

DÉVELOPPEMENT
ET PAIX



DEVELOPMENT
AND PEACE

Organisation catholique canadienne pour le développement et la paix

Canadian Catholic Organization for Development and Peace

IMPRIMÉS
PRINTED MATTER

Hilda Bernstein,
Old House Farm,
Warstone,
Hereford -
England.

2111 rue Centre, Montréal, Québec, H3K 1J5, (514) 932-5136

Winnie Dadoo?

100 A Rochester Row
London S. W. 1.

26th March 1961.

My dear *Hilda*

It's the first anniversary of "Maak oop die hek - hier kom die Noodregulasies". How often during our detention, did one or other of us not say, "I wonder how long it will take after all this is over, before we will be able to say 'it was an experience I would never have missed'?" It did not take me long. And both here in London, and in Israel where I visited on my way here, I am regarded as a bit of a heroine!

I remember everyone and everything very clearly. I picture the position of all our beds in all the jails. But most of all I remember the wonderful spirit and comradeship and co-operation of everyone. The funny and the pleasant things come to mind and the unpleasant seem to have dimmed in my memory. Hilda has "immortalised in rhyme" many aspects of our life in No. 4 and The Central for us; there is so much more.

Do you remember our arrival at No. 4, and Violet and Rica showing us their dinner from behind the "burglar-proofing"; and the marvellous taste of one-third of a spratt and some "katkop" dipped in the oil; and the processions headed by Gloria and Hester carrying in tin dog-dishes full of cold revolting food; and the huge bin (which featured in one of my escape plans) with large raw beetroots; and visitor's days; and our deputations reporting back to us (Matron will give us her cat's ball to play with) and our after-lunch discussions; and our May Day celebration; and our quartet; and our planned procession to the Skyline; and at night the sound of the Kotze Street traffic and the interminable penny whistle?

And our departure from No. 4 and arrival at the Central; and our journeys down to the courtyard laden like refugees; and those basins with taps that all turned on and off at once; and the hunger strike, and Margaret's questionnaire: show emphasis with a plus or minus: "Do you feel hungry?" (yes plus plus plus) and "Do you have wind?" - indicate direction with an arrow; and sitting on the lawn singing innumerable verses, not forgetting the chorus between each, of "All things bright and beautiful"; And at night the sound of trains shunting back and forth without stop?

And the parting at 6 am. with us girls of the "Nylstroom Express"; and our stop at Pienaar's River; and our Private Hotel (with bars that really looked like burglar-proofing) and a bathroom and lavatory with proper walls and doors, and carpets, and pastel-shaded walls and our private sun-deck; and Violet reading "Canterbury Tales"; and the ping-pong table; and our ~~scribble games~~ *scribble games* and Schitzo; and umfundisi and her abafundi ababili amntoti; and shorthand Ex. 25 "I will carry you to the city/setee for lunch/a lounge"; and at night the quiet of the country interrupted only by the frogs and crickets, and the many Nylstroom clocks chiming, and Ibubesi's roaring?

Am I being sentimental? Maybe I am, and maybe its because I'm 6,000 miles away. But we did have a wonderful experience together, worth remembering.

My fraternal greetings and very best wishes,

Winnie

O.C. ESCAPE & JOINT HON. TREASURER

My dearest Hilda,

How can I recall jail
life without recalling how
wonderful you were?

I'll never forget how
understanding you were, nor
your magnificent spirit, nor
your outstanding leadership.

It really was a great
experience being with a comrade
like you.

Did you receive my letter?
How is Rusty, and how are Toni,
Patrick, Frances and Keith.

Wishing you all you are
hoping for,

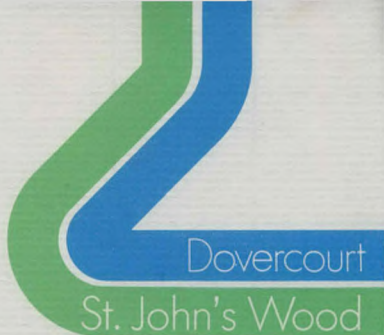
Love,

Winnie

The Dovercourt Motor Company Limited
Authorised VOLKSWAGEN AUDI dealer
32-34 St. John's Wood Road, London NW8 7HE
Telephone 01-286 8000 Telex 28253

Registered office:
Yeomans Drive, Blakelands, Milton Keynes, Bucks MK14 5AN
Registered in England number 643930 VAT number 233 8741 57
A wholly owned subsidiary of Lonrho Ltd

Mrs. H. Bernstein,
5, Rothwell Street,
London,
NWI 8YH.



Your reference

Our reference

Date

RAT:CBS

19th November 1980

Dear Madam,

RE: YOUR VW POLO

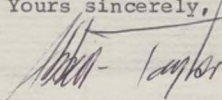
Your letter dated 29th September 1980 addressed to VAG (UK) Ltd, has been passed to us for reply.

We have delayed replying to this letter as we understand that your vehicle came into our Service Department last week and the back rest knob was replaced.

We regret that there was a delay in ordering the part when you first brought this to our attention in July. However, the part was received by us at the beginning of September and we have tried to contact you by telephone and we also wrote to you on 11th September, asking you to contact us in order that we could fit the part.

We are sorry that it has taken sometime to put this matter right but we trust that your Polo is now operating to your satisfaction.

Yours sincerely,


ROGER ABBEY-TAYLOR
AFTER SALES MANAGER

c.c. Mr. M. Groves - VAG
Mr. Zenonos.



VOLKSWAGEN AUDI



Phone: 0981-550-446

20/1/89

Dear Julia Davies,

I only received your letter this morning, and due to awful country deliveries, this will not be posted until tomorrow.

I would be happy to come and speak at your African evening in April, except for the fact that I am preparing to go to Tanzania for a year with my husband, where we will both be working at the ANC complex at Mazimbu. The problem is that we expect to leave some time in April, but cannot fix a date as we have to arrange to let our house.

I suppose that you will want to put out publicity for the evening well in advance. I can't say for sure whether I will be in England or not. Perhaps the best thing would be for you to phone me a little later on; unless you want to start now to approach someone else.

Sorry not to be able to give a definite answer. I don't mind the idea of travelling to Fife - just the uncertainty of being available.

With best wishes

Hilda Bernstein

21 Albany Park,
ST Andrews,
Fife.
KY16 8BP.

Dear Hilda Bernstein,
I am writing on
behalf of ST Andrews University Anti-
Apartheid group to ask if it would
be possible for you to come and
speak at our African Evening on
22nd April.

It will be a fund raising / social
event, which, amongst other
things, will include speakers and
a band.

We will obviously offer you
full travelling expenses and
will be able to provide you

With accommodation for the
Weekend.

I realise that you must
be very busy with all your
work for the movement and
that this is short notice.

It would however be a great
pleasure if you could be with
us for the evening

Many Thanks.

Yours sincerely,
Julia Davies.

DIANA DAVIES
66 GREEN STREET
NORTHAMPTON, MA
01060 USA

27 April 1987

HILDA BERNSTEIN / IDAF
CANON COLLINS HOUSE
64 ESSEX ROAD
LONDON N18LR
ENGLAND

Elwyn

5 MAY 1987

DEAR HILDA BERNSTEIN / IDAF:

FOR SO LONG I HAVE ADMIRED YOUR
BOOK FOR THEIR TRIUMPHS & FOR
THEIR TEARS.

More than anything I should like to obtain
all the words (In English, and if
possible the Xhosa or Zulu [?]) to
the songs of which I have enclosed
photo-copies. Is the music available,
too? Can I send a cassette-tape for
copying a song, or is there already
a recording to be had for whatever cost?

→

(2)

A recording or music-book of
South African Women's Songs
should be a wonder!

I'd like to try to pass the
Songs on to several
nationally (here) - known
Black Women's Folk Music
Groups, but I need as
much material as I can
get.

PS
Copies enclosed
from new 1985
edition.

- I'd also like to
send the songs
to SING OUT!
the national Folk
Song Magazine

Thank you so
much for your
work & your
book!

Sincerely,

Diana Davies

All the words,
please, to

(+ Music, if possible)

hundreds of thousands of signatures on petition forms at the office of the Prime Minister who, of course, was not available to see them. Afterwards they stood in complete silence in the winter sun for thirty minutes, then burst into magnificent harmony to sing the anthems, *Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika* and *Morena Boloka*. The singing, as they dispersed, echoed over the city, and the women began a new freedom song with its refrain 'Wathint' abafazi, wathint' imbokodo, uzokufa' — 'now you have touched the women you have struck a rock, you have dislodged a boulder, you will be crushed'.

this
song

The protests continued, but so did the issue of passes. The authorities made it inevitable. Old women who went to collect their tiny pensions were told 'No pass book — no pension'. Mothers could not obtain the registration of the birth of a child unless they had their passbook. Teachers and nurses were dismissed if they refused to take passes. Gradually more and more women were forced to accept them.

Not only did the more sophisticated women of the towns organise in protest. Remote country districts were involved, and the struggle was most bitter in the area of Zeerust in the Western Transvaal. There, the issue of pass books fused with deep opposition to the Bantu Authorities Act that was being implemented in the district. The Act incorporated the office of chief of the tribe into the hierarchy of government, making him virtually a civil servant. When the issue of passes began, many women accepted them, but others refused. In one village only 76 out of 4,000 women accepted books. The Government arbitrarily removed the chief, who sympathised with the women, and replaced him with their own appointee who was supported by a gang of strongarm thugs. The revolt against the passes became involved with the opposition to the stooge chief, and to the changes in laws brought by Bantu Authorities. The women's resistance became open confrontation. Women who had accepted the passes burnt them. Those who had not yet taken passes refused to do so.

The displays of militancy by traditionally subordinate women had a profound effect on men — white as well as black, comments Joanne Yawitch.¹⁰

Action by women was fundamental. For women are conceptualised as being the centre of stability and security. The arrest of the women radicalised the men, and in the case of the white men, rioting by African women was perceived as a threat to the entire social structure and to all order.

Dr W M Eiselen, secretary for Bantu Administration and Development, stated that:

Recognition of the women's demonstrations on the lines that have found favour among the whites, that is, where women

P 90

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6-2

FOR THEIR TRIUMPHS & FOR THEIR TEARS

WOMEN IN APARTHEID SOUTH AFRICA

HILDA BERNSTEIN

All the
words
please, to
this
song

Remember all our women in the jails
 Remember all our women in campaigns
 Remember all our women over many fighting years
 Remember all our women for their triumphs, and for their tears
 (from 'Women's Day Song')

+
Music
if
possible

INTERNATIONAL DEFENCE
 AND AID FUND FOR SOUTHERN AFRICA
 P. O. Box 17
 CAMBRIDGE, MA 02138
 (617) 491-8343



International Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa
 Revised and enlarged edition, London, March 1985

15th June 87

Dear Diana,

I'm afraid your letter took a long time to reach me. At present I'm not living in London. IDAF sent it on to my home address, but I had left for London, where I was having an exhibition (I am an artist). After it opened, I was away until the end of May, and returned here to find your letter, and so many other 'not done' things.

I can't give you immediate answers to your questions. But I am trying to find out what you want to know about the songs.

We have a very fine singer in the ANC (African National Congress) who has a very big repertoire of both South African and International songs, workers' songs, spirituals, etc. He has sung in many places throughout the world since he left South Africa in 1954, and he has trained European choirs - and one in the USA, I believe, to sing South African songs. One of these choirs, the Eremen Choir - Die Zeitgenossen - (Compatriots) has made a cassette of South African songs, which is entitled MALIBONGWE - which means Praise the Women. Only one of the songs, the one titled 'Malibongwe', is actually about women, the other songs are just freedom songs. I will find out from this singer, James Phillipos, whether he has recorded any of the other women's songs, and what is available. I have written to him, but don't know if he is in England at present. So if you will be patient, perhaps I will be able to get you the information you want.

You could also try writing to the cultural group of the ANC, MAYIBUYE and ask them about the women's songs, and if they have recorded any. Write to them at the ANC headquarters, P.O. Box 31791, Lusaka, Zambia.

I will write to you again as soon as I have some news. Thank you for your letter. I am happy that the women's book has travelled far and made friends!

With good wishes

Hilda Bernstein

22nd July 87

Dear Dúana,

A little more information.

I have a cassette of a German choir (trained by James Phillips - I told you about him) singing South African Freedom Songs. Among them is

MALIBONGWE

Malibongwe! Malibongwe!	Let us praise the action of the women
Igama lamakhosikazi malibongwe.	Let us free our leaders.
Mayenziwe! Mayenziwe!	Our leaders who are languishing in
Intando yamakhosikaziMayenziwe.	prison
Diyatshiswa! Diyatshiswa!	will be freed through the unity
Kwana, Frestata, Liqapa, diyatshiswa.	of our people. Africa will return
Mazilandwe! Mazilandwe!	to its rightful owners. Away with passes!
Inkholeli zethu mazilandwe.	
Makapeli amapási! Makapele amapasi!	
Kulo izwe lethu iAfrika!	

'Malibongwe' is sung for the women who courageously fight apartheid and who lead protest campaigns, women like Albertina Sisulu, Dorothy Nyembe, Winnie Mandela, to mention just a few who represent so many.

The originin of 'When you strike a woman . . . ' This song evolved during the great campaign that the Federation of South African Women led against the extension of pass laws to women. It was first sung at the Pretoria demonstration. I should say that songs like this are more in the nature of chants, repeated over and over again, often with a lead singer who interjects a sung comment or statement before the chorus is taken up again. Originally it was directed at Blaar Coetzee, who was then the Minister responsible for the pass laws, or to Vorster, who was then Prime Minister.

HE BLAAR COETZEE MM HLUKANA NO MAMA.

He Blaar Coetzee Hlukana no mama.
Wayithint' imbokodo, wena uzokufa.

He, Blaar Coetzee, leave the women alone.
If you touch the women, you will find you have hit a rock.

Sometimes interpreted as: When you strike the women, you have struck a rock, you have loosed a boulder, you will be crushed.

That is all there is to the song - repeated and sung over and over.
The cassette that I have was made for me from a record made by the choir 'Die Zeitgenossen' and the 'Gruppe Argus' directed by Stephan Unlig, and the whole record is dedicated to the heroic women of South Africa. I dont have the record, and being so far away from London at present, must wait until I have an opportunity to go to London to find out if it is available. If so, I will send you a copy. There are, incidentally, three South African women in London at present putting on a theatrical performance about women's lives unde a title taken from this song.

Did you write to the ANC in Lusaka, and did you have any reply?

Best wishes

Garden Flat
17 Lambolle Road
London, NW3 4HS

Card sent via
Harold 29/5/89

28th May, 1989

Dear Hilda,

I think about you often and wonder how you are getting on. I also miss you. I could really use your advice about my career, but my dilemma isn't about to go away, I fear, so that can wait until you're back... (I'm just having trouble tearing myself away from Wine writing, that's all, and growing rather disillusioned about art.)

Anyway, we're fine. The weather's been great. (Sorry to report this, but it is the most talked-about piece of news at the moment, other than the near demise of 1) the SDP 2) the ozone level and 3) the £.) Barry is going for an interview next week for the chair in Politics at London University's Queen Mary College! He's actually of two minds about whether he'll take the job if offered it, since Warwick gives him lots of time and freedom not to mention frequent sabbaticals. But it's about time he had a chair, I reckon. And though I like my three days alone, I'm happy with the idea of having him here all the time. He's so nice to sleep with.

We had a lovely trip to Canada in April. Stayed with B's ma for much of the time, alas. She is really hard going; talks the hind legs off a donkey but says nothing. But her house looks over the most wonderful bay with a view of Mount Baker, so one could at least admire the view while she rattled on. We also stayed in Vancouver proper for several days (She lives around 25 miles south of the city) and then split up for three nights: Barry visited an old friend on an island in the gulf and I went to Takoma Washington, to visit an old friend of mine. I also took the opportunity of visiting a winemaker near Seattle, having got the OK from the editor of Wine Magazine for whom I've done another piece. I'm in the middle of writing the article about him now. Only 2000 words, but it's taking more than a week sorting through the four hours of taped interview and writing it all up.

As for my art, well it's still on hold, but I have plans to do some drawing when I'm next in France, in around three weeks. I'm going to France because Barry is off to Japan for a week during that time. He's also going to Mexico the week before.

I hope you're both well and are having an exciting time. It must be absolutely amazing plopping down in such a foreign environment. I hope you will write and let us know what it's like. Our next exotic trip will probably be back to India. In July we're going to take in the celebrations in Paris then continue on - on the bike - to Germany, Austria and Hungary. Maybe even Czechoslovakia! Germany doesn't excite me at all, and I'm sure I'll have trouble summoning up the most basic German phrases. My Hungarian and Czech are a little rusty, too, but I'm dying to see Budapest and Prague. Also Vienna, as I've never been there.

We're off to see some friends this evening and it's about time to leave. Love to Rusty and to you. (and love from Barry)

Debra



0432
269998

19 Maynard St.
Whitecross
Hereford
HR4 0DY
Sept 29. 89

Dear Hilda,
How are you? I
see notices of your
paintings or yourself
speaking somewhere
from time to time and
expect to see you in
town...

The cards are still
selling and after
one week this
year any left will
go to Cardiff to be
sold. So every so often
another donation to
the Oxfam Domestic
Workers fund is sent
off.

Next year The main
campaign of Oxfam's
will be South Africa
and the front line
States - this like The

current Nicaragua one
will be a combination
of education and
fund raising.

Eldrid Jones, Campaign
(S. WALES) Organiser would like
to print more of your
cards for that campaign
if that were possible.
If you are interested then
I would get him to
contact you directly
(I don't think he saw the
originals we chose from).
Yours Best Wishes
Judy Dixon

8th June 91

Dear Dunja,

It was good to know you, and to be with you - at least in intervals - during
It seems strange now, looking out on our grey, chilly, damp garden, silent
except for the birds, to project myself back into New York heat and noise,
and the flooding of people in and out of your apartment. You were generous
to take me in - an unknown quantity - at Zena's request; and more than
generous once I was installed.

I give you here the Dylan Thomas poem 'And death shall have no dominion.'

And death shall have no dominion.
Dead men naked they shall be one
With the man in the wind and the west moon;
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone,
They shall have stars at elbow and foot;
Though they go mad they shall be sane,
Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;
Though lovers be lost love shall not;
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
Under the windings of the sea
They lying long shall not die windily;
Twisting on racks when sinews give way,
Strapped to a wheel, yet they shall not break;
Faith in their hands shall snap in two,
And the unicorn evils run them through;
Split all ends up they shan't crack;
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
No more may gulls cry at their ears
Or waves break loud on the seashores;
Where blew a flower may a flower no more
Lift its head to the blows of the rain;
Though they be mad and dead as nails,
Heads of the characters hammer through daisies;
Break in the sun till the sun breaks down,
And death shall have no dominion.

I should have sent the other one - Do not go gentle into that good night - but there
isn't enough space. Next time, if you haven't found it somewhere. I'm usually a
good correspondent, but at present it's priority to the book.

Stay well. And thank you not simply for the hospitality and assistance, which
made NY possible for me, but for the friendship and confidence, which will
always be with me.

Love

Dixon, Judy

13 November 1989

SOMAFCO
P.O. Box 680
Mazimbu
Morogoro
Tanzania.

Dear Judy,

Your note of thre 29th September eventually reached me here, where we have been living since April. This is a South African enclave in an East African country, and although I have enjoyed the experience of being here and participating in a wholly different kind of life, I would not be able to live permanently in such a harsh, hot climate.

As far as the cards are concerned, Eldred Jones is free to print any of the cards that he wants, but as I am so far away at present, I obviously cannot supply any new pictures. All my stuff is packed away, and sketches I have done here would not be suitable. So do you think you could communicate with him, to save me writing from here? He would simply have to use the ones that you have. I was supposed to do new Christmas cards for Anti-Apartheid this year, but wasn't able to, as I didnt have art materials here for a long time.

The news from South Africa has been marvellous, and it seems to me that something has been started that cannot be reversed. We listen to the BBC World Service, but of course have no television, so havent had the joy of seeing the home-coming and rallies for Walter, Kathy and the others. People do move mountains in the end, although it takes a long time!

I am looking forward to returning to England in about April or May of next year, and will be going back to hour house in Dorstone, although I expect to do more travelling, as I am working on a book about the exile experience of South Africans, and expect to go to various countries to interview people.

My best wishes

Hilda Bernstein

1st July 92

Old House Farm
Dorstone
Herefordshire HR3 6BL

Dear Roshan,

I am sad that I had no knowledge of Winnie's long illness. I hardly saw her over the last few years; living here we became out of touch with London people and events - even the great yearly get-together, the bazaar, was an event that passed us by. It was not just Winnie with whom we lost touch, but so many others.

Winnie was to me a good friend from 'way back'. In the post-world war 2 years, after the Nationalists came to power, those of us on the left were a small enough group to be socially as well as politically close. There was friendship and social mixing among all racial sections, but we were segregated geographically so as whites who were swimming against the mainstream were a rather small, fairly close group.

It was 1960 that brought me closer to Winnie. I had always proclaimed myself to be a feminist, but I think I only learned the meaning of sisterhood when we were scopped up and taken off to jail. Later on the authorities were cleverer about how to handle political detainees, segregating them, isolating them and so on. I think they did not know how to handle us, as we were the first big group of political prisoners to be detained under that first State of Emergency. We were more than 20 women, some who had not been active in politics for years and with whom we had had little contact; and others who were leading lights of the left. All whites, of course. In the first month at the Fort in Johannesburg we were aware of a small number of African women detainees and actually managed to make some contact through notes passed by the ordinary 'common crime' prisoners. But there, and more so when we were moved to Pretoria, we were totally isolated from other detainees - male, black, etc. So we formed a community of our own, and it worked very well. We formed many different groups for cleaning, study, discussion; and we appointed everyone an 'OC' - (Officer Commanding) something or other - one dealing with weekly orders for toilet articles, one in charge of discussions, etc, and some just jokey - Sonia Bunting was OC for toilet rolls, and Winnie was 'OC escape'. I wrote a lot of silly verses, and the reason I remember this particular bit of nonsense is because one of these 'prison poems' was about what everyone was doing, and each verse finished: 'But I'm sticking close to our Winnie/ Because Winnie is OC escape.' I'll try and find it one of these days.

When we went on hunger strike, Winnie found this extremely difficult. I don't know why this was so, but for some reason it seemed harder for her than for most of the rest of us. But she had that kind of loyalty and grit that kept other disciplined. When the time came for us to discuss whether we should end the hunger ~~ix~~ strike (because the authorities had announced they were splitting us up) we had a heated discussion on the pros and cons. Winnie kept silent, because she did not want her own personal wish to end the hunger strike to influence our decision.

I hope you have good memories of your mother. She was one of the best. Not all of us write books or have our names up front, but that does not lessen the contribution of the quiet, loyal, courageous Winnies of this world.

Roshan Dadoo

28 Monkridge

Hazelmere Rd

London N8 8DF

081 341-1682

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