

darkest hours, and who cannot conceive that she should once again become the land of arbitrary arrests and violence.

HENRI ALLEG.

*(We hope to publish, in our next issue, a full analysis by Henri Alleg of the present situation in Algeria.—Editor, THE AFRICAN COMMUNIST.)*

*Somehow we survive  
and tenderness, frustrated, does not wither.*

*Investigating searchlights rake  
our naked unprotected contours ;*

*over our heads the monolithic decalogue  
of fascist prohibition glowers  
and teeters for a catastrophic fall ;*

*boots club on the peeling door.*

*But somehow we survive  
severance, deprivation, loss.*

*Patrols uncoil along the asphalt dark  
hissing their menace to our lives,*

*most cruel, all our land is scarred with terror,  
rendered unlovely and unlovable ;  
sundered are we and all our passionate surrender*

*but somehow tenderness survives.*

DENNIS BRUTUS.