



Editorial Comment

THE ANVIL AND THE HAMMER

Georgi Dimitrov might have been referring to us when he said: "He who does not want to be an anvil must be a hammer!"

Yes, we have been hammering for democratic rule through reasonable and controlled armed struggle for nineteen years, but still, fascism refuses to heed to our call. Instead they resort to all the t r i c k s in the book and we have hammered to smithereens Piet "Wapen" Botha's call for changes because it was for adaptation to maintain apartheid while pouring water on the flames of our revolution.

To us any solution that does not recognise and enshrine the principle of democratic rule in South Africa is doomed. We are not made of dreams. It is for that reason that Botha's deceitful reforms lie in shambles, inside the dustbin in our backyard. We are armed for the destruction of the whole system of apartheid to give way to the peaceful reconstruction of our country with the hammer of democracy which could only be solid on the anvil of the Freedom Charter.

For that achievement we have been trodding, trodding and trodding on until on November 26 when they again disturbed us by oscillating the Sword of Democles on the heads of our militants, Comrades Lubisi, Manana and Mashigo. What they must

note is that during these past nineteen years we have only tickled the facade of the fascist regime, but this year touched it where it hurts most. This act against our comrades is the last straw, after which, when we tick at their personnel, there will be hell and fury, which will definitely let people begin to rise. It is then, that no one shall point a finger at the African National Congress when we begin to act a "life for a life", a "tooth for a tooth". It would be brief with lightning speed ringing in the flames of freedom.

They have sentenced to death, which is to us murder; Comrades Johnson Lubisi, 28, Petrus Mashigo, 20, and Naphtalie Manana, 24. All in the cream and gravy of their youth! This is the last straw. They are trying to dig out the remains of our ancestors.

This spree of wanton murder which the racists have set loose is not something new. The Nationalist government was born in violence and has maintained itself in power through violence. Its history is one of contempt for values of any democratic society, of complete intransigence to the claims of our people to a stake in the country's wealth. Instead they have answered by repressive legislation, and yet more banishment, detention without trial, bannings, torture and judicial murder. The people could not endure the bitter cup of slavery forever. Hence the choice of the difficult path of armed struggle.

Today with Umkhonto we Sizwe at 19, we are more than certain that:

"The winning of our freedom by armed struggle... demands more than passion. It demands an understanding and implementation of revolutionary theory and techniques in the actual conditions facing us. It demands a sober assessment of the obstacles in our way and an appreciation that such a struggle is bitter and protracted".

We are acting in accordance with these guidelines and the end result of our effort is obviously victory over the fascist regime. We must remind the Pretoria rulers of Nuremberg.

We therefore call upon the international community whose commitment to ridding the world of the scourge of apartheid has been amply demonstrated on several occasions, to step up

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and friendly Africa. Invasion of foreign lands has become your stock-in-trade, simple as boarding a tourist bus. But this time you are the fare and your Almighty Pretoria the benefactor.

Time is fast approaching when the Northward Limpopo bound train for border duty shall be your terror and nightmare. At the railway station your "Papa" and "Mama" shall bid you farewell and your return shall be a ghostly knock on the front door, the entry of an unknown man, a consoling note reading: "He died with honour and glory for the fatherland". "Papa" and "Mama" shall stare each other in the eye and their numb gaze shall converge on your younger ten year old brother whose path is also that of "glory for the fatherland". This is your path as the fish of the race-mad muddy waters, I want to breathe the life into you but you have been drained dry and exhaled of the love for life and man.

Mr. Soldier, if I may address you so, the decision is yours, judgement has not yet been pronounced. We reserve the right to final judgement. Yours is a marathon trial. Rustenburg, Moroka and Booyens are the people's trialstones surging uninterruptedly forward under the ever present reminding trial venues and echoes of Amalinde, Thaba Bosiu and mighty Isandlwana.

In battlegrounds as far apart as Blood River and Wankie we buried soldiers. We are dynamite itself exploding with freedom and grinding you alive. Rightly placed, you are an accident and scurvy of history, and your body and soul belong to the manure fields of posterity.

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campaigns to save the lives of our comrades. To our oppressed but fighting people, the message is to carry on in the spirit of the successful battles of the Year of the Freedom Charter and the South African Worker, to engage the enemy in all fronts, to harass him, disperse his forces and weaken them. In brief, to deny him peace.

FORWARD TO A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT!