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11, Clapham Court,  
Lansdowne Road,  
Claremont.

Bew  
N/S

Monday 27th April.

1960

My Dear Hugh,

At last I am really sitting down to write to you on my own typewriter - the last letter was done by Ros and in a hell of a hurry between teaching bloody Reformation history to a class of ducktails and an SRC Exec meeting, but now in the comparative quiet of my flat I am doing what my conscience has told me to do for so long. (Oh, yes, I have got a conscience).

Life seems to have got terribly complex over the last few months and I haven't been violently busy, what with teaching, NUSAS, SRC and Academic work - my God it has suffered, and I find it most frustrating not to be able to do all the reading I would like to. Hell there is a lot. I find that living away from home a wonderful reliever of tension and it seems to help things a lot, but nevertheless I wish that the political environment were more soothing - but the brutality and sadism mixed with mania and obsession, rabbit punching and rabbit courage, only serves to make one's whole outlook tainted with two screaming colours - black and white. Black and white, Black and white. It even effects our language, and even how we drink our tea or coffee. It pervades, like a fine poisonous dust every aspect of living in this country and poses an immense moral problem. Our consciences can never ever be clear in this country. The very fact of our whiteness makes us discriminate. Yet what can we do? What the hell can we do. Particularly with the emergency the guts are knocked out of everything, or is it worth going to jail? I don't know, I really don't. Or perhaps I do, and don't want to face it.

I didn't think I ever congratulated you on your SRC election. Anyway I hope you took it as said and done. Liz too.

How are your problems, Hugh,? are they slackening vis emotional tensions, or do you find yourself cramped in and hostile to things? Please don't get too bitter.

John tells me he saw quite a lot of you at Rhodes during his stay there. How do you think he went down at the centre? Well? He works very hard and has amazing energy, while his turn of phrase is quite light ful and has Ros (dear Ros) in hysterics at times. eg. "Jeeeesus, the official boot is not far from my balls" says John on a heated moment.

There is really such a lot to tell and discuss that the limited confines of the letter card allow so little, so I resort to saying there is a lot and there is no space, as to use it up. Perhaps we're all going, and like the Govt. Dr. Simons was arrested on the Campus yesterday so bang goes another Winter Scholl lectures. I only hope to God he is out in time.

I have found that reading Lawrence Durrell (you know his Alexandrian quartet, Justine, Balthazar, Mountolive and his latest, Clea,) a great relief. His style is wonderfully rich and his descriptions of personal relationships, marvelous. Do try and get hold of him if you can - I think you will enjoy his stuff immensely.

This letter is terribly tatty and bitty, but then things seem to be that way.

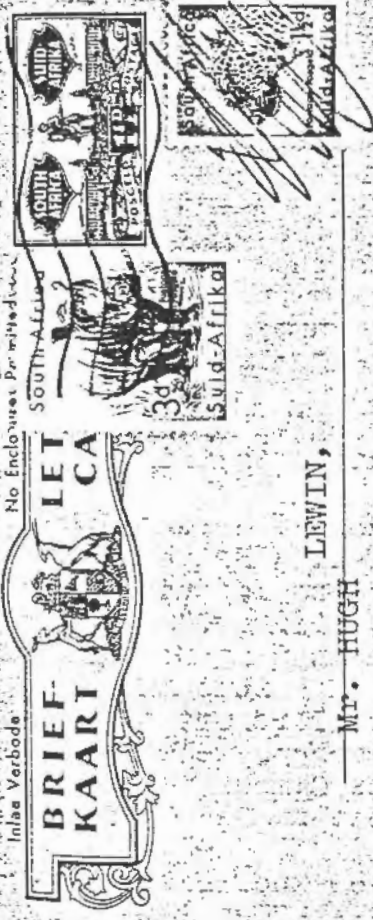
How are your affairs re the Church and the Bishop etc. I hope that you have no more banishment plans. Dear Hell, I don't think that I can really conceive the absolute shit you must have gone through over the period, but I hope things are less murky now. I know that I been in a similar position I would have gone mad from sheer frustration.

Neville is keeping well, but terribly busy with "Varsity", his project, and academic work etc.

Of course he is such a complex person that we can not really fathom him at times and I think he is going through rather a difficult time at the moment. He is trying to de-integrate himself from student affairs and NUSAS, and he has nothing really to put in its place. This is where he finds terrible difficulty and the pity of it all is that he is polarizing all his doubts and fears of himself into rationalizations which he never used to do. I hope he gets over it, but it serves as a lesson to us I think. For after 7 years (a bloody long time) in student affairs, he is now forced to stand on the perimeter and look in. He can't, and understandably so, face this standing and looking while other act. After all his life was action for 7 years - it takes a lot to change things and routines overnight.

My head is nodding and my mouth gaping - so do excuse me but please write soon to this address. My love to Liz, and please write as soon as you are able.

Yours sincerely, *Adrian*



Mr. HUGH LEWIN,  
 Botha House,  
 Rhodes University,  
 Grahamstown,  
 CAPE

INDIEN 'N HOËR POSTARIEF VAN TOEPASSING IS OP DIE LAND VAN BESTEMMING. MOET DIE ADDISIONELE POSGELD VOORUIT BETAAL WORD  
 IF A HIGHER POSTAGE RATE IS APPLICABLE TO THE COUNTRY OF DESTINATION, THE ADDITIONAL POSTAGE MUST BE PREPAID

NAAM EN ADRES VAN AFSENDER  
 SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

A. Leftwich,  
 11, Clapham Court,  
 Lansdowne Road,  
 Claremont,  
 Cape.

TWEDEDE YOU - SECOND FOLD

ERSTE YOU - FIRST FOLD