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10th May, 1987.

Dear Wolf,

I was able to read your writing in your letter-card of 31 Jan. without difficulty and your typing of 5th April with less than usual. Must be that word-processor, something which I regard as unworthy of a serious ~~letter-writer~~ lie yourself. Now I can only guess how many mistakes you have made and all those exciting aberrations which your typewriter used to get up to and which made decyphering your letters no mean task, are now to be denied me... forever, I suppose?

At this point I foolishly stopped for a breather, and that allowed your letter of 3rd May to creep in.

Well, our election is over and I hear from Phoebe that yesterday's news was that yours was on in June. May it go better than our's did. You asked in one of your letters whether I was going to vote. Certainly, I did. I have never thought that Parliament was irrelevant, castrated version though it may be. And in many ways the blacker things get the more important it becomes to have energetic critics of apartheid there. You don't have to be an ardent Prog to know that without them many terrible things which have happened here would never have been known. Even within the limited sphere of the campaign against removals and rural repression in Natal, which is centred here in PMB, I view with alarm the fact that in Maritzburg we now have two Nat MPs instead of two Progs. Until last week one could use those two, and they would do it willingly, to ask questions from senior officials, or members of the Government, which they were bound to answer. There is no way in which we will be able to use the Nats like that. We will now have to find some other Prog in some other constituency to ask our questions for us, and that will only add further difficulties to an already difficult enough job. It horrifies me that in the Grahamstown area the Prog MP, Errol Moorcroft, who has probably done more than anyone to expose the effects of government policy and the emergency on blacks in the E.Cape, may have lost his seat because students at Rhodes were too holier-than-thought to vote for him.

In your latest letter you say Celeste brought back with her an article by Alan on the Natal/KwaZulu Indaba. I don't share his enthusiasm for it. I have no objection to regional relationships within the context of a non-racial South Africa. Indeed I begin to be afraid that the ANC/UDF insistence on centralisation of power within a unitary state may be one thing which will sustain Afrikaner intransigence (after the election result one should perhaps say white intransigence, although I ~~xxxx~~ am sure it is Afrikaners on the whole who provide it with its backbone) after some more accommodating formula might have persuaded them to do a deal. But anyway, for the moment, any kind of accommodation looks to be a long way off. To come back, then, to the Natal scene. I have no quarrel with many of the Indaba proposals it is the people who have come up with them which worries me. I think Inkatha is a very dangerous organisation which pays daily lip-service to many of the things in which we believe, but which has no intention of allowing there to be any real opposition to it within its own sphere of influence. I had hoped that the UDF and COSATU and others might have gone into the Indaba if only to argue their case and, if necessary, to present a minority report. As it is, the white participants have only heard the Inkatha view, which has, I am sure, been presented to them in a reasonable and sophisticated manner, and they have been duly impressed. If the others had been there they might have been more impressed by them. It is even possible that the whole process of negotiation might have done something to break down the terrible tensions between Inkatha and the others which now exist almost throughout black Natal and which leave somebody dead almost every week. But the UDF's

own ideological straightjacket kept it from taking any part, so that opportunity, if it was one, has now been lost. Alan's view of Buthelezi is an over-rosey one which is based on an old friendship going back to the days when Buthelezi was conducting a very subtle campaign against being incorporated into the Bantu Authorities system and when he often used to seek Alan's advice. His views of Buthelezi are still basically what they were then, the difference is that Buthelezi is not, I fear, the same person as he was then.

You ask when we are coming back to Brighton. The answer is that, if at all, it might be when you are away trying to seduce the gullible East with your vegetable oils. Phoebe decided she would like to come again in the summer, so at present we are aiming for about June 20th. Trouble is that my passport, which I applied for in January or thereabouts, hasn't come yet. If it does we will be paying another rushed visit, this time for three weeks instead of two, it must be said, but still not leaving time for travelling around much. When do you expect to get back, and will you have time to come down to Brighton if you're back before we leave 17