

# MOZAMBIQUE



REVOLUTION

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# EDITORIAL



The Central Committee of PRELIMO met in ordinary session from 11 to 21 April. The agenda included the discussion of the main problems of our struggle. The work of the different Departments was analysed exhaustively, lines of orientation were drawn up for each one and their respective programmes of action were approved. So far, this meeting of the Central Committee was no different from any of the previous meetings.

But something completely new happened at this meeting, distinguishing it as an historical landmark in the development of PRELIMO: like a fresh wind there appeared a completely new element of criticism and self-criticism, resulting in the elimination of erroneous conceptions enabling us to lead some misguided comrades back to the correct revolutionary line, and to re-establish a sense of reciprocal confidence among us.

This confidence had been prejudiced by differences among the leadership. We were not very clear about where the basis of these differences lay, but we perceived that, when important decisions had to be taken there was a clash of standpoints, revealing the existence of two lines, each represented by a certain number of comrades, defending different positions.

All of us were conscious of this division - but, because we thought we would aggravate the situation if we brought the question into the open, because we were convinced that it was necessary and convenient to present at least an appearance of unity in the PRELIMO leadership, we never discussed the problem.

These divergencies were manifested in many important instances. For example, in the definition of who is the enemy, in the question of deciding on the strategic line to take (a protracted people's war), on the importance to be given to the armed struggle in relation to the other forms of struggle, etc. This situation had become more evident since 1966, when we started having liberated zones in our country. Certain events had taken place since March, 1968, which seriously affected our organisation. We all felt that the origin of this situation was the division existing within PRELIMO - but we were unable to locate the roots of the contradictions and consequently, we were even less able to solve them.

On 3 February, 1969, Comrade Eduardo Mondlane, President of PRELIMO was murdered. The assassins used a bomb, hidden in a book sent to him

through the post. It was not possible to discover the immediate agent of the crime: but the same preoccupation plagued us, might not this crime be related to the differences existing amongst us?

The Central Committee analysed this problem. For several days the items on the agenda concerning this matter were discussed. The ideological lines motivating the behaviour of the divergent groups was discovered.

For example, one of the most active representatives of one group was Lazaro Nkavandame, Provincial Secretary of Cabo Delgado, Member of the Central Committee, responsible for the Commercial Section in that Province. His attitude and mentality are typical of the group to which he belonged. Lazaro was opposed to the strategy of a protracted war. According to him, we should concentrate all our forces in Cabo Delgado, drive out the Portuguese from the Province and proclaim the independence of Cabo Delgado. We thought at first that this position stemmed from ignorance, or from a distorted outlook of our real situation confronted as we are with the enormous military power of the colonialists. But then we started receiving complaints from the people of Cabo Delgado. They complained that they were being exploited - the value of the goods they received from FRELIMO in exchange for their products was scandalously disproportional. These accusations were directed against Nkavandame who was in control of the commercial activities. Things then became clear. It was not ignorance. Nkavandame and his group had a precise objective when they demanded independence of Cabo Delgado alone. What they really wanted was to substitute themselves for the Portuguese colonialists in exploiting our people. Similarly, the preoccupation with a quick victory, before the people were politically mature: because then they would oppose resolutely any form of exploitation. The development of the struggle, the existence of liberated areas had thus made appear a specific category of persons - the exploiters of the people.

Certain other comrades, opposed the correct solution because of their empirical conception of nationalism. This made it impossible for them to distinguish our friends from our enemies. For them, all Mozambicans of African origin were "Nationalists", and as such should be accepted in our movement, without any investigation of their political orientation, or of their possible connection with the enemy. Thus, when enemy agents like Mateus Gwenzere appeared in our midst perpetrating a series of actions aimed at destroying FRELIMO, these comrades opposed any action by FRELIMO against them, or at least abstained, alleging that "they are also nationalists". Thus, the enemy, taking advantage of our contradictions and erroneous conceptions, could strengthen its action against us.

Yet other comrades, by the bureaucratic nature of their functions coupled with their lack of a solid political base, were overtaken by the Revolution. Living outside, wrapped up in their small world of comfortable routine and papers, they lost contact with the reality of the war and became unable to distinguish the principal from the secondary, the immediate from the long-term tasks. So, they opposed measures aimed at the intensification of the war, at the subordination

of all activities to the armed struggle.

Almost from the very beginning of PRELIMO there had been comrades with those erroneous conceptions. Some of them deserted in the course of the Revolution: they formed splinter organisations, through which they hoped to satisfy their personal interests; or, because they were weak, they surrendered to the Portuguese; or yet again, because their ambitions or greed for money could not be satisfied in the Revolution, they chose an easier way of life and sought employment in the neighbouring countries or gave themselves up to the Portuguese as did Lazaro Nkavandame. Gradually, therefore, it was seen that "the Revolution itself ensures the rejection of the impure load it carries". But other elements remained amongst us carrying their mistaken ideas. It was on the latter that the last meeting of the Central Committee had a decisive influence, bringing them back again to the Revolutionary path. This action was the work of a group of comrades who have always kept themselves faithful to the interests of the masses, respecting collective values and fighting individualism and personal ambition that foment opportunism, comrades linked with the concrete reality and immersed in the realisation of the principal tasks of the struggle.

Through criticism and self-criticism each one of us vowed to correct our conceptions and behaviour that do not conform to the exigencies of the Revolution. This is why we say that this meeting of the Central Committee had extremely important results, and has opened a new page in the history of our struggle for National Liberation.

Of course, we are aware of the difficulties that lie ahead of us. This unity we have now achieved will have to be implemented each day, with all its difficult implications. We shall need all our attention and all our strength. We shall have setbacks, but we shall know how to learn from them, how to improve ourselves and our work. We do not deceive ourselves with false hopes of an easy path: because it is not a mechanical process, it needs our complete and active engagement, our constant efforts. Our experience has shown us that it takes an endless process of criticism and self-criticism to eliminate the residue of the colonial system that still persists in us, for us to place ourselves decisively on the right side of history, for us to discover and implement the necessity of the Revolution.

While reaffirming our decision to fight with more determination, based on a new understanding of the situation and in the certainty of expressing more fully the will of the people, we wish to stress that all these innovations are in fact a continuation; and that all of them are linked with the policy of our late President, Comrade Eduardo Mondlane, whose work is not only being continued, but is being taken to greater heights by the Movement. The unity he came to represent has now reached a higher stage: it is unity at the service of the Revolution.

A LUTA CONTINUA.

## COMMUNIQUE

The Central Committee of FRELIMO met in ordinary session from 11th to 21st April, 1969, to study the problems of our Struggle for National Liberation, and to formulate directives for their solution.

In particular, the Central Committee analysed the latest events which have affected the life of our organisation and which culminated in the murder of Comrade Eduardo C. Mondlane, President of FRELIMO.

Through an historical analysis of the leadership of FRELIMO, the Central Committee was able to weigh the incomparable qualities as leader of Comrade Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane -- the direction of the Struggle under his great wisdom since the founding of FRELIMO until his savage assassination -- and the vast dimension of the vacuum created by his absence.

In addition, the Central Committee analysed in detail, in a study of the general situation of FRELIMO, the divergent lines which have developed within the leadership concerning the concept of the process of the people's Armed Struggle. Those divergencies were the subject of profound debate of clarification, which culminated in the elimination of erroneous conceptions in the political line to be followed by FRELIMO.

The Central Committee concluded that it was necessary to establish a collective leadership, able to assure the efficient direction of our organisation and principally to ensure the dominance of the political line correctly defined by the Second Congress of FRELIMO.

The Central Committee decided that the Presidency of FRELIMO will be contained by a collective organ composed of three members, elected by the Central Committee and called the Council of the Presidency.

Comrades Uria Timoteo Simango, Samora Moises Machel and Marcelino dos Santos were elected by the Central Committee for the Council of the Presidency.

The Council of the Presidency will assume the functions attributed to the Presidency in the Statutes of FRELIMO (No. XIV of the Statutes of the Presidency of FRELIMO); namely; the Council of the Presidency will carry out collectively the functions attributed to the Presidency as it exists within the Central Committee, the Political and Military Committee, and other FRELIMO organs.

The three members of the Council of the Presidency have equal powers of direction; therefore the members of the Council of the Presidency will work

collectively in all their functions and responsibilities, as is usual in such a collegial body.

For the organisation of the work, the members of the Council of the Presidency will meet and distribute among themselves the different sectors of activity; they will also decide among themselves which person will coordinate their work. The duty of the coordinator is to be the link between the Council of the Presidency and the Departments of the Executive Committee. This duty in no way prejudices the equality of leadership among the three members.

After the election of the Council of the Presidency, that body met and elected Comrade Uria T. Simango as the coordinator of the Council of the Presidency.

Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania

25th April, 1969.



## STATEMENT OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE

The President of FRELIMO, Comrade Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane, was assassinated on the 3rd February, 1969. This brutal death has put a physical end to the life of a brother, a fighter, and of a man unequalled in stature in the history of the people of Mozambique. This criminal act, perpetrated by treacherous means, deprives the Mozambican people and FRELIMO of their leader and enlightened guide, of the dedicated and courageous militant who throughout his life was the embodiment of the dignity and the fighting spirit of the Mozambican people.

It is still difficult for us to weigh our loss by this untimely death; it is still difficult to digest the totality of his action in the creation, the structuring, the fermentation and the elaboration of Mozambican Nationalism.

But the brilliant marks of his bright trajectory among us can be found in every militant, in every structure, in every political principle, in each part of the whole which FRELIMO and the Struggle for Liberation are today. In every portion of the whole he taught us to build, and to overcome our ethnic and regional differences, our various religious and cultural horizons, in order to make Mozambique a Nation with FRELIMO its avant-garde ....

Because Eduardo Mondlane knew how to embrace completely his destiny of Liberator, as a living symbol of unity, the builder of a community; as the Inheritor of the traditional African culture; the man who fought against cultural alienation in our country; and principally as the man of our time, able to put our country on the path of social progress and to establish its place in the world.....

Because his destiny was helped by his exceptional gifts of honesty, courage and frankness, by his enormous capacity for work and organisation, by his clear understanding of the nature of our country and our Struggle.

Today, the Struggle for Liberation extends throughout one third of our country; large regions are free from colonial domination where the people are building a new life. The total situation in our country is characterised by the continuous extension of the armed struggle to larger and larger regions; an armed struggle which is a people's war and a prolonged war, an irresistible stream able to sweep out of our country all the vestiges of the colonialist and imperialist domination.

President Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane was the man of this struggle, assimilating completely the political and ideological exigencies of the people's war, he affirmed himself as the ardent defender of the interests of the great masses of

the Mozambican people. In this combat he taught us how to define clearly the essential objectives of our struggle, and how to know the real enemies -- which are the colonial domination and the exploitation of man by man, as well as tribalism, regionalism, and racialism; he taught us that it is necessary to place the principal emphasis of our struggle on the fight against all exploiters, independent of their colour, to distinguish the fundamental from the secondary, and to direct against the real target, the fire of our weapons.

President Mondlane was the active fighter for African Solidarity, making Mozambique an integral part of militant Africa, and in particular a part of the armed struggle of the people of Portuguese colonies and of the whole of Southern Africa. It was for this reason that his death was felt in our Continent as a loss not only for FRELIMO and the Mozambican people, but for the whole of Africa.

The racist regimes of white domination established in the South of our Continent whose aim is to exploit our people and our riches with the active complicity of world imperialism, found in him a resolute adversary who threatened the foundations of their domination. Cahora Bassa delenda est --- with which he galvanised the FRELIMO fighters for the destruction of the big imperialist economic project which was aimed at perpetuating the domination of our people. In that way, the forces of capitalist oppression became clearly aware of the defeat to which their neo-colonialist activities are doomed.

President Eduardo Mondlane was thus the builder of the new Mozambique which already lives in large regions of our country and affirms herself in the militant consciousness of our people. He was the incarnation of the revolutionary nationalism of the Mozambican people.

This was the meaning of his life, and this is the meaning of his murder. This is the heavy heritage of courage, honesty and fight which falls upon us. This is the immortal image of the leader and comrade who will remain among us beyond the disappearance of the physical things which were part of him and which we had learned to love.

The Central Committee of FRELIMO, by expressing its absolute determination to continue the armed struggle for national liberation against colonialism and imperialism within the lines clearly drawn up by the Second Congress of FRELIMO, is certain that it interprets completely the significance of the exemplary life and the death of President Eduardo Mondlane.

The Central Committee of FRELIMO, as well as all militants and the Mozambique People, will know how to dry their tears and transform the hatred against his murder into the burning fire which will destroy oppression and will lighten the construction of the Free Mozambique.

Thus we will merit the legitimate pride which made our Comrade President Mondlane say after the Second Congress:

"I can now die happy, because I know that the revolution will continue...."

LONG LIVE THE UNFORGETTABLE MEMORY OF PRESIDENT MONDLANE!  
A LUTA CONTINUA.... INDEPENDENCIA OU MORTE, VENCEREMOS!

The Central Committee 21st April, 1969.

## MESSAGE OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE TO COMRADE JANET MONDLANE

While reaffirming the expression of condolences and sympathy extended to you and your children by the Executive Committee on the death of your husband and our leader, Comrade Eduardo Mondlane, the Central Committee of FRELIMO expresses, on behalf of the Mozambican people and of FRELIMO, its appreciation for the high militant spirit shown by you.

It was with great emotion that the Central Committee of FRELIMO acknowledged your strong decision to realise the revolutionary teachings of freedom, which your husband transmitted to you during his life.

The Central Committee appreciates highly this determination after the moments of grief through which you have passed, because that proves that, with your husband and the FRELIMO militants, you knew how to take what is more exalting in human life -- the way of the understanding among men, the way of the struggle for freedom.

You knew how to embrace this way -- as a wife -- encouraging Comrade Mondlane to stay in his post, fortifying his determination, calmness and courage which guided his action and made his name immortal.

The path that you, Comrade Janet, follow with us is our way, the struggle of the Mozambican people. The struggle which continues, for freedom, for dignity and against all forces of oppression, is a way in which you and your children will march at our side as an integral and indistinguishable part of our people and our country.

Your decision, reaffirmed today, to engage yourself completely as a FRELIMO militant, in this most difficult moment of your life, contributes to give us the courage to continue following the revolutionary path clearly drawn up by our President, Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane. The heritage of fighting and sacrifices which falls upon us, will not be betrayed.

A LUTA CONTINUA  
INDEPENDENCIA OU MORTE  
VENCEREMOS!

The Central Committee of FRELIMO, 21st April, 1969.

# MESSAGE OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE TO H.E. PRESIDENT JULIUS K. NYERERE

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

COMRADE,

The Central Committee of FRELIMO, on behalf of the fighters and of the whole Mozambican people engaged in the armed struggle against Portuguese Colonialism and Imperialism, extends to you with deep emotion its sincere gratitude for the solidarity which you, on behalf of TANU and AFRO-SHIRAZI, of the Government and people of Tanzania, manifested on the occasion of the savage murder of our beloved President and Leader of FRELIMO and of our people, Comrade Dr. Eduardo Chivambo Mondlane.

The homage paid to the memory of Comrade President Mondlane, the respect thus demonstrated toward his qualities as a man and a fighter, constitutes for us a great and profound dedication by Tanzania to the struggle of our people. At the same time, that homage is also an expression of the revolutionary defense of the supreme values of the Movement for Liberation of the African Peoples.

The death of our President, Comrade Eduardo Mondlane, which is the work of the colonialist, imperialist and counter-revolutionary forces, constitutes, as Your Excellency has correctly stressed in the message you addressed to us, a great loss, not only for FRELIMO and the Mozambican people, but also for the whole of Africa.

By his action, through his clear and lucid intelligence, our President, Comrade Eduardo Mondlane, was a true son of Mozambique and of Africa.

The revolutionary work which he gave to us as our legacy and which is for us a great treasure, will continue. The Central Committee of FRELIMO reaffirms the total engagement of the fighters and of the whole Mozambican people to continue until the end the struggle against Portuguese Colonialism and Imperialism, for the conquest of National Independence and the installation in our country of a popular social order, definitively freed from the exploitation of man by man.

United in FRELIMO, the whole Mozambican people from the Rovuma to the Maputo, will continue the work initiated under the leadership of our dear leader, Eduardo Mondlane, until the final liberation of Mozambican land.

On behalf of the fighters and the Mozambican people, we send our fraternal salute to TANU and AFRO-SHIRAZI parties, and to the people of Tanzania, and reaffirm our will to develop the solidarity and friendship between the peoples of Tanzania and Mozambique, for the common good of our peoples and of all Africa.

The Central Committee of FRELIMO, 21st April, 1969

## PRESS STATEMENT ON LÁZARO KAVANDAME

On April 3rd, 1969, the Portuguese authorities in Mozambique announced that LAZARO KAVANDAME, the "supreme military leader of FRELIMO", has joined the colonialist forces and is collaborating with them in the struggle against the nationalist movement - FRELIMO.

Concerning this, FRELIMO has the following to say:

1) Lazaro Kavandame once held an important position in FRELIMO. He was appointed Provincial Secretary of Cabo Delgado Province, and was in charge of commercial activities in that Province.

2) However, for some time, FRELIMO has been aware of the connections of Lazaro Kavandame with counter-revolutionary forces, based on the following facts:

- a) He used his post in our commercial structure to serve his own personal interests, exploiting the people in the exchange of goods, and keeping the difference.
- b) These activities were denounced by the people, and FRELIMO established a Commission of Inquiry to investigate the matter. When he found out about this, Lazaro Kavandame organised a group of people, his collaborators in the exploitation of the people, to sabotage the work of the Commission. It was on his orders that the group murdered one of FRELIMO's military commanders on the 22nd December, 1968. His defection, therefore, is to escape trial for this murder of which he was declared to be the organiser by the 16 elements of his group who are in detention, awaiting trial.
- c) These activities, culminating in murder, classified Lazaro Kavandame as an enemy of the Mozambican people and of the Mozambican Revolution. In fact, this murder was in accordance with the Portuguese plan of murdering FRELIMO leaders in order to stop the liberation movement.

3) Therefore, on the 3rd of January, 1969, the Executive Committee of FRELIMO met, in order to consider the case of Lazaro Kavandame, and decided:

- a) To dismiss Lazaro Kavandame from his position as Provincial Secretary of Cabo Delgado;
- b) As a result of this dismissal, Lazaro Kavandame is automatically removed from membership of the Central Committee of FRELIMO
- c) Lazaro Kavandame was also dismissed from the post he held in FRELIMO's commercial section.

- 4) The defection of Lazaro Kavandame to the Portuguese will not have any effect on our liberation struggle, because:
- a) Contrary to what the Portuguese have announced, Lazaro Kavandame has never held any military position in FRELIMO, having held a purely administrative position.
  - b) He was denounced by the people of Cabo Delgado themselves as being an exploiter and counter-revolutionary; therefore, the people are now well aware of his criminal character and activities.
  - c) Also, contrary to what the Portuguese say, Lazaro was never a tribal chief in Mozambique. The only influence he had on the people derived from the position to which FRELIMO appointed him.
  - d) He is ignorant of the present state of the military struggle, as he has not been in Mozambique since December, 1967.

The Portuguese claim that "Portugal is poised for a breakthrough in Mozambique as a result of the defection of Lazaro Kavandame", is therefore completely valueless, and more colonialist propaganda.

Dar-es-Salaam, 4 April, 1969.

# A MOZAMBICAN FOLK-TALE

Once upon a time, there was a bitter war between the animals and the birds - all the animals in the world, buffaloes, pigs, tigers etc. against all the birds in the world, eagles, sparrows, swallows etc. Soon after the war had started, the bat appeared, who did not know which group he should join. He had pointed ears, teeth, four paws, and a furry coat, like an animal, but he didn't move like an animal - he flew, like a bird. After contemplating the problem for some time, he decided to join the birds. But the birds protested that he could not be a member of their group because his physical structure was completely unlike that of a bird. However, the bat insisted and he seemed so determined that the birds decided to organise a flying competition, in order to decide whether or not to accept him. He flew against some birds and won, so he was accepted.

The fighting grew more and more fierce and there came a time when the birds were suffering very heavy defeats at the hands of the animals. When the bat observed that his side was getting weaker, and there was the possibility that he might lose his life, he decided to change over to the other side. But when he approached the animals they rejected him, arguing that a bat could

never belong to their group. The bat defended himself, saying that they should not pay any attention to his wings as they were very different to birds' wings. His opened up like an umbrella and were covered with fur, not feathers. After much discussion, the animals decided to admit him into their ranks.

The war continued for a long time but, finally, the two sides decided to make peace. The heads of the two groups met, and decided that the war should finish. They agreed that whenever the animals and birds met, there should be no animosity. The head of the birds continued: "Look, we have noticed that one of our elements is missing, one of our birds, but we don't know whether he was killed by you or not. This bird has pointed ears, teeth, four paws, and a furry coat not much different from yours." He was immediately interrupted by the head of the animals who said that this 'bird' was in his ranks. Both of them were amazed. How was it that he could be with both the birds and the animals? They decided to summon him and ask him. "How did you get here? What are you doing here?" they asked. He replied: "I live in the trees. I flew here like a bird but I look like an animal. When I noticed that the war was getting fierce, I realised that the animals would kill me as soon as they saw my wings, because I looked like a bird. When I saw that the birds were being defeated, I decided to join the animals because it was safer."

In great anger the heads of both groups said: "You don't belong to either of our groups. You don't have any nationality. You deceived both of us to make us take you in. You betrayed us and created confusion in our midst. You are a great liar. From now on we shall both fight against you and all your descendants. The bat was very afraid and pleaded: "Take no notice of my past mistakes. I was frightened and I became like a weather-vane, turning with the wind. You must help me solve my problem."

But the chiefs answered: "The only solution for you is to be put in a coffin and thrown away. We don't know what your position is. You were a traitor to both of us." Together, the two chiefs killed him. They know that, with his intimate knowledge of the organisation of both of their groups, he was a potential threat to both of them.

The same thing happens in our situation today. When things seem to be going badly on the enemy side, some elements try to join us. And on the other hand, when the enemy wins temporary victories, they go back to him. To and fro all the time.

(Folk-tale from the Makonde tribe)



# FRELIMO

MOZAMBIQUE LIBERATION FRONT

## Communiqué

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In accordance with our aims of preventing the construction of the Cabora Bassa dam FRELIMO fighters have been undertaking many operations in Tete province - ambushes, mining roads, and sabotaging and destroying bridges.

On the 3rd, 4th, 15th, 16th, 18th, and 31st, of January, and on the 5th of February, a total of 14 enemy vehicles were destroyed or damaged by ambushes or mines around FINGOE, PENE, CACHA, FURANGUNO, TEMBEWE, and DIQUE. More than one hundred enemy soldiers were put out of action.

Two bridges were destroyed by FRELIMO sabotage units. One bridge, on the road between DOMICIANO and MALEWERA, over the river MATAMBAZI, was 10 meters long and 5 meters wide; the second was 13 meters by 16 meters. Both were built of cement.

The post of TEMBEWE was attacked by our infantry on 31st January 1969; a battalion of Portuguese troops was stationed at the post which was badly damaged. Many enemy soldiers were killed, one of whom was a captain.

On the 3rd of February, an enemy company camped in the area of Chief KUSSALALA, near the river CHIMBALANE. Our forces attacked the camp, destroyed the tents, killed 7 Portuguese soldiers and wounded 13.

Outstanding successes have been achieved by our fighters in Cabo Delgado, where approximately 80 of the enemy have been killed.

At 5.00a.m. on 8th March, 1969, FRELIMO soldiers launched an assault against the enemy post of MINHANA, one of the few posts still held by the Portuguese in Cabo Delgado. With the development of our struggle its eventual destruction was therefore inevitable. A company of infantry was stationed at the post, commanded by a captain, HUGO FERDINANDO GONCALVES ROCHA. FRELIMO guerillas entered the post, killing about 40 enemy soldiers and capturing the following material:

### WEAPONS

- a) 2 machine-guns nos. 5689, 3192
- b) 1 rocket launcher no. C7141996
- c) 10 light machine-guns G-3 (West German patent) nos. 020568, 0320903, 020243, 020458, 020771, 020893, 020840, 020218, 020894, 020320.
- d) 2 West German machine-guns nos. 9296, 9229.
- e) 2 "Walter" (West German) automatic pistols nos. 108702, 107714.
- f) 2 "Lee-Enfield" (British) rifles, cal. 7.7, nos. 039858, 173040
- g) 16 "Mauser" (West German) rifles cal. 7.92, nos. 410240, 15686, 19686, 10290, 17063, 93136, 4251, 18739, 8999, 19218, 6248, 13853, 9884, 7163, 5293, 4032.

#### AMMUNITION

- a) 3 boxes of ammunition for G-3 machine-guns
- b) 3 boxes of rockets
- c) 41 magazines for G-3 machine-guns

#### OTHER MATERIAL

- a) 55 uniforms
- b) 50 blankets
- c) 1 radio
- d) saucepans, plates etc.

SEVERAL LORRIES stationed in the post were also destroyed.

For some time, the Portuguese soldiers stationed at the post of NANGOLOLO had been oppressing the surrounding population. In particular, in the areas of NANYOKA, NANG'UNDE, IBO, LURIO, and MIKALALE, they had been terrorising the people and stealing their crops. FRELIMO soldiers decided to put an end to this situation and organised a reprisal attack in defense of the population. An artillery attack with cannons and mortars took place on 28 March, 1969. Twenty-two soldiers were killed and six houses destroyed. The local people in the areas formerly covered by this post spent the whole night celebrating the attack.

Various mining operations in Cabo Delgado province, on the 3rd, 9th, 13th, and 28th of March and the 24th February, resulted in the destruction of 7 lorries and the death of at least 15 enemy soldiers. At least 20 enemy were wounded.

The Portuguese made two attempts to locate our bases. In the first attempt, on 20th March in the region of MBWALA, they sent out two companies who suffered three ambushes in succession, resulting in more than 25 enemy casualties. On the 1st. April, near Maeda, another enemy group was located in the bush and attacked by our forces while they were resting. They were forced to retreat. On neither occasion did they manage to locate a base.

In another ambush on 5th April, 1969, FRELIMO soldiers armed with grenades, bazookas and machine-guns ambushed and destroyed two military vehicles, going from NAMRUCIA to QUITARAJO. Our fighters mounted the first lorry and took away the seven weapons belonging to the seven Portuguese soldiers they had killed. The rest of the enemy had fled, many of them wounded. 7 machine-guns (G-3 nos. 085500, 035527, 085466, 085877, 051394, 051407, FN no. 29373), important documents and photographs, military clothing and ammunition, were among the large variety of material that was captured.

### 3 MORE PORTUGUESE DESERTERS

In December, 1968, FRELIMO published a pamphlet for the soldiers of the Portuguese army, in which three deserters and two prisoners described their good treatment by FRELIMO, and urged their companions who were disillusioned and dissatisfied with the war, to disregard the officers' false propaganda about FRELIMO's barbaric treatment of prisoners, and to desert. As a direct

result of this pamphlet, on 15 March, 1969, three more soldiers deserted -- nos. 48978/67, 41543/67, and 65428/67.

EUSEBIO MARTINHO DA SILVA is 23 years old and comes from MOSCAVIDE in Lisbon district. His father died when he was 11 and his mother married again to a man called Antonio Pedro Lopes. Neither of them can work any more as they are both sick, and they are supported by Eusebio's brother, aged 21. However, he too is due to be conscripted shortly, and then there will be no-one to look after their parents. They own no property and "have only the night to rest and the day to work." (Eusebio's words)

He has only studied up to the third primary class. His first job was in a factory where he was lubricating machines. At the age of 18 he became a bricklayer. He was conscripted into the army on 17 July, 1967, and was sent to Mozambique on 20 December 1967. He was a private and served as a bodyguard to a lieutenant called RIBEIRO. In Mozambique he earned about 900 escudos (/\$ 32) per month, (but in Portugal, like all the other recruits, he only received 3 escudos per month). His company, commanded by a captain, OSCAR ANTONIO GOMES DA SILVA, was based at NAMBUDE and acted in the zones of river NANGU, of BANDAZI, and between NAMBUDE and MARERE. When they went out on operations, their main aim was to capture the local people, and they had orders to shoot anyone who ran away. During his service in Mozambique he had suffered two FRELIMO ambushes and two attacks against posts where he was stationed: one on 24 March 1968 at NAMBUDE (where a friend of his, FERNANDO DOS SANTOS ROSA, was taken prisoner), and the other on 28 October 1968 at NTADOLA.

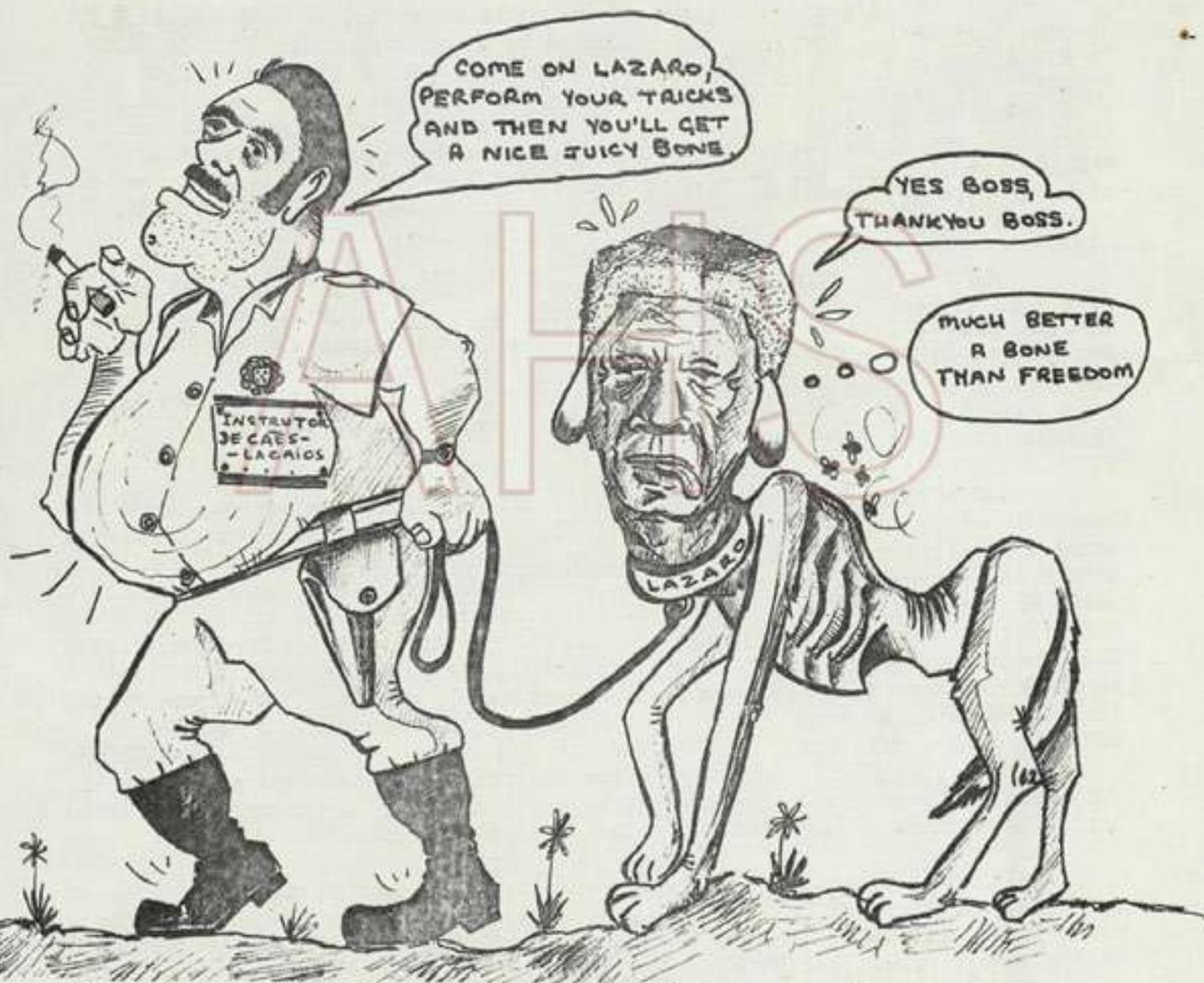
JOSE ANTONIO FERREIRA DA MATA was born on 15 June 1946 in CARREIRAS, Portugal. He is a carpenter and was educated up to the fourth primary class. He was conscripted into infantry regiment no. 7 on 18 April 1967 in LEIRA. He was later sent to PORTO for training in radio telegraphy. He arrived in Mocimboa da Praia on 31 January 1968 and was first put into company no. 2304, then transferred to no. 2305 in SHITOLO. His commander was a captain, NUNO ALVARES PIRES AFONSO.

JOSE AUGUSTO LOPES was born in VILA BOA DO MONDEGO in Guarda, Northern Portugal, on 29 July, 1945. He is a bricklayer. He never went to school and is completely illiterate. All his family are working in France except for his mother and sister who are in Portugal. When he was 18 he also went to France to work. He returned to Portugal in 1967 to visit his mother and sister. On 12 June 1967 he was caught by the police and sent to the military headquarters at VISEU where, a week later, he was conscripted. After his arrival in Mocimboa da Praia he was sent to NAMBUDE where he stayed for 7½ months, then he was sent back to Mocimboa da Praia for another 4 months. Then his unit, commanded by OSCAR DA SILVA, was sent SHITOLO. On the way they were ambushed by FRELIMO. A corporal called PEREIRA and 2 privates were killed; 8 privates were wounded. They later suffered two more ambushes on the same road. He was also in Nambude during the attack when Fernando dos Santos Rosa was captured.

All three of these soldiers deserted together from Mocimboa da Praia at 2.30 a.m. on the night of 15 March, 1969. The following day they crossed the river NANGO and finally came to a village where they met a FRELIMO detachment of the people's militia. They gave up their weapons and were taken to a FRELIMO base.

Like the previous deserters, their reasons for leaving the Portuguese army were the harsh treatment of the ordinary soldiers by the officers, and

poor conditions, but mainly because they gradually realised that they didn't know what they were fighting for. They were fighting in a foreign country against the people to whom the country rightfully belonged. They had soon discovered that that they had been deliberately told false statements by their commanders about the intensity of the war, and no longer had any trust in them. This distrust grew even stronger when they found proof of false statements about FRELIMO's harsh treatment of Portuguese soldiers -- when they got hold of a pamphlet by FERNANDO DOS SANTOS ROSA, who had been captured in Nambude, and who two of them knew well. They had heard many stories from their officers about what had happened to him at the hands of FRELIMO, but in the pamphlet he wrote how well FRELIMO was treating him and encouraged other soldiers to desert because the war was unjust. They would be well treated by FRELIMO. So they deserted.



Once upon a time there was a man called Lazaro Nkavandame. He tried to use FRELIMO to exploit the people of Mozambique. When he discovered that FRELIMO does not allow exploiters in its ranks, he went over to the enemy to see what he could get from them. He is today a running dog of the Portuguese colonialists.

# THE ROLE OF POETRY IN THE MOZAMBICAN REVOLUTION

Continued from previous issue...

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## III. After the Beginning of the Struggle - 1962 - to the Present Time.

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Poetry by itself could not find what it lacked in human and poetical validity. The revolution alone could bring in the essential elements, without which poetry was partial and incomplete, and transform it from a mere potentiality into an actual reality. The revolution alone can implement all the most daring hopes of poetry and at the same time go beyond all its imagination. Also in the case of Mozambique, reality has already gone much further than poetry would ever dream. Many examples can be found. 25 de Setembro, the periodical edited by the FRELIMO militants for internal use, published some of the poems we have quoted in the previous sections, like Eu sou carvão, Apelo, Magaloe, etc. If we take for example, the first poem, we see that the value it assumes in the new context, as compared with the role it could have had in the past, is completely changed: only now that the fighters have retrieved the poem, making it their own, can its meaning be full. The words become true in a literal sense: the African has become the fire which is burning his former master. There is no metaphorical residue left between the fire of poetry and the fire of the grenades and mortars used against the enemy. That is what we mean by saying that the revolution alone can actualise the hopes of poetry beyond anything that the individual who first expressed them could imagine. The knowledge of the poems of the past, mere academic exercises in the Universities, becomes here an exercise of life, a real addition to life.

The importance of the existential witness a poet bears to his own poetry is now undeniable. Although the astronomy of Galileo did not require that the scientist testified to its validity with his own life, the philosophy of Giordano Bruno would have lost all its value if he had not proved it with his death. The same thing happens with poetry. We can no longer accept a poem unless we judge it within the life of its author. A poem of rebellion written by somebody who refuses to do his part in the actual struggle, by somebody who is still a poet or a writer or an intellectual, instead of being first of all a militant, cannot be of any interest to us. Because we speak of a functional art, functional for life, and we don't recognise the validity of any purely aesthetical criterion of judgement. Then we can no longer separate the life of a man from his work, his words from his acts, and the meaning of both can be understood only in the reciprocal connection. There is no longer a place for the distortion, certainly due to historical causes, of "art

for art's sake"; now there is place only for "art for life's sake". But at the same time there is no life without art, as we shall see below.

The first stages of a revolution are full of reminiscences and ties with the old world, not only because it is impossible to eliminate everything at once, but especially because it is necessary to recover whatever we can use, if it can be transformed and seen in the new light. A new language has not yet been invented, but the old one - and, with it, the old concepts it expresses - can be given new meaning, rejuvenated by continuous détournements. The following poem, for example, makes a new use of liturgical language; the rythm is the same, but the value is renewed, the original emotion that dictated, centuries ago, the religious litanies is restored.

O Mozambique, beloved land  
O Mozambique, cherished land  
O Mozambique, coveted land  
O Mozambique, ravaged land.

Garden of the world,  
Heart of Africa,  
Because of the covetous eyes of the world  
You were made barren for your own people  
and became instead a fiery furnace.

Mozambique,  
Land,  
By those born of you,  
Beloved;  
Land,  
By those who have lived, live now, and shall live in you,  
Cherished;  
Land,  
By the avaricious of the world,  
Coveted;  
Land,  
By those most piratical and arrogant,  
Ravaged.  
... ..

(Poema, by Gustave O Milton)

What had lost meaning, empty words repeated by old women in dark churches, suddenly comes into light again, with a new brightness.

Sometimes it is difficult for the repressed inventiveness to start again, to find the exact tone, from the dispersed state of mind induced by centuries of repression. The way out can be shown by a more

skilled comrade, whose example can lead to a new explosion of creativity. We find this in a poem by Bebé drawing inspiration from a poem by Marcelino dos Santos. The two poems start on the same note, but soon the second reaffirms its own individuality:

No  
Seek me not  
In places where I don't exist

I live  
Hunched over the earth  
Following the path cut by the whip  
On my naked back.

I live in the harbours,  
Feeding the furnaces,  
Driving the machines  
Along the paths of men.

I live  
in the body of my mother  
Selling her strength in the market  
place.

...  
I live  
lost in the streets  
of a civilisation  
that crushes me with hatred  
and without pity.

And if it is my voice that is heard,  
If it is I who still sing,  
It is because I cannot die,  
But only the moon hears  
my anguish.

...  
I am there in America also  
Yes, I am

...  
if I am here  
vibrantly alive,  
in the voice of Robeson and Hughes  
Of Césaire and Guillen  
Godido and Black Boy reborn

...  
If I am here  
The conscious and solid incarnation  
Of men  
who composed the poems  
Of life and death,  
Of the end of night  
and the coming of day.

(Marcelino dos Santos, 1953)

No  
Seek me not.  
I am not lost.

I live  
Strong and determined  
Following the path  
Cut by Freedom  
Through the fangs and claws of oppression

I live  
In my people  
Firing my guns and bazookas  
Along the road to peace.

I live  
In the body of my mother-earth  
Using the strength that is mine

...  
I live  
One with the masses  
With a protection  
That shelters me,  
With hatred for the enemy,  
Complete and unreserved.

And if it is my shots which are heard  
And I who still fight on,  
It is because I shall never retreat.  
Never, never, never,  
Until my people prevail.

...  
I am here in Mozambique also  
Yes, I am.  
If I am here vibrantly alive  
In the voice of the people and of heroes  
Gungunhana and Maguiguana  
Warriors of Africa reborn.

....  
If I am here  
Alert  
Strong

Day, night  
Until victory  
I am here.

(Bebé, 1967)

The old world which applied the bourgeois concept of property even to art, would have called this plagiarism, literary theft, and so on. To us these allegations are nonsense. The poem by Bebé is certainly one of the best examples of détournement in Lautréamont's tradition, and it is significant as an example of how a militant can transform a poem of sorrow into a poem of hope.

The new Mozambican poetry is absolutely new in one sense, that it is tied up with, intertwined with, inseparable from, life. This fact, which would have been normal in pre-capitalist societies and will seem normal again in the future, bears now a particular significance in face of the Western culture, which for the last century has been dominating or trying to dominate the whole world. This culture has completely lost the connection between art and life and recovers it only sporadically during revolutionary episodes, strikes, etc. We cannot here enter into a discussion on the total separation that has occurred, slowly but definitely, in the Western civilisation between art, or generally culture, and life. However, we must at least give a sketch of the situation in order to illustrate our point. The split is not only evident in the abyss which separates so-called artistic production and mass production in all fields: movies, books, music, the figurative arts: what the people read, listen to, see and generally "consume" is absolutely different from what is supposed to be of a high artistic standard. But this is evident also on another level. Even for those who produce the recognised works of art and for those who enjoy them, or at least claim to, these works have an extremely limited impact on their actual life. For the former the work of art has become work in the sense the word has in capitalist society, a real job: he is an artist, as someone else is a metal worker or a clerk, specialised in being an artist and nothing else. Of course the artist and his world don't accept this equalisation, the artist being considered somebody different from everybody else, living out of reach, completely cut off from reality. For the others the consumption of art is relegated to a specific moment which has nothing to do with the rest of the day. All these are aspects of the same phenomenon, the specialisation of art.

We need to mention all this because otherwise it would not be possible to understand fully the revolutionary value of present Mozambican poetry. This poetry is born out of action and of the necessities of the present. There is only one artistic production, accessible to everyone. Since there is no difference between the artist and the rest of the people - everybody can be an artist, besides fulfilling his specific tasks - art and life are connected in every sense. This appears even more clearly if we consider not only poetry, but all the artistic production of the new Mozambique. The greatest part of this production has not yet crystallised in its final forms: songs, dances, plays, are most of the time extemporised and are not recorded or written, pictures and sculptures are produced for the meaning they have to the producer and not with exhibition or sale as their first goal. When, for example, the daily problems of the literated areas are expressed in extemporary plays,

these have the function of communicating and clarifying such problems for everyone. In the same way, poetry expresses the themes of actual life, it starts from them and goes back to them, bringing a new understanding of the situation, a new acceptance or a new decision to change it.

Specifically, we can say that this is true in at least three ways: inasmuch as poetry is a communication of the present; inasmuch as poetry is a projection towards the future; inasmuch as poetry is one of the spheres where the new link between the individual and the community is being established.

1. First of all, revolutionary art discovers the roots of the present and provides a living link with the past; it can save from the past, as we said before, what is good in this case what is good in the tribal tradition, which colonialism has tried to destroy. Again, this happens not only in poetry, but in every sphere of art; let us think of the tribal dances, now performed together by people of many different tribes, or of the Makonde sculptures, whose production the revolution has saved and encouraged. Traditional art provides a stimulus to the new art and the two blend perfectly together. Poetry offers many examples of this fusion but the following is one of the finest and reaches a very high level:

O Mother Africa of the songs of warriors,  
Singing and dancing to the voice of chikwembo.

O Mother Africa of meadows, endless and beautiful,  
In the lush forests of the distant Congo.

O Mother Africa of ebony people  
Rising and falling to the rhythm of Chigubo sounds

O Mother Africa of rivers leaping  
The magnificent rocks of Victoria Falls.

O Mother Africa of the magic tinhole  
With small white bones speaking xindau

O Mother Africa of seas, blue and green,  
Roaring with joy at the sound of the drum.

O Mother Africa, glorious womb of warriors  
with spears in hand,  
black and strong,  
to conquer  
evil whites.

(Mao Africa, Moguimo)

It is interesting to see how language itself is modified, through the injection of African words, referring to African values.

Then, poetry is a means of communication in the simplest sense, which can reach and be understood better than any other form of communication:

I will create simple words  
That even children understand,  
Words that will enter every home like the wind,  
Words that will fall like burning coals  
Into the soul of our people.

(Poema, by J.Rebelo)

Because it was so easily understood and remembered, poetry was used in the past by story-tellers to convey information of any kind. There are many examples of this didactic use in Mozambican poetry:

Nine provinces has Mozambique,  
Called 'districts' by the enemy.  
'The whole of Mozambique is a province',  
The Portuguese declare to the world.  
In the south of the country is Lourenco Marques  
the great bay of Espirito Santo  
the city of Lourenco Marques -  
capital of Mozambique.  
Gaza is the second province -  
capital, Vila de Joao Belo -  
and crossed by the Limpopo  
one of the great rivers.  
Near the sea lies Inhambane.  
...  
Manica and Sofala are in the centre.  
...  
Tete crossed by Zambesi.  
...  
Zambezia - very mountainous  
...  
Mozambique with Mount Namputina  
...  
Niassa, Vila Cobral the capital.  
Cabo Delgado - northern province,  
Porto Amelia its capital,  
Border province of the north  
Covered with dense bush.

(Iru Kantumbyanga)

But poetry can be a communication of the present in a more sophisticated sense: it can express a consciousness, an interpretation, indeed a

meaning. In this sense we will find that every important point of the Mozambican struggle has been understood and expressed by Mozambican poetry. That it is a struggle for national independence from colonial rule:

O son of my womb  
To whom freedom is long due,  
Grand is your duty in these mountains.  
Surrender not, nor falter.  
To fight until victory is won,  
That is the great task,  
Entrusted and given to you  
By those who have faith in you.  
Be a patriot, be one with FRELIMO,  
You will be led along ways that are good  
From beginning to end, without stumbling.  
Do not vacillate. Do not tire. Your mission is glorious.

(Mario Sive).

The Mozambican land itself,  
Her Mozambican children,  
Have chosen to drive out the invaders -  
The colonialist and imperialist Portuguese.  
Forward until we reach the goal -  
INDEPENDENCE.

(O Prazer de mãe, by E. Massiye)

The Portuguese must go,  
for that we fight,  
to drive the fascists  
from our land.

With liberation,  
This beloved country,  
All the Mozambican people,  
Will enjoy the fruits of their own labour.

(Patria em Luta, by Domingos Savio)

...I am a son of my father and my mother and of the Nation,  
which today awaits  
my coming deep within the land of Mozambique.  
My people who are now subjugated,  
Who are ruled by the Portuguese lackeys,  
I would sacrifice my life for my people.  
I would rather fight and die two hundred years.  
than let her be subjected to the enemy  
any more.

(Guerrilheiro guia do Povo,  
by Ngwembe).

That it continues the African resistance to the Portuguese invasion:

...Our brave ancestors,  
Fought the colonialist invasion  
In many parts of the country  
From the far South to the North.  
Our ancestors serve as example  
We shall learn from them,  
Destroying old conceptions,  
Creating a new spirit of patriotism.

( E' nosso dever, by Atubwidao.)

...The life which you lead in the mountains today,  
The first heroes of the resistance led that life too.  
It was not easy for them, for they were not united,  
But they did not waver, preferring death to a life enslaved.

(Dis a mae patria, by Mario Sive)

That it is a people's struggle:

People of Mozambique  
Who, through the centuries,  
Have lived humiliated by the Portuguese,  
Arise! It is time  
for you to say ENOUGH.

(Até ao fim, by Malido)

The oppressed people  
took up arms  
and fought against the patrao  
because he did not look on them as human beings  
with dignity and rights.

(O Povo Oprimido, by D. Savio)

in which everybody has a task:

The patriot is not only he  
who fights the aggressors  
with weapons.  
NO!  
The honest man  
who works the soil of his country  
and waters it with his sweat  
He too is a revolutionary.

(Plantai arvores, by Manuel Gondola)

That it must be an armed struggle:

Brothers! What are you waiting for?...  
Always the days pass...  
The Portuguese will never be transformed.  
You must fight for the freedom of Mozambique.  
Brother! The day ends...  
The first star shines resplendent.  
Find your way to freedom.  
Go where the others are.  
The cattle return to the corrals...  
Always the days pass...  
Do you think that Salazar will set you free?  
That he will free your fathers?  
Go where the others are...  
Take up guns against Salazar...  
In this way alone can you  
Set your fathers free from oppression.

(Irmaos, by Antonio Rufino Tembe)

...The antidote to cure colonialism  
is armed revolution  
that is the only way  
to win total independence...

(Atéao fim, by Malido)

That it is a just struggle, and victory is certain:

...O, our just struggle  
which will assure us the victory.  
O our indisputable independence  
which will unmask the false unity  
of the imperialists of NATO,  
With FRELIMO in the vanguard  
With the multicoloured flag in front  
The enemy will suffer defeat  
The Mozambican people will prevail.

(Pela patria, by Macungo)

...a guerrilla bullet,  
Because it is just,  
Kills more than one enemy...

(A luta justa, by D. Savio)

Finally, that it has become a revolutionary struggle and that as  
such it must be fought:

The revolution is a heavy burden  
It is a path of thorns  
Chosen by the victims of oppression.  
The revolution is a future  
of good hope  
of Spring and Autumn.  
Revolution was chosen  
By peaceful men  
As the only way  
To liberate themselves  
After many years of suffering,  
of misery and humiliation.  
The revolution triumphs  
In the heart of each revolutionary  
As a heritage  
For every member of his family.

(A Revolução, by Dick Vovotti)

Revolution  
demands deep analysis  
demands seriousness  
demands firmness  
demands a conscience.

Revolution  
is not made with words  
is not made with feeling  
is not made with singing  
is not made with ambitions.  
... ..

(A Revolução, by D. Savio)

2. Poetry not only recognises meanings, it goes farther and communicates, sometimes creates, values. It tends to the future because it postulates action, incites to fight, provides rules and behaviour. Very often poems by the militants present rules of action, in most cases rules for the guerrilla fighters:

Guerrillas, your life  
is glory in the world.  
when you are uncertain or confused  
heed this advice.

...

If you are ready in combat  
the best thing to do  
is to camouflage yourself and be patient  
better to kill one enemy and capture his weapons

than to kill thirty quickly  
and leave their weapons behind.

(Recomendação ao Guerrilheiro,  
by Assikulava)

The guerrilla is happy  
only fighting for his people,  
defending the wealth of his country.  
When that wealth is controlled by the enemy  
He is never content  
He rises with hatred against them.  
He carries out any task  
Necessary for the liberation  
of his homeland.

(Alegria dum guerrilheiro,  
by D. Savio)

Revolutionary gurrilla,  
his time of joy has harrived -  
it is the revolution.  
His greatest joy  
is to have a weapon in his hands,  
confronting the enemy,  
going into combat singing.  
When a man holds a weapon in his hand  
And there is hatred in his heart,  
Know that the cause is  
Colonial domination.

(O gozo da Revolução by Mchika)

Or an incitation to go, to pursue the glorious mission:

In the last moment of your life, you said,  
'Dear Comrade, take my gun...  
I can no longer fight,  
Too soon I was hit by the enemy's bullet.  
Quickly, take my gun and carry on...'

...  
I believe in you, Hero,  
Man with a heart of steel.  
I will follow your example  
with all my strength and dedication,  
for consolation as a friend  
and joy as a hero.

(Creio em ti heroi ((in death of  
Eduardo Tomé)), by Omar Juma.)

I am happy  
because I am a militant.  
I am full of joy  
because now I know what I saw and scarcely understood.  
I am a guerrilla  
I come from the people  
Not for strangers, never,  
But always for the people.  
The mission I have is glorious,  
By my deeds I am writing history, a long history,  
On a march I have no cares,  
because my mission is sacred...

(O Guerrilheiro em marcha,  
by Cosme)

Poetry presents the guerrilla fighter as the bearer of new values:

You, brother patriot  
You, martyr of the people  
You, red blood flowing,  
seeping into African soil.  
You, victim of modern slavery,  
Mozambique watches you  
The drum speaks of you.

(Mogumbo)

There he comes, armed and fierce,  
There comes the man who brings freedom,  
ragged and dirty, but with an iron heart,  
the guerrilla smiles and sings,  
He has no house, little food and clothes,  
He lives through suffering all  
The torrential rains beat against him  
The bitter cold bites harshly  
Still he smiles and sings.  
'I bring peace and freedom,  
With this weapon in my hand  
I'll drive out Salazar and his troops.'

...

(O Guerrilheiro, by Cosme)

And also, timidly, poetry starts prefiguring the future "after the revolution", and again it resembles a dream:

...

Black mother  
cradles her child  
and forgets  
that the grains of maize are withering in the earth

that the store of groundnuts vanished yesterday  
She dreams of wonderful worlds  
Where her child will go to school  
The School where The Men go to learn.

...  
Where her child will run and play in the street,  
In the street where The Men walk.

...  
wonderful worlds  
where her child will be able to live

(Sonho da mae negra, by  
Marcelino dos Santos.)

but in a different way from the one we saw before, because now the future already exists, it is contained in the present, as the exclamation, of wonder and exultation, tell us:

Your son is already free, mother!

(Poema de um militante, by  
Jorge Rebelo)

as we can see from the poetry which emerges from the prose of the party's declarations:

At night in the liberated areas the people of the villages gather by the fire and sing and dance in complete freedom, as in the time before the arrival of the Portuguese. The old people tell the children about the crimes the Portuguese practised against the people, when they occupied that territory. They tell them about episodes in the liberation struggle, the courage of our guerrillas. When the mothers want to frighten their children to make them quiet, they invoke the name of the Portuguese, as mothers in other countries invoke the bogey or the darkness. The Portuguese oppression in these regions appears now as a shadow which has passed.

(Message from the Central Committee to the  
Mozambican People, 25 September, 1967.)

3. When we say that poetry provides a new link between the individual and the social spheres, we refer to a phenomenon which is developing in the liberation struggle of Mozambique, as it developed in other revolutionary struggles. The Mozambican people are in the process

of reasserting their individualities, not as isolated individuals, but as individuals forming a new society. As this society will be different from the old one, free from all its repressions, so the individuals that will compose it will be new men:

younger brothers  
of an older century.

(Aqui nascemos, by  
Marcelino dos Santos).

If the creation of new men and of a new society cannot happen separately poetry is the perfect interpreter for all this. It is in fact the expression of a will, the will to reaffirm one's own creativity, but at the same time to communicate it to others and see their reactions. In this exchange, the subjective creativity is strengthened by the ascertainment of the existence of the same process in others: when we see the same will in others, we become more determined and at the same time we understand that the only way for putting it into action is to do this together with the whole community. The project of the revolution is a collective project, in which the individual exists and works for the society and the society is alive because it is based on the individuals and respects them. Poetry is the best mirror of the collective feeling, the co-operation which pervades the struggle:

Your anguish  
joined with mine  
will rise to strangle oppression  
your eyes  
Together with mine  
speak of Revolt.

...  
Your blood  
together with mine  
will water the seeds of victory.

(As tuas dores, Armando Guebuza)

If we were a disunited people  
there would be danger  
if we were a cowardly people  
there would be danger  
if we were a people without conscience  
there would be danger  
if we were a people divided  
as our ancestors were  
there would be danger.

If we wre unworthy of our task  
there would be danger  
but... THERE IS NO DANGER  
in an heroic people,  
a united people,  
a people filled with hope,  
a people who do not fear sacrifice.

(Haveria perigo, mas...nao ha  
perigo, by Machangwana)

It is one and the same voice, through the freedom fighter speaks the voice of the people, an individual who writes and yet writes for the whole people. There is no difference, whether the poetry is written in the first person singular:

I am a Mozambican, guide of the people.  
I am a sword of the people,  
clearing the tall grass, cutting a path,  
for our people to march forward.  
The blood of the Mozambican guerrillas  
is fuel to burn the grass,  
which pricks and stings the Mozambican flesh.  
That grass is the Portuguese.  
I am a son of the Mozambican people  
from the Ruvuma to the Maputo  
from the Indian Ocean to Lake Niassa

(Guerrilheiro guia do povo, by  
Ngwenbe)

or with a collective subject:

Enough of these massacres.  
I have suffered for five hundred years.  
I can bear it no longer,  
this forced labour.

...  
I suffered on the railways  
in the fields of cotton  
in the timber mills and on the sisal plantations.  
I can bear it no longer

...  
I can bear it no longer,  
This was said by the people,  
By those who suffered much  
from the very first day of invasion.  
The people say.  
I will bear it no longer.

(O povo disse, by D.S. Maguni)

The will of the people has become the will of every singlefighter, in life and death:

...  
" To die for one's country  
defending the people's interests,  
This death is heavy, weightiest of all,  
like Mount Gorongosa."

...  
But he who dies fighting  
Against the will of the people.  
He is disgraced.  
"His death is light, nothing, -  
as light as a feather."

(Morrer pela patria, by Luchwachwa)

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### Conclusion

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Poetry in the old world was the exceptional moment for a few exceptional men. This aspect of privileged communications was its force and its unsurpassable limit; to it we can ascribe both the relative freedom poetry enjoyed then and its inability to rejoin life and be a part of it.

Poetry in the new world which is being created promises to be of the same stuff as life, one of its manifestations, and at the same time pervading the whole of it. Because the poems we read are just a minimal part of the production, one expression of the amount of creative energy unchained by the revolution, which does not necessarily and always go into actions, thoughts, feelings. These poems are part of a larger reality. The proof is that poetry is no longer a specialisation: there is no poet left, because everybody is a poet. Tomorrow there will be no master left, because everybody will be the master of himself. This is the lesson of poetry and it is essential for the success of the Revolution.