

DAWN



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Monthly Journal of Umkhonto we Sizwe



DAWN

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COVER: "The People Shall Share in the Country's Wealth" - so says our people's revolutionary document, the Freedom Charter.

The Year of United Action



Editorial Comment

WE WANT THE WHOLE BAKERY

The recent South African racists' parliamentary session must have convinced all - those who pretend to be deceived by Botha's double-talk about reform including - of the commitment of the Pretoria fascist rulers to the policies of apartheid, a system designed to keep the Black oppressed forever groaning under the jackboot of white apartheid colonialism. The racists came out of parliament more determined than ever to keep the Black man in his place and to spread death and carnage to extents beyond imagination in the sub-continent, all in the name of "obliterating any threat to the *status quo*". Inside the country repression is expected to be stepped up to levels deplorable as the Detainees Parents Support Committee (DPSC) has been branded - and this applies to all

principled opposition to fascist oppression - "support organisation for the communists and the African National Congress."

Having apparently failed to hoodwink the Coloured people by drawing them into the laager (the decision of the Eshowe congress of the Labour Party to participate in the so-called President's Council has invited strong rebuke and censure from the Coloured people), the racists are now bent on broadening the crumbling laager by luring urban Blacks with the intent of sowing division into the ranks of the African majority. Piet 'Mapen' Botha is now calling for the establishment of a special cabinet committee to look into the problems of urban blacks. This cabinet committee, so it is destined, will hold talks with the leaders of the

'independent Black states' and self-governing homelands in an effort to try to solve problems. What betrays the fact that no significant change whatsoever will ensue from such talks is the assurance given by Botha to his parliament and supporters that "discussions would take place within the bounds of Nationalist Party policy."

THE BEHALI

White South African newspapers have welcomed the "new deal for urban blacks" as a "glimmer of hope", and the haste with which quislings like ThebehalI voiced their readiness and enthusiasm to 'negotiate' is enough to justify our position that the deal that is in the offing is nothing better than the community councils. We would like to warn them in time that the same fate which befell the treacherous leaders of the Coloured Labour Party awaits them. Like their Coloured brothers, the African people will not allow themselves to be used to fill the pockets and julge the tummies of such unscrupulous traitors with money drawn from their sweat and blood.

It is no accident that this scheme is drawn at this time when seeds of unity have been planted and are visibly nurturing. This scheme is in character with the regime's policy of **DIVIDE AND RULE**. Dividing the African into urban and rural Blacks will, they va-

guely hope, dwindle away the growing unity of the African people and therefore facilitate the extension of the term of our slavery. It will also provide fertile ground for the implementation of the genocidal Orderly Movement and Settlement of Black Persons Bill. This is a deliberate and well-calculated campaign to counter the African National Congress' campaign for **UNITED ACTION**, our battle-cry for the year.

From us the oppressed this idea of a special cabinet committee merits no consideration. We must immediately pick up the cudgels and wage the most concerted campaign against it and nip it in the bud. It is clear that what the Pretoria cutthroats are bent on achieving has absolutely nothing to do with alleviating the station of the Black man. Our problems - and they merit no investigation as they have been eloquently expressed ever since the white marauder set his foot on our ground - stem precisely from the genocidal policies of National Party rule and those of their predecessors. Their solution lies not in racist parliamentary debates but in our own efforts, our own struggles and sacrifices. We gave the solution 28 years ago when we drew up the list of our demands as enshrined in the Freedom Charter. Gone and forgotten are the days - if there ever were any - when a slice of bread could mollify us. We want the whole bakery.

FORWARD TO A PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT!

UNITED ACTION IS THE KEY

DAWN INTERVIEW WITH COMRADE JOE SLOVO



*Cde. Joe Slovo -
"... the time has
come to raise our
struggle to a qual-
itatively higher
level."*

DAWN: What are the main features of the current politico-military situation in the region, particularly in our motherland?

SLOVO: In general it can be said that today in Southern Africa we are witnessing perhaps one of the most intense and co-ordinated offensives by imperialism. The purpose of this offensive is clear: to destroy Angola and Mozambique because of the advanced social systems which are being built there, to delay Namibian independence and when it can no longer be delayed, to ensure the installation of a puppet regime; to destabilise all the surrounding states and make sure that they become dependencies of the sub-system of imperialism which is centred on South Africa; and above all to strangle the struggle led by our liberation movement.

This offensive shows itself in a number of ways.

There is the open aggression against Angola. We have seen the invasion of Lesotho with the massacre of ANC refugees and local Lesotho citizens; there are the Zimbabwe incursions. Apart from these acts of direct aggression there is aggression through the proxies of the South African racists and of imperialism generally. There is Unita in Angola, NRM in Mozambique. There is the preparation of vast numbers of ex-sellous scouts in various parts of South Africa. Some of these have already committed aggressive acts within Zimbabwe which could not even be hidden by the South African defence force. There is the encouragement, arming and support for the BCP based in South Africa which regularly makes raids into independent Lesotho.

Particularly sinister is the recent embrace by the Zairean government of the regime whose actions in the Middle East have horrified the world, i.e. the Israeli fascists. Recently Shamir visited Zaire with a band of 90 military advisers and it is clear that this is part of a plan to create another front against the embattled government of Angola and to give it no

relief even if there should be a settlement in Namibia. In other words, to create military forces for the purpose of lending more support for the old and discredited FNLA.

Apart from these open and direct acts of military involvement there is also the economic and diplomatic offensive by imperialism which uses its most important sector, i.e. racist South Africa. The purpose of this offensive is clear: to undermine the resolve of independent Africa in support of our struggle. We have recently witnessed the pressures and threats against countries like Swaziland, and there are many other examples. It is clear in general that imperialism has chosen Southern Africa as one of the zones of prime strategic importance in the world. And it is devoting its considerable resources to attempt to reverse the gains of the independence process and more particularly to destroy the new social systems that have emerged. In addition, amongst its main aims is to destroy the revolutionary movements like SWAPO and the ANC. Imperialism must not be allowed to succeed, and there is no doubt that it can be stopped. With the continued, growing and necessary support of the socialist world, of the progressive forces in the rest of the world and, above all, through our own struggle, the designs of imperialism can be frustrated.

CRISIS

Coming to our own country, one can say in brief that there is at the moment a serious economic crisis with the main burden of the crisis clearly falling on the Black people and in particular the Black working class. For a short time (about a year ago) the rise in the price of gold interrupted this decline in the economy. But now it is admitted on all sides that South Africa is in trouble. There is a negative growth rate, a decline in investments in the manufacturing sector and a growing deficit in the balance of payments. It had to be rescued recently by the International Monetary Fund which interestingly enough did not impose on South Africa the kind of conditions which it always attempts to impose on developing countries. It is only too ready to give South Africa an enormous loan without insisting on any of those conditions which we know usually amount to interference in the internal affairs of the countries who accept the loans.

In addition there is a decline recently in foreign investments. As far as the people are concerned, if one leaves aside these high-sounding phrases about growth rates, etc, it really adds up to one word: A growing misery. Unemployment is reaching the 3 million mark, the wage packets which people receive are buying less and less consumer goods, rents are rising, transport costs are rising, etc. In the military sphere I think it is obvious to all that what we are witnessing in South Africa is the militarisation of the whole state. The defence costs are rising, there is the increasing

influence of the military apparatus at every level of government, every white from the age of 16 to 60 is expected to answer the military call-up and in general one can say the influence of the military (as evidenced by the elevation of Malan to the cabinet) will continue to rise in a state which in the end, can really only depend for its survival on brute force.

Politically one can say the most important processes taking place relate to the new constitutional proposals. We know that these proposals are basically designed to split the growing unity of the black people. I think it is sad indeed that the labour Party which in the past has played such a positive role in the struggle against apartheid has become tempted to collaborate in what we can only describe as "this grand design" of apartheid. And it is interesting to note in this regard that no sooner was the decision announced from the Labour Party conference than Botha himself, the government press, the U.S. State Department, the British Foreign Office and other similar groups welcomed it with joy and celebration. We are confident that in the long run the Coloured people will not allow themselves to be used in this way. The only future of all the people, including the Coloured people, lies in Black unity.



Coloured people reject the P.C. proposals. A Labour Party meeting in Stellenbosch ends up an an uproar.

In general it can be said that there is no way the racists can maintain their rule in South Africa without Black collaboration. Their strategy of survival rests on this: to win the Coloureds to their side, to win the Indians to their side, to build the power of their African puppets in the Bantustans, to fill the army, the police force and their security

services with African, Indian and Coloured collaborators, and to win the Black middle class to their side by a few concessions.

Looking at the situation in South Africa one can say that it is the special irony of South African history that the perpetuation of the whole structures of white domination: economic, military, political; depends upon the very people who are oppressed and exploited by it. When this truth is fully realised by all the people, and acted upon, there can be no doubt that racist power will crumble like a structure which is built on sand.

DAWN: In the recent past we have witnessed the sharpening of contradictions in the ruling National Party of Botha and Malan and the white community including to a level unprecedented. What chances does this open to the forces of liberation?

SLOVO: Every serious revolutionary movement takes advantage of all divisions that may emerge within the enemy camp. For us too the divisions we have seen developing within white politics is an advantage and is something we have to take into account very seriously. As you have correctly said, important new divisions have recently surfaced in the National Party. What is at the bottom of these divisions?

There is no time to undertake a long analysis about this in the course of a short interview. In general one can say that some of the divisions have an economic cause. Although all classes within the white population benefit from white domination, they do not all benefit to the same extent and in the same way. Occasionally policies are advanced by the ruling class which may for example be to the disadvantage of the white working class or of other groups within the White power bloc, its appendages and its supporters.

There are other divisions which do not stem from purely economic factors and these are sometimes connected with the political power struggle which goes on outside and inside the ruling National Party. One could say much more on this but for us the really important question is whether we can conclude that within the sphere of white politics there is any hope of a fundamental change of course in favour of the people. I think the answer that we must give is an unqualified NO. There is no such prospect.

Let me make another point: to put it simply, our movement is trying to make a revolution. Ranged against it are forces who are trying to stop that revolution. Now we know that even within the ranks of the revolutionary movement we debate and we sometimes even disagree on how to make that revolution. But we are in one camp. We eventually reach a consensus despite the differences of emphasis which emerge from time to time as to what is the best way of advancing the revolution at a given moment.

And in a sense, from a reverse point of view, it is the same with the

enemy. There is basic agreement between them that they must try to stop that revolution. Whether it is Treurnicht, Botha, the Republican Party, or the PFP; the one thing which is common to all of them is that they belong to that group which is attempting to stop the achievement of our revolutionary aims. Of course there are differences between them (as there are sometimes in our ranks) on the best way of stopping that revolution and on the best way of maintaining white domination. And therefore much of the division within the camp of white politics relates to the very polemic, to the very debate; a debate on tactics, on how far they must go at every given moment in pursuit of something which is common to all of them, i.e. to stop the creation within South Africa of one united non-racial democracy. And there can be no doubt that every serious force in white politics has a policy which is based on that objective.

RIGHT WING

I want to add one more thing. The divisions we have noticed recently (the emergence of new political forces within the white community) points to a strengthening of right-wing rather than left-wing tendencies. Because of the split of the extreme rightists from the right-wing National Party, we can expect so-called verligtes like Botha to be increasingly tempted to move more and more in the direction of the right in order to maintain their support amongst their traditional groups in the town and countryside.

We can see this process taking place even amongst the so-called liberal parties within the white community. Even the PFP, which we have never regarded as a revolutionary force (but which has expressed some liberal and humane concepts in the past) is now being pushed in this direction. It was disgusting to read how their spokesmen praised the South African defence force murderers when they moved in to massacre men, women and children in Maseru. It is equally disgusting to read the recent columns of the Financial Mail. In the past it has projected itself as part of the liberal opposition and now is inciting the government to hunt us down like game and murder us wherever we are!

So to conclude; where there are divisions we must not ignore them, they weaken the enemy. Even divisions within the right weaken the enemy. But the dangerous thing would be for us to expect (as some people are sometimes misled to expect) that within the sphere of white politics there will be some kind of move or there is some kind of potential for a real advance in the direction of fundamental change in South Africa. That can only take place through our struggle and through our power.

DAWN: The ANC has declared 1983 as the Year of United Action. What is the connection between the tasks of this year and those of last year, a year that marked the climax of our three year programme?

SLOVO: In brief I may say that looking at the 3-year period you referred to, it was a period of perhaps the most amazing advance and achievement in the whole history of our organisation. It is true to say that it is during this period that the ANC was accepted as never before as the only serious opponent to the racist regime. It is regarded everywhere as a viable alternative, as an alternative force for future power; by the world, by Africa, and, even more importantly, by our own people.

This has happened not because people have suddenly come to understand what we are and the correctness of our policies. It has happened because people have seen what we have done in action. People have witnessed the calibre of our leadership inside the country; of the readiness of our cadres to sacrifice even up to the point of giving up their lives in the cause of liberation. It is this revolutionary practice and not just a revolutionary theory which has won for us this unchallenged place.

In the political field our underground has grown and has over the period more and more been able to provide guidance to the mass struggles. In the military field we have proved that there is no target beyond our reach; whether it be SASOL, Voortrekkerhoogte or nuclear power stations. And the connection between the tasks of this year and those of last year is that we have to build on these very achievements.

The slogan of united Action is appropriate and is the key because, as I have already mentioned, the enemy has, with greater intensity than ever before, embarked upon the policy of dividing the Black oppressed. Therefore the struggle against the Bantustans, against the new constitutional proposals, against the Community Councils, is inseparable and indivisible.

It is not enough to just keep on saying we are one people in one country. We have to ensure that we act that way. We have to ensure that the one people in South Africa, consisting in the first place of the Black oppressed, of the African, Indian and Coloured people, together with truly democratic whites act as one united force in the revolutionary struggle. It is the united action of these forces which is the key content of this coming period.



No target is beyond our reach. Part of the shattered Pietermaritzburg supreme court.

And in general, although it has been rephrased and reworded it remains basically a continuation of the tasks we set ourselves in 1982, only more so.

DAWN: One of the basic problems confronting our revolution is the organisation of the unorganised sections of our working class and the unification of the already existing trade unions. What are the prospects towards the realisation of this exacting task?

SLOVO: Like all projections into the future, the prospects depend upon our liberation movement. Left to itself, without the action, participation and leadership of our revolutionary movement we cannot expect great things from the growth in the organisation of the Black workers. I say this advisedly and let me explain why.

We know that there's been an enormous and unprecedented leap forward in the field of trade union organisation in the past few years. It is difficult even to catch up with the statistics. The last time I came across them there were already just over half a million Black workers organised into trade unions. I believe it is not being unrealistic or over-optimistic to say that within a year or two we can expect this figure to jump to over a million; an immense and tremendous organised force.

STRIKE ACTION

Also as a result of the deteriorating economic situation, to which I have already referred, there has been an enormous militant strike action. And I think we can also project in this coming year that this process will even be deepened because the economic conditions are going to continue to deteriorate, and the workers will of necessity be thrown into struggles to win back the wage rise which they have achieved in the past and which have now been eroded by inflation and other factors, and to improve their conditions generally.

So it is clear to everyone that all this creates an enormous potential for the advance of the revolutionary movement because we know (and we have said so over and over again) that it is the working class which is the backbone of the alliance of classes which constitute the liberation forces. It is the working class which is the only force that will guarantee that our victory will lead to real social emancipation, will lead to the abolition of that kind of exploitation which is at the foundation of racism, and not to a regime which will just replace the one set of exploiters for another, even though they might be of a different colour. So we all understand that the working class has this most profound and fundamental role to play.

But when we look at the figures of growth in trade union membership, or even the increase in strikes, we must understand the deeper meaning of what

is happening. There have been more strikes in the United Kingdom in the same period, and in France, than in South Africa. It has not led to any basic leap forward in the participation of the working class at the political level. The Social-Democratic trade unions in Europe are among the most powerful in the world. This in itself, has not led to a revolutionary advance of the working class or its ideology. So what I'm trying to say is that on its own a trade union movement does not spontaneously generate revolutionary politics. It does not necessarily lead to more advanced revolutionary action. The fact that it is there and it is growing, that the workers are organised, are embattled with the bosses, provides an enormous potential for the future.

But whether that potential is exploited or not depends upon the politics and ideology of trade unionism. And that in turn depends on our role as the revolutionary movement providing guidance and leadership in general to this mighty force which is emerging amongst the workers. It depends on our capacity to inject the right kind of politics and correct thinking into the working class. Our job is to help to make our working class understand that it must go beyond engaging in struggles for higher wages - which we of course support, or struggles for better conditions, which we also support. Such struggles can become schools for making the working class receptive to a deeper understanding of the workings of the system that they need to overthrow. But a trade union movement which is not motivated by correct politics can also become collaborationist, it can become part of the so-called reformist lobby in South Africa.



Jubilant Trident Marine workers after forcing, through unity, the bosses to an agreement outside the Industrial System.

Therefore it depends on you workers in South Africa, and especially on the advanced workers. It depends on our movement's capacity to connect the struggle that is going on, the organisation that is going on with the more long-term objectives of getting rid of the racist regime and the system it upholds. Finally, trade unionism which is divided (as Black trade unionism is in South Africa today) is trade unionism which can be more easily manipulated by the enemy for the very purposes I referred to. Therefore one of the additional fundamental tasks which faces all of us is to try to bring about a unity between what exists, to go forward in unity, and to create the kind of trade union movement in South Africa which will really mould the working class into a force which will prove to be unconquerable.

DAWN: Finally, how do you see the further unfolding of our people's war, particularly its military aspect?

SLOVO: I'm pleased you used the words people's war because it is these very words PEOPLE'S WAR that define our tasks in the further unfolding of the armed struggle: Our tasks are more and more to involve the people in actual participation and not just as sympathetic onlookers, not just as masses who welcome what we are doing, not just as people who cheer the brave actions of our cadres and who weep when any of them are caught and destroyed by the enemy. If we are talking in terms of a people's war (as we are) the tasks in the unfolding of the armed struggle is to make those words a reality. What we have done in the last few years has made this possible more than ever before. It has become possible to transform what we are doing into something which reflects much more closely the words "people's war".

I've already referred to some of our great achievements in the operations we have carried out. But in every revolutionary struggle we know that the very success of your actions (as a result of the use of a specific set of tactics) changes the situation and poses new tasks, and even the need for new tactics. Comrade President Tambo has spoken about this in the recent period. He has made it clear in recent speeches (one example is the funeral of our comrades in Maseru) that we are now entering a phase in which we will have to answer the enemy's murderous and terrorist tactics against civilians, against women, against children, against unarmed refugees, by more than just hitting their economic installations.

We have been very patient. It is very much part of the history of the ANC (which some have criticised) that it has a lot of patience. For the first 50 years of its existence it had the patience to organise the people in an attempt to bring about a change without illegalities, without violence. In the first phase of our armed struggle there has been the patience - and we have been praised for it also - to attempt to carry out our activities in a



A Martyr of the Maseru Massacre

way which minimizes the loss of innocent blood. Indeed this burden which we have imposed on ourselves has prevented us from doing even greater things. There is no example the enemy can point to when we have killed or murdered a white woman or a white child as they did in Maseru. There is no example that the enemy can point to when we have deliberately fired into residences being completely impervious about who is in there, even whether the people in there have anything to do with the enemy. We have never conducted ourselves in this way, and we will never repeal the enemy's barbarities.

But as the MK Manifesto says: "the people's patience is not endless," and clearly the time has come to raise our struggle to a qualitatively higher level, beyond mere attacks on installations.

READ

A Quartely Magazine Of The ANC (SA) Womens Section

**Voice
of
Women**



Why I Fight in

Umkhonto we Sizwe

AND WHY MORE WORKERS MUST JOIN MK

- TADI MERETLO

A decade ago I started work in a factory and I joined a battle-seasoned working class.

In 1973 the standard of living for the Black workers had plummeted headlong and capitalist exploitation was rampant. In that year South Africa experienced one of the major labour upheavals in its history, over 150 000 workers throughout the country were involved in scores of strikes for higher wages and better working conditions. This was a veritable baptism of fire for the working class, our generation of young workers learnt very early to battle for their rights, hence I joined a trade union. Later I joined the South African Congress of Trade Unions (SACTU) underground.

Although our trade unions had a status of semi-legality and the right to strike had been proscribed for many years, we repeatedly struck in defence of our rights.

The Black workers of South Africa, through their trade unions, have phenomenal battles behind them. To mention but a few: there was the Great Miners' Strike of 1946, the 1950 clashes with the police in the streets of Johannesburg, the formation of a non-racial SACTU in 1955 which was open defiance to racism, the struggles against the Works Committees and Liaison Committees, the Bantu Labour Relations Act, Bantu Settlement of Disputes Act, Industrial Conciliation Act, etc. This militant history tempered us into the fighters of the eighties.

In the 10 years since 1973, South Africa has experienced perpetual labour unrest which is reaching a climax in the 80s. There were 207 strikes in 1980 and 342 in 1981. In 1982 the whole town of Richards Bay faced labour strikes; the ferment in the Eastern Cape continued with strikes in the auto assembly industry. Also recorded were a series of strikes at National Bolts, Perskor, Republican Agency, Central News Agency, consolidated textile Mills, van Riebeeck Dairies, Power Steel, Coca-Cola and a multiple other industries.

From our economic struggle we soon learnt that rather than settle disputes with the workers through negotiations with their representative - the trade unions - the capitalist employers elect to enlist their regular

police, traffic cops, riot squad and the security branch to deal with the workers by batons, teargas cannisters, gun-fire and their vicious police dogs. This sort of treatment is accountable for several murders. Often trade union leaders are thrown into detention where Thozanile Gqweta, Sam Kikine and other trade unionists are tortured to half-madness. These are the same dungeons where the murders of Lawrence Ndzanga, Elijah L o z a , Joseph Mdluli, Neil Aggett and other trade union leaders were committed.

When the racist police have done their handi-work, those who survive torture like Oscar Mpetha and Barbara Hoqan are paraded in front of the racist courts to be tried under such laws as Black Labour Relations Act, Riotous Assemblies Act, the Intimidation Act and other similar draconian laws.

Our history abounds with instances of naked and callous violence. In 1950 workers were gunned down in Johannesburg. In 1960 several workers were killed at Sharpeville. In 1973 we were eye-witnesses to the massacre of mine-workers by fascist bullets at Carltonville. In July 1982, 12 miners were killed. Brutal assaults on Black factory workers (such as the one that caused the Fattis and Monis dispute in 1979) and especially on mine and farm workers is rife.

R E P R E S S I O N

This is by no means the whole range in the arsenal of brutal repression against the workers, industries have been heavily militarised. The state has a law which empowers it to compel any industry to produce war material at a time of need. In terms of National Key Points Act of 1980 the state instructs managers in industries to establish defence commandos on their plants. These commandos have ostensibly been set up to protect businesses from sabotage. However these commandos are clearly meant to be an arm of the state in the furtherance of repression against African workers who strike. These commandos are manned by members of the arch-racist Confederation of Labour and the reactionary Trade Union Council of South Africa. Often these same reactionaries leave us in the factories to go and do national service and to murder our own brothers and sisters in the neighbouring African states.

Violence lurks all round the factory floor, mine shafts and on farms. This compels our workers to move away from the conventional trade unionism and to organise clandestine armed units of MK and to defend ourselves against senseless criminals. The time for the workers to carry armaments of Umkhonto we Sizwe and lead in the campaigns of sabotage, raids and ambushes is now. It is high time we pay the enemy in his own coins.

A people's war spearheaded by MK is unfolding in our country. This war is in defence of our best interest as workers. This war is at the initial stages. Our People's Army is still entrenching itself within the masses of

our people and gathering resources necessary for a protracted war, and grouping the forces necessary for victory.

Our People's Army draws its combatants from the rural areas, from the impoverished Bantustans, from that vital detachment of the national liberation struggle - the youth and students, from the vast ranks of the women, from Blacks and Whites, from Communists and Christians; and above all from the working class.

The soft spot of a country as highly industrialised as South Africa lies in the cities. This makes the role of the working class pivotal in our people's war.

Umkhonto We Sizwe has infinitely exposed the vulnerability of racist South Africa's military and economic infrastructures to sabotage. The skill it has shown at Voortrekkerhoogte, SASOL, Leyland (during the '81 strike), Koeberg and over a number of fuel depots and electric transformers has left the racist capitalist system in trepidation. In the years ahead, the role of the Black workers will determine the advancement of our People's War and the routing of the enemy. The industrial workers of South Africa, spread through Durban, Port Elizabeth, Welkom, East London, Pretoria, Ermelo, Johannesburg, Cape Town, Bloemfontein and other cities where Umkhonto is active, hold the key in the desire to advance our war effort.

C E N T R A L

The vastly experienced Black working class of South Africa has long concluded that the alleviation of the problems of the workers in South Africa would remain a myth as long as the political system of apartheid is not dismantled. The workers have recognised their central role in the struggle for political, social and economic emancipation. In the words of SACTU's Declaration of Principles adopted in 1955:

"THE FUTURE OF THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA IS IN THE HANDS OF ITS WORKERS, IT IS ONLY THE WORKING CLASS IN ALLIANCE WITH OTHER PROGRESSIVE-MINDED SECTIONS OF THE COMMUNITY THAT CAN BUILD A HAPPY LIFE FOR ALL SOUTH AFRICANS; A LIFE FREE FROM UNEMPLOYMENT, INSECURITY AND POVERTY, FREE FROM RACIAL HATRED AND OPPRESSION, A LIFE OF VAST OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL PEOPLE."

SACTU believes that the struggle for national emancipation led by the African National Congress is in the best interests of the workers. The implementation of the Freedom Charter under an ANC government would guarantee economic and political advancement for the workers. It is this perspective that drew me to SACTU; and I joined its underground work.

The growing non-racial and democratic trade union movements, wherein we were involved before being forced to leave our country, is fragmented on a

variety of issues. However the majority of the South African workers who constitute the membership of these trade unions is unanimous in rejecting the red-herring of "no politics in trade unions". This rejection is accompanied by an increasing recognition of the value of the Freedom Charter by a number of trade unions. The security police bash the heads of trade union leaders in a desperate attempt to link them and their militancy to the ANC and SACTU. The new legalisation of the ANC has been possible, thanks to the great support of the trade union movement. The workers frequently fly the flag of the ANC at their meetings and at the funerals of working class martyrs such as Joe Mavi and Neil Aggett. This is open and defiant identification with the ANC.



Mourners alongside the hearse at Dr. Neil Aggett's funeral.

As our class stands poised to lead the titanic battle against racism, we ought to draw lessons from our numerous strikes including several general strikes that we have waged. In 1946 there was the epic Mine Strike that sent shock waves all over the capitalist circles in our country. In 1961 there was the General political strike at the time of the declaration of the racist republic. In 1976 there was the general political strike when the workers in Johannesburg protested at the murder of their children. From these experiences we have learnt the lethality of the General Political Strike.

The racist capitalist system in South Africa stands on the black working class and it will be felled by the black working class in alliance with progressive sections of the society. Our labour is indispensable to the system and a general tools-down by miners, farm workers and domestic workers and the whole spectrum of black workers, would have a disastrous effect on the economy and bring roofs tumbling down upon the apartheid system. We have enough strength to mesmerise the enemy.

C R I S I S

The sum total of the lingering economic crisis, the worsening impoverishment of the Black workers and the heightened organisation and militancy of the working class provides fertile ground for forging ahead.

SACTU with its vast experience in working legally and illegally has a specific role to play at this point in time. The SACTU underground should recruit greater numbers of workers into the ranks of MK.

Without unity the workers cannot deliver deadly blows against the system. Sadly the trade union movement still lacks the unity required for a working class-led victory. The existence of several unions in one industry, and several trade union federations and centres in one country leads to rivalries and animosities within the trade union movement. A worker has nothing to fear from another worker! A trade union truism goes: With unity the struggles of the workers are never lost.

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL!

VICTORY OR DEATH, WE SHALL WIN!

LONG LIVE THE ANC!

LONG LIVE SACTU!

LONG LIVE MK!

"So far only a small group of the black workers is organised into trade unions. It is the task of the existing democratic trade union movement to ensure that the unorganised workers are in fact organised. This organisational drive must encompass also the workers in the mines and in agriculture. We do have to bend all efforts to ensure that every worker belongs to a democratic trade union. Therefore with all the power at our command we make a special appeal to the democratic trade union movement to come together again and actually succeed to draw up and adopt a plan for the united action of the democratic non-racial trade union movement. There is no obstacle too formidable to stop us achieving this goal."

NEC STATEMENT - JANUARY 8, 1983.

MK SOLDIERS' VIEWPOINT

OUR TASK IS TITANIC

- ELAN THUPAPEDI

We have now entered the third year of our decade of liberation and with it new heights of the liberation struggle. Scanning the South African socio-political situation since the tumultuous June 16 events it becomes increasingly evident that the country will never be the same again. During this relatively brief time lapse historic developments have taken shape exposing deep-seated contradictions that define the nature of South African society thus emphasising the imperative and justness of the Black man's fight. Against the backdrop of mounting repression and boer-fascist terror manifested through a galaxy of draconian legislation and unprecedented racist brinkmanship, the torch of freedom burns fiercely at the helm of the heroic column of the South African revolutionary process. The gaping fissures that result from this conflict are beyond the enemy's ability to mind.

The mighty workers of our land are up in arms. They are defending the dignity of the Black man which has been corroded for centuries by blatant racist arrogance and the capitalist profit motive. The courage and determination they have displayed in the skilful combination of industrial with community issues betrays an irresistible current destined to ultimately sweep the present system asunder. All our people together, so-called Coloureds, Indians and an increasing number of White democrats are joining their battle-steeped African counter-parts in historically decisive struggles around local and national issues. The youth and church people have proved themselves as equally important reinforcing formations in the noble fight.

We the Youth of South Africa organised in the gallant ranks of our People's Army draw great inspiration from this happening. They convince us more than ever that the apex of these struggles will be the conquest of power by the down-trodden masses.

On the other hand the Pretoria hordes have not been sitting idle marvelling at the gathering storm of revolution. They mobilised their forces and asked for reinforcement from their equally vile allies, the most reactionary factions of international imperialism (the Pentagon has been appointed the role of general headquarters commanding these bellicose hordes). They are bent on achieving the impossible of a host of untold crimes against our people and fellow freedom strugglers elsewhere in different

parts of the world: the Matolas, Maserus, Beruīts, Techipas, the El Salvadors and Kampuchéas for example. The impunity with which they pursue these satanic schemes is fast knitting our embattled peoples into a solid bedrock of revolutionary struggle. We of Umkhonto we Sizwe draw great strength from mere knowledge that the peoples will never ever drop the fight.

T E R R O R

The mounting terror unleashed by the Pretoria sadists literally in all corners of our country brings to mind the acute urgency of strengthening the revolutionary mass base inside South Africa, to unite the oppressed around the Freedom Charter into an impregnably formidable vehicle of revolution. The popular unity we seek is one that should permanently register a desire to act, to fight, to shoulder responsibility and make sacrifices as in accordance with the behests of our forebears and leaders such as Luthuli, Kotane, Mandela, Kathrada and others. This unity cannot be beseeched and solicited through colourful rhetoric but must be fought for everyday, every hour and every minute of our lives. In other words unity born of active struggle will yield indefatigable **UNITED ACTION** - the rallying theme of the 1983 campaign of the ANC.

In this direction the justness of the cause in itself constitutes the nemesis of our strategic aim. But we have to warn ourselves and our people, the dedicated organisers and campaigners against careless haste. Our work to this end must be cautious and extremely vigilant against enemy intrigues in all their manifestations. Such carrot packages as the Presidential Council, Bantustan Independence, Sun Cities, Rugby Tours and George Bensons are calculated to pacify us and make us cheer and dance to our denudation and strangulation. We cannot bow that low to our oppressor's whims. We have to hit back through united action against all variations of enemy ruses.

The revolution advances through purging itself of tendencies to wallow in small victories and the very fettering tendency to vacillate every small victory must constitute a basis for greater advance and advance results from unflagging effort and determination. Let us resolutely fight against the enemy's endeavours to indoctrinate and delude us with his exaggerated might for we are the people and the people are stronger!

Everyone from the oppressed can be a freedom fighter! Wherever we are, in the township and ghettos, village and homesteads, factories and schools, hospitals, prisons, travelling or at home, we must find time to throw our weight behind the fight for liberation. We must see this as among the essential pre-requisites for a successful process of **UNITED ACTION** - which is the highest means through which our cherished goal of liberation will be achieved. Umkhonto will continue as it does, to spearhead the popular fight. For

this reason its ranks must be swelled than never before as we proceed to engage the enemy at every step and every day.

Our task is becoming even more titanic. That is why every able-bodied man and woman, young and old, are called upon to throw in their weight. The struggle needs all of us.



WHO IS THE ENEMY?

DAWN's youngest contributor, aged 9, replies to the question. For reasons obvious to all who are following the political developments inside South Africa ("A five year old boy has been detained by police in connection with a fire which burnt down two classrooms of a school in Daveyton, Benoni, this week, says a police spokesman". - SOWETAN 23.12.82.) the article won't bear his name.

Plainly, if someone should ask you, "who is the enemy?" You would say "the boers" or "the South African regime", because is a better way of explaining it?

You could not just say "oh I don't know" could you?

If someone asked me, I would say "the enemy is the South African regime, who rule under apartheid, and as a dictatorship against the black majority".

Then people might ask "then what is apartheid?"

Then I would reply "apartheid is when you divide people into their own tribes so that they are to weak (secretly) to destroy you then you rule them. Then you hire the people that need work and you exploit them, and make a profit. That's called capitalism and that is who the real enemy is.



HEROES OF OUR REVOLUTION

(Comrade Oscar Mpetha)

- R. MATAJO

Comrade Oscar Mpetha was born at Mount Fletcher, Transkei in 1909. His parents at great sacrifice sent him to Adams College, in Natal. During the hungry 30s he came to Cape Town and worked as a waiter, docker, hospital orderly and road worker. Whilst in Cape Town he attended classes to learn Afrikaans and at the same time taught Xhosa to his Afrikaans tutors.

In 1945 the Food and Canning Workers' Union (FCWU) organisers went to Vredenburg, Veldrift, Laaiplek and Berg River Mouth hamlets to organise the workers in the newly opened fish canning and processing factories. At that time the FCWU had already organised the workers on the Namaqualand coast, Saldanha Bay, St. Helena Bay and Paternoster. The Union had won higher wages, better working conditions, housing, clinics and schools by the militancy and unity of the workers. When the FCWU organisers visited Laaiplek during the long week-end in October most of the workers had gone to a football game in Paarl. The union organisers went from house to house, talking to women workers and

Seventy-four year old Comrade Oscar Mpetha wearing leg-irons.



housewives; left leaflets with application forms and the union constitution and urged them to have a meeting and resolve to join the union.

About two weeks later the FCWU head-office received a letter in response to the union's appeal, expressing their desire to join the FCWU. This letter was signed on behalf of the workers by Oscar Mpetha who asked for more application forms.

The union not only sent application forms, but sent him money to attend the next NEC meeting. At this meeting a full discussion took place on conditions in the factories and ways and means of organising the unorganised workers. The Union grew. Branches of the Union were established with functioning factory committees. Comrade Oscar Mpetha was elected branch secretary at Laaiplek.

There were many complaints in the factories such as contradictions of the Factories Act of 1941 and Wage Determination. Not only did the Union demand that these complaints should be corrected, but demanded higher wages and better working and living conditions. In January 1947, the employers felt the workers restlessness and called in the Department of Labour inspectors. The employers called in Comrade Oscar and the factory committee to meet the inspectors.

EMPLOYEE

The FCWU though registered, had defied the definition of employee in the 1927-37 act that AFRICANS ARE NOT EMPLOYEES, it was one Union of all workers irrespective of race. The then Smuts government had appeased the Nationalist Party; it shot down brutally African miners during the historic African Miners' Strike in August 1946. It had exposed itself during this strike as the enemy of African workers. It arrested and prosecuted the central executive members of the Communist Party, and members of the Council of non-European Trade Unions who led the African Miners Strike. The Smuts government generally began to harass the people's organisations - the ANC, Indian Congress and progressive trade unions. It demanded that the FCWU should abide by the Industrial Conciliation Act. The Union refused and the department of labour threatened to deregister the Union and to turn down all the Union's applications for Conciliation Boards. The FCWU has never had an Industrial Council. The union had forced employers by united strike action to sign with the Union private (gentlemen's) agreements.

For 6-7 months the Union debated the threat by the Department of Labour at factory, branch and at the National Executive Committee meetings and quarterly branch delegates conferences. Finally at a Branch Delegates Conference held on 27th November the decision was taken to establish the African Food and Canning Workers Union and that the two unions are to work in complete unison in their relentless struggle against the exploiters, for higher wages

and better working and living conditions. It was a bitter decision to take but the membership regarded this as a necessary step to retain the unity of the workers. In fact Ray Alexander, the General Secretary of the FCWU was elected also the General Secretary of the A-FCWU.

Following the National Party victory in 1948, the oppressed and exploited black people faced a vicious government bent on suppressing the trade unions particularly the African trade unions and the people's organisations fighting for democratic rights. The Nationalist regime introduced the Suppression of Communism Act and a host of other oppressive legislation.

At the Annual Conferences of the unions in 1950 the conferences agreed to empower the incoming NECs to select and train new office bearers in the event of the regime banning Ray Alexander and others from the Union leadership. Comrade Oscar Mpetha and Lena Avontuur were chosen to work in the HQ. On the 1st of September 1950 both came for training in the HQ. In 1951 he was elected as a paid general secretary of the A-FCWU with Ray Alexander as the Hon. General Secretary. By September 1953 no less than 12 leaders of the FCWU were banned from holding office or in any way assisting in the work of the union. Among those banned was S.V. Reddy, (late Durban branch secretary) Betty du Toit, Johannesburg branch Secretary, Sarah Wentzel, Worcester, General Secretary Ray Alexander and other branch leaders.

The union carried on with new officials. By then Comrade Oscar was the most experienced of them all and a great deal of responsibility rested on him.

A.N.C.

He was elected President of the Cape Western Province ANC in 1959. He was detained in April 1960, banned and forced to give up his trade union work. He then opened a laundry depot.

In 1976 and 1977 during the Cillie Commission of Enquiry on Soweto and death by torture of Comrade Elijah Loza, Chairman of SACTU's Cape Town Committee - he came forward. Not only did he make an indictment against the regime to the Commission on the death of Elijah Loza but demanded to investigate its cause.

In 1978 the FCWU/A-FCWU asked him to return to the union as national organiser. The people needed his leadership and he came. He participated in 1979 in leading the Fattis and Monis strike. The strike which introduced new forms of struggle, gained wide national & international support combined with a successful boycott of all Fatti's and Monis products. This strike was followed by other successful militant strikes led by the two unions with Comrade Oscar in the leadership.

The people's militant mood was expressed in the struggle against rent increases and in 1980 there was a successful boycott of the city tramway

buses in Cape Town. Oscar was Chairman of the Nyanga Residents Association which led the struggle.

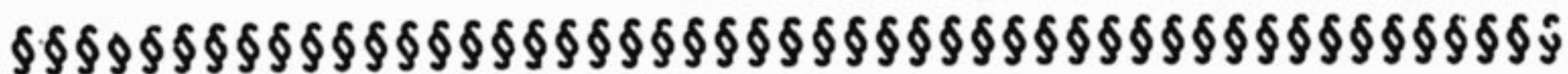
On the 11th August 1980 fire was set to some vehicles by a group of protesters, injuring two whites, who later died.

On the 13th August Oscar issued a statement to the press in which he condemned the role of the police in the unrest. He was detained together with 18 young African freedom fighters. He was held incommunicado in Pol-smoor dungeon, the place where Comrade Elijah Loza died and where today our great leaders like Comrades Mandela, Sisulu and the others are incarcerated. In March 1981 they were charged in the Cape Town Supreme court on two counts of murder and terrorism.

Whilst in prison, Comrade Mpetna has had two main illnesses: diabetes and he had to have an operation to remove a prostate gland. He is 73 years old and his life is in danger. The regime knows this. The union lawyers have asked the attorney-general seven times to let Comrade Oscar out on bail. This request has been supported by trade unions, community, church, women's organisations, and international pleas have come from the WFTU, ICFTU and ILO. He has now been in jail for two and a half years and has not been found guilty of any crime. The regime wants him dead of 'natural causes' and 'old age'.

The oppressed and exploited people want and need Comrade Oscar alive. He is one of our great leaders of the struggle in our country despite all governments attempts to break him over the past 38 years - by banning orders, detentions and trials. They have not succeeded to break his fighting spirit. He remains undaunted, defying the brutal white racist regime.

We urge our people at home and our friends abroad to renew support for Comrade Oscar's and the 18 others' immediate release and to give all their families support. Let the accused and their families know that they have friends at home and abroad!



FIGHT TO STOP THE REPRESSION
OF TRADE UNIONISTS IN
SOUTH AFRICA!

STRAIGHT TALK...

Two Faces of PW

It is now an established fact that though the Pretoria racists pursue rhetoric with lunatic enthusiasm as evidenced by their ever-expanding racist political lexicon, this has always been attended by ever-growing contradictions in the details of their policy. Particularly instructive in this direction is usually the emotion-laden Nationalist Party policy statements. The "New Year Message" by Piet 'Wapen' Botha is a case in point.

In the message 'Wapen' succeeds in graphically portraying himself and his ilk as past masters at the despicable art of 'two-facedness'. He speaks in two tones, the purpose of which fits calculatedly into boer-fascist designs. Here is what he says: "The Republic of South Africa is prepared to conclude non-aggression pacts with all its neighbours as well as treaties which prohibit the use of our respective territories against one another. We are absolutely sincere in making this offer, and our neighbours would be acting wisely if they accept it. But no one must doubt the national will and determination of our country and its people to maintain and defend our security. Anyone who under-estimates this will be severely disillusioned. No United Nations hypocrisy will stop us destroying terrorists on their way to harm our country."

We shall not here contest the legitimacy of Botha's claim that South Africa is his or theirs for by and by the very words will stick in his throat. We instead elect to talk about the undisguised hypocrisy - which vice he foolishly and carelessly blames on the United Nations Organisation - which glares in his message intended as confidence-booster to the white laager on the one hand and as the deliberate threat of a pranking fascist against our people and the Front-line States on the other. We hope that he is aware that flexing muscles and howling threats against a calm and determined people can only earn him the demise of his regime. Once more we impel him, his proxies and followers to review the fate of their godfather, Adolf Hitler. But history bears testimony to the fact that fascists everywhere always commit the same mistake of trusting too

much on fancies of their flimsy minds and the doubtful might of their arsenal. Hitler wanted to dribble the world like a ball and toss it hither and thither, but the world was too big and much too heavy so he got himself crushed.

BACCHANAL RAVINGS

We are not surprised at these bacchanal ravings of Botha's that go under the questionable title of a New Year Message. It is quite like the commander who, having lost faith in his strategy and troops, insists to his opponent about the havoc he will wreak upon his force quite in keeping with fascist psychology.

We do not for once doubt the glee the Pretoria boers revel in at each successful act of bestiality and carnage they perpetrate against our peoples - the Kassingas, Matolas, Maserus, etc., speak for themselves. In this they have established an unparalleled record of sadistic recklessness the continent has ever known since the days of the slave trade. But let Pretoria be warned that a drunken bull can be knocked down with a stone - in this direction even the Biblical story of David and Goliath though an interesting parallel is hardly sufficient as an analogy since today Southern Africa has grown bigger in stature, and with the progressive and revolutionary forces of the world in support, also in might. Southern Africa will prove for the fascist too heavy to shift and too hot to handle. We say nothing of our own people inside South Africa.

BOTHA'S 'MESSAGE'

In Botha's 'message' two things are evident:

1. He is the wolf in the lambskin imploring our peoples to go down on their knees and agree to a 'non-aggression pact' whilst he grants the satisfaction of the butcher that he is.

Learned and unschooled Africans of the Sub-continent will see, as they do, through this satanic ruse. Our people will not accept an invitation to sign themselves into voluntary sub-servience and bondage where the master wields the whip over our heads and grins, "We are on peace terms." No hoodwinking for us!

2. He is Mr. Beefy flexing his muscles and crying: "Watch out, I'll squeeze you like lemons!" He is the aggressor reiterating that he is aggressive.

We do not need to be reminded in a 'New Year Message' of Boer fascist's aggressive schemes. We know these and that is why we have chosen to fight with arms in our hands.

Let us also point out in conclusion that Botha's talk of 'peace' and

his warning against neighbouring states betrays contradicting attitudes comparable to those of a trickster who trying to piece together his own jig-saw and discovering that other pieces don't fit, yells at his audience "if you don't accept the puzzle as it is expect nothing from me but hell."

As for us the road forward is undisguised. We know that the enemy is on a war-path - as the report of Radio RSA of 19/02/83 asserted and cited P.W. Botha as saying that South Africa is considering helping anti-communist forces (by this he means the counter-progressive bandit groupings already operating against the people of Lesotho, Mozambique, Angola and Zimbabwe). That is why we the revolutionary movement are committed to an unflagging armed struggle to dislodge apartheid fascism. To that end we shall fight on both sides of the water together with our brethren on the continent and elsewhere.

VICTORY BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE!

DAWN POLITIXWORD NO. 1 - ANSWERS

ACROSS:

1. Billet 2. FM 7. Crab 9. UNO 12 Ram 13. Mompoti
16. Aim 18. Liberia 20. Bin 21. So 22. Mint 25. Orange
26. Amp 27. End

DOWN:

1. Blumeris 2. LF 3. EM 4. IRA 5. JB 7. Crime 8. AMJ
10. Nc 11. OMA 14. Piliso 15. Amin 17. Can 19. Range
22. Man 23. In 24. Ten



**Forward to a
People's Government**

NAKED AMONG WOLVES

by Bruno Apitz

Chapter 19

A second alert closed down the camp again. It lasted for several hours in which there was nothing to be heard, neither distant explosions nor the roars of motors in the sky. The loud-speakers in the blocks were silent. The mustering ground lay stark and vacant, where only a few hours before there had been such wild turmoil. Even the sentries on the towers stood motionless. Everything lay in a dead calm, like nature petrified. Where was the war in this stillness?

It remained quiet until late in the day. When the siren finally began its yowling and rose to the soprano scream of the all clear, the camp recovered only with difficulty from its paralysis.

Kramer, who had spent the alert in the clerks' room, looked out of the window uneasily. It was still quiet up at the gate, uncannily quiet! And another 10 000 were to march. Kramer expected the announcement any minute. Then the beaters would begin their chase again, for he had done nothing to assemble the transport. But nothing happened.

To calm his own uneasiness, Kramer remarked: "The alert was good, we've gained a day, they can't evacuate any more."

But then something did start moving up there. The prisoners in the clerks' room leaped to the windows. An SS column coming from the barracks marched along the fence to the gate.

"What's up?"

And now it came - Reineboth's voice: Camp senior, to the gate with the prisoners of war!

Kramer looked up at the loud-speaker and nodded to himself; he knew it. With heavy steps he went over to his office and pulled his coat on.

The call had brought the camp to life. Prisoners ran out of all the buildings, and as Kramer came up the crowd was standing about in front of the block of the prisoners of war. Bochow, Kodiczek, Pribula, van Dulen forced their way through the mob. They stood still and silent together, even when the crowd began to stir, for Kramer was coming out of the block with the first prisoners of war. The line formed. The last to appear was Bogorski. He no longer wore prisoner's ticking but, like the rest of his comrades, a threadbare Red Army uniform.

The prisoners formed ranks of ten abreast.

Kramer had to give the sign to march; then he went up front to the head of the column. Bogorski let the men file past him. He checked the secret disposition of forces. Then he turned round to the crowd. "Until we meet again, comrades!" he cried in German. The prisoners waved. The comrades of the ILK stood bare headed. Bogorski bade them farewell with a last silent look.

In military order, with their typical, somewhat rolling step, the 800 marched up the mustering ground. The prisoners looked after them out of the side lanes of the blocks. The wings of the wrought-iron gate opened. The procession had to halt and mark time, then it moved forward again until the last man had marched through the gate. It closed.

Kramer, whose cap was still in his hand, put it on and walked slowly back to the camp over the solitary mustering ground.

Nothing more was said about a second transport, and the day ended in a singular lull.

On the days following, the evacuation plan became more and more disorganised.

During the intermissions between alerts, prisoners were seized at random regardless of any principle, driven out of the blocks up the mustering ground and, when there were enough of them, chased out of the gate. Despite the delaying tactics, despite the frequent relief provided by air-raid alerts which hindered the evacuations, it was possible to round up tens of thousands during this period and drive them out of the camp. Out of 50 000 there were only 21 000 people left at the end.

There was no such thing as order or control any more. The chaos of dissolution grew greater every day. The remaining prisoners fought more doggedly against their expulsion.

Early one morning, unpreceded by any alert, two American fighter planes appeared over the camp. The prisoners burst out the blocks crying: "They're here, they're here!"

But after circling the grounds a few times, the planes flew off again. Utilizing the turmoil of one of the expulsions, Bochow, Pribula and a few members of the Polish resistance groups hid themselves in the operating room of the prisoners' infirmary. When at Kluttig's insistence the commandant had ordered a search for a secret radio transmitter, which did in fact exist at that time, the instrument had had to be destroyed. Now a few Polish prisoners had reassembled the transmitter of the carefully preserved parts. The antenna for the apparatus, well camouflaged by the lighting conductor, was still in the operating room.

While the fury of the exodus tore across the camp, these brave men called for help over the primitive radio.

"SOS! SOS! Buchenwald Concentration Camp here! Buchenwald Concentration Camp here!"

Would the calls be heard?

That same night the comrades of the ILK again called the leaders of the resistance groups together. Again they met in one of the vacated blocks. Through the loss of the Soviet groups, a reorganisation had to be effected. The German, French, Czech and Dutch groups, which were assigned to the commandant's headquarters area, also had to take over the task of the Soviet groups, who were to storm the SS barracks.

There was no definite or dependable news about the status of the front; nevertheless it was in the air, like an approaching thunderstorm, that the days, indeed the hours of the camp were numbered, that any day, any hour, the fascists might be expected to pull out of the camp. The front was near, very near! There was no doubt about it. The precipitate evacuations, the nervousness and irascibility of the SS heated to the boiling point, the countless rumours and reports, the ever more frequent alerts, the increasing air force activity and last but not least the distinctly audible noise of battles all fitted together into one picture which clearly revealed the situation. The hour of the final decision had come.

Bochow expressed it. His eyes met Pribula's and without any introductory remarks he said to the young Pole: "With your everlasting impatience you often made it hard for us, but just the same you always submitted to discipline. For that I thank you, Comrade and friend."

Bochow sat down at a table so as to be heard clearly by all of them.

"Armed revolt," he said shortly. "There are two possibilities. Either the flight of the fascists will be so frantic that they don't get around to liquidating the camp any more, in which case we needn't fight. Or they will try to wipe us out at the last minute; then we might fight! In any case the front is near enough to dare the revolt under its cover. Is that clear?"

No one answered, some nodded, but all of them drew up closer to Bochow. He continued still more softly: "The fascists have no one to depend on but themselves. They won't get help either from the ground forces or from the air. We see the reasons and know why Schwahl hasn't liquidated the camp up to now. That doesn't exclude the possibility that it could happen at the last minute. Maybe even tomorrow. We have to be prepared for that."

"Tomorrow, Comrades, our stage-two alarm may be changed to a stage-three at any hour. That means all groups occupy their starting positions and the weapons will be distributed. Apart from cutting and stabbing weapons, we have 90 carbines, 200 incendiary bottles, 16 hand grenades, 15 pistols and revolvers, and a light machine gun. That isn't much."

Bochow looked into the silent faces.

"Two factors will help us in the fight: the nearness of the front and the the confusion of the fascists. Their flight will be headlong even if they still shot first. Is that clear?"

Bochow pressed both of his hands to his forehead.

"We don't know how it will come about. Maybe they'll only shoot in a circle from the towers. Maybe they'll come into the camp and burn down the blocks with flame throwers..."

"Maybe they won't get around to it at all, the sons of bitches," rumbled the leader of a German group.

The sarcastic remark cut Bochow's train of thought. He dropped

"Whatever way they try to wipe us out, our fight must be offensive. Inside the barbed wire we're in their hands, our only change is a quick outbreak."

"And if the three-echelon sentry chain is still there?" Someone interrupted.

Bochow shook his head. Pribula answered for him. "But fascists fleeing! It all going fast. Shooting and running. What they still doing with sentry chain?"

"Right," Bochow confirmed. "They'll shoot and flee at the same time, there won't be any more sentry chair."

T h e y a l l s a w t h i s .

"We must get out of the camp quickly. It's the job of the Polish and Yugoslav groups to open the breach for us."

The leaders of these groups nodded, they knew their task.

Suddenly a cry of warning came through the window from the lookout. Immediately the light was turned off.

"W h a t i s i t ?"

"There's a truck coming through the gate."

"T h i s w a y ?"

"I t ' s s t o p p i n g . ?"

"Light!" Bochow called out. The electric bulb burned again. "Into the dormitory, quick! Get into the bunks!"

The men scrambled over tables and chairs into the dormitory, pulled off their clothes, climbed into the three-tier bunks, and pulled up the covers.

"Another auto coming. They're turning in now to the left."

The light went out again. Bochow remained with the lookout.

The cars drove to the crematorium. The Scharfuhrer of the crematorium opened the back entrance. The cars turned in. Schwahl entered the cremation room with his hangers-on. "Three furnaces going?" he made sure.

"As commanded," the Scharfuhrer reported.

"Then get busy."

The SS men unloaded the truck. Mountains of documents were dragged into the cremation room and thrown into the furnaces.

"They're burning something..." the lookout whispered.

Bochow pressed his eye against the peephole of the blackout shutter. The black chimney of the crematorium sprayed a tremendous sheaf of sparks up at the dark sky. Innumerable black tatters floated and rocked in the red glare.

The SS men brought in stack after stack. Schwahl stood silently by with his companions. He drew nervously at his cigarette. When the heavy fuel door was raised they were lit up weirdly by the glow. Schwahl tittered to himself just once. He looked at Wittig.

"C l e v e r o f m e ?"

The ordinance officer agreed.

"Nobody can prove nothing on us now," grunted Wiesangk contentedly.

Bochow crouched at the window for nearly two hours. At last he saw cars leave. They drove through the gate, the wrought-iron door closed.

The sheaf of sparks had sunk into itself. Now the chimney scattered an occasional burst with its expiring breath.

"What could they have burned?"

Bochow shrugged his shoulders. "It surely wasn't corpses..."

The day began anxiously. The commandoes who served the SS were not let out of the camp any more, and they returned to their block. The news they had brought back the previous evening spread through the camp like wild-fire and caused the utmost agitation. Erfurt was supposed to have fallen and the Americans were said to be only seven miles from Weimar. The situation might change from one hour to the next.

Bochow thought it was time to fetch Runki out of his hiding. What was the point of his staying in that dungeon when any hour might bring the decision over life and death? Stubble-bearded and gaunt, Runki crawled out of the hole in the floor amid the jubilation of his comrades. On his block senior's desk sat the child, in a prisoner's suit cut to size and hastily sewn together. They held out the little bundle of humanity to Runki: "Our youngest comrade!"

Special troops from the camp patrol fetched tools to be used when the moment came to break out from the hiding places, crowbars and insulated nippers for electrically charged fence. Other troops from the camp patrol climbed about over the open ground on the north slope of the camp. They were checking the preparations that had already been completed weeks earlier for the moment of outbreak. Boards, planks and a few old discarded doors lay about on the rolling ground between occasional bushes and tree trunks -- forgotten building materials and trash. Nobody bothered about it and nobody

suspected the secret purpose of this lumber, which lay there as if by accident: future footbridges over the barbed-wire barricades in the neutral zone...

The resistance groups in the blocks were on the alert for orders. Suddenly a roar of motors caused the prisoners to rush out of the blocks. They stood in the roads by the thousands and stared up at the sky. The American bombers were there again. Two, three, four... They circled over the camp and turned off westwards, in the direction of Weimar. Again there was no air-raid alert. Later on, detonations could be heard in the distance. Were bombs falling in Weimar? The noise of battle grew. Dull, wild discharges rolled.

Kramer stayed in his little office with Bochow and a few of the group leaders. With their nerves terribly strained they listened to the din. Was it only the noise of the battle that created an illusion of nearness? The stillness of death all around the camp was uncanny and intolerable. The men said not a word to one another. They stared across the vacant mustering ground. On the towers the sentries stood stiff and still. Bazookas could be distinguished on the main tower over the gate. The machine-gun barrels were just waiting for the pressure of a thumb. And everything was motionless, rigid, unnatural...

Bochow looked pale. He could not bear it any longer. He turned abruptly from the window and walked up and down. One of the German group leaders could stand no more either, he banged his fist on the window sill. "Damn it! Something's got to happen..."

K r a m e r g r o w l e d .

Bochow stopped and listened tensely. The explosions could be heard quite distinctly. Near... damned near...

Suddenly, at about ten in the morning, the uneventful stillness was torn apart by Reineboth's voice. camp senior and block seniors to the gate immediately!

In front of the clerks' room the block seniors were surrounded by prisoners. The news had raced through the camp in no time. "At twelve o'clock the whole camp will be evacuated!"

Everyone was shouting at once. "We won't go! We won't go! We won't go!"

Bochow remained with Kramer.

B o c h o w ripped his cap off and rubbed his head slowly with both hands. The decision was hard, hard...

The sun mounted higher.

12 o'clock! The tension grew colossal.

12:05 Still nothing. Up at the gate it continued quiet.

Kramer, his hands shoved deep into his pockets, walked up and down in his

office. There was profound silence in the blocks.

12.10!

All at once - expected and yet surprising, and like a whip - Reineboth's voice sounded over the loud-speaker:

Camp senior! Have them march up!

Kramer stood still with bowed head, as if awaiting a blow in the back of the neck. The call was repeated, sharper, more penetrating: March up!

There was a muttering in the blocks.

"Quiet, boys, quiet!"

12:15!

The sun beamed. Friendly feather clouds floated in the blue sky.

12:20!

The loud-speakers screamed out:

Where's the camp? March up immediately!

Kramer was still standing in the same spot. Now he turned about heavily and sat down at the desk. Spreading his elbows wide, he pressed his forehead against his fists.

The muttering in the blocks had frozen. The prisoners stood at the windows. They saw nothing but vacancy...

Suddenly there was a stir among the prisoners in the row of blocks fronting the mustering ground. Looking over one another's shoulders, they gazed up at the gate wide-eyed.

Kramer had also leaped up and hastened to the window.

Two cars drove onto the mustering ground and stopped. Two people jumped out of the front car. Kramer recognised Kluttig and Kamloth, Schwahl, Weickangk and Wittig stepped out of the second car.

And now they ganged up! A few hundred SS men marched through the gate. Kamloth gave commands. Machine guns were set up, cartridge belts were inserted. A line of SS men took up their positions with Tommy guns and bazookas behind the machine guns.

Kramer felt the pulse beat stabbing in his temples.

If they opened fire the front row of blocks would be the first hit. The prisoners rushed away from the windows in a panic.

"They're starting, they're starting!"

They wanted to run away, to crawl under tables and benches.

A few courageous ones remained at the windows and called out.

"The commandant is driving into the camp!"

Kramer glanced hurriedly over the scene before him. There was movement on the main tower and the other towers. Sentries were bringing the machine guns into position and training their barrels on the blocks.

Kramer rushed out.

The cars had driven down to the last row of blocks. Now they halted. Kra-

mer ran towards them. Kluttig was the first to spring out of the car, running into the nearest block. It was Block 38!

Schwahl clambered out of his car.

"Why aren't the prisoners reporting?" he yelled at Kramer.

Kluttig ripped the door open and burst into the mess room of the block. His eyes stabbed through the thick lenses of his glasses, he surveyed the room with a rapid glance. All the prisoners had risen at his sudden appearance. Runki hastily concealed himself in the background. Kluttig stuck out his jaw and looked over the silent men one after another. Suddenly his eyes opened wide. He pushed aside two of the prisoners standing before him and stepped forward one pace. He had discovered the child on the block seniors's desk! It was clinging fearfully to Rochow, who put his arms around the trembling body. Kluttig opened his mouth, his Adam's apple rose. Bochow stood motionless. The silence of the prisoners had turned to petrification. Suddenly Kluttig screeched out: "So that's how it is?"

With a wild grab he tore the pistol out of his holster.

Then something unexpected happened. Within a second, an empty space appeared around Kluttig. A wall of prisoners had formed in front of the child. Not a word, not a cry had been uttered. The men stood mum, their unmoving eyes on Kluttig.

He whirled about abruptly, as if he felt something behind him. They had drawn together behind him, too, shoulder to shoulder. The way to the door was barred.

K l u t t i g s t o o d i s o l a t e d .

All around him silent faces, hanging arms, fists. Eyes attentively watching his every movement...

Kluttig behaved as if trapped. He felt the waiting, the readiness to spring, he scented danger. Shoot? Abruptly he took aim.

Then another unexpected thing happened. The prisoners at the door - members of the clandestine groups - stepped aside. The door was free... It was a silent challenge. Spots burned on Kluttig's hard cheekbones. He was unable to speak, his palate was dry. "So - that's - how - it is..." In one step he was at the door.

A few block seniors had come over when they saw Kramer with the commandant.

"Why aren't the prisoners reporting?" Schwahl yelled again.

Kramer stepped forward. "They're afraid of the low flying planes that fire at railroad trains and people marching."

Schwahl pulled back his shoulders and planted his fists on his hips: "You are under our protection. I'll give you another half-hour. If the camp hasn't reported I'll order it cleared by force."

Just as Kluttig was rushing towards them, the siren sounded, so unexpectedly that Schwahl sprang in a fright into the car. Up and down the siren ground out its howling note.

"Hauptsturmführer!" yelled Kamloth from the car.

Still spurting the venom of his rage Kluttig threw himself at Kramer, punched him in the face and shrieked: "Dog, goddam you!" Kramer staggered.

Kluttig leaped into the car, raised the pistol, a block senior cried out, and Kluttig pressed the trigger, a second time, a third time. The shots cracked out in rapid seccession, the car sped away. Kramer grabbed at the air with both arms as if he meant to run after it, fell forward on his face, and writhed. The siren was still screaming.

The prisoners rushed to him out of the surrounding blocks. Bochow forced his way through the crowd and bent over Kramer. "Quick, into the infirmary."

Using an upside-down bench as a stretcher they brought Kramer to Kohn.

The shots had not been heard in the front rows of blocks. The prisoners at the windows saw the cars returning. As they raced past, Kamloth called out orders to the now impatient SS men.

The s i r e n sank into itself.

The prisoners at the windows exulted at they saw the SS men collect their weapons, quick-march through the gate and disappear.

"They're leaving, they're leaving!"

In anxious silence Bochow and the block seniors who had carried Kramer stood around the table where the wounded man lay.

Kohn went about his business with calm confidence. Using a probe, he removed two bullets from the chest which had entered close together. He cleansed the wounds, and two attendants put on the bandages.

"W i l l h e l i v e?"

Kohn went to the water tap without replying, washed his hands, turned to Bochow who had asked him, and nodded his head. "Nobody like Kluttig could do him in..."

This time the alert had already lasted two hours. The prisoners sat together rejoicing. A murderous battle must have been going on out there. There was a continuous rumbling. The firing and the explosions sounded as if they were coming nearer and nearer...

They had laid Kramer on a bed in the attendants' mess room. Kohn sat beside him and waited for him to come to. At last the wounded man stirred and opened his eyes.

"Well? What's this?" he demanded roughly, astounded to see the actor's face above him.

"Alert," Kohn answered pleasantly.

"What's the matter with me, I'm asking."

"Nothing much. Just a practical joke. Here, old boy, drink som thing."

Kohn slipped his a r m u n d e r Kramer's head and put a cup to his mouth.

"Take care, it's hot," he warned.

Kramer took a sip, tasted it, looked at Kohn in amazement. Kohn winked mischievously: "Drink it down."

Greedyly Kramer took swallow after swallow and sank back, groaning with contentment. "Man, where did you get that beverage?"

"Ask me no questions," answered Kohn, "and I'll tell you no lies."

The revivifying effect of the coffee was plain to see.

"Tell me, what have I got?" Kramer insisted.

"Kluttig shot a few holes through the wallpaper. But in three days you will be hollering your head off again, if I know you."

The mention of Kluttig brought Kramer fully back to consciousness. "What's happening outside?"

"Alert, I told you. Don't you hear it?" They listened to the drone in the near distance...

"Did anything else happen?"

" Y e s . "

" W h a t ? "

"The SS packed its props and hit the road."

Blinking, Kramer looked at the smiling actor and suddenly made an angry face. "What did you say - three days? Nothing doing! I'm getting up. Let us go." Kramer sank back again with a moan after his attempt to rise. Kohn grinned kindly: "Easy, boy, easy, take it easy..."

No all clear came. Hours passed, and the alert still brooded over the camp. As the afternoon turned into evening the siren howled once again. A second alert, and the first one was not yet over.

Cars were parked in front of the darkened office building of the commandant. Kluttig's car was among them. He himself was in Schwahl's room with Kamloth, Weisangk and Witting. Behind the conference table in the corner stood Reineboth, pale with excitement, for what was taking place here was the last stage of dissolution. The shrill cry of the telephone had just cut through the violent quarrel in which they had all locked horns. Schwahl snatched the telephone to his ear, his hand trembled. He identified himself and shouted: "I don't understand, repeat that." He listened with his whole face. Kluttig turned furiously on Reineboth: "You lousy shit, you miserable opportunist!" Kamloth pulled Kluttig away from Reineboth by the sleeve.

"Now would you mind telling me," Kluttig screeched as he saw Schwahl

slam down the telephone, "what else you yellow bellies have to say to me?" The physically superior Kamloth pulled Kluttig round to him and blazed dangerously: "We're not yellow bellies, you hear? Schwahl is right."

Kluttig wrenched himself out of Kamloth's grip, pulled his uniform straight, trembled all over his body, and gasped: "He's right - the diplomat, the desk man, the pen bull..." He looked from one to the other, all were against him, and burst out: "Rabble, that's all you are - cowardly rabble!"

"You call that obsession of yours courage?" "Schwahl, protected by his allies behind him, stepped up to Kluttig. "I'm glad we were stopped by the alert... Gentlemen, I've just received the latest reports. In the Thuringian Forest the garrisons at several bases are fighting superior enemy forces. Low flying planes have put the locomotives of the transport trains in Weimar out of commission. What now?"

"What now?" trumpeted Kluttig. "Now we've got that camp gang like lice in our hair!"

Schwahl wagged his head in an infantile way: "All the same those are my best alibi." He turned to the others with spread hands: "Wouldn't you say we were humane, gentlemen - or aren't we?"

"You're a cowardly dog, you ought to be shot!"

Kluttig ripped the pistol out of its holster. Kamloth sprang between them and wrenched up Kluttig's arm. Kluttig gasped, his eyes flickered behind the thick lenses. He whipped the weapon back into the holster and before the others realised what was happening, he had rushed out of the door.

"That guy was all we needed," Weisangk breathed in relief. Schwahl, once more the commandant, continued his accustomed pacing: "Gentlemen, this is the last night. Let's get ready for tomorrow."

With dimmed headlights, Kluttig was speeding over the grounds to the colony. He stopped in front of Zweiling's house. Hortense came out, a coat thrown over her nightgown.

"Your baggage," Kluttig snapped, and walked past her into the house.

Zweiling was standing at the table, packing a suitcase.

"Get finished, quick," Kluttig ordered the astonished man. "Where's the baggage?"

Hortense, who had followed him in, caught on faster than Zweiling. "It's standing here. I'll put on something right away." She disappeared into the bedroom.

"Get it outside!"

Zweiling blinked, still completely flabbergasted, but Kluttig was already pulling at the crate of China. "Come on, come on, take a hold!"

They toted the crate to the car. Kluttig chased Zweiling back into the

house: "I'll be here again in ten minutes and pick you up. He pushed Hortense into the car.

In front of his own house he pulled up sharp, rushed in, brought out 2 suitcases, and stowed them in the baggage trunk of the car. "We've got to get away, step in!" he hurried her.

"What about Zweiling?"

"Shit on him! Now what do you say?"

Hortense jumped after him into the car and slammed the door behind her. Kluttig felt like laughing, but all that came out was a croak. He pulled the woman across the steering wheel and put his arms around her greedily. He gasped: "Well, why not?"

Hortense accepted the pawing willingly.

Tearing himself from his lust, Kluttig pushed the woman back in her place, got the car going and stepped on the gas.

Mandrill was sousing at a table in the casino with Meisgeier and Brauer.

The drunken pack of remaining block and commando fuhrers were making a general cleanup, serving themselves out of every bottle left on the shelves and everything that still ran out of the tap. It was a savage scene. They squalled and roared. Meisgeier and Brauer, as drunk as the others

were cursing at the cowardly commandant and at Kamloth who had crawled on his belly to him. Gaunt Meisgeier's pimply face looked like cheese: he squeaked in his tight voice:

"Horses' asses, the lot of them! If had my way there wouldn't be one punk left alive here. Tomorrow we've got to get of here, maybe tonight already."

Mandrill's hands lay on the table like two planks. "What's in my bunker I don't let anybody take away from me. Not Schwahl or anybody else!"

Meisgeier poked Mandrill with his fist and made a neck-twisting gesture: "Is that what you're gonna do to...?"

Brauer bent over conspiratorially: "Tomorrow?"

Mandrill glanced at him out of the corner of his eye: "Now." He pulled Brauer towards him with a hard grip: "You've got to be sober for this" Brauer nodded: "I'm cold sober." Meisgeier shoved his cap back from his forehead. Mandrill stood up.

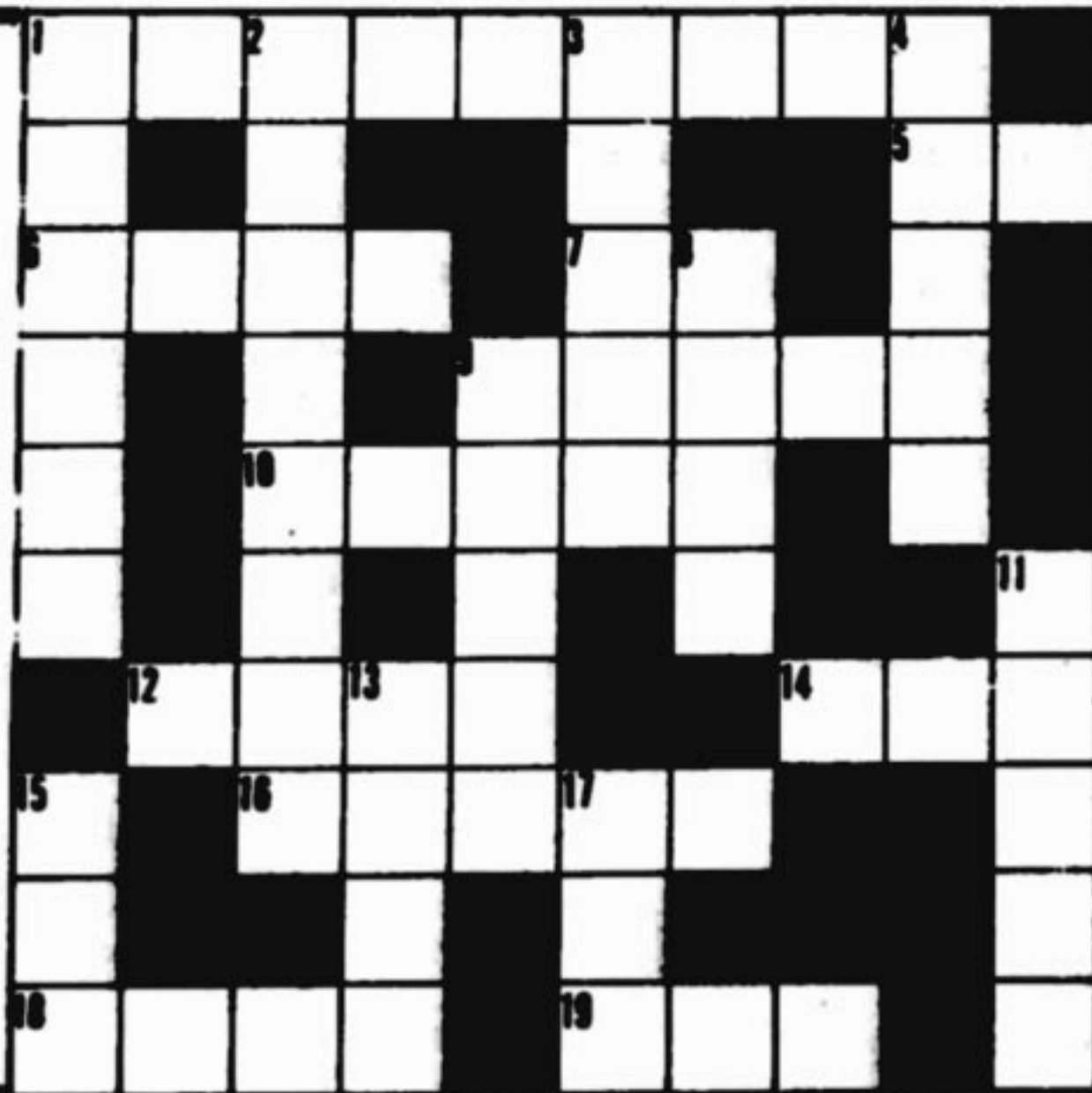
Forste heard them coming.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE...

DAWN

PolitiXword

No. 2



Clues

ACROSS

1. Rank above captain and below Rear-Admiral.
5. Los Angeles
6. Very uncommon.
7. Preposition.
9. Violent attack from aircraft.
10. Sudden rush forward in attack.
12. A large heap.
14. -- Theron is General-Secretary of A-FCWU.
16. ... -glycerine is a powerful explosive.
18. A state of the U.S.A.
19. The Commonmarket.

DOWN

1. A ring of military post guarding something.
2. A skilled shot.
3. Training in military exercises.
4. Fascist Piet 'Wapen' Botha's wife.
8. Composer of Lizalis'idinga Lakho.
9. To blow up with explosives.
11. J.B. Marks.
13. To yearn.
15. OAU Assistant Secretary-General.
17. A kind of small deer.

SEE ANSWERS IN DAWN VOL. 7 NO. 3

DISCIPLINE IS THE MOTHER OF VICTORY

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**VOICE OF THE AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS AND
UMKHONTO WE SIZWE, THE PEOPLE'S ARMY**

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**1035 KHz, Medium wave; 9885 KHz, 31mb shortwave
Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays at 8.15pm (S. A. time)
Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays at 6.15am (S. A. time)**

Madagascar

**6135 KHz, 49mb shortwave. Monday – Saturday 7–9pm
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Ethiopia

9545 KHz, 31mb shortwave; 9.30 – 10.00pm daily.

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**9580 KHz, 31mb shortwave, Monday-Friday 7.00 – 7.45pm.
Wednesday 9.30 – 10.00pm, Thursday 10.05–10.30pm.
Friday 10.30–11.00pm, Saturday & Sunday 7–8pm,
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**11955 KHz, 25mb and 9535 KHz, 31mb
7.30pm (S. A. time)**

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

STOP

APARTHEID

!



FREEDOM FIGHTERS SENTENCED TO DEATH
FOR UMKHONTO WE SIZWE ACTIVITIES
SAVE THEIR LIVES!