

Pauline de
Dr. Kenneth Kuntze
Maputo.

24/12/77.

Dear Jilland Paul, Pauland Jill,

Thanks for your letter dated 2/12/77. I hope you are well installed in your new premises - life without a phone must have been hell/bless.

Re Justice in Mozambique: the piece is coming along well, too well in fact. I've completed the section on law in the liberated zones, and have nearly completed an analysis of the constitution. And it already comes to more than 3,000 words. What I would like to do would be a pamphlet - ~~the~~ length piece I 8,000 - 9,000 words in toto. If this could be published somehow (in instalments in People's Power? does it want it?) it should be interesting in itself and a useful complement to the Law and State bit on Mozambique. I have a second season for favouring (1978) instalments, and that is that some time next year, I believe, the whole justice system is going to be re-vamped. The present set-up is an amazing mixture of advanced and archaic forms, extremely difficult to describe. A lot of things just happen, without a proper framework or clear criteria. Fortunately, people seem to settle their affairs pretty effectively without law, in a way they could never do without, say, health or education. Well, that is what I'd like. What are the possibilities? (I would, of course, clear anything I sent). Let me know what is feasible/appropriate - I'll conform.

One greeting for the New Year, to yourselves and to all the cooperantes presently in London!

- Alice.

Dear Jill,

This is just an informal note to you, not a letter to MAGIC - it's partly to convey a little worry, partly to pass on some of the pleasure I feel at being here. The worry is about Henry & Bettie S. - they've had their share and more of setbacks, and it's taken a toll. I've heard indirectly, and possibly inaccurately, that Henry is going to be given a language test in the near future, and if he can't satisfy his interlocutor, his contract will be in jeopardy. As far as I know, there's no structure here amongst the cooperants which can thrash out the situation, or work out a constructive, reasonable type of solution. I see them from time to time, and respect them very much as comrades with a life-time of political work behind them, but find the subject too fraught to discuss with them, especially as I don't know what the practical alternatives are. They are very tense, and possibly deprive themselves of many of the joys and pleasures of being here. [later: maybe the position is less bad than I thought - I feel I shouldn't interfere].

I find this an amazing city to be in. Some mornings I set off just to buy a newspaper or have a cup of coffee, not knowing what the day will hold, and I bump into people, and meet others, or see a notice in a window, and things happen, and some hours later I find myself at a concert or a film, or some other cultural event, or walking along the warm, fragrant avenues in some animated group, and I wonder: how did I get here, how did I meet these people, where am I going? Then I just switch off the surprise, and allow myself to be carried along. And it happens all the time - people

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ugh Maputo, journalists, anthropologists, ^{and} ~~my~~
me, or leave notes on my door or just walk into
my work. I seem to know scores of students, and dozens of
neighbours from the 'clearing'-up operation after the hail storm,
and people from the 'Self' cafeteria, and when I walk down
the streets, I'm always being waved to and waving
(and I do walk down the streets, and walk and walk and
walk). During the week my life is a little more
structured, but only a little. For the first weeks, every
journey to and from the Faculty was a joy - just to pass
the barracks and the prison and the grand homes of the
colonialists, and to feel the changes, the victory, to
celebrate privately and joyously with each step, to see
the affirmations of socialism on the walls, the red flags
flying against the clear blue skies, and then the flowers,
the glorious blossoms of my youth, it was so beautiful
physically, I scribbled lines of poetry on scraps of paper
I found in my pockets, I walked around in a dream,
in a state of elation. I am still in a dream, though I
take the miraculous signs for granted. I wrote a little
poem in Portuguese the other day, an exercise for my language
class, called 'Excuse-me'. Excuse me for interrupting, I said
to the children playing on the corner, but I'd just like to
shake your hands, for performing a little miracle, right here
in front of me, every day, and you don't even notice it,
black, brown and white, playing together on the street corner;
excuse me for interrupting, ^{but} I come from South Africa,
and normality affects my mind. ^{Excuse me.}

I wish all the people from Britain could share in this sense
of joy. But I realize the experience is different. All the time
I find myself consciously or unconsciously comparing what I
see with the reality of South Africa, and feeling a sense of
triumph not just at the defeat of the colonialists and the

... at the victory of the progressive
and the assertion of popular power. What to
might seem ordinary or even tame when compared
their images of Cuba, or China or Vietnam in struggle,
to me is ~~often~~ glorious: to see the people who
formerly walked tentatively in the streets, to see the
former servants and fetchers and carriers for the colonists,
to see the old women with headscarves to whom no one
in their lives spoke kindly let alone asked their opinions,
to see the dockworkers and hotel waiters and cleaners
at the University, raising their fists in affirmations of
the new power, this is the real source of my elation.
Even the position of the whites who have stayed on, and whose
ways and habits seem to be specially irksome to many
cooperantes, comes through differently to me - I compare them
with the South African whites, and see how their lives
have been transformed by the change in the world around
them, and feel how much they have changed from being
the centres of power to being relics of an earlier society,
and then I also notice how many young whites and even
some older ones, have made the transformation from being
anti-fascist to be pro-people's power, and how they make
positive contributions to the new society.

Some people seem to spend all their time discussing
prices and the weather. Both can be pretty extreme, but
really. †

I suddenly realise that for some people this is a kind of
(chronic) exile, while for me it is a near return to home.
England and the English way of life seems so normal and
ordinary to the English - for us who migrated there, there
were so many strange ways of doing things, so many
adjustments to make, so many adaptations of style and
expectation - and they exacted a price, the kind of price.

ambigüe exciting from some of the
and then there are the others: blossoming as people
filled with ideas, stronger in every way than I build
them. And yet others: more disciplined, more organised
inside themselves, more together, their frantic excitements
shaped into balanced enthusiasm, calmer in their
relationships.

I too feel much calmer. It's such a pleasure to be in
a world where the basic structures and attitudes are right
to get real pleasure from work, to live in such a
supportive environment. The little anguishes and longings
of life in London, the tensions and preoccupations, the
tentativeness of life, seem all to have dissolved. When
the public part of life is rich, the private part is
well anchored, imagination has a firm foundation. I
didn't choose to be on my own, but apart from some
terrible pangs from time to time and a sense of
surprise at being a 'dad' and not being a 'dad' I
must say, I'm thriving. Struggle goes into work, language,
for walking - writing letters! - and not into personal
relationships. It's so peaceful ~~and~~. Part of my pleasure

With caloroso greetings -

Albie.
