

Phone
before 3rd

T. and H. KOTZE
11 Tetley Drive
Birkenshaw, Bradford
W. Yorks BD11 2NB
(Tel. 0274-861531)

26 September 1990

Ring 8-9 on
Monday

Dear Mrs Bernstein

Thank you so much for your letter of 14 June 1990. Please forgive me for not having replied until now. I had a stroke some months ago and am still in the recovery stage. Very well most of the time but I slump every now and then. Worst affected is my memory!

Helen and I would be delighted to have you interview us. Perhaps you could phone us - we would phone you but do not have the number. We do go to London sometimes and would make a special trip to see you - or if you would like to have a trip to Yorkshire we would be honoured to have you stay with us.

Looking forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely

Theo Kotze

Rev. Dr. Theo Kotze

aw

Feel exile? Developing sense

PHONE 18TH

ANTONY SHER

28 BEWDLEY STREET,
ISLINGTON,
LONDON, N1 1HB

Hilda Bernstein
Old House Farm
Dorstone
Herefordshire
HR3 6BL

2.1.91

Dear Hilda,

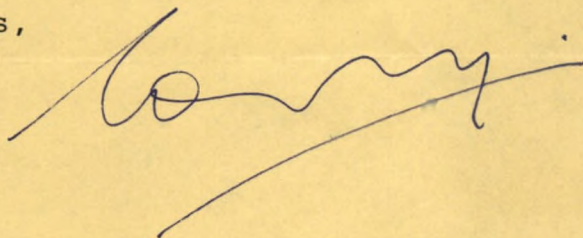
Thank you for your letter and for letting me see the interview which you did with me.

Like you, I don't feel too bad about it now that I've read it, and I do feel we could knock it into a suitable shape to use. But I would like to change one or two things and to remove the mention of my marriage since it might upset my ex-wife.

We could either do another interview in person or on the phone, or I could just 'edit' the interview you sent me. If we were to meet, next week would be best for me as I go into rehearsals the week after.

Anyway, why don't you give me a ring (071 609 5762) and we can discuss how best to proceed.

Best wishes,



CROXLEY
SCRIPT

ANTONY SHEP

22 NEWTON STREET

LONDON

W.C.2

0865 54 26 8

Joyce Dische

CROXLEY

SCRIPT



London
3 Jan 1991

Dear Hilda -

Thank you very much for
your season's greetings & for the transcript.
It's so totally incoherent that I cannot
see how you would possibly make any
sense of what I actually tried to
say! Help! see what I can do with
written questions. Best of season's greetings to
you & Rusty & much
love.
Hilda

Ebrahim Saley
Uilenstede 102f/2049
1183 AM, Amstelveen
Holland
28th March, 1991

Dear Hilda,

It's likely that you won't remember me. We met in Amsterdam while you were here last year conducting interviews with South African exiles. Unfortunately, we never got to talk much - it was one of those very hectic times for all of us here. It's a real pity because the work that I am doing for my thesis is around the issue of exiles - more specifically white South African exiles - and I'm sure that you could have been an invaluable source of information.

Nevertheless, its probably not too late, although possibly somewhat inconvenient for you, to try and get such information as you would be able to provide on the subject. The thesis topic I have proposed is, " **The Journey Back Home: Dilemmas of White South African Exiles in The Netherlands**". And, I am also scheduled to present a paper at a conference in July entitled, "**The Self in Exile: Encounter group experiences before and after political change in South Africa.**" My main problem is finding related literature and reference material in Amsterdam. Buni suggested that I write to you and see if you could possibly help me.

I would have contacted you sooner but I heard that you were in Canada and then I had to go home for awhile. Now, in the grand South African tradition, I am way behind schedule and seriously pressed for time. My grant runs out in June and I have to have it all done before then. I would be very grateful if you could send me any material that you might have as well as suggestion references that I could look up here. If on my part, I can do

anything for you please don't hesitate to ask. Should there be any costs involved please let me know.

Thanking you.

Sincerely

Ebrahim

P.S. I gave you a list of questions that I wanted to use in my interviews. I decided not to use it - it would have complicated matters too much.

April 23, 1991

Dear Ebrahim,

Yes, I do remember you, although if we met again in the street, you would have to identify yourself to me. I also remember your questionnaire.

Of course, your thesis is right up my street as far as the subject is concerned. However, I am not going to be much use to you - any use at all, I think - not because I don't want to help. But quite simply, I am not an academic, and my method of working on my book has been primarily one of taping interviews and trying to set them in the political situation to make sense to readers from other countries. I simply have not used any source material, nor undertaken any research other than to obtain a list of repressive legislation, acts, deeds, with dates. I do intend to research books that have been written on exile generally at a later stage - haven't got round to that yet. So all the material that I have is in the form of transcriptions from hundreds of interviews, a few of which were done in Holland. And I simply do not know what references you could look up.

I can only make a few general comments, and I'm sure they are things that you have thought of already. The dilemma of white South African exiles is the same as ditto in other countries, but not entirely the same. The SA's who went to Holland felt - and found, I think - that they related better to that country than others in Europe because of the strong ties with SA and the related language. And for that reason have been more likely to put down roots, and feel more keenly the divisive pull of the possibility of return.

What has come out strongly in interviews with people everywhere is how the length of time in exile fundamentally affects the question of return. All kinds of factors arise - jobs, age, starting again, children, grandchildren, that hardly affect the 'late ones out.' But you must know about this. People do eventually adapt to the circumstances in which they find themselves, however reluctantly. But what I find interesting is that even these exiles who are now content to remain in exile, wherever they are, all remain South Africans in the sense that they are still strangers, however happy and well accepted. I haven't met one SA who says 'I don't feel like a South African any more'.

A particularly fascinating area for me has been the children of exiles, and how they see themselves. Even those born outside, or taken out when very young, brought up and educated in a different environment, forming relationships, marrying spouses of the host country, even these never feel they belong wholly to that country. Of course, the political background of the home has a lot to do with it. But a lot of them - like my own children - would say 'I'm an internationalist', or 'I'm a Londoner' - never I a, British, or Dutch, or whatever.

If you think I have anything to discuss with you that would be helpful, you could phone me. But mainly, as I say, I can't refer you to any source material.

Good wishes. I might take you up on your offer to do something for me.

From Sir Raymond Hoffenberg
(0865) 274101

WOLFSON COLLEGE
OXFORD, OX2 6UD

3 July 1991

Thanks for your note. No need to have introduced yourself - I've known about you for years (although I don't think we ever met?).

I'd be pleased to see you - here, if possible. Could you phone to fix a time?

Best wishes, sincerely,
Bill Hoffenberg

* I will be in Dublin, at Turin's
Hotel, over the weekend Fri. 30 Aug. to
Sunday 1st September
Phone no: (01) 605000

010-353-

Loxton

Karoo, Cape, S. Africa.

8.8.91.

Dear Hilda, As you can see I am many
miles from Europe. Your letter has been
sent on to me. I wish I could help with
your book but I will not be back in
Europe until the end of August - en route to
Dublin. I will phone you from Dublin over the
weekend 30 Aug / 1st Sept. to see whether
we can't arrange a meeting around
mid-September, when I will be in England
for a few days. I am sorry to seem so
elusive - I wd. very much like to help.
The Karoo is very beautiful. Great
clear skies & tremendous silence.

Best wishes,

Amctonnes.

3046 Oakhurst Ave
L.A. CA 90034

August 21, 1991

31/8/91

Dear Hilda

I just wanted to write to you to let you know the status of the interviews - I have not forgotten but it has been absolutely impossible to get something scheduled with either Vusi or Nkululeko.

Vusi went to the conference, his first time home since '63, and he used up his vacation time for the next few years it seems so he's been unable to get any time off work. Nkululeko has just been too busy to spare me any of his valuable time. But we have a unit meeting next Sunday 9/2, and I'll take my tape recorder with and try and hijack them there. I hope it's not too late to be of some use to you. I trust you're making some progress or getting everything completed.

We are all well here. Paula is getting quite big now - we're all looking forward to the arrival of the baby (which we know is another boy).

Please send love to Rusty - I still hope I'll be able to show him around L.A. one day.

Love
Norman

107a South View Road
Hornsey
London N8 7LX

3rd September 1991

Dear Hilda,

My apologise for the delay in revising the contents of the interview.

Having reread it I felt the whole interview required rewriting. I am of the opinion that this draft reflects my feelings more accurately. I also think it is more mature and honest.

I hope you also prefer it.

Love

Nelida

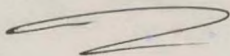


Mrs Hilde Bernstein

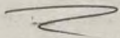
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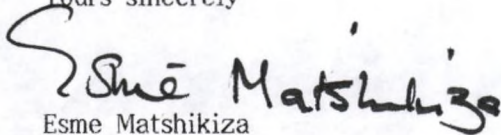
London
25 November 1991

Dear Hilda

Beryl tells me you are not likely to make use of the personal exile experience you asked me to contribute to your book. If so, could you please let me have back the written responses to your questions which I sent you. Please also destroy the tape of the interview.

I hope you are well.

Yours sincerely

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

Esme Matshikiza

My educational background is Methodist missionary; Todd's is Anglican missionary, with Lovedale and Fort Hare thrown in - which is a very English traditional education that we had, all the way through. We met in Johannesburg when I was a student of social work. The school where I went - the same school where Winnie Mandela, Alpheus Mangezi and Joshua Nkomo went - was under an American director who of course had an American bias; not that that influenced me in any way.

Todd studied music formally at Adams College in Natal. He comes from a long line of a musical family. His great-grandfather was a great dancer, a kind of witchdoctor dancer, who was extremely wellknown in that part of the Cape - the word "Matshikiza" in fact means "the Dancer"; "Ukutshikize" is to dance; and "Umatshikiza" is the One who Dances. So with his reputation as a great dancer he used to attract people for miles around; and he was given the name which has become the family name.

The whole family is extremely musical. His older brother was a highly recognized jazz musician in the Cape. He taught Todd the piano, that before he actually went to his college he already had a musical background not just of classical music, but also of jazz. And he listened to a lot of American jazz music, so he was influenced by black American musicians.

We got married three years after we met, and we had our daughter 14 months later, and then our son, John, two and a half years after that. The year before John was born the South African government passed the Bantu Education Act, 1953, and this was the point at which we decided that we had to try and get away from South Africa. All kinds of ideas came into our heads - Botswana, Rhodesia, Swaziland - anything like that. But nothing actually gelled. We didn't do anything because we couldn't at the time. Then came King Kong.

King Kong was a musical based on the true life-story of a boxer, Ezekial Dhlamini, nicknamed King Kong because of his size and lethal punch. Gangsterism was a feature of township life, and gangsters

- ① Micky "Fingers" Matshikiza
 ② and introduced him to jazz
 ③ His father was a church organist in Queenstown so the church also had an influence on his musical development

always attended boxing tournaments. They also attended cultural events, especially jazz concerts and dances. King Kong fell foul of the gangsters, and ultimately was sentenced to life imprisonment for killing a girl who had stood him up for a ganster. In the dock he demanded the death sentence; and not long after being imprisoned, drowned himself in the prison farm dam. From this material, the musical King Kong was created.

With Todd as the exception, the production team was all white, the performing team all black. Todd wrote all the music, but except for two numbers, was excluded from writing the lyrics and the musical arrangements. He was a great poet and a much respected journalist, and had been a teacher of English at Lovedale College. ^{① for many years} But with the exception of the overture, SAD TIMES, BAD TIMES, and the song IN THE QUEUE, ^{② both - Xhosa} he was not given the chance to write any of the lyrics. ^{③ Race prejudice is not the preserve of Afrikaners & the Nationalist Government}

The production, which opened to segregated audiences in the Great Hall, at Witwatersrand University in February 1959 was, to our astonishment, ecstatically received. Nelson and Winnie Mandela were among the specially invited guests on the opening nights. She wore green satin, and was expecting their first child.

The show toured the country for about a year, receiving rave reviews wherever it went. In March, 1960, Todd collaborated in another musical production: ^{④ Mkhumbane - staged in Durban} And two months later we left for London. And exile - permanent for him. King Kong had made us a bit of money, so we were able to pay for the tickets. That's how we came.

But in the first place it was the fact that we were alarmed by the Bantu Education Act, and we just knew that we couldn't possibly have our children go through that system.

Arriving in London, May 1960 - a real life fairy tale. Strange. You walk in the street and nobody seems to wonder what you're doing here. You're called Sir and Madam all round. You can walk into any restaurant, any pub, and order what you like; into any clothes or shoe store and try on anything. No Whites-only buses or trains or park

① for many years

② both in Xhosa

Page 2

③ Race prejudice is not the exclusive preserve of the Afrikaner & the Nationalist Government

④ 'Mkhumbane' staged in Durban

benches. What? Not even an 11 pm curfew? You're not forced to carry a pass and produce it on demand. You can go to a nightclub or visit friends undisturbed.

The magic of Piccadilly Circus and Eros - who in those days had heard of drug dealers, junkies, rent-boys or the homeless youths? The wonder of Soho and its night life where London never sleeps. The theatre, cinema, opera, all unsegregated. Our children being able to sit in a Lyons Corner House restaurant, swivelling around on barstools, little legs flying free, undisturbed and uncensored. The underground train system - now that really was an extraordinary experience when first encountered, especially when I ventured onto it for the first time, travelling from Kensington High Street to Hampstead tube station, being confused at interchange stations. How do I know which direction I'm going in? Or where on earth I am? Deeply mysterious, ^{and} ~~but~~ puzzling ^{but} and exciting. Arthur Letele, the Secretary General of the ANC, took the Tube to call on us during his first visit to London. He tried to solve the problem by travelling everywhere with a compass - it didn't help him. He couldn't understand why he was travelling east on the Northern Line.

This was London in the Spring and summer of 1960, remember. This was a time when there was full employment in Britain, and bus drivers and others with required skills were still being recruited from the Caribbean, and blacks still felt welcome. Among the many strange sights were white men, faces covered with black coal dust, bent double under the weight of coal-filled bags; or white labourers, covered in mud and grime, working on building sights. Or to become aware, while sitting on a bus or train, of a particular kind of body smell which back home was called a 'native smell', when we were the only blacks on the bus or train, and we knew that that particular body smell was not emanating from us.

We felt happy and relaxed and unfettered and unghettoed for the first time in our lives. You will not understand. You have not had our particular kind of South African experience.

Both children adjusted easily to school - Marion, who was eight, studiously plunging straight into serious work. Soon her teacher was openly comparing her class work with that of her class mates, wondering why an African child, straight from 'out there' should speak, read and write so much better English than some of the natives.

So those were magical days in London. But house-hunting was something else - it was a nightmare until we finally stumbled onto a lovely flat in Primrose Hill. So was job-hunting. Todd had one disappointment after another. He had a job lined up at the BBC. But he took an ANC concert party to perform at the Independence Celebrations in Algeria; and when he came back they asked him why he had gone to Algeria, and was told the job was off. A bitter blow, from which he never recovered. He did part-time work for them, and the odd free-lancing journalistic work. Our many English friends were helpful and supportive; but there was nothing that someone like Todd could do, in a cultural environment where the school or university to which you went determined the type of job you were, or were not, able to do. This was Britain of the 1960s - warm and welcoming and available at one level, totally insular at another. Todd could not adjust to this culture, nor could he be reconciled to exile. With hindsight I now see that his soul started to die then.

His cultural environment was totally different and foreign to the cultural, musical environment here in Britain - to anything that people understand here. If Todd had lived, I think he would have been far better understood now than he was then, because there is a far wider understanding of other peoples' cultural traditions. Then the musical world was dominated by people who had never really understood, or tried to take in influences from, other peoples' music - music from other cultures. Now young people on radio and television sing and dance and play instruments and are very heavily influenced by the Far East, by India, and particularly by Africa in the past few years. They would have understood what Todd was all about. And I think he would have worked in a very much happier cultural environment.

The process of decline accelerated when we moved to Zambia. It became clear to him that home, as he knew it, was left behind when we left South Africa, fully intending to return there after three years. Events had overtaken us all, and what had begun to be set in motion then was threatening to change the country forever.

We left Britain to go into a second exile in Zambia - we had been invited by the upcoming UNIP government to fill posts which were soon to be vacated by colonial civil servants. They were looking for skilled people to come and work there. It was about to become independent, and Todd with his BBC experience, and me with my experience as a social worker were invited to go. That is how we got to Zambia in January, 1964. Todd died in 1968. We stayed until 1976.

Todd was born before his time. Not many people understood it then. It is conceivable that, if he were alive today, his music would at least be understood and appreciated by serious students of contemporary music. And that he would feel encouraged to be creative in a way he found impossible in the 1960s. Yet I say this with reservation - I'm not sure how well he would take to the present climate of ruthless exploitation, particularly of African art and music.

He became more and more upset living in Zambia. He lost ... he didn't lose his musical ability, his ear or feel for music. But the ground wasn't fertile for his kind of imagination, and didn't take any root whatsoever. His imagination used to be quite, quite colourful - he was a very colourful, very interesting and very talented writer. And a very talented musician. He really lived his writing and his music. But in Britain it was a totally different culture, and he simply couldn't find root. So it was a great excitement for us to be able to go back to Africa, to go to Zambia. And we felt that we are back home. Almost.

But it isn't home. [LAUGHS] And although we got on extremely well with the Zambians, again Todd, culturally... His music and writing simply was not what he was able to project or bring forth from himself in a place like Zambia. He worked for the Zambia Broadcasting Corporation, and he did quite a good job at that - a very good job. He's still, to

and well loved

this day, very well remembered for the work he did for Radio Zambia. But it wasn't easy at all. And very very gradually, Todd went into decline. Because he just missed home.

He was drinking. ^{Yes} ~~Ja~~, he just missed home. Then one brother died, was killed by lightning in the Cape, very very close to him. And then his older brother, the one who had been his jazz mentor, also died. And Todd just went into steep decline after that. He just couldn't bear the thought that he was never going to see his brothers again, and maybe that he was never going to see home again. And when he was on his death bed, he just kept imagining that he was back in Queenstown - all the time he was just back home. He really pined for it. He really wanted to be back home. A most painful experience for the children & I

I stayed on in Zambia, and later married a Namibian and went with him to Namibia. I left there in 1983 - I needed to get away. I didn't want to live there any more. I could not endure the political and the personal circumstances. So I came to Britain, stayed nine months, then visited my daughter who lives in the Congo. I was divorced at the end of 1984. Since then I have been living and working in London, as a social worker for the London Borough of Lambeth. My daughter is married to a Congolese and lives there. And John came as a student in 1974 and has never really left London.

Todd and I and the children loved London, and deeply appreciated the personal freedom that living here made possible for us; and the deep and lasting friendships we established. Our children are what they are today because London enabled them to develop their personalities as fully as possible, without the constraints imposed by South African's race laws. They had the opportunity to compete on an equal basis with their peers - given a fair system in which to compete. Given the inequalities with which the society is now riddled, things might appear different. But in the 1960s they were able to prove the obvious, that colour is no barrier to learning, or to achievement

Exile inflicted a great tragedy on me and my family, by taking Todd away. We miss him to this day, and ever will. But my mind has been considerably broadened since I left the stuffy, destructive confines

of our apartheid prison in May 1960. Exile has opened my mind to the best and the worst of other cultures. I am satisfied with my children's and grandchildren's development. They are able to stand up for themselves.

ENDS.

1. Matshiki — All

2. CANTHRA — 1st page

3. MOTSEPE — " "

4. BONGA — " "

5. HOFFENBERG — " "

6. JURGENS — " "

London

20 December 1991

Dear Hilda -

I've made minor adjustments to the enclosed draft for reasons of clarification only because -

a) Todd's brother Micklen, is still on record, as having been S Africa's finest & most accomplished jazz musician. I feel the need to pay him the tribute & so hope you will mention him by name.

b) Todd had a deep spirituality - not necessarily Christian - but through his family's strong links with the Christian church, this spirituality came through in his music as a fusion of traditional Xhosa musical idiom & that of the church.

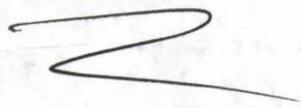
c) He was an accomplished English teacher & fluent English speaker with a lively conversational & writing style. This fact was totally ignored by the KING KONG production team as well as his fellow members of the creative team. I emphasize this fact to make the point strongly, I hope, that racism & apartheid were not born in 1948 - only refined to the utmost degree after that date - nor are they the exclusive preserve of the Afrikaner tribe or the African Nationalist Government.

d) The word 'jo' rumbles with me - much
more^{so} in print than it does in conversation.
I know it came through a few times
on the tape but if you don't mind,
please cut it out. If of course you
do, then you must leave it in.

Have a Happy Christmas & New Year.

Sincerely

Esme



121 St Thomas's Rd
London N4 2QJ
17 October

Dear Hilda Bernstein

I was delighted to receive your letter, and would be very glad to be of any assistance on your book about South African exiles.

I look forward to meeting you in March for further discussions. Unfortunately I will be away early in the month, so please let me know your travel dates.

I have been putting some thought to possible contacts for you in the exile community here; outside of the ANC, there is a large and growing contingent of young conscientious objectors (my husband works for the Committee on South African War Resistance), and I come into contact with all sorts of exiled artists and "cultural workers" through my work in Arekopaneng.

Also, you may have heard that Arekopaneng is to host a cultural festival and conference in London next July which is aimed partly at bringing together members of the South African exiled community from England, Europe, USA and Africa. This could be a valuable opportunity to record the stories of key exiles working in the arts.

I am very excited by the possibility of assisting in any way. Are you going to be doing any research into the psychology of the experience of exile; are you confining yourself to any particular period of exile; are you concerned with specific host countries or will you be considering the whole diaspora of South Africa's exiles??

Looking forward to meeting again

Moir

Moira Levy

7 FREERE ROAD
PARKTOWN WEST
Cape Town 2193

1st January 1992

Dear Hilda,

My apologies for the long delay in answering your nice letter - for which my belated thanks. I have been overwhelmed by storms of mail & faxes; and then I was away in Stockholm for the page-giving. Wally Luke was with me & we did quite a lot of talking and reading of our work to draw attention to the ANC there. This culminated in a splendid benefit evening at the State Theatre, where we 'performed' again in the company of excellent actors, choirs, & a Ballet group dancing their impressive ballet, 'Lovers'.

Of course I shall be happy to read your book and supply a quote for Quanda Cape to put to whatever use they wish. But please ask them to let me have the page-proofs as soon as possible in March, & to give me a few days to read the book before I have to meet their deadline. (I know too well the tendency of publishers to expect a response the day before yesterday... and even FAX can't oblige.)

Your eyebrows will be raised at the sight of this school exercise book format for an air-letter: The latest copy of our P.O.
Best wishes for a happy New Year -

Sincerely,
Rodric

To open, cut into flap first

Only machine stamp designs valid

Aerogramme
Aërogram

2 - 1
1992



TO/AAN
HILDA BERNSTEIN
OLD HOUSE FARM
DORSTONE
HEREFORDSHIRE HRS GBL
ENGLAND

2

Second fold - Tweede vou



FROM/VAN

NADINE GORDIMER
7 Frere Road
Parktown West 2195
JOHANNESBURG
SOUTH AFRICA

Seal the two side flaps first, then this one
Verseël eers die twee syklappe, dan hierdie een

Enclosures are not permitted
Insluitings word nie toegelaat nie



Y GORFFORAETH DDARLLEDU BRYDEINIG
CANOLFAN Y BBC
LLANDAF, CAERDYDD CF5 2YQ

TELEPHONE: 0222 572888
FAX: 0222 552973

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION
BROADCASTING HOUSE
LLANDAFF, CARDIFF CF5 2YQ

11th June 1992

Ms Hilda Bernstein
Old House Farm
DORSTONE
Herefordshire
HR3 6BL

Dear Hilda Bernstein

Thank you for your letter of 22 May 1992, about my idea of a film documentary series about exile.

Disappointingly, when we presented the idea to him, Alan Yentob, the Controller of BBC2, was not as convinced about the proposed format for the series as I had hoped, and it now seems unlikely that we will be able to go ahead. I should stress that his doubts were about the format itself, not the proposed contributors. If we are able to resurrect the idea in some form - and I am keen to do that - I will certainly get in touch with you again.

In the meantime may I thank you once again for your willingness to contribute and for taking the time and trouble to consider and respond to my enquiry.

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'John Geraint'.

John Geraint
Features & Documentaries
(BBC Wales)

GRANTA

2/3 Hanover Yard, Noel Road, Islington, London N1 8BE
Telephone 071 704 9776, Subscriptions 071 704 0470, FAX 071 704 0474

22 July 1992

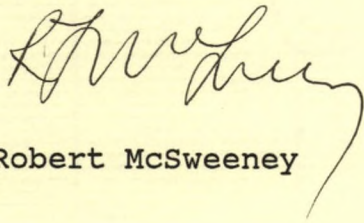
Hilda Bernstein
Old House Farm
Dorstone
Herefordshire
HR3 6BL

Dear Hilda Bernstein,

I'm so sorry not to have written to you much earlier; I should have let you know that we were still considering the possibility of printing one or two of the transcripts of interviews. I think in the end that although they are memorable testimonies, they wouldn't work in the kind of collection we're putting together now. But I'm grateful for having had the chance to read them.

I'll certainly look out for The Rift when it is published, and hope it meets with a good reception, as I'm sure it should.

Yours sincerely,



Robert McSweeney

Van Loostraat 110
2582 XH Den Haag
The Netherlands

26th August, 1992

Dear Hilda,

After reading Bunies story I thought that I'd have liked to read my interview as well. I had thought that you would send it along with hers. Since it is such a long time ago I can hardly remember what I said. What I do remember is that it left me quite shaken, probably as then I had not often talked about my experiences to people outside my family & friends. On reflection it would have also been nice to talk about my feelings after the interview, had there been time.

I would appreciate it if you could send the interview before the end of September as I have a lot more spare time now that I have summer holidays from university, which means that I can return it shortly after receiving it. I hope that this is not too much of an inconvenience for you.

From,

Matsobane Sexwale.

Sept 4, 1992

Old House Farm
Dorstone
Herefordshire HR3 6BL
U.K.

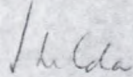
Dear Matsobane,

It did not occur to me to send your interview with Bunie's. You know, I interviewed more than 330 people, so it wasn't possible to go back and talk again, as I really would have liked to do, to ask more questions, to get people to open up more. So I only showed the interviews to two or three people who especially requested it. Yes, I agree with you, it would have been good to talk about your feelings afterwards. I suppose it was being in the house with such a big party, lots of people

The whole book is now with the publishers, and it is very unlikely that it would be possible to make any alterations at this stage. However, let me know what you think. I think your interview reads well, as you must remember that it does not stand by itself, ~~but~~ but is taken in conjunction with Bunie's, and is in a section of the book entitled 'Death Squads', which deals with various attacks on people in the Front Line States, so that it becomes more comprehensible, and doesn't just stand by itself.

Anyway, here it is. And love to Bunie if you see her.

~~xxxx~~ Good Wishes,



Hilda Bernstein

28.08.1992

Dear Hilda,

Thank you for the copy of our edited interview which I received already sometime in July. I thought by mid-August I would have been settled enough to give you a response, but unfortunately July to August has been a very unsettled period with a lot of unexpected travel. Because I did not want to use my leave which I have reserved for a long spree in Southern Africa, it has meant doubling up with my waged work, which has left me terribly exhausted when I've been back in Nederland. Appologies for the delay.

I was quite happy that I afterall asked to see the work, for several reasons. This is actually the first time I have seen this snippet of my life written by someone else and I must say it hit me rather hard to see it in print which makes me wonder whether the delay is not also due to avoidance. However the whole thing seems very incomplete / abrupt ending. I still think (as I did after the interview) that it is a pity that we got almost nothing on my experience of exile which I thought was the central point of your book (especially experiences specific to women activists). I wonder whether this may be because of the time devoted to the interview or because of how you directed the discussion or whether this is all you were looking for. But perhaps you had enough of that from your other informants; anyway, why am I complaining when you are not?

A few comments I think are in place. (1) You will find that I have corrected the spelling of African names (you will agree it is always rather irritating to see them misspelled in print).

(2) I have taken the liberty to erase words / phrases. a) Part of the reason is that after long discussions with members of my family recently, I have come to realise that some decisions / experiences of my growing up, which I am currently documenting elsewhere, were much more complex - e.g. Bantu education if mentioned in isolation does not reflect that, hence better out. b) Also the bit about informing Cde Zola and the neighbours with the telephone as told here is confused. Since I cannot take an arbitrary decision to rewrite events as correctly happend, I prefer to cut.

c) P6 last parag. Something is wrong with the narration, transcribing or effects of cutting. The only connection my work with Basotho Women Migrants had with my SADCC networking project was the funding. So the "all over the country" is wrong as the networking was not in Lesotho but with people involved in women's studies throughout Southern Africa, where I selected five SADCC countries. (Just for your info, I had a grant before I left Lesotho, in fact, partly as an attempt to assist me leave the country unnoticed - a full book on its own this part. The famous Boer whispering campaign was aided by insecurity, or perhaps sheer malice of some of the ANC people in collaboration with some Lesotho officials then under BNP (including the late minister Makhele) to spread suspicion around our survival of the raid; my passport was confiscated by the Lesotho police in one of their early morning raids - pressure from both sides of the border! The significance of the sentence you picked to highlight my experience / narration starts already as early as here (1983)

and follows me or rather resurfaces in 1987 deliberately thrown in whenever it suits the perpetrators in our movement; only gets "resolved" (technically or politically) in 1990, unsatisfactorily though it might be for me at least something official. Well, if I ever agree to publication of some of the materials the fuller story might come out one of these days before or after my death).

Let me stop digressing -something you touched which makes me open up a little.

d) I am the one who had a base in Swaziland for only 9 months my ex stayed far longer.

Without redoing parts I think this cutting might be the best to do, otherwise it is not comfortable to see reflected some half truths, or twisted truths.

By the way, before I resigned from ISS my last lecture was on Oral History as a research method raising questions a.o. "can it be a tool for women's empowerment?" ethical and political issues etc. The lecture differed from the past ones where I had experiences from one side, this time I related to being on the other side as an interviewee tempted to hijack the directing of the interview.

Well goodbye for now.

Buni

Van Lee Straat 110
2582 XH Den Haag.

P.S. My daughter Matso will try to write you to ask for hers before it goes to print. She thought it would have been enclosed with mine.

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