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Contents

Editorial Comment: Preaching Peace while preparing for war . . . 1

The Momentum We Have Built Up In Struggle should Not Be
Lost – Commander-in-Chief O.R. Tambo3

Learn with DAWN : Electric igniters9

Botha-Malan Offensive Turning Sour.11

A Fitting Tribute.12

The Final Deal Must Be Made with Us.16

DAWN Politxword Vol. 8 No. 2 Answers19

MK Women's Forum: As A United Force20

DAWNLIGHT: Charity Begins At Home.22

MK Soldier's Viewpoint: for The King-size Collapse of The
Tyrant23

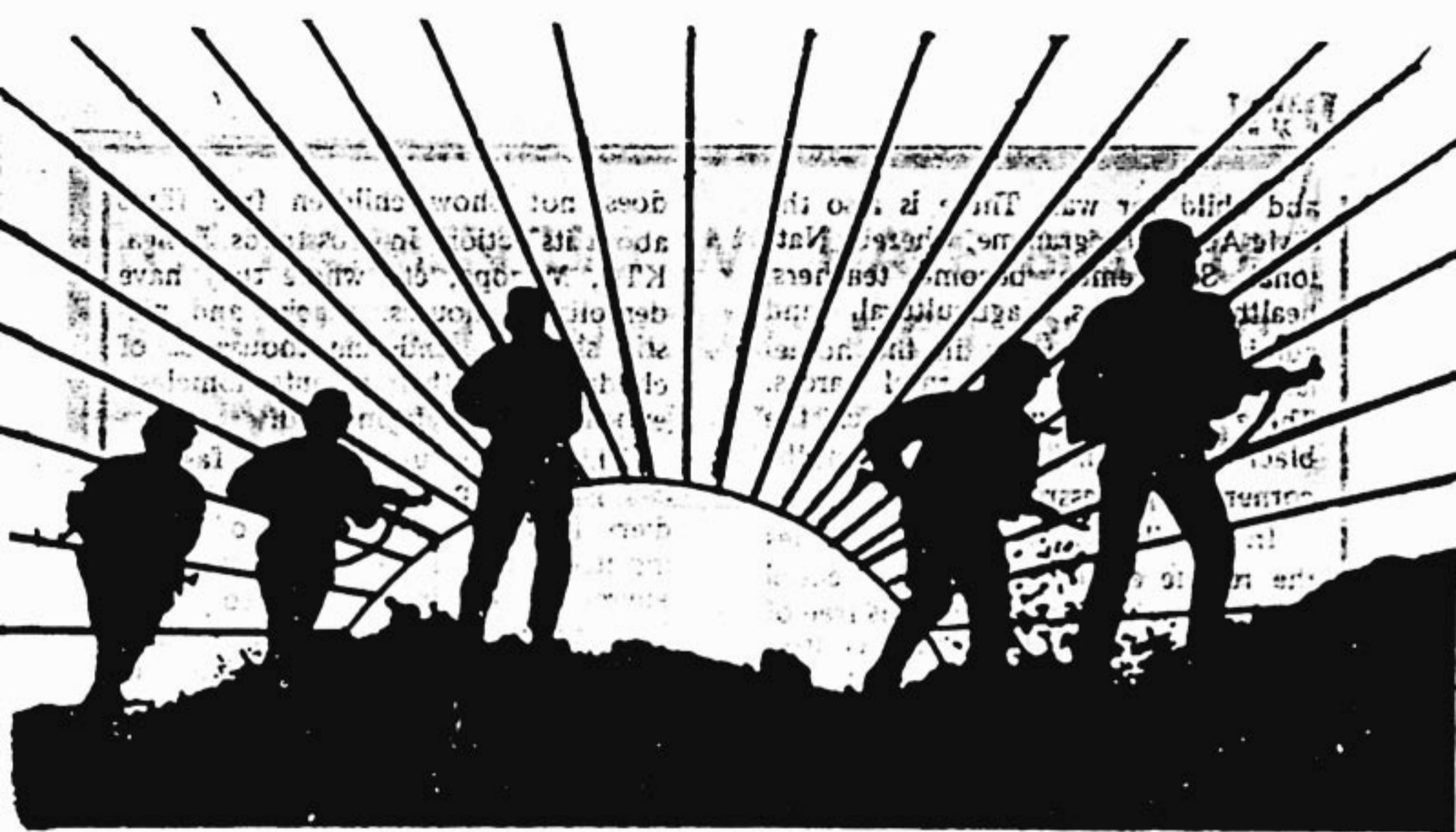
The Real Life of Domingos Xavier – Chapter 926

DAWN PolitiXword No. 332

* COVER: *Dennis Goldberg, serving life imprisonment.*

YEAR OF THE WOMEN

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Editorial Comment

Preaching Peace While Preparing for War

The racist regime's soaring military budget and the increased militarisation of the South African society fall sharply in contrast to Botha's so-called peace drive. Plans including the purchase of new helicopters and the building of new sub-marines to revamp the regime's obsolete war material, and the improvement of the service of SADF members, are underway. Botha preaches peace outside South Africa but breeds hell inside our country. His approach to "peace" and "reform" is "If you want peace, prepare for war."

HEARTS AND MINDS

Youth "adventure camps" is one of the instruments for furthering Botha's »hearts and minds» campaign.

Wild sprees are arranged by the SADF where children are taken for indoctrination. The non-existent »Soviet threat», »terrorist onslaught», »swart gevaar», etc, are used to whip up a war psychosis.

That Botha is mobilising for war is evident in all aspects of the socio-economic life and in all sectors of the population. Conscription, long enforced on whites, is to be extended to so-called Coloureds and Indians in reciprocation for »power sharing» in the president's council.

There has been the creation of organisations like the Voluntary Civil Defence. These organisations also act as reserve commandos and police units. The aim behind all this is to prepare every white man, woman,

and child for war. There is also the Civic Action Programme, whereby National Servicemen become teachers, health workers, agricultural and administrative workers in the homelands and in the rural areas. These national servicemen teach the black man whilst the rifle is in the corner of the classroom.

In so-called Coloured communities the regime erects tents during school holidays and show SADF films free of charge to children. Leadership courses are conducted countrywide in the black schools to solicit mental and physical support for the SADF. The cadet system which is organised as part of the SADF's «area defence» system, has close ties with the local army units. Military officers are being seconded to schools and teachers are encouraged to develop military skills with special training for art teachers in camouflage techniques. Pupils are taught subjects like «terrorist hunting» and are given lectures on the «communist threat» as well as being subjected to vigorous discipline and taught how to handle arms.

But the «hearts and minds» campaign is not having things its own way. There is staunch resistance against Botha's sinister plans. When a hundred children at the Belmore Primary school in Hanover Park were to be taken without their parents' consent on a SADF camp at Faure a month ago, their parents were up in arms with the school's physical teacher for collaborating in the planning of the outing. The trip which the teacher described as including soccer, tennis, cricket, and swimming was intended to include a series of lectures on civil defence. To crown it all, the children were to be transported to their destination in army trucks.

It is not surprising why the SADF

does not show children free films about its actions in Crossroads, Langa, KTC, Mogopa, etc where they have demolished houses, shacks and plastic shelters, rendering thousands of children with their parents homeless, exposed to die from cold.

This shows us how far fascism can go to impose itself even on toddlers for the sole purpose of keeping itself alive. It uses all dirty manoeuvres and lies in the book to justify its brutal actions of exploitation and the spilling of the blood of the oppressed struggling masses. These excursions also bite deep in the huge budget set aside for Pretoria's military adventure, — while — millions of our people suffer from extreme poverty, homelessness, disease, forced removals and brutal exploitation.

SADF's desperate efforts of trying to twist and turn our minds and conceal the true face of apartheid, making it look abstract to children's tender minds is just a pipedream and a big illusion. We still remember with bitterness how they murdered Hector Peterson on June 16, 1976, and still continue shooting many of his age wherever we demand the scrapping of the abominable system of bantu education. We have not known peace in South Africa, the racists are bullying everyone and everywhere.

It is our prime duty to ensure that this regime of terror and genocide is destroyed from the face of the earth. We must turn all they teach us against them. We must resist all its sinister intentions for it is apartheid that breeds all this conflict in our country. It is apartheid that denies us the right to exist, to live in peace and harmony in a democratic South Africa free from racism and oppression.

MAYIBUYE

ANC

THE MOMENTUM WE HAVE BUILT UP IN STRUGGLE SHOULD NOT BE LOST -COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF O.R. TAMBO

Compatriots,

The month of June, like no other month, carries a galaxy of dates each of which records and bears witness to the heroic content of our struggle, the supreme justice of our course, and our irrevocable commitment to pursue it until victory is won.

International Childrens Day, the judicial murder of the three gallant Youth: Mogoerane, Mosololi and Motaung, the Rivonia life imprisonments, the Soweto uprisings, June 26, and the Sasol attack when Umkhonto We Sizwe set racist South Africa ablaze; all these events have each a singularly unifying quality and they combine to give to the month of June a profound and special significance for our struggle.

It is against this background that today, this week, set between June 16 and June 26, we address a special call to the entire democratic movement of our country, in all its formations and shades of opinion.

DESPERATION

The last ten years have seen our struggle rise to levels which seriously threaten the survival of the apartheid system and frightens the enemy into unprecedented acts of desperation. During the last three years in particular, that desperation found expression in armed invasion, raids and massacres, in the use of armed bandits to cause destruction, devastation and destabilisation throughout Southern Africa, and in numerous assassinations and brutal torture of ANC activists and other opponents of the apartheid regime.

In the past three months the Botha regime has tried to recruit the neighbouring African independent states into a fascist campaign aimed at the destruction of the ANC and the liberation struggle in South Africa. In two months time the Pretoria regime will be holding elections for the so-called Coloured and Indian sections of the black people of our country to establish the other two chambers of its tri-cameral parliament.

CHALLENGE

These dangerous enemy moves are the product of our strength. They evidence the rising tempo of the conflict between the forces fighting for freedom, democracy and peace, and those who defend white minority domination and exploitation. The oppressed people and the entire democratic movement of our country are therefore confronted with an enormous and historic challenge, a challenge we dare not meet with anything short of maximum determination.

Our task is two-fold. First, we must, in action and with our united strength, give a lie to the notion that the nature, progress and the victory of our struggle depends on the absence of accords or pacts. It is our turn to do for ourselves and humanity what others have done for themselves and others. We must liberate our country and make it independent and sovereign for all its people, for Southern Africa and our continent, for world peace.

This demands of us to wage resolute struggle at a level and on a scale that

depicts victory. The intensity of that struggle will demonstrate that the white minority regime cannot save itself by terrorising, blackmailing and bullying African independent and sovereign states into becoming extensions of Pretoria's defence and security system.



Pres. O.R. Tambo: We are not apartheid's cattle.

Secondly, we must crush the August elections by the vigour of our united struggle and through an intense campaign exposing the danger and treachery of the elections and reasserting the people's goal of a united, democratic and non-racial South Africa.

Compatriots,

Often in the many decades that our struggle has known, the enemy has attacked with his might, employing every means at his disposal in a bid to wipe out the liberation movement of the people and secure their submission to continued enslavement.

At such times the best sons and daughters of our motherland have risen to meet the demands of the struggle. New leaders have emerged from among the people. Old leaders have rallied and stood firm. The masses of the people have fought back with unyielding courage and determination. And consistently the blood of our youth has flowed to water the tree of freedom. It is some glorious pages that our people have written into the annals of their history.

CALL

Today, faced with the challenge of the Botha constitution and the August elections, we address an appeal, a call to our Indian and so-called Coloured compatriots to stand firm with the oppressed majority, to refuse to join the doomed apartheid system on the eve of the triumph of our long and bitter struggle. The ANC's call to them this valiant month of June is simply: **DON'T VOTE, DON'T!**

If you vote you will be:

- voting for perpetuation of the apartheid system,
- voting for continued domination of the Black people by the white minority,
- offering your sons and yourselves for military conscription into an army whose principal task is to fight the oppressed in South Africa and terrorise

Botha and Machel inspecting the South African and Mozambican guards of honour after signing the Inkomati accord.



We must, with our united strength, give a lie to the notion that the victory of our struggle depends on the absence of accords.

rise the independent countries of Southern Africa,

- selling your own birthright and your future for a mess of pottage,
- helping the enemy to plant among us the seeds of disunity and prolonged

bitterness.

We must refuse to be herded into apartheid's polling booths like cattle into abattoirs. We are not apartheid's cattle. We are men and women with a right and a will to say NO! to the polling slaughterhouse. On August 22 and 28th therefore let us ensure that the enemy's booths stay lonely, empty and deserted places. That will serve to cement the unity of the Black oppressed in our common struggle for a people's government.

their collaborators seek as to drive or drag into their polling booths. In this connection we shall need to pay particular attention to those of our so-called Coloured people who reside in the rural areas, in small towns and in the Eastern Cape.

The campaign issues are daily before us. They include in particular the question of forced removals. The issue of forced removals anywhere should provoke solidarity actions everywhere. The entire country should be involved. None



If you vote you will be offering your sons and yourselves for military conscription into an army whose principal task is to fight the oppressed in South Africa and terrorise the independent countries of Southern Africa.

MOBILISATION

The holding of the elections and the entire constitutional manoeuvre is an assault on the oppressed majority in our country and especially on the African population. The defeat of this sinister scheme is therefore the task not only of our Indian and so-called Coloured compatriots but also, and even more importantly, of the African people. It is the task of every democrat.

With the united might of our millions we must together rout the racists in August and ensure progress towards people's power. It is therefore essential that we engage in the widest and most intensive mobilisation possible. We should reach out to all those whom the racists and



The National Party is dreaming a false dream. We will never go to Knayelitsha or the Ciskei. We were born here and we will die here.



Thousands of students countrywide refuse to accept the system of education designed to serve the interests of white minority domination.

of us should stand and watch while thousands of our people are uprooted from their homes and dumped in the wilderness like sacks of rotten potatoes.

Compatriots:

Earlier this month racist Prime Minister Botha invited himself to several countries in Western Europe where he masqueraded as a champion of justice and peace, and a self-appointed spokesman for the entire African continent. The mask was roughly torn away from his face by his reluctant hosts and the outraged people of Europe. But as he returned from this ill-conceived and ill-timed tour he sought to conceal the effects of the rebuff he had received by repeating the lie that his regime has embarked on a reform programme within our country.

The reality is, however, that the apartheid system cannot be reformed. What Botha, Malan, and Koornhof mean by reform is their feverish attempt to strengthen the bantustan system through the criminal Aliens and Immigration Laws Amendment Act which seeks to transform Africans into foreigners in the land of their birth, and banish them to starvation and death in the bantustans. What they mean by reform is the continuing pass raids and the genocidal programme of forced removals.

CENTREPIECE

In the struggle to frustrate the enemy's constitutional schemes we must therefore intensify our campaign against the bantustan system. This system is, after all, the centrepiece and the bedrock on which is founded the oppressive

constitutional arrangement.

There is the burning issue of education. Many educational institutions are today closed because thousands of black students countrywide refuse to accept the system of education designed to serve the interests of white minority domination. As parents and workers we too have to be involved in the struggle for a free, democratic, non-racial, and compulsory system of education.

The continuing struggles of the students, however localised they may appear, relate to this basic demand. Needless to say, the rest of the student population in our country, both Black and white, should pursue with greater vigour and better co-ordination—the goal of a united national assault to destroy the present apartheid system of education and replace it with one which corresponds to our aspirations. The momentum we have built up in struggle should not be lost. Our goal is a just system of education in a just society.

Botha's constitution, like others before it, is a constitution for injustice, which, among other things, seeks to perpetuate apartheid in education. Consequently, as we continue to intensify our assault on the entire edifice of apartheid education, we should relate this to our offensive against the apartheid constitution. Thus, the democratic student movement should relate the struggle for a just system of education to the struggle against the apartheid constitution.

CRISIS

Piet Botha with his so-called reform programme pursues the aim of tightening the screws of oppression. He is also presiding over the ferocious exploitation of the people and adds insult to injury by forcing us to pay for his evil designs. By July the General Sales Tax will have gone up twice within the year. A new income tax which will hit

the underpaid black masses hard has been introduced.

Prices continue to grow by leaps and bounds. The number of the unemployed increases with each passing day. In the meantime the racists have sharply increased expenditure on their war machine. Large sums of money have been and will be spent on the implementation of the new constitutional scheme and the further refinement of the apartheid system as a whole. The wages we take home buy less each passing day. We spend more money in the shops and return home with half-empty baskets.

On the April 1:	increased by about 9 percent.
●Petrol rose by 1,5 cents a litre in the Transvaal.	●Mealie meal and other maize products are to be increased by at least 25 percent. This increase will also affect the price of other foods such as chicken.
●Railway and air fares rose an average of 9,4 percent	Other things which are going to increase soon are:
●Post office tariffs rose by 9 percent.	●Rice.
●Water tariffs on the Witwatersrand rose by 23,5 percent.	●Soap, washing powder etc
●Transvaal hospital fees doubled.	●Bisquits
Since January:	●Coal.
●Brown bread has risen from 43c to 50c and white bread from 53c to 60c.	●Sugar
●Canned foods have	

All this is happening because the Pretoria regime and its backers are shifting the burden resulting from the crisis of the apartheid economy onto the shoulders of the oppressed and exploited. The time has come that we should call a halt to this attack on our living standards. The time has come that we wage a national campaign for a just minimum wage which is tied to the cost of living index.

The time has come that we combine in action to push down prices, rents, fares, and rates to levels that we can afford. Now is the moment that we the exploited should refuse to pay for our oppression. The democratic trade union



*Yes there will be springs
Where little children of Soweto
Mamelodi Mashu Langa Athlone
Can drink wash or just simply
SPLASH
And like tadpoles
Freely swim
On all June sixteens to come*

and women's movements have a special role to play in spearheading the struggle to ensure that the people refuse to pay for apartheid domination.

Compatriots:

In saluting you this month of June, on the eve of June 26, the anniversary of our national day of struggle, our call to you all is: *organise, mobilise and step up the mass offensive around immediate issues of the day and the fundamental question of people's power.*

We are confident that in that offensive the death-defying soldiers of Umkhonto

We Sizwe, our heroic youth, our militant workers and fighting women will play their historic role and contribute massively to the build-up towards a determined, united, and nation-wide assault on the enemy's constitution and for the conquest of popular power in our country.

LONG LIVE THE STRUGGLE FOR THE TOTAL LIBERATION OF AFRICA!

**LONG LIVE OUR SOLIDARITY WITH SWAPO AND THE NAMIBIAN PEOPLE!
DOWN WITH RACIST DOMINATION!**

LEARN with DAWN

You too Countryman, can be a Freedom Fighter

OTHER METHODS OF MAKING ELECTRIC IGNITERS

Instead of breaking the glass of the torch-bulb as we described in DAWN No 1&2, 1984, you can file a small hole in the glass and fill the bulb with your incendiary mixture or with powdered match heads. Make sure the bulb is completely filled by tapping it to compress the powder.

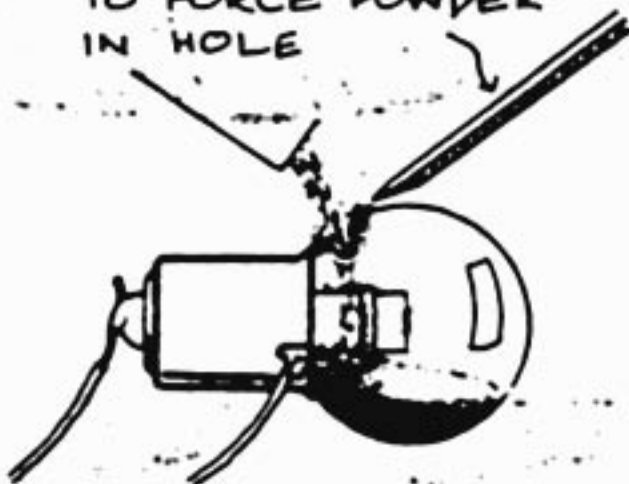
Before filling the bulb, however, the electric wires must be soldered on in the same way as shown in DAWN No. 1&2. Seal the small hole in the glass with tape or with glue. This ignitor is used in the same way as described in DAWN No. 1&2, except that it never has to be covered for protection.

1. FILE SMALL HOLE WITH FINE FILE.



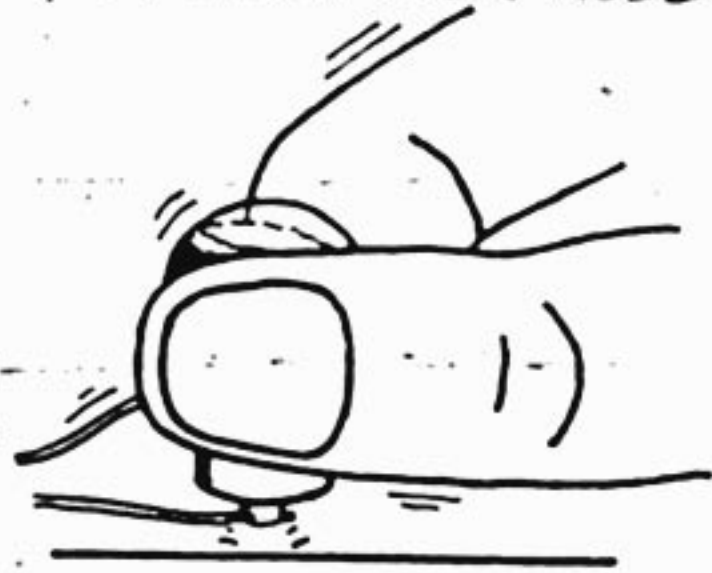
SOLDER WIRES ON FIRST.

USE SHARP INSTRUMENT TO FORCE POWDER IN HOLE



2. FILL WITH INCENDIARY POWDER OR POWDERED MATCH-HEADS

3. TAP BULB ON TABLE TO COMPRESS POWDER. HOLD FINGER OVER HOLE.



4. CLOSE HOLE WITH GLUE OR TAPE.



MUST BE COMPLETELY FULL

SAFETY WARNING!

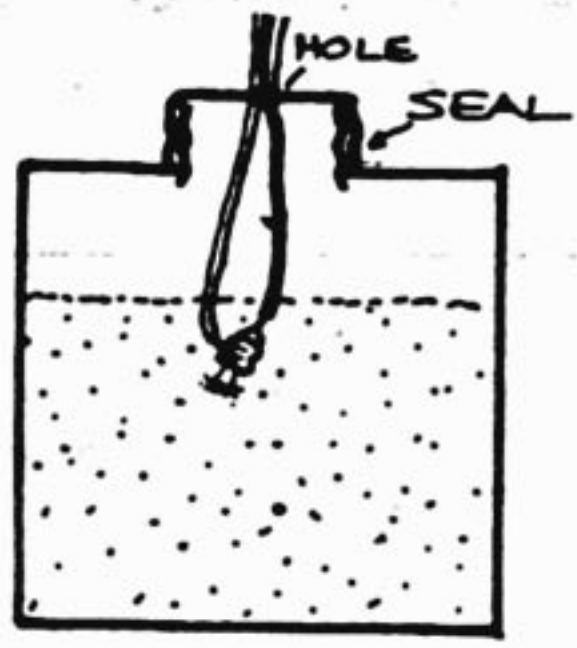
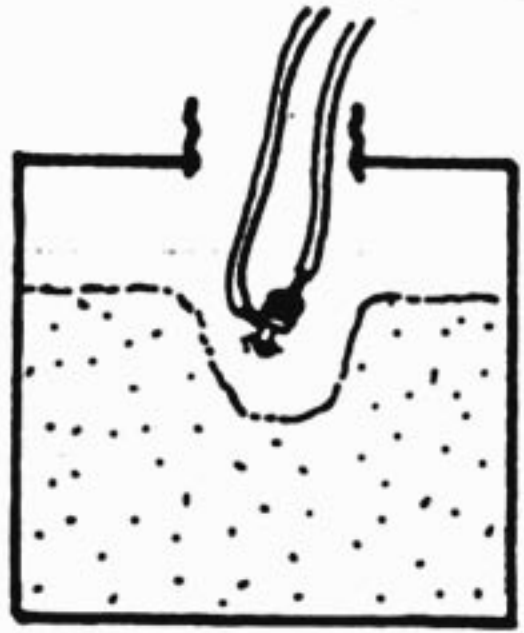
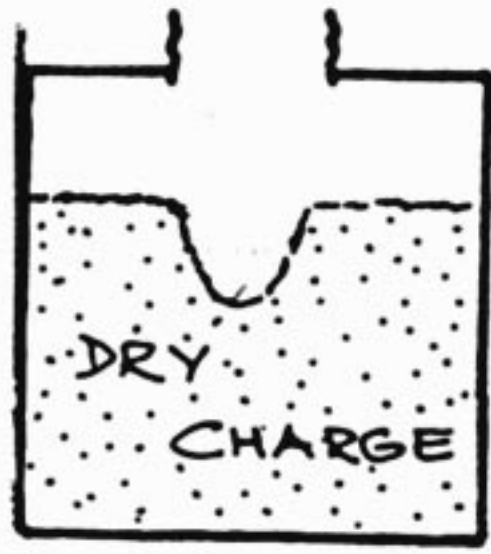
If you want to test one of these igniters, connect long leads and keep a safe distance. It goes off, with quite a bang!

finally cover the igniter with the powder from the charge. This is done because if you merely pushed the igniter into the charge the filament will break and it will be ruined.

HOW TO USE AN ELECTRIC IGNITER

The torch-bulb electric igniter can be used to ignite both wet and dry charges. If it is used to ignite a dry charge you must first make a hole in the charge, then insert the igniter and

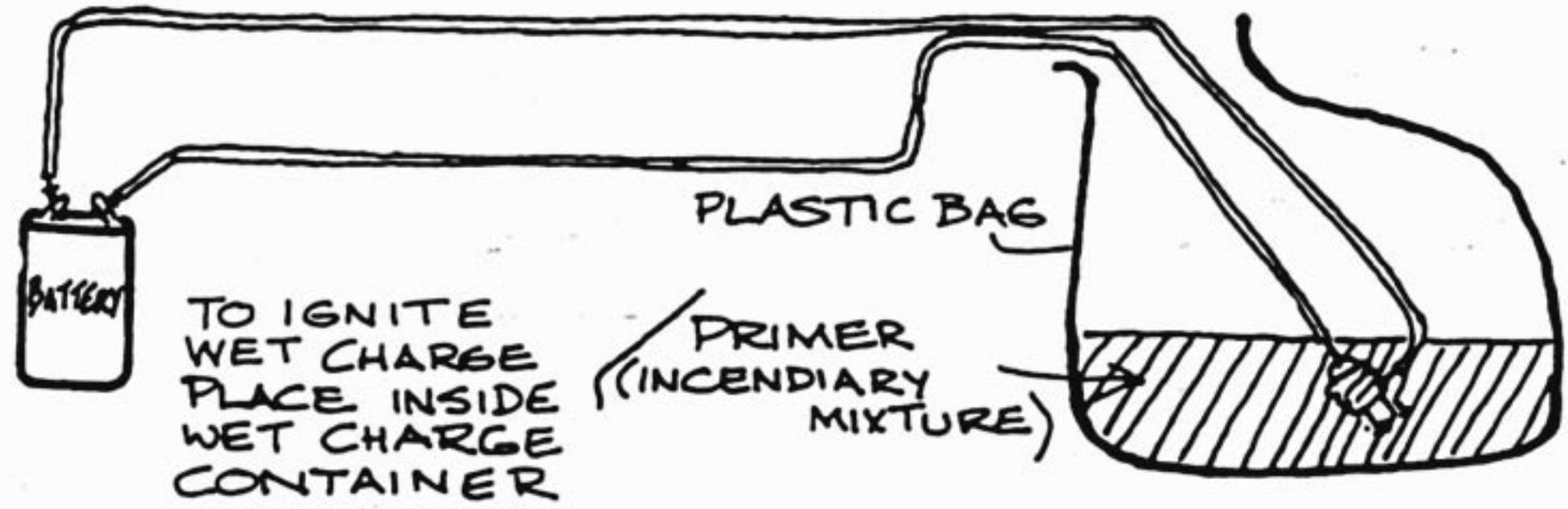
If the igniter is to be used with a wet charge it is best to insert it into a balloon or small plastic bag first and then cover it with some incendiary powder. This prevents it getting wet and also causes a much bigger flash, increasing the chances of the charge igniting.



1. MAKE HOLE FOR IGNITER.

2. INSERT IGNITER IN HOLE.

3. COVER IGNITER. PUT LID ON.



BOTHA-MALAN

OFFENSIVE TURNING

SOUR

The grand design of the South African racist regime, backed by the Reagan administration to arrest the South African revolution and to import its control over the whole of southern Africa, is in tatters. For, despite efforts to present a new 'good neighbourly' face, Pretoria has only one constant course — the preservation and entrenchment of white racist rule.

The efforts of the racist regime to build a cordon sanitaire around its borders is meant to give credence to the false allegation that the African National Congress and its armed wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe is an external force and that the root of the conflict in South Africa is outside interference.

The escalation of the struggle by the entire population of our country and particularly the stepped up activities of Umkhonto we Sizwe demonstrate for the world to see that our struggle is firmly based on our people. Pretoria knows the truth because savage sentences, court orders on limitation of burials, arrests and closing of schools have not deterred our people. On the contrary all these acts of desperation have only infuriated our people to mass united resolve to end apartheid whatever the cost.

TOTAL OPPOSITION

The Botha-Malan offensive is turning sour. The Frontline States have reaffirmed their total opposition to apart-

heid and their support for the ANC and SWAPO. This is contained in the Stockholm meeting of the foreign ministers of Nordic and Frontline countries. P W Botha's visit to some eight western countries was a hopeless failure. Instead of the bonus in favour of ending the apartheid isolation the cry everywhere was that the isolation of apartheid will be intensified. Even the friends of apartheid were forced to condemn apartheid in public.

Meanwhile our people are displaying a new level of unity in action and determination to end apartheid. Pretoria has played its reserve card and failed. This is why it is becoming more desperate. We should exercise great vigilance. The African National Congress has learnt from reliable sources that P W Botha and his generals are hatching plans to assassinate the leadership of the ANC. Its propaganda themes are intended to create favourable conditions for execution of such plans. We want to make a timeous warning to Pretoria to pause and contemplate the consequences of such dastardly plans.

At the same time Pretoria and some elements in the security forces of Swaziland are trying to portray the ANC as insensitive and inconsiderate about the death and burial of our combatants who died in Swaziland. Our movement did everything possible. Our official representatives were not only denied access to our fallen and arrested comra-

des but they in turn were arrested. We have not been given even their grave numbers. Despite all this, services took place wherever our people are in memory of the slain heroes. Everybody knows that to bury our fallen we have gone to Maseru, to Matola and to Harare to mention only a few places. We condemn most vehemently the secret burial of our two comrades killed by the Swazi police in April 1984.

SLANDEROUS CAMPAIGN

The latest of Pretoria's slanderous campaign, assisted by some elements within the Swazi police and security, is that the ANC is receiving copies of the one-million signatures presently being collected by the UDF from our people as a political act rejecting the constitutional entrenchment of apartheid. This is a desperate act by Pretoria to frighten our people from massively supporting the campaign and it is a systematic plan paving the way for banning the UDF. We call upon our people to reject this crude and fascist method of dealing with opposition.

Our people shall always draw a distinct line between fraternal Swazi people who have always supported our struggle and those elements who have sold their souls and are in the pay of South African generals.

We urge our people to raise still higher and maintain the level of their vigilance, political action and awareness and to develop and consolidate the unity in action against our common enemy for people's power in a unitary non-racial democratic South Africa.

**THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES!
VICTORY IS CERTAIN!**

**AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS
PRESS RELEASE
26 JUNE 1984**

AAAFIT

Veli-Sitha
Thirty years ago on the 17th of April 1954, 150 delegates representing 230,000 women of all races, converged at Johannesburg in a conference to found the Federation of South African Women (FEDSAW). This organisation was to set itself the task of mobilizing South African women to fight for equality and against all the manifestations of apartheid rule in South Africa.

Present at this historic meeting were outstanding women leaders of the calibre of Lilian Ngoyi, Helen Joseph, Francis Baard, Dora Tamana, Fatima Meer, Ray Alexander, Dorothy Nyembe and many others from the African National Congress Women's League. Although the main thrust of the come-together was aimed at thrashing out the issues that affect women daily, the delegates demonstrated a proper understanding of the socio-political situation in our country - linking the question of women's rights with that of the struggle for liberation.

The founding of FEDSAW was not the result of the conference. It was mostly initiated by the development of women's struggles dating as far back as the days of World War II. During those trying days, women saw the need to be organised against shortages and high food prices. As a result of this, Food Committees were formed to ensure the fair distribution of food, especially in the outskirts of the cities.

Through the Food Committees and during occasions such as the 8th of March, women were able to

ING TRIBUTE

meet and discuss issues affecting them. Their meetings were inspired by the activities of organisations such as the Women's International

Women's League attended. Thorough assessment of the role that the women played in the Defiance Campaign of Unjust Laws influenced their decision



Meeting celebrating the 30th anniversary of FEDSAW'S founding

Democratic Federation which had begun organising women in the struggle against war and for the reformation of lasting peace.

Activities such as these gave rise to the bringing together of women on the 1st of April 1953 in Port Elizabeth where leading women from the ANC

of working towards the creation of an organisation that could effectively ensure fuller participation of women in our national liberation struggle.

At FEDSAW's founding conference, the women condemned the racist regime's apartheid rule that subjects us to poverty, ignorance, ill-health and slave



labour conditions. The women linked their own struggles and their problems with the struggles against the bills that were before parliament and the political issues of the day. They also spoke of the conditions under which children are brought up, lack of proper family life, amenities and education opportunities, the need for schools, chreches, maternity homes, the high rents and poor houses.

Delegates further underscored the need and determination to fight against the unjust laws, the Bantu Education Act, the Industrial Conciliation Amendment Act, the Population registration Act and the pass laws, all of which affected the lives of women, as an urgent task.

Above all, they pointed out that women were further victims of oppression in their homes because of tradition and custom. They failed to attend meetings and contribute fully

in the struggle because they have to be home to cook, feed and look after their families, and have to do a lot of other chores without the help of their husbands.

The conference of the women sought to educate their menfolk that women were half of the population and without their support and full participation in the struggle progress will look like a mirage. The women's conference also adopted a Charter of Women's Rights demanding the right to vote, the right to full employment opportunities, equal rights with men in relation to property, marriage and children, and for the removal of all laws and customs that deny women such rights.

The inaugural conference also elected a National Executive Committee. Ida Mntwana, then President of the ANC Women's League, was elected President. Gladys Smith, Lilian Ngoyi, Bertha Mkhize and Florence Matomela were

elected Vice Presidents. Ray Alexander became Secretary.

It is a fitting tribute indeed to the 30 years of struggle waged by our women through FEDSAW and other organisations, that the African National Congress, the vanguard of the oppressed masses of South Africa timely declared the year 1984 as the Year of Women. It is a tribute to the Women. It is a testimonial tribute to the spirit of no surrender that our women have demonstrated over the years irrespective of severe bannings, detentions, arrests, harassment and victimisation. For instance comrades Lilian Ngoyi and Dora Tamane had bannings and harassment as part of their lives, but they fought without flinching for a moment till their last days. The life of Helen Joseph, the first person to be house-arrested in South Africa, has been an ordeal no less. Today the regime is bent on silencing Albertina Sisulu. Dorothy Nyembe spent fifteen years in the racist dungeons. But the women's march to freedom continues.

It is in this vein that in his message of January the 8th 1984, cde President Oliver Tambo, Commander-in-Chief of the people's army Umkhonto weSizwe said, »Our struggle will be less than powerful and our national and social emancipation can never be complete if we continue to treat the women of our country as dependent minors and objects of one form of exploitation or another. Certainly no longer should it be that a woman's place is in the kitchen. In our beleaguered country, the woman's place is in the battlefield of struggle.»

Having taken full note of this call made by our President Oliver Reginald Tambo, we as women have to transform these words into action. Let us as women say, all in one voice, again and again, what we spelled out in the Women's Charter, 30 years ago that, »In and through our various organisations, we



Helen Joseph, second national Secretary of FEDSAW.

march forward with our men in the struggle for liberation and the defence of the working people. As women, we have the burden of removing from our society all the social differences developed in the past times between men and women.»

We cannot forget to make mention of August the 9th, 1956, a day when 20,000 women marched to Pretoria to register their protest against the extension of passes to women. We are convinced that both men and women will fulfil our special task and respond positively to the call made by the NEC of the African National Congress during 1984, Year of the Women, to organise and mobilise our womenfolk into a powerful, united and active force for revolutionary change.

We commend our women to join in their greater numbers the ranks of our people's army, Umkhonto weSizwe so as to better be able to fulfil the tasks that history has imposed on us. Together as men and women engaged in the bitter struggle for liberation of our motherland, South Africa, we all say forward to the Year of the Women! Aluta Continua!

THE FINAL DEAL MUST BE MADE WITH US

Willinki Matise



of the presence of Cuban Internationalists in Angola to Namibia's independence in spite of the agreements in the accord. It still continues to support the bandit UNITA group morally and logistically in order to destabilize Angola. As regards Namibia's independence, the apartheid regime understands clearly that once United Nations Resolution 435 is implemented, and free and fair UN supervised elections held, SWAPO will clinch a sweeping victory at the polls to automatically become illegible to form a popular government. That is what they are vehemently opposed to. They would rather evade implementation of the Resolution 435 and bring the so-called 'direct dialogue' or 'constructive engagements' into the picture. The racists hope to prick enough holes in the Namibian independence package through which they can safely infiltrate their puppets from the multi-party-conference to represent their interests in an independent Namibia.

Coming back to the poverty and drought-stricken Mozambique, we understand why Samora Machel signed the accord. Reeling from Pretoria's aggression and from the atrocities of SADF's appendage the MNR, Mozambique surrendered in order to survive and sealed the fanfare by giving a warm handshake to the arrogant wolf. But, as comrade President O.R. Tambo, the commander-in-chief of Umkhonto we Sizwe said, we are not sure that in their position we would have gone quite as far as Mozambique has done. The Inkomati now completed earned Maputo 600 tons of apples sent as a gift from the racists in reciprocation of 'good neighbourliness.' Other 'plausible' prospects for

Rush hour blast horror at docks



The racist South African regime recently completed the signing of the Inkomati Accord with Mozambique. This diplomatic offensive got many members of our organisation the ANC pushed out of Mozambique. The behind-the-scenes 'space pacts' signed between Pretoria and Swaziland also had its own special impact resulting to the rounding up of ANC members, clashes and shootings, raids and beatings, deportations, detentions and torture affecting even those members who were granted political asylum twenty years ago.

Using its economic muscle and the LLA bandit group to destabilise Lesotho, Pretoria seeks to squeeze the young kingdom to concede to its machinations and conclude a 'security pact'. This move is aimed at reducing the ANC's presence in that country. Botswana has since been reluctant to 'welcome' the racists' 'space initiatives.'

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The unconditional pull-out date was set as from the 31st January and was to

Carbomb chaos

Limpet mine rocks city centre



THE FINAL DEAL MUST BE MADE WITH US

Willinki Matise



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F. om. April 11



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PRIVATE BAG BELLVILLE

Maputo are investments from the capitalist circles to »boost-up» that country's economy. However, Botha later warned that he was not going to be Father Xmas.

Racist South Africa is sure to boast that the unleashing of her military arsenal on her neighbours put the economic infra-structures of the frontline states in shambles and produced the desired effect of destabilisation. Its follow-up with a diplomatic offensive added yet another feather on its cap, forcing Maputo to reduce the presence of the ANC to a ten-man diplomatic mission.

AGGRESSION

As from 1975 Pretoria has conducted acts of aggression into Angola such as operation Protea and Askari which cost the racists more than 2 million rand a day. These were launched with the excuse of pre-empting a SWAPO offensive and wiping out its bases. Bombing of economic installations, towns, hospitals, schools, and raping and murdering women and children formed part of the overall campaign of economic and social dislocation.

Justifying these grisly atrocities the racist minister of defence Magnus Malan, reading out a White Paper on Defence and Armaments Supply for 1984 in parliament proudly stated that, »Forceful military action by the South African security forces during the last decade or more has provided sufficient time to allow Africa to experience the dangers of Russian involvement in their countries, as well as the suffering and retrogression that follows upon the revolutionary formula.» He went further, »By taking firm action and developing a strong military potential, the SADF had created a successful strategy of deterrence.»

MILITARY BUDGET

This is the racist side of the coin. The SADF did not come out of the battle field unscathed as Malan may want us to

believe. The racist army is bleeding from the wounds of its own making, aggression. It suffered and still continues to suffer casualties in personnel, equipment and had and still has to sustain a huge military spending. Racist South Africa's military budget has soared from 255million rand to over 3,000 million rand this year alone. Much of the expenditure is devoted to establishing a vast military-industrial complex for the manufacture of arms and related equipment with extensive western assistance.

Inside Namibia support for SWAPO continues to grow. Various experiments to impose their puppets on the masses in Namibia have failed dismally. The DTA died a natural death and it will soon be followed by the Multi-Party Conference.

In South Africa the Botha/Malan clique can fool no one. Landlessness, mounting unemployment, the pass laws and influx control, diseases, detentions, and long prison terms, brutal exploitation and votelessness, lack of freedom of speech and deaths in detention remain the lot of the oppressed majority in apartheid South Africa. External developments cannot stop the oppressed majority from continuing with the struggle for liberation. Peace agreements and security pacts will not leave apartheid rule unchallenged or stop the conflict that is raging inside our country. The masquerading of Botha as an angel with his sinister schemes will be outweighed by the determined people's march to freedom.

UMKHONTO WE SIZWE

Our military capacity is increasing as units of Umkhonto weSizwe continue delivering devastating blows against the enemy. Botha is a desparate man and the ANC is giving him sleepless nights. His total strategy is solely aimed at rubbing the ANC off history. But the ANC is a creation of the people of South Africa who suffer under the

brutal system of apartheid discrimination. It is deeply rooted among the oppressed masses and its message is spreading like wildfire through the length and breadth of our country.

GREATER HEIGHTS

Our struggle for liberation is escalating. Political resistance and mobilisation keep mounting to greater heights. Numerous community organisations are daily emerging to oppose high rents, the fast rising cost of essential commodities, and the GST. The workers are uniting under various trade union organisations in demand of decent wages and better working conditions.

The fight against the system's forced mass removals rages everyday. Students in Atteridgeville and Cradock are up in arms against the system of bantu education and since the schools have been closed. The masses of our country are vigorously challenging all the dummy institutions like the President's Council and the Community Councils, Koornhof bills and the homeland system. The UDF's campaign to unite the masses ever gains momentum. All these struggles are a living testimony to the people's liberation drive.

Indeed, we must reject and challenge all the racist ploys and respond to the call made by the National

Executive Committee of our vanguard the ANC, »Our principal task at this moment therefore is, and must be, to intensify our political and military offensive inside South Africa. This is the urgent call that we make to the masses of our people, to all democratic formations and all members and units of the ANC and umkhonto weSizwe.»

Apartheid can only be demolished by our concerted efforts. We shall not be fooled by Inkomatis and constitutional reforms for they contain nothing for the improvement of our station. All they do is to tighten the screws of the system. Dr Allan Boesak, patron of the UDF clearly stated that, »We will not give up the struggle for freedom, democracy and justice, no matter how many pacts are signed. The final deal must be made with us.»

Dr. Allan Boesak hit the nail on the head and, the final deal must be made on the terms laid down by the oppressed majority in their document, the Freedom Charter. What peace is the racist government talking about when it has set aside 3,755 million rands to spend on bombs and bullets while we die of poverty? We have suffered too long at the hands of the racists. Ours is not to submit, but to fight on until final victory. Victory or death! We shall win! Amandla!

DAWN Vol. 8 No: 2 — ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Mkhize 3. COD 6. Lungs 8. Aback 9. Ooze 11. Modise
12. ANC 13. Re 16. Moon 18. Tank 19. Cannon 21. Nay

DOWN

1. Makana 2. Zhukov 4. Dane 5. egoism 6. LCM 7. SOS
10. Zero 14. Envoy 15. Akin 17. Oven 18. TIC 19. Fan



WOMEN'S FRONT

AS A UNITED FORCE

Dodos Sekete

Without a skilful combination of open and underground activities our liberation movement would not have survived the regime's all-out efforts to crush it. This is one of the greatest lessons we can draw from the past twenty-four years during which the ANC has existed as an outlawed organisation in South Africa.

The significance of this lesson is even greater today. In the face of the people's high level of mass political action combined with the military activities of Umkhonto We Sizwe, the racist regime finds its very existence threatened. To survive it unleashes terror against all its opponents.

POWERFUL OFFENSIVE

What we need now is to wage a powerful offensive for the seizure of power by the masses of our people. This demands the creation of powerful mass organisations and a united nationwide women's organisation in the rural areas, the organisation of the unorganised workers and the unity of the democratic trade union movement; strengthening of the youth, church, democratic white organisations and groups; the unity of all democratic

WOMEN ARISE AND ACT!



The need for unity is the need for People's Power. It is the power against ignorance and general abuse. The search for active unity is the task for both men and women alike. Forward with the year of the woman!

JOIN UMKHONTO WE SIZWE

forces as well as the stepping up of military operations by Umkhonto we Sizwe. In turn this requires a well-knit underground network of the ANC to ensure that we are able to frustrate any scheme by the enemy against the people's organisations and their activities.

CONSCIOUS FORCE

Our womenfolk must participate in all these activities as a united and politically conscious force. This reminds us of a story about a Soviet peasant woman and a twelve-year-old girl who distributed leaflets supplied by partisans (guerillas) in a skilfully concealed fashion. What they did was to fold the leaflets till they were quite small and then bake them inside some of the buns meant for sale. The buns with leaflets were sold to trusted customers. The young girl who sold the buns at the marketplace was able to fool the German Nazis who took her away together with other children for searching.

On the way to the police station the brave young girl ate all the buns with leaflets — these were baked differently. When the fascists cut open the remaining buns they found nothing. It was such seemingly small contributions combined with those of the workers who manufactured bullets and shells in the factories, the peasants who produced wheat to feed the soldiers, the partisans who sabotaged the plans of the enemy by blowing up bridges with bombs and the bravery of the soldiers in the front which made victory over the Nazi invaders possible.

RICH EXPERIENCE

The point is not to repeat the leaf-



women unite for people's power

let-in-bun tactic. Our own experience is rich with many useful examples. We must develop them.

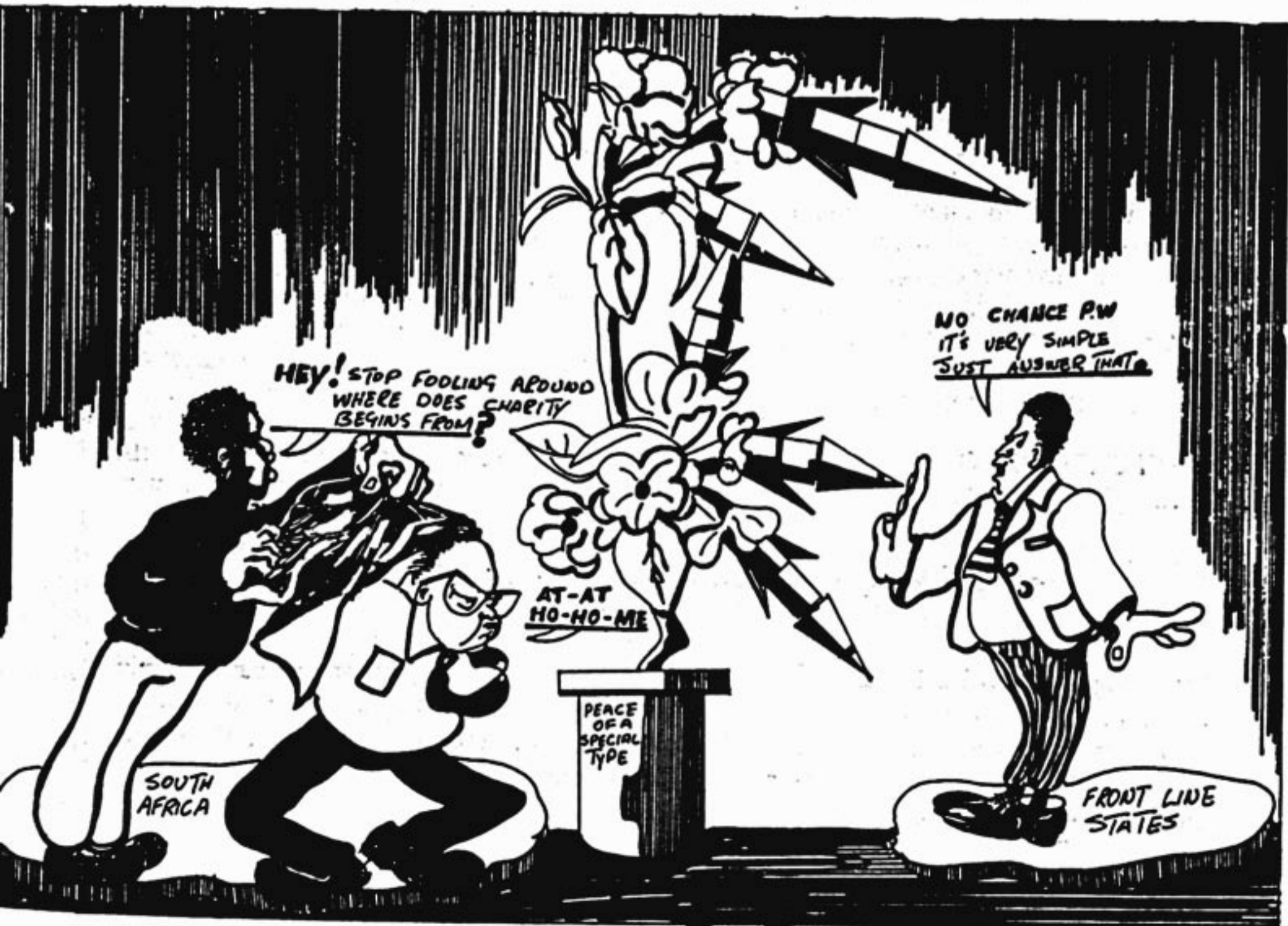
A word of caution. Underground activity demands high discipline. Simply, this means that we must strictly follow the rules which govern our units. For example we meet only at pre-arranged time — not one minute earlier or later. Secrecy is our watchword. This way we can successfully plan to attack the enemy right under his nose and win.

Our struggle would be less than powerful and our national and social emancipation could never be complete if we continue to treat the women of our country as dependent minors and objects of one form of exploitation or another. Certainly, no longer should it be that a woman's place is in the kitchen. In our beleaguered country, the woman's place is in the kitchen.

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CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME



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



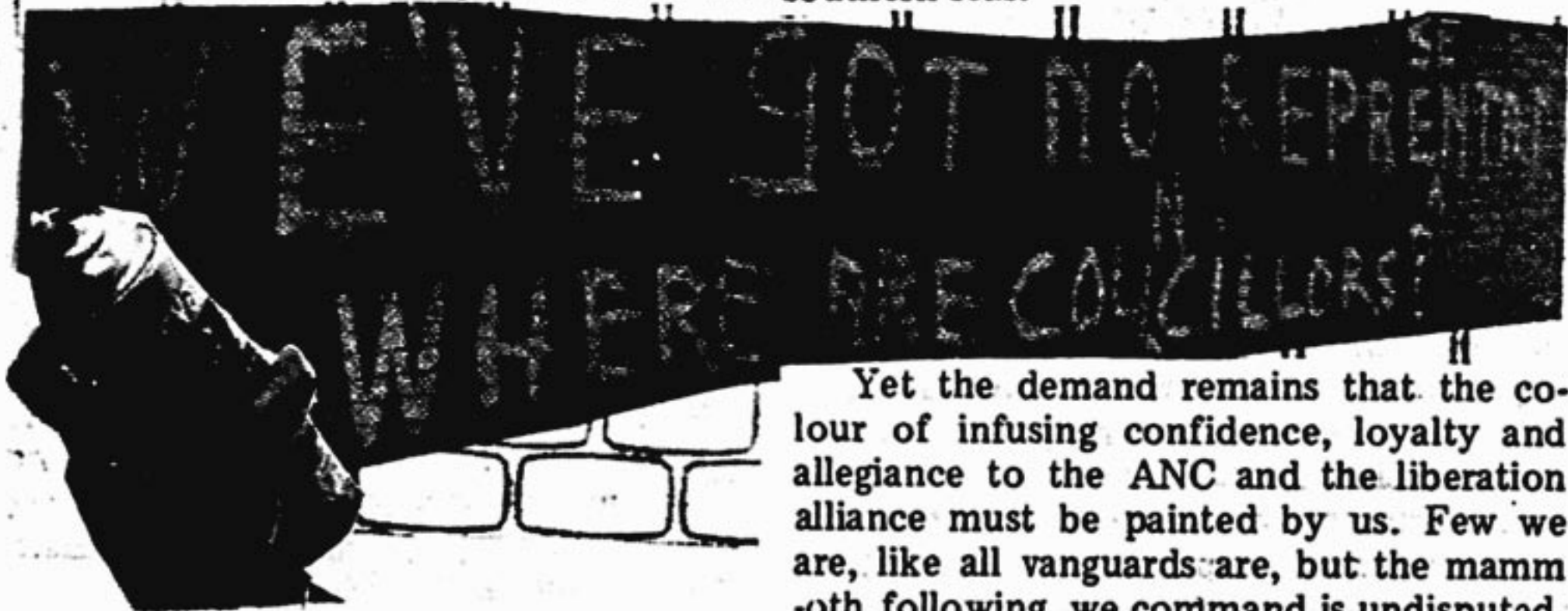
shall remain a yesterday's memory representing a history gone tired. In the words of Atarov, propaganda must just make »fighting stick out of me.» It must become touchable, making one guilty of non-participation and impress the good duty and worthiness of plunging fully into commitment.

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, then, the verdict of a half revolution is already there. To allow the enemy to

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.



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?

Leave off, just come, don't forget. And you, bring your girls!...don't miss it!»
 »Eh, don't say that, Cilla! You can't see how my heart aches! Hum, what's this? That's just lies, it can't be right! I bet it was Fefa who told you...So I guessed right...Leave off, Marcelina, the girl's jealous!...We're going, aren't we? Goodness, with the Ngola coming, you say perhaps? You're an ungrateful girl! All right, mana, I know, Ngola without Liceu and without Amorim isn't the same. But just think about Johnny Maria, when he play "Hearts" he'll make you cry, Mm? You're going to see fontinhas....? I'm not happy about that, mana, I'm not happy....Cilla, you won't forget: my heart aches for you....»

IN ALL TOWNSHIPS

»It was he who told me to tell you. Yes, it seems we're having a meeting. All right! Don't miss it, they'll all be there. And look, bring that sister of yours as a cover and have a spin. A dance is a dance!«

On that Saturday the dance in Bairro Operario was talked of in all the townships and in all the corners of the city where the people go to meet and gossip. True, it was not known to everybody. One had to be careful, when jeeps were patrolling the huts, trying to stamp out the people's stubborn joy. The dance in Mussunda's house was publicized to acquaintances and friends, the ones who had to be there, and a dance there was really something. It meant: Angolan music, Angolan food, everything! It meant Brazilian music and Cuban as well, the people, music of Bahia and merengue! And none of that canned music from the radio, not that. A live group, the people's group, like the Ngola, on this night.

All morning and afternoon, mothers and daughters were preparing special dishes to take to the dance, the spiced groundnut paste was taking on a golden tinge and banana leaves concealed well-prepared cassava. Early in the morning the children went to the market to fetch cola-nut and ginger, to make a tasty mixture to go with the drinks. Other women prepared some good fish and did not forget the well-tryed sauce, a soup to revitalize the dancers when dawn was coming near.

Half-past seven, the children were already rushing to pick up soft drinks and bottles of wine, ale and maize beer to put them ready in tubs of ice. Mothers, plump or dry with years, were setting out the dishes, blowing on the old maseмба, complaining that the youth of today did not want to know about the old-time dances: they just want cha cha, they just want merengue. From Prenda, lost there behind the city, from Boavista, from all the townships, in small groups began to pour in lads and lasses.

The artists from the group were brought in a van by a friend who dropped them and went on. They tuned their guitars and banged the drums, and Chico came and performed miracles on the gourd xylophone»Just to tease them«, as he put it.

The dance promised well. There had not been a dance like this for a long time, ever since they stopped them at Botafogo. Children came to stare through the yard's boundary fence, now strengthened with reed mats, and then they ran off to whisper in the ears of their mothers and big sisters.

But the ball had been an effort to arrange. There had been arguments. All one night had been spent in a discussion about the dance. Mussunda spoke up for the celebration, but there were some companheiros, especially those who had relatives in prison, who did not want it and would not agree.

»No, mano. With Mr Florian, and Zeca and so many in prison, you are going to have a celebration? Heavens, no! You think the people's life is for pleasure, is that it?

Mussunda cooled the discussion down and with his recognized skill tried to mediate:

»Think of this! Our brothers are in prison, that's true. But we go on living and struggling?»

»That's true, we do go on.»

»Right. So do you want the political police to think that you are dead? that you don't move?»

»It's not that, Mussunda, but.....»

The discussion became heated, some were supporting the proposal for a dance, as the expression of the people's vitality and enjoyment of life, which could not be suppressed even with the arrests of sons, brothers and friends. One could even say, argued Mussunda, that our brothers are worthy of this happiness. In the prison, they conduct themselves like true men. They need to know that we do not forget them, and this is our homage to the steadfastness of our beloved brothers.

The discussion was renewed, and someone suggested a demonstration by the wearing of mourning or in some other way, but the proposal for a dance was gaining ground, and everyone began to accept the tailor's point of view. Then, the Ngola playing did the trick. Hell, yes! Every tune, one of ours, the people's!

Late that night the dance was agreed upon and preparations began for Saturday. The only worry now was rain, but as all day it had been fine this thought was put aside. So with much happiness everything was ready.

Half-past nine, the dance already promised well. Some couples were dancing, but the group had not yet warmed up. Women were chatting quietly in the corners and township »swingers» were comparing their trousers or talking about the »chicks». Mussunda went from one side to the other, always in a rush but speaking to everyone, as much to the studious youth as to the »swinging», and always with the right word, apt in every case, which brought all the people on his side. When he went out, comments were passed:

»It's the truth, mano. That Mr Mussunda is one of the good ones. People can trust him.»

»Heavens! I don't know anyone else like him.»

But when Miguel arrived much later with his sister Bebiana, Mussunda left the group of Botafogo's Organizers (Chico Kafundanga gazed lovingly at Bebiana) and went to meet his friend with a broad smile and a hug. He took him aside to a cassava plant. Bebiana began talking to Chico and then he went to dance, whispering words of love to the girls or swapping jokes with each other. The group was great: Fontinhas sang and Johnny Maria, on a guitar, had begun to do his tricks with the instrument, and everyone clapped. Then everyone talked and laughed together when the musicians went inside to drink wine with lemonade, maize beer or ale as they pleased.

Mussunda held Miguel's arm and under the cassava plant listened to his friend's story of the journey to the dam. Miguel told it with all details - how he had not met anybody, what he had learned about the prisoner, and (even more softly, still with the surprise in his voice) of the afternoon which had taught him so much.

Mussunda smiled and listened with satisfaction.

»Good heavens, mano, How could I have guessed? You told me just to look

for him, if I hadn't found anyone else! I searched, but nothing! Not even at his mother's! I had lunch with her and then went to ask for the name which you gave me. Lawks! When they took me to speak to him, I was on the point of apologizing and going away. I thought: Mussunda has made a mistake, or perhaps there are two people of that name here on the site.

Mussunda went on smiling, nodded in greeting to friends as they arrived, but listened all the time to the story.

»It's true, mano! Yes, sir: the engineer told me to look for him at his house at six o'clock. He pointed out where it was and just as I was going, with my head still in a flat spin, he said in a loud voice for the draughtsman to hear: »Perhaps I can find you a job. Come and see me at home!«

The dance around them grew more lively. Couples were swaying to the rhythm and the group was making the air shake with their songs. Johnny Maria was wreaking havoc with his guitar, a pity the lad on the drums was not Amorim, that mulatto, heaves he was the greatest.

»Go on with the story mano, tell it all.»

»So. At six o'clock I was there and when I knocked it was the lady who answered. A young lady, like a child still. She asked me in and I sat down. Gracious, Silvester had a lot of books. Then he came, talked to me, asked about you and took me to the garage. Right there I found the lad. He even had a bed and food and everything. . . »

The rhythm of the dance increased, the small yard was packed and the dancers' feet raised a fine red dust which stuck fast to the shoes. In the kitchen the bustle increased, and the ice tubs were constantly refilled with bottles. Fontinhas is singing »Hearts«, the group's star number. Mussunda interrupts his friend to say:

»Miguel, when I begin to hear »Hearts« I still think of mano Liceu ...»

»Leave it! He will one day sing »hearts« again for all of us.»

Mussunda does not answer, thinking of all the brothers in prison and their example to all those outside. He was pleased that he had won over the dance. They deserved their courage to be celebrated. In the excitement of the dance, no one noticed that there came in by the back door a thin, dry lad bringing a white man in glasses with thick lenses. Only Mussunda spots them at last and rushes up to them.

»Sousa, you finally got here! Ooooh, mano! Are you all right, are you all right? Silvester, how are you?»

»Well, Mussunda, and you?»

»I don't need to tell you, just look with your own eyes. So, engineer, a drink ...»

The engineer accepted and looked over at the celebration. At the back several girls were close to Chico John. There was no doubt, that lad was extraordinary. Now Bebiana was with him, very proud to be the one he chose when all her girlfriends wanted to be out on the dance floor following Chico's crazy steps - he was a star dancer and a star footballer. Irene broke shyly away from the group and came over with a smile to greet Mussunda. The engineer went off with Mussunda, who checks the kitchen and goes round to taste the sweet dishes as he likes to do. Outside Souissha and Irene began to talk of things which they had not been able to talk of for a long time.

The night moved on towards Sunday, couples were tracing on the red soil all the caprices of the Angolan rhythm. Johnny Maria, Fontinhas and Tony are

kings of the dance. When the number ends, amid a burst of applause, Johnny Maria picks up his guitar and, wiping away his sweat with a handkerchief, says to the dancers:

«Friends! To give due honour to this dance to which you have invited our group, we want now to play for you...and for all of them...you understand...the samba composed by our brother, the founder of the group: Carlos Aniceto...»

The clapping of hands drowned Johnny Maria's closing words. Mussunda, Silvester, Sousinha, Miguel, Chico and Irene did not hear the end; and all that reached the room where they were meeting was the loud applause of the dancers who were enjoying themselves.

The song began to the slow rhythm of the drum, accompanied by the gourd xylophone. Johnny Maria joined in fingering the guitar strings. And no one danced when Fontinhas in his sorrowing voice began to sing:

This world seems determined
to drive me from sight.
I don't know the reason -
a caprice or a spite.
I can't find the reason -
if the world could explain -
I'd seek a respite.

From the silence which fell arose a curious expectancy. Hanging on Fontinhas lips the young men and women came and stared. The wind came, but slowly, to rustle in the leaves of the cassava plants. While Johnny Maria played his guitar, Fontinhas was far away:

Was there some secret
which cruel fate
wouldn't bring to light?
What could be the secret
to find me captive
without making a fight?

The memory of Mr Liceu, held prisoner for so long without anyone knowing when he would be freed, ran through the silent couples on the open square. The soft voice of Mano Liceu, the rascally skill at singing of Liceu, that guitar of Liceu's... Oh, when, when are we going to hear them? One day surely....

This oppression's
built around me
the cruellest plight.
Though I'm worried
I am certain
I'm not lost in the night.

True, mano Liceu, true. You are not lost, we are all with you in your prison. Fontinhas sings your song, Ngola play your compositions, the people do not forget, mano Liceu.

The rhythm goes on. Fontinhas was silent, but the young men and women are now singing the chorus. Then everyone began to dance again.

Within the room, Mussunda and his friends hear Fontinhas's voice, the song and the silence which came when he sang. Silvester listened closely, while Mussunda smiled, smiled in contentment. Then they went on again with the

discussion - the dance was continuing - until someone knocked on the door to the room.

»Who is it?»

»Someone is looking for Mr Chico, Chico Kafundanga.»

»Who is it?»

»It's an old man and a child.»

Chico John got up, opened the door and slipped through the middle of the dancers, giving a gentle push to the left and right. Outside in the dark of a night broken only by a pale moon, old Petelo, with Zito holding his hand, was waiting. Chico drew them into a corner as Petelo began saying:

»We looked for you before dinner, no good! We looked for you after dinner, no good! They've only just told us that you were at this dance.»

»But tell then, tell: You have some news?»

Ooh, mano, very bad news...»

And moving his toothless jaws close to Chico's ear, he whispered about the trouble in the afternoon, the woman leaving the prison, and everything he had managed to find out from the women and men who had talked to the unfortunate girl. Then he went on to complain, now that he found mano Chico, how long he had been looking.

Chico John took old Petelo by the arm and led him, with his grandson, into the yard where the dance was. He gave some cake to the child and drink to the grandfather. Then he walked away slowly and went into the room where they were meeting.

The couples stopped dancing when they saw Petelo and the child, and Chico, looking very thoughtful, crossing the yard, and then Mussunda coming out more grim-faced than they had ever seen him, followed by Irene, Sousinha and a white lad. The xylophone and the drum were silent. Johnny Maria put down his mute guitar. Mussunda came well forward to the centre of the yard, wiped his face on his shirt-sleeve, and began to speak in a calm, solemn voice:

»My fellow Africans.....»

All eyes were trained on Mr Mussunda, waiting for his words, for they knew that something tragic had happened. The tailor looked around at drawn or still smiling, expectant faces, and when he saw Silvester behind the musicians' stand, he began again:

»My fellow Angolans. A brother has come to say that they have killed our comrade. He was called Domingos Xavier and he was a tractor driver. He never harmed anyone, only wanted the good of his people and of his land. I stopped this dance only to say this, not for it to end, for our joy is great: our brother carried himself like a man, he did not tell the secrets of his people, he did not sell himself. We are not going to weep any more for his death because, Domingos Antonio Xavier, you begin today your real life in the hearts of the Angolan people.....»

And not even the wind dared to rustle the leaves of the fig trees when Mussunda the tailor spoke thus.

CHATER TEN

10th November, 1961.



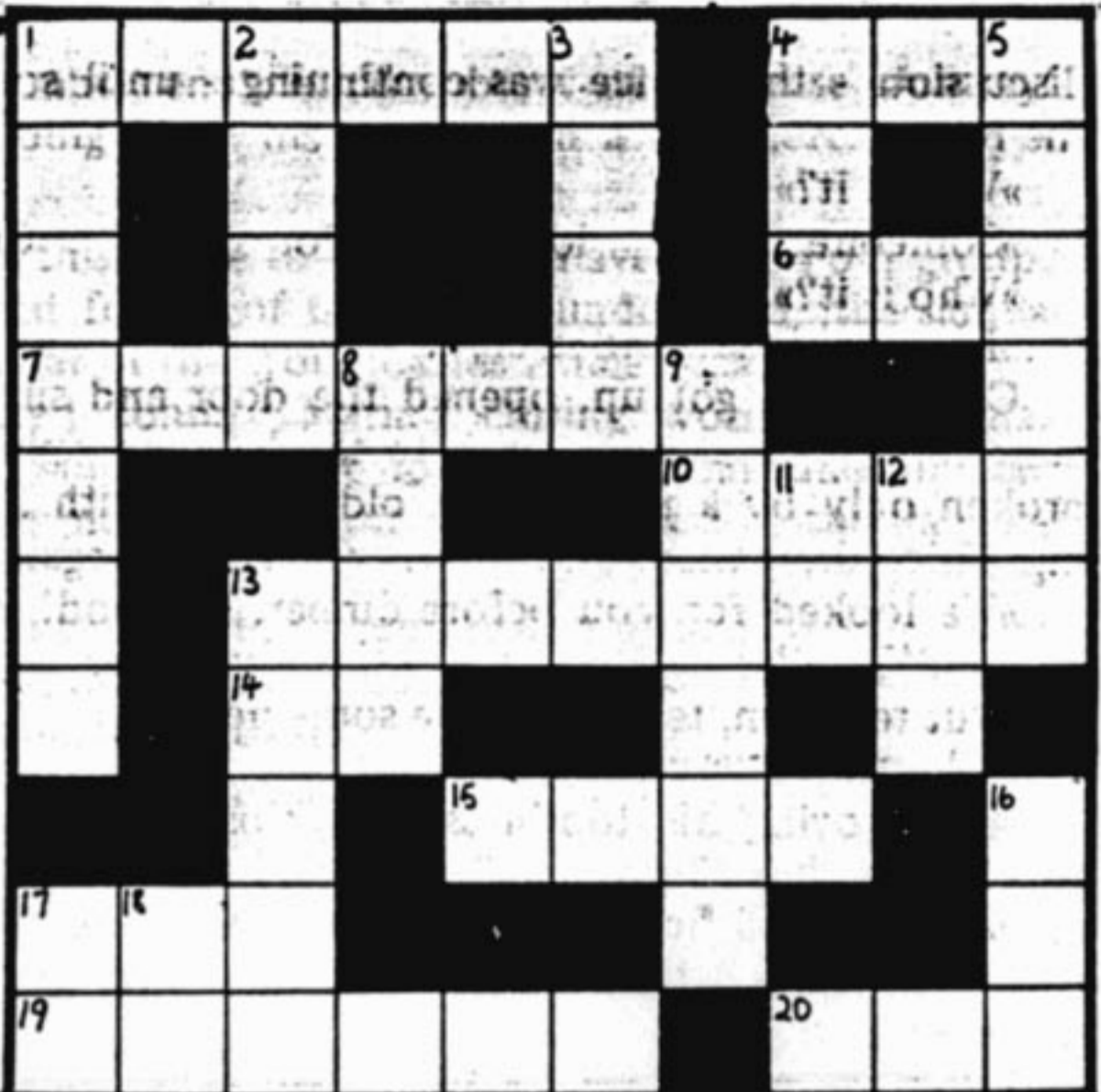
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DAWN

politiXword

No.3



Clues

ACROSS

1. Chief of the Pentagon
4. First President of FEDSAW
6. To cause interference to a radio transmission
7. A 'special operations' unit of the South African security police
10. A covering for the head and neck
13. It's an organisation of eight Christian churches in the Greater Durban area
14. Of the Christian era
15. South African Associated Newspapers
17. Famous Soviet Publishing house
19. Recently released from prison
20. A spell of weeping

DOWN

1. Transvaal secretary of the UDF
2. Having a sound mind
3. Widespread
4. International Organisation of Journalists
5. A fleet of warships
8. Not legally valid
9. Treasurer—General of the ANC
11. Preposition
12. It does not dissolve in water
13. To make discouraged
16. First Secretary of FEDSAW
17. A boer soldier's mortal enemy
18. Twenty-two divided by seven

See Answers in DAWN Vol 8 No.4

DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY

Radio Lusaka

Shortwave 31mb, 9506 KHz

7.00 p.m. Daily
10.15-10.45 p.m. Wednesday
9.30-10.00 p.m. Thursday
10.15-10.45 p.m. Friday
8.00-8.45 a.m. Sunday

Shortwave 25mb, 11880 KHz

Radio Luanda

Shortwave 31mb, 9535 KHz
and 25mb

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

Radio Madagascar

Shortwave 49mb, 6135 KHz

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

Radio Ethiopia

Shortwave 31mb, 9595 KHz

9.30-10.00 p.m. Daily

Radio Tanzania

Shortwave 31mb, 9750 KHz

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



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ARCHIVES

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

NO MORE APARTHEID EXECUTIONS



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SOLOMON MAHLANGU
Executed: 6 April 1979



SIMON MOEGERANE
Executed: 9 June 1983



JERRY MOSOLOLI
Executed: 9 June 1983



MARCUS MOTAUNG
Executed: 9 June 1983