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1. INDICTMENTS

INDICMENTS

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF SOUTH AFRICA

(Transvaal Provincial Division)

The Attorney General of the province Transvaal, who as such prosecutes for and on behalf of the State, presents and informs the Court that:-

- (1) SATHASIVAN COOPER, an Indian male;
- (2) JUSTICE EDMUND LINDANE MYEZA, a Black male;
- (3) MOSIOUA GERARD PATRICK LEKOTA, a Black male;
- (4) MAITSHE NCHAUPE AUBREY MOKDAPE, a Black male;
- (5) NKWENKE VINCENT NKOMO, a Black male;
- (6) PANDELANI JEREMIAH NEFOLOVHODWE, a Black male;
- (7) GILBERT KABORANE SEDIBE, a Black male;
- (8) RUBIN HARE, a Coloured male;
- (9) STRINIVASA RAJOO MOODLEY, an Indian male;
- (10) SADECQUE VARIAVA, an Indian male;
- (11) ABSOLOM ZITULELE CINDI, a Black male;
- (12) SULAYMAN AHMED ISMAIL, an Indian male; and
- (13) SIVALINGAM MOODLEY, an Indian male;

(hereinafter referred to as the accused) are guilty of the offence of participation in Terroristic Activities in contravention of Section 2(1)(a) read with sections 2(2), 2(3), 4, 5 and 8 of Act No. 83 of 1967, and read further with section 263 bis of Act No. 56 of 1955

ALTERNATIVELY

- (i) That accused numbers (1), (2), (8), (9), (10), (11), (12) and (13) are guilty of the offence of participation in terroristic activities in contravention of section 2(1)(a) read with sections 2(2), 2(3), 4, 5 and 8 of Act No. 83 of 1967, and read further with section 263 bis of Act No. 56 of 1955;

AND

- (ii) That accused number 8 is guilty of the offences of:-

- (a) participation in terroristic activities in contravention of section 2(1)(a) read with sections 2(2), 2(3), 4, 5 and 8 of Act No. 83 of 1967, and read further with section 263 bis of Act No. 56 of 1955; and

(b) participation/...

AND

the commission of such acts had or was likely to have had, in the Republic or any portion thereof, any one or more of the consequences mentioned in section 2(2) of Act No. 83 of 1967.

ALTERNATIVELY

- (i) Against Accused numbers (1), (2), (8), (9), (10), (11), (12) and (13)

IN THAT upon or about the date or during the period mentioned in column 1 of schedule A attached hereto (hereinafter referred to as schedule A), and at or near the place mentioned in column 2 of schedule A, the accused mentioned in column 3 of schedule A, at all relevant times members and/or active supporters of the South African Students Organization (hereinafter referred to as S.A.S.O.) and/or the Black Peoples Convention (hereinafter referred to as B.P.C.) and/or the Peoples Experimental Theatre (hereinafter referred to as P.E.T.) and/or the Theatre Council of Natal (hereinafter referred to as T.E.C.O.N.), acting either in furtherance of the aforementioned conspiracy or on their own or in concert with one or more of the other persons and/or organizations or associations of persons referred to in the indictment, did wrongfully, unlawfully, and with intent to endanger the maintenance of law and order in the Republic or any portion thereof, commit or incite, instigate, command, aid, advise, encourage or procure various other persons to commit one or more of the following acts, to wit:-

(a) write, /...

SCHEDULE "A"

COLUMN 1

COLUMN 2

COLUMN 3

COLUMN 4

DATE	PLACE	ACCUSED	MATERIAL PRODUCED ETC.
(1) Sept. 1971	Durban	9	An article: "I write what I like" (annexure 1)
(2) Sept./Oct. 1972	Durban	9	An article: "FOCUS" (annexure 2)
(3) 7th July 1974 - 31st October 1974	Durban	8	An article: "Unity and Dedication" (annexure 3)
(4) 30th June 1974 - 6th July 1974	Roodepoort	2	Resolution No. 46/74 (annexure 4)
(5) March 1973	Johannesburg	1	A document: B.P.C. - Black Peoples Convention: "Information Brochure No. 1 1973" (annexure 5)
(6) November 1972	Johannesburg	1	Documents: Black Peoples Convention: "Brothers and Sisters of Chatsworth" (annexure 6)
(7) Sept. 1973 22 Nov. 1973 23 Nov. 1973 24 Nov. 1973	Lenasia Tembisa Orlando Western Col'd. T/ship	10,11,12	(a) A poem: "Black Nana Avenge! Arise!" (annexure 7)
29 Nov. 1973 15 Dec. 1973	Atteridgeville Hammankraal		(b) A play: "Shanti" (annexure 8)
(8) Sept./Oct. 1973	Johannesburg	10,11,12	A publication: "P.E.T. NEWSLETTER VOL. 1 No. 1 sept.-oct." (annexure 9)
(9) 7 July 1972 21 Sept. 1973	Durban Lenasia	1, 9 10,12	A play: "Requiem for Brother X" (annexure 10)
(10) 8 June 1973	Cape Town	8	Document: "What a Friend we have in Vorster" (annexure 11)
(11) 10 Oct. 1973 11 Oct. 1973 12 Oct. 1973 15 Oct. 1973 16 Oct. 1973	Durban	9, 13	A drama "Black Images" (annexure 12)

CAST :-

4 MUSICIANS
SISANA
LINGUM
ASHA
VIVIAN
DASHIDA

LIGHTING :-
LLOYD

LED BACKDROPS

blue gel → increase slowly, very

INTRODUCTION

RECORDING.

My story is simple to tell to relate
it stands at the tip of southern africa
it is south africa
it is a republic
and it is in the hands of the caucasian minority
but it is the land of all its people
they smile they
hate they cry they
love and they are people
they have dignity they have
pride they love beautifully
and most beautifully they are black
life throbs in their hearts but the soul is smouldering
it is ebbing slowly
for it has been ebbing for three hundred years
many have sold their souls for the price of security
but they are lost
happiness is brittle
and the laughter is superficial
there is hunger there is
disease there is death there is
cruelty there is violence
the foot of the white was at the neck of the
black but it slips slowly and surely
i feel it in my heart
the proud beast of africa rises
beware /

As recording plays
Lefifi beats rhythm
on drums.

Cast makes indiv.
entrances.
Entrances must reflect
pride, dignity & joy.

i have watched the men at their labour /
and have watched the overseer with hands folded sneer at the sweat;
as it trickled down the backs in the sweltering sun /
~~and the world has seen the scene but says and we say nothing /~~
the fire in us should burn to turn on the wrongs that are committed
~~we must rise and say that it is wrong~~
the sticks in our hands must turn into mallets
of justice /
they must wield new power to guide the truth
to speak the feeling of the
heart of the black /
we must arise to the words of our forefathers who stood
for the right of our lands
we must watch and we must wait for the signs of the
gods are on our side
we are black
we will stand the onslaught and smilingly with the beat
of the drum and the stamp of feet we
will go forward ever forward /
but still i must finish the story
what does one say to you oh love oh sister oh brother
for you are of it and you are in it /
yet we do not speak it with one another,
for you and i are one. /

Blue gel comes off

DASHKI NUMBER

Sidelights on

Care
For you and
one

blu gell
Sublights on
gradually
ONE

LOGILA

DASHIKI TO FIND NUMBER DESCRIBING NON-WHITES

THE REBELGAGE

MUSIC
BUILDS
UP

My brother you flash your teeth in response to every
hypocrisy / ~~line~~ (repair)
My brother with gold-rimmed glasses/
you give your master a blue-eyed faithful look /
My poor brother in immaculate evening dress /
Screening and whispering and leading in the parlours
of condescension.

MUSIC
SOFTLY
IN
BACKGROUND

We pity you /
Your country's burning sun is nothing but a shadow
On your serene 'civilized' brow /
And the thought of your grandmother's hut /
Brings blushes to your face that is bleached /
By years of humiliation and bad conscience /
And while you trample on the bitter red soil of Africa
Let these words of anguish keep time with your
restless step - /
Oh I am lonely so lonely here. /

New version party of Africa
Scenes

TWO

SISANA

FLUTE B/GROUND ONLY

MY BROTHERS IN THE STREET

Walter, 1966

Oh you black boys,
You thin shadows who emerge like a chill in the night,
You whose heart-tearing footsteps sound in the night,
My brothers in the streets,
Who hollay in jails,
Who rest in hospitals,
Who smile at insults,
Who fear the whites,
Oh you black boys,
You horse-waters that sweep over black features,
You bloody bodies that dodge bullets,
My brothers in the streets,
Who booze and listen to records,
Who've tasted rage of mothers and sisters,
Who take alms from white hands,
Who grab bread from black mouths,
Oh you black boys,
Who spill blood as easy as saying "Vontsek"
Listen!
Come my black brothers in the streets,
Listen,
It's black women who are crying.

891

2700

RECEIVED
MAY 27 1966

THREE

VIVIAN

MUSICAL INTRO WITH B/GROUND WORK MOVEMENT, ROVING
I'M A WORKER SBT FOR SPEAKER
SPEAKER WILL PERFORM AMONGST

My legs swollen from pressing pedals
my hands stiff from pushing cloth
i have a craving for food that's why
i have to piece work my ass off

~~you want some honey
you want some gunnie
I'm looking for that thing called survival money~~

Yes in the mornings on the buses &
in the evening coming home
you'll hear me talk about the foreman the
floorlady the bossman & the bossman's ho
cause they all gettin rich off me & my veins varicose
believe me that's all I've got to show

~~If I had some honey
If I had some gunnie
think I'd have that thing called survival money~~

I'm so tired of this 8 to 4
sittin standin waitin for the bell to ring daytime
nighttime sometime shit with these broken
needles broken threads & taxes I
don't know what to do
why don't I collect unemployment?
that's right I paid 20 years worth of dues
but get this
if i quit?
the motha fuchin social security truant officer nazi's
don't want to get up off my long earned fufu

~~I got some honey
I got some gunnie
but god damn I can't find no survival money~~

I think I'll kill me a machine &
see if I cant get a raise that way
cause this minute to minute agony
just ain't gon bring in no sufficient pay
I got the landlord gas lights the union telephone
department store subway buses & 4 human beings to feed
so tell me tell me
do you think a revolution is what i need

FOUR

3, ASIA
NO MUSIC
CRY

Cry out for the death that will not come,
Cry out and see that your tears have risen,
And now,

When life is true the heels of light will crash the
darkness of knowledge,

Then we will rise to free ourselves,

The generations before and after will not thank us,

And we will be bathed in light.

We are the arrows of night piercing life to bring life.

Cry for the crimes we must commit.

You must love life so much you must kill.

Cry.

You must love people so much you must kill.

Cry.

You must love laughter so much you must bring sorrow.

Cry.

Cry.

Cry for you are the bearer of pain

Cry for you are the ju-ju brought back.

We can see life through our tears.

But now

Cry for the life you must live.

1941

1941

1941

FIVE

RASHIDA

I DO NOT KNOW THE DANCES OF WHITE PEOPLE

DANCE MUSIC.

INDIGENOUS DANCE BY ONE OF CAST, IN TIME WITH MUSIC. ANOTHER MEMBER OF CAST TO SPEAK THEM.

It is true
I am ignorant of the dances of foreigners
and how they dress
I do not know.

mocking, acceptance.

Their games
I cannot play,
I only know the dances of our people.

positive.

I cannot dance the rumba,
my mother taught me
the beautiful dances of Acoli.
I do not know the dances of white people.

mocking.

proud

I will not deceive you,
I cannot dance the rumba!

laughing, mocking note.

you once saw me at the orak dance
the dance for youths
the dance of our people.

proud

When the drums are throbbing
and the black youths
have raised much dust
you dance with vigour and health
you dance naughtily with pride
you dance with spirit,
you compete, you insult, you provoke
you challenge all!
and the eyes of the young men become red!

proud + affirmative

The son of a man
and the daughter of a man
shine forth in the arena.

slave boys and girls
dance differently from true-borns.

insulting.

you dance with confidence
and you sing
provocative songs,
insulting and abusive songs
songs of praise
sad songs of broken loves
songs about shortages of cattle.
Most of the songs make someone angry.
Songs about freedom

proud

~~FIVE RUMBAS BY DASHUKI~~

~~AND WINDS TO LEAD INTO RESTITUTION OF CAST FOR THE NEXT POEM~~

SIX

CENTRE

SPOT ON DEAN

1

ALL

CHORUS MUSICIANS & CAST

MUSICAL INTRO.

THE RAINMAKER

We ^{are} the rainmakers
We bring down storm of
truth upon ^{our} people, washing
from the lives the lies that
make them filthy to themselves
and to each other.

We ^{are} the rainmakers
We drench ^{our} people with
torrents of wild words
that cleanse their minds.
we move to the sound of war drums
recapturing our Black manhoods.
we make strange steps in a strange
land and replace the killing silence
with noises that drive out all
our enemies. Our actions are in tune
to the raindrops and we drown
all excess garbage.

We ^{are} the rainmakers
We create hurricanes that
sing the songs of revolutions
and flush out all those who
just drift with the current.

We ^{are} the rainmaker
We see ^{our} brothers running
through the rain; in and out
between the drops not even
getting wet. We see them and we
wonder when the flood comes
will they be able to swim.

ALL LIGHTS OFF
RED BACKDROP
ON

NUMBER BY DASHKI
LEADS TO POSITIONING FOR NEXT SCENE

Hell in Heaven

Hell in Heaven

SINGING

DRUM

ALL LIGHTS ON

ATTITUDE: DEFIANT, ARROGANT
MOVEMENT: CASUAL

SUDDENLY

F What is your name?

K ~~Where do you stay?~~

W What is your colour?

A Yes old man you are old with the scars of the
fore mans whip and the breeze that wafts
the sugar plants still linger in the nostrils
of your children lost and bewildered
crying in the name of peace and oppression

EV Who is the enemy? - Enemy who - A

L Where is the evil? - Evil where - R

A Why are you scared? Scared why - F

K See your eyes filled with fear old man FEAR FEAR FEAR

F Shame on you

Shame on your hysteria?

V White is the colour for you and your
special occasion

R You wear it on your face

A In the shop you own

L ~~In the house you live in~~

AK So cold - Enemy, evil, scared fear } 2x

F So old

L ~~Old like you old man black?~~

FA Your skin has withered and turned yellow

MAK Yellow like your heart old man black

FA And the steps your children take are
leading to doom old man Black

F Will you awake old man?

MAK Tell your children to leak afresh
into the heart of oppression old man black

FA now old man black

MAK now

F For the pages of tomorrows history
will ^{EV}scorn] will ^Fcurse] will ^Fscourge] -

MAK your children old man black black

FA ~~will call you traitor traitor traitor traitor~~

MAK Have you ever smelt freedom? old man?

MAK ~~do you know the taste of freedom old man black?~~

MAK ~~sitting on your sunny thick paunches~~

and cringing in the name of white supremacy

V P R you are scared afraid scared yellow

all ~~black into your eyes old man black~~

F V look at the spirit of my freedom

lurking in the black of my eyes

K L ~~will you listen and look~~

~~into my eye ears~~

S A they are calling you old man black

you

V R rise from your seat and stand

soldiers without fear stand tall

unafraid and proud

M V they die with grace

K they live with honour old man black

DIM LIGHTS
→ MUSIC

K L You are old blackman.

F F old as the new born babe

that cries in the crook of the

mothers arm

S A and you are a child old black man

M K as child as the thoughts that run confusedly

in vacant plots of land

F V no purpose

K L no aim

S F no direction

V R do not be angered old blackman

for you are as young as

the soldier

who died with a bullet in his back

K L bang M coward

M V coward K bang

M R you are so young L bullet (V)

F S you are so afraid V back (V)

S A you are so ancient L bang (V)

V K you are so lost S coward (K)

SCROBE L

F S A and you young black man

A where are you at?

V R what is your sign?

K R are you of the white peace gang?

When your two fingers go up
they say ^{serious} ~~serrow~~ white man
we love you] ALL GIRLS

S F V like your saviour Jesus loves you
K ~~Your gods are dead~~
V R our gods are barbaric
M K they have no reality
S A Jesus is real
his vatican kingdom buys shares in
modern day companies
F F we can be rich
and think of Jesus the whiteman who loves us

S F K W hay young man black
V R are you scared?
K ~~Are you yellow in your heart?~~
M V do you cringe when the white god murderer comes?

S F E A are you black young man?
S A look at your hand?
F F study it well
K L for the chains that tie them
are ingrained into your blood
R R you are tying yourself into knots
young black man
K ~~draw~~ ^{draw} ~~them~~ ^{only} your two fingers show
L ~~draw them into your plans~~ young black man V
make a fist
and begin to break the chains. BLACK POWER!! ALL
(DRUMS)

ALL LIGHTS OFF
RED → MUSIC
BACKDROP

V R are you a prisoner?
S A what is your number?
K L where is your boss?
M V who told you to marry?
F F arent you happy with your old house?
V K what is wrong with the ghetto blocks?
K L answer our questions, young black man
you are now on trial
F M V on trial for your day to day life
K ~~All is written in the wind~~
V K R the drums are pounding the message

DRUMS

LICHTS ON FULL

B From the North

M V the south

F F the east

all can you hear anything in the west ?

M K wake up young black man

R the times of the great sleep is over

S A there is work to be done

V V they have told us

F F there is hell in heaven

lets make heaven on earth

K L let us arise and give to our mother her due

Africa] young Africa]

[old Africa] [our heaven]

[our earth]

Handwritten scribble

V K E R yes oh woman black

tear your sons mouth from your breast

and throw him into the

earthafrio

M V she is restless

S A she would have men

F F there is yearning in

her thighs

S M R K L she needs the love of her children

to tear from her breasts

the marauding rapists

K A E V who each day try

to spread ^{her} our thighs

apart

V R but she is waiting

young blackman

for you

F F for black is the colour of her love

CENTRE ST ONLY
MUSIC OFFICE

M V and yet I have seen ^{you} swear at your black brother

V R why do you hate your brother ?

come on gradually

K Are you afraid of your brother? K
 S He is a man A
 F He laughs S → other 2 spot on come on
 S He cries V
 F He walks L
 S He worries K
 K Land fights to survive K
 V Do you feel sorry for him? K
 M Give him some bread A
 K He gives him a few coins S
 V Land let him think you a good man V
 S A no good man L
 F He will spit on your bread R
 M He will fling your coins in the gutter K
 K He is a man
 V He loves S
 F He has pride V
 all Land would make his children see him L
 a man

F You young black man
 S change (today)
 [now]
 V Not tomorrow
 K Times and have run out
 V The cry of freedom bears closer now
 F The stamp of feet
 S The laughter of a new day
is echoing in the minds of
people
 M Who would stand tall
proud
and free

V Where are you standing?
 F In the corner
 M With your head tucked
in the hole in the ground
hahahahaha.....
 K The blade of truth
will slice through you

neck and throat

S A your head will fall into the bowels of hog mother Africa

F F and the fountain from your jutting jugular
will spray the thirsty earth
with new life

DIM LIGHTS
D-MUSIC

M V remember blackman
remember

S A are you black ?

K L are you scared ?

F why old man why young man ?

S A and you woman black
what is your role ?

K K the heavy rotundity of cooking pot fairy tales
arise from your kitchen

M V take your son father brother husband by the hair

V R turn his eyes ears nose to the
sound of the drum

F F stamp of the feet

S A and let him go

K L then pick up your child
and say that man is BLACK

F K he is proud

M F he will give you life

V R and child when you are young old man black

K L then you too will turn
to the sound
of the drum

F stamp
of the feet

S A and so will your child
K and your child's child

K L and soon
there will be heaven on earth

F F and hell would have
sucked dry the
evildoers of our land

CLICK LIGHTS

V R are you afraid old man black to be ?

F F is there a chill in your heart ?
chill

R the canoes move swiftly

X { strong black arms that
have broke chains/

DIMMING

F { listen as they pull

at the cars ~~and they sing a quiet song~~

→ MUSIC in background.

A { deep in their hearts they
have kept htis song /

E / ~~laught to them by the ancient
warriors of Africa~~

R { the song that is never written
but weaves its course through time

A { our mothers of old sang it at the rivers edge
V { as our fathers moved foward into battle

K it ~~is still~~ echoes in the
raucous cacophony of the
ghetto

F { the cacophony that lullabies our children to sleep
R { sleep old man sleep

X we are ~~swinging through time~~

A and tomorrow (yester year)

will point the finger of doom on you

all Today, today ~~today~~

V { make peace today
with the gods of wrath

F { they watch you
the all eyed gods of man

K their eyes are dark

R their hearts are black

all their anger is death

A { for they know
there is hell in heaven
~~lets make heaven on earth~~

ALL LIGHTS OFF
RED BACK DROP
1

WE ARE STILL A
SYSTEM
FREDOM AND JUSTICE
Q. TIME

16

the time is now _____ pm. the present - the day _____. The year is 1973 - and we've been sitting on our asses since the beginning of time - and we are still sitting on our asses, and what of to-morrow and the day after? When time comes to an end - will we still be farting thro' our mouths.

To-night, my friends and I have come to watch a play and we five spectators are waiting for you actors to play your respective roles, in this thing called revolution.

And bro', I don't think you can make an arrogant statement like that, - it implies that we five are sitting on our asses waiting for these people to act.

No, I don't think so, because essentially all of us are entirely involved in playing our roles, and this sea of Black faces around us are passively waiting for something to happen. That's what we want to do here tonight. We want to answer a question - what is the difference between a white play and a Black Play?

This play tonight is Black - this play has no actors, it has no story, it has no beginning, it has no end, it begins at the end and ends at the beginning. Everyone of us will either die or awaken to the sound of ~~CHATTERING MACHINE GUNS.~~

* (BLACK - CUT - SOUND EFFECTS (MACHINE GUN + SCREAMS) →

Hey, you lily-livered Asiatics - What's Revolution?

It's war you cowards, WAR!!

Hey, you disorganised Coloureds - What's a war?

A war means blood and sweat - fighting, killing and dying!!!!

Hey, you misdirected Bantus - Who's the war against?

The pigs, the pigs, the mother-fucking pigs!!!!

Hey, you submissive non-whites - Why're we fighting the pigs?

'Cause he's turned us into slaves - SLAVES!!!!

Hey, you Black pseudo-revolutionaries - Are you still slaves?

(apologetically) What do you mean pseudo-revolutionary - everytime I see you I raise my fist.

Balls to your fist! Up yours!
You still very much a slave and don't you ever forget that!

Do you know why you a slave?

Because you still sitting on your arses!

Because you got no sweat!

Because you got no blood!

Yes, you anti-white aimless militants!

Stop the talking

Cut out the screaming

You don't know the meaning of revolution

You still stuck on crying "we are oppressed"

It takes guts to fight in a war

If you got no guts - you're dead.

{A revolution is the active process of making change happen} x
When did the revolution/war begin?

It began the day the whiteman put his foot on this land.

It began when your forefathers were brought in chains to
work the fields

They killed Chaka - it began

They killed Dingaan - it began

They incarcerated Sobukwe

Mandela

Sisulu - it began

Now it is on - the revolution

- because they killed Brother SHEZI

- because they muted our Leaders

But where are you, sitting thro' all this revolution. Cursing
under your breath. Swearing slogans to the enemy. Rotting
behind the facade of Power, under the escape of the fist.
You think yourself free because you shout "I AM BLACK". You
think it is the end - FLACKNESS. Fuck your arrogance; keep
it for the whiteman - don't shout it at your brother. It
makes you an oppressor. Now listen to the lover, mother, sister
virgin, child, woman.

Speak woman tell me your poem.

i am 26 years old
black female poet *revolutionary*
died the second i was born
felt the pain and
died with chaka
with dingaan
with shezi
now all of me is a powder-keg
fuse dynamite
so if they kill me
it won't stop the revolution

HEAVEN'S DCCRSTEP

i am lover to a soldier
i am mother to a king
i am daughter to a slave
i was raped at langa
i was murdered at sharpeville
if they kill me
it won't stop
the revolution

i am married to the struggle
my orgasm can only be satisfied
by the soldier whose life will end with
the passage of each minute
i too carry a gun
and keep warm his bed
and teach our child how to kill
so if they kill me
it won't stop the
revolution

i am part of the movement
and must organise around goals
galvanise our forces
lay-out strategies
and work my body to the bone
i must sweat my heart out
and lay solid foundations
so if they kill me
it won't stop the revolution

i am in love totally
with the concept - black
and this love of self, of my people
must conceive the liberation
i am digging into history
i am making a revolutionary culture
i am keeping statistical records
no if they kill me
it won't stop
the revolution

when they feel the bullet
it is me
when they hear the laughter of victory
it is me
when the hot passion of sweating
black flesh lies love locked
it is me
when the gurgling child's first words
are "power to the people"
it is me

i am 26 years old
black woman poet revolutionary
mother daughter lover soldier killer
creator destroyer
i am 19 million strong
they cannot kill me
i am the revolution

{Are you listening to our words? Does all this mean anything to
you? Don't nod your head. Don't raise your fist. Don't
scream obscenities. Go into your mind, your heart, your body.
Search out the evil. Drive it from your soul. Then come into
the ring here in this play and speak to us of revolution} (Pause)
But wait for there are others who wish to speak. Others who
who have been in this ring, on that platform. They wish to
speak. Brother Nyameko, Brother Steve, Brother Kunwedzi,
Brother Strini, Brother Bokwe, Brother Drake, Brother Jerry,
Brother Saths, Brother Henry, Brother Mervyn Sister Sam,
Brother Sipho, Brother Chris,

(GREEN GELL)
RED

i see the eyes, the ears, the voice.
the megaphone of the Brothers 43
they were the beginning
and the enemy tried to mute them
but the power of our ju-ju
our krishna
the spirit of our gods
will enter my soul
and they will speak
with you
thro' my medium
come now brothers enter my
body take my voice
speak the BLACK TRUTH

(Pause)

Brothers and sisters, my body is not with you, my soul is.
Tonight in my room, my ears will be tuned into your thoughts.
Firstly let me greet you with the fist and power and solidarity.
The enemy has attempted to kill the revolution within me. But
they did not bargain for the powers of our ju-ju gods that tran-
scend all barriers. For us it is purely our physical absence that
denies us the right to sit with you. Our spirits are one.
Our struggle goes on. The war has begun in earnest. They have
opened the attack. How do we respond? First we tighten
our forces. Rebuild our defences, Equip our armies. Plan
a method of attack. Strike at the opportune moment. We are
at war. Our generals must be strong. They must be totally
dedicated. Our soldiers must throw their full weight into
the struggle. A sense of urgency must guide our actions.
Put an economy of strength must be employed at all times.
Do not dissipate your energies uselessly. Every move must be
counted. The games are over. We erred in our laxity. Learn
from that mistake. Remember our role in the war has taken
on a new dimension. The role we can play is dependent on the
extent to which we are useful - and how you see our
usefulness. We on the other hand will employ our strengths
in areas where we are effective.

(Pause)

i am in prison
but my ghost flits
among the people
i hover above the action
and yet am part of the struggle
i am dead
but i am a powder keg
dynamite
my soul my body my ego
are given to the revolution
i died on the 28th Feb., 1973
though i am dead it won't stop the revolution

The revolution is eternal
though i am dead
i am alive in the underground
moving in a new plane searching
for a new avenue to harass the enemy
the last time i spoke to you
was from the platform of the whiteman's court.
now i am in his prison
confined to solitary
and the bible - i use that for toilet paper
i have not lost my mind
i have gained new strength
one thing i know from the bible
like samson i can destroy
because the very strength they remove has built into me
a new power - that will crush the foundations
of the oppressor's citadel

(Pause)

i know they are afraid
they bite their nails
and hope to deport me
from siberia
they cannot win They know it we are winning
and it is your duty to carry us to the day of victory
you are charged
come tomorrow and i will be there to fight by your side
and urge you
to vote for a new order
a BLACK order

but the ju-ju
and the krishna
call for a halt
and we must part
we are instructed not to tell all
you are now on your own
our medium grows weak
we wish you power
we trust you will
follow the echo of the ju-ju
your deliberations must
soar to new heights
your perceptions must probe
new depths
we are with you
together - servants of the revolution.

GREEN GEL. CF

Where is your heart now? Is there a lump in your throat?
We have no time for that. Our exercise is not over. There is
much to go thro'

Everyone says yea to FREEDOM
Everyone says yea to BLACKNESS
But how many of us are prepared to die?

But what do you mean by that?
Surely dying is not the priority. I am dedicated
to the struggle - but I want to live,

Live? This isn't living - this isn't life. No man
is alive while he is bound by chains. All of us exist -
exist on some other thing that shits on you and me.

I agree. Tell me, friend, are ^{you} Black? Are you? Does that
make you free? No? Well, what you gonna do about?

That's the beat. We need to do a follow-up. I mean, that's
what BLACK POWER is all about. It means getting some
power so that we can take back our land.

{And thus it is that we have much to go thru'. We have come
to a particular phase in the struggle and we must move further
on } We cannot retreat nor change for something old. We
must not retreat nor cringe because our brothers and sister
have been struck.

We must stand firm.

Learn from their mistakes

Act on their basic policy

Introduce bolder policy and strike harder
for the future.

/The black fist of power is small
but it is lethal
it is growing
articulate
and it spells doom
for the enemy /

Yes, we must build our power
strengthen her hold on the people
fire darts that pierce thenight
and lead the way thro' to light
and freedom

But do not throw caution to the winds
There are many pitfalls
and still more charlatans
who come in the guise of
BLACKNESS but wear the garments of
the oppressor.

Our blood must be hot
but our actions cool, calculating
when our generals come forth
let them be lion-hearted
and disciplined

Let us take small steps
Not giant leaps
which break our legs
our ranks must grow
must be strong must
be without fear

And our passion
must be gentle
our mothers our fathers our family
must be treated with care
with love
with tenderness
our sweat is for our family
our people, our to-morrow.

Our work has begun. The mantle of responsibility is ours.
Let us wear it with humility. Let us wear it with honesty.
There must be strength of character and firmness of
purpose. and above all, we must be solid. A strong front
united by our bonds, of common suffering, common oppression
and our common desire for liberation.

"WE ARE STILL A UNITED
RACE."

1) THEY DIED

2) TIME

3) T

END

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