

BUOVA 7 August 1966

Holiday 1

Rae came to take us to airport - it was raining & cool.
At airport she bought expensive magazines, Lindt chocolate
Caravelle - very smooth - left + 12:30 & put down
later at Ljubljana for customs/immigration check - then on to
Dulovnik, & into small bus after very hot + tired wait.
We wind thru Yugoslav countryside which is mountainous &
atony - strange to see Cannas among cypress. The cypress
trees give it all an unfamiliar & stony look.
Brown people at bus stops; stone houses, a
village where we drive onto a ferry to cross the
Sound in evening. Polyglot of tongues. Calm, lake-like
look to the sea.

Slavija is three or four buildings - much bigger than I
anticipated. So many people around & so hot!
Pleasant rooms. Brown handsome Yugoslav man who
takes us to dinner at 8:30. Hot, stuffy.

The hotel is in 3 or 4 (?) big wings, with a
dining room, same floor & band in the central one. We eat
at same table as Wolfs. Jeremy & Veronica dark &
rather shapelier plump. Mrs. is neat figured & pretty.
Mr. is also slightly plump. Middleclass Jewish, but eat
pork. Have been to Spain but it was not a success.

BUOVA is former medieval town of tiny winding streets,
all within old town walls. Exquisite to see, & still
whole in its entirety. Shops have been spinard, but
most is still living space. City walls have look-out to sea.

GERMANS would we dislike them so much if we knew
nothing about Hitler? Probably. Frances says they are
all big fat & ugly, & so they seem. Fat, gross,
hard-eyed. Slim girls, all with fat brauns to show
what they become. Eat like hogs & ignore everybody. The
world is made for them. There is a feeling of revulsion
to the sound of their language. ^{I mean with direct heads, etc}

ENGLISH. Predictably as one expects. Middleclass, high-voiced and
noisy, with their aversion & dislike of others. Maroon faced
women with long noses, unapert hair/pink & white
punchbow looking
Cunning all with ^{staring} eyes
or lie in chairs, legs
sprawled out.

MISHA Tall, handsome Hungarian man, very brown, high cheekbones, strong handsome a typical face. He is an -
chemist, taken 3 mths job with Y. His brother is
"brilliant economist". Both parents are teachers, spent 2 1/2 yrs
in Germany as prisoners. His mother is an "impossible
idealistic" impossible - she wants everybody to have
enough, none to be too rich."

Dubrovnik is the most beautiful city, very, very
beautiful - more beautiful than Budapest or Vienna
or Paris. A blonde girl on every street corner
knows everyone.

SCENERY Mountains have slightly wild rocky aspect - one
can picture them as home to Jeezulla fighters

SVETI-STEFAN Remind me of Ginn of Macarac
On boat from beach in afternoon, round
promontory of land, into exquisitely beautiful Bay where at
house & gardens that were summer residence of former King.
Boat pulls up at landing stage & entrance through Cave,
through formal gardens of steps, cypress trees, flowers,
flowering bushes, pines. Sandy beaches. On to across causeway
to Sveti Stefan old monastery now hotel - beautifully done
intricately woven threads of steps, buildings, passages, views,
embattlements, ancient walls. Really lovely. Embark at foot of
old town, in ruin swell, Keith & I sit up front of boat as it
dips & rises, very exciting. Stops at "Hawaii" - the island
facing our hotel, where nightclub has chairs & tables set beneath
pine on beds of needles, heavenly smell. Hundreds of birds
sobering in every day - are they going to SA?
We start talking to Inna's family, very pretty young
mother with dark hair & soft brogue, boy Keith's age
& golden haired daughter.

ON SUNDAY MORNING no light, no water! My upset stomach does not
improve the lavatory situation. Great influx of
visitors. At hotel desk, fat woman with dyed
finger hair gathered in topknot, wearing flaming orange
tawdry gown, asking in high childish voice about water -
'my husband's teeth' - illustrated by gestures to
explain - 'he must wash his teeth'. She nearly shrieks
when told water will be restored by five!

JACK
& RICA

We expected them on Sunday, but did not arrive 3
until Monday. With them come small snippets of
news - Jan has feet, Mark has tooth, Pat has gone to
Bogota Regis - a Teddy & Violet pleaded guilty - this last
does all feels of guilt & sadness at being here, & being able
to dismiss them all in thoughts. Then Jack wants to discuss
ideas of what to do - I'm chucked up at once between
thoughts of what exile from involvement in struggle does to
us all, of our new kind of life & the pull that it
do through events, while the rest remains a sideline.

Thoughts about this become mingled with thoughts on how much
I have & always want & need (all of us, RICA with her
new house & "split-level" oven) & way peasants live
here, with bare, bare minimum of food, housing. The gap is
too big. The 'necessities of life' increase too much in
modern civilization.

Jack looks old, ill. RICA older - don't we all. But she
stayed from a joyful until she left SA. In her loud,
deliberate way, says (in front of 'Wolfs') Rudy will soon take
up Sunday again if he goes to jail again. She always does this,
a always embarrasses me, from the time of being drunk & talking
about the Red Dean in front of the Odells down to today.

DAISY

She is the fat old poppet with red-dyed topknot who
was so agitated about her husband's teeth on Sunday
morn. His room next to ours. In the afternoon, I hear her
crying, try to listen in to a quarrel, but only her voice comes
suffocantly. She cries with little sniffs & sobs like a child,
"I didn't say that, I didn't, I only said" unanswerable, is
the answer. Then she appeals to her friend, "I didn't say it, did
I, Daisy (?)? Did I?" And her friend's answer is unanswerable, but
the one is clearly one that does sit side with her completely.
Next morning, class again, more unanswerable sounds of
quarreling voices, & we meet her on stairs with dark glasses
& grim lips. I feel so sad for her, for all these quarreling
people married to each other. He drinks gin, comes in late →

SCENERY

Next lies over mountains & beaches. The sea is
a glassy lake & reflects lights from old town like
a mirror across & being at night. In the morning
it is a palest wash of colour, mingling imperceptibly with
the sky, & so the dark wake of a boat drawn across the
water is infinitely peaceful, beautiful, relaxed.

WED. 17 AUGUST
66

KOTOR

Keth stayed behind. Rest of us & Hodgsons, Coach to Budva, Aurora, Atlas Tours.

When we board ship best seats fully occupied by the Germans all up front, & play seats in gangway. British quietly seep to back without trouble. We take chairs to sit under awning behind gangway. After lunch, when bot. bot. sun has made front intolerable, a German crew finally escaped on our chairs - he, looking like a av. time SS officer with dudly scars. She, a muddled fair, Nordic, Strength & joy, or whatever it was, Golden brown skin, light blue eyes, blond, cap-cut hair, the eyes a little too small, jaws too heavy, lines too hard. Argument at first in English. Then she, harshly, with hate: "Speak German!" A young man wobbly, amused, German - English egging us gently as they will not "make a scene" but also dislike the German arrogance. This is the only word they are uncomfy & arrogant.

Boat chugs at first past empty hills that come down to sea. No houses, people, villages, animals. Green scrubby bushes, grey rocks. After entering fjord it becomes more habited, & more beautiful. Sometimes a cluster - church & buildys, - high up the side of a mountain as the town from rock. Below, red-roof, stone walls, gardens small beaches.

An island in middle of fjord was man-made by peasants forced to bring rocks & build basis for Franciscan church. Paved around church, which is very ornate, with paintings all round, & copper tiles, each taking their own colour. Muns shows it to us. Villages still bring rocks, once a year, in July, to replace the erosion of the sea.

Kotor, at end of fjord, is at base of steep mountain; the town wall is built up the mountain behind the town, a spectacular sight, conjuring up picture of effort required in construction, & of wild, sambar-waving invaders with great few bats who must have come over the top of that mountain. Over-hd: is not much time.

Return is more beautiful as evening approaches.

- Brown boys wave at us from the water. Sea takes on a luminous glow. Scenes that pass by boat are peaceful but not gentle, slightly wild, rugged, strong, perhaps fierce

at entrance to fjord is Manda - island prison, where 6,000 prisoners of war died. This fact is given by our guide in English & French, but omitted from the German

DRAMA - or
is it ROSE?

The two must be sisters. Fat to grossness, with great white heaving bodies & lumbering slow movements, she wears two piece that reveals expanse of enormous belly, quite obscene. They climb onto beach-decks, heave themselves off, walk to edge of water, go in as far as halfway up legs, bend down & splash their arms, ~~dash a little further~~ take two more steps forward, end by sitting on edge of sea, like children in shallows.

EARTHQUAKE

Lunchtime on Saturday 26th Mocha was staid behind Keith. The rumble, and strange distortion of the dining room as everything shook. Mocha seized Keith's hand & rushed away with him, & people jumped up & began to run outside, but he stayed seated, not wishing to panic, and only got up as it subsided to see to Keith. A second, smaller one followed. Just after dinner a third quake, but not so violent as first. Some people clearly terrified. It is very frightening experience. Inevitably we never worried as because we knew they were tremors & not earthquakes. But this - extent of it cannot be judged, whether it will get worse, or cease. A vision of heaps of destroyed buildings possesses one -

At first sight, thought Jan was grandchild & she old - German (on her boat) Bt on Dubrovnik trip she st next to Frances, & was sweet to her. Looked again, saw the good Swedish features partly disguised by carelessly swept grey hair. Two sons. Klaus, 12, & younger one in Sweden. Lives in tiny, tiny village - born in even smaller one in Lapland. Took on prejudices of adults to Lapps "Therefore we do not really understand the problem, only in the mind, b't not really." Her of boys is Hungarian "most beautiful people in Europe, with their brown skins & strong faces." b't she could not face 'em in Communist country - brought up as free Swedish women, the controls, restraints. Her was teacher, now who as barman, April to October, all day every day, then goes shooting in Sjösjö (?) mountains.

Jan is reproduction of father.

Has a small, small Chemist's Shop in small village - rather be "1st person in Nårs than second in Rome"

Jakes Francis' head on cap to sleep or way have - "always wanted a daughter." & has boy of 5 sons. As I know everyone in Nårs I must take a small gift to everyone - just bits of nonsense."

The A friend, a veterinary surgeon a wife from Nårs are going to Tanzania for 2 yrs.

We exchange addresses. The boy's father is "Skens" - He has registered them in that name, so they can keep it if they wish.

FRANCES
FRIENDS

On Friday 19- we walk into Budva in
early evening. Stop at house next to stream with view
of bay & sea. Father, taxi-driver, is fixing an electric
light. He was partisan fighter - points to mountains. Mother
is young looking & pretty, with 16-yr old son, Sanja, another son
& a daughter. They bring out Slivovitz, slices of cheese, then turkish
coffee.

DUBROVNIK.

Muska thinks this is the most beautiful city of all.
It is gorgeous. We left by coach at 2 in
afternoon, travelled over high winding precipitous road, crossed
flung in great heat, passed villages, beaches, bare thick with
vegetation, winding narrow country roads, nodding with heat &
sleepiness, finally approach D from above, high above. See
the town thrown in curve bay & steep mountain side
fabulous & beautiful, mingled with trees. We found slavery
denon, clearly see the extent of old town & its wall.
Enter through draw-bridge, to square & long main street that
runs length of town, paved with marble-like stone ~~was~~ worn
to patina by polishing of countless feet. We go to Torvani
market, brilliant carpets, wooden stuff, leather shoes.
Off the main street run steep narrow alleys. Whole place is
from a stony boss.

We walk around town on wall - very high - with
unfolding views of the tiled roofs, the buildings, the harbour, the bay
with its unsymmetrical pattern of boats, the gleaming sea.

In evening, attend an open air folk dance & singing performance
against background of castle wall with battlements & arches
like Hollywood set. Brilliant costumes & pleasant
dancing.

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