

Postcolonial People

Having built much of their wealth, power, and identities on imperial expansion, how did the Portuguese and, by extension, Europeans deal with the end of empire? *Postcolonial People* explores the processes and consequences of decolonization through the histories of over half a million Portuguese settlers who “returned” following the 1974 Carnation Revolution from Angola, Mozambique, and other parts of Portugal’s crumbling empire to their country of origin and citizenship, itself undergoing significant upheaval. Looking comprehensively at the returnees’ history and memory for the first time, this book contributes to debates about colonial racism and its afterlives. It studies migration, “refugeeness,” and integration to expose an apparent paradox: The end of empire and the return migrations it triggered belong to a global history of the twentieth century and are shaped by transnational dynamics. However, they have done nothing to dethrone the primacy of the nation-state. If anything, they have reinforced it.

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Postcolonial People

*The Return from Africa and the Remaking
of Portugal*

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Aos desassossegados

Poor people – having arrived “only with the clothes on their backs” – or rich people – who converted the capital they accumulated in the colonies to splendid cars and hard currency – ; timid and embarrassed people – eager to quickly start a new life in the Portuguese community – or haughty people – seeking impossible rematches and futureless vengeance; people now implanted in a society they never got to know beforehand or simple returnees to the conviviality of their families; honest people or crooks; people longing to return to Africa or definitely rendered incompatible with the new countries there – these are the “retornados” among us, whose stories History will tell one day, and certainly with brushstrokes so rapid and cold that forthcoming generations will hardly fathom what this fight was that the Portuguese fought in order to receive among themselves something like ten percent of their population, and, with this fight, break away and set off in irreversible directions.

Óscar Mascarenhas, 1982

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Preface

The photograph on the cover of this book was taken in Carvoeiro, southern Portugal, on the morning of December 7, 2014. I know this for a fact because I took it myself. The previous night, I had finished a four-hour interview with a man who goes by the pen name of Arthur Ligne. A key actor in this book, he is a *retornado*, one of more than half a million people, most of them white settlers, who left Angola, Mozambique, and other parts of Portugal's crumbling empire for the so-called metropole around 1975. They came to Lisbon and other places in Portugal as a result of the 1974 Portuguese Carnation Revolution, itself the product of Portugal's colonial wars, a revolution that became intertwined with the last wave of twentieth-century decolonization in Southern Africa.

They were not the only ones. After the Second World War, and over the course of three decades, 5–7 million European settlers, and others associated with them, left their Asian and African colonies as these territories became independent. Seeking refuge in their countries of origin and citizenship, they came to Italy, the Netherlands, Great Britain, Belgium, France, Spain, or Portugal. Rather abruptly, at least from their perspective, decolonization's winds of change transformed these settler communities, whose lives had been tied to the overseas empires, into postcolonial people in an existential sense, as Frederick Cooper remarked.¹ The hardships they faced and the challenges they posed to the receiving societies in Europe as they migrated back to their respective metropolises were considerable. Nowhere were these challenges as dramatic as in Portugal. In just a couple of months over the summer and autumn of 1975, hundreds of thousands of people, most of them destitute and embittered by their loss, arrived in a tiny, impoverished country. At the time, Portugal was caught up in political turmoil after a domestic revolution had toppled Europe's longest dictatorship and

¹ Cooper, "Postcolonial Peoples," p. 169.

ended its rule in the colonies – a rule that elites, but also popular culture, had celebrated as vital for the nation’s grandeur and for its bare survival. These postcolonial people increased Portugal’s resident population by a staggering 5–7 percent. They entered a society turned upside down where hardly anyone was waiting for them, where jobs and housing were extremely scarce, and where political parties and ordinary people were experimenting with their newly won freedom in a political climate bordering on civil war.

Postcolonial People argues that we cannot understand Europe’s postwar history without considering the history of mass immigration by returning settlers from the colonies. The book further contends that Portugal offers a privileged vantage point for the study of this history. Having built much of their wealth, power, and identities on imperial expansion, how did the Portuguese and, by extension, Europeans deal with decolonization? How do empire and colonialism both die and live on in the postimperial metropole? How does the process of decolonization itself remake communities and nations? This book tackles these questions by telling the story of Portugal’s returnees. Looking for the first time comprehensively at their history, it exposes a seeming paradox: the end of empire and the return migrations it triggered belong to a global history of the twentieth century and are deeply shaped by transnational dynamics. They have done nothing, however, to end the primacy of the nation-state. If anything, they have consolidated it.

As the book’s title indicates, the returnees, these quintessentially post-colonial people, found themselves at the center of a multisited remaking of Portugal. Like most book titles, this one is imperfect, probably most conspicuously so in that it may suggest a sort of triumphalist narrative in which returning settlers heroically rebuilt the nation. Such a narrative exists, in fact, in popular renderings of the returnees’ history. But this book is, among other things, an attempt to dismantle and historicize this very myth with its colonialist overtones. Whatever their contribution – for better or worse – to Portugal’s economy, demographic evolution, politics, and mentalities, I do not seek to celebrate the returnees, or to condemn them. Rather, I use them as a lens through which to explore how the Portuguese nation changed through decolonization. Writing histories of migration always means more than writing the histories of migrant groups. It is also a powerful way of looking at the categories and the dynamics of inclusion and exclusion that constitute societies – a way of writing history *tout court*. In the case at hand, the settlers-turned-migrants help us see how a new welfare state and rhetoric of national solidarity were crafted in a postimperial nation; how a new citizenship law ethnicized the nation’s legal and cultural borders, adding more

openly exclusive elements to the inclusive racism of empire; and how settler memories of and nostalgia for empire survived decolonization, even as the returnees were expected to assimilate into a new nation turned toward Europe instead of Africa.

The book's title, then, points to the power of the nation as an idea and as a set of institutions that shaped decolonization and were reshaped by it. Those so inclined may visually associate both this resilient power and this reshaping with the stretch of wet sand on the beach of the cover photo, the diluted contours of which curiously resemble those of the Portuguese nation-state today, as my colleague and dear friend Márcia Gonçalves once observantly pointed out to me. But beyond this odd coincidence and the circumstances of its production, the cover photo bears no obvious relation to the book's content – and that's exactly how I like it. I could have chosen one of the intriguing historical photographs that we have of this migration, some of which have been included in the book. But all of them, even the most iconic ones, like Alfredo Cunha's photo of the crates with the belongings of returning settlers strewn around the Monument to the Discoveries (see Figure I.1), only show a specific part of the history that is recounted here and leave other aspects out of focus. Also, none of them connects the history of the returnees to the postcolonial present, as this book tries to do. My preference is therefore for a photograph that is less tied to a specific historical moment, and more open for the viewer's associations. If you like the cover photo, I think you will appreciate my photo website. If you do, please leave me a little note on www.christoph-kalter.com. I would be happy to hear from you.

I started this book project in 2011. Throughout the decade that followed, I only worked on it full-time for one and a half years or so. The rest of the way, I squeezed the research and writing into the hours between my mostly enjoyable teaching and supervision duties. For this reason and for many others, this book didn't turn out to be as comprehensive as I initially had in mind, and I am aware of its limitations. But luckily, scholarship is a collective and collaborative enterprise, and others will add new vistas and pick up the threads that I haven't pursued – and maybe disagree with some or most of what I wrote. While I am looking forward to their contributions, I look back with gratitude on the deep immersion into the returnees' history that these years have afforded me. As for the present, this fleeting instant between the past and the future, I am proud to bring to you the fullest account of this defining moment in Portuguese and European history that exists so far. This book has been a pleasure to write, and I hope you will find it a pleasure to read.

Acknowledgments

I am on Susana's balcony. It overlooks a part of Lisbon, but it feels as if I can see the whole world – or, at any rate, all that matters in the world at this moment. Down there, on the right side of my view, lies the Praça da Figueira. Tomorrow morning, I will get my Portuguese breakfast of coffee and *torrada* there. Gazing out a little further, I can make out, on the opposite hill, the viewpoint of São Pedro de Alcântara. From a distance I cannot see them, but I know that the hill is covered in tourists and how beautiful their view of the city is. The sun is already out of sight, setting behind the red suspension bridge that was designed with a nod to San Francisco. Although the sun is gone, the buildings are still glowing in the last light of day. Gaspar and his mother are busy in the kitchen behind me. A plane enters my field of vision, lazily drawing a line across the evening sky, from left to right.

Thinking back to the time I have spent in Lisbon researching for this book, I am filled with deep gratitude to Márcia Gonçalves, Sofia Reis, Susana Sequeira, and Virgínia Ribeiro for their generosity, hospitality, and friendship. Although somehow I doubt that they will read this, I am also grateful to Cesária Evora, Orquestrada, Capitão Fausto, Sophie Hunger, António Zambujo, and the others who provided the soundtrack for a research journey that often felt like a love story, full of people, neighborhoods, a language, a history, and the thrilling feeling of learning something new about the world and about myself. I thank Antoine Acker, Bruno Machado, Christiane Abele, Cláudia Castelo, Cláudia Ninhos, Isabel dos Santos Lourenço, Márcia Gonçalves, Miguel Bandeira Jerónimo, Miguel Cardina, Samuël Coghe, Victor Pereira, and many other historian colleagues, for discussing my research and for providing me with the tips, contacts, and ideas that, as a newcomer to Portuguese history, I was so dependent on and so grateful for. Massive thanks must go to Elsa Peralta, who may be the scholar in this world who currently knows most about the *retornados*, and who generously shared with me her thoughts, contacts, and, occasionally, her supportive criticism. Thank you also to Amândio Reis, Andrea Acerbi, Gaspar Tavares,

Acknowledgments

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Another time, another place. I am gliding on my bike through the morning air, up College Ave, toward campus. I am moving swiftly and effortlessly, caressed by the light breeze that has found its way from the ocean up into the hills. In my memory, the weather in Berkeley is always the same – invariably pleasant. Something between 15 and 18 degrees to start the day – Celsius of course, I have never managed to interpret the Fahrenheit that the news anchor announces in his modulating voice every morning on Barbara’s old radio. By the afternoon, the temperature will reach the low or mid-twenties. Berkeley is a place to think deeply and a place to take in the beauty of the world. Everything is strange here, at least initially: the conversations, the behavioral codes, the vocal fry, the kale salad, even the squirrels. Everything is wonderful, or so it appears in my memories. My own nostalgia for the Bay Area has helped me take seriously, as a historian, the longing that some Portuguese former settlers express for the life they left behind in Angola.

Be that as it may, I thank the universe and, slightly more specifically, the Humboldt Foundation, which awarded me sixteen months as Feodor Lynen Research Fellow at UC Berkeley, for the opportunity to research, write, and live in California in 2015/16. My application would not have been successful without the commitment of my host Stefan-Ludwig Hoffmann, who also made sure that I met all the cool people at UC Berkeley, helped me in many other ways, and is always great to talk to. Special thanks must go to Jeroen Dewulf, director of the Institute of European Studies at UC Berkeley. He organized a workshop on post-imperial migrations with me, where I learned a lot from Claire Eldridge

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(who became a dear friend over the course of the decade that I worked on this book), Jordanna Bailkin, and Pamela Ballinger. Besides Jeroen, I wish to thank Admir Skodo, Catarina de Morais Gama, Deolinda Adão, James Vernon, and Rebecca Herman for inspiring conversations on my research. Christopher Johnson, Christopher Lawson, Fantasia Lynn Painter, Maelia DuBois, and Ryan Nelson were at that time graduate students in a class I taught. They were all openhearted, motivated, and exceptional thinkers. Quite unrelated to UC Berkeley, Katie Hamaker, Soo Chun, and Barbara Johnson were generally awesome. Barbara also taught me how to write checks, a forgotten art in my native Germany. Brittany Hildebrandt, Jacqueline Stuhmiller, and Kari Kiernan were friends who made all the difference to me. I will never forget Bean, the dog I have loved the most in this world.

Europe again. The old main building of Deichmans Bibliotek, Norway's biggest public library, is a neoclassical beauty from the interwar period. A 1932 fresco by painter Axel Revold occupies a central wall. It celebrates technology, science, and poetry. As a historian, I feel vaguely included in the second and third item on that list. The building, reading rooms, and wooden furniture are made from venerable materials and are decked out in somber but soothing colors. They fit Oslo perfectly. I am grateful for having had a boss in Berlin who allowed me to spend as much time here as I did. I did not come to Norway for work, particularly, although I did write for countless hours in the Deichmanske, surrounded by the senior citizens of Oslo reading up on anything from impressionism to knitting, and by teens constantly checking their phones while doing their high school assignments. My actual reason for traveling to Oslo, right from my first visit – I broke my wrist, but that was trifling compared to everything else that happened during those three days – was quite different. It was in Oslo that I fell in love, have been in love, and have built a love against many odds. This time, the love was not for a place or a language, but for you: min Kirsti, my lover, my best friend, my partner. I wrote parts of this book in Oslo, but what is a book section when compared to the shared chapter of life that you and I are writing? I pray, or the secular equivalent of praying, that we will keep making new chapters together until I die. Academic things did happen in Oslo, too, and for them I want to thank Daniel Maul, who invited me for an Erasmus Plus exchange at the Universitetet i Oslo's history department. There I was able to present my research, meet terrific colleagues, and teach in the Modern International and Transnational History MA program. Our lunches on Blindern campus were a door-opener, not least mentally, to an academic career up north, and my recent move to Norway was in some ways an echo of these encounters.

Of the twenty-four years I lived in Berlin, I spent twenty-three as a member of the Freie Universität Berlin. Still, I do not feel any particular tenderness for this institution. What I do feel very affectionate about, however, are my years (2011–2020) as an employee at the university's history department, the Friedrich-Meinecke-Institut, first as Wissenschaftlicher Mitarbeiter, then as guest lecturer, finally as guest professor. Here I was blessed with fabulous colleagues. Many of them were connected to Sebastian Conrad, my academic mentor and friend, the Global History MA program, and the exciting collective efforts in research and teaching that we liked to call the Berlin Centre for Global History. Personally, I do not think that there ever was a better time or place to collaborate in the collegial, creative, mutually supportive, and hopefully student-inclusive way that we did. I cannot name everyone who was a part of this unique experience – you know who you are. But I must mention Camilla Bertoni (who is the best thing in history to happen to global history), as well as Joseph Ben Prestel, Michael Goebel, Minu Haschemi Yekani, Sebastian Conrad, Sebastian Gottschalk, and Ulrike Schaper. I learned more from them than I can even begin to express here, and not only about history. I also benefited tremendously from our brilliant and engaged students, among them the participants of a study trip to Lisbon in 2018 and the students who took part in a class on postcolonial migrations in 2019/20. Among the student assistants who supported this book through their work are Barbara Uchdorf, Matthias Thaden, Jannis Girgsdies, Jennifer Bencivenga, Julius Redzinski, Romy St. John, Stefanie Feser, Stefanie Senger, and particularly Friederike Höhne and Matthew Steffens, who digitized a ridiculous number of photocopied pages from Portuguese newspapers. I send a very special thank you to Jürgen Zepp, who generously donated part of this pile, together with other excellent primary sources, so I could use them to write the book that he had intended to write in the 1980s, before he got sidetracked by life and other career opportunities.

Reviewer 1 and Liz Friend-Smith, my editor at Cambridge University Press, convinced me, through gentle humor and patient negotiations respectively, to cut down the original text by over a third. I am grateful to both, and I think that readers will be, too. The process was laborious, but the finished book is less verbose and (I hope) more engaging than the original manuscript. More generally, Liz has been a wonderfully expert and kind guide through the publication process. Joan Dale Lace turned out to be exactly the professional and conscientious copy editor I had hoped for. Still at Cambridge, thank you also to Elliot Beck, and particularly to Lisa Carter, who, on top of handling everything else related to the

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For better or for worse, the Anglosphere has become so dominant in academia that many readers will find it unremarkable that I wrote this book in English. However, for the record, I would still like to state my pride in this achievement. I received my first, very basic English instruction at the age of thirteen, at a time when there was no internet to help me improve my language skills, only vinyl records by The Cure and AC/DC. I've come a long way since then, and for a crucial part of this winding path, I was lucky enough to have a truly dedicated, highly skilled, and utterly reliable companion: my friend Kari Kiernan, who has a wonderful blog on "Real life despite my best intentions" (www.cerealfordinneragain.com), and who gracefully shouldered the Herculean task of proofreading the entire manuscript before I sent it to my publisher. I cannot thank her enough, especially as alongside her proofreading she even found the time to send me little instructive missives on topics like "On 'since,'" or "Why we don't use 'thus' in every second sentence."

My first full winter in Norway was long, dark, and wet, but finally spring is in the air, although the chilly wind is not providing any clear indication to me of a change of season. The trees are budding, and the seagulls are racing around, excitedly yelling at each other in dense and impenetrable conversations. Yes, seagulls, because I live in a city by the sea now, surrounded by beautiful hills. It is a picturesque coast, slightly pompously nicknamed the "Norwegian Riviera." Who would have thought that I might end up here? I definitely did not. It is in Kristiansand that I write these acknowledgments. Every new place is a

long-term experiment. Excitement and pleasant surprises alternate with quotidian frustrations, a disquieting feeling of disorientation, and bouts of longing for what is left behind. Settling in means finding the people, the spots, the views, the foods, and the habits we love. It requires slow, patient work. I thank Christa Wirth, Hilde Vinje, Kristin Andersen Håland, Nils Hallvard Korsvoll, Nils Martinius Justvik, Josephine Munch Rasmussen, Odin Lysaker, Øyvind Tønnesson, Reidar Salvesen, Susan Erdmann, Trond Bjerås, and many others for having welcomed me so warmly at my new academic home, the Universitetet i Agder. I look forward to the coming years here.

But even as we anticipate the future, we constantly live in the shadow of the past. We must take it seriously for our own sake and for the sake of everyone who lived through it. I have done my best to take the history of the *retornados* very seriously. Any errors of fact and judgment that persist in my account are entirely my own. My deep gratitude goes to all who have helped me along my path of researching, thinking, and writing this book.

Note on Translations, Archival Sources, Prices, and Language

All quotations from Portuguese, French, and German primary and secondary sources have been translated by the author. The same goes for Portuguese acronyms that have no established translation.

Several acronyms in the footnotes refer to the archival records that were consulted for this work. Readers will find their meaning in the general list of abbreviations.

In Chapters 2 and 3, I reference sums spent by state or other actors or claimed by returnees in *escudos*. The Portuguese escudo (PTE) was Portugal's currency prior to the euro (EUR, from January 1, 1999). In primary sources, alongside *escudo*, we often find the word *conto* – the unofficial multiple of the *escudo*: one *conto* meant 1,000 *escudos*, i.e., 1 *conto* = 1,000 PTE. The escudo was used on the Portuguese mainland, Azores, and Madeira. In Portugal's African colonies, the *escudo* was generally used, with Portuguese and sometimes local coins circulating alongside banknotes issued by the Banco Nacional Ultramarino, rather than those of the Banco de Portugal used on the mainland.

It is not easy to understand what the sums cited in the primary sources represented for contemporaries in terms of their actual value because, firstly, we need to relate these sums to the prices of basic consumer goods and services at the time and, secondly, because the high inflation over the course of the period studied here turns the value of any sum into a quickly moving target. Addressing the first issue would require research that was beyond the purview of my study. As regards inflation, the Portuguese Instituto Nacional de Estatística offers a useful tool that translates currency values from one point in time to another, covering the period from 1948 to the present (at the time of writing up to 2020). It is based on Portugal's official consumer price index. For the book, this instrument (www.ine.pt/xportal/xmain?xpid=INE&xpgid=ipc, accessed July 1, 2021), set to “Atualização de valores entre anos/Índice de preços no consumidor (Média anual)/Escudos,” was used to convert the sums cited in PTE in the primary sources from the 1970s to their 2020 values in EUR.

Finally, a word on the adjectives used in this book to refer to groups and individuals in racial, ethnic, or cultural terms. Even the mainstream *New York Times* announced in July 2020 that it would start “capitalizing Black when describing people and cultures of African origin.”¹ Following the lead of antiracist scholars, intellectuals, and activists, the intention of this spelling reform was to highlight the socially constructed nature of race (as opposed to the received idea of it being a natural or biological reality). It was also a move designed to give visibility to and express deep respect for Black peoples’ shared history, culture, and social identity.

I support both goals and therefore follow what by now has become standard across many publishing houses, i.e., capitalize Black. In line with what seems to be something like an emerging progressive consensus in language politics, I also spell white with a lower-case letter – a move that is seen as a conscious denial of equal treatment, and thus as a step toward redressing a power imbalance which has historically dramatically favored white people. I feel less comfortable with this decision, however, as I find worthwhile the argument given by Kwame Anthony Appiah that both Black and white are “historically created racial identities – and whatever rule applies to one should apply to the other.”² What is more, I find the argument brought forth in Critical Whiteness Studies important that capitalizing White is an efficient way of marking the privileges that white people have arrogated to themselves. Key among these privileges is precisely the social invisibility of Whiteness, “which permits White people to move through the world without ever considering the fact of their Whiteness. This is an incredible feat, through which White people get to be only normal, neutral, or without any race at all, while the rest of us are saddled with this unpleasant business of being racialized,” as Eve L. Ewing points out.³

These counterarguments and the ongoing discussion notwithstanding, I generally write Black and white. I do not capitalize Black in every instance of the text, however. The reason for this is that doing so would have led me to use the uppercase “B” in direct (but translated) quotations from white Portuguese historical actors who – most of the time likely, oftentimes demonstrably – were racists precisely in that they believed race to be a natural marker of difference and/or in that they did homogenize and discriminate against Black individuals and communities of color. Capitalizing Black in these quotes from the past would have had the effect of either veneering these actors’ racism, or simply being incongruous and anachronistic. When quoting, I therefore render

¹ Coleman, “Why We’re Capitalizing Black.”

² Appiah, “The Case for Capitalizing.”

³ Ewing, “I’m a Black Scholar.”

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their use of black with lowercase “b,” while capitalizing *my* use of Black when speaking as the author of this book.

In general, outside of direct quotations, I write Black and white whenever the perception of individuals and groups according to historically created racial identities is relevant to the context at hand. In all other cases, I use more specific terms such as African, Afro-Portuguese, Afro-descendant, biracial, Angolan, Portuguese, and so forth.

Abbreviations

ADIDEL	Associação Distrital dos Desalojados de Lisboa = District Association of the Displaced from Lisbon
AEANG	Associação dos Espoliados de Angola = Association of the Despoiled from Angola
AEMO	Associação dos Espoliados de Moçambique = Association of the Despoiled from Mozambique
ANFANOMA	Association nationale des Français d’Afrique du Nord, d’outre-mer et de leurs amis = National Association of the French from North Africa, Overseas, and Their Friends
APODETI	Associação Popular Democrática de Timor = Timorese Popular Democratic Association
APRU	Associação dos Portugueses Refugiados do Ultramar = Association of Portuguese Overseas Refugees
BE	Bloco de Esquerda = Left Bloc
CAC	Centro de Alojamento Colectivo = Center of Collective Accommodation
CAR	Comissão de Alojamentos de Refugiados = Commission of Housing for Refugees
CDS-PP	Centro Democrático e Social – Partido Popular = Social Democratic Center – People’s Party
CEPML	Comissão de Extinção da PIDE-DGS, MP e LP = Commission for the Abolition of the Political Police, Portuguese Legion, and Portuguese Youth
CIARA	Comissão Interministerial de Apoio aos Refugiados e Apátridas = Interministerial Commission for the Support of Refugees and Stateless Individuals

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CIFRE	Comissão Interministerial de Financiamento a Retornados = Interministerial Financing Commission for Returnees
CND	Comissão Nacional de Desalojados = National Commission of the Displaced
CODUP	Comissão Distrital dos Desalojados Ultramarinos do Porto = District Commission of the Overseas Displaced in Porto
CR	Conselho da Revolução = Council of the Revolution
CSI	Centro Social Independente = Independent Social Center
CTA	Centro Temporário de Alojamento = Temporary Accommodation Center
CVP	Cruz Vermelha Portuguesa = Portuguese Red Cross
cx.	caixa = box
DGS	Direcção-Geral de Segurança = Directorate-General of Security
EEC	European Economic Community
ELP	Exército de Libertação Português = Portuguese Liberation Army
EUR	euro
FFH	Fundo de Fomento de Habitação = Fund for Assistance in Housing
FICO	Frente Independente de Convergência Ocidental = Independent Front of Occidental Convergence
FNLA	Frente Nacional de Libertação de Angola = National Front for the Liberation of Angola
FRAUL	Movimento Nacional de Fraternidade Ultramarina = National Movement of Overseas Fraternity
FRELIMO	Frente de Libertação de Moçambique = Mozambique Liberation Front
FRELIP	Frente de Libertação de Portugal = Portugal Liberation Front
FRETILIN	Frente Revolucionária de Timor Leste Independente = Revolutionary Front for an Independent East Timor

List of Abbreviations

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GBP	British pound sterling
GDP	gross domestic product
GREEA	Grupo de Refugiados das Ex-Colónias Para o Esclarecimento e a Acção = Group of Refugees from the Ex-Colonies for Enlightenment and Action
IARN	Instituto de Apoio ao Retorno dos Nacionais = Institute for the Support of the Return of Nationals
ICRC	International Committee of the Red Cross
INATEL	Instituto Nacional para o Aproveitamento dos Tempos Livres = National Institute for the Good Use of Leisure Time
IORE	Inter-Organização dos Retornados = Inter-Organization of the Returnees
IOS	Instituto de Obras Sociais = Institute for Social Works
LARA	Liga de Apoio aos Refugiados Angolanos = League for the Support of Angolan Refugees
MAR	Movimento de Apoio ao Refugiado = Support Movement for the Refugee
MDLP	Movimento Democrático para a Libertação de Portugal = Democratic Movement for the Liberation of Portugal
MFA	Movimento das Forças Armadas = Movement of the Armed Forces
MLSTP	Movimento de Libertação de São Tomé e Príncipe = Movement for the Liberation of São Tomé and Príncipe
MML	Movimento de Moçambique Livre = Movement Free Mozambique
MPLA	Movimento Popular de Libertação de Angola People's Movement for the Liberation of Angola
MRPP	Movimento Reorganizativo do Partido do Proletariado = Reorganizing Movement of the Proletariat
NATO	North Atlantic Treaty Organization
NOK	Norwegian kroner
OUA	Organization of African Unity

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OECD	Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development
PAIGC	Partido Africano para a Independência da Guiné e Cabo Verde = African Party for the Independence of Guinea and Cape Verde
PALOP	Países Africanos de Língua Oficial Portuguesa = African Countries of Portuguese Official Language
PCP	Partido Comunista Português = Portuguese Communist Party
PIDE	Polícia Internacional e de Defesa do Estado = International and State Defense Police
PLD	Partido Liberal Democrático = Liberal Democratic Party
PPD/PSD	Partido Popular Democrático/Partido Social Democrata = Popular Democratic Party/Social Democratic Party
PPM	Partido Popular Monárquico = Popular Monarchist Party
PREC	Processo Revolucionário Em Curso = Ongoing Revolutionary Process
PS	Partido Socialista = Socialist Party
pt.	pasta = folder
PT/ADPRT/ AC/IARN	Portugal/Arquivo Distrital do Porto/Administração Central/IARN = Portugal/District Archive Porto/Central Administration/IARN
PT/AHD/MNE	Portugal/Arquivo Histórico Diplomático/Ministério dos Negócios Estrangeiros = Portugal/Diplomatic Historical Archives/Ministry of Foreign Affairs
PT/AHU/IARN	Portugal/Arquivo Histórico Ultramarino/IARN = Portugal/Overseas Historical Archive/IARN
PT/CD25A	Portugal/Centro de Documentação 25 de Abril (Coimbra) = Portugal/Documentation Center 25 April (Coimbra)
PT/CVP	Portugal/Cruz Vermelha Portuguesa/Arquivo Histórico = Portugal/Portuguese Red Cross/Historical Archive

List of Abbreviations

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PT/RTP/DPA	Portugal/Rádio e Televisão de Portugal/Direção de Emissão e Arquivo = Portugal/Radio and Television of Portugal/ Directorate Broadcast and Archives
PT/TT/CR	Portugal/Arquivo Nacional Torre do Tombo/ Conselho da Revolução = Portugal /National Archive Torre do Tombo/ Council of the Revolution
PT/TT/EMA	Portugal/Arquivo Nacional Torre do Tombo/ Ernesto Melo Antunes = Portugal/National Archive Torre do Tombo/Ernesto Melo Antunes
PTE	Portuguese escudo
PTSD	post-traumatic stress disorder
Renamo	Resistência Nacional Moçambicana = Mozambican National Resistance
RTP	Rádio e Televisão de Portugal = Radio and Television of Portugal
SAAL	Serviço Ambulatório de Apoio Local = Mobile Local Support Service
SARA	Serviços de Apoio aos Refugiados e Apátridas = Services for the Support of Refugees and Stateless People
UDP	União Democrática Popular = Popular Democratic Union
UDT	União Democrática Timorense = Timorese Democratic Union
UN	United Nations
UNDRO	United Nations Disaster Relief Organization
UNHCR	United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees
UNITA	União Nacional para a Independência Total de Angola = National Union for the Total Independence of Angola
UPA	União das Populações de Angola = Union of the Peoples of Angola
USD	US dollar
USSR	Union of Soviet Socialist Republics

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