

106 Belmont road,
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England

14th January 1981

Dear Phyllis,

Very good to hear from you . Lynda and I are beyond apologising to anyone about correspondence and I have been meaning to write to you for a year now. Since arriving in England so suddenly ~~in~~ a year ago this week we have been running around chasing our own tails . Getting to grips with England has been hard . Lynda is studying hard, yet still has another two full years to go before she qualifies. Then there is another year's internship before she can put all these long years to good use. Many times this year we have regretted our ~~decisions~~ ambitious study decisions and even the decisions that lead us to Southampton. We live in a sort of limbo state looking toward the future. Don't we all.

As for my part I am using our two to three year sojourn in England to gain some skills which will be of use when we return to Southern Africa. My interests have moved to the role of health in the struggle in Mozambique and Zimbabwe, and that's what I'll be working on for most of my time. I managed to get out to Botswana earlier in 1980 and hope to be back in Lesotho for a short spell in the new year. I would dearly like to see you then and I hope you will be around. And how are you, friend and compatriot? Your letter tells much of the suffering of others and nothing of your own hardships. Have the ops been successful? Are you still in pain? Your hands? your eyes? your body? And your exile? Lesotho, Southampton, Germany.. they are much of a muchness when away from home. Here we have found a few friends, particularly one couple who've been here since the mid sixties, but who are good, warm compatriots. Again we see the stranglehold of exile: their mother has recently come over, having never left a village in the Ciskei to be pitched into the aloofness, coldness, and alienation of crumbling imperial power .

Our family, at least , is somewhat together. Tyson, our eldest is now getting on for 2 and a half, and we have a second son, Gabriel, who has just cracked 5 months. They are both the centrepiece of our lives and quite delightful. Having to leave your children, like so many have had to, must be the most ~~xxxx~~ difficult hardship to bear. After all, they are the future, they ~~xxxx~~ are the people, they must take the responsibilities of power . I am also lucky enough to see a good deal of my brothers and my mother, while Lynda, of course is separated from her family. x We hear quite frequently from C and D in Durban. They are well, though C's ban is of course still in force. They are working hard by all accounts: Chris becoming increasingly proficient as an attorney, Debbie wowing them all at the university. Their daughter Ruth is well and active, though apparently still bald as a coot. We miss them a lot.

Do write if you have the inclination and the time and we promise to keep in touch in return. Best wishes for the new year ,

Love,

Piers

Piers

Do note our new address

P.