

Robben Island Road,
Robben Island.

14th November, 1965.

Mrs N. J. Marquard,
Windrush,
Draaper Street,
Claremont, Cape.

Dear Mrs Marquard,

This is not intended
as a letter - not even as a note.

Attached is a newspaper cutting
which will thrill you as a student
of Shakespeare. I should have liked
to send the cutting without comment
except, perhaps, for a caption reading
"Asserting the African Personality"!

I was thrilled, I can assure
you. Coming close upon the heels of the
furore caused by the bare-bosomed
dusksies from Sierra Leone it provided
me with the assurance I needed that
Africa continued to embarrass and
bewilder Europe. Incidentally, Soyuzdetfilm
whose picture appears on the other

(Ethan)

side and who is described as "immensely intelligent" made some rather unpatronic comments about the ladies. He is reported as saying: "They don't dance bare at home - not beyond a certain stage of publicity"; which is quite true but should not be published in the streets of Ashkelon.

Thank you for your representations to Stutthof. They have borne fruit. The cartoons are now sealed once more.

I didn't tell you that I had written Part I of my book. elimination in June. I was quite certain I had failed and I didn't want to embarrass my friends. But God is very partial to his idiots; and as one of them I have been informed that I have been successful.

With best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
 R.M. Lohme.

BRIEFING/

picks out some items of interest from the Commonwealth Festival cultural hotch-potch.

Middle-aged spread

YOUNG Australians are a bit sceptical about their country's contribution. The Sydney Symphony Orchestra and the Australian Ballet will cost an enormous amount of money (they complain) without being either very exciting or very Australian.

Perhaps this is unfair: the Sydney orchestra is good, and while it will no doubt sound pretty much like any other orchestra when playing Bach and Mozart it will at least give London a chance to hear the work of some of Australia's young composers. These, led by Richard Meale, Peter Sculthorpe, Nigel Butterley and Felix Werder, are now the brightest stars in the southern firmament.

Those who like their music really far out should watch for Richard Meale's "Homage to Garcia



Jean Gascon

cinema which they rent, but as part of an orgy of public spending on the Arts they will get a new theatre in 1967, Canada's official Centenary Year. They get three subsidies—from City, Provincial, and Federal funds—which come to \$100,000 a year. The audiences, Gascon says, are petty bourgeois,



Wole Soyinka

Ibadan. "With a van we could be self-sufficing. The group could lose themselves in the country and only come back when they were exhausted."

He's not treating the festival too solemnly—and he thinks those Sierra Leone dancers are having people on: "They don't dance bare

Phones got the films

THE film festival came about almost as an afterthought but looks like being one of the most successful sections. It was as late as May when Tony Gruner, a 43-year-old freelance journalist, was appointed, given a budget of £5,000, and told to put one together.

With the aid of three telephones ("I may sound like Schnozzle Durante," he says over one, "but don't worry, I'm only cracking walnuts between my feet") and a secretary, he has done it from a tiny second-floor office overlooking Monmouth Street.

The phones ("The G.P.O. didn't do anything so I sent a telegram to Wedgwood Benn and they were installed the next morning") can take a chunk of the credit. He used them to ring round the Com-



From left to right: Ophelia, Gertrude, the Ghost and Hamlet—from Ghana's film version, in London this week.

PUBLISHER:

Publisher:- Historical Papers, The Library, University of the Witwatersrand

Location:- Johannesburg

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DOCUMENT DETAILS:

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Document ID:- A2618-Bd1-18

Document Title:- To Mrs Marquard from Robben Island (3 copies, 2 typed)

Author:- R Sobukwe

Document Date:- 4 November 1965