

63 Lyndhurst Road,  
River, Dover, Kent.  
CT17 ONH.  
29th February, 2000.

Mr. L. Bernstein,  
57 Lock Crescent,  
Kidlington,  
Oxfordshire.

Dear Rusty,

Having placed an order for it, I purchased a copy of "Memory Against Forgetting" from Waterstones (Canterbury) on 23rd February, and I am pleased to note that your Memoirs will be launched at the SAHC on 9th March. I hope to attend and, if I am able to do so, I should be glad if you would sign my copy and add a word or two.

Whereas I have started to read your memoirs, I am also eager to complete reading Churchill's "The Second World War" - that series of six large volumes, with the result that I have read only sixty pages of your book. I have, however, looked ahead to see what you recorded about "Radio Liberation" which I knew as "Freedom Radio" and which was referred to as "Radio ANC" in "Walter Max Ulyate Sisulu" published by "Southern Africa - The Imprisoned Society, in cooperation with the UN Centre Against Apartheid" in May, 1982. Walter's message to the people of South Africa appears on pages 17 and 18 of this booklet and it is prefaced by the statement: "On 26 June, Freedom Day, 1963, the country was electrified on hearing the voice of Walter Sisulu broadcasting over Radio ANC. It was a typical Sisulu message - direct, forceful, and down to earth."

In my view, you have underrated the significance of the broadcast by asserting that "From the political point of view it was something of a fiasco" (page 253). Walter Sisulu may have "prepared a speech explaining the radio's political purposes" "which would be followed by an appeal from Kathrada for the Indian population to support the liberation struggle" (page 252) but the content of Walter's address, which was actually broadcast, was indeed a "direct, forceful, and down to earth" political message. There was no need to explain "the radio's political purpose" which was obvious to friends and foes alike. Furthermore, a decision to bring Sisulu and Kathrada together with the radio apparatus (pages 252 and 253) was not taken because that was not necessary for the simple reason that cassette players existed in those days; and it is misleading to say that "On (the) due date, the aerial was strung across the outbuilding roofs, and Radio Liberation went out over the air", because that statement implies that the

transmitter was located at Lilliesleaf Farm when Walter Sisulu broadcast to the nation on 26th June, 1963.

Denis Goldberg, who operated the transmitter at about 7.30 p.m., after I had set it up at about 5 p.m., will confirm that, for Walter's significant broadcast, the transmitter was located in the greenhouse on that property, in central Johannesburg and not far from the University of The Witwatersrand, where Archie Lewitton lived.

Soon after joining the SACP in about June, 1962, Jack Hodgson, who had initially tried to interest me in a task associated with the sabotage campaign, asked me to turn my attention to the problem of acquiring a radio transmitter. I was a member of the engineering staff of the SABC for four years before I entered the University of Natal, at my own expense (having saved £750 during my four working years), to read Mathematics and Physics, and I was a Lecturer in Physics of three year's standing when I took up an appointment at Wits. in February, 1962.

I designed a transmitter; Jack Hodgson procured some components for me while I provided others from my own limited stock, and I built the transmitter in the kitchen of our flat in Mindale Court, Yeoville. I was a busy Lecturer in Physics and the job took some time. It was not a "mobile radio transmitter" (page 252) because one required access to the 220 volt a.c. supply to operate it. However, the time came when several tests were conducted at the home of Cyril Jones and, on those occasions, excerpts from "My Fair Lady" were broadcast while Joe Slovo and I travelled, in Joe's car, in order to get some idea of the range of the ground wave. Your remarks on page 253 take little account of the serious work which was undertaken to provide the banned ANC with a voice. Joe, who considered it very important to have the transmitter ready for Freedom Day, 1963, also arranged for a test to be conducted at Lilliesleaf Farm on a Saturday afternoon. For this purpose Arthur Goldreich erected a newly cut long thin tree in a suitable place. An inconspicuous thin aerial wire was attached to the post, in the usual way, and the other end was secured next to the window of an outbuilding. If a modulated signal was radiated on that occasion, we would have appealed to "My Fair Lady". It was important to make a test using a long wire antenna but it wasn't necessary to modulate the carrier because I had made a VSWR meter to check the matching of the aerial to the transmitter. I have forgotten who took me to Lilleasleaf Farm on that occasion but I remember that Hazel Goldreich kindly took me home after the completion of the test. I recall returning to Johannesburg in daylight a short time later, with Joe Slovo driving his Citroen and with the transmitter in the car. We were taken by surprize when it became necessary to go through a police "road-block" but we were not stopped.

It was exceptional for me to go to Lilleasleaf Farm during daylight hours but you will recall that I went there about once a week, after dusk, in order to help you, Harold Wolpe, and a few other comrades to operate the "printing press" and to collate and staple the output. Not too long before the police raid took place I also attended a meeting of a "logistics committee" and I was one of a small group of comrades who were briefed by Arthur Goldreich when he returned from his travels abroad.

I designed and constructed another "12 volt battery operated" transmitter but the operators were unsuccessful when an effort was made to broadcast a message from Wilton Mkwazi about a week before 26th June, 1964. The ANC appreciated the efforts which were made to mobilize the people of South Africa in this way.

With best wishes to you and Hilda,

Yours sincerely,

*Lionel Gay*

57 Lock Crescent,  
Kidlington. OX5 1HF.  
06.03.00

Dear Lionel,

Thank you for your letter of 29<sup>th</sup> Feb. I look forward to seeing you at the Embassy bash at the end of the week, but since it is almost impossible to carry on any real discussion at those events, I want to take up some of the matters in your letter.

You have, naturally, a very much more detailed inside knowledge of the Freedom Radio events than

I. My account is of what I learnt second hand; yours is of one actually involved and therefore, in detail, more complete. I am all in favour of everyone setting down their own knowledge of happenings of that time before the historical record is lost forever, just as you have done.

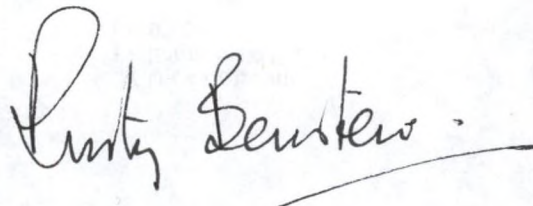
I do not wish to dispute your version of events at all. But you seem to question my assessment that the first broadcast was something of a political fiasco. My assessment does not refer to the technical quality of either the broadcast - of which I know nothing at all - or of the quality of the actual addresses by Kathrada and Sisulu. What I was trying to say was that the broadcast had almost no influence on the political situation, and was heard - so far as we know - by very very few people. So it was scarcely a political tour de force.

I was very interested in your account of the inner workings surrounding the Radio, which tends to bear out the impression I had at the time - and which I tried to convey in my book: that at that time our MK colleagues were growing increasingly gung-ho, disregarding risks, and running somewhat out of control. MK people had, for good technical reasons, been asked to develop a radio facility for the POLITICAL movement. But, by your account, they had taken the bit between their teeth and raced off with it, taking decisions about date and place of transmissions etc, and generally turning the radio into an adjunct of MK. Their "security" seems to have been appalling, if indeed there was any: testing things out from Archie Lewitton's house where all sorts of other MK skull-duggery was also going on, Joe Slovo driving around with the transmitter when any number of less notorious characters could have been roped in; and so on.

And finally, your memory is wrong in one thing at least. Whatever you and Harold Wolpe might have been doing operating a printing press at Rivonia, let me assure you I was not with you. I have - and had - no knowledge whatsoever of any printed matter being produced at Rivonia. If there was any, again it emanated from our MK colleagues, who had - as my book suggests - virtually taken over Rivonia and made it their own operational H.Q. And - to prove my point - I was at all the relevant times under a house-arrest order which required me to be safely in my own home every evening after dark!

None of which is intended to deny that the ANC, and for that matter the CP, appreciated the efforts made to mobilise the people of South Africa in this way.

Sincerely,



Purity Seuntjens

Rusty Bernstein.

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Killington, OX5 1HF.  
06.03.00

*Sorry about this.  
Computer glitch! Please  
ignore.*

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Dear Lionel:

19 February 2000

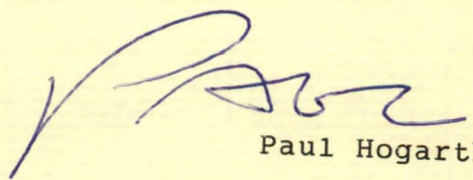
A voice from our past! After reading a complimentary review of your book, Memory Against Forgetting in the influential London monthly, Literary Review, I felt compelled to order a copy if only to be sure that you were indeed, the Lionel Bernstein who took me around the shanty towns of Johannesburg in 1956. Having now read your book, I must tell you that I was the English artist that slipped through Donges' net (as Brian Bunting wrote in New Age). You wrote an account of a visit/<sup>we made</sup> to the Wemmer Beer Hall and a township nearby for Fighting Talk.

That trip was certainly memorable in more ways than one -for thanks to the unsparing efforts of yourself, Arthur Goldreich and Ruth Slovo, I was able to depict what apartheid was really about. You'll recall also that Bram Fischer lent Jack Hodgson and I his car which Jack drove across the Karoo to Capetown and then along the coast via the Transkei, to Port Elizabeth, East London, Pietermaritzburg and Durban. I remember too, Ruth taking me to meet Chief Luthuli at Groutville in the depths of Natal where I made his portrait, which turned out to be among the best of the drawings.

Doris Lessing eventually wrote her own book, Going Home which was illustrated with several of my drawings. My own book, entitled People Like Us appeared in 1958 carried a greater selection. Many more were published in newspapers and magazines throughout Europe and the U.S. So it was all worth while.

I've no idea where you now live, after your years of exile but assume it has to be South Africa. If you have a moment, I would very much like to hear from you and to have your address so I can send you a copy of my own autobiography, Drawing On Life which I think you would find interesting. There's a chapter on my experiences in the then Rhodesia and South Africa. Meanwhile, please give my greetings to Arthur Goldreich and Brian Bunting if they are still around. I look forward to hearing from you!

All good wishes,

  
Paul Hogarth

57 Lock Crescent,  
Kidlington. UK.  
OX5 1HF.  
28. 2. 1900.

Paul Hogarth,  
Hidcote Manor,  
Hidcote Bartrim,  
Whipping Camden. GL55 6LR.

Dear Paul,

How nice to hear from you after all these years. And to be remembered after such a short acquaintance in and around the black spots of the old South Africa. I have a very clear memory of the day we spent together - you drawing and me just watching, and have kept the piece I wrote about it at that time 44 years ago. (Photocopy attached for your nostalgia collection)

I don't know whether you have been back in recent post-apartheid years to renew old connections or not, so let me give you a little about some of the people you mention in your letter from that trip. Jack Hodgson who drove you around the country in Bram Fischer's car dies in London some many years ago - I would think about fifteen or twenty. He had a fine memorial gathering in a packed Hampstead Town Hall. His wife Rica, who you may remember, stayed on here in London until all of us criminal types were amnestied in the new South Africa, and then returned to South Africa, went to work in ANC head-quarters as private secretary to Walter Sisulu, and was there until they both retired about two years back. Rica is still as lively and active as ever, and one of your drawings from that trip with Jack was still hanging on her Johannesburg wall when I saw her last about a year ago.

Ruth and Bram, as you doubtless know, both died in somewhat tragic circumstances more than ten years ago, but Arthur Goldreich is still alive and kicking in Israel where he has been ever since his spectacular escape from Marshall Square, Johannesburg, at the time of the 1963 Rivonia affair. I regret I have scarcely seen him since that time, but hear something of him from time to time by visiting friends.

Hilda and I have been living in Britain since our own escape from South Africa at the end of the Rivonia trial, first for about 20 years in London and thereafter for some years near Hay-on-Wye, and now for five years on the edge of Oxford. We had the agonising dilemma about returning to S.A. once we were amnestied in the new era, but finally decided - very reluctantly - against. Our children have been here so long that, with the exception of our oldest daughter, have no real personal feelings of attachment to the old country, only lingering memories of it, and have all married here to non-South Africans and raised very British families of their own. We would have cut ourselves off from all of them had we returned - and also, of course from the NHS as well, which is quite a big consideration for us, now both in our eighties. But we hanker after the old country constantly, and return as visitors as often as we can find the funds and the excuses for doing so.

So, there it is. Brian Bunting is still in Capetown, having served a stint as MP in the last Parliament but felt too old and worn to stand again this time around, and is talking vaguely of possibly returning sometime to the UK where his children (or two of the three) are based. But we will stay on here in Kidlington, and would be happy to renew acquaintance with you if you are ever hereabouts. (Tel: 0865 373642.) And I would be very happy to have a chance to read your auto-biography, even though we only touched in passing.

With best wishes,

Rusty (Lionel) Bernstein.

# Looking at People . . .

L. Bernstein describes a day with Paul Hogarth

WHENEVER I see artists set up their easels and stools in the open air and begin to sketch, I am always struck by the passers-by who gather. Their eyes dart up and down from canvas to scene and back again; their heads nod sagely if the artist's trees look noticeably like trees, and his cows like cows. There seems to be a self-consciousness that they stand in the presence of a mysterious but important knack before which homage is necessary. But somehow they are always as remote, as untouched by the creative struggles of the artist, as are the crowds who hang over fences at city building sites, watching with fascination the precise, uncanny dexterity of a mechanical excavator.

I have never yet seen these on-lookers respond to the artist's work as though it had meaning for them, or to look beyond the manual skill to the significance of what the artist is trying to say. Not, that is, until I spent a day taxiing Paul Hogarth round Johannesburg, and watching him at work in the midst of crowds. It is impossible not to feel the breath of excitement that enters into a crowd that watches Paul at work. Not that there is anything extraordinary in the man's appearance. Paul Hogarth at the age of thirty-eight is one of Britain's top-ranking graphic artists and illustrators; but you would pass him by unnoticed in the street, unless you noticed the contrast between his almost back-velled baggy khaki pants, open-neck shirt and windbreaker and his rather British air of mildness, pinkish complexion and wisp-fine hair.

And yet Paul draws a crowd when he works; and keeps them there, studying, considering, looking at themselves again in the new light his pencil has opened to them and their ways of life. I saw him at work at the back of the Wemmer Beer Hall, sketching the open-air hairdressing being done on soap-boxes ranged along the railway line. In a few moments he was hemmed in by the crowd, struggling constantly to clear a passage through which he could see the scene he was sketching. When he works he seems not to hear the talk that hums about him. Perhaps the language was too strange, that polyglot Johannesburg street-corner talk, compounded of Zulu, Sotho with words of English, Afrikaans and American slang slipped in casually without change of intona-



A Manchester slum.

tion. Outside a beer hall, tongues wag freely. There was no lack of straight and pungent criticism: "His barber is not full enough of wind for such a pompous donkey!" "He has seen the black sheep being sheared, but where is the White man's train-line?" Gradually, even to them who were so familiar with the regular Saturday scene, Paul's pencil began to reveal something they had never seen, or perhaps had long forgotten. The talk began to shift, from the cleverness of the White artist, to the meaning of the scene; the talk began to get more pointed, more bitter. "Only black sheep are sheared by a railway line." "Black-man's hair gets trampled in the dirt; but in the White man's shops they sweep it up to fill pillows." At last the press got too thick. Paul packed up his things to move on. As he did so, a youth, perhaps eighteen, who had been standing there, watching listening all the time, moved off a few yards, and then — as though suddenly reaching the courage to say what had been growing up in him, turned and shouted. "What you come here from England for?" he spat out. "Pictures you take to England. But my people stay here! Like this!" He waved with a sweeping arm at dusty women sitting selling roasted mealies in the gutter, at the queued and the staggering drinkers, at the spivs enticing simple miners to bet on three-card tricks at ten shillings a throw.

I think Paul would have appreciated the remark, but he hadn't understood the language. Perhaps he would have argued with the man, told him something of what he told me afterwards of how pictures can move people to social action. But certainly I think he would have felt that even

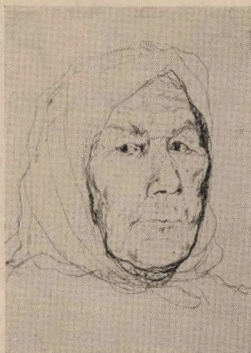
that unfinished, unsatisfactory sketch had been worth while. For it had helped to make a young man look with new eyes on the life about him, and had started an idea moving in his mind which will, one day, help to make Johannesburg a better place to live in. This it seems to me, is what Paul aims to do with his talents.

As we moved on from the Beer Hall, he told me how he had planned to do a book about the life and people of Africa, combining his pictures with comment and written observations by Doris Lessing. But Doris had been stopped and turned back at Jan Smuts airport, declared an "undesirable immigrant." Perhaps the book will still appear, but without the written section on South Africa; already in his two days in the country, Paul had been gathering material, sketches made underground of African miners handling pneumatic drills in cramped stopes, and sketches inside the overcrowded, foetid compounds on the surface. But if not a book, then at least an exhibition, at which the ordinary people of Britain could learn something of the lives and the peoples of Africa as seen through the eyes of Paul Hogarth. He told me of an exhibition then touring the towns and villages of Britain, called "Looking at People," at which he, Carel Weight and Sculptor Betty Wray were telling the people of Britain something of the life, the work and the leisure of ordinary people "both sides of the iron curtain" as he put it. Through such exhibitions, people learn not just to look at others, but to look again at themselves, their surroundings and their life, to learn something of importance about themselves, to start thinking about change.



"Politics?" I asked him. "Not Politics," he said. "Art." He talked about the traditions of the great artists, Goya, Daumier and others, who had challenged and exposed injustice where they found it, not with the slogans of stump orators or the programmes of politicians, but with their pencils and their brushes. He spoke of the Chinese artists, who had developed their woodcuts for pasting up in public, rousing the people against Chiang's tyranny even in the days when the written word was censored almost out of existence. Paul's art is his reaction to injustice, his answer to it, his weapon against it, wielded with all the vigour he can muster. I knew something of his meaning, for I had seen some of the powerful and bitter drawings with which he had assailed dictatorship in Greece and Spain, and won allies and protagonists for the indomitable people and their fight for justice. I had seen also, some of the inspiring and challenging drawings he had done of the reconstruction of life and people which he has seen in recent years in China, Poland and the Soviet Union. "I think the truth about justice and injustice must be told," he said. "Especially about your country and your people. In pictures, not just in words."

I watched him tell some of that truth. We came to the Harlem cinema, where they had a special double feature programme — Africans only admitted. "Smugglers Island" and "Sign of the Pagan." It was Saturday afternoon, and there was a tremendous pushing crowd, trying to get in as soon as the earlier crowd came out. Hemmed in by a thousand people, Paul captured every aspect of it—the overcrowded squalor of this momentary escape from reality; the endless patience and the strength of a people,



A Rumanian peasant woman.

armouring them against the cultural warfare of Hollywood; the humour and the pride challenging the whole of the segregationist influences trying to pull them down, degrade them and crush their spirit. I thought it was the best picture he did in this country.

Paul is less articulate with words than with pictures "There is a staggering ignorance amongst the Whites I've met about the way Africans live and think and feel," he said just before he left. I thought of a picture he had done of a mine shift-boss, and I thought how much better his pencil told that story than his tongue. "There are things I've seen here that I've never seen, not even in Greece, not even in Spain." At Mai-Mai he had blundered into a mass pass and poll-tax raid. In Pretoria he had seen Africans with their hands held above their heads, being batoned into a patrol-wagon by White and Black policemen. "But the people!" he said with admiration. "What fortitude and strength. Absolutely no fear.

At Mai-Mai," he said, "they just stood and looked, with dignity and pride and contempt for the police and everything they stand for. The police felt their scorn; they looked foolish, almost conquered, themselves."

"And that's what it has been like everywhere I've been," he said. "The people—the African people—they've got pride, and patience and humour. They've got confidence. That's the thing. They give me a feeling of confidence in the future that I've seldom felt anywhere before." That story too, of the people and their courage, their pride, their struggles for dignity and right is told better in the pictures he has taken back than in the words he left behind. Not the story as a politician sees it. Hogarth has artist's eyes; he reacts to what he sees as an artist. "I tell an artist's story of South Africa, not a politician's," is how he puts it.

Nothing illustrates better how well he tells that story than the picture he has done of a scene I have seen a dozen times. It is a picture of Church Square, Pretoria, seen from behind the statue of Paul Kruger. The grim, sombre, brooding figure of Kruger looms overpoweringly and threateningly above the facade of the Palace of Justice. It is a commonplace scene, but drawn in a new way, that gives it new meaning. Here in the administrative capital of the country, he has caught a glimpse of the grim, authoritarian boer republic which is bearing down and threatening to crush the law and justice into dust. It is not just a trick of perspective which gives such meaning to the work. Hogarth is something more than just another illustrator with a knack. He is an artist with an understanding of ordinary men and women, a fellow's feeling for the lives they lead, the struggles they undertake and the sacrifices they make. His inspiration is drawn from their daily lives; and his pencil is a weapon which he has pressed into service to help them liberate their lives from tyranny and injustice. His drawings speak not just with sympathy for men, but with understanding of them, and of the things that shape their lives, and of the change they long for.

Something of that realisation struck one of the men who gathered round to watch him work at the Beer Hall. He studied Paul at work for a long time. And then he said something I can not forget. "That boss," he said admiringly, tapping his brow significantly, "That boss," he said. "He's got psycho!"



A communal water tap in The Orlando Shelters, Johannesburg.



*The High Commissioner for the Republic of South Africa  
Her Excellency, Ms Cheryl Carolus  
has pleasure in inviting*

.....  
*to a Reception at South Africa House, Trafalgar Square  
on 9 March 2000 from 6:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.*

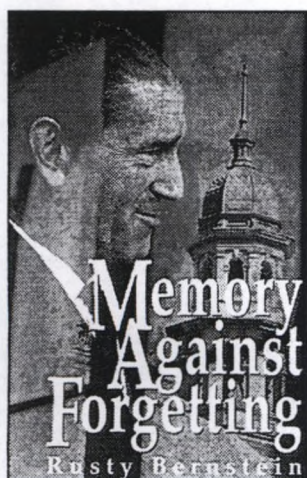
*for the launch of two books*  
**Memory against forgetting by Rusty Bernstein  
and Who killed Mr Drum??? by Sylvester Stein**

*Please reply to the organizers:*  
Community H.E.A.R.T.  
PO Box 6504 London N1 8HU  
Tel: 020 7359 3163 Fax: 0207 7704 6752  
e mail: [info@community-heart.org.uk](mailto:info@community-heart.org.uk)



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**President Nelson Mandela**



"The lucid analytic record of someone who was embedded in the politics of the South African resistance from the late 1930s to the 1960s. To touch the core of those momentous decades, get this book, devour it." *The Sunday Independent, South Africa*

"If you are exhausted and you need a good night's sleep you should not pick up *Who Killed Mr Drum?* on getting into bed. Chances are you will not be able to put down Sylvester Stein's story about the writers on Drum magazine." *Cape Times, South Africa*

Dear Friend,

### **An invitation to the launch of two great South African books**

Join us at the South African High Commission, Trafalgar Square, between 6 and 8.30pm on 9 March for the launch of **Rusty Bernstein's *Memory Against Forgetting*** and **Sylvester Stein's *Who Killed Mr Drum?*** Both books were published to great acclaim in South Africa last year.

The High Commissioner, H.E. Cheryl Carolus, has kindly made available South Africa House to launch these two books which tell us more about the history of the struggle in South Africa. She has agreed to address the gathering.

Donald Woods, the well-known South African editor, will introduce Rusty and Sylvester, who will also say a few words.

**Rusty Bernstein** was a leading figure in the liberation of South Africa. A senior member of the South African Communist Party through the most formative years of the ANC, he was one of the accused in three of the country's historic political court cases, culminating in the Rivonia Trial alongside Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisulu and others, who were sentenced to life imprisonment.

These memoirs tell of the dramatic confrontations with the apartheid state during the years 1938 to 1964. Since then Rusty has lived in exile in the United Kingdom, to witness the vindication of his life's struggles in the return of the ANC and the CP to the centre of political affairs in the new South Africa.

**Sylvester Stein** was Editor of *Drum* magazine in the 1950s, its great years, working with and training a staff of black writers and photographers, all new to newspapers and magazines. In that time he immersed himself in the black community, even living blacked-up for a while in Sophiatown to experience the conditions of his readers.

His book is a story of those legendary writers who created the magazine and of the long hunt to unearth who or what it was that killed so many of them so young. It tells of the chilling, unsolved death of Henry Nxumalo, the famous Mr Drum, while on the track of some of apartheid's darkest secrets, and the tragic fate of so many of the others - they died long ago and far too early ... yet they are more alive today than those who killed them.

Africa Book Centre is making the books available at special prices for this occasion. *Memory Against Forgetting* is available at £10.99 including p&p for single copies sent anywhere in the UK.

*Who Killed Mr Drum?* is available at £8.99 including p&p for single copies sent anywhere in the UK.

Books may also be collected at the Reception in South Africa House on 9 March but must be ordered from the Africa Book Centre and paid for before then. (Books cannot be sold at the event.)

Community H.E.A.R.T. looks forward to seeing you at the launch where one copy of each book will be raffled. Support is needed to help realise the goals of a democratic South Africa to rebuild health and education resources. Africa Book Centre will contribute £1.25 and £1 respectively to Community H.E.A.R.T. for each of the books purchased through this invitation.

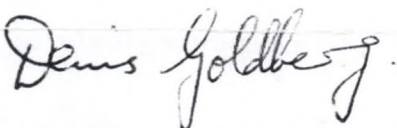
Please let us know if you are going to attend the event by either telephoning us on 020-7359 3163 or by returning the enclosed form by post, fax 020-7704 6752, or e-mail, [info@community-heart.org.uk](mailto:info@community-heart.org.uk).

To order your books for collection at the launch or by post fill in the book order form. Orders should be placed directly by telephoning Africa Book Centre, 020-7240 6649, or by returning the order form by post, fax 020-7497 0307, or e-mail, [africabooks@dial.pipex.com](mailto:africabooks@dial.pipex.com).

There will be seats for those who find standing rather tiring and some wine and refreshments.

We look forward to seeing you.

Yours sincerely,



Professor Denis Goldberg FRSA  
Director

If you would like more information about the work of Community H.E.A.R.T. check out our website <http://www.community-heart.org.uk>

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**Community Health Education and Reconstruction Training**, PO Box 6504, London N1 8HU • Tel: 020 7359 3163 • Fax: 020 7704 6752  
**Council:** Bob Bruce, Jane Coker, Brian Filling, Nat Perez **Director:** Prof. Denis Goldberg  
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Janet Suzman *Actress/Director* • Dr. Wally Serote *Writer & Poet* • Ruth Weiss *Writer & Journalist*

*We wish to record our gratitude to the late Archbishop Trevor Huddleston for sponsoring us during his lifetime*

Kings Warren  
Shirwell  
Devon EX31 4JZ

Phone 01271 850238

7 July 2000

e-mail pmillner@aol.com

Dear Rusty and Hilda

"Memory Against Forgetting" is splendid. You should have been writing always. You have to be writing now.

The book got to me at all sorts of levels, not only as the tribute you intended to comrades whose memory deserved to be recorded, also as an account of events known to me only in the barest outline, bits and pieces, which you have put together and clothed. And, for me personally, as a vivid reminder of those times long past, the decades before the imprisonment and torture years. Having been listed, Margaret and I, after the usual soul searching, decided to leave the country, which we did at the end of 1959. So we played no part in the crucial times leading up to Rivonia and its sequel, which you write about so graphically. Your book brings to mind those earlier years, innocent years one might call them, which I recall now with a kind of nostalgia for the comradeship we shared and the high hopes that went along with it. My own path to socialism was via the improbable route of the Institute of Race Relations. At Wits. as a student I was a great "joiner" and included the Bantu Studies Society in my list. Our earnest studies of the Bantu led me to the BMSC and the revolutionary experience of tea with black persons! From that to Fabianism and then gratefully into my college CPGB group at Oxford. Back home in Johannesburg before the war my efforts to locate the local CP were like yours, a kind of blind man's buff, leading to Max Joffe's rooms (the Barbican Bldg. was it?). The scene there and the characters came to life exactly as you describe them. I track the lean years, and the promising ones which march through your pages, and the menacing legislation of the fifties and the disarray of the CC.

Wherever we are now at the end of the day, you make the point - South Africa has a lonely triumph to set against the fading of our socialist dreams. And the story and those who contributed to it are

not to be forgotten. And you make the point with style and wit and without rancour. Many thanks.

How about visiting us, Pat and myself, down here in Devon. If it suits, do give us a call and we can fix a time.

Warmest Regards  
Maurice

PS. The Multilith story is both sad and funny, but dare I confess it, I do believe it was I who thought it up and ordered the monster. I crave forgiveness

57 Lock Crescent,  
Kidlington. UK  
OX5 1HF.  
Tel/Fax: 01865 373642  
22.08.00

Penguin Books (S.A.) Ltd.,  
Fax: 27 11 616 8259.

Attention: Alison Lowry.  
RE: Memory Against Forgetting.

Dear Alison,

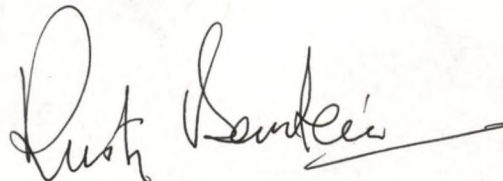
Back to the painful subject of copies of my book here in the UK. Since your London associates have apparently taken against my book, I have been regularly asked for copies, and have advised everybody to try the African Book Centre. For a time this worked - although that is somewhat off the beaten track even for Londoners. But now they too have no copies for sale and are rather vague about when or whether they will be getting more.

So can I now take up the alternative route suggested in your fax of March 20<sup>th</sup>, and place an order for 15 copies for myself - paying either by a debit to my sales account (if still in the black) or by cash transfer, as you chose. To be sent to me at the above address.

I must tell you that I have been deeply disappointed by your London company, who have been unhelpful to everyone who has tried to get copies from them, and simply ignored a mini launch-party for the book staged at South Africa House under the auspices of the SA High Commissioner, for which I sent an invitation and notice to Andrew Welham. Substantial sales resulted, though virtually no review copies were ever sent to the press except on the initiative of my own friends.

And in the meantime, a book concerning inter alia my own story and my family - Rivonia's Children by Glenn Frankel - has been getting wide publicity and acclaim in the USA and here, without any mention of "Memory..." anywhere in the USA or here. What is the point of your contract demanding world rights, when the "world" begins and ends in South Africa ?

Best wishes, and apologies for the gripes,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Rusty Bernstein". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

Rusty Bernstein.

57 Lock Crescent,  
Kidlington. OX5 1HF.  
United Kingdom.  
Fax/Tel: 01865.373642

10.10.00

Alison Lowry,  
Penguin SA Ltd.  
Fax: 2711 616 8259.

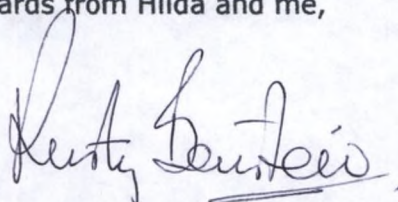
Dear Alison,

Re MEMORY AGAINST FORGETTING

How nice to return from a holiday in the USA to find - buried in a mountain of accumulated junk mail - a consignment of copies of my book, and your letter of September 19<sup>th</sup>. In your very generous offer to supply the books without charge, you are once again treating me with the sort of kindness which only internationally recognised best-selling writers really deserve from their publishers. Many thanks.

And even more thanks for your much appreciated kind words about the book itself which almost - almost! - persuades me to try my hand at writing another. But don't bet on it.

With best wishes and regards from Hilda and me,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Rusty Bernstein". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Rusty Bernstein.





*Penguin SA*

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**With compliments**

*& best wishes*

*Pam Thornley.*

P O Box 9  
Parklands  
2121

24 Sturdee Avenue  
Rosebank 2196

Tel: 27 11 327 3550  
Fax: 27 11 327 3660

MRS J D A MAEYER  
17 BRICKHILL ROAD  
ESTCOURT  
3310  
2<sup>ND</sup> APRIL 2002

PENGUIN BOOKS (SOUTH AFRICA) (PTY) LTD  
SECOND FLOOR 90 RIVONIA ROAD  
SANDTON  
2196  
GAUTENG

Dear Publisher

RE: MEMORY AGAINST FORGETTING by RUSTY BERNSTEIN

I have recently acquired a copy of the above-mentioned book and would like to point out an important issue in reference to a mention made in this book about my husband's grandfather.

Since my involvement with the Maeyer family of Johannesburg in 1979 I have heard endless tales of the involvement of Oupa Chris in his contribution to the cause that this book highlights. Unfortunately he has been referred to as Chris Meyer (pgs 64,65) and not by his unusually spelt surname, MAEYER.

Would it be at all possible if you could correct this as I feel he duly deserves this mention and something that we in the Maeyer family are proud of.

I await your reply in earnest and would like to take this opportunity to thank the writer, Mr Rusty Bernstein on a most accurate and detailed account of his memoirs.

Yours sincerely



JOSETTE MAEYER (MRS)



Penguin SA

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P O Box 9  
Parklands  
2121

24 Sturdee Avenue  
Rosebank  
2196

Tel: 27 11 327 3550  
Fax: 27 11 327 3660

17 April 2002

Mrs Josette Maeyer  
17 Brickhill Road  
Estcourt  
3310

Dear Mrs Maeyer

Thank you for your letter of 2 April 2002.

I do apologise for the misspelling of your husband's grandfather's surname. We are discussing reprinting *Memory Against Forgetting* and if we proceed with this I will certainly ensure that the correction is made.

I am forwarding your letter to Rusty Bernstein, who now lives in the UK, as we have only South African rights in this title.

Thank you for drawing this error to our attention.

Yours sincerely

P

Pam Thornley  
Senior Editor

copy: Rusty Bernstein

**Hilda Bernstein**

---

**From:** Lionel Gay <lionelg@britishlibrary.net>  
**To:** Hilda Bernstein <hilda@bernstein57.freemove.co.uk>  
**Sent:** 11 July 2000 03:52 PM  
**Subject:** ISBN 0670 887927

Rusty,

Despite the fact that your publisher (Penguin Books) has not promoted the sale of your book with vigour, I hope that you will consider a second printing in due course after taking account of feedback from your readers. To that end I can send you my observations, if you wish me to do so, without comment and in the form 2,109; where 2 defines the page, and where 109 defines the distance, in mm, of the line in question from the top edge of the page. You can then look at the line and decide whether to amend it. In the case of 2,109: you will probably agree with me when I suggest that it is factually incorrect to say that Bram Fischer died in a Pretoria prison.

He became terminally ill in prison but he was placed in the care of his brother in Bloemfontein when he was very ill, and he died in Paul's home.

My next observation is 4, 100 and then 8,100 etc.

I learned of Mary Benson's death when I read the obituary in The Times dated 22nd June. News does reach Dover, by radio, television, and the printed word. The author referred to Bram Stoker, who died in jail.

Lionel.

**Collection Number: A3299**

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

***PUBLISHER:***

*Publisher:* **Historical Papers Research Archive**

*Collection Funder:* **Bernstein family**

*Location:* **Johannesburg**

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