

Sun. Feb 28th. Left Ldn 9.55

Arrive Colonge 11.30 - time now 12.30

Left 1. Arrivd Hanover 2 pm. Long dreary wait until 4.30 wth no food or drink because snow storm in Berlin. Straight dhairs & sleep pursuing me mercilessly.

Arrivd Templehof 6 - W. Berlin; no one there. Change £1, ask for Stalinallee, girl lks up on mp - near here. Take taxi. Now dark. No 94, only shop Hertes. Pay cab. Walk up & down in snow in evng, showg paper to Germans. One finally realises I want E. Berlin. Directed to take underground to Frederichstrasse. At Stn two kind yg men fortunately assist me thru checkpoint - takes much time, forms, passports, currency declarations; finally put me in cab with friendly round-be-spectacled German & explain I don t spk Eng. Drive thru snow in empty sts - 'dead', they say, well, quiet, certainly. First to wrong address, great distress, then again wrong, finally "ein moment!" he cries continuously - we find it, I have no E. German currency. Great excitement & distress. Can't leave cab in st. W n't take me to police; can't accept West money. Lessg in Africa! Kind neighbours pay taxi, fetch woman upstairs whose mthr taught her some English & French 30 yrs ago, also pregnant thin daughter, a l stand around anxiously. Try Selby - can't get - gone home, lives far out, no phone. Finally from memory extract "Hillmar" of Neues Deutschland. He is obtained. Germans gve me open sandwiches, gorgeous butter, good coffee, meat rolls.

Wth Killmer in car to hse. Wife 20 yrs older. Killmer is small, shapp-facd, in some undefinable way is unwashd, straight comd hr, beltd raincoat. Hs bn to Africa, written bks, flat has Af curios, mats, baskets, etc. Wife, must be over 60, sweet-facd, met her in jail, pty members, he taught her politics. She has also written - bk about yrs in jail. Big tiled stoves in corners of high, old rooms, old-fashnd bathroom & kitchen. They feed me straw-berries, bread & butter, sausage, talk abt Africa. Makeba record. Open double-glass windows to sharp air, snow, quiet night.

Mond 1st March. Mthrs pull chld along sts in little taboganns. Sun shines HOTEL BERALINA down from clear blue sky. Congress Hall is empty, but at Hotel HBERalina we find conference delegates - hve gone for tour of city. Sat in huge glassd foyer in brilliant sun after drive thru wide un-trafficked sts. very quiet city.

THE WALL

Killmer & othrs say "we were like someone with cut arteries whose life blood was seepg away; radical surgery needed; now remarkable recovery. Says most "escapees" put up to it, U.S. hve cameras read;

At lunch time to Conf Hall. Afternoon & evng meetg. After 11 walkd bck to hotel wth Sweet, ate choc cake & cream wth Altman, small, very Jewish, fluent and convincg speakr, amusing, good about USA, PCs, etc. Was blacklistd. Wry, critical, but human. Bed late, late

Tues 2d. Truancy day. ~~Rondx~~ honed Arnold, discussd TV interview, went to see Ilse. It began to snow; she tk me on underground to hall; gave press interview. Met Ar old & family in evng, went to Ilse.

Wed rd. Snow comes down all day, small, persistent, blown and blowg, obscurg and pilg, all day outside window of Conf. room. Lunch with Chinese after Yi was vicious. Snow is beautiful, especially at night. Another radio interview, with plump English girl on women. Telly in erview.

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Reception in beautiful round hall. President. Food beautifully arranged on table. Met Jewish lady from Holland who sings, husband is professor music. Solid blond German Prof. Schmidt with sense of humour (AA Solidarity Cttee). Ursula & I eat nuts. Adelaide comes.

Thurs 4th Snow kps fallg i white drfts, tiny misty snow, nt bg golumtious Lndn snow, incredibly dry & all-pervadg. Wake early to trudge thru shw, nw accumulatk & accumulatk in bg drfts; talk to man i st who says life in GDR is good these days.

Telly programme, wrote, re-wrote, finally recorded upstairs in hlls rendered brilliantly white by snow. Got 240 marks.

Did anthr radio interview. Duel over Vietnam. Mr. Chen is fascist Resolutn re Congo Conf, signd by all Af delegates except SA.

SA, ~~xxxx~~ ce n'est pas Afrique? Name includd. Evng meetg at hotel Muddled & inconclusive. Congo delegate is young tall slim, elegant & shy.

Fri 5th. Car at 10 to Checkpoint. Jackie & Cairo man plus typewriter, bks, etc. Ilse brings me bks to Hotel. Checkpoint mess, sent to Freiderichstrasse. Bg crowd, obdurate strong-armed German wmen obstruct passage. Prof. Deil with Indian get us thru. In tube, Diel says wall was unfortunate necessity; brought W. Germans to senses. Taxi othr end. Get plane back.

IRELAND

15th March 65

Plane to Belfast. Drive from airport thru hilly green countryside Michael met me at terminal, fawn-like beautiful yg man wth dimple. Hotel 'high tea'. Mtg wth declamatory speeches from floor Afterwards 2 ex-SA Germans, Hessels, Frank Harris (DATA and Pty) & McCarthy, university man. 1st to drinks, then to latter's hse where wife at midnight provides apple pie, cakes, tea, etc. Hotel at 1 a.m.

Tues 16th. Harris came to hotel, took to stn. Beautiful scenery all way to Dublin, exactly as pictured & imagined. stone cottages, green hills, grey clouds. Katar met me. walked through town to Trinity College. Saw long library. Lunch there. Then to hse via river, park. Tea - went to TV studio. Made newsbeat interview. Taxi man an way back who askd re SA, hd travelled to New York, didn't like people in too mch o a hurry to b human. Mtg at Bulbulia's flat; vry good.

Wed 17th. Bus to termanl, bus to airport, home abt 2.30

GLASGOW

April 10th. Met abdul at terminal, Glasgow at airport. Mtg: Dr. Miller, M.P. Chair, local Glasgow council LP chairman; Anothr DATA man. Max Macgee. Gd mtg. Dnr in evng.

Sun 11th. To Carlisle. Long, rthr dull drive. Sunday afternoon at Technical college. Chair, Dick Wilson, young, shy, determnd. George Coyle, N.U.R. good TU stuff, tall, human, dignified. Les Robinson, red tie, glasses, earnest, inflexible English Commie Monseigneur Smith, 76, stick, white hr, shrt, humorous. Lews, local LP MP. Back to Glasgow.

Mond 12th Wth Cecil to Loch Lomond. Cold, blustery day. Beautiful wild Loch wth white waves, grey skies, green hills. Home in evng.

MAY

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TUCIPS. Stopped in Refectory to see beds of F. It was too cold, getting dark, only 2 or 3 people there, overcast & iron grey sky. Walked quickly up & down. How can they be so beautiful? It is unbearable.

JUNE HALF Warm, muggy warm in heavy London manner. Get on
Sch afternoons as this there is extraordinary beauty
outside our windows. Trees, lawns, gardens, bushes, are
painted in overtones of blue ecengythee. Blue colour lies
like an artist's gloss over all, & even with the encroaching
traffic noises, it seems to generate a kind of watery, thick
silence. Beautiful!

~~Things for Kath~~
~~Reviews~~
~~Seasons~~
~~Paper~~
~~Photobks, etc~~
~~Stretch Covers~~
~~J Bams?~~

London in August

Warm, yet still shadowed,
 hazy, cheery
 on every st car. people with
 glasses looking in funny bles.
 Large proportions o tourists are
 of age.
 In bus, polyglot o tongues,
 colors. Indian women,
 Indonesians, Myanmars
 French, Italians, Germans
 as solid as ever.
 Mind may shopp crowd with
 hats a prissy maiths.

OCTOBER 9th 65 IN REGENTS PARK.

Few days of damp, heavy fog, then wind came and blew it away, leaving bright, sparkling, clear cold October day. Saturday afternoon in Regents Park, the British boys with starchy fat legs or thin white ones playing football, a year ago when we first came we were so surprised at the extent of the park and the number of games it permitted, now we walk past them scarcely noticing, there is a lanky African boy playing in one team, he runs backwards and forwards with great enthusiasm but doesn't get near the ball. There are some kites, including a long tail without a kite, like a flexible lissom snake in the sky, snaking gracefully in the wind. The trees are only beginning to turn, there is orange, yellow and brown among the massed, darkened and slightly thinning green, and many dead leaves through which to shuffle.

At the cafe are Jhbg-looking women with hair-dresser hair, are they the wealthy ones who live in flats around the park, or perhaps visitors. Strolling through the park, young and old are well-dressed. The older women have suits or substantial coats, old shoes, gloves; the younger ones in slacks and jerseys, or bright straight dresses. The grass is as bright and soft as ever, but there is an end of year feeling, of winter closing in.

We no longer feel like visitors or strangers. We belong here, and come to Regents Park because we are Londoners.

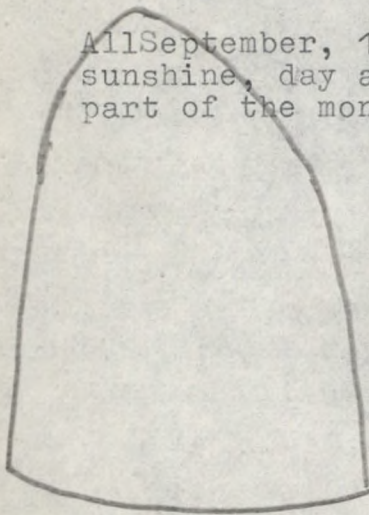
LONDON, September 1966

Travelling in the tube brings an overwhelming awareness of the size and complexity of London, the burden of anonymity and of sheer multiplication of individuals, so that you are no longer individual, no longer a person, you become a unit, an ant, one of not thousands or hundreds of thousands, but millions, and millions. The problem of identity assumes major importance. To be someone, someone that in some way distinguishes you from all these others, and not in something small and petty, like the clothes you wear (choose your own style - but basically you'll look the same) or the house you live in (your colour scheme and furnishings - mass produced like everyone else's) or the job you do (interesting or dull, it's just one of thousands of such jobs). So that you come to understand the 'way outs', the man with strange clothes and great long wavy uncombed tresses, the girls with bare feet on London pavements - you must be so different that you attract attention, you must be odd, otherwise you are nothing.

The problem of being nobody, of being unknown, even to the passengers who sit beside you, the people you work with, the neighbours down your street; this must be a besetting mental problem to all who must live in big cities.

A man in a bus is reading a book - the page heading is 'The Context of Meaning.' He has a small, transparent plastic ruler and a ~~black~~ red ballpoint pen. As he reads he underlines sentences, using the ruler to make the line neat and exact. He looks like a continental, darkskinned, ~~with~~ grey-haired, heavy features.

All September, 1966, has been a great gift of warm and lovely sunshine, day after day, becoming foggy at night in the last part of the month. The gentlest, fairest Autumn ever.



18/10/66. Days of fallen leaves, now. Sometimes chill, but not really cold - are becoming accustomed to the slow change

Bus 77 from Westminster to the Tate

"This doesn't go to the Tate, but, you need an 88, & we go to Millbank too, you can get off at Millbank, it's not far.

"No, 77 goes past + Tate on Sat & Sun only.

Don't ask me why. There's 77a, 77b, 77c, one goes over Lambeth Bridge, one goes over Westminster Bridge & one goes over Vauxhall Bridge, but they all end up at the same place - makes you think, doesn't it?"

Men on either side supplement the directions.

It is 6:30, slight rain, the river is gleamy with reflected lights - even the Shell Bldg does not offend at this hour, almost dark

LONDON

TUBE-TYPES

OCT 1966

Man with long - shoulder-length - wavy hair
of indeterminate shade, thick sea of waves.
He has harsh-lined face, deep folds from nose to
chin; jeans; jersey. He is extraordinary sight -
but no-one stares, (except me); although they
do observe.

Conversation in Hamp. lift: "Snawdon's former
mother-in-law got killed in a car crash"

"Who's Snawdon?"

"You know - Margaret's husband - Princess
Margaret"

Young man with book - neat clothes
Jersey, clean jeans, enters tube & sits
down. He is barefoot. It is October -
a grey, dull day with fully leaves.
No one looks.

Lovers: a couple stands in corner of
near-empty compartment, in passionate
embrace - like prolonged film-kiss
Couple sitting opposite me - talk - kiss -
fondle each other's arms, necks, quite
unselfconscious.

LONDON LIFE

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Emi: "You can be quite happy in
London once you stop fighting it"

Elderly woman on bus to Fleet St,
pours forth animated remarks on life
in London (the lines they're painting in the
streets) the young - "the affluent teenagers"
- need a good beating, with all their crazy
clothes. Those young men with their
long hair - every time pass one, say
"Here's another hermaphrodite" -
but think they're not educated, so
now I say "Here's another neuter"



JANUARY, 1967

Our third winter in London.

The whole month is exceptionally mild; grey, overcast, dull, but mild to a state of warmness, so that it felt as tho winter is finished and this is Spring.

The trees have that misty wash of purple, red, when the buds are getting full and the delineation blurring. A bird outside the kitchen and one in the front noisy and beautiful, morning and evening.

VIETNAM: A review on Panerama, which two American senators discussed afterwards and accused of being slanted against America (opening shot of Ky's black-gloved hands firing black pistol rapidly) Such 'slanting' is once more a reflection of England's uneasy conscience on the war, which features in programmes very often.

ANNE WINDSOR IS BURIED. Since before Christmas, I was going to see her. Each day it was 'tomorrow'. But I didn't go in time. She fell, broke a femur and shoulder, lay all night conscience on the cold floor until found the next day.

At Golders Green crematorium, figures from my childhood with white hair: Walter, looking like her, with sleek white hair and dark suit; Chris, also looking like her, with untidy wild yellow-white hair and a lumber-jacket; Lily Kerrin with frizzy grey hair, weeping. We enter the chapel. Black-coated bearers bring a light-looking purple coffin with tulips and daffodils on top. It is placed on a platform in front of doors, beneath ugly brick design of rising sun. Solemn music. After a few minutes a small mechanical hand pushes the coffin forward and the doors open to receive it. This is inevitably a moment of emotion. The doors close very slowly, a last glimpse of the flowers, that is all that remains. After a little more solemn music the mourners rise and depart. This is an atheists end.

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