268'65 R. Maphanga

GEVANGENIS
SENSORIK NTOOR
CENSOR'S OFFICE
ARRIVE TS ARCHIVE B G
KORRESPONDENTE TOMMY ISLAND
CAPE TOWN S O N

Robben Island Prison,
P.O. Robben Island.
Cape Town.

June 4, 1969.

Dear Phyllis,

I think that you will be shocked to receive a letter from me, after such a long time since I last saw you. In short, I am still well. I hope to be out after three years time as from now.

I have heard that my mother will be in town these days. If at all she happens to see you, please tell her that I had written you. She may also tell you more about me. She intends to pay me a visit either this month or next month.

I think that it will be better if I write you again. But the convenient time will after ~~re~~ the reply of this letter. It is then, that I will be in position of clarifying certain things. I assume that you are now in a position of knowing as to how visits are had here.

Besides the preveledge of visits, we are allowed to play indoor as well as ~~outdoor~~ outdoor games. We are allowed to write letters monthly. We buy our own films, records, sports equipments and toilets.

Pass my regards to my relatives.

I Remain,

Yours Faithfully,

Russell Maphanga 268/65.

268/65

GEVANGENIS
SENSORKANTOOR
CENSOR OFFICE
1969
PRIVAATSAK/PRIVATE BAG
ROBBENEILAND/ROBBEN ISLAND
PRISON

Robben Island Prison,
P.O. Robben Island,
Cape Town.
1st July, 1969.

Dear Phyllis,

Your letter of the 16th June, 1969 reached me well. I hope time will pass quickly for me. I am now left with less than three years to go.

I was surprised to know that my ma was banned. I am pleased to know that it expired. I do not know whether she will be in a position of visiting me or not. If at all she ~~does~~ is, I will be much pleased.

In brief, I am presently not studying. I may start again at the end of this year. I have passed one subject in my senior certificate. I intend to complete it if I happen to study.

Pass my best wishes to Mavis, Nerah and Equel.

Msale Nomusa,

Yimi,

268/65 Russell Mafhanga

Rcd 15/7/69

MR. MOODLIAR/GP

KT/IK/Modderbee

12th April, 1978.

Messrs. Shun Chetty
and Company,
Suite 28, Grand Bazaar,
Oriental Plaza,
FORDSBURG.
2092.

AIRMAIL

Dear Sirs,

RUSSEL MAPHANGA

Your letter of the 3rd instant is hereby acknowledged.

Many thanks for the offer of assistance.

We have received acknowledgements from the various officials to whom we wrote. Copies of correspondence to date are enclosed. If at all possible please exhibit these to client. We will address you further.

Our Mr. Moodliar would like to take tea at our offices with your Mr. Chetty when that gentleman is next in this city.

Yours faithfully,

M.C. MOODLIAR & COMPANY.

8 October 1979

dear Phyllis —

I wrote you a whole ~~mental~~ letter mentally this morning and promptly forgot it, so I'll try again. I hope you can endure my handwriting — I can translate yours.

Yes, yes, we enjoyed seeing Willie, Betty, & Mosala. The former two seem to have mended their differences although Betty is quite firm and no nonsense with him. I nearly cracked up when Betty asked a caretaker at the school where Willie was. She asked in German for the "Afrikaner" — which means an African there. Mosala was a delight, eager for news and familiar faces. I just hope they (German govt.) haven't underestimated him by refusing him university entrance.

Today I'm suffering from the housecleaning blues. My idea of the way to clean a house is to summon up ones housemates and spend a few hours hitting the obvious spots — then sit down to books or newspapers. Since we are staying in a household with two small children, floors are mopped, tables scoured, dusting is regular, and dishes washed after every meal. I believe this is

too large a burden for one artistically talented young woman (my sister-in-law) so try to help and then feel I've lost my own sense of priorities. Of course, I grump about it to improve my spirits.

I hanker after people in Lesotho and my job under that whip-cracker, Monroe. As we become more settled in here, I think of things a distant friend would enjoy sharing. In that vein, I've enclosed a few cuttings from local papers. Reportage on Southern Africa is scarce ~~[illegible]~~, and we grab eagerly at what we find. It is also rare to find someone who is "up" on the subject of S.A. and interested in what we saw. I spent a pleasant evening with an old family friend at my folks' house — he is a black American composer who is itching to travel around Africa and curious about what process of change I thought would take place in your home country. At times like that I worry that I get a fanatic "missionary" gleam in my eyes.

Glad to hear Suks is back with you. When I start to look as mature as she does, I'll send a picture. Don't expect it for a few years.

Long tall Sim returned to California and is substitute-teaching until January when he will enter graduate school. We may visit him in late December, money willing.

Remember seeing some tall handsome guys from the Cape area who used to dine at the Masem Cafe? I think they were imported construction workers and perhaps Muslims. They all wore skull caps. Anyway, I spun some wool and knit Russell a cap which reminds me of these guys.

Playing tennis? Phyllis, you would absolutely hate the weather in this part of the U.S. The first snow fell today, but didn't stick. The wood stove burns cosily all day long, but there's always some reason to go outside, like raking leaves. There's an epidemic of

Major events are infrequent, and we do appreciate your letters. all from me

love Jeannie

Dear Phyllis,

Time for my own hieroglyphics - your poor eyes will need a rest!

Sorry we are such slow correspondents - telepathy would be a much more ideal form of communication. You'd also know how many times this particular letter was started in my (our) mind(s) since receiving your own.

It was really great to hear from you and to be able to hear, straight from the horse's mouth, that you seem much recovered from early July. If you will permit me a moment or two of mushiness, your resilience and strength are a true inspiration

I have not yet begun my project of "selling Lesotho to the Eastern Establishment (as Monroe puts it)," but hope to shortly. I don't promise that General Motors and IBM will move their Southern African HQ's to Maseru, but maybe a few jobs can be created out of this (in true form LNDC is two½ months late in getting the funds sent over — in a 4 month project, that's a lot). It looks as if my hoped-for AID position will be coming through, providing I pass the background security investigation, which should not be a problem. I'm optimistic about it, and am convinced that the Agency is a much more positive factor than it ever was. I'm really looking forward to trying it out.

Jeannie wrote that major events are infrequent up here — does the enclosed clipping from today's Caledonian Record prove her to be too hasty in her judgement, or not?

It was good to see Willy et al, if only for a short while. He seemed very popular with his good Bavarian instructors, and his German was coming along quite well. Betty was quite proficient in the language.

12 October

In the interim, we have had our first snow,

only a few inches, and Autumn has quickly changed to winter. The earliest snow in several decades - we seem to be confronted only with superlatives as far as the vagaries of climate are concerned!

I picked up a copy of N. Gordimer's Burger's Daughter the other day. Jeanine is busily reading it and wholeheartedly recommends it to you. I hope to read it before long, but she already plans to read it a second time, ~~left~~ even before having finished it once.

Hope you enjoy the wide variety of stamps on the envelope - the post master seems to have had a lot of left overs to get rid of, including last year's Christmas stamps!

So long for now,

Love, Russell