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c/o P.O.Box III4,
Johannesburg.

19th. May, 1966.

Dear Alan,

This letter is to bring you news that I am probably leaving South Africa; soon too, most likely by the end of June.

Not that it was my choice. I was fully prepared to accept the life I have been leading, at least until the end of the five years. Perhaps not further; it might have become too difficult then. But up to now I have possibly found less difficulty in accepting the position than most involved in similar restrictions. Perhaps it was partly lethargy. Perhaps I had grown tired of an impossible fight. Perhaps I had lost some heart for the game, at any rate temporarily, and so accepted, though never of course welcomed, the surcease from a moral compulsion to be "involved".

At any rate, the choice is now made for me. Not by friends advising a "realistic" course, but through my employers pressing the matter. I was asked some six months ago to go over to London to take over the running of a fairly new insurance company they are involved in there, the "Southampton". At the time I refused. They pressed somewhat, but ultimately left matters on the basis that I could take the job whenever difficulties became too great here to face longer. Since then, however, troubles have arisen in the running of the company in England, and the organisation has now laid down their requirements with greater precision. I can hardly refuse with too many people dependant on me and a hostile world to face here.

This company, the "Southampton", has headquarters in London but operates in Africa. There is no doubt that being offered the job is designed partly to take advantage of my political affiliations. Rather cynical, but there it is. They are realists, and in the business world only realists survive.

Although Thelma and I are divorced, we still have quite a close and certainly a very friendly relationship. She has decided to make the change as well, and to take the children over to England. Certainly from their point of view it will be a good move. Not that I am a believer in the "blood and guts" outlook for this country; nor I am unwilling that they should face the inevitable day of reckoning. But I do think that they will have a better and less biassed education in England.

As against this, Jean cannot go. When she came up here she left an aged mother behind in Cape Town, a mother with whom she has close emotional ties. The separation has already been a cause of much heart searching and regret, even with frequent visits to Cape Town. For Jean to go to England is somewhat unthinkable at this stage. We are rather in despair about the whole matter but there is little alternative but to leave it to settle out in some way.

Otherwise, the move involves mixed feelings. Some trepidation — for the cold of the winters; some worry — as to the demands of the job; some interest — for the beauty and excitement that is England; some dazzle — for the concerts and the plays and the discussions to come; some icy clutches — at the idea of never being able to return here. But there it is.

I have a very great desire to write to Peter Brown; to say hallow and to compare notes and discuss topics once again. But it simply cannot be. That is a deep regret and something that I miss at this point of time. I should like so much to ask him how he really feels and how hard he finds this type of life into which he is now moulded against his will. The inability to correspond with someone with whom one feels very close and locked in a common bond of misfortune is galling. I do not wish him to leave South Africa but I should so much like the opportunity to see him once again under better conditions.

A whole colony of liberals in London; a group within which to search out old friends again. But London is vast and I am not sure that it will be easy to set up such relationships. Nor even fruitful if it means nothing but reminiscences and homesickness. I would much rather be caught up in more positive things there, and I am quite sure that such interests can be pursued. London is the hub of many activities and one can always contribute something towards the common weal of mankind in such surroundings. I still wish to contribute and not to sit on the sidelines carping. If there is not South Africa, there is the rest of Africa with all its complex problems; a channel for interests and abilities for many years to come. Then too, my work will be involved with African countries and I hope in some small way to be able to contribute through the work as well as in other ways.

There have been wonderful times here and fine work done. There have been friends who are the salt of the earth. There have been tasks carried out against opposition, not always easy or even pleasant, yet the doing of them carried a satisfaction that is rare in life. I enjoyed a great deal of it and I regret nothing that was done. Perhaps we could have been more prescient at times, though we were usually far ahead of any other group. Perhaps we could have foreseen trouble a little more clearly, but I doubt whether we could thereby have staved it off. There is a terrible inevitability about the march to destruction that is going on in South Africa.

I shall write to you now and then from London, with impressions and remarks. But I do not look for anything more than an occasional return of correspondence. Your time is precious and far better used in writing for a wider audience. I ~~only~~ wish that you could find the peace to turn out more. It is needed as never before in this country.

May God bless you, Alan,

Yours very sincerely
David Livinghead.

CRAIGHEAD
23 Lynton Road,
KLOOF, 412
Natal.

22nd June, 1966.

Dear David,

Thank you for your letter of May 19th with its news that you are going to London.

I must say that with your welfare in mind, I have no doubt that it is a good move. In view of the fact that the present regime may last for a very long time, I do not see any longer any point in people continuing to live under restrictions. It is all very well being courageous and I have nothing but admiration for people who are so, but if the consequence of being courageous is that a man or woman loses a livelihood, or that a young woman finds the solitariness undurable then I just do not see an at all. By chance I saw Dempsey Noel in Durban two nights ago and his appearance was quite shocking to me. It must of course be a great disappointment to you that Jean feels she cannot go over as well and we both send our regrets over this.

You say that you have a great desire to write to Henry but you simply cannot do it. I am not sure whether this is because of your home own wish or because of external circumstances. I see no reason why you should not write such a letter to me.

In regard to your new life in London, I am quite sure that you are right. I suppose you know the story of Saint Ignatius. There was a strong rumour to the effect that the Pope was becoming jealous of the Jesuits and that he would ban the whole order. Ignatius was asked what he would do under these circumstances and he said - "I would pay for fifteen minutes and I would never think about it again". If for any reason I had to leave South Africa I should try and adopt the same course. The only thing is one does not know if it would be possible.

Would any other course have been taken. I have thought of this on several occasions. I consider that some of our minor policy decisions were not wise but I do not see how we could possibly have followed the other major course. The American Consul General here in Durban with whom I was having lunch two days ago thinks it is now time for the opposition groups to come together and thinks that they must give up their selfishness and pig-headedness and reach some kind of compromise with one another. I must confess that I do not see how this is feasible.

I would like to tell you in confidence that my present wish is to retire altogether from public life and public writing. Whether the urge to write creatively, that is, particularly to write stories, would be revived in me, I do not know, but one thing I do know that the necessity to be the spokesman for a particular cause, even though it may take up only one tenth of my life, changes altogether the character of the other nine tenths. I wished

to take this step some time ago and discussed it with Henry but he put forward some very powerful arguments against it. I must say that the power of his arguments does not really reside in them it resides in him. Knowing all that he has done for us in the past makes it very difficult to go against his will in these matters.

I have never replied to your long letter of October 28 on which you obviously spent a great deal of time. I was then going through a time of considerable anxiety in regard to Dorrie's health and I used to feel quite helpless when I faced the vast accumulation of correspondence, especially a letter such as yours to which one cannot simply dash off a short reply but I want you to know that I was very grateful for the time and thought that you put into your reply.

Dorrie and I both send our warmest wishes to you for your future career and we also hope that your life will be happy as well.

Yours ever,

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