

12th May, 1968

My dear Rex,

Although I know you to be a very busy practitioner, I am taking the liberty of making this intrusion for old times sake. As you can imagine, in my present location, I find I have time, inclination and opportunity for contemplation and reflection. I think of the past years and find myself in sympathy with the poet who wrote:

"Thus I alone, where all my freedom grows,
In prison pyne, with bondage and restraint,
And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief."

The nature of each "grief" is worth pondering. And "grief" is analogous to "mischief" in law. These thoughts exercise a strange evocative power upon me and I find myself enthralled by the sheer hypnotism and magic of the words of that great genius who wrote "Man's dearest possession is life. And it is given to him to live but once only. Then let him so live it that he has no torturing regrets for years spent without purpose, that dying he may say 'All my life and all my strength have been devoted to the greatest cause in the world....'"

Reminiscences, like reflections, can be as fascinating as they can be inspiring. Do you still remember those lecture days at the NWC? Was the present then within the grasp of our visions? And what is there that is not now embraced by these same visions? The same, yet are they the same! Hardly for +20 years, and in this part of the 20th, must surely have made a substantial difference! I certainly find, on looking back, that though the path is the same, it is not the same place. I find myself soaring with Shelley to Ozymandias. Do you remember the lines! You will bear with my quoting the conclusion. -

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare

The lone and level sands stretch far away." Paradoxically Shelley reminds me of Clare's moving stanza in "Love lives beyond the Tombs" -

"Love lives beyond
The tomb, the earth, the flowers, and dew,
I love the food,
The faithful, young, and true"

How readily and imperceptibly the written word takes me on to span continents and stretch across centuries. Truly the human mind is a most remarkable phenomenon. Its capacity for heights, as for depths, cannot be fathomed. And strange as it may seem, it can be as precisely predicted as it proves unpredictable. No greater paradox exists.

Which brings me to the Mapungubwe - the archaeological discovery of the 1920's. Will the historians be able to arrive at a common interpretation of the available evidence. Perhaps the future will see the birth of new evidence and new interpretations of the new facts will reconcile the known facts and harmonise the stones of Mapungubwe and Zimbabwe. As my mind turns towards civilisations of the past, I cannot help a feeling of sadness. Yet death is necessary for life. Precisely because his life is fleeting man is immortal. Precisely because civilisations decay is social evolution possible. Out of the dying, the new is born. Death is the condition for creation!

But while the living must die, life itself is beyond death. The spirit of man is unquenchable. It will assert itself triumphantly regardless of the petty obstacles with which Nature's seek to fence it in. Here too contradiction is but the necessary condition for synthesis.

Space is vast and limitless but mine has run out. Take care of yourself and yours as I am confident you will take care of mine. My warmest regards to all our mutual friends.

With fond regards
inseparably, immutably
A.D.

Red
13/6/68

13th June, 1969.

My dear Rex,

This is not a happy task. I have tried to talk to you for 2 days now, and have found this impossible. I have decided to put myself down in paper, for fear that I may ^{have} omitted to say things that must be said, should I have spoken to you.

I wish to leave your employ and in doing so, I don't want it felt that I have done so ungraciously. I am deeply grateful to you for keeping me as long as you have. But I feel I cannot cope with my present position. I am getting progressively ~~deaf~~ and cannot do justice to the job. I cannot work in all the circumstances - I have tried, but have come to the conclusion that I do neither you nor I any good. I leave you to go to no definite job. I shall try and if I fail I shall leave the country.

To you I want to place on record my deepest sense of gratitude. You helped me at a time I most needed a job, & I shall never forget.

I have enjoyed working here, & it will be in great sadness that I leave. For this has been a wonderful family to me.

and you'll never know what that means
for you have never been in the position
I have. Asta & Linn have been my
props for so long in not only office
matters but in my private life. As for
Seth & Hope they have made my ~~best~~ best
moments here. And all the others I shall
miss no end. But this decision I
have taken much against my will
and my circumstances.

Please accept my resignation, and
accept my thanks for being a
wonderful friend, when I most needed
one.

Sincerely

Phyllis Kaidoo

