

Dear Chris, 26.11.77 Box 3647, Lusaka, Zambia
Pls forgive the three weeks of silence: it's not that you haven't not been in our thoughts - especially on the momentous November 15, when I trust you received a good wishes message from me via Reuters - but from the 6.30a.m. rise to 10.30 bedtime I've been overwhelmed by the combination of settling in tasks (ranging from trying to buy a car and fridge - unsuccessful - to clearing up accreditation and work permit - successful) and working on the survey, for which copy must be in by December 7. As you know, Bridget has been here for the past two weeks, and her extraordinarily good contacts and insights have been invaluable. In another letter I'll give you an account of who we saw and what was said, by which time I trust I'll will have gathered together my thoughts and written my part of the survey.

Back to the beginning: Heathrow was a nightmare. Apparently power cuts had affected the check-in systems, and the q's stretched almost out onto the pavement. We picked the wrong q, an outside one subject to side forays by latecomers. Our baggage was so vast that we simply couldn't compete, and for nearly an hour and a quarter moved hardly two yards. I really thought we might miss the flight, even when the Aeroflot passengers were called to the front. We slumped exhausted into our seats, with not even a get to come - drinks (apart from a very acceptable glass of wine with the meal) are not served on Aeroflot flights. Nor are the contents of the seat pockets attractive - only an airsick bag, and in my case the previous occupant had filled it. But after that inauspicious start things have gone really well. More detail in a circular letter I'll be sending, but in brief: evening in Moscow, straight to the Aeroflot hotel - tourist class, no plugs in the bath, stout lady on each floor eyeing guests from behind her desk; breakfast of eggs, rolls, jam and coffee; then clutching our tourist transit visas the number 12 bus (free, an honour system which as foreigners we felt we wld admire but ignore - mainly because at that stage we hadn't changed our money); Intourist for maps; alas, Red Sq closed for a large 60th anniversary parade; but a fascinating hour or so in GUM, the huge department store rather like a vast market of stalls under a glass, pillar supported ceiling; trip in the excellent Metro, as clean, airy, efficient as everybody says, to the massive State University; back to the city centre, walking back towards the hotel to catch the 3.30 bus to the airport. Dar via Cairo, Khartoum, Entebbe - lovely at early morning, clean and as well tended as Sby airport - and humid Dar where we were unexpectedly met. A swim in the bath-warm Indian Ocean, supper at an Indian restaurant, train at 6.40pm the next day, leaving on the dot (more of the journey in the circular) Kapiri Mposhi at 6.00 a.m. on the dot Sunday morning. Collected by our splendid landlord, and at lunchtime we were sitting round a pool at a lunch party given by a nearby Lusaka farmer, with the conversation much as one wld expect at Centenary. I think had I mysteriously been transported there from London I wld have woken in a cold sweat, convinced I was back in Rhodesia. The nicest thing is tt officials and businessmen cld not have been more helpful. It is so extraordinary to be within the establishment, as it were, chatting with ministers, perm secretaries, party officials, leading businessmen and not

is a list of BBC programmes and frequencies for S.ern Africa; RBC presents no difficulties of course. It really is excellent - pls tell Des. We look forward to seeing him here. (By the way, John Borrell will take messages - TX40360.) I'm running out of space: I'm so sorry that Tony's FT deal didnt come off. Bridget gave the FT account: in essance, as I understand it, Tony called it off because he wld not accept the continuing FT insistence that not only did his story have to be double checked but that he hd to provide "full disclosure". I don't have the full picture, but I fear the FT never really appreciated what an ordeal the whole matter has been for Tony - partly because of his astonishing composure, combined with that first class ability to put his ideas on paper. Alas, alas....but the cork will still come to the top. Christopher, your kindness and hospitality and tolerance was overwhelming and I deeply appreciate it. Surely, given that yr foreign desk responsibilities will include s'ern Africa, you will be able to take a £270 return ticket to Bar and allow me to meet you at Kapiri Mposhi off the Tazara express, and a few hours later set you, by the poolside with a Zambeer? I hope so. Letters between here and Sby take, abt 3-4 days, and I've spoken twice to my parents. - good to be so close, and we might meet at Xmas. Internal settlement? See New Statesman Jy 77!