

movement, that is why we are organised. That is why the question of political understanding is vital. It is our hands that will put the plug in the socket, turn on the switch and point to the light.

There is a logical road from war resistance to MK. This road must be cleared of all obstructions and obstacles. Not every objector will get all the way down that road — many will not make the distance. But the more powerful, the more active and militant; and the more aggressive the war resistance movement is — then the more chance that more will traverse that distance.

ALL MEANS

Our movement must use all means, must miss no opportunity to encourage the resistance of South African democrats to apartheid conscription. This means all democrats, Black and White, men and women. Let the ranks of fascism be thinned and those of progress swelled. Let us hit harder and harder at those in fascist uniforms in order that we make our point very clear.

"To put on the uniform of the oppressor is to become the enemy". Every defeat which the SADF suffers, every SADF casualty will bring some closer to enlightenment. For no death, even that of the enemy, is completely without meaning. Each has its lesson and some will learn.

Umkhonto We Sizwe must employ strategies and tactics which will strengthen the conditions for war resistance. No one in a fascist uniform must be safe from the wrath of the people! We must hit the enemy at surprising times — *at surprising places. They must fear to enter the townships on their fascist missions.*

War resistance must strengthen our ranks and weaken those of the enemy.

SEBOKENG YOU

ARE GREAT

In that unmeted anger you broke out into
Violence to overcome the forces of oppression
Imposed on you by your fellow brothermen.
The wrath you showed was more than
That of a tempted black mamba
When you demolished everything to ashes.

You puffed horrible smoke from all
The corners of your zones
While from your lips came words of condemnation.
You stood for the first time united
By one zeal as if you are
The children of the same mother

You remained dauntless although the barrels of
The guns pointed at your faces.
You never retreated
When friends beside you
Suffered the fatal shootings;
You showed what really makes a record.

I learnt that no cop can curb
You in your provocation
Nor try to harass you with a gun.
Your anger resembled that of a monster.
You snarled at those who turned down your request
And made some to be known no more.

You made history that none of your
residents will ever forget.
Your reaction so shocked the government
That it could not believe the damages done
Were only a protest against the rent hikes.
Wrath of the mamba, zeal of the united,
courage of the history makers—
I bow down to admire your everlasting
greatness.