

MK SOLDIERS

VIEWPOINT



FOR THE KING-SIZE COLLAPSE

OF THE TYRANT

Ben Century

What prompts such an article is the concern arising from a statement issued by our National Executive Committee in 1973 which briefly reads - »The voice of our organisation is still relatively weak.« The statement can still be repeated with telling accuracy today, eleven years later. The worrying question is - Why? Have we deliberately explored all avenues to give our propaganda this desperately needed facelift?

It is true that not all of us, varied as we are, are equally capable of becoming professional propagandists oral or written. It is equally true that the field of propaganda is a speciality to which certain cadres of our movement have to concentrate to become the masters of its intricacies. But the concern being expressed here is not of the singular in a crowd propagandist, but our lack of fuel, indeed dryness, when it comes to the mass firemen of propaganda. We are talking not of the flicker of a candle but a blazing line of flame.

What is at issue is, when bluntly put, the »raw« propagandist. The unschooled cadre that is put through the drill today

and fielded tomorrow. In this act we shall be having in mind the saying of our time that »Revolution builds us, we build the revolution.« The mass of our people should be engaged in that building and being built. It should not be a reckless exercise of participation for the pure sake of participation, then celebrating a task well done when all smells of disaster. Each cadre's role as representing the vanguard should not venture to test and risk weighing the confidence of the people upon their vanguard in manners bordering on adventure.

If one would attempt to explain what propaganda is in simple language, it would be to propagate one's views by whatever means, be they oral, written or otherwise. Propaganda is the outlet for popularising your views, your strategic and tactical outlook, and to destroy views that oppose your own. But without your propaganda being tuned into the wave of consistency, being the permanent ignitor of defiance, opening the mind, injecting new hope, burning webs of fear, making tatters of grey and old ideas, and assisting the fencesitter topple over to our side, it



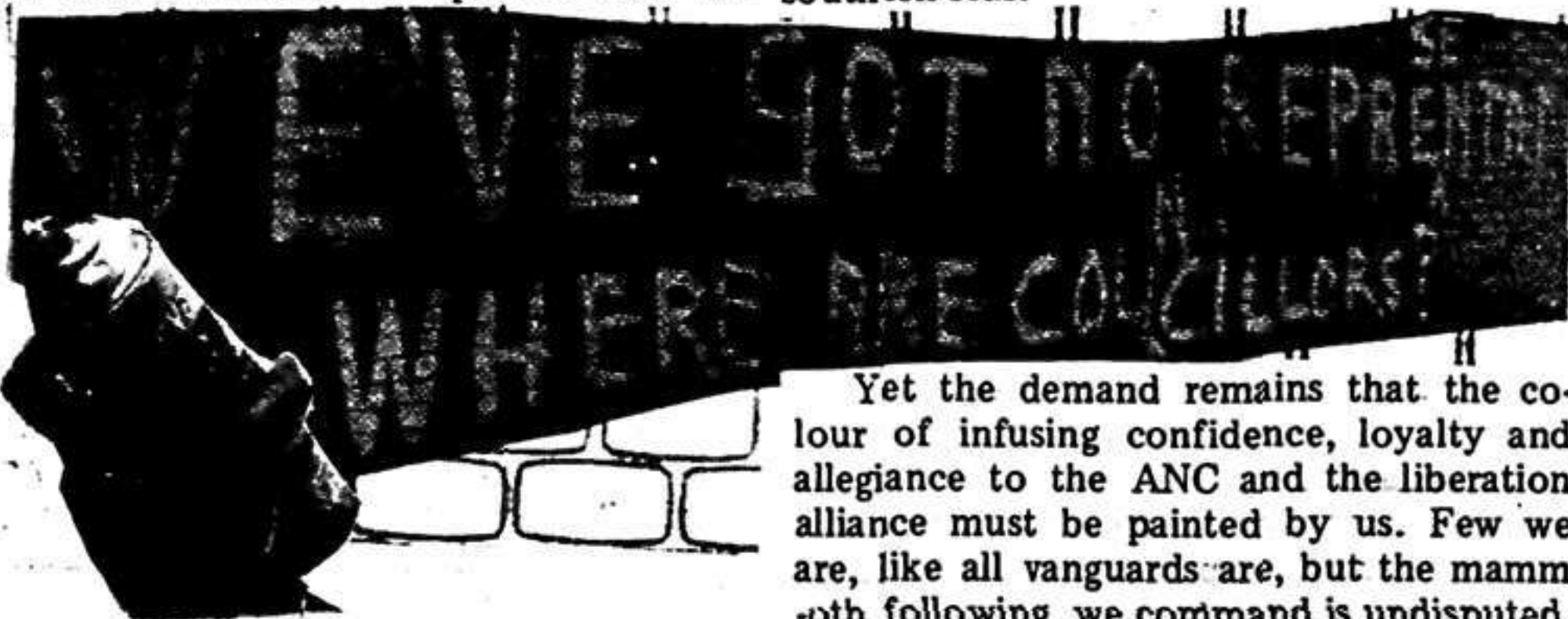
shall remain a yesterday's memory representing a history gone tired. In the words of Atarov, propaganda must just make »fighting stick out of me.» It must become touchable, making one guilty of non-participation and impress the good duty and worthiness of plunging fully into commitment.

Let us repeat our popular and correct saying »the masses build the revolution, the revolution builds the masses.» The enemy must be cut to shreds by a multitude of giant attacks. We need to tear him apart not here and there but present him the

ld eventually be magnetted intervenes as it must:

WALL SLOGAN

We need to build what we initially called the »raw propagandist». Given the difficult situation we are faced with of not only deploying personnel, paper and ink but printing implements as well, the task could be greatly relieved by the purposeful unearthing of the wall slogan. South Africa is not a tiny fascist enclave territorially speaking and our people are spread all over from the north to the southern seas.



gift of becoming a lunatic searching everywhere. It is with sadness that we record that one such giant attack has been neglected up to now - the wall slogan.

No denial is about to be made about the popular use of wall slogans by the mass of our people presently. But this remains spontaneous, potholed and thus lacking in organised consistency. It hangs on a whim and spur of the moment decision of individuals not properly structured. And this grave reality shall persist until such time that the ANC, as the revolutionary centre around which all democratic activity shou-

Yet the demand remains that the colour of infusing confidence, loyalty and allegiance to the ANC and the liberation alliance must be painted by us. Few we are, like all vanguards are, but the mammoth following we command is undisputed. Blessed shall be the day when the ANC shall have a many million strong membership. The tasks would be easier, but reality dictates otherwise.

How then do we reach out in methods more than one? Do we always go leaflet in hand to the miner's hostel and the village community? It is no secret that some of our publications can be better understood by a lawyer, doctor and professor than by the migrant worker. Yet the knocking demand for a generalised offensive is that the poorest sections of our population need us most, and with-

out them, the verdict of a half revolution is already there.

To pose the question of which is more important between the leaflet and the wall slogan would give the wrong answer. The campaign, the moment, the build up, the willingness, preparedness and the immediate offshoot are all aspects to be weighed. Each should be found its place. Each has its own impact. A new mass organisation is being launched and not far away appears »ANC Leads» Comrade Mdluli is murdered in prison and walls retaliate, »Our Timols and Mdluli's never die.» Hlapane is killed and walls read »No mercy for traitors».

On the main route through Chief Sabata's stronghold we surface »USabata ne ANC banathi» on a rock face. »I am not alone» cramps the fear that has been cramping each in his corner because the slogan binds the collective feeling

unfold campaigns and not to find ourselves bowing down to spontaneity.»

GRAFFITI
This assertion seeks to reveal that it is not a question of sacrificing our other forms of propaganda that is at issue but the question of allowing such an important weapon to suffer the neglect we have given it. All our forms of propaganda need a new lease of life, today it could be the leaflet and tomorrow it must be another form. Both the wall slogan, sometimes called graffito, and the leaflet have their given advantages.

The leaflet has room to appeal and explain in a way that shall eventually persuade. The slogan has the power of brevity allowing no doubled interpretation. It possesses the rough element to demand, to say that this and nothing else is correct. It explodes, tips, scales, abruptly unhooks stammerings whilst the debate could still be in the air. It



of us all. In earnest people begin to live Yusuf Dadoo's last words »we cannot give up,» not whilst our collective power is charging the barricades. But all these need the man on the scene, the field craftsman, vibrant cadres that are sensitive to the situation. Cadres that shall

is the brave language that demands duty upon the one reading it.
»This is the language for the enemy» would be the silent reflection of a worker as he ponders and hesitates to read the bold and imposing call. Like a hovering and watchful eagle the message is there

ANC' ITHI AZIKWELWA. Danger lurks for he that betrays the democratic call, dare be the traitor then you'll swallow dirt.

The message then is that we do not only need this medium but the mass upsurge at home is throwing it at us. Our political organiser must purposely initiate it, then grandmothers shall on their own feel compelled to crouch towards the wall with a spray or paint brush in hand. Like the equally sad neglect accorded the leaflet bomb, the wall slogan can no longer be neglected. We need special teams for wall propaganda. The angelic walls of Lower Houghton, and Libertas, the walls surrounding the soldiers' barracks, the bus shelter at Winterveldt, the door of a public place, wherever the surface is smooth and paint can stick we must foster defiance. We have a lesson to learn from the MPLA and the multi-columns of wall slogans in all its towns. And when walls begin to spit cold comfort for the enemy it shall be our political propagandist that shall have laid another brick for the king size collapse of the tyrant.

MANDELA - SISHU-LEAD US

THE REAL LIFE OF DOMINGOS XAVIER

José Luandino Vieira

A novel of Angola

CHAPTER 9

»A dance is a dance, mano! Who told you there wasn't one? Who?... Good heavens, that bloke's a copper's nark. If I meet him I'll break his head, I swear! Heavens, with me? He couldn't! He knows I can be dangerous. No, it's not that, mano. Now I'm using my head to think. That's why the bloke's afraid... Eh! No, not like that. So you thought it was just a wrestling match that I was up to? Forget it, mano. Now.. now when I pick up a pen no one can touch me, no one, mano. You won't miss it, Chico, you won't miss it, will you? You won't miss it, John, and you too, Teteco. Why? Just listen to him! You've got a dance with the Ngola group, with all our friends there, with our dishes and our songs, and you ask why?