

4 Glenariff,
96 Umbilo Road,
Durban 4001
South Africa.

Sunday, 16th January, 1994.

My dear George,

A letter arrived in my box at Qualbert last week and I only picked it on Friday. I looked at the package and did not like the way it was sealed - sellotape around the sides rather thick and overdone. Then the sender Christian Aid Organisation of Birmingham had not written to me - I did not know who they were. If you recall Fr Mike was bombed with a parcel that came from a Christian Organisation.

When I showed it to Paul my attorney-at-law brother. Dont touch, he ordered, I shall take it to the police on Monday. It was obvious they did not want it in their home so I brought it home thinking if it had come through the post, it will keep a little longer.

On Saturday, 15th after lunch with some very lovely friends at Cowies Hill - very English place with narrow country roads - we take 'the letter' to the police at Pinetown. I thought I knew everything there was to know about the SAn police. As an attorney I dealt with them. My tortured clients came from their cells. My 10 years of bannings and house arrest took me to them weekly to report my presence.

I was pleasantly surprised and so was Peter who accompanied me there. They were courteous, prompt and took their instructions seriously. They did not know who I was except that I had previously received a parcel bomb - they did not ask the source and I was not going to volunteer this information.

They called for the dog bomb squad and we all waited. " the bomb" was placed in the garden. The walls of the police station have colourful posters. The dept of Law and Order has taken care to improve its image. I have seen bloody walls at Smith St when I was arrested - that is not a swear word - I mean BLOOD and a hole in another where someones head went through during a bashing. It looks different and the service was most impressive. I hope the changes are not a facelift.

The dog bomb squad arrived and we watched what appeared to be an unscientific way of bomb scrutiny. But it works they assure me. The dog sniffs and then lies around the 'bomb'. Though they assured me that the dog was reliable they were not prepared to open the envelope. Another long wait for officers who were off-duty and who had to be alerted like doctors on call.

They telephoned the bomb squad who arrived with their bag of tricks. All this took about two hours. They open the parcel taking it out in the open - you see they were not sure themselves. At the dog stage there were some 9 police officers watching. When the squad opened the 'bomb' there were quite a few standing in strategic places. (Taking cover)

When the tape was finally found and a complimentary slip saying it was from you and it read FREEDOM SONGS, they realised who I was. Are you the FN. Yes. Are you still ANC? Yes - no reason for me to change. Oh yes, we can work with them they said.

I did not say YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

So there you are an innocent gift caused all this rumpus. I duly apologised for all the trouble I had given them. They assured me I did the right thing.

But I am thankful that you gave me the opportunity to see the cops of the new SA. I think they are trying very hard to improve their image, succeeding at times but the change for them is difficult too. They are finding out what it means to be a police officer - racism is an ugly disease.

There I have got it off my chest. Thank you for the tape - both my machines are in disrepair and the pleasure must wait. Thank you again.

Sincerely and with love,

Phyllis Naidoo.

