

OPEN THE

TO PEACE

SHIRE 1985

Dearest Hilda,

You probably know by now that Janet should be addressed as Her Honor, the Mayor!

How wonderful to feel torn between two careers - both of which you excel in! You did leave out one:

speaking for S. A.

Along that line, I am enclosing an excellent piece in The Nation in the hope that you haven't read it.

Both you and Rusty must be travelling down memory lane these days. It will be a long, hard pull, but I don't believe

anything will stop
the great movement that
is moving inexorably
to the end of apartheid.

We're having great
fun with the Iran-Reagan
mess - Couldn't happen
to a meaner fellow.

Happy Holidays!
Happy new year!

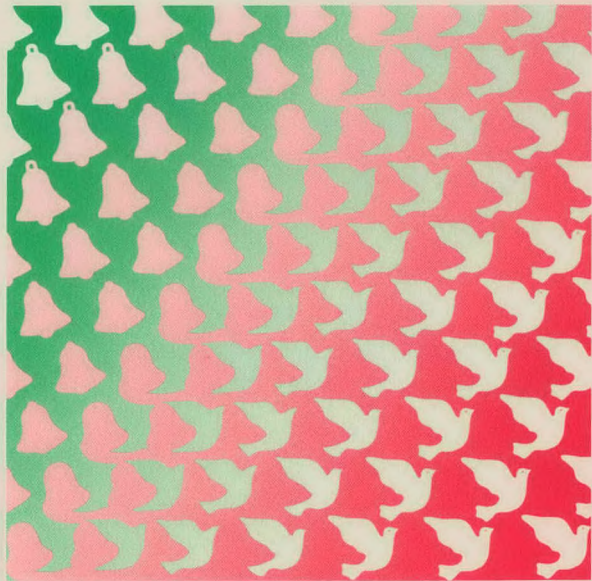
Love to Rusty ...
and Lots for you
Mary

Proceeds will help us prevent what we cannot
cure — nuclear war.

Design donated by artist
PETER SHIRE

to:

PHYSICIANS FOR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY
Los Angeles Chapter
1431 Ocean Avenue, Suite B
Santa Monica, CA 90401



Dear Hilda,

Remember the song that goes "and let the rest of the World go by"; or the one, "Pack up all your cares and woes..." Well, that's the way

S·E·A·S·O·N·'S
G·R·E·E·T·I·N·G·S

I feel now.

In this period of the "New World [dis] Order" proclaimed by Bush, there is a feeling of malaise instead of the seasonal Ho! Ho! Ho!

To think that the United Nations, founded to settle international disputes through peaceful means, has been jockeyed into a position by the U.S. (through bribes and threats) to pass a resolution that supports military

action. Just proves what a topsy-turvy world we live in.

And the news from South Africa is not encouraging. Between the Zulus and the Boers the chaos still goes on.

What a way to wish you and Rusty a Happy and Healthy Holiday Season! Hopefully the New Year will usher in a brighter and more peaceful future.

Love,
Mary

Name	Address	Country
Sean O'Casey.	40 Tournelands Road Strom, England	Ireland
<p>To hell with all ^{all} arms, except ^{except} those grandly grafted to our human bodies, given to do noble and useful work!</p>		
<p>These arms are all we need to give glory to God & all honor to man.</p>		

Dear Hilda,

Jan. 10, 1985

I feel as though I've written a letter
after writing your address - it sounds
very counterfitted. It was so good to
hear from you.

When Ben and I were in London, I tried to get your phone number from Betty, but alas, she either mislaid it and/or forgot to bring it with her. Her remembering sense is quite bad. And I felt so badly about the state of her affairs that I didn't keep after her.

Unfortunately, Ben picked up a virus in the Soviet Union so we had to cut our London stay down by 4 days.

Janet has kept me up-to-date on you and Rusty. How is he now - after the bypass surgery? And your book, which Janet lent me and I thoroughly enjoyed - a film sale possible? If so, you will be able to visit Los Angeles. Imagine a film premiere in Hollywood!

I am writing from Palm Springs, surrounded by snow-capped

mountains and glorious sunshine,
to wish you and Rusty a happy,
healthy life in your new incar-
nation. Ben sends love, as do I -

Mary

26th March 85

Dearest Mary,

This book is a kind of peace offering for my long silence, and missing you in London. It was really a messed-up time where everything seemed to be out of joint. I honestly did not know you were coming to London - this does not mean that Janet or somebody hadn't informed me, it means that my mind hadn't made a memo. I've just returned from a month-long tour in Quebec province, together with 3 other women: Nicaragua, Guatemala, the Philippines and me, representing the ANC (the woman they invited from SA was refused a pass-port) 2 Spanish-speaking, 2 English-speaking in a French-speaking province. It was marvellous. We toured small towns, outlying places, around Montreal and Quebec city, speaking mainly to workingclass women, disadvantaged groups, women leading isolated lives on farms, etc. Many of them had never heard the word 'apartheid' in their lives, nor the name Mandela, & they thought SA was a region - 'What country in South Africa do you come from?' Yet despite this, they responded marvellously to us four, and asked penetrating and interesting questions. Our ages ranged from 22 - the 30s - 50 - and me, turning 70 next month - can you believe it? - and that in itself was a kind of statement about women & their involvement with life & struggle. I haven't room or time now to comment on what's happening in SA, but despite the horrific shootings, it seems as though there is a permanent state of protest and uprising against apartheid, in a way that just didn't happen in the past. We get lots of news, and it is continuously exciting. I can't believe that the Reagan-Thatcher-Botha kind of line-up can prevail against this situation.

Rusty is extremely fit - fitter than he has been for years. He does quite a lot of physical work, digging, building, and is quite happy here. We have had builders in since January (only we had the coldest winter ever, & for some weeks everything was frozen so they couldn't work) who are bashing down stone walls and putting up new ones in accordance with R's plans for the house he is doing next door to us. Then he will do everything else himself - the ceilings, floors, electrics, plumbing, carpentry, so that's going to keep him occupied for another year. Then all we need do is sell it, and we will be able to support ourselves a little longer./The BBC has bought fi

the film rights of 'Death . . . ' to make a TV film. Not so exciting as the big screen, but still, I'm pleased. It will mean, I hope, a paperback, as the hardback is sold out & there was no pbp in sight (the publisher has lost interest and is selling out to sail around the world). I hope they sell the film to the US. My art has suffered badly. I've had no space in which to work (R is building a small studio for me) and spent most of this winter paralysed by the cold - we dont have proper heating in the house, & will have to do something before next winter comes. I've been doing a lot of writing, mainly articles, but will have to start drawing again soon, I have an exhibition in London in October. And nothing at all to show, except old stuff that everyone has seen. I'm sorry Ben got a virus in the USSR - hope it was an interesting trip just the same. Has anything changed? I havent been there for a very long time.

Q Do you have anything to do with the Womens International League for Peace and Freedom, based in Geneva? I've been writing for their journal, Pax et Libertas

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible, appearing to be a continuation of the letter or a separate page of text.]

August 1, 1991

Dearest Hilda,

The book arrived and it was the best present I could receive! Many thanks. I am re-reading it and again, I'm overcome with awe, admiration and love for you and Rusty. And especially for your children.

The enclosed clipping doesn't bring anything but old news, but I thought you should be aware of the important coverage given to it in all the major publications. Bush's lifting of sanctions is now being called into question.

It sounds as if you and Rusty have a cottage industry in your home. How in the world you can pull all the interviews together is beyond me - but I know you will. You are fortunate to have Rusty editing for you. It's a natural.

Ben and I loved having you with us. It's hard to believe that our friendship started 30 years ago. And when we do reunite, it's as if ^{we} hadn't been apart. The picture of you in the hospital in Tashkent is still vivid in my mind. It was your birthday party and you showed us where you had spent your last birthday by raising your chair and looking through the slats.

You have given your life to "The Cause" - it's time to enjoy what's left by doing your thing.

Much love,

Mary

**Mary
Clarke**

**Mary Clarke
1557 Oriole Lane
Los Angeles, CA 90069**

mary clarke

1557 oriole lane, los angeles 900, california, u.s.a.

90069

June 14, 1989

Dearest Hilda,

First off, I intend to keep my pledge of writing notes - even with this 8X11 sheet of paper in the typewriter.

I assume you and Rusty are now settled in Tanzania. How very clever of the ANC to use Rusty's talents, and what a good feeling he must have to know he is appreciated. As for you, I know that you will be both artist and writer and that your end products will tell a great deal that should be heard and seen and read.

Re Gorbachev, I think he is making a good statement when Raisa accompanies ^{him} on his trips. There is a great deal of criticism of them for this - the Soviet citizens will also have to clean up their act where women are concerned. And don't forget, Raisa has not lost her voice on these trips, especially in the U.S.

You two amaze me! Going off to live in minimal conditions, in the wilds. And my hat's off to you! I cannot even ^{see} you being like the villagers you described, who live and die in the same place.

Back to Gorby - that's what the West Germans call him - he is the most popular statesman to visit there in ages. I read a full account of his visit this morning and our newspapers are crying crocodile tears about his popularity. His proposals for ending the arms race and the cold war are a breakthrough that I could never have imagined. Now, we in the U.S., must seize the moment and achieve a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty. Imagine using the funds allotted to the Pentagon and using them for social needs here at home and abroad! Enough peace mongering.

I've just begun to recover from a two-month flair-up from my rheumatoid arthritis. So now my hands and feet and whatever else are functioning. Typing is no longer a chore - thank goodness.

Is there anything I can send that would make life a little easier? Let me know and I will be happy to accomodate.

Much love *to Rusty and you,*

Mary

Replied 26/7/89 telling of Exiles, a bit about life here, London visit.

mary clarke

July 26, 1992

Dear Hilda,

In rummaging through my files I ran across these old and wonderful letters from you and thought you might like to have them, if only to go down memory lane.

This is going to be very short, because you owe me one now!

Let me know about your decision to move back to Johannesburg. Love to Rusty and to you.

Love,

Mary

Mary

Hands don't cooperate, so I've been assisted by a secretary - a gift from my sister.

1557 Oriole Lane, Los Angeles, California 90069

154, Regent Street,
Observatory,
Johannesburg,
South Africa.

25th February 1963

My dearest Mary,

You have been tantalising. When that card arrived from Japan, I fully expected it to be followed by a long, descriptive letter telling me all about the A & H Conference. Long, long silence, with me thinking from time to time: That Mary Clarke! I could kill her! Pottering around all over the place, and not even writing about it!

But I know how it is. Time goes past too fast, and we are all too busy, and there's a certain sort of rush routine into which one gets. . . In spite of all this, perhaps because of our circumstances here, I feel the need to maintain contact with people in other countries. My correspondence is like a life-line that goes out and holds me to distant friends.

We need it. 1962 was for us just about the worst year ever. It was a disastrous year, in which everything that could possibly go against us did, both from a personal and a more general point of view. It may be just a superstition, chopping up time like this, but we were very glad to see it go, although what makes this one look any better, from our point of view here, I cannot say.

First, let me say I followed the growth and activities of the WSP with delight and with wonder. I receive the "ational Guardian every week, as I have a friendly contact with the editor, Jim Aronson, although I have never met him. Anyway, the paper gives me a good picture of the way American women have been organising for peace, apart from other sources that I get from time to time. It has been most exciting, and the true originality of this movement and deep sincerity behind it make it all the more so. I could have guessed, of course, that you would be up to your neck in it. I also read about the HUAC hearings, and the way the women acquitted themselves. How I love them for what they said! Not being drawn into any traps. The latest Guardian I have received is 24th Jan - so you see I am up to date.

A relative who showed me home movies one night of his trip to America, with shots of Los Angeles, made me long to see you and your ~~etc.~~

Last year started off with Rusty getting a busy job, that could have paid well. He got sort of sub-contracted out to it by an architect friend who was unable to cope. The friend obviously became deeply involved in difficulties, and after about three months of intense work, refused to pay. It is such a long, complicated story, it's not worth relating, except to explain why it was such a terrible year. The matter goes to lengthy, costly arbitration, and one doesn't know in the end whether any money will ever come out of it, because he obviously hasn't got it. I felt sick for weeks about it, especially as I used to give the ~~xxxxxx~~ misery concerned tea and home-made cakes!

In a way, though, it was the least of our troubles. We muddled on, financially speaking, until towards the end of the year Rusty at last

obtained a decent job, and some smaller things as well; all of which have kept him very busy for quite a long time, and have assured the rent for some time to come, so I shouldn't be moaning at all.

My own job collapsed on me, after a new government edict that people whose names appeared on a certain list they published could not have anything they said or wrote reproduced anywhere in this country. Rusty and I were honoured among the 100 listed people. The Child Welfare Council, for whom I edited a magazine, felt I could not continue as editor, since even if I simply altered a few words in an article it could not be published; and in any case I had long become an embarrassment to them, as they are a government-supported agency. However, they can't stop me writing, and they can't stop people in other countries publishing what I write if they want to, and that is one of the things I concentrate ~~at~~ on at the moment, with slow, but increasing, success. I have a friend who publishes and produces a magazine about Photography, and I have been his part-time assistant - typing letters (very few) and doing a couple of office jobs, an occasional drawing for the magazine, and so on. In exchange I get a rather small salary, and the unlimited use of a typewriter, desk and office, which suits me wonderfully. However, last week a new ban was issued - no listed person may work for or with any organisation of any kind that publishes anything of any kind - magazine, paper, bulletin, etc. We haven't quite decided what to do, ~~as~~ this means I can't remain on the payroll of Amateur Photography. I can - and may - apply to the police for permission to carry on in this job, although to ask for any concessions goes bitterly against the grain.

I hesitate about grumbling of the conditions we live under now, as during 1962 so many of our friends went to jail, or left the country, or remained and are worse off than we are. Our lives changed very much this past year. Previously we had been able to enjoy a most pleasant social life, in spite of other restrictions, and our house was the kind of place to which people came. The front door was always open, and friends walked in at all hours. Week-ends, during our long, lovely summers, were always crowded with people, and Sunday lunch at our pool under the plumbtree always included many visitors. Now this has changed. We are not permitted any guests in our house, and in any case nearly all our close friends are specifically excluded, because we can't communicate with 'named' or 'listed' people, and they are all that. Toni put up a big fight, with much newspaper publicity, to maintain her right to have her friends in her own home. It was quite a story on its own, and she really did us proud, wringing from the Minister for Justice ultimately a press statement to the effect that she was allowed to have her friends! Our front door is usually closed, not only because friends cannot come, but also because the police had developed a habit of coming at odd times, and we don't like them in the house. Week-ends are particularly quiet. We rarely go out, although the actual confinement to the house (the 'house arrest!') orders were temporarily lifted as the result of a court decision that a house is not a 'place' in terms of the Act, to which one can be confined. The government is appealing against this decision, and we are at the moment awaiting the outcome; if they lose, we have no doubt they will simply amend the Act to include a house or flat in the definition of 'place.' But although the actual confinement has not been operating since just after Christmas, all the other restrictions remain, on attending social gatherings, etc., so it is virtually impossible to go anywhere, except to a cinema. On

Saturday nights, when we invariably went out or had friends to dinner, we usually just sit and listen to records (Toni gave us Richter playing Beethoven Concertos at Carnegie Hall for Christmas, and it's beautiful.)

I'm not trying to paint a 'hard-life' story. We are in many ways the best-off of all the house-arrested people, with many advantages. We have a pleasant house and big garden, with the swimming-pool - what assets compared with those who were confined to flats, or tiny houses with no gardens. Our biggest asset in many ways is our family. With four children of such widely-varying ages, the house is never really quiet; there is constant activity; the children and their friends come and go, the phone is always ringing for one of them, the radio is always going full-blast (usually the commercial radio, with rock 'n roll or whatever) someone is always practising the piano or guitar, someone is always coming in for something to eat, someone is always arguing with someone about something. At least they ensure that our home is never too unaturally quiet, nor life too dull. I adore them, with all their irritating ways. Toni is doing a Nursery-School teaching course; Patrick is 14 and HORRIBLE, at that ghastly 'in revolt against parents' adolescent stage, when he scorns everything we like and models himself as closely as possible on the teen-age crowd (gets Frances to put on his shoes for him, because his trousers are too tight for him to bend down); Frances is 11, and wonderful, a fortunate child who does everything well; Keith is six and just adorable, but growing too fast. We feel that now they are all growing older they are better able to cope with the trials and tribulations which our political attitudes have imposed on them, and believe they are 100 per cent in time of crisis. I think they all enjoyed a week of publicity and glory when the house arrests first took place, and the papers kept coming to take their pictures. Even 'Time' came, but to their great disappointment, they did not feature in it! Keith is very photogenic, and made the most of it.

Apart from these assets, NOT being in jail is quite a thing these days. My heart turns over every time I think of some of our friends. Four women I know have gone to jail for six months for putting up posters of the ANC (which is illegal). Three of them each have three children, the oldest one of the whole lot being 8, and the youngest 15-month twins. In one case, the father is also in jail. Nelson in jail for 5 years. Case after case pending. We are, in fact, fighting a war, and are like people under seige. We have no doubt about the outcome, but the casualties are increasing. It is not surprising, then, that wider activities for peace here lag more and more. There's no one left to do anything, meetings can't be held, police intimidate everyone who opens their mouths, and in any case the people feel very keenly their own oppression, and cannot feel the urgency of the ~~the~~ threat of nuclear war. The Peace Council here produced a small pamphlet to try and bring it home. I'll try to remember to send you a copy.

I long for news of Janet. Perhaps you will show her this letter, if it is possible, to let her know how things are. And you, or she, will write and tell me how her new life alone has turned out, and what she is doing. I had a note and gift at Christmas from Hazel G, who told me Danny was doing dancing in New York, which sounds rather wonderful for him. Incidentally, the Anti-Apartheid Movement in London circularised the names and addresses of 'house-arrestees' to their members, with a request to send Christmas cards. We received dozens, many with wonderful messages, and the whole thing gave an air of excitement to what was otherwise a dull Christmas. It was good for the children - a re-affirmation that we are on the "right side."

If you want to write, don't be afraid to write freely. After all, it can't

really affect our position. And if writing is difficult, and one of those things you don't really want to do, then send a postcard from time to time just to let me know how you are! I still have a spare room in my back yard, and still sometimes think an American friend may one day come to occupy it. Delhi, Chandigar, Tashkent, Samarkand . . . did it really happen? It's all remote and dreamlike now, and I'd give almost anything to go again.

Lots of love to you

Kulda

154 Regent Street,
Observatory,
Johannesburg,
South Africa. 27th July 1961

Dearest Mary,

I received your letter - which crossed with mine - with delight, and was thrilled and excited with the pictures. Amateur you may be, but they all convey so much, and at least give body to the oft-repeated words "My friends, Mary Clarke and Janet Stevenson . . ." I had a letter from Janet today as well, but will write to her separately next week - I hope.

First, answer to things you ask about. That 'long article' was given to writers on the African side, read and liked. On returning to headquarters I was informed this, and that there had been every possibility of publication, but meanwhile, unfortunately, the man who read it had been transferred to another department, and now it had to go to someone else! Just one of those typical things. I have since written to ask them please, return or something, but heard nothing as yet - it all takes such a long time, it will be of only historical interest one of these days. When I arrived back there, I had transferred my allegiance and become Kotov's guest. Again, unfortunately, they had assigned to me a woman who was completely new - a teacher who wanted to improve her English, and never undertaken such work before, and was quite helpless. There was a Trade Fair on, I couldn't get plane bookings - I couldn't get her to move - so spent a most frustrating couple of days, tore off in too much of a hurry when the first booking became available, and generally felt annoyed with them. However, I love them truly in spite of all that.

Our sick friend from the plane keeps writing to me to ask me when I'm coming to visit them. Of course, I've got the itch - now I know why you incurred displeasure of family and friends - and keep thinking in terms of 'next time' - foolish, but I can't wait to go everywhere again.

Last week I had another week off - school holidays, Rusty wanted to get out of Johannesburg, which is killing for any length of time, and suggested a week in the Game Reserve. I felt guilty about going away with so much to do, but simply couldn't tell him to go off with the children after all those months of ~~has~~ having them. We hired a small caravan, and had a week of camping and seeing animals which was quite delightful. Saw some spectacular sights, including two enormous hippos fighting in a river. We saw giraffe, lion, crocodiles, zebra, wildebeeste, impala, kudu, warthogs, oh, just about everything. And some wonderful birds, big and small. The children loved it, and so did we. We'll take you there when you come to S.A.

As to how Rusty and the children fared while I was away, they managed so well, I now see no obstacles to going again in the future.

I've subscribed to ~~toxxx~~ Fighting Talk and New Age for you, starting with current issues, in which the former has an article about India by me (under the name of Hilda Watts) and the latter something on China. I'd be glad if you would pass them on, particularly New Age, which has a lot of news about what is going on here, and should - I hope - interest people in your part of the world. I'm madly busy at the moment with a Women's Conference we are having next week. It's a Regional one - in September we plan a national conference. Know any women's organisations that might send us greetings?

We're expecting a big conference next week - if it's not banned - and if you like I'll tell you about it afterwards.

Winter's nearly over here, we soon start cleaning and re-painting our swimming pool, and I've got to do something about the garden, which is dead and awful-looking. And I've promised to write masses of stuff, and don't. And Frances needs new jerseys and the house is filthy, there are ants in the pantry and papers lying all over the place. It's awful, sometimes, being a housewife and mother and 'activist.' Wish I had no conscience, and could sit back and cook and embroider and bake, and let my political arteries simply harden.

Envy you the Ghana visit, thought not the bug. Still think you should plan a trip further South in Africa one of these days. Is it possible, or just a pipe-dream?

Lots of love

J. Fisher

Thanks again for the parcels
Wendy's the name of the one
1976

July 7 1963

Dear -----

I wonder if you had news of the latest arrests here, of X----- and several other people, including some leading ANO people who had evaded the police and were living underground. The arrests have been a terrible blow to everyone, not simply personally to those concerned, but to South Africa generally, and everyone inside and outside S.A. who knows the people concerned feels it as a shattering blow.

For us it was a really agonizing experience. Under his house arrest rules, X ---- had to be home by 6:30 every evening, and has never come late, as the penalties for even a small infringement are jail sentences. When he didn't come by about 6:20, I began to feel a nagging worry, and at 6:30, making supper in the kitchen, I pictured him walking in and me saying brightly, "You cut it a bit fine tonight, didn't you?" At 6:45 Y----(her oldest child, in late teens) and I went to some friends and neighbours to tell them he had not come home. There was nothing at all we could do. We guessed he had been arrested, but dared not say anything, just in case there was some other cause for his delay. People phoned for him and we made excuses. We simply sat around all night making coffee. Z --- (the youngest child, about 10) was ill, and kept waking to ask, "Hasn't my daddy come home yet?" We expected the police the whole night long. They came next morning, and at least I had a chance to see X ---- before they took him away again. He and the others who were arrested ~~with~~ are being held in Pretoria jail (it's forty miles from here). They are each in solitary confinement, not permitted any contact with anyone at all (except police and warders) and NO BOOKS, no reading matter, no writing materials, nothing whatsoever to do. This is part of their softening up treatment. They obviously hope to break them down this way. This is under the 90-day, no trial law -- they hold them thus for periods of 90 days, but in actual fact can keep rearresting them and holding them for further 90 day periods if they ~~like~~ wish. There's something very Nazi-like about this solitary confinement, no-books treatment. After they have given them enough of that, they will probably be ready to charge them, and we anticipate 'very serious' charges -- certainly sabotage, possibly treason. In any case, I know that XX----- will be in jail for a long time. Quite apart from the other charges, they have two charges against him for the afternoon they arrested him: 1) being at a gathering (which is prohibited for him -- a gathering is two or more people coming together for a common purpose) and 2) communicating with other 'listed' people. For these (he hasn't a hope of getting off) there are considerable jail sentences, and the point is that once convicted for such political offenses they will not let him and the others go again. Under the new law they can keep them in jail indefinitely -- for the rest of lives, if they wish -- when their actual sentence expires. Therefore you can see that I can entertain no false illusions whatsoever, although of course I have not yet shared this knowledge with the children. They must first become accustomed to the idea of living without him, and then later on to face the undoubtedly difficult and hostile period of the trial. They will rake up all the muck

in the world, and whether it is true or not won't make any difference, because what X---- and the others say in self-defense cannot be published in South Africa. They can make the most fantastic charges against them and even if at the end of the trial most of them (are proved to be) lies, the S.A. public will never know. Thus I tell myself to face realities -- that they won't be out of jail before our Freedom Day comes, and all we can do is to increase pressures inside and outside that will bring that time nearer. All I can tell you is that X ---- and the others with him are people of the highest possible integrity. X ---- was the kind of person who was completely incapable of dishonesty on any level, in small things and in big. Everyone who worked with him, whether in (his profession) or in politics, had the highest possible regard for him. He knew that his arrest was inevitable. Not long ago we faced a deputation of close relatives who begged him to leave the country. He replied that he was unable to do so. So many others have left, they argued, and what good will you do when you are in jail? He replied that not everyone can go. The truth was that he felt a very strong identification with his African political colleagues, and the knowledge ~~again~~ that most of them were not in the position of us whites, able to sell home and pack up family and go to live and work in London. So he preferred it this way; and if my courage was not as high as his, and my doubts were greater, I would never have done anything to interfere with what he felt he had to do. As far as I and the children are concerned, my own position is very insecure, but I could not consider leaving until after the trial, which may not be for some considerable time. We have (money) coming in from X----'s last job and will manage on that for some months. My difficulty is being barred from any jobs that I know I was chucked out of my last one by the police and my earning-capacity-outlook is rather bleak. Another problem I am shelving for the time being.

This is, I'm afraid, a miserable letter. I wanted to write about some of the things you wrote to me about, and the wonderful upsurge of struggle for equal rights in the U.A. and all the rest. Next time, perhaps ... I went around for days feeling as though I had a most unbearable pain without being able to locate it. It really felt like a physical pain, but it was mental. Now it's nearly two weeks since it happened, and the extraordinary way in which the routine of life reasserts itself and we adapt to new circumstances! ... Best of all have been the friends, here and elsewhere, whose warmth and concern and enormous affection helps wrap us around a bit and soften everything down. I'm not really as full of self-pity as this letter may sound, and coming up for the next wound ...



mitku

MAY THE SPRINGTIME

BRING PEACE TO VIETNAM

And make our most heartfelt
wishes come true.

The marvelous drawing on your
holiday card is being put
away with another treasured
possession, the drawings
you made of Janet and me
exercising in the Tashkent
hospital.

With cordial greetings
for the New Year.

Mary
Clarke

平
和
を

新春の
ヴェトナムに

CLARKE

January 11, 1981

Dearest Hilda,

Two of the same cards, yes. But they are lovely, so duplication was twice as pleasant. No word of what you are doing about settling in Italy or staying put, so you owe me one.

1980 hasn't been a banner year for us or the world, so let's hope, as the perennial optimists that we are, that everything is going to be better in 1981.

You mention holocaust in your note - which one, may I ask? It's grim news everywhere, except for the resistance in El Salvador and parts of Africa. With Reagan in, I think we can expect a hardening of position toward the liberation forces and an enlarged, overt support of the entrenched oligarchies. A sense of humor and survival will probably be the most important things to hold on to.

WSP is coordinating the resistance to the registration for the draft in this area. We've been out leafletting the high school and community college campuses this week when 18-year-olds are supposed to register for the draft. We did the same during the summer when 18 and 19-year-olds had to register. It's interesting that half of our calls come from parents. Methinks Carter created a generation of conscientious objectors. It's interesting that in West Germany, one can register as a C.O. and do social work to put in time, and it's all very legal and accepted by the authorities. Have you heard about this?

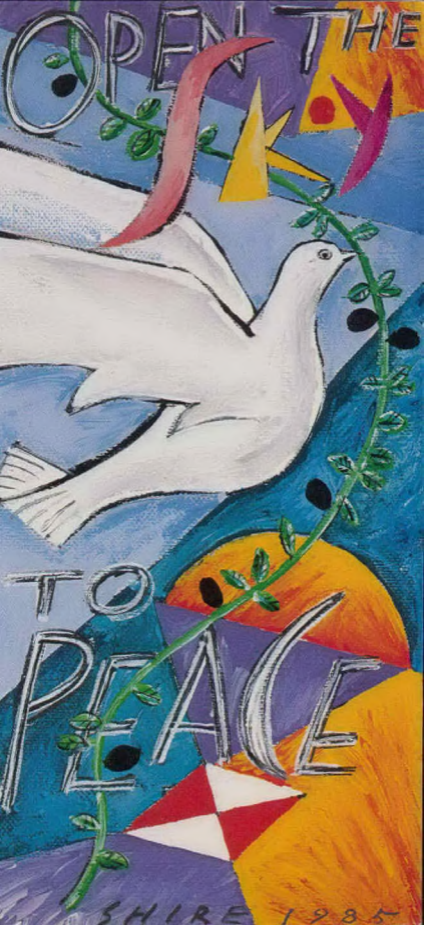
How is Rusty and what is he doing? I know that you're up to your ears in your art work and I am delighted that you are developing quite a reputation. And what of the progeny?

I wish you and Rusty a very Happy, joyful and healthy New Year.

Love,

Mary

P.S. I love the Defence and Aid Fund cards of African Mother and Child. How is Hetty? She's the world's worst correspondent, so there's no way of knowing how she is and what she's up to. Give her my love....



OPEN THE
DOOR
TO
PEACE
SHIRE 1985

Jan 1, 1986

Dear Hilda,

What a glorious year! I think of you and Rusty whenever I read the news on South Africa - and that's every day. If only Mandela were released.

Janet keeps me up-to-date on your comings, goings and doings. I hope you are settled in by now at your farm.

Happy New Year!
to Rusty and you
from Ben and
Mary

Proceeds will help us prevent what we cannot
cure — nuclear war.

Design donated by artist
PETER SHIRE

to:

PHYSICIANS FOR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY
Los Angeles Chapter
1431 Ocean Avenue, Suite B
Santa Monica, CA 90401

The Clarkes
1557 Oriole Lane
Los Angeles, California 90069

May 12, 1985

Dec 87

Dear Hilda,

What a wonderful letter! And thanks for the book. With the current interest in South Africa, it is being read by a number of the women I work with. Your tour of Quebec sounds wonderful - reminds me of our visit to Amritsar and the Punjab, unforgettable. Under whose sponsorship were you? I'm very familiar with the Voice of Women and the Peace Congress there - was it either one of them?

Just when we were getting very worried about our university students, they've come to life on the subject of apartheid and are demanding divestment of university funds in South Africa. And the best part of it is that, unlike the peace movement, this is a black and white movement. Our Women Strike for Peace office got a call from the UCLA students, asking for our cooperation, and it pleased us greatly.

We had wonderful reunions in Leningrad and Moscow with friends I've known since 1959. They took us about, wined and dined us and talked till all hours each day. A surprising fact for me (tho it shouldn't have been) is that their income taxes have gone up about twice what they were because of the military budget (no doubt Afghanistan figures in this). There were many new buildings wherever we went, and many, many tourist hotels.

Don't be so hard on yourself about our London visit. I tried over and over to get Hetty to look for your phone number, but she was amnesiac five minutes after each request. She was not in very good shape when I saw her.

It seems that Bernard sold off all their holdings - except for her flat - and she can't lay a hand on that money. I hope she pursues a legal course.

In February, Ben had surgery for an aneurysm and then had to be opened up the next day because of internal bleeding. I am delighted to say that he is fully recovered and looking better than ever. He continues to garden and golf.

Rusty and you must be following events in South Africa with great nostalgia and delight. I am so glad he's doing what he does and likes best and that you continue to rise to new heights as writer and artist. Congratulations! on selling the film rights. I hope they stay true to your book.

As for the WILPF, I know many members, but I don't care much for the League.

In June, I have been invited to attend an international women's peace conference in Halifax, Nova Scotia. It will be such fun seeing old friends, and having Chinese and Soviet women attend for the first time that I can remember since the rupture. I will be asking my friends if they attended any of your meetings.

Janet's book will be formally launched next week. I hope she, too, can get a movie or TV sale. Her play may have a reading in Dallas at the university. All good news. The play should be done - I think it's a fine work.

Much love to you and Rusty,

Mary

March 19 89

Dearest Mary,

Yes, yes! A great idea to write notes to keep in touch. Please keep to it your end. My trouble is that once I am at a typewriter with a blank sheet of paper my uncontrollable loquaciousness spills over to the page. So if I write longer 'notes' than you do, don't feel you have to match the length - jus-t write.

(This is an awful hired typewriter, my own has been shipped out) Shipped out to Tanzania. We've let our house for a year, we leave here on March 31, stay in London with Toni for 10 days, then off to Tanzania for a year - minimu. Rusty has finally agreed to ANC requests that he set up an institute for political training for ANC people. I want to research and eventually write an ambitious book on the exile experience of South Africans - a sort of Studs Terkel, a tape recorder and many, many interesting people not only in Tanzania and other African countries, but all over the world. I have a publisher interested, but even a generous advance wont cover travelling & living costs, so I am seeking other sources to raise sufficient money. If I get it, the USA is definitely one of the countries I would want to visit. IF. And if I don't? Well, I'm longing to draw and paint in Africa. Where we will be living is not far from a wild life reserve. I know I will have problems of transport and so on, but hopep, hopep, to go around with camera and binoculars. We will be living at Mazimbu (address at bottom) which is now a very large complex run by the ANC for South African students who fled the country. It is an educational complex - the ones who want other kinds of training go elsewhere. It started as a couple of old houses on a disused sisal plantation and has grown into a large school (from creche to University level) a clinic, workshopp - they make their own furniture, clothes, etc, and a farm - the ANC aims to have such places totally self-sufficient because a country like Tanzania is so poor, you cant drain its small resources, nor can you buy anything you need. For the past two or three months I've been doing nothing but making lists and buying things - most of it now shipped out - drawing pads, paints, water colours, oils, pencils, etc; household goods (we will be supplied with a house, basic furniture, and a minimum of pots) crockery, cutlery, favourite saucepans, kitchen implements; radio & tapes (no TV, must have music); everything you ever need in the bathroom from toilet soap to face cream (barrier creams to keep the sun off); insect repellants, mosquito nets - there's a vicious strain of malaria where we are going . . . and so on, endlessly, including five cases of books. The hassle of getting all the inkjections, buying and packing, clearing the house for the tenants writing to inform everyone from Mary down to the magazine subscriptions of change of address has kept me from any real work, and also from any feeling of excitement. I really hate leaving England at this time of the year. We've had a warm winter, Spring has come early, it is incomarably beautiful and gets more so every day. Our lanes are rimmed with daffodils and prinroses, my garden bursting with new tulips every day. Wish you could come and visit this place one day. I also hate leaving so many friends - new friends around here too as well as old friends, and being so far from my children who we do see quite frequently and remain very close to us. I sometimes think the villagers around here have the right idea; they live in the same house, in the same place, all their lives either from the time they were born or the time they married; belong to a community, and are content. Regard us as rather (ancient) exotic species who travel - like going to Italy and Spain in summer. 'I love it here', says our postmistress; 'I dont want to go anywhere else.' But for me, having dipped my toes in other seas, I want them all, feel the pangs of separating from each one. Greedy

Mary Clarke
1557 Oriole Lane
Los Angeles 90069 California
U.S.A.

H Bernstein
Old House Farm
Dorstone Herefordshire
HR3 6BL

Our address, before I forget is:

SOMAFCO
Private Bag Mazimbu
Morogoro
Tanzania

Things in SA are pretty awful, no time or space to go into that now. But the world is depressing with its fundamentalists mucking it up everywhere from the jungles of Brazil to the bookshops of Britain. Isn't Gorbachov a lovely light in a dark landscape? I Will write to him one day to tell him to clean up the Soviet act regarding women in positions of power, but I dont like to bother him now when he has so many problems to deal with! Dear Mary, you, Janet, Edith in Berlin, Madi in Stockholm, Eva in Denmark, are my links with warmth, with love, with sanity, with dreams of something better than we have. I need to keep

mary clarke

1557 oriole lane, los angeles 90069, california, u.s.a.
90069

Jan. 19, 1989

Dear, dear Hilda,

Whenever I hear from you, I go down memory lane and our first meeting. That trip we took by train that Janet arranged is still so vivid to me!

Our problem is that we just don't drop short notes to one another and feel compelled to write "proper" letters - and too much time passes without contact. I have decided that notes are what we must write so that we touch one another often. I promise.

Well, this week-end our new president and his "thousand points of light" are being sworn in - this after a million points of blight. We sure do pick them, don't we!

And I read today that Botha had a stroke, while we've just had a celebratory week-end for Martin Luther King, Jr. What an irony.

Don't rage! Anyone who paints, writes and orates like you is young and vigorous. So what's a little ache and twinge now and then. You've got the youngest mind and talent around.

Tanzania no less! What a great idea. I figured Rusty needed some quiet and peace, but never thought he could settle in as a gentrified farmer. Let me know if and when you do go. A note and address will do.

I'm sure you've been keeping up with Janet as her honor the mayor, and now, as head of the Oregon State Women's Political Caucus. Her energy level continues to amaze me, but then the two of you are kindred spirits that way.

Ben enjoys his retirement gardening, playing golf, and taking over my duties on paying bills and the like. Me, I'm still trying to save the world and not doing a very good job of it.

Did you read about our Beverly Hills High School students sit-in at the South African legation here? And you won't believe how many young people were on the march for the King birthday!

My love to Rusty....and YOU

Mary

mary clarke

June 29, 1992

Dear Hilda,

Janet sent me a copy of your letter and I was wowed by it. I am so glad that you and Rusty got to go back to your old haunts in Johannesburg and saw so many old friends.

Congratulations on finishing your book! When do you think it will be published? I must have a copy because I feel I had a little part in it.

Do you really think you will return for a long stay in South Africa? How about the medical and human comforts that we have become accustomed to? But you are the intrepid one, so I won't be surprised to receive an announcement from you telling me that you and Rusty are on your way.

My damn hands are not operating very well so I have Phoebe here at my side giving me a big hand.

Hope all is well.

Much love,

Mary

Mary

The last card was beautiful!
Time to return to your art
persona —

1557 Oriole Lane, Los Angeles, California 90069

Wednesday 28 October 92

Dearest Mary,

Letters from you and Janet in June - but the past few months have been 'too heavy' as South Africans would say. We are moving next Monday (2 November) and I'M typing this amidst utter chaos. Nearly ten years in the country, with a huge barn to stick all one's rubbish in, lots of cupboards (sod's law: rubbish expands to fill the space available) and books, books, books. Living in the country I kept joining book clubs, was perpetually buying marked down books, received innumerable gifts of books from various sources, because we didn't have a local library. It would be easier if Rusty & I had the same preoccupations. I had a studio stuffed with feminism and poetry; he goes in for politics and architecture. I don't know how I acquired so many huge art books. We fill box after box and the shelves scarcely seem to empty.

Going back to SA is still 'on hold' - that is, the possibility of a limited time there is still around, but not in the immediate future. Rusty's speciality 0-how to deal with the enormous housing problem, 7 million people living in squatters' camps - may seem urgent, but you can understand from what news you get that our people (ANC?) have an enormous number of more pressing things to deal with. And I would not go back to enter the political scene, but to paint and draw. Wish I had time to write to you about some of the things going on, but it would fill more than this letter.

The book: After innumerable cuts, alterations, additions, god-knows-what - it went to the publishers, ready for setting - had been copy-edited, everything, catalogued as due out in January. Then the director of the publishers - Jonathan Cape - decided to have a look at it. He said 'It's too long' - well, he was probably right, something like 800 pages. So the whole business began again. Every cut requires rearranging sections. This all going on in the middle of us house-selling, house hunting. I think it's finally finished, but publication now delayed until Spring, maybe April or May. I cannot bear to look at it or think about it, but of course one part of me longs to see it, published.

Our new address: 57 Lock Crescent
Kidlington
Oxon. OX5 1HF

This is a suburb of Oxford, which is one hour from London (train or car) and it is a compromise between where we would like to be (back in London) and where we can afford. Oxford, being a University city, has lots and lots of things we've been starved of - exhibitions, lectures, ~~xxx~~ cinemas - CULTURE! - and we will be closer to family - Patrick in Suffolk, Frances in Leeds can reach us whereas Dorstone was a big haul; and Keith & Toni in London. And what remain of our friends, the community having been divided again by so many who have returned. The house we are moving into is small & basically unattractive - a semi-detached typical post-war 'estate' house, with small, small rooms, don't know how we will fit in; but we chose it because at the back it opens out onto a beautiful garden with Oxford canal at the bottom, swans and ducks floating past, trees and greenery. After so long in this beautiful countryside, I shivered at all the houses we saw, the deadly streets, brick walls, narrow little gardens, dull outlook. So we chose the garden rather than the house, and Rusty is going to make alterations - knock down walls, open up spaces, add a conservatory at the back. Meanwhile the only large bedroom will be my studio, and we will fit in somehow. So much going on! Not just all our personal affairs, but politically, both here & in the USA. We are following every moment of your elections, enthralled. Our paper, the Guardian, has very full reportage from both British & US correspondents, and we watched the three debates with the contenders. At first I wanted Clinton to win only because I couldn't bear the thought of Bush, but now I've been won over, and I want Clinton to win because of Clinton. We've read all about the women who are taking up front positions. And the most important part of our move has been to arrange for a TV installed by the 3rd. Also the mess here - which is really sickening; worst part being that the Labour Party doesn't really offer a vigorous opp

Mary Clarke

1557 Oriole Lane

Los Angeles

California 90069

USA

H Bernstein

57 Lock Crescent

Kidlington

Oxon, OX5 1HF

Great Britain

Mary, I hope that the hands are not too painful, and you and Ben are both keeping pretty well. I'm feeling better than I was at the beginning of the year, when I had lots of troublesome pains. Will you send a copy of this letter to Janet, and I will write her a proper reply to her lovely newsy letter of last June, some time, soon I hope. My kids are all surviving, though two of them with much difficulty (recession has hit the film trade badly, and Patrick is struggling to keep his business going as all small businesses collapse all round him). Dear friends die and remind us once again of our own shortened span. The world is so horrible I can hardly bear to look - and sometimes turn away - but there are good, beautiful people everywhere, and beautiful wondrous things to look at. Love to sit and talk with you both about our early dreams, ideals, beliefs, and the way things have gone. But not now. Much love, as always, and strength drawn from our long friendship

Collection Number: A3299

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

PUBLISHER:

Publisher: **Historical Papers Research Archive**

Collection Funder: **Bernstein family**

Location: **Johannesburg**

©2015

LEGAL NOTICES:

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

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

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

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