

PC16/16752/192



P.O. Box 71,
Hilton,
3245.

17th October, 1987.

Dear Francis,

I hope I have not been responsible for ending a beautiful friendship for you.

Earlier this week, in what seemed to me to be the middle of the night (we workers and peasants keep different hours to you intellectuals) I had a phone call from Mark Swilling to say that we had published in REALITY an article of his without his consent. I explained to him that as far as I had understood things, we had got his consent. He said that we had not, that it wasn't the final draft, that he had given the finished thing to Work in Progress, that they were very angry, at our article pre-empting theirs, and so on.

I was quite taken aback, because I thought we had got permission. Now, it seems, I may have misunderstood what you told me.

I have done what grovelling I can, have said we will apologise in the next issue, and have withdrawn this issue at the places where it is sold -- but it had already gone to our usual subscribers by the time he phoned me.

Can you remember what your exact arrangement with him was -- and accept another lot of apologies from me if I have made a cock-up?

We went to have a morale-supporting drink with the Schreiners last night. Their daughter has been in detention in Cape Town for a month, accused, so newspaper speculation has it, of being a member of an ANC cell responsible for bombings in the W.Cape. You can imagine what they are going through. Added to that the universities have just been confronted with what seems to have been a blanket rejection by Big Brother of their objections to his proposed new regulations to control things he doesn't like which might happen on

on or near university premises.

You will have noticed that my typewriter uses the new, modern version of English spelling. When are the Yanks going to get with it ?

~~How is the music going ?~~

You are being missed at REALITY meetings -- and Oxford Road has gone into an undoubted decline since you left it.

Phoebe sends her love.