

Asociación de Mujeres Nicaraguenses
"Luisa Amanda Espinoza"
Apartado A-238
Managua, Nicaragua

(AMNLAE)

Tel 71661 - 70663

my home address is

Ma. Rosario Ibarra
Reparto Pancasón II Etapa
casa #66.
Managua, Nicaragua

5 Rothwell Street
London, NW1 8YH

10/5/79

Dear Ann and Bill,

Rusty and I are going away today, and therefore we are not able to attend Cecil's funeral.

It is inadequate to express our grief in this way; the shock, the sense of loss. Now we are older, we must accept the termination of life, of our own lives as well as the lives of our friends. But one always hopes for those few more years, the chance to do things still not done.

Cecil was the sweetest and kindest of good friends. I have been in America, where I visited and had dinner with a friend of his, David Brokensha. I had intended to tell Cecil about the evening, and tried phoning him - he must have been in hospital at that time.

I think of Cecil in Anstey's buildings; making marvellous speeches; accepting all the tensions, surveillance, restrictions. He was part of those tremendous years of strife and struggle, he gave his abilities and gifts. We shall cherish his deeds and his personality, and we shall miss him, for the rest of our lives.

Hilda
Hilda and Rusty



African National Congress

T & I Strasburg
3/38 Canfield Gdns
London NW6

Nov 1 1982

Dear Comrades,

The RPC wishes to inform you that your application for membership of the U.K. Mission has been accepted. You have been allocated to the Hampstead Unit. The Hampstead representative will contact you to inform you about meeting arrangements.

We look forward to your active participation in all aspects of our work. We must take this opportunity to stress that attendance at meetings is an important obligation.

Amandla!

A. P. Patel

RPC Secretary

C.C. Hampstead Unit.

25 Endymion Road,
London N4 1EE

3 May 1983

Dear Hilda,

A short note to await your return and to acknowledge receipt of your first piece on women & history for our July - August centre spread. Thanks a lot - it's fine & I look forward to receiving the piece on the present-day women's movement in SA in due course.

In solidarity,

Margaret Ling

AA NEWS editorial

5 Rothwell Street
London, NW1 3YH
4th August 81

Dear Abdul,

Enclosed is a brief CV that refers only to that portion of my career as an artist. If you want other aspects - as a politician, for instance, or journalist, I can let you have them.

There are two things I love above all else in life: drawing and travelling. It would be delightful if I could make the former the excuse for the latter in countries I have never had the opportunity of visiting.

It was nice to sit next to you both during the wedding, and if you need accommodation whenever you are in London, we have a spare room and we are close to the West End.

Best wishes

28/4/85

Dear Alan,

I have been remiss in not sending you a book list. Please forgive.

Black politics in South Africa since 1945 Tom Lodge Longman

I have only recently received this book, and paged through it. It is obviously a very thorough and well-researched work. I may not always agree with his interpretation and emphasis, but I think it is very useful and full of information for the period covered.

Three books have been written about the 1976 ~~SA~~ Soweto revolt. They are:

Whirlwind before the storm Alan Brooks & Jeremy Brickhill. Published by IDAF

Year of Fire, Year of Ash. Baruch Hirson. Zed Press (1979)

Soweto: Black revolt, white reaction, John Kane-Berman. Ravan Press, Johannesburg

I have ~~not~~ only read the first.

In 1976 Pelican published a book called: Southern Africa: the new politics of revolution. This book contains three essays, by Basil Davidson, Anthony Wilkinson and Joe Slovo. I highly recommend the Slovo contribution for a very clear analysis of 'the politics of revolution. You needn't bother to read the other two. This is the best political ~~analysis~~ analysis.

Trevor Huddleston's Naught for your comfort was published by Collins in 1956, and gives interesting background material of the struggles of that period.

Lawrence & Wishart published a book Apartheid in 1972, edited by Alex la Guma. A number of essays by different people on various aspects.

In fiction, I recommend Andre Brink's Rumours of rain which, as far as I remember, deals with the right period. It's worth reading in any case. Also Nadine Gordimer's Something out there - short stories, of which the title story is the one to read. She gets atmosphere & personalities just right.

Three ~~Two~~ books were written about the long-running treason trial of 1956 to 1960. They are:

The South African Treason Trial Lionel Forman & E.S. Sachs, published by John Calder in 1957 (I have a copy if you can't get this)

The Treason Cage, Anthony Sampson - don't know the publishers

If This be Treason, ~~Helen Joseph~~ ^{Helen Joseph}, 1963 Andre Deutsch (by Helen Joseph)

Three books on what detention was like for whites:

117 Days Ruth First. Recently republished, I think, but I have a copy.

Albie Sachs Jail Diary and his book Stephanie on Trial Harvill Press

Readable, but it wasn't like this for most of the detainees.

Eli Weinberg's 'Portrait of a People' is a collection of photos with short text published by IDAF. Worth looking at.

Please do get in touch with me if you want any specific information or want to ask questions.

All the best

Hilda

*Cheryl Walker
→ Eli Weinberg
Barry F at IDAF*

\$

AFRICA BOOK CENTRE
38 King Street
Covent Garden
LONDON, WC2E 8JT.

TEL: 01 240 6649

15 NOV 88

✓ Replied 21/11/88

----- 10th ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF STAFFRIDER MAGAZINE -----
Africa Centre 38 King St London WC2 29 November 6.30pm

Dear Hilda Struster

This year will be the tenth anniversary of the appearance of the magazine STAFFRIDER, a magazine which has developed as one of the main forums for South African Literature and culture, publishing writers of stature: Wally Serote, Mafika Gwala, Can Themba etc.

To mark this occasion, the Africa Book Centre and its parent company Third World Publication (Co-op) Ltd is organising a meeting, at 6.30pm on 29th November at the Africa centre, 38 King St, Covent Garden London WC2. We have been in touch with Wally Serote, who will be speaking on the role of STAFFRIDER, LITERATURE and POLITICS. We also hope that there will be other speakers to portray and celebrate the achievements of Staffrider. I hope that either/both Mike Kirkwood and Glen Moss from Ravan Press (Staffrider's publisher) will also be present. I have written to the writers committee of AREKOPANENG to ask them to participate. We hope that altogether a fitting event will take place.

My purpose in writing to you is to invite you and other members of your organisation to the meeting. If you have any suggestions about the meeting please do not hesitate to contact me at the above number, or on my home telephone 01 348 2564.

Yours sincerely,

TZ.

Tony Zurbrugg.

THIRD WORLD PUBLICATIONS LTD is a workers co-operative registered under the IPS Act 1965, No. 24007.
Reg Office: 151 Stratford Rd, Birmingham, B11 1RD, Tel 021 773 6572
Telex: 264828 TWIN G (to TWP) Fax: 01 379 4035 (To ABC, 38 King St)



Anti-Apartheid Movement

13 Mandela Street London NW1 0DW Tel 01-387 7966 Facsimile 01-388 0173

Hilda Bernstein
Old House Farm
Dorstone
Herefordshire.

28 November 1988

Dear Hilda,

All the designs that you have done for us have sold very well this year as in past years. Our total sales so far have been about 30000. In particular Unions and several businesses have bought large quantities of your designs to use as their 'own' card. In all we have sold over 10000 in this way. My experience in trying to get unions and businesses to use your designs is that most actually select the cards they use very early in the year - some by January for the next Christmas. Therefore I am convinced that we could sell many more cards than the 10000 we sold this year.

You may now guess what I am asking. We would be very pleased if you could do two new designs for cards for Christmas 1989? We are thinking that because 1989 is the 30th anniversary of the Movement and because it will be the 10th anniversary of Zimbabwe that designs which in some way incorporate these themes would be particularly relevant. Ideally we need them by the end of January.

I would like to end by saying that we are very grateful for all the work you have done for us. Your designs seem to appeal to a wide range of people and we would like to continue using them.

With best wishes

Tim
Tim. Walker.



AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER GENERAL

PO BOX 31791
Lusaka, Zambia
Telephone: 217665
Telex: 45390

8 November 1989

Cde Hilda Bernstein
c/o ANC
MAZIMBU

Dear Cde Hilda

On 3 November 1989, we received a telex from the Chief Representative in Dar-es-Salaam, responding to our enquiry about your goods which had not been cleared from the docks. The telex reads as follows:

Cde Bernstein has received the goods. Regards.

We were happy to receive this news, and hope that you are now in possession of everything you sent from the UK. If there are still any problems in this regard, please don't hesitate to contact us.

In the Year of Mass Action for People's Power!

T.T. Nkobi

PP T.T. NKOBI
Treasurer General

c.c. Chief Representative, Dar
c.c. Regional Treasurer, Mazimbu





AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

PO Box 38 28 Penton Street London N1 9PR United Kingdom
Telephone: 071-837-2012/1930 Telex: 299555 Fax: 071-278 2736

Hilda Bernstein
Old House Farm
Dovestone
Hereford HR3 6BL

Date: 28/3/91

Our Ref: MM/MN/bb/IND

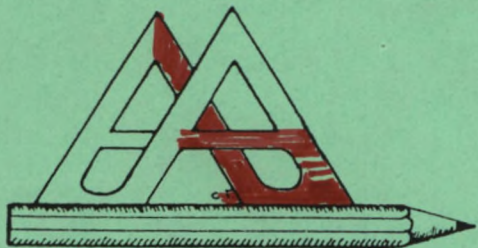
Dear Comrade(s)

RE: APPLICATION(S) FOR INDEMNITY AND RELEASE - INDEMNITY ACT 1990

We write to confirm that your application for indemnity has been granted.

Amandla - Matla!


MENDI MSIMANG
Chief Representative
ANC MISSION: U.K. AND IRELAND



ANNE ANNFÄLT
FREDSGATAN 8 A
302 46 HALMSTAD /Sweden
TEL. 035-12 93 31

Frankfurter 938 .3366 }
STA 937 - 9962 }
Budy beloved 911 - 0900 }
January 9th, 1992



Dear Mrs Hilda Bernstein,

I am glad that I could reach you yesterday and look forward to seeing you in London for an interview about your authorship and your new book project with interviews of hundreds of South-African people living in exile.

I will contact you when I come to London between February 9th and 16th, probably not until on February 10th as I will be arriving late. I will be staying at Regent Palace Hotel at Piccadilly Circus, telephone No 734 70 00.

Yours sincerely,

Anne Annfalt





Anti-Apartheid Movement Bristol

Chair: Richard Jewison,
2 Henrietta Street,
Bristol, BS5 6HU.
Tel: 0272 518172 (home)
0272 656081 (work)

Secretary: Carole Bevington,
8 Howard Avenue,
St. George,
Bristol, BS5 7BB.
Tel: 0272 516640

Membership Secretary: Jo Emery,
Garden Flat,
26 Arley Hill,
Bristol, BS6 5PR.
Tel: 0272 241577

With your help, the struggle for a non-racial democratic South Africa will be won.

Card sent

19 August 1992

Dear Hilda,

"Out of sight" - but quite the opposite - not
"out of mind" - !

I thought you might like to see how
we marked S.A. Women's Day: Bristol - You were
so much in my mind - your poem - "Their
triumphs & their tears" etc. . . .

We are fortunate to have 3 Women + 7 men
(from Cape/E.Cape/Transvaal - Alexandra as well as Soweto.)
ANC or T.U. sponsored in Bristol for 6 months - So
we made the most of it since had the ANC flap
fleetrip - the wind for 8 days on our cruise
Council House roof!

This needs no acknowledgment. Love.

Just longup to hear when your
new book is to be published.

I hope "the boxes" aren't giving
too much trouble ... ? Now, 71 + my flat
is a good centre for discussion + planning. The
others are 'doing' a 12 hour Picket this week!
+ will be going to Welwyn Garden City for the
National Demo. when E.E.C. - Foreign ministers
meet there, in September.

I enclose 'the latest' ... in case you haven't
seen the ? + cards to send on ... (in hope?)
In solidarity + best wishes to you all.

Yours sincerely,
Jo.

1992.

CELEBRATION OF
SOUTH AFRICA WOMEN'S DAY
"MALIBONGWE IGAMA LAMAKHOSIKAZI"

("The name of the women must be praised")

Programme

- 4:30 African Music.
- 4:45 Welcome.
- 4:50 Lilly Mphuthi (ANC) from Soweto speaks on "The Role of Women in the Struggle".
- 5:10 Share our Food.
- 5:30 Poems from South Africa read by ANC member, Rishi Hansraj from Durban, Natal.
- 5:40 Jolene Gabriels (^{S.A.D.T.J.}~~COSATU~~) from Stellenbosch, Cape speaks on "Education in SA".
- 6:00 Music.
- 6:10 Poems by Zinzi Mandela and Maya Angelou, read by AA member, Nomsa Hobongwana. (*Born in UK!*)
- 6:15 Mike Maile (ANC) speaks on "The Truth about the Violence In SA". *from Alexandra -*
- 6:30 Message from ANC Women's Section, sent directly from SA.
- 6:35 Cutting and sharing the SA Women's Day Cake.
Singing in unison: "We shall overcome" and "Nkosi Sikelele".
- 6:45 AA Stall, Music, Dancing.
(~~Signing of letter to Mrs Major~~) (*Slightly high level - person preparing it for signatures failed ... dit meaknie seak*)
- 7:00 Finish. *Wie!*

Note: In the case of wet weather, events will take place in the Council House rather than on College Green. (Toilet facilities are available in the Council House)

Many thanks to all who donated goods and services for this event.

College Green, Bristol from 4:30pm
Sunday August 9th *1992.*

SOUTH AFRICAN WOMEN'S DAY - 9th AUGUST 1992

A message from the ANC Women's League received in London on 7th August reads:-

"ANC Women's League takes this occasion to salute the women of the world for their unstinting and solid support which facilitated to rising heights the South African People's Struggle against Apartheid.

Our bonds of sisterhood talks of a democracy - non-racial, non-sexist society.

Our greetings from the women extend to our sisters in front line states who have always been with us during trying times in our struggle.

We hope a democratic South Africa stands to exchange experience among ourselves. To all the women of the world we say: "Let us work together in solidarity on the issues that affect women. In our united effort we are assured of a better future."

Good
Party

Dear Angela and Dietmar,

We were delighted to receive your card from Kenya. I have written long letters to you - in my head. The letters say: are you still there - together? What's happened to your jobs? How are you adjusting to life in your country that has disappeared from under your feet and become something else - something rather horrible? Have you, like us, adjusted your perspective to a different view of human nature . . . and so on, endlessly, the things we can't discuss in a letter, only face to face.

We did not receive anything from you this year - no letter with invitation to Rusty, no Easter greetings. Your post or ours? Was it the right address? Rusty has been here at the house all the time, although I have been wandering around. So please write to us again.

In November last year I went to Canada; in May this year to the USA. These are the last two big batch of interviews that I had to do for the book. Now I have finished with interviewing, except for an occasional one here or there. I have interviewed about 320 ~~xxx~~ people. I have material for five books the size of the one commissioned. My manuscript has to be in to the publishers in December. There is just a huge, enormous, gigantic task of editing and putting together and chucking out and writing in background, contemporary history and so on. Rusty is helping with the editing. I do the first edit, he is sub-editor, correcting my corrections, the punctuation, etc. I have many fabulous stories, and much that is of course repetitive and boring. So much cutting to do! At the insistence of all around me I acquired a word-processor, and after a period of utter misery, hating the machine, despising modern technology, being convinced I' never learn how to operate it, I have mastered it sufficiently to edit my material - and realise, of course, that for a book of this nature, it would have taken several more years without the processor.

When I have finished this book, I will not write anything any more, but only draw and paint pretty pictures, and read the collection of books that I keep buying and don't have time to read. And study art books and artists. And travel if there is any money left at all.

We are both well, somewhat aging, mentally fit but bones getting ancient and crumbly. This Spring and summer the countryside here has been compellingly beautiful. We decided to sell our house and move nearer to London, but realised that we didn't have enough money to do that. Still, we talk endlessly about moving from here, because it is really not a suitable place for us. The ground is too big, too much, but our garden has been wonderful, so full of flowers. I want to live in the country and Rusty wants to live in the town. We are incompatible, and that's after 50 years of marriage (last March - 50th anniversary - can you imagine it? People's jaws drop when we tell them. How do you manage to stick living with one person all that time? Well, mainly it's because we each had something else to do).

Since you are travelling now, it would be wonderful if you came to England. We are going for a short trip to Italy at the beginning of Spetember, and October is still a nice month here, but don't come in winter. Next year, when the book is finished - everything I do begins, when the book is finished - I'll be freer to make plans.

I haven't been writing to friends for a long time - it takes time off from the book. But I will be a better correspondent next year.

Love from

Old House Farm
Dorstone
Herefordshire HR3 6BL

June 14th 92

Dear Angela and Dietmar,

I've been thinking how nice it would be to hear how you have been getting on - the last we heard was a card from Tunisia - wish I'd been there too. But we read all the horror stories about the new united Germany, and wonder how our friends have managed to adjust.

We finally went back to South Africa in March. Stayed for six weeks. I had to bulk Rusty into going - he made many excuses, and said we couldn't afford it, which was true, but I was determined to go anyway. Really, we had a wonderful time. We stayed with friends everywhere, first in Johannesburg, meeting old friends from 27 years ago, those who stayed and those who were in jail and those who were in other countries. Had lunches and dinners and parties - South Africans are very hospitable - and put on weight. Spent much time in the classy 22-storey building which is now the ANC headquarters, and spoke with Nelson and Walter and everyone. Drove around Johannesburg trying to locate ourselves - a city changes so much - in Jhbg it's too many new highways that cut swathes through the town and all the suburbs. You find yourself on one and can't get off again. Went to look at our old house, and gradually began to feel at home again. Of course it has all changed. Jhbg has become a black city - whites do go to the town to work in offices, but, like in the USA, they have moved out and left the city to the blacks. They don't even shop in the city any more but in those vast horrible shopping centres in the suburbs where they can park their cars and get everything in one area. Jhbg centre and the suburb near to town, Hillbrow, are like third-world cities, with the 'enterprise culture' (as it's called in Britain) where people set out their wares on the pavement - food, fruit, tourist trivia, books, mats, anything. We loved it - it's so much livelier and more colourful than it has ever been. We enjoyed walking through the park in our white suburb and seeing the little black kids on the swings, where once they were not permitted to play. And blacks and whites queueing for buses together, and sitting on seats next to each other, with no evident tension or trouble. In fact, so easily have the whites accepted the inevitability of this kind of mixing, that you wonder what it was all about - the 30 years of prisons, exile, torture, death, just to keep them in separate buses and separate queues.

Our children helped us to travel, our son-in-law hired a car for us, we took off and drove the 1,000 miles to Cape Town, through the karroo, stopping, looking, soaking up the beautiful, huge, raw, changing country. Stayed in Cape Town with friends, then went round the coast, through the most beautiful parts, the Wilderness, the Garden Route, the splendid forests, mountains, beaches, all the way up to Durban, then back to Jhbg. It was a tremendous experience. As a tourist, just enjoying the countryside, the incomparable beauty of it, it was wonderful. But we drove through the Transkei, that once-beautiful countryside of rolling green hills and picturesque thatched-roofed huts. Now it is a vast rural slum where thousands and thousands were forced from their homes and dumped, to clear 'white' South Africa and create bantustans, dumped without land, without jobs, without anything. The hillsides are scarred with shanties, but the people have no land nor cattle, and there are no industries; they rot and they starve. It is utter destitution. Then we drive down a dirt road to the sea - holiday resorts, still the playgrounds of the whites (Yes, black CAN come there now if they want to, but there are not enough of them with the money and leisure . . . it's still whites holidaying the blacks servicing them). And there are those marvellous beaches, curving in great bays for miles, white sands, slow surf rolling in mountains and unspoilt bushes - true paradise, provided you don't

over the other side of the hill. The gap between whites and blacks has increased enormously, and it is very stark, unlike in England where there are many layers of wealth and poverty, with a minority of an underclass. Here it is the third world living in the backyard of the first world, and that first world has deliberately created a third world in its very midst. And people are now so totally segregated in their living areas that it will not change for a long, long time. The Indians live in their special areas, the Coloured in theirs, and the Africans in the townships or in the vast shanty-towns that now grow without stopping on the edge of every large town.

In the cities crime is horrific. The whites barricade themselves in the suburbs behind 12-foot high walls with razor wire and armed guards. But where you have a huge, growing population of young people without education and without jobs and with no hope of getting work, such crime is inevitable.

They wanted us to come back. The ANC would like Rusty to come and work for them. Well, we toy with the idea of going for a year or two. But not permanently. You can't bridge those 27 years. I would like to go and paint there for a while, and then come back to my children.

The book? Well, it got finished at last, but it won't be published until January 93; I have just received the publisher's catalogue, and see my book nicely promoted, but the publishing price is £25 - horrendous! Not even one's best friends buy a book at that price - it's enormous. I suppose, hope, there will be a paper-back, but not immediately. It is my own fault, I wrote a book that is too long, too big.

I've stopped writing now. I'm painting pretty little pictures of flowers & that, after all, is all that I see around me. We are trying to sell our house and move nearer to a town - maybe Oxford - where there are galleries and books and cinemas and other things for two old people to do - which we can't get here. But wherever we are there will always be room for you, so maybe when you have saved up, you will come to visit us again. Please come. Much love

54 Round Hill Crescent
Brighton
BN2 3FR
Telephone 0273 685957

15th April 1994

My dear Hilda

How lovely to have your letter and to learn what is happening to the book in South Africa. I am appalled, of course, but not surprised, that Stephen Johnson never received proofs. How thoughtless, how short-sighted, of the Cape people. But thank goodness that he likes the book, and I am pleased that the legal problems are resulting in some publicity. All publicity is good publicity, as they say.

No, I have not yet seen the Sunday Times review. But I have asked Nicky whats-her-name at Cape to send me copies of all the reviews.

South Africa is on the news here all the time. And I keep thinking of you and Rusty and how exciting it must be to be there now, to be witnessing this extraordinary historical moment. Especially for Rusty, in the thick of it in the ANC offices. Do give him my love. And you, my dear, you say that you are being idle. Well, I don't believe that for a minute; your idea of idleness is most people's notion of a good day's work. Still, I'm thrilled that you're enjoying yourself and pleased that you're not being allowed into the hot spots to take photographs: at least someone is looking out for your welfare!

I am very baby-bound but enjoying every bit of it, though the nights are wearing. George is a sweetheart - really smiley and happy, and I love having a little baby again. I hate leaving him to go to work (from next week, two days in London and one at home - when my mother will come and look after George) mainly because I am not enjoying the job: I think I told you that I am, working for Anne Benewick on the ex-Pluto Press political atlases. The issues are interesting but, frankly, maps are not my thing and I miss words and commissioning desperately. Like that age-old division between working-class and middle-class women, between a job and a career, I would rather be with my children than doing a boring job. Still, we need the extra money and I need to keep my hand in the business. But Philippa and I are soon to approach potential investors for this independent publishing house idea. I'll tell you more when you are back. That would be really exciting: to be an independent publisher and not have to put up with company politics and the inertia and lack of innovation of the multi-national book world.

Today George is having his first day in the university creche in preparation for me going to London regularly. He is not even five months old! I am still breastfeeding of course, but he eats solid food and happily drinks water from a cup, so on work days he gets by on this and I frantically express milk (in the loo on the train coming back from London: the pits) to freeze and leave for him the next time I go to work. It all feels wholly unnatural and wrong. I want a job I can do from home; maybe I should start writing. Maybe this is still post-natal sentimentality; maybe next time I get on the train I'll not feel as though a limb has been wrenched from me.

Just seen the time, and I MUST
fend George + love. But I think of
you often. Do write again when any more
news. My love as ever - @hilder

Aegina, Greece

21. X. 04

Dear Hilda

I asked Gideon, when he called you 2 or 3 weeks ago, to mention that I intended to write to you from Greece. We're more than half way through our sojourn, so here's putting pen to paper, at last!

Our time has been made up of all the familiar ingredients with their strange mixture of frustrations imitations & delights; predictability & surprises.

The weather initially was quite a shock ... there were 5 days of grey skies, thunderstorms & cold, torrential rain. The local people were delighted after a long over-hot summer, so we tried not to be selfish about it! but have

been most relieved when bright warmth reappeared! Although we've now been here so many times, I feel I come for its Mediterranean otherness - the clear vivid qualities of light & colour & exotic vegetation amongst parched, rocky hillsides; the sense of that ancient 'classical' past & a lot of the East lurking about too. But when the sun wasn't shining ~~that~~ that all seemed to have been an illusion & we were contemplating instead a Northern European palette & a landscape that had lost its magic! So is it all to do with LIGHT? I wonder if you experienced the same thing when you visited your house in Italy, & painted & drew there. I remember those wonderful

drawings / prints you made of the hillsides & their contours which of course possessed a linear impact not dependent on light.

I've done a bit of painting & sketching this time, but not enough. I go back 2 weeks before Cideon - then he can sail without impediment. We've been more or less oblivious of the world beyond & all the, mostly, terrible news that we're normally all too aware of. I'll be travelling home on the day of the American presidential election & I know I'll be avidly interested in it the minute I get home but right now it seems remote. I guess it could be significant enough to mean the survival or not of the planet, but it's hard to grapple with concepts of that scale. I wonder what it all looks like

from down where you are now? (I say down because that's where the Southern hemisphere seems to be; & as a child I used to wonder why the oceans didn't all slide down to the bottom of the globe (despite gravity!))

We bought an imported Sunday Times last week & suddenly there was a full page review of your ~~report~~ new edition of the 'World that was Ours', by Peter Hain. No doubt you have seen it. We noticed he was very occupied with comparing his family with yours (perhaps too much so :) but nevertheless hope the publicity will bring you lots of new readers - + royalties!?

In the past few days we've renewed our acquaintance with Francis Oeser - the Australian with a house here who wrote a poem inspired by Kirsty's obituary (do you recall?). He is coming to South Africa in December & wants to contact you (!!)

I hope this won't prove a mistaken
~~gesture~~ introduction on our part - though
actually he asked for your address.

By the time this reaches you, ~~we~~
I may well be back in Darstone;
& it will seem almost wintery.

When we left, there were still quite
a lot of vegetables growing away in
the garden - masses of beans, radishes,
& beetroot in particular. I hope the
neighbours will have helped themselves.
There was also a prolific crop of
walnuts (too many for the squirrels for
once) & luckily we were able to
scoop most of them up before we left.
Something to look forward to eating!

We do hope everything's going well
for you; & you've had some good family
visits. We must communicate more often

Meanwhile - much love from both

Ally & Gideon.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a date or header.

Main body of handwritten text, appearing to be a letter or a list of items, though the content is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.

ALLY - unanswered

Bottom section of handwritten text, continuing the list or letter.

Collection Number: A3299

Collection Name: Hilda and Rusty BERNSTEIN Papers, 1931-2006

PUBLISHER:

Publisher: **Historical Papers Research Archive**

Collection Funder: **Bernstein family**

Location: **Johannesburg**

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