

30/4/86

My dear Mother,

Dont ever think that you have not heard of me hence you are out of our thoughts. You are always with me. All of you at Masite. A very precious memory. Tomorrow is May Day in Zimbabwe and it is a declared public holiday and tomorrow a year ago at 5pm one Jackson Kuzwayo was travelling on his way to Lusaka about "STATE" affairs when he seems to have gone off the road and killed himself. Life was extinguished from a very warm human being.

I said to my superiors that they should send him to Lesotho for a holiday in 1979. They said if you stop Jud from working he will be dead. I subsequently found out that he had been ill at Robben Island for 8 of the 10 with Ulcers and had to be hospitalised for 8 yrs & this had led to a serious heart condition developing which left him gasping for air for many times in ~~the~~ day. Ask Judy to tell you of him. She did not know he was ill. He was very ill. The movement sent him into the really hot areas. Post the raid to Lesotho where he was for no more than 4 months if that. Then to Harare where no Rep was after the death of Joe Mabi. Shot and killed by enemy agents. He worked his butt off here but over & above all else his courage was fantastic. Listen to this:

He was detained in June 1976 and beaten up despite his ill body. May because he was such a skinny man they played rugby with his body. Throwing him about & letting him land on the floor in a heap. Why he did not die then is beyond me. After some 6 months and he refusing to give evidence against his mates they were about to let him out.

Listen you are a silly fella. You go to jail for 10 yrs - you return home and visit all those coolies who dont go to jail but stay out and get rich and fat. Keep away from those coolies especially Phyllis Naidoo. She does not go to jail & she continues to make money as a lawyer - you have nothing but you keep getting detained.

Go & get your things we are taking you home they say.

He fetches his things and they go towards their car & get seated and stuck between two hefty cops they ask him where he wants to go? To my lawyer he answers.

Who is your lawyer? Phyllis Naidoo.

They refused to talk to him and dropped him in town far from my office. But he came at almost lunch time to tell us he was free. What happy occasions those were when he returned from his incarceration.

Bishop Huddleston that there is a smell of freedom in the air & that we are winning.

I dont have that smell but only the smell of dead bodies, bullets & so much pain. Oh Mother wish I could cast a spell on those guns that they would not fire.

I love you all. Give the enclosed to Judy/John. Phyl