

EPILOGUE

When I wrote this story of how we came to leave our own country, the act of leaving was the final chapter. What happened after that became a different story, with different significance.

But it is now some years since we flew out of Southern Africa, and the nature of the struggle in which we were involved there has undergone radical change since this book was written. That change has made it even more imperative that people of the world should know what it is all about. Therefore, this short epilogue has been written for the sole purpose of informing readers of this book of the nature of the struggle in Southern Africa today. It is not another chapter in the personal story; it is an extension of the political picture in which we were so deeply involved - and will remain involved for all our lives.

Rivonia was followed by a series of political trials all over the country. In 1965, fifteen years after the Suppression of Communism Act was passed, the first trial of people accused of membership of the Communist Party was held. There had been many previous trials held under this Act, but none in which the accused were actually charged with being communists.

In the 1965 trial, the lawyer who had fought so hard to save the lives of the Rivonia men, and who had defended men and women in many of the political trials, Bram Fischer, was himself one of the accused. He disappeared during the trial, but he did not leave the country. For nearly a year he lived underground, so effectively disguised that police officers who had known him for years and were searching the country for him passed him in the street without recognising him. His arrest was counted as a major triumph by the Security Police who had used prolonged interrogation, keeping the victim sleepless and standing for days and nights continuously to obtain the information leading to his arrest.

After many months of solitary confinement and disgusting treatment designed to humiliate and break him, Bram Fischer was brought to tri-

on the same charges as the Rivonia men and received the same sentence-life imprisonment.

Once more, during this trial, apartheid became the focus of world condemnation. Bram Fischer told the court: 'I am on trial for my political beliefs . . . what I did was right . . . I accept the general rule that for the protection of society laws should be obeyed. But when the laws themselves become immoral and require the citizen to take part in an organised system of oppression - if only by his silence or apathy - then I believe that a higher duty arises. This compels one to refuse to recognise such laws. '

In a long statement from the dock, he outlined his political career from the time when, as a young man, he felt revulsion at the idea of shaking hands with a black man, to the point he had reached when he had sacrificed everything - home, comfort, family and a successful career - for the cause in which he believed. He explained his views of Marxist theory and exposed the basis of racialism in South Africa - 'at the heart, the problem is an economic one' - and he showed how all his actions had been directed towards maintaining contact and understanding between the races.

The elimination of leading opponents of apartheid was extended to the round-up and persecution of all former active or known members of the banned African National Congress. Trial after trial was held in remote country courts, far from the public eye, in conditions that made legal assistance difficult or even impossible, and hid the trials from the press and public. And thousands of men and women, often husbands and wives, went to jail on the evidence of a handful of informers that they had once given a donation to the African National Congress, or that a meeting had been held at their house. All the leading non-white political prisoners were taken to a small island, Robben Island, now a penal colony just off the coast at Cape Town, where they quarry rocks and break stones under harsh conditions. White political prisoners are kept in Pretoria, where true to apartheid attitudes, their conditions are better than those of the non-whites, even though they are equal enemies of

the apartheid state! There is no remission of sentence for any political prisoner in South Africa, and those sentenced to life imprisonment are never released - a life sentence means exactly that, for life. Political prisoners sentenced to shorter terms, and who have been released after serving their sentence, are then placed under house arrest and other stringent restrictions, or banished to remote areas, so that it becomes impossible for them, wherever they are, to earn a living or lead a normal life.

With the resistance movement thus disrupted and weakened, the known leaders either in jail or exiled, South Africa was held in an iron grip of silence. The system of bannings, banishment and house arrest imposed on those who dared to try and oppose apartheid has been enormously effective. Year by year the few remaining bridges were closed between the races, so that contacts, even on a purely social basis, became almost impossible. One new law, prohibiting political organisations from having members of different races, caused the Liberal Party to dissolve itself. As contacts between black and white were broken, so also were any hopes of moderation as a method of winning change.

There followed now, to an accelerating degree as the decade of the 1960's neared its end, a strange duality of life in the apartheid state. South Africa had entered an era of tremendous industrial expansion and economic prosperity, and the conformity of whites to apartheid was re-inforced by their high material prosperity. Between 1960 and 1965, for example, the average rate of growth was more than 6 per cent, one of the fastest in the capitalist world, and it was the system of apartheid that made this possible, for it was the combination of extremely rich and diversified natural resources combined with the most intense exploitation of labour that brought unparalleled wealth to the white minority. On the one hand, the economy reached a high level of industrial expansion and on the other, apartheid laws and controls ensured an unusually high degree of exploitation of African labour. The dramatic growth rate, the luxurious living standards of the whites, the intensification of industrial production and the high profitability attracted spiral

investment of capital from Britain, the United States of America, France, Italy, Switzerland, Japan and West Germany.

The huge expansion and the diversification of industry brought with it an inevitable search for markets, the internal market being limited by low wages in the towns and abject poverty in the countryside. Our natural market is our hinterland, the apartheid leaders said. There lay all Africa, waiting for the imperial drive of South Africa. The neighbouring countries were the first targets, but the aim was more ambitious than that.

First South Africa illegally annexed to itself South-West Africa (Namibia) and made it an integral part of the apartheid state. Then Rhodesia became a dependency of South Africa, for the white minority against whom the world was applying sanctions could only survive through South Africa's trade and assistance. Three small neighbouring African countries, Botswana, Lesotho and Swaziland, became independent during the 1960's under conditions which made them virtual hostages of the South African economy. Lesotho is an enclave, entirely surrounded by South African territory. Swaziland is bordered on three sides by South Africa and on the fourth by the Portuguese colony of Mozambique. Botswana is bordered by South Africa, South-West Africa and Rhodesia, and has only a tiny tip of land, less than three miles wide, joining it to the independent African state of Zambia.

South Africa's northwards imperialist drive has been impelled by double motives, both arising from the nature of apartheid and the system of maintaining white supremacy in Southern Africa. On the one hand is the drive for economic domination over the potentially rich and as yet undeveloped African market as a whole. On the other is the military protection of the white supremacist states and the ruthless determination of South African rulers to fight all those who threaten apartheid outside their own territory. South Africa is a state continually at war, organised on a war footing, geared to preparation for war, and seeking to fight that war in neighbouring states.

A large part of the industrial expansion within South Africa has
been bound

been bound up with the relentless drive of the apartheid state to arm itself to become the most powerful military machine on the African continent. It now has the most modern aircraft, radar and electronic equipment, heavy armaments, submarines and military transports, supplied by its Western allies in breach of the United Nations embargo on the supply of arms to South Africa, and has in addition built up its own domestic armaments and aircraft industry without rival in Africa. In the supply of capital, licences and technicians for this purpose, the countries of the West once more demonstrated their readiness to collaborate with apartheid.

At the same time the total white population, men, women and children, are being prepared and trained to meet the Armageddon of their own making. Military training has been extended, civil militia promoted, part of the police force (which is an integral part of defence) turned into para-military units. Schoolchildren are trained to shoot, housewives to form shooting clubs. An elaborate and far-reaching network of intelligence agents and informers operates far beyond South Africa's own borders, for the actual subversion of other African states has become part of South Africa's plans for survival. This machinery has given rise to the birth of a new super-department of the State, known as the Bureau of State Security. This Bureau has secret powers outside the aegis of courts or press or even parliament, and personnel and resources known only to those in charge. More than any other, this Bureau presents the modern face of apartheid - ruthless, aggressive, lawless, menacing.

With fascist Portugal and Rhodesia, South Africa has formed secret military councils and pacts, an 'unholy Alliance' based on the determination to maintain white supremacy at any cost. And it is this alliance that has helped South Africa to threaten Tanzania, undermine Zambia, to plant its military and police forces hundreds of miles outside its own borders, to build an airbase pointing north on the Caprivi Strip in South-West Africa. And to build a perilous network of financial, technical, trading and diplomatic and security arrangements with economically dependent African countries such as Malawi, Malagasy, and others.

For African countries, the price of trade with South Africa and badly-needed aid from South Africa is acquiescence to apartheid and hostility to the liberation movements. But by this outward drive, whose ramifications extend far north of the Zambesi, South Africa has also ensured that the struggle for the liberation of the south will have profound repercussions throughout Africa, and indeed throughout the world. For the expansion is not confined to Africa, but expresses itself in a constant and far from unsuccessful search for open allies in Western Europe, North and South America, Australasia and the Far East.

Thus in the decade of the sixties, South Africa ~~transformed~~ transformed itself from pariah-like isolation to become the twelfth-ranking trading nation of the world, political master of Africa and leader of the Southern Hemisphere, allied not only with Rhodesia and with the Portuguese colonies of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau, but also closely involved in the NATO alliance through Portuguese membership in NATO, and through the membership in NATO of South Africa's biggest trading partners in the Western world.

This picture of immense military and political strength would seem, superficially, to be a pessimistic one. The reality is different. For the whole of that part of Southern Africa which is still controlled by a white minority is now experiencing regular guerilla activity, or is faced with advanced preparations for its commencement. The new phase of South Africa's own struggle opened in August of 1967, when guerilla units of the African National Congress of South Africa and of the Zimbabwe African Peoples' Union (Rhodesia) engaged Rhodesian colonial troops. Since then armed clashes have taken place along the borders of Rhodesia and of South-West Africa, and fighting units are known to have penetrated as far as the Rhodesian capital of Salisbury and to have established themselves in country areas. This is, in fact, the struggle for which the Rivonia men were preparing, for one of the charges at their trial was that they had arranged for hundreds of young men to leave for secret armed training abroad.

In Tanzania in May of 1969, at the town of Morogoro, the African National Congress held the most important conference in all its 55 years of history. It outlined its strategy and tactics in a document describing the nature of the struggle in South Africa.

The struggle of the oppressed people of South Africa is taking place within an international context of the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ transition to the Socialist system, the document begins, of the breakdown of the colonial system as a result of national liberation and socialist revolutions, and the fight for social and economic progress by the people of the whole world.

We in South Africa are part of the zone in which national liberation is the chief content of the struggle. The fact that the first formal steps of independence in Africa has not reached the countries of Southern Africa has been because of the tremendous economic and military power at the disposal of the regimes built with the help of imperialism.

The main pillar of the unholy alliance of Portugal, Rhodesia and South Africa is the Republic of South Africa. The strategy and tactics of our revolution require for their formulation and understanding a full appreciation of the interlocking and interweaving of international, African and Southern African developments which play on our situation.

The document shows how the rule of force has imposed apartheid despite continuous opposition and unbroken resistance, and asks why the decision for armed struggle, which was finally taken in 1961, was not taken in 1951, or 1941 or before, when the character of the state has not altered so fundamentally. But in essence, a revolutionary policy is one which holds out the quickest and most fundamental transformation and transfer of power from one class to another. And those who seek to bring about such a change are influenced by historically determined factors. Revolutionary leadership must lead not just the most advanced elements, but the masses and of setting a pace which accords with objective conditions and the real possibilities.

The document sets out what those conditions are, and shows that it was only after the victory of the anti-imperialist forces in the second World War and the tide of independence in Africa, Asia and Latin America, combined with the zig-zags of struggle inside South Africa in the last fifty years which, by the beginning of the sixties, demanded a move in the direction of armed struggle. Each phase of the struggle before that had prepared the way, and the fifties were the most stirring and struggle-filled in the whole history of our liberation movement. Thousands upon thousands of militant cadres were tempered during this period and mass political consciousness was moulded to a new intensity. Each phase that unfolded demanded a new approach, and the methods used of boycott, general strike, mass defiance of unjust laws, peasant resistance in the countryside, and the formulation of the peoples' demands in the Freedom Charter - all these were indispensable stages of our struggle which destroyed reformist illusions, brought heightened political consciousness, and unmasked the nature of the apartheid enemy not only to the leaders, but to the mass of the people.

Not only had the situation itself to be understood, but also the art and science of both political and military - of armed liberation struggles in the modern epoch had to be grasped and applied. The head-on mobile warfare of the traditional African armies of the past could not meet the challenge. The riot, the street fight, the outbursts of unorganised violence and of individual terrorism, all these were symptoms of the militant spirit but not pointers to revolutionary technique. The winning of our freedom by armed struggle, the only method left open to us, demands more than passion. It demands an understanding and an implementation of revolutionary theory and techniques in the actual conditions facing us. It demands a sober assessment of the obstacles and an appreciation of the length and bitterness of the struggle. It demands the dominance in our thinking of achievement over drama. It was in accordance with such ideas that our movement decided to launch an armed struggle.

The Morogoro document defines the relationship between the political and the military. It analyses the strength and the

weakness of the enemy. It speaks of the confrontation on the lines of colour, which is not of our choosing but that of the enemy, for our policy continually stresses in the future, as it has in the past, that there is room in South Africa for all who live in it, but only on the basis of absolute democracy. And it is inconceivable for liberation to have meaning in South Africa without a return of the wealth of the land to the people as a whole. Thus victory must embrace more than formal political democracy. To allow existing economic forces to retain their interests intact is to feed the root of racial supremacy and does not represent even the shadow of liberation. National emancipation is bound up with economic emancipation. It is this perspective of the South Africa liberation movement that also determines how difficult the struggle will be. The power-structure determined to continue the exploitation of Africa as in the past stretches across the copper-mines of Katanga, the coffee and diamonds of Angola, the diamonds and karakul of South-West Africa, and the great riches of South Africa.

When we became exiles from South Africa, not only our immediate personal lives, but also the content of life underwent a change. In South Africa the very simplicity of the issues with which we were confronted and the compelling urgency of our struggle left little room for controversy and removed many problems. The issues were clear, and burningly important. We saw the world through the prism of our struggle against apartheid.

Then we changed continents. And when we had adjusted ourselves to our new lives and overcome the practical problems of change, and found jobs, and schools for the children; and when we had become used to the idea that a ring on the doorbell was never anything more than a friend calling, or the milkman; and when we no longer grew rigid and tense at night to hear a car stop outside in the street; then also we saw that the world was large and full of problems besides that of apartheid in South Africa.

We also found, however, that apartheid with its racist ideology and dream of permanent economic exploitation of the black man, is of dominating importance to the world as a whole. For the ideas of

racial superiority are not only deeply rooted among whites of South Africa, but also in those advanced, technologically developed countries that in the past became imperial powers because of their exploitation of the coloured peoples of the world. Not only in South Africa, but in the countries of Western Europe and the USA, people have become imbued with a sense of their technical advantages and their racial superiority. And the crude white supremacy doctrines of South Africa correspond to the racist realities of power and wealth in the world as a whole.

So the question of apartheid, of racial attitudes, strikes at the very roots of man's existence, denies the basis of our civilisation, and threatens every ~~one~~. And our fight to regain the world that was ours is an integral part of ~~the~~ ^{the total} fight for a life of justice, of freedom, and of peace.

* * * *

PROLOGUE: THE WORLD THAT WAS OURS.

There probably has never been a phenomenon like that of Nelson Rolihlala Mandela; certainly not in South Africa, perhaps nowhere in the world. He is the world's best-known political prisoner.

He has not been seen in public since he was jailed in 1962. Most of that time has been spent on South Africa's Alcatraz, Robben Island, and in the past few years at the Pollsmoor prison in the Cape; out of sight and hearing of the world and visited only infrequently by members of his family; with a blanket ban on the republication of anything he has ever written and on the reporting of anything he may have said.

By all precedent he should have faded from public memory into a shadow recalled only by an ever-narrowing circle of family and former associates; to become a forgotten man, destined slowly to decay in his prison cell and ultimately - for his jail sentence is for the whole of his life - to die there.

Instead, from that cell, the reputation and stature of Nelson Mandela has swelled out. He has achieved legendary fame in his own country, and throughout the world. In Europe, in Africa, in America and Asia, streets, gardens, buildings, halls, schools, bear his name. He has been named the 'honoured citizen' of hundreds of towns, large and small, scattered throughout the world. He has been given the freedom of cities, awarded honorary doctorates. Governments, international organisations from the United Nations downwards, demand that he be released. ~~Close on~~ A quarter of a century after the prison doors closed on him, when no one under the age of thirty can possibly remember seeing him, throughout South Africa he is proclaimed as the real leader of the people and the inspiration of the black youth who now spearhead the popular assault on the apartheid regime that jailed him. There is no question of the universality of this acceptance of Nelson Mandela, and of his organisation the African National Congress, from the 'comrades' in the street struggles to visiting statesmen who, if fortunate enough to be granted an interview, testify over and over again to the impressive authority of his personality. His face,

familiar only from a few old photographs, is blown to huge proportions on banners that state: Nelson Mandela, the leader of our nation.

The trial of Nelson Mandela, the Rivonia trial, is described in this book.

For some years after the end of the Rivonia trial the political scene in South Africa was quiescent. The arrests and imprisonments, the secret detentions without trial, the many deaths in detention, the many well-testified tales of mental and physical torture, the disappearance of former political activists, some of whom had gone into exile, and the illegality of the African National Congress and subsequent banning of any organisation that began to gather mass support - all this subdued the spirit of the people who were left without organisations to voice their demands or known leaders to guide them. It was a time, too, of harsh struggle for survival for the families and former associates of those who were in jail. And for those in jail, a terrible struggle against isolation and horrific conditions.

Gradually conditions inside and outside the jails began to change. From the formidable isolation of Robben Island came stories of the prisoners' struggles against brutality and torture, against degrading and intolerable regimes. Prisoners who over the years had served their sentences and been released brought news of the men there, and a number of books were written by former prisoners.

The story that emerged not only told of the struggles within the jail, but also told of the enormous influence of Nelson Mandela and the other Rivonia prisoners. And this, despite the fact that they were kept in cells apart from the other prisoners. Through the brief contacts when they were breaking stones or taken for other work on the Island, their courage, their political understanding, their sense of resistance and their dignity were felt by all the prisoners, and began to seep out to the world. It was as though, through the barriers of silence and powerlessness, the prison bars were being peeled back, and the giant stature of Nelson Mandela and his Rivonia co-trialists were thrusting their way out.

As the tide of political revolt within South Africa rose, the ideals that the men of Rivonia had proclaimed and that are embodied in the

document called the Freedom Charter were adopted by the new generation of strugglers against apartheid. The Freedom Charter itself, proclaimed an illegal document (people went to prison for having a copy in their homes) is now displayed openly in acts of defiance that no longer give obeisance to nor recognise unjust laws. The colours of the illegal African National Congress, the songs of its military wing, Uml^honto We Sizwe, are displayed and sung on every possible occasion. The struggle launched by the men of Rivonia has fired all South Africa in a continuous revolt that can no longer be contained. The fame of Nelson Mandela, a journalist writes, 'has grown to almost mythical importance in the litanies of the nation's defiance.'

This book, ~~written in the days of apparent defeat at the end of the Rivonia trial, is not specifically about Nelson Mandela.~~ It is about those times, about those who participated, and the impact that their ideas and policies have had and are having in South Africa today. It is about the Rivonia trial, and about the defendants in that trial, people of equal strength, understanding and courage with Nelson Mandela, who remain in jail after all these long years.

It is about the beginning of that tide of revolt that is now barely contained by brute force in South Africa, and of the trial itself, as seen through the involvement of myself and my family; my husband was one of the men of Rivonia.

At the time it was written I thought that by telling a personal story of our lives, of how we acted in the centre of that time, people everywhere might come to understand and see what makes South Africa the way it is, and why Nelson Mandela and the freedom fighters have become people of a special type. It seems to me that this book now has a new validity in illuminating understanding of the revolution in South Africa today, casting light on those questions that so agitate people of other lands; on the question of 'violence', for instance, and why, from his lonely and lengthy incarceration, Nelson Mandela can find the will to refuse to be released on condition that he renounces 'vi^glence.' 'Your freedom and mine,' he told the people through his daughter, 'cannot be separated.'

That freedom must come, not only for Mandela and for the other men of Rivonia, but for all political prisoners and for all oppressed by

the unyielding racialism of apartheid. And this book will be merely one more document of that gigantic struggle for freedom in our lifetime.

Amandla!

1. The time factor. It is not clear when the events recounted take place. A reader likes to be oriented in time. Not only should each incident - house arrest, Rivonia raid, detention, trial, decisions to escape, escape, etc. - be pinned down in the reader's mind with a date, but the reader must have a chronological awareness of the development of the apartheid policy over a ten-twenty year period and of how your own experience fits timewise into it.

2. Shortcomings in the personalized technique. There is a tremendous sense of attachment to your home (to that aspect of "the world that was ours") and the home-life is made beautiful, thus emphasizing the sacrifice of being uprooted from it. Shouldn't this, however, be contrasted with a detailed description of a typical African home in a township (surroundings, possessions, family life), which you want to be able to have the opportunity to be as beautiful as your own? Doesn't it detract from the political content of the book to write with intense concern of the destruction of your own lovely home, and not give as much attention and intensity to the matter of the denial of such a home to Africans? Both, I feel, can and must be contained in the book. If this is not done, the reader cannot fully appreciate the nature of apartheid and your reasons for involvement in the struggle against it.

3. In the first chapter ("Normal Lives") there needs to be, I feel, a brief (two to three pages) resume of your own (yours and Rusty's) background of experience in the liberation movement, back to its beginning. There is continual mention of it in the course of the book, but the reader has no point of reference to which to attach it all. You mention your jail experience after Sharpville (this ought to have some description), your having been elected to the city council, your being placed on lists as known CPs, your participation in meetings, demonstrations, etc., but these are casual references to a concealed life that might cause a reader to think that you are withholding something from him or that at least whet a reader's interest without satisfying it. On page 26, Chapter VII, of the final section of the book you have a paragraph of brief recollection of events participated in in the course of the struggle. This sort of thing, I feel, ought to be at the very beginning. Otherwise, throughout the book the reader has cause to wonder why you and your family are being made to endure all the harassment and persecution that you recount, and what your association with all the occurrences is.

4. The middle section of the book does become weighty with detail about the restrictive and suppressive policies of the Verwoerd regime. Perhaps it could be lightened by introducing each chapter here with a personal experience, and relating that with the aspect of restriction you elaborate. This would help narrative continuity, also.

5. The chapter "Arrests At Rivonia" must, I think, be presented in a more dramatic fashion. It opens and moves toward its climax too slowly. Since the prologue of the book introduces your story in a very dramatic way about precisely this episode, and since it is in a sense the "watershed" of the book, it seems to me that the drama ought to be heightened at this point.
6. In the last chapter Seretse Khama is mentioned; he ought to be identified.
7. There is a problem in regard to discussing the Party and your relation to it, as far as an American edition by a publishing house like Knopf is concerned. Prejudice on this score, as far as I know, still prevails among all the major American publishers.
8. You will need a map, of South Africa as a whole and especially indicating your escape route.
9. A suggestion on final organization of chapters: divide into four Parts, with chapters under each: Prologue, conditions of life in South Africa (ending with chapter "Arrests At Rivonia"), detention and trial of Rivonia arrestees, escape.
10. Some particulars of the program of the ANC ought to be included. An alternative to apartheid should be clearly presented.
11. Some way must be found to mention the reunion of your family in London.

1. Page 6

Two word alterations indicated.

Replace bottom two lines with following:

Elections at intervals of five years entrenched the Nationalists more firmly in power as white voters - English- as well as Afrikaans-speaking - increasingly came to accept the principles and laws of apartheid.

2. Page 8

Replace 'non-whites' with 'blacks'.

3. Page 9. and 10

Delete paras shown.

4. Page 14

On March 21 1960, ~~xxxxxxx~~ eight days before the verdict of 'not guilty', a crowd of about 2,000 gathered in peaceful protest against the pass laws at the small town of Sharpeville. Seventy-five police fired about seven hundred shots into the crowd (described by journalists as 'perfectly amiable'.) Sixty-nine were killed, 180 injured. Most were shot in the back as they turned to runaway.

As protests mounted, internally and world-wide, the African National Congress, after forty-eight years of peaceful, legal work, was declared (together with the Pan-African Congress) an illegal organisation.

5 Page 15

The shootings at Sharpeville and the banning of the ANC is the essential turning-point in political strategy.

6 Page 19 & 23

Add word 'then' as shown ; omit name as indicated

7. Page 25

Possible omission of material from place marked to P. 29, last 2 paras. Alternatively, starting from p 24, cut to one para.

8 Page 32

Omit para shown

9 Page 34

Add 'now Botswana' as indicated

10. Page 39

Corrections in Footnote: 'multi-racial', not 'inter', and spelling of Kathrada.

11. Page 43

Possible omission from stars to last line on p 46.
If not omitted, note alterations on p 44.

12. Page 47

Possible cut to page 51, although I am rather taken with the inter-play of Minister's quotes from p 48 to p 50.

13 Page 54

E3 Page 54

After 2nd para add: Yet these were only the first small rumblings of later storms of forced removals that would uproot about four million people from their homes.

Possible cuts indicated on pages 54, 55, 56, 57,59, 60, 61.

14. Page 68

Possible elimination of chapter 8 on Pogo in which case a short joining para on the No-Trial bill is needed.

15. Page 81

Transfer of comma

16. Page 90

I suggest that all Rusty's communications to me should be set in italics.

17. Page 99

The name of Bram Fischer could be inserted here in the place of 'M'.

18. Page 112

Cut para as indicated. Change position of para as indicated

19. Page 112

Add footnote: Joel later writes: 'She was asking that I should embark on a case of unknown duration in defence of people I did not know, whose actions I knew nothing about, and on a charge which had not yet been formulated. I felt that even if I were to agree, it would be a waste of time.'

20 Page 115

Add 'In this they later succeed, but they have not . . . etc'

21. Page 123

Substitute words 'humanity' and 'humans' for 'man.'

22. Page 160

For consistency, Umkhonto we Sizwe should either not be in italics here, or alternatively should be in italics throughout.

23. Page 195

This should be corrected to read: 'two months later he would be flung to death ...'

24. Page 198

Correction; should read: 'I mistakenly thought that perhaps they had not come to arrest me. Against the advice of our friends, I returned home.'

25. Page 199

Correct sentence to read:'they kept detainees standing ~~xxxxxxThe victimsxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxThe victimsxxx~~ for days and nights continuously - in one case for five days. Loss of sleep disorientated them. They could no longer control their own minds. The victims could crawl back to their cells . . . '

26. Page 200

Add in parenthesis (Schermbrucker), because of confusion of the name 'Ivan.'

27. Page 202

Change 'Only' to 'first.'

28. Page 210

Third para to read:

In this year, 1964, the countries surrounding Bechuanaland are hostile to refugees; South-West Africa to the west, South Africa and Southern Rhodesia to the east and south. In the north lies the Caprivi Strip, part of South-½West Africa which is occupied by and under the control of South Africa. It is a narrow tongue all aLONG THE TOP. Between Caprivi and Southern Rhodesia there is a three-mile gap where Bechuanaland has a common frontier with Northern Rhodesia. The way to it is across uninhabited bush, leopard and elephant country, with sandy tracks, but this is the only way out. This is the escape route. *

FOOTNOTE * Northern Rhodesia is now Zambia; Southern Rhodesia is Zimbabwe. South-West Africa - Namibia - is still held illegally by South Africa.

29. Page 226

Last para rewritten to avoid the ubiquitous 'he'.

Refugees travel without documents or papers. They have no passports and are identifiable only by their own word, or that of people who may know them. When they have crossed one border illegally they must then be legally admitted across new borders and obtain a transit permit to cross Northern Rhodesia. Who are they? They say they are refugees from political persecution in South Africa, and there have been hundreds of these, whites and blacks. But there have also been South African Government agents and spies claiming to be refugees. What did you do in South Africa? Why did you have to leave? What organisation did you belong to? Sheppard is not the only one who wants answers to these questions.

The African National Congress has its external headquarters in Dar-es-Slaam in Tanzania and has offices in other African countries*

FOOTNOTE; ANC external headquarters are now in Lusaka in Zambia.

Rest of para - 'It's representatives are known and respected, etc' continues.

30. Page 246

A comma must be inserted between 'Small' and 'high'.

Page 24, third line down.

Omit first sentence 'The most sinister . . . or trial'. Continue:

The Minister could confine a person . . . until end of para 'Under house arrest.'

Then insert the following before the next paragraph:

The most sinister provision of all ~~gammexinexminixterxx~~ allowed for detention without trial. It was to be the first of a number of security laws, each one with more extensive powers, finally consolidated in the Internal Security Act, that provided for detention without trial for certain specified periods - at first 90 days, then 180 days - but also allowed for an unspecified number of repeat detentions, until the Internal Security Act laid down no time provisions. In fact, from 1963, anyone detained could be held indefinitely in prison without trial for the rest of their lives, if the Security Police so desired.

This Act opened the door to torture in South Africa. Perhaps people of the world will one day understand that any law that allows for detention without trial for more than the shortest period - say a couple of days - is a law that is specifically intended to give unchecked license to torture. And from this time on, torture was increasingly used against detainees.

Solitary confinement itself with no access to legal advisers, to books, to any form of work, is a refined form of torture, as the many who have had to endure it testify. The psychologists call it 'sensory deprivation'. Detainees would squat for hours, weeks, months, years, in an empty cell with nothing to do; no book except the bible; for black prisoners, not even a chair which sometimes was the privilege of a white detainee. Some detainees ended in psychiatric wards, others would suffer intolerable nightmares and fears for years.

And physical torture: not the previous haphazard brutality suffered by black prisoners in the past - the humiliations, cruelties, beatings, the savage and vicious habits of those master-races who fear and want to destroy those over whom they have set themselves. But systematic torture, many methods learned from security police of other countries and used as an important weapon in breaking individuals, in forcing them to sign 'confessions', to give away associates, to break organisations and resistance to apartheid.

Information (true or false) confessions, were the aim of the torture, not death. But inevitably torture sometimes resulted in death, and death in detention became a frequent coda to detention without trial.

April 18, 1998

Dear Hilda and Rusty,

I'm sorry I haven't written before now, but life got very busy once I came back from London. I had 10 days to transcribe all of my tapes from London/Oxford, etc., and make fixes on the manuscript before having to go back to work. I also received tapes from interviews my friends had done with Pat Lewin in Harare and Arthur Goldreich in Herzliya. Then I received a complete transcript of Rusty's Rivonia testimony from Michele Pickford at Wits. Finally, I agreed to do a joint review of the Martin Meredith and Stephen Clingman books for the Washington Post's Book World (don't worry, Rusty, I'll be good to Meredith and just mention Clingman in passing). On March 30 I returned to a magazine editorship at the Washington Post. It's a nice setup with lovely people and a good deal of autonomy. But it's all new for me and requires a lot of time.

Nonetheless, I'm plowing ahead on weekends with fixes and Epilogue and I hope to have a complete draft in two weeks or so. The transcript has again changed my view of Rusty's testimony. I am astonished by your courage (sorry to use that embarrassing word but it's accurate) in standing up for your beliefs during cross-examination when your neck was on the line. You could have fudged a lot more. Instead, you defended communism and the role of armed struggle. Yutar never lays a glove on you; but he comes close to the truth when he asks how it was, if you were so committed to these beliefs, that you took no concrete action (of course, you did, but you did not admit it). At any rate, I think the material gives me an opportunity to demonstrate that your commitment to the cause did not waver even under the most dire circumstances. It's a very powerful moment and I hope I can do it justice.

I have also made most of the fixes you suggested in our last meeting. What caught me most was your overall comment about the pessimistic spirit of the book. I have to agree with what you said, and I've been trying in places to offer a slightly more long-range perspective that makes clear that the sacrifices, painful though they were, laid the foundation for the future. The last chapter was somewhat unfinished when I showed it to you; I've added bits, including Andre Brink's praise of Bram at his funeral. Brink focused on Bram's contribution and rejected the notion that his life was "tragic."

I have photocopied all of my interviews with you and will try to enclose them all. Would you like a copy of Rusty's trial transcript as well? And you should be getting another draft of the book from me in a few weeks, along with the Consent form I need you both to fill out. By the way, I've written to Robert Vicat Ltd, for which SAWriters was an imprint, seeking permission to use passages from *The World That Was Ours*. They have not responded, so I suspect they are out of business. But next time you're in London, if you find them in a London phone directory would you phone them and see if they still consider your book an active part of their catalogue? If so, I need their permission. If not, I only need yours.

It was lovely to see you both again. Despite Hilda's goodbye at the end, I have every expectation of seeing you again next year, either in the UK or, if you like, here in the US. Keep well.

Very best wishes.

Glenn

4764 N. 24th Road, Arlington VA 22207 USA new office number (202) 334-7461

Dear Hilda,

I was so happy to hear from Lyndall that you are getting on well - excellent news.

I therefore hope you are well enough to take a look at the enclosed? It is an edited version of your preface. Please write in any changes at all you would like as it is easy for me to make changes. The only one we would like in the Preface is marked on page 3. Then the Epilogue needs two or three extra paragraphs. Can you do them by hand?

→



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Chris and I are going to be in Oxford for
lunch on October 12th. Would it be convenient
if we came to see you at teatime (we wouldn't
need tea, it just would be lovely to see you +
discuss the notes).

Best wishes
Nicola

~~Phone for books~~

Epilogue.

Our journey out of Lusaka was a difficult one. As I had been born in England I was able to obtain a British passport, but Rusty did not have one. Travelling through different countries without an identity document is hazardous. But eventually we arrived in London, together with Keith, who joined us in Lusaka, because he was so young.

We were middle-aged, and had to start again with few credentials. We were also without a home and with almost no money. We stayed first with friends, and considered returning to work in Zambia. But as time went by and our disrupted family children joined us - first Patrick who had run away from his school in Swaziland and crossed the border into South Africa, then Frances, who was miserable and wanted to be with us, and finally Toni and Ivan (who had also been detained briefly in Durban.)

Amnesty International assisted us by introducing Rusty to Architectural firms, and soon he was working. I worked as a free-lance journalist. With difficulty, after living in rented flats, we obtained a home.

I felt deeply depressed after coming to London. While Rusty was in jail I had assumed responsibilities both political and personal. But now I felt that I had undergone a change in my own personality, from someone who always discussed decisions with others, and relied massively on Rusty's opinions and advice, to someone who no longer accepted anyone's attitudes except my own. At last I had achieved a sense of female independence that had been partly theoretical in the past. This was disturbing both to my own deeply personal relationships and made me often feel at odds in situations that I no longer accepted as wisdom from those I thought knew more than I did. The necessity to overcome this depression was forced on me by the responsibilities of helping our uprooted and disturbed children and by our economic needs.

There was a considerable group of political exiles from South Africa living in London, and while our children began putting down their own roots and gradually adjusting - with some difficulties - to their entirely different and physically restricted environment, we formed a rather incestuous entity with our political and social life focused on the fact of our exile. I am not sure now whether I am British or South African. I feel that I belong to both - yet to neither. Travelling in the past I had a sense of a loss of identity, not sure of who I was, in what I believed - what I would call 'exile politics'. We were still deeply concerned about apartheid; we met in the Anti-Apartheid Movement, and we met also as members of the ANC in exile. In addition I joined the British Peace Movement.

In the 1960s my political allegiances came to a climax when the Soviet Union invaded what was then Czechoslovakia. When the ANC group in exile - under the influence of leading members who were also members of the Communist Party - chose to endorse the invasion I decided to make a clean break. This led to a midnight political fight with Rusty, in which I felt so strongly and so personally that had we not had multiple economic problems and the needs of our dependent children would have resulted in my leaving him. After a sleepless night I knew this was not possible and I made my own private compromise: that I would keep quiet whenever he or others close to us discussed the invasion I would simply withdraw from the argument.

Over the years, and without being able to pin down exactly when or how it happened his attitude also changed.

The 1970s were densely crowded. I was in demand as a public speaker and representative of the organisations to which I belonged, constantly called to attend conferences and to speak at public meetings. It was also a time when I started regular art classes, drew and painted constantly, and also wrote a novel which after many rejections finally won a literary prize and was published under the title *Death is Part of the Process*.

Gradually our children finished schooling, assumed their own responsibilities, and left us, one by one. For a time Rusty and I went to live in Hereford. While I was quite contented to draw, to paint and to write, Rusty felt the lack of any cultural stimulus.

Rusty died of a heart attack in 2002. Getting old and living alone after more than 60 years of being a couple and taken away much of my energy. But I am still writing and was happy to have a book published recently.

L para on 1989 Mandela
political changes - Mandela President -
Gov. includes whites + communists,
not racial

Preface

Although I was born in London I went with my mother to live in Johannesburg in the early 1930s. I was seventeen. I hated Johannesburg. It was a young, brash, upstart of a city that had not grown incrementally as other cities had - on trading routes, as ports, or at junctions of rivers. It mushroomed overnight from the spores of a mining camp; it existed because gold was found deep underground, and the mining headgear and the white dumps of the residue of the rocks from which the gold had been extracted were scattered around the southern suburbs of the town, unique, unmistakable features of its landscape. In August, when the winds blew, the whole city was pervaded by this persistent fine dust that penetrated closed windows and was gritty between one's teeth. Today the abandoned dumps have long been covered with trees and grass, man-made hills on the vast plain on which Johannesburg had been built.

When I first went to live in South Africa I had no understanding of the people or any real contact with them. For whites, there were only two races in South Africa; either you were white, and therefore European, or you were black, Asian, of mixed parentage or any other shade of off-white; in which case you were non-European. That was colonialism, the deeply embedded belief that people with white skins were inherently superior to all others. The white skin was a badge of greater intellect, endowing you with the responsibility, the white man's burden, to rule over more simple, brown-skinned people. Apartheid was in effect just a more extreme extension of that belief and removed the cover of paternalism to reveal open oppression. The 'nons' were non-people, without the right to participate in government and the higher reaches of the system. There was a great divide, in every sphere of life, where you could live, whether you had the vote or not, and even what education establishments you could be permitted to attend.

I was aware of all this, but I did not know why it was so, nor did I have any bridge that would bring me into contact with the 'nons'. I saw them in their roles of domestic servants, as nannies who looked after white children, delivery 'boys' and 'girls'. All nons were forever boys and girls, no matter how old they were. They did not live in the white suburbs, except in a room in the backyard of the white employer. Their lives were as closed off to me as they were to all the other Whites in South Africa. I knew nothing about the history nor of the economics of the country to which I had come. I was at the age when my main interest was not in society as a whole but in individuals of the opposite sex.

After two years I had saved up enough money for my fare back to England. There were no quick flights by air in those days, only stately and pleasant prolonged days on the big ships of the Union-Castle line, a gradual accustomisation from the land of sunshine to a climate of rain and cold.

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