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Dear Mr. Tambo,

I sn a very pintle nurse.. .never thought of myself in political terns until the laÅ«t 10 years...yet so much has happened in those ten years to catapult ne further than I had ever eimagined... change from within is progressive...enlightenment a long journey.

The la at thing I wish to be is romantic acout the ccnditbns of oppressed people...nothing cute or quaint about abuse and suffering. I have been introduced to a book by women in the ANC MALI80NGWE ANC

WOMEN: POETRY IS ALSO THEIR WEAPON... its power never leaves ne

...

the ultimate torch of connection and awareness ...it lessens my isolation in New Mexico. Thank, you Women of the ANC.

Every day the situation in S-A. heats up and I hear your words as you calculate your futures and Tutu's and Winnie's...! am torn by the blood los^ of your people...much of this prevontable as Tutu's r>eÅ«enge haunts re, "What it it that the world waits for."

But, you know, even I, as an activist over a 10 year period cannot believe how truly ignorant I have been and for how long. Ironically enoagh there is hope in that realization. Unttl two years ago Africa wss in my subconscious...south Africa an aberration... no more.. .r.nd in two years tine its realities have con = uned ne and several thousand miles away the flesh and blood realities sit. A? you know, well, people go through stages, but I doubt if I will ever lose the oain I feel so deeply for the blooc you and your people shed as the young are snuffed and mutilated. Intellectually I CAN AND DO see toward liberat ion... logic prevails about what must be done...but the helpless smouldering oain renaine. It is visceral.. .and there is a reason for it and. it is

legitimate 11 Obviously it forces action, analysis and precise

response...1 look at your face these last few weeks for sone

cer^e of wisdom...so profound it all is.

Let it happen...this liberation...let it be as quick as possible., and no-Ane can tell me there is beauty in thousands and thousands of dead, young.. .beautiful martyrs.. .warriors, freedom fighters.. .there is no glory for them. .posthumous recognition

not a goal... just a filthy reality of wgr.. .toward liberation.

Cut and dried and it makes re vomit ...even if it is all necessary.

How inootent I feel isolated in the State of New Mexico...yet I am not truly impotent...I do what I can in my small way and the

^forces of change are more visible.. .and making SA ungovernable  
is ha-opening. . .and nothing in the present of future is accident.,  
and you and your people are winning over time.

I try not to be sentimental, too often, as It drains ones potential for action but my heart cioes break for those who must suffer to make it all happen...when all the world has to do is say stop...and the suffering would be reduced.

Ef?ch day I try to channel my anger into logical action...

This probably will never reach you...but I am dead serious when I say the intensity of your struggle, the absolute goodness of it...the RIGHTNESS...is also my struggle.

Commend your young students...your future leaders...for their attempts to sensitize and move a very uninformed public into act \* or...you were represented well in New Mexico...with \*Â«eke and Senti. You cannot go wrong with such leadership.

Amand la ... .

Sincerely,

ANNE ADAMS