

Dear Joan,

Faulkdale de Deseeto
 Av Kenneth Kaunda 460,
 Maputo R.P.M.
 20/2/78

Many thanks for ~~be~~ agreeing
 to be my postbag in the U.S.A.

With your letter came a note from
 Anne Tebbelcock, house counsel in Detroit for UAW, saying
 she was planning to come here in April (?) for a week or
 so. Normally I would prefer to 'clear' such enquiries with
 you, but because of lack of time, I have written directly
 to her, and enclose a copy to you. She writes that she is
 a member of the Guild, and that John Buzley gave her my
 name, so it should be all right. The only slightly odd
 thing is that she doesn't mention the 'Goodman'!

Thanks for wanting to use ~~my~~ part of my letters for
 Guild Notes. You are right to refer the matter to me.
 I think if you bill it as extracts from a letter to
 a member of the Guild - which is what they are - then
 there should be no problem at my end. And don't deposit
 any large sum of dollars on my behalf in a U.S. bank
 account! I write this because some people here have
 been abusing the great opportunities that exist. Someone
 wrote a human interest story for a Portuguese mass
 weekly, referring to the 'noisy Brazilians', 'homeless
 Portuguese' and saying something negative about the
 Chilenos, and contrary to her contract, received escudos
 in a Lisbon bank. She's still alive and well, but no
 longer works for the Agencia da Informacao de Mozambique,
 and I've been asked route my articles through the
 Agency (which suits me well - saves me having
 to get ad hoc clearance). This request is not
 intended to be retrospective, and need not apply to

to material sent to ² support groups.

Could you send me a copy of what you propose to publish & let me know the probable publication date? You needn't delay publication.

I have a piece ready on 'Law in the liberated zones' which has been cleared if that interests you, and later this year I propose writing something on the Popular Tribunals which are planned for the whole country.

But maybe by then the Guild will be producing its own report on a visit to Mozambique. It might be a good idea to send me copies of your application and I can take it up with the Ministry of Justice. There's a slightly weird set up in the Law Faculty: many of the students know more about the theory - practice of law in Mozambique than many of the professors. A student who helps me with Portuguese, tells me about what is happening at the Ministry of Justice where he works, and then I pass it on as 'knowledge' to other students in class! Anyhow, he could help me 'process' your application as far as the Ministry was concerned.

Later: For safety's sake, I put together pieces of my
letters myself, and for double safety I had it
cleared - I was told that I needn't have worried,
extracts from letters done - can't! So, I'm sorry
if some bits that you might have liked specially
are not included, but I feel you should stick
to the expurgated version! In the struggle -
- Allie.

Uma peça de pano
Vulgar
300 x 200

Mais ou menos

Uma peça de pano

Útil

Para fazer estofas

Por a mesa

Uma peça de pano

Alta

Acima das casas

Acima da cidade

Acima do país.

Um peça de pano

Vermelha.

A little piece of cloth

Ordinary

300 x 200

More or less.

A little piece of cloth

handy

for cushions

laying tables

A little piece of cloth

high

above the houses

above the city

above the country

A little piece of cloth

Scarlet

Who would have thought that I would ever write
a poem about a flag? Here I love them for some-
thing to do with the light the warm, clear
blue skies, and the flag all still new, bright
cloth against the deep blue sky. But it's
mainly of course what they mean, not just
the sense of victory, not just seeing the
piece of cloth first raised in the fresh new
flying over the capital city - it's seeing all

that's been forbidden ² so long, that's been
crushed and humiliated and decided, suddenly
out in the open, and all so normal. Socialism
seems so normal. Those things we dreamed about,
that helped us to rally, to mobilise, are being
realised bit by bit. Those ideas that people
mocked, that ^{were} were inspired and excited for, that
so many died for, are the normal ideas of public
life. You're not a nut, or an idealist, or a bit
deterred for believing in the capacity of human
beings to organise their lives in a cooperative
and constructive way. Imagine, people like us
everywhere! In charge of things, taking decisions,
with all our many strengths, sharing in the
heritage common to us all, and also with our
weaknesses. It's a vindication of so much.

One day I was driving a ~~friend's~~ sick friend home
after work. I noticed a number of cars stopped
in the road, with people getting out of them and
staring up at something. A fire? Accident?
Someone tripped? My friend explained, at 6 p.m.
each day when the FRELIMO flag is lowered
from various buildings of the organisation, people
in the vicinity stop their activities to pay
respect. I leapt out of the car and stood to
attention, dying to pay respect, just in time.

The most popular song here is 'Kanimambo
FRELIMO' - Thank you, Frelimo - composed by

peasants of the north during the armed struggle. President Samora begins most of his speeches by leading the audience in this song. Even at State dinners he divides the guests up according to voice, and leads them in singing, starting with 'Kamunambo'. He always explains why the people say 'Thank you Frelimo'. The other day, Mary from New York, formerly a nun, now just a teacher, heard Graca Machel, Minister of Education, speak at her school on the first day of the year. She liked the way Graca connected up with the children, drawing them into her talk, expressing fundamental ideas in a concrete way. The Minister theme had also been why we say 'Thank you to FRELIMO' because for most of them it is thanks ~~for~~ to FRELIMO that they are at school at all and thanks to FRELIMO - and she had itemised all the changes of the past years.

And that's exactly how I feel. It's thanks to FRELIMO, to the determination, the vision, the style of work of the people in the bush, above all, to their capacity to find correct policies to advance the struggle, that people like myself are back in southern Africa. And, at a very subjective level, it's thanks to FRELIMO that I can feel that all the other struggles not yet successful that have cost so much

with so little visible ⁴fruit, have been totally worthwhile.

So I'm glad that there are symbols I can respond to, meaningful ones that enable me to make a personal gesture of solidarity and to align myself with all the others who feel the same way.

Military bands. Generally I'm pleased to be told about when and where they are playing so that I can go the other way, but here it is different, proving, as we learnt in our study class, that no truth is eternal and that phenomena have to be studied in their context. Last week ~~the~~ an Army band from the GDR was in town and not only did I hear it, but I took trouble to get tickets. They played in a stadium called 'Sporting', together with the Band of the Fuerzas Populares, and a few thousand Moroccan and cooperantes were there for the occasion. The audience, myself included, was alert and enthusiastic from the beginning - applauding, deep silences and smart crescendos in the middle of the music. What I've noticed here is that there is a common sensibility, a shared responsiveness to performance, between Moroccans and cooperantes, whether watching a workers' dance, listening to songs from Italy or Cuba, hearing a local choir, or listening to poetry being declaimed, despite

diverse cultural backgrounds we seem to be loved
 by the same things and electrified by the same
 things. So we all loved especially the FRELIMO
 tunes and we all responded to the elated 'vovis'
 of the one German singer, who raised her fist
 as though she really meant it. But for me the
 great moment was right at the end, when
 suddenly the two bands struck up together -
 and it was the Internationale. Everybody leaped
 to their feet arms straight down at their sides,
 as the African and European musicians poured out
 the strain. I had sudden memories of the refugees
 from Hitler to southern Africa the remnants of a
 peaceful communist movement shattered by Hitler,
 some of the personalities of my childhood - Walter,
 Petra, Ernst, Auntie whose kindergarten I attended -
 I wished they could have ^{seen} socialist Africa applauding
 socialist Germany. I wished they could have ~~seen~~
 shared in the joint affirmation of the Internationale.

I have a journalist friend who says some wild
 things sometimes, and some cynical ones as well,
 but I thought he expressed it beautifully recently
 when he told a visitor. There's lot you can say
 about socialism. But one thing stands out -
 socialism has enabled hundreds of millions of
 people to lead ~~ordinary lives~~ normal lives