

5 Bothwell Street,
London, N.W.1,
England.
21/4/69

Dearest Rose,

I promised Mark - and you, and myself - that I would write to you, but first I had to finish a book I was writing. It is trivial, a novel about love, entirely non-political, however if only I can sell the damn thing and get a little money, we are so broke at present, it's a disease. While I am writing I cannot write letters at all. This is because there are too many people to write to, too many dear friends all over the place who send me gifts from Sweden, Hungary, America, South Africa, books about their countries or books they have written and other things, and if I start writing it becomes endless and takes up the few precious hours that I snatch for my writing. So I make a rule, and must adhere to it. This letter is therefore an explanation and apology and everything.

I was so impressed with Mark - remembering a pesty little boy, finding this thoughtful, lively and independent youngster on our doorstep - it was a real joy. We enjoyed his company, we were heartened by his individuality, and if you see Ross tell her how much we liked him. I can't think of your boys in such terms - tall, with ~~xxx~~ their own personalities and so on. I still think of them as the children I left behind.

Brief personal round-up first - family: (from top down) Rusty is in the same job, rather dead-endish and not very interesting. He is getting older, what Fuzzy calls 'tetchy' ('Archie's getting very tetchy', she said) and finds the burden of full-time job (employee) with no time to call your own, plus the tremendous amount of work to be done in the house, plus too little money, a bit wearying, but on the whole he has taken to London, likes the climate (!) and appreciates the cultural feasts London offers us. Politically, he tramps around in the same old circle - but more of that later. Patrick chucked his apprenticeship to become a salesman, loves it, hopes to graduate to selling interesting stuff - whoever thought that introverted, inarticulate illiterate would blossom out into a verbose, joke-cracking, turning-on-the-charm, successful door to door salesman? Strange things happen. He had a bout of left-wing politics, but dropped out, although his conviction remains, because he hasn't the time. Frances has become a gorgeous girl, elegant and most attractive, deeply intellectual and thoughtful - she discusses with me conceptions that I didn't have until I was practically middle-aged, and she has a terrific grasp of history, of the development of society, I'm very proud of her. She is writing 'A' levels in June and if the results are good enough will go to Sussex University ~~xxxx~~ in October to read social anthropology. She has been a 'late-developer' physically, but now has become so attractive and self-confident. Keith is a 12-year-old version of what he always was, a home and parent-loving child, full of ideas, very self-sufficient in the way youngsters get here, where they can go everywhere and have no real limitations placed on them. He is the most 'English'

of them all - it is natural that he should forget a great deal about SA; he has very radical ideas and wants to go on all the marches (and there are plenty of those). Toni has two sons, Ivan is getting on very well as an assistant cameraman; he works with a group which makes films for TV. He is always away - this is fine for him, they film all over the place, different part of the British Isles, plus the Continent, and in the coming year he may go further afield - but a bind for Toni, who has become what I think is the saddest adult in British life, the young mother completely and absolutely tied down by the demands of small children, from whom she cannot get away. I adore the boys, but I am very selfish and will not give up much of my time to help Toni - the very minimum. She must cope alone. I value my time terribly highly, and deeply resent other people making inroads on it. So we have them here for lunch on Sundays, and when Ivan is away I sometimes go to her for an afternoon, or she brings the kids here for supper, but I don't see in any regular time to being a 'grandma'. She must run her own life.

There is a group of these young mothers - Barbara Feinberg (who was Levy, who was ~~Finer~~ Peltu) has 3 sons, Eleanor Kasrils has 2 sons, Barbara Lamb has 1 daughter, and so on. But the demands of daily life here are very great, the distances too big in a city this size, and it isn't easy for them to share their problems out.

And me? Well, it's a long story. I think last year was the most traumatic and depressing year I have lived through. It was the parting of the ways for me, politically, with all the people I have worked with so closely all my life. Yet somehow I have not had the courage to make a real break, so I linger on, in but not in, feeling truly alienated. I suppose Czechoslovakia was the turning-point, but it was not the thing in itself, because I had become aware of the ~~rift~~ rift growing long before that; ever since I have been here, in fact, to an increasing extent. What was shocking for me was the personal aspect: to realise how far apart Rusty and I have become in our political attitudes. This was never so in the past, when I accepted his guidance and deferred to his better judgement. The crisis came one night - sometime about 1.30 or 2 in the morning, a few nights after the invasion of Czech, when I realised that if we continued with the acrimonious and angry argument we were having that our personal relationship would be deeply damaged, and I took a sudden decision not to discuss the Czech question with him any more - a decision which I have adhered to ever since. When others discuss it in front of us I listen but refrain from comment. Of course, this is a compromise, and I realise it must be so, but I prefer it this way. I can feel angry and full of hate towards others when we have argued, but I don't get into bed with them afterwards. How Rusty feels about this, I don't know, as I don't discuss it. I keep my mouth closed and open it to comment on things when we are on safe ground, and of course there is plenty of that left. But, Rose, if being a hard-line Stalinist type conformist is being a communist, then all I can say is that I am not one, and don't feel like one any more. I have made a big swing in many things. I don't believe in 'democratic centralism'; the USSR, and everything in it, has a different meaning to me today; I value the right to dissent, and the right of others, very

highly indeed. And so it goes on. Joe says I get worked up about things that wouldn't have worried me in SA. In one respect this has some truth in it - that we didn't have the close, visual contact in SA with events in other countries that television gives here. But for the whole year I watched Vietnam and Biafra, and there was a stage when the sight of the children of Biafra could no longer be borne. Perhaps you have seen newspaper photographs, but you haven't seen the films made by various countries and shown on TV, the incredible and awful sights that are almost more than any human being can bear. So I fell out over this as well (Russian support of Nigeria in planes, etc) (and the failure of certain people and organisations to do anything about the women and children, as though this was not also a war). Yet I am, and always will be, a committed person. And because of the nature of my past life, and of my marriage and associations, my commitments must still be fulfilled in part at least with people and organisations with whom I am no longer entirely in tune. I think this is partly sheer cowardice, the fear of being entirely isolated, but partly just expediency, and the fact that I cannot, simply cannot, cut myself off from what was the major portion of my life. Now, in exile, the only way to retain contact with 30 years of struggle in SA is through such groups. So there it is. I have told you, as Mark said I must 'All, everything I feel, about Czechoslovakia and everything.'

Of course, this is not all. There is too much to say and I just can't sit and write it all. I suppose I would be a sad old sack, if it were not for the fact that I have rich compensations - so great are they, in fact, that but for the 'commitment' they would become my whole life. I love writing, but more than that I love painting. I could easily chuck everything, but everything, and simply paint and draw all day. I could forget the world for a while and I could leave housework, duties, meetings, friends, and shut myself in by myself and just paint. I go to art classes at a splendid and stimulating art centre and enjoy them enormously, and know that I can draw much better than practically all the others, and am convinced that if only I had enough time, enough leisure, enough money, to do nothing but paint I would create something wonderful. "Whether this would be so or not, I cannot say, because I haven't the time and money, and have to try to earn some, at which I am not very successful. Writing is a way of staying poor, but the only way I know of earning at least a little, so I stick with it.

We bought a house that needed to be converted from a typical filthy old London ruin into something habitable. This has drained us dry during the past year, and we have scraped the bottom of the barrel and a lot remains to be done. Of course, the money position will ease in time, although Rusty will never get much more than he gets now - too old to start again. But Patrick will earn more, and either pay more or eventually, naturally, leave home. Frances will I hope get a grant for University. Bit by bit the children will get off our hands. It's just a long hard haul at the present.

As for friends, I wonder which ones you would like to hear about. They all seem to manage. They are all older, more set in their ways whatever those ways happened to be. We scarcely ever see each other, except for mutual work purposes. Life here is too demanding, we are

all so bound up with routines from which one cannot escape (housework, shopping, cooking, etc) and which take great slices of time. Conferences of 'movement' things, like anti-apartheid, become social get-togethers for this reason.

And really we're all different, all the same. I'm still determined to go on diet - tomorrow - to lose those extra pounds - it's more of a battle here, where meat is so dear, and fruit and veg not plentiful and also dear, and the weather so cold one takes the easy way out. I had my hair cut short, which was a great improvement. I wear a jersey and skirt of slacks every day, summer and winter (last summer we had no summer) and never buy any new clothes. I love so many things here, and do manage to squeeze them in: fabulous art exhibitions, Matisse at the Hayward Gallery, Magritte at the Tate, Rembrandt etchings at the British Museum - there is never a week when there are not MORE exhibitions to see than I can possibly get round to, and how absolutely wonderful many of them are; and we do see plays - not all we would like to, but the Royal Shakespeare company stuff, the Old Vic and the Aldwych, and the productions are always absolutely tops. Tomorrow we are going to a French company's production of Moliere (lucky Frances, she understands enough French to do without the translations). We manage concerts sometimes - not enough, but there is lovely music on radio and TV. We have friends with cottages in the country and France, etc, who are always inviting us, and one day we will have more time and money to go - perhaps! So please don't get the impression that life has become for me sad and difficult. So it is in some areas, and so it has always been. And in other areas, the zest and joy goes on.

How I would love to see you. Second best would be to hear from you. Perhaps you or Max will write and tell me about yourselves, and your garden, and Jhb; - I've forgotten so much! and the boys? Meanwhile, dearest love to you both.

Dear Ms. Bernstein,

We have read your recent article published in the Los Angeles Times entitled "Inside Apartheid's Gulag Archipelago." We were deeply stirred by both the general picture you draw of Robben Island as well as the incisive personal accounts of Indries Naidoo and Mac Mararaj.

Like most people, we are attracted to a variety of burning issues and topical events. How could we not be? Mankind prolifically arrives at our doorstep every morning. So we pick it up -- it weighs under a pound -- and one by one pay our respects: sometimes with curiosity, other times with annoyance; here with speculation, there with controversy. But sometimes, if you're ready and you're lucky, something strikes you deeper. You wish, perhaps, to become involved, to know a little more than the editors of these great circulations suspect you wish to know. And though each issue presented in the news media is deserving, you find yourself paying rather special attention to one of them, as if that one in particular were a miniature of the news in general. This is how we have come to feel about Robben Island.

Our first "real" awareness of the problems of South Africa was generated in response to the L.A. production of Sizwe Banzi is Dead. (We missed, unfortunately, The Island). With time and without further knowledge, however, our fury abated. Gone underground, so to speak. And it wasn't until your piercing article that it re-surfaced. We thank you.

Since then, our interest has grown. But we are hungry for knowledge. Finally, we decided to write to you in hopes that you would be generous enough to supply us with further information. We understand your prolonged interest in this area, and are confident in both your

authority and sincerity.

Ms. Bernstein, we are writers like yourself. Simply put, we want to do something. But unlike Mac Mararaj, we are still hoping that this war can be won with weapons of peace -- which in our case as in yours means words, ideas, knowledge, and the power of public opinion.

If you would care to write to us, we should advise you that we are scheduled to leave to London (where we are planning a lengthy stay) at the end of April. At that time, with your permission, it would be our honour to meet and talk with you. Ms. Bernstein, please write.

Sincerely yours,

Ron Davis
+
Gabrielle Rosenman

Ron Davis and

Gabrielle Rosenman

P.S. This letter has been forwarded via Jean Bradford, opinion editor at the L.A. Times. So we do not-have your address.

Ron Davis & Gabrielle Rosenman
4916 Ben Ave.,
N. Hollywood, Calif. 91607,
U.S.A.

Ms. Hilda Bernstein
5 Rothwell Street, N.W. 1
London 84H ENGLAND



PAR AVION



off 3

The following was delayed because Lena and I could not get together when we planned. Both of us are part of that wageless and surplus labor force. As in England, so we here are being plummeted by the decline of social and educational and medical services. So it takes twice as long to execute the small daily tasks for life and love... not to speak of the struggle for deeper comradeship and consciousness.

Pat Robinson

July 16, 1976

Dear Ms. Bernstein,

I chose your book for my Black African Studies teacher. He thinks he knows everything so I wanted to put him in his place. He was the only black teacher I had seen so far who tried to put you down. He'd get at me all the time because I wasn't like everybody else. All the other girls in Y-MED (school for pregnant high school girls) "play" with him, doing the "goody-goody". Me, I would just be quiet and look at him.

The other teachers did not look down on me. One is a white male and the others were black and white females. So it was really putting a certain kind of teacher in his place. He was "bourgie" and uppity and felt I didn't know nothing. So I wanted to get back at him.

When I brought him the outline (for my essay), he wanted to see the book. I told him "No." When I handed him my finished paper, I showed him your book. He wanted to know who Hilda Bernstein was. I told him I didn't know. I found it in my closet. He didn't say nothing, handed me back the book and told me I could leave.

You see I never said anything in his class. I would sit in the back of the room and stare at him. When he asked me questions, I wouldn't answer. You see, since 5th grade I have kind of known teachers didn't mean anybody who didn't "suck butt" no good. Now I am in the 12th grade and I'm just not going for any teacher who makes you feel bad. When I wouldn't let him borrow the book and wouldn't talk about you, it was because I wasn't going to let him know the things I know.

When school starts again, he will try to whip the information I gave him on the students. By this I mean, using it for himself and against them. You see, he will lie and say he knows Hilda Bernstein and you had sent him your book and written a letter to him. People like him lie like that.

Like last year when he had an African speaker come to speak, he tried to make us think he knew him well. But I could tell by the way he was listening to him that he didn't know him at all. He asked alot of questions that also made me know he didn't know him or the place he came from at all.

I finally had to ask him how he liked my paper. He said he liked it because there were things in it he didn't know about and "I really enjoyed it." I felt He HAD to give me that compliment. It was forced out of him because the paper was so good. I put in the paper about Zimbabwe ZANU and ZAPU, a little about Namibia and the history of their cooperation with the ANC of S. Africa. I didn't read all the information Mrs. R. gave me along with your book because she gave me too much to read. It was a whole big envelope full. I was writing the paper at the last minute, to be honest, and I had alot of other tests. I was trying to pass at the last minute so I got Mrs. R. to help me write the paper. She came over and looked at what I had already written and then together with me, we wrote the rest. I am writing this letter through Mrs. R. because I really wanted to do it. But it's hard for me to just sit down and write and say all I want to. If someone is there to keep me thinking, then I can say it better.

Of course, Mrs. R. rushes around alot and she came to tape my answer and forgot to bring the tape. She had the recorder and no tape. She felt very badly and offered to take dictation. So I dictated it.

I am one of the few authors of "Lessons" who still has not taken time to read it. But all the kids around me tell me how good it is. I am kind of quiet and to myself so I didn't keep after Mrs. R. But now I'm telling her to get me a copy.

Thank you for what you said about it. I helped with the leaflet on birth control. A whole lot of people helped to write that book, over a hundred.

Mrs. R. kept all that stuff and others around here helped her to put it together along with the nice editors, two whites.

Now I will read it.

I have to talk to Mrs. R. about my worry about my new male friend so I am going to stop. You don't need to answer this. It's to let you know that your book was a little weapon against one stuck-up black teacher in our schools. We know that will make you feel good.

In struggle,

Lena Ross
Lena Ross

BERNARD RILEY
33 Loma Media
Santa Barbara
California 93103 U.S.A.

April 26, 1979

Dear Cecil,

We were able to have Hilda Bernstein over for supper after her first lecture, as visiting Regents' Lecturer for the current quarter on Campus. I have included the cutting from today's student paper, of her other lectures which neither of us were able to attend due to other prior commitments. We have also both been victims of the latest 'flu epidemic' that has been going the rounds, aided and abetted by the very unseasonably cold, cloudy and biting windy atypical weather of late.

We have had a visitor ~~for~~ for an extended stay with us--Kim Lister--the wife of a friend of David who is now divorced and gone through a rather nasty contested experience--Julius Lister (formerly Von Mengershausen) was also from Pietermaritzburg/Durban, when they first met at school. Kim is presently in Avon Connecticut, where her youngest son is on an English Speaking Union exchange scholarship, and returns to Kennington and her Occupational Therapy job at St. Thomas' Hospital next week. We did a quick trip up to the Bay Area and S. F. plus Berkeley but since then the California sunshine appears to have resorted more to a delayed winter or early fall. The weather has been weird everywhere for so long--what is typical and normal appear empty terms these days, one spends so much time apologizing for what one is currently experiencing.

We have learned that the U. S. AID contract for which we were negotiating--to set up a research study of the impact of new roads in western Kenya--has been successful. This entails our pursuing fieldwork investigations for a period of six to eight weeks each summer for the next five years. We are therefore due to depart for Nairobi about the 7/8 June, where we have to be for a preliminary conference on Monday June 11. This will not really leave us time on the outward leg of the journey to visit anybody, so we will have to delay until early to mid-August during the return leg of the journey to do any visiting. However, should you be in London at that time and not away on any other visits yourself, we should very much like to see you and perhaps fit in some theatre. We found time for two plays last September--both on the same day--Plenty at the National Theatre, and Tom Conti's play that is now open on Broadway. We still have some productions at the Music Center--where there has been an outstanding season (Zoot Suit; Dusa, Stash, Fish and Di; Terra Nova) for which we have had front row seats with our friends the Carters--these will continue next year on our return. We saw--before it folded--Christopher Isherwood's 'A Meeting by the River' and the Béjart Ballet Company--with a living legend included (Jean Babilée) in an interesting version of 'Gaité Parisienne'--while we were in New York at the end of last month + lots of interesting galleries and visiting exhibits. ← *Victorian High Renaissance was superb!*

We both hope that all is well at your end, after such an appalling winter and so much social unrest and disruption....things we have really been fortunately free of this year. David is off to Washington--for the third time in two months--again next week. We are departing as soon as the term is over--fortunately our seminars meet only once a week and have minimum enrollments this term. We'll keep you posted but hope that we can fit in a visit while 'en route home'. We are now obliged to travel on American carriers--Pan Am or TWA and that cuts down our choice of flights and routes.

Regards from us both
Bernard

Who's life
is it
anyway?

Monday 7th May 79

Ruth and Paul - hullo from freezing London!

The weather doesn't know that it is May, it is stuck in the winter groove, so the strangest things are happening; the early Spring flowers, daffodils, grape hyacinth, are all in bloom together with the later ones - tulips, primulas. The visual effect is stunning, but I had to pull out winter clothes that had been stashed away in anticipation of no more cold. Today I just heard on the news that the Washington match was one of the biggest ever. They featured that, and the protest in Scotland, first on the news. However, details will have to wait, for there were no newspapers, the distributors being on strike. I would have liked to have seen that.

When I arrived in New York I decided I had seen enough for one trip, and changed my booking to cut out Boston. I felt exhausted by all the amazing places, people, museums, things. It was mental indigestion.

Either at your place or in NY, I left behind an exposed, undeveloped film (colour negatives) and a black bra. By the way that I had spread myself in your basemnet, it was probably with you. The bra is of minor importance, but the film was the only one I took while in America, so if you find it, put it in an envelope and post it, please. I always leave things behind these days. I am not sure whether it is a Freudian wish to return, or simply the onset of senility.

At Barnes and Noble I found The Indignant Eye (Frich, I think) at half price - and one or two other splendid bargains. Only the solid weight deterred me from a mad buying spree. I enjoyed impeccable American hospitality in NY, as everywhere, but can now say to my friends, 'If you think London is filthy, pot-holed and rundown, you should see New York . . .'

How is baby v.B? I meant to ask Ruth if you know about the Leboyer birth ideas which generally speaking I heartily endorse. The medicals here are generally pretty conservative, so you have to search out the individuals and hospitals whose ideas suit your own.

I cannot tell you how much I appreciated your generosity in making Washington available to me. I know it was just a short look-around, but despite that I have splendid impressions of the places I saw in a couple of days. I really hope that it will be possible to repay your hospitality. If you are moving around, keep in touch, letters will be sent on to me in Italy. We are leaving here in three days, and will be back at the end of July.

Much love to you both

xxxxxx July 28th 81

Dear Ruth,

There's simply no getting away from it, we are surrounded by it, it pours out of the radio, newspapers, TV, in an ever-increasing flood. You bonighted creatures living in a place like Mozambique simply have no conception of what it's like. Even our small street has flea and hunting strung across (not from MY house). So no apologies for this foul air letter. We have put up with a great deal more than that. (I feel as tho I cant bear to see another picture of that mindless upper-class twit - ugh!)

That's not what I'm writing to you about. I'm leaving here on the 13th August and proceeding down to Botswana in stop-over stages where on the 17th I'm joining up with others (Margie Millner and the Marcusons from Jhbq) for an 8-day tour of Okavango - pure tourist stuff, bird and animal watching; I want to see birds, vegetation, landscape, grasses, for a series of prints. After the tour, I plan to (hope to) stay in Botswana for about 5 days, then proceed northwards, maybe stay in Zimbabwe for a few days, and then I would like to visit you in Mozambique. About 7th September. Want to know if you will accommodate me, and if the time is OK. As to the means (visas, etc) I shall enquire from this end, or may have to go to Lusaka, which I'm not so keen to visit since Patrick & family came back to England a couple of weeks ago. His contract was more or less up, he'd been there 6 years, and didnt want to stay any longer. He's looking for a job here, but has been offered jobs in Botswana, in Angola (with Olivetti) and Italy. I think he's concerned about his boys' schooling & would prefer England now.

I had a run of success with prints - a series I did on street markets. Had two hung at the RA, and they started selling like mad. One has sold out entirely, the other still selling well - a total of something like 40 prints, and the total proceeds to pay for the expensive visit to Africa. I also had a very good show here and sold well. Then stopped doing etchings = no new ones for ages & as I've been busy with notes, articles, scripts, cards, badges, god-knows-what, for the 25th Anniversary of Aug 9th. We've really got a good programme under way, lovely young enthusiastic and hard-working women have replaced the tired old Sonias, Freni's et alix who used to run the women's section, and the remaining golden oldie, that is me, has become acceptable again (after a long time out in the cold) on the basis of the invaluable work I do (writing tedious articles, painting banners, etc.) I'm joking about it, but it has been like getting a new lease of life and I'm pleased.

After this letter I must write to Lesley. I tried phoning but couldn't get through. On top of Eli's death it was sad to hear about Ivan, but in his case less unexpected. I know he was dying. Makes us all so aware of our own mortality tho it does seem to be the men who keep going. We here are all well, my family all very busy running around the world making films, taking photos, etc. Rusty still carrying on, increasingly lethargic and static and complaining of being old. I suppose age doesn't change us, just makes us whatever we were but more so, Rusty ~~xxxx~~ more sit down and be more irritable and get-up-and-go!

Drop me a line before the 13th and let me know . . . dont know what I want to go to Mozambique for, just to look around while I'm on the Af. continent. Maybe do some drawings of people & things.

Much love

my ^{o box} address : P.O. Box 32409
Lusaka 21/9/81

Dear Hilda

I'm not coming to London. Please find out the cost of the shoes and the address and let me know, will write to Dave to buy the ask you to buy the shoes and to add to the K10.00 you have from me.

Hope you had a good stay in Repato the Conference in Luanda was truly great and O.R.'s closing speech is of great historical and lasting importance.

Keep well, Regards to Rusty

yours Ray

Collage Cheese
Milk
Butter/Marg

P.O.Box 32409,
Lusaka,
Zambia.
9/7/83

My dear Hilda,

Thank you so much for your book - 'Death is part of the Process.' You are very talented. I have not read the whole book, but when I had a bad cold, took the opportunity to read it. Am sorry you could not manage to keep our appointment for Wednesday.

I gather that Cheryl Walker was severely criticised by our comrades and that their criticism and Helen Joseph's is that she gave too much credit to 'communist women' - was that their criticism? I can understand Helen Joseph's reaction but not agree. Sorry, have not read her book thoroughly just read some parts - too many meetings to attend to and urgent work leaves one with little time. From what I have read - feel she put in a great deal of work and has done a pioneering piece of research and writing and will be a useful book for our young cadres. Last night we had a meeting about our book to come - you will hear all about it. When you see Cheryl next time, please give her friendship. When she interviewed me - had no idea that she will write a book and also felt apprehensive how much to tell her. The material on me in her book is not all from me. She got it from others. She is wrong that I pressed for individual membership in the S.A.W. Fed because I was named for the Congress of Democrats - in fact I never joined the C.O.D. - and was banned from the SAW fed at once - it was a principle to build a mass non-racial organisation.

With my very best wishes to you and Rusty.

Yours,

Ray

11th January 85

My dear Ruth,

Thank you for your card and the few words inside. I do not mind if you don't write, that is not important, now I know that we are not forgotten.

Rusty is in very good health, much better than before he had the heart operation. We are trying a new life-style; it takes some getting used-to. It was impossible for us to go on living in London - we couldnt afford it and Rusty had no work. We had to find a way of making a living and living more cheaply than in that lovely expensive house; and this meant moving away from the centre of things, but of course it doesnt mean that we have abandoned our lifelong commitment.

I decided to write to you in connection with the UN Nairobi conference in July, but then thought it would be better to write to Gertrude - I do not really know what your position is at present - I mean what department you are in. I felt in 1980 at Copenhagen that we were ill-prepared for such a conference, and therefore did not make the best possible use of it. We had good delegates, and the SA question was to the forefront, but we could have done so much more.

I hope you are well, Ruth, and enjoying your work. We are very cold here - it would do me good to have a glimpse of Africa again. Do you know, I shall be 70 this year? If you are passing through London any time, you must let me know, as I will always go there to see you.

Love from us all

Th. C. C.

C. R. Russell: 19A Creffield Road, Ealing, LONDON W5 3RR

Telephone: 01-992 6396

20 FEB 1986

Dear Hilda

I was most touched to have your book which came yesterday. I will read it next and of course return it - I'm slow so it may be after Easter.

I really feel quite humble in the face of it. You after all, did do something in a dreadful situation.

With kindest regards to Rusty & yourself,

-Reg-

4 MAR 1986

Dear Hilda,

After putting down G.E. Morrison's 'An Australian in China' (crossing of Western China in 1875 - are you interested?) - you may have it, if you wish. Similar - but less engaging than George Borrow's 'Wild Wales' (of 1854).

As I now turn to yours, with its most beautiful & evocative title.

I am only part-way into it & of course it does have a new dimension of my reading - my personal encounters with you & Rusty. And yes of course, that is what one would go through - the Mandelstams' of the Soviet Union come to mind.

But I am reminded in starting your book - of these red-neck illiterates - leafing through what you had in the house. What would they have made of 'Wild Wales'? - Of an event in Berlin, of last winter, I arrived on a mid-winter SUN afternoon at Check-point Charlie, ready to cross over from West-to-East. I had bought the Sunday newspapers at Heathrow before I left, but had sat chatting on the plane, & not opened them. The border-guard of the DDR - a conscript of 21 in a smart uniform - removed all these from me, without explanation. What organization - I wondered - can be set up to instruct this young soldier to remove English-language Sunday newspapers from me? But as your wonderful book already indicates, there is a nonsense to all this of which Berlin - as always is the progenitor - the TV programmes on The Palast Hotel of E. Berlin carried all

the information of the West - including that
in my confiscated newspapers.

You will realize both I suppose that one of the
vital - I feel like writing: endemic - differences
between the East & the West, is this total control
of information. Was it Trotsky, Lenin, or the ultimate
monster, Stalin, endorsed all this? Or Hitler?

My dear Hilda, you may ^{be}/surprised of what your book
has stirred.

Meanwhile Dorothy & I prepare to set off for a
tour of Tuscany - in rediscovery of the Renaissance.
Florence-Siena-Perugia-Ravenna.

NOT helped by reading in today's Times that the
temperature in Florence is 5°C. Of this perishing
winter - will it never end?

HOPING ALL GOES BETTER, UP ON DORSTONE HILL, WITH YOU
BOTH,

With Kindest Regards -

— Reg —

C. R. Russell: 19A Creffield Road, Ealing, LONDON W5 3RR

Telephone: 01-992 6396/
0452-770316*
053-185-752**

3 JUN 1988

Dear Hilda,

Thank you for your letter of 31 May - and yes of course, I would be delighted to offer such advice as I am able to your son Patrick. Ask him to phone me. Though not into the business of "some kind of computer components" - will do my best.

I returned recently from MOSCOW. Awful start - no luggage (due to balls-up at Heathrow). Left me in what I stood up in. British Airways at Sheremetievo No. II gave me their Survival Kit - alas I recognized from EAST BERLIN (why do these things always happen in the most awkward of places?). Anywhere else one could simply go out and buy a new Outfit & send BA the bill... but, where does one go in MOSCOW? - would it mean standing in a queue for 2 days to buy a shirt? - Don't laugh. Perhaps the most spectacular item of the Survival Kit are PAPER-PANTS. Feel I should have preserved them and brought them back.

I was summoned out with colleague by SOVIET TELEVISION who quite frankly had got themselves into a Tizz because of this oncoming Summit. Not so nice to find 6 modules had failed in the equipment to carry the transmissions out of MOSCOW. However we fixed it.

Ex-Premier JAMES CALLAGHAN (now Lord) was on BA's London-bound flight. So I went up to him and said, "Sir, you may like to know that all TV transmissions coming out of MOSCOW for the Summit, will be carried by British equipment". I suppressed the Paper-Pants. Whilst beaming about all this (as well he should) he enquired, "Where are you located?". This was a bit of a poser as the factory is in Luton - dreadful place -and I only go there as the last resort. "Luton," I replied firmly.

Hope all this helps with son Patrick. But perhaps one last late remark - like a latter-day DICK WHITTINGTON - I found the streets of Moscow, paved with Gold.

Kindest regards to you both,

-Reg-

weekends:
*until 18 JUN;
**after 18 JUN.

08 JUL 1988

Dear Hilda,

A bit put out, I must admit by PATRICK. Phoned the morning I invited him to Lunch - excused himself and proposed Colleague in his place.

Dear me! - HILDA - though the Young expect Miracles - they are not baby-birds. Patrick told me he was about to set off on fortnight's holiday.

Meanwhile I too, have been overtaken by events and shall be in MOSCOW 11-15JLY. New Visa arrangements - supposedly making easier for Western-businessmen. But meanwhile leaving me stranded by the world's most rigid beaucracy. Will they change? Or will it after all? - be the Old Russia - of never-questioning-patriotism? - the endless-never-ending land? We must all remember HILDA, that they were never touched by that Light of the Renaissance, that spread out from Italy. Autocracy you know was the Rule from the Tsars onward.

If PATRICK wants to hear about all this - including How To Do Business in the Soviet Union - ask him to phone me - after 30AUG when I return from my rented house in PROVENCE. I return to LONDON early-SEP.

I begin to think of the Young my dear HILDA, if it's free, they don't value it. But how can I charge him \$250/day of what I have to say?

I have had the sense to take a house in the S of France for four weeks of this summer - the longest I have period off I have ever had - for more than 25 years. It has been most thought-out of how I might be there, undisturbed. Which I hope will be the case. In the Old Yorkshire dialect, HILDA, "Tha' don't Get Qwt for Nowt...". But I suppose you know all this. Should you be in the S of France this summer - you and RUSTIE are most welcome to join us.

WITH KINDEST REGARDS,

—Reg—

COLLINE, CHEMIN DE REPENTANCE 13100 AIX-EN-PROVENCE

29 JULY- 25 AUGUST '88

PHONE

From England 010-33- 42 23 59 62

from Paris 16 + ^{wait}_{dial}
tone 42 23 59 62

from other parts of France: 42 23 59 62

COPY

08 JUL 1988

Take → Vauvenargues
 After 2 km, Take left
 "Repentance".

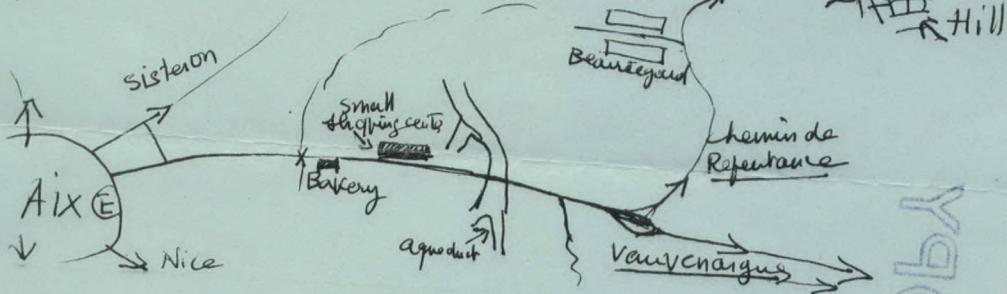
Drive 1 km. 500

Road is narrow, winding -
 Tall trees - Small wall on left.

In sharp curve - dirt rd on right

Drive about 500m. House is on left.

mon



COBY



this is the
 "Route de Vauvenargues"

Travel Information (London-Marseilles)*****

TRAIN

LONDON-VICTORIA dep 1430 via Dover-Calais arrives MARSEILLES-ST.CHARLES 0717;

MARSEILLES ST.CHARLES dep 2136 via Calais-Dover arrive LONDON-VICTORIA 1223.

SEcond-class return £99.00, couchette £7.60 each way.

AIR

1. EURO-EXPRESS 0444-440566

GATWICK-MARSEILLES every WEDNESDAY by Britannia Airways.

dep GATWICK 0945 arrive MARSEILLES 1225
dep MARSEILLES 1310 arrive Gatwick 1355.

£135.00 return.

2. AVALON Travel (01-993 1381 at Ealing Common).

HEATHROW-MARSEILLES, MON-FRI dep 1025 arr 1310 (AF1827)
HEATHROW-MARSEILLES MON-WED-FRI-SAT-SUN
dep 1215 arr 1500 (BA348).

Price £147 return. MUST BE booked at least 14 days (more advised) in advance; no cancellations, no changes.

MARSEILLES-HEATHROW, MON-FRI dep 1820 arr 1915 (AF1826)
MARSEILLES-HEATHROW MON-WED-FRI-SAT-SUN
dep 1540 arr 1635 (BA349)

3. FLIGHTSCOUNTER 01-631 0841

same as AVALON but £145 return.

COPY

08 JUL 1988

12 July 1988

Dear Reg,

You're a bit put out by Patrick - I am very put out by what you write. The problem is that he is away on holiday (in Morocco), therefore I can't give vent to my annoyance with him; and it will probably have cooled a bit by the time he returns.

But he is, mostly, more considerate, less offhand, than his behaviour to you would suggest. I can only think that in the heady stage of a new, most responsible job, the kind of job he has been wanting for years, where he is in control of his own work, he has not given enough thought to his behaviour with you. But it is not for me to find excuses for him - I will convey your message to him, and he will have to take it from there.

You are kind to offer us hospitality in what looks like a most splendid villa in a wonderful part of France. We are not going away until the last week in September - being able, at our age, and free of children and pets and time-bound work, to choose the off-season time when the roads are less crammed. But do make the most of it. It is a wonderful area, and offers so many delights. Aix, in itself, and so much of the surrounding places. If you don't already know them, may I recommend to you the green Michelin guide for that part of France? I think it is the one on Provence, and is available in English. It informs you of so many things to see (views, villages, history - everything) that you would otherwise miss. I hope you have a wonderful holiday, and maybe we will meet up at Dot's later on in the year.

233 Albert Road.
Wood Green.

Haringey.

London

N22 4AQ

✓ Replied
6/12/52
(at length)

Dear Hilda,

Having spent numerous hours attempting to obtain your address I have at last been assured that this letter will be forwarded by "Grafton Books." I hope you don't mind me writing to you; but you are the only person I can think of who could help me.

I was wondering if you could give me some information on the A.N.C. I would really like to know more about how they work etc, although I do

realise that you² may not be able to give great detail on their work for security reasons.

There is one problem. I am at present working for the MoD (Ministry of Defence) as a Secretary so any direct contact with the ANC could put my job in jeopardy. Having read and watched "Death is Part of the Process" I thought you may be of some help, if you would not mind, I should be extremely grateful.

I am using the A.N.C. as a representation of all the Anti-Apartheid Organisations. I am interested in all of them.

What I really want to know is would it be of good use; if so, I would be more than willing to leave my job & work full-time or would be equally

willing to change jobs + help part-time or in my spare time. I expect you realise that it is impossible to help an Anti-apartheid organisation and keep my job at the same time so I want to make sure it would be worth it to leave my present job before I take the plunge and do so. I hope you understand this and don't get the impression that my desire to be of use is in any way second to the importance of my job. I can assure you it is quite the reverse, but like anyone else, I need the money to survive.

I suppose I had better say that I am female and 18 years old, although I sincerely hope this does not

Lesson my chance^s of being of help.

I should be grateful for any return
of correspondance you should offer.

Hoping to hear soon.

Yours sincerely

L A Richardson.

MISS L A RICHARDSON.

7:30 am 8th Dec 1989

Dear Hilda,

Thank you for your letters of 21st Nov & 17th November
book for Cynthia, received on the 28th Nov. I was
unwell that week, nevertheless replied to you on the 1st Dec
but the letter for you was not collected, am therefore writing
this letter and hope it will be collected tomorrow morning.

In reply:

1. Book to Cynthia handed over yesterday
2. Immediately upon receipt of your letter asked the coordi-
nator ~~recd~~ of the Malibongore Nat. Prep Com. to come to me
they came ^{on 30th Nov} and suggested whether it is possible at this late
date to arrange an invitation etc for you. Their reply
was a) NO. ~~but~~ all participants closed a week ago
b) all participants ^{now exist} have been elected by women's
regional com & departments and there is
no way of following my suggestion. Very sorry
of course you could have made a contribution.
3. Re your book we shall discuss it when you are here
as well as the Stevenson family
4. Re your date to visit here - We are now starting a
seminar this morning - Women Children and the
family 8-12 Dec. Frene is here as well as Albee
from London will see them later. On the 19th
and 20th we are having a Workshop to prepare
Com. for Malibongore.

Sea month we shall return on the 21 or 22nd
I have booked to come on the 19th as I have urgent work
to do and hope com will agree that I may leave earlier
of course the absence of women from this area may not
be of importance to you - I however suggest that you should
first communicate with com whom you want to interview
to establish their availability. -

FTZ

Sorry that I cannot offer accomodation January
whole month May will be with us and in Feb - a regular
visitor from home stays with us, so it goes on. This
month next week somebody else will be here.

With lots of love to you
yours Ray

Tel: Abingdon
(0235) 20294

RADLEY COLLEGE
- ABINGDON
OXON OX14 2HR

22nd March, 1989

Dear Hilary,

I hope all is well with you. Here, at last, are your travel expenses - I hope it covers them adequately. I received the first up from Oxford yesterday, so all is now in order!

Many thanks again for coming to speak. Will Jim & Lewis have your new address so that he can send you a copy of the magazine?

Enjoy yourself in Tanzania. Can you suggest anyone who might want to give the ANU's views here in your absence? I am very keen that we should continue to hear it.

Best wishes.

Richard

21 November 89

SOMAFCO
P.O. Box 680
Mazimbu
tanzania

Dear Rob,

Someone going to England, so a chance to get some letters posted. Although I seem to have been receiving yours, several letters we have sent have never arrived, and the same the other way. Your last letter dated 24th October.

Please, please, before we go any further: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FIVE COPIES YOU PROMISED TO SEND THE LIBRARY? Were they ever sent? Did you forget, or mean to do it but never did? Everyone here drives me mad. If not sent, try and find someone coming here, or post them urgent or something.

Second, did you send a copy to Fons Geerling in Amsterdam? It's quite important to me, as I want him to do something for me.

(erratic typewriter - Swedish, it doesn't like an English-speaking operator) Comments on what you wrote:

- 1) ANC. I wrote to Chief Rep, but of course had no reply to my letter. I will write again. World-wide prestige, and they can't run an office. Don't give up is what I say.
- 2) I didn't like the Cronje review. It was not unfavourable, but would not make me rush out to buy the book.
- 3) I agree with you over the cultural boycott muddle, and it's being going on for years. I thought at the CASA conference it had been sorted out, but when you come to work out the principles in practice there are so many areas that can't really be defined beforehand, for which there can't be hard rules. Generally speaking I would take it that books you publish should go to SA - let's interpret it the way we want to. I can't see now that there would be any drastic outcome if you can get my book inside; if you have any means of distribution. The position seems to have been reached that all the bans, restrictions, etc, are still in force legally but not operating in practice. A large number of people have ignored their bans, most haven't had any reprisals. It would be great if you could find a distributor. Who's doing Langa's book?
- 4) I was fed up with Mayes, who wrote to me, especially as he sent a copy of his African edition that had, among some good stuff, some pretty trivial items. I want to try and expand what I have written and send it to Granta. In any case, having now been here longer, I feel I would like to write a more critical article.
- 5) The US offer doesn't sound like much of a deal to me, but I'll wait to hear from Mic Cheetham.
Now for the chit-chat. We are probably leaving here before our allotted time. Perhaps pack up by the end of the year. This is because Rusty's school has been held up due to all sorts of objective unforeseen conditions, and he doesn't want to go on staying here without any immediate prospect of solutions to the problems. We intend to stay in Africa for a while for two or three reasons: First, our house is let until the end of March. Second, I need to spend some time in Zambia, and also Zimbabwe and possibly Botswana in connection with the exiles project. I need to spend some time in Lusaka (ugh!), many people I have to interview, and it will mean chasing around and hanging around to get them. The third reason to mooch around here is as tourists - we want to see Zimbabwe (Rusty has never been to

the Falls) and we want to go to some of the Game reserves. A lot depends on how the money stretches, travel here being so hideously expensive

As far as the work on the book has been concerned, this has been quite worth-while for me. I cut my teeth, as it were, on interviewing by starting with an eclectic assortment of ~~apps~~ people, and learning as I went along. I've done lots and lots of interviews, some dull, many fascinating, and begun to get some enthusiasm for the project which I didn't feel last July. I could continue here indefinitely - after all it's quite a big community and all of the exiles, but I feel ready to wrap up in a month or so.

How about posting me something to read from your vast assortment of books? When do you think the Hersha and Naidoo books will be out. I'm sorry I cost you such a lot of money - always expected you would sell more. - inflated ideas of one's own achievements. Haven't seen SARD for some time. Is it extending its sales?

Rob, please do let me know about the books for the library. And if Toni hears of anyone coming here (or the ANC office?) I very much need a few copies for myself. Will always pay for anything you think I should pay for - next year.

Best wishes

Shana

3 Women card
12/2/91
✓

19^A Rugley Road
Vredenhoek 8001
C.T. 811
Tel. 454679
20/12/90

Dear Hilda Rusty,
Best wishes to you both and your families
for 1991!

We have returned home, though we
faced a number of difficulties, we
are glad to be back home with our
children, grandchildren, old comrades
and friends and many many young
of all races.

I was at the beginning of this week in
Lohberg and read the enclosed article
so I decided to send on to you. Also your
Hilda's book with Albert Sachs SA Law
has been unbanned.

Our young comrades have to read books
which were banned and we too have to read
books which we have not seen in exile. Are

2

now reading Miriam Thalis book Amanda
and deriving great satisfaction of her honest
description of the 1976 uprising.

As you can see we have a flat for which
we have not paid as our money for the
sale of our Lusaka property has not come
to us yet - we obtained a loan but will
have to pay 20% interest. We are pushing
hard to get our money.

On Saturday 29 we will visit comrades
at Robben Island, to cheer them up. Met
the 26 comrades who came out last Saturday
they were truly very happy to be out.

With lots of love to you both

Yours Jack Kay

9th August 90

Old House Farm
Dorstone
Herefordshire HR3 6BL

Dear Raymond,

Ruth Kadalié, who lives in West Germany, came to see me to discuss a scheme in which she is interested for re-training of people who are racially prejudiced. The scheme is run in the Netherlands by a Dutch psychologist, Lida van den Broek, who is also incidentally an Anti-Apartheid activist. Ruth has become convinced that van den Broek's method of holding workshops could be valuable for South Africa, and wanted to know to whom to propose these ideas.

I suggested that IDASA might be the organisation that would be interested, and suitable. Ruth has sent me three copies of the enclosed, and I intend sending one to IDASA; but it occurred to me that you might also be interested. I don't suppose that this really falls under the cloak of 'political education' in the ANC, but possibly you have other organisations or groups in mind that would be interested.

I am therefore sending you the enclosed. Ruth also sent to books by van den Broek, both in Dutch which I can't read.

Would you please let me know if this is of any interest to you, and if not, could you either pass on the documents to someone else, or failing everything, return them to me?

Good wishes

Hilda Bernstein

19[#] Rugby Road.
Vredhoek 8001
Capetown S.A.
Tel 454679

23/3/1991

Dear Hilda,

Thank you for your card received a month ago. Sorry for not replying earlier. Had a dose of bronchitis and accumulated work.

I hope that your indemnity will come through soon for both of you.

We had a week of parties to celebrate the indemnity of the younger travellers, the release of corn for R.I. I did not go to the night parties had 3 evenings to night meetings was enough for me.

Am glad you are able to work on your books, as for your remark you would "be content to be occupied only with writing and parenting" - my dear you will press-
used as we are to address meetings, meet friends I have not fully unpacked our papers and books and not organised our new lives fully. We have an upsetting time as we sold our property to Oxfam and cannot get all the money on which we relied to supplement Jack's pension which he gets from the UCT. We write letters, we speak about R700.00 on telephone calls, faxes to Oxfam Lusaka, London Bank but we are only to receive about £89,000 for the agreed price of £140,000. Our son

AFU

2
is entitled to one third of the price, as he built his own house
on under an acre. We banked on the money not only to buy our
flat but to live on. - Sorry for involving you in our personal
problems. - when we have so many problems here and in
the world [⊗] yes, the Iraq - Soviet Union the military USA
aggression is our problems. Our problems here are tremendous, the
mass violence instigated by dark forces to prevent our struggle to succeed.
I am sure Rusty will be given many tasks to do and you
Hilda will not be left to your writing & parenting at least at first
Do you know that on 24-28 April there is the National
Conference of the ANCWL in Kimberley, will write
today to the ANCWL HO give them your address and
Remind them to write you - do you think you will be available?
- it is for them to invite (and help) process your coming to it
and I hope we will meet there and help sort out problems.
Am sure you are aware of some, Am worried about the
situation at home, the weaknesses in our movement
and leadership to pay attention to the problems.

Well, we shall talk about the problems when we
meet.

With lots of love to both of you from us
Sacker Ray

⊗ nonetheless our problem to meet living and increasing living costs
is a problem to us, a problem we did not expect. ^{ES}

Cyril Ramaphosa

Dear Comrade Cyril,

There are many of us here and in other places who heard the news of your election with great joy. We were waiting and hoping for the changes in leading personnel that had become so vital to our movement. We had endured years and years of increasing mess, disorder, bungling, muddle, the ignoring of people as individuals, the ignoring of the most elementary simple rules of conducting routine affairs, and sometimes dishonesty. I was in Lusaka when Walter and the others arrived; and present at the most stormy meeting I have ever attended, when the young volunteers voiced their bitter anger at what had happened to them. I wanted to say to Walter, Kathy, et al - Listen to them, just open your ears and listen to them. I was afraid at the time that (judging by their reaction) they had already been informed that there were undisciplined and dissident elements who needed to be shipped into line, and this was not so. Ask Freddy. Rusty and I were at Mazimbu for 9 months. Mazimbu had become the epitomen of everything that was wrong with the ANC.

So why am I writing to you? Well, first to congratulate you and let you know that you can expect a great deal of support for any radical changes in organisation that you may make. And secondly to emphasise what I am sure you already know; that is the absolute necessity to introduce into our organisation the most elementary disciplinary rules in handling phone calls, correspondence, and honouring times, meetings, etc. I can imagine that you have wide-ranging important tasks; so can I have the nerve to suggest that you get appointed an adviser or management consultant to undertake work of this kind? We need a total re-training, re-education, of all existing personnel in all structures (theones who've always been there) and the young ones, already infected with the ANC disease. We need the harshest reprisals against people who fail in the most simple and elementary routine methods of working.

We are well aware of the many reasons why our organisation fell into its disgusting habits. Practically all those in senior positions - and down the line - had spent all their lives as political activists, and never had to work in an industrial or commercial enterprise. Pity. Capitalism can teach us a lot about howto run an organisation.

For the past two years I have been travelling to various countries to interview South Africans for a book on the exile experience of SAs. The full interviews would make interesting reading - much of what people say will not appear in the final book. But over and over again, the same stories emerged, of people summoned to various places, then left for weeks and for months. Arriving at airports and not being met (no papers). And so on. I also met, here and there, sad characters who had been loyal and devoted ANC workers, but for one reason or another had fallen out with the local or HQ leadership, and had been literally pushed on one side and left to struggle on by themselves in alien countries.

We ask the ANC also to discard its practice of refusing to rid itself of those who have proved to be incompetent, dishonest, or thoroughly disruptive (could give names, but won't). The habit of elevating to another, sometimes higher, position, or moving sideways to a equal spot a person who should have been thrown out. (Again, see Freddy.)

Well, forgive my cheek. But we pin a lot on you and the knew NEC (don't know the other names yet.) And from the bottom of our hearts wish you strength, energy and ruthlessness in your great new task.

Hilda Bernstein.

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