

My dear Herbert,

So much water has flowed under the bridge since we last met in my flat in Durban - you a student at the Mediacol School & I your colleague at another arm of the "Non European" section of our alma mater - Natal University.

You are today a Minister in the cabinet of an independent Zimbabwe, and I a political exile from my home, some seven years now. I am happy in the extreme that you & your people have afforded the racist rulers of my country a northern boundary of a truly non-racial society.

I had a picture of an extremely handsome fellow, smartly attired, and most attractive to the opposite sex. The present picture portrayed in the racist media, shows hardly any signs of age taking its toll? And this is most remarkable! You have taken your country out of the clutches of racist domination, through a most costly war which has ravaged both kith & kin, and are now engaged with massive reconstruction & reconciliation that follows the post war period. How did you manage that?

Herbert, I don't need to tell you that I was forced to leave Lesotho where I sought political asylum in July 1977, due to the machinations of the racist rulers of my country, on the 10th September, 1983. I am a visitor living with Geetha & Robin presently & would love to settle in your lovely country & assist with its reconstruction, if I may. I am therefore most anxious to meet with you, not only on account of our friendship, but to seek advice and assistance in settling in Zimbabwe. (if you will have me) I've heard from your secretary Miss Pillay that you are extremely overworked and your time is at a premium, but I need to see you even for 10 minutes to ascertain your response.

Both the Minister of Justice (Lesotho) in whose employ I was and the now Minister of Foreign Affairs, who appointed me Arbitrator in a dispute between the Standard Bank & its employees, and which brief I was unable to conclude, due to my forced to leave Lesotho virtually overnight will referee me, not to mention the people I served in my capacity as Chief Legal Aid Counsel for Lesotho. I was also engaged in drafting the Legal Aid Act & the accompanying Regulations for Lesotho.

In the racist parcel bombing of me at my home in 1979 and in the subsequent massacre on the 9th December, 1982 of my countrymen & Basotho Nationals, my certificates evidencing my various qualifications were lost in the disarray. But you are aware that I have a degree (English & Psychology) & a Law Certificate (Natal University) I am a qualified teacher with some 14 years experience until 1965, when due to house arrest & banning orders I was forced to take up the study and practice of law.

Herbert I wanted to keep this letter short, but if you remember me, I cannot tell a short story. I need to see you urgently to assist in bringing some certainty into my life.

I really am looking forward to seeing you and promise that my visit will be therapeutic to you in your state of overwork. So please see me as soon as you can.

Much love,

Phyllis Naidoo

*Delivered by Land at 2.20 pm on  
Wednesday 28/9/83 at Herbert's  
offices.*