

Sheila W

61

12/11/70

My Dear,

French has passed or
not yet - No - No - Good luck.
I send you to attend to when
you are finished exams - If
you cannot post it back.

① Receipt saying my balance
was £95.00 - Have paid
4 instalments since then -
Only to get a letter saying
you are wrong - I have
had it once too many
times - This inference
that back is dishonest.

Show the shit her receipt
& ask her to tell to show
same to her auditor -

He's probably right -
but my mistake was not
from deceit - but her stupidity

Love for now
Phyllis

25/12/70

Dear Love & Sheila,
 Thank you for
 your Xmas Card, Duck (dead) &
 lovely pudding & the Rs.00 &
 your love most of all.

Hope you have a good
 trip & return refreshed ^{to} from
 Cape with love & house.

See you
 Love
 Phyllis



15/9/71.

Dear Rennie, & Sheila

Nassie tells me I owe you £50.00. This is indeed a new light on something that is unknown to me.

If it bears any reference to the loan Sheila made me in 1968 - This was paid fully & the balance that was due to her was set off against the dresses she bought then for herself & for her family up the road. However to put paid to this nauseating episode - please keep the balance due by you to Cambric £50. + as I have paid this & we can forget the whole episode.

I just wish you had told me that this was the reason for your reluctance to pay, rather than that which you told to Sheila Ma & myself at Verulam a few weeks back viz your dire financial position that made it impossible. However be that as it may - I don't want the money - so let's forget it.

Any thing you might have to say pertaining the above or any other matters that concerns me - should be said to ME - not my child.

I'd be much obliged to both of you if you'd remember this for all concerned.

Phyllis.

FRIDAY 1pm LUNCH TIME-

8th September, 1972, 1972.

My dear Sheila,

Your letter of Monday (holiday why the hell did you work?) arrived in the midst of consultation with client. I read it despite. Thank you for the R20,00.

Your impassioned plea leaves me speechless. I get the distinct impression that everybody seems to think that I have selfishly and deliberately following my personal needs. If such can adequately describe the situation. I have had letters from erstwhile friends who complain bitterly of my selfishness.

What nobody seems to appreciate is that my disclosure of Basil was not intended to break up the marriage. That in fact I was prepared to live together and this by agreement with MD. What followed was an absolute fiasco - From which I had to run.

Now what has happened is that I am now faced with a side of MD I did not know before. It is an absolutely terrifying experience.

MD says he is prostrate on his knees for my return-so much crap. He hates my guts. This is his modus operandi. Despite his injured feelings he is prepared to forgive me, provided I submit my person, my mind and my purse to him very very completely.

He tells people that my politics were a front. That in fact I embezzled funds. I used his good name in politics and sought assistance for my own pocket. Precious reconciliation.

I wish I could say otherwise. But I want no part of him. His dishonesty is complete. Congress has always tarred him with the things he tars me with. MP. Billy etc will bear witness to this. You will never know what a scits I feel towards him. Here was someone I thought I loved, today I hate him. I cannot bear the sight of his stupid face. I will gladly kick him. Oh Sheila all these useless and destroying emotions. But he has said he would destroy me and he has done. He wants me back for I should be a decent wage earner in 11 months time. He can then continue his political activity while I bring home the bread.

His family are looking for a 'girl'. If she has the money so much the better. For them I shall be free sooner. My darling, yes you are so right. I have no friends, life is one unspeakable agony. I have to walk the streets with my head bent in shame. The Indian community is such a sanctimonious gang that I am not sure that I shall be able to practise here. The ANC has threatened me with extinction if I dont return to MD forthwith. The phone rings and I am called a bitch and promised death in an hour. Beautiful.

2pm Mr Mehta bless him has been discussing Munnick while I have been at this. So if this is a lot of crap ignore it

Sheila I mean this -Thank you for everything. Dont worry I shall survive. I probably take a job as a house-keeper and disappear. Leave my children so that they are not made footballs. I cannot bear the hurt to them.

30/4/70

My dear Eileen,

Here you don't mind. This was a present from the U.K to me. You know me & night dresses have been here - When I got measured at 12 my Ma thought I should be made a lady - Reminds me of sleeveless corsetry. Of course I was thrilled but the next morning when I looked for the night dress it had got into the blankets - & I made a bit shocked my Ma & Mother's Catholic sensitiveness. The night dress has been all right - but due to tests I could not pick up my cheque. But I am sure it's all temporary. But I had a sore - much improved. I had a bad cold long way from here. My Ma has everything in the back - but with the added strain I'm not sure whose going to cave in first. We've got a mouse to help.

I applied for ~~my~~ permission to see them ~~but~~ giving details health-wise & they went to check - My mum was very rude - let them come in to see he all crapped & she's struggling to clean him. Lets hope!!

Have you seen Robin & Ruby Fredrick & Robin. Tell Ruby Ma awaits her chatty letter.

I think of Mum & Dad & you - How's the Studio? What's news of Amah.