

Sammy

14.3.82

Dear Phyllis

Sorry, really sorry, about not having written for such a long time. There are many reasons for this, but the reality is that I did not want to write a rubbishy letter which said nothing. Thanks for your letter, which was delivered to me in the end by Sukhti. I wish that she and I had been able to have more time together. I found her so alive, despite what she was going through, in great contrast to so many people here - including South Africans. I also found her to be incredibly mature for her age. I hope that she is making the right decisions. I had intended to get hold of her as soon as I arrived, but the running around, the bureaucracies etc seem endless, and just as I was getting a grip on things initially I was struck down and into bed by the dreaded flu for four days.

It seems that you were right again about one other thing: Judy is lovely. I have seen her once (on the day I met Sukhti) and again for a short while in Trafalgar Square today, but I hope to spend a lot more time with her. And now, before I rave about myself and various sundry items, how goes it with you? I hope that you are feeling better and that Sasha may not be the outlet, the only outlet, for your emotions etc now that you aren't alone anymore. I miss you and Lesotho. Lesotho a bit, you very much. You see, I was spoiled by you and so many other fine people and my hopes were raised concerning what I would find here. I knew it would not be easy and that it would take time, but its so very different to home that I am going through very difficult emotions and tribulations. London is so vast and so impersonal. The British are noted for their reserve and detachment but what is even more shocking is that the South Africans who are here seem to have contracted the same disease. And crazy old passionate Sammy finds it sad and hard. Thank goodness for exceptions like Judy. I am obviously still getting to know, learn and understand, but the majority of exiles seem so detached and divorced from South Africa, which is now really far away. It scares me to think that I might have to become grey and colourless in order to work within the system here and even more that exile may destroy me in other ways. I have verged on depression but I'm really just having to try, ironically, to be incredibly detached.

Today was the day of the mass rally organised by AA. It was interesting to see people like Nzo, Benn, Joan Lester and Huddleston speak but I found it all quite empty in the end. Give me one meeting in Wits Great Hall any day. Whatever criticisms I may level at the "left" in SA and southern Africa will now always be tempered by an intense admiration for their strength, courage, commitment and knowledge and awareness. Down there, at the arse-end of the world, you are light years ahead and how I wish I was with you. Well, perhaps when whoever decides these things, decides about me, I may be. But at the moment, studying seems out for September even though I am apparently eligible for a grant. Looking for a job depends on so many things as you will understand, and if I have to it will probably be impossible anyway. And until I know what's going on I can't really look for permanent accomodation. OK, so the weather's not as bad as I expected (granted, though, that it is spring already), but the cost of living is crazy. I have met many people but feel close to few - and I don't have the reassuring feeling that friendships will arise. I simply don't know what will happen. And to complicate matters, I know now that Harvard has accepted me. I must stay here in order to make any real contribution, but the lure is powerful. Hell, Phyllis, I'm finding it so hard even to write letters like this, to those I really love and care about. Partly because I'm just so screwed up at present (which I do believe is inevitable and will pass) and partly because there is just so much that I want to write but can't.

And today was also the day on which the fascist Boers also chose to strike in London itself by blowing up the ANC offices. What can I say about things like this except that it simply tends to reinforce my commitment. My hope is that the avenue is available for me to exercise it.

I was met in Salisbury by both of them and spent a lovely nine hours there. Also met Govan. I see Michael L wrote to the S. Express about a certain article. I am tempted to do so myself. You will know what utter shit was contained in it. Maybe the Steyn Commission was right. But seriously, it was a great example of all that is worst in that profession. Still the Holiday Inn must be happy with the amount Ms Pretorius spent there on booze. London is amazing. You can have friends on the other side of the city and never see them. They might as well be in Cape Town. But there is so much to do. Pity I don't have enough money to do any of them. I must also be

honest and admit that I have not been helped or supported by various groups and people to any meaningful extent at all. All I'm told is that it is difficult but that "things will work out in the end". The former I know, the latter I'm trying hard to believe. I am disappointed. You should never have spoiled me so much.

I promise that my next letter will contain fewer complaints and a better outlook on life. My comforts now are knowing that I am growing and that my discipline is asserting itself. Also, I am determined to contribute and I can't be in a vacuum forever.

Please give warm regards to all those many lovely people whom I got to know in those three so short but splendid weeks. I think of you all often. Give my love to Sukhti. Will you still be coming in May?

To you, much love. I think of you often, I care about you a lot (so look after yourself), and I miss you.

Solidarity
Amandla

R.S. Vanguard article (For which I profusely apologise, follows under separate cover!)

S/

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

Postcode
London WC1
Meeklenburgh Square
Flat 4 William Goodenough House
c/o M Bell
Liz Adams
Sender's name and address

UKZN
Gandhi Luthuli
Documentation
Centre
Southern Africa

Lesotho
Maseru
P O Box 402
Mrs P Naidoo

Royal Mail

Aerogramme
By air mail
Par avion



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Dear Phyllis,
No doubt you have heard the news from Jim that we have split up. First, just let me say I'm sorry I've not written in such a long while and secondly that I must write now with this sad news.

It's a difficult thing to understand cause now after almost 4 wks I'm just beginning to sift out the reasons and put some sense to it. Simply stated, it has been the most unfortunate 4 wks of my life. You see, Phyllis, I fear that I blurted on something that now I regret very much. And it doesn't look like I'm going to have an opportunity to change it, right it you might say, with Jim anyway.

I shall try to get past the emotional and simply state that I have been selfish, arrogant and critical in our relationship. Doubting ^{him} in ways that I now see unfounded and immature. It started off by my asking him to leave cause I didn't feel we had any future when we differed on the question of having children. It's true that I wanted to have a baby with him very much but now when I look back and try to understand how that lead to today, there was a great deal that I now see underlying it. I guess, in a way, it was a challenge to the relationship.

It is very difficult to put down in writing
all that I have gone through in terms
of realizing more about myself. It has
been a very instructive and painful
process. The worst thing is that I have
hurt Jim and ~~them~~ have thrown a
relationship which could have had great
potential out the window. I realize now
more than ever just what our relationship
meant to ^{and still does} me. I'm now afraid I have
realized it too late. Jim is content
with his solitude, I can't blame
him.

Now my task is to try to restore his
faith in me, you see I have got to
at least try! I love him very much!

Suehwa - I'm sorry to hear it didn't work
out for you in London. I hope it wasn't
a hard time. Will be back when
alone, eh?

Phyllis, what does this mean now in
terms of seeing to your health?
Write, Jake can

Love,
his