

23 April 90

Old House Farm,
etc.

Dearest Janet,

Yes, we are back at our house, and I feel that the time is long past when I should have re-established relations with you. Yes, I missed you during these months, feeling out of touch with friends and familiar things.

We left Tanzania some time in January, went to Zambia arriving in Lusaka just two days before Walter Sisulu and the other Rivonia men, then we were in Harare in Zimbabwe when Nelson came, and after meeting him at the airport, he invited us to the house where he was staying, so we spent a couple of beautiful hours with him, full of joy, excitement and a sense of disbelief. We stayed with friends in Harare which is a beautiful town with a wonderful climate and a pretty fine life-style for its white inhabitants - yes, a few blacks are filtering up into the lush suburbs but it is remarkable how unchanged it all seems in spite of these years of Mugabe. We also did some tourism in Zimbabwe - we went to Great Zimbabwe, which is the awe-inspiring, mysterious ruins of a past Shona civilisation; and to an animal reserve; and had many days at Victoria Falls - one of those places you shouldn't die before seeing.

Then three days in Maputo with Pam and Marcelino dos Santos, he being the President of the People's Assembly in Mozambique and she being ex-South African. Very high living, with a security man following us when we went for a walk along the beach front.

Finally two days in Lisbon in the way back to London, a couple of weeks with Toni and seeing friends, etc, then back to the house where and the time-consuming, maddening process of unpacking, settling in, trying to right the deprivations of a year of tenants, a year for everything to be neglected, for heating, electricity, water etc to malfunction, for the garden to become a mass of uncontrolled weeds, to reclaim my books from plastic sacks in the barn, to meet all the neighbours (who are extremely nice to us) - all totally time-consuming things when at the same time my book hangs around my neck requiring total fulltime concentration and work. I've done masses of interviews in Tanzania, in Zambia and Zimbabwe - now I have to do the rest of the world. There are tens of thousands of SA exiles in Britain, more in Europe, the USA. I need a researcher and assistant, cant get anyone suitable, need more funding, need to organise trips, etc. Oh why cant I just sit back and act like I'm 75, which is what my legs, my back and my bones insist that I am?

During our year away, the world turned upside down. The world out there, in Europe, and our world too. We missed all the excitement, as we didnt have television, so we are left with the confusion and sadness at the way many things have gone, although the SA picture is set to change - but when? We are bowled over by Nelson, with whom we spent a couple of hours in Harare, and there is no way to describe the joy of that meeting. But one man cant change the world, although if anyone can bring changes to SA, it is he.

I'm fixing up expeditions - first to Europe, to Scandinavia as well as the Germanies, and then will start to try and make arrangements to go to the USA. I have first to locate and target the people I want to interview. If you're in touch with any interesting SA exiles near where you live, that would provide the excuse to come and visit you.

Much love

Hilda

*Expectation
due to leaving
letter for
an hour*

May 5, 1990

Dearest Hilda:

It's a relief as well as a joy to have your letter and the enclosure. For months now, I've been guessing where you were and what was happening to (and for) you, and doing some provisional rejoicing. Now I can rejoice for real.

Incidentally, I'm curious to know (if and when you have time for another letter) whether you ever got the article I sent you via Tony. That was after the last letter I wrote you (dated June 12,) and sent to an address you gave me when you left Dorstone. got no answer. The next time I was intent on communicating, I sent an article on S.A. by one of my "young women"--the one who lived in Capetown till she and her husband got asked to leave... The article went to Tony, hoping she might be better at getting things through the mail-maze. Did you ever see either of them? Not that it matters now.

Soon after that came a little typed note saying you were going somewhere else in Africa, and I began to match things up and started my rejoicing. I was a little ahead of the event, but better ahead than behind, I think.

If my own plans had worked, I should have been phoning you tomorrow from Heathrow--on my way to a well-earned vacation/study stay in Crete. But the lecture/tour got cancelled, and I'm now so enmeshed in two (maybe it's four!) unrelated heavy-duty chores that I can see it's just as well my escape plan was foiled.

I won't pay air mail to recount all my trivial political hassles, but content myself with personal news: Joseph has finished his training and is now the anchor of the night shift at a local hospital--boning up on certain kinds of special training so that in the not too distant future and he and his "intended" can go off to Central America as medical missionaries. He is also struggling with the problem you call "degradations wrought by tenants," at my little house in the woods. ~~has been managing it to do so in the money to do so~~ rough training, and has learned a discouraging amount about human pigishness. ~~It~~ Mary has had to give up her wonderful LAWSP newsletter: age and arthritis. Annie called after I started this letter. She has been in Nicaragua to monitor the elections. I wonder if you will soon have news of Edith A? I don't know whether to rejoice or commiserate...

On the matter of being in one's 70s, I found an interesting study of the relation of creativity (or productivity) to aging, from which I offer the following explanation of why it is better to suffer the aches and arrows of an outraged bony structure, than to sink painlessly into senility"...peak creativity comes not with experience but when individuals complete the secondary step of giving (youthful) ideas shape....some ideas take longer than others... get-

This is the 3rd attempt to do an air letter in the mail process. New effort!

ting and developing ideas is not a biological function

of age, but rather the typical consequence of being faced with a new intellectual environment. As a result, an aging society need not be unproductive if people enter new fields after their productivity peaks in a previous field...."

No interesting S.A.'s in Clatsop County. But I've alerted Hennie to your question, and will alert Sylvia. Mary is making inquiries for you, too.

With much love and high hopes-

Paul

Additional message area:

3 Seal top flap last

2 Second fold

AEROGAMME • VIA AIRMAIL • PAR AVION

*K. Ila Bernstein
old friend from
Eastme, New York
U.K.
HR368L*



*K. Ila Bernstein
9/7/22*

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Much love and high hopes--

Traditional, the Port of Astoria has depended on log exports for 80 to 90 percent of its operating revenue. The port recognizes the need to diversify its cargoes as the long-term outlook for log exports is not good. Federal legislation is being proposed which would allow Oregon and Washington to ban log exports from state-owned lands and possible withdrawal of large habitat conservation areas from commercial forests for the port.

The North Coast Tourism Council has provided a mechanism for the chambers of commerce to do joint marketing of the county's resources. They have worked to attract regional bus tours, develop vacation packages, and trained "front line" hospitality workers. They also published 50,000 copies of a promotional brochure distributed at State Welcome Centers and chambers of commerce and organized a countywide tour guide to assist group tour planners. The CEDC office has also handled inquiries from and provided support services to developers interested in locating destination resorts and other recreational facilities. Two major developments are presently under consideration. (Ed. *These are the two major developments*)

participation in the Oregon Tourism Alliance. That participation is CEDC has played an effective role as initiator of Clatsop County's

bottom 2

Edith is working her autobiography.
Re-amplification is a total disaster.

10/10/90

HILDA BERNSTEIN
OLD HOUSE FARM
DORSTONE
HEREFORDSHIRE HR3 6BL
Phone: 098.16.486

0981.550.466

Dearest Janet,

Just received your good news - wonderful! We should all live long enough to see ourselves recognised. I do hope you get the Departure reprint. It deserves it. I decided I had better write this short note to let you know what's happening:

. Because I'm off to Holland in 2 days to interview people there & speak at a conference on repatriation of SA's, and will be away for about 2 weeks;

. Because I've recently returned from Germany (very, very depressing) Denmark and Sweden;

. Because in November I'm going to Canada, initially to Toronto but probably to other parts, this time making Rusty come with me to carry the bags (and assuage my guilt at leaving him alone & rather lonely all the time) We have good friends there who are urging him to come;

. Because THE BOOK has grown to an enormous albatross - or maybe it's an Alice-in-Wonderland situation - the faster I run the more the objective recedes.

and finally . Because you said you are seeing Mary, and you can convey this news to her.

Stayed with Edith twice - two visits to Germany. Will have to tell you about it one of these days. She is not very well, but carries on, in her old but comfortable flat (rents trebling next year) filled with books, and keeping herself looking very smart and American. She is not a very happy person, her relations with her only daughter are not good, but she is busy writing and recently had a chapter in a US-published book about the revolutions in Eastern Europe, an eye-witness account of last year's events in the GDR. It was good.

I'm really crazy, staggering around planes & trains with cases too heavy for me, and constantly wondering why I'm doing it (apart from the £30,000 advance I'm getting from the publishers, which kind of binds me to it since I've had two-thirds of it already). Hating and loving it, both, wonderful stories, but will it make a wonderful book? Coming to USA in Spring 1991 - have already been making contacts with people to interview. Much love, & to Mary - H

10/10/90

0981 550 466

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dearest kids -

This is my good news, and what may follow will be even better if it leads to a popular reprint of My Fortune.

My bad news is that I'm not "famous", not yet anyway. Had a file to run again because the town is poised on the brink of extinction (or fabulous fortune) - now I have an opponent - slightly dismayed. I always hope she wins, but not quite.

Mary is "doing better" on some new drug for rheumatoid arthritis and has not had a drop of alcohol for a year (bec. it doesn't go with the drug). She saved five, and I'll see her in Jan. en route to my first vacation in 2 years - Ecuador and the Galapagos. (over)

The Oregonian

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LIVING

SECTION

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1990



SUSAN FLETCHER

Honored for her children's book "Dragon's Milk"

Regional writers win tribute

Janet Stevenson and Mary Barnard head the list at the 1990 Oregon Book Awards

By PAUL PINTARICH
of The Oregonian staff

Long-deserved tributes to Janet Stevenson and Mary Barnard, two of the Northwest's most distinguished — but often forgotten — writers, highlighted the 1990 Oregon Book Awards in Portland Tuesday night.

Stevenson, former mayor of Hammond, and prolific playwright and author, received the Charles Erskine Scott Wood Retrospective Award for distinctive contribution to Oregon letters from Northwest

author Don Berry.

Barnard, of Vancouver, Wash., and a Reed College graduate, protegee of Ezra Pound and award-winning poet, received a special award for her distinguished career from James Anderson, owner of Portland's Breitenbush Books.

The awards were presented by the Oregon Institute of Literary Arts in the Berg Swann Auditorium of the Oregon Art Institute.

Another award winner in the fourth annual ceremony was Port-

land author Molly Gloss, who received the H.L. Davis Award for Fiction for her novel of pioneer Oregon, "The Jump-Off Creek" (Houghton Mifflin).

The award was presented by Portland author and journalist Katherine Dunn. Runners-up were Hillary Johnson for "Physical Culture" (Poseidon Press) and Craig Lesley, for his novel "River Song" (Houghton Mifflin).

The Mary Jane Carr Young Readers Award for authors of children's books was awarded for the first time this year. The recipient was Susan

Please turn to
AWARDS, Page D2

■ **WILSON'S NAME ADDED:** Jazz and soul singer Nancy Wilson's name has been added to Hollywood's Walk of Fame, on Hollywood Boulevard, more than 30 years after she began her career as a vocalist.

Wilson earned her first hit in 1963 with "Tell me the Truth." Her other hits included, "I Wanna Be With You," "Peace of Mind," and "Can't Take My Eyes Off of You." She received an Emmy for her 1975 television special "The Nancy Wilson Show."

Wilson, 53, lives on a 640-acre ranch outside Palm Springs with her husband, the Rev. Wiley Burton.

■ **DORIS DAY RETURNS:** Doris Day is returning to acting, 17 years after she left television. Day, 66, is signing a multipicture deal with ABC Productions to star in television movies for ABC-TV, the studio said this week. The contract calls for her to be in three TV films a year as a recurring character. The character is still in the planning stages.

Production is expected to begin at the end of the year, with three movies to be televised during the 1991-92 season.

Day has appeared in more than 40 motion pictures, the last being the comedy "With Six You Get Egg Roll" in 1968. Her last TV series was the comedy "The Doris Day Show" from 1968-73.

■ **ACTOR RAPS RACISM:** Actor Giancarlo Esposito, a Spike Lee regular most recently seen as the jazz pianist in "Mo' Better Blues," has a sideline. He crosses the country lecturing on racism to college students. His message: Unity and action.

"In order to tackle the problem of racism you've got to start small," he told the Philadelphia Daily News. "You've got to talk to each other and discuss cultural differences and try to understand them."

— From wire reports

Awards: In a first, 2 tie for poetry honor

■ **Continued from Page D1**

Fletcher of Lake Oswego, for her book "Dragon's Milk" (Atheneum/Macmillan).

Runners-up included two outstanding children's authors — ironically, members of Fletcher's writing group — Eric Kimmel, professor of children's literature at Portland State University for "Hershel and the Hanukkah Goblins" (Holiday House), and Dorothy Nafus Morrison, for "Vanishing Act" (Atheneum/Macmillan).

Another first Tuesday night was a tie for the Hazel Hall Award For Poetry Recipients were Maxine Scates of Eugene for "Toluca Street" (University of Pittsburgh Press), and Primus St. John, professor of English at Portland State University, for "Dreamer" (Carnegie Mellon University Press).

The Frances Fuller Victor Award for Creative Non-Fiction, presented by Portland author Elinor Langer, went to Robin Carey, professor of English at Southern Oregon State College, for his chronicle of a lonely adventure, "Baja Journey: Reveries of a Sea-Kayaker" (Texas A&M University Press). Runner-up was Portland attorney William L. Merritt for his personal account of the Vietnam War, "Where The Rivers Ran Backward" (University of Georgia Press).

Sandra Williams, co-founder of the popular Mountain Writers Series at Mt. Hood Community College, was the recipient of the Stewart H. Holbrook Special Award for contributions to Oregon letters, presented by former Oregon Poet Laureate William Stafford.

Presenting the Oregon Playwrights Award to Sharon Whitney, author of "Five Minute Wars," produced by Portland's Firehouse Theater, was Andrew Edwards, president of the Portland Theater Alliance. Runners-up were George Evans, for "Swimming In Grace," produced by La Pensee Discovery

Theater, and Charles Van Steenburgh, for "The Lonely Treble," produced by Oregon State University.

Each award recipient receives a silver medallion and a cash prize. More important, as was pointed out by Brian Booth, president of the Oregon Institute of Literary Arts, and others, the ceremony pointed out the importance that the Portland community places on its literary arts.

The accolades by Barry, for Stevenson, and by Anderson, for Barnard, were among the most poignant heard in the awards' four-year history, and gave deepening meaning to an event that has become more distinguished each year.

Barry recited a litany of Stevenson's work, and acknowledged, or gave a reminder, that her career began in the early '30s and has been remarkable for contributions to civil rights, the women's movement and the arts.

Anderson cited Barnard as not only masterful poet and craftsman but also mentor to himself and to many writers in the Northwest.

After all the graceful remarks, and Booth's witty asides, the night seemed to be summarized in a brief comment by Williams, who said, "The cause of promoting literary arts is a noble one."

Shooting begins on film

LA Times-Washington Post Service

Shooting in New York and Los Angeles has begun on "Regarding Henry." The "Working Girl" team of Harrison Ford and director Mike Nichols: reteam for the story of an attorney who must rediscover his life following a cataclysmic event.



p. 2 Keep wondering what has happened as is happening, to Edith Anderson. Do you have any news.
Our national news is all horrendous and I'm sure you hear it. Since Mrs. Thatcher is a co-conspirator, can't bring myself to comment, have to all.
Janet

December 19, 1990

Dearest Hilda:

Too late to wish you happy holidays, I suppose. But I thought the wish in plenty of time. And I feel exactly the way your card says you do about the prospects for the larger view. The last time I felt this despondent was in the first days of our involvement in WWII, and being pregnant made it easier to focus on a small spot of brightness. No such luck this time.

In the small focus, I was defeated in a reluctant bid for another four years as mayor of this embattled little town. My son congratulated me and reminded me that I had said I wanted to get back to the book I interrupted to "pay my civic dues." So I am trying hard to do just that. But it comes very, very hard. Like starting a rysty engine. Meanwhile, all sorts of other chores are being foisted upon me, and I say yes or maybe--just in case I find it's too late to resume a defunct career. On the plus side, I got a late-come award for "lifetime achievement" from the Oregon Institute for Literary Arts, which I'm trying to parlay into a paperback of Departure. So far it looks possible, but by no means certain.

So I'm plugging away for a few hours every morning, and trying not to go back to page 1 every time I crank up this machine. In January, I'm taking a vacation/research (?) trip to Ecuador and the Galapagos--stopping en route to see Mary in Los Angeles on the way down. She is recuperating from a bad fall that resulted in an injury to her left arm/hand, and is fretful but feisty as always.

One of the few fringe benefits of my term as a political "volunteer" is that I read instead of writing feminist literature. One absolutely smashing book I turned up is called The Crone, by Babara Walker. Don't know if it's available in the U.K. but I'll save my copy for you till you come. (I say "save" because I'm giving my collection of feminist books to the local college, which is starting a long-overdue women's studies course.) And one more: you must read Carolyn Heilbrun's Writing a Woman's Life--because that's about us too. I'll save both as baits.

Don't come west until I get back, which will be in February. By then the weather will be kinder, too. Meanwhile, complain about the burden of work, but give private thanks that you are there to do it, well-prepared and qualified. There is nothing more useful to get one through these bad, bad times than the certain knowledge of being a "perceived need."

Love to you both--nay, all,

Jawit

788 8th
HAMMOND
OR 97121 USA



Hilda Bernstein
Old House Farm
Dorstone
Hereford, HA3 6BL
England.

AEROGramme • VIA AIRMAIL • PAR AVION

2 Second fold

3 Seal top flap last

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Additional message area:

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Love to you both--nay, all,

cut + sent
6/15/92

June 13, 1991

Dearest Hilda:

What a wonderful letter! It was too good to keep to myself, and since you directed me to send a copy to Mary, I made an extra one for the chatelaine of the copying machine--a lovely young(ish) woman who spent the early years of her married life in South Africa. She and her husband took apartheid too lightly and were eventually invited to leave. It took her a long time to be able to talk about the experience, but once she started speaking out, she became an eloquent "explainer" of aspects most Americans have trouble imagining.

Your letter touched all sorts of nerve ends... She kept saying "I remember that beach..." or "When I went there it was the way Hilda remembers it; not the way it is now... I wish I could see it..." Not satisfied with that, she sent her copy on to a woman we're backing for Congress, who boasts of having been brought up in S.A. by a Black Sash mother... I'm creating an audience for the book when it comes.

Mary was not in good shape when I called to tell her that the letter was on its way. She'd been in the hospital with some heart problem for a few days and was home putting nitroglycerin patches on at frequent intervals. But she's on a high about the number of women candidates for high office who won their primary elections and are going on to challenge Bush. As am I. Elizabeth Furse (cf above) is the darling of my valiant (and highly effective) local band of feminist activists. We've plugged along for years with fewer victories than defeats, but suddenly we're on the wave of the future. It is, as the media have suddenly discovered, The Year of the Woman.

Most of the women challengers are good on most of the issues that matter (to me), but even those who present problems to peaceniks like me and Mary, are better than what they're replacing. And I may yet live to see whether it does indeed make a difference when policy-making bodies have "gender balance."

I'm sure you know all you want to know about the political situation on this side of the ocean. Except perhaps what H. Ross Perot is all about. But I don't know that either. There's a joke going the rounds to the effect that if he really does intend to "run the government like a business", that means if it fails to make a profit, he may sell it to Japan. The appalling thing about his rise is not his lack of qualifications, but what it shows about the so-called electorate in this country. I say so-called because most Americans hardly ever vote. (Some don't vote at all.) And those who do behave like members of a foot- or basketball fan club. Perot's great charisma rests on his ability to answer any question he's asked in 15 seconds. The answer may not make sense, and may have to be denied tomorrow, but it's "b.b.s."--Brief, but succinct. And sometimes--when he's on a topic he knows something about--he's impressive. Not so his supporters.

letter today, so I'm closing without editing or proofreading.

Love and congratulations!

I'm still mired down in civic chores of a sort. For reasons I don't entirely understand I was asked to chair the Clatsop County Economic Development Council and accepted. (I understand at least in part why I did, but not why I was asked.) My ego was more deeply wounded by being defeated for a second term as mayor than I realized. My son kept pointing out to me that I didn't want to served again and didn't want to run. I did because the opposition slate was being manipulated by a villain who wanted to revenge himself on the town for a fancied slight. So I and two long-time council members ran, and lost. And six months later the town went out of existence. (It merged into a larger one which is going to do all the things I wanted to do and couldn't --and a lot of things I think are dreadful.) Anyway, being asked to head up a bunch of Chamber of Commerce types seemed to remove the stigma of rejection, and I've been suffering for that illusion ever since.

There are compensations. I've managed to subvert the "Tourism Committee" from a focus on producing slick marketing brochures to one of funding low-cost housing for underpaid workers in that "industry" including "women in transition"--i.e. women trying to get out of abusive situations and make new livvss. But for the most part I'm surrounded by, and trying to keep order among, precisely the type of "good old boyh" I've spent my life avoiding. And it's unsettling. On the one hand, they turn out to be much nicer people than I could have predicted. Some are even quite intelligent and sensitive (in a limited field), I like a 1st of them, and find things to like about even those I find most objectionable. On the other hand, when push comes to shove--as it does in an election year--they are the enemy in what may be a mortal combat.

Take the religious ones. Perfectly pleasant in social intercourse. Dedicated to good works in a lot of the areas where I do mine. But "boring from within" our perishing republic the way you-know-who was said to be doing in the days of the United Front. How does one deal honestly on two conflicting levels?

Enough! (If you know the answer, fax it to me.)

Joseph is pursuing his new career with some success, but beginning to get itchy feet again. He said the other evening that he had been "home" for as long as he had been abroad, and admitted that it seems long enough. He now has a skill that could be useful in many parts and possibly prevent his having to use a begging bown to subsist. So I wouldn't be surprised to be surprised one of these days. Ted, whom I don't think you ever met, has married again, this time to a woman whose parents are "born again." He and Janice talked freely about planning a family. And they'd better be doing more than planning before the biological time clocks run down. But I haven't heard anything interesting on that front.

The phone is ringing, and I may not get back to this

May 26 92

+ Publication, January 93

Dearest Janet,

The luxury of sitting down and writing to my friends is like returning to normal after a long illness. The illness was the book, and now that the enormous and incredibly cut, mutilated, 'stet', disorganised manuscript^s is with the copy editor, I am actually convalescing, which means that I am wasting time, reading the papers daily, messing around, that rather directionless feeling that is exacerbated by glorious summery warm weather and bounteous beautiful British spring. The last part was the worst - putting in footnotes, getting dates right, adding little explanatory passages, notations, explanations, wotnot. I just got to hate it, as for so long - with the South African break - it has shut everything else out of my life. Now I sit and worry. Is it any good? What will people think of it? Rusty - who has worked as hard as I in the last few months doing editing and other things - and I think I have marvellous material. Will anybody else think so? My editor is very enthusiastic, but she was enthusiastic about it before I had begun writing or collecting material. So . . .

I fought with Rusty and finally bullied him into a trip to SA. He said we couldn't afford it, which technically is true, but at the same time is irrelevant. I just felt we had to go, had to lay ghosts, had to see old friends, had to feel the country again. Our children joined with me in putting on the pressure. Keith gave us money, Ivan booked a car for us in SA. We went for 3 weeks, stayed for 6. It was wonderful, exciting, painful, confusing. We stayed in Jhbg first (with a friend) went to endless lunches and dinners - South Africans are great party-goers - saw everybody, drove around, tried to locate ourselves in a city much changed after 27 years, sat and looked at our old house, went to the ANC's new plush offices - a 22-storey block 'Shell House' taken over from its ~~previous~~ previous owners; saw Nelson; had dinner with Walter Sisulu and Albertina; met all the ones we hadn't seen for nearly 30 years, the ones who stayed, the ones who were in jail. All of them urging 'Come back. This is where you belong.' ANC wants R to come and work for them. He is reluctant. We are both much tempted with the idea of going for a year or two, but not permanently. I would love to draw and paint, it is a country and a people brimming with life and vitality. Well, there are difficulties, as for instance, that I'm 77 and get free medical treatment for my increasingly painful bone troubles, and there's no such thing in SA, the ANC has medical schemes for its employees, but doubt whether anyone takes on people like myself. Toni is captivated, says it is where she belongs, and intends - so she says - to go and live there some time in the vague future. Ivan says she can go, he won't. Toni just finished making a film on Namibia, and the film industry has hit rock-bottom in this country, most certainly for the kind of social documentaries that Toni makes, so I think her plans will be halted for a while. She took out SA citizenship.

We took off by car, drove down to Cape Town, stopping on the way, marvelling at the wonderful country - so beautiful, so much more beautiful than one even remembered. Stayed with friends in Cape Town, more parties. Travelled all round the coast through the Wilderness, the Garden Route, staying at wonderful places; going to once-familiar holiday resorts; travelling through the Transkei; all the way round to Durban, stayed with friends there again, then back to Jhbg. What did we see, apart from the most wonderful coastline in the world? We saw the Bantustan dustbin that was the Transkei, a rural slum of indescribable destitution, where the picturesque rondavels with thatch roofs are drowned by the ~~spacks~~ spacks with rusting iron roofs put up by the people dumped there during all these years - no land, no jobs, no transport to any other places. Then you take a dirt road down to the coast, and there is a glorious, unspoilt 'resort' - white SA holiday-makers - with superb beaches, mountains, incomparable scenery - a paradise, provided you don't look over the other side of the hill. The gap between rich whites and poor blacks has grown enormously. And apartheid has succeeded in the sense that people are now totally divided on racial lines in their residential areas, and it will not change for a long, long time. Shantytowns surround the black townships. Education has broken down. Huge unemployment, as always mostly among black youth.

Yet some of the changes we loved. Johannesburg, once prissy white, has become a black city, and its streets, and those of the adjacent suburb of Hillbrow have

the lively disorder of a third-world town - pavement vendors with fruit, souvenirs, handicrafts; it's colourful, friendly. Despite all the horror stories of crime and mugging - undoubtedly true - and the awful security walls, gates, etc, round all the white homes, we did not feel tension in the streets, and were so happy to see black kids at a once all-white girls' school, and little black children playing on the swings in the local park from which in our time they were debarred. One feels that while they do not necessarily like it, the majority of the white population have resigned themselves to what they can see is inevitable - thus, the referendum result.

No space to write politics. We've put our house up for sale, are hoping - regardless of any SA plans, to move closer to London, looking at Oxford if we can sell our house. I shall hate leaving this wonderful countryside, but try to remember how I feel when November comes, and how unsuitable the house is now for my age & complaints, and R says he can't keep the 'grounds' up any longer - too big. If I can only get an American edition for the book I'm sure I will get a promotional tour - if, if. Would you be able to send Mary a photo-copy of this letter? I miss you both very much, and need to hear from you once more.

Much love

Wida

To open slit here

To open slit here



An aerogramme should not contain any enclosure

Postcode

Herefordshire HR3 6BL

Dorstone

Old House Farm

H. Bernstein

Name and address of sender

USA

OR 97121

Hammond

783 5th Street

Janet Stevenson

Aerogramme

International

Royal Mail



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Postage
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By air mail

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 shrivelled 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, the worst part being that the Labour Party doesn't really offer a vigorous opposition

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Aerogramme

Mary Clarke

1557 Oriole Lane

Los Angeles

California 90069

USA

Name and address of sender

H Bernstein

57 Lock Crescent

Kidlington

Oxon, OX5 1HF

Postcode Great Britain

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Slit here



To open slit here

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

Linda

December 4, 1992

Dearest Hilda:

This is instead of a Christmas card. I hope it gets to you in your new digs in time for the New Year, which I keep hoping will bring a New Deal (in the U.S. meaning of the term) and no more of Bush's New World Order.

The enclosed clipping is an update on your erst-while refuge-seeking busker/guest. It has hit the national news wires, partly because of the ducks, and partly because he is the only one of the anti-nuclear activists who ever actually worked inside a nuclear plant AND wrote an article about the experience. It was published before he went on his round-the-world hejira in an "alternative newspaper" here in Oregon under the title "Trojan Holiday", and may now get a wider audience.

Our elections turned out well on several fronts, but the one I think will interest you particularly is that Elizabeth Furse, daughter of a Black Sash mother, is going to Congress from our district. No one believed it could be done. Her opponent was a powerful "good old boy" with tons of money. Also she had roused some powerful conservative opposition as founder of the Oregon Peace Institute and by her work on behalf of Indian (Native American) Treaty Rights

The one important race we lost was for the U.S. Senate. Our congressman (the one Elizabeth is replacing) was defeated by the incumbent, who is now under heavy fire for sexual harrassment and may have to resign. Or be recalled. A new Democratic woman senator from California (for whom Mary could hardly bring herself to vote) will probably be the first woman on the Judiciary Committee of the Senate that is charged with investigating the charges.

I'm nearing the end of my career as Chairman (in drag) of the Economic Development Council, having made fewer waves than I hoped, but having evaded being unmasked as a fraud, boring from within. I'm also working on a novel that is suffering severe symptoms of malnutrition. Every time I get going, something interrupts. I've kept doggedly going back to it whenever there was a break in the interruptions, but now I'm just plain stuck. Which is one reason I'm taking time out to write a letter of complaints.

The other is I want to know how you and yours are; how you like Oxon, now that you're in it: when you changed your mind about not wanting to be in or near London; what you think is about to happen in South Africa; and when the book is coming out. And anything else you have to say. Or write. Oh yes, and what is the state of Hetty's health, if any?

Meanwhile, much love,

Janet

Dec 23 1992

Dearest Janet,

It's quite a strange feeling to sit down and write a letter to a friend(s) without feeling any sense of guilt about leaving work undone. I haven't any. I want to start painting soon, but domesticity overtook me with all the moving and I'm being idle and unproductive. So I have time to ramble.

First, about the move. We chose Oxford because we could never afford to live in London again (even with the slump in property prices) and you have to go so far out of that endless sprawl that you have none of the benefits. Oxford, being a University city, has the things we want - museums, exhibitions (a very good MOMA) cinemas (never mind theatre - I'm a film fan) tons of beautiful bookshops - in other words, all the things that were not available in Dorstone: CULTURE! And Oxford is small. We're in what was once a village but is now just suburban sprawl but it's an easy busride to the centre. It's a remarkably beautiful city - although to me it's a Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde; or, if you like, a Winnie Mandela - beautiful, elegant, cultured, warm and welcoming in it's centre, its wonderful University buildings, splendid Victorian streets; and mean and ugly - the home of the once most prolific British car works: Cowley, with endless suburbs of mean, dreary houses in bare featureless streets. We started looking, and I got more and more depressed, because what we could afford was so horrible. Also, our house was on the market for a long time without any buyers. Then, lucky, and that's quite a story so I wont stop to tell it now, the son of a friend of ours decided he must have it, and offered us a reasonable price. Again, we drove round the mean streets. Finally we saw an ad for a house with a garden backing on Oxford canal. The house is a post-war development in what is called 'Garden City' Ha! Little semi-detached boxes arranged in crescents, great rows and curves of them, identical, with little boxy rooms inside. But when we looked out of the window, there was a stretch of garden with trees, the canal, hedges, birds - after 10 years in the country I couldnt face those streets, walls; here we have a pleasant outlook; and the difference in price between what we sold and what we've got is enabling us to make the alterations that will make the house more pleasing to us (a wall has already gone down between the tiny galley of a kitchen and a living room) and gives Rusty something to do for months to come. At the moment he's begun the installation of a new kitchen, next Spring he will build a conservatory to expand the space and improve the outlook. One of our problems in searching for houses is that I needed a reasonable sized room for a studio. We could afford very nice flats - but insufficient rooms. Here I have the 'best' bedroom, lots of room. Rusty is busy - when its all finished he can go into Oxford and mooch around there. And Oxford is close to London - an hour by train or road (if there are no holdups or rush hour jams). This isnt the ideal solution - there arent any for us. None. Going back is not one. Staying where we were was not one. A one-roomed flat in London is not one. So its a compromise, I'm glad we've moved, our kids are all glad - it's easier for them to keep an eye on their decrepit aging parents. My sister Olga died a week ago. I think it gave them a bigger shock than it gave me, because they immediately related it to their own parents' mortality. I didn't expect her to die, although she was 80, but she was most extraordinarily active, she had quite a remarkable life which I will tell you all about when we meet (where?) (when?) and she had an instantaneous death - an aneurism - no decline, no pain, no fear - just! - like a firework.

The book. Oh, the book. Writers and publishers are two distinct and incompatible tribes. When the book was finished (in my opinion, in my editor's opinion) - had been copy-edited and was going to press, the director of Jonathan Cape (the publishes) decided to have a look at it, said it was too long - must cut 200 pages, make some alterations. That was about last August. The book was in their catalogue to come out January 93. It was finally finished to his satisfaction in October, my editor said it would be out latest Mazy, maybe April. She was made redundant. David (the boss) now says maybe July. I actually can't stand it. I wrote him a letter. He wrote back saying it is a 'marvellously good book ... It is a wonderful and marvellous achievement and Cape will publish it well, I promise you'. Can I believe him? He says we must wait on the best time to launch it in SA; and they are anxious to sell the American rights (I got too big an advance) and Americans aren't keen on books about SA. I phoned my agent. She says Cape have too many books to publish, which is part of the trouble. She will write to them. Legally it HAS to come out by next October

Do I really have to wait till then? Also - part of the whole publishing story here - my contract was signed with one publisher, they were bought over, eventually, long story, it arrived at a third - Cape. My editor, who went through the same process, has really made this book - we worked together. Then she 'is made redundant', i.e., gets the sack. Oh well. I must really stop thinking about it altogether and get on with other things.

Family: Toni and Ivan had a very bad couple of years. British film industry barely exists any longer. Ivan's work is all on TV series - the Brits don't make big-screen films, they're all made in the USA. ~~Yawn~~ Toni's type of social-documentary has been the very first to take the economy cuts. Still, she made one more film in Mozambique about war and the ecology, and had so much trouble she says she won't do any more. Patrick has managed somehow, we don't know how, to keep going, barely, by unrelenting hard work in a time when 1,000 small businesses were going under every month. Frances was also 'made redundant' but her contract is with the Leeds City Council and they had to find her another job at equal pay. So they found her a much more responsible and difficult job at the same pay. Keith hops here and there taking photos - Yugoslavia (parts of it) 3 times, Somalia, Sudan, Kurds; and is the only one who doesn't complain about not having money, and keeps giving us money to buy special things (a new frig, a carpet, etc) and is keeping well. And tomorrow we're off to Toni's country house in Wales (they can't afford the mortgage but they can't sell it) and it will be a big family gathering and too much food and I'll love it.

We were rivetted by the US elections - moved on the 2nd November, and had to go and buy a new TV so that we could watch it on the 3rd. I became more and more hooked on Clinton, and whatever happens, whatever forces pull him the wrong way, to us it represents an enormous change, and turnaround from that whole horrible Reagn-Thatcher era. Only WE haven't turned around here, and our gov't is the absolute pits, stumbling on with more and more fatal reactionary things, smashing the health service, ruining the railways, causing disaster in the education system, and driving the economy to the ground. But not so easy to move on; this country has soaked itself in the grab-it-all-for-yourself immorality of the Thatcher era, and it stains our society.

South Africa? Too long to go into it. In some ways it makes me think of the predicament of the Palestinians: you know the man you're negotiating with is cheating you and playing a double game, but he's the only hope - if you push him too far, there are no negotiations left; and they have all the military power. So de Klerk has really dealt a dirty deal to the ANC, but they can't push him too far, the alternative is worse. Quite a lot of their dirty tricks are becoming exposed - a general process of unravelling, in which former death squad men decide to protect themselves - I interviewed one of them, Dirk Coetzee, for my book - he's in exile now, in England. The amazing thing is that I liked him. Toni found the same when she was making her film - she met a number of former high-up military blokes. I wrestle in my head with moral questions that I very much want to discuss, but don't have the right people to talk to about them.

And thanks for the clip about your son.

Another day. Everything outside is frozen, white, still, rimmed with frost and ice.

I listen to the news of the expelled Palestinians, my stomach boils with rage. People don't learn from history, from their own past, it has to be learned all over again and I don't believe in the masses, they're basically all fundamentalists, whether Moslem, Christian or no religion at all. I can't tell you about Hetty, we've lost touch with Bernard & I'm scared to try and re-instate it. But will try. I won't ask you what the new book is about (a well-known woman writer, when people asked her, always used to reply 'Two women and a man.' or 'Two men and a woman.' I don't think I will write any more, only draw.

Do you have a fax? We don't, and I still am not conversant with what I can do on the word-processor, which is why I'm asking you to copy this for Mary.

I send you both much love, and make plans in my head to come and see you again before we are too old to move.

India

28 July 1993

Dearest Janet,

Such a long time since I wrote to you, I don't remember when, but I think about writing to you frequently. Then I think: I don't want to write because I'm so fed up about the book; or about the news - SA or USA, I don't want to put down on paper all the bloody (very much so in SA) awful things that are happening; or, I haven't anything interesting to write about. But still, just the need to keep contact - and now the book problem is more or less resolved, so isn't it time?

My book *The Rift*, was supposed to be published in January of this year, but has been continuously delayed - appeared twice in Jonathan Cape's book lists, their Autumn ~~ix~~ list and their Spring list. Long story, all connected with Cape being part of Random House, which is an American company, part of the Reebok Shoes empire (this is what has happened to all formerly independent publishing houses in Britain); and because of the depression has been losing money, so editors were juggling around with their books to push the profitable ones. My editor, who was mad keen on my book and would have seen it through, was made redundant (that's what they say when they're sacked) and the Cape manager kept putting off publication, beyond contract time, demanding more and more cuts, and finally there was a big crisis, too long to write about, but will empty my heart out one day when we meet. However, the Cape Manager had someone appointed over him, and he left, so now I'm dealing with entirely new people; they're more trustworthy, I'm sure, and will publish the book but not until next year. I'M telling you some of the story because these months have been traumatic - 3 years very hard work, and the obligations I felt to all the interviewees. I want to start painting again, I talk about it, think about it, but can't get down to it. There's a loss of confidence; and Oxford is not my drawing and painting scene. Its crested colleges and elegant streets are for pretty pastels or water-colours. All I've done for months is paint a few very ordinary water-colours of flowers in vases. I'd like to be sketching in one of the SA townships (with an adequate armed guard, of course) - the people, the liveliness and life is what I need. What can I write about SA? We follow every bit of news, watch, talk - hope. Yes, we are hopeful - not full of optimism, but of belief and hope

As to the US - well! Keith keeps chiding me for defending Clinton against all those who have tried so hard (here as well as there) to degrade him. But I couldn't defend the awful intervention in Somalia - both the bogus 'Peace' force, and the raids. I have this awful feeling that so many of us must get these days: we sit in the evenings and watch horrific scenes of hunger, of violence, of untold suffering, that now scans the world - Bosnia, the old USSR, Africa, India, wherever, and we eat our good meal and read in our warm comfortable houses, and go to our quiet beds. The only thing to do is to choose a patch near you to work on - like you seem to be doing, concern yourself with small possibly attainable things, and to some extent close ears and eyes, otherwise it would make you mad. Keith has been photographing in some horrific places, and among the worst was in Southern Sudan. I asked him how he could bear to take the pictures, what did he feel when he framed his sights on a skeleton that two minutes later fell dead at his feet? He said: I have to shut off while I'm working, otherwise I would go mad.

Did I tell you about our house in Oxford? I can't remember, so this may be repetition. It's a semi-detached little box on a housing estate just outside Oxford proper, one of many streets of such little boxes. Inside are more little boxes, and Rusty now has an occupation again - knocking down walls, building conservatory, re-doing the kitchen, replacing the electrics, painting over the mauve and blue skirting boards, etc, etc. Our house is on a corner and at the back opens out to a beautiful triangular space with the Oxford canal at the bottom - just a lovely garden, like a piece of a park. That also gives me work - the garden needs attention; I have also to watch the barges and the ducks swimming by, pick flowers; go into Oxford (which is not far) to browse around museums and galleries. I'm happy to be here, London is so available, friends have visited for lunch, we go down there for anything important, it's warmer than Dorstone, although I do miss the Welsh hills. That country, where we lived, was so beautiful.

My kids have been weathering the depression storm, not without problems. Patrick is hanging on, just about keeping going, but with endless anxieties, bills, etc. Toni

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Great Britain
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Janet Stevenson

783 Fifth Street

Hammond

OR 97121 USA



Aerogramme

Name and address of sender

Hilda Bernstein
57 Lock Crescent
Kidlington
Oxon OX5 1HF
Phone 08675 3642

0865-37-3642

Postcode

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To open slit here



To open slit here

and Ivan have been badly hit - the film industry is non-existent in this country, and when Ivan is offered work in the USA the authorities step in and say they must employ US citizens. Toni has a cartoon pinned up over her desk - a woman opening her mail, says to her husband: Darling, we're overdrawn beyond our wildest dreams! Toni has had some ill-health, but is off to Russia soon to try and make something or other there. Frances & her family seem to be thriving - she has a responsible job and has developed what she sadly lacked in the past - self-esteem. Her husband is a sloppy, decent but rather stupid man, now a labour city councillor. Frances earns the money, he does a lot of the house keeping - fetching children, shopping, etc. The only one who never complains about shortage of cash is Keith, who is extraordinarily generous to us, always buying things we need. I must write to Mary - haven't written to her for ages, and don't know how she is. Has Joseph set out on his travels again? Much love
Hilda

There's this retired professor at UC Santa Barbara, now running a print gallery - Guernica Gallery. He wants to have an exhibition of my prints in October, & if he can raise the money, I'll come - then visit you & Mary

August 4, 1993

Dearest Hilda:

Your letter started a dialogue in my head that prevents me getting on with what I fondly hope is the last chapter of a novel I mean to finish if it kills me. Or, considering how little you get to say in this dialogue, perhaps I should call it a monologue and save all my stunning rhetorical flourishes for a time when you can flourish back.

The reason for this astonishingly fast reply is to bring that day sooner. The possibility of your coming to the west coast raises hopes in the circle of young women with whom I do my most satisfying work. One of them--an admirer of yours--has interested the owner of the best local gallery here in doing a reprise of the Guernica Gallery exhibit. The owner (Corinne Ricciardi) doesn't know your work yet, but we're offering her a tour of local homes (six or more) where at least one Hilda Bernstein print hangs. Diane (the instigator of this) has "Benches" on the wall of her office at the Women's Crisis Center, and she wants us--the Women's Political Caucus--to throw a party for the opening to be used as a fund-raiser. SO KEEP US POSTED on developments because we need to reserve the gallery space as early as possible.

I wish I were "concerning myself with small possible attainable things and... closing ears and eyes," as you think I do. What it feels like I'm doing is slaving to get enough leverage to raise the burden of two millennia of screw-up human history out of the bog. We can debate the issue ~~when we can talk.~~ *Give*

Far from "setting out on his travels again," Joseph is settling into his 50's with amazing grace. He has finally found a job that gives him great satisfaction and pays enough to support his modest life style. He went back to school and got an R.N., sweated out a miserable ap-prenticship on night duty at a nearby hospital, and finally quit to look for something else. He is now the geriatric psychiatric nurse for the Astoria Mental Health Ass'n, doing an excellent job by all reports, and has celebrated his prosperity by adding a bath with indoor plumbing and a sauna to his house in the woods! Adieu to the 60's!

I'll call Mary this week-end to see if she's had later word from you. I haven't heard from her in ages, and in a way I dread to find out why. She never writes because her hands are too arthritic, and things weren't great in the health department last time we talked.

The new house will be splendid when Rusty has done with it, and I long to come and roost in it. Every time I indulge my weakness for a BBC "Mystery" called "Inspector Morse" I visualize you bicycling through the lanes of Oxford and wonder why I'm not there too..

I want to get this off to you quickly, so I can do a little novel-writing before the interruptions start. I need someone to tell me what I told you about 20 years ago about how to invest what time I have. So come and do it.

Much love to you both,

In either case, the choice had cost old Mrs. Franklin dear-ly. It had taken only two years for both Cyrus and T.C. to squander their own inheritance and to jeopardize their mother's. And the family's hostility to her.

Guernica Gallery of Graphic Arts

8/23/93

Dear Hilda,

I received your letter 8/16/93. Time has flown and I did not realize how long it has been since I last wrote to you. Please forgive me. I have been so busy organizing events for the Gallery, etc.

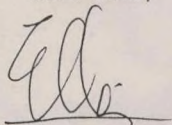
I have had to make other arrangements to show your work. When I got in touch with the ACLU with regard to setting up a benefit showing of your work they had presented me with an alternative event which I found difficult to turn down. The ACLU in conjunction with "Death Penalty Focus of California" asked me to show "Art from Death Row in San Quentin". They wanted the show to be the month after the ACLU's garden party at the end of September, that is October. Because of this I will have to move the showing of your work to March unless I can move a show that I have at present scheduled for November. I am at present working on this possibility. (I do have the work that I obtained from you years ago on display in a rack and I do show the work that you just sent me, that I have on file, to those people who show interest.)

I have had no luck in my attempts to get financing for your trip here. The University of California is going through a fiscal crisis. The budget has been severely reduced. Faculty and staff have been taking pay cuts and the Departments have cut their individual budgets for outside speakers. So that source of revenue is out. I wish I could send you the money. The Gallery has been losing \$2000.00 a month. Our lease is for another year and unless things pick up we may have to close this venture at that time. I am hoping that conditions will change. The Gallery is getting a good reputation and the events that we are scheduling, beginning this fall, are exciting and may turn the tide.

I am sorry about all this. I have enclose a certified check for \$120.00 from the sale of "The Miner". About showing your work in the Gallery in Oregon, could we possibly arrange to transfer some of your work after the showing here?

I hope that you and yours are well.

Much love,



4 September 1993

Hilda Bernstein
57 Lock Crescent
Kidlington
Oxon OX5 1HF
Phone 08675 3642

Dearest Janet,

Waiting to reply to your letter - wrote Ellis to find out what was happening. A copy of his reply is enclosed. Easier to send this than to try and explain. I'm really disappointed, because apart from the exhibition, this was going to be my visit to old friends. There's only one thing that stops me - money. We do not have much, and I don't feel I can indulge myself at Rusty's expense. I'm earning minimal amounts - a print sold here or there, our old age pensions ('senior citizens') don't cover the way we live. We made a profit on the sale of Old House Farm, but that has gone to the big alterations that Rusty is doing here (looking great - rooms opened up, a conservatory built) and we have very small reserves.

It would have been lovely to go on to Oregon and have a second exhibition - I'm not doing any more prints, but nobody there will have seen the old ones of which I still have copies.

Keith wants Rusty to go to Apricale to get someone to fix up a leaky roof there, because K can't speak Italian. We haven't been there for ages. So half way through this ~~month~~ month we'll go there with him, stay a few days, then go on to some friends of ours who live south of Florence; South Africans who emigrated long ago, and integrated into the Italian life and people. We've been there a couple of times - wonderful house on the side of a hill with that fabulous Italianate landscape of terraced vines, cypresses and distant villages. A little sun will be welcome, too, because this has been one of England's typical lousy summers. Our friends' house is near Greve-in-Chianti - the very heart of Chianti country, and there will be a great deal of wine. Oh, how I love Italy, and how I love travelling!

Nothing more to say now. We're both well - pretty well considering our age (or rather mine, Rusty being younger.)

Much love

Hilda

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