persecution 1961

Peter Benenson

a Penguin Special

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Persecution 1961 contains nine case studies of persecution, intolerance, and brutality in the divided world of the mid-century. Each case shows what can happen to people living under any system of government and law whose views are unacceptable to their rulers or unpopular with their neighbours. The disappearance of Olga Ivinskaya and the imprisonment of Constantin Noica are matched on the other side of the ideological fence by the savage persecution of the Rev. Ashton Jones in America and the appalling humiliation for France of the torture and death of Maurice Audin.

If the worth of human life (dressed in whatever colour of skin) is still to be measured in terms of individual freedom under the rule of a just law, then the price of that freedom is still eternal vigilance, and through Audin's fate, the imprisonment of Patrick Duncan, the flogging of Neto, and indeed all the case studies presented here, *Persecution 1961* shows the classic warning to be an urgent and inescapable task of our time.

Cover design by Germano Facetti
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A PENGUIN SPECIAL

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PERSECUTION 1961

PETER BENENSON

to the International Secretariat

or through it to all members of "Amnesty International".

Peter Benenson

5. XI. 85

PETER BENENSON

PERSECUTION
1961

PENGUIN BOOKS

Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex
U.S.A.: Penguin Books Inc., 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Md
AUSTRALIA: Penguin Books Pty Ltd, 762 Whitehorse Road,
Mitcham, Victoria

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First published 1961

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Contents

Acknowledgements 7
Introduction 9
MAURICE AUDIN 17
ASHTON JONES 35
AGOSTINHO NETO 51
PATRICK DUNCAN 63
OLGA IVINSKAYA 81
LUIS TARUC 97
CONSTANTIN NOICA 115
ANTONIO AMAT 123
HU FENG 135
Epilogue 151

Acknowledgement

The number of those who have helped by providing information, and by reading through drafts of the chapters, is considerable. Even so I would have gladly, and gratefully, acknowledged their names here, were it not that to do so might endanger some of them, and possibly delay the release of certain of the people about whom this book has been written. As it would be invidious to publish some and not others, and as all were prompted by the same instinct of sympathy for the imprisoned, I know that those whose names could safely be published will understandingly excuse their omission. And I hope that they will join me in paying tribute to Eric Baker, who has done much of the work in corresponding with them, and without whose encouragement this book would not have been written.

P.B.

Introduction

THIS book contains nine essays; each tells the story of a person who has suffered for his ideals. The nine people have been chosen to illustrate various forms of persecution. They show what can happen to people who put forward views which are unacceptable to their government or unpopular with their neighbours. Despite the inhumanity and, in some of the cases, the cruelty, these are not extreme examples. They have been chosen not to chill the reader's blood, but to prick his conscience. Far more horrible cases exist, where people have died or killed themselves and where the torturer's instruments have scarred for life. And there are people in prison with better-known names. The selection of lives in this book is designed simply to show that there is no area of the world where people are not suffering for their beliefs, and no ideology which is blameless.

Three of these essays are about white men who believe in equality between the white and coloured races. Two of them are not in prison at this moment – both were, in 1960. Each of them is in danger of imprisonment if he continues to express the same views, in the same way, in the same place. Indeed, one of them, an American clergyman, tried again to, and was held under arrest for forty-eight hours. The other, a South African has just been served with an order forbidding him to attend or address a meeting during the next five years. The third, a Frenchman, is also no longer in prison. According to the French authorities in Algeria, he has escaped and is in hiding; according to his friends, he is dead. Significantly these opponents of the colour bar do not come from the same side of the ideological fence. The Frenchman is a member of the Communist Party; the other two are opposed to communism.

The other six essays concern people who are, to a greater or a lesser extent, directly or indirectly, victims of the ideological struggle between West and East. Five of these six are not professional politicians in the ordinary sense of the word. These five are all people – doctors, lawyers, and writers – who have sought, and been denied, the right to express their views. If they have been caught up in politics, it has been willy-nilly in their efforts to secure freedom of opinion or religion. They are not themselves interested in personal power, nor are they the paid hacks of those who are.

Olga Ivinskaya and Hu Féng, one Russian, the other Chinese, are both writers. Neither is fundamentally opposed to communism, but both put a different interpretation on Marxism from that which is for the time being prescribed by their government. Both claim that there need be no irreconcilable conflict between literary freedom and economic equality. If it were not that Russia and China feel themselves threatened by the nuclear array of the West, it is possible that part, at least, of their claim would be conceded. Significantly, Yugoslavia, though communist in ideology, has at last, this year, released from prison its foremost exponent of free expression. It has freed Milovan Djilas, because it has been able to contract out of the Cold War. Olgar Ivinskaya, Hu Feng, and many thousands who hold the same sort of views remain in prison because in the final analysis their countries are protagonists in the Cold War.

Antonio Amat and Agostinho Neto come from the western hemisphere. The former has a white skin and speaks Spanish; the latter is black-skinned and a well-known poet in the Portuguese tongue. Both live under regimes where the press and literary expression are severely censored. These regimes maintain their power not so much by popular will as by political repression. Were it not for the fact that these regimes have butressed their position by military alliances, in particular by

granting bases for nuclear bombers, it is doubtful whether they could continue to exist. If the United States were to demonstrate the same opposition to tyranny in Spain and in Portugal as she has recently shown towards Cuba, there would be swift changes in both countries – and freedom for these men, and for many thousands like them.

Constantin Noica, the Rumanian philosopher, also comes from a country whose government is propped up by a military alliance – in this case with the Soviet Union. He is representative of many men and women the world over primarily concerned with finding the truth and purpose of life. He seeks the right to publish his books, and to talk to his pupils. He is not a politician, and is unconcerned with politics, but, because the government is unstable, anyone whose teaching has influence, as his does, is regarded as an opponent. And Noica is today serving a twenty-five-year sentence following a secret, unpublicized trial.

The ninth essay is about Luis Taruc, the Filipino 'Huk' leader. He is the only one of the nine who used arms. But the circumstances in which he started using them made him at the time a great patriot. When the Japanese occupied the Philippines and the Americans withdrew, Taruc was the boldest and most successful resistance leader. When the Americans returned, he refused to surrender his arms, holding out for another nine years in the hills. He is an example of countless men who during the Second World War dreamed of building a new world, believing that the peasants and workers should be the rulers. He finally became disillusioned and changed his opinions. But today, condemned as a communist, he remains in prison; and his sentence has at least another twenty years to run. Long after the Nazi, Fascist, and Japanese war leaders have been amnestied, hundreds of those who tried to establish a communist-type government immediately after the end of the war remain in prison. If it were not for the Cold War which has

succeeded the Second World War, would not they, too, have been amnestied?

A hundred years ago the last two great countries which permitted the institution of slavery abolished it. On 3 March 1861, Tsar Alexander signed the decree which liberated the serfs of Russia. On the next day, on the other side of the globe, the newly-elected President, Abraham Lincoln, delivered his first inaugural speech. 'This country', he said, 'belongs to the people who inhabit it.' And four years later, after the Civil War, it did: there were no more slaves.

Ironically, these two countries have become, a century later, protagonists of opposing ideologies. Each country dominates its hemisphere, and the two of them bestride the world. For want of better terms, the opposing ideologies are known as 'capitalism' and 'communism'. Except as titles these words have lost much of their original meaning. The State plays a leading role in the direction of the American economy; and in Russia the disparity in earnings between top and bottom is as great as in the U.S.A. Each year the similarities between the two systems grow. Yet their rivalry causes each to exaggerate and magnify their differences. And in that process citizens of the one who look with sympathy on the other are made to suffer.

So far as can be foreseen this rivalry is likely to continue for many years. During this period the forces of each power will occupy positions of advantage across the world; and each will continue to support those governments prepared to allow them these positions, regardless of the popular will. During this process a great many men and women will find themselves living under conditions which deny them freedom. Can something not be done to help them?

Let us all recognize that there are situations when the security of the state is threatened, in which governments feel obliged to arrest their opponents. But there has been of late too little willingness on the part of most governments to release them

once the emergency is over. Again, we can understand that there are situations, particularly in newly emerged states, where it is difficult to govern in the face of sustained criticism. But this fact alone does not entitle a government to keep its critics *permanently* imprisoned. There is another solution.

When the political or economic situation of a country does not permit unbridled criticism, then a government should offer to its more vociferous critics the opportunity to seek asylum abroad. A hundred years ago it was fairly general for people who strongly objected to the policies of their government to move to another country. In the turmoil which followed the war large numbers were able to seek asylum, and many preferred to stay outside their country rather than return to a regime of which they disapproved. Since then, with the increasing tension of the Cold War and more efficient frontier and passport controls, the number of those reaching exile has steadily declined. Yet the factors which cause people to want to seek asylum have increased.

Attempts in the United Nations to reach a workable international Convention on asylum have dragged and largely broken down. Even some of those countries which have a long tradition of giving shelter to political refugees have hesitated to accept a commitment which might involve them in receiving opponents of friendly governments.

One of the objects of the APPEAL FOR AMNESTY campaign (in connexion with which this book is being published) is to press for the establishment in each country of machinery to test the *bona fides* of those seeking asylum. For preference, the machinery in each country should work under the supervision of an international agency. The function of such an agency would be, first, to ensure the observance of a common standard, and, second, to act as a channel for passing information about applicants for asylum from their country of origin. For instance, if the applicant's own country claimed that he was a common-law

criminal, the details of his alleged crime could be sent to the agency for transmission to the 'host' country. The machinery to test *bona fides* should be quasi-judicial in character. A suitable tribunal might consist of an employees' representative, an employers' representative, and a legally qualified chairman.

When an applicant has been granted asylum status, he should have exactly the same opportunities of employment, and of social security benefits when unemployed, sick, or retired, as the 'host' country's own citizens. And he should be issued with a special category of passport, as valid for foreign travel as the passport which that country issues to its own nationals. Conferment of this status, and issue of such a passport, should not, of course, deprive the person of his own nationality, in case at any time circumstances should change so as to enable him to return.

Secondly, there should be a regular review of emergency regulations curtailing freedom of opinion and religion. In Europe the member-states of the Council of Europe have agreed a Convention of Human Rights. This lays down agreed minimum standards. Member-states are encouraged to incorporate these standards in their own system of law, and some have already done so. But the Convention expressly provides that these standards may be lowered in periods of emergency. What is at present lacking in Europe is any machinery to require a government which has reduced the area of freedom during an emergency to review the position after a fixed interval of time. If the European Convention is to be made effective, each government not adhering to all the standards laid down in the Convention should be required from time to time to justify its position in public.

In order to persuade governments to accept this departure, it will be necessary to mobilize public opinion. Post-war experience has shown that statesmen, while often only too ready

to subscribe to high-sounding declarations about human rights, are slow, and sometimes reluctant, to agree to any machinery to enforce them. Europe is still the only continent with any Convention of Human Rights. And even in Europe the leading continental power, France, has refused to ratify it; while Britain, Italy, Greece, and Turkey have failed to accept the all-important clause which would allow their citizens to petition the European Commission of Human Rights when all domestic remedies have failed.

On 4 July 1861, President Lincoln sent a famous message to Congress. In it he asked the question: 'Is there, in all republics, this inherent and fatal weakness? Must a government, of necessity, be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?' This question has dominated the succeeding century. How can individual liberty be reconciled with collective good order? Surely the answer is that, unless there is the greatest possible measure of individual liberty, collective good order will ultimately collapse. Some of the regimes described in the nine chapters of this book may preserve their power for the time being by imprisoning their opponents and suppressing their writings. But in the long run they are only storing up a rod to beat their own backs. For the truth cannot be suppressed for ever; mankind's yearning for freedom is as basic a characteristic as his sensual appetites. The history of *homo sapiens* can be explained in terms of continuous endeavour to increase his liberty. No tyrannical government has ever endured. Even if not overthrown by internal revolt, it has gone down before external pressure when its inside was rotten. Sooner or later, the will of man to govern himself always asserts itself. As Abraham Lincoln said so graphically in his first inaugural speech: 'Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?'

One day the regimes alluded to in this book will be obliged

to make concessions. Some will do so sooner, others later; some voluntarily, the remainder under pressure. But must mankind sit back and wait for the inevitability of history? Cannot something be done to expedite the process? The answer is for each person to give himself. What can he do to enlarge the area of individual freedom? He must look around him, and decide.

If he finds the time to read this book, he will have done something. He will have learned something about the lives of nine people who have suffered. And anyone who in any way, however slight, becomes concerned in their suffering does himself some good. For these men and women, albeit sometimes with over-simplification and over-emphasis, are expressing man's urge for freedom. In their own way, which in some cases is bound to seem in error, they are suffering for *our* right to live in *our* way. For unless society recognizes the right to dissent, and shows respect for unpopular opinions, none of us in the long run is safe. And 'there, but for the grace of God, go I'. If we are able to see this, then we may in the future, in our own small departments, become just a little more tolerant of views with which we disagree. And if we all become more tolerant, the doors of the political prisons and camps can be opened. For there is nothing to fear in ideas except that we may not understand them. There is no point in having governments and established order if it is not to preserve individual liberty; and there is no purpose in having liberty except to choose from among ideas.

To the legion of those who are imprisoned, everywhere, for the sake of their ideas – too numerous to be named, too anonymous to be known – these nine lives are dedicated. May the reader in recognizing its purpose overlook the inadequacy of this book.

April 1961

Luogo d'Estate
Pettenasco

MAURICE AUDIN

On 2 December 1957 a large audience, including some of the most illustrious names in France, gathered in an auditorium of the Sorbonne, the University of Paris. They had come to hear Professor Laurent Schwartz recommend a thesis of higher mathematics as worthy of a doctorate. The thesis had been submitted earlier in the year by a M. Maurice Audin, and Professor Schwartz had been appointed examiner. But few in that audience believed that Maurice Audin was still alive. Certainly Professor Schwartz assumed his death, although to the University of Paris, the Government of France, and the University of Algiers he was and still is officially alive.

Who was Audin and what really happened to him? Born in Tunisia in 1932, he was last heard of in Algeria in 1957. At that time, twenty-five years old, he was a lecturer at the Faculty of Sciences at the University of Algiers. He was married and the father of three children.

Ironically, he was by birth and environment as typical an example of the French settlers in Algeria as could be found. He was not an Arab, nor, like Captain Dreyfus, was he a Jew. His father was a French *gendarme*, and he was born in a police station in Tunisia. His mother was a Frenchwoman who had been born and brought up in North Africa. His first education was at an Army School at Autun in metropolitan France. The rest of his schooling was in Algeria. He was a student at the University of Algiers. He was perhaps the most brilliant young mathematician that French Algeria has produced. And he married a Frenchwoman who, like his own mother, came from a settler

family. Though French, both considerd themselves Algerian.

In more peaceful times the French Army in Algeria would have been proud of the young man who had his first arithmetic lessons in an Army School. But the Moslems in Algeria were in a state of rebellion against the French, and the Army had been given the hard task of maintaining order. At the age of nineteen, while a university student, Maurice Audin had joined the Algerian Communist Party. He believed that the Algerian Moslems should be given the right of self-determination (which General de Gaulle has since accorded them). But in 1954 other views prevailed. On 1 November a state of war was declared and in 1955 the Algerian Communist Party was declared illegal. From then onwards any action by one member of the Communist Party in Algeria to assist another was, in the eyes of the Army, an unlawful conspiracy against the security of the State. To General Massu, commanding the division to which the Parachutists belonged, the revolt of the Moslems was 'a revolutionary and subversive war conducted by the Communist International'. In a secret order of the day dated 19 March 1957, bearing the serial number 2612/2, General Massu justified to his men the use of extraordinary methods to bring the war to an end. He believed that violence could only be matched by equal violence.

On 10 June 1957 the officers of the 1st Parachute Regiment were interrogating a member of the Algerian Communist Party at their centre at El-Biar. He was a doctor, a general practitioner, by name Dr Hadjadj. In answer to questions about one of his patients, a certain Paul Caballero, another communist, the doctor admitted to treating him in April 1957 at Maurice Audin's flat, where the patient was then staying. This information comes from Dr Hadjadj, who was eventually released.

At around midnight on 11 June 1957 Audin left his flat in Algiers walking between two officers of the 1st Regiment of Chasseurs Parachutistes, who had arrested him. One of them

had told his wife: 'If he is reasonable, he will be back within an hour.' He never came back, and Mme Audin never saw her husband again. From then on he was a captive of the 'green berets'.

So far as it is known the only offence, if it be an offence, which Maurice Audin committed was to be host to a man whom the authorities wished to interrogate. What is certain is that the two officers of the Parachutists who detained Audin on the night of 11 June had at the time no legal mandate. The first legal authority was signed on 21 June, and antedated 12 June; it was a decree signed by the Prefect of Algiers assigning Audin 'to the disposition of the military commander of the Bouzareah sub-sector'. The Centre de Triage at El-Biar was in this sub-sector.

Pausing here, it must be explained that during the emergency in Algeria the authorities had power to detain administratively. Under the French Criminal Code an arrested person must be brought before a magistrate with twenty-four hours (or in special circumstances within forty-eight hours). To overcome this requirement the government permitted the Prefect of a Department to issue a decree ordering a man to reside at a given place until further notice. And camps, rather oddly named 'Hospitality Camps', were set up to receive those who were detained by this administrative process. The decree in Audin's case suggests that he was destined for some such camp in the Bouzareah sub-sector. But there was no such camp. On the Army's admission he was held throughout at the Parachutists' Interrogation Centre, except for the one day on which a General Zeller, representing the commission de Sauvegarde, visited that place: on that day he was moved to an adjoining building. This Commission was appointed in April 1957, to investigate allegations of illegality, three months after the Parachutists had first been allocated police duties. (To his credit, the Secretary-General for Police, M. Teitgen, had already protested to the Governor-General about abuse of the power of administrative detention. He had sent in his letter of

resignation on 29 March 1957, explaining that he did not wish to be a party to a system in which men who were supposed to have been sent to detention camps were instead sent to the Parachutists' headquarters. He was persuaded to withdraw his resignation, and he was still in office on the day when Maurice Audin was arrested.) Dr Hadjadj has testified:

> The day after my arrest by the Parachutists, during the night of 11–12 June 1957, I was taken into the presence of Maurice Audin. It was about one o'clock in the morning . . . when Captain Faulques came to fetch me and led me to a room situated on the same floor, which looked like a kitchen, and in which I had been tortured (electricity and water) in the afternoon. Audin was in his underwear, stretched out on a plank (a door), and attached to it as I had been during the afternoon. . . . There was a magneto near him, and some clips which were connected by wire to the magneto; these were fixed to Audin's right ear and left foot. I was told to repeat my statement that 'I treated Paul Cabellero at Maurice Audin's home'. I was taken back to the sick-bay, and there for a long time I heard the screams of Maurice Audin, screams which seemed to me to come through a gag.

On the same day, for by now it was 12 June, Maurice Audin was seen by another person who has deposed his evidence. This was a man who called at Maurice Audin's flat that morning, only to find the door opened by a Parachutist and himself arrested. He has since become well known as the author of a book describing his own experiences at the El-Biar Centre. The book is called *The Question*; his name is Henri Alleg. He is now serving a term of imprisonment pronounced at the trial three years later in which Audin was indicted 'in absence', and he says:

> I saw Maurice Audin for the last time on 12 June in the building then occupied by the Parachutists at El-Biar. It was around 9 p.m. I had been forced to my knees after a first session of electric torture, and while a lieutenant struck me, they brought Maurice into the room, pale and haggard. Another Parachutist lieutenant then said: 'Come on, Audin, tell him what's waiting for him, cut out the horrors of last night!' Audin simply said: 'It's tough, Henri', and from that I understood that the torturers had already overwhelmed him with the ordeals and tortures which they were only just beginning on me.

Just how tough, can be gathered from the experience of Dr Hadjadj. The advantages, so called, of the water torture and the electric magneto torture are that they leave little, if any, physical mark. Dr Hadjadj has told how these tortures were applied to him. He was arrested on 10 June 1957 and taken to the El-Biar Centre. On the following morning he was brought into a room, made to undress, and then stretched out on a plank, to which he was tied by the wrists and ankles. Two metal pincers were then clipped on, one to his right ear lobe and the other to the little toe of the right foot. These pincers were linked to a magneto. At various stages in his interrogation the current was turned on so that his whole body was convulsed by electric shocks. A rag was stuffed into his mouth to muffle his shouts. Dr Hadjadj is unable to say how long this process continued. At some stage during it, he no doubt admitted that he gave Paul Caballero medical treatment at Maurice Audin's flat.

This was not the end of the doctor's ordeal. Between 3 and 4 p.m. he was brought back into the same room. Once again the pincers were clipped on, but it was noticed that there was a small black burn mark on the little toe, so that the pincer was moved; it was fixed on to his penis. When these methods failed to bring the results which the Parachutists expected, they passed on to the water torture. 'After having covered my face with a cloth,' Dr Hadjadj relates, 'they slipped between my teeth a wooden wedge, and then a rubber hose pipe. After that they gripped my nose and turned on the flow of water. At the end of a few seconds they stopped, as I could not breathe. And then someone jumped on my stomach and forced me to

vomit back all the water which I had swallowed. After a couple of repeats with water, they went back to electricity.' Shortly after this the doctor passed out and was carried back to the sick-bay. And it was from there that later in the evening he was led down to greet the recently arrested Audin.

The next time that Dr Hadjadj saw Maurice Audin was a week later. It was again in the same building, the Centre de Triage at El-Biar. On 19 June, the day of General Zeller's inspection, Audin and Alleg were taken by jeep to a villa about a kilometre away. On the outside of the villa was a notice which read 'Headquarters Intelligence Section'.

They were told that they were going to be questioned. In fact nothing happened to them at the villa. They were shut up in a room with some other prisoners and eventually taken back to the El-Biar Centre the same evening. While they were together Audin told the doctor how he had been tortured. He still carried the marks; there were small black scars where the pincers had been, on the lobe of the ear and on one of his little fingers. He told the doctor, too, how he had lost his vest while undergoing the water torture. The Parachutists had used it to stuff into his mouth to gag him.

Perhaps the most significant part of Dr Hadjadj's evidence is that in which he describes the precautions taken during his and Audin's journey. The two prisoners were handcuffed to each other and then pushed into the one seat next to the driver. Behind them sat two Parachutists armed with sub-machine-guns. On the return journey they were once again handcuffed, only this time they were put in the back of a Dodge truck instead of the front of a jeep, and the two soldiers sat opposite them

Dr Hadjadj is the last civilian witness who saw Maurice Audin alive. The date was 19 June. From then on what happened to him is unproved. There are, however, indications. At about that time the Parachutists showed an interest in the whereabouts of a man called André Moine. They asked Alleg

some questions about him. And there seems at least a probability that Audin was once again submitted to the electricity and water tortures in the hope of getting some information out of him about Moine. Then from 22 June, according to Alleg and Dr Hadjadj, the Parachutists changed their tone. The interrogations became more infrequent; there was no more torture. And eventually both men were moved to a detention camp.

Something seems to have happened between 20 and 22 June which affected the officers and men of the 1st Regiment of Parachutists. According to them, Maurice Audin escaped on the evening of 21 June. A report of the escape was submitted by the officer commanding the 1st Parachute Regiment, Lt-Col. Mayer; it is not dated until 25 June. According to the Colonel this is what happened.

> The undermentioned AUDIN, Maurice, detained at the Centre de Triage of El-Biar, was due to undergo interrogation by the Judicial Police on the morning of 22 June. On 21 June it was decided to separate him and take him to a villa occupied by the motorized squadron of the OP regiment at 5 rue Faidherbe, where the interrogation was due to take place on the following day. . . . At 9 p.m. Audin was fetched from El-Biar in a jeep. . . . The prisoner, considered to be not-dangerous, was put on a seat at the back of the vehicle, a sergeant sitting on the front seat next to the driver. The Jeep had just left the Avenue Georges Clemenceau and was going round a sharp bend. The driver had slowed down when the detained man jumped from the vehicle and threw himself into a hollow trench on the left of the road where some building work was in progress. The sergeant, aware of the escape, jumped off the jeep and fired some bursts on his machine-gun in the direction taken by Audin. He rushed off in pursuit, and shortly after met Dr Jean Mairesse, a local resident. The dentist indicated the direction taken by Audin, for he had seen a shadow pass his villa running toward the direction of Frais Vallon.

The report goes on to say how the sergeant, the driver, the

dentist, and eventually some Parachutists proceeded to make a search of the neighbourhood.

The dark night prevented any trace being found of the fugitive, nor was any sign of blood noticed.

And that, officially, was the last of Maurice Audin. Neither he nor his body had been found since, nor has his wife heard from him.

That same evening, 21 June, Alleg recounts that he heard a voice outside the room where he was imprisoned shouting 'Get Audin, Alleg, and Hadjadj ready. I am going to take them separately.' Shortly afterwards, at about 9 p.m., a Parachute lieutenant entered and told Alleg to prepare for a journey.* A few minutes later he heard a jeep starting off from the courtyard below. And then he heard a long burst of machine-gun fire from the direction of the top of the Avenue Georges Clemenceau, only a moment or two later. Dr Jean Mairesse, the dentist, confirms that he was sitting at home that evening about 9.30 p.m. when he heard the machine-gun fire and noticed a shadow flitting in front of his window. Similarly, a policeman called Valentin has deposed that he heard shots when he was on duty nearby at approximately 9.40 p.m.

The French Army has never deviated, except once, from this official version. On 24 June, the day before the date of Lt-Col Mayer's report, a 'person missing' notice was posted in the orders of General Massu, commanding the Parachute Division. The original of this notice is in the keeping of the Commission de Sauvegarde, the Commission previously referred to. Describing Audin's escape, it uses these words: 'Profiting from a slight accident to the jeep which was transporting him, at around 10 p.m., Audin got away.' This 'person missing' notice was subsequently amended in the light of the colonel's report. The words 'slight accident to' were replaced

* On which he was never taken.

by 'slowing up of'. And this amended version has been endorsed by General Allard's Tribunal of Inquiry, which questioned the Parachute lieutenant, the sergeant, and the dentist, and no one else.

There are two points about Audin's supposed last journey by jeep which seem remarkably strange, and they have never yet been explained. The first is: why was it necessary to transfer Audin from the Centre de Triage to a building 600 metres away? The reason given in Lt-Col. Mayer's report is contradicted by two known facts. The first is that there were, and had been since 15 April, two inspectors of the Judicial Police available at the El-Biar Centre. Their names were MM. Uriot and Juanico. The superior officers of the Judicial Police, MM. Parat and Demarchi, deny that they ever required the Army to transfer Audin. The other singular feature about this last jeep drive is that Audin was apparently considered so unlikely to escape that he was put by himself, without handcuffs, in the back of a jeep. Yet only two days before he had been taken by jeep in quite different circumstances, handcuffed, under heavy guard.

Two less salient matters about this journey may have struck the reader. Why was it necessary for Audin to be transported separately, when two days before he had been taken together with Dr Hadjadj, and both men allowed to spend their time at 'Headquarters Intelligence Section' in the same room? And why did the 'person missing' notice not appear until three days later?

There are other weaknesses in the official explanation. Mme Audin relates that on 22 June in the middle of the morning, two soldiers arrived at her flat and took up position inside. They went away again, presumably for lunch, and did not return until 3 p.m. They then spent the afternoon in the flat. The official explanation of this operation is that they had been sent to intercept Maurice Audin in case after his escape he should

come to or telephone his own home. If that was their mission, they did not take it too seriously, or perhaps they assumed that, like themselves, Maurice Audin would do nothing during the lunch-hour. At any rate during the afternoon, in their desultory way, these two soldiers started looking round the flat, and one of them picked up a photo of Audin which was lying on the mantlepiece. Mme Audin overheard one saying to the other: 'He was quite a young chap, that fellow.' This and some other of their remarks seriously alarmed Mme Audin. She redoubled her efforts to find out what had happened to her husband. Eventually, after persistent efforts, with the help of her lawyer, she got to see the Area Commander, Colonel Godard, on 27 July. He assured her that her husband would very shortly be brought before a Judge. On the following day the colonel told the lawyer that if Mme Audin applied to him personally on 1 July he would have some 'rather reassuring news' for her. She went along to his office on that day, and was received by his deputy, Col. Trinquier. He handed her the report by Lt-Col. Mayer previously quoted. This was the first intimation which Mme Audin was given that her husband was supposed to have escaped, although the event had occurred ten days previously, and not only she, but her lawyer, her friends, and the Commission de Sauvegarde were all trying to find out what had happened.

What is the unofficial version of Maurice Audin's disappearance? It is based on testimony collected by the 'Maurice Audin Committee', and published by them. Among their witnesses figure M. Paul Teitgen, the Secretary-General for Police, Commissioner Builles of the Algiers Police, and Mr. Jacques Pernet, who was head of the police services in Algieria at the time. In a series of books and pamphlets the Committee have put forward their deduction of murder with growing confidence, for the officer accused of the murder has never chosen to take proceedings against them. The Committee infers that

on 21 June, during interrogation at the El-Biar Centre, when Audin was being asked questions about André Moine, a lieutenant of the 1st Parachute Regiment leapt at Audin's throat and strangled him. His body was subsequently secretly buried at the Fort l'Empereur in Algiers, which was at the time garrisoned by the Parachutists. The body has since been disposed of. In the evening of the same day, the Committee alleges, a play was acted by two or three men of the 1st Parachute Regiment in order to give the impression that Audin had escaped. The lieutenant who is accused of the murder is also accused of arranging the farce, and of being the man whose fleeting shadow was seen rushing past the dentist's window.

Very reasonably some of the official witnesses cited by the Committee refuse to allow their full testimony to be published until the judicial proceedings started by Mme Audin have been concluded. Until that time the theory put forward by the Committee must remain a hypothesis.

It was in July 1957 that Mme Audin's lawyers first filed a complaint with the Tribunal (the civil law courts at Algiers), alleging that Maurice Audin had been killed by a person unknown, Monsieur X. The proceedings made little headway. At first the military authorities refused to allow one of the lawyers, a member of the Paris Bar, to land in Algeria. It was only after a full-scale protest by the Leader of the Bar to the Government that the lawyer was allowed to reach the court. Eighteen months later, in January 1959, the complaint had made no progress. The hearing had been adjourned time after time. Then in that month French opinion, especially that of the Paris Bar, was shocked to learn that Maurice Audin's name was included in an indictment for treasonable conspiracy laid by the military prosecutor at the Algiers military court. The government felt obliged to act. The Court of Cassation ordered the civil case to be transferred away from Algeria to metropolitan France. Because of the emotion which the affair had already

stirred in the capital, it was decided that it would be better to commit the case to a provincial court. Ironically the place chosen was Rennes, the capital of Brittany, the town where Captain Dreyfus was tried a second time. Since then an Interrogating Judge has been valiantly, but vainly, trying to bring the case to finality. The transfer from Algiers to Rennes took place in April 1959. Two years later there was still no verdict.

Some of the difficulties put in the way of the Judge, and of those seeking the truth, ought to be quoted. M. Paul Teitgen travelled to Rennes no less than four times for the purpose of being confronted with one of the officers mentioned in his written evidence. On each occasion the officer had been posted away, and his duties prevented him from attending. On another occasion just before a material witness, Commandant Aussaresses, was due to give evidence, he was sent off on a mission to America. The court had once again to be adjourned.

Another opportunity for a judicial investigation presented itself in May 1960. On 20 January 1960 a newspaper called *La Voix du Nord* published an article by a Monsieur G. Ras which virtually accused the 'Maurice Audin Committee' of fraud, in as much as their hypothesis of murder was false. The four principals of the Committee immediately sued the newspaper and the contributor for libel. On 23 May the Committee assembled at Lille a formidable collection of witnesses ready to give evidence in support of their hypothesis. The number included M. Teitgen and no fewer than five senior officers of the Algiers Police. Another witness was a member of the Commission de Sauvegarde who had resigned in protest against the way in which civil servants and Army officers had been prevented from giving evidence in judicial proceedings, or threatened with loss of promotion if they did. His name is Robert Delavignette, and and he holds the rank of Governor-General in the French Colonial Service. But not one of these witnesses was to give his

evidence to the court. The Ministry of Justice exercised its right to intervene. Its advocate claimed that any finding at Lille would prejudice the case being investigated at Rennes. The court accepted the submission, and the libel action has been adjourned *sine die*. Following this the great French daily newspaper *Le Monde* has published extracts from the evidence which would have been given by six of the witnesses cited by the Committee. None of them has been accused of libel, although their evidence points to murder. The remaining official witnesses prefer to give their evidence to a court of justice before it is published.

Until the court at Rennes is allowed by the Army, and by the elements in France which publicly encourage the Army, to complete its hearing, not much more can usefully be said. But it is worth turning back to a few points which highlight the whole atmosphere of the Audin affair.

Firstly, the two forms of torture referred to, electricity and water, call for some explanation. From a great multiplicity of evidence both these methods were used by the French Army in Algeria to extract information from suspects. But not all French officers were involved; at least two Generals protested. One of them, General de la Bollardière, sent this directive to the men under him: 'The temptation to which totalitarian countries have succumbed, to consider certain methods of obtaining information normal, must be rejected without hesitation, and these methods must be authoritatively condemned.' General Massu, hearing about this directive, which so directly contradicted his secret order of March 1957, previously referred to, sent for General de la Bollardière. He tried to induce his subordinate to withdraw, but General de la Bollardière insisted on the matter being referred to higher authority. General Massu's own superior officer, General Allard, and the Commander-in-Chief, General Salan, gave their approval to Massu's policy of 'accentuated police effort', so did the

Governor-General, Lacoste, and the Minister of War, Bourgès-Manoury. General de la Bollardière offered his resignation in protest, and it was accepted.

Secondly, after five days had passed with no news of her husband, on 16 June Mme Audin started making inquiries; she went to the offices of the Commission de Sauvegarde. Three days later a member of the Commission, General Zeller, inspected a block of flats in the Avenue Georges Clemenceau at El-Bair occupied by the 1st Parachutists, and used by them for interrogating prisoners. He did not find Maurice Audin there. Yet according to the Army, and to several civilian witnesses, it was at this building, known as the Centre de Triage, that the Parachutists held Maurice Audin prisoner. The Commission de Sauvegarde made numerous inquiries, and following Audin's 'disappearance' examined all the documents in the case. In its composite report the Commission was obliged to admit that it could express no opinion as to what had happened to Audin. One of its members, Maître Maurice Garçon, who is perhaps the most respected lawyer in France, wrote this about the case:

> The contents of the file submitted to us were very contradictory, and it is difficult to reach a precise conclusion; but from an examination of the papers it is impossible not to feel uneasy.

To the Commission, composed of judges, lawyers, senior civil servants, and professors, the case was baffling. Pressed by the Commission to carry out further investigations, General Allard set up a Tribunal of Inquiry. On 26 July 1957 the Tribunal, with what may seem indecent haste, confirmed that Audin had escaped.

Thirdly, on 23 and 24 November 1957, a few days before the ceremony at the Sorbonne, the French Radical-Socialist Party held their Annual Congress at Strasbourg. Speaking with the

authority of a recent Prime Minister,* M. Pierre Mendès-France went to the rostrum and accused the French government of complicity in the murder of Maurice Audin. Listening to him were two members of the French Cabinet, M. Félix Gaillard and M. René Billères. One of them, as Minister of Education, was directly responsible for Maurice Audin who was (and, officially, still is) a lecturer at the Faculty of Sciences at the University of Algiers. Neither contradicted M. Mendès-France.

This accusation of murder has been frequently repeated, in the National Assembly, at public meetings, in books and pamphlets. In 1957 there was still some diffidence about the accusations. But, as the years passed without any authoritative denial, the confidence of the accusers grew. By 1960 the name of the officer who was accused of murdering Audin had become almost as well known in France as that of Maurice Audin. The accusations against him multiplied. Yet, the authorities did not prosecute the accusers for criminal libel,† nor did the officer himself bring civil proceedings.

Four years after the day on which a considerable section of French opinion believe that Audin was murdered, no French court has pronounced its verdict. The judicial proceedings started by Mme Audin have dragged on and on. Professor Schwartz and others, united in the 'Maurice Audin Committee', have tried every manner of way to bring about a judicial finding. Their attempts have met with no success. Another section of French opinion has let it be known that it will use all its endeavours to prevent the trial from being concluded. On 9 March 1961 the weekly journal *Rivarol* wrote:

* M. Mendès-France resigned as Prime Minister in February 1955, but held Cabinet office again from January to April 1956.

† One charge was brought by the Army against *Monsieur P. Kessel*, who wrote in *France-Observateur* in May 1960 that the officer was acting 'in the exercise of his duty', but this has not been proceeded with.

If a single one of our soldiers is condemned, or permitted to be condemned, then the traitors are rewarded and the deserters are decorated, and French blood is added to all that has been shed in Indo-China and in the Aurès mountains; and all the perfumes of North Africa will not wipe off its stain.

The honour of the French Army is certainly at stake. But it cannot be saved by silence.

Already a sufficient number of highly-placed officials have spoken out. The burden is on the Army to reply. So long as it enforces silence, the presumption that Maurice Audin was murdered will spread. No less a person than the official who was at the time Secretary-General of the Police in Algeria, M. Paul Teitgen, has written to the Minister of Justice, M. Michelet, to say 'I know that Audin is dead'. Yet according to the Army, Audin is still alive, having escaped on 21 June 1957. And in 1959, on the assumption that he was in hiding, the military prosecutor included his name in an indictment for treasonable conspiracy, and despite all protests insisted that he be tried 'in absence'.

Mme Audin continues to live in Algiers. She considers herself to be an Algerian, although she is French. She intends to stay on, even if the Moslems are given their independence and form their own government. She wants her three children, aged seven, five, and four years old, to be brought up in Algeria as their father was. Like him, she is a mathematician. She teaches at a High School in Algiers, and she still receives her husband's salary due to him as a lecturer at the University. She remains as an enduring symbol of the devotion and tenacity of a wife and a mother. Her husband may be dead, but she lives on, like the wives and widows of so many political prisoners. She has not allowed herself to indulge in the luxury of over-anxiety or sympathy; she has gone quietly about her husband's business, doing his work, bringing up his children, and by example living up to the principles he stood for.

Those who imprison and torture their opponents are really themselves the tortured. As Jean-Paul Sartre wrote in his introduction to *The Question*: 'Whether the victim talks or whether he dies under his agony, the secret that he cannot tell is always somewhere else and out of reach. It is the executioner who becomes Sisyphus. If he puts the question at all, he will have to continue for ever.' Similarly, if the executioner kills one man, he will have to dispose of his wife, his children, and his friends, too, before he can destroy all trace. Another great French writer who has taken his stand against the Army's use of torture is Roger Martin du Gard. He once wrote: 'A man's life has a greater fullness than anyone suspects.' And this is perhaps as good an epitaph as any for Maurice Audin.

ASHTON JONES

'ALL pigs are equal,' explained Napoleon, the Pig President of Animal Farm, 'but some pigs are more equal than others.' All Negroes have equal rights with white citizens in the U.S.A., but the whites have less difficulty in enforcing them. It would not occur to an electoral registration officer to apply a literacy test to a white voter, but in the Southern States a Negro might find his name omitted from the voting list because he had failed one. A white who wants to take his girl-friend to the smartest restaurant in town is bowed to the table by the head waiter; even in the North a coloured couple may be bowed off the premises. In the South the risk of refusal is so great that a Negro would not expose his girl to almost certain humiliation.

The right to eat the same food, to sit together under the same roof, and to dance to the same music, may not seem on a par with the right to vote, to work, or to be educated. In a sense it is not, for it is a right which cannot be secured by legislation; no law can compel a man to run a restaurant when he wants to close it. It is a right which can only be enforced by public opinion. In the South white public opinion has been traditionally hostile to social recognition of Negroes. Coloured people are thought to be in some way inferior, uncouth, and unwholesome. All the laws of the U.S. Congress have not altered this way of thinking. In one sense, they have strengthened it; for as the white communities in the South have been compelled to accord civil rights to Negroes, so they have closed the doors of their houses, withdrawing into a closely-knit social set of their own.

Changing people's way of thought is never easy; and those

who attempt the task are usually unpopular. The Rev. Ashton Jones has been preaching equality – social equality, real equality – for the Negroes for almost thirty years. This tall, thin, ageing white clergyman does more than preach; he lives the life he recommends. He mixes with Negroes; he sleeps in their homes; he eats with them; they are his friends. He moves from place to place in the South practising reconciliation. The greater his success, the more bitter is the reaction among white extremists. To them Ashton Jones is a hated name.

Ashton Jones is a Southerner himself. He speaks with knowledge and experience of its social problems. He was born in the small town of Butler in the State of Georgia in the year 1896. His family was one of the poorest of the poor. He was left fatherless at the age of six. His mother supported her four children and her own old mother by doing sewing and other odd jobs. He supplemented the meagre family income by running errands. He knows the economic problem of the 'poor whites' at first hand. He comes from among the very section of the white community which has traditionally, for economic reasons, opposed Negro advance. It is perhaps because he is a Southerner that in his own quiet way he has had so much influence.

Another reason for his influence is his own evangelical background. Protestantism is deep-rooted in the Southern States; as a seed it was dug into the ground of the first cotton plantations. It was watered by the preaching tours of John Wesley. There is no older American centre of Methodism than Georgia. It was at Emory College, the Methodist University in Atlanta, Georgia, that he received his first training. And it was as a Methodist pastor and relief worker that he started life. From Methodism he moved across to another branch of the Protestant Church; in 1929 he was ordained a Minister in the Congregational Church. Since then he has moved further still towards the simplest form of Protestant worship. He has left

the regular pastorate with a fixed chapel and congregation: he has taken to what John Wesley called 'the wayside pulpit'. He leads an itinerant life, wandering from one town to the next, preaching wherever he gets the chance.

In a country which has always valued the experience of the practical man more than the imagination of the intellectual, the Rev. Jones speaks as a man who knows how to use his hands. When he left school he became a telephone linesman in the day, and a telephone operator at night. Before he had saved up enough money to reach college, he had been in turn a chain-store grocery assistant and a salesman for bottling and bakery machinery. He speaks the language of the mechanic and engineer, of the salesman and the small-town businessman. He uses the simple phrases which Americans find homely.

One other experience gives the Rev. Jones special qualification to preach in the South. He knows the hard side of life in the North. He has no rosy illusions that the problem of race relations can be solved solely by economic means. He has seen at close hand the more discreet forms of segregation practised in the North – the exclusive clubs and hotels, the apartment houses and residential districts closed to Negroes. And he has seen the effect of sudden wealth and equally sudden poverty on the morals of a community. He was Minister in a Congregational Community Church in New York State when the great slump came. As it happened, it was the slump which set him on the road as a 'wayside preacher'. The congregation could no longer support a Minister. The Sunday collections dwindled until he himself had to register for relief. He moved away to look for work.

In 1932 the Rev. Jones, like John Wesley before him, took to the road. He laid down for himself five guiding principles. The first was to talk to everybody he came across. The second was to meet as many people as he could. The third was to write down his experiences in his diary, to be used as material in future

conversations and sermons. The fourth was to accept every opportunity he was given to preach, or speak to small groups. And the last was to live according to what he preached. 'I would rather see a sermon than hear one any day,' wrote the American poet, Edgar A. Guest. 'I'd rather one would walk with me than merely show the way.'

At first the Rev. Jones started on foot. For some time he spent his days just listening to people. He was trying to learn about the problems of all the many classes and groups and nationalities which together make up the people of the United States. As he travelled, he became convinced that his own mission should be to persuade people to drop their mutual suspicions and prejudices. It would only be when there were no more barriers of race among Christians that they could honestly preach the Gospel in Africa and Asia.

When he had made up his mind, when he had recognized his own distinctive and unconventional vocation, he gave up all the ties which held him to one place. He started the long pilgrimage which has taken him as a guest into countless homes, several hundred thousand miles through the United States, and beyond, to Central and Latin America, to Europe and the Far East. He has had one thought uppermost in his mind, to preach the 'Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man'. Sometimes he has been invited into churches and given sermons from the pulpit. At other times he has stood outside churches, or in the street, addressing anyone who cared to stop and listen. Wherever he went, whomever he met, he preached on the same text. He made great numbers of friends, met many cynics and a few outright enemies. As the friends grew in number they started to make contributions towards the costs of his pilgrimage. Since 1936 they have provided him with transport. In 1945, he married for a second time; this wife, Marie, has since joined with him in his pilgrimage. Together they have finally established a base at San Gabriel, California; they are called

'The Pilgrims for World Brotherhood'. Latterly Mrs Jones has remained at base while her husband, either alone or with another man, drives on his missions.

The Rev. Jones was alone in Dallas, Texas, just before Easter 1960. Visiting his friends in that city he learned that an attempt was to be made by peaceful methods to break the colour bar in restaurants. A number of Negroes planned to go into one of the chain-stores and sit down at the luncheon counter reserved for white people, and they planned to go on sitting there until they were served. Chain-stores, being under Northern management and having large numbers of coloured customers, were thought to be rather more likely to do away with segregation than other types of restaurants. The Rev. Jones hearing about these plans agreed that the technique of a 'sit-in' might be effective. And together with another clergyman he consented to lead a small party of Negroes to one of the luncheon counters. After a while, during which some of the white customers stayed sympathetically in their places, the lunch counter management gave way; lunch was served to everyone. The colour bar had been broken. Having ended segregation in one lunch counter they went on during the same day to other chain-stores. Their success attracted a throng of newspaper reporters. When the photograph of the Rev. Jones appeared in the Texas newspapers, sitting eating lunch amid a group of Negroes and whites, he became from then onwards a marked man. The ranks of the so-called 'solid South' closed against him.

After Easter the Rev. Jones set out in his van from Dallas eastward 135 miles to Marshall. He drove along, thinking about the experience at the luncheon counters at Dallas. He wondered whether a similar 'sit-in' movement could be continued in Marshall, where was situated the all-Negro University of Wiley College. As he drove, the local police forces watched his van pass by and telephoned to the next town, to warn them to

be prepared. For it was no ordinary van. Ever since 1936, when the Rev. Jones had been first given a motor vehicle, he had painted slogans on the outside proclaiming his mission. The chief of these, the one which was to cause so much hostility, was a large picture of the world, a globe, with two hands, one white and the other black, united in a clasp across the centre. Around the globe there were slogans: 'World Brotherhood or No World' and 'Love, Justice, and Equality'.

When he reached Marshall he went to call on some friends of his in the faculty at Wiley College. He spent the night there. The next morning he was standing on the campus talking to a mixed group which contained six whites, when the police arrived. They told him to leave town. He asked why. They said that he was a vagrant, and that there was a law in Marshall which entitled the Sheriff to send vagrants packing. He pulled out his wallet and showed that he had 89 dollars in notes; he had his own van; he could not possibly be a vagrant. This made no difference to the police. They required him to leave then and there. When he quoted his constitutional rights, they got hold of his arm. He refused to go voluntarily, so they dragged his limp body off the university campus.

At the trial the elected Judge described him as 'a hobo, a tramp, a bum, without any visible means of support'. Nothing that he said in his defence had the least effect. He was found guilty, sentenced to pay a fine of 200 dollars plus 28 dollars court costs, or to go to prison for ninety days. When he asked to appeal, he was told he would have to lodge a 450-dollar bond.

Taken to Harrison County Gaol he asked to be allowed to telephone a friend to ask him to send the money for the appeal bond. The Sheriff consented. He got through to the number, but the friend was out. Later in the day he asked a gaoler to be allowed to put through another phone call. The gaoler said that he could not. He pleaded, explaining that the Sheriff had

already given permission, but the officer had his own views about 'nigger-lovers'; he just turned his back and went away, muttering what he thought about his prisoner. The Rev. Jones in desperation started to bang on the door of his cell, hoping to attract the attention of another gaoler, or perhaps of the Sheriff himself. In a few minutes the same gaoler came back. He had a raw-hide whip in his hands. He slashed at the Minister through the opening in the shutter of the cell door, cutting him across the wrists and hands. This only made the Rev. Jones more determined to call someone else. He banged more loudly on the door, slamming the shutter backwards and forwards. This time the gaoler came back with a greater vengeance. He threw open the door and got hold of the Minister; then with the help of another officer they dragged him upstairs and pushed him into a tiny cell, 4 feet by 4 feet, without windows. This cupboard was known in the gaol as the 'sweat box'; and there they left him. The Rev. Jones could not stand up; he could only crouch or lie with his legs up. He used his legs to bang at the door in protest. Now they did bring the Sheriff, but it was not to give him permission to telephone. This is the Rev. Jones's description: 'Sheriff Franklin stretched into the "sweat box" and grabbed me by the front of the belt. I was limp, and he snatched me out and shoved me down a flight of steel stairs towards the ground floor. Some of the deputies stepped in and kicked me and shoved with their feet until I was at the bottom of the stairs.' All the time the deputies were shouting at him, cursing him, calling him every filthy thing under the sun; 'dirty nigger-lover' was one of their politer phrases.

After about ten days Mrs Marie Jones was able to secure the services of a local lawyer interested in civil liberty cases. She sent him the money for the appeal bond, and after a total of fourteen days in Harrison County Gaol the Rev. Jones was released. This was at the beginning of May 1960. A whole year later the appeal had still not been heard.

The lawyer warned the Minister that for his own safety's sake he ought to leave Marshall. Reluctantly he agreed. But those who were so anxious for him to leave had not made it easy; they had put syrup in the crank-case of his car. They had also ransacked the contents, taking away his dispatch case in which he kept the mailing list of his supporters. Eventually, the crank-case cleaned, he got away, and drove back to Dallas.

His experiences in Marshall led him to think that it would be wise to make his way back to his base in California, to rest for a while. But first he wanted to go over to Georgia to collect his sister from Atlanta. He had promised this year to drive her to California, for a holiday with his wife. So, first he headed for Jackson, Mississippi, which is on the way from Dallas, Texas, to Atlanta, Georgia. Once again the police authorities watched his journey. When he crossed from Texas into Louisiana, he found that he was being followed by a police car. He drove on for a while, then decided to turn into a roadside pull-in café for lunch. The police car turned in too. He went up to the officers to ask why they were trailing him. They told him that they had orders to take him to police headquarters at Shreveport, which was the next town along his road. He wanted to stay to eat his lunch, but they would not let him.

Chief of Police Teasley was waiting for him. He admitted that he had been told over the telephone by the Sheriff of Marshall to keep a look out for him. No, they were not going to arrest him. Provided that he left town straight away and drove on fast, they would let him alone. The Rev. Jones quoted his rights to stay wherever he pleased in the United States; he was not a vagrant; he had money on him. The Chief of Police telephoned the Police Commissioner; after a discussion they decided to take no further action. But again he was warned to leave Shreveport right away.

He still had not eaten lunch. Before leaving Shreveport he went to call on a Minister friend of his. The local newspaper

men, tipped off by the police, followed him. From the Minister he went off to have lunch. The place he chose, the nearest, happened to be a Negro restaurant. This made no difference to him; 'I'm colour blind,' he has said on numerous occasions. He went in and started to eat his lunch. The reporters telephoned the police. In the middle of his meal he was interrupted by Chief Teasley. 'If we're to arrest coloured for seeking service in white restaurants,' he said sharply, 'we'll arrest whites for seeking service in coloured restaurants.' And he was taken off there and then, in the middle of his meal, to answer charges of vagrancy, disturbing the peace, and driving without a valid licence.

This was on 17 May 1960, a day which marks the beginning of sixty days' shameful ordeal before he was allowed to proceed on his journey. The police of Shreveport had prepared a reception for him when he reached the cells. He was thrown into a big cage with about thirty other prisoners. One of the gaolers passed round a newspaper cutting showing him shaking hands with some Negroes. This was the signal for the extreme anti-Negroes to start up. They started yelling abuse at him, and then, when he tried to explain his way of life, they cuffed him. They set upon him, not one, but several of them. And they hit him unmercifully all over, while the police stood around watching. When he was lying on the floor, senseless, the officials intervened and carried him out of the cage to hospital. He had to have four stitches sewn into his jaw before he could leave. Again the police tried to put him back into the cage, but this time he shouted and yelled until they changed their mind. They locked him up in solitary confinement until four days later he was brought before the Shreveport elected Judge.

The District Attorney, no doubt aware of the difficulties of securing a conviction, suggested that the Rev. Jones was insane. The Judge responded to the idea, and he was sent off for observation. No doubt it was hoped that he would quietly agree to admit that he was in need of a rest, that he had been a

little overstrained. But he would agree to nothing of the sort. He repeated his belief in the right of the Negroes to enjoy equality of citizenship. Seventeen days later he was returned to be tried; the Judge was told that he had been pronounced 'not legally insane'.

The Rev. Jones defended himself. The Judge would not allow a few hours' adjournment to enable his lawyer to be present. The Minister preferred to affirm rather than to swear on the Bible. He did not know the whole truth, he said, only that part which had been revealed to him. This created something of a stir in court. Among the reporters was a correspondent of the *Texas Observer*, Mrs Barbara Downes. Her record of the proceedings confirms that the charge of driving without a valid licence was dropped when the Rev. Jones produced his current California licence. He had had it with him all the time. But, the trial proceeded on the grounds of vagrancy and disturbing the peace.

Two police officers said that they had met the Minister on the outskirts of Shreveport. They claimed that he had come up to them and caused a disturbance. Then Chief Teasley gave evidence. 'Teasley', says the report in the *Texas Observer*, 'granted that Sheriff Earl Franklin of Harrison County had called to tell him that Jones would be there that morning. Teasley said that he knew that Jones was coming to town to make trouble. He said their concern was Jones's safety and to prevent violence.'

When the Rev. Jones came to give evidence that he was simply driving through Shreveport on his way to Jackson, Mississippi, and from there to Atlanta, Chief Teasley started to ask him questions. Was it not true that he had twice been in prison, in 1943 and 1952? Yes, it was, he replied. On each occasion that he had been required to register for military service he had demonstrated his objection to war by going to prison rather than register. Since he was forty-seven years old

on the first occasion, and fifty-six on the second, there was no intention of 'dodging the column'. But he did 'not believe in war or in killing fellow men', and he did believe in living up to the principles that he preached.

The report in the *Texas Observer* continues:

> Jones was asked if he was a communist. He said he should not have been asked this, but, no, he was not. Did he believe in any communist theories? If they meant living as brothers and sharing goods with one's fellow men for a better world, yes, he said; if they meant the Stalin–Krushchev type of communism, no.

After being questioned about his friends and associates,

> Judge Whitmeyer closed the trial with a brief speech, calling Jones an agitator who had come down to make trouble deliberately and work to destroy 'the way of life that we enjoy'. He sentenced him to six months for vagrancy, and two months for disturbing the peace. Appeal bond was set at 500 dollars.

Barbara Downes tried to speak to the Rev. Jones after the hearing; she was refused permission. And he was taken away to a prison farm.

At the farm he was to meet the same sort of reception which had greeted him in Shreveport gaol. The other prisoners, mostly poor whites, had been told about his preaching equality for coloured people. One after another they came up and struck him, an ordeal which lasted for about half an hour. Then to complete his humiliation they got hold of him and held him down, while one of the prisoners, using a pair of clippers, shaved all the hair off his body and head, even down to his eye-lashes. On the following Sunday Barbara Downes, commissioned to write a follow-up article for the *Texas Observer*, arrived with her husband to visit him. As soon as they had gone, as if by prearrangement, six of the other prisoners set on him while the officers remained motionless. 'My hands were tied', says the Rev. Jones, 'as though to a cross, to the top steel bunk.

Water was poured on me from jars and buckets before they finally stripped me of all clothing. Then hands, fists, and towels flew in wild fury as they beat and lashed my face and body.'

This demonstration was evidently intended to warn him that outside investigators were unwelcome. The Downes were to meet the same sort of hostility in their attempts to secure his freedom. Mrs Downes published an article in the *Texas Observer*, following her visit, exposing the conditions under which the Rev. Jones was held. At once there was an outcry in Shreveport. Mr Downes, who was employed there, lost his job. The police started making inquiries; a 'tap' was put on the Downes's phone; their personal friends received visits from the police. They raised the 500 dollars to pay for the Minister's appeal bond themselves, but, when they went with the money to the court, the Judge told them that the size of the bond had been trebled. In the end they were obliged to leave Shreveport. But they did not give up their efforts; they went from there to Austin, Texas, and eventually, with the help of the Minister's friends, they raised the 1500 dollars.

Meanwhile, for a total of six weeks, the Rev. Jones remained on the prison farm. Gradually he managed to make his influence felt. He used every opportunity to illustrate his points. Once a baseball game was organized on the farm. Naturally, the teams were White against Coloured. The Negroes gave the whites such a beating that halfway through it was decided to draft one or two of the coloured boys to help out the white team, to make a better game. Some of the white prisoners saw his point: that, at least in sport, the Negroes were every bit as good as the white race. His prestige increased. One Sunday some of the prisoners came to him to ask him to give them a sermon. And he spoke on the text of the Good Samaritan. 'I spoke on brotherhood in action,' he says. 'Though I was among a hostile group I never felt more led by the spirit of love.'

There remained some fellow-prisoners who were as hostile as ever. Maybe they thought that they would win the officers' favour by further acts of brutality. One day two of them got hold of him and dragged him to the pond; there they ducked his head under water twenty-five times, kicking him all the while. On another day, after the Rev. Jones had been reading aloud the report of a debate on segregation *v.* integration between two U.S. Senators, he was set upon again. This time they tied him by the feet to the top steel bars of a bunk with his shoulders hanging down, barely touching the bunk below. And in that position they started hitting and beating him. That was the last time he was assaulted. His example of patient suffering had won the day. That night one of the ringleaders responsible for tying him up, feet first, could not sleep. On the next morning he came to the Rev. Jones to apologize. The two men became fast friends.

When on 14 July, two months after he was arrested for eating lunch in a Negro restaurant, the Rev. Jones was released, his will-power had triumphed over the malignity around him. Small wonder then that Judge Whitmeyer is reported as having said, during one of the applications for bail, that the Rev. Jones was too dangerous a character to be released. The Minister had struck a blow for the brotherhood of man that not all the resources or ingenuity of the Shreveport white community could parry. Nonetheless they tried. They opposed bail; they enlarged the size of the appeal bond. When the money was raised, they smashed up his car, breaking the windows, slashing at the tyres, and daubing the slogans with paint. And then having done that, they insisted on his paying 44.48 dollars storage charge before the wreck could be towed away.

The Rev. Jones's lawyer filed a writ for a Bill for Particulars, which is a means of securing a re-hearing in the District Court. It was not until 25 January of the following year, 1961, that the case was finally heard. In the meantime white Shreveport had

one more lunge at the clergyman who claimed the right to preach brotherhood by example.

On 3 January 1961 the Rev. Jones had to return to Shreveport to consult his lawyer, and to prepare for the hearing of the Bill for Particulars. He arrived with Joe Glynn Jnr from California; and he had scarcely parked his new van when he and his friend were arrested. He was only a block away from his lawyer's office, but he was not allowed to make contact. He was led off to police headquarters. And here the story of the previous May was repeated. He was charged with vagrancy. The friend was allowed to go, and he went to the lawyer for help. The lawyer returned with a cheque to bail his client, but the police said that it was too late to cash a cheque; the Rev. Jones would have to spend the night in gaol.

On the next morning he was woken up by a couple of gaolers. They dragged him off his bunk; then they set on him, one hitting him on the head with a rubber mallet, the other kicking him. They dragged him down to the large cage where he had been so badly assaulted eight months previously. At 9 a.m. his lawyer appeared to find out why he had not been released. For a while there was peace in the cage. Then as soon as the lawyer had gone off to produce some other document which the police called for, the other prisoners were encouraged to hit him. They slapped and struck and beat and kicked. Two young bullies were the leaders; they would go and sit down for a while, and then return to give him another hitting. He pleaded to be moved to another cell, but the gaolers paid no attention. And they managed to delay his release on bail until 3 p.m.

Two days later, on 6 January, a more serious attempt was made to dispose of this 'troublesome priest'. He was driving away from Shreveport, and had pulled into a petrol filling-station at Jackson, Mississippi. Before he could stop the car two shots came at him; fortunately they missed. One bullet

hole, ironically, went clean through the word 'Equality' in the slogan on the car's side.

From that time on Shreveport fell back on the defensive. Nation-wide publicity, and the support of the American Civil Liberties Union, ensured that his trial on the second vagrancy charge was fairly held. The charge was dismissed on 20 January. And on 25 January the writ for a Bill for Particulars was brought on before the District Court Judge. The District Attorney had notified that he would call four witnesses; only two chose to appear, both police officers. Their evidence did not begin to amount to enough to prove either vagrancy or disturbing the peace. Defence counsel rose to submit that the Rev. Jones had no case to answer. And the Judge dismissed the case.

The Civil Liberties Union has filed a complaint with the Department of Justice in Washington, seeking compensation for the Rev. Jones's costs and losses. He himself is not concerned about money, only about principles. He is quite prepared to go to gaol again for his principles, if it serves any purpose. Nor is he the only Minister in the United States prepared to take the same stand. In the State of New Hampshire a retired Methodist Minister preferred to spend 1960 in prison rather than reveal the names of the guests who had come to a Summer Camp of which he was director. The story of the prosecution of seventy-year-old Dr Willard Uphaus by the Attorney-General of New Hampshire makes no more pleasant reading than that of the charges brought against the Rev. Jones.

It is not enough to have the machinery of democracy. It is not enough to have legal safeguards against its abuse. Democracy will only work successfully when each voter accepts that his own skin, his own material interests, and his own intellectual views are no more important than those of the next voter. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are splendid slogans, but they are meaningless without mutual respect.

To many the Rev. Jones's way seems extraordinary. Some say that his approach is superficial; others that he over-simplifies the issues. His brightly-painted van, with its emblem of the black and white hand clasped together, can easily be written off as a 'publicity stunt'. His refusal to accept the regular duties of the pastorate can be criticized. There are, in fact, no end of accusations that can be made against him. But before making them, would it not be better to ponder on the behaviour of those who charged him in Marshall and Shreveport with being a vagrant?

AGOSTINHO NETO

SOME sixty miles north of Luanda, the capital of Angola, lies the town of Bengo. There, on 17 September 1922, an African boy was born. He was christened Antonio Agostinho Neto. At that time even less was known about this Portuguese territory on the west coast of Africa than today. It had been ruled by the Portuguese for 400 years. Foreigners had little reason to go there, and those who wanted to were usually discouraged. Occasional reports would reach the outside world that Africans were compelled to work on plantations and down diamond mines in conditions which differed from slavery only in name. But the conscience of the world was not greatly exercised. African consciousness, even in the more evolved territories of West Africa under British and French rule, scarcely existed. African nationalism and the African bloc in the United Nations were as yet undreamed of.

The Portuguese main claim to empire is the tenacity with which they have held on to their possessions. Even in the changing atmosphere which followed the Second World War they managed to avoid losing a single one of their eight colonies. They claim that this achievement is due to their understanding of the problems of colonialism. It is evident that one matter which they understand well is the political danger of educating the natives. Their official figures for Angola (1958) show that the number of Africans who have received any sort of formal education was less than 6000. After four centuries of rule their statistics show that the number of Negroes in Angola who rank as 'civilized' is 0.75 per cent of the population.

In practice, the government makes no provision for the education of Africans whatsoever. The task is left to the Catholic Church and the Protestant missions. Even the Church is placed under the disability of being forbidden to teach any matter which is contrary to the spirit of the Portuguese Corporate State. Agostinho Neto is one of the very few fortunate Africans who received both primary and secondary education. He was taught at the Church schools in Luanda. When he had reached the secondary course, he had to break off from time to time to earn enough to pay for the next year's fees. Eventually he matriculated with excellent marks, and in 1944 he was given a job in the Government Health Service. At that time the Health Service in Angola was still more rudimentary than it is today. It only scratched at the surface. Doctors, hospitals, medical auxiliaries, and the supply of drugs were hopelessly inadequate. Some idea of the conditions prevailing as recently as 1958 can be inferred from the official statistics. These show that of the deaths registered, three-quarters were marked as having died of 'senility and badly defined causes'. Of this sizeable proportion all but a hundred were African Negroes. And much the greater number of deaths, both infant and adult, were never registered at all.

After some three years working in the Health Service, Neto was again more than ordinarily fortunate. He was so exceptionally able that his fellow African medical auxiliaries and clerks decided that he ought to become a fully-fledged doctor. They raised money, and undertook to support him through medical school in Portugal. In 1947 he took the chance generously offered and set sail for Portugal, where he was given a place in the University of Coimbra. The official statistics for 1958 show that by then exactly twenty-three Angolan Africans had received a university qualification. The credit for this small figure does not belong to the government which spent not one escudo on African higher education. Those who managed

to reach university got there in the same way as Agostinho Neto or, choosing the priesthood, at the expense of the Church.

The Portuguese government, whatever may be claimed publicly, in practice discourages Africans from receiving university education. And this more especially so when the young man is thought to be too intelligent. Already in Angola Neto had been observed as one of the main figures of African intellectual life. Shortly after he had left in 1948, the first Angolan Nationalist Movement had been established. The government, which regularly reads the post of potential opponents, knew that Neto belonged to the movement. The political police in Portugal, the notorious P.I.D.E., are also well informed about student politics. In Portugal there is only one political party permitted, the Uniao Nacional, which supports Dr Salazar. Any other organization is illegal and can exist only with police permission. Such permission was recently refused to a small committee which wanted to establish a United Nations Association; this even though Portugal is a member of U.N.O. Groups of students meeting together informally to discuss social or political questions are actively discouraged.

Under Decree Law 35,042 the P.I.D.E. have power to arrest anyone for a period of up to three months. No charge need be preferred, no explanation given. The period of three months can be extended to six months by successive prolongations of forty-five days each. At the end of six months another Decree comes into effect. By Decree Law 40,350, persons belonging to certain categories can be detained 'as a security measure' for an indeterminate period from six months to three years, 'which may be extended by successive periods of three years as long as they continue to show themselves dangerous'. The P.I.D.E. are thus in a position to intimidate any student who shows too much independence of thought. If the first

verbal warning does not have enough effect, the young man or woman is taken into custody a few days before the year's examination. Release follows only some days after the examination is over, so that studies are retarded by whole year. And the student is sent back to university with the warning that on the next occasion he mixes his studies with political gossip, he will stay longer in prison.

Neto received the first of these warnings in 1952. He had been under careful supervision from the P.I.D.E. from the moment he arrived in Portugal. As they expected, he mixed with the few other African and Goan students, and with writers, lawyers, and doctors. In 1951 many of his friends had tried to play some supporting role in the Presidential campaign of Admiral Quintao Meireles, only to find themselves deprived of this opportunity when the Admiral angrily withdrew his candidature. Dr Salazar had refused to allow the Admiral to nominate any of his supporters to check the counting of the votes. Once more Dr Salazar's nominee was elected without a contest, and the liberals and democrats were obliged to return to illegal private gatherings. The P.I.D.E. decided that Neto should be taught a lesson not to attend these groups. They locked him up for a few weeks.

By this time Neto was gaining a reputation in Portuguese literary circles. He had already started writing poetry before he had left Angola. The publication of these poems attracted attention, not only for the quality of their verse, but also on account of their subject matter. Neto chose as their subject the suffering of the Angolan Africans, rounded up and taken away from their family and village to work on Portuguese plantations. Such matters, which on account of the censorship could not be referred to in the press, now started to be circulated as poetry. And many young Portuguese began to realize how scandalous were the conditions of the Angolan Africans. Similar revelations appeared at about this time from a different

source. They came from the pen of Captain Enrique Galvao, who had been a close supporter of Dr Salazar, and nominated by him to be Inspector-General of the Colonies and Deputy for Angola. In 1947 Galvao had submitted a scathing report on forced labour in Angola, which the government had 'pigeon-holed'. He had tried to draw attention to the situation by using his seat in the Assembly to make a speech summarizing the findings of his own report. This had led to his being deprived of the nomination. In 1951 he had thrown his support behind Admiral Meireles; when this candidature had been withdrawn, Galvao had endeavoured to publish the 1947 report himself. The P.I.D.E. stepped in and raided the offices where the duplicated copies of the report were kept, but not before a number had found their way round Lisbon. Galvao himself was arrested shortly afterwards and in due course sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. This persecution served to advertise the report, and to stimulate young people to demand an end to forced labour. And it was not only in Portugal that there was agitation. Neto's poems and Galvao's report reached other countries, where they were translated and widely published.

The Portuguese government began a series of measures to prevent further references to forced labour practices in Angola. They passed a constitutional law which altered the status of Angola from that of colony to overseas province. They promulgated another law which for the record made forced labour in the colonies illegal. They decided to make the entry of foreign observers more difficult. Since Angola was now a province of the home country, the United Nations were no longer entitled to send investigators or to receive reports on the native population. Any foreigner who described himself as a journalist or economist discovered that he could not get a visa, unless he had official backing. Those young men in Portugal who advocated a more liberal attitude towards the

Africans were arbitrarily imprisoned. In February 1955 Neto, who was then nearing the end of his medical course, was arrested.

He remained in prison until June 1957. And he was only released when his further imprisonment became an embarrassment. Foreign writers of repute, who had read his poetry, sent letters of protest. At the United Nations, even though the Portuguese delegate had instructions to refuse to take part in any debate on Angola, it was tiresome to have to admit by silence that the most promising young African poet was locked up without charge or trial. He was released on the understanding that he went straight back to Coimbra, completed his studies as soon as possible, and then returned to Angola.

Before leaving Portugal, despite even more intense police supervision, Neto was able to take part in the establishment of the Movimento Anti-Colonial. This was an unofficial and, of course, illegal body formed to coordinate the nationalist movements then being established in the various Portuguese colonies. Neto was elected to the Executive Committee.

In 1959 Neto returned to Angola a qualified doctor. He had been away for rather more than ten years, and of these he had spent nearly three in prison. He was approximately the 204th doctor in Angola; official figures for 1957 show that there were then just 203 doctors for a whole area larger than France. Assuming that these doctors had been concerned with the African population, the ratio would have worked out at 1 doctor for every 22,400 Negroes. As it was, the great majority of doctors practised among the Portuguese colonists. Neto was just about the only African doctor, and one of the very few doctors who devoted himself to African patients. In a territory where the average wage for Africans is £20 per year, there is no financial incentive in providing a surgery for Africans.

When Neto returned to Africa, there had been many changes in the continent, but very few in Angola itself. Ghana, Tunisia, and Morocco were all independent, and the great majority of British and French colonies had already been promised statehood in the near future. In Angola there had been no evolution. The government had made only one concession: there was no longer any forced labour, it was now known as 'contract labour'. The contract itself was a fiction; all that the word meant was that the African, at the end of his period of compulsory service, received some payment. So far as can be deduced from the official statistics, the average payment worked out at 1660 escudos per year, or just over £20. John Gunther, who is one of the few observers who have managed to investigate the system, describes it in his book *Inside Africa*. Plantation owners, he discovered, were entitled to indent on the government for native labour. The number and quality of workers which they received depended, in practice, on the amount of the payment which the planters made to the Chefe do Posto, the District Officer. To get a strong worker, Mr Gunther discovered, it was usual to pay the Chefe do Posto ten times the worker's wage for the first six months of his 'contract', that is £100 to the worker's £10.

The total number of 'contract labourers' is now known; according to Government statistics, it was 130,141 in 1958. Nor is this official figure indicative of the aggregate number of men working against their will at any one time. For the government in Angola has a method of compelling men and women to pay taxes by labour. A 'poll tax' is imposed on each African, payable in cash. Since the great majority of the Africans in the villages live in an economy geared to barter, they are unable to pay in cash. This entitles the government to require them to commute their unpaid taxes by work. In practice, the Chefe do Posto arrives at a village on his tour, fixes upon some job of work which needs doing, like repairing the provincial road,

and then requires the Chief to furnish a sufficient number of tax-defaulters to do the job. Since many of the men are already away 'on contract', the work usually falls to be done by women. And it is not an uncommon sight to see women with small children or in advanced pregnancy labouring away at the roads, without any tools but a rough hoe and a home-made wicker basket. The chiefs have the greatest difficulty in providing an adequate labour force to meet the Chefe's requirements. And Captain Galvao's report showed why. So harsh are conditions in Angola that many of the able-bodied and enterprising men make their way through the jungle to Rhodesia and South Africa to obtain employment on the mines. Galvao reckoned the annual wastage at about 100,000 Angolan men. And he put the proportion of sick and disabled among the residuary male labour force at 30 per cent. Chiefs who fail to carry out their duty by supplying labour to meet the Chefe's requirements are subject to severe penalties. A recent letter from a Protestant missionary carries a horrifying account of a defaulting chief being administered a red-pepper enema by the Portuguese.

This situation prevails at the present time. The only major difference in Angola since 1959, when Dr Neto returned, is that he and almost every other educated African is either under arrest, or has escaped to the hills or across the frontier. Faced with the hurricane of change blowing from over the frontier in what used to be Belgian Congo, the Portuguese have hoisted 'storm cones'. The military garrison has been quadrupled. Portuguese settlers of the lowest calibre have been brought over by ship, and armed on arrival; then they have been presented with government land together with a gratuity. Estimates show that the amount which it costs the government to establish one such Portuguese family is the equivalent of what an Angolan African would earn in 1,000 years. There have been wholesale arrests. The P.I.D.E. have been given a free hand to fire on Africans without warning.

On 8 June 1960 a senior officer of the Angola P.I.D.E. arrived at the house where Dr Neto had set up his surgery, and where his family were living. Without further ado the Chief ordered his men to seize Dr Neto, and there in front of his family to flog him. Having thus shown his contempt for the leading Angolan poet and medical man, he had him dragged away to prison. A day or two after this a crowd gathered outside the house. Some were patients come to find out what had happened to the surgery, others were villagers from Bengo, Dr Neto's birthplace. They were all shocked into silent homage when they heard the family's account of what had happened. Before more could transpire a force of 200 soldiers arrived. By order of the P.I.D.E. they fired on the crowd. Not a word of all this, of course, appeared in the Portuguese Press, but private reports reveal that no fewer than thirty men and women were killed. The number of wounded is placed at 200.

Dr Neto was deported to Portugal soon afterwards. And from there in October 1960 along with some other leading Angolans, he has been taken to lonely Santo Antao, which is a remote island in the Cape Verde group. No charge has been brought against him; and he has not been tried. Officially he has been appointed 'Delegate of Health' on the island; in practice, he is not even allowed any instruments to treat the few tribesmen who live there.

These draconian methods have done nothing to stem the tide in favour of Angolan independence. On the contrary they have started off protests all over Africa. They sparked off the dramatic attempt by Captain Galvao to seize the *Santa Maria* and sail her across the Southern Atlantic to bring hope to the oppressed Angolans. In the United Nations on the motion of the African states Portuguese rule has now been condemned by an almost unanimous vote.

In Angola itself these methods produced a popular uprising

in Luanda on 4 February 1961, in which a large crowd of Africans stormed police stations, the radio station, and the gaol where political prisoners were held. The Portuguese government's reaction was sharp and violent. In a round-up of Africans in the native quarter of Luanda on the following day, more than a hundred were killed. According to a report by British Baptist missionaries 'counter-measures by the Portuguese against the uprising have taken the form of indiscriminate slaughter in many instances'. The *Observer* of 7 May 1961 states that 'twenty thousand Africans are said to have been killed'.

Reports of fighting from all over Angola come in day after day, with an ever-increasing toll of dead. One of the most distressing features of the situation is the determination of the Portuguese authorities to detain without trial those Africans who, like Dr Neto, have managed to obtain education. Several thousands are detained in concentration camps, at Baia dos Tigres, Damba, Porto, Alexandre, and Silva Porto. Even Africans in holy orders have not been spared. Protestant missions have been closed down, and both the Catholic Chancellor and the Vicar-General of the Archidiocese of Luanda have been arrested.

No detailed information is available about the conditions under which Dr Neto is held; rumour reports that they are both primitive and cruel. Any attempts to find out more about the man, his poetry, or his medical work is severely punished. Western correspondents who ask too many questions are summarily ejected. The poet's brother, Dionesio, has recently been arrested and taken away to a camp, presumably because he was attempting to draw attention to Agostinho's plight. This summary gives only the outline of Dr Neto's life. But it may show why responsible Africans, all over the continent, feel so indignant at the thought of his humiliation . . . and why white people should be anxious. By employing methods of indiscriminate

violence and senseless cruelty, the Portuguese government have given licence to their use in other parts of Africa. The white man expects the black to learn from his example. What sort of example has the Portuguese government set in its treatment of Dr Neto?

PATRICK DUNCAN

FROM time to time European and American newspapers report that Patrick Duncan is back in prison. In South Africa everyone knows why. He refuses to accept the laws which impose *apartheid*. Outside South Africa *apartheid* is universally condemned. It is not so widely known that a few of the men who lead the campaign against it inside the Union are themselves white-skinned, or that the most resolute among them is the son of a former Governor-General.

Patrick Duncan is perhaps the most remarkable of the small, but talented, group of white South Africans who have joined the resistance to *apartheid*. To say this is not to decry the others: the writers, the journalists, the trade-union organizers, the doctors, and the lawyers. As so often happens where there is persecution, those few who stand up against it are more talented than average, more versatile, and seen from a distance, slightly larger than life-size. Duncan stands out among them because of the intensity of his conviction that all men are equals regardless of the colour of their skin. It was just after his twenty-ninth birthday, in 1947, that what had been previously his opinion turned into a conviction. 'I suddenly realize', he has said, 'that the racial feelings of white South Africans were a gigantic illusion, that race had no important meaning, and that in what mattered all men were equal. I had never understood this before, not with all the deepest layers of my being. Now I did. It was like being cured of a disease, or as if for the first time one could see clearly.' Since then Duncan's convictions have led him into much suffering, but they have grown steadily stronger. A part of his suffering, and his distinction, comes

from the fact that since childhood he has been physically crippled. He has a stiff right leg, and more recently has had a series of stomach complaints.

Duncan is remarkable in many ways – not only in birth, belief, and constitution. There is no profession which labels him. He is everything and nothing. He has worked with a demolition gang shifting rubble after the blitz on London, he has been a colonial administrator and a judge. More recently he has been an editor and a farmer. He expresses himself as strongly about the right way to keep an axe sharp or to prevent soil erosion as he does about the policy of the South African Nationalists.

This succession of occupations, and this variety of interests, may suggest that he is a man without any fixed outlook. Nothing could be more wrong. He has shifted his employment and altered his way of life so that they could become more consistent with his outlook. His whole life, his forty-three years, has been spent in a gradually more successful endeavour to live the life in which he believes. Now, at last, he has got within striking distance. He has given up virtually everything in order to devote his energies to the fight against *apartheid*.

When Duncan was born, in 1918, his father was a rising South African politician, who had recently married an attractive young woman half his age. Patrick was their first child. He was the weakest in health, and the strongest in character. A younger brother, Andrew, achieved earlier distinction, reaching the rank of Colonel in the South African Air Force, and gaining the D.F.C. He was shot down over the Libyan Desert, posted 'missing', and never returned. His sister, the youngest of the family, is married to Professor Denis Cowen of Cape Town University; she shares much of her eldest brother's outlook. Both mother and father are now dead.

Duncan's father was Governor-General of the Union of South Africa. He was the first South African to hold that

office, the highest in the country. His eldest son has much of the same fibre, but his strength is steeled towards a different objective. His father was one of the bright young university graduates whom Lord Milner grouped around him, when he was sent out from England to preside over the first administration which followed the Boer War. They were known as 'the kindergarten', and all were to achieve eminence in different walks of life, though few remained in South Africa. Most gradually returned to Britain, where they met from time to time to discuss the policy of a quarterly journal which they published to perpetuate Milner's ideas of a United Commonwealth. This paper, *The Round Table*, had the name which they used to give to their discussions, held in the spacious room of some large English country house.

Duncan made South African politics his career after he retired from the administration. Sharing Milner's views, and believing in Britain's special mission in those territories to which her explorers and merchants had led her to establish colonies, he soon became a leader of the English settlers in South Africa. Although numerically a minority compared to the Afrikaans-speaking people of Dutch ancestry, Duncan's Unionist Party supporters were soon to play an important role in the country's politics. It was shortly after the end of the First World War when the Prime Minister, General Botha, once the leader of his people against England, turned towards the English settlers. This old veteran of the Boer War saw danger in the rise of the extreme nationalist wing among his own people. It was in order to counterbalance these extreme nationalists that Botha decided to form a coalition between his own moderate Afrikaans party and the English. In 1921 Duncan senior entered the Cabinet. For the rest of his life, whether in or out office, he remained a power in the land. In 1938 on the nomination of the then Prime Minister, Herzog, he was appointed Governor-General. He would much rather

have remained in politics, for the insipid nature of the office and the round of formal duties did not appeal to a man of such strong opinions. But the nomination to Government house of an English South African by an Afrikaans Prime Minister was for him the fulfilment of his, and Milner's, dream. He felt that he could not refuse.

Duncan's father devoted his life to the achievement of equality and integration between the English and Afrikaaners. He believed in peaceful methods to achieve his ends. After the Boer War Britain could have imposed her will by force of arms. Milner's views led to the Peace of Vereeniging, which recognized the principle that the conqueror owes a duty to the conquered. In 1910 South Africa became a self-governing Dominion with a government elected by a majority of her European inhabitants. This was the logical conclusion of Milner's policy, and Duncan continued in South Africa to watch it develop. In harmony with the changed situation he became a politician instead of an administrator. From thenceforth he endeavoured to build up the position of English influence by making his party a valuable partner to the majority party by attracting more settlers from England, and by encouraging English capital. When Jan Smuts, then Prime Minister, unhesitatingly backed Britain in the worst days of the Second World War, and when his son, Andrew helped to roll the German Desert Army out of Africa as an officer in South Africa's own Air Force, the old man must have thought that his dream had come almost true. Perhaps it is fortunate that he did not live to see the dream shattered by South Africa's withdrawal from the Commonwealth in 1961. He died of an inoperable cancer in 1943.

Just as Duncan's father worked unremittingly for one object, so has the son. One did his work sitting at a desk in Government House, the other squatting on the floor of a prison cell, thirteen foot by nine foot, shared with two other people.

At the age of twelve, Patrick Duncan was struck down by osteomyelitis. After that he slowly learned to walk again with the help of crutches, for his right leg was held together by an iron caliper. He was taken by his mother to Switzerland, and though he recovered his health to some extent, he remained very sensitive to the comparison between other boys of his own age and himself. He was eventually sent to Bishops, at Cape Town, which is perhaps the best school of the English kind in South Africa. But he disliked it intensely, feeling conspicuous in a community where athletics played such an important part. Then when he was sixteen, his father intervened and, through the influence of a previous Governor of the Transvaal, persuaded Winchester College to take Patrick. At England's oldest public school the young South African, for that was what he felt himself to be, flourished. He found there an atmosphere in which a man was judged by his intellect and personality, not by his athletic performance or parental prestige. His interests widened. He found himself emotionally caught up in the Italo-Ethiopian War, collecting funds to aid the beleaguered Africans. To him, Africa was home, and all the people who lived in the continent, whatever the colour of their skins, were intangibly united.

His emotional sympathy for the Africans drew Duncan to the extreme Left, politically. But it did not take him long to discover that not all those who speak the loudest in favour of African independence are the most disinterested friends of Africa. He found that some of the young men and women he met at this period, especially when he went to Oxford University, were chiefly motivated by bitterness against their own government. As Duncan did not consider himself an Englishman but a South African, this brought about an immediate cleavage. And from this time onwards, though on occasions he has aligned himself with the communist position, he has been careful not to become involved with them. This has not

prevented his opponents from calling him a communist. Although he certainly is not, he believes that the Communist Party has a right to political existence. This view in South Africa today is sufficient to earn the name of communist. Under the definition of the Suppression of Communism Act anyone who urges any of the objectives which are advocated by the government of the U.S.S.R. by South African Law may be named a communist. In other words, if Dr Verwoerd's government wish to penalize one of their opponents, it might be sufficient to prove that he believed that all workers should belong to a trade union, or that great works of art should belong to the State.

It must have been a bitter blow for Duncan that his game leg prevented him from serving in the Armed Forces in the war against the Nazis. For the year before its outbreak he visited Germany and spent three weeks, for experience, in a Nazi labour camp. What he saw terrified and revolted him. So dramatic was the effect that he decided that he would make a practice of sitting on seats marked with the yellow star of David, those reserved for Jews. Oddly enough, one of the more curious achievements of Hitler may well have been that he so quickly determined this young man to take a stand against segregation. Until then, although he had been aware of the segregation in his native country, he had done no more than accept it resignedly. His mother made a note that at the age of four, her eldest son had inquired why it was that the 'Kaffirs' did not go to the 'English people's church'. From the time of his return from Germany, he was a changed man.

But it was to be a long time before he was to have the chance to do anything about segregation in South Africa. Unable to fight in the war, Duncan felt that he must make some contribution. That explains the brief period in his life when he joined a demolition gang. He had decided that he wanted to

become an administrator in an African native area. As the son of the Governor-General it would have been awkward for him to have served in the Union of South Africa. But he was able to get an appointment in the British Colonial Service, which took him to Basutoland, one of the two small British Protectorates completely surrounded by Union territory. He was never completely happy in this service, although he grew increasingly attached to the Basutos. He learned their language, Sotho, thus becoming the only cadet in the British Service at that time to have taken the trouble to do so. In time he was made Judicial Commissioner, or Judge. In this role his knowledge of the language stood him in good stead, as did his experience with native customs picked up during his period as an Assistant District Commissioner, and then in the higher ranks of the local administration. He found no casebooks, no written precedents, and no jurisprudence. This was scarcely surprising, considering that when the Protectorate was first set up in the 1870s the budget was only £4,000 for the whole administration. At that time the Assistant Commissioner had only one civil case in a certain year. Duncan gave a whole series of judgements on every aspect of Basuto law and custom. These he has now compiled into a book *Sotho Laws and Customs*, published by the Oxford University Press in 1960.

Although Duncan did not take too kindly to the affectation of bored insouciance which was at the time the mark of the British colonial servant, he stayed on long enough to see manners change. And he was lucky enough to serve under two notable High Commissioners, both to become friends and advisers. One was Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, later Governor of Ghana and the founder of that country's independence. The other was Sir Evelyn Baring, now Lord Howick, the diplomatic Governor of Kenya who balanced so skilfully the prejudices of the white settlers against the intransigence of the

African nationalists. These and other friends he made while serving in Basutoland have gone on their different ways all over the world. Duncan's links with them have broadened his own horizon and kept him informed about what is happening in other parts of Africa.

Although his position as a British colonial servant prevented him from taking part in South African affairs, Duncan retained his interest. While the United Party was still in power, he knew its leaders personally. They had all been his father's friends. Outstanding among these was Jan Smuts, a loyal friend. He persuaded Duncan's father to stay in office during all the months when he wanted to resign owing to ill-health; he sent an Air Force plane to fetch home Lady Duncan from England during her last fatal illness; and then just before he died, Smuts met Patrick Duncan in London. Young Duncan made a request at the end of their talk: he asked Smuts to promise that if he got back to the office which he lost in the 1948 General Election, he would at least give the vote to the coloured (mixed blood) women. 'Oom Jannie', as Duncan used to call him, replied: 'No, Pat, that would be impossible. . . .' Then after a silence and a deep sigh he added: 'Ah! these poor people. We have made a political football of them.'

Duncan's father had been in favour of establishing a separate voting roll for the African men. When only 11,000 of them had the property qualification necessary to be on the Common Roll, he reckoned that they could be given separate representation without too much of a political explosion. If they were left on the Common Roll until they formed a majority in Cape Province, he believed that it might become politically impossible to move them. When Smuts was succeeded by the Nationalists, the coloured voters were completely disenfranchised, and the South Africa Act overriden. What old Duncan believed impossible, the Nationalists achieved. Within thirteen years they had systematically demolished the whole structure of Anglo-

Afrikaans co-partnership and thrown the coloured people to the wolves.

Smuts was not to live much longer; and Duncan realized that he could not keep out of this war. In May 1952 he gave the Basutoland service six months' notice and prepared himself to enter the lists against *apartheid*. He had been fortunate in being able to have a year in England not long previously. He had spent this year, on secondment, at the London School of Economics, and while in London he had spoken about South Africa. As he looked forward to entering the struggle, he knew he could count on the political experience which he had gained in London. He was able to count, too, on the loyal support of his wife Cynthia, whom he had married in 1947; for Duncan says that it was her simple English way of looking at race, as if it were a matter of no importance, which finally determined his attitude. Mrs Duncan is the daughter of a wealthy English house, of a family which has traditionally supported the established order. Since her marriage she has had to accept much hardship, including separation from her imprisoned husband, but she has always encouraged him to stand up for the principle of race equality in which they both believe.

While he was waiting for his notice to take effect, Duncan spent much of his time studying the works of Mahatma Gandhi. He had already reached the conclusion that there were only two ways of defeating the South African Nationalists; one was violence, the other was non-violence. He instinctively chose the latter. 'The trouble', says Duncan writing about this period, 'was that Gandhi was a saint, and I was far from it. Surely the path that seemed good for South Africa was too high for me. This puzzled me for many months.' Then lying in bed at a friend's house at Butha Buthe, he suddenly produced the resolution necessary to convince himself, as he puts it, that 'God can use even a bent tool'. He got up from bed, determined to do the best he could to make non-violence a success. And not long

afterwards, as he sat at his desk in the house which he had bought at Maseru, looking out towards the Qoaling, he was overtaken by complete and utter conviction. He says that he became aware that 'my destiny was to give everything I could, everything I have, all my time, and all my strength, to one cause, ending the colour bar'.

Duncan lost no time in putting his ideas into practice. Together with Manilal Gandhi he joined the Passive Resistance Campaign, which was then being organized by the African National Congress. The Campaign organizers asked Duncan to lead a march into the African location called Germiston near Johannesburg, which under *apartheid* law was a closed area to Europeans. Supporting himself on crutches, for in addition to the perennial weakness of the right leg he had recently been involved in a motor collision, Duncan walked at the head of a column of about forty people representative of all South African races except the Chinese. This is his description of the occasion:

> As we marched, we sang. The inhabitants of the location knew very well why we were there, and they wanted to see the fun, so they followed us in an excited crowd. I walked and walked, and no one was arrested. I began to think that there was no intention to arrest us. So I thought that we ought to make our presence felt. I stopped the column, with no preconceived plan, and asked for chairs. A bench was brought. One or two of us stood up and made short speeches. I spoke in Sotho and called for equality and non-violence. I said that what had to be done must be done in a spirit of peace and love.

Shortly after this Duncan and the others were arrested. After two nights in the cells at Germiston Police Station they were brought before a magistrate and charged. Duncan and the other Europeans and Manilal Gandhi were charged under a proclamation made only a few days before, which created a special offence of 'breaking any law by way of protest'. Instead of the

small fine for entering a native location, they faced a maximum penalty of three years' imprisonment and £300 fines, and lashes. They decided to plead not guilty and fight the case on technical grounds. Duncan now admits that this was an error of judgement, that the true and effective path of non-violence leads to the admission of guilt and the acceptance of punishment. Anyhow, they were all punished. Duncan was sentenced to a hundred days with hard labour or a £100 fine. He worked for fourteen days, and then paid the fine. His leg was painful, and the gastric ulcer, which later involved an operation, was starting to be troublesome. What was important was that he should show that he was prepared to undergo the indignity of having his head cropped, and being herded into an overcrowded cell with common criminals. This spirit of submissiveness earned its own reward: a considerable crowd gathered outside the prison on the day he was due to be released, and the authorities were obliged to go to great lengths to secrete his departure. The strength of non-violence is twofold: it raises the morale of friends and confounds the confidence of opponents.

Shortly after his release the African National Congress and its white ally, the Congress of Democrats, embarked on a new campaign. They decided to draw up a Freedom Charter to set out the rights which each and every race should enjoy. As many as would go were summoned to a Conference to approve the Charter. Duncan politely declined to attend. To him this form of opposition had none of the Gandhian technique; it was reminiscent of communist tactics, and indeed several of the instigators were communists. Duncan's only regret that he did not participate is that he thus lost the privilege of being one of the 156 men and women who were rounded up in December 1956. From that date and until spring 1961, first in a gymnasium in Johannesburg and later in a converted synagogue at Pretoria, the government tried to prove that those engaged in approving the Freedom Charter were committing treason. The

defence in this marathon trial had the quality of both legal ingenuity and moral resistance. Duncan would have liked to play a part in the latter.

In 1954 the Liberal Party changed its policy to come out in favour of full adult suffrage for the Africans. Duncan felt able to join on this basis, and since then he has given his time and energy without stint to build up the party and put across its policy. 'I believe', he says, 'that the Liberal Party is moving, slowly but surely, in the direction of being a large party, representing all South Africans at all levels of leadership. I believe that it can become such a party, in the very near future. But if it cannot, then inevitably such a party will arise, perhaps with African initiative.' Soon after he joined, the party asked him to become its national organizer. In this capacity he travelled around the country for fourteen months, covering 42,000 miles. The experience fortified his determination, even though the result, in terms of converts, was disappointing. On the one hand most whites were unwilling to discard their prejudices, on the other the blacks were often suspicious of white men who appeared to espouse their cause. But Duncan found some comfort in the discovery of the beauty of the South African landscape. He saw in this land of massive proportions, of infinite variations of flora and fauna, of immense untapped mineral and vegetable wealth, something worth sacrifice.

In December 1956, the month in which the treason trial began, Duncan was again to go to prison. On this occasion it happened because the Liberal Party sent him to bring friendly greetings to the African National Congress, which was holding its Annual Conference in Queenstown. The meeting was held in the reservation, Europeans being tacitly allowed to cross temporarily on legitimate business. But to the government Duncan's business was undesirable, as well as strictly unlawful. When he returned to his hotel for lunch, he was served with a summons. In due course he was taken before the police Com-

manding Officer, who sent the escort out of the room. When they were alone the senior officer showed Duncan a dried flower which he had kept. 'I stood on guard over your father's body in St Alban's Cathedral, Pretoria,' he said. 'I took this flower and have kept it ever since. Duncan, *what* is going to happen to our country?' Despite their mutual sympathy, neither was in a position to make the other's job easier. Duncan insisted on staying in the cells until the case came up for hearing on the following Monday, and the police officer could only lock him up till the weekend was over. On the Monday morning he was released when his £5 fine was paid, unbeknown to him, by the thousand or so pennies collected from the Africans at the Conference which he was forbidden to attend.

Released from prison Duncan returned to the Conference, which had been transferred to another hall. He received a tumultuous ovation. And when he had addressed the meeting in Sotho, they burst into renewed applause, shouting and jiving.

Duncan returned to his farm, to continue his work for the Liberal Party. Two years later in 1958 saw the foundation of *Contact*, the fortnightly paper which Duncan edits. It supports the Liberal policy, but is not tied to the party. It is addressed equally to those of all races, English, Africaans, Bantu, Asian, and coloured. And its effect is not limited to South Africa, but spreads abroad.

Because practically every other channel of inter-racial communication is closed, the printed word has a special importance in the South African context. White men are not allowed into black locations, and broadcasting is strictly controlled by the Nationalist government. The printed word is something of a novelty to Africans; for that reason, too, it is significant. Despite government attempts at censorship, particularly effective during the State of Emergency proclaimed after the Sharpeville riots, the anti-*apartheid* press increases in circulation and influence. Although the government do their best to hamper

publication by making the publication of certain types of information a criminal offence, they have not yet made the expression of social and religious opinions illegal. And so, adapting themselves to each turn of the screw, papers like *Contact* manage to get their message across the colour bar. Another paper, *Drum*, owned by Duncan's friend from Winchester school-days, Jim Bailey, has achieved a 500,000 circulation among Africans. It is more responsible, Duncan believes, than any other single factor for the rapid evolution of Africans in the Union.

It was over the contents of an article in *Contact* that Duncan next found himself in prison. He had written a critical account of the activities of the Communist Party in South Africa. One might have thought that the Nationalists would have welcomed Duncan's opposition to communist tactics; instead they begrudged him his sources of information. Under one of the special anti-*apartheid* laws he was hailed before a magistrate and ordered to divulge the names and addresses of his informants. Duncan refused. Under that law the magistrate had the power to keep him in prison for a period of eight days. After that period of imprisonment the law required Duncan to be brought again before the magistrate to answer questions; and his conscience required him to refuse. So it went on for three weeks until, with the protests of the world's press and their professional organizations gathering, the government eventually bowed before the storm. Once again Duncan returned to his home, stronger in determination and with stronger support.

In the meantime the government were preparing a sterner test. Relying on the special legislation passed to establish the State of Emergency, they charged Duncan with publishing subversive material in *Contact* during the emergency. While he was sitting in the Roeland Street Prison in Cape Town, squatting on a blanket on the cell floor, refusing to answer questions about his sources of information, he started to prepare his

defence against the major charge. It was to be that the law under which he was indicted was contrary to natural justice, and therefore invalid. Whether the government will regret their choice of battlefield still remains to be seen. The courts of South Africa are still free, and are one of the few places where whites and blacks can meet under the same roof. In standing his ground and preparing to fight in the court-room, Duncan faced what was perhaps the supreme test in his career. He knew that he could not convince the Judges, however much he swayed the jury of world opinion; the Judges have to enforce the law as it is enacted, even though the Parliament which legislated represents only one-fifth of the population of South Africa. Duncan was convicted and sentenced to a fine of £350, or 350 days in prison. His statement to the court, denying the legal basis of Dr Verwoerd's government, has since been provocatively republished in *Contact*. On 22 March 1961, he was served with another forbidding him from attending or addressing any meeting for five years.

When Duncan first started on the campaign of non-violent resistance to forcible segregation, he actually wanted to go to prison. He courted arrest. This was before he knew what the inside of a South African prison was like. Even in this, the lowest state to which humanity is condemned, the colour bar is strictly maintained. The European hard-labour prisoners work separately from the black hard-labour prisoners, who are still expected to carry for the white men, to carry hard black stones in sacks for them to break. There is no prospect of the special conditions which traditionally are given to political prisoners. Nor is there the likelihood of the inspiring company which has diverted and fortified so many non-conformists who have gone to prison in the past. Maxim Gorki wrote that 'prison was my university', and so it was for the Russian revolutionaries and the Indian nationalists. Duncan, in prison, finds himself segregated from the leaders of the African organizations.

Duncan no longer looks forward to imprisonment. He knows too well the agony. He knows, too, that non-violent resistance is not so easy as the words sound. In a free society it is not difficult to make the decision to buy no more South African sherry or fruit. No sanctions are involved; alternatives can be obtained from elsewhere. In Johannesburg each act of protest brings real danger and real loss to the African. He cannot even count on the law to protect him. An African who has refused to show his pass may find himself compulsorily taken to a penal farm on the supposed excuse that he is being spared a prison sentence awarded by a court. And from that farm the African may never reappear, flogged or starved to death, at a remote place unknown and inaccessible to his family. It is true that the Nationalist government cannot treat Europeans in the same way, but that is precisely what makes the task of the white non-violent resisters harder. And the government know it. Those who stand out against segregation cannot embark upon a course which brings unequal dangers to the two races. They are continuously obliged to show in practice their belief in equality; it would be a poor example to go home on bail, for example, when an African is herded into a filthy cell. So a man in Duncan's position not only has to accept all the rigours of the law, he has to go beyond what the law strictly requires, in order to run the risks and endure the sufferings which fall on the Africans.

The first stage in the mastery of non-violence is renunciation. Duncan has given up his background of established wealth and comfort. He has abandoned his career in the British Colonial Service. The next stage is detachment: he has torn himself away from the farm near which he loved to spend his life driving enormous distances over the veldt and karoo. He has been separated by prison walls from his wife and four children. The third stage is self-control: when he could endure no more than fourteen days during his first hard-labour sentence, Duncan

said: 'One ought to get into training for these things.' He has been in training ever since.

The last stage is faith. Duncan's faith is a simple one. He believes that he is his brother's keeper, for Shem, Ham, and Japhet were all brothers.

OLGA IVINSKAYA

OLGA VSEVOLODOVNA IVINSKAYA was the friend and literary collaborator of the late Boris Pasternak. She held his Power of Attorney when alive, and after his death became his literary executor. How much more she meant to him the reader of Pasternak's works can judge for himself. Pasternak has identified her as the inspiration of the character of Lara, whose love for Dr Zhivago thawed out his Siberian retreat. When Zhivago wrote of Lara,

> *She was as near and dear to him*
> *In every feature*
> *As the shores are close to the sea*
> *In every breaker*

Pasternak was almost certainly expressing his own feelings for Olga Ivinskaya.

So far as is known they first met in 1945. Pasternak was already a writer, poet, and translator of distinction. Olga Ivinskaya was also a writer and translator, but less well known. She was employed at the time in the State Literary Publishing House. The circumstances in which they met were coincidental. Pasternak took in a manuscript to be published; Olga accepted it on behalf of her employers. And this was the beginning of a friendship which soon ripened into deep affection.

At that time Olga had recently lost her second husband. His name was Vinogradov, and he was the father of her son, Dimitri. He was killed during the war fighting on the western front. The marriage had been a brief one. Olga's first husband had died in 1941. He was a high official of the Communist Party, by the

name of Emilianov. In circumstances which are not known he committed suicide by hanging himself in Moscow in 1941. He left Olga with a daughter, Irina, who was born in May 1938.

During the years 1945 to 1948 Boris Pasternak saw a good deal of Olga and her two children. Then in 1948 she was arrested and taken to the Lubianka Prison. For days and nights on end, she says, she was interrogated. The campaign against 'cosmopolitans' started by Zhdanov was then at its height. Pasternak has since explained that the purpose of arresting Olga was to bring pressure on him. The style and contents of his work did not match up to the requirements of 'socialist realism'. Efforts to persuade him to toe the party line in literature had failed. That he was not himself arrested was due in part to his literary distinction and in part to his enjoying the personal respect of Stalin.

The purpose of interrogating Olga was to induce her to make a confession which would incriminate Pasternak. Presumably it was thought that if some document implicating him in a conspiracy were shown to him, Pasternak would be terrified into submission. If that was the plan, it did not succeed. She re-refused to agree to any of the suggestions made to her that Pasternak was a British spy. And when this line of questioning was abandoned, and it was suggested that Pasternak was an 'agent' working for the Zionists, she continued with her stubborn refusal to implicate him in any way. The interrogation lasted on and off for a whole year. When it became plain that she would not give way, she was sent off to Siberia. And there for four years, until 1953, she worked in a labour gang in a women's camp somewhere in the remote north.

When Stalin died in 1953, Olga, together with many of her fellow prisoners, was released. The man who had interrogated her, Abakumov, Beria's Chief Assistant, was himself arrested and subsequently executed, convicted of having used 'illegal methods of persuasion and coercion of prisoners under interrogation'. Some attempt was made to rehabilitate Olga. She was found a flat in Moscow, and given back her old job in the State Literary Publishing House.

Throughout the time that she had been in the Lubianka Prison and in the Siberian camp Pasternak had cared for her two children. They lived with their grandmother, who herself had been released from a camp only a few years previously, in 1945. But Pasternak used to visit them every day; he arranged for their holidays; he paid for their food and clothing.

Pasternak's close literary collaboration with Olga dates from her return to Moscow in 1953. They used to see each other almost every day. With her help he translated into Russian Goethe's *Faust*, Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, and Calderón's *Prince Valliant*. The translations won great acclaim. When they were reprinted, she was entirely in charge of the new editions. Boris Pasternak was meanwhile at work on something else. He was writing the book which was to be called after its hero, *Dr Zhivago*. He had been working on drafts of this story ever since 1918, when some of his first descriptions of the journey to Siberia were published in a magazine. From time to time other parts appeared in print. But they were disjointed, and there was no connecting link. When Pasternak met Olga he found in her the personification of Lara – the thread with which to sew the parts together.

When the book was completed in 1956 relations between Russia and the West were comparatively cordial. Russian writers enjoyed greater freedom than at any time since the Revolution. Even though passages in *Dr Zhivago* were strongly critical of facets of Soviet policy, Pasternak seriously hoped that it would be accepted for publication. He submitted it to the editorial board of *Novy Mir*, the leading literary periodical, which had printed a number of his previous works.

At about the same time Pasternak sent a copy of the manuscript to an Italian publisher, Feltrinelli. Since this action of

his ultimately led to the circumstances in which Olga was imprisoned for a second time, it is important to find out what prompted him to send a copy of the manuscript abroad. It was not because he feared that he would be prevented from publishing it in Russia. Quite the contrary. He expected it to be published, and he was endeavouring to protect himself against the risk of pirate editions in the West. Since the Soviet Union is not a party to the International Copyright Convention, western publishers are in fact free to translate and reprint the texts of Russian books without obtaining the author's permission. Pasternak realized that an unscrupulous western publisher might bring out an edition in which the criticisms of Soviet policy were high-lit by cutting out the connecting thread of narrative. In order to prevent this from happening, he sent the full text to an Italian publisher who was a member of the Communist Party, instructing him to print the book in its entirety.

In due course, much to Pasternak's disappointment, the editors of *Novy Mir* refused to publish the book in its original form. He was asked to rewrite it omitting the critical passages. When he refused to do this, Olga, who was an employee of the State Publishing House, was sent for. She was asked to use her influence on him; and when she demurred, she was once more threatened with return to Siberia. This had no more effect on her than had Abakumov's interrogation. She refused to be party to the coercion of her great friend. And he refused to be party to an attempt to persuade Feltrinelli not to print the book in Italian, by declining to sign a letter telling Feltrinelli that he wanted the manuscript back to polish up the text before publication.

A leading Soviet writer was then sent to Feltrinelli to explain to him that he would be damaging the reputation of the Communist Party if he went ahead with Pasternak's instruction to print. This attempt also failed. When it came to deciding, Feltrinelli preferred to leave the Communist Party rather than

suppress a book which he believed to be a literary masterpiece. A similar attempt to prevent publication of the book in English also failed.

Pasternak must have realized that the publication of the book abroad contrary to the party's wishes would create difficulties for him in Russia. But he was too modest a man to imagine either that he would be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, or that he would become the target for the concentrated attack of the entire Soviet press.

Pasternak refused the offer of the Nobel Prize. His intention had never been to attack his own country from abroad. He had wanted only to draw attention at home to the state of affairs which had existed under Stalin, hoping that this would lead to an improvement under Khrushchev. When he became aware of the resentment which his book had caused inside Russia, he went to great pains to allay it. With Olga's help he completed an explanatory letter to Khrushchev. He asked for an audience of the Central Committeee of the Communist Party, and Olga sat beside him as he waited for two hours before being admitted.

One passage in Pasternak's letter to Khrushchev indicates his deep emotional turmoil. There had been the suggestion that the Central Committee would expel him from Russia, a fate which would deprive him of Olga's company, since she would, he believed, certainly be kept behind as a hostage. 'Departure from the frontiers of my country', he wrote, 'would be the same as condemning me to die, that is why I beg you not to take this extreme measure against me.' In the event, he was not expelled, but restrictions were placed on him which made life very hard. He was expelled from the Soviet Writers' Union, and by this step deprived of the royalties which the Union collects from the publishing houses and distributes to the writers.

It is necessary to stress the point that Pasternak was cut off

from his Russian royalties in order to explain the sequence of events which followed. Sales of *Dr Zhivago* in the West, together with reprints of his earlier works, brought in foreign royalties estimated at £500,000. In the ordinary way, Pasternak, who was extremely modest in his style of living, would never have touched this vast sum. As it was, he decided that the great bulk of it should be used to support indigent writers. Before his death he sent instructions to his foreign literary agent to pay different amounts of money to various writers who had sent him begging letters. The only part of his foreign royalties that he decided to use for himself was 100,000 dollars, and this he intended to make the capital of a trust fund for the support of his own wife, and for Olga's two children.

The instruction to withdraw 100,000 dollars is contained in a letter dated 6 December 1959 signed by Pasternak and addressed to an Italian who had acted as an intermediary with Feltrinelli. It reads: 'I, the undersigned, hereby authorize Mr Sergio d'Angelo to draw one hundred thousand dollars from my royalties for purposes and uses of which he will inform and explain to two other persons enjoying my confidence.' The letter, which was carried by a friend, did not reach D'Angelo until March 1960. By this time Pasternak was already very ill.

Throughout the month of May 1960 Pasternak lay dying in his wooden house at Peredelkino, near Moscow. Every day he dictated a letter to Olga, who was living at the time in a house nearby. On Sunday, 29 May, he sent for her, but the message was not delivered. He died alone except for the nurse at 11.30 p.m. on Monday, 30 May. Before his body was taken away from the house for the funeral Olga was allowed to come and sit in the room for a few minutes. The scene which followed was an exact replica of that at the end of Chapter 15 of *Dr Zhivago*, when Lara was allowed to come and bid farewell to the body of Yuri Zhivago, alone in the bedroom. 'Good-bye,

my big one,' said Lara, 'my dear one, my own, my pride. Good-bye, my quick deep river, how I loved your day-long plashing, how I loved bathing in your cold, deep waters.'

Although the news of Pasternak's death was scarcely referred to in the Soviet Press, beyond a small entry on the back page of literary papers, a crowd of fifteen hundred people followed his coffin to the burial-ground. From that moment onwards Olga's safety was at stake. Pasternak had foreseen the danger. During the period after the publication of *Dr Zhivago* Olga had taken the risk of incurring official displeasure in order to give her dying friend the happiness of meeting visitors from the West. His own house was watched by the police; at first he believed that her flat in Moscow was not. And so, at his request, she had arranged meetings there for him to renew contacts with the Western writers, who now came in increasing numbers to express their admiration. Before long he realized that she, too, was being watched. He wrote a letter to a friend abroad: 'If, God forbid, they should arrest Olga, I will send you a telegram saying that someone has caught scarlet fever. In that event all tocsins should ring, just as would have been done in my own case, for an attack on her is in fact a blow at me. . . .'

Explaining what happened to the 100,000 dollars for which Pasternak sent, D'Angelo says: 'Between March 1960 and Pasternak's death at the end of May I made a number of transfers. I know that he received them because I have his signed receipts. After his death I sent in more money, which was delivered to Olga' (*Sunday Telegraph*, 7 May 1961).* Exactly who handed the money to her, when, and in what form is not clear. Pasternak's original instructions to D'Angelo left the latter

* This appears to tally with an earlier statement given out by Feltrinelli, who confirmed that there were instructions from Pasternak himself to transfer 'the sum converted into roubles . . . without distinction, either to himself or to Mme Ivinskaya' (*Avanti*, 28 January 1961).

in no doubt that he was authorized to arrange payment to her. She was his literary agent in Russia, she held his Power of Attorney, and she probably never questioned her right to receive the money. In another document he named her as his literary executor. And it seems highly probable that he also named her as his principal beneficiary in his will. This last point cannot be verified until the terms of the will have been made public. And it is one of the most significant features of the case subsequently brought against Olga that the prosecuting authorities have not disclosed the terms of the will. The significance is that she has been accused, not only of currency offences, but also of misappropriating her benefactor's money. But this is to anticipate a later development.

When Pasternak died, the marriage date of Olga's daughter Irina had already been fixed. Because of his death, it was postponed until 20 August. Irina was at the time twenty-two years old, and she had become engaged to a young Frenchman called Georges Nivat, a fellow student at the Gorky Literary Institute. Pasternak had met him and liked him, and was delighted at the prospect of the marriage. The first sign of the blow that was to fall on Olga was the refusal to renew Nivat's permit to reside in Russia, which expired ten days before the wedding. Nivat wrote a personal letter to Khrushchev seeking a short extension, but this was refused. He was obliged to leave Russia on 10 August. On the 18th Olga was arrested.

On the 19th, which by the Orthodox Calendar is the Day of the Transfiguration, a crowd of silent people gathered round Pasternak's newly-dug grave at Peredelkino, and covered it with flowers. Two weeks later Irina was taken into custody.

When the news of Olga's arrest reached friends in the West, 'all the tocsins' were not rung. On the contrary, they tried to avoid embarrassing the Soviet government publicly. Several leading figures in literature and science, including Graham Greene and Bertrand Russell, were asked to write personal

letters to Khrushchev. These produced no apparent result. On 12 December 1960,* Olga was tried in Moscow, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment under Article 15 of the Soviet Code of Offences against the State; Irina received a sentence of three years for complicity in her mother's offence. The exact wording of the indictment has not been seen, but it appears that the substance of the charge was one of importing illegally into Russia sums totalling 800,000 roubles.

The circumstances in which news of the trial became public are curious. No reference whatever appeared to it in the Soviet press at the time, nor since. But a month later, in January 1961, the Moscow correspondent of the *Daily Herald* was given some information about Olga. The source of the information, an official of the State Publishing House, was obviously someone who should have known what had happened to her, since she used to work there. This is what he said: 'We have broken off all connexion with Ivinskaya. Our managing director is very angry with her. In 1959 she delivered 15,000 lines of rhymed verse earning her about 150,000 roubles. . . . No one person can earn so much money in one year. It is probable that legal action will be taken against her' (*Daily Herald*, 17 January 1961). Explaining the matter, the official said that it was believed that Olga had employed students to translate Persian poetry on sub-contract, and had then passed the translations off as her own.

When this information appeared in a London newspaper, friends who had heard privately that Olga had been arrested in August in connexion with an alleged currency offence released their version to the British press. Then, on the evening of 21 January a long commentary on the 'Ivinskaya trial' of 12 December was broadcast in English over Moscow Radio by Yuri Ivanov. What is interesting is that neither then, nor later,

* According to unconfirmed reports, the trial took place on 7 December, and the sentence was confirmed on 12 December.

has the Soviet government, or the Ministry of Justice, made any official statement. The only information which has come from Soviet quarters has consisted of expressions of opinion by highly-placed personalities. Since there has been little variation in the story – only in the epithets – it is best to quote from the first of these commentaries, that by Yuri Ivanov.

> Big sums of Soviet money began flowing in to Olga Ivinskaya not through the post or telegraph, that is not through legitimate channels; quite the contrary. Packets of money were handed over to her in some hotel, at her country home, or even gateway, by some western correspondent who had brought this money in unlawfully across the border, or by some foreign post-graduate student who received Soviet money through diplomatic channels from some Western Embassy in Moscow. . . .
>
> Olga Ivinskaya began accepting money from anyone who brought it, and not only money but nylon coats and other commodities bought with the royalties from foreign sources. Much buying and selling was done. . . . And Ivinskaya's daughter, Irina Yemilianova, a student at the Gorky Literary Institute in Moscow, was drawn into these activities. Her mother involved her in all her contraband dealings.
>
> The incoming sums kept mounting. Last August, for instance, after the writer's death, certain foreign tourists brought half a million Soviet roubles to Olga Ivinskaya's country home. . . . All in all, Olga Ivinskaya received more than 800,000 roubles.
>
> She kept her meetings with these envoys from abroad a deep secret. She was even sent four halves of foreign banknotes and, as she testified at the questioning, she had been instructed to match the halves brought by the visitors as a password for those who were to meet her secretly in Moscow.
>
> Olga Ivinskaya did all these things in the name of the late Boris Pasternak, claiming to be his benefactress. The writer's anti-patriotic act had been denounced by the Soviet public. But these dark criminal dealings went on behind the writer's back during his lifetime as well. Even then this benefactress managed to deceive her patron and diverted a large part of his royalties into her own pocket.
>
> Here's another point worth mentioning: the late writer has legal heirs, a wife and children. Yet those who sent the money to Olga Ivinskaya, and she herself, did their utmost to prevent the family of the deceased from finding out about their embezzling these funds.

This broadcast commenatry was, of course, widely quoted in the Western press, but no mention of it, nor any other reference to Olga's trial or imprisonment, has ever appeared in the Soviet newspapers. The reaction in the West must have surprised the Soviet authorities, both in its incredulity at the charge and in its amazement at the length of the sentence. During the weeks which followed, Soviet spokesmen travelling abroad were evidently briefed to be in a position to back up the Moscow Radio version. When Mr Alexei Adjubei, Khruschev's son-in-law and editor of *Izvestia*, arrived in London in February, he brought with him some photostatic copies of documents which he evidently hoped that the British press would reproduce.

The most important of these was a short statement, evidently signed by Olga, addressed to the Investigation Department of the K.G.B., the Security Police. It is dated 4 November 1960. It reads:

> Everything in my dossier is completely true. I have nothing to dispute (except possibly some details on which I myself may have been confused owing to my state of nerves). On the contrary, I wish to thank the Investigator for his tactful and correct attitude not only to me, but to my papers, which were carefully sorted: some were returned to me, some handed over to the literary archive, and nothing that I wished to preserve has been destroyed.

Mr Adjubei, no doubt, hoped that western newspaper

readers would accept this document as evidence of Olga's guilt. Unfortunately for him, it seems to have had the reverse effect, and, what is more, it has served to reveal the motives which prompted the Soviet authorities to arrest her in the first place.

But before going into these motives, it is necessary to make one observation about Soviet judicial procedure. It is common practice for the K.G.B. to make an investigation before handing over a case to the Procurator's Department. This investigation takes the form of an oral examination, which is transcribed, read over, signed by the accused, and then added to any other documentary evidence collected by the police. The statement produced by Adjubei in London is, except for its all-important last sentence, the common-form admission by the accused that his answers have been correctly transcribed, and that the documents included in the file are genuine. It is not an admission of guilt. If it had been, it would have been worded very differently. And it is inferentially absolutely clear that Olga has never admitted guilt because, if she had, the Soviet authorities would have published, not this preliminary statement, but her actual plea at the trial. Another pointer that this is so comes from the circumstances of the trial. Can it be doubted that, if she had pleaded guilty, western newspaper correspondents and diplomats in Moscow would have been notified in advance so as to be able to attend the trial? As it was, the trial took place, no doubt, as is claimed, in public, but without a single outside observer present, and without any report of what actually transpired ever having been published.

Returning now to the last sentence of Olga's written statement, it is clear from this that both she and the Investigator placed some importance on recording what had happened to her papers. Why? Because she was literary executor to Pasternak, and because her papers included his unpublished works. The most interesting of these was certainly the uncompleted

trilogy of plays upon which Pasternak was working at the time of his death. It is believed that he regarded these as the culmination of his life's work. Their subject-matter, significantly, was the emancipation of the Russian serfs, and it is probable that Pasternak hoped to publish them as a commemoration of the centenary of the emancipation, which took place in 1861. At the time of his death, he had finished in draft two of the three plays, and he almost certainly left behind a sketch of the plot of the third. The title of the trilogy is variously quoted as *The Blind Beauty*, or *The One-Eyed Beauty*.

Reading the documentary evidence published on the one side by Adjubei, and on the other by Feltrinelli and D'Angelo (the go-between), one finds little dispute over the underlying facts, only over the question of whether Olga ever committed a currency offence. Suggestions have been raised that the incriminating roubles (of which Adjubei produced photographs) were 'planted' on Olga. It does not seem that any such action was necessary to enable the K.G.B. to secure the evidence which they required. In circumstances which no doubt will one day be explained, it appears that the police obtained copies of most, if not all, the letters which Pasternak sent to his foreign agent and publisher. And the police also, through their sources, knew *when* the 100,000 dollars (withdrawn by Pasternak before his death) reached the Soviet Union, by whom they were brought, and in what form. In the West the police in possession of such information would intervene to prevent the commission of an offence, or at least to catch the offender red-handed. In the Soviet Union the police employ other methods; they accumulate evidence in order to use it when required to serve the interests of the State, often at a much later date.

If there is speculation about the motives which prompted the arrest of Olga, the Soviet authorities have only themselves to blame. Even now, full publication of the transcript of the trial would settle most of the bogeys. But for some reason, there is

extreme reluctance to reveal anything about the court proceedings. Not even the names of the lawyers who defended Olga and Irina have been released. And one can only suppose that the reason for withholding this information is the fear that western correspondents might try to question the lawyers about what happened at the trial. Indeed, it would be extremely interesting to ask defending counsel what reduction in sentence he thinks the court made in consideration of the fact that Olga had previously spent five years in admittedly wrongful imprisonment. Or is it possible that this point was never brought out in the speech in mitigation? Again, one would like to know why a twenty-two-year-old girl, without previous convictions, who had been unlawfully deprived of her mother's care during the formative years of her adolescence, and was fatherless, should have been sent to prison for three years for a first offence? Or were these points not mentioned? Or did the court refuse to take into consideration the wrongful imprisonment between 1948 and 1953?

Olga had already given offence to the authorities, while Pasternak was alive, by lending her flat for his meetings with foreign writers. This was not strictly speaking a crime; Pasternak had never in so many words been forbidden to receive foreign visitors; and they had only been 'advised' not to see him. But neither Pasternak nor Olga was under any doubt that there was strong objection to these interviews, many of which were subsequently reported in the western press in a light unfavourable to the Soviet regime. After Pasternak's death, Olga not only lost the protection which his reputation afforded her, she became even more exposed to the danger which Pasternak had foreseen. Her flat in Moscow became almost a place of pilgrimage for western writers engaged on writing memoirs and critical appreciations of Pasternak's work. And, of course, there were publishers anxious to persuade her to hand over the manuscript of the unfinished trilogy of plays.

So far as can be inferred from the material available, the real reason for Olga's arrest in August 1960 was that the authorities wanted her to agree to the destruction or, at any rate, the substantial amendment of the text of the first two plays of *The Blind Beauty*. No one can be certain what propositions were put to her, but the inference that pressure was being applied comes from the sequence of dates. The first turn of the screw was the refusal to renew Nivat's permit of residence; the second, when he was compelled to leave the country before he could marry Irina; the third, when Olga was arrested; and the fourth, when Irina was taken into custody a fortnight later. There is then an interval until 4 November, the date on the statement signed by Olga, in all probability the day on which the K.G.B. concluded their investigation and handed over the case to the Procurator.

Between the beginning of September and the beginning of November one can only infer what happened to Olga from the scanty published evidence available. It would seem that, as she had done during Abakumov's interrogation in 1948, she remained completely loyal to Pasternak, rejecting every suggestion that she should comply in an act of destruction or amendment. In the end, she must have realized that her refusal to cooperate would involve her own imprisonment for a long period of years, and also, which must have been a harder blow, that of her daughter. However, she was evidently prepared to pay that price in order to preserve Pasternak's last manuscripts intact. And this, it seems, she was able to do; for the statement records that some of the papers were 'handed over to the literary archive, and nothing which I wished to preserve has been destroyed'.

Two other comments, then the story, for the time being, is ended. The first is that there is a hopeful significance in the fact that the sentence has not been reported in the Soviet Press, nor any government statement made in reaction to the many suggestions from the West that the charge was 'trumped-up',

and the sentence wholly out of proportion to the offence. By maintaining silence officially, leaving commentators to speak in their individual capacity, the Soviet government has left itself room to release Olga without having to make embarrassing explanations to the Russian public. The second comment is linked with the first. It has been announced since Olga's imprisonment became known that a Commission has been set up to produce a revised and definitive edition of Pasternak's works. The inference can be drawn that, if Olga would agree to cooperate with the Commission, or at least undertake not to denounce them for tampering with the text of *Dr Zhivago* and of *The Blind Beauty*, she would be immediately released from prison.

One day the full facts of this story will become known, just as it is inevitable that the unexpurgated text of his last plays will be published. While we wait for this day, we can only hope that the Soviet government will ponder on the amount of damage to their reputation which would have been avoided if they had originally allowed *Dr Zhivago* to be published in Russian. This damage will increase so long as the author's best friend remains in prison, and her loyalty to his memory is represented as 'a currency offence'.

LUIS TARUC

SOMEWHERE in the Philippines in a military gaol Luis Taruc is serving four sentences of life imprisonment. They were ordered to run concurrently. He has been ir prison since 1954, and although a number of appeals for his release have been made, he is, it seems, unlikely to be freed for a good many years. Although his name is not widely known in the West, it is one of significance in Asia. And to the people of central Luzon, the principal island of the Philippines, it is the name of the most remarkable man in their recent history.

Opinions will differ about Taruc's wisdom as a political leader. There can be few who will condone the excesses which took place in the areas of which he was so long the *de facto* ruler. But the man who denies him idealism and courage must be poor in charity. Of all the guerrilla leaders who emerged during the upside-down years of the 1940s there can be few who have approached him for sheer determination and brilliant opportunism. And none can equal his record of having held out against all comers – Japanese, American, and Philippine – in an area not much more than fifty miles square for thirteen years.

Luis Taruc describes himself as 'born of the people',* and this is too the name of the book which he wrote in 1949 'from a small *nipa* hut somewhere on the slope of a mountain above the central plain of the island of Luzon'. Writing with his notebook balanced on his knee, awaiting the alarm from a sentry lower down the slope, ready to move his headquarters

* This book is the principal source of the facts in this essay, though not of the opinions expressed.

from one peak to the next, he set down in writing the motives that made him a guerrilla fighter. He held out for another five years before betrayal led to his final capture. During that time his occasional forays into the plains brought his forces close to the capital of Manila. When this happened the world's papers would again report briefly the long war to suppress the Huks. Then, his immediate objective achieved, he would retire again into the sierra, and for another year the world would hear no more.

In 1948, when, during a brief truce of two months, Taruc took his seat in the Philippines Congress, he declared himself to be a communist. Since his imprisonment he is reported to be no longer a communist in the sense of owning any allegiance to the Communist Party in the Philippines or elsewhere. He has returned to the Catholic Church and received Communion. Yet his basic outlook probably remains much as it was when as a young man he first emerged as a peasant leader. In his early twenties he told his beliefs to a communist stalwart: 'We must realize that God is within ourselves, and that when we act to provide our own welfare and to stop injustice we are doing the work of God.' During his thirties he found himself allied to the communists, and in a sense the foremost communist in the Philippines. During his forties, holding out in the mountains, he began to have doubts about Communist Party techniques.

The Philippine government, in refusing to accord him an amnesty, is no doubt less concerned with his past views than with his continuing reputation. Taruc is one of those men of magnetic personality who command instinctive loyalty. In his own province of Pampanga he once had something of the status of a demi-god. During the elections which were held in April 1946, just before the Philippines achieved independence, his home constituency elected him to Congress with 39,000 votes against 1,000 for his opponent. He was twice imprisoned

during 1945, and on each occasion released after thirty or forty thousand of his neighbours had come marching to fetch him home. After the Americans handed over to an independent government in the Philippines, first President Roxas and later President Quirino negotiated with him; each offered to let him take up his elected seat in Congress, and a say in the government's policy. Altogether on four separate occasions since the Japanese Army was driven out of the Philippines, Taruc has been given the opportinity of joining the forces of established order. If he has, after parleying, rejected each set of terms, it is certainly not from motives of personal ambition. With less political honesty a man of his personality and reputation could have won for himself the highest positions in government. It is to his credit that he says that he prefers to stay in prison until the last man under his command is released from confinement.

Luis Taruc was born in Pampanga province, Luzon, in 1913. His father was a share-cropper. Like the greater part of the peasantry he had no land of his own. His land and the hut where he lived was owned by a landlord, who combined land-owning with money-lending. His father was, like the majority of his 'share-cropping' neighbours, permanently in debt. He was allowed to keep only thirty per cent of the produce of his plot. He had no money to pay for his children's education, yet, self-taught himself, he was desperately anxious for them to have schooling. Luis earned the small sums necessary to pay for his elementary education by going down to the railway station and earning tips as a porter. One of his early memories is of chalking his name on the side of railway carriages and of waiting for them to come back weeks later. Those who noticed 'Luis Taruc' scrawled up on the outside of railway trucks had no idea that, twenty years later, it would be the name on every Filipino's lips.

From elementary school Luis Taruc went off to provincial high school. Again he had to earn his living and the fees; he

worked as a railway porter, and then picked up the skill of tailoring at his brother's workshop. Even so, he was permanently on the edge of starvation. He recalls that he had only three centavos in the world when he came out of the examination at the end of his second year. He had not eaten that day; he celebrated the end of the exam by spending his three coins on buying a bucket of sugar water and two bananas. The effect on an empty stomach was so devastating that he landed up in hospital. He awoke to find a package of oranges behind him, sent by the wealthy merchant's daughter who was later to become his second wife.

It was the attitude of the girl's father which sent him on the road to university. The father would let him marry only if he came back with a degree and a job. He went off to the National University at Manila to study law; in his pocket was a letter of introduction to the Secretary for the Interior. This letter produced another to the Chief Water Engineer, who passed him to the District Engineer, who sent him to the Works Foreman. He ended up with a job digging sewers. He worked at this all day, standing most of the time deep in water, and attended night courses. After the end of a year the constant dampness of the work threatened one leg with paralysis. Another approach to the Minister got him out of the ditches into the toolshop. And so his studies continued for a second year, until there was a change of Secretary. This meant that all the senior officials lost their jobs, and that the ditch-diggers and storekeepers lost their jobs too. Disheartened, unable to find other employment, he was obliged to give up his studies. He returned to his home province, set up in tailoring on his own, reconciled himself to the impossibility of marrying the girl he loved, and found himself another wife.

It was while in Manila that he had his first taste of politics. He went along to watch a large demonstration of hunger-marchers parade outside the Presidential Palace. The official

reassurances delivered from the balcony failed to satisfy him, and he ended the day having dinner with an American communist, who was also in the crowd. Yet he was at the time no communist. He says that he did not then even know what the word 'imperialist' meant, although he was twenty years old and had been a university student for two years. All his political thinking was directed towards trying to find some way towards alleviating the plight of landless peasants like his own family. When he returned home, he used every opportunity to discuss the situation. For, back in the countryside, with rice and sugar prices affected by the world slump, conditions were even harder than during his own childhood. Among the people he met was a man called Lope de la Rosa. He was a member of the Philippine Communist Party, which had then been outlawed. He had taken to the hills with some of his followers; and with him had gone their one copy of Marx's *Capital*. As they were not sufficiently literate to read it, they had buried the volume in the ground. It was to Lope de la Rosa that Taruc told his belief that God required the people of Pampanga to start to help themselves. 'We cannot sit back and wait for God to feed the hungry children.' But it was not to the Communist Party that Taruc lent his energy. He joined the Socialist Party, which had been founded by an elderly lawyer, called Pedro Abad Santos, in 1930. When Taruc became a member in 1936, the party already had considerable influence in the *barrios* (the villages where the share-croppers lived), but it was completely lacking in organization.

Pedro Abad Santos recognized an organizer when he saw one; so did the other members. At the first Annual Conference which he attended he was elected General Secretary. From then begins the story of the amazing growth of the League of Poor Labourers, which Taruc started in conjunction with the Socialist Party. Within two years it had groups in all the *barrios* of Pampanga province, and its influence was spilling over into the

neighbouring provinces. Taruc's methods are shown by his description of the way in which he organized the stone quarrymen's strike in Arayat. When the owners, aided by the police, tried to bring a train laden with stone out of the quarry, he led 200 men to lie down on the tracks. 150 got up as the locomotive slowly approached; Taruc and the other fifty remained in their place. The employers' project was abandoned. The police then tried to arrest those who had obstructed the train. Taruc persuaded all the 500 men in the quarry to be arrested at the same time. When they arrived at the nearest town the authorities announced that they had no accommodation for more than 163. In the end it was agreed that they should all go to the provincial capital, San Fernando. Taruc took it upon himself to arrange the transport. He got hold of fifty cards, and, spaced fifty metres apart, they formed a two-kilometre procession which went singing all through the province.

In 1938 the League of Poor Labourers, which was essentially a Pampanga organization, merged with the National Peasants Union. In the same year the Socialist Party, which again had its main strength in Pampanga, agreed to unite with the Communist Party, which once more had been authorized to operate within the law. This was the year in which Popular Fronts were being established all over Europe; it was the year in which the International Brigades were fighting in Spain, and when the British and French governments were seeking permission to send military missions to discuss an alliance with the Soviet Union. In other parts of the world the combined party was rarely called the Communist Party, but in the Philippines the word communism meant very little. The peasants were not concerned with higher economics or political theories. They would have been quite satisfied with a fifty-fifty share-cropping arrangement; and that was the principal plank in the combined party's programme.

In the year 1940 the combined Communist Party entered

into a wider union which was known as the Democratic Alliance. In that year the new Alliance won most of the important mayoralties in municipal elections in Pampanga province. Taruc did not stand for office; he was editing the Alliance's newspaper in Manila. And he was busy rallying all those elements in the Philippines which were prepared to take a stand against Japanese aggression.

The Philippine Islands had been claimed for Spain by Magellan, who paid the penalty of being killed by the inhabitants. The islands were finally reduced by a Spanish expedition sailing from the Pacific coast of Mexico. For the succeeding three centuries the islands, called after Philip II of Spain, were shaken by a series of uprisings. In these the tough peasants of Pampagna had played an important role. The last and greatest uprising occurred in 1896, following the execution of a Philippine doctor who had been lured back from exile by the false pretences of the Spanish Viceroy. The death of the patriot Rizal touched off a rebellion at the same period as the United States were fighting Spain in Cuba. The Philippine rebels naturally looked to the United States for support. They received more than they had bargained for. President McKinley decided that it would be best if the United States took over permanent responsibility for the government of the Philippines. Examining his own conscience the President wrote:

> . . . we could not leave them to themselves – they were unfit for self-government – and they would have anarchy and misrule worse than Spain's war; there was nothing left for us to do but to take them all.

Spain was given 20 million dollars, and the United States inherited a patriotic insurrection, which continued for three more years.

Although Catholic by religion and partly European by culture, the Philippine Islanders are proud of their own linguistic

and cultural heritage and of their own distinctive traditions. The offer made repeatedly by Japan to give the islanders their independence inevitably attracted support. Just as the peasants largely looked to their newly fledged political organization for economic improvement, so some of the middle classes looked to Japan. American commercial interests were dominant in the Philippines; the newly emerging middle classes hoped to displace them to their own and to the islands' advantage. Japanese propaganda steadily increased after the outbreak of the war in Europe. There were influential elements in the Philippines which hoped to take advantage of America's predicament by securing Japanese support.

Taruc never faltered for one moment in opposition to the Japanese. All through the fateful year 1941 he was taking part in meetings and demonstrations encouraging the administration to take a stand against penetration by pro-Japanese elements. In the latter part of the year he had the foresight to prepare against a surprise attack such as that of Pearl Harbour. He had already sent a circular to his own supporters advising them to take to the hills in groups of twelve in the event of invasion.

The gallant withdrawal of the American and Philippine Forces towards the peninsula province of Bataan, and the final heroic stand on the island of Corregidor, make a separate chapter. While this epic was being fought out on the west side of Manila Bay, Taruc and his supporters were already in the swamps and mountains fifty miles to the north of the enemy-held capital.

The guerrillas' first military action was on 13 March 1942. Some of their number had gone into the town of Mandili to procure supplies and had not returned. Hearing that they had been arrested by police serving the new pro-Japanese regime, a larger force descended into the town, seized the gaol, and released their friends. While they were still in occupation of

the town a Japanese unit arrived. The soldiers found themselves outnumbered by the guerrillas, and they retreated leaving behind thirty to forty dead.

On 29 March 1942, in a clearing of the great forest which stands on the border of Pampanga province, the Hukbalahac were born. During the previous days guerrilla detachments from all over central Luzon had arrived in the clearing. The Japanese were as yet unfamiliar with the terrain; for a whole week several thousand peasants bivouacked, undisturbed. They had precious few arms between them; what they had, they pooled. They decided to call themselves the People's Anti-Japanese Army, which when abbreviated and expressed in the local language is Huk-ba-la-hac or, more simply, just Huk. They elected a Military Committee, drew up a code of discipline, divided themselves into proper units, and chose officers. Taruc was elected as Chairman of the Military Committee; from then on he was the Supreme Commander of the Hukbalahac. Under his inspiration they drew up a guide for new recruits which was called *The Fundamental Spirit of the Huks*. Quotation from some of its provisions will show how in a short space of time the Huk Army won the confidence of the civilian population.

> Clean the houses provided by the people. . . . Speak in a friendly tone. . . . Buy and sell things fairly. . . . Return the things we borrow. . . . Pay for the things we destroy. . . . Do not do, even refuse to do, things which may harm the people. . . . Help the people in ploughing, transplanting, harvesting, or in cutting wood whenever it does not hinder the actions of the Army.

The Army was divided into squadrons of a hundred men, which in turn were sub-divided into platoons and squads. Each squadron had five officers, of whom one was called 'political instructor'; the model was taken from Mao-tse-Tung's famous Chinese Red Army. The purpose was to make

each squadron a self-supporting unit. At this time the political instruction consisted of instilling into the men the principles of *The Fundamental Spirit*; it was only some years later that it became an instrument of disseminating communist ideas. The recruits came from many areas and all classes, though the greatest number were Pampanga 'share-croppers'. From Manila numbers of Chinese, mostly employed as clerks, found their way into the hills to join the Huks. They opted to form their own Chinese squadron, known as 'Wa Chi', and it was perhaps the most successful of all. In 1943 Taruc sent this squadron on the perilous mission of crossing from central to southern Luzon, marching at night along the spine of the mountains which join the two parts of the island. The march took thirty-six days; it is an epic of guerrilla history. The men brought no food with them; they had to rely on whatever they found growing on the wild slopes. They fought the Japanese, eluded pursuit, and withstood hunger. It was the rainy season, and they could find no shelter on the bare mountains. Most of them fell sick; three died. Once they passed through a forest filled with large leeches; they had to run for two hours to get out. Emerging from the mountains they found a large dam guarded by Japanese soldiers. Half-crazed with lack of food they decided to attack in the hope of securing stores. With their patrols disguised as Japanese they fell on the guards and had their first meal in weeks.

Had the communications between central and southern Luzon been easier, the story of the Huks might have been different. The Huk forces in the south of the island cooperated with other guerrilla units, some American-led, some commanded by right-wing Philippines. They acted more or less in unison, and when the American Army returned in strength in 1944, at least one Huk detachment was embodied whole into an American Division, the 32nd. After liberation the local Huk commander was appointed Governor of one of the southern

provinces. But in the central part of the island the situation was very different. At first Taruc's relations with the Americans had been friendly. The officer whom General MacArthur had left behind to organize guerrilla action was a man who had been in the Philippines for some time and understood the temperament and the situation. Unfortunately Major Thorpe, within a few months, was betrayed by a man in his own guerrilla group, and his headquarters were surrounded by the Japanese; he was executed shortly afterwards. Other American officers, sent by submarine, knew much less about Taruc, and were often only too ready to listen to stories against him. And of tales there were many. For the strength of his Pampanga connexion was also his weakness. So great was his following among the 'share-croppers' that he was throughout the World-War period the virtual ruler of central Luzon. He set up councils in each town and village which operated a great deal more effectively than, and just as ruthlessly as, the pro-Japanese municipal authorities. He made himself a good number of opponents among the middle classes, who objected to the methods of forced levy used to finance the Huk Army. Before long the opponents had taken to the hills themselves and gone off to further parts of the island, where they could resist the Japanese in their own fashion. It was perhaps natural that American officers would be more inclined to accept the version of facts given by educated people who were opposed to communism than from scarcely literate peasants who appeared to be communists.

As the tide of the war changed, and it seemed that before much longer the American forces would make a landing, bitterness and bloodshed in the Philippines increased. The Japanese turned to desperate measures against the Huks; during the early period they had often treated them with leniency in the hope of securing their allegiance to the pro-Japanese government of José P. Laurel. Now they showed no mercy. They burned whole villages, shot whole families when

they found the trace of any looted Japanese goods in their home, and killed all prisoners. Frustrated by the Huk policy of ordering the peasants to withhold supplies of rice, they entered on to the paddy fields in military strength, harvested as much as they needed for the Army, and destroyed the rest. Taruc, faced with this offensive, driven by Japanese units up into the highest mountains which were beyond reach of their tanks and armoured vehicles, but still harried by bombardment from the air, tightened up his own measures. He authorized ruthless methods to suppress informers. There is no doubt that at this time the Huks meted out the toughest of rough justice. Taruc himself in his book admits as much: 'It is true that errors were made and innocent people died.' His story of the way in which a pro-Japanese policeman was executed makes particularly gruesome reading; he was tied up inside a house to which the relatives of the men he had allegedly done to death were admitted in turn. At the end he was dead. How many people were killed during this phase of the campaign no one will know. But it is a fact that much the same sort of thing happened in France and Italy, and in other European countries where the Resistance fighters were meeting the last desperate measures of the Nazis.

When the American Army landed on Luzon Island, the Commander of the 6th Army had to face the fact that the whole of the centre of the island was held by a rival army, the Huks. While the Americans advanced from the coast, the Huks had liberated the inland towns. At first there was an uneasy truce between the two armies. The Huks sent some of their squadrons to join the American advance on Manila, and they shared in the street-fighting. The Chief of Staff of the 6th Army, Brigadier General B. G. Decker, said of them at the time: 'The Huks are one of the finest fighting units that I have ever come across.' And at that time there were 10,000 of them in the field, with two reserve forces of 10,000 each. For it was

their method to stand each man down after a few months' service so that he could return to support his family. The Huk Army was thus organized with two Reserve Corps and had a total strength of 30,000; this from among a population of 500,000 was a formidable force. And the Americans, together with President Osmena who had returned from exile in the wake of the invading forces, were not unnaturally apprehensive. They convened Taruc and his senior officers to a conference. They told him frankly that they did not like the idea of civilians with guns. And he replied that, until there was an end to the war, his men were entitled to keep their guns. The Americans decided to show strength; they refused to let Taruc return to his forces. On 22 February, which Taruc ironically notes was George Washington's birthday, they put him in prison. Within two weeks a body of more than 30,000 peasants had marched into the provincial capital of Pampanga to demand his release. The Americans gave way and released him. Taruc then miscalculated: he thought that he had sufficient strength to set up his own provincial government. Within three weeks the American Army, prompted by the Philippine central government, sent a strong force into Pampanga to arrest Taruc and the whole of his Military Committee.

His position as a prisoner was to say the least equivocal. In the south of the island Huk detachments were still assisting the Americans to winkle out isolated Japanese posts. Other Huk squadrons were volunteering to join the Americans in their final assault on Japan. In Europe, communist '*maquisards*' and 'partisans' were being invited to take part in the administration of the countries which they had helped to liberate. Tito was recognized as the legitimate ruler of Yugoslavia. Roosevelt and Churchill were the guests of Stalin at Yalta. It was a bold decision to imprison the Supreme Commander of the Huks; but, as an American officer explained to him: 'The State Department is not in charge of the Philippines; the Army is.'

More exactly, General Douglas MacArthur ruled the Philippines. It was scarcely surprising that Taruc came out of prison with the thought of removing American influence from the islands uppermost in his head.

While he was squatting behind the barbed wire of a concentration camp, forced into the same pen as the very pro-Japanese collaborators against whom he had been fighting, elections were announced for the following April. And the United States declared that the Philippines would be given formal independence on 4 July 1946. Released from confinement, Taruc found that the Huks had agreed to join with all the other left-wing elements in the different islands in another Democratic Alliance. The two principal presidential candidates were the sitting President Osmena, a Nationalist, and Roxas, whose war record was to say the least doubtful and who led the Liberal Party. Taruc and the Democratic Alliance decided not to put up their own candidate, but to throw all their support behind Osmena. Roxas, they believed, was too much in the hands of American economic interests. It proved an unwise choice. Roxas was a skilful politician; he outbid the Nationalists in his nationalism, and the Huks with an offer to give the 'share-croppers' seventy per cent of the crop. Only in central Luzon did the Osmena party make a good showing; and there Taruc and his supporters swept the board. So complete was their victory that Roxas persuaded Congress to refuse to seat them until there had been an inquiry into alleged voting intimidation.

On top of this setback Taruc suffered another. He had finally, after his first wife's death, married the girl who had sent him the oranges. Now his second wife died. She had been his constant companion in danger. It may well be that deprived of her advice Taruc fell more directly under the influence of the professional communists in his entourage. Certainly he had been sharply criticized by them for his part in the election

campaign; they thought that his policy was too moderate and his personal role too modest. In May 1946, two months before the Philippines were to become independent, the former commanders of the Huks gathered once more in the hills. Taruc agreed that they should once again set up their military headquarters. The President, Roxas, came forward with the suggestion of negotiations. He offered to withdraw the objections to the Huk Congressmen taking their seats. In a meeting with Taruc he as good as offered him a job in the government. But there was an insurmountable stumbling block: the Huks insisted on being allowed to keep their arms. Reading the history of the negotiations between Taruc and Roxas, it is hard to escape the impression that the old-guard communists were influencing Taruc to insist on what they knew would be an unacceptable condition. They hoped that, once the Philippines had obtained independence, they would be able to take over the government by direct action. Taruc allowed himself to be convinced that the Roxas administration were plotting to assassinate him. Certainly a leading communist, Feleo, was killed at this time in very strange circumstances. Taruc angrily broke off negotiations, withdrew from Manila, and raised his flag in the hills.

Roxas promised to restore order within sixty days of independence. The communists on their side hoped that the other provinces and islands would rally behind the Huks. In the event virtually the only support that they got came from Taruc's own peasant supporters in Pampanga. But these were so numerous and determined that the government, even with the aid of the most modern weapons supplied by the American Army, were unable to make any headway into their mountain strongholds. They got to the point of surrounding almost the entire Huk force on Mount Arayat, but the latter, adopting their guerrilla technique, melted into the landscape and slipped through the attackers' lines.

Two years after the elections, and twenty months after independence, President Roxas had a stroke and died. His Vice-President, Quirino, was determined to try to negotiate. He offered the Huks a truce, which he shortly afterwards turned into an amnesty. Taruc came down from the mountains to take his seat in Congress; the flash-cameras recorded the historic occasion. For the first time in seven years there was a truce to bitterness. But again peace was not to last long. It seems that once more some of the members of the Huk Central Committee were dissatisfied. They convinced Taruc that it would be foolhardy to agree to surrender their arms. They reported stories to him from the countryside where it was said that individual Huks were being arrested. After two months the 'intelligence department' came to him with another story that he was going to be kidnapped and killed; his brother-in-law was at the time mauled by hooded gunmen. Again he broke off negotiations with the President and retired into the hills. And the fighting which broke out at the end of August 1948 continued for another six years.

It would be tedious to chronicle the events of that period. Even to the last Taruc's personality maintained its hold on many of the peasants in Pampanga and the other provinces of central Luzon. But he came more and more under the influence of communists outside the Philippines. While the war was going on in Korea, his military stand in Luzon immobilized the Philippine Army, and threatened the American bases with the danger of sudden attack. In the strategy of the Cold War he was a not unimportant factor. Later in prison, betrayed and captured, Taruc was to see that his long military stand was not necessarily in the best interests of the Pampanga peasants. Yet he remains convinced that the series of governments which succeeded Roxas and Quirino have betrayed the peasants too.

Luis Taruc can be called a hero or a traitor; he can be treated as a criminal or as a political resister. Those who wish

to can still claim him as a communist; others, impressed by his return to the sacraments, can count him as a 'convert'. But several things he is not: neither collaborator nor coward, neither petty nor ambitious, neither arrogant nor cringing. He belongs to that generation of young men who grew to manhood during the Great Depression; he comes from a class which experienced gruelling poverty in a country which yearned for its independence.

Is Taruc really such a dangerous revolutionary that he must serve four concurrent sentences of life imprisonment for many years to come? Can he not be amnestied on condition that he lives abroad? There cannot be many American statesmen who, in their time, have not used words like his: 'When we act to provide for our own welfare and to stop injustice we are doing the work of God.' President McKinley said as much when the U.S.A. annexed the Philippines.

CONSTANTIN NOICA

THE governments of communist countries claim that they permit freedom of religion, and base this claim on the fact that the churches are open and that some priests are allowed to travel freely abroad. On the other side, extreme anti-communists will dismiss any suggestion of freedom of religion behind the Iron Curtain so long as prelates such as Archbishop Beran of Prague and Cardinal Mindszenty remain more or less prisoners. Where does the truth lie? In an endeavour to find out, it is worth while following what happened to one man, a layman, who tried to practise his religion.

Constantin Noica, the philosopher, about whom this chapter is written, is a member of the Eastern Orthodox Church, to which the great majority of Rumanians belong. But, as will emerge, his philosophical studies led him to adopt a personal approach to religion; and his reputation as a teacher of philosophy involved him in explaining his ideas to his friends and pupils. In order to appreciate his position and that of the Rumanian authorities, it is useful to consider what his philosophic views were.

Noica is often quoted as the author of the aphorism: 'I know nothing, precisely nothing.' He takes nothing for granted. He wishes to examine every postulate. Just as he refuses to teach the Marxist interpretation of history or the Marxist critique of philosophy because the government says that they are right, so he is equally unsure of his own theories. His friends testify to his simple humility. He does not put forward his ideas as if they were gospels of truth, but as possible explanations of observed phenomena. For perhaps above every other quality Noica possesses that of the 'inward eye'. He is a

philosopher in the sense that Wordsworth wrote philosophic poetry. He looks, he watches, he records in his mind, he stores away recollections. Then in long periods of thought he sorts out his recollections into a carefully arranged library. And when his great store of observation is divided into subject matter and titles, he is able to take down, as it were, from the shelves of his memory, a complete file. For instance, he might wish to refer to the reactions felt by a person who had recently lost his mother. While most of us would have to scour our memory for the names of friends who had recently suffered such a bereavement, and then try to recall how they had behaved afterwards, Noica would have his observations of this behaviour-pattern filed for ready reference. Noica makes no claim that his theories are necessarily correct. All he says is that they fit in with the sum of his carefully stored observations.

Noica's views, like those of most philosophers, have developed. During the war he started re-reading the New Testament. Then, soon afterwards, he set himself the task of reading and pondering a part of the Bible each day. From this time onwards he became increasingly concerned to relate his own tentative conclusions with what he regarded as the revealed truth. By his reading of the Gospels, and his observation of their effect on other people in different countries and ages, he came to observe that truth is not only inferred: sometimes it is revealed. And this is perhaps the most important of his philosophical theories: the inference that there is a quality in man through which the truth can be directly revealed. His studies on Hegel bear the sub-title 'An Exposé of the Phenomenology of the Spirit'. To Noica the spirit of man is a phenomenon capable of accurate observation.

Noica's reputation outside Rumania as a philosopher depends on the twelve books which he published before the war. Some of these were translated into French and were highly praised by such eminent men as Professor Dupront of Paris and Martin

Heidegger, the leading Existentialist. The first significant point in this examination of the way Noica has fared under a communist government is, that not one of the six books which he has written since the war has been allowed to be published. A clue to their contents is given by the titles: *The Significance of Greek Philosophy; An Introduction to Systematic Philosophy; Essays in Systematic Philosophy; Anti-Goethe; Stories of Hegel;* and *The Metaphysical Cycle.* Those who have read the manuscripts say that they are pure works of philosophy, which bring out Noica's own development of ideas in the form of a commentary on the classical philosophical schools.

Some light on the reason why none of these books has been published in Rumania is shed by an incident in the summer of 1958. Noica had then just completed his *Stories of Hegel.* This was a critical examination of Hegelian philosophy in popular form, and, as such, might have proved a useful text-book. He was encouraged by some of his academic colleagues to arrange for its publication. So he went to see a former friend of his who is now a Minister in the government, a man called Mihail Ralea. The Minister asked to see the manuscript. Some little time later he sent for Noica, handed him back the manuscript, telling him that it could be published subject to one deletion. The authorities insisted that the chapter on liberty be omitted. Noica pointed out that, if consideration of this aspect of Hegel's views were omitted, the book as a comprehensive study of Hegelian thought would be valueless. But the Minister refused to accept the book in its entirety, and Noica refused anything less.

Noica returned to the small town of Campulung to which some years previously he had been exiled. Deprived of the opportunity to contribute to intellectual life in the capital, Noica was obliged to earn his living by acting as a schoolboys' 'crammer'. He coached them in languages and mathematics. Somehow he scraped together enough money to live. His needs

were frugal. Even so his friends and admirers felt that something should be done to give him a little more money. So they used to encourage him to give readings from philosophical works, often from his own unpublished books. And when a few of them had spent the evening listening to and learning from him, they would leave some money behind as a sign of their appreciation. Gradually these readings became a weekly occurrence, and friends would even come out from Bucharest to sit at the feet of the leading philosopher of their country and of their generation.

Then, early in 1959 news leaked out of Rumania that Noica had been arrested and tried by a court sitting in secret. Apparently the authorities decided that the weekly readings which Noica gave during his exile represented a threat which could no longer be tolerated. He was charged with 'conspiring against the security of the State' and of 'spreading propaganda hostile to the regime'. And many of those who attended the weekly readings were tried at the same time. Noica was sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment, and the others to terms varying from seven to fifteen years.

We have seen the sort of views for which Noica is now serving his twenty-five-year sentence. What kind of man was he? He was born in 1910, the son of a land-owning family, and went to school in Bucharest, together with the sons of other land-owners and merchants. His school record was one of outstanding brilliance. At the end of it he was offered a scholarship at the Sorbonne in Paris by the Bucharest Institut Français. He spent much of the time from then until the outbreak of the war in Paris. In 1933, he married an English girl. During his visits to Rumania he contributed articles to a variety of papers and reviews of different political complexions. But his time was principally devoted to writing the twelve books which had been completed and published by the time he was thirty-four years old.

During the war, in Rumania, the dictator, General Antonescu, offered him the appointment of Rumanian Ambassador in Madrid. He declined; he was unwilling to serve under a dictatorship. Nevertheless, he found himself in the Army. On account of his knowledge of English, he was sent as an interpreter to the prisoner-of-war camp at Timish. There his gentle kindness was much appreciated by the British and American prisoners. At the end of the war when the camp was liberated by the advancing Russian armies, some of the British and American officers offered him a seat on the plane which was evacuating them to the West. He refused and chose to return to Rumania.

Early in the days of the new regime, in which many of his student friends were prominent, he was offered a professorship at the University. He declined, and the reason he gave offers an interesting clue to his character. Before the war he had been one of two candidates for the vacant Chair of Logic at Bucharest University. His rival started to use family influence, whereupon Noica's father, who was a man of some position, wanted to pull some longer strings on behalf of his son. Noica absolutely refused to allow his father to canvass – a practice common enough in pre-war Rumania; as a result his rival was appointed. After the war it was suggested to him that he should be appointed without the usual university election. He refused a second time. If he were to be a professor, he insisted on being appointed on his merits by those qualified to judge.

Noica was always closely attached to his family. He had an elder brother, who had died young, and a sister who was one year older than himself. In 1946, this sister contracted leukemia and suddenly died. For the first time since he had been a child, he wept. His health began to deteriorate from this time. His friends noticed such a change in him that they began to be worried. He had previously been a keen sportsman. He played football at school, and enjoyed nothing so much as to watch a

game. He was a good tennis player. His wife was particularly fond of mountaineering and ski-ing; to her surprise and pleasure he took to both sports with surprising agility. But from 1946 onwards he gradually had to abandon his sporting life. And later he contracted an infection of the kidney, after which he has been generally a rather sick man.

Noica continued to devote himself to writing. His books were not published, but occasionally an article was permitted to appear in a review. Gradually conditions for him became more difficult. It was difficult to earn money, and his movements were under regular surveillance. His unwillingness to teach in the University, accepting the syllabus laid down by the authorities, was taken to indicate political hostility. In fact, he played no part in politics. Throughout this period he devoted an increasing amount of his time to Bible-study and to developing his process of observation and explanation. Then in 1955 he was ordered to leave Bucharest and take up residence in the small town of Campulung. At this stage Noica reached one of those hard decisions which proves the character of a courageous, selfless man. He refused to allow his English wife, and the boy and girl of the marriage, to stay to share his exile. But the problem was how to get them out of Rumania.

It was and is forbidden for a Rumanian to leave his country without special permission. To the Rumanian government the wife of Noica was a Rumanian, and as such they would not allow her to return to her homeland. Noica took the bold and selfless step of divorcing her in the Rumanian courts, to enable her to revert to her maiden status and nationality. Even so the government were most unwilling to let her leave, and it was only after several years of wrangling that the British Legation finally obtained permission for a British subject to return to Britain. The parting from his wife and children was a tragic occasion; the boy and the girl were too young to understand why they were being deprived of a father both in law and in

fact. His wife's love for him remains undiminished after the long years of their separation.

Noica's last published book, *The Philosophic Diary*, contains the sentence: 'I dream of a school where nothing is taught.' He dreamed of a school where there were neither forms nor desks, teachers nor taught, but only long hours deep in the country, listening to good talk and good music, with freedom to speak one's innermost thoughts to people whose minds were open enough to understand. The communist press used to carry frequent jibes at Noica for this utopian dream. The irony of it is that the Rumanian government created just such a school, and put Noica in charge of it, by forcing him to live in exile in the country where his only company consisted of friends of like mind. The fame of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* was spread when he refused to accept the absolute supremacy of the State in matters of religion, preferring to lose his head on the scaffold. By sentencing Noica, in secret, to twenty-five years' imprisonment, the government of Rumania has given a similar advertisement to ideas that are officially condemned. One day in the future a school such as Noica dreamed of, something like his own weekly gathering of friends, may no longer be fantasy. If so, it may be because the man who wanted to publish a chapter on liberty was refused permission and, together with those who sat talking and listening to him, was sent to prison.

ANTONIO AMAT

'WHERE is the cemetery?' asked the irrespressible Figaro. 'Is it in the city, or outside?' This particular Figaro was not a barber. And the city he was asking about was not Seville, but Madrid. His real name was Larra, and he was perhaps the greatest Spanish journalist of all times, who, for reasons of censorship, used the pseudonym 'Figaro'. Since no one supplied him with the answer, he wrote it himself: 'It is inside the city. Madrid *is* a cemetery.'

Larra wrote these words in 1836. They were then opinion; a century later they were fact. In the Civil War, which broke out in 1936, there was no more bitter fighting than in Madrid. Not less than a hundred thousand people lie buried in the city, killed by bullets or bombardment.

'Every time I let myself think about Spain', wrote Larra, 'and reflect about her, there comes into my head that expression used by people who have not seen each other for a long time: "My friend, you haven't changed, you haven't changed in the least."' Twenty-five years after the outbreak of the Civil War the atmosphere in Madrid has not greatly changed. Larra wrote: 'To write in Madrid is to weep; it is to look for a path without being able to find one, like a suffocating and disastrous nightmare.' To Larra, Madrid was 'the cemetery of hope'.

A landmark to all those living in Madrid is the Carabanchel Prison. Here a great number of the opponents of General Franco's regime live; and here many have already died. At the present time, the official policy is to concentrate political prisoners in this jail before their trial, transferring them to provincial prisons to serve their sentence. Since the Political

Police rarely let a month go by without a round-up of opponents, the galleries of the prison are usually crowded.

Antonio Amat has been waiting inside the Carabanchel Prison since November 1958,* waiting for a trial which now seems unlikely to take place. It is true that three years is not by the prevailing standards of justice in Spain anything like a record delay. But there are a number of other features in Amat's case which take it out of the ordinary. When he was arrested, he was among over seventy men brought to the Carabanchel Prison from different parts of Spain during the first fortnight of that November. Like Amat himself, a lawyer, many of them were professional people, and some of them distinguished for their achievements and family background. They included Professor Raventos Carner of Barcelona, the grandson of a former Minister of Finance, and the son of a Director-General of the same Ministry. From the Basque provinces there were two well-known doctors: Vincente Urcola, the psychiatrist attached to the Fraternity of Basque Fishermen, and Martin Santos, the son of a Medical Corps general, who was Director of the Psychiatric Clinic bearing his father's name in San Sebastian. During the succeeding months all the seventy were gradually released on 'provisional liberty', as it is called, except Antonio Amat. Despite protests from public bodies and private individuals from all over the world, Amat remains captive.

In order to gain some idea of why Amat has been neither released on bail, nor tried, it is necessary to take a look at what sort of a man he is. Antonio Amat Maiz was born on 18 April 1919 in Vitoria, the capital of Alava, one of the four provinces which go to make up Euzkadi, the land of the Basques. His father was an artisan, proud of being Basque. He is now dead, but his mother still lives in Vitoria. And it was in this city that Antonio grew up and went to school.

* Amat was permitted to leave the Carabanchel Prison at the end of May 1961, to live in a flat under 'house arrest'. He stills awaits trial.

The Basques, famous fishermen and astute merchants, have the same relation to the other peoples of the country as do the Scots in Britain. They are a very proud, very independent, and, as any traveller will tell, very likeable people. Their language and national culture claim to be the oldest in Europe, to antedate the Indo-European migrations. They are also exceptionally devout Catholics, more so, perhaps, than any people in the world. Contrary to what might be expected, they did not fight on General Franco's side during the Civil War, but against him. For it was the Republic which granted the Basques autonomy, and the Caudillo who was fighting, among other things, for a unitary state, against autonomy.

Considering that General Franco and his supporters have always represented that they were defending the Catholic Church against her enemies, their behaviour in the Basque provinces is hard to understand. In the folds of the hills which run down to the Bay of Biscay there stood a small town of four thousand inhabitants call Guernica. It held a sacred place in Basque history and affection. There, grew the historic oak tree under which, from time immemorial, Basque leaders took the oath to obey their laws; and there stood the miraculous statue of Our Lady. General Franco was responsible for the order to the German Stuka dive-bombers which early in the Civil War erased the town from the map and engraved it in history. Later, when his forces had driven the Basque Army into the sea and the Basque government to retreat to Barcelona and then to France, he behaved to the Basque Church in exactly the way he complained that the 'Reds' did elsewhere. By his orders a long list of Basque priests were peremptorily shot. The names do not appear on the memorials which have been erected to commemorate the priests who died during the Civil War. Their names are as difficult for those who are not Basque to pronounce as it is for us to understand what possessed General Franco to countenance such savagery: Father Mendekuti shot at Ernani,

the Rev. Celestino Anaindia of Elgoibar, the Rev. José Penagarikano of Marquina-Etxeberria . . . and so on, fifteen in all.

It was in an atmosphere of sullen Basque resentment to their conquerors and oppressors that Amat reached manhood. His family like most others in Vitoria had suffered losses in the fighting. They were not of the Left politically, but they remained loyal to their national culture. During the Second World War, which followed so soon after the end of the Civil War, their sympathies were as closely with the Allies as General Franco's were with Hitler and Mussolini. In 1943 when the French *maquis* was being organized with the help of arms-drops from Britain, Amat, together with a score of young men from the Basque provinces, started off to cross the Pyrenees. Their aim was to join the Resistance fighters in south-west France. They were apprehended by Spanish frontier guards. Spain was at the time officially 'neutral'; the men who were fighting in the 'Blue Division' against Russia were all 'volunteers'. When Amat tried to join the *maquis*, he was arrested for 'illegally crossing the frontier', and the Prosecutor-General asked for a penalty of thirty years' imprisonment. That was the measure of the difference in 'neutral' Spain between volunteering to fight with Hitler, and against him. The court martial in fact sentenced him to six years' imprisonment. Shortly after Hitler's defeat, Amat was released on 'provisional liberty'.

It was in gaol that Amat received his first political education. Young and eager for experience, he had been unable to travel. In those days Spaniards had to get police permission to leave their town. In prison he met men from all over Spain, men with different backgrounds and training, men who for one reason or another had supported the former lawful government of Spain. They were of all shades of opinion, republicans and monarchists, liberals and socialists, anarchists and communists. They were mostly much older than Amat, and he listened avidly to what

they had to say about the Civil War. He heard about the insensate cruelty which disfigured the record of both sides, and the foreign intervention which had turned the country into a 'military-exercise ground'. He heard about the pusillanimity of the governments of Britain and France, made up for by the courage of a motley band of idealists who formed the International Brigade. And he heard about the casualties, nearly two million dead, and the suffering of homelessness and hunger.

While Amat was in prison in Spain, many millions of young men were in prisoner-of-war camps scattered throughout Europe. The Geneva Convention applied to them, their conditions were inspected by the International Red Cross. Amat and those who fought for the Republic in the Civil War were treated rather worse than the common criminals. During that period the sound of machine-gun fire in the prison courtyard was still a common experience, as men were dragged out to die. In this atmosphere it was almost inevitable that young Amat should find himself emotionally involved.

There were so many prisoners that it was impossible to segregate them. Even today in the great prison at Burgos the majority of prisoners sleep in dormitories with forty to fifty bunks in them. At least they have bunks now; up till 1959 they had to sleep on the floor.

Amat listened to all that was said, comparing one view with another. When he came out of prison he had decided that he was a socialist. The difference between his views and those of his family has never affected the closeness of relations. Among Basques the family is a very tightly knit unit, which is one reason why the Basques have maintained their identity and integrity for well over three thousand years. Amat now started studying law, working during the day to earn the fees for night school. In due course he was admitted as an *abogado*, a barrister. His studies were frequently interrupted by requirements to report to the police, where he would be kept hanging around

the police station for hours at a time. And on other occasions he would be locked in the cells for several days. No apology was given, but the explanation was well known. Whenever the authorities got wind of some occasion when there might be an opposition demonstration, they summoned all those who might be potentially involved, and kept them out of the way until the event was past. As recently as President Eisenhower's visit in January 1960, many thousands of people were imprisoned for three days. When Amat had passed his exams, he felt freer to devote some of his time to political activities. Once again he was to learn that in Spain more is required than good intentions. As with his attempt to join the Resistance, he was thwarted before he had really begun. In 1951 he was arrested.

During his first term of imprisonment Amat learned about the principles of politics, during his second term he learned their practice. In prison, in various gaols, and finally at Huesca, Amat met many men who were still serving sentences imposed for their part in the Civil War. But he also met those who had since been arrested for belonging to trade unions, associations, and clubs. Then as now in General Franco's Spain, all political associations except the Falange and its allies are illegal. Any meeting of more than three people may be declared an unlawful assembly. The only trade unions permitted are the so-called 'Vertical Syndicates', of which the officials are in fact government servants. And the press is subjected to licence, newsprint control, and censorship.

Under these conditions it was inevitable that the opposition, monarchist and republican, should seek clandestine methods of meeting. Amat used the four years of his second imprisonment to learn about these methods. And when, in 1955, he was once more released on 'provisional liberty', he was determined to do what he could to bring about a change in Spain to allow political views to be expressed openly. Although just as much a socialist as before, his primary concern was to secure a restora-

tion of political liberty. And he understood that this could not be brought about by one opposition group except in cooperation with all the others.

He was fortuitously assisted in his determination by a condition attached to his release. He was forbidden to reside in Vitoria. This induced him to decide to move to Madrid. And it was here in the capital that he had the opportunity to make contact with other opposition groups. What he did, whom he saw, and where he travelled cannot at present be revealed, for as conditions remain in Spain, publication of the story might serve only to bring about the arrest of the many friends he made.

Soon after he had taken up residence in Madrid in 1955 Amat was appointed to act as Secretary of the Spanish Socialist Party. By law, of course, there could be no such party, but the fact remains that, however often the Political Police arrest the Executive Committee, there are always others waiting who will step into their place. Amat's predecessor as Secretary, Tomás Centeno, was one of those who has died inside the Carabanchel Prison. The authorities informed his relatives at the time that he had committed suicide, hanging himself by means of his braces. As it happened, a doctor examined his body after death, and found on it, not the marks of strangulation, but those of torture. The doctor's report reached the relatives through underground channels. It showed that Centeno's foot had been crushed in a metal boot, of which the instep was screwed down ever more tightly when he failed to divulge the names of his colleagues.

From the time that Amat settled in Madrid there can be traced a distinct change in both the composition and the strength of the democratic opposition. How much this was due to circumstances, and how much to Amat's own contribution, will not be known until the full history of the period can be revealed. One of the most important developments has been the

growth of a middle-class student opposition at the universities and among young professional people. These young people are the sons and daughters of families prominent for their support of the present regime. For the most part they have come to reject their parents' ideas through having seen at close quarters the financial corruption which pervades the whole structure of government. Brought up to value truth and honesty, these students first revolted against dishonesty. They had no clear political views, for all political literature and discussion was prohibited. Their first public demonstration in February 1956 caught the government unawares. They assembled at the Puerta del Sol, the Piccadilly Circus of Madrid, and set light to copies of the government newspaper *Arriba*, which like the rest of the Spanish press is forced to exclude any mention of internal politics.

The Political Police reacted sharply: a number of the student leaders were arrested. The Rector of the University was obliged to resign. For a while the whole student body was in ferment. Amat's influence among the students gradually made itself felt. He advised them against futile demonstrations, telling them that the first thing that they must do was to get some political education. He told them that they must learn about industrial conditions, and he arranged for some of them to go up to the mining district of Asturias. He explained to them the importance of linking their opposition in Spain with those of the exiled groups abroad. He encouraged students to travel, to learn about democratic institutions in the West, to meet the men abroad who could tell them at first hand about the administrative and economic problems which had beset the Republican governments.

Amat acted as a bridge between the young intellectuals of the universities and the older intellectuals in exile. He also provided a link with the intellectuals who had initially supported General Franco but had become steadily disaffected as they

saw the temporary wartime censorship become a permanent feature of the regime. Typical of these was Dionysio Ridruejo, who in earlier days had been frequently quoted as proof that General Franco enjoyed some intellectual backing. Ridruejo's poems were regularly printed in the official press, and he had volunteered to fight in the 'Blue Division' which had gone to Russia. By 1956 Ridruejo and a number of men like him were looking for allies in their attempts to lift the clamp of the censorship. Amat came to know them, and soon gained their respect. It was evident to them that he did not represent the traditional Spanish proletarian, anti-clerical, anti-monarchist socialism, but stood very much in the position of a British or Scandinavian socialist. In the many discussions which took place among the groups opposed to the regime, Amat was able to secure general agreement on the basis of parliamentary government. Some of these talks involved the supporters of the Pretender to the throne, Don Juan. They found that Amat was, unlike the previous generations of socialists, willing to envisage a monarchy; all that he asked was that Don Juan should announce in advance that he was prepared to become a constitutional monarch and to guarantee free assembly and free elections.

However little time Amat had to practise in the courts during this period, he showed his legal skill by bridging the gaps between the traditionally hostile opposition groups. Perhaps his most important contribution was in allaying the mutual suspicion between Castilian and Catalan. Being a Basque himself, he understood the pride of the Catalans in their language and culture, and in the economic development of Barcelona and its hinterland. Living and working in Madrid, he could see for himself how under General Franco's pro-Castilian policy that city had become the indisputable commercial centre of Spain. The old relationship between Madrid and Barcelona, of twin and rival capitals, had become a thing of the past. In several

journeys to meet the opposition groups in Barcelona Amat won their confidence in a way in which few non-Catalans had ever done. Interpreting Catalan views in Madrid and Castilian views in Barcelona, he gradually achieved identity upon an agreed programme, which would permit Catalonia to enjoy the self-respect of autonomy without disrupting the cohesion of Spain's economic centralism.

Amat's freedom in Madrid was cut short in 1958. He was arrested together with sixty-nine others and taken before the examining magistrate who is detailed to take charge of the cases of political prisoners in the Carabanchel Prison. In due course a lengthy indictment was prepared against him, which includes another seven men among the seventy who were arrested. The others have been released; the seven are all on 'provisional liberty'; only Amat remains in prison. The indictment, as is customary in Spain, ends with a statement of the Prosecutor's demand for sentence. In Amat's case this is for six years' imprisonment, which by Spanish standards, where men are still sent to prison for thirty years for printing illegal literature, is comparatively moderate. It shows that the only real complaint that the authorities can find is that Amat spent much of his time talking, dining, and wining with leading opponents of the regime. The indictment can scarcely accuse him of being instrumental in forming a coalition of democratic opposition groups in Spain, because officially there is no such coalition, and no such groups are permitted to exist.

On a number of occasions the lawyers defending Amat have pressed the Examining Magistrate to bring the proceedings to trial. In the end the Judge has been obliged to admit that he has official instructions to keep the file on one side. In order to regularize the position Amat has had an order of 'preventive imprisonment' served on him, which entitles the authorities to detain him indefinitely.

During the period when it seemed that Amat was going to be

brought to trial, he was allowed to have contact with his lawyers. When the government decided not to hold a trial, they cancelled the lawyers' permission to visit the Carabanchel Prison. They little realized what would be the result of this last decision. On 12 April 1960 Amat together with more than fifty other political prisoners started a hunger strike. It was the first of its kind ever organized in the prison, and even in the censored atmosphere of Madrid news of it soon became general. The stories of the forced feeding of the prisoners by injections of glucose and vitamins, and of their transfer to solitary cells in the basement, created a wave of indignation. A special meeting of the Lawyers' College was convened, which resulted in the Dean being instructed to make a protest to the Ministry of Justice.

It could, of course, be that the Spanish government intends to sentence Amat to a long term of imprisonment without bothering about the formality of a trial. But in the light of the present international situation this is not the most probable explanation of his continued imprisonment. During recent years there has been growing international pressure on General Franco to make some concessions to his opponents. He has been told repeatedly and openly by trade unions all over the world that this repression of the right of association cannot continue. And, privately through the mouths of the Ambassadors of friendly and important countries, the Caudillo has been left in little doubt that his police and judicial methods are a source of some embarrassment. When the Spanish Foreign Minister went to London and other capital cities, he found his hotel picketed with people carrying placards demanding 'justice for Spanish prisoners', and those who carried the banners were by no means all Spaniards, or all communists. The International Commission against Concentration Camps has published one report about conditions inside Spanish prisons, and the International Commission of Jurists' 1961 report is sharply critical of the administration of justice in Spain.

If the Spanish government could find a way of bringing Amat to trial without too much trouble for themselves, they would probably bow to international opinion and do so. The letters and telegrams demanding a trial, sent by socialist parties and trade unions in almost every country of the world, cannot fail to have made their point. But there are two essential difficulties which have made the government hesitate. The first is that Antonio Amat, by the standards recognized in practically every country in the world, has committed no criminal offence at all. The second difficulty would be to exclude from the trial the names of some of the people whom Amat called on, and to prevent them saying what they thought of the present government. Added to these difficulties is the certainty that there would be present at any public trial a number of lawyers representing international bodies and trade union movements. To have a secret trial, which is not an unknown process in Spain, would not begin to appease public opinion abroad. And if that cannot be appeased, presumably the government reasons, it is better not to have a trial at all.

HU FENG

It is impossible to know even to the nearest million how many Chinese are today suffering imprisonment for their opinions. No figures are published. Occasional references appear in the press to a public trial where thousands of people have come together to call for the condemnation of the accused. These trials are part of the re-education system employed in China. But the enormous majority of trials are never reported. And a great many Chinese, because their background or outlook are considered hostile to the present regime, are exiled to remote interior villages without any judicial process. They are moved at short notice, sometimes with their family, sometimes without, as a part of the plan for the resettlement of uncultivated areas.

The few cases where enough is known about the accused to understand the charges are those where a prominent Communist Party member or supporter has been convicted of deviation from the 'party line'. The Chinese press has given wide publicity to the various changes in official policy which have accompanied the changing economic situation. For one short period after Mao-Tse-Tung's 'A thousand flowers' speech, when he admitted that there were several roads to socialism, a certain latitude was allowed to writers to develop their style and thought. But most of the changes have meant a tightening of the screw, following a key-note speech of the Party Chairman in which he has laid down the essential requirements as to form and content of literary works.

It is interesting to see how these various pronouncements of Mao-Tse-Tung have affected the career of one of China's

leading writers, Hu Feng. In case it should be felt that these quarrels inside the Communist Party, in which first one trend and then another is established, are little concern of the outside world, let it not be forgotten that imprisonment in matters of conscience is just as unpleasant wherever it happens. This is particularly the case when, as in China, the regime uses all the pressure of a controlled public opinion to coerce its outstanding thinkers to change their opinions.

'To be able to love one must be able to hate; and to be able to write one must be able to love.' These words are quoted with approval by Hu Feng in an article he once wrote headed 'It grew from a particle of heat and a particle of light'. They are a quotation from his master, the great Chinese writer Lu Hsun. They reflect Hu Feng's passionate nature, and illuminate the story of his life.

Lu Hsun, who died in 1936, was the most brilliant and provocative intellectual figure of his generation in China. He exercised a profound influence on his contemporaries and a magnetic effect on the young writers who gathered round him. Chief among these was Hu Feng, who was in many ways Lu Hsun's favourite. During his last year of life, when he was dying, Lu wrote six remarkable letters to Hu Feng, which summarize much of his philosophy. After his death Hu Feng was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral, a privilege reserved by Chinese custom for the most intimate friends. The master's mantle fell on the shoulders of the pupil, giving him a prestige which at that time his own writings did not justify. This prestige has been both his making and his undoing.

Hu Feng was a Marxist from an early age. He went to Pekin University in 1924. In the following year he joined the Communist Youth League. Like many of the Pekin students, he was full of enthusiasm for the new ideas from Europe which were beginning to penetrate Chinese universities. Russian communism was one of them, along with new attitudes to art,

literature, science, and religion from other parts of the western world. Hu Feng was in favour of most of them. In the same year as he joined the Young Communists he went back to his native province and started to publish a journal to spread the new ideas. Shortly after this he found himself compelled to abandon literary pursuits and to return to his native village. His family farm – for his family was well-off – was in the middle of the battle area, and his presence was needed. While at home, he started to do some work for the Kuomintang's local Propaganda Committee. The fact that he was able to serve Chiang-Kai-Shek at the same time as being a Young Communist is not so surprising as it sounds. There was a temporary truce in the fighting between Kuomintang and communists, and in any case his communism, like that in many underdeveloped countries, was principally a display of nationalism. He and other students with his views threw themselves into Kuomintang nationalistic propaganda work. The direction it took shows the way the students thought; they organized a campaign in Hu Feng's locality for 'the downfall of local bullies and bad gentry'. Hu Feng, a member of the landlord class, was an enthusiastic supporter.

Then in 1927 there came a purge in the Kuomintang. The students' groups became suspect, and their members had to flee for safety. Hu Feng took a trip to Japan. From there he made occasional visits to Shanghai and Nanking, contriving to earn a living by contributing to Chinese newspapers and magazines under a pen-name. In Japan he made contact again with the Communist Party, and joined a group of left-wing writers which called itself 'The Research Society of Art'. This was in 1930. Similar bodies had been formed in China, under various names, 'The Creative Society' and 'The Sun Society'. In that year all the Chinese societies came together in the Left-Wing Writers' Alliance, but Hu Feng was still for safety's sake in Japan. This did not prevent him from being arrested there

for a short time in 1933. When he was released he decided that he would be no worse off back in China, and he returned to Shanghai. During the next period, from 1933 to 1936, Hu Feng was able to correspond frequently with his master, Lu Hsun, and to see him occasionally. From his own point of view it was the time when he first started to make a name for himself. In the summer of 1935 he published a long article called 'One Hundred Questions on Literature'. Significantly, this article immediately attracted unfavourable criticism from some fellow Marxist writers, who published replies to his questions. They found his attitude to 'socialist realism unsatisfactory'.

In 1936 Lu Hsun died. In the same year the Kuomintang disbanded the Left-Wing Writers' Alliance. On 7 July 1937 the war with Japan broke out. During the next few years there was little opportunity for literature or politics; Hu Feng was engaged in keeping alive. The next occasion when he had a chance to emerge through the dust of war was after Pearl Harbour, when the British and Americans were sending aid to Chiang-Kai-Shek. Once more there was hope in China, and sufficient stability for books and periodicals to be published. In 1942 Hu Feng was writing in the Kuomintang capital, Chungking. In the same year another equally well known writer, a woman and a Marxist, was publishing articles in the communist capital of Yenan. Her name was Ting Ling. One of her articles with the gentle title of 'Wild Lily' caused a furore which was to produce results in the end disastrous both to herself and Hu Feng. In 1942 Ting Ling described the wayside chatter of two young girls in Yenan. One said to the other, talking about Party officials: 'They talk nicely. Class fraternal love and so forth! Hell! They seem to show you no sympathy at all. They are all smiles when you meet them. But these smiles are skin deep; they don't come from the heart. At the slightest provocation they stare at you and show you that they are high and mightys.' This type of reportage was well liked by some of

the young writers in Yenan. They were communists, but they realized that it would take some time and some change in human nature before communism worked perfectly. The more senior party officials took a different view. They assembled the Yenan Literature and Art Forum, which debated the issue for twenty-two days. The contribution of Party Chairman Mao-Tse-Tung was decisive. And it has set the seal on the official Chinese communist attitude to literature ever since. Ting Ling's attitude was condemned, and she was compelled to publish a self-criticism; in this, too, the pattern of the future is revealed, for she lays the blame at the door of the editor who instigated the article, dubbing him a 'Trotskyist'.

At that time neither Hu Feng nor Chiang-Kai-Shek nor Stalin either believed that there was much likelihood of Mao becoming ruler of all China. Hu Feng took stock of the Party Chairman's views. 'In fact you must try to go along with it, just as I have done . . .' he finally wrote to a friend. But living in Kuomintang China, there was less pressure upon him to conform exactly.

In the year in which the war came to an end, 1945, Hu Feng was able to fulfil a wish: to start again a literary magazine expressing his and Lu Hsun's viewpoint. The magazine had the symbolic title *Hope*. In the Chinese tradition a philosopher frequently expresses his views through the mouth of a disciple. As Hu Feng had been Lu Hsun's disciple, so he now had a favourite pupil of his own. It was to him, Shu Wu, that Hu Feng offered the opportunity of writing the key article in the first issue of *Hope*. Master wrote to pupil to give him some ideas about the attitude to be expressed. The ideas come partly from the Chinese 'Tolstoy', Lu Hsun, partly from the French philosopher, Bergson, and partly from the Japanese philosopher Kuriyagawa, under whom Hu Feng had studied during his years in Japan. 'There should be a chapter', he wrote to Shu Wu, 'on the exalted position of the mind, to bring out the

independent nature of ideas, to show the powerful force of ideas and the spirit of sacrifice. This should be the climax of the entire volume. It should serve as a death blow to the ideas of materialism of these rascals.' Shu Wu's article was a good deal more carefully phrased, and it made frequent use of quotation from the Marxist classics to prove that pure communism was a spiritual ideal.

The effect of Shu Wu's article was immediate. Bitter recrimination broke out in left-wing literary circles. Especially from Hong Kong, which at that time was a sort of oriental Paris for *avant-garde* Chinese intellectuals, came pointed attacks. Hu Feng tried from Chungking to answer back; the following issues of the magazine contained defences of the 'idealist' position by both Shu Whu and his master. But the opponents of 'idealism' (known in Chinese communist phraseology as 'subjectivism') were implacable. Hu Feng was soon to write to Shu Wu: 'The important thing now is that our periodical has been completely surrounded. . . . Eventually, we shall be overwhelmed. I really do not know what to do.'

What Hu Feng did was typical both of the man and of the Chinese tradition. For it is one of the fundamental precepts of the *Tao te Ching*, the original Taoist classic, *The Way of Perfection*, that there is a time for going forward, and a time for standing still. Hu Feng decided that the time had come, as he put it, 'to lie low'. He reached some compromise with those whom he called 'the Mandarins', the leading figures in the party's propaganda department. He agreed at the beginning of 1946 to write editorial matter for a provincial newspaper, thus putting his more conventional talents at the party's service. Later in the same year he moved to Shanghai, taking *Hope* with him.

A westerner, having reached a compromise, would by training and instinct modify his outlook accordingly. The Chinese attitude to compromise is different. He regards it as a time of

respite, in which to gather strength. Hu Feng waited. In Shanghai, during the last days of Kuomintang rule, he waited for the city to be captured by the approaching communist armies. He tried to live, along with the many millions of starving men and women. In 1948, he responded to the repeated invitations of other Chinese writers to go to Hong Kong. But he did not intend to stay there. Hong Kong Chinese literary circles, imbued with orthodox Marxism, may have saved his flesh, but they wanted his blood. He set out from the British colony to Manchuria, and from there travelled to Peking, where he arrived in May 1949, four months after the communists had entered. The atmosphere in the communist capital was not what he had hoped, but he made allowances. It was a difficult time. 'The literary world is sunk in boundless dejection . . . yet there is a certain healthy air of general expectancy.'

In Peking Hu Feng found the hand of literary control heavy. But the position varied throughout communist China. Uniformity had not yet been established. In Tientsin and the north the general atmosphere seemed much better. 'In Tientsin', wrote one of Hu Feng's disciples, 'there is no altar in the literary field before which literary workers must bow low.' Hu Feng took advantage of the situation to move forward to attack once more. He piloted a magazine which again had a significant title; it was called *Starting Point*. The first issue carried extracts from Hu Feng's long poem 'Time has begun', which was published in full at this period in book form. 'Victory will be ours,' wrote Hu Feng in a letter to a friend, 'although the way to victory may not be an easy one. . . . Let us put it at five years. As to our little magazine, let us improve it further. We must not take it as a major battlefield in any sense, although we must remember that so far as we are concerned the slightest coughing noise will attract attention from all sides.' If the first prognostication proved wrong, the last was only too true. Immediately,

there was a strong reaction. Once again it expressed itself directly against the lesser-known contributors to the magazine, and only obliquely against the master himself. The mantle of Lu Hsun still protected him. In communist literary circles he was in important figure. His accession to communist China from the Kuomintang area was officially welcomed. Privately his presence was greeted more enthusiastically by the scattered band of 'liberal' intellectuals. It was through their good offices, in the newspapers and periodicals which they controlled, that Hu Feng continued to find an outlet for his ideas. In Peking his position was less happy. The official Hsin Hua Publishing House in the capital refused to sell any more of his books, and one of his disciples was subjected to much personal pressure by the authorities. Hu Feng trimmed his sails to the cold wind, and avoided too much open provocation. He and his friends confined their articles to short features, irregularly printed in journals in those areas which were still relatively free of literary control. In Peking he kept quiet. 'I think', he wrote at this period to one of his disciples, 'that we have to do what we can, and endure what we must.'

This was the situation during the latter part of 1950 and the first ten months of 1951. In November 1951 Chairman Mao addressed a session of the Political Consultative Conference, and within a few days, on 17 November, following the Chairman's line, the Standing Committee of the All-China Federation of Literary and Art Circles decided to initiate what was called a 'remoulding campaign'. What this amounted to was an organized effort to mobilize the country's intellectual talent to support the communist programme. This was the period of the Korean War and of the launching of the great plan for collectivization of the land. The long Civil War had just ended; there was famine, and the situation was aggravated by the need to supply a 'volunteer' army in Korea. Mao and the Central Committee decided to call upon the writers and artists to

explain the suffering which the peasants had to bear in the light of American imperialism and the Patriotic War. Somewhat the same tactics had been adopted by the French Revolutionaries 160 years before. While the French are a highly individualistic nation, the Chinese are at the opposite end of the scale. When they adopt a policy, they enforce it. The directives issued not only required writers 'to be organized to engage in different lines of work', but 'These lines of work should be properly supervised so that the workers themselves, like all working people, may learn to abide by labour discipline and to strive hard to produce articles and creative writing which fill the needs of the populace'.

In conformity with the new line the leading figures in the party were expected to admit publicly that their previous attitude had been wrong. Ting Ling, the woman writer, once more confessed her errors, adding: 'The important task is to better the quality of our publications politically and ideologically, injecting into them the fighting spirit.' To Hu Feng and his friends and disciples, this exhibition of public humiliation proved the point of their objection to the party's literary control. They carefully collected the texts of the various 'reviews', as they were called, intending to make use of them in printed argument when the occasion presented itself. In the meantime, the party was expecting Hu Feng to join in the succession of writers to confess the error of their ways. Politically, it was important that the successor and pupil of the great Lu Hsun should admit that he, too, had been wrong, and that the gifted band of 'liberal' writers who had gathered around him should lend their skill to the party's needs. It took some time to persuade Hu Feng to offer a confession of guilt. When he finally complied, it was very much a token concession. He used the occasion to repeat some of his 'idealist' views. 'I do not say that he did not review anything at all,' said the party official chiefly concerned, rather irritably. 'On the contrary, he did

. . . I am all the more dissatisfied because Comrade Hu Feng has had more than two months to prepare his "review". And many comrades have offered him their views and advice. If he had seriously minded them, he could have rendered a more satisfactory "review" than this one.'

This public attack on Hu Feng came in December 1952. There was an interval between his token compliance and the party's display of irritation. To launch a public attack required the approval of the party's central Committee, and, once given, it required preparation. The prestige which Hu Feng enjoyed at this period is evidenced by the fact that even now it was not thought expedient to publish articles attacking him by name. The careful preparation which characterizes the methods of the Chinese Communist Party is demonstrated by the way the onslaught was launched. The first shot was fired by Shu Wu, the master's chief pupil, who had been the first public proponent of 'idealism' when *Hope* was published in Chungking. Why he should have turned against his master is not known; one can only guess. At any rate, on the occasion of the 10th anniversary of Mao's famous speech on literature to the Yenan Forum, Shu Wu published a commemorative article. 'Ten years ago', he wrote, 'at the time when the "Talks at the Yenan Forum of Literature and Art" were made public, certain literary and art workers in areas under the Kuomintang expressed the view that "while these principles were in themselves correct they nevertheless were but the ABC of Marxism–Leninism".' The unascribed quotation struck home; Hu Feng forever after referred to his ex-disciple as 'the shameless one'. This commemorative article was taken as the signal for a major attack on the 'idealists', of whom one, Lu Ling, a dramatist, was singled out for attack. Possibly the party wanted to give Hu Feng a chance to change his mind and conform; possibly it was thought wiser not as yet to attempt a frontal assault. Shu Wu's article was reprinted and widely circulated. An editorial note

was appended: 'The members of the group, in their literary and art publications, virtually refuted the ideas of revolutionary realism. Their literary and art ideology is in reality association with individualist ideas of the capitalist class and the bourgeoisie.'

In the following year another of Hu Feng's disciples left the group, and publicly confessed the error of his ways. And then the campaign died down. Whether it was that the party thought it had done sufficient, whether with the end of the Korean War there was a new spirit, or whether it was a deliberate trap, is not known. In any case, Hu Feng interpreted the respite favourably. In the Soviet Union Stalin was dead, and a warmer wind was blowing across the Urals and Mongolia. Hu Feng, who had bided his time during the year when he was under fire, decided to resume the attack. He sat down and wrote a long, carefully argued justification of the 'idealist' position. When it was completed in April 1954, it consisted of 300,000 Chinese characters. He gave the essay a serious title, avoiding the provocation of some of his earlier headings. And then, after forgetting the comments of some of his friends and disciples, he submitted 'Explanatory data pertaining to certain problems of Ideology' to the Central Committee of the party in July 1954.

The essay evoked no immediate reply. The thaw in the Soviet Union was melting the snow. In China no decision had yet been reached about the line to be taken. Hu Feng was encouraged to come further out into the open. In those days there was much talk going on wherever intellectuals and party officials gathered about a possible 'new line'. Hu Feng spoke whenever he got the chance, on one occasion for three hours. At the time he thought that 'reactions after the meetings were good'. Again, he was to be deceived. The Chinese party decided to retain the Stalinist line. Friends in high places warned him that he was to be attacked once again, and that he should prepare himself.

The onslaught on this occasion was directed against him personally, and all stops were pulled out. His old disciples published articles about him. All at once, in every part of China, articles appeared denouncing the bourgeois conception of 'idealism' ('subjectivism'). Hu Feng realized that he had miscalculated. 'The situation was not objectively analysed,' he wrote; 'the main responsibility is mine.' Swinging from qualified optimism to a mood of justified pessimism, he prepared his own 'review' even before it was called for. In this he grovelled low. His friends tried to stem the tide. One of them wrote to cheer him: 'I may not be an important man, but I still have a conscience. I will delay the whole thing as long as I live. One needs to show one's guts in these matters.' But it was all of no avail. The newspapers started publishing denunciations and calls for condemnation. Shu Wu, the ex-disciple, wrote a piece which he called 'Certain Reference Materials on the Hu-Feng anti-Party Group'; in it he disclosed the text of Hu Feng's personal letters to him over the years. These, rather free in their personal judgements, were printed in the same issue of the official newspaper which carried Hu Feng's 'review'. Even so Hu Feng still had backing. Soon afterwards the same newspaper felt obliged to publish a new series of Hu Feng's letters, surrendered more or less voluntarily by the recipients. This appeared on 24 May 1955. On the next day there was a joint meeting of the All-China Writers' Federation and the Chinese Writers' Union. The business discussed was the case of Hu Feng. The decision was to remove him from the Committee of each organization, and to expel him from the Writers' Union. The meeting further determined to recommend to the Supreme People's Procurator 'to take the necessary action to deal with the counter-revolutionary crimes of Hu Feng'. As for those who shared his views or sympathized with him, the meeting gave them warning that unless they came forward to expose Hu Feng, they might also be expelled from the Writers' Union.

Expulsion effectively means the end of a writer's career, because, among other benefits, all royalties are paid through the Union.

Hu Feng wrote to one of his pupils: 'Do not grieve, but keep absolutely quiet. We have much to endure, but in our endurance we shall be born again; all for the Cause, for the remote future.' But the party refused to accept 'quietness'; it demanded that his pupils should hand over all the letters which they had received from their master. And then there appeared in the newspapers the third batch of 'Reference Materials'. As with the second batch there was an introduction deploring the mistaken sympathy for Hu Feng.

In less than two months, on 22 July, the Supreme People's Procurator, addressing the National People's Congress, presented a routine report on the work of his department. Included in this was a reference to the fact that Hu Feng had been both arrested and tried. This is the only public reference to his arrest or conviction. This lack of announcement contrasts starkly with the spate of publicity demanding his condemnation. In between Hu Feng's dismissal from the Writers' Union and the National Congress, the newspapers were full of reports of meetings which had expressed spontaneous indignation against Hu Feng. Every category of citizen had denounced him, worker, intellectual, student, housewife, and even priest. The acting Chairman of the Chinese Buddhist Association apparently felt so strongly that he said: 'We should consider all such counter-revolutionaries as deadly poison or thorns on the land, which should be carefully cleaned up.' The Chief Justices of higher People's Courts held a symposium to consider Hu Feng's case, though whether this was before or after the trial we do not know. No information has ever been published about the trial. From this one can only conclude that there was either no form of public recantation acceptable, or else that Hu Feng had decided he would not give one. It may well be that the

latter is the more likely explanation, for now, six years after his condemnation, he is still in prison. Despite the stubbornness with which he clung to his opinions, it is scarcely to be doubted that, if he were to go back on them, the party would be prepared to make use of Lu Hsun's favourite disciple once again.

Hu Feng has on several occasions written about what he calls 'the subjective fighting spirit'. To him it is one of those qualities which give man his nobility. 'Where there is life, there are struggles,' he has written. In his case, this is especially true. Since his student days until his final condemnation, a period of thirty years, he could scarcely ever have gone to bed at night without fear of being arrested by some police force on the next day. During much of the time he had great difficulty in getting enough to eat, and during some periods he was under bombardment.

Hu Feng has been frequently criticized by his own friends in China for the harshness of his judgements. Outside China, he has perhaps not had the sympathy that might be expected because some people have felt that he lacked courage. In particular, it is said that his somewhat abject 1955 'review' comes badly after the strong stuff in his 1954 essay. These opinions perhaps betray a certain difficulty in understanding the attitude of a Marxist and the temperament of a Chinese.

The terminology of Marxism, adopted over a period of years, becomes like any other style almost second nature. It is a style which uses a hard-hitting vocabulary. 'Parasites', 'traitors', and 'beasts' are all words which were adopted at a time and in a country where the audience was largely uneducated, simple folk who needed graphic images to stir them. In eighteenth-century England and America John Wesley did not mince his words either. Hu Feng belonged to the generation which was brought up in the wake of the Boxer Rebellion, which resented the humiliation of Mandarin China by the western powers. He saw poverty and starvation in the countryside, corruption

and crime in the cities, backwardness everywhere. He felt that something was rotten about the whole Empire. And then, as a student, he came into contact with the ideas of Lu Hsun. He learned to believe in the absolute of truth. With Lu Hsun he looked forward to a society which revered truth, and beauty, and friendship.

The clash between the 'subjective' and the 'objective' approach to literature, to art, and to life is not confined to Marxists. It is to be found everywhere. But it is in China that the battle has been fought most ferociously. The mantle once worn by Lu Hsun may fall on other shoulders, but Hu Feng will not be forgotten; his complete correspondence, published for their different purpose by his opponents, may provide the 'reference material' for the next phase – the renaissance of idealism.

Epilogue

THIS book is published as a part of the 1961 Amnesty Campaign. APPEAL FOR AMNESTY is an endeavour by a few to unite the many in defence of freedom. It began in a small way with the publication of one article in the *Observer* on 28 May 1961. The Appeal called upon men and women of goodwill to work together impartially, to bring relief to those imprisoned because their beliefs are unacceptable to their governments. The Appeal found an immediate response. It was reprinted in hundreds of newspapers across the world, and broadcast from radio stations in every continent. And each time that the message has been repeated more people have come forward to answer the call.

From among the thousands of people in more than thirty countries who have answered, an international organization has been created. It is known as AMNESTY '61. It already has national sections in several countries, each section bridging the main political and religious views in that country. On 22 and 23 July, representatives of these national sections gathered in Luxembourg to plan the outlines of an effective permanent organization to guarantee freedom of opinion and religion.

The main features of the organization are two. First, a comprehensive library giving the names, addresses, and biographical details of all those 'physically restrained from expressing an honestly held opinion which does not advocate violence'. Second, a regular newspaper available throughout the world publishing information about the condition of those imprisoned and the steps being taken to secure their release.

The library has already been established. How quickly it is possible to complete the immense task of cataloguing the names of what may turn out to be more than a million men and women depends largely on the response to the financial appeal announced this autumn. Each case has to be investigated and verified. Ultimately, it may be necessary to send out members of the library staff, to inspect court records and to make on-the-spot inquiries.

The newspaper, called *Amnesty*, is for the time being published fortnightly in English. From the beginning of 1962 it is

hoped to publish it weekly in several languages from distribution centres in each continent. The newspaper is designed for supporters of the Amnesty movement. How effective it will be depends on how many and how widespread those supporters are.

It is hoped that the response to APPEAL FOR AMNESTY, in terms of money for the library and subscriptions for the newspaper, will be sufficient to establish both on a self-supporting basis. They will be administered by an Executive, appointed by a Board of Trustees. The final Board of Trustees will, it is hoped, have about 150 members, who between them represent the views of every important political, social, and religious group in the world.

These Trustees will have the responsibility of ensuring that AMNESTY '61 remains, as it was founded, a non-political, non-sectarial, international movement to guarantee the free exchange of ideas and the free practice of religion. If it were ever to fall under the control of one country, ideology, or creed, it would have failed in its purpose.

AMNESTY '61 must establish itself as an organization that is not in the service of any single ideology or creed, for its members believe that once men and women can unite across the divide of language, belief, and allegiance, no tyranny can survive. For so long as the inhabitants of the earth are too busy searching for the mote in their opponent's eye to notice the beam in their own, freedom remains in peril.

*

Those who wish to help AMNESTY '61 in any way whatever are asked to write, in the first place, to 1 Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, London, EC4. Replies will be sent as soon as possible.

Some other Penguin books are described on the following pages

SIX GREAT ADVOCATES

Lord Birkett

1702

This book contains seven broadcast talks recently given by Lord Birkett. The wide interest of the public has been due in some measure to the great reputation which Lord Birkett had won for himself as an advocate in the criminal courts before he became one of Her Majesty's judges.

The advocates discussed here are Thomas Erskine (1750–1823), whose name is for ever linked with those cases in which he fought for the liberty of the individual and the freedom of the Press; Sir Edward Clarke and Sir Charles Russell (both eminent Victorians); Rufus Isaacs (afterwards 1st Marquess of Reading and Viceroy of India); Sir Edward Marshall Hall and Sir Patrick Hastings. All these men entered the House of Commons, and, with the exception of Marshall Hall, they all became Law Officers of the Crown. Both Russell and Isaacs reached what many people regard as the highest office in the legal world – the office of Lord Chief Justice of England – and Erskine became Lord Chancellor.

But the true fame of these six men rests on their great achievements as advocates. In his final chapter Lord Birkett discusses, with the full weight of authority, the art of advocacy and in particular the nature of forensic eloquence, the ethical standards of the profession, and the place of the advocate in the modern state.

AFRICAN POLITICAL PARTIES

Thomas Hodgkin

WA 12

African political parties have developed at a startling rate during the period of 'decolonization'. This is the first comparative study of such parties over a very large area, extending from Morocco to Moyen-Congo, from Senegal to Somalia. Thomas Hodgkin has been able to draw upon many years of study, travel, and friendships in Africa to provide a clear guide-book to current political developments.

This is not just a factual survey, but an illuminating analysis of the origins, structure, aims, and activities of the various kinds of parties. An important distinction is made between mass-parties and élite parties, and many pertinent questions are asked. For example, why the tendency towards single-party systems in some independent African States? What meaning can we attach to 'democracy' in Africa? By what means do African parties capture mass support? A useful appendix gives details of the main parties operating during the period 1945–60, a navigational aid to the sea of political initials for which many will be grateful.

The book is primarily addressed to those Africans 'whose interest in political parties is practical as well as academic', though it will also assist all who are trying to understand Africa from outside or from within.

WORLD EVENTS

THE ANNUAL REGISTER OF THE YEAR 1960

Edited by Sir Ivison Macadam C.V.O., C.B.E.

R 22

This is the 202nd volume of what has become the world's best-known international Year Book. Founded by Edward Burke as *The Annual Register* in 1758, *World Events* has the longest history of periodical publications in the United Kingdom. Its reliability and authority are undoubted, and learned societies such as the Royal Institute of International Affairs, the Arts Council, the British Association, and the Royal Historical Society nominate members of the Editorial Advisory Board.

A precise record of events in a multitude of spheres from politics and law to science and the arts, *World Events* is specially prepared for those who like to be well informed. It is not a mere catalogue of facts, but a collection of concise and readable accounts of all the important happenings of 1960.

Also available

WORLD EVENTS

The Annual Register of the Year 1959

R 17

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE UNIONS?

Eric Wigham

S 198

Should money be automatically levied for the Labour Party from a union member unless he formally contracts out of it?

Should our exports be jeopardized because a couple of trade unions are pursuing a vendetta over demarcation or poaching?

What of wild-cat strikes, and irresponsible shop stewards, and dubious elections, and the enforcement of the closed shop . . . ?

And how far are the employers at fault?

As labour correspondent of a responsible newspaper Eric Wigham is both better informed and more sympathetic to the unions than many of their critics. He knows their value. But in this book he exposes their weaknesses without fear or favour.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CHURCH?

Nick Earle

S 199

Has the Church of England become the National Society for the Preservation of the Past? Is it dying on its feet?

Historically – and often by chance – the Church has been too closely identified with the State and too prone to cling to an organization which is almost medieval in conception. Professionalism among the clergy has probably been as great a danger to it as that tendency to asceticism which seems to be inherent in much of Christian thinking. Above all the forces of reformation have had a habit of breaking away entirely from the body of the Church.

This Penguin Special does not aim to convert those outside the Church or to condemn those within. It is a challenge to the latter to take nothing for granted, and to the former to re-examine their pet criticisms of the Church. In short it is a dispassionate survey of the cracks in the fabric.

THE STAGNANT SOCIETY

Michael Shanks

s 189

CLASS BARRIERS + TRADITIONAL VALUES
= STAGNANT SOCIETY

Year by year, Britain's rate of economic growth has been falling behind that of her competitors abroad. Attempts to provide economic expansion with stable prices have so far conspicuously failed. The reasons, Michael Shanks argues, are not basically economic but are deeply rooted in our social structure and our way of life. What is needed is a drastic reform, not only of our trade unions – though this is a first requirement – but of our whole system of industrial and class relations. It is class divisions which above all inhibit economic efficiency and growth.

After a penetrating analysis of the problems caused by class barriers, Michael Shanks proposes a comprehensive and highly radical programme of economic, social, and political reforms, designed to make Britain a united, dynamic society. Much of what he has to say will be novel and disturbing to trade unionists, industrialists, Conservatives, Socialists, and Liberals alike.

But, challenging though some of his conclusions may be, it is impossible to doubt the urgency of the problems he raises.

Lotte Meitner-Graf

Peter Benenson was born in 1921 and educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. After six years' service in the army he was called to the Bar in 1948 and began to specialize in law reform and cases of injustice. During the 1950s he assisted political and religious prisoners in different parts of the world, attended political trials as an observer, and wrote and broadcast widely. The South African Treason Trial and the situation in Hungary after the revolution of 1956 impelled him to invite the help of leading lawyers of the three main political parties. As a result was founded Justice, an all-party organization of lawyers to uphold the Rule of Law. This forms the British Section of the International Commission of Jurists and Peter Benenson is active in both organizations. In 1961, the centenary year of the liberation of slaves in America and Russia, his efforts led to the launching of the widely-publicized Appeal for Amnesty and the opening in London of a central office to collect information about Prisoners of Conscience.

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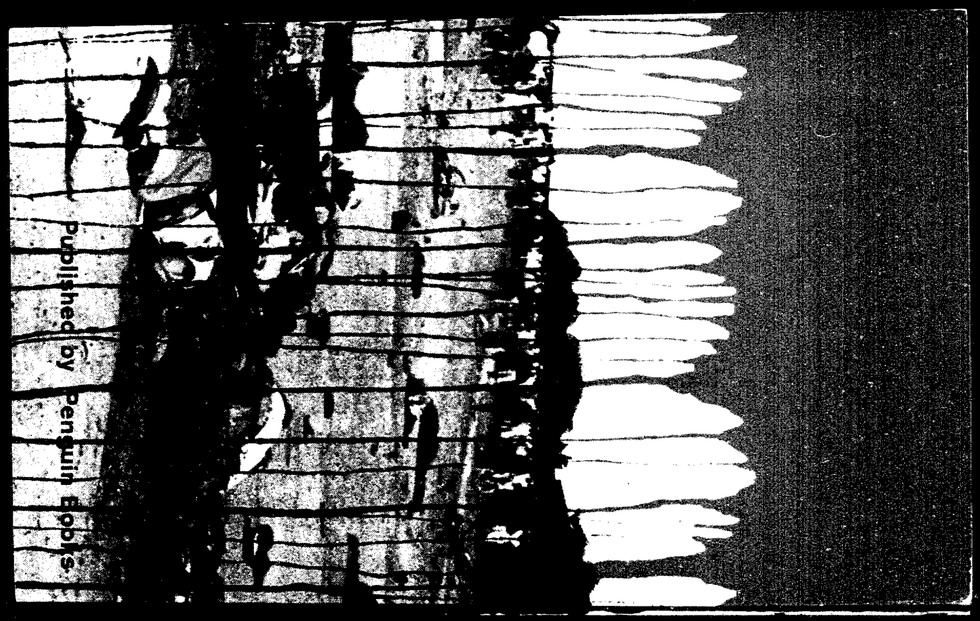

Published by Penguin Books

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Peter Benenson

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