

# THE ATOMIC BOMB AGAINST HISTORY

This is a speech made by **JEAN - PAUL SARTRE** at a conference of the World Peace Council. The people's army and the bomb are the two opposed characteristics of our time, he says.

**I**F the atomic bomb were dropped it would inflict on men a danger we know only too well. But even when it is only a threat, it constitutes a radical change in the relations between nations. It is the atomic bomb that characterises what we call the cold war.

The appearance of national armies had the effect of enormously increasing the massacre of human beings, but all the same they could, to a certain extent, restrain the leaders. But yesterday, you needed millions of men to kill millions of men and to get the masses to accept death and to inflict it, the conflict had to reflect, if not their interests, at least their passions to a certain extent, and it had to avoid shocking their sense of justice. It is the entry of the masses into the national army which has obliged the governments to distinguish between wars of aggression and defensive wars — wars of aggression being those waged by others, and defensive wars being those waged by ourselves. Thus, even in the bourgeois democracies, at a time of national war, opinion exercises a control. But especially during the Second World War and after, in occupied Europe, in the Soviet Union, then in China and in Indo-China we have seen the appearance of popular armies which live among the people and not on the people, which take to the people, as the Chinese say, as a fish takes to water. In this instance, the people take over complete control of the war they are supporting, and immediately they win Peace. A people's war is conducted against an aggressor, an occupying power or a colonial power; the people's army is formed on the spot, and sometimes it takes the place of a national army which is retreating or being routed. A people's war can only be a war of defence or of liberation; a people's army defends itself on its own soil, and it could not attack another nation nor cross its borders without losing its character. This was made quite clear when attempts were made to enlist our resistance fighters for the war in Indo-China.

But the people's army has found its exact counterpart in the nuclear weapon; the people's army and the atomic bomb are the two opposed characteristics of our time. At a time when the participation of the whole people in war has been finally seen to be a factor making for Peace, a terrible power enables the leaders of the West to make war without the people. At a time when the people's army is becoming a political organism living in complete harmony with the workers and often helping them to work, a handful of men, an instant of time, and an order given far away by a bureaucracy which is cut off from the nation, are all that is needed to blow up a capital. War becomes detached from mankind, it is no longer restrained by the masses who fought it and suffered in it. But yesterday, there was class conflict inside the army; today atomic war is in the hands of a few wealthy men and their

mercenaries. An American journalist said to me frankly one day: "In the United States, people are so Peaceful that they would prefer to drop atomic bombs on their enemies rather than mobilise the infantry."

That, of course, is unjust and the American people as a whole want peace. But the more they are persuaded that they are not needed to make war, the less action they exert on events. Because of fatalism which is inculcated into them, atomic war is getting out of control, it could be launched tomorrow by a few Cabinet Ministers against the will and interests of the nation. That is perhaps the greatest danger.

Violence is always abstract, it ignores the natural course of things, their normal development, their affinities, and their organisation. It wants to force things and smashes everything. In this sense, the nuclear weapon is the most naked image of violence and makes of war the most abstract of abstractions. For this very reason, the atomic bomb is the only weapon suitable for oppressive minorities. Without it, their task would be impossible. Their task is the maintenance of abstract barriers between the nations and between people inside each country, and to govern against the necessities of history and political economy. But it is becoming more and more difficult to use men against their will and interests. How can one hope for long to use the Germans themselves to keep Germany torn in two? How can one use Frenchmen to set up a European army which would destroy them? How can one use Europeans to continue the cold war, since they are its first victims? Today, the oppressors are finding fewer and fewer accomplices among the oppressed. Diplomacy, propaganda and even money are losing their potency. When the American government sent dollars and arms to Chiang Kai-Shek, did that prevent the Kuomintang soldiers from going over to the Communist people's army? Today the die is cast, German unity must be achieved, the sovereignty of Viet-Nam must be recognised, Chiang Kai-Shek must return to obscurity and Communist China must be recognised. All this must be done because it is in conformity with the movement of history, that is to say, with the interest of the people who make history. It must be done because it will be done, because it is already done. Our soldiers are lacking neither in courage, discipline, nor intelligence. We have lost Indo-China because it was contrary to the necessity of history that a professional army, thousands of miles away from its bases, should defeat a people's army. There remains but one way out — the atomic bomb. The atomic bomb is a weapon against history.

Though brutal and violent, the ultimatums of the past were challenges and provocations. An ultimatum

# At Maidanek the Death Ovens were still warm... ...And They're Re-Arming the Nazis!

by Ralph Parker

EVERYBODY, I suppose, has some things he wants to forget, things he encourages the censor in his own mind to suppress.

Sometimes it is an incident in which he played a shameful part; sometimes an experience too painful to bear remembering; and sometimes the reason belongs to quite another order.

There are times when the behaviour of man to man is so terrible that to recall them is to risk losing one's faith in mankind.

That is why I tried to forget the things I saw one July day near the Polish town of Lublin.

It was at Maidanek, a name that meant nothing to the world outside the borders of German occupation, but which to millions of those who lived within its borders spelled the vilest humiliation that modern man has ever had to endure.

But the plans and measures of the West to revive the Wehrmacht and take a rearmed West Germany into a military bloc show that no man who loves peace should forget Maidanek.

Let me tell you what I remember most clearly of that July day ten years ago.

## Loot

Above all the boots. Hundreds of thousands of boots piled up higher than an man in a building as big as an aeroplane hangar. Overflowing through the doors to spill for yards over the dusty field.

Old galoshes, children's sandals, felt slippers that came off tired old feet, smart boudoir slippers with dyed feathers on them, the shabby boots of the ghetto and shapely shoes off lasts kept with the customer's name on them in the Burlington Arcade, and the most exclusive shops in Florence.

No footwear was too worn out or too excentric to be thrown away by the meticulous storekeepers of Maidanek, to whom nothing was valueless except human life.

It was this nightmare character of impeccably managed massacre and robbery, of an accurately audited book-keeping of death on the seven-figure scale that I remember with most clarity.

You have to strip a great many people to be able to fill the whole side of a room with worn, broken arch supports; you have to wrench the teeth out of very many jaws to collect as much gold as I saw the receipts for in the office of the S.S. and Polizeifuehrer in Lublin; you have to kill many men and women to make a collection of several thousand artificial limbs.

## Roaring Trade

And what I saw, remember, was only what the great store in an unfinished cinema in Chopin Street had left over when the Russians and Polish liberators arrived. For two years it had been doing a roaring trade.

I have on my desk an accurately typed letter on well-printed notepaper written on September 23, 1942 to the German S.S. chief at Lublin by the commander of the Lublin security forces. I removed it from the files in the Chopin Street store.

It requests the S.S. chief to supply him with a number of very ordinary articles of daily use from the stores of the annihilation camp, "these objects being no longer available in the shops or from my head office."

Room after room in the store was filled with such objects, all of which were second-hand, in other words removed from the suitcases that new arrivals at Maidanek were invited to leave "for safe keeping" when they passed into the harmless-looking "bath-houses" just inside the gates where a Gipsy band played to welcome them.

I saw thousands of old shaving brushes, cases of spats, shelves of pocket mirrors, of watch-dials bearing the name of every watchmaker I have ever heard of, whole libraries of cookery books in all the languages of Europe, a shelf 20 feet long of rolls of paper, an incongruous collection of Mickey Mouse toys and, perhaps most pathetic of all, a roomful of cracked enamel children's pots.

Here and there a name—Sara Leyser of Dusseldorf; Ernst Weils, Prague composer of a violin sonata picked up among a pile of manuscripts; a Polish woman, Amelia Strylowski, born in 1873; a Greek called Zaruni, a teacher at the Commercial College at Piraeus; Mauric Javaneau, farm ser-

vant of Tours, France; Henrik Visser of Laandam, Holland.

These are some of those who were butchered at Maidanek and who left Fighting Talk — Galley 8 no trace save a scribble on a fly-leaf or a laundry mark on a garment disposed of by the Gestapo.

But there are other names that I noted at Maidanek and which may be more easily traceable—the names of German firms who contributed to building the place.

## "Bath-houses"

Tesch and Stabenow, of Messberghof, Hamburg, for instance the manufacturers of Zyklon B, the pale-blue crystals that used to be sprinkled on the dark concrete floors of the "bath-houses."

The rooms were 17 square yards in area and there were six of them at Maidanek.

When 2,000 naked men and women were packed into them the temperature soon rose to the height required to dissolve the crystals. After that, it took from two to ten minutes for people to die. The dead did not fall—the rooms were too closely packed.

Or Dinas, the manufacturers of the stoves, and engineer Teloner the designer of the stoves used for disposing of the corpses brought from the "baths".

A first-rate job, these incinerators, No wonder the makers proudly put their name over the small iron doors into the furnaces (six corpses in each, seven if you chop the legs off.)

For some time the incinerating department was the bottle-neck at Maidanek. The lust to kill generally outpaced the capacity to burn. Even towards the end, when the supplies of victims was running low, there were hitches on the conveyor of death.

## Still Warm

All the same, it must be admitted that the Ruhr manufacturer who handled the job did it pretty well. He put in electric fans to supercharge the heat in the furnaces. They burned non-stop. They were still warm when I felt them.

The work of monsters? Undoubtedly. Yet when I sat facing these monsters a few hours after I left

(Cont. on next page)

**BOOKS****ZAMBESIA MARRIAGE****A PROPER MARRIAGE — DORIS LESSING**

(Michael Joseph)

**I**N five years Doris Lessing has produced three novels and two volumes of short stories. For "Five", her second volume of short stories, she received the Somerset Maugham Award for 1954 — a tribute to her talent and her achievement. Though she has lived in England since 1949 her stories and novels are, almost without exception, about Africa. She writes of the legendary country of "Zambesia", easily identifiable as Southern Rhodesia. And for those who believe that it is Afrikaans nationalism which is responsible for the viciousness of our class society, a reading of her work will show that the British Dominion north of the Limpopo has little to learn from us in practice of racial discrimination.

In her last novel, "A Proper Marriage", she continues the story of a young girl, growing up in Zambesia and rebelling against every accepted standard and belief of her own milieu — that of the White Herrenvolk. The first novel in this series, "Martha Quest", dealt with Martha as an adolescent. In "A Proper Marriage" — the second of the series which will eventually cover five volumes — Martha is newly married to Douglas Knowell, and the book is a minute and painful analysis of her relationship with her husband and her disillusionment with him and their life together. She strives for values and ideals which are beyond his comprehension, while he is bewildered and defeated by her

rejection of everything he offers her — the economic security of his safe job in the Civil Service, a large house and garden, four servants. What more could any woman ask?

Their honeymoon is shared by another newly married couple with their own gang in hot pursuit, and the marriage celebrations consist of three days and nights of 'giving it stick' and 'giving it a bang'. Within one month Martha is doubtful and unhappy. At a sundowner party "Martha's glass was refilled for her. She was becoming depressed as the alcohol took effect . . . She felt the nets tightening around her. She thought she might spend the rest of her life on this verandah, or others like it, populated by faces she knew only too well." In describing the futility of the leisure hours of the Whites, Doris Lessing excels — the same group mouthing the same sounds; drinking to excess and meeting the next night and the next so that solitude may be defeated.

Every major event in Douglas' life must be shared with 'the boys'. His discharge from the Army as medically unfit after a year 'Up North' is a bitter blow, because he is now excluded from 'the gang'. Martha reflects that she is "married to one of the boys; he would always, all his life, be one of the boys. At sixty he would still be a schoolboy." On his first afternoon at home, on his return from active service, he insists that Martha should come with him to the club. As they enter he stares about him. "His face was sagging with helpless disappointment. The long deep verandah was crowded with

people as it always had been; but they were all new faces . . ."

There are no African characters. The descriptions of Martha's contacts with progressive Europeans; her first attendance at an inter-racial meeting, are vague and unreal. Yet despite this, Doris Lessing conveys unerringly the uneasy awareness on the part of the Whites of the ever-present submerged African population. At the outbreak of World War II "Douglas announced ruefully that women were already sitting shuddering in their homes, convinced that Hitler's armies might sweep down over Africa in 'a couple of days', and more — the Natives were on the point of rising. In any Colony, a world crisis is always seen first in terms of a Native rising".

Although Doris Lessing is a controlled writer, with a deep insight into patterns of human behaviour, this novel has, for me, one major fault. It is a photograph of the society she describes; an exact reproduction; a mirror, giving back an unflawed reflection. I do not believe that this is sufficient. Whereas in a portrait the artist reveals, with a frightening clarity, the empty eyes, the cold mouth, the grasping hands, a photograph cannot have the same depth. One reads "A Proper Marriage" with the mind, not the heart. Because the writing is so cold one cannot appreciate Martha's revolt emotionally, or share it with her. Throughout I had the uneasy sensation that I was reading a case history, compiled by a psycho-analyst — a psychologically accurate description of a sensitive individual who cannot adjust to a particular environment. There is nothing large — no humour, no compassion or hatred — only amused cynicism, guilt and resentment. I did not feel that I was sharing a human experience.

Because of the extreme objectivity of the writing, the book becomes tedious; the almost clinical discussions of sex are dull; the atmosphere of Zambesia at war is flat. I feel that Doris Lessing should free herself of her bondage to White Zambesia — a sterile society — and take the world in her stride.

PHYLLIS ALTMAN.

**MAIDANEK — (Continued from previous page)**

Maidanek camp and saw them in the uniform of the German army and its auxiliary police services they looked — well, like many of those pictures you see in West German magazines and newspapers today — and not only in German ones.

Herman Vogel, of Maulhausen with the greying hair and gentle smile. Did he consider himself a good German patriot? Yes. A good Catholic? Oh, yes. Did he know that the 18 wagon-loads of children's clothes he had sent to Berlin in two months had been murdered children's clothes? Yes, but he was obeying orders.

He was not the only one who gave that answer when faced with the evidence of the murder of a million people, the victims of the Nazi desire to subdue Europe.

The voice of that million whose dust was scattered from the Maidanek hill-top is silent in the chorus of protest against West German rearmament. But the haggard-faced, swollen-limbed survivor whose first act after liberation was to write "Remember" on the gates of the camp was expressing all that the dead of Maidanek, and other scenes of German savagery, would have to say to us today.

Clause 77 of the new Industrial Conciliation Bill is

# Carrying Apartheid into Industry

By E. van Vuuren

A MONSTROUS pattern of apartheid privilege in the economic life of South Africa. This is what the Government is planning to stamp on our country in the course of this session's legislative programme. And it is to be done under the pretty slogan of "safeguarding employees against inter-racial competition".

In the only clause of the new Industrial Conciliation Bill in which the definition of the term "employee" is extended to cover the bulk of South African workers, the Africans, the Government plans to set up a system of job reservation according to race, which in effect means that the Non-Europeans will be banned from progress and opportunity as far as their occupations, professions or trades are concerned.

Thus it is intended to retard the forward march of the Non-European and particularly the African, and to maintain the baasskap system. The Industrial Conciliation Act under which trade unions are recognised has excluded Africans. It is ironic that the only clause in which the Government has acceded to the traditional plea of the trade unions that Africans be recognised as employees will, in the new amending Bill, be to make sure that they remain menials.

## CLAUSE 77

This provision — Clause 77 of the Industrial Conciliation Bill — is consequently the one which *directly* affects *all* workers:

Naturally the rest of the Bill which severely curtails trade union rights must also interest all workers, even those who at present are deprived of trade union rights, because it determines the pattern of trade unionism in our country. We have read much about the Bill, but all too little about this clause.

It is the worst clause in the Bill, which has been passed through its Second Reading "in principle" and is now the subject of a Select Committee investigation.

What is the machinery which it sets up?

The Minister of Labour is empowered to instruct the Industrial

Tribunal — a new stooge body set up by the Bill — to investigate a particular industry, trade or occupation. The tribunal will make a determination reserving any particular occupation or operation, or whole sections of jobs for any race in any factory, region or throughout the whole country. The Minister will be able to issue exemptions from the operation of the determination.

## PRESERVING PRIVILEGE

What does this mean? The Minister of Labour can debar workers from jobs according to their race. What he (with the help of the Minister of Justice) has been doing to individuals under the Suppression of Communism Act because of their politics, he will now do to whole communities, whole population groups, because of the colour of their skins. Every time he reserves an occupation for one race, he bans it from all the other races. He wants full power to do this, even in the professions.

Of course this system can never work, except at the cost of wrecking industry.

Why this madness? It would seem that the clause, apart from being an instrument of apartheid, was intended as a sop to White workers.

The unity of the trade unions having been destroyed by splitting them on colour lines, each union would conclude a separate agreement with the employers and there would be differing wage standards for the same jobs. Cut-throat competition between racial groups would then destroy the higher wage standards of the "registered" workers. Profit-hunting employers would take on the more easily exploited workers. White workers would walk the streets. The Government would lose support.

Having caught a glimmer of the results of their own apartheid policies towards the trade unions, the rulers brought along in their Clause 77, what they hoped would be the antidote . . . along the proper apartheid lines.

They will declare the White workers into jobs, by law exclude Non-Whites, and thereby demonstrate how conscientiously they protect the voting section against the "Non-White menace."

From the title of the Clause: "Safeguard against Inter-racial competition", it seems fairly certain that the above was the course of Nat. reasoning.

The rub of course is that it will not work.

There is nothing wrong in safeguarding the welfare of employees against under-cutting. Workers' organisations don't believe in inter-racial competition but in inter-racial co-operation. Standards can only be preserved by a policy of equal pay for equal work, firmly coupled with a policy of equal opportunity for all.

Clause 77, as the antithesis of such a policy, cannot safeguard the welfare even of the White workers. It will result in greater competition between the races, increased animosity and the destruction of the peaceful conditions under which such welfare can be achieved.

A man's usefulness to industry does not depend on race or colour, but on training, ability, aptitude. Any attempt to establish an artificial pressure for some groups to certain occupations can only interfere with industrial efficiency, and lower living standards.

Will White workers benefit from the edict establishing their privilege but blocking progress to hundreds of thousands of Non-Whites? How can they gain from the disunity which will prevent a common struggle for the welfare of all workers?

We could quote figures endlessly on the tremendous flow of Africans and other Non-Europeans into industry, and into the higher occupations. There is a genuine shortage of skilled workers and the Non-Europeans are naturally advancing into them. This is not because of the "altruism" of employers, but because of the essential requirements of industry. It is a phenomenon to be welcomed. It benefits all South Africa, threatens none.

By his decrees, the Minister (with the help of the tribunal) will perhaps help apartheid along, but he will harm even those workers for whom he craves to be "a little father."

(Cont. at foot of page 15)

## THEATRE — Review by Cecil Williams

### “The Winslow Boy” *presented by the National Theatre Organisation.*

THE play, ‘The Winslow Boy’, sets out to show that in England — in 1912 at any rate — the rights of the individual are more highly valued than the prestige of pompous admirals, the patience of exasperated judges, even the precious hours of hard-pressed parliamentarians — an inspiring and exhilarating theme.

It is a pity, then, that after seeing this present production of the play, I was left with the wish that the author, Terence Rattigan, and the producer, John Roberts, had cared more passionately for the rights of the individual. Excellent, as in many ways this play and this production are, they nevertheless failed to generate a glowing, communicable passion, an emotional fervour, which would have left the audience satisfied that “right had been done” — and glad of it.

#### NO CONVICTION

Rattigan, when writing the play, was no doubt very careful not to beat too heartily the propaganda drum. ‘Propaganda and Art don’t mix, old boy’; ‘It won’t do for the box-office’, his friends told him, and he listened. In consequence, he allows his characters hardly any time at all to discuss the theme of the play, to state a warmly-held viewpoint on ‘the rights of the individual’, ‘the evils of tyranny’, ‘the dangers of bureaucracy!’ Indeed, Mr. Winslow, the character most determined to clear his boy’s name, once admits that his fight goes on mostly because of his “obstinacy”. Only daughter, Catherine, is given to an occasional utterance to the effect that it will be a bad day for England when she can no longer be bothered about justice being done to a scruffy little school-boy.

The producer, I felt, underlined the author’s lack of passionate conviction by having the actors throw away the few utterances of principle. On the whole, then, we were cheated of the full measure of exhilaration which is usually felt in the theatre, when ‘right’ prevails.

#### BASED ON FACT

‘The Winslow Boy’ has a most unusual story, based on fact. In 1911 a student at an English naval college was expelled for, it was alleged, having stolen and cashed a postal order of five shillings — belonging to an-

other student. The play opens with the surreptitious return to his home of young Winslow. His father, once convinced of Ronnie’s innocence, takes steps to have the wrong righted. He sacrifices his money, his health, his elder son’s university career, his daughter’s fiancé, the domestic quietude of his years of retirement to this end.

When the naval college authorities refuse to set up an inquiry, Winslow père and Sir Robert Morton, a celebrated advocate, agitate until their lordships of the Admiralty are compelled to take notice. Their response being unsatisfactory, the matter is forced upon an unwilling House of Commons, who compel the government to order due legal processes. The lawcourt’s final verdict is one of ‘Not guilty’ — “Right has been done”.

In the course of the play Catherine Winslow’s fiancé shamefacedly wriggles out of the engagement, because his father and he think all this fuss about the ‘Winslow boy’ and the paltry postal order are disproportionate and a waste of Britain’s time. One detects towards the end of the play a mutual interest and admiration between Catherine and the apparently egoistic advocate.

#### CRAFTSMANSHIP

It is an arresting story, one which at the time, according to Alexander Woolcott’s account, had the people of England on their toes, feeling that all of them were being wrongfully accused by a stupid bureaucracy and their rights ignored by a dark conspiracy. One realises, of course, that the real occasions of dramatic excitement in this story must in the theatre occur ‘offstage’ — the obtuse stand of the Admiralty, the tension in the Commons and finally the fever and suspense of the case in the court. It shows how clever a craftsman Terence Rattigan is that his play, apart from a lapse in the fourth act, commands our close attention throughout. Rattigan produces some excellently contrived situations of great interest, most manageable dialogue and a lavish supply of humour.

On the whole the N.T.O. company throw none of their opportunities away. John Roberts has the play proceeding at an exciting pace, with subtle variety of mood. There is an

impression of a crisp, knowledgeable mind at work in this production. For my taste, the producer seemed to blur the dramatic climaxes by hurrying on to the following lines of dialogue, not allowing my emotional system time enough to absorb the full effect of the well-worked up climax.

#### THE CAST

The actors and actresses acquitted themselves well. Clifford Williams gave Sir Robert Morton an impressive dignity, aloofness and brusqueness at the same time managing to convey to us — what Catherine missed for so long — a genuine, selfless love of justice and right. In appearance, manner and gesture he showed a nice flair for ‘period’, which most of the others on the stage lacked.

Joanna Douglas was a rather young, likeable Catherine, warm and feminine, missing, I thought, the strength and fervour of a militant suffragette. She was at her best in her expression of sympathy with her brother and her father.

A most effective piece of characterisation came from Sheelagh Ross in the part of Mrs. Winslow. She was tender, fussy, humorous, anxious, motherly. I felt she did not show enough awe of Mr. Winslow, but that might have been because Frank Wise, as Mr. Winslow, was not as stern and intimidating a person as I had expected. Mr. Wise has marked in effectively the outlines of his character, which he will no doubt fill in as he becomes more at home in the part.

Leonard Graham and Brian Proudfoot gave very good pictures of the two Winslow boys, the former being debonair, carefree, dashing; the latter timid and sincere, brightening as danger recedes into a likeable, ordinary schoolboy.

The setting, the dressing of the stage and the women’s costumes fell below the high standard achieved by all other aspects of production. The architecture of the set was satisfactory, but the colour of the walls was ugly, monotonous and oppressive. I daresay many Edwardian drawing-rooms were oppressive, but the job of the theatre designer is to create and convey that atmosphere without actually oppressing the audience.

Nevertheless, this aspect of production apart, I was very well entertained by this latest N.T.O. production and I anticipate for it a very successful tour throughout the country.

**SARTRE on the Atom Bomb** (Continued from page 10)

meant: if you don't give in, we shall fight, and if we have to fight, it is we who shall win. But the atomic bomb is a permanent ultimatum and it has nothing whatever to do with the ancient custom of the challenge. Those who try to intimidate us with the Bikini experiments do not speak of victory, because they know that other nations have split the atom and could also use it for destructive purposes if provoked. Because they also know that a hydrogen bomb can wipe out a people's army, but that no national army can defeat them. In fact, it is blackmail on the destruction of the human race. They try to stop history as Joshua stopped the sun, by threatening to blow up the world. "We will drop the bomb if the French lose the war, and it is just too bad for man, we will drop them on Indo-Chinese, on the Chinese or on the Russians, it does not matter."

In order to stop the world turning round they are threatening to suppress history by liquidating those who make history. It is all they can do: wipe out man in case he changes. The bomb is in itself the basis and the sum total of a policy completely hostile to the true development of humanity which wants to impose this alternative: the status quo or total destruction. It is this dream of collective death which makes us realise that the atom bomb is in itself reactionary.

Fortunately, the warmongers are defeated by their very power; the catastrophe which they are preparing for us is too complete; it threatens everyone of us, but they do not dare unleash it. Can one wipe out the whole of humanity because of the retreat of a regiment of Marines in Korea or the loss of Dien Bien Phu? The weapons is too horrible, it cannot be controlled, every day it deviates further from concrete reality; too sure

of their power, those who have this weapon have forgotten even the most elementary diplomacy; they confine themselves to threats but do not turn their threats into action. But meanwhile, barriers are falling, more contacts are made, the people cease to put fear in the hearts of their neighbours, new unity in Europe and indeed in the world, a new association of European states is maybe developing and there are no means of stopping it. Because it wishes to fly in the face of history, the atomic bomb thereby risks falling out of history altogether.

Up till now, anger, blundering, wrong calculations, stood in collective history as unimportant accidents; at present, they can become formidable. The moods of a leader can become historical factors. History must remove the warhead from the atom bomb, or else the bomb will blow up the world. The peoples have a double task, they must unite against the bomb, instead of war impose peace, replace abstract opposition by definite alliances, win victories for peace, without ever giving the nuclear weapon the time or the pretext for being exploded. Peace must be preserved, we must bring about German unity, in the face of the unshakeable unity of the peoples the abstract character of atomic blackmail must show itself in its true colours. And then, we must fight against atomic terror. The peoples have demanded and still demand that the representatives of the Five Great Powers should unite to prohibit the manufacture and use of the nuclear weapon. These two tasks are also ours, those of the World Peace Movement. We must redouble our efforts; in the past history was often made by war but today since war would mean the end of the world, peace alone can make history.

*(Cont. from page 13)*

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, article 23, states the following:

"1. Everyone has the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favourable conditions of work and to protection against unemployment.

"2. Everyone, without discrimination, has the right to equal pay for equal work."

By means of Clause 77 the Government wishes to extend discrimination on a hitherto unprecedented scale. It is an extension of the industrial colour bar as contained in the Mines and Works Act. It clashes with every concept of civilisation.

It must be fought by Africans for whom the chains are being forged, by all other Non-Europeans against whom they will be applied equally, by every White worker whose standards will be destroyed in the process, by all industrialists who feel the jackboot of fascism at the cost of their progress and profits, but every South African whose welfare will certainly not be "safeguarded", but wrecked.

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# FIGHTING TALK

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COVER PICTURE :

These African children boycotted their school in protest against Bantu Education.

IN THIS ISSUE :

- The Bantu Education Boycott
- The Afro-Asian Conference
- Swart and the Judges
- Group Areas
- Short Story: " SPEED-UP "





# STRIKE A BLOW NOW

## COMMENT

**T**HERE was a time when the Russians were the most hated people of all Europe, when they were known everywhere as the "hangmen of Europe." That was the time of the Tsars, before the revolution, when every reactionary, oppressive tinpot tyrant could count on the loyal backing of the tsar and his lieutenants for their blackest deeds. White South Africans are beginning to earn something of that profound and bitter hatred from the peoples of Africa, for their unprotesting acceptance of every Nationalist intervention to uphold oppression, discrimination and inequality anywhere on the continent. Mr. Ellis, chief labour-front lieutenant of the Nationalist Party, has widened his frontiers from the Witwatersrand Gold Mines to the whole of Southern Africa. From now on, declares this Mineworkers Union — Europeans only admitted — secretary, he will work with his counterparts in the Rhodesias to ". . . determine the extent of African advancement that will be allowed in the Rhodesias." It is unnecessary to look very hard at South African "advancement" to know that Mr. Ellis has taken up the holy mission of preventing any advancement whatsoever of African miners in the Southern end of Africa. When there is talk of promoting some Africans in Rhodesia to skilled jobs, Mr. Ellis will act the policeman; Mr. Ellis will threaten the mine-owners with reprisals; Mr. Ellis will thunder with the voice of Nationalist South Africa.

This is no passing flight of the Ellis fancy. This is the policy for which the Nationalist Party has worked. This is the policy which, if tolerated, will turn white South Africans into policemen of oppression of all Africa, Malan's gendarmes of white supremacy, whose name will become a swearword and a curse on the lips of the millions of the oppressed. If this is not to happen, something more is needed than Sir Roy Welensky's sharp rebuke. White South Africans must strike a public and spirited blow for the freedom of Africa and all its people. Now, before it is too late. And the opportunity to do so is now before them, at the Congress of the People, which meets next month. Here, for all sections of our European population, is the chance — the vital chance to break through the stranglehold of Strauss-Strydom racial thinking, and to speak up clearly and unmistakably for the freedom and rights of men of all races. This is not just an act of humanity. It is an act of self-preservation, to save the white citizens of this country from the hatred that overwhelmed the tsar's hangmen. It is time for Liberal, Labour, trade union and religious groups to take heed. And send their spokesmen to the Congress of the People.

**M**OST newspaper editors choose to obscure the poverty of their minds behind the pomposity of the opinions in their own editorial columns. Not so Mr. Horace Flather. Last month the Sales Managers Association was treated to a full description of the opinions and dilemmas of the man who daily tells the whole country what it should be doing and what it should be thinking. Mr. Flather edits the Johannesburg "Star," largest newspaper of that "vile English Press that

Mr. Eric Louw talks about so often and so bitterly. He is thus a leader of public opinion and a real pillar of strength to the United Party. He is prepared to admit that there is, in South Africa, a group "which tended towards authoritarianism," but in spite of this, "people were apt to suspect that every measure was inspired by anti-democratic feelings." Perish the thought! "It may be that sometimes the interests of the State — that is, the interest of the great majority of us in the State — are more important than the unrestricted freedom of the individual." He instanced the recent passport legislation. "If it was agreed that every measure must be taken to thwart Communism, and yet a feeling of anger was felt at the Passport Bill, what alternatives could be suggested? That is the dilemma in which some of us on the Press in South Africa find ourselves . . ."

For a moment it appeared as though the Press was at a loss. But not for long. Habit reasserts itself. Mr. Flather rose again to his accustomed role of expert. "I know what Communism is." And to his role as a discloser of exclusive scoop stories. He is convinced of the existence of a Communist organisation in South Africa. "I have good reason to believe that its headquarters is not in Johannesburg but in Cape Town." And to the role of peddler of sensation. "We should be alarmed if we saw the wide range of revolutionary literature to be found in certain houses in the Coloured quarters of District Six, where Non-Europeans, Coloureds, Indians and Natives, meet regularly to plan the overthrow of democratic government in South Africa." Now that we know the master-mind behind it, we may well be forgiven if we take the next "Star" editorial on the fallacy of school boycotts as the balderdash it is almost certain to be.

**I**T is said that a man may be judged by the company he keeps. If Dr. A. B. Xuma has any lingering shred of regard for the feelings which his fellow-men have about him, he shows little sign of it. On Monday it was Mr. Prinsloo of the Native Affairs

**STRANGE BED-FELLOWS** Department. On Tuesday Mr. Carr, Johannesburg "Manager of Non-European and Native Affairs." And on Friday it was Dr. Xuma, breaking the silence of years to tell the African parents, via the columns of the press, that they should end the boycott of the schools and co-operate in making the Bantu Education Act work. "We must elect the best possible representatives to the school boards," he told the press, "so that they can see that proper facilities for the education of the children are provided." This is the pious doctor's positive contribution, in opposition to the "negative plan" of boycott, which turns innocent children into "victims of a situation over which they had no control," and who "for the most part don't even know what it is all about." He can spare us his crocodile tears, and also the sanctimonious note of his appeal to Dr. Verwoerd to be "just and magnanimous" and withdraw the threat to victimise and terrorise all those who boycott. Apartheid is, by its very nature, unjust; only those who, like Dr. Xuma, fail to understand this fact, could ask the high priest of apartheid to be "magnanimous" to the people whose greater oppression he designs.

# CHARTING THE COURSE OF STRUGGLE AGAINST BANTU EDUCATION

By L. BERNSTEIN

**JUBILANTLY**, on April 25th — Dr. Verwoerd's D-day for closing the already empty and lifeless schools of the Benoni Location — "Die Vaderland" exulted on its poster: "School Resistance Collapses in Ruin." Whistling in the dark, to keep their courage up. For from its small beginning in the small Reef town, the school boycott campaign had shaken the foundation of many cherished Nationalist illusions. While an unholy alliance of Native Affairs Department officials, Liberal politicians and newspaper scribes combined to urge that Bantu Education be given "a fair trial," the parents of Benoni struck a blow against Bantu Education which dramatically, overnight, recalled the country to the battle, and stripped the Act of the last tattered shred of honeyed benevolence with which the State Information Office had so carefully garnished it. The echoes of Benoni's boycott will be heard for long to come.

There are times when small pressures, correctly applied, can shift mountains. Benoni acted at the start of such a period. There had been much groundwork before they started. Bantu Education had been discussed, decried, debated, analysed and denounced so widely by all its democratic opponents, that no thinking, conscious African parent remained any longer in doubt; here was the final process to regiment their sons and daughters into willing and docile labourers and servants, incapable of thinking, ignorant in everything, except how to bow down for ever before the white man boss. Under the surface of apparent calm, there was a seething, deep-seated bitterness at this final indignity heaped on the great South African pyramid of indignity. Somewhere, in every people's tale of oppression, comes a point at which they cry: No further!

## CALLING A HALT

That cry was raised first by the African National Congress. It found an echo amongst African parents everywhere in the land. It found an echo at the annual Congress Conference last December, where a call was made to all parents to withdraw their children from the schools from the day the new Bantu Education authorities took over the schools. It found an echo in the Anglican Church, whose Johannesburg Diocese decided to change its schools over to family centres, rather than lend them to this travesty of Education. No further! In the fathers and mothers of Verwoerd's school-going victims there grew determination not to co-operate in Verwoerd's debasement of their own children.

It is not always easy to chart a course through troubled waters. At the beginning it was not easy for the African National Congress to plot the course of non-co-operation. The first call, for a total withdrawal of children from the schools from April 1st, was an attempt, albeit a crude one, to plot the course. Its very

crudity roused confusion. Withdraw, yes. But for how long? As a short-lived protest demonstration, or for good and all? In the fierce debate and controversy that raged around the question, the African National Congress moved towards clarity, and perspectives which opened up the way ahead.

It was a painful process, as growth is painful. Even now it is not complete. There was the Congress National Executive, meeting in Durban as late as March, still dominated by the crude outline of a total withdrawal, of all children simultaneously throughout the land. Crude because it is not realisable, because it does not take account of reality. Withdrawal, it was resolved, was to take place "on a date to be set by the President General." But people do not wait for dates to be set, when once they have understood and are ready. Life will not mark time amongst the vanguard, while it waits for the most laggardly and slow to catch up. There could never be a date at which the whole country would act unitedly, in concert, unless somewhere along the line a living process is started off—a process whose very existence launches others into action, one after another, until it finally reaches full stature, with all the people acting together towards the same goal.

## CHAIN REACTION

The H-bomb, it is said, develops its frightful power through a chain-reaction; one atom-splitting process setting in motion another and yet another. But still it needs a trigger — an explosive atom-bomb trigger M to set it all in action. Perhaps the parents of Benoni, or those more far-sighted leaders who urged them on, understood that, in their own way, they would trigger a chain-reaction in South Africa which can destroy Bantu Education at its birth. Whether they understood it in fact or not, the chain reaction has been started. First it was Benoni. Newclare, Sophiatown, Moroka, Jabavu were not far behind.

And still the process gathers momentum along the way each new boycott giving inspiration to another, each new action leading the way to more. Certainly the process is irregular; here and there the boycott movement grows discouraged, or is intimidated and dies down. But elsewhere it flares up more fiercely than ever. The chain-reaction, aided and assisted by all who detest Bantu Education, will not easily be ended now it has been set in motion. Each new threat from Dr. Verwoerd, each new "School or jail" circular, each new summary dismissal of teachers and closing of a school serves only to expose still more clearly the real character of Nationalist-sponsored education, and to strengthen the resolve of parents not to submit.

The situation changes, rapidly. By the time this article is in print, it will doubtless have been transformed. When the A.N.C. Executive met in Durban in March

and decided that the whole country was not ready to boycott finally and for ever on April 1st, it was no doubt correct. In ignoring the staring fact that some areas would be ready to boycott for as long as seemed wise, it was undoubtedly wrong. The action in Benoni, quickly followed in Johannesburg, proved just how wrong. With the best will in the world, it is not always easy for the leaders to be right. Sometimes, when the leaders are wrong, the people lead and the leaders follow. That is the way it was in Benoni. And when the people lead, it is time for the leaders to reconsider their position, to learn from the people or lose their claim to leadership. That was the position with which the people who started the boycott faced the African National Congress.

#### SHIFTING GROUND

Doubtless the A.N.C. reappraisal of its position was "agonising." Carefully — and the action could have been quicker — the Working Committee caught up with the people it seeks to lead, and called on all areas everywhere to follow Benoni in boycotting Bantu schools. At the time of writing, it is still too early to judge whether this right step has come too late for the right moment, or whether it has started new chain reactions in the struggle which has opened.

Yet still there are mistakes being made, and errors being persisted in. In the places which are boycotting, there have been some cases — but not nearly so many cases as the daily press and Government spokesmen have made out — where threats and intimidation have been allowed to replace persuasion and explanation, in urging parents and children to boycott the schools. Those who threaten, no doubt mean well; they aim at making the boycott a success. But their methods are mistaken and must be curbed, for they will lead to enmity between organisers and the people, and open the way to disunity, antagonism and finally to the disruption of the whole boycott. The trade union movement has learnt through many years of bitter struggle, that workers cannot be coerced into striking. They must be convinced, persuaded and won over; and only when that has been done is it possible to strike successfully; threats and physical force are reserved for last resort action against strike-breakers who use the protecting arm of the police to break up and disrupt what the majority of the workers have freely decided upon. The liberation movement must take that experience to heart.

There are some pundits who question whether this is the "permanent" boycott, or only a protest which is now under way. This rigid formalism obscures the real situation. This is a movement which is beginning; in one place it will be temporary, of short duration; in another it will carry on for weeks and months; but it is a movement, changing, growing and developing. Whether it will be "only" a protest demonstration, or will snowball out into a great nation-wide, total withdrawal of children from all Verwoerd's schools, does not and cannot depend on whether it is "resolved" by a committee anywhere that it shall be one thing or another; it depends only and entirely on how effectively and courageously thinking people everywhere enter into the movement, spreading it, helping it along, guiding

it and setting an example which people elsewhere will follow.

At the same time it is clearly asking for difficulty to proclaim "total," "permanent" boycott at the outset of a local action, and this can tend only too quickly to doubt and confusion, even demoralisation, when it is seen that the ultimate is not attainable in the very early stages of the campaign. Having proclaimed to the people that the boycott is to be "permanent" then puts any new assessment of tactics in the light of a setback, and results in a flagging of morale. "Total boycott" is an aim to be achieved, not a directive to be rammed willy-nilly down people's throats before they are prepared. The total boycott will not be "proclaimed"; it will develop from local spreading action.

#### NO ORDERS

After a week of local, developing boycott, one A.N.C. Executive members says, in the "Bantu World," that the total boycott will only take place when it is "ordered" by the President General. The liberation movement can leave it to the army commandants to "order" people into action. There is no time, when the people are engaged in active struggle, for these military-despotic conceptions of political work. A liberation leader does not "order" people; he leads. And he leads only by entering into every struggle, by being always close to the people, by setting the highest examples of discipline, courage and activity, by raising people to his own level of understanding through patient explanation and through experience in actions of all kinds. Let those who want to "order" the people into action ponder well the tale of King Canute. A process has been set in action in Benoni, and it can not be rolled back. Whichever way the tide may turn, it has started. Ordinary people have broken through the heavy blanket of silence which has hung so heavily around South Africa since the Defiance Campaign ended. They have taken up the cudgels of open, militant fight against the dark future of apartheid. And there is nothing which now can stop that process or make it conform to orders. It has started moving, and however long it takes, it can end only in the complete destruction of Bantu Education as Verwoerd has planned it.

Who would dare foretell the future? Will the people through their own initiative be able to find adequate ways of educating their own children — in their homes, in clubs, in independent schools? Or will the slow, powerful upsurge throughout the country force the Government to retreat from Bantu Education and provide proper civilised schools, and education as the word is understood by all decent, democratic people? These are things no man can answer. Once the millions of the people begin to move, all things become possible. And today — fired by the beacon which has been lit at Benoni — they begin to move. The Benoni idea has gripped the imagination of the people everywhere; and all men who long for liberation will help it onward. There is no force in Strydom's Africa so powerful as an idea whose time has come.

# THE F.B.I.'s WITNESS

By BEN GILES

IN the police-states of fascism, where informers could be bought for a square meal, there used to be a saying: 'He lies like an eye-witness.' In America the saying is being revised: 'He lies like an F.B.I. witness.' Meet Mr. Harvey Matusow, a phenomenon of Eisenhower America, the man who lied "like an eye-witness" for the F.B.I. And then blew the lid off the brew of anti-Communist witch-hunting which he had helped the F.B.I. concoct.

Matusow is bespectacled, ruddy-cheeked, twenty-eight years old, a New Yorker. Sometime, round about 1947, he joined the Communist Party. In 1951 he was expelled. The reasons for his expulsion vary. Officially the reason stated was that he was giving information to the F.B.I. Matusow himself says that the reason was that he was pocketing subscription for the *Daily Worker*. Probably both stories are true. Never a man to pass up a chance of making a dishonest dollar, Matusow was soon an "expert on Communism." The pay was not bad—twenty-five dollars a day plus expenses — as a witness for the Department of Justice.

There were also pickings on the side. Television featured the stool-pigeon, and invitations to speak at businessmen's luncheons poured in. He spoke on "Americanism" and "Loyalty," to high school and college forums. Senator McCarthy took him in tow, and placed an aeroplane at his disposal — paid for by the Republican Party's National Committee — so that he could crusade for honest Joe during the Senator's election campaign in Wisconsin in 1952. McCarthy's running aide, Roy Cohn, helped him along, and introduced Matusow in influential circles. Matusow paid off this kindness by smearing two Democratic Party senators who opposed McCarthy's re-election.

The F.B.I. were impressed with Matusow. Not because he knew anything of any particular importance, but because he was willing to give eye-witness evidence of anything the F.B.I. wanted. In a short time, he had listed over a hundred and eighty people who, he said, he "knew" were members of the Communist

Party. Few were; but the Un-American Activities Committee could be relied on not to be too cautious in its acceptance of his lies. The prominent Protestant leader, Bishop Bromley Oxnam, he accused of "Communist sympathies." The prominent scholar and authority on Far Eastern Affairs, Owen Lattimore, faces imprisonment on Matusow's testimony that he was "a follower of the Communist line." Clinton Jenks, organizer of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union, is in prison, convicted of perjury for stating that he was not a member of the Communist Party when Matusow swore he was. And four of the thirteen Communist leaders who have been imprisoned for conspiring to teach the overthrow of the American Government were convicted on the sworn testimony of Matusow.

For a time, Matusow lived in the limelight, a hero of the Un-American Committee. He basked in the publicity; he subscribed to a press-cutting service which sent him clippings of every press report in which he was mentioned. Then, as new "experts," new "eye-witnesses," came forward to steal the limelight — Whittaker Chambers, Louis Budenz — the rewards in cash and adulation for this loyal American patriot began to dwindle. For a time Matusow supplemented his earnings by making up a private blacklist of "Communist frontiers," which he hawked to the television broadcasting companies; and at the same time blackmailed radio and television artists into paying him sums for keeping their names off the blacklist.

Finally even that avenue of easy money ran out. Matusow's name began to vanish from the news columns, and his weekly batch of press clippings faded away. But it is hard to keep a good man down. Matusow decided that the time had come to write a best-seller. "I Was Stalin's Agent" and "I Was a Communist Spy" had already been done to death. Matusow found a new angle — I was a liar for the F.B.I. He sat down and started writing his book. He titled it "Blacklisting is My Business." His publishers stripped it

of its air of respectability; they called it bluntly: "False Witness." In it he "blows the gaff," not just the interesting personal sidelights of the private life of a star F.B.I. witness—his marriage, purely temporary, to one of the "smart set" to which he was introduced by Roy Cohn; and his stealing of his wife's money — but also on the way sworn testimony is arranged for anti-Communist hearings in America.

"False Witness" brought Matusow back into a short-lived limelight. He appeared on television and radio; he had interviews and conferences with the press; he was summoned once again before public and private sessions of Senate and other government agencies. In a new, sworn affidavit, he confessed that he was directed to give "fabricated evidence" by the United States Government. Those who had once fawned on him, turned on him like wolves. Suddenly, overnight, Matusow was described as "an unmitigated liar," "a psychopath," "a Communist in disguise of an anti-Communist." The last suggestion came from the embarrassed chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee.

For a time, Matusow's press clippings piled up rapidly once again. It was a short-lived triumph. Clinton Jencks, falsely convicted on Matusow's perjured evidence, applied to court for a retrial. Matusow, appearing this time as a witness for Jencks, testifying that he had lied at the first trial, found himself on the receiving end of the American gun-barrel justice which has grown out of anti-Communist hysteria. "This hearing was deliberately brought on for the purpose of attacking the F.B.I. and the Justice Department" said the judge, rounding on witness Matusow, "a carefully thought-out scheme to generally discredit . . . the testimony of undercover agents and former Communist Party members." Matusow was summarily found guilty of contempt of court, and sentenced to three years imprisonment. The F.B.I. led him off.

Harvey Matusow will not enjoy much of the limelight from here on. The three-year sentence will see to that. But "False Witness" remains, a revelation of the whole system of paid lies and falsehoods on which America's anti-Communist hysteria has been based.

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