

WILL THE ENGLISH PRESS SELL OUT TO STRYDOM?

Pressure on the Press

RECENTLY, Mr. Strauss handsomely complimented the English-language Press in this country for its work in guarding our freedom. The compliment was not deserved. In fact, the English-language press has done almost as little as Mr. Strauss himself to protect our liberties.

There has been some comment recently on the role the English-language Press is playing in present-day politics. Mr. Strydom made a remark that has been quoted in several different publications and is rapidly becoming notorious, namely, that the Nationalists' struggle has switched from the Parliamentary Opposition to the Opposition Press. Not the whole struggle, of course, but the main force of it.

Everyone who read this remark was properly shocked and took the warning seriously—except the English-language Press. This Press does not seem to be particularly concerned about anything, except profits. It is going to its execution with a smile on its wealthy countenance.

Look at the fortunate position it finds itself in. For many years, it protected itself with all manner of monopolistic barriers. The late I. W. Schlesinger discovered to his cost just how formidable these barriers were, and he was a millionaire. There were several layers of barriers—a restrictive agreement with the Typographical Union; neat little arrangements with that famous distributing agency about which we shall say no more; shrugs and bland refusals when strangers applied for the South African Press Association Service. It was just about watertight.

The newspaper proprietors now indignantly deny that there is such a thing as a monopoly. To some extent, they are right. For one thing, only a millionaire or multi-millionaire could start a big daily newspaper today, and now that Norbert Erleigh is out of commission there is no one in the queue waiting to buy presses and employ journalists. Then, also, there is no doubt that the Press Commission has put the wind up the Press lords, those industrious patrons of the Rand Club.

Whether monopolistic conditions still prevail hardly matters. No one can afford to launch into this industry, except perhaps Mr. Oppenheimer; and why should he make thousands out of newspapers when he can make millions out of other enterprises?

By
PETER MEYER

Two facts count today: the one is that monopolistic conditions once existed; and the other is that years of good living and lack of competition have made the newspapers go soft. You could knock them over with a feather.

The English-language Press is threatened on two fronts. First, the Afrikaans-language Press thinks it is time that it had a bigger slice of the circulation cake. The Press Commission, certainly, is going to rap the English-language Press over its knuckles for its arrogant ways. Other moves, too, are afoot. The Nationalists, plainly, are going to have a heart-to-heart talk with the C.N.A. about distribution problems. The Government can also help by putting a lot of advertising in the Nat. Press's lap. There is going to be a shake-up, all right.

But the political threat is far more serious. And the English-language Press sees this threat only vaguely, like looking through one of those opaque beer glasses. It has an uneasy feeling that its criticism of apartheid and other Government policies is not going to be tolerated much longer, but it has not been able to see just how the Government can muzzle it. I wonder whether Mr. Strydom is equally at a loss?

So although the Nationalists roar up and down the country, softening-up the already flabby English-language Press, the proprietors are not really worried. They think that "those fellows" (meaning the Nationalists) are more bark than bite.

Only a soft-living denizen of the Rand Club could get himself into such a frame of mind. Surely, it

stands to reason that the Nationalists' main aim is to halt criticism of apartheid? They are going to achieve this, whatever happens. It is part of their struggle for survival. Well, then, how do you get the *Star*, the *Rand Daily Mail*, the *Cape Times*, etc., to moderate their views, although Heaven knows their views are moderate enough already. It is done, simply, by that old, old game of putting on the squeeze.

There are a variety of ways of squeezing the English-language Press. The endless attacks on the Press that echo from one political platform to the other are merely the preliminary stage. More drastic steps lie ahead, and these steps, unless I am very much mistaken, are going to be aimed directly at the proprietors' pockets. The Nationalists may threaten to close their newspapers down, or they may thing up something more subtle. But, whatever it is, it will confront the newspaper proprietor with a simple choice: print, and be shut down; or shut up, and go on printing.

I pride myself that I have a pretty good insight into the minds of newspaper proprietors. The main cog is a brightly burnished sovereign. The proprietors will make one of those snap decisions: they will go on printing, and leave off criticising.

Perhaps some of the proprietors already envisage the situation that will arise, and the toning-down has begun on some papers, if not on all. But what they don't anticipate is that the Nationalists will not be content to let the matter rest there. What? Leave the jingoes to go on making as much money as ever, and all the time poisoning the minds of Afrikanerdom and potential recruits of Afrikanerdom? The Nationalists regard the English-language Press as a well of sedition, not only for its criticism of Nationalists policies, but for its whole way of life, its steady poisoning of the pure stream of Nationalism. Capitulation to apartheid will not be enough: the power of the English-language Press will have to be broken. The moral is that even if the English-

language Press surrenders to racial policies as laid down by Strydom, it will not save its skin. It is not only its critical comments that annoy the Nationalists, its whole existence is a thorn in Mr. Strydom's flesh.

I mentioned that the toning down has begun already. The first major occasion of this was over the Western Areas. The Johannesburg newspapers simply swallowed the Press handout from the Department of Native Affairs, and revealed thereby that their previous stout defence of the rights of the Non-Whites was a sham. Now the *Star* has swallowed site-and-service, hook, line and sinker. The Press front is cracking rapidly. Like the United Party, it is decaying, dying.

The English-language Press has not hesitated on occasions to criticise the United Party for its lack of fighting spirit. But an important section of this Press has been playing at king-making, and although it burnt its fingers in manoeuvres with the Bekker group, its ambitions have not been stifled by any means. Inevitably, it is sinking into that morass that has claimed the lives of so many political schemers, and its standards have declined to a stage where it is approving apartheid measures that it opposed a year ago.

This voluntary capitulation by the English-language Press is revealed in many ways. The Western Areas Protest Committee found it impossible to secure adequate publication of its views; statements by the African National Congress, the Indian Congress and various other democratic organisations are consigned monotonously to the wastepaper basket; editorials have lost their sting.

The Nationalist laws against incitement, particularly the Public Safety Act and Criminal Laws Amendment Act, have had a profound effect on the English-language press. Sometimes, when news that should be published is withheld, it is because the newspapers are genuinely frightened; more often than not, the laws are a convenient excuse for funkling an issue.

The democratic forces in South Africa must realise that the English-language Press is not an ally to be trusted. It is already betraying the struggle, and unless a miracle happens it will continue to sell out to apartheid.

LONDON LETTER

from SIMON ZUKAS

THROUGHOUT the election campaign here in Britain I kept my ears open in the hope of hearing from Labour Party spokesmen something with which I might cheer friends at home in Africa: that the wars in Kenya and Malaya would be ended by a Labour Government; that the government chosen by the people of British Guiana, and deposed by the Tories, would be restored; that a morsel of democracy would be introduced in this or that colony—perhaps even in Northern Rhodesia or Nyasaland.

I listened in vain. On the colonial issue there was a conspiracy of silence—at least as far as Transport House was concerned. For Transport House it was sufficient to tell the people of Britain that the Labour Party would “continue the transformation from Empire to Commonwealth as each colonial people becomes ready for independence.”

Some of the left-wing candidates did speak out for colonial freedom although these were few, but even they spoke of reforms here and there rather than real freedom from colonial oppression. Perhaps the most outspoken of these was Lena Jeger M.P., and one felt that this was not only because a substantial number of her constituents were Cypriots and African students.

If colonial policy became an election issue at all it was not as a result of any challenge by the Labour Party. It was the Communist Party and such energetic bodies as the Kenya Committee that made colonial policy an election issue—though a minor one. But the matter was also brought to the surface—even if not to boiling point—by two prominent Liberals.

Lady Megan Lloyd George, once a Liberal M.P., joined the Labour Party on the eve of the election and gave as one of her reasons for doing so Labour's enlightened outlook in colonial matters. Then Dingle Foot, a well-known barrister (he has advised the N. Rhodesian African Congress and appeared for me, to-

gether with Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., before the Privy Council) wrote in an article in the liberal *News Chronicle* that he would vote Labour for a similar reason.

The *Times* entered the fray to show that “happily for the colonies there is little basis in fact to support the thesis... that the policies of the Conservative and Labour parties in colonial affairs are widely divergent.” Happily for the colonies! However, in showing this lack of divergence, the *Times* could only claim that Labour were as bad as the Tories. Thus: “...repressive measures in Kenya. They certainly make sad reading. The Labour Government, however, were... applying repressive measures in Palestine and Malaya.” A plague on both their houses.

Some weeks before the election was announced the Labour Party issued a discussion pamphlet on colonial policy entitled “Facing Facts in the Colonies.” It is by this pamphlet that one has to attempt to detect whether there could be even a gleam of hope in a Labour Government for the colonial people.

I got as far as this:

“In view of the fact that the capitalist system is likely in our opinion to last for a long time and in view of the fact that the capitalists will not invest in the colonies unless they get a good return for their money, hadn't we better drop our previous (Socialist) opposition to imperialist exploitation?”

I decided that there remains nothing for the colonial people but hard struggle...

★

Campaign Highlights: Gaoled Welsh Nationalist candidate explained that he “refused to serve in the English armed forces because... there are more important things for a Welshman to do than helping to suppress overseas colonial possessions.”

Attlee got himself to the point of complaining that there is “retrogression in South Africa.”

The Prisoners of Calvi

By DESMOND BUCKLE

IN the fortress of Calvi, on the northwest coast of Corsica, six men languish. They have been imprisoned there for the last eight years. They are patriot sons of the people of Madagascar and two of them were once their deputies in the French National Assembly.

The six men were imprisoned following their conviction on trumped-up charges and for reasons which were in every way as disgraceful and as scandalous as those behind the Dreyfus affair at the end of the last century. The only difference from the

In March, 1947, an attack was said to have been made on a French military encampment in Madagascar by unknown persons. It was eventually proved that the attack was launched by police agents with the object of discrediting the national liberation movement of the Malagasy people which was growing too strong for the liking of the French imperialists.

The French military commander in the island at the time was General Gabay, who was later to command the forces of repression in Tunisia. On the instructions of M. Marius Moutet, Minister for Overseas Territories in the French Government, and M. de Coppet, Governor of Madagascar, the forces under Gabay launched on March 27, 1947, a large-scale military operation against the Democratic Movement for Malagasy Restoration (MDRM). Coastal towns and villages were bombarded by units of the French Navy, forcing the inhabitants to flee into the forests in the interior—much in the same way that the Africans of Kenya were to be driven a few years later to seek the shelter of the forests of the Aberdare range.

When on December 5, 1948, M. de Chevigné, who had meanwhile replaced de Coppet as Governor of the island, announced that the last rebel stronghold had been captured, the colonialists' war had claimed 90,000 dead among the unfortunate Malagasy people.

The MDRM had been declared dissolved and the leaders had been rounded up. One of them, M. Raseta, a deputy, was actually in Paris at the time of the incident which was used as a pretext for starting the war. He was nevertheless arrested and held

pending trial—if the travesty of justice that followed could indeed be described as a trial—along with the others.

The colonialists, no matter what methods had to be used, were determined to get a conviction. Witnesses whose evidence would most assuredly have proved embarrassing to the authorities were hastily "tried" by military courts and executed; others were subjected to brutal tortures by the police to force them to retract; there was mass intimidation, and all means calculated to defeat the ends of justice were employed.

The events in Madagascar aroused strong feeling in France. Protests poured in to the Government from leading personalities and from various organisations of widely different political complexions. A committee of defence was set up for the accused and several eminent lawyers gave their services free on their behalf.

M. Maurice Schumann, well-known deputy and member of the same party as Governor de Chevigné and M. Coste-Floret, who had succeeded Marius Moutet as Minister for Overseas Territories, wrote in the right-wing newspaper *l'Aube*: "Can it be said that these condemned members of parliament deserve death? I am not at all sure of that." The newspaper *Combat* protested "with the utmost vigour against the intolerable conditions in which the trial of the Malagasy deputies was instituted and carried out."

The Criminal Court at Antananarivo condemned two out of the three deputies to death and the third to forced labour for life. Two who were members of the Council of the Republic were sentenced to many years' solitary confinement.

On what grounds were these savage sentences imposed? What in fact was the crime of the accused?

The crime of the accused, the prosecution stated, was that of complicity in sending the following telegram on the eve of the 1947 national congress of the MDRM:

"Please post up and make widely known: imperative order is given to all sections, to all members of the MDRM to keep calm and absolutely cool in face of the manoeuvres and provocations of every kind intended

to stir up trouble among the Malagasy people and to sabotage the peaceful policy of the MDRM. Signed: Political Bureau, MDRM."

The magistrates decided to accept the police claim that the telegram in fact meant the exact opposite of what it actually said.

However, such was the feeling aroused among the democratic public in France and throughout the French Union that the authorities did not dare carry out the death sentences, which were commuted to life imprisonment. The prisoners were taken to France and were finally sent from there to Calvi, in Corsica.

This notorious prison was used during the war and the occupation by the fascist enemies of France and the Vichy traitors as a place of detention of Corsican patriots who fought in the resistance forces.

Besides the two reprieved deputies, Raseta and Ravoahangy, there are Pastor Max Tata, the skilled mechanic, Joel Sylvain, Rakotoarisonina, and the school teacher, Martin Rakotavao, the youngest of them all.

The Malagasy patriots in Calvi are all in a poor state of health. Recently they were visited by two French deputies, the venerable Marcel Cachin, doyen of the French National Assembly, and Raymond Guyot. The representations that these two made to the authorities succeeded in getting three of the worst cases—Raseta, Max Tata and Joel Sylvain—transferred to the civilian hospital at Bastia.

The French imperialists want the world to forget the prisoners of Calvi. They want to leave them there to rot as prisoners, in mediaeval dungeons.

They would also like to have overlooked the fact that in Madagascar there are still some 1,400 people serving sentences of upwards of 10 years. Among them are 30 women, most of whom are from 70 to 80 years old. About 70 of the prisoners have been held without trial since 1947. Others among the detainees are still under sentence of death which may be carried out any time.

But the world must not forget these victims of colonialism. Africa can never forget them.

Short Story

A Winter's Tale

By BRUNO ESEKIE

BUS ENGINES droaned and purred and coughed in the chill of a winter morning. Moroka folk filed out of their sack, mud and tin shelters; some trotted with buckled knees as if afraid of breaking something under their feet.

Vapour shot out of the peopled mouths, but there was little speaking. They looked like some fate-driven creatures, taking their place in a scheme of things they found; in the same manner in which they joined their bus queues.

Layers and layers of smoke settled over Moroka, emphasizing the drabness of tin and sack in the morning light. There was an ironic stability in the temporariness of the shelters as workers went out in the same way as they would come back.

Here summer heat and rain soaked through the roofs, shelters rattled in the August winds, and winter death rushed in through chinks and cracks to claim child life . . .

Sharp knees pointed up as old men squatted before fire braziers like huge depression-stricken birds trussed for roasting; children pushed and jostled one another to draw nearer the fire; little jaws quivered involuntarily to the subtle rhythm of the cold.

"I'm all right, but this blasted cold . . ."

"We're not well, all the children have whooping cough . . ."

"A drum of boiling water tumbled over two children near the fire, they died as soon as they got to hospital . . ."

"That's a common winter story . . ."

"A family of three were found stiff and cold yesterday morning, they had a live brazier in the shelter all through the night . . ."

"Dangerous sort of thing that . . ."

Winter talk; recurring as sure as the cycle of seasons; winter tales told from the chapters of a book of torment, insecurity, death at birth, birth at death, life born to have glimpses of beauty and sunshine, but never to enjoy them . . .

It was a chilly morning in June. The sky was misty, and it was interesting to see the clear outline of a red ball hanging so precariously against the eastern wall. A cloud of vapour was rising slowly from the dam near the Orlando power station.

A woman was wrapping her two-year-old son warmly and pressing him closer against her warm body. But she was feeling cold. There were many other women doing just the same thing; perhaps just at the same time. The bus in which she was rattled on as though it had the horrors, and everybody seemed to dance on his seat. The woman had been so many times on the route between Moroka and Nancefield that she was no more conscious she was in a bus. Her world had become a timeless, spaceless little world.

Within a short time 'Ma-Sibiya was with other women outside the station, each sitting near her own little quantities of oranges and sweet potatoes, selling. An everyday scene, as inevitable as fate to the setting of Nancefield station: braziers burning; coffee steaming; smoke rushing up monotonously but briskly; would-be passengers milling about restlessly, some seeming to chase after little bundles of ideals, of wishes, of comforts; others, little bundles of nothing, of pain, of fear, of hate . . .

Mother Sibiya was part of it all—this setting; like the other women: small fibres fitting unconsciously into a pattern whose many-coloured designs merge into one that tells of the fruitlessness and hopefulness of living . . .

Her son burst into fits of coughing. His mother released her tight hold to allow him air and freedom to cough more easily. He panted fast after the fit, and then looked up at his mother's face with a smile, as if to assure her. The mother covered him again. She must keep him warm, get him warm clothing, even if she has to starve or wear herself down in the process, as every mother will do. "Whooping cough," the doctor at the clinic had said. Nothing could be done once it was there, except to make the coughing easier by the help of mixtures.

"You will be all right, my son," 'Ma-Sibiya whispered in answer to the smile. Then she went on thinking. He must be well and strong again. And when he is big he will go to school. And learn how to write his name and a letter to me. But how can I read his letter? I left school before I could read. But I had to. I had to go and work. Of course, his father will read the letter. He can read. Not much, but he can read. When he gets out to work, he will get us out of these Moroka sacks and tins we are living in. Where to? Oh, anywhere; I do not care where. It is the cold air coming in that gave him the cough. Could he not become a doctor, I wonder? Hm, no; only sons of rich people become doctors, I am sure. O, when he is big, that will be joy to me and his father. But I must work hard here and add another ten shillings to that money to buy him a jersey. Then there will be two. 'Ma-Kotsi has four for her son; and he is already at school. O, if only my man were not out of work . . . But the headstrong man he is, he *would* go and quarrel with a White man at work. Such creatures men are: one never understands them! Now he has to go out everyday to look for work. They should know you don't go far quarrelling with the White man: he is so strong and so rich. Ah, when he gets to work again, there will be a little more for us to eat. My son will get strong, then . . .

The woman must have been thinking for a long time, while she was selling almost unconsciously. It had become warmer. Her son stirred, making a sound as

though he were clearing mucous from his nostrils, and was still again. She adjusted him to a more comfortable posture, feeling grateful for the sun's warmth, and enjoying the tingling sensation in her blood...

Suddenly Mother Sibiya heard stampeding footsteps. In a few seconds policemen had rushed and covered the whole area.

"You people have been warned several times not to sell on the grounds. This is government property and you're making the place dirty." This was the police commander. There was much of the winter chill in his voice, and something frosty about his face, 'Ma-Sibiya thought. She found no consolation in the appearance of the African constable who was interpreting either.

"Now, let this be the very last warning," the commander continued, "another time all these things will be destroyed and you'll go to prison. Right, pack away and go at once!"

As they left each constable helped himself to an orange here, a steaming sweet potato there and walked off with arrogance.

'Ma-Sibiya put her son on her back hurriedly, and they went to board a bus back home. In the bus she felt her child was rather heavy on her back, and decided to put him on her lap. She removed the blanket from his face. Alas, by the spirits of the ancestors, it was the face of death. The child was still and lifeless. Then she remembered that her son had not been alarmed by the noise of the police; she remembered the heavy dead weight on her back; she remembered how she was dreaming over a child who... but what did it matter now? What did anything matter at any time? She looked about her as though looking for a place where she could unashamedly cry out.

Everyone else in the bus was looking straight in front of him. Yes, let them continue that way: they must not know. No, not now. If they did she would scream to the heavens.

An American, SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN, writes on

AFRICA AND WORLD MUSIC

THE last three decades have seen in the United States enormous increase of interest in African music. To some extent, the reasons for this interest are similar to those which have stimulated the study of African music in France and England. These years saw a more intense exploitation of African labour and raw materials by Europe and the United States, directly and indirectly, than ever before. And it is an old story that in the wake of the land-grabbers and corporations come the anthropologists, cultural analysts and museum expeditions. These scholarly explorers are not as crude as the business entrepreneurs. For the most part, they preserve a "pure, scientific" detachment from harsh economic and political realities, and make some contributions to organised scientific knowledge, although they also often echo the prejudices of the economic and political administrators.

But there is also a special reason for the interest in African music in the United States, namely the growing awareness of the deep relations between African music and that of the Negro people of the United States, and the powerful influences of the Negro people upon all of American music, not only that of the United States but that of the Caribbean, Mexico, Central America, and South America. Some truths are emerging that are rather difficult for racists and chauvinists to face. They are not only that the Negro people here have developed and built upon much that is an African heritage, but also that the music which the world recognises as most characteristically "American" — "American" regardless of ethnic background, national origins, or colour of the people represented — is to so great an extent a creation of the American Negro people, and, beyond that, has roots in the African heritage.

It is this thought that I would like to develop in this brief article on African music, namely the principle of human kinship which emerges from its influence, which has spread over so much of the globe.

African music has qualities of course unique to Africa, just as European music has qualities unique to Europe, and American music qualities unique to the Americas. African music has its own instruments, some of them remarkably complex and beautiful in sound. It has its own timbres, with a "palette" of percussion sounds far more rich and varied than the developed music of Europe. Its rhythms have a remarkable intricacy, of one pattern added to another, and a third added to both, and so on, so that five or six different patterns of rhythmic beats go on simultaneously and combine with each other. It has scale and pitch patterns different from those of European and American composed music. It is a highly social music, in which all the listeners participate. It accompanies every activity of life, from education and labour to love making, hunting and boating.

But within these differences, there are also close similarities to the music of Europe and America. It is primarily a song music, full of melody. Its songs express love, joy over human companionship and the mastery of nature, lamentation over common suffering, satiric wit, and fierce anger at oppression. Its melodies are bolstered by a harmony of chords, sometimes created by people singing different tones simultaneously, sometimes created by the rhythm instruments which, delicately tuned, as in the case of the drums, xylophones, and plucked and bowed string instruments, combine harmony and tone colour in one sound. It is often an "antiphonal" music, namely with one group answering

another, or a leader answered by the communal group. This quality reappears in the great American Negro spirituals, and again in the blues and in the solo improvisations in jazz. African song often improvises words as well as music, with a definite satiric and political message, as appears also in the blues, and the "Calypso" music of Trinidad.

For all the differences between African music and European and American, it is easy now for any "Westerner," with a little listening, to appreciate the haunting beauty of African folk melodies. Many are startlingly close, in fact, to old European folk melodies. Similarly, an African can appreciate European melodies. Underneath the different languages, there is the same language, the expression of emotion in melody.

About this music many generalisations and speculations have been spun, in some of which the old "Western culture" prejudices and patronisation return in disguised form. One of these is that African music represents a purely "African" psychology and culture, fundamentally different from anything European or "Caucasian." Any mutual influence between the two will allegedly result in an "impurity," an inartistic "hybrid." Another form this takes is to say that the music of Africa has the same function, in relation to the African people, that the composed music of Bach, Beethoven, Verdi or Tchaikovsky has to the people of Europe. In other words, the theory is that there are "two worlds" of music, which can never meet. No matter what the praise of African music that accompanies this theory, it obscures the truth that for all the differences in the way people live, they have a great deal in common and are fundamentally the same, and this is seen in their music, as in their poetry and other arts.

The Framework of African History

African music reflects not only the creative genius of the African people, but, in its forms, the limitations of African economic and social development. It is the typical music of a society largely agricultural. Because of this state of African economic life, the "West" was able to overthrow its kingdoms, decimate the population and drag millions into slavery, plunder the mineral resources, take over the land. Keeping Africa backward,

adding new and more intense forms of poverty to the old, transforming a great part of the population into a brutally exploited labour force, the "West" not only stifled cultural development but also committed great cultural depredations. The reason that there are no African symphonies, composed operas, sonatas and string quartets is not that these forms are "alien" to the African mentality.

When the African people lift this "white man's burden" off their backs, gain control of their own resources, build industries the products of which go to enhance the life of the African people, there is no doubt that great developments in all of the arts, including music, will take place. New great forms will develop that will reflect the changed human and social relations. For all of this, the present African folk music will provide a rich fund of material, just as the great composers of Europe used for their art the riches of their own folk music. African music will add to the treasure house of world music.

What is remarkable is the extent to which the African musical heritage has already become part of world music. The American Negro spirituals, the blues, the ragtime rhythms, Cuban rhumbas, the compositions of a Gershwin, Copland and William Grant Still in the United States, of a Villa-Lobos in Brazil, the particularly "American" twists of rhythm and turns of melody that Antonin Dvorak put into his "New World Symphony," are none of them "African," of course. But all use vital elements that were African in origin.

Descendants of the African people, such as Paul Robeson, Marian Anderson and Roland Hayes, have become among the greatest of interpreters of Western "art" music. And in so doing, they have not dropped one "culture" to take on another. They have brought to this music a feeling for the social and human quality of music, its preciousness as a revelation of human feeling, typical both of African music and of the musical history of the American Negro people. The great lesson that stands out from the history and present beauty of African music is that of human brotherhood. Underneath all differences in background, nationality, origin, colour, and stage of economic development, lie the same powers and potentialities.

AGENTS
 wanted to sell
"Fighting Talk"
 on commission
 Write to P.O. Box 1355

READ FIGHTING TALK EVERY MONTH.
Become a Subscriber Now !

I enclose 5/- for One Year's Subscription to Fighting Talk.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

Fill in and return to Box 1355, Johannesburg.

Ruth Reed
OF FIFTH AVENUE

**STEWART'S
REXALL PHARMACY**
S. Joffe, M.P.S.
CHEMIST & DRUGGIST
PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES
280a, Louis Botha Avenue,
ORANGE GROVE
Phone 45-6243/4

Bedroom Suites by
**ANGLO UNION
FURNITURE
Manufacturers Ltd.**
Stocked by
LEADING FURNITURE
STORES

**Trump Clothing
Manufacturers**
(PTY.) LTD.
1 Central Road - Fordsburg
Phone 34-4529
Makers of
TREES TROUSERS
and
and ACROBAT SUITS

Standard Furnishing
(Pty.) Ltd.
30d, 30e, Voortrekker Street
and 35a, Prince's Avenue,
BENONI
For The Best In Furniture

Day Phone 25-3963
MALVERN PHARMACY
CHEMIST AND OPTICIANS
619 Jules Street, Malvern
JOHANNESBURG

EXPERT WATCHMAKERS
Reasonable prices and guaranteed workmanship. For Cycles, Watches and Jewellery come to Klaff's Cycle Works, 82 Harrison Street, Johannesburg. Fighting Talk readers will receive a special discount on all new watches bought. Managed by Issy Heyman.

Juno Furnishing Co.
64 KNOX STREET
Phone 51-1106 GERMISTON
For A Square Deal
Contact Us

A Boon to Cigarette Smokers
The NO-NIK
CIGARETTE HOLDER
with CRYSTAL FILTERS
The NO-NIK absorbs the Nicotine but does not affect the flavour
● **GET IT FROM YOUR TOBACCONIST**
Trade Enquiries:
L. FELDMAN LIMITED
JOHANNESBURG

**Perfect Writing
Instruments**
Burnham
PENS
AND PENCILS
**Your friend
for life!**

BARRIS BROS.
WHOLESALE MERCHANTS AND
DIRECT IMPORTERS
120 Victoria Street Germiston
P.O. Box 146. Phones 51-1281; 51-3589

**BANTU HOUSE
RESTAURANT**
● for Hot Meals
● Refreshments
● Pleasant Company
4a PRITCHARD STREET
(Next door to the Star Office)

Unless otherwise stated, RUTH FIRST of P.O. Box 1355, is responsible for all political matter in this issue.

Published by "Fighting Talk" Committee, Care of P.O. Box 1355, Johannesburg.

Collection Number: AD1812

RECORDS RELATING TO THE 'TREASON TRIAL' (REGINA vs F. ADAMS AND OTHERS ON CHARGE OF HIGH TREASON, ETC.), 1956 1961

TREASON TRIAL, 1956 1961

PUBLISHER:

Publisher:- Historical Papers, University of the Witwatersrand

Location:- Johannesburg

©2012

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 the collection records 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 a private collection deposited with Historical Papers at The University of the Witwatersrand.