

Joel More,
8, Bond Place,
S.W.3

M^s Teixeira,

Enclosed your photos. I did
not receive any material whatsoever,
from M^s Bernstein. Photographs were
received from yourself, J. Moreau,
M^s Whitered, Frances Barr and Zoe
de Hoff.

I am (NOT) a publisher. Zoe
asked me to review the Free Alliance
show, and suggested photos might be useful.
Consequently material was either delivered by hand or
posted. I then wrote the article & this that.
Further, I have only received
letters from yourself and NO-ONE else,

(2)
so the case of discounting does not apply!

I trust this is the end of a
very tedious matter.

from Naomi Mitchison CARRADALE HOUSE, CARRADALE, CAMPBELTOWN, ARGYLL

Jan 5th

50 CLARENDON ROAD
(BASEMENT)
LONDON W11 2HH
(PHONE 727-6204)

Dear Hilda

I would much like to meet again. I now have a little nest in London and shall be back in about ten days. I wonder what will happen in Rhodesia. You can't expect people just to forgive and forget when they have been treated so badly. I am half hoping to get to Salisbury for a few days; I expect they will have forgotten about my P.I. nonsense. Have you read Burger's Daughter? I am just reading it. Very nostalgic even for me.

Naomi
Mitchison

March 31

My dear Hilda

It was nice to speak to you today and I'm sorry you are going through one of those negative unproductive spells.

As I said, may it be a short one.

I am pretty much rock-bottom at the moment not only because of my own personal manic depressive cycle, but because I am losing my job with SA newspapers. If I had anything else to go to I would be jubilant. The relationship has not been a particularly happy or rewarding one during the past five years here but it provided the necessary funds to keep me and , to some extent, my kids, and help their families.

I knew, once the Steyn Commission of Inquiry into the media heard its evidence, that my job was at risk. But I thought, being 6 000 miles away and covering mainly UK matters, I'd escape until early retirement aged 55 (now 51). But I felt the cold gathering in the corners, the overheard remark, the conversation that stopped when I came into a room - which has all been pretty awful.

When the rumours escalated I consulted a lawyer and joined the NUJ - which are advising me. Because of pressure from senior journalists at home - and because of lawyer and NUJ - I expect some sort of pension but not enough to live on. So if you have any ideas about work, either freelance or fulltime, please bear me in mind. I think they dispense with my services end of May. What SA journalists believe is that there will be some modification by the SA government of the draconian Steyn Commission proposals in return for SA Press managements putting their own houses in order. And of course the proposals will affect more black journalists than white.

Best regards - and may we both be caught up in the whole exciting stimulating positive surge of SPRING.

Mag.

Dear Hilda

As you can see I sent you a card but to the wrong address - It came back.

Better late than never. I am sending it again to the other address. Get in touch with us - We would like to come and visit you -

Rafi and Alison seem to take good shape - Lazare is happy - I saw your exhibition. There will be a time when we can buy paintings from you. I really love them - (I must be repeating myself!).

Our phone number is

483 2092

but now I found yours I shall give you a tinkle.

We will be going to Italy this year and I wonder if we can stay in your place while we fix our place.

Anyway I just hope that this year you'll be coming with us to Nébian, our new place where you could draw and paint for the scenery and old buildings are marvellous - If you have any intention then tell me before so that we can arrange something

We think of you all the time.
Give huge and sonorous kisses to Rusty.

Waiting to hear from you -

Your friends

Michèle & Lazare.

Kisses from Alison.

62 West 14th Street
New York, N.Y. 10011
(212) 691-2555

April 20, 1977

Hilda Bernstein
5 Rothwell Street
London NW1 8YH

Dear Hilda Bernstein:

Your jacket of Shivji's Class Struggles in Tanzania has been an enormous success, and now I am looking for artwork for another title and it occurred to me that you might possibly have something. The book is called Women and Class Society and is by a Brazilian anthropologist named Heleieth Saffioti. It is essentially about Third World women, or women in colonial or post-colonial societies. Particularly Brazil, but not really confined to Brazil.

Would you have anything? Again, we can't pay much.
Hoping to hear from you shortly.

Sincerely yours,



Susan Lowes

5 Rothwell Street
London, NW1 8YH

April 25 1977

Susan Lowes,
Monthly Review Press
62 West 14th St
New York, N.Y. 10011
USA

Dear Susan,

I enclose some rather poor photos of prints that may or may not be suitable for the book. If any of them appeal to you, I will post you a copy of the print itself.

I am pleased the Shivji jacket was a success. It must have been, as I recently saw an Italian poster using the same picture - they must have taken it from the book jacket as they didn't get it from me. It makes quite a good poster!

If these are unsuitable, never mind. Or would you like a drawing? Please return photos when finished.

Best wishes,

Hilda Bernstein.

'Cyprus, Dimbaza, Sebel.' This is actually black & white, not brown (as on photo). It represents the deprivation of the women, through war, through forcible re-settlement, through hunger.

'We Women' was my offering to International Women's year - images of women in her various roles. The print is large so you could take a portion of it. It is printed in red/blk or brown/blk.

'Girl' is simply sepia print on white.

'Black Mothers' is a woodcut

'Women' is an oil painting - if you liked it we would send a larger, better colour photo.

62 West 14th Street
New York, N.Y. 10011
(212) 691-2555

May 3, 1977

Hilda Bernstein
5 Rothwell Street
London NW1 8YH

Dear Hilda:

Thanks for your very quick response. As it turns out, I don't think any of the ones you sent are really suitable for the Southern Africa book, but one does seem to be perfect for another book we are doing. The book is entitled Women in Class Society, and is by a Brazilian anthropologist-sociologist named Heleieth Saffioti. And the print I am referring to is the one you did for International Women's Year. Can you send me a print -- brown-black, although I don't suppose it really matters. Would you want it returned, or would you prefer we buy it from you, and if so what would you ask for it?

Best wishes,



Susan Lowes

62 West 14th Street
New York, N.Y. 10011
(212) 691-2555

June 23, 1976

Hilda Bernstein
5 Rothwell Street
London NW1 8YH
England

Dear Hilda Bernstein:

I am returning the negatives you sent us, plus a token check for letting us use the woodcut. I am also enclosed several copies of the jacket, so you can see how it turned out. I think it is quite gorgeous, and have a black and white print of the woodcut in my office.

I am sending you a copy of the book itself under separate cover, by sea, in case you are interested in it.

Thank you very much for your help.

Sincerely yours,



Susan Lowes

Monthly Review Press



62 West 14th Street
New York, N.Y. 10011
(212) 691-2555

51 MAR 1976 February 24, 1976

Ms. Helen Berstein
Anti-Apartheid Movement
89 Charlotte Street
London W1
England

Dear Ms. Berstein:

Monthly Review is publishing a book by Issa Shivji entitled Class Struggles in Tanzania, and I recently saw a copy of a cover you did for Pan African Notes that I thought would make an excellent illustration for Shivji's book. It was a woodcut (I think) that was on the September 1972 issue of Pan African Notes, and was titled "Ujamaa Villagers in Tanzania." Would you have the original, and would you allow us to use it for Shivji's book? We cannot afford to pay much, but could send you \$25.

Hoping to hear from you shortly.

Sincerely yours,

Susan Lowes

5 Rothwell St
London, NW1 8YH
England.

5th March 76

Dear Susan Lowes,

It's a small world. I have never heard of Pan African Notes, and the woodblock of the Ujamaa villagers was reproduced a couple of years ago on the cover of the African National Congress magazine Sechaba which is edited in London and printed in the GDR.

Let me explain that it is an 'incised woodblock' - that is, it is a woodblock cut in exactly the same way as it would be to make a woodcut print, only instead of printing from the block, the block itself is the picture. Therefore, prints were not taken from the block, although of course, they could be. For that reason, I haven't any reproductions or prints from the block, but I found - lucky chance! - this negative of a photo of the block itself. If you can use it, you are very welcome.

The original block could be borrowed, and could be photographed again, or even have a print taken from it, but it entails time and travel, as it resides in a house quite a long way from London.

If you do use it, let me know, and in any case I know you will return the negative strip to me. It is the only record left of the 'woodblock' period of my life. Now it's etchings.

With very best wishes to you and MRP

Hilda Bernstein

105c, Stamford Street,
London S.E.1 9NN
(4-7) = 80.

Dear Hilda,

I haven't heard or seen you and Rusty for a long time now, I hope that you are both in good health. I am in good health and so, is my wife. I would very much like to see you sometimes, if you permit me. I have enough time to call around, at weekends if you have time to spare.

Yours with greetings
Naboth Miskate.



Be properly
addressed

POSTCODE IT

Mrs Hilda Bernstein,
5, Rothwell Street,
N.W.1

If not delivered in 7 days, return to
105c, Stamford Street - S.E. 1 9NN

c/o V. Brown

P.O. Box 4590

HARARE

ZIMBABWE

22nd-04-83

Dear CDE,

What a pleasant surprise I got, when receiving your letter & the news paper cutting.

I really appreciate your interest to our political problems. Especially my family. We have been really lucky in this respect for we managed to join the club of the EXILES. There are thousands who were not so fortunate. They are lounging in prisons, banished, dead, maimed, discarded (in the homelands) & et.c.

Without saying much we as a family have tasted a bit of suffering.

A brother left 1966

Our two daughters left 1977 january after 1976. Husband detained. I slept in open spaces & empty churches 11 days & 11 nights with a 4½ little boy my passport taken away. 3 children stranded did not return

in a neighbouring country for at school,
for 3½ months. After giving myself up I was
harrassed intorogated every now and then
Monthly visits from the police

1979 16 year old boy detained when very
ill. Released without any charge (Husband also)

1981 left the country because of herasment

1981 They broke down the doors, widows

looted beat us up swearing humiliating us in
the presence of our little girl who had just
turned 3yrs then taken to goal under the
notorious section 6 of the terrorism act.

no ^w lawyer no press statements no priest; no
relatives no doctor. e.t.c. In fact you belong
to the state they can do what they like
with you.

Through torture I had a stroke & heart attack
In hospital. I was addmitted under assumed
name 'MRS Brown' Terrorist from Nabubia.
3yrs old wrenchd from me after two
days & two nights. Spent 17 hours with the
baby without food. (Can tell more.)

Spent 6 months not knowing what had
happened to the child & the the ~~other~~

other 3 children who were at the boarding school outside the country 7yrs boy, 9yrs girl, 14yrs boy. House empty. Released 1982 April admitted in hospital for 6 weeks under intensive care 2 weeks ~~later~~ later had to report or attend clinic every other day for meals while we were in hiding for the police were residing in the house.

Thus we had to leave the country. because we could not go back to the house & they were harassing our friends & relatives wanting to know where we are.

COMRADE I could tell you more & more about prison life. I wish you could write a book as I was told about you through the grape vine, that you do write.

At the moment we are struggling to get a place to stay. for the government is still on the process of making a refugees bill.

Thanks one more for your concern

about us.

It's people like you who give us hope & courage to work & look forward to going back home.

At ~~least~~ least at the moment I am staying with the three children who are attending school. It's hard going as I am not well, & my husband is not working yet.

Thanks very much.

Sincerely

Khosi Mbatha.

5 Rothwell St
London, NW1 8YH

3rd June 1983

Dear Comrade Khosi,

I must thank you for your letter, written last April - it arrived here while I was away for a month, and since then I have been very busy with the launching of a book that I wrote about sabotage in South Africa (It is called 'Death is Part of the Process')

As you mentioned, you heard that I am a writer. I wrote three books for the International Defence and Aid Fund. The first was about torture and political trials, but that appeared some years ago, and although the information is there, it is not up to date in view of what has happened to people since it was written. The second was called 'For Their Triumphs and For Their Tears', and is an account of women's lives in apartheid South Africa, written both from my own experience - I was a founder of the Federation of South African Women and always played a big part in women's organisations - and also from much information that is now being researched about the conditions and lives of women. This has appeared in two editions, and at present I am busy re-writing and up-dating it, to be re-published soon. The third book was about the death of Steve Biko.

I mention these primarily to establish myself, my bona fides, as it were. After reading the letter you wrote to me, and reading the other interviews that you gave while you were in England, I thought that your story, the story of yourself and your family, should be written up. The point is that while each case, like yours, is only one of hundreds, people are not stirred by big figures or general statements, but can identify with one person's experiences and in this way come to understand something about the apartheid regime. I am not sure whether it would be written as a book. I have been thinking more upon the lines of a 'documentary drama' for television, or something of that nature. However, to prepare such material would require me to sit down with you for as many days as are needed, and simply to let you talk, to record all your experiences, ask any questions that are necessary, and then to go away and put it all together in some form.

I am very interested in such a project. Since I won a substantial prize for my new book, I have put the money away for the purpose of going back to Africa, either at the end of this year or perhaps the beginning of 1984. If I do that, I would definitely visit Harare. What I would like to know from you is whether you are now living in Zimbabwe permanently (for the time, anyway), and would it therefore be possible for us to cooperate in the way I have ~~sug~~ suggested?

I hope you know Hugh and Pat Lewin. If you speak to them, would you please send my love, and tell Hugh if he can't get a copy of the book I will send it to him.

I hope you and your husband and children are enjoying a more relaxed and better life, even if it must now be as exiles.

With warm regards,

3-April

I hope you like this —

I'm so sorry I missed
you (I got back from
Canada 10 days ago, but
thought you were going after
Easter).

Thank you so much — for
just being —
Regards

Pauline Morris

Ps - I may not be here
myself in July when you
return, as I'm thinking
of living in Canada again
from June or so.

If not, I hope we meet
again somewhere. —

My parents address is
1107 INVERMAY AVE, DOWNSVIEW
ONTARIO M3H 1Z7 CANADA
if you're there again yourself.

Dear Hilda Bernstein,
I stand corrected. See I am
briefed. You wrote a firm No:
but I send this in case its idea has forms

Roughwood Barns,
Roughwood Lane,
Chalfont St Giles, Bucks.
tel. 02407 2034

7 November 1983

Artists for Peace your intentions

D M

Thankyou very much. Your letters were encouraging, helpful, moving, even inspiring...but, wait, I must get my words onto one page!

First: the facts and inferences. There were 52 replies: 33 ayes; 16 sympathetic noises; 3 noes (plus 1 'abusives anonymous!'). Donations £85. The number of replies is disappointing; on the other hand, the proportion of affirmatives is very heartening. So - a bastion of the establishment has not fallen; but there are enough of us not to let go of the idea. (Almost all of you have sent money (if you haven't, could you?); and though it comes to less than the initial cost of sending to so many, the South Chiltern Peace Group are kindly allowing us to use most of this positively - for our necessary coming expenses.

Second. We must not waste time or money in the setting up of the organisation. You will belong to Artists for Peace simply by sending back to me a stamped addressed envelope. From these I'll index our membership. Until January, anyway, we are a group without officers or independent funds - but we are a group nevertheless, as large as the number of S.A.E.s that I get back from this letter.

What do we do? Of course, an unscheduled (and unending) part of our function is to talk and write and act publicly for nuclear disarmament and for the larger aim of world peace, goaded by a morality that is creative and sympathetic. But this we can do anyway without needing to be bonded together as artists for peace. What then? There are certainly not enough of us to persuade the R.A. to whack the government, impress the media or solicit the Queen. But we can do something far better than these merely political activities. And I write without taint of sour grapes because I think the idea really has come.

Let us act as artists, through art. Let us together prepare for a national exhibition to be held next summer, in London and in the provinces, whose content will be formed as the imaginative projection of our urgent and heartfelt convictions. I am not thinking of art as propaganda (though some of us may feel we should); for, in propaganda truth is distorted for the sake of the message. I am thinking of pure art, art with a passionately communicative content. It will be something that, together, we can put together, working personally, but with an eye to the effect of the whole exhibition. May I propose a possible sequence of themes through the exhibition:

- i) the nature, idea and image of nuclear war preparation
- ii) the image of protest, peace demos & the heraldry of CND.
- iii) nuclear war
- iv) the world afterwards
- v) the choice to live in peace.

The treatment of these themes could be literal or metaphorical, illustrative or abstract; and of course they could be changed. I would envisage each of us contributing one or more works.

We need to meet and discuss everything. Can you come to me? I have a habitable barn which can warmly welcome up to 60 of us. So, this is an invitation to come for the day on Saturday 15 January: informal-social from 10-30 to 12-30; soup-kitchen lunch; formal discussion from 2-00 to 4-30; farmhouse creamless tea; social ad lib (home brew). If you want to come, but live far away, do bring some bedding and we will fix you up somewhere. For details of how to get here, phone C St G (02407) 2034. Two last things. I will explore gallery possibilities. Can you help propagate the idea and widen our membership?

Yours sincerely,

David Morris

39 Curzon Road, Muswell Hill, London N10 2RB 01-883 4990

27th May

Dear Hilda

I enclose copies of three of the snaps I took
in which I think you look particularly pretty.
Hope you like them.

Love

Pauline

5 Rothwell St,
London, NW1 8YH

11th Jan 84

Dear Kitten,

How nice of you to write to me! I reciprocate your good wishes for 1984, and I do hope that your work improves, that you have much more of the kind you would like.

I found these three pictures, two of your father and one of your father's hands. The girl is my eldest daughter Toni, and the other man is Rusty. They were taken on the verandah of our home in Observatory, Johannesburg, a long time ago. I am afraid I dont know what happened to the negatives, so some time I would like them back, but there is no hurry.

I had a very successful exhibition during November, but now I must try and do some new work, as i have not done much painting or drawing for a long time.

Please do get in touch when you feel like it, and come again.

With love

Milda

Miss K S T Matthews
Barrister

Chambers:

9 Warwick Court

Grays Inn

London WC1R 5DJ

Telephone:

Chambers: 01-405 5237

Home: 01-677 6261

59 Leigham Court Road, Streatham, London SW16 2SE

4th January, 1984.

Dear Mrs. Bernstein,

Happy New Year to you and Mr. B. I hope ^{he} has recovered fully now, and that you had a peaceful Christmas holiday. I must say the rest of the world appears to have gone quite crazy.

I was very sorry to miss your exhibition last summer, but we could not find a baby sitter at the last minute, having been let down by the first one. I hope you had a good day and that you will be putting on another one this year.

I am slowly beginning to get more work; mostly criminal which I'm not too keen on. I've got my first trial next week, defending some youth accused of assaulting a police officer! Hope I win.

I enjoyed meeting and talking to

you about Africa, my grandpa and
father. I hope that I can come and
see you again soon.

Love and best wishes

Kitten Matthews.

24 March 1984

Replied 6/4/84

P.O. Box 35251

Lusaka

Zambia

Dear Comrade Hilda,

Greetings for Year of the Woman! How are things in London?

This and - both victories and set-backs. But the struggle continues.

Comrade Hilda, we are making plans for marking 1984 and one of our suggestions is to use the text you prepared for use by the Women's Section in London on August 9th last year.

We wanted to do a similar presentation this year so we are asking you to please send us a copy of the text as soon as possible.

My little girl, Mtsiki, is now two years old and quite a hand-ful. The work at Sacta is progressing, albeit very gradually in the beginning. There's alot of young blood, also new blood with much verve and vigour. Working alongside veterans like Comrades Kay, John Molskali, JKNkadumeng, Kay Moosamy, S Blamini is injecting us with the much-needed correct political orientation and understanding.

The challenges are becoming mountains,
and our tasks growing daily. But we
owe it to our mothers, fathers, family
and children to escalate our struggle
and free our country.

With all the questions being raised by
Mozambique's recent "embracing" of
the regime, our only solution is to
ensure that the struggle is intensified
inside our country. This remains our only
solution. If we fail to meet this
challenge, the setbacks will be horrific.

Therefore everything we are doing has become
that much more urgent.

Till we meet - take care and convey my
greetings to Comrade Rusty.

Lots of love

Ananda!

I/ra Mackay.

P.S. I have not read your new book because I do not
have a copy!! Are there any chances of my
getting a signed copy from you?? Thanks.

Pinswell
Woodlands Farm
Chedworth
Glos. GL54 4NT
England

4th July 84

Dear Marius,

It is painful, terrible, to write to you under these circumstances, to try, from this distance, to stretch out a hand of solidarity and love to you. Nothing that I or anyone else can say will mitigate against your dreadful loss of Jenny and your daughter under such cruel circumstances. Nor do I believe that the sense of loss softens or lessens after a while - a harsh, comfortless thing to say, but it seems to me it is true. It will be there always, and you have to find a way of accepting it is there and living with it. The years of living without them both will intervene and the daily need to carry on must take over to a great extent. But your bitter loss remains; I think constantly of Ruth, and never with a lessening of my own loss and sorrow, so I can imagine how hard it is for the closer family.

Perhaps the knowledge of the outrage and anger among all those who know you, and so many who do not, will contribute towards your own strength. I feel what I wrote is inadequate, but wanted to know how much we do share your grief, so far away and separated by so many years.

I have some journalistic connections with papers in England and in Europe, and I would very much like to write up a story about Jenny. It may be impertinent of me to ask this - you may not feel like doing it now - but if you could give me information about Jenny & yourself, something of her background, how you met, giving me the dates of your arrest & release from jail, something about the work that both of you have done since you met, where you lived, and so on - I would very much like to write it up for certain journals. It is a way of carrying on with our anti-apartheid work, approaching readers from a different angle, as the constant repetition of the same things (such as the sports boycotts) tend to dull peoples' interest. Particularly as this is the Year of the WEomen, and I have a new book on women in SA due to come out in Autumn (published by D & A), I think I could obtain some publicity for the whole tragic event and what it reveals about South Africa.

Forgive me for mixing the personal and the practical. Rusty and I both send our love to you, and think of you a great deal.

Love from
Hilda

16th Nov 84

Dear David,

Thank you for sending me the Red Letters. I have been reading them - although not every article. I have a mixed reaction to the possibility of contributing anything worthwhile.

I am not worried about what you call the 'orientation' (in the old days it used to be the 'line') - that would not worry me in any case, I'm pretty flexible in my old age.

I find the journal rather academic; there's nothing wrong with that, of course, but I am not an academic, and I feel the kind of articles I produce would not necessarily fit in with the general trend of the magazine. Trying to read some of the articles, I felt I was just not intellectual enough (eg, Sue Harper in No 14, and more so, Conrad Atkinson in No 15 - I am very interested in his subject, but found his article somewhat incomprehensible, and could not follow the continuity of thought from one para to the next.) I did enjoy the Theatre Special, especially Catherine Itzen's article.

Also, I do not really know what kind of article you would want: an assessment of Gordimer's importance as a novelist in the SA literary scene? an analysis of her various novels and short stories? the way she has treated themes? I don't think I could adequately tackle this. (Apart from other problems, our books are all still in packing cases and boxes and I do not have access to her work at present.)

Without trying to run your journal editorially, I would have thought that for the issue you describe it would be better to try and get someone to write about the small but increasing number of black novelists, or the considerable number of black poets. The fact that the novel is not a form with which black cultures have been familiar (except for the small minority educated in the 'European' style) has meant that white novelists have dominated the field; but this is changing. The passion and vitality of black poetry and black theatre, reflecting the passion and vitality of the struggle against the apartheid regime, are potent subjects.

It's not that I want to 'get out of' doing an article for Red Letters. I do need to feel at home with my subject. Ring me if you wish to discuss this further. I'm interested, but not at all convinced that I am the right person, or that the article is the right one.

With best wishes

hilda

63 Erlanger Rd.

London SE14 5TQ

639-6175

14 Oct 85

Dear Hilda,

Here are the last four issues of Red Letter, which should give you some idea of our orientation.

If we haven't managed to get the articles we need for LL17, 24 be in touch in early November. If we have, then I'll be in touch at some point anyway about perhaps a more general article about the political importance of South African literature.

If it's of any use to you, my family has taken our camping gear through Geneva for the last four

years, and the route through
Pontarlier & Hausmann puts less
strain on old motors and the
potrol is cheaper in Switzerland.
Good luck with the exhibition.

Best regards.

David

DAVID MARGOLIES

Sat. 10 Nov.

Dear Hilda,

Hoping that your sojourn to Geneva went well, could I say that the Red letters collective is still eager to have a Nadine Gordimer article from you. Various things delayed the issue, which is now scheduled for late January. Would you be willing to, interested in, doing a piece for us?

It will be the lead article, as we are now planning it, supported by an article on the casting of black actors and an interview with Arden/Darcy on the cultural situation in Nicaragua, as they saw it earlier this year (if there still is a Nicaragua in a couple of months), and reviews of books for the most part related in some way to questions of racism.

If you feel at home with our journal
(from the issues you've seen), and
would like to do a Nadine Gordimer
piece for it, ~~we~~ we'd be very
grateful for 3-4 thousand words
sometime before New Year.

Warm thanks, and best
regards,

David

DAVID MARGOLIES
63 ERLANGER RD.
LONDON SE14 5TQ
(01) 639-6175

May 21 1985.


My dear Hilda, ^{Card & note Dec 1985} I am so glad to have had news of you! My Xmas card came back marked NOT KNOWN which was quite terrifying, so I had no way of knowing if you were well. Please do send an address again - I take it you've moved from the country address you last sent.

We are hearing more and more awful news here from South Africa, and my brother adamantly refuses to leave there, mostly through passive resistance. This week has been especially bad, with news of the beating deaths.

I do hope your book sells marvellously well so that many will get a sense of what life really can be like for people there.

I am saving the notice to publicize it here for you too.

As for news of me, there is really little.



I still work with ex and current mental patients and finally feel I am getting a few skills in counselling them. And to my delight this last election has moved us (potentially) quite a lot to the left in Ontario, so that's something to work on. (we've got a minority with NDP as the leverage).
Life is really quiet otherwise, not much adventure in it. But it's summer now, & that always perks things up a bit! I do hope you have a good season too, and are very, very well.

Hallmark

Pauline

67 Gloucester St #12

Toronto MAY 168

Ontario CANADA

(Pauline Morris)

Mrs. Hilda Bernstein
% IDAF Publications



Dec 22 1985. at home

67 Gloucester St #12
Toronto Ont M4V 1L8.

Dear Hilda - I cannot tell you how delighted I was to get your card! It is so good to hear from you personally (thanks for the flyer too, by the by, which I showed round to publicize your book a bit), esp. as last year's card came back 'no longer here'. You've had several moves, & I note with some sadness that your husband's name is no longer on your address label. I do hope you are well - am I wrong to assume his death? At any rate, I see you are still far (farther!) out into the country and a Miss Maple lifestyle. It is a shame that your Canadian excursion couldn't include Toronto (over 500 miles away, I know) - I would have loved to see you in person.

Yes, the S.A. news is terrifying. We have a large (White, Jewish) S.A. population in Toronto now tho' I hear little about their political stance. A recent newscast spoke about the

2

impact on just that group in Jo'burg of a mixed race play Born in The R.S.A. It has apparently opened a few eyes, but hasn't been sat on by the powers that be, so must be very dilute. Papie Nonpapa was quite shattering.

You know that my brother has chosen to live in Capetown, & it begins to look more & more like an emigration (it was a doctoral thesis educative venture). I cannot grasp how he can be complicit, esp. in the University setting, but complacent & complicit he is. The outcome to me seems inevitable. I too wish for peace.

Peace through as little of the bloodshed and evil we ~~have~~ seen over all these years.

May this year bring you personal peace too (a wish for us both - it has been a hard one for me, emotionally, too, and developmentally & professionally).

with much love

Pauline



December 85.

Sending you
the best of
good wishes
for a wonderful
Holiday Season

MERRY CHRISTMAS

XX
Pauline

Designed
by
EMBASSY



January 17 1988.

My dear Hilda -

I cannot tell you how delighted I was to get your card, which arrived Friday. I had thought I'd lost you completely - the last note I wrote came back undelivered, and your prior card had only your publisher and no return address! *La luta continua*, I see. Your work continues to be admirable, devastating. Is your book selling? I haven't seen it here as yet. Sadly my brother is still living in Cape Town, oblivious to political issues, and I cannot imagine visiting him without violating my own principles. A bit dumb, maybe, as it would cut the price!

As for my own news, there isn't much. I had a bit of a career hiccup this year and am still trying to get back on my feet after 6 mos. unemployment. I'm still a social worker - now with a home health-care unit of Public Health. Perhaps at 40+ I can now begin to develop some creativity and act on my ethics. It's all beginning to come together at last. I was in England last year before all this happened, without your address of course!

Life in Toronto continues to be art and theatre, film and friends, too much food and much laughter. Basically fine. Do keep in touch. Would love to see you.

Affectionately
Pauline

Pauline Moxnis

Original by Mitsuko Sakata

Caspari



N 50-16617 A

H. GEORGE CASPARI, INC.
NEW YORK/ZÜRICH
Printed in Switzerland

Old House Farm
Dorstone
Hereford, HR3 6BL
29th Sept 85

My dear Madeleine,

I have, of course, been meaning to write to you for several months. In fact, I have often written to you in my head - which is where I do a lot of my communicating with scattered friends; but although I do believe in thought transference, I don't think my 'head' letters really reach you. The trouble, always, is finding the time to sit and write them down.

Now too much time has past since we met. A cold, miserable Spring became a cold, miserable summer. Vegetables wouldn't grow, I seemed to wear the same jerseys and warm trousers for months on end. Now we have a small respite - a few golden days of approaching Autumn, with all the lavishness that Nature bestows at this time of the year, plums squashing in the lane, hazel nuts and blackberries, beans and courgettes by the hundreds. I love it, but it places obligations on you to freeze, bottle, make jam, preserve the good things now for the lean times coming, and in fact I would rather be doing other things.

Of course, although we are not now in London, there are so many things going on because of the South African situation; and we have been going to London quite often for meetings and conferences. I do not think I have to tell you about what is happening - you people are so well informed about the SA situation. But yesterday I cut from our newspaper an article that is headlined 'Canada emerges as sanctions leader', saying that Canada has moved to the forefront of the debate about economic sanctions, with Nyamere saying that with the support of Canada he hoped to get the whole commonwealth to agree on a package. Imagine Britain being even more reactionary than Reagan on this question! So many things happening - the business men talking to the ANC (our very left-wing friends think this is 'betrayal' - but we don't) and the Churches taking a more and more militant line, becoming so outspoken - liberation theology spreading to Southern Africa. At the same time, the sadness & anger that one feels constantly at the terrible murders, the assassinations of so many brilliant people.

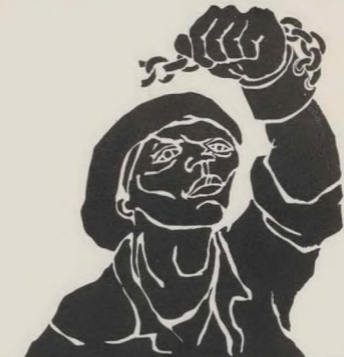
I have been speaking at quite a few local meetings - a new Anti-Apartheid group started up in the nearest town, Hereford. My husband and I went to Cardiff, which is in Wales, to speak during the week to an enthusiastic audience, and afterwards a Welsh choir sang SA freedom songs - it was lovely.

If you have a chance to write, I would like to hear about Molly - I think her baby must be due, or have arrived. And Lucie. And all the good friends we met in Montreal and Quebec. Could you tell me if the interview I did with 'La Vie en rose' was ever published?

I did not get to Nairobi. In fact, if you had raised money I still would not have been able to go, because at the time I was struck by some virus infection that affected the nerves controlling muscles, and was incapacitated for a time. A very strange kind of illness - I'm usually never ill - when I didn't feel ill, but couldn't do things - my arms and legs wouldn't function properly. All over now. I'm sorry not to have been there, & have read and listened to many reports.

The BBC is busy now making a film of my book 'Death is part of the process' - they are going to shoot the film in Kenya. This is all quite exciting. I am sorry if the prints I sent never reached you - they didn't arrive back here. I would very much like you to have had them. Well, next time I come to Canada, I will bring you some!

I am preparing for an exhibition in London in November, and for between the beguiling beauty of the local countryside, the sweep of fields, hedges, trees, the flowers and the leaves with their first tinges of Autumn; and the contrasting pictures from South Africa - the struggles, the upsurge . . . it needs a much greater artist than I to capture the spirit of the people.



**NOW YOU HAVE TOUCHED
THE WOMEN YOU HAVE
STRUCK A ROCK; YOU HAVE
DISLODGED A BOULDER;
YOU WILL BE CRUSHED.**

9 AUGUST SA WOMEN'S DAY

24/3/85

Dear Hilda,

I hope that you had a nice trip back to England! I am sure your family and Rusty were delighted to have you back with them.

We were very happy that you came in Canada for the tour. The team met last week and ^{will} meet again during this week to plan for the follow-up. The news concerning South Africa are sad these days, so many killings but at the same time hopefully this will bring a change. Let's hope that it will be soon. Our media are talking quite a lot about the South African issue these

days -

Spring is back ... and the snow is melting. it is always a period of hope and love.

I wish that South Africans could enjoy a real spring with love, hope and freedom for all

much love

madeline

MEU ART ENSEMBLE
P.O. BOX 1356 GABORONE

August 14th 86

My dear Madeleine,

How nice to hear from you, and to receive not only a beautiful cheque but ~~xxxxx~~ also a beautiful book. I had intended that the prints would be a gift to you, and that if you sold any of them you would keep the money for your own organisation. However, since you did send the money, I selfishly decided to retain a portion due to the fact that I have not been able to sell anything lately and need some money, and to give a portion for our Women's Section. I do hope that you do not mind this. I was also very happy to hear that both you and Lucy have one of my prints; I feel I am there, permanently, in your home. The greatest satisfaction in creating pictures is to know that they do give pleasure to others. I hope one day to be able to send more.

It was good to read about your trip, and the work of the Catholic Church. I need no convincing of the importance of these visits and the reports to the Canadian people; and of the continued pressure on governments. In some ways it feels almost unreal that after all these years of propaganda and agitation on the part of ourselves and related organisations we find that at last the people of the Western world are beginning to realise what is going on, and how it relates to them. Almost as though we had been crying in the wilderness, but today the cries are taken up by more and more. Of course, the credit is to the activities of the people within the country, so we find a situation that is both exciting and horrendous at the same time. The restrictions on reporting, even before the emergency but now more so have had a great effect here, inasmuch as the nightly scenes on television have now disappeared, the daily reports are sparse and inadequate, and it is almost as though nothing is happening, except the few, laconic official reports 'three blacks killed' or whatever it is. Sometimes one wants to shout out loud from the housetops.

I loved the beautiful little book you sent - how wonderful it would be to see those marvellous rock formations. An extraordinary landscape, different from anything I know. Perhaps one day . . . so many wonderful places to see, so little time left.

I just had a letter from Molly telling me that she and her little family will be in England for a year, with a three months' stay in the Philippines. This is exciting for her and Rick, and I look forward to seeing her, either in London or here in Dorstone.

We have had a pretty awful summer as far as the weather is concerned; my vegetables were a disaster - a long, cold Spring, sheep devastating peas and lettuces, but the flowers have been wonderful.

I have been writing a novel - but not about South Africa; the first time I have written anything that has no SA in it! Whether it is of any value or not, I do not know, but I wanted, for some reason, to do it. Now I want to start drawing and painting again. We have had many visitors this summer, and I have had some speaking trips - France and Portugal in Spring, and some places nearer home.

It is good to keep in touch. Rusty joins me in sending greetings, and to you and the good friends I met, Love from

1
July 15, 1986

Dear Hilda,

How have you been? I feel very ashamed to write so late to thank you for all what you did during my visit to your place. I have enjoyed it very much. The whole trip was very interesting but everywhere I could feel the insecurity of the people of the front line state being so close of the big South Africa. In Swaziland I have also visited a refugee camp from Mozambique I have met Agnes Nsemany in Lusaka Gertrude was not there as well as Ruth, both had

gone in Europe for medical treatment at that time.

The struggle is intensifying at lot. We had the opportunity to meet with people of COSATU recently in Canada also Mrs Sally Motlana came for few days in Montreal and of course you probably know that Bishop Tutu has spent a short period in Montreal in June. He was able to meet several groups - and well over 10,000 people attended one or the other activities that was organised.

Last January a delegation of Bishop and lay people went to South Africa and they wrote a report which was quite interesting and they organised press conference and

different conferences - radio & TV
 interviews so the informati-
 work is going on here too.
 We hope that our government
 people will be able to play
 a positive role - towards
 sanction in August at the
 Conference of the Commonwealth.
 Last Sunday Mrs Thatcher
 had a stop over talk with
 our Prime Mulroey in Mirabel
 airport. We had a demonstratin
 there in the rain to ask for
 sanction. I feel it is impor-
 tant to continue pressure
 on our leaders. In Canada
 I feel that the population are
 quite sympathetic to the
 cause.... Our bishops delegatu
 had also a lot of impact
 among religious people and
 on christians and on government
 people.

I feel they have still a lot of credibility here and they recommend also sanctions. Lucie is fine she is actually in holiday before starting a full year of study in September in sociology. I have not seen Molly recently but the last time I saw her she was fine and so was the baby.

Hilda this time your great works arrived and all the people who has seen them were very impressed by them and all of them were sold or put to raffle. We have decided to send back the money to you and if you still really want the amount be given for solidarity work well it is surely possible for

you to find group in London
 or somewhere else in England
 that need support. I could
 have sold more... I regretted
 not to have chosen more;
 but since I was not sure
 I preferred to start with few.
 It will be for the next
 opportunity - My self I have
 the "Sacred Ibis" in my living
 room they are beautiful - Lucy
 has "We Women".

Now I am on holiday I have
 visited the North Shore of St
 Lawrence River a place call
 Havre St Pierre in front of
 Ant. cost: Island - it was
 great to know the people and
 see the landscape in that area
 - the beautiful islands carved
 by the sea and the wind.

This would be a nice place
for you to visit when you
will have a possibility
of holiday! I am sure
it could be full of ins-
piration - Here is a little
booklet that I brought back
from there. Isn't it beautiful!

Please give my regards to
Mr Rusty and to your daughter
& sons. I met last January
thanks again Hilda for
all.

With love

Madeline

N.B. Enclosed is a draft of ^{ten}\$ 510. -
to cover the cost of the seven
works I brought. -



G. Currier '57

If one day all the realities that are contained in the words «Love», «Peace» and «Justice» should strike responsive chords in every heart, perhaps from that day forth will we all be able to stand together in the light of the Sun and allow it to penetrate the opacity of our private universes. Then only will the walls become like fine crystal and will man be able to perceive Liberty and to finally celebrate his union with Liberation.

*That day will be an
happy one!*

**MAY THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS
BRIGHTEN YOUR LIVES AND
MAY THE COMING YEAR BRING
PEACE AND HAPPINESS.**



**THE CANADIAN CATHOLIC ORGANIZATION
FOR DEVELOPMENT AND PEACE**

Madeline

Dear Hilda,

Thanks for your
greetings. Will be traveling

in January arriving

London Jan 25 early in
the morning by Air Canada.

will be free till Monday morning
the 27.

Would like very much to
visit you if possible.

Best wishes

Madeline

20th March 86

Marks and Spencer

On the 6th June last year I wrote you a letter concerning the addition of colourings to certain foods, and objecting to their use.

I received a reply on the 21st June from Miss O'Connor in your Food Customer Services that I considered to be totally unsatisfactory. However, I did not really have the time to pursue the correspondence, so did nothing about it.

Today I received (with my charge-card account) some folders with 'Inside news for Charge card holders', and see you are now offering 'calorie counted menus'. I felt impelled to take up the subject of additives again.

Let us first say that some additives are necessary for the preservation of foods.

Food colouring, however, is cosmetic and unnecessary and sometimes harmful, except in the case of natural cayenne, paprika, etc. Your letter states that Brown FK 'is used to give the fish the colour which customers associate with the product'. You go on to say that you have tried putting out kippers, etc, without Brown FK, but customers were not interested in buying them because they lacked colour.

In the first place, why do customers associate these colours with the products? Simply because yourselves, and others, have offered them for so long now, that they believe this is the real colour. Secondly, have you tried to 'uneducate them'? To put undyed kippers side by side with the Brown FK ones, with a notice stating that they are free of any artificial colouring - which is why they may seem pale - in response to the requests of some customers? We, the customers, are always being accused of 'wanting' certain products coloured or shaped in certain ways. We never used to want coloured kippers, we never wanted small round tasteless tomatoes - we go on perforce buying what is offered. In the third place, Brown FK, which is a synthetic mixture of azo dyes, is not necessarily safe - as most of the additives are not. Experiments have shown that two of the colour's constituents ~~can~~ cause genetic mutation.

In the fourth place, it is no reassurance to be told that the Ministry of Agriculture, who allow spraying with dioxin, have permitted the use of these colours and additives after tests to ensure their safety. It's the kind of 'reassurance' that we are getting all the time about the safety of ~~Mxanxxx~~ Sellafield and the toxic waste pumped into the Irish seas. Also, how do they know of the safety of such things? 'Human exposure to weak carcinogen may need to be prolonged for several decades before any positive effect can be detected, and no assurance can be given that an effect will not be produced by a lifetime of exposure to the unusually large amounts that are consumed in diet drinks by some children and young adults'.

The government does not conduct safety evaluations on particular additives, nor does it commission independent research. Food additive toxicology is not a science which seeks to understand the biological effects of chemicals upon humans, but merely technology designed to produce animal test data sufficient to gain permission from governments for the use of additives. The government permits the use of those additives which it regulates by reference to information provided by the industry and in secret. A practice defended by pointing to the commercial interests of the companies, but without reference to the interests of the consumers.

I bother to write all this - and could, of course, write a great deal more, only because I am convinced that you do have a good progressive policy regarding the foods that you sell, and try to set high standards. What you must

must appreciate is that to maintain your reputation you must not only choose the best of what is available, or permitted, at present, but should be pioneers and leaders in leading the way forward to less adulterated foods. I appreciate that the other day I could buy haddock that had only natural colouring, but my point is that you must be thinking continually of the future. At present we, the ones concerned with these questions, are of course a minority of your shoppers. But people are gradually awakening to the importance of these issues. You should be leaders in the field, and not make the usual tame excuses about 'what is permitted' or that something has not yet been proved to be harmful. Thalidomide had not been proved to be harmful when all those women took it. It was 'approved.'

Have a look at your licorice allsorts.

With good wishes

6/6/85

Marks and Spencers

I would like to raise two matters with you.

The first concerns the addition of colouring to certain foods. Together with all the customers at your food stores, I very much appreciate the high quality of your foods. I would have thought that with the care you take over the ingredients and presentation of the foods that you sell that you would also be leaders in refusing to sell foods that are unnecessarily coloured. I am thinking in particular of items like haddock and kippers. I search in vain for haddock that is not a bilious yellow, or kippers that are not dyed deep orange. It is rather senseless to say 'This is what the public wants' - the public buys them because that is what it is given, and often has no choice; then becomes accustomed to the highly-coloured offerings and believes it is the real thing. I think that you should be leaders in matters like these. There is a rapidly growing minority of people who are now examining all the additives and ingredients of foods, and want those that are free of added coloured and any unnecessary other chemicals. How about trying this out, by presenting a special section of 'purer' foods?

The second concerns a cardigan I bought in your Hereford store. It is rather expensive, made of a mixture of artificial and natural fibres, containing lambswool and angora. The number at the bottom of the label - if this is any help - is CA 01295. This cardigan has a flaw in its design. Unless it is worn buttoned up (and buttoning it proves to be rather a difficult process) the two front pieces fold back, revealing the lining tape. I have tried, but cannot find a way of wearing this cardigan so that this does not happen. I am not sure whether this is justified criticism or not, but do know that it annoys me considerably, probably because it was quite an expensive item.

Yours faithfully

Hilda Bernstein



Marks and Spencer p.l.c.

REGISTERED NO. 214436
(ENGLAND AND WALES)

Registered Office: MICHAEL HOUSE • BAKER STREET • LONDON W1A 1DN **01-935 4422**

Cables: MARSPENZA LONDON • Telex Number 267141 • Fax:(GROUPS III)01-4872679

Ms H Bernstein
Old House Farm
Dorstone
HEREFORD
HR3 6BL

21st June 1985

Dear Ms Bernstein

Thank you for your letter dated 6th June, regarding colouring in foods. The colouring used in our Haddocks and Kippers is called Brown FK and is used to give the fish the colour which customers associate with the product.

We have in the past, put Kippered Mackerel Fillets into stores without Brown FK, but our customers were not interested in buying them because they lacked colour and sales went down so considerably that we had to withdraw them. Nevertheless, we are going to carry out further trials with our Kippers and Mackerel Fillets without Brown FK in the late Autumn and we will then re-assess the demand for them.

I appreciate your concern about additives and can assure you that we only use them where necessary to achieve the right taste, texture and appearance, or to preserve the product, making it safe for the consumer.

If the right product can be achieved without additives, we will do so and, whenever possible, natural flavours and colours are used. The company is kept constantly appraised of the latest research into food additives.

Additives allowed in food are controlled by the Ministry of Agriculture and are only permitted if tests have been made to ensure their safety; they are only allowed to be used in certain, specified foods. Any substantive suggestion that there is any health hazard involved results in their removal from the list.

Thank you for having taken the time and trouble to write to us, and I hope you continue to enjoy our products. I have passed your query regarding the cardigan to our Customer Liaison Department and they will be contacting you direct.

Yours sincerely

M M O'CONNOR (MISS)
Food Customer Services

St Michael



Marks and Spencer p.l.c.

REGISTERED NO. 214436
(ENGLAND AND WALES)

Registered Office: MICHAEL HOUSE · BAKER STREET · LONDON W1A 1DN **01-935 4422**

Cables: MARSPENZA LONDON · Telex Number 267141 · Fax(GROUPS III/III)01-487 2679

Mrs H Bernstein
Old House Farm
DORSTONE
Hereford
HR3 6BL

30th April 1986
NPF/PAS

Dear Mrs Bernstein

Thank you for your letter concerning food additives, and Brown FK in particular.

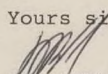
Since our letter to you in June of last year, we have made considerable progress with the elimination of certain additives from our food range. You specifically mention Brown FK. I am pleased to let you know that this colour has now been eliminated and has been replaced with a natural colour. In addition, I am informed by the Fish Department that, within the next few weeks, they will be carrying out further trials of kippers which are entirely free from any colour. This trial will be conducted in a limited number of stores to gauge the public reaction to this product without added colour.

We have never advocated the indiscriminate use of additives, and we are now adopting an even more vigorous examination of our use of additives and are reviewing each of our products to see whether further elimination can be made. As an example of this, you may have noticed that we have now removed Tartrazine from our range of 'Low Fat' yogurts. We have also removed preservatives from these yogurts. This type of careful examination will continue with all our other food products.

However, there are some foods where additives are essential to the product's safety, for example Sodium Nitrite in bacon and ham. In such instances, we will not hesitate to use the appropriate additives, but will ensure that only the essential quantity required is used by our manufacturers.

I hope you will see from the above comments that we have moved a long way down the road that you are suggesting. I do hope that these comments help to re-establish your confidence in our food range and that you will continue to enjoy shopping with us. Thank you for having taken the time and trouble to write to us again.

Yours sincerely



M P FINN

Manager
Food Customer Services

StMichael

HENRIETTA B. MOORE - 2144 N. FREMONT STREET - CHICAGO, IL 60614
Telephone: (312) 883-8937

September 7, 1987

Dear Hilda,

It was good to hear from you, 'though it took an extra couple of weeks for your letter to find me here in my summer cabin on a little lake up in Michigan. It's also taken another couple of weeks for me to settle down and answer it.

I'm sorry to hear you've joined so many of us in the battle against osteoporosis and I agree with Janet that our practice of "body education" exercises is the best possible defense. I have xeroxed your letter and sent it on to Lillian, along with a note, and will follow up with a telephone call when I return home with the hope that she'll try to prescribe for you. Perhaps I can get her to talk into a tape recorder and send you a cassette. (you have a recorder? I hope).

Now another idea has come to me. I belong to a non-profit organization that is developing video programs for broadcast on Chicago's slowly growing cable T-V system. Maybe we can persuade both that group and Lillian and Ann Rudolph to work up a series of exercise programs, perhaps under the aegis of the Gray Panthers (the group I work with mainly) to enable us older folk to continue our active involvement in working with others in trying to solve various world, city and local problems!!

Anyway, I'll try to keep the cassette (and video) concept moving when I get home, before I get overwhelmed in catching up on all the unfinished bits, which I will find waiting for me there.

I remember not only your visit to Winnetka, but also my most enjoyable stay with you in your London house several years ago. Janet keeps me sort of up-to-date on your doings, but I'd like it even more if you came to Chicago to visit me. Then you could also have personal instructions from Lillian/Ann and start the road to your recovery or remission sooner. Do think seriously about this. Maybe we could wean Janet away from her mayoral duties in Oregon at the same time!

With love,

Henny

V Carol

29th July 1987

Dear Henny,

I don't know if you are aware that Janet and I continue to conduct animated conversations over the distance, land and seas, that separate us. Recently, this conversation has been pre-occupied with the problems of treatment for my osteoporosis, of which I only became aware, almost accidentally, some months ago. While I know that what has been lost can't be regained, I'm hoping that at least we can deter further loss of bone mass. One of the things that the medical blokes here emphasise a lot - and its in the literature about o. as well - is the need for regular exercise. Well, I'm now in a ~~spms~~ position when I cant join any classes, so have to try and tackle that problem on my own.

I have lost height and developed what we call a 'dowager's hump' - that S-shaped figure - you must know it. Janet says that Lillian's exercises helped her kyphosis, and thinks that I could find a program that would help. She suggested that I might ask you to speak to Lillian and/or Ann Rudolph. 'They dont like doing things on paper,' she writes, 'because they believe such exercises must be watched and counseled individually. But they might make a concession in your case.'

So I was wondering if you would make such an inquiry on my behalf. They might reply that they cant conduct exercise classes by mail - but it seems worth trying.

Janet also said that you had experienced a very dramatic family crisis, now happily resolved - miraculously . . 'but she can tell you this if she has the energy and a reason.' If you have, please do.

My life goes in fits and starts, between writing and painting and the inordinate demands made upon me by living in the country and having a garden to look after. Particularly at this time of the year, I am at its beck and call, and spend too much time doing the domestic bit - once haveng grown all the stuff, you cant just let it go to ~~waste~~, ~~excess~~ especially as we bought such a big freezer. But there's so much ~~work~~ else to do, and things in South Africa keep bubbling up; I do some speaking around these parts, and from time to time further afield. There are so many beautiful young people now from South Africa who are tremendously active that you would think they would slap a retirement order on the golden oldies like myself. But no, there's no way that you can retire from a political struggle, you have to die in the traces. I bet you already know that.

It seems such a long time since I was in Chicago, but I do remember with pleasure meeting you then, and your hospitality. Ever think of visiting England? We have a spare bed.

With love

2 THE AVENUE CHRIST'S HOSPITAL HORSHAM SUSSEX

RH13 7LU

0403 63312

27 Dec. 87

Dear Mrs. Bernstein,

I have something more than an uneasy suspicion that I failed, in the crazy rush of the end of term and the succeeding panic over the family Christmas, to write to you after our talk on the telephone. If this is so - and I fear it is - please accept my apologies and my hope that you have not meanwhile committed yourself to a St. David's Day celebration elsewhere!

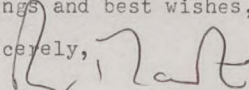
If all is still well, we look forward very much to welcoming you on Tuesday, 1st March; and I shall be at Christ's Hospital Station to meet you at 10.27 a.m., which is the 9.17 from Victoria. (One is never quite sure whether these trains go to Bognor, Littlehampton or what - but you will see Horsham, Christ's Hospital and Arundel among the stations on the departure board.) Beware - Christ's Hospital is only 3 minutes from Horsham, and the trains only stop for a moment!

If you would care to let me have a title for your lecture, which I can publish in the term's programme, I'd be grateful - but in default your name will be enough! I don't presume to make any requests about the material you might include in your talk, save to remind you of the appalling ignorance of matters more than an inch from their own noses which seems to afflict even the brightest of our young people. They are aware of some of the more bizarre goings-on in our own race relations industry, and tend to react strongly against them: if it were possible to bear this in mind, and in discussing South Africa's problems to bring them rather closer to home and establish a sense of corporate relevance, I'm sure that would be very valuable.

Thank you again, very much indeed, for agreeing to come and talk to us. May I telephone a few days beforehand to finalize our arrangements?

New Year greetings and best wishes,

Yours sincerely,


Roger Martin

7th Jan 1988

Dear Roger Martin,

Yes, March 1st is OK.

I suggest something like Growing up in a violent society as a title. Or Growing up with violence, perhaps with a sub-title: Youth and students in South Africa. Or something like that. Whatever you think is suitable.

Dont bother to answer now, but when you phone a few days beforehand to finalise arrangements, let me know a little about the students - eg, any blacks, or all-white? Any clues as to main interests? Class background? Things like that.

Sincerely,

Hilda Bernstein

2 THE AVENUE CHRIST'S HOSPITAL HORSHAM SUSSEX

RH13 7LU

0403 63312

12 Jan.

Dear Mrs. Bernstein,

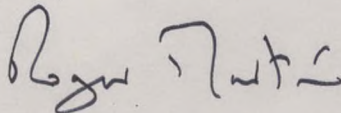
Very many thanks for your letter; here is the copy of the booklet I promised you, which will answer one or two of your questions!

Basically, your audience (about 100) consists of sixth-formers of all disciplines, whose only uniting factor is the usual incredible degree of ignorance about what is really going on in the world. It is not a typical public school audience, because of our recruitment policy - but at present there are very few black or coloured pupils - a handful. This year's group, although quite strong intellectually, unhappily allows itself to be dominated by one or two demagogues who aspire to membership of the National Front, and who are likely to make their ugly presence felt in questions. I look forward to hearing you demolish them!

An appreciable number come from areas of high immigration, but hardly any come from overseas - and I can't immediately think of anyone with a South African connection, though I might be wrong about this. Like all A-level students, they are entirely pre-occupied with their own work and life's incidental pleasures, and although they give a courteous hearing to visiting speakers, they need vigorous shaking if they are to address themselves actively to the world's problems.

Thank you for the title: may I use 'Growing up with violence: youth and students in South Africa'?

Yours sincerely,



3 March

Dear Mrs. Bernstein,

✓ 9/3/88
Suggested ANCC
Ambts to
Embassy

Just a note to accompany your cheque, and to thank you very sincerely for a memorable visit and lecture. It was a privilege to have you with us, and your course has won a lot of enthusiastic support among our pupils. I only hope you found C.H. marginally less depressing than Radley!!

I was wondering, for next year's lectures, whether I might focus some more concentrated attention on South Africa by inviting a dyed-in-the-wood Afrikaner one week, to be followed the next by a Bantu ANC member. Do you have ~~any~~ any black colleagues living in the U.K. who would speak well and might be willing to come and talk? If so, I'd be tremendously grateful if you could give me a contact address. (I don't know where I'd find the Afrikaner, but that would be my problem!)

Meanwhile all our very best wishes, and thank you again.

Yours sincerely,

Roger Martin

18th August 88

Dear Chafolyn McKnight

I had a letter from Janet telling me about you and your wish to contact people concerned with the women's movement here.

Most of my own activities have been centred on the Women's Section of the African National Congress, and although I have wanted to involve myself more with the British feminist organisations, I eventually felt they were not for me, for reasons I would be happy to discuss with you should we meet.

My daughter Frances works for the Leeds City Council where she is Equal Opportunities Commissioner for Women, a job which she had virtually to create for herself, as she was the first such appointee. She is in the thick of it, and would be able to tell you much more, particularly - as she is always reminding me - London is not England as she says (correctly) I seem to believe. At present she is pregnant and stopping work at the end of this month. Although Leeds is far from where we live, we do exchange visits, and I am sure we could work out something.

I do go to London fairly frequently; and you could come here and visit us, if you wished to see this particularly beautiful part of the country.

I shall be in London from Sunday 21st and not back here again until Friday 26th August. Please do get in touch with me - phone me here (or in London at my daughter Toni Strasburg's place - 01-328-2536). I should love to meet you, and as you are going to be in England for some time, I am sure we can arrange it.

Best wishes

Hilda Bernstein

Replied 22/7/89

x interested in his story -
would he tape it?

Telling what wanted
Saying publisher doesn't have film
rights

12 Manisty House,
Sutton Estates,
Armstrong Road,
Benwell,
Newcastle-Upon-Tyne NE4 7UQ.

30th June, 1989.

Cde. Hilda Bernstein.
C/O ANC Office,
London.

Dear Comrade Hilda,

I have read your latest book, "The World That Was Ours", and became very interested in adapting it into a screenplay with the intention, first of submitting it as part of my final year project in my BA (Hons) degree course in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Polytechnic. The aim is to adapt only part three 'Confrontation' for my course project. Secondly, I have then reviewed the situation and then decided that I will aim to seek to expand the project later on and attempt to approach other bodies and people who can help to produce a film for mainstream distribution and exhibition.

I wrote to your publishers and they have already responded to the effect that I am welcome to adapt Part Three for my final project provided that I understand that the permission does not grant me rights in the making of a film based on the book and that it does not give me exclusive rights as a script writer on any projected film. Of course, I accept that and will duly abide. I had asked them if there were any plans to produce a film based on the story and they replied that at present there were none but they would be very 'interested' if I managed to interest any film-maker in a script that I wrote.

I am still a student here so I do not have any contacts with actual producers. I will, however, write to quite a number of film-makers with whom I have in the past made tentative approaches. I will also try other institutions.

We have never actually met though we have attended some meetings. Nobody ever thought to introduce us personally. The same applies to 'Rusty'. However, I am a member of the ANC and I like telling people that I never joined it but was born into the organisation and the struggle. Many things I could say to you can only be said to your ears and not on paper. But if you ask Rita Hodgson she will confirm that she visited me in prison in Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) just before it became independent in 1980, by which I am trying to impress you that I am one of the old guard (uMgwenye), from Port Elizabeth, who worked with a lot of people from all over South Africa including Patrick Mthembu, Bruno Mtolo, Kholisile Mkhayeli, Brian Somana So, you will appreciate that I am not boastful of being Mgwenye because we also had our share of turncoats. But I did work with Mlangeni, etc, and in PE I was in New Age office. You may also ask any or both of the Joes about me.

Thanking you,
Yours In The Struggle,
~~Ray~~
Ray Mzamo.

PS. I suspect you are in Mazimbu so I am sending this letter via the London office. Thanks.

1/6/90

Old House Farm
Dorstone
Herefordshire HR3 6BL

Dear Ian Mayes,

I enjoyed the book-launch and was grateful for the opportunity to meet both Breytenbach and Christopher Hope.

As I mentioned to you, I very much disliked the Judy Rumbold piece on the Black Sash. When I arrived home I read their letter protesting about it; and agreed with all they said. I feel the fault lies not only with Rumbold but also with whoever edited the piece - apart from inaccuracies, about which the sub would be in ignorance, the whole tone was trivialising and insulting.

I would like to suggest, therefore, that you invite the Black Sash to submit an article - on their work, maybe their history - I'm sure you can find a date or some sort of anniversary on which to tie it. This would be reparations for the insult.

Did you ever hear of Molly Blackburn? You should make JR read about her, and set her life against the article.

With good wishes

Hilda Bernstein

6941 Tupper Grove,
Halifax, N.S. B3H 2M7
October 20, 1990

Dearest Hilda,

What a wonderful thing to happen, to get your letter! I have somewhat postponed answering it. Two reasons -- one that you were about to take off on a trip to the continent. The other, that I was appallingly busy, and have been since then, finishing off an editorial project that has been bedeviling me all year. More of that later.

In the meantime, I have outdone myself in sloppiness, and have (temporarily) mislaid your letter. So I have to answer it from memory. Oh dear, I really feel guilty that I haven't answered it until now.

However, I did make some preliminary phone calls, and I've discovered that ~~xx~~ there's a South African Students' Association here, connected to St. Mary's University (a once-Jesuit university, now secular and government-supported, with an excellent tradition of international work; they have an exchange program with mainland China, for example). The person to whom I spoke was not sure what the circumstances were concerning the presence here of these students, and I haven't had time to do more than make the first phone call. I have also to contact Dr. John Flint, former head of the African Studies Department at Dalhousie University -- I think it has become part of something else, in that same university (Dalhousie). WE are somewhat overburdened with universities in this city and this province -- Halifax has five, if you count the College of Art and Design -- all of them with special interests of one sort or another. A good point for me to enquire would be St. Francis Xavier, at Antigonish -- a Scots Catholic community with a long tradition of doing international work, particularly in Africa. Students come from various countries to study at the Coady International Institute, matters relating to community development and co-ops, etc. Will enquire.

I haven't met any South African taxi drivers here, nor in Ottawa, where I've been a couple of times. There well may be some -- I'm working up a story about the taxi driving population are a wonderfully graphic illustration of the world's woes. Last time I came back from the airport I had an Afghan driver -- he turned out to know the house ~~where~~ where I live (an old Victorian mansion turned into apartments) because one of my neighbours has been trying to teach him English; she told me his story -- he was a doctor at a hospital in Afghanistan, and he had been looking after wounded enemy prisoners as well as his own people. For this he had been reported to the authorities, and had been ~~xx~~ told that he would be taken away (other doctors having previously disappeared). So he and his family left the country on foot, etc., etc. and incredibly wound up here. where he will probably have to drive a taxi for the rest of his life.

This is 7.30 a.m., so I'm not terribly cogent so far. I'll wait until 8.30 or so and call a Quaker friend who will perhaps know

more than I do off the top of my still-addled head. She too is much interested in Africa, is one of the people who asks about Helen Joseph. I don't like to call people much before 9., but I think 8.30 will be o.k. for Muriel.

So let us talk about your letter, for the moment. Margaret Mackay in Edinburgh had sent me a copy of the article you had in the Guardian -- I sent a copy to Polly -- so I already had had a glimpse of your reactions. I could have wept when I read your feelings of sadness and disillusionism. But don't despair; -- I think the whole world is caught up in this strange 1980s process of violent change, terribly disrupting, and we can't see ~~where~~ where we're going, nor who is coming with usé. . . The old panaceas are no longer helpful; do I mean panaceas? . . . There are not many coherent universal principles around, are there? Do you know Lalage Bown, who was at Makerere when I was in Uganda so many years ago, and was my mentor, and then I discovered her to my joy at Ibadan when I went to Nigeria. She somehow always is able to find some note of hope in Africa, wven when the strife was at its worst in Uganda. . . She is now at the University of Glasgow, director of the Continuing Education Department, if that's what it's called. And still in touch with Africa. She would have preferred to stay on there, but Mrs. Thatcher had in some way closed this off (re their pensions) for British university teachers working at African universities.

Several days later. At last I have some hard information for you. I finally spoke to my friend Corrie Douma -- she and her husband were Dutch; ~~axxx~~ a young couple who went to South Africa after the war (1950s) -- Atse is an engineer -- stayed there for five years, went home for a holiday and realised with a horrible shock that five years in South Africa had badly affected them -- even though they had been aware of their sense of alienation from the views of their neighbours. Anyway they rapidly changed their lives and came to Canada instead. Atse has always had a good salary, so Corrie has been free to work on her projects -- Oxfam, Amnesty, etc. She is in touch with people, so she was able to give me the name of the Oxfam woman who says there are between six and ten South African students in Halifax, coming under the care of the Coalition Against Apartheid. One of them is at St. Mary's University; a mature student:

P. Loudidi,
Apt. 14 - 9,
St. Mary's University,
Robie Street,
Halifax, N.S. B3H 3C3 Canada.
Tel: 429 - 1426

St. Francis Xavier University, which I mentioned earlier, is not such a good bet -- there are South Africans there, but they come here under the wing of the government agency called CIDA (Canadian International Development Agency) and have probably been approved by the South African government. At any rate they are likely to be a bit of an uncertain quantity.

The person at Oxfam is called Lee Seymour -- the address is 3115 Veith Street, Halifax. As I write this, it occurs to me that they probably have a post office box number, so I'll phone them in the morning and find out.

You know of course that there's a Defence and Aid office in Ottawa-- International Defence and Aid -- and as I have to go to Ottawa in a couple of weeks I'll phone them when I'm there and find out anything they can tell me.

As for money and financial help, etc., I just don't know. There is what they are calling a recession here and everybody in sight is cutting corners and costs. But we'll see. No trouble about getting you places to stay. But transportation has become expensive -- though ~~xxxx~~ trains are running, much more cheaply than air fares. The troubles in the Middle East have of course caused the price of oil to go up sharply, and the plane fares were exhorbitant anyway. You could always travel by bus!

I wish I could find your letter and reply to it ~~xxxxxx~~ properly. I could have wept, reading your disappointment and disillusionment about your experiences, about what had happened to people. But we are living in very barbaric times, dear Hilda. And that's all over the world.

In this country, it is impossible to see the future. Will we be one country or three? We don't know. It has been the most anxious, dismaying, dispiriting year I've ever known -- first Meech Lake and the constitutional impasse, and then the Mohawk debacle, and now this incredible Goods and Services Tax; we know we must have tax reform, but this tax is so complicated and uncertain that even the tax department's officers don't know how to administer it.

There's a new book on Trudeau, and I was listening to its authors discuss it the other night on tv. Agreed by all that Trudeau was a most difficult man, arrogant, cold, intellectually imperious. But he had a steely determination: to liberate French Canada from the constrictions of church and state which had kept it impoverished for so long (true, true), to give Canada its own constitution and by so doing ~~xx~~ (through the Charter of Rights) to give this country a sense of equality, etc., etc. In all this he had a truly noble ideal: he believed that this could be a bilingual ~~xxxxxxx~~ federation in which people could live on equal terms. . . I'd forgotten that good phrase "a noble ideal", and I've been thinking about it a good deal since, for Trudeau has been replaced by the most arrant self-server in the world's political playground. . . Oh, that's a poor way of putting it. Mulroney ~~xx~~ -- our prime minister -- has lost all credibility, and his government has no moral credibility at all. But you don't want a bad-tempered essay on Canadian political problems! I'll just say this has been a most unhappy, bad year. Leading to serious uncertainty about the future of the country.

But come to see us, Hilda! We are still very much involved with the world, perhaps even more so; South African problems are on tv almost nightly: As well as the problems of the ~~xx~~ rest of the world. Perhaps one should stop watching the news and simply cultivate ones' garden! Yes, I remember your anger at what East Germany was losing when unification was about to happen -- and so indeed it has proved to be. Some sort of world revolution is in some sort of strange progress, and I can't quite put my finger on its pulse. . .

Incidentally, you said the Africa sojourn had been disastrous for Rusty -- was it just the malaria, or was there something more?

And I can understand your feeling that you'd like to be living in London again, but it's so expensive -- I often have moments of wanting to be in London again, but (a) I can't afford it, and I'm not sure I could manage it anyway.. This is a small comfortable city to live in, and the country side is very near .. I have to realise, though, that I'm out of the main stream here. And there are times when I long for the Larger Scene: Even today! So I enjoy these frequent trips to Ottawa (I'm on the board of a national arts organisation).

This is a mixed-up letter. I began my thinking about the noble ideal -- I wanted to say that we all had such ideals and lived by them, and I think all we can ~~xxxxxxx~~ do is to continue in that same way. This is an absurd parallel, perhaps -- I remember going to see a film with Sally Field; it was the one about union organisation in the cotton mill in the American South, a really gripping film with lots of drama. But I remember coming out of it exclaiming to myself, with a sense of great relief, "But I really do have convictions!" For it had been a ~~xxxxxx~~ bit difficult at that time to make up one's mind about various situations. It was wonderful to realise that I still had some sort of appreciation of that kind of morality.

So perhaps what I should say about this year is that while it has been ~~xxx~~ such a sad and unhappy year, nationally, it has also been a year of testing us. But what will the test be, when we finally meet it?

Dear Hilda, I'll write more of my inconsequential ramblings when I finally find your letter, and when I come ~~xxx~~ back from Ottawa -- I'll be back on 18th and hope to have been able to talk to ~~xxxx~~ Defence and Aid.

And I've written Polly. This is about the time when she moves back to Arizona for the winter with her cousins. They share the two houses between them. One in Maine, one in Arizona, which is a much gentler place to spend the winter. I haven't seen Polly for a couple of years -- she has a brother who comes up from South America in the summers, and the cousins Molly and John come for most of the summer.

Must go.

Much love,

Wajay

P.S. OXFAM address is as above. No
Box number. Postal code; though. So address is
3115 Veith Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 3G9
CANADA.

387 Westmount Road

Eltham

London S.E.9 1NS

25th October 1990

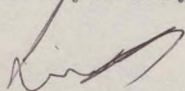
Dear Hilda,

Just a note to thank you very much for the complimentary copy of your most interesting book. The story goes beyond Rivonia. It is a chronicle of the trials and tribulations; the triumphs and setbacks; the indomitable courage of a people struggling for the establishment of a just order in a world that knows no justice. The cancer of racism-imperialism has international dimensions. The Rivonia episode is a convenient peg on which to hang the threads that link together this long record of repression in South Africa, an ideal setting for the interplay of those malignant forces in society that go against humanity.

The story as told is as compelling as the cruel events it catalogues are grotesquely fascinating. The easy, natural, delicately spontaneous sweep of the narrative makes it easy for the reader to sail through the three hundred pages of this book without any bumps and untrammelled by the literary hiccups that the subject matter of this work is apt to produce.

To reciprocate, herewith a copy of the British edition of The House of Bondage, which, though technically better presented than the South African version, yet leaves out some material we would consider essential and important. That, I suppose, is the price we have to pay for being unable to do such things ourselves. Overall, I'm satisfied with the result.

Yours very sincerely,



L. MQOTSI

16 April 1991

Hilda Bernstein
Old House Farm
Dorstone
Herefordshire
HR3 6BL

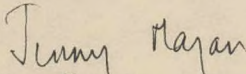
Dear Hilda Bernstein:

Thank you so much for your wonderful letter, which finally arrived with me yesterday. I very much appreciate your taking the trouble to write: it dawned on me this morning that I still, after a good few years, can't really cope with the fact that these films go out once and then aren't really ever seen again, except at the odd festival -- I always used to have the feeling that films for television are still-born, and once they've gone out everything goes very quiet. You can't even mourn them decently -- everyone else thinks you should just be pleased to have had something on television, and you're meanwhile fretting horribly at the silence. I think that without realising it, I've been having a subterranean tantrum about this in the last few weeks -- thankfully this morning, because of something a friend said about his own disappointment, it dawned on me what's been going on. This is a long way of thanking you for writing. It is very good to know that someone out there, apart from my sister and the usual much-dragooned friends, has been watching.

Please give my love to Toni when next you speak to her -- she's someone I really like spending time with, and although we live about a mile apart in London, we hardly ever manage to see each other. So please tell her that she is, as always, in my thoughts.

My very best wishes to you, Hilda, for your own work: long may you continue creative, productive, and brave.

With best regards,
Yours sincerely,


Jenny Morgan

5 Callcott Court
Callcott Road
London NW6 7ED

tel: 071 328 0523

31/3/91

Dear Jenny Morgans,

Your Soweto films are beautiful, moving and essentially truthful. They illuminate the meaning of apartheid and are full of compassionate understanding.

There must be many others who feel the same way, so I am writing on behalf of those who can't be bothered to write.

Best wishes

Hilda Bernstein

Brewers Cottage
Brewhouse Hill, Wheathampstead
Herts. AL4 8AN

29.5.91

Dear Tom,

I have been trying to trace your Mother's whereabouts as I would very much like to find out if she is still exhibiting and where. Years ago we bought 'Vanishing Herds' for American friends who had worked in Africa and we ourselves have 'Buffalo'. We recently visited Canada and met up with Jenny + Robin Whyte and it was Jenny who gave me your address. Their house is on the market and it seems they're off to Halifax.

I would be most grateful if you would let me know how your Mother is and if there is any likelihood of seeing any of her work. We first spotted her at the exhibition in the summer at Hampstead and then we went to their house near Tim Coldwell.

Yours sincerely,

Pauline Michell

14/6/91

Dear Pauline Michell,

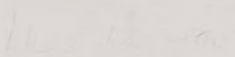
Thank you for your letter - Toni passed it on to me. I was delighted with it, as I get pleasure from the thought that any of my pictures have been enjoyed by others; and I like the web of interlocking relationships that brings us together through mutual friends in Canada.

I have not been doing any painting or etchings for the past 18 months, as I am busy on a rather ambitious book, which must be finished by the end of this year. After that, I am giving up writing, and will just draw and paint.

Although I haven't done any new prints, I have draws here stuffed with old ones - animals and other things. 'Vanishing Herds was my favourite, and the edition is sold out, but I do have many others. The problem is that we live in opposite sides of the country - do you ever visit this beautiful part of the world? I would be happy to see you here, if you could come.

I will be here all summer, expecting only to go away in September for a couple of weeks.

Sincerely,



Hilda Bernstein

Dr. Modell
01-348 4236

16 Southwood Avenue
Highgate
London N6 5RZ

20.8.91

Dear Hilda,

The name of the gynaecologist I
went to re re deep vein thrombosis, ART
etc was Dr Malcolm Whitehead,
Consultant Gynaecologist.
Kings College Hospital.

I do hope the information will be
useful. I am sure it would be
best to see him privately.

Very best wishes - I found our talk
very interesting!

Bernadette Modell.

31 October 92

Dear Michelle,

I did think of you often during the long period when we have not been in touch, and phoned a couple of times. I spoke once to Alison, so it must have been quite a while ago. I wondered how you were getting on with the houses in Italy and your place in France. It is years since we went to Apricale.

After we came back from Africa I became wholly absorbed in writing the book for which I had signed a contract. The book took over my life, expanded, entailed a great deal of travel. I went to Europe several times, to Canada and to the USA. In the months towards the end of last year both Rusty and I were working on the book full time. It is with the publishers now, and I am at last freed from it.

These are excuses for not having known about Alison's death. And what can I say to you? No words of mine can soften the enormity of your loss. I know when my son Keith developed a malignant growth in his mouth I felt that if he died I would want to die too. But one doesn't, and I know that each day you must confront once again the enormity of your loss, to comprehend and accept that the one loved so much is not there. I feel with you from the depths of my heart, and wish you strength to carry on with your life.

We will be available to London when we are living in Oxford, and I do hope that we have the opportunity to meet. The house we have bought is not very nice - it has a lovely outlook, and we chose it more for the garden than the house; but Rusty intends to knock down a few walls to open up its little box-like rooms, and we will always have space for visitors.

My love to you and Lazar

Dear Hilda

We haven't forgotten you. Everytime we drive near your street we say "We must visit Hilda" or "We haven't seen Hilda for ages". Somehow the days/weeks race by. We do think of you often and will visit soon.

We are all very well. I am doing fine in my new job as a School Bursar. It is hard work and sometimes it is necessary for me to bring work home too but I'm enjoying every minute of it. There's also a man on the scene which is even more hard work. I've been single for so long now and I really quite like it that way as you know but this guy would be good for us all so I'm ~~going~~ giving it a try.

Carl has got a trial for Southampton United Development Centre tomorrow. I'm really proud of him. He's very nervous though. I've put him to bed and he can't get to sleep.

Ebony has been busy lately practising her performance for her school nativity play. She's Mary and once again I'm a very proud mum.

Jackie tells me all is well. I'm glad she was able to take over from me. She's nice.

Give my regards to your family.

See you soon

Lots of love

Melloney, Carl and Ebony

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