

Received
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Robben Island Gaol,
1. Robben Island.

4th September, 1968.

Mr Benjamin Pogrand,
P.O. Box 1137,
Johannesburg.

My dear Benjie,
Veronica was still around when your letter of the 12th August arrived, providing us with a further opportunity to discuss you. She'll probably report to you on that and on the fact that she brought me none of the kosher items you had advised her to get.

Thank you for the stamps and air-letter cards as well as the £20.00 (Twenty pounds).

I am glad you approve of the Markham's arrangements though I learn that the Cape Town branch, too, caters only for men and their sons.

About the cheque-book and the

Savings account it is a system with which banks are familiar. What it amounts to really is that I draw on my current account on a purely monthly basis. When a deposit is made into my current account, at the end of the month, whatever balance I had from the month then coming to an end is transferred to my savings account. If at any time I want to make a purchase that will involve an amount above my monthly current balance I shall either make a deposit and finish off payment in the month following or will make the requisite withdrawal from my Savings account.

At the moment my Savings Book is with Veronica. It could remain with her and she can take it to the bank monthly for the entries to be made. While you are around it could be kept by you so that you would know exactly what the position was at any moment. I don't think

it would be necessary either to transfer the account to Cape Town or for me to write specially to the manager of the Braamfontein branch. If I have made myself clear do you think you could see the manager at Braamfontein and make the arrangements with him? I'll await your answer. If you still want me to write to him, I'll be happy to oblige.

About my studies. I wrote asking for the M.A. syllabus under the impression that like us here they would regard B.A. Hons. as the first but integral part of the Masters. These Londoners sent me the M.A. syllabus with the information that as I had no degree of the London University I could not be admitted to M.A. and they were sorry but "there can be no exception made." So I have to write once more to ask them to send me the B.A. Hons. syllabus. And once more I am going to harness you, Benjie. Will you - then please

write to:

University of London Publications Dept,
1 Malet Street,
London, W.C. 1.

and ask for Overseas Regulations and
Lyellabuses for the B.A. Items in English.
Prices are: 3/ (three shillings) including
postage, surface mail; six shillings by
second class air mail. Ordinary surface
mail will do. The BSc Econ. results
will be available towards the end of the
month. I'll let you know by telegram
as soon as they arrive.

Thanks for writing to Miss(?) Tracey
I haven't heard from her yet. I haven't
heard from Prof Wellington for some time
now. I hope he is well. Nellie Marguard
writes steadily: quite impatient her
letters often are!

The Record Player is fine. And I have
enough records for the present, thanks.

I am delighted to know that
Mayakovsky's lines moved you. I knew
they would. Also, I have read The
Last of the Just. It was among the first

batch of books you sent me in 1963. If
you've read it you will understand why
Dayan antagonizes me. One has to be
careful, at all times, not to allow the
press and other publicity media to create an
image of one to which one finds oneself
compelled to conform. It happens so often
and so easily. Herod addresses a public
meeting and the people shout: It is a
god that speaks. He doesn't correct them.
And God strikes him down. As soon as
you appropriate to yourself the glory that
belongs to God, He strikes you down.
Once you say my arm, my wealth, my
wisdom have brought me this, you
already belong to the scrap heap of
history. Blessed are the meek (!)

I shall soon be sending you the
rough copies of my Xhosa stories and
poems and my incomplete English novel.
I am writing under a pseudonym and
should like an unbiassed literary opinion
on them. Will write later, Bluzie. Thanks
for everything.

Affectionately, Bob.

Mrs Stott sent me

a hot plate and

pot. Can't find
her address. Bob
will wire her
as soon as I
have.

Bob

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