

Sunday

Darling how badly I miss you as I have
 growing closer than ever before. This could not have
 happened to us at a worse time. Oh darling, how I worry about
 you, and the ghastly strain you must be under. Breaks my
 heart to have brought it on you! What times we live in, to do
 this to people. Just know my darling that what I want is
 for you to be safe, and if possible now - happy. Don't hesitate
 to do what you can to achieve that even if it means following
 my suggestion about Arnold. Don't please sacrifice yourself
 for me now darling. There's been enough sacrifice in
 our family for all time. (2) My last was written under
 impression B was freed only to find out later that he was
 only in JB temporarily. Was so sure you wouldn't get
 it That today you took me unawares, not prepared for reply.
 Won't happen again - but that was my 3rd try, 2 others
 came back neatly laundered! Statement idea was
 prepared when slightly suicidal after typical other weekend -
 not this one, when we're linked up locked up from 9am
 Sat till 9am Mon. Do not now intend to go ahead with it,
 but will hold everything to see what happens to B [Jimmy
 Kantor? Bob Kapple?]. If released soon, then he can discuss
 my idea with you, and give it a bit more thought. He knows all
 about it, as I knew and approved main gist of his. The
 real test is whether he gets out now or not. (3) No longer
 suicidal, but this is definitely very grim!

2/ . . . regime indeed. 15 mins out morning + afternoon,
 which includes showering, shaving + smoking time! No
 talking at all except on these, our alternate "holiday"
 Sundays. Only communication by muttered words at rare
 intervals, and notes somewhat anxiously(?) exchanged.

I am not allowed pen or paper, though others have by special consent of God or Oinath (?) or someone. All making us all rather neurotic and a subject to mad spasms, like the one of my statement which you must please make allowances for - These will probably get worse as time goes on. Don't for God's sake take any chances. Procedure is that clothes are searched coming in - going out all seams: run between finger + thumb, + collars ditto. All wrappings, chocolate paper etc. removed. Bread broken, chicken broken open, butter sliced through etc. [Mum - worked hard to get them flat + fit into collar]. Today's gift only possible on these alternate Sundays. Other times, be careful! Or else, if necessary, on thinner cloth than you used, NO FOLDS, and if possible at full length of collar. Try ... test for yourself. Thanks for all gifts, Couldn't be better. (4) Re food. Don't bother too much with this I manage well enough on rations plus peanut butter and + ex canteen. Others seem more food conscious than I am. Rations much as 1960, only NO MACADAMUS thank God, fish twice a week and better cooked and tastier than 1966's. My needs only really chocolate, of which I cannot get enough. This is quite psychological, not physical, a bit of fruit, would dearly love some sauce, but must be in tube or plastic. No bottles or tins allowed for myself And letters from time to time are nice. We must be telepathic. The night before you brought butter wrote H another of my selected jail quotes - "Tomorrow + tomorrow + tomorrow... when I consider that my light is spent ere $\frac{1}{2}$ my days etc. etc.

Darling, do want so much to know a little about the kids. Am unable to think of them and possible torments they might be having at school, because of me. I hope they are happy, other kids can be monsters over things they do not understand. My love to all of them please, and my wishes for their happiness. Oh God how I wish I did not suffer so from locked jaw, and had talked to you more of things that I want you so to know and understand. Perhaps

CONT FROM OVER

in my text I will write some of what you ought to know. Just a few more things before I end all this. ① Did you find the nut + bolt man? And if so, hope you studied it carefully before finally dispatching ② Miriale (?) should be asked to thoroughly clear cottage, esp. burning all documents.

If is still there, it is being sought. Someone with gloves should row down to a quiet street and abandon.

③ Has anyone outside got contact with NES ..., especially July 11th chaps, and if so how good? I have some thoughts for the future. ④ Must end. Recklessness - other peoples mainly I think, is costing me enough. Must not encourage more. Read the ^{Song} of Solomon if you haven't, + know that I wish I had written it for you. All my love: + hope with me please!

3

4) ended with Keitnis "I would like a little bit of butter for my bread." And lo, next morning! In view of risks involved for you, I think you should always type. And no signatures. You might select the most suitable of my shirts, especially brown striped one. Collar nice + stiff.

⑤ Re signal. This would only have made ~~sense~~ ^{sense} if B had seen you. Since he didn't, file the bits relevant ~~bits~~ to it. If he's not out by the next food Sunday, will probably send you explanation. Certainly not before ⑥ Re bail. Do not share your view entirely, especially in regard to myself, where I think that an outstanding case can be made to show that I have never had any intention of leaving country etc. Will detail this some time for you, but don't give way to complete pessimism about it. There is still a hope, however slender, which keeps me sane. But am most anxious for news of outcome of habeas corpus cases, which seem so vital to questions of whether we are changed soon, or stay here indefinitely. Please advise on this. We get no news - NONE. Since coming, have heard only what B saw in last weeks ST + ...

5) TUESDAY.

4th (?) days, and the half way mark in sight. But to what? If only I knew the answer to that I could stop tormenting myself. 1st Business ⑦ Pens are showing signs of old age. Expiry would be the last straw. They are plastic Evershamp 20. Ink sticks are marked 'O Evershamp F'. Could you get 2 refills. I think it should be possible to force them into a banana from the bottom up. Would you experiment. As long as there is no ~~case~~ ooze, + preferably if bananas are on stalk, so little chance of their being picked up danger end forward. If practicable, don't wait for weekend but send in with next caller please. To either

B or me. (8) Re conditions here: is it possible to get D+A to consider a case, by best methods advised by lawyers, to challenge various regulations. The position is, as stated to us by colonel + by cops, that all regulations about our conditions are laid down by Commissioner of Police, to whom all requests for variation have to be addressed. I do not think the regulations are in writing, because I have twice asked to see them, + 2ce been refused. On a reading of the Section of the Act, the C of P is only given discretion on conditions of "access" to detainees. It seems to me, and to relevant counsel that in all other respects, "awaiting trial" conditions should apply. This is especially relevant to books, ~~with~~ writing material, possibly to letters in or out. Study by correspondence is not "access". If we could break

6) The book ban, it would help morale, and avert prospect of people cracking + beginning to talk. Books could be either in prison library, or bought on prisoner's ~~acc~~ a/c by prison, or even from outside. I think a wife or relative should try an application to court, if there is any chance of success, especially also in view of publicity value. (9) Yourself. My view is very strongly that if questioned about A9, you should NOT stand on principle, but answer exactly that the date was made by me, who was there, + that exile was for AAM in London. Also, be prepared for questions of your ~~with~~ photo for purpose of material on ~~for~~ WIDF. Don't make an issue of it. (10) If future letters contain case, will use the "quick brown" law?, numbering letters 1 to 36. If (my own) letters move all numbers are place to right.

PS. Should end now but cannot bear to. This is life for me!

mission - to start armed resistance - to get arms from abroad.

(2)

4

7. trying to put an argument. It failed totally. I think perhaps Jan, too, in a slightly different way and for different reasons was also uneasy, but whether he really understood my position, I don't know. Did you know that A, the night before he left - I think it was a Saturday, and you were out, came round and had a last tremendous argument with me because I had opposed his going - the mission, not his personal departure - which I thought then and still think now was half-baked, adventurous, reckless. Ironic isn't it, that I should be here and he there. It fills me with self-pity when I think of it, which is one of the worst of emotions, and one I am very prone to. I don't know the wrongs and rights of it. Perhaps I am getting too old, too conservative for these times. Certainly too old for the game of cops and robbers, which is for the young, the quick and the daring. I don't know really what all this means to you now. But somehow I want to say it. For it

8) it adds to my fears and worries for the future. If there is a case in which all are joined, [i.e. the accusation is against them all together, not individually] do we still all talk one language, seek one road? Conscience don't make cowards of us all, and especially of me. For I fear to have to defend things which my conscience tells me are wrong. Perhaps this, as much as my personal comfort and safety, is what makes me hope so desperately for some happy turn - whatever it is - to avert a really dreadful decision for me. You know Hilda, being in prison is pretty awful, but tolerable for a man like me. I would stand it quite easily I think for a long time; the discomforts and privations mean very little to me. The worst of it is the mere separation from you and the kids, and the knowing that while I am here they

Mum -
[In the case, when questioned by Yutar, must have given
impression that was ag. mil. action, ∴ got acquitted,
v. loyal communist, unwilling to go ag comrades, v. diff live
to tread.]

[Always said he wd never be forced to leave S.A., but after 90
days experience, just wanted to go - had previously condemned
Arens for doing that]

are growing out of childhood - the years in which I love
them best - and I can never recapture that. But being
imprisoned even for a long time does not utterly shatter me.
But it is the thought of being for ever afterwards placed in
a false position, saddled with something one did not want,
unable in fact to justify, or take any pride in the
cause for which one goes to jail -

9) This is what shatters me and frightens me silly.

If all that makes no sense to you, darling,
sorry. I would be able to explain it if we had a
while to ourselves, but cannot do better under
these circumstances. It is anyway with ~~these~~^{this} sort
of thoughts that I prepared Signal. B is now being

[p833 Jimmy Kantor]

[signal was to do with his planned escape from SA
if he was released when changed, not stay to face trial]

messed about, and I have decided ultimately that,
if he is not out by next Tues, I will send Signal Part 1
on Wed. or whenever you come, + part 2 on Sunday.

→ 21, 24, 23, 28, 3 ETC. PART TWO 19, 6, 21, 21, 2 (?), 13, 33 -

NOTE THAT PART ONE IS 12, 11, 10, 33, 21 - 15, 13, 3 - 14, 15, 5, 10 -

↳ 2, 22, 25, 33, 14, 6, 10, 21, 1 - I must now

to give you my best argument +
 10/ grounds for Hope. Bail will depend on: i) Proving we intend to leave the country and 2) Not allowing court to be stampeded by atmosphere in country, trial by newspapers etc. First (i) 1956 Minister announced same 200 to be arrested + charged as sympathisers. . . . COP (Congress of the People. Had good reason to suspect I was one a) because had been active in early stages of campaign, and b) had received series of banning orders in midst of campaign. When arrests took place of approx 200 people was not among them. It was freely remained in movement and I think in press, that more arrests were coming. Stayed at home, and a week or so later was duly arrested. (2) During 1960 Emergency. On night of 1st arrests, was tipped off by Willie that arrests were due that night. Went back to bed. Was not arrested. Again about a week later, visited by WK at about 10pm + again tipped off. Had good reason to suspect my own arrest as almost all TT [Treason Trial] people already in jail, and had seen that WK's information was authentic. Went to bed and was arrested at

Willie Kalk
 tipped
 arrested in
 Emergency

11 About 3am with wife. of about 40/50 Eur. males detained, was one of last 3 released, thus indicating that Govt. regarded me as some sort of Public Enemy No. 1 (Other 2 L. Levy, J. Slovo). Could have left country with ease 1960/61 or 62, as for almost whole of this period every member of my family except myself had valid passport. Was repeatedly raided, + becoming obvious that I was becoming a target by fact that raids intensified in 1962, (culminating in 2 raids within 10 days) and withdrawal of wife's pp [passport] and later seizure of daughters. Then by June 63, according to press reports was one of only 2 HAs [House Arrestees] left in Fransvaal. Finally, came the 90 Day Act, in which

11. Cont.

The Minister stated in Parliament that I was just the sort of chap it was designed to deal with, or words to that effect. At that stage, was asked by Harold Amiate forcibly to leave country - refused. Later, visited by family deputation, urging + offering money, look after kids etc - Refused. Since that date have reported at Marshall Square daily, never knowing whether I would walk out again! Public knowledge that frontier was being closed on July 1st, + if I had any intention of leaving, would have certainly left by then. Note: Glassman could testify that in 1960 I contacted him one day to take over my biggest job, stating that I felt sure I was about to be arrested. And I think the same night was arrested! On this basis I claim that I have not only shown that I have no likelihood of leaving, but have shown ~~persistently~~ positively that I am NOT GOING TO! Sorry to unload this on you darling, but I am bursting. Please record this basic stuff for use one day. Looking forward madly to seeing you tomorrow, I hope. All my love to you + to all the kids. Look after yourself. (Just seen Jimmy! Good God!)

TUESDAY

This letter is also headed SIGNAL PART 1 and has a message in code.

Pen seems to be keeping its end up, thank God. So just to complete nuts and bolts. I have been rather a lone voice among my friends for several months on this I'm afraid. When I was younger I would have been utterly certain I was right and they wrong. Now I'm rather more humble. I just feel they must be wrong. But perhaps the truth is that I have grown too old, slow and cautious for these times & too weighted down with family, property & business to keep the quick daring needed in these days. I don't really know. All I know is that a lot of this development has made me very unhappy for some months. I have tried desperately to make

2/ myself understood & have failed to convince anyone. So there it is - an unhappy position at any time and most of all when I face the sort of situation I face now. I just wish I felt now the feeling of complete certainty that anything and everything that will come out in my case I can defend fully, openly and with my whole conscience, knowing that it is utterly correct, defensible and that if I had my time over I would do it all again - which I constantly felt in 1956 at the TT (Treason Trial), and which carried me through that rather awful ordeal without any of the fears &

3/ neuroses of today. Or is this just the effect of 7 and a half years added on?

But to return to H for a moment. I don't think I made it clear to you that I passed your reply to him. But except for about 20 words on Sunday - a real feast of conversation - have not had any opportunity to discuss or question, so do not know whether what you say will change his mind, though I did add my opinion that you are probably right. I don't think he has got the assurances yet he is angling for, but if he does he may still make the statement, so

4/ Perhaps some sort of indefinite warning should be given to the lad, just in case. Will continue when I can, but don't expect that to be before 15th, the way things are here. 10 days already since I saw you. It is a funny thing - the hours of each day seem to drag by slower & slower as time goes on, and yet the days & weeks seem to go past quicker. The first time I waited 3 weeks between your visits, it seemed an eternity that would never pass, and already I am asking myself whether you will get

another permit from God about 3 weeks from the last, 10 days +/- from now. When the count of days will be 65-25, which seems to be almost the end of a road, not THE road, perhaps, but a lap of some sort. I have found these past 10 days the easiest, most tranquil of the whole

5/ thing so far, less tense & neurotic, probably because I have now completed a number of things - SIGNAL which has been on my mind in all the details - those stated and those not stated - for a long time (I would like your views & comments when you have it all). And also the case for my bail now in my prejudiced eyes a very formidable case indeed. Hope someday the courts think so. So now, those things are behind me, I don't beat my brains - or whatever's left of them - over every detail any longer. They are done, I can do no more on either of them, so now I have almost reconciled myself to waiting to see what happens - ALMOST! Not without the most expectant hopes for the book case, for the 90th day & perhaps a charge, for the possibility that the habeas corpus thing might be reversed in the Transvaal or on appeal. Any such chances? I have set your music poem to music - corny tin pan

6/ alley type music, and added it to my repertoire. You know it almost reduced me to tears the first time I read it - HERE I mean, not in Italy when it said far less to me than it does now. Afraid I'm getting reduced to tears rather easily these days. And I sometimes wonder whether that's a good or a bad sign for my peculiar personality. Any time you have space on the back of a letter, & time, you can fill in with the words of songs for my (affection?). Would like your APRON STRINGS one, and also Barbara Allen, & the one that goes: Believe me, if all those endearing young charmers - Raleigh? Thos Moore? Someone like that. Space running out now. But darling I really meant what I said in my last - don't beat yourself into a frazzle writing to me if the strain tells, once a fortnight will keep me alive. It is the writing to you, knowing that somehow we are in touch thinking of each other that keeps me sane. I can really manage without letters too frequently. My love to you all, to all the kids, and to you darling, now and always.

SUNDAY

God bless you for the bananas today darling. You really are telepathic. Today am trying to stay very () and to write very carefully, to explain some of the things I must explain to you. First, the nuts and bolts thing was NOT on me, though it was supposed to be. But I was so uneasy about that day that even after I got into the car to leave, I had second thoughts and just shoved it away where you found it. Do you know that I had absolutely refused to go there again. But it was a (number codes.....). I had been trying desperately to argue my nuts and bolts case without any success. It was well after 1 and I had to dash to report and home. () - just the once - &

2/ because I could offer no alternative on the spur of the moment I agreed. On such judgements a man's fate can hang. But anyway, I left the bolts & nuts behind. I had nothing of significance to a case on me when arrested. Bob () were together in a sort of guest house place when they raided, and Gov () and Kathy were outside. I understand the police claim they hopped through the window of the cottage. Den, I gather, was in the lounge of the house proper. DG only arrived home at about 6pm, long after the raid. Exactly what was in the () or the house I do not know, except that I did see

3/ and handle some papers which were on the table there. I gather some of these, one of these at least, is very damaging, but I think that if my prints are on it at all, they can only be on front and back, not on inner pages, as I did not read it, merely picked it up and put it down again. I think therefore that any case against me must be based on fingerprints or documents found, or on my association with the house and people who frequented it, which does not seem, to my mind, a very firm basis, but the legal eagles may disagree. As to a case itself, as I see it, if they want to (join?) even all the July 11th people, let alone others, they will have really very

4/ formidable difficulties with the indictment, as in the Treason Trial, which makes me fear that if this is their idea they may hope to keep us here till next year when Parliament sits so that they can reintroduce an amendment to cover this difficulty which Vorster passed this year and then withdrew. What a bloody grim thought! But I realise too that public pressure may move them into some

5/ other, and I hope earlier action, sitting here like this, I would frankly welcome any steps which bring me back amongst people, where I can talk - even a charge of any sort. You say you hope I can hang on. Of course I can, of that I have no doubt. But it is hell, not just the loneliness and solitude & tedium, but the devilish neurotic fears, anxieties and tensions that one can work up with only ones own mind for company and nothing to move it to think except one's own troubles. I think that while Hs idea was not agreed on, you should not be too hard on him. You can't imagine what this life does to you, in which you become not just the centre but the whole of your universe, your own fate, your own future, even your own food and bowel movements are important, because they affect your life. But nothing you do - or say - can possibly alter the life of anyone else - or so it

6/ seems. You become the completely non-social, I suppose really anti-social monster. I have been thinking for some time that if I ever get to write articles again, this is one I would do for Amnesty - the breeding of egocentric monsters. You ask are you right or wrong about H's message. Frankly I don't know, I no longer trust my judgement on these things, as I told you. I think you're more likely to be right, however, than any of us here are on these things. I had my doubts about it, which is why I said "H's idea!".

And now, just to finish () my old hobby horse - bail - which I will try () to raise again. But a further thought. Fuzzy could testify that in 1960, after the first arrests, we saw her together, told her that we both expected arrest, that we were not going to take any steps to avoid it, and would she look after kids. I raise it now because, if she is

7/ going to leave SA, will you see that she puts these facts down in paper form, in front of lawyer or whatever is necessary for court use before she goes. Not a big thing, but just another of these little things which come to mind as I beat my brains on the problem, and which may just be enough - MAYBE, but I daren't discount the possibility! I realise that all this escape business makes the chances even slimmer, but I keep hoping!

MONDAY

Don't know where to start and so much I want to say. Somewhere in your screeds you doubt whether you were the right wife for me. I have been doing a lot of thinking about us, darling, and about me especially. I think that somewhere in my life something went wrong. It seems to me that I never really became a complete adult, if that makes any sense - not

8/ at least till very recently. Why, I don't know. But it seems to me that there really was never a time in my life when I didn't have some sort of emotional blockage of sorts. And in that state, I don't think there was a "right" wife for me. You are as right as anyone could have been. But I feel that it is really only now, recently, that we have really been the couple we should have been if I wasn't such a mess.

PS Re pen. The above starts with an old one, & changes to latest model midway through. As you see, if you compare it with yours, its bloody awful. Do definitely want a better make for my sake & yours. But as long as you can read this, don't send it till weekend 15th approx unless I send desperate call. This one manages well on paper, but not on this!. Stick to () transport. Not biscuits!

THURSDAY

[This letter also contains a coded message entitled SIGNAL PART 2 which is written in capital letters.]

Had your apples and things today (.....) getting very emotional about things very easily. First, the nuts and bolts. I think I have now put it of you as simply and clearly as I am able under these conditions - except to say that my piece you read was NOT the start of a controversy, but my last attempt after some

2/ months of argument, to state a case, and try and get some understanding or support for it. I must say that in my view, the reason why all political activity worth talking about has come to an end - amongst whites, Indians and Africans, - or of any open, legal, mass type - is because there is in fact NO lead of any sort possible to be given in this way if your objective is not a negotiated settlement.

3/ Off that topic now, () I suppose you will know Sean () who I imagine must have the story. But Clindt is right. He did try to escape, at Vereniging, and got caught by some mischance or other just about at the last wall or barrier. Not very clear on the details myself as conversation is down almost

4/ to zero. Since the search, warder (?) now appears to have been inspired by the finding of a note from one of us in JK's bible - silly clot - vigilance is at its height and even muttering in the yard is very difficult. The position is - we exercise in a dreary enclosed yard, slate floor, cells all round 3 sides, open stairs, WCs and tap in centre, we are not allowed to talk at all, must take turns for WC (though there are 2 side by side, only 1 may be used at a time). So we pace up and down, not talking - really rather grim, except that now at least there is sun on one side, so we stick to the narrow sunny strip. When we first got here, we could only just get our heads this sun by hugging the wall. But sometimes when I really look at us all, I am reminded of the ghastly Van Gogh picture, of the men going round the

5/ exercise yard at some grim French jail. Quite chilling, and utterly inhuman. Did E know that D is in chains? Both ankles joined by a long clanging chain day and night- which is standard treatment for escapees. I think the day he was brought back here, I nearly wept! This is really the

saddest sight I have ever seen, made me feel sick for a day and still disturbs me. Really the saddest sight ever. From that moment on, darling, I knew that I have really only one ambition left in life - that is to 35, 28,1 - 30,12,30,32 - 44,10,11,14 - 26,37,6,21 - 29,30,13,33 - 14,15,25 - 29,23,28,25. I am dead serious about that! I suppose it is an accumulation of things - and those chains were the finish! I will never forget that sight. I feel now so utterly sad at the mess I seem to have made

6/ of both our lives. If only I had been able to talk, perhaps I would have really known how you felt, and not just have gone knowing my own feelings and not really knowing yours - suspecting, yes, but not being able to talk openly about them, think them over. To have to try to do it like this! Let's hope we get another chance, and that I manage to do things a little better, for both of us. You ask me about an exit visa. I don't believe anyone is going to be offered any such thing. If it was offered me now, I would turn it

7/ down, because I would regard it as a trap which would be used against me on bail application when the time comes. When I had been here about 8 weeks, Lt Swanepoel of the SB asked me when I was returning to answer questions, whether I was interested in an exit visa. I said no. But if that was an offer, as a man with family I would feel obliged to put the matter to you. He quickly said "No offer, just asking". I still intend to use even that fact in my bail application if and when. Just before I run out of space - can you please try and get for me a full picture of what happened to Mosie and the others when their 90 days were up eg were their families told anything in advance? If so, were they told day, time of their "release". How did release in fact take place - how far

8/ were they allowed to go? Where were the cops? Were they themselves told they were being released just in order to be re-arrested? Was their release in fact exactly 90 days after their arrest? To the day, or also the hour? These questions are beginning to loom fairly large on our horizons, now that 60 days are almost over and the (?) of this crisis (?) is almost within thinking distance. Personally, do not believe that after all this escaping, we will get out of jail at all, except to be charged. Bu if not charged by 90th day, does the CT habeas corpus judgement have any significance. Does it for example, make the point that you MUST be outside a jail to be properly released. And if so for how long? Also, are any Tvl. Habeaus corpus cases pending, and do the

9/ legal wizards think the CT judgement was well founded - that there is no chance of getting a different ruling in the Tvl? About myself here. My cell is approx 15ft x 8ft. It has a table - the size of that little blue one we use in the garden only normal height, and a hard wooden stool, backless. In one corner is a raised platform, on which is enthroned the 'sanitary pot' so-called. That is all. There is a square window about 8/9 feet up, barred, with wire mesh over that. Partly glassed with glass so heavily crusted in dust that you really see 'through a glass darkly'. Through it I can see sky, and just the tip of a brick gable at the jail hospital. Blanket and the felt mat on which we sleep must be kept neatly rolled and folded against the table from 6am till supper. Clothes, food, toilet articles etc are either neatly laid out on table or kept in paper carrier bags. For some reason known only to the (.....) no suitcases or bags of any sort are allowed, only paper carrier bags! Or topless cardboard boxes! At

10/ Supper time, shoes must be placed outside cell doors - for some especially obscure reason and remain there till breakfast. So in these cheery surroundings I spend the day. Can only write at night, when surveillance, interruption etc are reduced. The light is (.....), recessed onto the wall behind some mesh so as to throw a beam of light across the cell, and leave everything below 4' high in shadow. If I come out of this blind, it will be partly the result of writing in this gloom, but mainly of my needlework efforts, which I hope you will agree have improved since white cotton was received, (More sent in a pocket on Sunday 15th would be appreciated!) This gloom led me to think seriously about this problem of threading needles! And my latest invention is a needle threading gadget, which I think will work but won't know till I try, and if it does should earn me the nobel prize. How women have been prepared to put up with this nonsense for so many years I don't know - in the machine age too! Personally, have recently been feeling great - ever since your last visit in fact - we're relaxed, less tense, depressed, neurotic, in fact I think I

11/ have now just really adapted myself to the life. If it wasn't for the periodic traumatic events (....) and the fearful heart strain I go through every time my clothes go out or in here, it would be fine. Forget the idea of anything in the food (.....) all the awaiting trial people would get it, and in any case putting NOTHING in your cell is more effective than something in your food!

Personally I am finding the nights worse than the days, lights out at 8pm, Try to find exercises etc to keep me up till about 8.30. But then I wake at dawn, and the next period till 5.30 is spent tossing and turning, having fearful nightmarish dreams etc. Quite awful, and I often contemplate getting up and pacing. But NO SHOES! So I just stay and suffer. Must get it stitched up so just a few odd thoughts. My last note must have mixed you up with the dates (.....) so long delayed. Anyway, I tried, I think, to cross out the suggestion about the pad. In any case, scrap the whole idea. Can't hide it, and have found after last search would be too awkward to be worth while in any case. Please note next GOOD time is approx 15th. For some reason am not getting (.....) but have a wonderful title if ever I do write notes from here. Barbarians at the Gate. Which just about says it I think. Finally, now that you have signal, you may understand the (.....) which I decided on when I first dreamed up signal, and am going to keep until used or useless, although I am finding it altogether a nuisance, prickly, uncomfortable and a (.....) in the face. Will carry on check here tomorrow or Sat.

Friday 13 Darling, my needlework must be improving! For it passed eagle eyes going out, passed your eyes, and again eagle eyes coming in. This was last Sunday's message to you, in my pyjama cuff, and it was only when I got it back after your visit that I could understand those furtive looks you kept darting at the warder. I knew you were trying to ask me something, but I did not know what. This is the whole story - & also all that was in the note you missed. On the previous Thursday, when they took my dirties away, they gave them a thorough going over that made me panic. Then they went, and I expected your clean stuff. Nothing came, for almost two hours. I died a thousand deaths in that time, and my heart beat as though I was about to have a stroke. No reason for the delay. Some silly ass put the clothes in the wrong place, so everything was OK, except me. I was as shakey as I've ever been in my life, quite irrational panic, I

2/ suppose, but there it was. I felt sick for about 24 hours. And then, on the Friday, was just recovering when they did another search of our cells etc, down to unrolling the toilet roll to the end! Again, quite irrationally this upset my nerves so horribly I could not eat all day. On Saturday, still shaking mentally, I decided I just could not bear to go through with this strain any more, much as our correspondence has meant and still means to me. But this panic & heart strain I really cannot stand. So on Saturday I removed all messages except for a short one saying this. I suppose you found the traces of my needlework right where this is, and wondered what happened. Well there's the story. And darling, I really mean this, I will not send again until today fortnight,

3/ and I beg you, please don't you either. If you could only see the searches now; they get more & more serious, like the FISCI looking for atomic secrets. Partly the reason is that they know there is a pen somewhere, and they suspect S or I. Partly, it is that this has now become a personal matter, in which the warder seems to think his standing is at stake if he does not succeed in tracking us down. Anyway, its all getting quite silly, and your last message only just came through. So please, hold everything until 29th. My message also said to tell S that B says please DON'T

[All cotton taken in raid. Please put in book SEE PYJAMA COLLAR]

4/ for much the same reason. I also told you that about a week ago the doctor came around, looked down my throat, put a stethoscope over my chest, looked at my ankles (? Beri beri or what?), asked about my nerves, appetite etc, got the standard reply - all right - and then at the end, said he had a statement from headquarters alleging that I was in a state of complete nervous and physical collapse. Darling, if this came from you, believe me it isn't true. Physically, I am I think in order. My nerves are really playing up, and I feel almost all the time as though I am just about to make a speech at the City Hall steps. Am very very fluttery internally for no special reason, and feel as though I am as old as father time, and shaky as a leaf.

5/ I now really worry about what will happen to me if I am not charged by the 90th day, but put back in here for another stay. I know that whatever hell it plays on my nerves, I will see this 90 days out; but if it goes on after that, well, I don't know how long I will survive it without being reduced to complete jelly. I am only now, I think, beginning to realise what a beating my nervous system has taken over the last 4 years - ceaseless tension, made worse by the strain of house arrest when everyone who set foot in the house caused me to tighten up. And finally the weeks, so awful I cannot even now think of them too

6/ calmly, when every day I had to screw myself up to go in to Marshall Square, expecting to be kept there for 90 days! And now I know that I am pretty close to the end of my nervous tether. I am at my worst at breakfast & a few hours thereafter, then pick up during the day. If diet can do anything to help me here, please feed appropriately. I did once think that, if it got to this stage and I seemed likely to be held for another stretch, that I would try & bargain for an exit permit against a statement of the kind I once sent you. But now I know that even here there is no hope. They will agree - as with B - & give nothing. So there is a really bleak prospect - unless charged which is what I hope for now - just to be able to talk to people!

7/ Cillah is a great friend of Yutar's, perhaps she's caught some line of information on when charges are likely. D is told by cops that there are, at present, 5 groups of 5 people, to be charged separately, and that he is the only white definitely tied up with Umkhonto. I get the impression from Dirker that in my case they will rely entirely on my supposed "executive position" in the movement - his phrase - and my association

with the AG house. But whatever it is, if only they would DO it, & stop torturing us. Cannot wait for news of book's case. Re slide rule, if he can spare the time, Izzy is the chap to get model finished. a) he has technical knowledge, and b) Dorking (?) was introduced to me by I's African Stan, & D I was near Izzy's shop (?). Would you ask him? Finally, Pat's present. Don't know what you tell the kids of our correspondence, but leave it to you to tell him whatever story you think fit - perhaps say it was brought out by someone? Pen obviously failing now, but DON'T send refill until 29th. All my love to you, my darling. Hold thumbs for me!

PART 2

Still Monday. Going on to the nuts and bolts thing. Rather tricky to explain, but I'll try. Do you remember about the end of 1961, when Umkhonto issued a proclamation of sorts - I think its first? It said in that, that although it had resorted to a course of violent struggle, it hoped that its actions would lead, even at that late hour, to reconsideration of their position by both whites & govt and lead them to see the need for a peaceful settlement before events reach a state of war. (My memory - not very accurate). That statement stuck in my mind, because it seemed to me the most important part of the whole thing. I have a fear of military men. I fear them especially when they turn to politics. Some politicians make reasonable military leaders, but the converse I fear is seldom true. Military minds tend naturally to military solutions

2/ of every campaign. Which may be good military strategy - I wouldn't know - but it isn't good politics. So looking at this Umkhonto statement I thought from a non military point of view - a political act for a peaceful settlement - not for military victory even though the way to that settlement had to be prepared, opened by military means. That was a most encouraging sign to me in an otherwise bleak & grim portent for the country's future. (Am very much afraid this pen is giving up. If I change to pencil please take that as asking for another.)

3/ But as time has gone on, I have noticed in discussions with many people that gradually the politics of the thing have receded and gradually - especially as the government has turned increasingly to military rule in preparation for a military showdown, the militarists' ideas have begun to gain ground and the resort by eg Umkhonto to violence is no longer seen as paving or helping to pave the way for a peaceful negotiated settlement, but rather as the exact corollary to the Govt's

4/ idea of military showdown for the purpose of military victory. Thus, by what I can only say is wrong, dangerous thinking, a school of thought grows up which no longer seeks a negotiated settlement. It argues - and with good reason - that the white SAs have shown that they will not negotiate - are not prepared to talk or to concede anything. That therefore people should forget ideas of settlement by negotiation & think rather of victory & conquest. That to campaign for a negotiated

settlement is just to sew false illusions. I understand their bitterness, and the justification for their

5/ bitterness and pessimism. But that is not to say I approve the political reasoning: I don't. I think that to visualise a successful campaign for this govt to seek a settlement with the non-white people through negotiation, one must visualise extraordinary conditions - NOT the conditions of today. Therefore people in politics should set out A) to bring those extraordinary conditions into being and B) must campaign ceaselessly here and now for a neg. settlement even though now your words fall on deaf ears. For thus you prepare the way for peaceful settlement tomorrow when either THIS govt may negotiate - or it will have to give way to another which will. The only alternative I see to this is the slow and steady drift towards civil war, which is already under way. and that, if it takes place in an atmosphere where both sides have decided that the only end can be through military victory, is a prospect of such long, ghastly & unnecessary suffering that I cannot contemplate it with anything except horror, thus the nuts and bolts argument. All my love for now darling, may go on tomorrow if space permits!

FRIDAY Darling, will try to write as calmly as I can. But after a break that seems to have lasted so long, I have so much to say that I GET ALL WORKED UP AT THE PROSPECT. First, let me tell you that all the signs point to a charge being formally brought against us in this coming week. Yutar's statements to people are that charges will be laid approx 1st Oct - sabotage, alternatively unlawful organisations - and a summary trial without P.E. will be started if possible about 15th Oct. It may sound odd, but I sincerely hope that this is true, just so as to bring our uncertainty to an end, and also to save us from the prospect of another 90 days like this - a prospect which frankly fills me with such awful depression and fear that I cannot bear to contemplate it. Right now, taking the Yutar statement as true- though it may well turn out otherwise - I feel almost excited at the prospect of enjoying - GOOD GOD, ENJOYING! - the conditions of a normal awaiting trial prisoner - company, conversation, books, sounds like heaven. I have to adjust (.....) the future

2/ with a charge like this ahead. I try to prepare myself mentally, to accept the fact that I may be imprisoned for a long time to come, and believe me, I have become fairly philosophical about that prospect. But still my obsession - BAIL - just remains. I have worked over and over my case for bail, spent 77 days on it in fact, and I know that a stronger case is virtually impossible. If on this case, bail is refused, well I think it means that bail on such a charge has been abolished. I know well what a slender chance there is, but yet I clutch at this straw. Darling - for the last time - I beg of you. Don't let the lawyers tell you there is no chance, or treat it casually because they don't believe. For this, please please, whatever it costs, the very best man to argue ONLY AFTER CONSULTING ME! To me this is, in many ways, more important than the case itself! I know it will probably fail - but the chance alone is worth so much to me, and gives me some hope in

3/ these conditions where what little courage I have gradually erodes in loneliness, with no one near to sustain me. THAT'S BAIL! FOREVER, I WILL NEVER MENTION IT AGAIN DARLING.

Sometimes, in this place, I hear Benny's voice, and I find myself envying him - 3 year sentence and all, because he is in the land of the living, at least, while I feel as though here I am down amongst the dead - the walking dead. But really my main feeling here is a vast love for you and the children which is slowly breaking my heart, because involved in it is a tremendous sorrow for the awful mess I have made of all your lives. There should (PTO)

4/ be heroic and noble thoughts in a time like this to sustain me, but there are not. Just a great pitying for the utter mess I have made of life, with little to look back on with any real satisfaction except the knowledge that I have lived my life with some measure of integrity to my own principles and beliefs. Sometimes when I look at this mess and wonder what I would do if I had my time over, I still think I would tread much the same path again - in its essentials anyway, I must have been born for trouble. So darling when I say that all I want of life now is your happiness - all of you at home - I really mean it. I want more than anything else that you all should seek your happiness as best you can, regardless of me, my troubles, my mess. I just don't want any of

5/ you to carry my mess like a millstone around your own lives, I really don't. Please remember that - it is utterly serious - if the worst happens in the weeks ahead of us.

If things happen as I expect, and we are charged, I will NOT write again in this way. This may be our last (.....) letter. For once we have proper opportunity to write and to visit, I will not put my nerves or yours through this gruelling business any more! So darling, I want now to say something that may not be easy to say through the wire! It is this. Nothing has given me worse torments here than the fear that something might happen to you, or that you may get dragged into this nightmare situation. This tortures me almost to distraction. On days when I expect you - for example

6/ I expected you on the Wednesday before your game reserve trip. And every hour that passed, I aged a year. I kept telling myself it was madness - as it was - but reasoning doesn't help against an unreasonable fear. Then the next day I said well she will come early, on her way North. Again sweat and panic, until you came. Yesterday clothes arrived as usual in the morning, but no food till afternoon - left in some office I suppose. I spent the morning worrying: where are you? Why did someone else have to bring the clothes? And then when food came, somehow it looked more like Shirley's style than yours. For a while this too gave me ulcers. Darling, I know this is utterly crazy of me, destroying what little courage I have. Please

7/ Please don't do anything that carries these risks. Not now, please. The strain of sitting here, not knowing from day to day whether you are safe & sound or not, is breaking me up. I tell you this now because - when we know our future - I will want to talk about it to you. If bail is granted,

then we can really talk. But if it is refused - or worse, if nothing happens this week and I have to face a further period like this, please I beg of you think of this. I know it probably sounds rather cowardly, snivelling. Maybe it is. But darling I can't help it. I am not a very brave man, and it is the fears of the imagination rather than real threats that I am not fit to stand. Please think of this. Don't let both of us make the same mistake of going on and on with a course of action out of sheer doggedness, and both finish in the same mess! Oh God, how I wish I could have an hour alone with you, to talk.

8/ Personally, I feel now somewhat better than I did when I saw you, and when I last wrote. My nerves are still pretty jumpy, but much better than that awful period, 60/70 days, when I really thought I would not be able to see this through. Perhaps it is the news that charges are likely soon that has helped recovery. I don't know. But I am not now in the position I was 10 days ago, when really, Hilda, especially at breakfast time, I used to sit on my stool so utterly broken and beaten that it took me all my strength to get myself to stand up

9/ and face another day. I feel easier, less tense, but sleep less, wake earlier, and pace the floor more & more. Most days I am up and pacing half an hour or more before the 5.30 bell and lights go on. And today, for instance, have been pacing almost all day except for time of writing. But still, relatively slow, controlled pacing, not the frenzied speed-gathering pacing of my worst days.

News from outside does NOT help me, I'm afraid, or at least not the kind I get here. From cops, I learn of Dennis Brutus awful business. Which just reinforces my ambition. I cannot stand to think of these things any more. After Dirker one day had given me a half hour summary of the news as he remembered it, I felt like the chap in the comic strip I once saw, who was rescued from a desert island. Did you see it? He is taken aboard the rescue boat, lies at ease in his cabin, turns on the radio for the news, opens the paper, and then jumps overboard & starts swimming back to the island again. Me too. I've had enough of this bloody heartbreaking world for a while.

Darling, that's all unless I write again tomorrow and place elsewhere. All my love to you, now & always, whatever happens. Just hold thumbs for me please. And love to all the kids, big and small. How I long to see them. But not here. Please look after yourself for your sake, theirs and mine. Please! PS If still detained, will continue once a fortnight with this correspondence.

Collection Number: A3299

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

PUBLISHER:

Publisher: **Historical Papers Research Archive**

Collection Funder: **Bernstein family**

Location: **Johannesburg**

©2015

LEGAL NOTICES:

Copyright Notice: All materials on the Historical Papers website are protected by South African copyright law and may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, displayed, or otherwise published in any format, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

Disclaimer and Terms of Use: Provided that you maintain all copyright and other notices contained therein, you may download material (one machine readable copy and one print copy per page) for your personal and/or educational non-commercial use only.

People using these records relating to the archives of Historical Papers, The Library, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, are reminded that such records sometimes contain material which is uncorroborated, inaccurate, distorted or untrue. While these digital records are true facsimiles of paper documents and the information contained herein is obtained from sources believed to be accurate and reliable, Historical Papers, University of the Witwatersrand has not independently verified their content. Consequently, the University is not responsible for any errors or omissions and excludes any and all liability for any errors in or omissions from the information on the website or any related information on third party websites accessible from this website.

This document is part of the *Hilda and Rusty Bernstein Papers*, held at the Historical Papers Research Archive, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa.