

ARISE!/VUKA



ARISE!/VUKA

is an initiative by working, unemployed and student youth residing in Soweto, Lenasia, Eldorado Park, Riverlea, Bosmont and Fordsburg.

ARISE!/VUKA

is the newspaper of ACTION YOUTH. the principles of ACTION YOUTH are:

- anti - racism
  - anti - imperialism
  - anti - ethnicity
  - anti - collaboration
  - anti - sexism
  - paramountcy of working-class interest and ideas
  - democratic criticism - self-criticism
- ACTION YOUTH participates in the National Forum.

ARISE!/VUKA

in its coverage and analysis will focus on the actual struggles taking place inside South Africa, to all the organisations of the people, and independent black trade unions which are leading the struggles in our country we give our critical support.

ARISE!/VUKA

while focusing its coverage mainly on South Africa nevertheless gives support to the national and class struggles in Grenada, El Salvador, Eritrea, Palestine, Poland, Namibia, Guyana and all other struggles of oppressed and exploited peoples, and gives critical support to Cuba, Nicaragua, Angola, Mozambique, Zimbabwe and all other third world countries in which the ruling parties are engaged in the process of socialist reconstruction.

ARISE!/VUKA

believes support for us must be critical in order to be meaningful and constructive.

For Susan van Wyk, a twenty-one year old factory worker killed by a shotgun blast fired by a soldier in Kasselsvlei Road, Bellville, Cape Town - August 1985.

They are not only roots beneath the bloodstained stones, not only do their poor demolished bones definitively till the soil, but their mouths still bite dry rock and attack like granite mountains, and still their upraised fists deny death

Their lives and pride remain:  
Her laughter flashed in the sweaty workshop  
Her steps going to work sounded at my side each day  
I have seen her heart flame with fire and energy.

There is in our hearts so much mourning and so much death  
that it is like a forest  
drenched by the blood that killed our sister's smiles.



Susan van Wyk

Put aside your mantles of mourning, join all your tears until you make them metal: for there we strike by day and by night, there we kick by day and by night, until the doors of hatred fall!

And you the carrion crow, the murderers, the carriers of misery and wholesale merchants who peddle grief, Jackals that the jackal would spurn, stones that the dry thistle would bite spitting, vipers that vipers would abhor!

Facing you I have seen the blood of Azania rise up to drown you in a single wave of pride and knives.

Look at our dilapidated homes  
look at our broken lives  
from each raging house comes burning metal  
instead of flowers  
from each dead child comes a gun with eyes,  
from each crime are born bullets that will one day seek in you where the heart lies

You have dared to ruffle my sister's hair  
You will pay!

write to us

any COMPLAINTS?



any IDEAS?



any LETTERS?



any HELPING-HANDS?



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