

Bessie Jean,
P.O. Box 15,
Gaborone, Botswana.
6th January, 1972.

Dear Mrs. Gokwe,

I do not know whether you will remember me as much as I like and remember you. We had met briefly in 1967 just a few days before the pass campaign. I was introduced to you by Mathew Mokane and that day you had been reading something about land reform in China and discussed it with me. A day or so later you bought me the Johannesburg Star. Then the next time I met you was the morning at Orlando police station where someone had tried to run away to Swaziland (I forget his name) and everything was turning upside down. Indeed, at that time I was not functioning so well, if I ever really do. I am extremely prone to having emotional storms and a very turbulent destiny. It hardly remains on even keel. At the best I might have come at that time was stutter very badly so I think you might not remember me.

A certain Miss Phala visited her brother at Bwaneng Hill school. Her house is very near the high school and I sell vegetables to her. She told her to visit me and during the conversation she said that you were her next door neighbour. I was so happy to hear this that I asked her to take this letter and a paperback copy of my first novel, which I enclose. She might not agree with some of the things I said about semi-literate politicians in Botswana. I found in many ways that I was not basically a politician, though circumstances in South Africa make one some kind of political thinker and my first book was really to free myself of a sort of prison and to look more deeply at Africa's destiny which I hope will also be the destiny of mankind -- a wealth of humanity and a richness of culture, without the dark taints of class arrogance and power-mongering.

There is something else I wanted to say. I was not, in the final analysis attracted to the P.U.C. so much as I was attracted to your personality. I met too many horrible types of voracious people in that political party and disliked them. But there comes a time when a man states certain things very clearly with possibly unerving truthfulness and that is meaningful. Not the funny performances of the Motlako crew, and then, there are so many subtleties, so many ways of capturing people's hearts and changing them that the wisest and most generous heart is needed in one's dealings with mankind in general. I assumed you were my blood brother in that sense, and that like Darwin you were or had spotted life's incredible capacity to evolve. Nothing ever remains the same, especially emotional growth.

I loved your wife so much, though I had never ever spoken to her. I only saw her at the court.

I asked Miss Phala whether you are allowed to write and receive letters and she wasn't sure except that I could find out by sending this short note with the hope of picking up some correspondence. I guess your mail is censored but sometimes possibly the censor could be in need of some education in philosophical matters and many other things so if you could write to me, and I to you, we might improve the mental outlook of your country.

Affectionately,

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