

Johnson Lubisi, Petrus Mashigo and Naphtalie Manana. These acts of wanton repression, mass murder inside the country and aggression externally, only confirm that the international community must give comprehensive support to the ANC and the oppressed people of South Africa. International campaigns should be launched to save the lives of our three comrades. It is necessary to step up the campaign for the release of our leaders and all political prisoners in the country. The Pretoria regime must be totally isolated and the international community must demand the withdrawal of the racists from occupied Namibia.

The international community will not be deceived by the internal cosmetic insignificant changes aimed at entrenching apartheid. Support assistance and solidarity must be given to the African National Congress of South Africa and the struggling black people of our country, the only force that is determined and capable of ridding mankind of this racist scourge.

'The Small Window'

- ELDRIDGE KATSE

"Gaan uit, gaan uit jong. Gaan staan buitekant en koop deur die klein venster." (Get out, get out you. Go and stand outside and buy through the small window). When I tried to answer, a hefty boer who was cutting "boerewors" with a big knife, came charging at me. He was quiet demented with anger. Without wasting time, I tactically retreated to the small window outside before the racist monster could slash me.

This incident took place in early 1976 at one restaurant in Bloemfontein, the citadel of apartheid in the Orange Free State, when I was en route to Port Elizabeth. This restaurant is the kind of shops that also sell hardware. Only whites were inside, some were buying whilst others were comfortably sitting and enjoying their delicious meals.

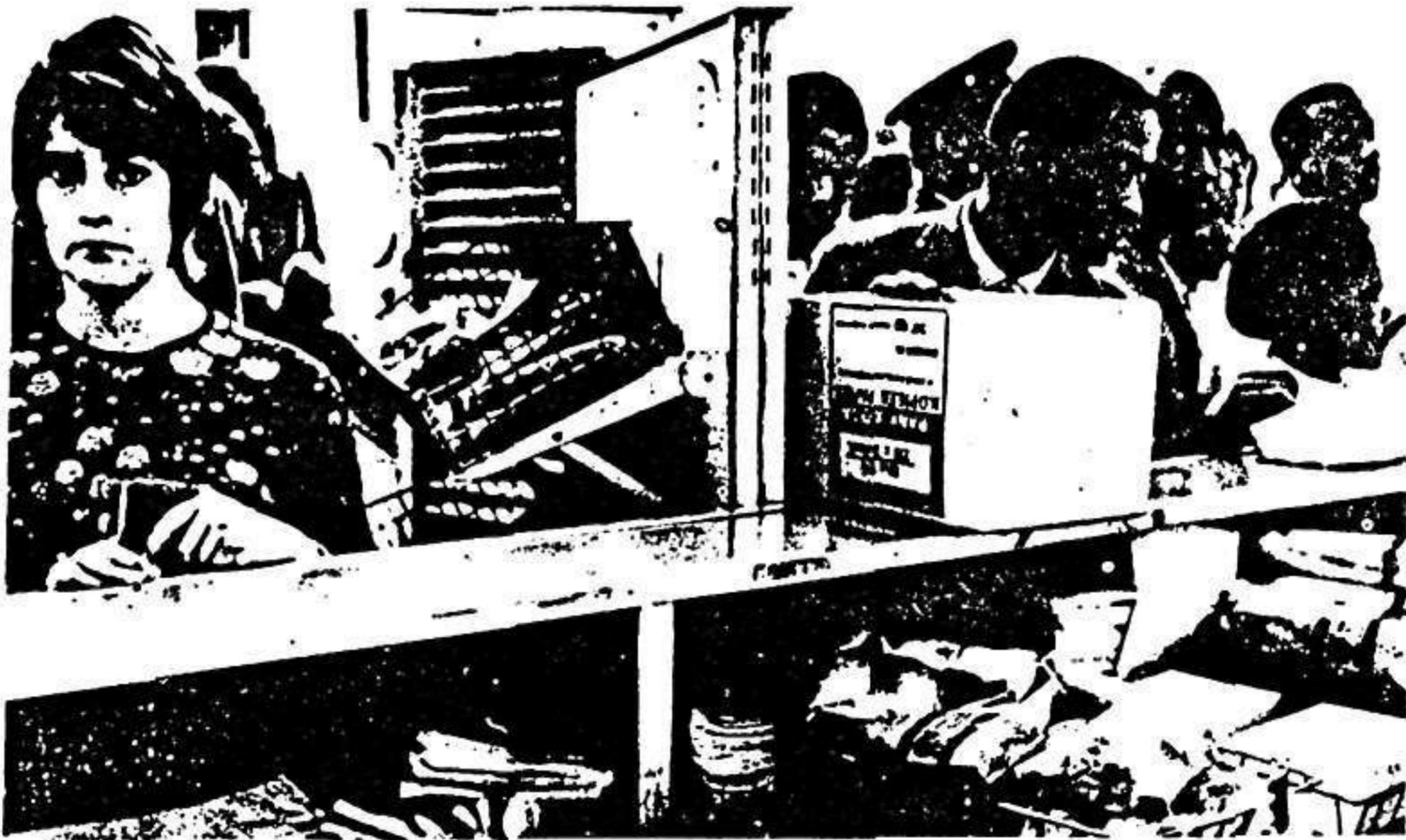
W I N D O W

The size of the window at which I and two other Africans were waiting to buy, was approximately 50 X 40 cm. A young white girl, far younger in age than me, came to serve us. I

asked her at what price were they selling their bicycles.

"They range from R60 to R80," she said.

I took out R80 and told her to give me a blue bicycle that I pointed at. And added, "I want it through the window also".



"No!" She replied, "this window is too small for a bicycle to be taken out, you can come in my boy".

"Isn't it that only whites are allowed to enter inside your exquisite shop?" I asked angrily.

"Wait, let me tell the boss about this problem", she replied.

The beefy boer came to me and harshly said: "Kom bane en vat jou fiets, kaffir!" (come in and take your bicycle kaffir!)

"I want it to get out through this window that you first referred me to", I said.

"Sorry my friend, I only thought that you wanted to buy food, come and buy your bicycle from inside my friend," the racist said with a pretending smile.

"No!" I responded, "my friend, take it out through this window. The other Africans are going to buy through this small window, I also want it in the very same manner."

"My dear friend," said the racist, "I'll soon call the police to come and arrest you for making funny jokes next to

my shop. Come inside or else..."

"Call them, call them to come and arrest me," I said beaming with joy.

Meanwhile, people were laughing at the top of their voices, and when I looked at the Boer, I realised that he was fuming with anger. He immediately telephoned the police telling them of "'n parmantig kaffir" (a stubborn kaffir) and quickly dropped the phone.

Within three minutes, I heard the screeching brakes of the notorious 'pint milk' (white Land Rover) near the restaurant. Six racist boers banged the doors of their two vans and came towards us, and more than ten people who were now at the small window of the shop dispersed to the nearest hiding places. The racists shouted: "Staan vas!" (Halt!) I was now left alone near the small window arguing with the racist shopowner. Two stout boers accosted me and asked me whether I was the "stubborn kaffir".

"No!" I replied.

"He's the one," intervened the boer inside the restaurant.

"Actually, what's the matter?" Inquired one of the fascist policemen.

The shop-owner related the story to the policemen as it started, without any distortion. At that time, I was as quiet as a church-mouse, holding my money in my right hand conspicuously.

"Go in and buy," the police ordered me.

"No! You are going to arrest me for entering where only whites are allowed to enter", I told him, "I only want it through this small window."

The other policemen who were with him laughed their lungs out and went straight to their vans.

"Okay, vanish from here if you do not want troubles," uttered the racist cop.

"So long," I responded, walked to the car and drove off.

THE RED BRIGADE

- REBECCA MBOROZA

In October 1978, the United Irishman, the official newspaper of the Irish Republican Army (IRA), reported that in a sensational scoop, a Spanish newspaper had obtained and published a top-secret US intelligence directive, which ordered US agents operating in "friendly countries" (to the US), to carry