

20th May 88

Dearest Janet, - As far as I can see the last time we communicated was when I received a card from you in January from Mexico. Well, I miss you. I was sure that if I wrote you a letter, I would receive one from you that had crossed with mine. I need to know how you are, what you are doing, your work, your Mayor-ship, your life. There is a great disadvantage in leaving such a long period without writing, it means that one cant possibly catch up on all the things that have happened in between, also you are left with a kind of emptiness of news; because there is so much that has happened in between it cant all be written about, so there's nothing relaly left to write about . . . or so it seems to me, or perhaps I've simply dried up as far as lett-erwriting is concerned.

So: start with basics. Boring old age problems: I've been taking Hormone Replacment Therapy now for some time, dont know how its working inside the bones, but I feel remarkably well most of the time, feel sure that it's been beneficial. Usual old age complaints, but when I see other women of 73 I realise that I'm not doing badly, although not so productive, still work and work and never have enough time for anything.

Work: I had a super exhibition in December in London, best ever, with a great mixture of old prints (dont do etching any more), paintings of flowers - they sold immediatley - water colours of local scenery, and 'social conscience', that is, drawings, pen and ink and paintings of South African subjects and scenes. Decided not to have any more exhibitions for a while, take up too much time, and I want to do more serious painting; but someone from the local OXFAM branch saw some prints, and talked me into an exhibition at our County town - Hereford - jointly with OXFAM, me giving them 3/4 part proceeds and they arranging most of publicity, work, etc. It went very well, raised quite a bit of money for OXFAM which is one of the most progressive 'Aid' organisations here (OXFAM has helped spnsor Keith's visit to Southern African countries both last year, and now more recently - he takes pictures of their projects) Now I relaly intend not to have any exhibitions for some time.

Writing: I've been so busy doing the unpaid stuff, it's difficult to get down to the things one thinks are more important. (But are they?) Dont know if you heard abot the Sharpeville Six - six young people, five men and a woman - sentenced to hang in SA on the grounds that they were part of a crowd that had attacked a local stooce councillor and killed him after he fired a gun at the crowd - the circumstances are interesting and revealing about the whole situation in SA, but too long to write about. The trial judge, and the judge of the Appeal Court, all stated that the six had not actually been involved in the killing, but their presence in the crowd made them guilty. I started writing articles about the case centering around Theresa Ramashamola, the woman sentenced to die. I dont know why the hanging of a woman should touch and arise more concern than the hanging of so many men, but it does and it did - perhaps the fact that she is the first woman sentenced to die for political activities. 164 men were hanged in SA last year, and this year it is already about 60, with over 200 awaiting death on what is called 'Death Row' - hearly all black of course - a white man is hanged occasionally - and an increasing number for what we term political crimes or acts. Anyway, the mass pressures - even Maggie Thatcher sent any appeal for clemency - resulted in a short stay of execution while more evidence is being examined, but the matter isnt settled yet. Then I started writing to journalists and to their Trade Union about Zwelakhe Sisulu, editor of a newspaper subsequently suspended by the apartheid authorities, who has been detained without trial in solitary confinement for somehing like 18 months - it is awful nd outrageous. He's a leading journalist, who has received awards from the US among others, his father is serving life imprisonment with Mandela, he has been detained previously and his mother also, indignation keeps me boiling. The journalists I wrote to, with details of his history, write polite letters to me, but dont seem to do anything. Then July is Nelson Mandela's 70th birthday, and Anti-Apartheid here is mounting a big campaign, and I had to design a birthday card and various other things. So what I call 'serious work' tends to get ~~own~~ pushed on one side. When friends ask 'What are you doing now?' I can only answer 'This and that.'

We had a mild winter, which was a great help to me, as winter here is hard to endure. And we have been having a mild, often sunny and beautiful Spring, with the outside yelling at me to come out and get on with the planting, gardening, or just looking. It is so indescribably beautiful here in May, Janet, I would so much love it if you could get together enough money to come and visit in May. Or October, when the leaves are turning. But May, 1989? I cant begin to tell you how I feel every Spring, because its repetitive and boring, but I cant help being rapturous each year, as though it's the very first Spring ever.

By air mail  
Par avion



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Janet Stevenson

783 Fifth St.

Hammond, OR 97121

U.S.A.

Aerogramme

Name and address of sender

Bernstein

Old House Farm

Dorstone, Herefordshire, HR3 6BL

Postcode

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To open slit here

To open slit here

My family are all well, Rusty looking fit, but feeling rather bored with the country, I think. He needs part-time work. He does a great deal of labouring work in our garden, especially now that the weather is good, but he's not a horticulturist. He digs, levels, makes lawns, moves rocks, constructs paths, cuts grass; I do the growing of seeds, transplanting - the fiddly things, in fact. Toni is in Africa making a new film, about the effect of apartheid on the children of Southern Africa (Mozambique, Angola, Zimbabwe, and children who have left SA and are at the ANC school in Tanzania.) Keith was with her, but is back. Frances is pregnant, after trying for more than a year (her son is now 6); Patrick has a new job & is moving to Ipswich, which is over the other side of England. Keith & Toni have a book of photos about Mozambique coming out soon, Keith is also having an exhibition, takes beautiful pictures. I must remember to tell you about a feature film based on a portion of Ruth Ffist's life that is to hit the cinemas soon - it's in Cannes at the moment. I have a great idea for a book I'd like to do, but need financial assistance and so far haven't been able to make my way through the bureaucracy mesh in the ANC (whose OK I need in order to try and get funding). Will I live long enough to get it done? Write to me. Much love

May 31, 1988

Dearest Hilda:

I'm answering while your letter is still warm. (By the time it got to me, I'm sure you'd forgotten much of what was in it, and so it will be with this. Too much space makes for too long a gap.)

I suppose I haven't written because I've been trying to discipline myself. In Mexico, I had the urge to take one more swing at the play/screen play/book that I started the last time I was there. So I announced that I was "working" in the mornings and not to be disturbed. Ha!

Then someone talked me into a telephone answering machine, on the theory that I could "monitor" calls and answer only those that were really critical. e.g. when the town's sewer system collapsed or the gas dock in the mooring basin started to leak. But I haven't the gall to listen to a message and not pick up the phone. If anyone did it to me, I'd never forgive them.

It hasn't worked very well. The book changed back into a play, and now I'm sorry it did. But I'm grimly determined to finish it this way, and maybe go back to the novel when and if I survive the appalling job I've just been persuaded to accept; State President of the Oregon Women's Political Caucus.

To a large extent the Caucus has become my political life--that is the local caucus, which I organized and have kept going through its kindergarten period. I do need an excuse to turn my back on it and see if it "can get to school on time" without my nagging. But the reason I took on the state (with the partisan problems of a presidential election year) is that there isn't a young woman ready to take over.

My "program" (aside from keeping the organization intact while the Republicans and Democrats vilify each other like Ragged Trousered Philanthropists) is to train a successor--or two. And to learn to use the modem I'm going to buy to put my computer in touch with the state office. A lovely new gadget/time waster. age to be doing this--and from the far corner of the state!

Spring is just as lovely here as there. And this year I saw two springs: one in Oregon and one in Winnetka. I went back for a week-end, to celebrate Sylvia's 10th anniversary (of her second marriage.) All sorts of people asked about you, and I saw all the prints you sold there years ago... Did I write you last year that Lita Gaber (print-maker you talked with) dropped dead in a parking lot on the way out of a gallery she was showing at? I saw her husband at Sylvia's party--beginning to recover from the shock. The good news on that family is that their daughter who married a white South African has come back to live here, bringing her mate... Also saw Hennie Moore, who is Gray Panthering with vigor despite a losing battle with some sort of degenerative eye disease... What started this paragraph was remembering that you said when you were here (or there) that you hated missing spring at home, and then had two! Me, too.

And me too about the pains of old age. I'm bicycling a lot, and trying to lose the fat I put on last winter--and in Mexico--

but it's hard to exercise enough when so many things are either stiff or swollen. I hope your hormone treatment is being carefully monitored for side effects--on which I will not dwell.

Mexico was marvelous. Especially the week I spent with a family in Orizaba--not speaking a word of English. I got really quite good again and was giving interviews like a real mayor. I was at least as real as the one in Orizaba, and not nearly as fat. You would have loved my one successful quip: I was taken to visit to mayor's wife in her office as the titular head of something roughly equivalent to our Dept. of Human Services--about which she clearly knew nothing. Her assistant explained that the wife of the mayor, governor, or president always served in this capacity, and I asked what happened when the mayor, gov. or pres. was a woman. Big laugh from the gentlemen present. But there are women mayors and governors and one running for president.

To fill out the Personal Column: Mary and Ben went to Antarctica in February, and were appalled to discover that the waters around Cape Horn were rough enough to cause mal-de-mer. They saw Olga Poblete in Chile and felt she was comparatively well and hopeful...Mary bears up by gritting her teeth, but she does bear up. Ben is happier at 80+ than I ever knew him to be... My son Joseph is undergoing a rebirth: as a serious student, working for a degree in nursing. Theoretically he has one more year and then an RN. Actually I think he has only begun. I wouldn't be surprised if he hung in for a Master's--and financed it on scholarships! This is where he was when the 60s hit him! Except that now he has a serious attachment: a public health nurse who is a splendid stabilizing influence.

I suppose you've heard as much as you can stand about Reagan in Red Square, but I heard an interview with Yevtuchenko on Pasternak that was really thrilling. And today something leaked through from Boris Yeltsen (sp?) that makes me think there are more thrills to come. I hate to be naive and get blasted again, but it's hard not to be hopeful.

Our U.S. political scene is more bearable than it's been for a while. When all the cant is added (and subtracted), we're almost certain to get something better in November. Not that the Democratic Party is basically any better than the Republican Party. But Jesse Jackson has given the "pros" such a shaking up, and women are making such inroads on the "decision-making bodies" that it'll be years before they (the pros) can get things back to normal. And meanwhile there is a thaw here as promising as the one in the USSR.

Maybe all this optimism is the result of a small political victory I just had a hand in. After three years of bitter battling, we've amended the county government's "charter" on what's called a "home rule" basis. It was quite a "learning experience." And the end is not yet. But the page is full!...

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Much love to you and all of yours,

*Jant*

29th July 88

Dearest Janet,

I seem to be in a thoroughly unproductive stage, my life occupied with horticulture and domesticity. I thought I was leaving London to escape the demands made on me and my time, only to find that Nature - capital N - makes its own demands when you live among it. Having too much ground imposes on me the obligation to make use of it, to grow things. Then a devastating cycle of demands begins: plant seeds, protect, water, thin out, transplant - ah, it's Spring, the time for preparing. Spring eases itself into (so-called) Summer and the cycle is non-stop: hoe, weed, water, tie up, support, feed, spray, (only harmless ones of course) . . . pick! - blanch, de-pod, freeze, label . . . We had a bumper crop of raspberries, currants, strawberries; now it's broad beans, mange tout, lettuce 'bolting'. The flower garden, a gift from the children for my 70th birthday, for there was nothing, not even earth only a stone-littered farmyard with rusting parts of old machines - has flourished, is a perpetual joy for me, my studio looks into it. Not surprisingly, I stop other things to paint flowers.

The SA scene continues to occupy a large part of life. The Mandela concert was an amazing success - 75,000 people to hear leading popular musicians and performers, and Anti-Apartheid found they were confronted with the run-away effect - agents from the US phoning up to find out why their group hadn't been asked to participate.

This was followed by Mandela 70th birthday celebrations - hundreds of thousands in Hyde Park, and 25 women and men walking from Edinburgh to London (600 miles). I go down to London for this anniversary and that, for this important meeting . . . speak at towns within our orbit, Cardiff, Bristol, Newport, Hereford, Hay; try to catch up on reading, and keep buying more books to add to the unread ones - buying books is an addiction with me. Entertain visitors. Write articles. And plan, plan, plan, that great book that never gets started (still awaiting the OK to go ahead) and that new kind of painting I long to experiment with, but manage to find enough excuses to keep me from getting on with it.

I was amazed that with your own writing plus the Mayorship you could still take on the Women's Caucus. But it sounds good. pleased to hear about Joe; he obviously needed to find an outlet for his caring. Rusty took off for a couple of weeks to Tanzania, the ANC asked him to come out to discuss the possibility of organising some sort of political school - they want him to do it. He went to Mazimbu (where the ANC school is) and to Lusaka, our HQ. I'm keen to go, he has not made up his mind. He wants things more clearly defined and wants more discussion. He would, in any case, only agree at first to go for a year, so if it comes off I suppose we would let this house. For me, Tanzania would be a good base for the projected book, and I long to live in Africa again, although I know that living in Mazimbu is not easy. Tanzania is very, very poor, and just about everything you think you need is unobtainable; it gets too hot in summer, and is malarial. Still, I want to go. WE'll see. If it comes off, I don't even know when we would be going; the business of having someone occupy your house is difficult - packed with my paintings, our books and paraphernalia. I had begun to think about taking a trip to the US - after I received your last letter I thought, why not? Throw away a few hundred pounds - we might not live that long anyway, go to Orgeon, stop off at Chicago on the way and visit Sylvia and Hennie. But when? Now it's all thrown out of gear. At the end of September, after Keith's exhibition opens, we are going to stay with friends in Tuscany for a week, then motor through Spain - so that takes us to the end of October. Everything now hinges around a decision about Tanzania.

Interested in your Modem - the only reason I know what it is is because that's what Patrick's new firm makes, and he had to explain it to me several times in different ways, because I'm very slow about computers. He's become a rising young (ish) executive, has a managerial position, works like mad and loves it, may even make more money than the rest of us. Toni's busy with her film, finding it tough to put together. Have you seen Chris Menges film 'A World Apart' - I understand it has been released in the US. It was written by Ruth First's daughter, Shawn Slovo, Chris brought us the script to read and to discuss Ruth with us; it won an award at Cannes and is highly praised everywhere. It is based on Shawn's relationship with Ruth when she was young. It is fiction/faction or whatever, much of it is real and true; amazingly an American actress, Barbara Hershey, produces a very credible Ruth. It is incredibly painful for me to see it. Chris Menges is Britain's top cameraman, a friend of Toni and Ivan, and this is his first film as a producer. Have you also seen Cry Freedom and if so, what did you think?

By air mail  
Par avion



Janet Stevenson

783 5th Street

Hammond

OR 97121

U.S.A.

Aerogramme

Name and address of sender

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Old House Farm

Dorstone

Herefordshire HR3 6BL

Postcode

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

REMEMBER  
to use the  
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I also entertain optimistic hopes on the US/USSR political scene. Are we the ones who never learn by experience? I dont know what you think about Dukakis, but I'm rooting for him so hard you'd think it was my party, country, life. It's what he has said about SA in particular, apart from other foreign policy things, and we find the Jesse J pehnomenon extraordinary in the enormous push it has given to his policies, and generally. To find he has so much popular appeal gives me a different view of Americans. As for Mikhail, who gets a most favourable media treatment here, I love him, but I am still going to write to him one of these ddays about the position of women, the exclusion of women . . . Meanwhile, British scene is desolate, a nasty, grabbing morality that justifies anything in the name of self-enrichment ('enterprise culture') in a country deteriorating in anything of any value with the divide between the well-off and the really poor growing all the time. Anything of any value - like the Health service, like education, is being 'privatised', ruined, turned into an area for exploitation. Not much room left here - do you get any news about SA, such as what happened to Albie Sachs, and the Sharpeville 97? Is there any activity in your area? I had a lovely letter from Mary - we only correspond infrequently. Much love

*Hilda*



August 6, 1988

Dearest Hilda:

A strange and wonderful coincidence: yesterday at noon I was promising someone to write you the request which will emerge below, and today at noon I have your letter. It can't be ESP because yours was already in transit, and her request was already formulated but not spoken some time ago.

She is Carolyn McKnight: a quite extraordinary young woman (just turned 40), the only female vice-president of Textronix, the giant U.S. electronic conglomerate, which now has factories in the U.K. (including Guernsey). Her field is what they call "Human Resources"--which means a combination of guessing what the future holds and training people to be ready for it--and resolving the sort of interpersonal problem that can clog the pores of an organization--commercial, political, or social. She was home for a month and did a terrific workshop for the State Steering Committee of my Women's Political Caucus, which has started my brief career as Chair on a track we had all but lost.

As she left yesterday, she asked whether I know anyone in the U.K. who can help her find the Women's Movement in her remaining time there--from now till next May. She is based just outside London, travels in various directions, but has some time to herself and would like to use it to touch base with women there who have similar concerns. So far she's been able to find only some rather frantic fringe feminists, and the Silver Moon Bookstore.

I expect Frances might be better able than you to point her in the right direction, but she's still in Manchester, isn't she? Hetty's Gwen was not into feminism when I knew her (when she was at her most Trotskyite abrasive.) So--do you have any suggestions? And if you do, would you take time to write her a note and pass on any possible contacts?

Carolyn McKnight  
Cannhurst Lodge,  
Cannhurst Farm Knowl Hill  
Reading, RG10 9XT  
Berkshire, U.K.

I'd really love to have you two meet, but I get a picture (from your letter) of your life that makes that seem most unlikely. So do what comes easily--including nothing, if there's nothing you can do with the time you've got.

I wish we could talk. I hear a leit motiv in your letter that starts sympathetic vibes in my head. I too feel "thoroughly unproductive" --at a time when I'm busier than I have been since I ended my "active political life"--i.e. the time I went to at least four night meetings a week. Not only do I do the chores of the Mayor and try to learn-on-the-job the more formidable chores of being responsible for a big multi-party, multi-faceted organization (full of passionate political partisans of different persuasions), but I got involved in a county reform issue that has

become an obsession. I let myself slide into the Mayor's job because I was stuck on the book, and thought it would be a "good change of pace." The Caucus was an ongoing, but handable interest, and I thought the reform of county government was a done thing, so I was going to get back to the book on a disciplined basis as soon as I got things at Town Hall under control.

I did, actually, a couple of times start to write. Then when came to another sticky place, I went back and started over... About that time the Caucus nominating committee came to me in desperation because it was time for the changing of the guard and the available choices from the top spot were either too green or overripe. I said "what the hell, I'm not writing anyway," and agreed to do it for one year only, giving them time to ripen the green one...

So here I am, wondering why I feel guilty of what Phil used to call "frittering," which referred to anything but what he considered his current writing project. What is work? Real work, that is--because housework he also considered frittering. Gardening was therapy; using the products was not exactly frittering, but certainly not his kind of work.

To put the same questions into a different philosophical frame, what is it mine to do? (And who decides that?) Is it a matter of what I really want to do? Worse, is it a matter of what I really want to have done? Why do I assume that a novel is a more worthwhile achievement than a week-end workshop that activates and energized a whole roomful of wonderful young women? Who defines the worth of work? Is it a subjective or an objective judgement? If it's subjective, why do I subject myself to the strain between two mutually exclusive definitions? etc. etc.

(It's not nearly as much fun asking you these questions without hearing your answers to them, but it's better than not having asked them at all.)

Your letter is also full of cultural news that sounds like the Last Temptation of Janet. I'm sure Cry Freedom is somewhere around, but I doubt it will get to Astoria. My chances of seeing films are better once they get onto cassettes, and I'm not sure it will. Ditto A World Apart. However, one of the "perks" of the DWPC job is that I have to travel--and maybe I'll get to a town big enough to have a foreign film house before these are off the agenda. One perk has already materialized: next month the National Executive meeting is in Seattle, at the same time as the new "Son of Heaven" exhibition of Chinese court art.

The political side-show is over as far as I'm concerned. I had a fine time watching the Democrats, cheered for Jesse and family--especially his college age daughter, who will be the first black woman President! And Ann Richards, State Treasurer and prospective governor of Texas, who did the "keynote" speech.

The result is something I can live with. Dukakis's stand on the things I care most about is wobbly, but not downright bad. Bush is unspeakable. I think the D's will win, but I can't work up a loud cheer. They're only as good as they are pushed, and I'm tired of pushing. One good thing about him is the women around him: his wife is bright and direct and her own person; and

mirable dictu, his campaign manager is a young woman! A law professor at Harvard with a specialty in women's legal issues.

Jesse has had a splendid effect that will continue into the election and the subsequent (I hope) administration, and he has a brilliant black woman who to advise him. Eleanor Holmes Norton is the first black woman to hold a really top level national administrative job; she was head of the Equal Economic Opportunity Agency and is now a law professor at Georgetown. She was his representative at the platform drafting committee and is there to translate his oratory into practical political terms when there's some point in doing so.

I'm much more interested--involved emotionally--in what's happening in the Mexican post-election presidential campaign. Do you by chance remember Cuauhtemoc Cardenas, who represented his father Lazaro, at the Delhi World Peace Congress? Lazaro was on the top board along with Bernal. I met and talked to the young Cardenas and was deeply smitten. Now I'm cheering for him to overthrow the fraudulent PRL election victory and turn the whole course of the Mexican revolution (post) around. When I was there in January, I caught the fever and the fervor, and I'm still in there hoping. Incurrignible!

About Mikhail I feel the way I feel about Dukakis. I can live with it, and partly because of his wife. But I've been disheartened by his behavior in the Armenian mess. Maybe that's all he could do, but I'm in the middle of an epic novel (so epic I can hardly wade through some of it) about the history of the persecution and resistance of the Armenians in Syria during WWI. I think Gorbachev should read it too. The Forty Days of Musa Dagh. (Franz Werfel) is the WWI equivalent of War and Peace. I don't know why it took me so long to get to it, but I know it'll never leave me. Have you read it? Too long ago to remember?

On to your question about SA news and activity here: there's an amazing amount of news. ! Not only on the National Public Radio programs I listen to, but even in our local newspaper (which has become vastly more sophisticated under a new editor). Disinvestiture goes on being a hot issue on campuses all around the Northwest, etc. etc. And once in a while we even have a stellar visitor--usually a black Episcopalian priest--come and speak to church groups. It's not earth-shaking, but for this land's-end community, it's a big shift.

There's another shift going on that seems trivial, but is probably just as significant: the town is full of Russians at least once every two weeks. Soviet fishing and oceanographic ships dock in Astoria; the crews swarm into the shops, with very little English and a long list of purchase orders: yard goods for dresses (in meters, which our fabric stores don't know how to calculate), radios, VCR's, tape recorders (probably of Japanese manufacture), shoes, etc. etc. They also play volley ball and soccer with local teams, and their shipboard rock band held a dance/concert that was mobbed. I understand (theoretically) why trade makes friends, but I never felt it till I saw pencilled signs in Cyrillic letters saying things like "Thank You" and "Come Again" above the cash registers at the shopping mall...

Much love and thanks for the Carolyn chore.....

*Jant*

October 21, 1988

I've just had a brilliant idea that would include you if I'd had time to consult you first, so I've left its tail-gate open, in case you agree.

I need a warm-weather vacation this year as never before. I sent the summer trying to destroy myself by having operations, bicycle accidents, and as a climax, a spectacular and inexcusably silly fall. I ended up with stitches and casts and walkers, etc. But now everything has improved except the ai

Dearest Hilda:

The above is the start of a letter I wrote Henny on the same subject that I've written you about. I punched the wrong file name on the computer and it started to reprint hers. I stopped it assoon as I could! Since I don't have another air letter, I'm forced to adapt to my goof. Picking up from where it ends... "aftermath, to wit, arthritis in the outraged joints. They're stiff, and I'm having to work them loose slowly."

That and my general depression at the state of the nation/world has led me to take action about an R/R vacation in January. I've signed up with a retiree's tourist outfit that has, among other attractions, 28 day stays in a small resort town on the Costa del Sol. I've booked an apartment (miniscule, I imagine) and paid the "single supplement" so as not to have to hunt up a companion with the same time requirements. I invite you to come and visit sometime during that month (Jan. 1 to 31).

The town is called Torremolinos, and I've heard it's all too popular with British tourists in those seasons. But I intend to speak only Spanish, except when I go on one of the "optional sidetrips"-- e.g. Granada, Sevilla, Cordoba, and/or Gibraltar/Morocco. At that point, I may condescend to fraternize. But for the rest I'm going to walk the beach, shop for groceries, cook meals and read books--preferably in Spanish. If you would come, I'd also talk about life. Ditto if Henny does, but I doubt very much that she will.

Is it out of the question for you? I have no idea how difficult it would be to get to with or without a car. But distances are so minimal, I should think you could manage it in a couple of days. Or come without a car, by some combination of ferry and bus. Anyway, think on't. *And let me know before January.*

*This will have to double as a Christmas letter. Not in the best mode!*

*(over)*

I heard from Mary (after I sent her full-color pictures of my battered body at its most colorful), and she's been having bad patch too. Arthritis. Her kind is more painful and more dramatic than mine, and she has to type letters, which isn't h style. Ben has also been ailing. I think we're all reflecting our low political morale. I try to tell myself that we've been through one of these Valleys of the Shadow before and survived. But myself replies that we never got out of the last Valley. We just saw a gleam of light at the end of it. But the light has gone out.

home-jant

Additional message area:

M. H. H.

DC

Second fold

AEROGRAMME • VIA AIRMAIL • PAR AVION

HILDA BERNSTEIN  
OLD HOUSE FARM  
DORSTONE, HEREFORD  
ENGLAND -  
HR3-681



HAMMOND  
2/11/71  
183

29th Oct 88

Dearest Janet,

Two letters from you to answer, so perhaps I'd better just start with the first concerning Carolyn McKnight. I wrote to her immediately at the address you gave me, but did not ever receive a reply. As usual, I forgot about it after that, so did not try again. I thought Frances would be the ideal person for her. Frances is expecting her second child (long gap, Sean is 6, but there were problems in between) at the end of November, and this time has decided to take a year off work (which she can do and get her job back at the end of the year) and be a full-time mother. So she now has time to meet up with Carolyn and so on, although probably travelling will be restricted for the first few weeks when the baby is born. Do you think I should write to Carolyn again, or are you in touch with her?

The rest of your August letter now seems so long ago - long ago and far away, the Bush ascendancy, the Jackson descendancy, Dukakis falling flat. We find it all too depressing - how can a nation of people - literate (I presume) able to read, brought up to believe in freedom and democracy and such high-sounding things, - how CAN they . . . oh well, let's not waste time on that. We have a mirror image, in a strange kind of way, here. AS things get worse and scandals grow and government nastiness increases, Thatcher becomes more and more firmly installed. She has gone completely mad. She sees herself as the Queen, the real queen of England, and feels immortal. (I notice that in typing to you, some of the abbreviations I use when typing my own drafts creep in. As I don't have a word processor, ignore these errors.)

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But Spain! You will not suffer from our biggest handicap - that we had no ~~knowing~~ language. We get by in all the other countries - I speak a smattering of French, Rusty's Italian is good, he can understand Dutch, even some German. But in Spain we were helpless and hopeless. Because the written language bears some resemblance to Italian, we thought we might understand, or make ourselves understood. But we had not reckoned with the totally different Pronunciation. We couldn't understand anybody, and (once you're off the British-haunted coast) nobody speaks anything but Spanish. We would try all the languages we could - not, only Spanish. I found this a very big disadvantage. Despite that, it was a wonderful trip, I loved Spain, I loved even the burned out huge areas of countryside, flayed by the sun - so much like Africa, with the same colours, dry lion-coloured grass, venetian red earth, sienna, beige, ochre, vast horizons, limitless skies - lovely! Go to Granada - it's a rather awful town whose counterpart can be found in every Western (and many other) countries today - congested street, stinking pollution (petrol fumes almost unbearable), nothing at all to commend it, - except the Alhambra. Ah, the Alhambra! No one should die without seeing it. Rusty thinks it's the most beautiful building he's ever seen. We were totally enchanted, the buildings (which are quite small - it's not a great huge palace) - the gardens, the decorations, the vistas, the ornamentation, the delicacy and perfection of it all. Even having our car broken into in Granada and losing a few things - camera, radio, toilet articles, and all my earrings that I have collected over the years from South Africa, one from Greece, from Zimbabwe, presents from dead friends - didn't spoil the Alhambra, although you can keep Granada itself any day.

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Much love



29th Oct 88

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Much love

Hilda

November 28, 1988

Dearest Hilda:

All right! I'm so glad about the book being republished that I won't complain about your nonavailability. But just in case you find you don't have to be on deck for conferences all the time I'm sunning, here is the way to find me:

Jan.3-31 1989,  
c/o Saga Holidays

Apartamentos Ronda 4  
Paseo Maritimo S/N  
Playa de los Boliches  
Malaga, Spain  
Tel: 011 34 52 475538

I intend to settle down and write in a very large, very blank book I'm bringing along--at least two hours a morning--if nothing else, about what I'm going to write when I get through my remaining tours of duty. Old unfinished works, new works, fiction--long or short, or plays, also long or short. What I usually write on vacations is masses of postcards. But not this time.

I'm grateful for your commentary on things and places to see in Spain. I was thinking I ought to go to the Alhambra. Now I'll be certain to. Sylvia wants me to go to Ronda and look for a friend of hers. And I mean to to to Gibraltar and cross the straits and set a foot on Africa. It'll probably be the first and last foot because if I get back to writing, it's going to be more confining than being a political activist by far. So don't expect me in Zimbabwe.

For one thing, I'm getting quite suddenly less agile or mobile or fit to go on adventures. I'm reasonably well recovered from a summer of ridiculous catastrophes, but I creak. I think I creak more when I'm not busy, but maybe I just notice it more. Anyway, sitting at the word processor trying to do anything but "required chore writing" brings on the aches and pains, so it requires a greater-than-usual effort to start the cold motor in my head. This may be the last time I indulge myself in a soi-disant vacation for that and another powerful reason. Getting Joseph through his re-training has been a drain (albeit it temporary) on my reserves. Until and unless, he goes to work and gets rich enough to pay me back, or unless I pull off some sort of miracle that involves earning money, I shan't be able to afford anything expensive enough to be interesting. So I'm going to wring every drop of pleasure and fringe benefits out of this Spanish sojourn.

Meanwhile, greetings of the season, whichever one this arrives in, to you and Rusty and all of yours.

lots of cock-eyed love  
J

Oh - the joys of modern techology!

493 5th Ave  
Hammond, OR  
97121



**Celebrate  
America**

Hilda Bernstein  
Old House Farm  
Dorstone, Hereford  
England

HR 2 6 BL

AEROGramme • VIA AIRMAIL • PAR AVION

② Second fold



© USPS 1984

***Travel... the perfect freedom.***

Additional message area



FUENGIROLA

*Costa del Sol*

1032.- COSTA DEL SOL - FUENGIROLA

Castiño "SOHAIL" JAN. 6 - 1985

Chateau "SOHAIL" You were right!

"SOHAIL" Castle The C. de S is

Schloss "SOHAIL" awash with Brits - The walking  
wounded mostly, determinedly  
enjoying the sun. I walk too,  
but not determinedly -

Write in the AM. Read the new  
CRISTINA MARQUEZ in Spanish;  
look up words, and do not here  
to answer the phone.

Soon a friend will be here with  
a car and we'll vary the routine  
with explorations - Ronda keep  
on. The Alhambra another. And  
maybe Gibraltar, and for the  
Rioja Valley for wines.

Miss you!

Love -

Janet

NAME

CONSIGNE EN  
SUS ENVIOS



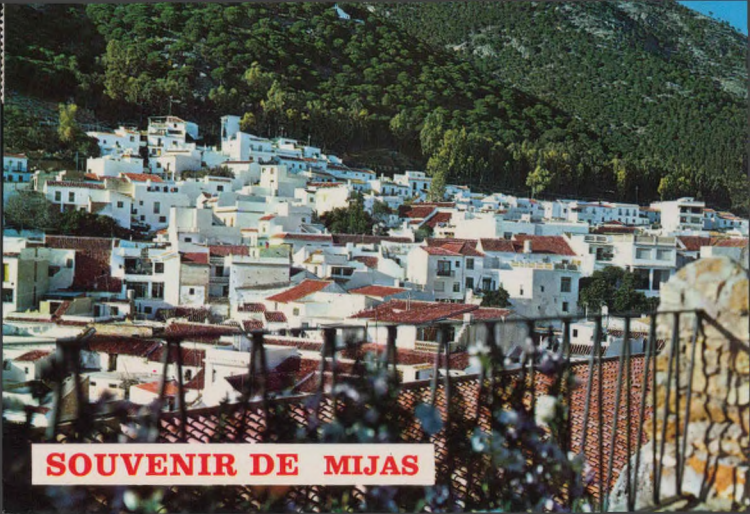
HILDA BERNSTEIN

OLD HOUSE FARM

DORSTONE, HEREFORD

U. K. (Inglaterra)

POR AVION



**SOUVENIR DE MIJAS**



26 - MIJAS

Casas típicas.

Maisons typiques.

Typical Houses.

Jan. 10 - Fuenfría

This is in case the first card, which lacked 15p postage, didn't make it to you.

These white villages are lovely and not full of British visitors. But the Moors are taking over even there. One Spaniard said, "We will have to expel them again as in 1492 - and again they will leave behind beautiful buildings." On the Alhambra - and Gibraltar - and Tangiers.

I figured out how to do the work. Now I have to figure out when - how -  
Jan 11

EDICIONES FOTO ANTONIO - Tel. 38 32 76 - TORREMOLINOS



Hilda Bernstein

Old House Farm

Dorstone, Hereford

U.K.

ENGLATERRA

Dep. Legal B. 8.227-XXII

28th January 89

Dearest Janet,

Two cards! They both arrived. Even though you said about writing 'masses of postcards . . . not this time.'

But pleased you've figured out how to do the book. I'm trying to figure out how much money I will need to do the 'Exiles' book and it isn't easy - travelling expenses, accommodation, all sorts of things. When I've done my budget the ANC, I hope, will help to raise the money. It's quite a long-term project. At the same time . . .

Well, at the same time, we are definitely going to Tanzania, we think in April (depending on letting the house) I can see a fairly lengthy period of settling in. People who have lived at Mazimbu keep giving me long lists of things you must take (everything is unavailable in Tanzania) and this includes items like lavatory paper, stationary, cockroach killers, all the cosmetics, medicines, etc you might need, as well as many kitchen appliances. I will buy a small freezer & washing machine. The ANC provides us with a house and basic furniture, and everyone gets an issue of staple foods each week - I'm told basically huge supplies of meat, which I scarcely eat any more; and all flour, grains, etc, have to be carefully gone over to remove weevils, and ANC people are not permitted to employ domestic workers, so will I be writing a huge book? Or finding ways to contest the climate and shortages and what it all brings? Or studying the wonderful bird life - and there's a game reserve not far from Mazimbu - I want to try and get books on East African flora and fauna, and paint! Will there be any time left? Or perhaps, come the really hot season, I will simply be lying around in the coolest place I can find reading all those big art books I intend to take with me because I haven't had time to read them in England.

I will send you our new address and date of departure before I go.

Meanwhile the book publication is going ahead, after a horrendous period in which my publisher and my agent did not hit it off and there were awful arguments reaching a stage when the publisher (Rob) was taping telephone conversations with my agent (Mic) and ringing me constantly demanding that I should - in effect - be on his side. I felt completely caught between the two, not wanting to lose either of them. It seems to me it is always the writer who gets squeezed. Anyway it appears to be more or less sorted out, both having to make some concessions, and the book will appear in a small hardback edition and larger paperback by another publishing firm, Pandora, at the same time. I haven't yet told them I will be in Tanzania when the book is due - maybe they'll pay something towards getting me back here for interviews, publicity, etc. I also have a smallish book on the trials of Nelson Mandela coming out in Italian soon, and they have written and suggested I should come to a conference that is being organised in Sardinia when it is ready . . . I lick my lips at the thought.

Toni's film Chain of Tears on what is happening to the children of Angola, Mozambique and South Africa was the best she has made, and had very good publicity here, and prime-time showing on TV. Did you see The World Apart or did I already ask you that? New grandson (Frances) named Kieran is very beautiful and gorgeous and quite lovely - we went to Leeds to see him, and I should think that will be the last. I always wanted six children, and had four, but never thought of the problems of compound arithmetic as applied to breeding.

I hope the Alhambra thrilled you as much as it did us, and that you got to Gibraltar and all the interesting places - and that, in due course, I shall hear something of them.

Much love

26th January 89

Dearest Janet,

Two cards! They both arrived. Even though you said about writing 'masses of postcards . . . not this time.'

But pleased you've figured out how to do the book. I'm trying to figure out how much money I will need to do the 'Exiles' book and it isn't easy - travelling expenses, accommodation, all sorts of things. When I've done my budget the ANC, I hope, will help to raise the money. It's quite a long-term project. At the same time . . .

Well, at the same time, we are definitely going to Tanzania, we think in April (depending on letting the house) I can see a fairly lengthy period of settling in. People who have lived at Mazimbu keep giving me long lists of things you must take (everything is unavailable in Tanzania) and this includes items like lavatory paper, stationary, cockroach killers, all the cosmetics, medicines, etc you might need, as well as many kitchen appliances. I will buy a small freezer & washing machine. The ANC provides us with a house and basic furniture, and everyone gets an issue of staple foods each week - I'm told basically huge supplies of meat, which I scarcely eat any more; and all flour, grains, etc, have to be carefully gone over to remove weevils, and ANC people are not permitted to employ domestic workers, so will I be writing a huge book? Or finding ways to contest the climate and shortages and what it all brings? Or studying the wonderful bird life - and there's a game reserve not far from Mazimbu - I want to try and get books on East African flora and fauna, and paint! Will there be any time left? Or perhaps, come the really hot season, I will simply be lying around in the coolest place I can find reading all those big art books I intend to take with me because I haven't had time to read them in England.

I will send you our new address and date of departure before I go.

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Much love

*Milda*

By air mail  
Par avion



Great  
Britain  
Postage  
Paid

  
**Royal Mail**  
Aerogramme

Janet Stevenson

783 Fifth Street

Hammond

OR 97121

USA

Name and address of sender

H Bernstein

Old House Farm

Dorstone, Herefordshire, HR3 6BL

Postcode

An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

To open slit here



To open slit here

March 1, 1969

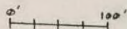
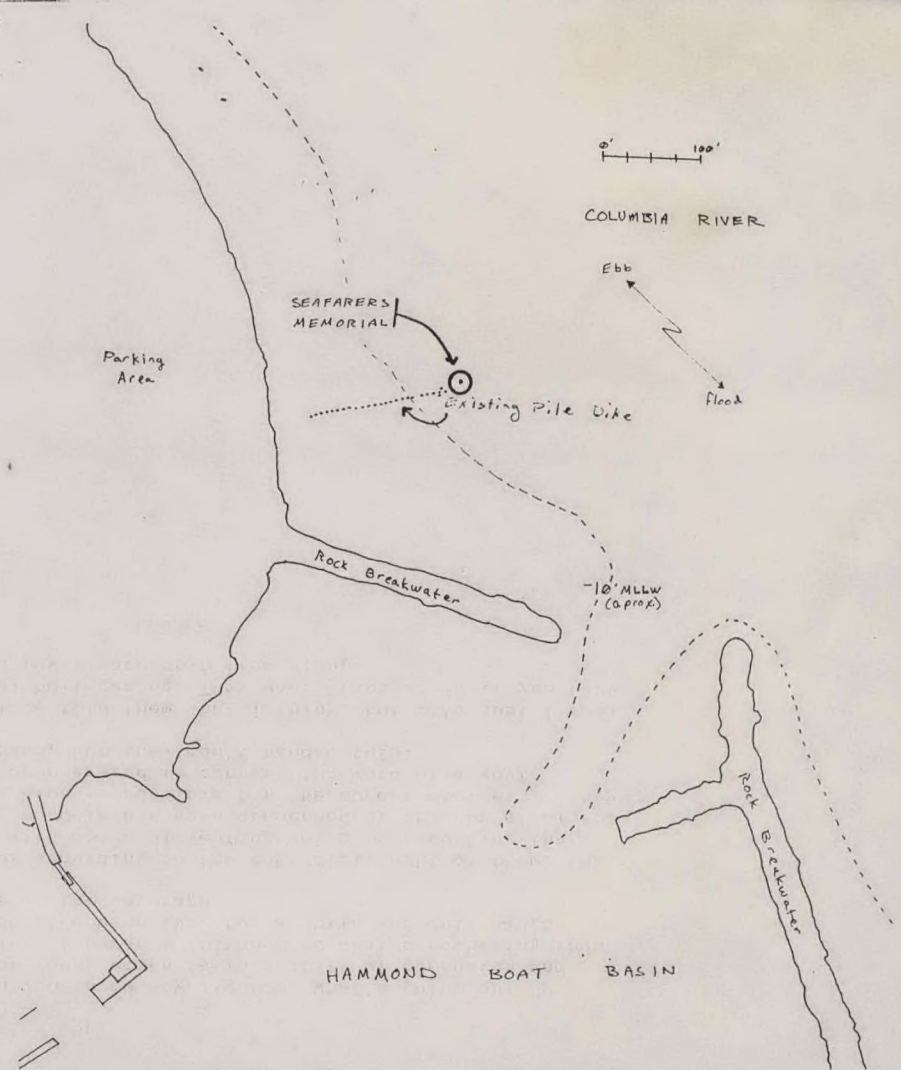
Dearest Hilda:

Can you throw any light on what's going on? My crew of young women is in a state of confusion and despair. I haven't listened to what's bothering them because I've been away for a while and only caught echoes of the coverage.

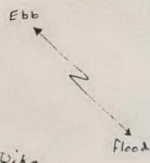
But according to the most distraught of them, the media with not a dissenting voice is reporting that Winnie Mandela has been denounced by the UDF et al for having been responsible for the murder etc. etc. They would be prepared to contest the word of a govt spokesman, but they can't handle this.

I've told them what I think, but it's just illoyal crystal-ball-gazing. They want "facts." So if you have even a few please ship them along.

Love,



COLUMBIA RIVER



SEAFARERS  
MEMORIAL

Parking  
Area

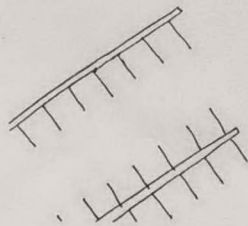
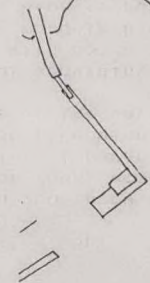
Existing Pile Dike

Rock Breakwater

10' MLLW  
(approx)

Rock Breakwater

HAMMOND BOAT BASIN



in: Columbia River River Mile: 8.5  
 Near: Hammond  
 County: Clatsop State: Oregon  
 Applicant: Town of Hammond  
 Date: 20 October 1988  
 Sheet 2 of 3

# A symbol in crisis

**T**HE words are from the Guardian. "A real-life heroine of immortal stature." In the awful perspective of the wider drama of the South African black people, the judgment of our reviewer on a recent book about Winnie Mandela surely stands. Heroic people may be flawed by their own weaknesses or by the accumulated pressure of intolerable events. They may even

come crashing down. In Mrs Mandela's case, it was apparently the relief of pressure — the lifting of restrictions in 1986 on the "mother of the nation" — which led her to tragically lose touch with a movement that she had inspired for a quarter of a century. Whatever the truth about Mrs Mandela's "football team" and their treatment of the four youths whom they allegedly abducted in December, she was already slipping fast from the pedestal.

The first version of events of December 29 at the Orlando Methodist Church in Soweto and, later that night, in Mrs Mandela's home, was reported by the highly respected "Weekly Mail." This was no knocking campaign. The newspaper's anti-apartheid credentials are underlined by its recent two-month suspension from publication. The fact of the abduction has not been denied: Mrs Mandela claims that the youths were removed after allegations that they had been sexually molested. But the news that the four were then apparently beaten, and that one of them is missing and may be dead, alarmed many in a community already deeply disturbed by the behaviour of Mrs Mandela's bodyguards. A crisis committee had been set up several months previously after a separate row when she negotiated with a conservative black American businessman to copyright her family name. The committee included senior anti-apartheid figures such as the church leader Reverend Frank Chikane and the mineworkers' leader Mr Cyril Ramaphosa. Last week the South African police began investigations, and the crisis committee — after a meeting when Mrs Mandela failed to appear — said it could no longer pursue its own inquiry. At the weekend more damaging allegations were published alleging Mrs Mandela's personal involvement in the beatings. These may become the subject of legal action.

Winnie Mandela suffered 25 years

U.K. THE GUARDIAN  
Tuesday February 14 1989

of harassment, solitary confinement, silencing and legal restrictions while the husband whom she loved was in jail, seen occasionally through wire mesh or glass. In her autobiography "Part of my Soul" she has described how the iron entered her heart. Once a social worker with the instinct to preserve human life, now she would fire the gun if she thought it right. "That is the bitterness they create in us. . . . And if need be, you will use their own methods, because that is the language they understand." There was no reason why the girl from a kraal in the Pondoland Hills should have been beatified by her suffering. Her South African biographer, Nancy Harrison, writing before her release from restriction, notes that Mrs Mandela can be both "autocratic" and "too trusting." Two years ago her apparent endorsement of "necklacing" showed, at the least, lack of political judgment. This was followed by the controversy over a palatial new home built with the proceeds of foreign royalties and awards. (Bowling to pressure, she resolved not to move into it until her husband was freed.)

"I have wondered," Nelson Mandela wrote to his wife in 1985, "whether any kind of commitment can ever be sufficient excuse for abandoning a young and inexperienced woman in a pitiless desert." Tragically, the price for the sacrifice which they both made may have been paid by "Stompie" Moeketsi, the youth who has disappeared. It will be extremely grindable grist to the mill of those who compelled the Mandelas to separate for what may still be a lifetime — the South African government. Yet the issues raised by decades of struggle do not depend on one man or one woman, nor only on the ANC. The UDF, church and union leaders were unable to resolve the crisis of Winnie Mandela, but they continue to wrestle with the larger crisis which is still the dominating shadow over South Africa.

STATEMENT OF THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE  
AFRICAN NATIONAL CONGRESS - Lusaka, Zambia - 18 February 1989

" Recently there have been serious developments pertaining to the activities of the group known as the Mandela Football Club which have raised great concern within the mass democratic movement and struggling people as a whole. The ANC shares the concern of the people and has, all the time, tried to intervene to find an amicable solution to the problem.

In the light of reports about its activities in the recent past, our organisation, complementing the initiatives of leading personalities of the Mass Democratic Movement, tried to use its influence to bring about the disbanding of the group. Unfortunately our counsel was not heeded by Comrade Winnie Mandela. The situation has been further complicated by the fact that she did not belong to any structures and therefore did not benefit from the discipline, counselling and collectivity of the Mass Democratic Movement.

Under these circumstances she was left open and vulnerable to committing mistakes which the enemy exploited. One such instance relates to the so-called Mandela Football Club. In the course of time, the club engaged in unbecoming activities which have angered the community. We fully understand the anger of the people and their organisations towards this club. We have every reason to believe that the club was infiltrated by the enemy, and that most of its activities were guided by the hand of the enemy for the purposes of causing disunity within the community and discrediting the name of Nelson Mandela and the organisation of which he is the leader.

Our people should not allow this. The ANC calls on our people to close ranks and exercise maximum vigilance against the vile machinations of the enemy.

Our position is that the problem arising from the activities of the Mandela Football Club can and must be resolved within the ambit of the democratic movement as a whole, both at local and national levels. This must be done in the shortest possible time.

To realise this, it is necessary that Comrade Winnie Mandela is helped to find her way into the structures and discipline of the Mass Democratic Movement. It will be of paramount importance that she co-operates with all those involved in the resolution of the problem.

We are confident that the Mass Democratic Movement will open its doors to her in the interest of our people and the struggle. There is a need to create a climate in which all problems facing the community, including the unfortunate

death of Stompie Moeketsi Seipei (a committed young lion who has made an immense contribution in the mobilisation of our youth and people in the struggle) will be discussed to foster unity rather than let the enemy use them to achieve its ends.

The ANC takes this opportunity to convey its heartfelt condolences to the parents, relatives and community of Stompie Moeketsi Seipei.

It is with a feeling of terrible sadness that we consider it necessary to express our reservations about Winnie Mandela's judgement in relation to the Mandela Football Club. But we should not forget what Comrade Winnie Mandela has gone through and her immense contribution to the liberation struggle. She has not only suffered the anguish of over quarter a century of separation from her husband, but has also experienced unending persecution at the hands of the regime, such as banishment, imprisonment, torture and sustained harassment over a period of more than two decades. Bearing the name of Mandela, and in her own right, she increasingly became one of the symbols of resistance to racist tyranny both at home and abroad.

We firmly believe, without prejudging all the issues which have been raised in relation to the problem, that whatever mistakes were made should be viewed against the background of her overall contribution on the one hand, and the activities of the enemy on the other. Viewed in this light we consider it important that the movement as a whole should adopt a balanced approach to the problems that have arisen.

The ANC, for its part, will continue to work for the unity of our people and we have no doubt that all those who have participated in attempting to solve this problem have done so in the best interests of our struggle."



WINNIE MANDELA has paid the price of believing the tens of thousands who told her she was 'the Mother of the Nation'.

Where she was once revered, she is now spurned. After a month of increasingly public controversy, South African anti-apartheid organisations have cut her dead. Their members have been told to have no dealings with her and civil rights lawyers have been urged not to act for her.

To their dismay, those who toppled her have found that even her fall from grace has eclipsed one of the anti-apartheid movement's few recent triumphs. A three-week hunger strike by 300 political detainees — demanding they be charged or freed — has borne its first fruit.

Seven leading members of the banned United Democratic Front were released, some after 32 months in prison without trial. Several hundred more are due out in the coming weeks after negotiations between their lawyers and Law and Order Minister Adriaan Vlok.

These are significant achievements — and so is the



**Nelson Mandela: He backed her censure.**

principle conceded by Vlok of negotiating with extra-parliamentary leaders.

The immediate catalyst for the 'Mandela crisis' was the abduction of four youths on 30 December from a church-run refuge near the Mandela home in Soweto. One of them, Stompie Moeketsi, was later found dead, his throat slit and body battered.

Mrs Mandela and her personal bodyguard, the Mandela United Football Club, were linked to the killing in a statement from the anti-apartheid United Democratic Front last week. A doctor

who examined the kidnapped youths in the Mandela home was murdered soon afterwards. As the crisis reached its climax last week, a member of Mrs Mandela's football team was beaten and stabbed to death in Soweto.

Police say they are investigating two murders possibly related to the Moeketsi killing. Civil rights lawyers, with greater access to the players in the brutal drama, believe the number is six or seven.

The crisis is the culmination of three years of mounting tension between Mrs Mandela and what Murphy Morobe, publicity secretary of the banned UDF, last week called 'various sections of the oppressed people and the mass democratic movement as a whole'.

The tension dates from Mrs Mandela's return to Soweto in late 1985 in defiance of a government order banishing her eight years earlier to the tiny rural village of Brandfort.

She brought with her impeccable revolutionary credentials. She was banned through most of the 1960 and 1970s and was one of the few local personalities to

politics was fed by the growing importance of the trade union movement, where traditions of charismatic, authoritarian leadership had little support. Mrs Mandela never made the transition to this new, doorstep politics.

She was a veteran of the lonely political 1960s, a media mega-star, and 'she was treated like a queen and began to act like one,' said an activist.

The brooding presence of the football team ensured her instructions were carried out. It took its cue from Mrs Mandela and acted as royal courtiers, demanding the fearful respect of much of Soweto. In the name of Mandela and dressed in tracksuits in the black, green and gold colours of the ANC, members forced their favours on often reluctant young women. On several occasions they forced their way into street committee meetings, demanding to be heard and obeyed.

When news of the December 30 abduction of Stompie and others flashed through Soweto, the full weight of the country's battered opposition — solidly backed by the ANC leadership in Lusaka

**'Parliament censured the queen and, when she objected, locked her in the palace.'**

and, reportedly, by Mandela himself — came down on Mrs Mandela. The team disbanded and Mrs Mandela has been pushed out into the cold. 'Parliament censured the queen,' says a leading figure of the anti-apartheid movement. 'And when she objected, it locked her in the palace.'

Her fate was finally sealed when a statement on behalf of the 'Mass Democratic Movement' roundly condemned her. Read by the UDF's Murphy Morobe, with Elijah Barayi, president of the Congress of South African Trade Unions, at his side, there was little doubting its authority.

But it is not yet clear that any court action will follow. The three youths abducted with Stompie Moeketsi have vanished — in hiding 'for their own safety,' say friends. And no matter what their opinion of her, few others are likely to testify against the former Mother of the Nation on behalf of the apartheid Government.

acknowledge her allegiance to the African National Congress during the organisation's lean years in the decade after the destruction of its underground networks in 1963.

She spent almost three years behind bars for repeated breaches of her banning order or as a detainee held without trial. Her longest stretch, 17 months, was spent in solitary confinement.

The 'young lions' who in 1985 were attempting — at the behest of the increasingly influential ANC — to render South Africa ungovernable, flocked to her to pay homage to what one described as 'the ANC flag in person'.

She in turn empathised with their rash impatience and forgave them their excesses, publicly condoning 'necklacing' at a time when the ANC and local political organisations were feverishly working to stamp out the rash of political killings by burning.

It was the first time she bumped heads with other sections of the anti-apartheid movement. The second came with the construction of a £460,000 mansion 'fit for our president' in the middle of the ghetto-poverty of Soweto. It remains empty at Nelson Mandela's insistence.

This was followed by the destruction of the original Mandela home by outraged pupils seeking vengeance for the attempted rape of two schoolgirls by members of Mandela United.

A fortnight later came the abortive attempt to sell international rights to the family name to American businessman Robert Brown — averted only by her husband's intervention.

Mrs Mandela's behaviour out of the limelight was causing more serious tensions, however. In black townships, where police and the legal system are regarded with deep suspicion and the local

authorities have little power or credibility, resident political figures must do more to retain their standing than hold out promises of a brighter, less hostile future.

They must shoulder the burdens of making the present more bearable for their neighbours and the supplicants who arrive daily on their doorsteps.

They are the only available authority figures and are called on to mediate in domestic disputes, advise on big decisions and, often, to act as intermediaries in dealing with authority, as informal JPs for Soweto. The changing style of black

"The PRIDE & FALL of Winnie Mandela"

Observer 19/2/89

'liberal-ish' Sunday paper

by David Niddrie

ing me by denying you assaulted the boys. Tell the truth!'. Richardson then said he had beaten the youths to make them tell the truth about committing indecent acts with Verryn. He said that under intense questioning Stompie had also admitted that he was responsible for the murder of four comrades.

Richardson also said he had last seen Stompie a week after he fetched him from the Verryn house ... On Wednesday, police impounded Mandela's kombi and detained her driver. He was released after questioning ...

*SA paper* City Press 19.2.89

Winnie Mandela agreed yesterday to disband her group of bodyguards known as the Mandela United Football Club, on the advice of her husband ... The Rev Frank Chikane, secretary general of the SA Council of Churches, said Winnie Mandela had told him during a visit he paid to her home that her husband had instructed her last Wednesday 'to remove the youths' staying at her house. Chikane said he would be making arrangements for the youths' prompt departure and their welfare. 'I am doing all I can to make sure that there are no further murders,' he said. Sunday Times (UK) 19.2.89

Winnie Mandela has begun a term of banishment and internal exile in Soweto much harsher than her eight years of isolation in Brandfort. This time it is not the Pretoria government but her own people who have rejected her. The reverberations of yesterday's unequivocal statement by the 'Mass Democratic Movement' will take time to be felt around the world. Winnie Mandela has been excommunicated by the very struggle of which she had become a revered and potent symbol.

The statement, presented in Johannesburg yesterday by former United Democratic Front acting publicity secretary Murphy Morobe, UDF president Archie Gumede and Cosatu president Elijah Barayi, suggested that the substance — if not necessarily the details — of the allegations against her are true. News agency reports late yesterday said that senior members of the ANC had been fully briefed on the issue and supported the efforts of the Soweto community. The ANC was in touch with those who were dealing with the crisis.

The movement's president, Oliver Tambo, was on his way back to Lusaka from Harare and was expected to issue a statement today. That the Johannesburg statement was issued with a sense of deep regret was clear throughout the press conference. It was a 'very sensitive and painful matter' said Morobe. He responded sharply when asked why it had taken so long for leaders to speak out on the Winnie Mandela issued: 'Because it has not been an easy matter,' he snapped. But, he added later: 'History calls for a specific decision and we have taken it.'

Mrs Mandela had 'abused the trust and confidence which she had enjoyed over the years,' the statement said, and she had failed to 'consult the democratic movement — often

violating the spirit and ethos of that movement'. Her actions had 'led her into conflict with various sections of the oppressed people and with the Mass Democratic Movement as a whole,' and eleventh-hour efforts by 'some of our most able and respected (extra-parliamentary) leaders' had been disregarded by Mandela.

While 'paying tribute' to Mrs Mandela's contribution and acknowledging her suffering at the hands of the government and enforced separation from her husband, the representatives said 'the stage has been reached where we have no option but to speak out'. The statement laid the blame for the conduct of the controversial 'football team' squarely at Winnie's door. 'In particular, we are outraged by the reign of terror that the team has been associated with. Not only is Mrs Mandela associated with the team, in fact it is her own creation'.

The representatives said the democratic movement was duty-bound to denounce all human rights violations, even when they were perpetrated by 'those who claim to be doing so in the name of the struggle against apartheid. We are outraged at Mrs Mandela's obvious complicity in the recent abductions... Had Stompie Moeketsi and his colleagues not been abducted by Mrs Mandela's football team he would have been alive today'...

Morobe strongly rejected suggestions that yesterday's intervention had been 'ordered by the ANC'. 'This is an initiative that comes from on the ground' he said. 'We as internal leaders have responded to demands from the ground'. He said, however, that the ANC would 'certainly' be included among the 'broad range of groups which we will consult on the issue'. He said it was hoped the contents of the statement would be communicated to Nelson Mandela in Victor Verster prison.

Morobe emphasised that the distancing process should not go beyond what was envisaged in the statement. 'Up until now the communities have been very restrained in their response to the issue,' he said. 'She shouldn't be in any danger,' he added, 'community organisations on the ground have been instructed to ensure that nothing more happens.'

The only concern for the anti-apartheid groups, he said, was that people should not associate with Mrs Mandela, or participate in initiatives embarked on by her, in such a way that it could be 'misconstrued as being done at the behest of the Mass Democratic Movement'. He would not comment on the future relationship between Winnie Mandela and her husband, saying he and his colleagues were restricting themselves to a 'political' intervention.

Interviewed after the press conference, Cosatu president Elija Barayi said he did not expect the announcement to affect his organisation's relationship with its honorary chairman, Nelson Mandela. 'We will deal with him as our leader as usual,' he said. Mrs

Mandela was not likely to be offered public platforms by Cosatu, he said. Morobe said there had been wide consultation before the decision to 'go public'. Weekly Mail 17.2.89  
*SA programme paper*

Extracts from the statement on Winnie Mandela by black anti-apartheid leaders yesterday:

We have now reached the state where we have no option but to speak publicly on what is a very sensitive and painful matter. In recent years, Mrs Mandela's actions have increasingly led her into conflict with various sections of the oppressed people and with the mass democratic movement as a whole. The recent conflict in the community has centred largely around the conduct of her so-called football club, which has been widely condemned by the community ... We believe Mrs Mandela has abused the trust and confidence which she has enjoyed over the years. She has not been a member of any of the democratic structures of the UDF and Cosatu and she has often acted without consulting the democratic movement.

Often, her practices have violated the spirit and ethos of the democratic movement. Numerous efforts have been made to reconcile the conflict between Mrs Mandela and the community. The last of these efforts was the formation of a crisis committee comprising some of our most able and respected members. On every occasion Mrs Mandela has refused to co-operate and has chosen to disregard the sentiments of the community.

The democratic movement has uncompromisingly fought against violations of human rights from whatever quarter. We are not prepared to remain silent where those who are violating human rights claim to be doing so in the name of the struggle against apartheid ... We call on our people, in particular, the Soweto community, to exercise this distancing in a dignified manner.

We take this opportunity to reaffirm our unqualified support for our leader, Nelson Mandela, and call for his immediate release. The actions associated with the football team, and even with members of his family, should never be used to undermine the esteem in which we still hold comrade Nelson.

*Independent (UK) 17.2.89*

We have remained silent on the saga surrounding Winnie Mandela and her football club. We decided not to engage in hysterical reporting on 'the club' because we felt it necessary to wait until the process set up by the community to resolve the matter had run its course. However, the urgency of the matter and the apparent breakdown of this process compels us to address it now.

The controversy surrounding 'the team' is the direct manifestation of government action in clamping down on our organisations and declaring the state of emergency. In removing organisations of the people and their structures, as well as the detention of leaders, the government seeks to create confusion

among the people and make space for unruly elements to gain ascendancy. The objective is to foment tension and mutual suspicion, giving rise to the emergence of vigilante forces who work hand-in-hand with the apartheid system against the people.

That the 'Mandela Football XI' has not been accountable to the community in any manner, has been a source of great concern and anger in the community. Any structure that claims to represent our leaders **must** submit itself to the discipline of the people. The principle of accountability ensures that our structures and our leaders always act within a given mandate and are answerable to those who elected them or look up to them for leadership.

Nelson Mandela symbolises the non-racial and democratic ideals we are striving for, the hope of our country. For these reasons, we cannot allow his name to be sullied in this fashion. While we do not want to sit in judgement of Winnie, we want to state that no individual is greater than the people. Her 'football team' or 'bodyguards' should be disbanded and submit to our leaders too. We want to believe that the time has come for the mass democratic movement to take up this issue and ensure that all parties in this controversial issue submit to its discipline and dictates. New Nation (Editorial) 16.2.89  
*SA Black paper*

2 March 7th 89. (Hired typewriter, horrible, my own shipped out to Tanzania, probably wont arrive for months)

Dearest Janet,

On receiving your letter this morning I dashed down to our village where a nice young woman has a photo-copying machine, to get these articles for you. I will refer to their contents in a minute.

I well understand that your young women are in a state of confusion and despair, and the Anti-Apartheid Movement in London is coping with innumerable phgone calls and floods of letters. People are prepared to disbelieve anything the SA gvt says - and should do so - but when this story first began to break, and I got phone calls from friends asking me what I made of it, I had to say: I'm afraid it's true.

Hindsight: Maybe it would have been better to bring it out in public earlier. It's been going on a long, long time, everyone in Soweto knows that, the press had quite a lot of information (even the overseas correspondents held back until it was no longer possible), the organisations both inside and outside have tried to tackle it from time to time. What happened to Winnie?

She was always like this - that is, totally wilful, refusing to work within an organisation, taking advice from no one and insisting on going her own way. I knew Winnie from the time she married Nelson. I admired her beauty and dignity, knew little about her until the Rivonia period. During the trial we (that is, political activists) heard that Winnie was having an affair with a man suspected of being a police informer (it later turned out that he was.) A couple of us discussed this, sent someone to speak to Winnie, to warn her of the dangers both to herself and Nelson. She refused to listen. We tried everything - someone even suggested persuading her ~~self~~ to go overseas but she would not listen to anyone. That's my first experience of her 'wilfulness', as one of the articles puts it.

Later, she was detained for months on end and in a prolonged trial, discharged, rearrested, brought to trial again, discharged again. A long episode in which her heroic qualities came to the fore, her defiance of the Security police, etc. But what was never discussed openly at that time was that the whole episode for which she and a group of others had been arrested was for underground work they had undertaken (duplicating leaflets, etc) ENTIRELY INDEPENDENTLY of any of the democratic groups and organisations, and again, in this case, in contact with a very shady couple (one a woman who ran a brothel).

Exile: During 7 years of banishment to an awful place in the Free State, outside the small reactionary town of Brandfort, in the African township which didnt even have a name - it was known as 'the black location' - this well-educated, sophisticated, very middleclass woman, accustomed to pretty good living conditions, lived alone except for her daughter Zinzi who wasnt there all the time; was not allowed to speak to, be in the company of, more than one person at a time; forced to live in primitive, miserable conditions - a house without running water, etc. And she attracted world attention. Not a single important person from any country who visited SA who didnt go to Brandfort to see Winnie. Two biographies were written about her. She was never out of the news. She spent hours of every day at the public phone box in the town, receiving calls from media, personalities, etc. She also showed remarkable initiative, won the local women over, started a nursery school, taught them how to grow vegetables, and so on. And she was a queen.

Her house in the black location was burned. She defied her bans and returned to Soweto. The SB's let her stay. She was number one heroine, 'the mother of the nation', greeted everywhere, prominent everywhere, applauded, lauded, everywhere, still the target of the media and ther visiting 'greats.' But she worked only by herself. When the UDF

was formed Albertina Sisulu became one of their presidents. Winnie never associated with it. (I forgot to mention that ~~in~~ earlier on, when Nelson was already in jail, she wouldn't work with the women, and he sent out messages to Albertina and others saying 'Please don't isolate Winnie, she needs your support.')

Even 5,000 miles away, we were worried about Winnie. Every time she made a statement or gave an interview, her lack of any real political ability came to the fore. She said many questionable things. Worst of all, at a time when the ANC was exerting every pressure to get the young militants to abandon 'necklace' killings, she made her notorious speech 'with our matches and our necklaces we shall liberate this country.'

She had a huge house built - I saw photos, it's a monstrosity, more so in a place like Soweto. Nelson forbade her to live in it when he heard. She negotiated with an American shyster for the exclusive use of the Mandela name. Nelson got to hear of it, and made his lawyer call it off. Friends from SA told me, very privately, of increasingly erratic behaviour suggesting either she was drinking very heavily or else taking drugs. Probably drinking. She became completely isolated from the people of Soweto &, of course, their organisations. She built one of her ~~own~~. In the article from the Observer, the most perceptive part refers to the changing style of black politics, and that this veteran of the lonely 1960s never made the transition.

Of course, the SA authorities have had their hand in this all along. Her football team could never have been free of police spies, and it is now being said that the leader, Richardson, charged with the murder of Stompie, is a police agent. The 'mass democratic movement' as the UDF, Cosatu and others refer to themselves, have been trying for months and months to solve this whole problem. Eventually it had to break. Would it have been better if she had been repudiated earlier? How could it have been done?

Lots of lessons for people everywhere, but meanwhile, a nasty mess. Friends tell me the SA radio has gone on day after day, and TV shows pictures of Winnie making speeches, hitherto all banned, etc.

Lots more, but not enough time to tell you. We are leaving here on March 31st, will be in London for over a week, then fly to Tanzania. Our address:

SOMAFCO  
Private Bag Mazimbu  
P.O. Morogoro  
Tanzania

for a year, I think, although I expect to be in London again in June when the book comes out - I hope. It's an enormous upheaval, will write about it another time.

Much love

*Silda*

June 12, 1989

Dearest Hilda:

I should have written right away to thank you for your wonderfully prompt and lucid response to the questions about Winnie. But I didn't, and then life got overwhelmingly complex. Now that I'm getting around to it, you're not likely to be at this address, at least for a while. But I have no address for you in London, so this will have to wait for you to get back. (I hope the trip to London did take place and that it was a smashing success.)

The world is in one of those states during which, over my long life, I've learned to bury my head in the nearest sand pile and wait for the sky to stop raining death. The first time I felt like this, I was--fortunately--making a baby, and that's quite an insulator. The next time I was on the high (medium) seas, sailing for the South Pacific. It was easy not to know how bad things were, but not easy to escape the guilt. This time, I've got the battles of the U.S. women's movement to occupy me, but only by straining the fabric can I pull them into a fallout-proof cloak.

Last Friday Joseph became a Registered Nurse. He made the student speech at the graduation ceremony and shredded my cloak. Before he got to the comedy routine--a bunch of satirical "awards"--he made a quietly passionate, five-minute speech about what was going on in Tsienamin (sp?) Square that sent chills down everyone's spine and started tears in my eyes. I asked if he had a copy, and he said yes. When I get it, I may send it on to you. I wonder if it's the text or the delivery or the combination that made it such a soul-mover.

Other than that, there's little to write about. But I feel the need to talk to you about the frustrating contradictions of my daily grind. Maybe because I think you're one of the few who will understand the frustrations of feeling one's body (and mind?) slowing down when the agenda is speeding up. I used to be able to handle this sort of "activism" without ravelling at the seams. Of course, in those days the issues (and the consequent proliferation of meetings) were more focussed than they are now, and changing "hats" was less like a vaudeville juggling act.

The job I really work at is, au fond, an effort to replace myself. Or rather, to develop a cadre of young women who can take over and change the world. The issues on which they can be organized aren't all that vital (in my private opinion), but that's where they are "at" so it's where one has to start. At the moment it's the struggle to keep the Bush administration from turning the clock back on the right to an abortion. I'm secretly astounded at the passion that is generated on both sides of this one. It may be because I never had a nasty experience with an illegal abortionist, nor did I know anyone who did. But the generation that came after mine seems to have been trapped between the new sexual freedom and the inaccessibility of "correctives."

Anyway, they (we) march by the hundreds of thousands in D.C. and state capitals. For most of my protégées, this is the first time they've ever had that heady experience. I suspect that they would march just as elatedly if the issue were of more geopolitical significance. They care about the right things. They just don't know which wheel to put their shoulders against. But I figure if they learn how to place their shoulders where they get the maximum effect, the right wheel will come along.

Meanwhile, I solve all sorts of piddling little problems, consoling myself with the knowledge that my payment is the company of a generation a lot more gemütlich than what's left of my own.

Yesterday--after I started this missive--one of the older members of the local "caucus" brought me a book she had borrowed from the State Library. I had never heard of it, or of the author. Apparently she is better known under a pseudonym (which I've already forgotten) as the writer of a series of policiers with strong female heroines. As Carolyn Heilbroner, she is a professor at some eastern university, and the book is a collection of essays called Reinventing Womanhood. I wish I knew a way to get it to you. (I wish I knew a way of getting a copy for myself!) It was published in 1979, which means that it's out of print and available only in second-hand stores. But it's got insights that I have been groping for ever since I started thinking about the problem of gender.

The one that "blows my mind" at the moment is the observation that women who make it in a male-dominated (professional) world do it by following male role models, and consequently do not "bond" with--or act as mentors for--other women. Statistics also show that most of them are either only children or the oldest in a brood of sisters! It follows, she thinks, that they got a special sort of treatment from their fathers, which explains their drive for achievement, or at least its success.

One small point: she observes that strong or "autonomous" female heroines in literature are almost always the creations of male writers. Women writers tend to "imagine autonomy" in terms of men! (I wish I could make her read my books. I suppose I shall have to start reading hers.)

Perhaps the reason this book seems so important to me is that I have to believe what I said at the start of this letter: that bringing women into something like equity in power will change the world, and for the better. It disturbs me profoundly that all efforts to achieve this over the last several hundred years have ended in "one step forward, two--or even three--steps back." Now that I think I have an explanation, I feel more able to put my shoulder to the right wheel. Or, to use another long lost figure of speech, to find the link which, when pulled strongly, will move the whole chain.

Much love to you and to Rusty,

*Junit*

3 July 1989

Dear Hilda,

Please forgive this delay. I was really happy to learn about your move to Morogoro and excited about your writing/drawing/painting projects and your being back in Africa and in the ANC's bosom once again. What a wonderful opportunity at a very special time. If you are doing any short reports about your experiences there, or if you have any fresh perspectives on the situation, please put me on your mailing list. Also share with the sisters and brothers down there that a fabulous anti-apartheid event was held here in Geneva a few weeks back, organized by a secondary school class, consisting of a drama enacted outside one of the 3 banks doing the most disgusting business with South Africa, followed by an attempt to clean the bank, at which point we took brooms mops + dishrags and washed the side of the bank with soapy water! In my decades of going to protests + demonstrations this was by far the most inspiring. A luta continua!

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