

Celebrate International Day of Solidarity with the Struggle of Women in South Africa



AZANIAN WOMEN FIGHTING RACIST SOUTH AFRICA

SPEAKING:

Ethel Mogadi

Women's Coordinator, Europe
Pan Africanist Congress of Azania

PERFORMING:

- * poetry from
Black Pearl t.w.m.p.
- * African dance
Kusema Vijiti Institute

Friday, August 17

7:30pm \$3

**Women's Building
3543 18TH St.
S.F.**

Child care provided



Sponsored by Freedom Rising Africa
Solidarity Committee &
Prairie Fire Organizing Committee

For more information 561-9040.



Backed to the hilt by the U.S., the South African slave state is stepping up its war against African people in neighboring countries and inside its own borders. But in Azania (the African name for South Africa), people are carrying on their tradition of resistance with strikes, student rebellions, and an increasing number of armed attacks.

The Pan Africanist Congress of Azania (PAC) is one of the two liberation movements confronting the racist regime.

Join us August 17 when Ethel Mogadi, Women's Coordinator for Europe of the PAC, comes to talk with us about the state of the struggle in Azania and the part women play in that struggle. The UN Special Committee Against Apartheid has declared August 9 the International Day of Solidarity with the Struggle of Women in South Africa and Namibia. Sister Mogadi is part of a delegation of women from the PAC who have come to the U.S. to take part in the UN observance.

This poem, by Christine Douts Qunta, was written shortly after her participation in the Soweto uprising of 1976.

Our mothers are weeping
their wailing is spiralling
dissolving into the sky
roofing the open graves
of their sons and daughters
tortured !

slashed !

shot !

Our mothers are crying
moist rivulets of despair
are running down the folds
of their dark skins
their sons and daughters
are imprisoned !

beaten !

hanged !

Our mothers with their empty eyes
and busy hands
through centuries of outrage
heard insults from white mouths
and sounds of gunfire and people dying
black souls felt the tremor
in their bodies
the cry in their blood

and

our mothers, robed in hues of anger

are now shouting!

bring your blue eyed men of iron and fire!

bring your batons! your dogs! your armoured carriers!

your endless laws and jails!

bring your saracens! your hippos! your sneeze machines!

your birdshot! and your sten guns!

BRING THEM!

for we, the bearers of sons and daughters

and men and women

smothered in lives of misery

we are also

the bearers of

guns for the tyrants

stones for the uniformed dogs

songs for our little black angels

garlands for our million heroes, dead and alive

disgust for the cowards

and death for the murderers!