

WPC again

(1)

DELHI JOURNEY

November 66

TITUS
TO
NOV

Rush-up about ticket left me in more than usual state of unpreparedness - things not done, Kitchen floor not wash'd, bk not arranged

Only collected ticket at Informn Desk at 10am. Rents me as far as Cumberland in traffic-jam sts. Then the long, & - stupor stage of waiting, sitting in buses waiting for them to start, (waiting for the call to board above first)

I did remember to get cigarettes in + depurine perfume - & began to feel a slight excitement after the customary pre-journey numbness. But feel slightly off colour, which may be poor sleep, or cholera stuff, or both - my arm is painful.

Plane finally leaves 1145 - beautiful sunny day, beneath us woods are rust-coloured & glowing against green grass. The towns - a sprawly built-up areas. Stem so close, almost continuous, with not many fields

Anne Kerr & Max Gordon are on + plane. We are given seats in front - 1st class, more room, very comfortable. The landscape unfolds below with all its blue-white mounds & drifts

Peter, and early, the sun went down below the cloud-horizon, turning the expanse below into a strange arid desert, glowing with tawny light but endlessly the same.

We put our watches 3 hours forward.

Arrived at Moscow - Sheremetjevo Airport + 6 - had no visa - wait. Fish had long to wait. Taken then to our reception office

Valya, who is young & shy

Nikolai, who is pale eyed a rather old woman

Olga who is bored, young.

+ another woman.

Wait -

Wander to bar & have a drink o vodka on AK - £1 & 3, +
3 chocolates charge!
At last it is fixed up. Buy a tiny Ukraine - what a
mention of a stainless hotel.

Indicates trying conversations wth our interpreters, who
want to turn themselves away altho their families were for them

FRI 11th: After breakfast, too much ineffectual bugging around
by Volya & Nikolai, who hasn't a clue about
anything it is hard to shake off.

I am sick in an oddish fashion by the time we leave
for Sov. Towns. Otsi, where Natasha sees to everything so
beautifully, a Tzodova is sweet, dad looks. Talk, talk.
Go to Novoseli - independently away as all others. 17
people, - poor show! From there to Minsk Hotel to
see Bill & Leila - how happy she was to see me!

Had lunch with Bill + 2 others (Busteni & MPN man)
A later we p.m. Bill brought me on metro -
oh, what crowds - I've never seen anything like it, not
even in London.

'We are leaving late tonight'

Dinner 7.30 leave hotel at 9.

Plane departs Sheremetjevo 11 pm.

Not sorry to see last of pale, chancroid face
of Nikolai

Hot sleepless night. If you doze lights go on or
someone walks by, or plane planes,
a far-fetched meal served after an hour in an
airy turbo-prop Ilyushin 18.

At 3.15 demands notices illuminated darkness -

HE KYPITB! Smoky smell of feet
NO SMOKING!

83.60

20.90 - £1

3000 4 hrs 50 mins
from Moscow to Tashkent -

SAT 12 And arrived at Tashkent at 4.30 -

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white network "traditional" designs under tatty
little crystal chandeliers. Still, the effect with
chairs in clear covers, is not unattractive.

Spent to restaurant where "breakfast" is served -
meat, fried potatoe, peas, etc. Here I discover Amrose
Markwane.

Delhi My watch - which sometimes during the flight
was forwarded a couple of hrs, tell me it
is 2.15. This was the marathur journey to end
all journeys. Impossible to sleep, plane forced to
land at Lahore - so Pakistanis could collect tax
not allowed off. Flying, Oxygen. less plane. After
so many hours of travel & sleeplessness
long waits - customs, immigration, etc.

We are fatigued but impatient. And hot.

To Hotel Janpath. Room is a sort of provincial
Russian affair with holes in plaster, a bath
emptying straight onto floor, from which drains into
distant hole.

Health knocks & opens to my undress

"Sir, may I bring you tea." Sound of firecrackers
all over. It is Diwali - reminds me of London.

Drinks with Anne who has her doubts about her
position. We find bear for "foreign visitors only"
hidden away, but say a pleasant.

Then to mtg of heads of delegations at Vyjan
Bhawan.

Krishna Menon is chairman.
The stiffness is intense & I keep noddy

REPORT FOR WIDF

SAT 12: In late afternoon, mtg o hds o delegations to decide on agenda & procedural points, chairmen, etc.

- ① Kishore Menon. Good opening speech dealing with Vietnam, disarmament, war
- ② Madame Bhavn WPC
- ③ UAR - referred to Islam Islamic Pact
- ④ Yugoslavia. No peace between Masters & Slave
- ⑤ Zimbabwe: helps us
- ⑥ Indira - we believe in peace for its own sake as high ideal, but even more because only way for us to make proper & freedom rights for all
Sweden - excellent speech, plea for world coop on Vietnam

Swedish Peace & Arbitration Society - 8 aps called for discussion Int Conf Dis & P
Int Fellowship of R
War Resisten Leg
Women's Int League for P & F
WCP

Preliminary Conf in Jan to hammer out
agenda - invite Indian Conf to participate

Let us no one divide pieces of force

Prof Makooala - Sons of 200 Congressmen -
only 16 in uniform & only 1 in Vietnam.

SUN 13. Her marvellous to have proper night's sleep
 only slightly disturbed at first by the Diwali
 firework explosions going off all over town.
 Vigyan Bhawan.

It doesn't take long on these journeys for me
 to lose the thread of time & events. We
 had very interesting meeting, with much better
 than usual speeches. The lack of slogan-
 mongering or oratory in clichés I put down
 to absence of Chintan - no one feels it necessary
 to prove what good revolutionaries, how anti-
 Am-imperialism they are. Alas, lack of precision.
 The high standard lasted thru the Nehru
 Memorial mtg - food speeches.

(We were - "head of delegations" - garlanded
 by school children in white with brown
 faces, black hair & light blue scarves - a
 delightful colour, combination, especially
 combined with orange & red manfolds of garlands.
 Indira Gandhi arrived, charming, simple,
 modest. She made a straightforward
 speech - astoundingly to think this slender,
 handsome woman is PM of 45 million

We had afternoon reception at Vice-Presidency, coloured "tent" surrounded in dark red & green, tables laid out. Sweetmeats with silver tops.

Vice President is eminently suited in appearance. Photographers swarm like I don't know what, Knocking over flower pots, people, a flash. flash. flash, the lightning of their flashes.

Back to plenary session. Same were good, but later discussion deteriorates - maybe session starts at 10:30, females after 1 in dreadful weakness a boredom. And then, of course, I could not sleep. Got up, switched on an airconditioning. ate sweet, depress, read, exhaustion!

MON 14th

However, tea at 7 just the same we go into Committee - I make long speech, as Show Africa a dose thru many others - some interesting - Ambrose is chair (and not so hot at that) After lunch, more people take up things to day. In morning, delegate from UAR gives the most reasoned statement yet on

Matsand

Heads of Delegation
5 pm Room C

in Palestine. Completely removed from the sphere of anti-Semitism.

Peter went into drafting committee, where Gladman (Journalist, Moscow University) & I draft resolutions - virtually - to background clauses of Case-histories from Syria, Palestine, Ceylon, rather interesting, but time-taking.

For this, had to miss Foreign Ministers reception, which was not important (for delegation heads).
Also dancing, which was a great pity, as I went back to hotel with Berta Braganza from Goa & together we framed the general resolution.
Finished in reasonable time to have proper night's rest.

**TUES
15th** And had to get up early to be at Vigyan at 8, to finish types of the main discussion in green room with green sofas, chairs, carpets, blue grey walls, a bonny Blum grey one on what a day crammed with work and diff impressions. We hammered out resolutions all

Vasudha morning until about 230 - no lunch - with me drafting a Ratty together the main one. He dashed off to women's mtg - cars were waiting, we couldn't wish or eat. ^{breakfast} There met American character disturbing milk for UNICEF in Delhi. Small hall, women with babies,

we were garlanded, a few other women arrived one by one. We spoke - I spoke of our women's Fed, & how it died, & of peace - we were garlanded - As the mtg proceeded, various women hung around the doors with cars to take us to the President's reception. It was churchish, but off we rushed, in Lola Hill's car, to the Presidents Residence - the former Viceroy's palace. Through that flat, formal, Victorian landscape with its red sandstone walls, thru up a slope (especially created to make the entrance imposing) through many archways & courtyards, with men in scarlet tunics & gold braid & turbans boldly cut an arm to indicate the way; up flights of shallow steps with even more jazzy flunkies; and finally into the reception hall, a great stretch of carpet, crystal chandeliers, painted ceilings - the incredible British, all this for the glory of the Empire ~~state~~, ^{with} India's millions just beyond the gates. However, we were offered only tea & a few plain biscuits, which seemed to show a proper appreciation o India's fd problem.

From there, back to Vigyan for a long & unnecessary meeting o "heads o delegations" wth t Latin-Am professor making a long, pompous & stupid report on his Commission - why do I go to these things? As we were leaving, we shanghaied into car to "hawkeye mtg" against protests & I was not a lawyer - however it proved to be a tea wth goodies & I spoke about law in SA, & sat next to man wth long white beard who said he wd like to

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~~Not~~ help cause o S Africans in any way - even to save her life, if necessary.

Chaman Hall told me interesting story of himself at 15 riding his horse wth servant behind, heard horse hooves over-taking him, but thought it was his servant, then felt whips lash across his face - Colonel who said "How dare you ride ahead of me & make all this dust?" He struck bk wth his riding crop - fit incident remained as lesson in racism.

Returned to hotel, had dinner wth Zakaria went to prepare speech, & sleep late, late I slept lying by myself in hotel rooms.

Basin does not drain at all, but by keeps stopper of bath only partially in, I can stop whole floor from flooding

WED

16th

Again early departure to Vigyan to finish resolutions. Then to different hall for plenary session, in hall wth poor acoustics. WFDY delegate read long, boring speech which didn't get heard & no one listened to it - important. I spoke, speeches, speeches. I began to fall asleep when Chaman Hall came & said come to have some lunch.

Drove thru "Ambassadors Row". Each house is given other house Ambassador for this or that. Hall's is one of the others.

Modern prints. Many wells

~~WED
16/1~~

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Modern pamphls, May vases, etc jade
objects a luxury - Very attractive young-looking
wife with light skin & eyes - Mother was English
Very handsome a aristocratic Son who was
racing driver. Very foppish - dandied, gold cigarette
case, elegant daughter-in-law.

Garden with wide lawn, veg at back with
paw paw, aubergine, dumia, chillies, & all sorts
of vegetables - and a compound (My 2 bearers,
gardener, laundry, cook, and so on)

Delicious lunch.

Then went with Reksi (?) in Hungama car

Ambassadors Car to Old Delhi, exactly as
I remember it. The crowds, a thin tattered man
lying asleep on the pavement. Homeless people
camped outside the Red Fort. The bazaars.

The incredible streets with nerve-wracking,
disorderly impatient traffic. Bullocks with
gold & blue & pink horns pull carts.

Men pull carts. Curious children. Noise

Shld not have missed bth Mayors reception
& rally - I regret missing the rally.

Supper with Gunia & Meenakshi & John
Takman - what a sweet man.

Reksai bought lizard & python skins
for shoes for a boy for wife (My wife only
wears lizard, python or crocodile skin shoes)
in shoe shop with owners name in English

Wednesday

16 / & Russian - the Russians shop

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There for shoes & boots (which he manufacture only for the Europeans) pretty poor stuff, I thought, wh pointed toes a no style. Owner tall, handsome, bearded - Jane presence!

NYERERE, Mozambique's Story of students at Tanzanie's

University who get free board & lodg & education & after 4 yrs must work 18 mths in factories etc. Reputation went to him to represent 400 students: why must we work 18 mths as ordinary workers? When we have studied a qualified, we want to use our skills. Also complained Ministers salaries too high. He told them they studied free, poor people paid for their education thru taxes, they must pay back just a little. Cannot agree with anything except 1 point - Our salaries are too high, called Secretary, ordered him to cut PM's salary from £100 to £200 nth Other Ministers followed suit. Then sent all students home. Demo of support

In a way, rather a bore a waste of time.

(Rekski - I mean) Could have used my time much better if I had considered carefully. Prepared speech quite late.

TITURS
17*

Up early a breakfastless again to go to Vigyan by 8 & go over resolutions. I am not alone in my dislike of the Palestine one - too

late to do anything. We go by car to a distant rather tatty hall, where final session is convened. WFDY delegate - a tall, dark Arabian, - proceeded to read the formula-speech - he couldn't even read properly. Apart from accoustics, which were awful - how he could begin to think H anyone listened, or cared. They didn't. They sprawled around & talked. Then came a man from Taylor, then me, & I did feel them listening. K. Menon shook my hand - but later I could not keep awake, & when - ha, all written before! Stark again:

TITURS

17-

To first time, can sleep late, but of course, can't. Wait for Anne K to go shopping. After bit of boning look around shops, take bike-taxis to Old Delhi, here we really enjoy the streets, sites, sounds, smells. Each street mainly

for one trade: Jewellery, then cobblers & tailors, then food. He open baskets & bins of foods fascinatingly. Watchd cook prepare Chapati-balls he flattens in hands, slaps, put into barley fat they become green balloons. We all had to have had some food. Who buys all the things?

Hair filthy, went to "Hobbies" for toy for Keith, then had dinner with Anne, then to a lunch but 2 women came - went to Connacht Place to talk to Women's Fed Ctee. Discussed Vietnam, then S.A.

Bought chapatis on way back. Washed washed hair. There were receptions at both German & Soviet Ex - skipped both. Too late to go out & take pictures. Sat in office for a while. Bathed & dolled up for USSR Embassy. Fairly small party. Spoke to Madame Bonnemoyel. She has 4 children, eldest 17. Nice woman. Ambassador is charming. We had good dinner - cold foods + rice & curries. Caramel pnd. Front - chico. Drunks, liqueurs & all very elegant wife, very elegant embassy. Full of subdued light & Egyptian & Indian influences

That day, I enjoyed it, & when others left
 says they wld get a taxi & did nt return, stayed
 to talk to Amb. & wife with Chaman Rull & wife
(that one's a bitch! She had an the most gorgeous
 silk sari - absolutely plain, bamboo colour - the
 material was fabulous) & went home alone in
 state in the Amb.'s car.

FRI
 18th

Call at 5.30. Dress. Sit in hall & wait for
 hours. No one tells us anything, but eventually we
 take a taxi - why don't they tell us?

Now a state of utmost confusion at airport. We
 fill in cards, hand in passports, & some time
 later are official attempts to read out all
 names, including Arabic & Dymotic characters -
 ready first names instead of Surname, & so on.
 Have rarely seen anything so confused in all
 my life. Got thru at last to airport lounge
 where sat, sat, sat. Finally went outside &
 sat with Georges who had posted an advance
 guard on grass to get to head of plane
 queue, which they did, dashy ahead to catch
 plane first to leave the seats they wanted

We didn't get off until about 9.30.

More than an hour at Lahore.

We will be in Moscow at 10 Delhi time -
about 7 Moscow time ~ 13 hours!

That incredible Afghanistan scenery, starting with
a great curve of hills, then broken curve;

Then higher & thicker; sometimes with
areas between that were Ralntated,

Then higher & wilder, then with thin
coverings of snow, great, far, wild. Later,
after Dashkent (great fat lunch) the sun
going down, or us moving with the world towards
the light. For a couple of hours that golden
meandering glow remained on + horizon with
a brilliant moon shing in the darkened sky.

Over the Aral Sea, the glow with islands &
red sea. Stuffy plane, confined space, sleepy
but cannot sleep.

At Airport, in huge, Pro Asian Solidarity,
Other rep. sees Ambrose in bear-hug,
hat fully off head, noisy greetings

in traditional manner, white face, pink eyes, vodka breath. He grabs us 2 to take in his own car. Asks the same questions over & over "Wait a moment, I must see about a problem... that is a problem". Man in charge of luggage decides to take us out of his care and we end up in slow bus. At Ukraine in state of such exhaustion, trouble was waiting for room, threw him for case. No hot water leaves. That hateful Nikolai! "Don't worry, everything will be alright" "I'm not worried - I just want my case."

SAT 19th I have to disengage myself from Nikolai. Nabasha came with various messages & gifts. Went with her to radio, where made feeble unprepared broadcast, for which was paid. Then went to Novosti & wrote 2 articles one on Peace Conf, one on Delhi. This took until about 3. Wanted to walk around a fake picture, but too cold & overcast. Eventually took taxi to hotel, saw Nan, etc (a Nikolai) & went to Minsh to Pameys

Celia is ill. Bill & I have "snack" & go
to Palace of Congresses for Kazakhstan performance

Keep slippery on icy surface

Hall is beautiful, simple, light & bright.

6000 saw up to buffet in between acts.

Show is a mixture of good & bad - Grand

Spectacle on huge stage, fine choir, but

colorful costumes in Claude colours, backdrops

& many of the items - almost Chinese statement
of the obvious in a sentimental way

(Great fields of golden wheat, hands held in
hands of happy, laughing Kazaks). A singer
like the Puppet take-off - powdered waved hair
& posturing. Traditional a classical orchestra.

Performs little Kazak woman singer with appealing
personality.

Came home on metro - late

SUN 20: Overdose. Fell downstairs on way to
breakfast - whack! on head, lump like
great egg.

8 Africans came to my room & we

talkd wth cute Tomas (?) baby who
only speaks Russian & asks in Russian "Mysa -
what's that?"

After they had gone it takes Mbsolai hours to
get car for me to go to Lamsaa. He wants to
know who she is - because he is responsible
for me, he says, but because he is a
stupid little fool. "In case something bad
happens." I hate him.

So we travel to house estate on outskirts
- beyond are picturesque wooden houses. The buildings
are the same on closer inspection as first impressions
- that is, ugly, badly finished. Lamsa has
2 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, sep lar. It is ad-
bad at all, altho small, uncarpeted wood
floors, & many personal possessions - a
cluster of guitars, books, tele, ornaments & so
on, we have enormous bunch of fish soup,
liver, d'vors, meat beans, cognac, liqueurs,
halva. Mbsolai, the husband, sings in
a strong, loud, powerful voice with indefinite
strumming - Indian songs

Young man comes & we talk of SN
 Larissa & Nikolai accompany me to Bolshoi
 (Mr. Nikolai had been warned & I wouldn't be
 able to find my seat!)

Larissa has ~~big~~ big fox-fur hat, set on
 one side of her head. Nikolai has honest
 blue eyes & rather simple face.

Ballet - 3. First is about 3 geologists
 searching for minerals - I thought it was awful.
 It was like a loves of Paganini - not bad.
 Rather obvious (forces of evil, church, etc.,

Cathy him down a bit. Beautiful Society girls
 taken from him. But faithful nurses & faithful
 woman raise him up again each time.)

3^d was "Rites of Spring" Stravinsky - & it was
 gorgeous. Energetic & full of vitality, about pre-
 sacrifice to gods. Her lover Knives god in the end
 Valya earnestly explains how he has lost his
 faith in religion.

After Ballet more SNs came - Joe, Max
 Desuln & his wife Mercy. Talked till late

MON 21 My eyes is passing thru many color
 transformations.

Max & I spend day at Pushkin
 Art Gallery & shopping

travels for notebook, gallery, watch,
vodka, toy, etc. Vadim accompanies us.

Finally back to Novosibirsk for money R39 +
then hotel. We are all packed & ready to
leave at 4 when Arkolai says plane not
going. Cases off to rooms. Argument &
trouble about money or every plane + next-
day,

Supper with Ma Salha & Joan & man, &
afterwards

Ambrose: More Katsajane (?)

Busi: One more. & we sang in
restaurant, against noisy tuneless Romanians
& between noisy tuneful band. The songs
of home & freedom. Then splendid, handsome &
warm faces. Then splendid harmonious voices.
The statement & answer. Repetition. It was
just wonderful

Furbie Hadibe flounced in a sultry, pert,
pretty & spicile.

TUES 22 Party in lounge furnishing my own
stupidity & # of Arkolai who has
own passport & tickets. And hoping a
longer # + plane will be delayed.
How I hate the refusal to overcome
obstacles!

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