

P.O. Box 402,
Maseru 100,
LESOTHO

3rd March, 1980.

Hello Maria,

It is 6.30pm, the sun is setting in the West, but already the stars have come out in their brightness hastening the sun away. In a little while the moon will appear and give Maseru an Alice in Wonderland sort of appearance. We have the beauty of nature in abundance, but so little of the beauty created by human hands. Yes we are part of the phenomenon that Fidel calls underdevelopment. Ours here in Lesotho is extreme. We are so dependant on aid, we cannot breathe without it, in the result our own initiative is killed.

My daughter was in an awful state when I returned. The plane from Mozambique stopped in S.A. for they said weather conditions in Maseru were bad. One of our comrades was arrested on the plane. This was a Lesotho flight. So I decided not to take it but to wait for Detta, a Mozambiquan flight. But when I arrived in Maputo I was informed the week before that Detta flight went to Bloemfontein in SA. So the ANC enquired why. The answer was that the pilot had lost his way. I was furious. I got onto the plane despite. I asked the portuguese speaking pilot if that plane went to Maseru. Good I said it had better not make any stops in SA. I sat right behind to tell him ~~don't~~ ^{forget} business. You fly for most of the way over SA. It was very sad going over my country.

Today the results in Zimbabwe have created havoc in the western world, but we have a chinese version. Certainly support for Zanu was had from China. But we shall have to wait before any assessment can be made. I trust it will make our own freedom closer. On the 11th November, 1965 when Rhodesia declared her UDF I sat in a lecture at University debating. Today I am in Lesotho a thousand miles from my own home seeing freedom come to Zimbabwe. Perhaps soon we too in 10 years time. Predictions are not for me & look the way I am talking. But I am so happy for my war torn neighbour. Lets hope they remember us in their hour of glory. So far nothing has been said, except that SA is a neighbour.

I returned to Africa with an awful cold & temperature. In Luanda I required anti biotics. My ear has been very painful & hearing not as good as when I was in Hungary. But with the Cold receding my ear feels much better. I am at work now having been away for so long that I dare not take leave. But I shall get the ear checked up as soon as I can.

It was so good being in Hungary. I was fascinated by what the Hungarian people were able to do with such extremely limited resources. I met some people who were so taken up with capitalism that I thought it would be best to let them have their dreams shattered. Of course some had no idea what it was all about but the West offered so much glamour that they were entranced. Coming from such an unjust society myself I was thrilled to see the quality of life enjoyed by the Hungarian people.

Thank you for having me, and for your kind attention to me. Have you read the book? I will be pleased to learn what comments you have to make.

Keep well.

Sincerely and with love,

Mrs Phyllis Ndifoo