

5/2/78

Dearest Janet,

I was relieved to get your card - long silence, or so it seemed to me. I wondered about your mother. I can understand how strange it must be for you, after these years of increasingly intensive care. You are staying on in the house? I suppose, particularly while the paper carries on, you will want to be in Chicago.

Have you really been to flamingo Island in the Antilles? (I had to get out a map to find out where the Nederlandse Antilles are) I want to do a print of flamingos - the postcard was so beautiful.

I had a call from a girl on the Los Angeles Times asking permission to reprint Robben Island article. I was delighted, thinking the more who read it the better. Gave permission (presume the paper had already agreed - otherwise wouldn't have given my address.) Then Washington Post asked for 'exclusive' rights. I said they could have them exclusive to Washington, so don't know whether they have accepted or not. Meanwhile, tear sheet arrived from LA and I hit the roof. I am horrified: they have re-written the article in their own words. It is full of errors (the 2nd para for example talks of 'men and women' - there are no women on the Island) and is AWFUL! It has terms like 'non-Europeans' and 'non-whites' which were in common usage once - regarded now by SA's as being Uncle Tom give-away terms - the 'non' group always being the blacks. The style is killing - my name is on the article but I could never have written such awful, turgid prose, totally NOT the way I write. I have written them an angry letter. But tell me - is this something US papers freely do? It has never, ever happened to me before that an article has been re-written. Cut, yes, or something of that nature. Oh well, not worth all the blue space I've given it here.

I am desperately, miserably over-stretched. The Biko book has been unexpectedly the most difficult I have ever done, purely in practical terms, making sense of the inquest material, putting it in some sort of order. I've done drafts, and re-drafts, and had criticisms and people all sticking their ideas in - you know the kind of thing. Believing I was just about finished, & longing to get back to drawing again, with successes of the last few months urging me on and galleries begging for new prints, *I've now undertaken another pamphlet - another rush job, to be out before May when the appeal comes up of a political case. On moral & conscience grounds I could not refuse - will write to you about it more fully another time. This one will be on political prisoners - the authorities are cutting off their study facilities, imposing a most terrible isolation. Had to do it. Meanwhile, planning to leave for Africa in May, and have to try and do a couple of prints before I leave, so that some money will come in. Have been selling fantastically well. 'Vanishing Herds' is entirely sold out, and 'Seabirds' nearly sold. If that's the one the Fischers bought, it derives from an old photo of Plettenberg Bay, the most beautiful place

I for a holiday in SA - we used to go there often. The little figure on the beach is Keith, or maybe Frances - yes, Frances. /Weather here is atrocious, just miserable, cold, grey, wet, dark, depressing. I'm fat and old and ugly and haven't the will power to diet. Want you to come, but either it would have to be soon, or late summer/Autumn. What do you think? Had streams of people from Christmas onwards, and it got too much, but all quiet now. We're wanting to

* Sold a fantastic amount - real money in the bank!

to alter house to provide separate flat on ground floor which will for the time being be used by Keith. This will take away spare room, but that doesn't make any difference. You will sleep on divan in front room, or something. Or maybe at Hetty's. But somewhere - not to worry about that. Anyway, write and tell me your plans - if any. Found the 'Times' with my article had good interesting things in it. Circulation? Money? What's happening? International Publishers, after sitting on it for 9 months, have just decided NOT to do paperback of The World That Was Ours. I understand their reasons, but am disappointed - they were seriously considering it. Know any agent who would try to get a paperback published in the US? / Family all well - Ivan off to India for a month. Toni harassed and bored with her job. Boys growing big and beautiful and loving. Rusty & I becoming more and more misanthropic, or so it seems to me, reluctant to go out, don't ask people round. He's too tired and I'm too busy.
Much love *JD (Love to Sylvia!)*

(This money received cheque & nice note from Fisher - says thanks for me)

TO OPEN SLIT HERE

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS (PLEASE SHOW YOUR POSTCODE)

H Bernstein
5 Rothwell St
London, NW1 8YH

78

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT MAY BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

SECOND FOLD HERE

BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER
PAR AVION AEROGamme



Janet Stevenson,
115 Glenwood Avenue
Hubbard Woods,
Ill
U.S.A.

115 Glenwood Ave
Hubbard Woods, IL 60093
February 5, 1978

Dearest Hilda:

So much to say and so little paper (or time). I'll plunge in. I don't even know whether I wrote you that Mother died in the first few minutes of the new year. It was a very painful coda to what had been a marvelous life, and I'm slowly trying to put back together my memories of her as she really was. Both boys were here -- or rather, Ted was with her at the instant of her death, and Joe had been with her when she was last really conscious of who was around for any sustained time. He had the last real conversation with her.... They were both here for what I think was a very good memorial service, about which I'll tell you some time.

One of the many changes I've made was to take down at last your sketch, done the last hours of your visit, of the two cats. She adored it. I am replacing it with the Italian pine tree print -- with the faint blue background. I'm eventually going to occupy that room and I want it to look at when I wake up. So the enclosed is payment for it, I hope. I don't think you ever gave me any price list for the Italian things, but I'm estimating from the new price list. Which reminds me -- I guess I raised the price to Judy Fischer on the Sea Birds. I said 35 pounds, and let her figure it out in dollars... So don't correct me.

I've meant for many letters back to say that we printed a review of Illustrious Corpses in the second issue of the paper -- way, way back there. Unfortunately I didn't see it. But I did see a Cuban film that absolutely sent me -- not distributed commercially here. La Cantata de Chile, by Humberto Solas. I hope you can find it in your more cosmopolitan film world.

You know by now, I'm sure, that the L.A. Times printed your Robbin Island piece prominently, and are paying for it. I've been assured that if the check comes to us, we will deposit ~~and~~ it and reissue the same amount IMMEDIATELY. If that doesn't happen, I'll know about it and strike.

I haven't decided what I'm going to do with my life, and since yesterday was my 65th birthday, I'd better pretty soon. But I think I'll keep this house as a family meeting place, and use the Oregon one for everybody's vacations. The two boys plan to meet there next summer ... Joe, having his own house in the woods, and Ted and Dinah needing a more civilized pied-a-terre. I'll be there too, for a while... But I'm going to roam more -- without giving up this job -- and maybe I'll roam to London, when I can figure out whether I have the money.... Meanwhile .. much love ...

Friday 24th Feb 78

Dearest Janet,

I am totally delighted you are coming in March. I was just about to write to you and propose that you come before I go to Africa which will be about May. Will you be going on anywhere from London? Anyway, 12th to 19th is just perfect, I'll see what can be done about theatres. There's a Courbet exhibition on - dont know if it still will be, but hoping. Lots of tood things in London. (Apart from me!)

Never heard from Washington Post. Tried phoning the London office just now, but they weren't up yet.

Have two requests to make, one for Keith, one for me. If either or both are a nuisance, then don't bother. Keith keeps saying 'Do you think she'll mind?' and I said, 'If she minds, she'll tell me so.'

For some unaccountable reason, the back flap of this letter was folded up, and I went on typing gaily. So first continue reading on back flap, then return here. Anyway, nothing much more to say that cant wait until 12th. Just found out the Courbet exhibition is on until the 19th - so that's one date for us.

Had a note from Fischer (cant remember first name) quite a long time ago, very sweet little letter about my prints. Please tell her how happy I am that they like them so much - I feel as though I have staked a small claim in Chicago, and my love and best wishes to Sylvia, Fischers, Henny, all friends.

In anticipation & love

Theresa

NO 13
V.

1) Keith wants you to buy him a telephone answering machine. The model he wants is SANYO M139-N, round about 130 dollars, or any similar model. The reason is that they cant be bought here - they can only be hired and a year's hire on a machine is more than the purchase price. You are only supposed to hire, but he knows a number of people who have purchased their own while abroad and they work all right. Keith is now a free-lance photographer, and as he is frequently out, having such a machine is essential for him, particularly when we split the house (which may begin while I'm in Africa).
IF TOO HEAVY, or too much trouble

2) I want a copy of a book by Gabriel Peterdi on etching. Don't know what it's called. Again, if this is too heavy for your luggage, OR too expensive in your opinion (I know books cost a lot in the USA) just ignore request.

You will, of course, be re-imbursed for your expenditure, but not for your trouble, on arrival here.

TO OPEN SLIT HERE

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS (PLEASE SHOW YOUR POSTCODE)

H Bernstein

5 Rothwell St

London, NW1 8YH

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SECOND FOLD HERE

**BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER**
PAR AVION AEROGRAMME



RE LABEL
to the
POST OFFICE

Janet Stevenson

115 Glenwood Ave

Hubbard Woods

Ill. 60093

U.S.A.

5 Rothwell St
London, NW1 8YH

1st March 78

Dearest Janet,

Just to put you in the picture about the Vorhauses. We had dinner with them last night, the first time in many months, and so we learned that they are separated, or rather, I imagine, Hetty has just pushed Bernard out, told him to go, she doesn't want to live with him any more. He is in a flat in St John's Wood, and they maintain friendly relations. I have had a brief word on the subject from each. From Bernard: He connects it with the heart attack (he's right there), Hetty hasn't been the same since; he hasn't been having an affair or anything like that to upset her. He wants to be back with her, and hopes she will change her mind one of these days. From Hetty: It was the heart attack - both the cause and the result of! She didn't want to die after living a lie; if she dies now at least her friends will know where she stands. When did it start? 45 years ago. The heart attack was a warning to her and now she feels much happier.

Hetty has stayed in their old flat, reducing it in size and making, she says, a very comfortable and suitable bed-sitter for herself, with small kitchen attached so she doesn't have to go up and down the stairs. She is selling off the other two flats in the house as soon as their present leases expire, and reducing all unnecessary activities like being a landlord, etc, to an absolute minimum. She is still thick in her work, centring around Ireland, peace and other issues. She's certainly all 'there' as the saying goes, although her scatty way of talking makes it more and more necessary to concentrate on what she is saying so that one can understand.

I wanted to tell you all this so that you will understand the long silence you mentioned. Hetty is certainly not annoyed with you about anything, and both Hetty and Bernard would very much like to see you - Hetty says we will arrange something, National Theatre or whatever. I think she has simply been too absorbed in her own problems of regaining some health and strength (she has lost a lot of weight) and sorting herself out. In such circumstances, one tends to shut the world out. I find Bernard rather boring though kind, as Hetty said 'He has always been a loving husband and father' . . . it isn't enough, somehow, is it?

That's really all I wanted to tell you about. Keith found out one can import the machine he wants, but you will probably have to pay, something like 10 or 15% duty to the customs. Anyway, we can sort that out. Will Janet have the money? he asks. I thought you would, and we will repay here. But if the whole thing is going to be too much of a nuisance, forget it.

The sun is shining momentarily and I must do some work.

Much love

Milda

Apicalis (coloured) 80 dollars

Tree (coloured) 65 dollars

Perunals

[Rocchetta

[Isolabona]

} Between 60 & 70
dollars?

→ proper print sent when
available

29 April 78

679-7000
505
Riddle

Dearest Janet,

Where's your last letter? When did I last write to you? Why do I give the impression of efficiency and productivity when I'm so disorganised?

Never mind, in my hot little hand I hold my air ticket to Lusaka, booked by my son from there, so I didnt even have to pay. All done in kwachas. I go there on May 25th because Rusty's brother & wife will be arriving here on 20th, I will do them the courtesy of staying a few days to see them and avoiding talking too much about South Africa

My Biko book is out at last, soon you will receive a copy and I did ask them to send one to ITT, so perhaps you have even aspiied it - but I will send you one for yourself when they let me have some. I feel quite pleased with it, after the travail, the messing around, etc, and I am waiting for someone to tell me it's good - so far everyone says they've seen it, but havent had a chance to read it yet. Bet most of them wont. Donald Woods got all the publicity for his book on Biko, but it had very poor reviews here. Had a cheque from Jodis and letter asking if I have any more things for them. I thought I might do an article on the Biko case - about writing the book, and what it revealed. It was like uncovering a m mystery story. It could be easy to write, and I wont have much time for anything requiring real effort, and I'll be away a couple of months, so - ? Could you ask him and let me know?

Rusty has been made rēdundant! I was brought up in a polite family, so all I'm prepared to say at this stage is that the partners in his firm are a load of shit. He knew the work was running down and the staff would have to be reduced, but thought he would be one of the last to go. He was one of the first. He has been there more than 13 years, is an associate partner, was assured that associate partners were sort of 'permanent' fixtures, has had nothing but the most disgusting treatment - pay rises withn the Gvt's 'guidēlines' - which has been, in their case, an unjustified and unjustifiable way of not giving proper salaries - two weeks holiday a year until 2 years ago, when they generously increased it to 3; no extras, no personal relationships - oh well, what's the use of going on. The point is I was delighted, really glad. Heard a scientist say that one of the most potent unrecognised forces in science is inertia. That's what R has. He should have left that firm years ago, and our little forage into Italy was a half-hearted attempt to find an alternative way for him to work and make some money to live on. If he hadnt been pushed out now, his job would have ended anyway in a few years (he's 58) leaving him high and dry, because some sort of work is necessary to him, because there was no pension fund in his firm, and because we have no savings or resources other than our house and our health and strength. So it has forced him to move. To where? Dont know yet. He is with the firm until the end of June, then gets redundancy pay that will keep us going, and will go to Italy with Frances and John to finish the house. Then he'll decide. I really am glad about it, but at the same time OUTRAGED by the way they have treated him - he is the hardest-working, most consscientious intelligent person - and sore at the hūmiliation to him. (Incidentally, the other 7 made redundant at the same time were also given no consideration at all.)

Keith says he will do the article you discussed with him. He has encountered unforeseeable circumstances, like the difficulties of actually sitting down and getting on with it. As a writer, you know . . .

I'm nursing a thought somewhere in the back of my mind that maybe next year I should try to visit the US again. Say Chicago? Then I thought, but what about India, Afghanistan and a few other places . . . then I thought, what would Janet be doing, and perhaps we could arrange a joint safari somewhere. Yes?

Wasted a whole morning this week writing a furious letter to one of those people on a radio programme where they discuss 'questions', like what should the Isle of Man do now that the European Court has ruled against birching for boys on their island? So, the question was, Why have there been no truly great women artists (painters) and musicians? Three of the four on the panle were simply ignorant reactionary stuffed pompoons, but the fourth was a normally intelligent and well read youngish writer and TV producer, and he said, yes, it is odd, isnt it, when you think of the number of great women writers . . .etc, etc. I know it's a waste of time to write letters to the BBC but I just had to write to him. If you encounter any good writings on this subject (I have a good essay by Linda Nochlin) let me know.

Well, nothing more at the moment. Will think of everything when the letter is sealed and sent. Love, but really love, to Sylvia and Henny.

(There's a bog gathering and march tomorrow against the National Front. Good popular musicians and groups taking part, plus thirty-two steel bands. 32! I must go along to watch and hear. I spoke at a meeting the other night on racism. You know I dont do that much any more, but at the present time, this is becoming a top issue in Britain.

Much love

Linda

LEGENDS IN THEIR OWN TIME

The next time you adopt an easy-chair pose for in depth critical viewing of Top of the Pops, spare a thought. The Thursday evening candy floss will not rot your teeth; it may well help you to a more meaningful relationship with your errant teen daughter. But is this any way for a grown man to spend his nights?

Home town blues. I am standing in a narrow dirty pit, littered with mementoes of the high life—old film canisters and empty beer cans. But it's home. This is the "Photographers Pit." Right?

In front of me, at nose level, is the vast stage of the Rainbow theatre, London; Mount Olympus of the modern music stars. Amen. Behind me is a low wall; and behind that are four thousand registered and paid up members of the rising generation, dressed to the pins in regal punk gear. A brilliantine who's who of original models, without a refugee from the pages of Vogue among them. Turned out to laud London's first "major-venue punk rock evening."

But hold up. On the punk's side of the low wall is a line of arm-linked "security" guards. To distinguish them from the Salvation Army easter appeal, they are wearing tee-shirts marked 'Artists Services.' Yeah???

Even by the over-the-top "security" at rock concerts, this is something special. While I am sure every one of these men remember mother's day, they can also, certainly, kick-start Jumbo jets for hors d'oeuvre.

No sweat. I am in the bullet-and-automatic company of seven blase photographers, here to provide celluloid immortality of the epic event for record companies and music press. As every one of us is a rock-and-roll casualty veteran, we coolly exude a bored nonchalance. Carefully practiced in front of a full length mirror. It's only a job, kid.

The first of the night's five groups takes to the stage and large sections of the audience take to the outside. The troopers on stage are musically beyond the never-never, so the lenspersons clique decide to sit out this and the next two acts, in the backstage Artists Bar. So called, presumably, because photographers are the only people ever seen there. Recognition at last. Our critical faculties are so carefully honed that we pass on the opportunity to photograph one group, The Buzzcocks, who are to grow to greater success than many on their bandwagon. So much for professional judgement.

Surrounded by metal suitcases and lager 'n' lime, we sit and regale each other with tales from the rock-and-roll photographers horror catalogue. One wizard tells how he dropped a Nikon into a flowerbed from a ninth floor balcony of the Hilton Hotel, during a record company reception. And like that, About par for the night. Like our film and television counterparts, we rock photographers create our own enviorn of exclusivity, regarding as thoroughbred bozos, anyone who cannot discuss the merit's of a particular lens or type of film. However.

Someone from the theatre management enters to tell us that the second last group, "one of the evenings major attraction's, folks" are about to go on stage. Its about nine-fifty as we climb underneath the stage, through a doorway designed by Tom Thumb's little brother, directly into "our pit."

Well gosh! what a sight to behold. Grab a picture for the kids back home honey. The "security" guards are now two deep, wall-to-wall Swarzenegers. The crowd is absolute standing room only, and the photographers contingent has grown to twelve, several of the number wearing "overcoats" and ironed trousers. 'Fleet Street' we say to each other, and roll our eyes heavenwards. Mild contempt is tinged with derision. The only time we are honoured with their presence in "the pit" is on occasions like this. Otherwise, they maintain an invisibly low profile.

After time, an indecipherable introduction; three likely lookers, The Jam, take to the stage, in off-the-peg funeral black suits and white shirts. Neat and neater. Your mother would like them, up to a point. They play a short, hammer-powerful set that their appearance belies. The next time they appear in London, they headline their own sell-out concert.

There is a quiet lull when they leave the stage, which allows us the chance of comparing vital notes. "What were you shooting at? 60th at 3.5, yeah, (dubiously) that's about right." The "security" guards reform ranks while the roadies re-arrange the stage. Fleet Street give us small, condescending smiles, which is not unusual. Most other lensmen think of rock photographers as a bit of a joke. A view with which I cannot argue; just wish they would look in the mirror occasionally, a'sall.

The house lights go down, the stage spotlights throw a disco-warmth over the arena, heralding the entrance of London's premier punkers, The Clash! The crowd surge forward, almost toppling the "security" guards onto our heads, and the music begins.

The Clash give new meaning to the term motor-drive. They play a 'live' set that reiterates their number one position; a performance that would have them exiting stage right while their rivals are still searching for the spotlight. For the first half hour the concert runs a veritable apace. There is more aggro in "the pit" than anywhere else in the Rainbow, as we stand in each others' shoes, straining for the one classic-forever-gold shot.

But then the first seat cushion comes flying stageward, rapidly followed by more of the same. This is an activity that the "security" guards take as an affront to their masculinity, and, plugging themselves in, they surge forward to flatten the first few rows of punks. Only to be met by a thrice stronger countersurge, too powerful for the men from 'Artists Services'. A few of them jump/topple over the low wall and into "our pit." Our pit, for crissakes; nothings sacred. One of the guards asks me to look after his jersey before he climbs back over the wall, into the affray.

Through all they mayhem, and at times in tune to it, The Clash play on, never missing a stroke. 100% decibel driven heroes. A few punks breach the "security" ~~walk~~, climb onto the low wall, and jump over our heads onto the stage; mysterious fellows dash from the wings, to "escort" them away, before they can touch their heroes. The stream of cushions and seating appendage is now heavier, and Clash lead singer, Joe Strummer, lifts a cushion above his head, to announce that "we 'ere in London, have the pleasure of Capital Radio, ~~xxxx~~ twe'ny four hours a day. Well I fink it's a load of----." Which causes a greater surge forward and a few more guards topple over the wall, and onto us in the pit. The crowd are now literally breathing down our necks. Or misting up our lenses. Whichever you prefer. Some of the photographers ~~remember~~ remember that their life insurance premium is not paid up, and head through the small doorway to the eye of the storm under that stage.

Eventually the inevitable happens, as a seta cushion hits one of the photographers on the head. Ten points.

Now then. I have photographed Chuck Berry, when a hefty contingent of Teds jumped into the photographers pit to jive the night away. And I have been flattened by fresh-out-of-school girls running down a hotel corridor in pursuit of David Cassidy. (Do my parents know what I do for a living?) And the manager of a very famous easy-muzak singing star, once offered to re-arrange my facial features, (free of charge, natch) if I did not stop taking pictures of his golden boy. So I do not frighten easily hammerhead!!

After all, rock photographers are a tough lot. Career people, no less. We have editors relying on our skill, clients depending on our efforts. We have press dates and deadlines; a moral responsibility to get on with the job. Well nuts to that. As one, we few remaining photographers fall through the doorway to the graveyard under the stage.

We pause momentarily, only to relate to each other what had actually happened. Fleet Street dash away with their "hold the front page scoops." And we amble off.

I had brief thoughts as I drove home, that the popular press would castigate the punk fans, and The Clash for what had happened (which they did.) Likely to give them a veritable knacker with their typewriters. It was also likely that liberals with shaggy beards would theorise on punk till their hair turned gray; dole queue frustration, no-hope individuals, etc etc. Nothing changes.

On the way home I stopped off at Mac Donalds for a nice fresh hamburger (and only two minute wait, maaaaan.) Plastic plants, soft neon lighting, and very, very clean. Now this is reality, this is back to the world. Be there or be square.

Ends.

From; Keith Bernstein,
5 Rothwell St.,
London NW1 8YH,
Tel; 01-586-2850.

KEITH BERNSTEIN

8th May 1978,
Janet Stevenson,
115 Glenwood Ave.,
Hubbards Wood,
Illinois, 60093.

5 rothwell st.
london nwl
tel. 586.2850

Dear Janet,

Enclosed is an improved, lengthened, brought-up-to-date copy of the article I showed you when you were here. Another, new! article is in preparation; sorry for the delay, but I have been stuck for a good idea. Unfortunately, the review you sent me did not really give me any spark. However.

Two photos relating to the enclosed article are also included, and these may/may not be of help. By way of explanation for American readers;

1 Top of the Pops is a weekly tv show, dealing with chart records, is terrible, infantile, immature and hated by all.

2 The Rainbow is one of our three major venues.

Hope this is of some use, but I am working on new offerings.

Bibi 4 now,

Keith.

PS The answering machine works!!

PHOTOGRAPHY

115 Glenwood Ave.
Hubbard Woods, IL 60093
May 8, 1978

Dearest Hilda:

Got your letter with the lost Xerox, for which I thank you. What you didn't say was whether you ever got an envelope full of checks from various people here. I hope you just forgot. But if it never arrived, better let me know at once. I'll have to go back and remember who they were -- Fischers, Lois Baum and stop payment.

It's really sick-making about Rusty. I guess for me the word used as the worst of it because I too think it was time he cleared out of that drudgery. But a cold rage possesses me every time I think of "redundancy pay". I'm going to tell our Gray Panthers about it. Give them something to get mad at long distance about.

Keith has waited almost too long. I thought he was going to do it at once. I held a music issue back for three weeks, and finally let it go to press without him. I understand the difficulties of getting down to work, but journalism is not like a novel. Interest fades. Not mine (I never had any in punk, actually), but the public's. I won't say we can't use it, because I'd have to see it in the context of whatever time it arrives. But he must know that it's a rather iffy prospect now.

John doesn't want a piece about writing the Biko book. (It came. I've read it. I found it hard to get into, but once I was in, I was engrossed. I think you've handled the political hot potatoes beautifully. And the lay-out and even the pictures -- the latter less than the former -- are first-rate). The trouble with it here (the reason John doesn't want the piece you suggest) is that there isn't a context of interest in the subject into which this fits. Except to me.

But what he and I both think would be marvelous is a piece or pieces you might do as a journalist touring regions of great political interest. The closer you get to Rhodesia, the hotter the subject matter. An interview with someone like Nkomo would be super. But a general piece on the area -- or any other African state in the news -- would also be welcome. You're a journalist. You know the sort of stuff that goes. Something that added up to the sort of assessment in that wonderful big piece on Rhodesia you gave me -- but couched in terms of interviews (real or invented) with locals -- that would be marvelous.

We do have someone who writes stuff on South Africa for us from time to time. But he hasn't for a while. Maybe he wasn't paid.... Which reminds me: John Judis went to Lebanon for 10 days and came back in much the state of mind as Ivan did. His stuff will now begin to run in the paper.

It occurs to me that you might like an I.T.T. press card. If so, write me quickly and I'll get one. John will by that time have thought of other specific suggestions for articles from the trip (written, I timidly suggest) while you are on it.

I'm going to mail this today without waiting for him, so that you'll have time to answer before the packing gets absolutely hectic.

Much love to you and all yours,

Just

Additional message area

② Second fold

AEROGamme
VIA AIRMAIL
PAR AVION

Hilda Bernstein
5, Rothwell St.
London, N.W.1. 8YH
England

USA 22c

Mr. [unclear]

KEITH BERNSTEIN

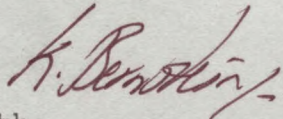
22 May 1978,
J. Stevenson,
115 Glenwood Ave.,
Hubbards Wood,
Illinois 60093.

5 rothwell st.
london nw1
tel. 586.2850

Dear Janet,

I am very happy to see the article used in any way and form.
Do with it what you will!

Bibi 4 now,



Keith.

PHOTOGRAPHY

May 15, 1978

Dear Keith:

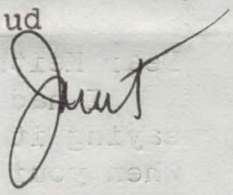
I had just written your mother saying it was too late for the piece when your article came. It is too late for what I wanted to use it for originally, but I've read it and shown it to another editor, and we agree that there is a way we could use it, provided you are agreeable to some fairly drastic editing.

The problem is partly length. It is at least twice too long. But the other problem has to do with style. In a special issue on rock it would have been possible to alter our usual rather Spartan style to accomodate this kind of very personal and somewhat roccoco writing. It's become SOP for publications like Rolling Stones which have a readership of rock afficiados. We don't.

To use it in an ordinary issue, I would edit out the commentary (a lot of which is incomprehensible to most of us here), and leave it what you may consider only the barebones of the reportage.

I don't want to do it unless you want me to. I think comparing the result with what you sent might be a lesson of some sort -- but possibly not a useful one to you. And since you don't get enough money in anything like a reasonable time interval, you'd have to really want this sort of exposure. Let me know. And please give your mother this check for a print -- one of the oldest I had (Tree Form)

Salud

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Junt', written over the typed word 'Salud'.

...written your mother
...the piece
...it is too
...I wanted to use it
...but I've read it
...to another editor,
...and he says that there is a way
...it, provided you are
...to some fairly drastic
...editing.
The problem is really length.
It is at least twice too long. But
the other problem has to do with
style. In a special issue of your
it will have been possible to enter
our usual letter-spacing style to
accommodate this kind of very personal
and somewhat recessed writing. It's
become a bit of a problem for
writing stones which have a reddish
strip of red ink on the left.
To see if in an ordinary
issue, I would edit out the com-
mentary (a lot of which is incom-
prehensible to most of us here),
and leave it just as a comparison
with the balance of the magazine.

Dar-es-Salaam

20 June 78

Dearest Janet,

(Godis)

Wonder whether you will like to use this article about a school in Tanzania for refugee South African students. I did get an interview with Nkomo - BUT - it wasn't a very good interview, I got it just before leaving Lusaka for Dar-es-Salaam, the tape is bad and indistinct and I haven't been able to transcribe it and make anything out of it. However I am going back to Lusaka on Saturday 24th June, and will then see if I can get some interviews with some of the women in the Patriotic Front.

As far as my original intentions are concerned (seeing animals, doing tons of drawings) I haven't achieved anything at all. But I've been having a wonderful time, will write when I get home. So happy to be in Africa, to meet so many old comrades again, to see the wonderful mess and confusion of life in place of the developed West. Highlight of everything was the visit to the school, Masimbo. It was beautiful.

Best love

Hilda

8/8/78

Dearest Janet,

I have been back just over a week, but I still have this awful feeling that I never will get straight again. I've got to WORK, so many stunning images, sights, delights, all my best prints sold out, nothing to give the galleries, but meanwhile there are a thousand niggly little things to attend to, including all those irritating errands I promised to do for people in Africa, like getting a spare part for a television or pressure cooker, sending this particular book or that. It all takes so much time, I'd like to be a hermit sometimes and go right away from everyone. Can't remember when I last communicated with you - probably from Dar-es-Salaam. I returned to Lusaka and went on a walking safari - an absolutely marvellous experience, one of the best of my life. For six days we (a small group, five of us with a trail-leader) walked in the bush in Luangwa National Park, staying at a different camp each night. There were no roads, or even paths or trails. We walked, we saw nobody, only animals all round us, we were entirely in their domain. I have never felt so completely away from the world, and cherish it as one of the fast-disappearing experiences. Luangwa is a very large game park, and very undeveloped. I took lots of photos, but there are much better ones in books that one can buy these days. It was the feel, the light, the colours, the silences, the animal sounds, the trees, the birds - such spectacular birds! I also visited the Victoria Falls, which R & I never managed to see because we couldn't get passports. It's a unique spectacle, I enjoyed the trip. Then I began to feel mother-in-lawish & realised I had been staying with Pat & Yvonne too long - I had to keep telling myself, it's THEIR lives. So I booked to go to Maputo & was all fixed up for accommodation, visas, etc, when the plane was borrowed by Kaunda to go to the OAU, & services to Maputo were cancelled. I didn't want to wait another couple of weeks in Lusaka, so went to Nairobi where I had good fortune in being able to stay with a woman I'd never met before who was marvellous to me. She lent me her car to visit the lakes in the Rift Valley, which has been my dream for years and years, and eventually I saw the sight I had so often imagined and longed to see, of massed flamingoes and pelicans on the shimmering blue lake, with mountains, sky, stillness, the birds performing a ballet - as though they had been choreographed! - the pelican chorus, the cranes and storks and ibis and spoonbills and others doing solos - it was fabulous. I also went to Mombasa for 2 days because my ticket allowed it at no extra expense. Then I was homesick for Rusty and my time had run out. Incidentally, I lost my beautiful (American) travel bag in Lusaka in a break-in in Pat's house - the thieves couldn't get through the $\frac{3}{4}$ " high tensile steel bars that make his house like a prison, but smashed the window of the room I was sleeping in & took whatever they could through the window - my travel bag, 2 pairs of shoes, bedding, etc. I regret it very much, it was just what I needed, & please come to London again & bring another for me to buy from you. The crime position in all the countries I visited is very bad, but the situation in Zambia is really awful, economic break-down & all sorts of problems to which I don't see any solution. The middleclasses in places like Lusaka fortress themselves in, but shortages of essential foods (bread, milk, sugar) and of everything else make life difficult for all. I won't do an article about it, first because I feel my observations are too superficial, and secondly because I am totally off writing anything at present. I just want to make pictures. I still have the Nkomo interview on tape, & don't feel like trying to do any-

with it. But I am grateful to ITT for sending a cheque and would you please pass my thanks to editor James & tell him I appreciate it. I would have sent the cheque back had my times been better, but I've done no work for a long period now and I'm financially down. Rusty went to Italy for 2 weeks with Francis & John (her 'husband') - the house is nearly finished and they report that it is really beautiful there. Next time I go on a trip, I don't want to go alone, it's sometimes not so good travelling by oneself, & more expensive. Come to Africa! I would go back tomorrow if I had the means. Rusty is now unemployed, looking for something suitable, which isn't easy because in London you're too old once you are over 30, and he's nearly double that. He took a tremendous psychological knock from his firm - almost like having 14 years of his life & work thrown away, they treated him very badly. We all need our internal reinforcements, his are tucked away more than most, but there. Can't tell you all the lovely things I did and saw - would take me too long. Much love

Hilda
It's rained every day since I returned

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H. Bernstein

5 Rothwell St

London NW1 8YH

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BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER

PAR AVION AEROGAMME



Janet Stevenson

415 Glenwood Avenue

Hubbard Woods

Ill, 60093

U.S.A.

18th Sept 78

Dearest Janet,

Now, I ask myself, where to begin?, Oh any old where. I received a cheque for the Masimbu article, but havent seen the article - I have just written to the paper and asked them to send me a tear-sheet. Strange how your problems on ITT seem to be similar to those experienced by Time Out, which didnt appear for 3 weeks while trying to sort out staff revolts - any owner making dicatatorial and arbitrary decisions. I'm glad you sent me you letter on your resignation, tho of course it would be better to hear you talk about it. Best of all is your 'swan song' - I found it most exhilarating and inspiring and it made me long and long to visit Cuba - but this isnt on any kind of schedule that I have for the near future. I have an exhibition on Dec 6th for more than a month at the Royal Free Hospital in Belsize Park. I've exhibitied there the last 2 Decembers, but always with other artists. This one will be 'solo', and between now and then I have to work like mad to get enough things finished and framed - cant put up the same things they've been looking at these past 2 years, so worked out that I must work without interruptions until them - however the interruptions inevitably occur - going to Libverpool on Sat for anti-apartheid conference organised by a woman's lib group, it's a necessary one, but I do try NOT to do these things. I have vague prospect of an ex. in Amsterdam in March - very vague - and there's a chap at the U of Calif in Santa B who is trying to arrange for me to visit and give a few talks or lectures or whatever. I find free trips to almost anywhere in the world irresistible. Why not go to Cuba? I suppose it's a question of weighing up what one would like to do against what one can usefully do, if you know what I mean. In some ways whatever the problems created by moving on, it must be rather nice for you to stand back and say to yourself, yes, that's that; now what next? with none of the problems you emtioned re Doyle's wife. . Just re-read your bit about feeling high in Cuba - what an intense delight it must have been for you, I'm so glad that you managed to convey some of that feeling in the films supplement; it really came over/. R & I went to dinner with Hetty and Bernard about 3 weeks ago. They are together again, but I havent spoken to Hetty privately to find out ber feelings - she had previously been very sure of the rightness of getting rid of Bernard at alst, tho he wanted to be back right from the start. It has a lo to do with her illness, I am sure; she was due to go for a heart operatiob, but was losing weight constantly, looking really very thin and ill. The doctors finally decided it was an over-active thyroid, and that they had to treat that and build her up before the operation. Bernard cooked the dinner, saw to everything, was solicitous; he is obviously looking after her during this period. What is more, it seemed to be working. We had begun avoiding them before they separated because the acrimony and tenseness between them had become too unpleasant, but now there was none of that, Bernard was quiet, gentle. I have been trying to find out when the operation is due, but they must have been away. / Eileen I havent seen, although she thrust a circular re some Chile meeting with a not on it through the door. Why didnt she knock, the silly modest little thing? / R has at last started work, a great relief, he was really fed up with not working & not getting any response to ads that he answered. He started this ~~xxxxx~~ last week

with a firm run by two ex-South Africans, both of whom he knows, on a sort of six-month's trial. He says that doesn't make much difference one way or the other, it all depends on how much work they have (things ain't too good for architects at the moment) and if they have work, it will undoubtedly be OK, whereas if they haven't it doesn't make much difference how useful he has been to them./Toni's Ivan is in Beirut again, Toni & boys looking pretty good, Toni working on a project that would fascinate you - she's trying to dig up stuff about my father, some old letters fell into her hands, and she's intrigued with the story - which is absorbing - of his life which was bound up totally with the Russian revolution. Janet, much love to Hennie, and to Sylvia and anyone else nice that I know. Please do keep writing. I won't answer any letters to anyone, except you (and maybe one or two others.) Much love to you

Melba

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Location: **Johannesburg**

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