

PC16/5/3/4/30



P.O. Box 71,
Hilton,
5245.

12th June, 1983.

Dear Ad and Walter,

Bad news about the election, and especially about Peter's result, although I don't know what you were really expecting to happen in that. Hope losing elections isn't something you've given to him with his genes!

On Saturday I paid a visit to your friend, the mayor. He isn't the mayor anymore, although he still behaves rather as if he was. He lost out in the last election, although he still represents his ward, his opponent there having got only one vote. The new mayor, who was at one time a member of the IF, is reputed to have bought the vital vote to get himself the job by promising to deliver a bottle-store licence. Anyway, the ex-mayor is very well. His new wife has just produced a daughter, of which father is very, very proud. He told us all with complete confidence that he was going to give her a son first and, then, four years later, a daughter -- and the so-and-so has. He says it's all done by prayer.

Bill is giving us trouble. The Black Sash is organising a week next week to highlight the effects of the 1913 Land Act -- what it has done to us these past 70 years -- and has blackmailed me into going up there to talk about what has happened and is threatened in Natal. We're going up on Tuesday, I have to perform on Wednesday, and back home on Thursday. The whole issue of resentment has been highlighted this past week by the appearance of what is called the report of the Surplus People Project. It is a massive, five-volume thing which attempts to record everything that has been done to push black people about since 1913 and everything which is threatened in the future.

Did anyone ever tell you that your money for REALITY arrived safely and was gratefully received. It manages to survive on a sort of hand-to-mouth basis. Don't know if it does any good but it at least reminds us that we're all still alive. Alan usually spends the night with us after the monthly meeting and he was here for that on Tuesday. He told us that he had decided to do the second part of his autobiography instead of going on with the second part of that trilogy. General sighs of relief in this household when we heard that. I have tried once or twice to point his nose in this direction during the past year, but now he has decided, I think, that he's never going to be able to bring himself to start on the damned trilogy again anyway, so he might as well have a bash at the other. I must say he is in remarkable good form, considering he was nearly dead a year ago. He took Anton to the Kruger Park at the beginning of the month, as wild-life seems to have become an interest of his suddenly, and while we were away the University here had a protest meeting against his brother's new Bill, going through Parliament at the moment, which aims to make the universities themselves admit students on the basis of a racial quota (in the past IB let them in himself on permits, if he felt like it), and they asked Alan to be the Spekaer. They first marched through the town to the City Hall, and there he spoke, making what some people who heard him have told us was one of the best speeches of his life. Although his sympathy for Afrikanerdom in the hopeless corner into which it has succeeded in painting itself leads him to say some odd things occasionally, he is really remarkable on-the-ball for somebody who is eighty.

There is nothing very much to cheer about on the local scene. I don't know whether the Pretoria Bomb was just an aberration or what.

the first indication of a change in policy towards directing bombs at all and sundry rather than at government agencies and government functionaries. It isn't easy to hope that such a change of policy won't come someday, even if it hasn't yet, especially as there is no sign of a let-up on the fundamental aims of Nat policy.

We have got Bill Hoffenberg on the Reality cover for this next issue. It was marvellous news about him, even if he doesn't seem very happy about the prospect of having to give up most of his teaching. He seems to think he's going to spend most of the rest of his life in a train, but his getting that job has at least given us a chance here to make another fuss about all the implications of banning.

Sorry the typewriter keeps making holes all over the place, but I don't know how to stop it.

Love to you all.