

MEHQ1-27-5-34 Faculdade de Direito
Av. Kenneth Kaunda 960,
15/478. Maputo,

Dear Tony

The day your letter arrived.....

It started at 6.45 a.m., early for me, but not for most 'cooperantes' here. The sea looks lovely at that hour. Wish this overlarge, luxurious flat had more furniture & some hot water. But - cold. Open my huge, second hand fridge - hope the door doesn't come off in my hand again. Eggs, bread, some pineapple; tea. It's a half-hour fast walk to the Faculty. Can't be late, since I've got the papers, and the 're-sit' exam is scheduled for 8 a.m. I hurry along the tree-lined avenues, past some of the most exotically elegant houses in the world, the suburbs of colonialism in its dying fling. The hedges and the lawns are trim; embassy flags fly. Turn off Av. Julius Nyerere, across the park, into Mao Tse Tung, past the Italian ice-cream parlour, tables already on the pavement, past the coffee-house, then hurry along towards Kenneth Kaunda, past the prison - rough conditions, I'm told, but the prisoners run the place - past the Dean's flat - see his lover, with its big rusty dent - past the smart modern school, formerly for the bourgeois elite, now a pre-university college - past the murals and slogans: Viva o Internacionalismo! Viva a Libertação dos ^(das) Mulheres (Women)! Long live the Alliance of Workers and Peasants! and more, a short

cut past the Army barracks, formerly the centre of colonial presence, now occupied by FRELIMO soldiers, lightly guarded. I'm thinking about the piece of art criticism I wrote on request for the local daily paper, after seeing the strong but anguished paintings and sculpture at a recently opened gallery (a converted house), all very private, all very poor, exactly the same art as they produced before the revolution, trapped in the habit and style of misery. I'd met one of the leading artists (Malangatana), imprisoned by the colonial-fascists, who'd helped to create a whole new Mozambican pictorial style, crowded faces, staring eyes, strong colours. We'd actually worked on a mural together, designed by a Chilean landscape-architect whose brother-in-law had been hanged by Pinochet. He was wily-poly and cheerful, a strong FRELIMO supporter, a secure and valuable job in Education - but his faces still come out grave and staring. None of the artists depict the scenes we see around us, grapple with the meaning of revolution in the minds and hearts of the people, capture the excitement of the great revival of popular culture, especially dance and song. I long for affirmation, for celebration, for joy, for someone to capture the immense hope that I feel, along with so many people here, and to do so in a way that is striking, convincing and authentic. Striding through the Military Zone, now peaceful, calm, open. I see a FRELIMO soldier sitting on a wall, his

kakhi-clad legs dangling ^{3.} That guerilla-type uniform, seen on so many FRELIMO posters during the armed struggle, has so many emotional associations but the guy is so relaxed, so at ease on the wall if someone could paint that

The students are waiting nervously at the Faculty. I hurry past the exotic plants in the patio outside, up the steps of the modern two-story building, just on time exactly. Exams are casual things here in our Faculty, that is - no elaborate devices to prevent cheating, no checks at all. The students help me find some scripts. They're teachers, bank officials, prosecutors, only one a full-time student. There are twelve of them, the group that failed at the end of a disastrous Criminal Law course - teacher 'reactionary', who went off to Portugal before the end of the year, leaving the course in a shambles. I was asked to do a special 2 week evening course to prepare the students for the re-sit - what a joy it was to help create a new science of criminal law, starting with these students, the ~~first~~ last who shall be the first. The students write for up to 3 hours, occasionally referring to their notes. I'm eager to see their scripts: the first few that come in are a bit disappointing.

I am walking back, the professor with his bagful of exam papers. I'll mark them tomorrow, today I have many things to do. I follow the route with the most shade-giving trees: the sun is hot, my shirt is

wet. Lunch: bread, cheese, avocado pear. There is always some new fruit in season, always some basic product hard to get. When you furnish your place, you first buy a fridge, then a bed.

At 2.30 I have to be at the self-service in Portuguese because it contains the self-service restaurant for students and staff. Twenty South African students selected by the ANC - the first southern African liberation group to be offered places at the University - will be meeting to discuss problems about registration. On the way up I read your letter, which I haven't had a chance to look at yet. There's always some tree in blossom - first it was blue/purple jacaranda, then brilliant scarlet acacia, now it's little yellow flowers - mimosa? The meeting is long, practical and arduous. We weigh up academic background against language fluency against the courses offered here. The students are no longer ^{just} a group, each responsible for all - we have to look at each case individually. The spirit is good. For many of them, I'm probably the first white they've met who's not a policeman or a boss. No problem. We finish at five, just in time for me to go to the ...

Film Society. Yes, I've belonged to Film Societies in Cape Town, Southampton & Maputo. They have something in common, a group of keen film fans, a vaguely progressive orientation. Here it's more than vaguely progressive - I've seen five 'committed' films in a row, each Saturday, Battle for Chile, Attica, Harlan County, Ankar & Blood of the

Condors. Today it's a film ^{5:} about an Italian commune
set up in Brazil in the last century. The programme
note contains an extensive and interesting comment
on anarchism, which it criticises conceptually in
quite strong terms. After the film, I buy some fruit
outside, and become just a little cooler. Maputo gets
the world's best films and the world's worst. Benemas
are also the hottest places in town, when the air -
conditioning is not working, or the coolest, when the
air-conditioning is working (when we go outside at
interval to get a breath of warm air). The people
coming out of the cinema are quite unlike the Film
Society crowds of Cape Town & Southampton - a few
intellectuals, a few whites, but mostly the sort of
people you see in the street, who just like a good
film, and happen to have a strong political conscious-
ness. When anyone here discusses films the sequence
is always as follows: the politics were good/bad,
the direction was good/bad, the acting... the
photography. By politics is meant the essence of the
film, its point, its line, what it is conveying,
in relation to struggles actually going on in the
world. We had great arguments about Cantata for
Chile - a Cuban film which I and my friends did not
like, but which many other people have loved.
I go to the self across the way for supper. I love
going there, not for the food, which is variable, but
for the people. It's the only truly integrated eating

place I've been to in ⁶ my life where I don't
feel white for a minute. Tonight the food is
good - steak and chips, with a custard or
banana to follow. I look out for my colleague
from Lisbon, João, who arrived in the week that
I did, my good friend, comrade and companion
these months. He too has been in clandestine
struggle - we have much in common. Tonight we
are going to join some students in a visit to
the 'Sporting', an indoor stadium where a military
band from the G.D.R. will be playing; yes, a
military band - normally I'm glad to be told about
such occasions, so that I can go the other way,
but these days contest is everything. The band
is really an orchestra without a string section, and
it will be playing FRELIMO songs, and the
audience will be Mocambican.

João arrives just in time - if we hurry, we will
make the opening. The hall is about half-an-hour's
walk away, in the centre of town. We stride
through the twilight avenues, and take a short-
cut down a long, dark slope. Formerly, it would
have been dangerous to walk at night down
that isolated bank. Even after independence, robbery
continued. But now violence has almost vanished.
There were only 5 murders in Maputo last year.

An Saturday New year's eve, acc. to a friend working at the hospital, there were five cases admitted to the casualty ward at the city hospital - three drunks and two car accidents: not one stabbing, or mugging. The lovely peacefulness of the streets, the friendliness of the people makes the murderous incursions of Smith's forces seem especially horrible.

There is great excitement in the hall. A FRELIMO band sits next to the German band. We hear each in turn. The audience are electrified by the German conductor, and applaud during the music the sudden silences and crescendos which he gets from the orchestra. A woman sings, with a strong German popular music style. The FRELIMO song is thrilling, not for her voice so much as the vivas she gives, the clenched fist at dramatic moments - she is clearly moved by the occasion, not just a singer, but a militant eager to show solidarity. But for me there is really only one great moment: suddenly, right at the end, the two bands strike up together, and it's the Internationale, and every-body leaps to their feet, arms down at their sides, in proud affirmation of the workers' revolutionary hymn. I find myself thinking of the German refugees I knew from my childhood - Walter + Petra and Gense

and 'Auntie', scattered ^{8.} survivors of a powerful
communist movement smashed by Hitler, barely
saving their lives to end up far away at the
bottom end of Africa.

It's eleven o'clock, and we're lucky, because
Salamao, teacher of engineering, will give us a lift
home. I ask if he would like to come to the party
to which I've been invited - and we drive off to
Mare (Belgian) and Anna's (Tanzanian) place, a large
house in Rua Dar Es Salaam. The music is loud,
people are dancing vigorously. The cooperantes have
many parties - beer, food and dancing - and there
is an unstated struggle going on between dancing
as couples ('would you like to...') and everybody
just joining in in little groups. ~~to~~ move the
Mozambican style. This evening has both. There is a
special pleasure in dancing hard, sweating freely, and
drinking a glass or two of beer for refreshment at
intervals. Eventually, at about 2 a.m., in a state of
elated exhaustion, I take a lift home, back to the
ver. large flat with a view of the sea, back to
the exam papers which I will have to mark
tomorrow.

About the matters you raise: I didn't really know Mrs. Helm, though I had many social work friends in her department. The impression I got was that she was hard-working and competent. The dept. was headed by a slightly crazy professor who had one claim to fame: he took the L.S.E. concept of the poverty datum line to base Town. It was used mainly as an administrative device for relief purposes, but became more politically relevant when years later it was used to demonstrate the extent of poverty (for some people, the misery of the impoverished only becomes real when expressed statistically: '55% of families living below the bread-line ...'). This professor (Baton) was eventually charged before a University court with incompetence and idleness - or something like that. Mrs. Helm, I think, saved him in that largely on her evidence, he was formally acquitted. My guess, and it's no more, is that Mrs. Helm - she was always called that - saw S.A. essentially in rather old-fashioned social work terms, attributing the destitution of the poor as much to their own inadequacies (tendency to drink, idleness etc) as to the apartheid system. If she had been a fighter I think I would have heard - similarly if she had been an out and out reactionary. So probably she was just one of that large mass of academics doing their work more or less well (in her case, more, I think) blotting out the reality of oppression with their science.

Tommy, you know my views on your thesis: you must finish it this summer, kill it, consummate it, negate the negation - exclude all other writing / thinking commitments, temptations.

otherwise it's just going to drift away from you,
plaguing you as something that exists but doesn't exist.
Any free time you have before the summer should be
devoted to preparation for the last assault - typescripts,
collecting materials, checking references. Then the horrible/
well final attack when you stop looking for fresh
material and ideas, and concentrate just on putting it all
together beautifully - with confidence, clarity, skill,
impact, so that it reads as convincingly to the expert
as to the person interested but not very knowledgeable.
You've got the skill and the guts - all you need is to
enjoy seduction! Good luck!!

Allice.
