

# 4 Glenariff,  
96 Umbilo Road,  
Durban - 4001  
Thursday 8th May, 1997.

My dear Judy,

The shelf to my left has a parcel that Father Cass was to bring to you in Bulawayo when he was there two weeks ago. I had some sweets for Dad and Mum and another letter for Rabbi Ben. Cass found out that Ben has since gone to Johannesburg. Where? Bully for him. I hope he is happy being home.

I had an envelope of cuttings and a promise of a letter. Today the letter and the tape arrived. Thank you. Recently I have had the memory of the music of Schubert I enjoyed in your home. I tried to obtain it for some time. With Sha's death it went off my mind completely. My tape recorder broke down and is in the repairs. So when it returns I shall have that beauty again. Thank you.

We used to be a great singing family. I was house arrested and could leave the house at 6am. We went to the swimming pool till 6.30. We sang going there and returning home to a shower, sing song, breakfast. We dressed singing. We sang going to school. As they went to school they whistled.

Exile meant I sang in the shower. But since Sanna died I cannot sing. With Sha I cannot remember a song. Both loved music, both played the guitar, both belonged to bands in Hungary and Cuba. It was their way of coping with the pain of exile.

Congrats to Bryant Elliot. We got rid of our compass in 1986. The racists themselves found after centuries of its brutal use that it could not be sustained. So who the hell thinks it will work in Zimbabwe. I was in prison with 400 women and 14 babies who were in prison for 3 weeks for failing to carry their pass books.

Judy I had no idea that Noel was ill. Did he have a stroke? It sounds horrendous, which must have been borne by Doris. I hope they have enough insurance to cope with the medical costs. You remember that Carol Thompson's father had to leave hospital for lack of medical insurance. How her mother has managed is a mystery to me.

My little sister lost her husband two months ago after 4 months of intense pain. We were not sure who would go first in the end. Vassie my sister a puny woman had great difficulty nursing her husband..

Your mother is blessed in her husband and you in your father. They are such super human beings. They have carried their baggage of pain with so much dignity. I am so grateful that your lives have touched mine. Thank you.

Old Age is not for sissies - I will go with that. Without transport I spend time at the flat and only go out when forced to. To my arthritis, I have added High blood pressure and sugar diabetes, not to mention the diminished capacity of my lungs. I cannot carry heavy parcels anyone more. I get a taxi to pick me up after shopping.

Now that my pension has arrived life will become easier. See enclosed letter. Yesterday I had a letter from Titus Moetsabi and he sent the enclosed poem for Sahdhan. Can you believe this?

Judy I just remembered that we had foreign cash to make public our constitution. I think the Dutch whose van Riebeck started the mess here have given them a guilty conscience and they continue to pay. Of course we are very proud of our constitution. Hopefully it will ensure a better life for all.

I dont know if you follow our Truth Commission. We are traumatised by the revelations. We unearth our dead buried by the killer policemen of de Klerks. Robert McBride was called to give evidence about those authorising his actions. Perhaps you will be surprised to know that Paula does not talk to me. Doris McBride does not know me. They are not ANC - they have resigned. Yet they have had money for demob and a pension.

While I worked for the ANC, my driver Edward Tlaka had driven all the big wigs in the ANC including the president. Daily he drove them to the airport to go on trips within and without the country. Sometimes he went twice to the airport to pick up his fare. He knew how to operate the system. At the airport he was well known as I found out later. We went to places where few did. He was allowed to park where others were prohibited. His face would light up seeing me come through the gates. He would pick up my bags on arrival. He would book me in when I left. I took it all for granted. Until oneday he asked me how did it feel when the plane touched down. Was I afraid? I realised he had never been on a plane. I promised him I would treat him. Then I was ill and had to leave work. When the pension arrived it was my first job. Tlaka and Lydia will spend the weekend 18-20 July in Durban with me. I cannot tell you how I look forward to it.

Keep in touch. With so much love,

Phyllis