The Youth of our country should more than ever before launch nationwide campaigns aimed at forging unity in action of the national forces. They must rally the militants of our country in even greater numbers into the ANC and Umkhonto we Sizwe. And as Comrade President O.R. Tambo states:



"... to become part of the disciplined vanguard forces of our revolution. These young people, both black and white who have been and are being drawn into the enemy forces of repression - the army and police - must realise that to d e d i c a t e their young lives to a lost and hopeless cause is to refuse to contribute in bringing into being a country which they can truly call theirs, a country in which they can mature and pass away in peace and happiness. We call on these to guarantee their future by coming ever to the side of freedom, equality and democracy."

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# **INHERITORS OF RICH TRADITIONS**

**- JOYCE MEKONG**

Our struggle for freedom from the colonial fascist regime of P r e t o r i a has reached a decisive stage. Spurred on by our past achievements our entire people have taken their positions in the trenches of our revolution. The overriding task now is to steadfastly hold on to these positions, yielding no ground to the racist oppressors, and, advancing together as one man, deliver crushing blows at the common enemy. The time has come when our all-embracing slogan "ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE" must be translated into reality.

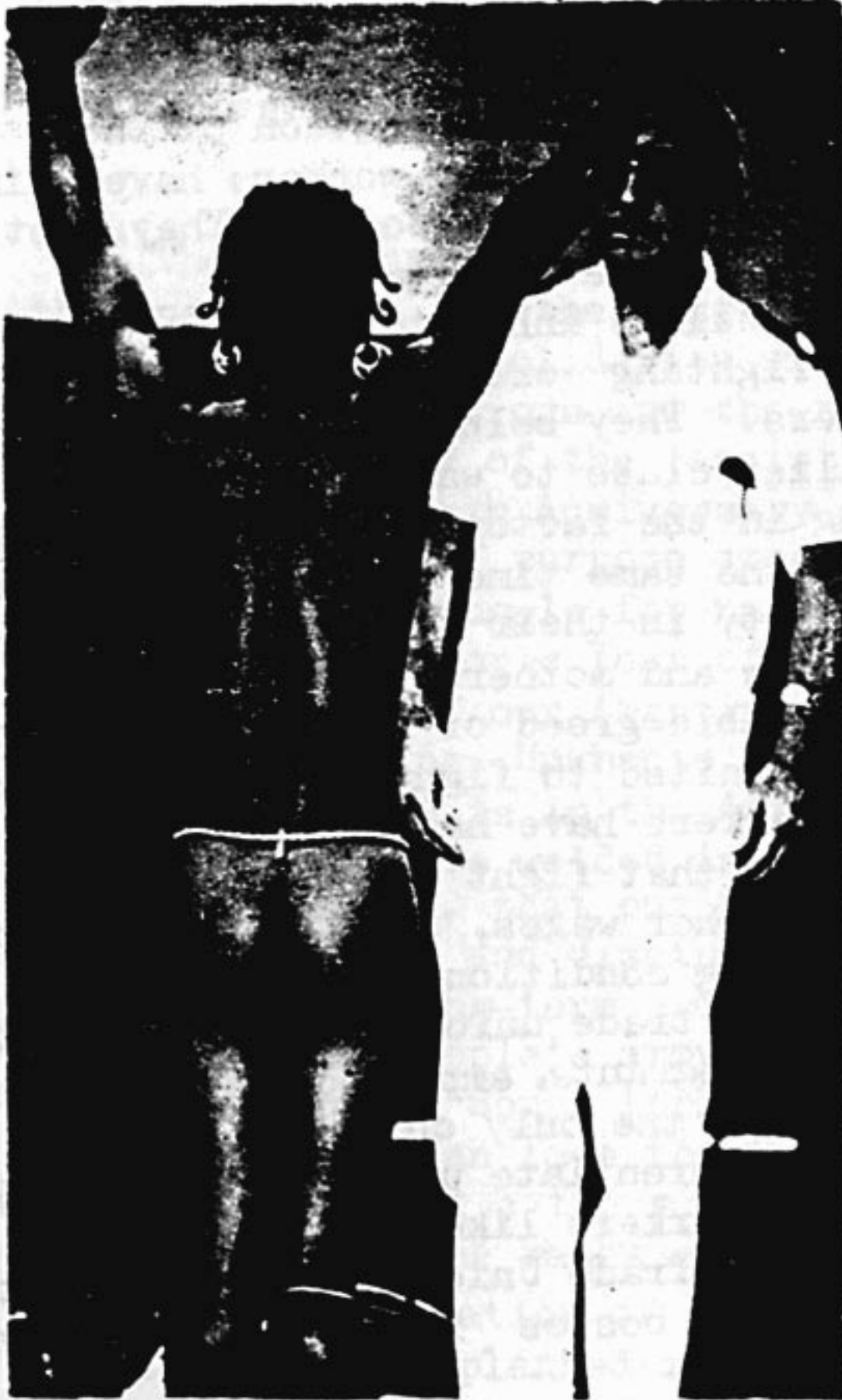
For this reason our organiser, educator and leader, the African National Congress, has made a special call to the fighting youth of our country - working youth, the youth in the rural areas, students, young women and young Christians - to let loose their torrents of boundless, controlled and purposeful wrath for victory. To live up to this great challenge, as we must and definitely will, means that as we courageously fight side by side with our parents we must at the same time ensure the total mobilisation of all the sections of this army of young fighters. This requires, among other things, an understanding of the problems facing each section in t h e



context of the social and political problems facing the whole community and on this basis examine their potential and actual role in our liberation struggle. Let us start with the working youth.

## NO FUTURE UNDER APARTHEID

The realisation by the young black workers that in South Africa they have no future is frustrating. Once they start seeking work they begin to understand practically what job reservation means for the millions of our people. Those who escaped the condemnation of being exploited from childhood and had their time wasted in a bantu education classroom are no better; this unequal and racist system of education only prepares them to be docile appendages of the white skilled workers. As a result young black workers can only be employed in the most menial jobs. Even for this type of employment the bosses are reluctant to take young workers.



This can be seen in the typical advertisements for vacancies: "WE WANT A STRONG BANTU WITH EXPERIENCE AND GOOD REFERENCES" - in this 'references' is included one's political inclination. Compared with the rest of the black workers who are themselves super-exploited young workers are underpaid. Included here are the young migrant workers who, like their fathers, are stripped off all manhood especially in the mines. They spend the best part of their lives (their life span is extremely short) in the bowels of the earth with intense heat and waist high muddy water in some of the mines. They are pushed around by the white overseers as they dig gold and other minerals for the idling bosses. From this hell they are herded into the prison compounds to be locked



up, and with no time to rest. Young black workers are the first to be sacked when the capitalist economy is hit by crises. With the crises assuming a relatively permanent character, they form a large proportion of the unemployed with no relief funds. Condemned to this fruitless existence, young black workers are driven down the drain. They are daily arrested for countless pass 'offences' and sent to the notorious farms like the one in Bethal to slave. Some are forced into the violent world of crime and a life-time of imprisonment. Worse still, others join the enemy camp as puppet soldiers, police and spies to be used in perpetrating the brutal oppression and exploitation of their own people.

## TRADE UNIONS

These problems and those of other sections of the youth are not just youth problems. They flow from the oppressive and exploitative apartheid system. They are problems of the entire community. And though the picture portrayed above is a gloomy one, the situation is not hopeless. There is a solution, and the only one - the total destruction of the entire apartheid system. Already our young workers have joined the older generation in fighting for freedom. They must make this involvement their life-time commitment.

Young workers are the immediate inheritors of the rich revolutionary traditions of fighting created by different generations of veteran workers. They belong to a class which though forced by the capitalist class to waste their lives sweating, bleeding and dying in the factories, mines and farms to enrich the owners are at the same time the class that holds the future of the entire society in their hands. Bitter experience has taught their fathers and mothers that they are defenceless against the insatiable greed of the bosses as long as they are not organised and united to fight for their common interests. That is why the workers have had to form trade unions, workers' organisations that fight for the immediate interests of this class like higher wages, short working hours, better working and living conditions. Those young workers who do not belong to any trade union, be it those who live in the urban areas or the migrants, employed or unemployed, must join trade unions. This is the only choice.

The working youth must differentiate unions which really fight for the interests of the workers like those affiliated to the South African Congress of Trade Unions from those which are merely the instruments of the bosses for weakening the



workers' struggle as is the case with most of the unions affiliated to FOFATUSA led by the traitor, Lucy Mvubelo. This goes along with the need to understand the unity of the struggle for the workers' immediate interests and the total liberation of the entire nation including the workers. In this connection, SACTU, a non-racial trade union coordinating body formed on the 5th March, 1955 and a close ally of the African National Congress in a common struggle, stated at its founding conference: "SACTU is conscious of the fact that the organising of the mass of workers for higher wages, better conditions of life and labour is inextricably bound up with a determined struggle for political rights and national liberation from all oppressive laws and practices. It follows that a mere struggle for economic rights of workers without participation in the general struggle for political emancipation would condemn the trade union movement to uselessness and to a betrayal of the interests of the workers." SACTU has consistently maintained this position even in the face of continued arrests and brutal torture, bannings and hangings.

## **NATIONAL LIBERATION**

The militant stand taken by the young workers, especially the unemployed, and the rest of the community during the 1976 June Uprisings in solidarity with the students, the subsequent mass political actions and the recent mammoth campaign against the celebrations of the fascist republic's formation which flowed into the 5th Anniversary of the June 16 Upheavals, confirm this unity of purpose among the different sections of our people in our struggle for national liberation.

In this historic Year of the Youth, young workers and other sections of our fighting youth must join the ANC and its military wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe, both inside and outside the country. It is in the African National Congress, which their parents have welded into an unmatched weapon and an impregnable shield, that our young workers can be moulded into highly conscious and disciplined organisers able to cope with the daily and long-term problems of our revolution. Umkhonto we Sizwe, our people's army for liberation has always opened its doors to all South African patriots, regardless of race or sex so that we can face the fascist enemy bullet for bullet and emerge victorious. Young workers must take their place in the ranks of Umkhonto we Sizwe. It is only through a combination of sustained country-wide mass political action and well planned military actions that we can win our freedom. Already many of the young workers who only five years



ago during the Soweto Upsurges and after carried stones and dustbin lids to face the fascist trigger-happy racist police are now in the ranks of the ANC and MK, armed both with AKs and politics, and organising our people and fighting the enemy throughout the country.

### **OTHER URGENT TASKS**

There are other urgent tasks of the revolution in whose fulfilment the working youth must play an important role. There are the youth organisations which play a significant role in our liberation struggle. These need unity and tenacity, strong points which young workers inherit from the veteran fighting workers and with which they must reinforce the joint efforts of their colleagues who are still at school. The level of organisation and political consciousness of the rural youth needs to be raised considerably and here the migrant working youth must contribute a lot with the help of their colleagues in the urban areas. There is also the crucial task of exposing the danger and treachery of serving in the bantustan puppet armies whose sole purpose is to massacre our people and the need to resist this; participation in the communities' battles for the destruction of the bantustan system and thus remove this obstacle to our people's unity. Young workers should always serve as a direct link between the older generation of the working class and the other sections of the youth.

### **A WELL-TRODDEN PATH**

The thorny but glorious path of the revolution which the working youth of our country is called upon to follow confidently until victory is won, is a well-trodden path. Many generations of young workers before them have courageously fought hand in hand with their mothers and fathers. We remember the generation of our heroic leaders, Comrades Moses Kotane and Johannes Nkosi who sacrificed their lives for our freedom. The latter fell at an early age of 25 while leading a Communist Party branch in Durban and actively involved in the trade union and national struggles. The former fell at the age of 73 on May 26, 1978. At the time, he was shouldering the highly demanding responsibilities of Treasurer-General of the ANC and Secretary-General of the South African Communist Party (SACP). Born in 1905 on September 3 and August 9 respectively, Comrades Kotane and Nkosi belonged to the first generation of African Communists on our soil.



This fine example of unflagging dedication was taken up by another generation of young workers, the generation of our leaders, Comrades Walter Sisulu and Elias Motsoaledi. Like Comrades Nelson Mandela and Oliver Tambo, Comrade Sisulu was a founder member of the African National Congress Youth League and was its first National Secretary. In 1953, he was in the delegation which represented the South African youth to the 3rd World Congress of the World Federation of Democratic Youth (WFDY) held in Bucharest. Comrade Motsoaledi was also very active in our national liberation struggle including trade unions. At the age of 24, he was elected branch Secretary of the ANC and a member of the Transvaal Provincial Executive of the ANC and was 27 years old when he became the Chairman of the Transvaal Council of Non-European Unions. During the historic Defiance Campaign against apartheid laws launched on June 26, 1952, Comrades Sisulu and Motsoaledi were in the forefront. When the time came for our people to take up arms they joined their efforts with other leaders to form Umkhonto we Sizwe on the 16th of December, 1961. Today they are among other leaders of our revolutionary struggle serving life sentences. They are continuing to fight with growing confidence in the victory of our people.

Surely, with such a rich tradition of struggle, the un-failing guidance of our people's vanguard movement, the ANC & their own experience to draw strength from, our working youth will live up to the challenges of our revolution. Our goal is clear - to completely destroy the oppressive and exploitative apartheid system and build a new South Africa of the Freedom Charter, a democratic country in which all our people will enjoy the fruits of their labour without the slightest degree of uncertainty or fear of the future. We must win freedom in our life-time.

**“ ... TO ALL WHO LIVE IN IT ... ”**

**- JOE CONGO**

**"South Africa belongs..."**

There is much that we have endured under a white skin that roams the mesh world of Apartheid. It should be a wonder to the racists first, and to fascists (if they merit classifications) secondly, why we have not become racists as well. A wonder because we do not believe in offering another plump cheek for





another slap. We do not hail from Gardens of Aden as angels of gentle mercy.

Under this white skin our life has been no music yet a gay song is not hard to find, we have known no warmth but cold we are not, it has been no smiles upon smiles yet laughter is plentiful. A far cry it has been from joy yet a lamenting nation we have never been, our past is a wound but how firmly entrenched we are in our pride. When we bury the Matola 12 we say this is "an hour of sadness and yet this moment of glory." For racists we should be made of matter outside of this world. What is there indeed to stop us becoming racists as well?

Apartheid lives, thriving as it does on a daily wrinkling of an African heart and mind, burying an African life into loaded sands of teeming skulls. Black backs squirm under the tonnage of tearing toil, castrating bright minds into high voltage misfits. It encases our minds under a barbed wire upbringing, ramming a racist go-ahead into our heads, knocking us clean of any clean ideas. The history that Apartheid has written into our heads may well make us ponder; Are Afrikaners human?

We were not born into a land of liberating ideas - our country's ideology is a torrent of venom. Our history has been derailed. Bantu education tells us we are now better savages. Our literature is advertisements, fashion whims and lipstick novels. Our minds go this way and that, holla-hoop style after the in-things. Our movies are factories manufacturing love for money, a car, wine and a hard fight, then you are a man! Our minds are being ploughed into a receptive hollow charge whose detonation must release splinters in all directions. Pass laws are breaking needles down our necks. We are a people that could never have been blamed had we said: "All is fair in war."

For the Afrikaner Apartheid has brought a sweet life, secure within an ever restless pointing arsenal, but not only that. Like a laser beam of undiluted hatred it has snaked itself into this family exploding into a thousand league strong



master race mentality. From grandmother to granddaughter this unmelting depth of a killing mentality is shouting red, its loud-speaker is a cooked and swallowed "swart gevaar" (black danger. The African must be pressed against the Bantustan hunger-riddled wall, he is of the cheap making that must work, starve and die. So what after all? 'n Kaffir is 'n kaffir," (a kaffir is a kaffir). This ideology they have swallowed, no doubt. Their greenery is in our privation and pain. On which day they will vomit this conviction is no easy answer.

Africa! Mayibuye! Our discerning minds open another better way. We never digested and consumed racism. If the fascist-boer feeds on lice and bugs as he does, for this we have no hearty appetite. We are not made of yawning minds bent on painting our planet black. Not after quick solutions in the face of a boiling moment that shines blindly in the eye. Nor are we an angry mob running after catchy apple-sounding answers. We are no charging light brigade whose mission is to dc and die.

## RACIAL WAR

The bloating stomachs that oil and reap from the green tree of Apartheid would be only too pleased to enlist us in a dry branch racial war and to let them be as the roots forever more. "This confrontation on the lines of colour - at least in the early stages of the conflict is not of our choosing, it is of the enemy's making." Our Uhuru (Freedom) should be no empty reward, of a black face and this black face alone. Matanzima is not worth his weight, blackest he may be.

Bram Fischer left us a journal to read, to read it again and again. A blindly destructive force we are not, we are a building, learning and teaching momentum that has earned its place within the positive forces of this world. We are learning well to seek revenge, intelligent and worthy revenge. We are scaling the heights of sober judgement for here we are still, after a sticky road and a load of reinforcing not abating racist terror, confidently saying "... South Africa belongs to all who live in it, black and white..." - the Africans and better Afrikaners.

"I am writing to a friend who will be living 10 or perhaps 100 years from now... You who will be living in that far-off epoch, please do not forget us. Listen very carefully and I will tell you a remarkable story. It was written in blood and inspiration, in tears and in battles. Many generations have contributed to it and I continue it with a great feeling



of responsibility. The time will come when you will take my place and will shoulder all the responsibility of a successor..." - Nelly Apikya a young Soviet pupil writing to honour the 50th Anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution.

These words were written in 1967, they could as well have come from our own Chief Albert Lutuli to those that shall midwife and weld the future. Y o u a n d m e .

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# *The Workers' Weapon of Victory*

- ANDILE MAQOMA

As we set our eyes to the future with growing confidence, we cannot help but remind ourselves of the courageous endeavours made by our people in paving the way to the now imminent victory of our struggle for freedom. The forging of the most effective weapon of victory by the most advanced fighters for the entire South African working class was an event whose immense significance grows with time. The fruition of these efforts was marked by the founding of the Communist Party of South Africa (CPSA) at a conference held in Plein Street, Cape Town, from the 30th July to 1st August 1921. The conference also elected an executive with its headquarters in Johannesburg. C.B. Tyler was elected Chairman, W.H. Andrews, Editor-Secretary and S.P. Bunting, Treasurer. The new Party inherited "The International" as its organ, the press and offices from its forerunner, the International Socialist League (ISL).

## **THE GREAT OCTOBER...**

The birth of the CPSA was preceded by the greatest event of our epoch, the Great October Socialist Revolution of 1917. For the first time in the history of mankind one of the contingents of the most exploited class in every capitalist country successfully seized state power into its hands in Russia, in alliance with the poor peasants and led by the Bolshevik (Communist) Party of V.I. Lenin. The tyrannical rule of the exploiters, the factory-owners and big landowners, was crushed



once and for all in Russia, until then the 'prison of nations'. As with the rest of the world, this unprecedented victory had a great impact on our struggle for liberation.

Pinpointing one of the most significant lessons of the Great October Socialist Revolution to the oppressed and exploited people of South Africa and their internationalist duty, D.I. Jones wrote in November 1917:

"... Our task in South Africa is a great one. We must educate the people in the principles of the Russian Revolution. We have to prepare the workers against any attempt to mobilise them against their R u s s i a n comrades, and, in preparing, spread the flames of the most glorious and most peaceful revolution of all time."

It was during this period that the ISL advanced towards organising the black workers and the seeds of unity between working class and the rest of the national liberation forces were sowed. The Durban Indian Workers' Industrial Union, sent its delegates to the 1918 annual conference of the ISL where, with the backing of the African National Congress, the Industrial Workers of Africa was formed by the ISL. In 1919 over 70,000 African miners on the Witwatersrand came out on strike and the ISL issued pamphlets to the white workers calling on them not to scab. Leaflets were distributed among African workers with simple lessons on Marxism including explanation of working class internationalism, workers' organisation and the significance of the Russian revolution.

An ANC delegation led by President Makgatho in November, 1917 had a direct confrontation with the Prime Minister, General Botha, over the repressive Native Administration Bill. When Botha wanted the ANC to dissociate itself from the ISL which was campaigning against the Bill, organising a general strike, the ANC delegation replied that the strike will definitely take place if the Bill was not withdrawn. The government was forced to withdraw it.

The v i c t o r y of the Russian revolution had convincingly proved the correctness of the teachings of Marx and Engels as applied by Lenin and his comrades of the Bolshevik Party. In South Africa many socialist organisations were attracted to the Russian Revolution. The experiences of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (CPSU) and the Comintern were to have a tremendous influence on the formation and development of the CPSA.



## THE COMINTERN

Following the collapse of the Second International as a result of the treachery of the leaders of some workers' parties who were most exposed by their support of an imperialist war, the First World War, the victory of the Great October Socialist Revolution became the impetus for uniting the International Communist movement, charging the Russian Communists with the duty of initiating the creation of the Communist International (Comintern). Thus in March 1919 the Comintern was founded in Moscow, to bring together all Communist Parties of the world.

The ISL welcomed the birth of the Comintern with great enthusiasm and was among the first Parties to apply for affiliation; its letter to this effect was submitted during the Second World Congress and read out with applause. It was represented at the 1920 Third World Congress of the Comintern by David Ivon Jones and Sam Barlin.

### ISL'S INITIATIVE

The ISL was not the only organisation in South Africa eager to affiliate to the Comintern; there were a number of others which had been emerging since the beginning of the century; the Social Democratic Federation of Cape Town, Jewish Socialist Society of Johannesburg, the Durban Marxian Club and others. The Comintern, however, had among its rules of affiliation (The Twenty-One Conditions formulated by Lenin), one which precluded the affiliation of more than one Party from any country.

To comply with these rules the ISL took the initiative of uniting the different socialist parties, groups and individuals with the aim of creating a united, disciplined and centralised Party of the working class, the ISL being the core. Having sufficiently reached an agreement by March 1921, these organisations, through their delegates who met in Johannesburg, elected a joint Unity Committee to draft a Manifesto, Constitution and prepare for the founding Conference of the new Party.

### THE MANIFESTO

At its inaugural conference, the CPSA adopted its Manifesto. Written in the spirit of the Communist Manifesto prepared by Marx and Engels 73 years earlier as a programme of the workers of all countries, this historic document was a collective expression of the determination of the pioneer Communists of our land to be guided by the revolutionary ideas of Marx, Engels and Lenin in carrying out their historic mis-



sion of leading the working class to victory over the capitalists. In the same vein the Party reaffirmed that class struggle is the motive force of social change, the leading role of the working class and its revolutionary vanguard, the Communist Party in the struggle for socialism; that the destruction of the exploitative state of the capitalists and its replacement by the democratic rule of the working class are indispensable in building the new society.

The Party also acknowledged the relevance of the example of the Great October Socialist Revolution, applied creatively, to our situation and urged the workers of our country to follow it. As its immediate main task, the Party pointed to the need to establish close links, first, with the workers "of all ranks and races," secondly, the rural poor and to spread the Communist gospel among them. The future for which the working class is called upon by history to fight for was clearly described as one "when the class war shall have been for ever stamped out, when mankind shall no longer cower under the bludgeon of the oppressor, when the necessaries and amenities of life, the comfort and the culture, the honour and the power shall be to him who toils not him who exploits, when none shall be master and none servant, but all shall be fellow workers in common."

### **NO READY-MADE SOLUTIONS**

Armed with the scientific ideas of how to bring an end to all forms of exploitation and oppression and build a new society of hope and unhindered progress, the new Party was destined to play an outstanding role in the South African liberation movement. However, this was not going to be an easy task. Closely looking at the CPSA Manifesto one will notice that while the Party had observed that the task of mobilising all workers as well as the rural poor would be made even more difficult because "Immediate repression in the form of raids, prosecutions, mob attacks and bloodshed" by the racist oppressors "may be looked for as the propaganda is seen to be working among the helot (nationally oppressed - Ed) races whose enlightenment and organisation the ruling class dreads above all," pledging that the Communists will lose "no opportunity of demonstrating that, inasmuch as cheap docile labour is what attracts the world capitalist investor to South Africa, so its understanding of and conscious entry into the working class movement is the most deadly blow South Africa can deal to world capitalism" there were certain difficult obstacles to overcome. The Party still had to grapple with the problem of



theoretically and practically understanding the national liberation of the oppressed African majority as a necessary step towards socialism, and actively work towards its achievement.

That the Party had to spend almost a decade with much assistance from the Comintern, tackling the above-mentioned problem can best be understood when the conditions prevailing at the time of the Party's creation are taken into consideration. These were problems like: the white workers were the most organised and had been engaged in militant struggles, although by the early 20s they were beginning to lose their militancy, while the African workers because of their colonial status with the accompanying disabilities of lack of organisation and clarity about their rights, had not as yet asserted themselves as the most revolutionary force within the anti-colonial struggle. Another problem was that in those days not all the classics of Marxism-Leninism were translated and South Africa was in a way isolated from the international revolutionary scene of Europe.

Moreover, the Party had only been created and could not have solutions to all problems of the South African revolution. Communists do not find ready-made solutions in some mysterious book. The development of a correct revolutionary theory and its application to a concrete situation can only be achieved through active involvement in the revolutionary struggle, at times committing errors and correcting them. The young CPSA was not and could not be an exception to this historically-determined rule. It is significant to note that - thanks to its consistency in seeking solutions to the problems of our revolution and its creative application of the revolutionary experience of other people - the Party overcame this problem.

## HISTORIC SIGNIFICANCE

While the roots of the CPSA can be traced from the ISL, founded in 1915, from which it inherited lasting revolutionary traditions, the formation of the CPSA in 1921 marked a qualitative change in the building of a Marxist-Leninist vanguard Party of the working class in our country. For the first time in our history our working class was to be led by a united, disciplined and centralised revolutionary organisation of advanced fighters, able to evolve a consistently Marxist and revolutionary attitude towards the national struggle of the African people for land and freedom and to entirely free the Party from the traces of its origin within the white labour movement.



The affiliation of the CPSA to the Comintern ensured our people, the working class especially, the opportunity of benefiting from the invaluable experience of the international revolutionary movement to further our struggle to victory. At the same time this has enabled our people to make their humble contribution to the world forces fighting for a new world, free from all forms of exploitation and oppression, a world without wars.

The birth of the CPSA was and will remain an event of great historic significance not only to the working class but to all the oppressed and exploited sections of our population. The forging of this invincible weapon of victory for the South African working class meant that this class would be best armed to confront the exploiters as an organised force guided by the liberating ideas of Marx, Engels and Lenin and emerge victorious. This has greatly strengthened the forces fighting for the national liberation of the African majority and their Indian and Coloured compatriots. This truth is confirmed by the growing militancy of the black working class in our struggle to bring an end to racist colonial domination of the Pretoria fascist regime, to build a free & democratic South Africa of the Freedom Charter.

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# The Other Child

I am a little child  
running bare buttocked in the street  
Yes a little child  
with a running nose  
running in a frozen morning

I am the other child  
Hunger pinning me to my Sunday school bench  
Smiling at Jesus Christ  
dividing bread amongst the poor  
I wonder why generosity's only in the book

I am a little child  
fearing night sounds  
I heard granny whisper  
they come in the night  
and arrest people for 'permits'



I am the other child  
c r y i n g   b r e a d  
Yes a little child  
afraid of the superintendent  
he is going to take our house

I am a little child  
S c h o o l l e s s  
Yes a little child  
rummaging for crumbs in rubbish bins  
My bare feet cut by bottles  
I yearn for shoes in picture books

I am the other child  
afraid of the boer cyclope  
he shoots at you if you try to run  
I am afraid of the boer cyclope  
He cut Hector down  
and cuffed his dying smile

I am a l i t t l e   b o y  
they won't let me be a man  
I am crushing under the policeman's boot  
Yes I am the o t h e r   c h i l d .



- LOVEJOY KARAS

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"What is a child in our country? There are two types of children; a child with a country, parents, with a school to go to, with a job when he finishes, with a right to rule his country; a child who is sustained by the labour and sweat of the parents of another child - a black child, who has no parents to live with, no schools to go to, no future to look forward to, despised, ostracised and driven to Bantustans or suffocated in the congestion of Soweto and other places. The black child who dies by the hundreds and thousands each year, has no future except in the seizure of power by the people of South Africa. Then there would not be two children - there would be one child, one country, one state."

- COMRADE PRESIDENT OLIVER TAMBO -



# South Africa Freedom Day

- DAVID SIMELANE

A declaration was made in 1950 by the African National Congress and its allies that June 26 be set aside as South Africa Freedom Day. A day to become a rallying point, mobilising factor and a day of Heroic remembrance of all our Martyrs - those who fell in the course of struggle for emancipation. Today this day is not only marked by the people of South Africa but it is marked by all our friends who support us against the fascist Boer regime in our country.

It will be remembered that when the world was saved from Hitler's nazi regime and scars of the Second World War were still new, women turned into widows and children into orphans, a new nazi inspired regime came into power in South Africa led by D.F. Malan. Since 1948 when the Nationalist Party came into power, the South African political scene set into a battle that was to intensify rapidly into a contest between a fascist minority and a democratic majority. As a result of victories scored by peoples of the world after the Second World War, the coming into power of popular governments and new strength gained by the Communist Party of South Africa and the African National Congress inside South Africa itself, the minority fascist regime felt threatened. C.R. Swartz in February 1949 threatened 'vigorous action' against what he termed "dangerous subversion against our national life, democratic institutions and our Western outlook." The stage was set to unleash a new offensive against all democratic forces in South Africa. An anti-Communist outlook was to characterise the Boer government. The Nationalist Party was bent at humiliating the black man and secure the whites from the so-called 'swart gevaar'. A series of laws was enacted with the aim of consolidating the power of the Afrikaners. The origin of June 26 (traditionally known as South Africa Freedom Day) should be viewed against this background.

## STAY-AT-HOME

On May 1st, 1950 our people were called to stay at home as a way of marking the International Workers' Day. The racists



in turn had banned all meetings. The people responded well to the call but still in the style of real fascists, police killed 18 of our people in Alexandra and wounded many others. A few days after this the racist government introduced the Unlawful Organisations Bill (later to be renamed Suppression of Communism Act). It became clear that this Bill was targeted against the Communist Party of South Africa (CPSA), to silence it once and for all. Earlier on in 1949, the Minister of Justice had led some commission of inquiry into the activities of the Communist Party. In the same period leaders of our people had been harassed, their offices turned upside down and others were banned from gatherings.

The democratic forces responded to this anti-communist threat by holding an emergency executive meeting of the ANC, CPSA, SAIC and APO. The Bill was reviewed and a resolution was adopted declaring: "The introduction of this Bill in Parliament by the present government of Dr. Malan is out to establish a totalitarian regime in the country, a regime under which freedom of organisation, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly and freedom of the press will be totally destroyed." The ANC stand was very clear on this question. In a meeting held in T h a b a N c h u it further reiterated t h a t although the Bill was ostensibly against the CPSA, it was affecting the oppressed masses directly. President O.R. Tambo summed up this by saying:

"If the attack on the Communist Party were allowed to pass without resistance, none of the democratic organisations would be s p a r e d . Today it is the Communist Party. Tomorrow it will be our Trade Unions, our Indian Congress, our APO, our ANC."

On the 11th of June Dr. Moroka as President of the African National Congress then, made the historic declaration that June 26 would be South Africa Freedom Day. This was further endorsed by all other sister organisations within the Congress Movement. Our people were mobilised and the stay at home subsequently organised was a success, recording a new development of unity in action.

### **A RALLYING DAY**

Throughout the period of the roaring fifties June 26 was to be the rallying day for important campaigns and struggles which characterised the commitment of the Congress Movement to a future of freedom and lasting emancipation. Year in and year



out Congress called upon the people to rise up and challenge all apartheid laws and practices. More important and indeed a concretisation of the the unflinching determination of our people to be free, was the adoption of the Freedom Charter at the Congress of the People on June 26 1955. "The Freedom Charter," Comrade Nelson Mandela said, "is a beacon to the Congress Movement and an inspiration to the people of South Africa."

In the years that followed, each passing June 26 contributed most tremendously to the weakening of pillars of white minority rule in our country. Whereas to our oppressed people it is a day of rededication, it is more still an occasion commemorated internationally by friends and sympathisers with the national liberation movement of our country. In this connection it symbolises the cementing of bonds of solidarity and unity between our people and the entire democratic forces of the world. This makes it a hoodoo day for the Pretoria fascists.

In this Year of the fighting Youth of South Africa, the last generation to be oppressed in our country, we vow on this occasion of June 26 to renew our dedication and loyalty to our struggle. We must hit the enemy wherever he is. A great task rests on our shoulders. Our struggle must be advanced to new levels. We owe it to our friends who give us all the material and moral support and we owe it to all those who fell, all those who are imprisoned. History leaves us no choice. The Year of the Youth should end with our people better organised and prepared to meet the enemy in all fronts.

## **FACING THE FUTURE CONFIDENTLY**

**EMIL MONDE**

This month marks the 31st Anniversary of South Africa's Freedom Day, a day that has borne so many historical events in the struggle for freedom and independence by the people of South Africa. This is a day that also and most importantly saw the adoption of the Freedom Charter whose 26th Anniversary we also celebrate this month. We mark this occasion at a time when, on the one side, there exists positive proof of the inevitability of victory of the democratic forces in our country, whilst on the other, the reactionary camp is frantically mobilising its energies to undermine peace and social progress in the world in general, Africa and Southern



Africa in particular.

Southern Africa has recently seen new attempts by the recently sworn in administration of Ronald Reagan supported by the Thatcher government and other partners in the so-called Western Contact group, to try to roll back the wheel of history. The US Administration is now planning to modify the UN Resolution Number 435 on the independence plan of Namibia. It has also come out in support of the fascist Botha-Malan boer regime in South Africa and last but not least, it has openly vowed to subvert the Angolan Revolution by arming the rebel and counter-revolutionary bandits of UNITA.

Today Southern Africa is becoming the battleground where the fiercest conflict between the oppressed and the oppressor is raging, where the fascist oppressors are teaming up with their international masters, the Reagans and the Thatchers with the aim of maintaining the status quo in our region.

### **M Y T H**

It is important to note that profound changes characterising the alignment of forces today have taken place. The resounding victories of the peoples of Angola, Mozambique and recently Zimbabwe have buried for all the time the myth so assiduously cultivated by the imperialists that superior military power is a decisive force in the making of history even when confronted by a determined people fighting for a just cause. The impetus of these on our own freedom struggle cannot be over-emphasised. This is being demonstrated by the ever increasing victories scored by the people of Namibia led by SWAPO and its people's army, PLAN. Despite all the frantic efforts by the fascist occupationist regime of Pretoria to project the Turnhalle puppets as the leaders of the people of that territory, SWAPO has continued to be the authentic leader of the Namibian people.

This myth has also been well buried in South Africa itself where our people proved beyond any shadow of doubt to both the racists and their reactionary international allies that nothing can stop them in their march to a free and democratic South Africa as enshrined in the Freedom Charter. The anti-republic campaign which was a resounding victory for the liberation movement of our country as led by our people's vanguard movement, the African National Congress and its military wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe, should be appreciated in this context.

### **M I L I T A R I S A T I O N**

It is also noteworthy here that we are marking this day



when the fascists are trying desperately to complete their militarisation of our country encouraged by the Reagan Administration to form military and naval pacts with other reactionary countries of Latin America that include Argentina and Brazil, under the name South Atlantic Treaty Organisation (SATO), whose first exploratory talks have recently been held in Buenos Aires. The sole purpose of this is strengthening of their military machine aimed at carrying out more acts of aggression against the peoples of the Front-Line States, particularly the People's Republics of Angola and Mozambique.

It is a known reality that the fascists conquered our country by force and they still continue to rule it by force even today. It should therefore not be surprising that these racists will always resort to the gun wherever we stand up to demand our freedom and independence. The Matola Massacre is a clear testimony to this. Though the fascists sought to re-assure the white electorate of their capability to 'crush' any opposition, the response of our people and the People's Spear, the Nation's Spear demonstrated without any shadow of doubt with their co-ordinated actions marking the anti-republic activities, our ability to bring the fascist beast to his knees. Our calm and cool resolve, showed its strength to prove that "violence is a two-way street."

### **WE RE-AFFIRM OUR CONVICTION**

It is at this moment in time therefore, that we re-affirm our commitment to the eradication of Apartheid, a world-widely condemned policy of genocide, humiliation and above of all an international crime against humanity. It is at this moment in time that we should close ranks more than ever before in our unity and resolve in fighting this cancerous system.

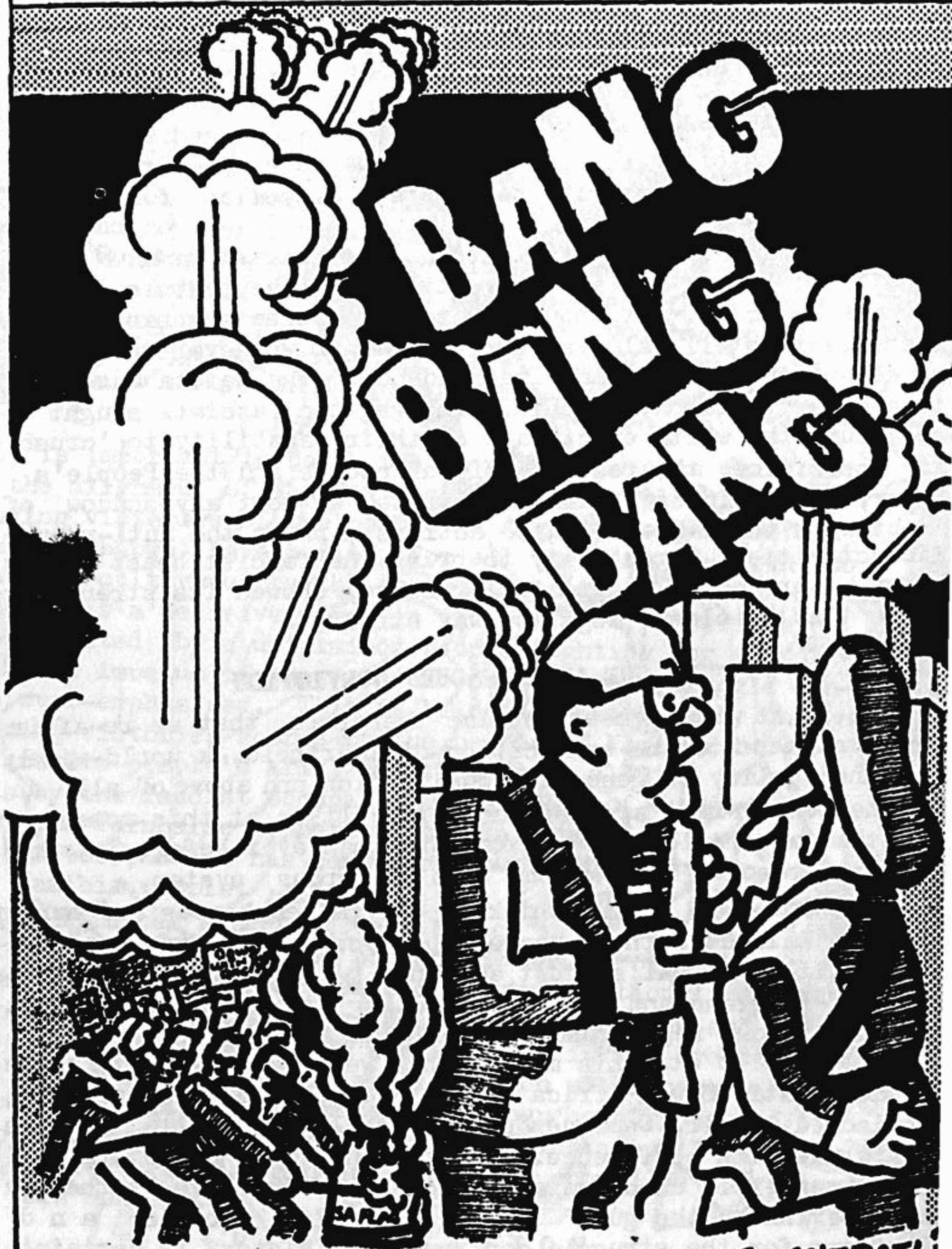
On this day, we think of our fallen heroes and martyrs who have laid down their dearest possessions, their lives, in pursuit of a goal so just and noble - the liberation of our Motherland and thus contributing to the establishment of peace in our region and the world as a whole.

It is also at this moment that we look forward to a true and democratic South Africa of the Freedom Charter. As our imprisoned leader, Comrade Nelson Mandela puts it: "We face the future with confidence. For the guns that serve Apartheid cannot render it unconquerable, for those who live by the gun shall perish by the gun." Ours is to unite, mobilise and fight on, for the struggle continues and victory is certain!



**DAWNLIGHT...**

**UMKHONTO STRIKES**



**...WHO SAID AUC IS IN MOZAMBIQUE SWANEDDEL!**



# HEROES OF OUR REVOLUTION

Bram Fischer (1908-1975)

- NOLUTHANDO NKOSI

The glorious pages of our proud history of struggle are inscribed with the names of great men whose commitment and bottomless courage uncompromisingly rip across colour barriers and quickly expose racism and solely racialistic conceptions of the South African revolution for what they are; unpardonable absurdities.

When the people of South Africa declared in their majority, vowing to pursue the freedom demands enshrined in the Freedom Charter that: "... we, the people of South Africa, black and white together - equals, countrymen and brothers - ... pledge ourselves to strive together sparing neither strength nor courage, until the democratic changes set out here have been won," they were not only acknowledging the immense role played by patriotic whites - communists and non-communists alike - for decades in the struggle for the democratisation of social life in our country, but were also closing the door to all forms of racialist prejudice and to would-be patriots who hide behind narrow-nationalist phrases. When it come to a revolutionary appraisal of our history of struggle, names of great revolutionary giants of the calibre of Bram Fischer come to the fore.

Who is Fischer?

A great patriot and revolutionary, Comrade Bram Fischer, "... expressed his indignation (against Apartheid - Ed) in passionate identification with the millions of Black South Africans. He refused to accept the tenets of a society which





claims that one human being is of lesser value than another. He accepted no half truths nor half measures. In his judgement, Apartheid is totally evil and his life a total rejection of all that it stands for" - Sechaba Vol. 9 No. 2 of 1975 wrote of him in this highly emulative manner, hardly suspecting that within three months later this patriot was to die a brutal death - a victim of 'Hitlerite' bestiality reincarnated in Pretoria.

Bram, as he was popularly known, was born into an Afrikaans family of high standing. He was the son of a judge President of the Orange Free State. An Oxford graduate and one of South Africa's most excellent barristers, Bram was called to the Bar Council in Johannesburg where he practised. As Queen's Counsel, he led defence in a number of political trials including the Treason Trial of 1956-1960 and the famous Rivonia Trial of 1964 - a year during which he was also to be charged under the Suppression of Communism Act. In January 1965 he went underground to continue with the struggle in accordance with the political ideals that he cherished. To quote him:

"I am on trial for my political beliefs and for the conduct to which those beliefs drove me. Whatever labels may be attached... I engaged upon those activities because I believed that, in the dangerous circumstances which have been created in South Africa, it was my duty to do so."

### **STAUNCH COMMUNIST**

At the time of his trial that opened on March 28, 1966, Bram Fischer had been a staunch communist for many years, having joined the Communist Party of South Africa (CPSA) in the 30s. He was motivated by his sincerity and genuine desire to see South Africans of all races living together in harmony, each having a stake in a democratically constructed order. The path he had chosen was not an easy one. Many excited liberals before him, moved by the want to impress and gain a name, tried and failed and naturally were to decline into the myopia of racist prejudice. Comrade Fischer was no such man. Nay, he was made of different stuff.

He had a proud record as a fighter in the ranks of the communist movement. Following the great African mine workers' strike of 1946 he was put on trial together with other Party stalwarts from the Central Committee, charged with having 'incited' the workers to strike. In the fifties, after the



CPSA had been declared illegal both Bram and his wife Molly were included in the pernicious list under the Suppression of Communism Act. They were immediately barred from attending political gatherings and taking part in political activity of any sort.

For many years the Fischer couple were to remain very popular among the black people who came to know Bram as a barrister and a man of great modesty and good will. Scores upon scores of Blacks consulted him to assist in disentangling them from the problems imposed upon their shoulders by the evil practices of apartheid. The Fischers were not slogan chanters. They even adopted an African child in defiance of the racist laws and brought her up in their home.

At no stage did Bram Fischer make his membership of the Communist Party a secret. At the time of his arrest in 1964 he was Deputy Chairman of the underground South African Communist Party (SACP). About his attraction into the Communist Party Comrade Fischer during the trial had this to say:

"... the willingness to sacrifice, was a matter of personal observation... The Communist Party had already for two decades stood avowedly and unconditionally for political rights for non-whites ... it was always the communists of all races who were at all times prepared to give of their time and their energy and such means as they had, to help those in need and those most deeply affected by discrimination; ... who helped with night schools and feeding schemes, who assisted trade unions."

### **HEROIC EXAMPLE**

Bram Fischer was a man of unbreakable spirit. The fascists had dragged him to prison with the hope that he would be drained of his convictions. But he was not one to be broken easily and relinquish his principles. He did not submit to the tortures of prison and clamour for mercy. "Were I to ask for forgiveness today I would betray my cause." Such firmness during a moment of ordeal attests to his moral strength characteristic of committed revolutionaries such as himself. Young South African revolutionaries will be inspired by his heroic example.

At the end of what the Verwoerd government staged as a trial, Comrade Fischer was condemned to life imprisonment at



Pretoria Central Jail. The racists were bitter with him. An Afrikaner and a man of letters. He could easily have become South Africa's Premier or Chief Justice. But his high sense of fairness and love for his country and people led him to choose the noblest of paths - that of a revolutionary transformation of the social system in South Africa.

In prison he was to develop an incurable cancerous ailment. All the time the fascists knew that his condition was extremely bad but they did absolutely nothing to assist. They loathed him even more when he was their helpless prisoner. To them, he was not one to be saved, but one to be left to die in the grip of the killer disease. In this way the Pretoria sadists murdered one of the greatest of South African patriots, a true son of the people.

Today, in the year of the 6th Anniversary of his mourned passing away, we remember him with great agitation, vengeance on our lips. We'll remember him in our work and in struggle. Let those who murdered him shiver at the approaching hour of reckoning when all shall be avenged.

**LONG LIVE THE MEMORY OF ABRAM FISCHER!**

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## **DAWN politiXword No. 5 - Answers**

**ACROSS:** 1. Salvo 3. Four 6. Kotane 8. Bad  
10. Ultra 12. NATO 13. Harassing  
17. National 18. AB

**D O W N:** 1. Sekhukhuni 2. Via 4. USA 5. Jet  
7. Tutor 8. Brain 9. Doom 11. Ass  
14. Amin 15. Song 16. KGB

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## **APOLOGY**

DUE TO UNFORSEEN INCONVENIENCES THE EDITORIAL STAFF APOLOGISES FOR TEMPORARILY SUSPENDING PART TWO OF THE INTERVIEW WITH COMRADE THABO MBEKI.



# STRAIGHT TALK...

## ENTER THE SELLOUS SCOUT CHIEF...

In describing the purpose of Pretoria's Bantustanisation scheme, our national liberation movement, the ANC, never omitted to stress that it involved long-term strategic plans to create buffer zones that could act as shock absorbers in the wake of an escalating popular liberatory war. We have sounded the warning again when the announcement of the creation of the Bantustan puppet armies was made.

The Bantustan armies are but Pretoria's watchdogs. They are fed, trained and armed by the racist authorities - all for the purpose of shooting down their kith and kin. Behind the smokescreen of a fraudulent independence exercise they are presented as territorial defence forces with all the trappings of armies. If these have not as yet started with murderous campaigns of plunder and carnage, then it is only because the fascists are still grooming them into vicious human vampires.

The appointment of Colonel Ron Reid-Daley, a former commander of the Rhodesian Sellous Scouts completes the picture of what is by all means an ill-conceived ploy. The fascists aim to use their 'yes-baas-men' of the Bantustans in a bloody campaign comparable to the criminal acts the notorious Sellous Scouts perpetrated against the people of Zimbabwe at the height of their struggle for freedom and national independence. Reid-Daley is an experienced fascist murderer and cutthroat, the butcher of Chimoio and Nyazonia. The hordes he commanded hunted down people like game. They are notorious for their campaigns of genocide in Zimbabwe, Mozambique and Zambia where they raped, murdered, plundered and razed down villages and refugee settlements.

Having suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the armed masses of Zimbabwe, these hired killers ran helter-skelter. Not long thereafter, they were accorded a haven in South Africa. They were then sent to Namibia where they are continuing with the perpetration of untold crimes and atrocities against the oppressed masses of that country. These criminals who have lost their souls are now zombies of the Pretoria fascists, with which the racists illusion of ever



being able to stem the revolutionary tide becomes blown out of proportion.

In this light therefore, the appointment of Reid Daley as commander of the so-called 'Transkeian Defence Force' is no accident. It tallies exactly with the purpose of these puppet armies. And no amount of the Matanzimas' harangues is going to hide this from our people. In fact, Matanzima's very conduct at the moment lays bare the treacherous path which all Bantustan stooges have chosen to trod. In league with the racists they have become co-plotters of the crimes committed against our people. They are junior partners, they are even the last to opine where decisions are involved. Yet they are quick to dance to the whims of Pretoria and hurry up plans to transform our country into a hunting ground for the vultures that ran away from Zimbabwe.

The appointment of the arch-fascist Colonel Reid-Daley occurs against the background of a mounting politico-military offensive against the fascist regime. This happens alongside a counter-effort by the regime at decelerating the popular march forward. Within the interplay of these factors it is not difficult to discern the desperation of the racists in their bid to survive whatever the costs. The appointment of Reid-Daley falls into place as part indeed of a grand scheme whose purpose is to unleash a bloodbath within which - it is wishfully thought - our revolution can be drowned.

Though the repercussions of such beastly schemes are too ghastly to contemplate, we draw attention to the lessons of history: The United States imperialists tried the 'Bloodbath method' in Vietnam, fascist Portugal tried the same in Angola, the boer-fascists tried it also in Zimbabwe and in each of these cases the masses emerged victorious. But such victories are worked for and involve a lot of sacrifice. In our own country, the popular struggle is beginning to mellow. We urge our oppressed youth to resist the trinkets used as recruitment bait. Where possible the puppet armies should be rendered useless from within. The recruits should organise themselves into active units of struggle and choose the correct moment to rise up against the puppet officers and commanders. These puppet armies should be destroyed for they are instruments of our strangulation.

The African National Congress will lead in such struggle. And under its leadership the logical outcome of our effort can only be victory over the fascist butchers. We call on our people to fight on. And together with us in Umkhonto we Sizwe, we shall vanquish the enemy and his murderous hirelings.



# NAKED AMONG WOLVES

by

**BRUNO APITZ**

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## Chapter 4

### THE MEDICAL SQUAD

"Oh, come out of the underground, man," Kramer scolded, "I've had enough now. Something's going on in your mind about this medical squad - well?" Kramer tapped his temple. "Maybe the same thing's going on in here."

Bochow felt caught in the act, he stroked his cheeks with both hands.

Kramer nailed him down: "You see? What you and I think is just what the comrades will think that I'll look up today. Do you think they'll do nothing till I give them the wink? They'll keep their eyes open anyway when they walk about the grounds. With or without the underground leadership..." To reassure Bochow he added quickly: "Of which they will have no idea, depend on it. Whatever they spy out there, I'll hear about anyway. Do you want to build up a complicated information apparatus when I can get it all over a direct line?"

Bochow did not agree immediately, and Kramer gave him time to consider.

"Think it over, all of you," he said, but do it fast."

Bochow was already considering how he could bring about an immediate discussion with the ILK. It was easy to reach Bogorski and also Peter van Dalen, the Dutchman. But how to get at Pribula and Kodiczek? It was true they were in the camp and worked in one of the optics barracks at the mustering ground, where gun sights were made. Admittance to these barracks was strictly prohibited. Riomand, the Frenchman, could not be contacted either. He was in the kitchen commando of the officers' casino outside the camp. Those who were so hard to reach could only be informed by means of a lines check. Bochow did not like to decide on this special form of communication, which was reserved for urgent occasions. Speed and salience demanded it this time, however. Bochow looked at Kramer questioningly:

"Can you have a lines check made?"



"I can," nodded Kramer, who knew immediately what it meant. He had already carried out one such assignment.

"All right, note the numbers: three, four, five, and at the end, eight."

Kramer nodded. "The ILK," he said slyly.

## S C H U P P

In the camp electrician's shop, a prisoner was standing at the vise and filing reflectively on a piece of metal.

Kramer came in.

"Schupp here?" he asked.

Schupp was sitting at the table tinkering with an alarm apparatus. He looked up as Kramer came in.

"We need a lines check, Heinrich," said Kramer.

S c h u p p u n d e r s t o o d .

"Righto. Immediately."

Kramer came a step closer. "These are the numbers: Three, four, five, and at the end, eight."

Schupp stood up. He did not ask the meaning of the numbers. For him they were an important message from somebody to somebody. He pushed the stuff on the table together and picked up his tool box.

"I'm going right out, Walter."

"Short and sweet, Andre, I know the whole story. The transport leaves tomorrow. Jankowski takes his kid along, understand?"

Hofel acted like a man who had been condemned, he hung his head.

"Couldn't we do something else with the kid?" he asked softly.

It was the same words, the same question Kramer had addressed to Bochow. Apparently there were no other words in the whole world for this impasse. And Kramer answered now with the same words as Bochow: "Out of the question. Completely out of the question!"

Only after a long pause did Hofel ask:

"Where is the transport going?"

Tortured, Kramer rapped with the ball of his hand on the iron pipe of the banister, and said nothing. Hofel looked at him.

"W a l t e r . . ."

Kramer became impatient.

"We can't stand around here so long. You know better than I do what your position is. Don't rock the boat. I've



got enough to do with the transport tomorrow morning. I can't bother to see that the kid is attended to. So..."

He left Hofel standing and went down the steps. Hofel turned about as if he had been pushed, and walked back into the house.

### WHO ARE THEY BURNING...?

The damp, cold wind snarled between the barracks, and Kramer dug his hands deeper into his coat pockets. He crossed a road which revealed the crematorium above to the left, the gruesome structure with its mute, towering chimney. A boarding of brown planks impregnated with carbolic acid surrounded the place and concealed it from the eyes of the curious. What took place behind those boards... Admittance was strictly forbidden. Kramer knew, however.

In his capacity as camp senior he had been behind those planks a few times, when new transports had brought in hundreds of dead. They lay in the yard in stacks. Poles who worked in the crematorium as corpse bearers pulled one body after another from the pile and tore the clothes from them. These represented valuable yarn that was not permitted to be burned. It was no easy matter to undress the corpses. The limbs cramped in their death struggle and grown stiff in rigor mortis did not give up the garments voluntarily. But the corpse bearers had experience.

Two men always tackled the corpse... First the coat and then the jacket were unbuttoned and then the dead man was placed in a sitting position. While one corpse bearer held him, the other pulled the coat and jacked over his head, a grotesque and ghastly sight. With hanging head and outstretched arms the dead man looked like a drunkard who is being undressed to be put to bed. The rigid fingers held onto the sleeves like barbed hooks. A strong jerk tore the garment from the dead man's obstinate hands. On their naked bodies several of the corpses wore ladies' underwear of the choicest elegance. From the most delicate salmon pink to sea green. The décolleté exposed an emaciated chest with the collar bones sticking out. Helplessly danuded, the corpse lay on the muddy ground with arms pitifully stiffened, his shaven head sunk to one side. With his wide-open mouth gaping like a black hole, many a corpse looked as if he were laughing himself to death over the masquerade revealed after the stripping. It was no use, the poor devil was frozen anyway.

With a nipper the corpse bearers snapped the shoelaces, which usually consisted of knotted string or wire,



and ripped the shoes from the naked feet. There were corpses that wore several pairs of diaphanous ladies' stockings, which also had to be pulled off their legs. Another corpse bearer stepped among the undressed an extracting pliers in his hand. He examined the oral cavity for gold teeth, and pulled out sets of false teeth back in the black hole and used the pliers. If they were worthless he stuck them back in the black hole and used the pliers to knock them into place. Now two more corpse bearers would pick up the plundered body by the arms or the legs, depending on how it lay, and drag it to the stack of naked men. They gave the corpse a practiced swing and it flew with a slap onto the pile of naked carrion...

Kramer had stopped.

The whole camp stank of burned flesh again. Its penetrating odour ate into the mucous membranes. The high chimney spewed red flames into the sky. Thick black-brown smoke hung in tatters over the camp.

Kramer thought of that night in August, 1944. It was a few days before the American bombardment of the camp. From the window of the barracks where he slept he had seen that same red glow over the chimney and thought: Who are they burning in the middle of the night? The next day a secret whispering had gone through the camp. Thalmann had been shot in the crematorium and burned. Rumour or truth? No one could say with certainty. Y e s ! One man could!

On August 18th, 1944, the staff of the crematorium received an order through the report fuhrer to keep one furnace burning for the night. That night the commando was locked into the dormitory that belonged to the crematorium... The SS wanted no witnesses. A Polish corpse bearer had managed to slip out and had hidden himself behind the mound of coal in the plank door or the boarding being opened. A troop of SS Scharfuhrers entered the yard. They brought a civilian with them. He was tall, broad-shouldered, had no coat on, and wore a dark suit. He was bareheaded and bald.

The stranger was brought to the entrance, which led to the cremation room, and shots were fired. The troop disappeared into the cremation room with the murdered man. Hours later it took a long time before a corpse burned - the troop left the crematorium. As they went out, one of the Scharfuhrers said.

"And do you know who we shoved into the furnace? That was the Communist leader Thalmann."

A few days later Schupp came running excitedly to Kramer. Schupp had read in the report fuhrer's notebook the registra-



tion of Ernst Thalmann's execution.

Kramer stared at the chimney. The tall flame that had shot towards the black sky then, and had held his eyes because he could not sleep, now again burned in his heart. He knew why the cloth of his flag was red.

As he was about to go up the wooden stairway to the clerk's room he heard Schupp's voice resounding through the loud-speakers all over the camp:

Attention, lines test...

Kramer paused a moment and smiled to himself.

## L I N E S     T E S T

After Kramer had spoken with him, Schupp had gone immediately towards the gate, to the report fuhrer's office, with his tool box hanging from a strap over his shoulder. He knew the effect of his trusting appearance and his naïve quick-wittedness, and took advantage of it.

When Reineboth, before whom he stood at attention now, demanded with a snarl what he wanted, he replied innocently: "I have to make another lines test, Herr Report Fuhrer, there's a few loud-speakers out of order in the camp."

Reineboth, who was busy at his desk, remarked negligently: "Fooled around with them again, hey?"

With child-like wonder in his face Schupp responded, "I didn't fool around with them at all. But the wire is so brittle now and the lines are always snapping - it's just wartime goods."

"Don't crap around me, save it for the microphone and kindly get the hell out of here."

That was Schupp's permission to work on the loud-speaker attachment. He went to the apparatus and switched on the current. It hummed. Schupp blew into the microphone by way of a test and cleared his throat. Attention, lines test. Attention, lines test. I'm counting... three, three, four, four, five, five... eight. I reapt: three, three, four, four, five, five.... eight.

The announcement was heard in all blocks and workshops, and in the optics barracks Kodiczek and Pribula looked up from their work for a moment. Henri Riemand, the French cook in the casino, also listened tensely to the announcement. Three, four and five were key numbers and indicated individual comrades in the ILK. The announcement told them that they were to meet this evening at eight o'clock in the usual place. Riemand stood at the stove, stirring something in a pot. Pribula



and Kodiczek looked at one another significantly; something special must be up.

Lines test ended. Lines test e n d e d . Schupp switched it off.

On the dark grounds of the infirmary Bochow entered a barrack which served as a storeroom for straw sacks and sick-room utensils. Two infirmary attendants in the storeroom, visible in the dim light of a weak bulb, seemed to be mending straw sacks. They stopped their work when Bochow came in and pushed the big heap of straw aside. Not detectable to the eye, there was a trapdoor in the rough flooring which Bochow raised in order to squeeze himself below through the narrow opening. The two men above covered the entrance way with straw again.

The room under the barrack was the foundation pit, not quite four feet high. On the long side of it were short columns of brick, which supported the barrack, and crossways there were rows of truss beams that held up the flooring. It looked like a tunnel in a mine. The bare earth of the pit was littered with big pieces of limestone over which Bochow stubled towards the back.

The ILK comrades squatting about the candle interrupted their conversation and looked towards Bochow. He stooped down with them and listened to the argument that had broken out with Joseph Pribula. The news of the retreat from Mainz obviously showed that the Americans were extending their bridgehead near Remagen and were pushing farther on. Good news! Pribula jubilated and punched his fist into the hollow of his hand: "We give it to them soon!"

"Give it to them? Soon?" Bogorski shook his head dubiously and bent all the way forward so that the candle illuminated his features eerily and furrowed deep shadows in the lines of his forehead. Of 3,000 men only 800 had reached Buchenwald, he said meaningly. His overgrown shadow moved like a ghost on the ceiling as he concluded his report with an abrupt gesture of the arm: "Evacuation is always death."

They had understood why Bogorski spoke of it. Rioman and threw away the shell of limestone that he had been playing with, sliding it from one hand to the other. Only Pribula refused to understand Bogorski. "I say, we not wait till fascists driving us out of camp. I say, we breaking through fence and running to Americans."

Bochow snorted in irritation, the others raised their voices, and Bogorski shook his head. "Not good, not good at all. The Americans are still far. Very far. We must wait, or - please, how is that word?" He turned to the others for help.



"Delay," Bochow suggested.

"Kharasho, delay," Bogorski thanked him with a smile and continued developing his thought. "We have to keep ourselves informed from day to day about the position at the front and observe the fascists in the camp. They won't let themselves in for a battle with the Americans. they'll flee. That is our moment."

Pribula dropped forward on his hands and argued: "Flee? And what will be when they shooting?"

Bogorski smiled: "All right. Then we shoot too."

Pribula sat up resentfully: "With those little bits guns what we have?"

Before Bogorski could reply, Riomand broke in. With a conciliatory gesture of the hand he urged the refractory Pole: "You say yourself, we only 'have few guns. 'ow you make break-out with few guns? That's just a..." He snapped his fingers because he could not think of German expression. "That's just a nonsense."

Now they were all talking at once at Pribula, and the whispering became a tangle. They tried to make it clear to him that premature action could result in the destruction of the whole camp. Unconvinced Pribula let the anxious arguments break over him; between his brows was a crease of displeasure. Van Dalen patted him soothingly on the shoulder, surely he must realise that you couldn't gamble frivolously with the lives of 50,000 people.

It fell to Bochow to calm down the excited men. "Stop getting worked up," he interrupted the quarrel. "Now is just the time when we have to keep cool heads."

He sat up and rested his hands on his knees, spreading his elbows wide. "There's another matter, listen, I'm not sure what we ought to do." The comrades paid close attention as he told them about the medical squad, and expressed his misgivings.

Bogorski nodded his head. "All right," he said, "they look for us, they look long time for us already and they do not find us yet. If they find us it can be with a trap and also without a trap, you understand? I say we must not be afraid. I say we must always be very careful, and the sixteen comrades must be clever, very clever. You understand?" In his cumbrous German he explained to the comrades that it was completely unimportant whether the medical squad was or was not a trap. What mattered was the chance to make observations around the camp. The squad would be able to go everywhere, to the SS barracks, to the garages, to the reinforcements division...



Bochow cut in: "Suppose they just want to lure the squad there and they lock up one of the boys, or even all sixteen? And in the bunker they're third-degreed till they give away whom they make their observations to? They only have to soften up one of them to find out the connection with the group."

Bogorski would not be convinced. "Nyet, nyet, nyet. Not group, not group at all."

He proposed that the contact would be between himself and one of the comrades in the medical squad. Bochow remained equally obdurate: "And if someone gives you away?"

Bogorski smiled: "Then the group does not die, only I die!"

Everyone objected to this. Bogorski became angry. There was always danger, he said, or was it, by an chance, not dangerous to build up a big apparatus of international resistance groups and to possess weapons? "We made a vow to be silent and to die, and I want to be true to the vow."

That wasn't the vow's purpose, Bochow argued.

"Have we anybody outside ourselves?" asked Bogorski.

"Yes," Bochow replied, and told the comrades about Kramer's offer, which he himself liked better the more he thought about it. The comrades also recognised the advantages, since it was not necessary to make any new contacts, and Bochow was in permanent touch with the camp senior.

Even Bogorski gave up his plan. He raised both hands and smiled affably: "Well, I let myself, as you say, be talked over..."

The discussion had not taken half an hour, and the comrades left the meeting place separately and unobserved. They dispersed to their blocks.

Kramer was just about to go to the infirmary to assemble the medical squad, which had to be made up of infirmary attendants, when Bochow came to him. Only a few words between them were required. Bochow informed Kramer that the comrades were in agreement with his proposal. He was to take over the medical squad. They discussed which of the attendants Kramer should choose. They all had to be tried and dependable comrades. Afterwards Kramer went over to the infirmary. A wretched pack of sick prisoners was crowded together in the long corridor outside the clinic door.

Kramer made his way through the waiting people into the clinic. It was mobbed. The sick were being admitted in batches of ten.

Erich Kohn, the chief attendant, Communist and former actor, was the surgeon.

Kohn had only nodded briefly when Kramer came in and had



not troubled about him any further, although he knew that the camp senior wanted to speak to him. After three more operations, Kohn was finished for the day. He went with Kramer into the attendants' room and washed his hands.

He sat down beside Kramer gravely and thoughtfully.

"Ya-a-ah," he nodded, after Kramer had explained the reason for his visit. "It begins with a blitzkrieg and ends with a prisoners' medical squad. First fanfares of victory, then the air-raid sirens..."

He stood up and hung the towel on a nail.

"Deutches Volk," what a lunkhead you are, seen as a whole. First you black out your brains, then your windows..."

He laughed bitterly. Suddenly he turned round to Kramer; his gray eyes looked sharper.

"Past the sentry posts without guards? - Why, that's..."

"That's what I want to talk to you about," Kramer replied.

Interested, Kohn sat down next to him and they talked for a long time, until Kramer had to leave the infirmary for the curfew whistle. They had already chosen the sixteen attendants for the squad.

"Don't say anything yet," Kramer advised. "I'll talk with them myself."

The next morning. Pippig brought the transport list from the clerks' room. With a worried face he handed it to Hofel, and Hofel received it silently. Something was wrong between them since they had taken in the child. Their relationship was no longer the same.

The battle fronts were moving ever close to the camp. In any case this could not last much longer. Either they would all be free soon, or - dead. There was no third alternative between those two.

What was simpler than to keep the child here until the moment when the indicator of the scales pointed to one side or to the other? The child could go along with them to freedom, or die with them.

From the vantage point of this simple conclusion Pippig could not understand why Hofel was so determined to give the child away. Was he afraid?

Hofel threw the list on the counter.

"Get the effects ready. While we're handing them out at noon, you get the Pole and give him back the suitcase," he said curtly. Pippig put his hands in his trouser pockets and narrowed his eyes.

"The empty suitcase, of course?" The question was an attack.



Hofel looked sharply into the little man's face.

"No!" he replied shortly, and started to go.

Pippig held him back by the arm. "The kid stays here!" Hofel swung around. "You don't decide that!"

"Neither do you!" Pippig struck back.

They looked at one another with hard eyes, and the same wave of feeling rose in both of them.

"Are you afraid?" Pippig asked appeasingly.

Hofel turned away in contempt. "Don't talk rot!"

Again Pippig detained him by the arm, begging: "Leave the kid here, Andre. You don't have to bother about anything, I'll take the whole responsibility myself."

Hofel laughed out dryly.

It was not easy for Hofel to be so hard with good old Pippig, and he knew what his friend was thinking about him.

One word, and Pippig would understand everything. But this word could not be uttered.

Kramer came over later on. He withdrew with Hofel to a corner of the room.

"The transport is leaving this afternoon."

Hofel nodded. "I've got the list already."

"What's wrong?" Kramer inquired.

Hofel looked away from Kramer, out of the window.

"What could be wrong?" he replied and shrugged his shoulders. "The kid's going along, of course."

Kramer heard the pain in Hofel's reply and wanted to say a kindly word to him.

"I'm not inhuman, Andre, but you ought to realise..."

"Don't I realise!?" Hofel burst out at Kramer, almost with hostility. Kramer did not want it to come to an argument and had all he could do to preserve his own hardness, which hurt him. So he only nodded silently, held out his hand to Hofel, and said placatingly: "I won't bother about it any more, if you want to know. It's all up to you now." He left.

Hofel looked after him gloomily. It was all up to him now. Wearily he went back to the corner.

Kropinski's eyes widened in a sudden access of fear. A word of remonstrance formed on his lips, but he said nothing and only stared with an empty, dead smile at Hofel's sombre face. Hofel was afraid he would lose his toughness: he said imperiously to Kropinski: "Take the child before Zweiling comes and ... and ..."

Kropinski bent down, circumspectly took the 'pretty pictures' out of the little hands, carefully put the cards toge-



ther, and lifted the child in his arms.

As he started to go, Hofel stroked the child's soft hair.

Kropinski's face warmed hopefully, he nodded encouragingly at Hofel, and his voice was full of appeal: "You look, really look, at little, little child," he said tenderly. "Has so beautiful eyes and so little nose and little ears and little hands ... Is everything still so little ..."

Hofel's chest constricted, he grew hot, he let his hand slide down gently, as if he were pulling a concealing hood over the child's face: "Sure sure, a little Polish Jewish child..."

Kropinski, becoming more lively, shook his head.

"What means child from Poland! Child is in whole world, everywhere. We must love child and take care of him..."

Tortured, Hofel began to curse. "God dam it! I can't help it! Kramer told me ... he says the kid has got to..."

Kropinski quickly interrupted, his eyes glittering:

"You not listen Kramer! Kramer is hard man. You look at Red Army. Coming always nearer, always nearer, and Americans too. Always nearer. Well, what be then? Few weeks more and fascists all gone and we free ... and little child too."

Hofel pressed his lips together so tightly that they became white. He stared before him as if his thoughts had slipped away. Finally he came to life and made a gesture of dismissal, as if to push the clamorous thoughts aside.

"I've thought it over," he said, completely altered. "You can't bring the kid to the Pole now. What could he do with it? Everything's at sixes and sevens with a transport. Wait till the afternoon."

Kropinski took a deep breath of relief.

The two in the corner had no idea that they had been observed for quite a while by a stealthy listener - Zweiling.

He had entered the building unexpectedly. Pippig, who was standing in the corridor between the sacks of clothing and attentively watching the corner, had not noticed him. On coming in, Zweiling had realised immediately from Pippig's behaviour that something was going on in the back.

He stepped up softly behind the unsuspecting Pippig and said in his doughy voice:

"What you gawking at?"

Pippig whirled about and gazed in alarm at Zweiling's open mouth. The Scharfuhrer gave a gray smile and said slyly:

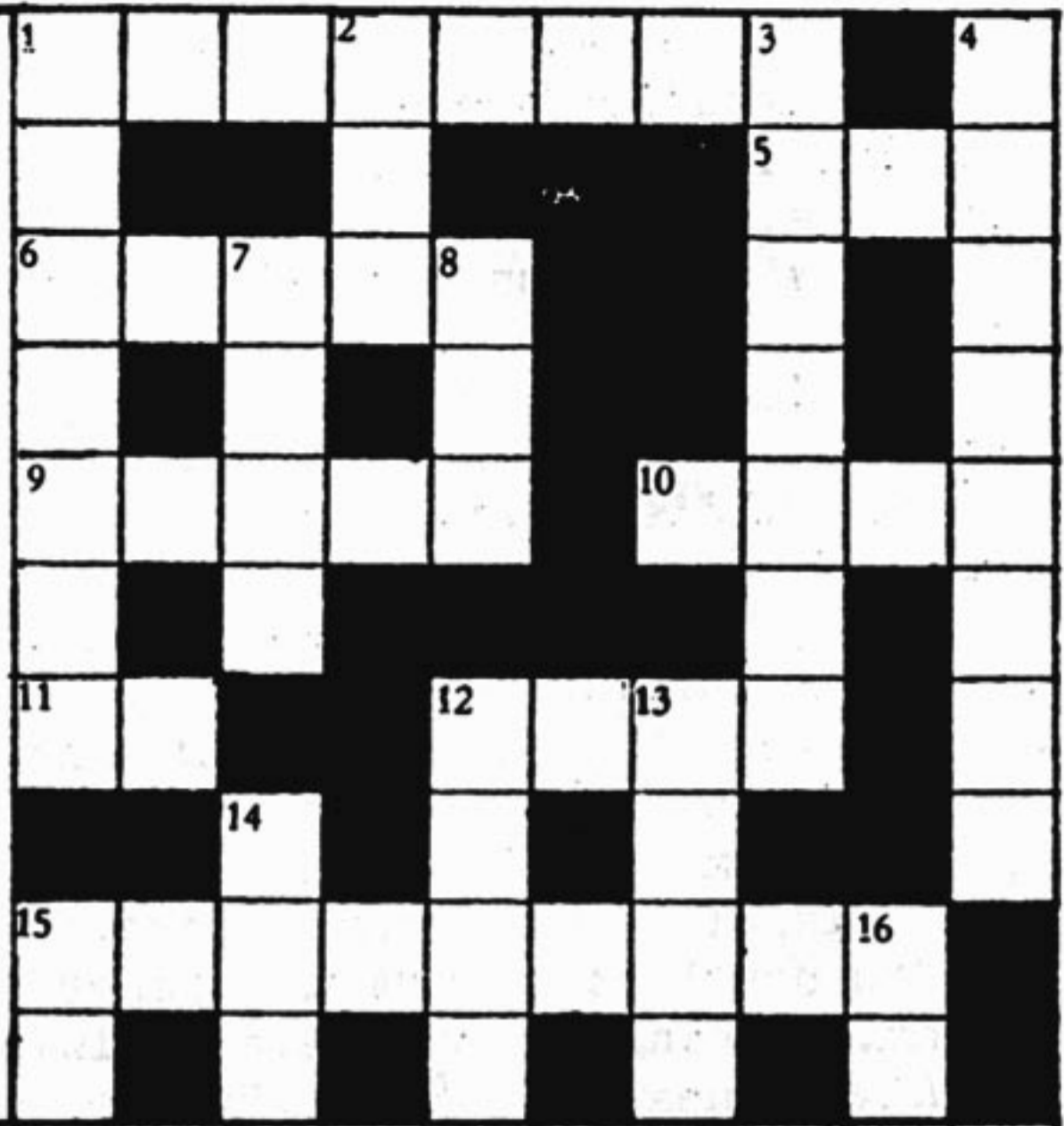
"You're very quiet all of a sudden."



# DAWN

## PolitiXword

No. 6



### CLUES

#### Across

1. Where the Freedom Charter was born.
5. A period of history.
6. "All shall ... Equal Human Rights."
9. F a t h e r of the CPSU.
10. The measurement of a surface.
11. To refuse or deny.
12. To prepare the land for growing crops.
15. Province in our country.

#### Down

1. Moscow's heart.
2. Palestinian people's vanguard movement.
3. To take no sides in a conflict.
4. The Defiance ... of 1952.
8. Japan's unit of currency.
12. An examination.
13. Heavy metal with greyish colour.
14. To illegalise.
15. Comrade Nkobi's initials.
16. L i e u t e n a n t.

See answers in DAWN Vol. 5 No.7



# **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.*

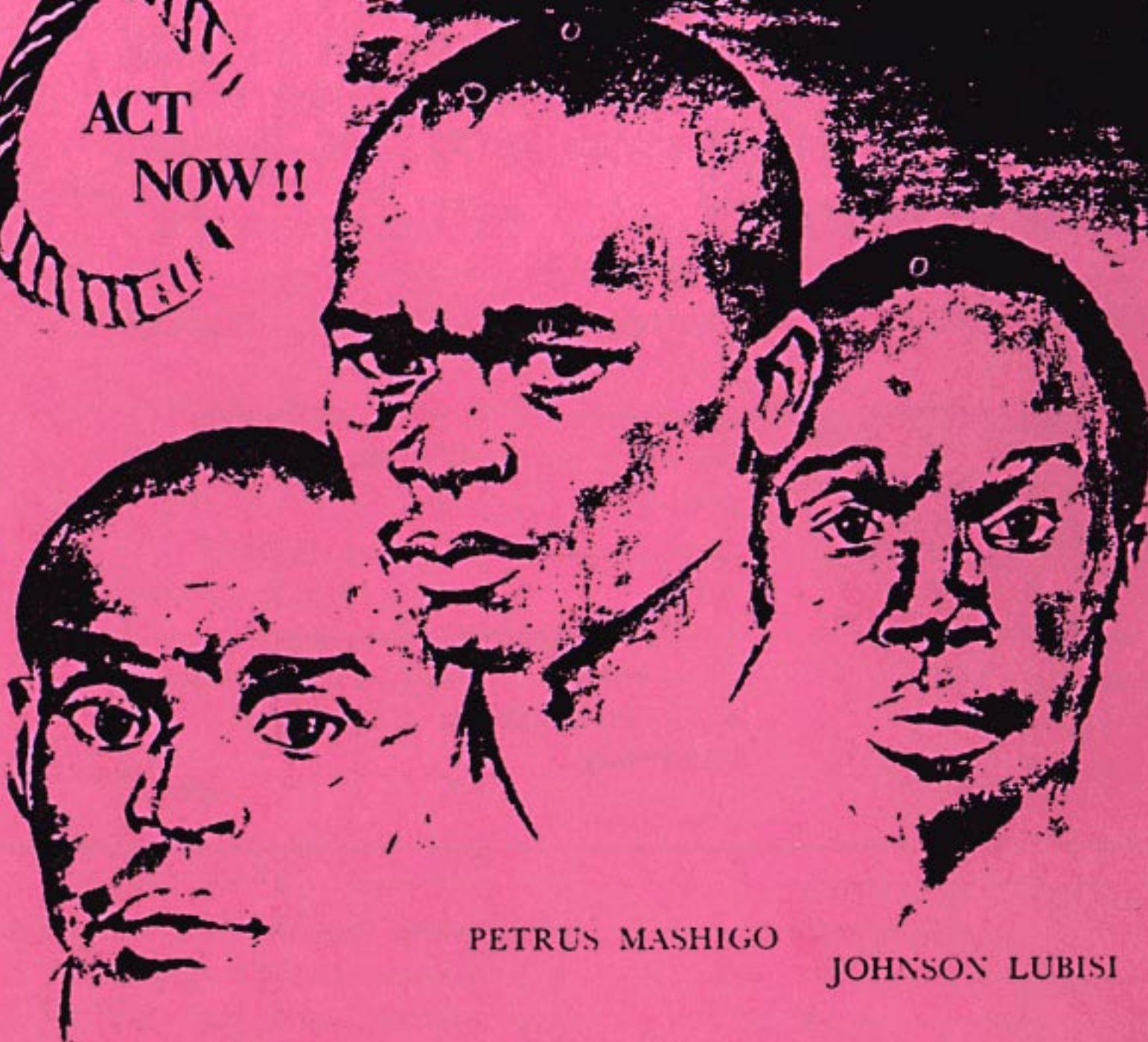
**RADIO TANZANIA:** *shortwave, 19 m band, 15,435  
KHz,  
8.15pm Sunday, Monday,  
Wednesday, Friday; 31 m band,  
6.15am Tuesday, Thursday,  
Saturday.*

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



**FIGHT  
FOR THEIR  
RELEASE**

**ACT  
NOW!!**



**NAPHTALIE MANANA**

**PETRUS MASHIGO**

**JOHNSON LUBISI**

**THEY ARE PRISONERS OF WAR AND MUST BE TREATED UNDER THE**

**RELEVANT GENEVA CONVENTIONS**