

September 16, 1988

Dearest Phyll.

Two letters from you this week have made you feel closer. News of Hiroko's bomb has come this way. It sounds really bad. I guess I thought I might allow an election (naive!).

I am going to have to remember better what I write you. Your replies sometimes leave me confused. I don't know what I said about Muttwand and why is Cliff an asshole?

Suki's forays into travel-making made me ecstatic since they ~~have~~ brought me back down to human stature from ~~mountain~~ heights, in her estimation. I look forward to a fast test.

I also look forward to seeing Sarah here.

I'll be away in October, out West. I hope she arrives after that. The amazing thing is that someone else also wrote me of Din Swazi. I hope their reunion was not disastrous. ^{Spide as you do.}

Dan was pretty depressing in some ways for Mwalembe did not appear to have adjusted the socialist policies to economic realities. The absence of gross inequalities is very encouraging, but if it means uniform poverty and suffering it ceases to impress. Sometimes, it seems that the international front takes precedence over domestic needs. I was more encouraged by the Mozambican efforts. What do you hear?

Why the German ambassador as target?

24/9/88

About marriage, we both can not figure out any reason for it except children. Otherwise, it seems any significance it may have can exist without a ceremony; too many tinges of possession and false security for both of us to feel comfortable just now with the ritual!

I wish I could see the peach blossoms too; what a beautiful pink to be surrounded by. The poor women who have lost their modest income from peach sales!

Read a poem of someone you know this morning in the john; yes ~~the poem is well~~ as ~~the john~~ it reminded me of you, (the poem not the john of course),

At odd moments

At odd moments
my bullet scars will twinge.
When I am resting,
or when fatigue
is a continuous shriek in my brain;
and straightway
I am stiffened with resolve
and am aware of my task
almost with reverence
and with humility.

I must write to Bas, I have not forsaken him. His smile, what bullshit. If I did not like him so much, I would wonder about him too!

Love,
Rhonda