

Dear Daphne,

Well, at last I've started that long letter that I've been promising myself I'd write to the Faculty, and been looking forward to, since it's a real pleasure to write to people you like, about being happy. I've had a wonderful nine months here. From the moment I landed, quite literally. The warm feeling - warm weather, people showing friendship openly, I was at home straight away. I can imagine people from Britain who've been living away for, say, ten years in a different setting, returning, say on an autumn day, a little chilly, a little damp, leaves everywhere, a fire in the garden or somewhere, the smells, the soil textures of deep memory revived, and instantly feeling at home; well, for me it was something like that, especially ~~since~~ when I walked the streets, and saw the hedges and trees, and picked up the heavy fragrances I'd long forgotten, a perfume in the air. I loved the sun beating down on me; sometimes when friends stopped to offer me lifts I refused because I preferred to walk in my heat-dream state, and feel the sun on my shoulders. But the flowers and fragrances, the sea and the avenues, these were just the setting - they could have made as miserable as I was happy. if I didn't like what was happening to

20/7/78.

the people, how they ² related to each other. So, the big thing, the source of a real personal joy, was returning to the world of my youth, and feeling free to enjoy all the splendour. There are enormous problems here, if you count them all up, this society doesn't seem to have a chance, ninety per cent illiterate, people speaking half a dozen different languages, nearly the whole technical cadre gone back to Portugal, Smith and Voster on the borders, big raids into the country. And then came floods and a terrible hailstorm. There are queues for bread, the buses are hopelessly overcrowded and break down, the majority of people even in this elegant city live in reed houses lacking the most elementary services. And yet, these are halcyon days for people, the sense of transformation, of being in history, the ever-present friendliness, an amazing lack of violence. I spend hours on the streets, partly because of lack of transport. I am waving and being waved to all the time. I walk everywhere at all times of day and night, and not only don't feel fear, but don't feel I'll be molested in any way. There's a park I often cross late, late at night. I hear frogs croaking, the stars are bright in the clear air, and instead of feeling ~~fear~~ afraid because I'm all alone, I feel pleasure because it's all so lovely, and because, even in the midst of great

apheavals, the parks are ^{5.} beautifully looked after. Sometimes I walk along a sand-track short-cut from the University and meet the inhabitants of the shantytown on their way home. The first time, I think, I saw an elderly woman with a pile of sticks on her head, coming my way. 'Good afternoon, comrade,' she said as she passed. I could hardly believe my ears - an elderly African woman, the most despised of people, whom no one ever spoke to, greeting me in such a friendly and equal way. [I'm not trying to write about the politics of it all but to let you know what it meant to me - a bare-footed woman with sticks on her head, and she seemed so pleased to be able to greet me and be greeted back. And this in southern Africa, where black and white just don't have ordinary contact.] Now I am used to these spontaneous greetings, to the general friendliness of people, but I get continuous pleasure out of the lack of tension, the lack of 'up-tightness' and aggression. In South Africa there is an ever present sense of violence and people are cut off from each other. In England everyone seemed so wary (in retrospect) afraid of being tricked, exposed, robbed, deceived, embarrassed. It's not just here that there is this easy openness - I sense that Sebastian finds the

4.

in Lesotho, which in many ways is a very different society. But what to me is so remarkable, so encouraging, is that here this sense of welcome and friendliness comes so soon after bitter war, after massacres in the villages, and against a historic background of slavery (literally) and massive forced labour extending right up to 1974.

About my work? It's all so different, and yet... My desk is the same - papers piled up, articles, newspaper cuttings, correspondence, work in hand. We carry our habits around with us, especially our bad ones. But someone tidied it up the other day - less inhibition about touching other people's papers, just made neat little piles, and I'm behaving myself a little better. And also, at the end of my course on P. International Law, when I had a frank retrospective session with the students, they made the same criticisms as did the students in Southampton. And there are little currents, tendencies, based on personality mixed with orientation, in our Faculty just as in every other one I've been in. But the whole world isn't just an extension of Southampton Law Faculty! The juridical base of our teaching is quite different - people are used

Continental Codes and ⁵learned commentaries, to systematic structure of thought and tight philosophical reasoning. Many of the students too are products of the Seminaries, used to the same style but at a lower level, with more repetition and less originality. And the new directions are also totally different - to create new community courts with simple procedures, to draft new manuals in everyday language. The political setting is also totally different, with different assumptions about the nature of the state and the role of the University. Then we have no back-up at all - virtually no books except for a library left us by a departing judge whose collection is totally out of date and out of phase, but not old enough to be of historical or antiquarian interest (there's a big campaign on now to save old books and documents - nation-wide); virtually no secretarial assistance; a photo-copying machine, but no paper; a duplicator, but always a hassle to get ink; office workers who study at night and are knocked out during the day. The head of our Faculty is a former judge with little experience of administration outside a court, and it shows sometimes. (I who would have thought that I would ever want more meetings, not less; and things like minutes, agendas etc.). Then, what a mixture of teachers -

the Dean, a former judge, a strong intellectual, impulsive temperament and quiet manner, another judge, this time from Moscow who gives a 'straight' course on criminal law, an Italian professor of political science, a Brazilian philosopher, a commercial lawyer from Lisbon (my friend João - John - we arrived at the same time, explored the city together), an East German constitutional theorist, and me. What about the Mozambicans? Well, at the time of independence three years ago, there were only four Mozambican law graduates in the whole country, not a single judge or prosecutor. One of these four, now head of Foreign Securities at the Bank, teaches part-time - arrives at 7 each morning, and gets to the Bank at 8. Another Mozambican who visits us is of Goan (Indian) origin, Sorbonne-trained, a brilliant elusive person, who travels around with the President. But otherwise, the Mozambican teachers are only in 'formation', in the third year of a four year course in fact. Four of them, selected on their marks, average age about 21. In two years time, they will be the core teachers in the Faculty. Meanwhile, the other third and fourth year students have suspended their course for two years, and have gone out to the Provinces to institute a totally new court system of 'popular

tribunals. ~~They~~ They ⁷ are also acting as judges
of appeal, legal advisers to the Governors, and
the persons responsible for legal education wherever
they go. One of my friends, Fernando, writes that
in two months he and his colleague have
spoken to 20,000 people about the law, the
constitution and the new courts. The first trial
of the first new community court was attended
by 500 people! He is 22, I think. We have
only one graduate from the Faculty, - she had completed
a year at Lisbon or Coimbra University before
starting here. She is chief legal officer in Sete,
one of the largest provinces, where the giant Cabra
Bassa Dam is, sophisticated, senior judge there
(the only judge there - she had to explain what
a judge was, before saying she was it),
and she is 21. Every week I have lunch with
a husband and wife who are both judicial officers,
he in the mornings, in the minor offences court,
she in the family court. In the afternoons he works
in the Ministry of Justice, ~~drafts~~ in charge of
drafting codes for the new courts. They are both
20. Then, on the other hand, we have people in
their fifties, even their sixties, taking up law - the
President of the Children's Court worked for years in a

or somewhere, always wanted to do something in the social work / law area, and now he is a fourth year law student, according to the courts. Because of their practical experience the students know much more about law in Mozambique than we do, but we have ideas, and experience from different countries and different systems. The really interesting things are what we all in our different way simply take for granted. So, teaching has quite an edge. When you know you are training virtually the whole judicial and professional corp for the next period, the people who will institute a whole new system of justice. And contacts with colleagues are always interesting - it's interesting even to see what we can be learning about in our different ways. And the mixture of languages, a real Tower of Babel. I do a lot of English teaching, formally & informally. French used to be the ~~second~~ first foreign language here, but now English is taking over. There's one person in Mozambique learning Russian - I see him when I go to language classes. He's a biologist, quite famous as a scientist, going to Moscow to receive a prize, and he's 86 (and all the language teachers hold him up as an example when urging us to do our homework!)

For six months I've been ^{9.} lecturing in Portuguese. The students help me. The first day was terrible - I was so ashamed at having learnt so little, after three months of language classes, I tried to write my lecture out - it didn't work. So I went in and spoke - and found myself talking a kind of Portuguese. I'm still weak. Lecturing is relatively easy, when you control the material and can work within your limited vocabulary to say what you want. Meetings are much harder - especially the jokes and asides that make them bearable. Sometimes everyone in the room is laughing except me, and I don't know whether to be sociable and pretend, or to be honest and keep a blank face. And ordinary conversation can be tough, when you don't yet know what the theme of the discussion is. Sometimes at a meeting, I am all choked up with things I want to say - I put up my hand, and try to get it out, but the words don't come quickly enough, or there aren't enough of them, and I feel I am just gasping and gurgling like someone who's had a stroke, and wants to say something, but can't get his or her muscles to move.

10.
Rosa, Queres que eu escreva em Português, mas
eu não tenho rapaz só ^{no fim de} para mostrar a minha
rapacidade - preciso de mais incentivo. Eu
escrevo poesia em Português, para libertar os
meos sentimentos (é mais fácil escrever poesia na
língua estranha, usando ~~um~~ vocabulário restrito,
sem uma super-abundância das palavras); escrevo
textos dos exames em Português, para avaliar os
estudantes; ^{pequenos relatórios} cartas ao meu director, para comunicar
as ~~meas~~ ideias. Mas ~~nao~~ ^{nenhuma} carta á Rosa para
mostrar fluência. (?) Então, escreve a mim, uma
carta em Português, sobre assuntos Justin Lusitano,
(no sentido geral, não sentido politico!), e eu vou
responder na mesma língua. Mas deve ser uma
verdadeira carta, sobre ideias e pensamentos verdadeiros!
Como vai a vida da tia? Se faz favor, dar-lhe
os meus melhores votos, sinceramente. Eu tenho
pensado muitas vezes sobre ela, especialmente ~~a~~ a sua
maneira de ensinar Português, que eu apoio total-
mente em relação das pessoas que querem falar
Português e não só a ler e escrever. Mas também ^{penso}
sobre os sentimentos dela ~~em relação~~ acerca do
Mocambique. Os Mocambicanos são tão generosos
aos Portugueses - é incrível. Não há nenhum
racismo, nenhuma recusa de falar a língua do
colonialismo (a actual 'língua de unidade nacional')
É um grande paradoxo de história, que a Felino

vai introduzir a toda população a língua do colonialismo - o plano de alfabetização é alfabetizar todos os adultos na língua portuguesa, dentro de 8 anos. O Felino vai conseguir, ou pelo menos tentar, atingir um objectivo dentro de uma década que o colonialismo não atingiu dentro de seculos.

Chega. Como os Moçambicanos dizem - ta, ta!

I often think back on comments made to me just before I left Southampton. Gerald wanting to know how I could think of going to Mozambique, and saying: look what's happening in Cambodia. What really comes home to me is that there is a much variety - historical, cultural, even political - in the so-called communist world as there is in the so-called capitalist world. One of our students, working in the Ministry of Education, recently was a member of the President's group visiting which visited North Korea, China, Mongolia and Hungary. I was of course interested in his comments, and his first observation was how different they all were: he had praise and reservations about each, clearly not intended for publication, but made nevertheless - N. Korea: cult of the personality, great achievements such as 9 year compulsory education, but all attributed to one man; China - impressive transformation internally, but a weird foreign policy; Mongolia - starting with nothing,

big advances, but not ¹² really independent;
Hungary - very European, impressive people, but
a bit pre-occupied with their own developments.
And here am I in Mozambique - very African, with
a popular dance festival involving 200,000 people
in all, and a President who starts all his speeches
with songs, dividing the guests at State dinners
into four parts, in a city populated by technicians
from every U.N. Agency (extremely popular with the
U.N., no corruption, serious attempts to involve the
people in building up their society), as well as by
'cooperantes' from all over the world (I forgot to mention
that we are expecting an American family law expert
and a Cuban planning law expert in our Faculty soon).
I also meet lots of British people here - doctors,
dentists, archeologists, language teachers, nurses,
biology teachers, all interesting people who've made
a big leap coming here, nearly all working extremely
hard - and we talk, talk, talk. I find myself
involved in discussion of tree-planting, chicken-
breeding, house-construction, mothers in children's
wards; about sculpture and films; about the ruins
of Monomatapa. I've picked rice, helped make chicken butches,
planted garlic and swept out under grapefruit trees;
done art reviews, compiled a 60 page guide to Maputo,
collected and helped translate basic documents on the law

13.

constitution, collected materials for and designed a four page newspaper supplement on Bulavie in South Africa (I even wrote a little poem for it in Portuguese to fill an empty space); written three articles for different journals; completed a 80 page film script as a sort of response to the play of Jail Diary - it just came out, when I was writing a letter; composed a show; designed silk-screen posters. I am also committed to writing manuals this year on Public International Law and Family Law - and Mozambique will get it first case-books! But with materials relevant to the major conceptual (and practical) problems here, and definitely not in the philosophical mode.

Daphne, it must be a pleasure for a change to get a long piece of my handwriting only for reading and not for typing. That book that you worked so hard on in so many versions - Sexism and the Law - at last seems due for appearance, this September. It will have an American half, & be published in the States as well. I haven't yet got the page-proofs, but what I remember I like (even though I'm into a totally different world here - the same problems exist here, in some ways far more acutely, but they are publicly recognised, far less involved in under-currents). That book really has the sweat of Southampton on it - apart from six months I spent in Bedford College library as part of my socio-legal programme there, plus some further library work later in London, I did virtually all the work in Southampton, up

till midnight three ¹⁴nights a week, then till
one, then till two and even three. At the same
time first David (Carson) and then Tony gave me
crucial assistance, exploring lines of thought,
retrieving valuable materials. Then, moral support
from Sebastian at that stage of writer's depression,
when you wonder if it has all been worth it, when
it just looks like a collection of words, and then your
typing, and Mrs. ^{W.} typing and re-typing, and
then ideas from David Jackson's inaugural lecture, and
all the hundred and one influences of a Faculty, Gab's
insistence on following an idea through until it hits
another idea and then seeing their interconnections,
Alic's asking all the time: what are the practical
implications, what does it mean now, Robert and John's
focus both on the evolution of concepts, and the kinds of
procedures needed to resolve problems now, and so on and
so forth. I wonder who makes the bigger contribution -
people who share your ideas, give you confidence, feed
their thoughts into yours, or people who see the world
differently, forcing you to argue your case, to give it a
structure, to produce evidence that is convincing. Sometimes
they don't even know of your project, but just the
realisation that they are around produces a kind of regard
and self-examination.

It's so lovely here. I look out of the window over
the bay, seeing some boats preparing for a Regatta
tomorrow, blue sky, blue water, the winter sun shining
on the trees in front of my balcony. In two days I

go up to a town called Chimvico, main area of said
 from Rhodesia, area of refugee camps and massacres.
 For the first time, I feel some physical apprehension.
 Here in Maputo we see guns on top of some of the
 buildings, tanks occasionally in convoys through the
 streets, but they seem unreal, people are so preoccupied
 with their work, with dance festivals, the new sports
 track, sailing, parachuting, even roller-skating hockey!
 Where I am going should be different. I am part of a
 University group collecting statistics - about housing, and
 health, and literacy programmes, and technical training
 and football grounds - in preparation for the construction
 of a giant paper mill factory in that area, ~~the~~ financed
 by Sweden and other Nordic countries. This is part of
 what are called 'July activities' - this used to be the
 mid-session mid-winter holiday (and it does get cold
 here, very cold at times), but now the University closes
 down, and staff, students and administrative and other
 workers go off to the Provinces to work and do research
 on farms and learn about the life of the country. I enjoy
 being just an ordinary member of my 'brigade', without
 responsibility for organizing anything, fulfilling the
 tasks given to me by our 'responsavel' [person with
 responsibility], a lecturer in Engineering in her early
 twenties. Practical arrangements are often difficult, things
 go wrong - it's good to have someone else do all the
 worrying, and also to see, as Robert correctly pointed out

I would have to do, how ¹⁶ things are done here.

I sometimes feel I will never have another year like this. Being away from my children is very hard, and it gets worse. But otherwise life is rewarding all the time. As I wrote to someone, it's nice to feel happy not because of someone but because of the world. In January I plan to spend a month with the children in London. I somehow sense that the pleasure I am getting out of working and being here will make me enjoy being back in England more not less. And I look forward to seeing you all then.

With very best wishes to Mrs. Muller and to all in the office and to all colleagues,

Sincerely,

Albie. (Sachs)

P.S. Thanks for sending on requests for references etc. I think I've attended to them all. And can you please send on the enclosed note to Sebastian, wherever he is now?

P.P.S. Did you get my cards & notes at Christmas time?

Faculty of Law,
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Maputo.
22/7/78.

Dear Sebastian,

I hear via Southampton that you're wondering why I haven't written. Since I'm wondering why you haven't written, I'll make the same point via Southampton. Did you get a long-ish reply from me to your request for views on a conference to which you'd been invited? I suspect my reply might not have reached you, which should indicate what I said. I haven't heard from you since, in case a reply to my reply was sent but didn't reach me. I also thanked you v. much for the articles, which are going towards a collection we are slowly building up of African materials. I'll be teaching Family Law this semester (6 months). It will be fantastic, given the setting. When we are properly in touch, I'll write you more. Meanwhile, the invitation for you to visit and stay here stands. I have a flat, have just got hot water, and should have half a car at the end of the month. Anytime except Xmas-January. - Greetings, Abbie.