

# Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"The people cannot afford to be enslaved for the sake of being insured."  
—BENJAMIN R. TUCKER.

## Algeria - Rhodesia - Spain - Germany - and Mr. K THE POLITICAL CIRCUS

GENERAL DE GAULLE, back from his three day visit to Army Units in Algeria (even the General thought it wiser not to look up the "colons" in Algiers this time!) has declared that his policy for Algeria has not changed in spite of what he told the officers gathered to hear him, about continuing military operations until the country was "entirely pacified". On the face of it this is probably true, and it is only in the left-wing political circles in France, in particular in the Socialist Party, where de Gaulle is now more venerated than by his original backers (many of whom have been sacked or are under house-arrest, or worse still in prison!), that his Algerian utterances have been interpreted as a change in policy.

One is surprised to see that even cartoonist Vicky in Monday's *Evening Standard* has been sold on the alleged *volte face*, when he shows the General standing on his head before a scene of desolation and death which is "Algeria Policy" and declaring "... As I was saying the other day". De Gaulle did in fact repudiate the cause of "French Algeria" in which most of the Army believes but told the officers he expected the Algerian people to choose "an Algerian Algeria linked to France". But this is what he has been saying all along. He has also at no time shown any inclination to reduce the armed forces in Algeria. On the contrary since he took over the reins of office the military campaign has been conducted with greater intensity than at any other period of the five years struggle. And all the promises of political pie in the sky for Algeria was dependent in the first place, on the unconditional agreement by the F.L.N. to give up its armed resistance. Once that was achieved it would be some years before Algerians were granted the freedom to choose, and to shape their future status. So what is everybody getting so worked up about just now? What they should have long ago got excited about was the tragic waste of young lives

simply to maintain the privileged status of a minority of European "colons" in Algeria. The number of Moslems who have been killed in the armed struggle exceeds 100,000. But French losses too have been higher than many would imagine. According to an A.P. report the French Army Ministry gives the French army casualties for the five years to November 1, 1959, at 13,000 killed.

THE "colon" mentality was clearly revealed last week in N. Rhodesia where the forthcoming visit of Mr. Macleod, the British Colonial Secretary, is viewed by the Europeans as a prelude to an onslaught on their privileges. According to *The Observer's* correspondent in Salisbury (March 5),

One thousand people packed Lusaka's largest cinema last night to form a Northern Rhodesia Association pledged to defend the *status quo* for the 70,000 whites in Northern Rhodesia.

"What we have, we hold," declared Mr. John Gaunt, an Independent Member of the Federal Parliament, to the accompaniment of wild applause. "I think there is a deep-seated plan to sell us down the river," he said. "If we fight, Southern Rhodesia will rally to us. But they don't think we can fight."

The association seeks to form a united white front cutting across political party distinctions.

A similar association has been formed in Southern Rhodesia. At its inaugural meeting a resolution was passed pledging the association to defend white rule—even if it meant secession from the Federation. "If we are unable to save Southern Rhodesia," said the association's leader, Mr. N. H. Wilson, a former M.P.

Southern Rhodesian businessmen, however, fear that secession would ruin the territory which was helped out of acute economic difficulty by its association with the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt.

An interesting sidelight on the white intrigues in the Federation as their future becomes blacker, is the statement by a Belgian government source last Monday to the effect that Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Rhodesian Federation had confirmed to Belgium that "certain circles" in Katanga, the Congo's copper-rich eastern province, had approached him on the subject of a possible union of Katanga with Rhodesia. The report says that Sir Roy refused to specify whether "certain Katanga circles" meant white people or Africans. Surely Sir Roy has enough Africans on his plate not to be looking for more in the Belgian Congo!

As Ghana's Dr. Nkrumah calls for "African unity" as the key to African "greatness, happiness and prosperity", and to this end his government 'were prepared to surrender wholly or partially Ghana's sovereignty" (a most noble gesture surely, though we strongly suspect Dr. N.'s motives and his personal ambitions)—it is more than possible that "white" Africa is thinking along similar lines in order to survive as an economically and socially privileged racial minority.) And the Union of South Africa is entitled by reason of its white intransigence and intolerance, its splendid record of racial segregation in face

of a hostile world opinion, to lead such a movement.

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ONLY a fortnight ago the nation's Press was up in arms over the "revelations" that Dr. Adenauer was plotting a sinister military deal with Franco, and the Opposition which only seems to hit the headlines with its own party intrigues and dissensions, thought it an excellent issue on which to appeal to any suppressed anti-German sentiments in the country. But in last Sunday's "serious" Press we were reading that "Most of the heat has gone out of the story about W. Germany's secretive searches for military supply depots in Spain" (*Sunday*

*Times*). Sebastien Haffner in the *Observer* doesn't even bother to mention the Franco episode. To his mind the Bonn Republic is almost too good to be true!

Within ten years it has settled down as an extremely orderly, liberal, humane, and almost pedantically law-abiding State with completely unquestioned, smoothly working democratic institutions; it has no real totalitarian opposition either on the left or on the right, but only two lunatic fringes. If anything, it is a little philistine, a little Swiss, a little too good to be true.

And he concludes that

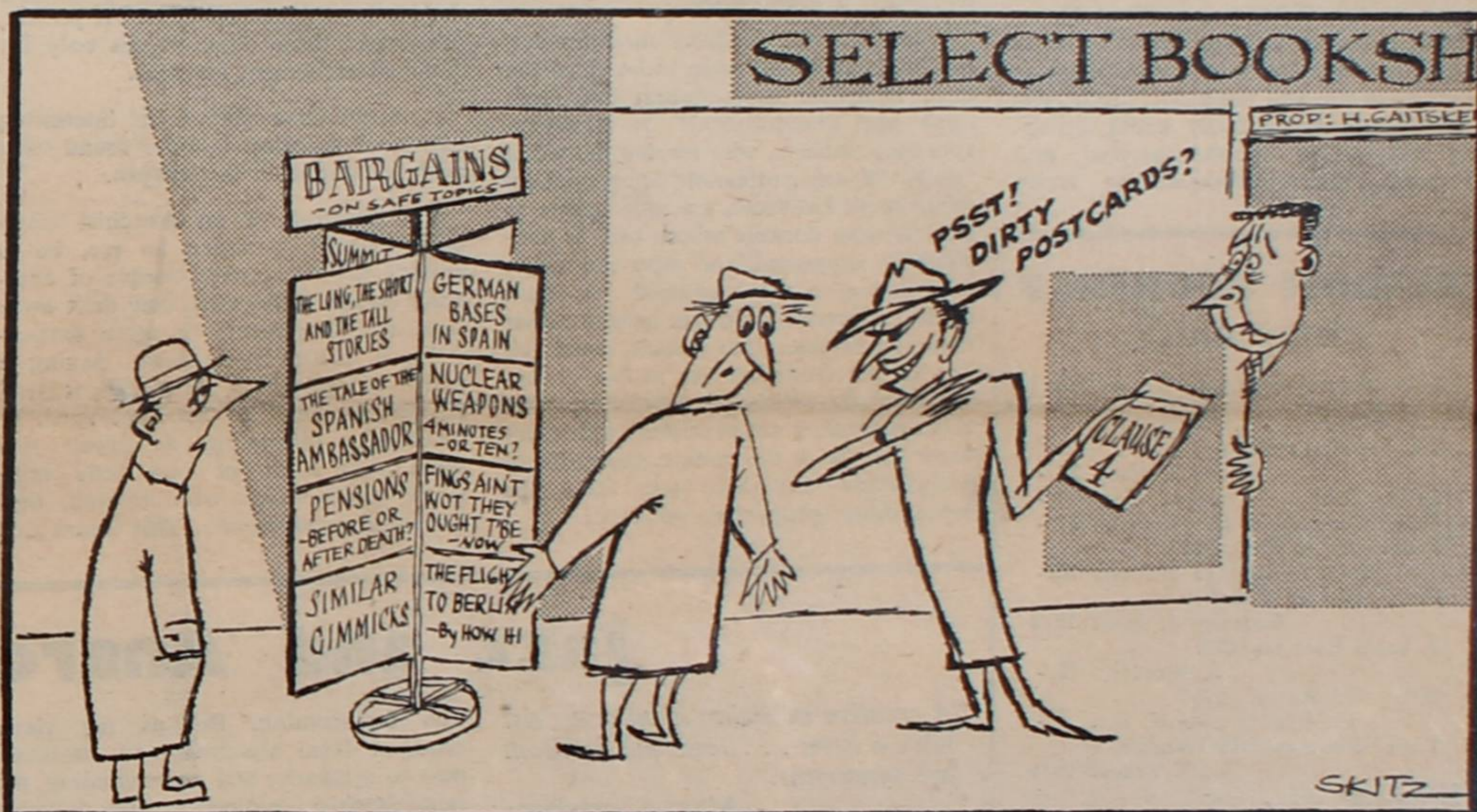
Building is hard, tearing down easy. The building of Western, and Western-integrated, Germany has been, with all its imperfections, one of the few great positive achievements of the post-1945 period. That achievement still stands. There is still time to think twice before we demolish it again.

A fortnight ago Germany was looking around for a secret training

ground, Germany was up to her old tricks, etc. Last Sunday the *Sunday Pictorial* had new shocks for its gullible millions: "GERMAN TROOPS SHOCK" German servicemen are to be trained by the R.A.F. in Britain to fly jet aircraft! They will arrive in batches of 3,000 at a time. "Exploratory talks" have been going on since December when the idea was first discussed in Bonn by Mr. Strauss, Germany's Defence Minister and his British counterpart Mr. Watkinson. It makes you think doesn't it? Or if it doesn't then it should!

Foiled in their heroic attempt to save us from the Germans, the Labour opposition last Monday cottoned on to another gimmick. The indefatigable Robert Edwards again had his chance to wax indignant when the Foreign Secretary told the House that he hoped that the Spanish Foreign Minister,

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### CROSS FERTILISATION OR CROSS PURPOSES?

THE Chairman of British Drug Houses Ltd., has announced that his firm's research department has developed a number of new compounds which may(?) prove to be "inexpensive, harmless and convenient".

The compounds include some thought to be usable as oral contraceptives—discussion of which was pioneered in the lay press in this country by FREEDOM.

Tests lasting eighteen months have still to be made on these compounds, but it would appear that the chairman's statement has been issued now because B.D.H. is threatened by a take-over bid.

Shareholders can, it seems, be persuaded to be faithful to the present board of directors if there is some possibility of fatter dividends through such a sure-fire winner as an inexpensive oral contraceptive.

Ironically enough the take-over bid is being made by Fisons Ltd.—manufacturers of fertilisers.

### Three Million Fire Risks

ISN'T it marvellous? There are three million oil heaters in use in this country each one of which might go up in flames if someone leaves the back door open. And nobody bothered to check on the things until five children were burnt to death in Ware last November.

The danger—presumably inherent in the design of these stoves—was disclosed in an official report issued on Monday. It is published by the Joint Fire Research Organisation, which is run by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and the fire insurance companies who are members of the Fire Offices Committee.

It was after the fire at Ware that this Committee investigated the heaters—which are of the drip-feed, radiant type—but this was by no means the first fire nor the first fatal fire caused by oil heaters. In fact the number of fires caused by oil heaters of all kinds has risen from 1,340 in 1947 to 4,464 in 1958. In 1956, 32 fatal casualties were caused by oil fires in dwellings, and the total of such fires was 1,202. Of these, 1,075 were due to portable heaters, and 246 ascribed to over-heating or flaring.

The vice-chairman of the Oil Appliance Manufacturers' Association, Mr. A. V. Launder, said that he welcomed the Report (we bet he

did!) and said that we should "look at these fires in perspective... The number of deaths percentage-wise is far less than other deaths you hear about, by other heating means". Which is of course a great consolation to anyone bereaved through such a fire.

What Mr. Launder does not emphasise, however, are the statistics which show that for oil heaters as a whole the rate of incidence of fires per 1,000 tons of kerosene used for domestic purposes rose from 2.2 to 4.1 from 1947 to 1955, and has remained fairly constant at the higher level.

In other words "percentage-wise" as Mr. Launder might say, oil heaters have become more dangerous—and the increase in danger coincides with the years of introduction of the new drip-feed radiant heaters.

Now the astonishing thing about this is that it doesn't seem to be anybody's business to ensure that these gadgets must be made safe before they can be marketed. The Home Secretary, Mr. Butler, introduced the matter into the House on Monday since, as he said "he wanted the public to be aware immediately of the danger". But, astonishingly enough, he has no powers to control the manufacture or marketing of oil appliances!

As our readers know, we are not exactly enthusiastic about the introduction of new laws. But in view of the subjects that are covered by laws, regulations, statutes, decrees and what have you, we are surprised that nothing can be done about this.

We don't wish to appear biased against our legal institutions, but could it be that oil heaters have been overlooked by our governors because they are predominantly used by the working class?

Oil heating is the cheapest, most effective and most convenient for those with small incomes. An oil fire costs nothing for installation, it does not involve any permanent fixing in a landlord's flat or a council house (someone else's property), the fuel is cheap, and readily available in country districts where there may be no gas or electricity.

Mr. Launder has promised that the design of oil stoves ready for sale next winter will be modified to make them safe. But he cannot accept, he says, the Report's recommendation that the three million heaters already in use should be called in for modification.

We understand that this would cost a lot, but would Mr. Launder prefer to accept responsibility for the deaths of more children?



## The Political Circus

Continued from p. 1

Señor Castiella, would "accept my invitation to visit the United Kingdom this year?"

"Are you aware"—our Bob (as he was called in his I.L.P. days) protested angrily,

"this gentleman received the Iron Cross from Adolph Hitler when he fought in the Blue Division against Allied forces?"

"Will you not agree that had Spain not been technically neutral he would have been tried as a war criminal? Will you read the book of this man where he states that the second world war was planned during the civil war in Spain?"

To which the Minister suavely replied

"You are talking about things that happened a very long time ago." (Labour exclamations "Oh.")

"We have to live in the world as it is today. This gentleman is the Foreign Minister of Spain, and it is my duty to do the best I can with him to improve relations between our two countries—an objective I would have thought members on both sides would have wished to support."

And the Foreign Minister refused to give Mr. Zilliacus an undertaking that Britain would oppose any application by Spain to join the Atlantic Alliance! After all if Spain joins NATO then Germany can have bases in Spain which NATO will have powers to inspect and make sure nothing fishy is going on (A further advantage would presumably be that NATO would also be in a position to see what the United States has been cooking in Spain these past years!)

The Labour protests are ineffectual as well as hypocritical, whether in France over Algeria, or in this country over Spain, because when these people were in power they were no better than the people they now criticise. Not only were the Spanish workers sold to the Totalitarians by the "democracies" in 1936 (the "Non-Intervention" formula was the work of the socialist premier Leon Blum let it not be forgotten) but after World War II when a Labour government was carried to power in this country, and the prevailing mood throughout the world was hostile to régimes such as Franco's in Spain, how easy it would have been to topple Franco from his shaky throne simply by a show of solidarity with the Spanish people and their countrymen in exile (who, incidentally, in their thousands had supported the allied "cause" during the war). The friends of Franco in this country and elsewhere would not have dared raise their voices then. Now that it is too late, the Opposition bleats when the "allied" governments make overtures to Franco, not because they love him (what politician loves another politician—even in the Labour Party?) but because it now suits their political and economic ends to have closer working relations with him. Presumably the Labour government had "reasons" for not encouraging the Spanish people to get rid of Franco in the period 1945-51.

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SPACE considerations prevent us from dealing with the many other topics in this week's political madhouse. As we write Parliament is discussing the Naval Estimates, and Ministers are justifying the extra expenditure on warships on the grounds that they are providing work for the naval shipyards! But the new menace appears to be Russian submarines which are now lurking in the Mediterranean. We also learn that the Cabinet is doubting the value of a British made and controlled Nuclear "deterrent", and

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In the past three years a number of controversial books have been published about Hungary—a small middle-European country suddenly put on show in the Regent Street windows of world power politics by the tragic events of the autumn of 1956. Some of these publications have been written by English or American observers, some even by former communists or left-wing party members, but most by expatriated Hungarians scattered throughout this over-populated side of the Iron Curtain (which it is said nowadays is slowly melting). The basic reason for the existence of most of these books is obvious. They are a form of catharsis of bitterly acquired experiences under Soviet rule in Hungary—which is based, let us not forget, on the Yalta Treaty of 1943—but they have also become more than that. They are a new kind of weapon in the bitter fight against red colonialism.

At the time of this much discussed revolution, or rebellion or uprising, as some who try to taint a generally accepted patriotic event with lawlessness refer to it, quite a number of communist party members, even in this country, returned their small red party membership cards and leading politicians declared that they now recognised the true face of Soviet Imperialism. A sort of New Year's Eve resolution was made, but as is usually the case, was forgotten all too soon.

One might well ask, why should anything still be written on this subject? What use will it be—except as a spine-chilling bedtime story, forgotten by the morning? Who is still concerned about the infamy of the Hungarian Communist police, the sufferings of political prisoners, or the vicissitudes of teenagers in a bitter, virtually senseless fight? Who knows? I certainly do not.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ignotus, whose name is not unknown to the British reader, by virtue of his wartime literary/political contributions to the "New Statesman", "Manchester Guardian", etc., has written yet another book on the same subject: \*this is Communism, this is the state of Hungary today, and this is what I have suffered. (I think our language makes us predestined to be the most selfish of all selfish nations, because in no other is the first person singular written with a capital letter. Autobiography in English certainly appears to be much more egotistic than in German or Hungarian, for

\*POLITICAL PRISONER, by Paul Ignotus. Published by Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 16s.

that America is going to the disarmament conference at Geneva without "a clear or definite policy". We are not surprised.

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BUT we cannot conclude these comments without a reference to the security measures taken by the French authorities for the forthcoming meeting between the two great men of the year: de Gaulle and Mr. K.

According to the *Sunday Times* 1,000 foreigners have been rounded up and sent to Corsica until Mr. K. is safely off the premises!

"Fifty police inspectors under the orders of M. Albayez of the French Sûreté and General Zhakarov, of Russia, will follow Mr. Krushchev throughout his tour. In addition he will be protected by the 115 men of his personal Russian bodyguard. In each town 50 extra police will be attached to the security corps, and at night 100 mobile guards will watch over the prefectures where he sleeps.

So painstaking are the precautions that the police have been inquiring into the antecedents of individual tenants in every building in some streets along the route he will take.

It is encouraging to learn that a group of well-known writers have subscribed to a protest by the Union of Writers for Truth which says that

the lists of those sent to Corsica has "plainly been completed by indications given by the Soviet political police," and protests that the measures "dishonour France."

But is it not perhaps equally encouraging that in this age of fear and apathy such elaborate precautions should be considered necessary for the "health" of at least some V.I.P.s?

## BOOK REVIEW

# POLITICAL PRISONER

instance, because of the large number of capital 'i's which assail the reader). Mr. Ignotus knows the British well enough. He enjoyed the hospitality of our country during the last war, and a little after it too. It would appear that he only left it to acquire material for his book, knowing presumably, that this kind of story is always a best-seller. It may be that he thought it might do some good politically as well.

In any case, he returned to his native country in 1949. To a nation where fascism and communism looked much alike, where most of the leading figures had led and probably still lead today, a very fascist way of life. That is, if you would agree that all kinds of police-state from Hitler's Germany, through Stalin and Krushchev's U.S.S.R., to Dr. Verwoerd's Union of South Africa, should be called fascist. Mr. Ignotus had a very good excuse for his return to the lion's den, however, because his elderly father was seriously ill. He did not come back to England again until 1956. What happened in the intervening years is told in "Political Prisoner".

A few months after his arrival he was arrested, tried in camera and sentenced to 15 years' hard labour. 128 pages out of 201 deal with his personal impressions of various Hungarian prisons and detention camps from October 1950 until his release in 1956. He was released during the period of political 'thaw'. He was retried, once again in camera, and fully rehabilitated as though nothing had happened. Apparently, yesterday's enemy was to be today's ally, according to the exponents of dialectic materialism. Incidentally, the fact that the latter doctrine was founded by Karl Marx in our own British Museum, might have made us, in other times, accessories after the fact, but in the light of the present day seems only odd and slightly ridiculous. However, the rehabilitated and six and a half years older Mr. Ignotus, packed up his belongings and together with the wife he had acquired along with his prison sentence, came back to England at the earliest opportunity. I hope by this time fully determined not to try to be a second Daniel any more.

The rather dry and almost documentary style of the story is mitigated to some extent by a strain of sentimentality. For towards the end of his sentence Mr. Ignotus made contact, by tapping the walls of his cell, with another political prisoner; a woman of British origin, with whom he fell in love and who is now his wife. This provides a happy ending to the story, but only if we are able to forget the pain and suffering, both physical and mental, which pervade the middle 128 pages of the book, and which make the preceding and following pages seem rather like superfluous addenda to the real part.

Of course the characters mentioned are all real people, flesh and blood, who breathe and speak and eat and drink like we do. There seems only to be a minute essential difference between them and us. As small a thing as the letter

'i' which in the Middle Ages caused the Catholic Church 'militant' to persecute thousands of innocent people. The letter which in Greek differentiated homo-ionism for homousion, or the non-unity from the united of the Holy Trinity. This small thing which differentiates them from us, seems to be an attitude of mind which causes the dogmas of the Holy See to be unacceptable to most of us, whether in Rome, Paris, New York or even Moscow. Mr. Ignotus remembers them all, friend or foe, with the same impartiality.

Mr. Ignotus does not try to analyse the situation himself, he leaves this to the reader; whether this is right or wrong one cannot always tell. Emotion does not play a prominent role in the book, and one cannot really say that he is biased in his account of his experiences. He writes as an impartial observer presenting a plain and factual report on a terrible and almost unbelievable happening. Such experiences can have been endured by very few of the citizens of the British Commonwealth, but we would do well to remember, in our present state of indifference, that they could happen to us tomorrow.

Probably most of us would say that we have heard more than enough about the concentration camps of Hitler's Germany, have seen too many revolting films about these beasts in human form, but we must not forget that thousands have survived to tell these stories. Mass murder is not as uncommon in the history of civilisation as one would think, but it will not easily be forgotten while we, who have personally experienced it during the war, still live. The news of mass murder in Nazi Germany penetrated slowly, but it left a deep impression which cannot be erased upon our minds.

Many of us did not believe it at the time. Similarly, many of us do not believe today what can happen behind the facade of Mr. Krushchev's smiling face, to a large part of the population of Russia herself, and to Roumania, Czechoslovakia, East Germany and Hun-

gary. Unfortunately, whether we believe it or not, the truth remains and has an impact on the lives of all of us. For these horrors described in Mr. Ignotus' book are not over and done with—they are still happening every day of our lives. They have not yet been condemned by a War Crimes Tribunal, or brought to an end by the moral pressure of the free nations. It is for this reason that Mr. Ignotus' "Political Prisoner", his account of the communist paradise, is invaluable, particularly to those of us who still think that while you and I are eating our bacon-and-egg breakfast or our fish-and-chips supper or having a drink at the local, there are still thousands of innocent people suffering and dying day after day.

Let it remind us then, on those occasions when we would rather forget—when we go to see the Russian Books Exhibition, when we have talks with U.S.S.R. party officials on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, when we applaud Mr. Krushchev's smiling face or Mr. Mikoian's recent success in Cuba. And soon we will hear more from Mr. Krushchev himself in Paris, about the coming happy era of co-existence between war-mongering capitalists and peace-loving communists.

We too want peace. Perhaps it is a case of peace at any price? But what right have you or I to be concerned with peace for ourselves only—why not for everybody in the world? Surely this is the time to make some serious New Year resolutions?

Of course, it is not easy. We do not believe in Revolutions ourselves—we only admire them from afar and like to read about them in bed. How do we begin and how will it end?

So until something happens to change our present mood of splendid isolation which is combined with loud and spectacular outbursts about the banning of atomic tests, let us at least read about the real conditions of life in the countries suffering under the new Russian Imperialism.

For this reason, I welcome and wholeheartedly recommend this thin black book by Mr. Ignotus: "Political Prisoner".

FULVIUS.

## Theatre

# NOTHING FOR NOUGHT

SANDWICHED between their acclaimed achievement in *Bloomsday* and their forthcoming production of Marghanita Laski's *The Offshore Island*, Unity Theatre are currently presenting a centenary tribute to Sholem Aleichem, renowned as one of the creators of modern Yiddish literature, who was born in the Ukraine in 1859 and died in New York in 1916. This play brings to non-Yiddish-speaking audiences for what may be the first time the work of Sholem Aleichem, it being performed in a translation by the author's granddaughter. It tells how Once Upon A Time (but at any rate before 1917) there eked out an existence in Russia a poor tailor of

philosophical and magnanimous disposition, ever hopeful of staving off the rent collector from evicting him, his wife and daughter and two loyal apprentices, with the help of God and a lottery ticket carefully preserved through nineteen years. The plot takes him through riches to a grand house, grandiose schemes—and a dastardly one to marry off to the elderly landlord his pretty daughter, with the laudable intention of entering on a property deal in order to banish forever from the dreams of the poor the spectre of eviction—back again via a nought too few in the ticket number to the poverty of his tailoring, his daughter's happiness in her chosen match with one of the two apprentices, and the renewed hope of drawing the winning number, all of which had been taken away by The Big Win.

Despite the time and venue of the play its message is not class consciousness. In the opening act the sententious utterings of Motl, the more articulate of the two apprentices, are treated with the sceptical observation that whilst he talks all day long about class warfare when it comes to a showdown it is Kopl—dear, dumb and devoted (played charmingly by a young man, Sid Palmer, with a resemblance to Peter Ustinov) who goes out to fight the war. And indeed, when the rent collector comes in pursuit of the rent and the hand of the daughter, desired by both Motl and Kopl, it is Kopl who throws him out. While fun is poked at the follies and pretensions of the human race in the persons of all the characters in the play, the two villains—landlord and rent collector—are here portrayed in extreme caricature; it was impossible to recognize a grinder of the faces of the poor in such a ridiculous figure as the landlord. The author's weapon of defence against misery is laughter—the laughter of warm, wise, Jewish humour; and the hope of the religion bound up with Yiddish culture. For the play closes with an avowal by the tailor (played with strength by Will Stampe) of his undiminished faith in the Helper, expressed in a phrase from a liturgical chant: *Melech Ozer umoshia umogen* (O King who art a Helper, Saviour and Shield) which had recurred throughout the play. Unfitting as this may sound for Unity audiences and readers of this paper, I should have liked to hear more than this one line.

(Guardian).

## The Mayor & Corporation Banquet while Sophiatown Starves

JOHANNESBURG, MARCH 6.

The drama of Sophiatown, which was widely publicised overseas through Father Trevor Huddleston's book, is again in the limelight as a result of two incidents that have stirred the public imagination in South Africa.

For many years Sophiatown was a township in Johannesburg where Africans could own their own homes. Equal rights to own homes at the new township of Meadowlands, where they were moved under the Group Areas Act, were denied to the African inhabitants of Sophiatown. Most of the buildings in Sophiatown have since been demolished by the Government but hundreds of Africans and their families have filtered back to the area and are living in squalor illegally among the ruins.

The Mayor of Johannesburg has now given an official luncheon to the Government officials who carried out the transfer to Meadowlands and who demolished the buildings of Sophiatown. This luncheon has aroused widespread comment and indignation in view of the previous attitude of the council. The African press in particular is irate and features reports contrasting the hunger and squalor of the Africans still living in the ruins of Sophiatown with the banquet enjoyed by those who attended the Mayor's luncheon. A procession of

Africans deposited a coffin (representing the death of Sophiatown) on the steps of the City Hall while the luncheon was in progress.

The second incident is an indignant outburst to-day by a colleague of Father Huddleston, the principal of the College of the Resurrection at Mirfield, Yorkshire. Father Hugh Bishop has just visited the community's quarters in Sophiatown and has inspected the neighbouring ruins where Africans are continuing to live, and in a report featured in to-day's Sunday press he declares: "The misery, degradation, and suffering which are the plight of those who shelter in the ruins are beyond believing."

Father Bishop goes on to say that though the Union Government claims that the picture of the Union presented overseas is distorted he has found that the true picture is "far more harsh and distressing than any conjured up by reports published in the press overseas." In another strong passage Father Bishop is reported to have said: "For the non-White there is no freedom in this land. The black man here has no freedom of movement; little freedom of employment; and even his freedom of speech is limited by harsh measures which impose bannings and banishments for those who voice their opposition."

