

CHAPTER 20. 1964-94.

At that moment I am hit by the consciousness that I have lost my home. It is seventy-five years since my grandfather made his way to the Witwatersrand and settled down to found a family. Whether he came to that rocky treeless place in the search for gold, freedom or adventure, I do not know. It was a mining camp of tents and shacks. He was there when they laid down the first roads and pegged out the first building plots of what is now the city of Johannesburg. My family has been there ever since. It has been my home for forty-four years. And now, in the night, I have pulled up my roots and shaken off the earth they grew in. We are transplanting ourselves, without any of the surrounding soil which sustained our life and growth. We carry nothing except a small canvas bag of our belongings, and a wad of Borch's bank notes.

Hilda's legs are giving way beneath her. My legs have been partially protected by trousers, but hers are badly scratched and torn by thorns. We have walked all night, and now the sun is growing hot and our water bottle is empty. Hilda can not go without rest. We are across the fence and probably out of sight of South Africa, but not yet far enough to be safe from kidnap - Botswana's territorial rights would not be likely to deter the South African police. We make it as far as a clump of acacias where there is some small shade. I leave Hilda there to rest while I go on to see what I can find.

A mile away I find a group of huts. I don't know what sort of a reception I will get there, but I walk towards them anyway. Some blanketed men are squatting on stones around a small fire of thorn twigs. As though it happens everyday, no one shows any interest in this tired, dishevelled white man who has arrived on foot from nowhere. Again I stumble through the ritual greetings; they remain hunched over the fire, giving only monosyllabic responses. There is no hostility and little spark of life. Nothing moves them. They seem to have given up on life; their eyes are dead; no one makes room for me at the fireside or invites me to join them. They are listless, wrapped up in misery. I do not need to ask why. There is no sign of any growing thing, only fields of withered and long-dead maize stalks from years before; no sign of any ploughing or planting. They are in the third year of an unbroken drought, defeated by it and just managing to cling on to the edge of survival in the bone-dry dustland.

A woman emerges from one of the huts. →

MISSING SENTENCE!

She speaks some English - she has worked as a domestic servant in Johannesburg. I tell her that my wife is sitting under a tree in the distance and cannot walk much further. She takes me by the arm, and we set out to fetch her. She walks with a pronounced hobble, as though one hip is broken. When we get back to where Hilda is waiting, she helps her up with a strong arm and supports her on the walk back to the huts. She brings out a small wooden stool from the hut so that Hilda can sit down while she boils a kettle on the fire and then bathes and massages Hilda's legs. She does not ask where we have come from or why, but she says that a few weeks before she had seen a man and a woman walking by, also carrying a bag. We know that Reg and Hetty September had crossed the border at about that time; perhaps she had seen them. If so we may not be completely off track.

She fetches a small spoonful of tea leaves from the hut - they look as though they have been used before and been redried. She makes us tin mugs of hot water barely tinted with tea, and without milk or sugar. It is probably the only food there is in the place. While she is doing this, I try to draw the men into conversation. Do they know where there might be a telephone nearby - I need to phone our friends in Lobatse for help. No, no phones. A shop then? A shop might have a phone. No, too far. A school? No, too far. Where is Lobatse? Too far. They are not trying. It is not their problem. They are telling me in their own way: Leave us alone. I try a different tack. I will pay money for anyone who can help us get to Lobatse - someone with a cart perhaps? No, no carts. How about a horse? No horses. A donkey? No donkeys.

For a while the woman listens while the men talk. Then she takes a hand. With my minimal Sechuana, I gather she is arguing about someone who does have a cart - she points 'over there' across the horizon. They are sullen and unmoved. The horse has been taken out to the fields; they don't know where. The owner of the cart has gone with it. The woman stands behind them, arguing, contradicting, becoming more and more angry and insistent. She is the only one with the energy to carry on. She harangues them, lashing ~~her~~ ^{them} with her tongue. ~~until, in the end,~~ ^{They} men give up the argument and surrender. They are all clinging to life by the most emaciated of threads, but even in this dying place the woman is proving the stronger. At last, one of the men gets up from his stone, reluctantly, protesting, and shuffles away to god knows where.

The day passes slowly. We doze in the sun, waiting for something to happen. In mid-afternoon a ball of dust approaches across the veld, and from it materialises a man driving a donkey cart. The woman has won. She tells us: 'This is the man. He will take you.' 'Take us where?' 'To a motor car.' 'A motor car? Where?' She points out into the distance in the nowhere land. The cart is little more than a board on two wheels, about a metre square. The owner speaks nothing but Sechuana; he says something but I do not understand. We clamber aboard for better or for worse, balancing ourselves on the edge with our legs dangling down almost to the ground. We thank the woman and press her hands in gratitude. I put some money into her hand, the driver whips up his donkey and we take off. There is no track. We are bumping across the open veld towards somewhere where it is said there will be a motor car.

Over an hour later there is - a modern American sedan parked by a cluster of huts in the middle of nowhere. Our driver points to one of the huts, which we enter rather tentatively. It is all quite surreal. Inside, facing one another across a kitchen table, sit a white man and a black counting out piles of banknotes and coins. We explain that we are trying to get to Lobatse. The white man says he is going that way when he has finished here, and will take us. The black man brushes a sleeping rooster off the pink nylon coverlet of a high iron bedstead, and suggests we sit down. They show no more surprise about the two dust-covered white travellers who have popped up with almost no luggage than we do at the rooster. They carry ~~some~~^{two} counting the money and sorting it into heaps while we study a Blake etching of Nebuchadnezzar crawling on hands and knees which is hanging on the wall. We have nothing to say to each other until it is time to leave. We say goodbye to the black man and set off in the car to Lobatse. We are on the road for more than an hour. Our driver asks us no questions but chats amiably enough about his work as a government agricultural officer. He explains that his work entails visiting rural districts and making payment of government subsidies to the local small farmers. We talk about the drought and about farming - he is avoiding asking anything about us or where we have come from or why. It seems he is anxious not to know anything about it. And when he drops us off in the centre of Lobatse at our request, he drives off without wanting to know where we are going. X

It is a one-horse town with the charmless character of a sleepy South African dorp. There is a single street of shops with wooden porches raised up above the dirt street, stacked with iron pots, farm implements and sacks of grain. The shopkeepers all seem to be Indian. The road runs out through the shops to an edge-of-town filling station, and on to the north. There is a dusty crossroad that leads to the railway station and on to the South African border only a few miles East. We have the name of a Congress supporter we need to contact - an Indian merchant called Azad. In a village this size everyone should know everyone, and certainly every Indian shopkeeper will know every other shopkeeper. We ask in the nearest shop for Azad's whereabouts. They look at us with sly suspicion and deny any knowledge of him. We try next door, with the same result. We can sense that we are being watched as we walk down the street. We are strangers, tatty and dishevelled strangers - who knows what we are up to? It is a border town where the South African police can come and go with impunity, bringing the South African terror with them. Eyes and whispers seem to follow us around, and the feeling everyone is watching everyone else, and being watched. Paranoia.

An Indian lad in his teens follows us out of a shop and trails along behind us. When he feels it is safe, he comes up and tells us quietly where to find Azad. Azad is friendly, but does not know us. He sends someone to fetch the local ANC people, perhaps in order to check our bona fides. The ANC representatives are Maulvi Cachalia and Dan Tloome, both old friends and colleagues of ours from Johannesburg. They are maintaining a refugee house in the black slum area of town but think it will not be safe for us - or for them, if we go there. The place is kept under observation by both the South African and Bechuanaland police. We will also not be safe in the town hotel which is a regular drinking haunt of right-wing extremists and South African agents. They take us to a newish hotel on the outskirts of town which is safer, but more expensive. I still have Borch's bankroll in my pocket, so we settle for that.

Next morning we walk into town to declare ourselves to the Immigration authorities. Our route takes us past a filling-station. We are intrigued to discover the route of our all night walk and long drive to Lobatse, so I ask the Indian proprietor whether he sells road maps. He does not, but he has one of his own at home, and offers to fetch it for us. We tell him it is not that

important. He says 'Don't worry - I know everything!' and taps a conspiratorial forefinger against the side of his nose. Perhaps he does. Perhaps that is part of survival so close to an unfriendly border. Certainly Tloome and Cachalia need to know everything, as does our other ANC comrade from Johannesburg, Fish Kietsing, now in charge of ANC transport in Bechuanaland. They are all very conscious of the South African police presence everywhere in this nominally independent country. They think we should be safe for a short while because there has been no publicity about our arrival. But they know this town, and are insistent that we must get away from it without delay.

There are few options. One is the road north. It is the only road which does not lead into South Africa or into Southern Rhodesia which has been known to hand refugees over to the South African police. It runs for hundreds of miles to a narrow neck of land - the Caprivi strip - which has a narrow frontier with Zambia. Most of its northerly length is through bush country, inhabited only by wild life including lion, buffalo and elephant. In the event of a breakdown here, a vehicle can be stranded for days or weeks before another vehicle comes along. It is a journey which can only be risked by two vehicles travelling together. The ANC has been preparing such a voyage for some refugees who are waiting in Francistown, but they have struck problems. One of their two vehicles has recently been wrecked by a bomb, and the other is stranded in the garage with a broken clutch. Kietsing believes that the garage's inordinate delay in getting a replacement part from South Africa is sabotage, and can give no date when the vehicle will be back in service.

The only other way is by rail. The line arrives from South Africa and runs north through Bechuanaland before turning into Southern Rhodesia. It is operated by South Africa's state railways. A few weeks ago, an Indian refugee from South Africa had been kidnapped en route and handed over to the South African police. We have made our way in, but have no idea how we will manage to make it out.

We must report our presence to the Immigration authorities before they discover us here without passports. Bechuanaland is still a British Protectorate, and its immigration and security man is called Sheppard. He is young, breezy and very British. We explain that we are only passing through, and will be leaving as soon as we can arrange it. He wants to know more than we are prepared to tell him about how we crossed the border and what we had

been doing before. We tell him as little as we can to satisfy him. He uses what we come to know as his favourite phrase: 'Good oh!', and urges us to be on our way as quickly as possible. His concern appears to be to get us off his patch before there is any friction with South Africa. He also warns us to stay away from the hotel in town, and to keep him informed about our movements.

For a few days we kick our heels, waiting for developments at the ANC's garage. Sheppard drops in almost daily, ostensibly to make sure we are safe but really to chivvy us up to leave. We would if we could. I phone every air charter company listed in the phone book in Bechuanaland and Southern Rhodesia. I ask about a charter flight to Zambia. They all prevaricate; they cannot say when they might have a plane available, but can they have my name and address to get back to me? Perhaps they are all one company operating under different names and have been warned off by South Africa. Or perhaps I am becoming paranoid.

In a shop in town we have a chance encounter with a couple we had known quite well in Johannesburg before they left some years ago. They are working in Lobatse, and want to know all about us and other former colleagues since they last saw us. They do not want to talk now, but arrange to meet us at the weekend. They are furtive, looking over their shoulders as they arrange to pick us up by car on a side road some distance away from our hotel. We drive some miles out of town before they feel it is safe to stop and picnic under some trees away from the road. Their talk is all of Lobatse's secret enmities and suspicions, and of being watched. Perhaps they too are paranoid.

Back at the hotel there are several phone messages from Johannesburg's newspapers. The story that we are in Lobatse is on the front page of the Sunday Times, and reporters from various places want to interview us about our 'escape'. In the hotel lounge we hear people talking about us - they do not yet recognise us. By tomorrow they will, and so will everyone else in Lobatse. We try to avoid meeting with people in the hotel and take refuge in the darkness of the recreation room where they are screening the film 'The Guns of Navarone'. It only adds to our unease. It is filled with suspense, violence and terror. Halfway through there is a tap on my shoulder. Sheppard. He beckons us out to tell us that there is talk in the downtown bar of a plot to

kidnap us. He urges us to stay out of sight and with our door locked - and to leave Lobatse without delay. He obviously relishes the role of secret agent, but can make no suggestions about how we might get away from town.

Next morning we walk into town to consult our ANC comrades. A yellow sedan car with South African Railway number-plates follows us around - we have seen it around town several times before. Later in the day it is gone, but the following day there is a red Volkswagen 'beetle' apparently following us about. Regina Nzo and Tiny Nokwe, whose husbands are ANC leaders in exile in Lusaka, have arrived at the refugee house on their way to join them. They go off to Sheppard's office for immigration clearance, and come back to tell us of a red Volkswagen that had been outside the office while they were waiting there.. Bechuanaland police had taken the white driver in, and had removed a shotgun from the car. Later the driver had been turned loose again and had driven off towards the South African border. I remember the old joke: Just because we're paranoid doesn't mean they're not trying to get us!

Our ANC colleagues have phoned their representative in Lusaka, Tom Nkobi, to see what he can do to help. Zambia is only weeks away from independence but Immigration there is still in British hands. We spend another day at the hotel waiting for his response. Sheppard drops in to see us. He is pleased with himself. He says he has been advised that Immigration in Lusaka has cleared us for entry - the impression he gives is that he has fixed it for us. Minutes after he leaves our ANC comrades arrive to tell us that Nkobi has phoned. He has arranged for a small plane to pick us up from Palapye Road on Monday morning - there should be no immigration problems. Sheppard has almost certainly been eavesdropping.

Palapye Road is a village a long way north. We have no way of getting there except by train. I know that Sheppard's police vehicles make frequent runs there and back, so I go to his office and tell him about the plane, which he purports to treat as news. I make the only request ~~ever~~ for his assistance. Can Hilda and I ride to Palapye Road on one of his trucks? He is smooth, sympathetic but full of regrets. 'Regulations, you understand...' I had not really expected anything else. I am sure he genuinely wants us gone from Lobatse but will not raise a finger to help. It might compromise the cosy British relations with South Africa. It is Saturday afternoon. We cannot contact Nkobi by phone - we only have the number of his office which will be

closed until Monday. We have no way to arrange for the plane's take-off to be postponed. There is nothing for it but to risk travelling to Palapye by train. The train leaves Lobatse around midnight every night, and reaches Palapye around dawn - except on Sundays. We will have to leave tonight and hang around in Palapye for twenty-four hours.

No one knows of our plan except Tloome and Cachalia. I tell Sheppard in the hope that his security people will watch to see that we do not run foul of any South African trouble makers. We will not check out of the hotel or buy rail tickets in advance. Cachalia will go with us to the station, buy our tickets, and settle our hotel bill afterwards. Even if someone spots us at the station, it will be midnight. We should be off the train at Palapye before anyone is likely to intercept us, and at the High Commissioner's office there. We wait till near midnight before we make our way through Lobatse's unlit lanes and alleys, to the station. It is little more than a rural whistle-stop - a long single unlit and unroofed platform with a small brick station-master's office near the South African end. We make our way to the farthest end before we cross the street onto the platform, and stand in the deep shadows of some tall wattle trees. The place is totally deserted, and pitch dark except for a single feeble light which hangs above the ticket-office window.

Hilda and I wait there while Maulvi goes off towards the office to buy our tickets. We lose sight of him. Then a car drives up at speed towards the station, its headlights raking the platform. It makes a sharp stop and some men climb out and stand in a group under the light. Then a second car close behind, and more men, big well-fed men in coats. South African security men in civilian clothes. We stay where we are, frozen. One of the men leaves the group and paces slowly, heavily along the platform towards us. Colonel Britz. He paces past us not more than a few metres away, not looking at us but knowing we are there. We are holding hands tightly clasped. I have taken my Swiss army knife from my pocket, opened the large and small blades and hold it in my fist like a dagger. I have made up my mind. I have had enough. If he or any of his men try to lay hands on us I will use it, come what may. Britz paces slowly by, continues for a few metres and then turns around and paces slowly back, still not looking at us. He rejoins the group at the ticket office.

Maulvi comes back to us from out of the dark. He has not bought the tickets. A black railway worker has warned him that the white men are talking about us, and know we are going to board the train. We are standing there uncertain what to do as the train pulls in at the other end of the platform, its brakes squeaking. As it comes to a halt there is sudden noise, the sound of voices, carriage doors slamming and people getting off beyond the smoke and steam of the locomotive. I look everywhere for a sight of Sheppard or his men. Where in hell is he with his smooth assurance and his security men when we need them? Maulvi grabs our arms and says; 'Run!' We turn and run from the platform, across the unlit street and into the darkness and the bush beyond. We are stumbling blindly past the backs of houses and through gates and yards. Maulvi must know where we are. He opens a hose door without ceremony and pulls us inside. We stand breathless and petrified in a dark passage as he whispers explanations in Gujerati to a startled house-holder. We can hear the train whistle and begin to move out of the station on its journey north. The sound of people and of movement dies away outside. We sit in total darkness until the night is still again.

Maulvi decides it is safe for him to go out and see what there is to see before we make any move. He comes back to tell us that the cars and the South African men have gone and are nowhere to be seen. But he has encountered Sheppard who is cruising about in a car, and has been asked where we are. Sheppard already ^{knows} ~~is~~ that we ^{are} ~~are~~ not aboard the train, but he wants to make sure that we are safe - or so he says. Our man in Lobatse! We make our way to Azad's house, and spend the rest of the night curled up on settees. In the morning Azad brings in a young white man, unshaven and in well-worn camping clothes. He has a fairly plausible story about fleeing from South Africa to escape arrest for 'immorality' with a coloured girl. He has heard - from Azad or who? - that we need a lift to Palapye. He has a truck and is going that way. We have no way of knowing whether he is genuine - but we are too hyped up and suspicious to trust anyone we do not know, and turn his offer down. .

Palapye is as far away as ever and our time is running out fast. Hilda takes the decision to approach Azad directly. He has helped us in various ways and knows about our transport problem but has not offered to solve them for us. He will have to live in and with Lobatse after we have gone. But we have exhausted all our options so Hilda asks him directly for the loan of his truck. He agrees without argument. We decide to make no move till after dark,

for his protection as well as ours. We will drive to Palapye through the night. Kietsing will come with us and drive the truck back - and bring along a few young ANC volunteers as protection 'just in case.'

The whole operation goes smoothly. There is not another vehicle on the road. In the early hours of the morning when we are near Palapye, we make a fire of twigs and sit around waiting for first light before driving into town. It is ^{more} a village ^{rather} than a town - an African village. The cattle are being let out from their overnight kraals amongst the huts. They meander through the streets herded by small boys on their way to the grazing. The British High Commission's compound is like a last outpost of empire. A black policeman is raising the flag on a resplendent white mast which stands in the centre of a quadrangle of red earth and dust. A few square white-washed buildings are laid out with military precision with footpaths between them demarcated by lines of white-washed stones. Some barefoot men, probably convicts, are dragging thornbush fronds round and round the quadrangle to re-arrange the dust in pristine whorls.

The officer in charge is expecting us - Sheppard must have been in touch. He is formal but quite unwelcoming. He is expecting a signal about our plane's arrival, and tells us to wait. We sit on the scrub grass beneath the wattle trees while the temperature rises steadily. We have not slept or eaten, but we buy tepid Coca Cola from a roadside stall and listen for the sound of a plane. Hours pass. Midday comes and goes, and our confidence that there will be a plane goes too. It is mid afternoon before a signal is received and we drive out to the airstrip. It is a dusty earth track in the middle of the veld, with nothing to mark its purpose except a windsock. We catch the faint buzz of a distant plane, and watch a tiny plane turn and bump down to a dusty halt. It is a three-seater single-wing light craft; its pilot looks about nineteen years old. He says that air regulations compel him to land at Francistown for clearance before leaving Bechuanaland airspace. We say farewell to Kietsing and his body guard and take off.

I have a cold fear of flying, and this is my first time in a light plane. We are bumping and rocketing about in the air, and my stomach is protesting. I am afraid I am about to be sick - or perhaps just die, but I manage to hold on - just - until we are circling Francistown airstrip. I am very uneasy about landing here. This is the airfield where a much larger plane had been

destroyed by a bomb while parked overnight before flying Arthur Goldreich and Harold Wolpe to safety. Francistown is an outpost of the rabid white right-wing. We are parked a long way from the airport buildings, stretching our legs on the ground and watching two men coming towards us, in step. They are wearing identical kit - long khaki British army 'shorts', polished brown boots and Sam Browne belts. They come up, walk around us in silence, and exchange a few words with the pilot. Then one turns to me and says: 'Well, a thousand pounds bail. Do you think you're worth it?' They turn around and walk back, in step like Tweedledum and Tweedledee. We are cleared to go.

After a time I realise we have changed direction and are no longer heading north. We are over a lake that stretches as far as the horizon. I can think of only one body of water as large as this in this dry country. It has to be Kariba - and it must be heading towards Southern Rhodesia! I am feeling sick with the plane's motion and sicker still with the panic notion of being kidnapped back to a South African prison. I can think of nothing I can do - and then we leave the water and are once again crossing land. A town comes into view on the horizon, the plane circles down towards a real airport with modern airport buildings, and our pilot speaks to us for the first time: 'This is Lusaka.' I want to believe, but I am still not sure.

From the side of the airport buildings people wave and call out to us. Another man in British army uniform comes towards us. He looks like Tweedledum only podgier and redder, and announces that he is Napier-Bax - Lieutenant or is it Captain - in charge of immigration. He hands us each a notice that declares we are Prohibited Immigrants - PI's. 'I will not allow you to land here. You must get back on this plane and return to where you came from.' I am unable to contain myself. 'We have landed!' I snarl at him, 'And we're not getting back on that plane to go anywhere.' He says he can force us if necessary. I snap back that he will have to - we are not going voluntarily and are not paying anyone to take us.

Our silent pilot joins in. He has flown all day and is not going to fly another mile. Napier-Bax is stymied. He orders us to follow and marches us off to his office. We explain to ~~the~~ waiting friends what is happening to us, and the senior ANC people say they will ~~off~~ ^{go} and to see what Kenneth Kaunda can do. He is Zambia's elected President Designate, but will not be in office until the country becomes independent in a weeks time. Immigration is still in British

hands. We wait while Napier-Bax phones in a situation report from the next office. The partitions stop short of the ceiling; we can hear every agitated word. I read the PI notice carefully, including the small type at the bottom which says that appeals against the order must be made within 72 hours on form P???. When Napier-Bax comes back to us I give him formal notice that we will be appealing against the order within 72 hours, and ask for the necessary form. It seems that no one has ever used done this to him before. He goes back next door and starts rummaging through drawers and cupboards, and then telephoning again in a search for the forms. 'I've tried to get them' he reports, 'but they must have gone home. No one answers.'

He is getting ruffled when a message comes through. Kaunda has intervened, and the Chief Immigration Officer has agreed to postpone the order for seven days on condition that we give no interviews to press or radio. Our friends drive us off into town. For the first time I have the feeling that we have really got away, beyond the reach of South Africa's security police. We have no idea of where we are going - but we are out! We are in Africa, still close to our roots. If it were possible we might stay, stop running, but we have to be gone before the week is out. We are being forced into taking long-term decisions about our future literally on the run.

Sonia and Barney Gordon are old friends from Johannesburg. They have been living in Lusaka for several years, and take us into their home. The first thing to do is to telephone my brother in Johannesburg and arrange ~~for~~ Keith and Patrick to be put on a plane to join us - Keith because he is the youngest and Pat because I have not seen him since before my arrest at Rivonia. The Gordons are amongst the few whites who have supported Kaunda and his UNIP Party during their struggle for independence. Kaunda and members of his cabinet-to-be drop into the house casually to chat or have a drink. Amongst them is the Minister of Works who is facing an acute staff shortage in his Department when he takes over. White staff are packing up and leaving before a black government is installed. When he learns that I am an architect he offers me a post in the Department and promises to arrange for the PI order to be cancelled when the new government takes over. I jump at the offer and the prospect of settling down in Zambia.

In Lusaka Hilda takes the opportunity to renew her United Kingdom passport which she is entitled to by virtue of her birth in London. She now has a valid passport. Patrick and Keith who have their own South African passports arrive and join us - but our seven days are running out. Once again we find that it can be easier getting in than getting out. There is a strike on the railways, and in consequence all airplane seats have been booked and over-booked for some time ahead. Once again, our only way out is by road - but to where? The only long-distance road passenger services go south, but our luck is in. The ANC is preparing to transport some black South African nurses to Dar-es-Salaam, where they have volunteered to help the hospitals overcome their staff shortages. Some eight of them are already assembled in Lusaka and an ANC vehicle is being prepared. We can travel with the party on condition that I share the driving with Tennyson Makiwane who will be in charge.

If I had known more about long-distance driving in that part of the world I might not have jumped at the offer quite so readily. I had known Tennyson years before when he was junior to Ruth First as a Johannesburg reporter for the Guardian newspaper. He is ^{now} a full-time ANC official in the Dar-es-Salaam office, and confident that I will have no passport problems at the border - because of the ANC's good relations with the Nyerere government. The ANC vehicle turns out to be an elderly Jeep pick-up which has been converted from military to civilian use by a canvas hood to enclose the back, and the addition of two hard, backless wooden benches bolted to the floor. There is just enough room for the passengers in the back to sit with their feet wedged in amongst a load of suitcases and four-gallon Jerry cans of petrol. Three of us are wedged into the front seat.

Petrol points along the road are few and far enough apart to be marked on the road maps. Between the st, there is nowhere to obtain fuel. We set out in typically noisy South African party spirit and encounter almost no traffic once we are out of town. The main road east is a a dirt road in reasonable state. We leave a billowing cloud of red dust hanging in the air for hundreds of yards behind us. The dust gradually filters in through gaps and joins in the canvas. There is red dust over everything - faces, clothes and hair, and between our teeth. The temperature in the closed interior is growing fierce, the sweat is pouring down, the festive spirit is subsiding and the passengers doze off. There are sporadic attempts to start community singing, and occasional black jokes to ease the discomfort. Our family is accustomed to

long road journeys, but they have previously been in the comfort of sedan cars on tarmac South African roads. Our boys are not complaining, but they are miserable and finding the journey rougher and harder than we had expected.

Through the heat of day we travel through endless flat, uninteresting and seemingly uninhabited bush. We only stop for calls of nature, and from time to time in order to decant petrol from the Jerry cans to the tank. There is nothing else to stop for. In mid afternoon, those of us in front are watching the petrol gauge, and keeping anxious eyes on the mileage to the next petrol point. We are passing through what we later come to call 'Alice Lenshina country' after the local 'prophetess' who is leading a minor tribal rebellion against the government. We only know that she is said to have persuaded her followers that her magic powers will turn aside their enemies' bullets, and that the army has been sent in to 'restore order'. We pass a few army trucks carrying dust-encrusted government soldiers, and finally arrive at the petrol point. It is closed. A man sitting on his haunches tells us there is no petrol; the army has commandeered it all for their own trucks. We know that there is no chance of our reaching the next petrol point with what we have, and no point in going back. There is nothing else to do but drive on. It is my turn to drive. At every minor incline I take the truck out of gear and let it coast in the hope of saving fuel, but I know it is useless.

We are watching the needle of the fuel gauge fall to zero, and then to stop moving altogether. No one panics - it is too hot for that. We cruise along, calm and fatalistic, until the engine coughs and dies and we coast slowly to a halt. It is late afternoon in the middle of nowhere with not a sign of life - nothing but bush as far as the horizon. We all climb down and spread ourselves out on the prickly scrub grass at the roadside, waiting for a vehicle to come by. Nothing moves except the insects. I suppose our loud South African voices have carried a long way in the still air since eventually a tattered barefoot black farmer emerges cautiously from the bush to see what is going on. Then another, and another. Soon we have attracted a small crowd of chattering men and women who come out of the bush and stand a short way ~~of little way~~ off, watching. Our people try talking to them but without much success. Neither group understands the other's language. Tennyson has picked up some Swahili during his time in Tanzania. He manages better than any of us with the help of mime and gestures. There is a long exchange and then one of the men turns back into the bush and disappears. Both groups sit waiting to see what results.

Half an hour later he is back, wheeling an ancient bicycle. By that time we have elicited the information that there is a mission station somewhere along the road ahead. It has a car and might have petrol, but no one knows quite how far. They use that all-purpose African measurement: 'Too far.' But it can be reached by bicycle which the owner will lend us if we promise to bring it back.

Cycle duty falls on Tennyson because he is the only one who will be able to make himself understood in Swahili. The daylight is fading. The bicycle has no light or luggage carrier, so we give Tennyson a small torch, a sharp knife to ward off wild animals, and a Jerry can. He takes off into the sunset, far from enthusiastic, steering a wobbly course with one hand and carrying the Jerry can in the other. The local people slink off one by one, back into the bush. We collect up branches and twigs and start a bonfire on the edge of the road. We sit and chat; we sing liberation songs from home, and we watch the sparks flying up into the night sky and the blaze of the milky way appear. We are all townfolk. We are enjoying the safari experience, but with some uneasy joking about lions and hyenas. It has been dark for a long time before we hear a truck approaching from the east. We can smell it coming - it must be carrying fish from Lake Victoria. We all stand and wave, and yell like banshees as it comes by. Perhaps they think we are hijackers. They drive past without slowing down, covering us in fish-flavoured dust. Back to the fireside until a long time later another truck approaches. We are beginning to get desperate and almost compel them to stop by crowding into the road. It is an army truck with a party of Zambian soldiers who keep their rifles close to hand. We explain our predicament to the sergeant in charge, using a polyglot mix of Zambian and South African tongues. At first he remains unmoved, but in the end he gives way to the pleas and blandishments of the nurses. The soldiers siphon a small amount of petrol from their truck to ours, and drive off.

Our petrol gauge is still around the zero mark as we go in search of Tennyson. He is sitting disconsolately on a rock several miles further on. He has a full Jerry can of petrol cadged from the mission station invisible in the dark. But the full can, torch and bicycle have proved to be more than he can handle. He has given up trying and is waiting for us to rescue him. We drive back to return the bicycle, and then turn round again to drive on into the night. We are near to the Zambian-Tanzanian border when we pass an advertising sign for a roadside hotel. It is a small creeper-covered bungalow in complete darkness.

We manage to rouse the manager, and negotiate the use of his only vacant room. The passengers push the beds together so that they lie packed together like sardines, across them. The boys, Tennyson and I curl up on the benches and the floor of the truck. It is dusty and hard but a welcome relief though sleep is hard to come by.

By morning, it is obvious that our boys are much the worse for wear, and we still have at least another day on the road ahead. We go on and reach the border post. The Zambians pass us through; they are not much concerned about my lack of a passport since I am leaving anyway. They can leave the problem to the Tanzanians who have an identical post a few hundred yards ahead across a piece of no-mans's land. They are concerned. I leave it to Tennyson to explain that we are on official ANC business, and the ANC in Dar will stand as guarantor for me. The immigration officer is friendly and trying to be helpful. He is obviously too new in his position to be sure of his authority - Tanzanian independence is still quite new. He knows about South Africa and the trouble with apartheid, but cannot comprehend how a white person can possibly be part of the liberation struggle. It is a situation beyond his experience and not covered by any rules. Tennyson suggests he radio Dar head-quarters for clearance, but he has no authority to do so. The haggling goes on and on. I knew it might be easier getting out of Zambia than into Tanzania, but the prospect of being permanently marooned in no man's land between the two had never occurred to me.

That is a real possibility. We are approached by two Indian teenagers, a boy and a girl, who ask for our help. They are also South Africans. They have run away from a boarding school in Zambia, for an adventure. Zambia had passed them out without passports. They had assumed that Tanzania would let them in, and that the ANC look after them as it had many young refugees, especially because their father had always been an ANC supporter.² But the Tanzanians would not unless they could produce proper papers or financial guarantors. The adventure had turned sour. They had been living rough in temporary shelter in no-man's land for several weeks waiting for their father to bail them out. They plead ~~in~~ in tears for Tennyson to vouch for them. He might be able to do something but that would make them the ANC's responsibility which he is not willing to take on. We are in no better state. Without the ANC to vouch for

¹ turned out that he was an old friend and Party comrade of ours - Salim Saley from Roodepoort.

us, we can neither go forward nor back. In our case, Tennyson gives the ANC guarantee. There is nothing we can do for these youngsters. We know their parents can afford to bail them out and that it can only be matter of time before their ordeal will be over. The barrier is lifted to let us through and we drive on to Mbeya leaving them in tears in no man's land. .

At Mbeya luck is with us. A light plane is on the runway being prepared for a flight to Dar. There are still seats available. We decide to end the boys' torture-by-road and put them on it together with Hilda. As as co-driver I will have to stay with the truck. We wait at the airport until the plane has taken off, and then get back on the road to follow them to Dar. There is almost no traffic, it is as hot and dusty as ever, but there are no problems with petrol. By afternoon we are on a stretch of road which passes through the Morogoro Game Reserve. Notices warn motorists to keep a watch out for wild animals crossing the road. We do, but do not see any. They are more sensible than we are and are probably resting in the shade. It is again my turn to drive, with one eye on the empty road and the other looking out for animals. The accelerator pedal gives way without warning, goes right down to the floor and stays there. I try lifting it back up but it won't stay and flops back to the floor. We stop, and I crawl about in the dust inspecting the damage from below - I am so dust-encrusted already that a little more scarcely matters. A welded joint has come apart below the floor, and left the rod between accelerator pedal and engine trailing on the road.

From below it is obvious that the Jeep was built for left-hand driving and has been adapted for driving from the right by moving the pedals across and connecting them to the engine by transverse rods. There is no way we can repair a broken weld. The best we can do is to try and revert to the original left side for the accelerator control. We have no rods or wire. Rolling around in the dirt, I can connect the engine through a hole in the floor to the passenger seat position using Tennyson's necktie as the link. The light is fading; everyone is getting twitchy at being stuck in the game park after dark, so we settle for that. Tennyson takes the passenger seat controlling the acceleration with his necktie. I have the clutch and brake. We are not totally agreed about driving methods. I find myself pumping at the brake at moments when he is attempting to accelerate. When I brake before a bend he is as likely as not to be pulling on the tie so that we can take it at speed on two wheels. And vice versa. It is a nightmare drive through the dark, with a

silent battle of wills at every bend and incline. It is fortunate that we have the road virtually to ourselves. There is nothing to be seen except endless dark sisal plantations like hedges along the road. We roll into Dar-es-Salaam in the early hours, dead beat, and spend what is left of the night in recovery, dozing in armchairs in an ANC flat.

Hilda and the boys ~~are~~ ^{have been} met at the airport by the ANC's Acting President, Oliver Tambo, and the local Representative James Hadebe, ~~They have been~~ ^{and are} installed in a small hotel on the edge of town. Patrick and I walk down through the hotel grounds to the beach so that I can shed some of the dust. The beach is totally deserted. I do what I always do in South Africa; I leave my shirt, shoes and towel in a heap near the shore line, and when we come out of the water they are gone. I have a spare shirt in my bag, but no shoes. I walk into town barefoot, go into the first shoe shop I can see and ask for a pair of socks. I put them on in the shop and ask for a pair of shoes. The shopkeeper shows no surprise. Perhaps this sort of thing is old hat in Dar.

I starting doing the rounds of the travel agencies and airlines. There are plenty of flights available but not for someone without a passport. Several times I am reminded of a recent case of a man without a passport who boarded a plane somewhere in Europe without a passport, had been refused the right to land at his destination and had shuttled back and forth for weeks, unable to leave the airport until the UN rescued him. No one is prepared to repeat that experience. I try the shipping companies, with the same result. I am learning again that getting in is easy compared with getting out.

The ANC office does its best to help. For the best part of a week one of its officials guides me through every relevant office and departments of the Tanzanian bureaucracy. Day after day we trudge from Police to Home Affairs to Immigration to Security - and probably several others. Everywhere we are received politely; everyone wants to help the ANC; everyone knows about the evils of apartheid and supports the struggle for South African liberation. But a white member of the liberation movement passes all understanding. There is nothing in rules about such a thing, no known precedent and no appropriate forms to fill in. There are a lot of questions, chiefly in Swahili translated for me by my chaperone. Whether my answers lose something in translation I do not know, but each official makes extensive notes, presses my hand and wishes me well, and passes me on to another place as quickly as he can.

My ANC companion keeps telling me: 'Now we are getting somewhere.' Maybe, but I not sure where - not even when we land in the office of the head of State Security himself. My comrade assures me that this is where the real decisions are made though I have already decided that no such place exists. We go through the familiar routine of explanations, questions, incredulity and doubt. He runs out of things to say and reaches into his desk drawer and takes out a printed form. He picks up his pen and starts taking me through it systematically. The usual stuff - Name, date of birth, place. Then: where did you go to school? School! I think back thirty years and select two out of a possible five or six. 'What places do you frequent?' Frequent? How about the Palm Beach Hotel and the Immigration Department. Passed. 'Do you ride a bicycle?' 'What are your hobbies?' 'What sports do you play?'

I can't really believe this, but he is going on. Occupation, distinguishing marks, colour of eyes, hair, skin, height, build, and anything else the official mind can conceive of. I am sitting across the desk from him, and reading the print at the top of the form, while he is writing down the answers in the appropriate boxes. It is a 'Wanted' form left over from the British Administration. It advises all police stations of all they need to know to identify a missing fugitive and bring him to justice. He signs it off with a flourish and takes it off to another office along with two of my passport photographs. He comes back with a single sheet of paper headed CERTIFICATE OF IDENTITY. My photograph is pasted on with accompanying details of date and place of birth and so on. At the bottom in bold type it says: VALID FOR ONE JOURNEY ONLY. He stamps it, signs it and hands it over. The buck has finally stopped here, and we are free to move on.

CHAPTER 21.

1964 - ?

We are still without a plan. Britain seems to be the sensible place to stop over while we clear the decks for a return to Zambia. The direct flights to Britain are fully booked, so we settle for a broken journey with a few days stop-over in Nairobi. Zeke Mphahlele who is the ANC representative in Kenya meets us at the airport. He too is an old Johannesburg friend from the days before he went into exile and before he became a distinguished writer. He has been spent those years in the United States and the capitals of Europe. He says he has booked us into a 'modest little hotel', drives us there and drops us off. Life in Geneva must have changed his values. The 'modest little hotel' is the Norfolk, a comfortable bungalow-style establishment and the city's most prestigious. He has booked us a suite which is far beyond our means. It is already evening. We decide to stay the night only, and make our get-away as early in the morning as possible. Our boys are seeing television for the first time, and cannot tear themselves away from even the most boring of political interviews with local politicians.

In the morning I try to settle our bill, but the hotel will not accept our banknotes. There is an official embargo on South African currency - which is good news for us politically but bad financially. We go into town to find a bank which will exchange what is left of Borch's bankroll. The first bank refuses to handle the notes, and so does the second which calls itself the Standard Bank of South Africa. I must have looked desperate, for the Indian teller follows us outside to tells us that our only hope is to find a money-changer, and directs us down a side lane to a bazaar stall. The Indian money changer at first also refuses our money, but after some argument and pleading he offers us around half the usual rate of exchange. We have no choice. We take the money, settle our bill and leave the hotel with only a few pounds left to see us through to Britain.

The only people we know in Nairobi are Eve and Tony Hall. Tony was a reporter for the Rand Daily Mail when I was arrested at Rivonia, and is now working for the East African Herald. We phone them to ask advice about cheap accommodation, and they invite us to stay with them and their three sons. For a few days we bed down in sleeping bags on their living room floor, waiting for the last leg of our flight to Britain. The plane is filled with British expatriates taking their children to boarding schools 'at home' after their annual ~~holiday~~ ^{holiday} with their parents in Kenya. Since we left Zambia we have been

enjoying our anonymity. The press seems to have lost all interest in us. But as we line up in the aisle of the plane at Heathrow and prepare to disembark, we can see television cameras being positioned outside to film people coming down the steps. Our fellow passengers are looking around and trying to spot the celebrities on board. We try to look as puzzled as they, but we fear the worst. As we come down the steps ~~heard can be~~ ^w ~~We too look around, fearing the worst. At the foot of the steps~~ someone says; 'That's them! The cameras start up, and I am grabbed by reporters.

We are hustled off to a studio in the air terminal building. We pass a crowd of friends who have come to meet us - they must have been alerted by the ANC or the Anti-Apartheid Movement - but we can only wave to them. I am new to TV - it has never been permitted in South Africa - and scarcely understand the talk of BBC1 and ITV, but understand I am to be interviewed for the evening news. I expect to be asked about the Rivonia trial or our escape to Bechuanaland. When the interviews start they are scarcely interested in any of that. They are more interested another story - the kidnap of a South African refugee, Barry Higgs, from a caravan in Southern Rhodesia, by South African agents. I had heard of it in Nairobi, but probably knew less about it than the interviewers who want to know: What do I think about it? What can Britain do? Clearly we are already yesterday's news and have had our fifteen minutes of fame.

The Anti-Apartheid Movement has cleared my way through Immigration. I am given permission to stay for seven days, and my 'One Journey Only' paper acquires another official stamp. We can join our friends to celebrate, still undecided about our future or how long we will stay in London or even be permitted to stay. We begin an unsettled sort of life in London - not quite residents and not quite tourists. ~~We live out of suitcases, first with relatives, then with friends, without a plan. Patrick's school vacation is ending. We try to persuade him that he is free to choose for himself whether to return to school in Swaziland till the end of the school year, or to stay with us wherever we are. He is an introverted and inarticulate adolescent, unable to communicate freely with adults. He opts to go back, I think believing that this will make things easier for us. We know he is unhappy, but he has made his choice, and we put him on a plane back to South Africa.~~ ^{[EPILOGUE] (LIFE-21).} ^{school in Swaziland.}

Frances is still in Toni's care in Johannesburg. The plan had been for her to complete her school year and then join us. But she is miserable, and desperately wants to be with us. So Toni puts her on a plane to London, where she is miserable and homesick for South Africa, but with us. Not long after her arrival, we have a phone call from Johannesburg. Patrick has run away from school in Swaziland, crossed the South African border without a passport and hitch-hiked his way to Toni's flat. We take it to be a cry for help, and arrange for him too to be flown to London to join us. Our fractured family jigsaw is being put together again, piece by piece, while we are still drifting without a settled future.

My permit to stay is extended, first for weeks, later for some months. There is nothing left of Borch's endowment. My Johannesburg bank account has been closed and the small amount I left in it converted into traveller's cheques which Frances brought ^{with her.} We have spent all of it. Zambia has achieved its independence, control of immigration has passed from British to Zambian hands, but the PI order remains. All our attempts to get it cancelled disappear into some dark bureaucratic hole in Lusaka. I manage to talk to Simon Kapwepwe, the Zambian vice-Premier, who is in London on official business. He undertakes to see that the way for our return is cleared and the PI order rescinded as soon as he is back in Zambia. I am not surprised that nothing happens - our PI order must be low down on the ~~the~~ list of priorities of a government which is still finding its feet.

The Colonial Development Corporation is advertising for architects to work in Lusaka for the Zambian government. I apply, and am called to an interview at the Foreign Office. I am seen by an obviously bored and detached British civil servant and his over-fed, overly self-satisfied Zambian equivalent. They show almost no interest in my professional experience or skills. They are interested in my 'background', which it is clear means my politics, and whether I am politically safe or red and dangerous. The Zambian obviously disbelieves my story. His imagination does not take in the concept of a white man victimised for his part in a black struggle, and he makes no effort to do so. They are just going through the motions. I know that my application will be turned down, and within the week I receive formal notice that '..the Minister regrets', although I know from friends in Zambia that they are having little success in finding architects.

Our funds run out, we are overstaying our welcome in other peoples' homes, and our children are missing out on their education ~~studies~~. We can no longer hang on in the hope that something will turn up to clear our return to Zambia. The period of waiting and of drift is over. We arrange for our children to restart their education in London schools; I find a job in a London architectural practice; and we take a short lease on a furnished flat of our own. Back in South Africa, Toni's husband Ivan Strasburg has been detained in a Durban prison in an attempt to induce him to testify for the state in a trial against some of his political colleagues. He has resisted successfully until that trial is over and he is released without charge. He and Toni decide they have had enough, and ~~will~~ leave ~~to~~ join us. We go to Heathrow to meet them but have to call up assistance from the Anti-Apartheid Movement and David Ennals MP before they get them permission to enter on a short-term permit. They move in to our flat for the time being, so our whole family is together in one place. For the first time since before my arrest at Rivonia.

We have settled. We are no longer refugees but have become exiles. Though Hilda was born here she has been in South Africa for so long - over thirty years - that she too feels she is in exile. We have lost our home but are not trapped. We can travel abroad when we wish to, and do so for holidays, conferences and meetings about South Africa and apartheid. For several years I pass immigration controls with my Tanzanian document valid for 'One Journey Only' by persuading the officials that my journey has not yet ended. They are all prepared to accept the pretext as long as they have an official-looking document on which they can place their entry and exit stamps - and collect the visa fee. I have to wait five years before I am eligible for 'permanent residence' status in Britain, and thus a British passport. Long before that, every inch of the now dog-eared Tanzanian document is filled with official stamps. Now I am trapped unless I can obtain a British travel document, which will only be granted in exchange for my Tanzanian museum piece. I surrender it unwillingly and receive a short-term UK Travel Document, which looks like a passport but isn't.

In involuntary small steps like this, we are putting down roots in an alien land while all our cultural, emotional and political being remains firmly embedded in South Africa. These new roots - Hilda's and mine - are feeble things, but our children's have taken and they are becoming British, willy nilly. We speak the same language and share the same culture. We fit quite

easily into British society, although slightly differentiated by our ~~foreign~~ foreign accents and ~~the~~ the exotic experiences which brought us here. Our children are more at home here than we are, and are coming to think of themselves more as British than South African. We remain a part of a tightly knit circle of South African emigres, but our children go to school, mature, move into the native community, marry and raise families of their own. They are becoming British, while we of the older generation live lives apart, in a community of South African refugees and exiles, all of whom live with the dream of home. Amongst us expectations differ about how soon it will be possible to return. The most optimistic amongst us speak of five years and keep their mental luggage packed and ready for the day. Most of us are less optimistic and think of ten years, perhaps more. But we are all certain that the day will come when we can return and we will be going back. We never lose that faith: if not in ten years then at least in our own lifetime. And if not in our lifetime, then certainly in our children's'.

The dream becomes more remote with time, but is never abandoned. We are forever exiles. We do what we can from exile to sustain and develop the liberation struggle at home, and keep touch with our comrades there in and out of jail and with the organisations of resistance and of struggle. We stop calculating the years as the organisations and movements of our times pass into history. New struggles and new movements grow out of the compost of the old - Soweto students, Crossroads Squatters, the United Democratic Front. Our times are becoming times past - but yet we know our day will come!

Twenty years of waiting and of hoping, and at last the apartheid state starts to fall apart. Cracks and fissures open up in the great mountain of oppression, revealing to the whole world the bloodstained foundations on which it stands. Twenty seven years. It is collapsing. Its prisons are emptying and the state machine is collapsing in disarray. Those of us who have lived so long in exile can return to renew our communion with people we once knew and start a new one with the generations who have grown up without us. We go back for the first time to our home to experience the change, but our children and their children have roots too deep in foreign soil to think of this as home.

Thirty years ^{on.} We are back in our own country where apartheid is in its death throes but still unburied. The first truly free non-racial elections are under way, and we taking part in it and in the old regime's funeral. Our political

careers have come full circle - from the outer regions of a radical minority sect to the heart and centre of popular politics. We are helping bring to power the first truly representative government the country has ever known after a lifetime of dreaming of it and working for it. We are at the beginning of new era of restoration and reconstruction after a single long journey through the nightmare of apartheid.

Thirty years ^{on.} July 1974. We are standing on the terrace of the Union Buildings Pretoria together with hundreds of our comrades of those long years - those who have survived at home and abroad. They are all here those men of Rivonia - all except Elias Motsoaledi who survived twenty-seven years on Robben Island and died of heart disease only days before of this moment of achievement. And except Jimmy Kantor who has died prematurely ^{in exile.} from the stress induced by his trial. And except also Bram Fischer who has died in prison for his almost single-handed effort to reconstruct the Communist party underground after its decimation at Rivonia. X

This is their day, and ours. It is the day for which thousands of other men and women gave all their courage and strength, but fell before the final triumph. It is the day of vindication of all their faith and dedication in the struggle against power. We the survivors, are the lucky ones - perhaps the luckiest generation on earth for we have seen the peaceful triumph of the cause to which we have devoted our lives. But we remember all those who set out on the great journey with us but did not live to see its end. This day is their triumph as much as ours, their memorial contribution to the living and to the freedom and happiness of South Africa's generations still unborn.

It is a milestone at the end of a single journey. The flag of the hated old regime is being hauled down from the flag-mast, and the new flag incorporating the resplendent colours of the ANC is being ceremonially run up to fly proudly over the nation's capital. The planes of a new South Africa are flying past overhead, and below them taking the salute stands the greatest survivor of all and the symbol of our hopes - our comrade Nelson Mandela, President of a new non-racial and democratic country, at the triumph of one of the longest and most testing journeys in history.

ENDS.

It is ten years since Davidson made a plea for me to write my memoirs. In that time, many more of the men and women who made the history of those times have passed away leaving no personal written records - not just Marks, Kotane and Dadoo who were in Davidson's mind but also Albert Luthuli, Z.K. Matthews, Oliver Tambo, Tom Nkobi, Michael Harmel, Abram Fischer, Helen Joseph, Duma Nokwe, Ruth First, Joe Slovo, Harold Wolpe, J.N.Singh, Jack Hodgson, Cecil Williams - the list goes on and on. If the tale is not told now, when will it be?

I know some part of all their histories, and feel an obligation to set it down for those who did not survive to tell it for themselves. I am one of the lucky ones. I survived what an old Chinese curse calls 'a life in interesting times!' I have the privilege to look back on those interesting and painful times of tension and terror. My memory of them may help those who were too young or too muzzled by apartheid to understand them for themselves. Amongst them are my own children, who were shielded from our secret lives but had to pay their own personal and emotional price for living through them. These memoirs may help them too to make sense of what was happening to them and around them. They can scarcely compensate them for a childhood lived in 'interesting times'.

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