

P.O. Box 2143  
Carefree, AZ 85377  
February 6, 1984

Dear Hilda,

How good of you to write. I'm glad Fatima's book reached you, and was happy to know that she did, after all, get to the States for a period of leave. She seemed uncertain about the prospects when I saw her in October.

I shall certainly look for "For Their Triumphs..." Do you have a publishing date yet? And will it be published in the US also?

You will be interested in a letter recently received from Helen Joseph, for she wrote that she had just been given a copy of "Death is Part of the Process," and was looking forward to reading it. Patrick Browne had come to see Helen, and gave her the book. Banned, of course, in S.A. I shall look for it here; again, wonder if it has been published in the States.

I have just done a brief piece on Magopa, and am sending it around. Shall use a pen name if it's accepted, as I don't want to risk being shut out of S.A.

It would be good to meet you. There is a possibility that I'll be in London briefly in early August. Would you be available?

Thank you for suggestions of material which would be of interest to me. I shall write to Anti-Apartheid and ask for their monthly paper. I already have the IDAF address in Cambridge, Mass., and will be in touch with them.

I intend to keep in touch with you. And if a London meeting this summer can't be worked out, I'll plan on it another time.

All best wishes,

*Polly*  
Polly Tompkins

PAULINE TOMPKINS  
P. O. BOX 2143  
CAREFREE, AZ 85377



Ms Hilda Bernstein  
5 Rothwell Street  
London, NW1 8YH  
England

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*P.S. - August dates were  
likely to be 16-19!*

**Around the Nation-Around the World  
World Communications Year 1983**

Additional message area

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Singing Meadows  
364 Cross Point Road  
N. Edgecomb, Maine 04556... July 27, 1985

Dear Hilda,

I hope it is just this kind of day at Old House Farm -- glorious! And after a sorely needed heavy rain (we need days and days of that, though), Raspberries coming faster now than we can pick them - first batch of jam done up yesterday; and a rhubarb-raspberry pie (my contribution -- I'm not a cook, like you - and the fact that we can now get frozen pie crusts already made is my major inspiration in tackling the job). Just wish we could share all with you and Rusty.

Here is the "document" and many thanks for the loan of it.

Had a delightful trip to Nova Scotia two weeks ago. Of course you know Marjory Whitelaw -- and again she wanted to be remembered to you. She has a small house in a tiny village very near the coast (northern part of the island), and expects eventually to make it her permanent home. But still in residence in Halifax for the next few years anyway - . We had a non-stop talk/visit; I stayed overnight with her, and she loaned me a rich collection of Helen-to-Marjory correspondence, the main part during the mid-60s and in connection with Marjory's editing of Tomorrow's Sun. Those were dreadful years for all of you. The letters reveal so much that eludes the pages of a book, and I would guess that Marjory provided a needed outlet. Marjory had initially hoped to do Helen's bio herself -- but it was a thought that kept being postponed because of Marjory's other commitments as a journalist, and now in addition she has really lost touch with conditions there. I've now gone through the correspondence. In several letters Helen refers to you - always with warm words of respect and affection. I believe you were at the party Marjory gave at the time Helen's book was announced or released.

By the way, Marjory's friend who had reported a 2-week ban or house arrest for Helen was off the mark - I talked with him on the phone and he had it confused with something else. Wish I could talk with you about current happenings. Both's state of emergency seems a huge gaffe. Best to you both. Affectionately,

10/17

July 2, 1985

Dear Hilda,

Just four weeks ago I was on my way to Dorstone -- and what a very happy and satisfying journey it was. You and Rusty were more than kind to open your home to this stranger (No! you and I had not met previously!). But from the moment we spotted each other at the Dorstone bus stop I had the feeling of greeting someone whom I must have known before - it all seemed so natural and comfortable. Thank you for making it so.

I loved being at Old House Farm, a truly charming as well as challenging place, and shared vicariously your and Rusty's delight in the work of restoring, changing a few things, adding others, clearing the land, putting in gardens, discovering perennials with the advent of spring... I suppose my thoughts have turned to Dorstone with greater frequency now that I am once more, and until mid-October, at Singing Meadows, the old (but new in terms of English history), early 19th century New England farm which has been in my family for three decades. We've done a lot to the place over the years (happily no nettles to cope with), but basically it retains the aura and flavor of old New England. I love everything about it! and so share and fully appreciate your enthusiasm for Dorstone. I would like to think that some day you may come to this part of the US - we are only 150 miles (3½ hours) from Boston; even nearer Quebec Province should those Catholic women lure you back. It would be great to welcome you to this bit of Maine. Do keep it in mind.

Our conversation about Helen, and including the "table talk" with you and Rusty at "Jules", was very helpful. Thanks for your candor. As you would know (better than I, I'm sure), writing a biography is considerably more demanding - even daunting - than doing a biographical novel, or a research project on a particular era, particularly when the subject is contemporary and still very much alive. No matter how many insights and perceptions I am able to obtain -- and I need all I can get - I am still confronted with a life which eludes full knowing even by the subject herself. Your thoughtful appraisals and frankness during the course of our several talks were not only appreciated, but very necessary.

I got a copy of Nancy Harrison's biography of Winnie, and agree with your assessment. This is not what I want to do with Helen! Also picked up Ellen Kuzwayo's Call Me Woman - still to read. Hope I can meet her in December or January. I haven't forgotten "The Case of the 22," which you loaned me. Shall be going to a college library a few miles from here shortly, and will run off a copy and mail yours to you.

Next week I drive to Nova Scotia (a daylong trip only) to see the woman who edited "Tomorrow's Sun." She had just talked with a Nova Scotia professor/friend who'd seen Helen very recently, and reported that Helen had been either banned or put under a two-week house arrest "for participating in a song sung at a memorial service." I've heard nothing from Helen about it (her last letter to me dated June 1).

(p.t.o.)

Tompkins  
364 Cross Point Road  
N.Edgecomb, ME 04556



Mrs Hilda Bernstein  
Old House Farm  
Dorstone  
Herefordshire HR3 6BL  
England

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**Around the Nation-Around**  
**World Commu**

No enclosure permitted

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Additional message area

Helen's manuscript will be published by Zed (this she said to share with friends "in confidence"), presumably fairly early 1986. I don't know who may be editing it. I'm glad for her; and knowing now that it will be out helps me in my own approach.

Please give my greetings and warm wishes to Rusty.

At the bus stop, as I was leaving, I remember (with pleasure) your saying, "I hope we meet again, soon."  
Dear Hilda - so do I!

Affectionately,

Polly

21/8/85

Dear Polly,

Yesterday I returned from eight days in Scotland with an American friend (Janet Stevenson - she is a playwright and novelist, and has just had a new novel, *Departure*, published - I think it is her best) and found your second letter with the pamphlet - thank you! And decided that if I did not write to you almost immediately, your letters would find themselves in a file labelled 'For Attention' or else 'Pending' . . . and once safely inside those files, it is ages and ages before I look at them again.

We went to Edinburgh first, and took in more than two days of theatre, both orthodox festival and the 'fringe.' Saw a couple of worthwhile productions and some I didn't like much. But what riches! I have never been to the Edinburgh Festival before, and did not have any idea of the immense feast that is spread out - you can nibble at bits of it, and probably always feel that somehow you've missed the best. We then hired a car and went up the east coast to the Orkneys. Scotland is a small country that gives the appearance of being huge. The combination of mountains and water, the large uninhabited spaces, are all so different from England with its patchwork of fields and hedges and villages. I found the Orkneys interesting, but perhaps rather formidable - a treeless gentle landscape that cannot often be free of winds and rain; vast skies, an amazing number of archeological remains - megaliths, standing circles of stones, stone villages, burial mounds, dating back some 5,000 years; a sense of awe when seeing these. But I wished Rusty had been with me, and was pleased to get back to Dorstone.

We, too, had our round of 'pick your own' raspberries, before that feast of strawberries, but everything was not what it should have been this year because of the lack of sun and excessive rain. Farmers are moaning about their damaged crops, ruined by too much rain at harvesting time. As the EEC has a grain mountain, it can't be too much of a tragedy. Then yesterday the 'Diggers' came - I don't know if I mentioned the birthday present that my children clubbed together to give me - a garden laid out and planted with bushes - already the place is transformed and in a year or two, when they have filled out, will be beautiful. Prior to going to Scotland I was a tutor for a week at a summer school run by an Arts Council in London; never done such a thing before. I taught 'Animal painting and drawing.' Was petrified beforehand, but it turned out to be stimulating and quite rewarding. I took my class to the Zoo. I've now decided it is time for me to settle down and do some real work (but the outside is so beguiling as you must know.)

I am happy that your research is making progress, and that Marjorie proved helpful. I have her Halifax address & should write to her . . . I will, one of these days.

A Sunday paper here has published two extracts from a book about Winnie Mandela supposed to have been written by herself. The story is that a German woman journalist went to see her, and got the material on tape; it has been published in German, & now bought by Penguins & will be published here, with some editing. The extracts were not very interesting - what a pity if another poor biography appears.

I have been reading a biography of Baroness Blixen - Isak Dinesen, the Danish woman who lived in Kenya. It is an absolute model of a good biography - do you know it?

I must have been born under a star of optimism. I also like to think that some day I will visit Singing Meadows. Perhaps by that time you will have begun writing the book, and we will discuss it together. Meanwhile, we will keep in touch.

With love

April 14, 1986

Dear Hilda,

Rather a while since our last exchange. I was pleased to find your Christmas greeting on my return from S.A. -- was there from early Dec. to early Feb. Wish we could talk about it all! I feel now that I've seen about as many people as would be productive; the research is never really done but things pretty much in hand, and the real job under way. I don't expect to do any more traveling until I've a draft in hand.

Helen's Side by Side came out April 8, I expect -- her birthday which seemed appropriate and the publisher's idea. I'm waiting for a copy from Zed, but of course have the ms. I gather Zed took it practically as it was in ms. form. Hope it goes over well. The Zed agent in S.A. seemed very much on the go, with contacts for publication elsewhere. Gwen Carter hopes Indiana U. here may take it, but last I heard she had no final word.

Anyway -- I'm glad for Helen it's out. I wonder if you've seen any reviews, and if so whether you would be willing to ship a few along to me? I understand The New Statesman was going to print a 2-3,000 word excerpt? Have you seen it?

If you do send me some reviews you should use my Maine address after May 1: 364 Cross Point Road, N. Edgecomb, Maine 04556. I'll be there from mid-May until mid-October -- so, again, if you get to Canada or the U.S. remember that I'm wanting to show you my farm! Hope all is well with you; that the winter was not frigid for you this time 'round, and that you and Rusty are still enjoying the rural life.

Warm greetings to you both,

Love,

Polly

PAULINE TOMPKINS  
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USA 36

**Celebrate  
America**

Mrs Hilda Bernstein  
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England

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*(i.e. Mr. Wally Wood had good advice on TV "Show" of 2004 world)*  
**Travel... the perfect freedom**

Additional message area



3rd May 86

Dear Polly,

Yes, Helen's book is out here, although I haven't seen any reviews. Here is the extract published in the Statesman. If I spot reviews I will post them on to you. I haven't yet obtained a copy of the book, but was hoping that it would have had a good editor.

We had a foul winter and an absolutely horrid Spring, cold, dark, desolate, wet, depressing. I felt it would never end, and was pleased to go on a short speaking tour for the ANC in France and Portugal at the beginning of April - when I came back it was just as cold, but I enjoyed the tomn, although its hard work. However, Spring has begun, late but at last! Daffodils, forsythia, and the trees coming into leaf 'like something almost being said' - that's Philip Larkin - do you know it? If not, I will type it out for you - second thoughts, I'll do it now:

The trees are coming into leaf .  
Like something almost being said;  
The recent buds relax and spread,  
Their greenness is a kind of grief.

Is it that they are born again  
And we grow old? No, they die too.  
Their yearly trick of looking new  
Is written down in rings of grain.

Yet still the unresting castles thresh  
In fullgrown thickness every May.  
Last year is dead, the saem to say,  
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh.

Havent much to say at present. We are going to Italy for two weeks in a week's time. I'm trying to finish a book I'm writing, which is different from anything I've done before. I wont comment on current news, it is overwhelming horrible. Write when you have time.

Love  
Hilda

P.S. Will be at the Maine farm until mid  
Arizona for the winter.

16 August 86

Dear Hilda,

It was so good to have your early May letter; and thank you for Philip Larkin's lovely poem -- I was not familiar with it. It's beautiful, and I've put it where it catches my eye frequently.

Your ugly winter/spring gave way, I hope, to a drier, sunnier summer. Here in Maine it's been the wettest July in nearly a century, and thus far August is trying hard to equal it. But the good days are spectacular, and somehow I never seem to mind, too much, the days of high high humidity and rain. At least they keep me at my desk, which is where I properly belong. Anyway, I've wondered if you got your farm house insulated, proper heat, etc., and at least were more comfortable than during the first winter (I still chuckle at your telling me about accepting the invitation to Quebec so you could get warm!).

A letter from Helen tells me that Side By Side now has found a U.S. publisher. Gwen Carter doesn't yet know who that might be; thinks maybe Indiana U., but odd that I.U. would not have told her. Netherlands and Germany to come out with translations next year; a possibility that Sweden will follow suit. I've not seen any reviews here; a friend said she thought she saw one in the Chr. Sci. Mon. a few weeks ago - I'll try to locate it. Thank you very much for sending the Statesman piece. Helen wrote about the launching party at Ilse's on April 8, and how someone had got a copy of the book and presented it to her - to her delight and surprise. She continues to speak; off to UCT and UWC and Stellenbosch the first week in Sept., and to witness Tutu's enthronement in Cape Town. Also was planning, or helping to plan, a commemoration service at the Jo'burg cathedral for August 9.

I am really well into my own writing at this point. It's slow, but coming along page (or half-page) by page. Hopefully, I'll have a draft done by end of next year. I'm immersed, and thoroughly enjoying it. Will keep you updated. And do tell me about your in-progress book, which you wrote was different from anything you'd previously done. Would be so interested to know more!

Marjory Whitelaw ~~was~~ bussed here from Halifax for a few days early July. Then took the night boat home. We had a grand time. You may recall I met her last summer -- drove to her summer cottage in Nova Scotia.

Think I may have told you that I met Sonia B. in London after you and I had our visit. Sonia suggested I contact Ray Simons, which I did. Then no response, but a few days ago I had a letter from her -- she had written immediately after my letter, and it went somewhere probably, but not to me -- . Anyway, she had hoped I'd get to Lusaka (I'd mentioned it as a possibility in connection with the projected S.Afr. trip). I did try to get a visa from Jo'burg, but was told it would take 6/8 weeks; by then my S.A. trip would have been well over. Would like to go there, but no possibility of any further overseas travel until I'm finished with a first draft of my own book. (Above not clear! The letter from Ray was her second one to me; first never arrived and she wondered why I hadn't replied!)

Do continue to keep Maine (even Arizona!) in mind if you come this way. We must meet again, somewhere.

Love,

Peky

adows  
Point Road  
dgecomb, ME 04556



# Celebrate America

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Mrs Hilda Bernstein  
Old House Farm  
Dorstone  
Hereford HR 3 6 BL  
England

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## Travel... the perfect freedom

Additional message area



Our Snow Man

Dear Hilda -

Best wishes for good cheer  
and good friends to warm  
your holiday season!

Polly

Alas! My biography of Helen  
was vetoed by her or her  
agent over copyright problems.  
And Helen has been, as I'm sure  
you know, suffering from all  
kinds of ailments - some life  
threatening. No possibility of  
our talking about my project,

which she strongly opposed  
from the moment Zed took  
on her manuscript. My offer  
to meet her (& her agent's)  
concerns found only a  
negative response. So,  
that's where we are!

I hope you & Rusty  
are well, & continue to hope  
you'll travel my way at  
some point. I'd love to  
see you again!

Warm greetings -  
P.



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T100306

March 18 1989

Dear Polly,

It was such sad news - about the biography. That takes a slice of your life away. Do you think there is any possibility of publishing after Helen's death? I have heard of her ill-health, and although I keep wanting to write, something prevents me. I know I will regret it.

I am writing in the first place to tell you of my change of address. Rusty and I are going to Tanzania for a year. We leave here at the end of March, and we fly out on April 11th. He is going at the request of the ANC who want him to establish an Institute for training political cadres. We discussed it for a long time. He is quite keen, and I liked the idea of being back in Africa, so we undertook to go for a year, then to consider whether or not to stay on. I have plans to write a book that could well be written, or started from there. I have had this plan for so long and talked about it to so many people, that I am beginning to doubt whether it will ever be done, but in any case, I am longing to draw and paint, and will have plenty of things to draw where we are going. We will be living at Mazimbu, which is where the ANC school is located, although Rusty's institute won't be connected with the school, and in fact it will be located at another place, Dakawa, to which he will have to travel. I don't know if you know about the ~~xxx~~ ANC school; it started when young people began to leave South Africa in 1975 after the Soweto uprisings, and someone had to look after them. Nyerere gave the ANC an old sisal estate near the town of Morogoro. It has grown into a big complex, with pupils from nursery up to university level, farming, workshops, small industries, and so on, as the number of exiles has increased. So we will be living in a South African community in exile.

And that is the book that I want to write - the exile experience of South Africans. I want to travel to many different countries where they are working or studying, interview them - a sort of 'Studs Terkel' book. But I need money - it would be an expensive proposition. So at this stage I'm seeing whether I can raise the money for about two years work and research, to cover travel and living while abroad. If I raise the money, Canada is on my list! So maybe - who knows? At least I like to have the possibility of such things coming off . . .

I would very much like to read your manuscript. Are you thinking of travelling again? I am so sad at leaving England before May comes. Primroses and daffodils are out now, and for all the things we say about England and the weather here, there is nothing nearer perfection than late April, early May in England. I keep looking at the early bulbs coming out (we had a very warm winter) and thinking of Walter de la Mare: Look thy last on all things lovely every hour.

With love

My new address: SOMAFCO  
Private Bag Mazimbu  
Morogoro  
Tanzania





Our Snow Man

Dear Hilda -

Best wishes for good cheer  
and good friends to warm  
your holiday season!

Thanks for your wonderful,  
fascinating, newsy letter of  
late September - with pros &  
cons on your experiences &  
life in Mazirab. How I'd love  
to sit at your feet & listen!

So glad the book contract  
came thru' - you must be

anticipating wide-spread  
travels as the work progresses.  
How about eastern U.S.A. &  
Canada next June or July or  
August? Then Marjory Whitelaw  
(Halifax) & I could arrange  
a reunion with you — in Maine  
or Nova Scotia! How about that!

In any event, do keep me  
on your list. I want to see  
you again — Sometime,  
Somewhere.

Love -  
Polly

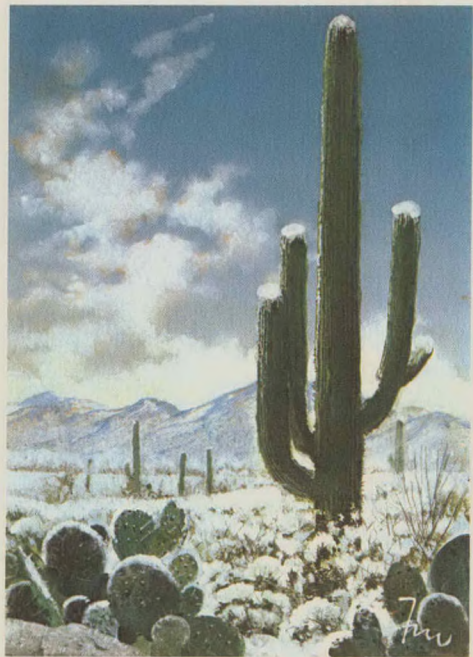
Greetings to Rusty.



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The book progresses; a first draft  
will be done in the course of 1987.  
I'll be in touch about it all  
in due course.

Meanwhile the S.A. picture is ever  
more depressing. I consume  
the Weekly Mail; now wonder how  
much longer it will be in existence  
as the regime tightens its control  
over the media.

How about you & your writing?  
Please keep in touch when you've time.

Greetings to Rusty.

Go well, both of you.

*Season's Greetings*

and warm wishes to  
dear Hilda -

Love,

Polly

*This card represents a gift*  
in support of the  
Bergan Rheumatology Clinics,  
Research, Education and Patient  
Service Programs  
of the Arthritis Foundation  
Central Arizona Chapter

*Winter on the Desert*

From an original acrylic by Fin Williams



about 27th Sept 89

SOMAFCO  
Private Bag Mazimbu  
Morogoro  
Tanzania.

Dear Polly,

I'm taking the advantage of someone from here going to London in a few days to get this letter posted there. Post to and from here is, to put it mildly, erratic.

It was good to receive your July letter. I had been in London for the launch of THE WORLD THAT WAS OURS. and the Weekly Mail write-up was part of the general publicity. I had radio, Tv and media interviews, and thoroughly enjoyed the exposure. I know some people shrink from this kind of public appearance, but I think I am a frustrated actor, and enjoy being on the stage.

I think you will find the Weekly Mail gives you the best picture of events in SA that you could obtain. We get it in our library here, as well as Wouth, New Nation and other periodicals. It is a stimulating, horrifying, exciting scene today and everyone feels it. The weekly ANC BRIEFINGS, which is issued in London, is a digest from newspapers, without comment, and very useful. It is put out by the ANC.

I do not know how to begin to tell you about life here. It is such a long and complicated story, that it needs to be told in speech, not by letter. There are two sides to Mazimbu. The first, obvious to anyone who visits the place, is that it is a magnificent, probably unique achievement. It is a South African enclave in the heart of a third world country, and a striking contrast with the conditions that surround it. Over the past ten years, starting from bush country, a complex has grown up which now consists of the high school (SOMAFCO) the original purpose of the whole settlement, a primary school, not planned for but soon a necessity, a nursery school, and a Day Care centre for babies. Plus a library, very attractive and well-run by a Finnish volunteer, a farm with piggeries, vegetables, cattle, maize-growing, etc, a horticultural department, workshops for supplying the community, cobblery, tailoring, vehicle maintenance, houses and dormitories for the staff, students, and community, administration block, photo lab, etc, etc. All set out in spacious grounds, with trees, bushes and flowering shrubs, encircled by beautiful mountains.

The other side of Mazimbu is not so attractive. More than 10 years on, like all pioneer or revolutionary movements, the spark has gone out, the enthusiasm and sacrifice that inspired students to dig and build, voluntary work, doing without, has become subsumed by a welfare society - everyone gets housing, although it is always short, everyone gets the same food rations that are handed out liberally; everyone gets free clothes if they need them. Reluctantly life has taught me that ideals do not necessarily change human nature, and what people don't work for or pay for is not valued. There is a new generation of students, born or brought outside South Africa, who really know nothing of the struggle there, and who are growing up not really belonging to South Africa, and not really Tanzanian. All this leads to endless problems, for which there is fundamentally only one solution - to go home. We have here students who have gone on to higher education in countries all over the world,

history, economics - you name it - and what is really needed are administrators, business people, and young people who are prepared to do manual work. Enough of that.

So there are uplifting things and depressing things. One of the good things are friendly, out-going, lively and often dedicated people, who have made GREAT SACRIFICES IN COMING INTO EXile (sorry about that - a Swedish typewriter with extra keys that I keep striking). And I am meeting them all the time as I have started doing interviews - some good, some not so, and try to penetrate their experiences. But I would not like to live here for much longer than a year. I find the climate harsh - it's getting very hot - and the life limiting, particularly from a cultural point of view. Also, although we live at a fairly basic level (there is just about nothing at all you can get in Tanzania, except delicious pineapples and fruit at the Morogoro market) I am not troubled by the absence of detergents, clingfilm, and all the products and devices that lighten the chores of living; and more than the cinema (which I always loved) the absence of music, the theatre, exhibitions, I miss my family and my friends, and want to be nearer to them.

Although the Weekly Mail pre-dated my contract, I did sign one just before I left England, succumbing to a combination of flattery and greed (a big advance) although I was really reluctant to commit myself. So now it has to be the book.

Keep well, Polly! And who knows - our paths may again cross.

\*With love

P.O.Box 2143  
Carefree, AZ, USA 85377, USA  
July 16, 1989

Dear Hilda,

Seeing your picture and the article about you in the July 7-13 WEEKLY Mail brought you vividly to mind! So now, 4 months after receiving your March letter, herewith a response.

(I've put my Oct-May address above - the one you wrote to - and the Maine summer address on the envelope. Do note: Neither Arizona nor Maine belongs to Canada! But both appreciate the compliment! When you travel to this continent I hope you will include the U.S., and come see me. The thought of meeting again is one I cherish.)

I was delighted to learn of your Africa tour of duty. You wrote of your impending departure from Dorstone and London, and I can guess how happy the new venture made you and Rusty. Perhaps you will extend the stay in Tanzania; maybe (to be VERY optimistic) sufficient progress in ANC/SA "negotiations" will be made to get you back to South Africa again. That would be truly wonderful. How I'd love to catch up with you, and to tune in to your and Rusty's thinking about the chances for significant change. I read all I can get my hands on, and subscribe to the Weekly Mail, in an effort to keep abreast of events. But I miss opportunity to talk with people who are closer to and more familiar with what's going on, and what may ~~in~~ transpire. I would like to go back, but that seems improbable at least in the foreseeable future. I don't hear from Helen. We've really not much to say to each other; also, she can't write, and I haven't tried to contact her. She lost a very loyal and dear friend with David Webster's murder in May. I had met him frequently on my trips to Jo'burg, and knew how close he was to Helen - sort of like a son in many ways. Apparently she was able to attend the mammoth funeral for him at St. Mary's, and even to be one of the speakers.

You asked whether I thought there might be some possibility of having my ms. published after Helen's death. I really doubt it; for she proved to be averse to my writing from the time her book found a Zed, and uneasy about it even earlier. Her agent, writing for her, said they (the agent and Zed) would challenge any effort I made to work thru a publisher here. And I doubt any potential publisher would take it on under those circumstances. (You said you'd like to read my work. Well, come see me in the course of your travels & I'll share it with you!)

Your project on the exile experiences of S.Africans is fascinating to contemplate. Good luck in your fund-raising. With your publishing record and background I would think you would succeed in attracting financial support, and I gather you have a contract with a publisher in England. Please do keep me posted.

I'd hoped to see Marjory Whitelaw while in Maine this summer, with her Nova Scotia more or less next door. But we haven't been able to make connections. She had cancer surgery in the spring, but seems ok and in good spirits.

Greetings to Rusty, and my love to you.

Polly

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Hilda Bernstein  
SOMAFCO  
Private Bag Mazimbu  
Morogoro  
TANZANIA

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