

# VOICES FOR LIBERATION



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## The Death of Samora Moises Machel

A Funeral Eulogy  
by Marcelino dos Santos

The Africa Fund (associated with the American Committee on Africa)  
198 Broadway • New York, NY 10038

## Voices for Liberation

### The Death of Samora Moises Machel

The President of the People's Republic of Mozambique, Samora Machel, was killed in a plane crash on October 19, 1986. A number of other prominent Mozambicans also died in that crash. There is substantial evidence suggesting that South Africa was directly involved in Machel's death, although the Mozambican government is awaiting the outcome of an official investigation before making any charges. After the crash, Mozambique declared a sixty-day period of mourning for its fallen leaders and a large state funeral was held in the capital city of Maputo. In early November, the former Foreign Minister, Joaquim Chissano, was elected the new president of the People's Republic of Mozambique.

Machel's life, in many ways, embodied the struggle for liberation and justice of all the Mozambican people. His death has robbed the people of Mozambique, of Africa and indeed of the world of a great leader. Thousands of Mozambicans waited in the central square in downtown Maputo for days to pass by Machel's body as it lay in state at the city hall. Many African leaders and other international representatives flew to Maputo for the funeral. Nelson and Winnie Mandela sent a special message of condolence.

Marcelino dos Santos, a longtime fellow fighter in the freedom struggle and a leading member of the Political Bureau of the ruling FRELIMO party, delivered a powerful eulogy at Machel's funeral on October 28. Dos Santos spoke with moving eloquence of Machel's life, the struggle for independence and the goals that motivated Machel and all of FRELIMO. We reprint below a translation of the dos Santos speech that was distributed by the Mozambican news agency AIM.

FUNERAL EULOGY TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRELIMO PARTY  
AND PRESIDENT OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF MOZAMBIQUE

S A M O R A M O I S E S M A C H E L

Comrade President,

How shall we speak of you? How shall we evoke you as much and as well as you deserve, while there still echoes inside us the irreplaceable sound of your friendly voice? Your voice, sometimes vibrant with emotion, sometimes tender, always enveloping us like the embrace of a father, or of a brother, and, so often, with that simple tone of profound humanity. Only you knew the secret of its grandeur.

How shall we speak of you, if it was precisely to you we looked when searching for the most appropriate words, the most just ideas, to come closer to ourselves, to the soul of the people, to the heart of the world?

How shall we speak of you, Comrade President, while the shock of your journey from which there was no return still shudders through the body of the entire country?

How shall we tell you that we cannot accept no longer feeling the strength of your handshake, although there has remained within us the certainty of that warm and friendly hand resting for all time on the shoulders of our country?

What tears shall we shed for you, if during all our life, throughout the sacrifices, along the hard paths that led to our encounter with freedom, you did not teach us to weep?

What you taught us was to transform grief into redoubled strength, still more powerful than that which had caused the tears.

Tireless fighter, you fell in struggle against apartheid. An immense void has opened around us. Your death fell upon us suddenly, wrapping all Mozambicans in a heavy mantle of sorrow and anguish. With you there died a part of each and every one of us.

Voices from around the world, voices from Africa, voices from all continents, are reaching us by the minute. Voices in revolt, seeking the enemy that stole you from your friends. Voices in distress, crying out for the reason behind this loss without reason.

Voices from all over the world, voices of friends, voices of admirers, those many people in whom you sparked admiration wherever you went, wherever your paths took you. Voices of those who heard you and knew your ideals, your love for peace, for progress, for the well-being of all humanity.

Voices of comrades, of fighters, of those who are still struggling and still dying for the liberation of their peoples, for the construction of a motherland.

Voices of the humiliated, of the oppressed, prepared to lay down their lives so that freedom may be born, so that dignity may be imposed.

Voices from all over the world reach our ears, and are the guarantee that you have not abandoned us, because no one can die who lives on so much in the hearts of so many friends.

Representatives of people from all over the world, friends, comrades, companions in struggle surround us here in a farewell that shall never be definitive.

We know you are at our side, as alive as ever, and this gives us courage, infinite courage, to continue our struggle until final victory. Never more shall you depart. You shall be with us forever in every new battle, in every new victory.

We promise you, Comrade President: we are more than ever strong, united, secure and determined for the final battle against the enemies of the Mozambican motherland.

Comrade President,

There are few men like you, whose life has merged so completely with the history of their people.

To speak of you, of your ancestors, of the education you received in your childhood, is to speak of the age-old tradition of our people's resistance to Portuguese colonialism.

Your early years were peopled with the heroic memories of the wars that Sochangane, Muzila, Ngungunhane, Maguiguane waged against the invader.

Your father told you of the valour of your grandfather Malengani, the soldier who fought in the armies of three successive kings of Gaza, distinguished himself in all, and was rewarded with the epithet Maghivelani. Your father told you of the indomitable courage of this glorious grandfather whom you never knew: he told you how his body was marked with the honourable scars from wounds received in countless battles.

A short distance from where you were born there still stands today the leafy tree in the shade of which Maguiguane used to sit to receive those who visited him.

Nearby as a child you took your father's cattle to pasture. There you took part with others of your own age in the fights between shepherd boys, fights in which were traditionally forged courage, character and the indomitable spirit of the youngsters of a proud and warrior people. A people that never submitted, that always knew how to keep the flame of resistance alive, preparing for the moment when they would once again take up arms to expel the foreign occupiers from our land.

You grew up in this tradition. From your parents you learnt the will for freedom and the inalienable right to the land of our birth, enriched with the work of our hands and the sweat of our brows.

They also taught you that in order to beat colonialism it was not enough to struggle. It was also necessary to study, to be literate and numerate, to penetrate the secrets of science and technique.

For a Mozambican of your generation, study was in itself a struggle demanding victory in many battles. In the barriers that the colonial system put in the way of your desire to study, you encountered your first direct experience of the discrimination and profound injustice of this system which had already

robbed your parents of the fertile land they cultivated and had destroyed the house in which they lived.

When, in your desire to continue your studies, you left your birthplace, you were confronted, first in Xai-Xai, and later in Lourenco Marques, with new forms of exploitation, discrimination and humiliation.

Deep inside you an unbending will to fight against colonialism was being strengthened and developed. You learnt the tradition of struggle and resistance of our people in all corners of Mozambique. There beat in your heart the names of Bonga, Farelay, Mataca and many other heroes of the resistance. You experienced the suffering of our people, you wept for the martyrs of Xinavane and Mueda. You took part in the nationalist movement that was being born.

With passionate attention, you followed the struggles for national liberation in Congo (Leopoldville), in Algeria and in Vietnam. You followed the first African independence movements.

You knew that our time too was near, and you prepared yourself for it.

When Mondlane and other patriots founded FRELIMO, you joined immediately and you were among the first to go to Tanzania. A new and exalting chapter then opened in the history of our people. A new chapter also opened in your life. You left behind you your family, your friends, the very land where you were born. You abandoned the security of your profession as well as the relatively favoured status that you had already achieved in colonial society.

Without a moment's hesitation, you left all this behind to follow a dream. A dream that your parents and grandparents had also dreamed, a dream shared by millions of Mozambicans, the dream of an entire people. The dream of seeing free once more the land where our ancestors had died, and where we wish our children may grow up in happiness.

At that moment you merged your individual destiny with the historic destiny of the people to which you belong, and of the nation you helped bring into being.

The story of the boy who looked after cattle in Xilembene, the story of the adolescent studying at the Sao Paulo Mission at Messano, the story of the young nurse at Inhaca and in the Miguel Bombarda Central Hospital, were over.

At that moment began the history of the guerrilla, the fighter, the revolutionary, the leader who would know, as no-one else, how to embody the longings and aspirations of his people. And so, as from that moment, your destiny becomes increasingly identified with our collective destiny, as part of the life of each and every one of us. Your biography increasingly reads as an inspiring report of our struggle. Your life becomes history.

As from that moment, to speak of you is to tell the history of FRELIMO, the history of Mozambique.

It is to record how the first groups of young Mozambicans went for training in Algeria, endowing the people with the generous gift of their youth.

At the same time, it is to evoke how, from the first moment, we felt a difference in you, how your qualities made you stand out from all the others, until everyone recognised you as the best of the best.

FRELIMO therefore gave you tasks of increasingly greater responsibility.

The greater the responsibility, the more you rose to it, first to assume its stature, and then to become greater than it. You grew with FRELIMO, you grew with the increasing awareness of the people. You made FRELIMO grow, and we all grew with you.

A fighter from the very start, you sowed the seeds of the guerrilla army that was to liberate the country. In Kongwa, under your leadership, the lengthy process of training men to win the war was begun.

You trained soldiers. You transformed men without education into conscious fighters for the liberation of our country.

When necessary you took command personally in opening new fronts, in consolidating others, in deepening the people's war.

You always understood the training of fighters in the broadest sense. For you, training soldiers was not merely about teaching them military discipline, tactics and science.

Essentially it was to train men to be aware of the goals of the struggle, and to be clear as to the definition of the enemy. Men with a revolutionary morale, with exemplary behaviour, whose relations with the people would be faultless.

It was to train men with a creative spirit, capable of building, and of producing from the earth the goods essential for life, thus mixing, as you would say, intelligence with mud.

From the very start, you defended intransigently the rights and dignity of women. You were among the first to grasp that the liberation of women was a basic condition for the triumph of the revolution, and that women would only be liberated through participation in the principal task.

When the enemy, through a criminal and cowardly act, robbed us of our first President, it was to you that we all turned. It was in you that we all recognised our new chief who, born and steeled in the struggle itself, would be capable of continuing the undying work of Mondlane and leading the battle to final victory.

That was why we chose you as our President.

In you we had the leader who courageously took up the deep need to solve political problems inside the Front so that the struggle could advance victoriously. You made us understand the importance of exemplary behaviour as a determining factor in marking us apart from the enemy. You were the main architect of the qualitative change that transformed the national liberation struggle into a revolution.

You were the fighter who struck no deals, the man free of preconceptions, the leader whose only enemies were the enemies of the people. You therefore enjoyed the moral and political authority to point out errors, criticise deviations, propose solutions and apply them, even when, of necessity, they were harsh and difficult. You taught us that it is also in the body politic that wounds must be cauterised if they are not to infect and contaminate everything around them.

You were the great mobiliser of the fighters and of the people for the permanent development of the struggle. Under your leadership the fighters displayed profound love and respect for the people and therefore became their best-loved sons.

Unity based on clear principles, political and ideological coherence, discipline consciously undertaken - these qualities brought FRELIMO to the admiration of the entire world.

In you, we had the chief, the comrade, the friend who knew how to win the admiration, respect and love of every militant and of the entire people.

In you we had the political and military strategist who guided us to victory over a powerful colonialism, already five hundred years old.

You brought in person the joyful news of victory to the people from the Rovuma to the Maputo. And, from the Rovuma to the Maputo, in the guerrilla bases, in the liberated zones, in the towns and cities, the entire people, united as one, with one voice speaking our many languages, welcomed you and proclaimed you their liberator, their loved and unrivalled chief, in a huge and jubilant plebiscite.

These were the exultant moments of victory. In the shining dawn of independence we had to begin the building of the Mozambican state.

Always your eyes, while attentive to the realities of the moment, envisaged the perspectives of the future. Unshakeably sure of victory over colonialism, you sought the nature of the state that would be built after victory in the process of struggle, in the new life that was arising in the liberated areas, in the deep reasons for our struggle, and in the dearest longings of our people.

The basis for the Constitution of the People's Republic of Mozambique was contained in the works that you wrote during the armed national liberation struggle. It is the product of your brilliant and revolutionary thinking.

During the struggle you would say: our principal weapon is unity. The country that you imagined is the country of all Mozambicans, the country of equality, regardless of race, colour, tribe, ethnic origin, sex or creed.

You yourself gave the most important thrust towards national unity. You are the unfading symbol of our nature as Mozambicans. We will always remember how you used to point to our flag and proudly state: this flag flies over us all.

We will never forget how you would refer to the anti-racism of our society, and how you would declare: this is our sophisticated weapon.

You raised the fight against racism to such a level that it became a basic component of African nationalism.

For you it was not merely a matter of accepting the collaboration of citizens of all races. You taught us that on no continent can nations be defined in racial terms.

For you anti-racism was not something merely tactical: it was a principle on which you would never yield. Today, in our country, people of all races share fully the same rights and the same duties.

These ideas were reflected not only in your political positions but also in the way in which, completely free of any preconceptions, you would relate to people of all races, in the choice of your friendships, throughout your personal life.

In each individual, you would see exclusively their specific qualities. In mankind in general, the universal dimension.

During the struggle you would say: we are not fighting to change the colour of the exploiters, to replace oppression by foreigners with oppression by Mozambicans.

The struggle for independence was of the people. The state too should be of the people, of the workers and peasants. You conceived of and directed the building of the state as the extension to the entire country of the people's power that was born in the liberated areas, and of the revolutionary gains that bloomed there. Under your leadership, the land was returned to the people, education ceased to be a privilege for the few, the hospitals and the apartment blocks were opened to Mozambicans, the legal system became a people's justice.

The mechanisms of oppression, of humiliation, of exploitation and of discrimination generated by colonialism were laid low. Guided by your thought and by your action, we built the people's democratic state, an instrument in the hands of the people for bringing into being their deepest longings: freedom, peace, progress, social justice.

During the national liberation struggle, you would insist that we should rely above all on our own strength, march forwards always on our own legs. This was the way you taught us, and we grew from small to large, from weak to strong.

This was also the way in which you viewed the enormous tasks of national reconstruction that we faced. Your voice would mobilise our people in a powerful way. You would teach planning and organisation. With you we learnt to overcome complexes, and to take the destiny of the country and the building of the future into our own hands.

Under the impetus of your encouragement, Mozambican hands learnt how to handle tractors, cranes, locomotives, learnt how to make factories operate, learnt how to work with combine harvesters, learnt how to use the doctor's scalpel.

You taught us that politics should always be in command.

From the nature of the struggle, from the aspirations of the people, from the experience of organising life in the liberated zones, you took the definition of a society in harmony with these. A society without exploitation, a society of free and equal men. A socialist society. It was towards this new goal that you guided us.

Under your leadership, we created the Frelimo Party, the vanguard party of the Mozambican labouring classes.

Under your leadership we formulated the ideology of our Party, through a synthesis of the Mozambican people's experience of struggle and the universal principles of Marxism-Leninism. This ideology is deeply rooted in our people's history and values, and steeled in the fight against oppression and exploitation.

Always during the liberation struggle, even in the sharpest moments of combat, you would remember that the war was imposed by the enemy, that we were fighting it to establish peace in our land.



You were a brave guerrilla, a strategist of genius, a firm commander - but you were also always a tireless fighter for peace. You knew that war is not a vocation, and cannot be the destiny of peoples. Heroic commander of heroes in armed combat, you would proclaim with emotion the future heroes of peaceful struggle for the development, progress and prosperity of the people.

You conceived of the Mozambican Armed Forces (FPLM), which you created and commanded, as exclusively for the defence of our country, as a guarantee of our independence and sovereignty, for the preservation of the territorial integrity of our country.

Marshal of the Republic, the missions that you gave to our soldiers were always aimed at restoring the peace that was violated and thwarted by forces of war and aggression. Under your leadership, our soldiers always raised high the weapons of freedom, justice and solidarity.

With these weapons we defeated the Rhodesian aggressor. With them we confront today criminal hordes of armed bandits, and with these weapons we shall also defeat this enemy.

Firm in the command of the war against banditry, in the defence of the independence and sovereignty of our socialist motherland, you always sought out the correct path to secure peace for our people and for the other peoples of the region.

In the humanism of your great heart you felt that peace is the fundamental condition for the happiness of peoples, and in the clarity of your lucid mind you knew that it is.

This was the message that you took to all corners of the world when you were tirelessly taking part in the search for solutions to conflicts and were energetically and dynamically defending fraternal cooperation between nations.

It is mainly through you that the world knows the Mozambican people, our personality, our dearest longings, and our achievements and gains.

Your activity in the international arena, the activity of a great revolutionary leader, and of a statesman of universal stature, put the stamp of the Frelimo Party and of the Mozambican state throughout the world.

Your name is and will remain linked to the most important of causes, to the basic peoples' struggles of our times. It will never be possible to study anti-colonial and anti-imperialist struggle without studying your thought and your actions.

You always fought consistently against apartheid. You understood apartheid as a problem for all humanity, because you perceived that what is at stake in South Africa is the very definition of humanity. You had a deep loathing for the racist system. You considered that the destruction of apartheid would be the liberation of the entire South African people, of both the oppressed majority and of the white minority, imprisoned behind the bars of fear that they themselves have built. You therefore used to say that only when all reach the top of the mountain of equality would they be able to see the beauty of their country and of the South African people.

Death did not permit you to see this ideal of yours realised. But history will prove you right, something that not everyone may yet understand.

Comrade President,

You fell at a crucial, difficult moment in our history. The prolonged aggression against our country has already left deep wounds. We do not have the tranquillity we need to rebuild our land. We still suffer from hunger. The efforts that we undertake to relaunch production are constantly sabotaged by our enemies. We still face the raggedness, the ignorance, the backwardness inherited from colonial domination.

With you we had the certainty of removing the obstacles. With you we did not know fear, doubt, or hesitation. With you everything was possible. You were certainty, you were the path

Now we must learn to continue. Comrade President, we will know how to go on struggling. Because your grandeur has not been extinguished. You have remained with us, with each and every Mozambican. You remain alive, present. You gave the form and the content to our future. You have overcome the limits of time, and so you will continue to guide our struggle, our hopes.

We will know how to win through. We will know how to overcome this profound grief and look to the future. You defined what targets we must aim at in our struggle, you taught us to hold high our weapons. We are going to attain still greater heights. We are going to grow stronger from this rage we feel against those who have stolen you from our company.

We will strengthen the Frelimo Party, which you knew was the condition for all victories. We will deepen the leading role of the Party in every place, in every sector.

By carrying out your guidelines, we will strengthen our army, we will pass onto permanent offensive. Our Defence and Security Forces will grow in organisation, training, discipline, and combat morale. As you so dearly wished, we shall make Nachingwea flower again in every politico-military training centre. Increasingly, our soldiers will become models of behaviour, courage and respect for the people. Our soldiers shall follow the example of the heroic guerrillas who, under your command, defeated the colonial army. We shall liquidate armed banditry and foreign aggression.

We still have very much alive in our minds the clear directives you gave to us on the eve of your departure. The goals that you laid down will be achieved.

The roads shall be cleared of criminals and highwaymen. There shall be no more massacres of communal villages. In their schools our children shall never know terror. The hospitals that we build shall not be destroyed. Our people shall know peace and tranquillity. We shall achieve all this because we are a people whose unity has been consolidated with your blood and strengthened by your memory. Those who come after us will be able to take pride in these heroic years. The light of your example shall remain as a source of inspiration, a motive of pride and renewed confidence.

We are going to develop our mass democratic organisations, arms of the Party. Mozambican women, and our young Mozambicans shall know how to respond to the constant concern you had for them.

In the voices of our children the "flowers that never wither", as you used to call them - your name shall be remembered with infinite tenderness. Eternally you shall be Papa Samora.

Our trade unions, and the socio-professional organisations that arose on your initiative shall not lose heart with your physical disappearance. The most important thing, you used to say, is organisation. Victory is prepared, victory is organised. You have already achieved the most difficult part.

You gave us the weapons, and the knowledge with which to use them effectively. We shall be faithful to your commitment, and to your approach.

We shall continue building the structures of People's Power, the Peoples' Assemblies. Each assembly shall be more efficient, more functional. The deputies shall have specific tasks. They shall participate on the economic and cultural fronts, and on the fronts of education, health and production.

We shall practice your profoundly humane way of living. For you, other people were always worthy of attention, nobody was a cipher. Your firm gestures were at the same time charged with tenderness and friendship.

We shall harvest this example of yours. We shall keep alight your humane manner of governing, loving and serving the people.

You were a unique leader: you were to be found in the streets, in the factories, in the barracks. You did not wait for reports, you were not limited to your office walls. No formalism hindered you from direct contact with the people, with life. There was no other priority: the problems of the people were always your first concern.

You dealt implacably with abuses of power and injustice. You denounced illegalities, even when they originated from inside our own structures. We pledge to impose respect for legality, we will fight against arrogance and arbitrary behaviour.

You taught us the grandeur of our country, you stimulated in us a pride in being Mozambican. You encouraged us to understand that our society is complex, and to respect the diversity which is the richness of our culture.

Through your own example, you taught us a method of leadership, our own way of exercising power. We learnt from your teachings. In the People's Republic of Mozambique, People's Power shall be exercised in this living and all-encompassing way. We shall always be present at the sites of struggle, of production, of construction.

We pledge to hate as you hated the traitors to our revolutionary cause. We pledge also to point our arms within, to neutralise those who grow rich on others' misery. We will apply the principles of our option for socialism, we shall solve the people's problems.

We are armed with your example. We are armed with our irreversible gains. Though harassed by war, we are capable of turning our unity into an impregnable fortress.

We are already Mozambicans, citizens without race, without tribe, without distinction of origin or of creed. We are a people that has risen to an awareness of its place and its role in history.

We shall not abandon our internationalist principles. We shall maintain unchanged our support and solidarity for the struggle against racism, colonialism and oppression. The People's Republic of Mozambique will continue to be the secure rearguard for the struggle of other peoples. No force, no obstacle will be able to divert us from the path we traced with you.

Graca,  
Joscelina,  
Idelson,  
Olivia,  
Ornila,  
Ntewana,  
Samito,  
Josina,  
Malengane,

The Machel family,

Comrade Graca Machel, dear sister,

For our President, you were the dedicated companion, the exemplary wife.

You were able to take on the sacrifices imposed by the multiple tasks that the Revolution gave to you both. You knew how to divide yourself between your state responsibilities and your duties as a wife and a mother.

You turned your home into a pleasant retreat where our leader could rebuild his strength for new battles.

In an exemplary manner, you knew how to accept the role not only of wife of the head of state, but also as the companion of a man of universal stature, loved by his people and respected and admired throughout the world.

Comrade Graca, dear sister. We are with you in this sorrowful hour. We will always be with you.

In Nachingwea you knew the rigours of military training, you knew the liberating combat, you knew the sweat of the hoe, you knew the warmth of revolutionary comradeship.

Since the first moments of our country's independent life you took up leadership tasks. You have carried out the missions with which our people entrusted you in an exemplary manner.

Our revolution still needs your dedication, your intelligence, and your ability to mobilise cadres and militants, transmitting to them what you have learnt from President Samora.

We know that nothing can diminish the immense gulf that has opened in your life.

But we wish to tell you that in each one of our families you have a family, in every Mozambican you have a brother, or a sister.

Your children are our children.

To the children, to the brothers, to all members of the Machel family, we wish to say that the Mozambican people, from the Rovuma to the Maputo, share your immense grief.

Comrade President gave us the example that it is in the arms of the family that one learns love for the motherland and respect for society.

Comrade President was the head of your family. But he was also the head of the entire Mozambican family. All of us, therefore, weep for our father, our brother, our uncle.

Your tears are our tears.

Let the courage of the people, in this hour of grief, be also your courage.

President Samora,

Here we make the solemn pledge that we shall continue your work, that we shall remain faithful to your example as a man and as a fighter.

We swear to defend, with our very lives, every inch of land in our sacred country.

We swear to consolidate still further our national unity, the weapon and tool of victory.

We swear that we shall build the Mozambique of your dreams, a developed and prosperous country, the socialist Mozambican motherland.

Your dreams are our dreams. Your struggle is our struggle.

Comrade President,

Now the most difficult moment for all of us has come, the moment of farewell.

But we are only delivering your body to the earth. You remain with us.

We will never say farewell to you. A people cannot bid farewell to its own history.

SAMORA LIVES !

A LUTA CONTINUA !

by Marcelino dos Santos

October 28, 1986

-- translated by AIM