

points of initiative and renewal are even further away from churchmen than they were in Hinsley's day. The limitations of bishops matter less now because bishops matter less. That there is profound dissent among us about the rôle of the bishop, just as there is about the rôle of religion, is obvious enough. If, in the light of this book's lessons, advice has to be given to those who differ in our own country, mine would be this. In the first place, opinions among Roman Catholics may very easily be polarized by an excessive attention to slogans favoured by this or that group. Any pattern of religion sits loosely to its formularies precisely because it is the vehicle of something greater than what can be formulated: that Christians do not live up to what they say is at times a consolation. Secondly, each group needs to be aware of its limitations. Thus, the minority which looks for a radical re-appraisal should remember that it is a minority and that it has a long way to go before it becomes a viable one. (Thus, an eminent member of the English Hierarchy felt obliged not so long ago to offer help to *New Blackfriars*. Which is rather like fining St Stephen for leaving litter.) But the majority, and especially its leaders, the bishops, needs to acknowledge the depth of the dissent and to stop supposing that it can be overcome by genial ambiguities of the very pragmatism to which the dissent takes exception. The disagreement is not over presentation, but over content. In the last analysis, public relations are not enough.

I cannot myself think of a more disastrous belief today than that a confrontation with the past need look for nothing beyond a more tactful presentation of the *status quo*. Judgments on our inheritance may differ, but unambiguous judgment—and where necessary rejection—there must be if we are to 'do the truth in love'. Still those who think otherwise need expect no interruption of their policy—yet. Indeed (and we are already entering this stage), the voice of dissent is going to diminish rather than grow louder. An increasing number of dissenters will just be voting with their yawns.

Carry on Calepin

by Louis Allen

Racism. I. The death of an Arab

There's nothing very poetic about the title 'XVIIIe arrondissement', but it contains districts with a claim to poetic nomenclature as strong as that of the *Rue du Chat qui pêche* or *The Land of Green Ginger*. One of them is the area called *la Goutte d'Or*, though its surroundings are far from rich and far from poetic. It is, in fact, one of the many

Arab ghettos of Paris, a violent, rowdy, and unsalubrious spot, where North African labourers try to construct some kind of domestic life for themselves in the teeth of the environment and the intolerance of their French neighbours. In one of the tenements of la Goutte d'Or, in the last week of October 1971, a young Arab boy was shot dead on the staircase outside his uncle's flat by the concierge, Daniel Pigot. Pigot pleaded legitimate defence, his story being that the lad, Djellali ben Ali, had attacked Pigot's mistress—his wife, according to another version—scratching her neck as he went down the stairs to buy the morning's milk and bread for breakfast. Djellali's uncle, Lahaouri Djahafi, tells a different story. A week before he had been threatened himself by Pigot, who brandished a rifle at him. Djahafi had brushed the incident aside with uneasy humour, but he knew that Pigot, a laundryman who worked in Boulogne-sur-Seine, lived in an explosive situation: his damp hovel contained not merely his wife/mistress but five children in one room, and he was envious of what appeared to him the increasing worldly success of his neighbour across the landing. Djahafi had been a hawker who had left Algiers for France in 1948 and had managed to set himself up in a little shop selling cloths and silks, 'Aux tissus et soieries d'Orient'. His comparative good fortune enabled him to bring up four children and to offer a home to his nephew, Djellali, the eldest of nine. Djellali, who was fifteen, had already spent several months in Fresnes prison for petty theft, and it seems likely that the energy he used in looking for fights in the street could have been more usefully channelled into helping his uncle in the shop. So Djahafi believed, confident that there was nothing wrong with his nephew other than *il faut que jeunesse se passe*. The neighbours thought differently, and expressed themselves as hurtfully as they could: 'chien' was a mere expletive, but 'bicot' ('wog') was intended to get under the lad's skin. He told his uncle, who took him seriously enough—particularly when Pigot bought a gun—to make a complaint to the local police. They told him to take the matter to court. On 25th October he telephoned the lawyer he had hired, convinced that there would be bloodshed. The lawyer agreed to see him two days later. By then, it was pointless. At nine o'clock on the morning of 27th October, Djahafi phoned again to say that his nephew was lying dead outside the flat. No doubt Djellali was a young delinquent, whatever the cause may have been. Perhaps he had been insolent to Pigot and his mistress, but it is the absoluteness of the violent reaction which is the key to the situation. Racial prejudice, which is predominantly anti-Arab in France, certainly lay at the roots of the crime, and with this was, no doubt, mingled a hatred for unfettered youth by a man at the end of his tether, combined with the envy of the poor white for the coloured man who has got on. Hence the petition for signatures in the *quartier* to obtain Pigot's release on bail.

Racism 2. Torture: for Information or for Degradation?

'I used to think all that was finished and done with', said Djahafi, 'since the war in Algeria came to an end. But it's starting all over again.' In fact, it never showed any signs of coming to an end, because this is one of the things that characterized the war in Algeria: the need to dehumanize the opponent, to strip him of human dignity by contempt for his very being, expressed in the concrete by the infliction of torture. Surely this is the prerequisite for the use of torture on another human being? Not the frantic desire for information, which might be said to exist on the field of battle where in the heat of the moment men might allow themselves to inflict cruelty on a captured enemy if they were in proximate danger of attack and death; but the use of cruelty as a political weapon, its rôle as degrader of the enemy who is your prisoner because you need to reduce him from the ranks of human beings. When this is combined with the contempt inspired by racial difference, the result is the kind of activity that was denounced in the left-wing Catholic press in France during the war in Algeria (and in the pages of *Blackfriars*, too) when Catholic generals and army Chaplains were united in justifying the systematic torture of the North African population. The denials of the time were not believed; and rightly so, as the recent book by General Massu has shown. *La Vraie Bataille d'Alger* does not attempt to gloss over the facts. It is a continued justification of Massu's stand when his paratroops were fighting to control the city of Algiers. In an interview with Jean Daniel (*Nouvel Observateur*, 15th November, 1971), General de Bollardière, who resigned the command of his division on this very issue during the battle for Algiers, attacks both the efficacy of torture and its increasing institutionalization in situations in which guerrilla warfare has become an extension of politics. Jacques Paris de Bollardière does not speak out of sentimentality. He was parachuted into the *maquis* in 1944, and himself saw the tortured bodies of hundreds of young Frenchmen who had been taken by the Germans. The officer who jumped with him ended his life hanging from a meat-hook in a Nazi concentration camp. Later, in Indo-China, when he learned troops under his command were using torture against the Vietnamese, he acted promptly to punish those guilty and he did this with the full approval of General Salan, then commander-in-chief in Indo-China. This proves, he affirms, that no army *need* accept either a single act or a habit of delinquency among its troops. An NCO who shot a native porter who refused to continue carrying a load was himself disciplined, and with him his company commander: 'when a commander has principles, he can make his men respect them.'

In any case, what is the supposed efficacy of the procedure? Did not the war in Algeria end with the exodus of a million French citizens, uprooted from the country of a lifetime's labour because the

situation of mutual hatred had made co-existence of the two communities unthinkable in a state in which Algerians exercised majority rule? Torture helped to polarize the conflict into two extremes, as it always does. When de Bollardière protested to Massu on the acceptance of torture as French army policy, he got nowhere. 'The conversation took place without any agreement being reached. He says now that I finished what I was saying by expressing my contempt. His account is perfectly accurate.' He then approached the C-in-C, his old commander from Indo-China, Raoul Salan. But Salan had changed, and had accepted Massu's case. So, too, had the civilian resident minister, Robert Lacoste. There was nothing to be done but resign. Back in France, he saw de Gaulle, and is convinced de Gaulle agreed with him. He did not say so in so many words, but, in de Bollardière's view, listened and acted. The general regrets nothing of this, nor of having his career broken as a consequence: 'The expression "human dignity" isn't an empty, hollow one as far as I'm concerned. No cause justifies the sacrifice of that dignity . . . We must declare that no end justifies torture as a means.'

In a later issue (29th November, 1971) Massu replied, and put the classic case for the use of 'abnormal' military methods in an abnormal situation. Massu is an honest man, there can be little doubt about that, and he has changed very little from the days when he was known as a brave desert commander to the men of the British Long Range Desert Groups (there is a photograph of him in Iain Crichton Smith's account of the LRDG). But, quite simply, he has been brainwashed. A Christian general, his principles have been put aside, and they have been put aside partly because the chaplain of the 10th Parachute Division backed those who supported the use of torture. Massu still quotes in 1971 that same chaplain's speech to his paratroop flock which I quoted with shock and disbelief in the November 1958 issue of *Blackfriars* (p. 481). Massu does not say torture was normal or natural. He does say it was necessary to extirpate from the capital of French Algeria, as it then was, a terrorist organization which was causing, week in, week out, the death or mutilation of hundreds of people, women and children included. Had we not acted, says Massu, the extreme right-wing counter-terrorist organization would have taken the law into its own hands as it did on one occasion in the rue de Thèbes, in the Casbah. That is why, in May 1958, so much enthusiasm for a French Algeria was expressed by crowds of Mohammedan citizens, as well as by Europeans. If there were other methods to use, why does de Bollardière not say what they are? 'However cruel it may be, the search for intelligence has become a weapon in the fight against subversion and may even be the least bloody of all weapons. . . .' And as for quoting de Gaulle in support—did he not send Massu best wishes 'to you and your fine, brave division'?—and that was after his interview with de Bollardière.

The latter, in his final reply in the same issue, takes Massu to task for assuming that what he was putting down was a terrorist organization. Was it not, in fact, he queries, the Algerian resistance movement? Was not this de Gaulle's term for it? And did de Gaulle not envisage it in this light when he spoke of 'la paix des braves' and invited the leaders to Paris for negotiations? That Massu can still believe in the spontaneous nature of the May 1958 demonstrations on behalf of France is sad and ridiculous. Everyone is aware of how these spontaneous demonstrations are organized, and the history of this particular one is well known. De Bollardière insists that once you are confronted by an organization which is not an army but a group of political militants, then the struggle changes character at once, and the army itself becomes an army which is *led politically*. To win a *political* war, the military leaders must be in *political* agreement with the *political* mission entrusted to them. Despite what Massu affirms, de Bollardière is convinced that the idea of rebellion against the political power of Paris was born in the French army from the instant that army was certain that it could impose its will on everyone, and by every means, torture not excepted.

As if to confirm de Bollardière in this claim, a former sergeant in North Africa wrote in a letter to the same magazine that the idea of torture as a means to intelligence is an after-thought for justification. In fact its greatest use was to counter-terrorize, which is why it was used *after*, and not merely *before*, raids by the fellagha took place. Men tortured not to find out who was going to attack which village, but who had attacked it, who had guided the rebels to this or that hide-out of those who sympathized with the French. Another letter, from Mme Germaine Tillion, dots the i's and crosses the t's of Massu's book: she quotes, with cold fury against his assumption of the rightness of torture, the fact that 3,014 people *disappeared* from Algiers in the course of a single year, after being officially arrested by services under his command. In many cases not even their corpses could be found. 'The catastrophic end', she concludes with bitter irony, 'was fitting for such base methods—for governments now know, thanks to Massu, that to be quite sure of losing a province, all you have to do is win one single battle like the "real battle of Algiers".'

Information and the heroin trade

If intelligence is not won by torture, there seems little evidence that it is effectively won by methods which some would regard as in their way almost as sinister. Last autumn, before the federal court of Newark (New Jersey), Judge Frederick Lacey extracted from a Frenchman, Roger Delouette, accused of drug smuggling, the confession that he had conspired with Colonel Paul Fournier, his 'control' in the French counter-espionage services (*Service de documentation et de contre-espionage*, pronounced *Zdek*) to import heroin

into the USA; his contact in New York being, he claimed, the head of the SDECE post at the French consulate, Harold MacNab. Delouette was arrested on 5th April, 1971, as a result of the lynx-eyed (how else?) vigilance of a twenty-two-year-old customs official, Lynn Pelletier, who apparently spotted that Delouette's VW microbus—en route to Port Elizabeth from Le Havre on board the *Atlantic Cargo*—was carrying heroin. Delouette had made the crossing by air the previous day. 'Something whispered in my ear' is how Miss Pelletier puts it. It must have been a pretty precise whisper, since she made straight for the water-tank under the washbasin and found fifteen bags full of white powder. Another eighty-six bags were stashed away under the flooring.

Delouette was questioned on the quayside, and later was forced to permit a customs official to share his apartment at the Sheraton in New York. On 6th April, a woman's voice came through on the phone from Paris. Delouette spoke briefly: 'The VW's in trouble' and hung up. It was then he began to make his confession. He was a SDECE agent acting under superior orders, which impressed the Americans not at all, and he was soon languishing in Somerville prison. Then the French police acted. An enquiry at Delouette's Paris domicile, 30 rue Nungesser et Coli, revealed a flat rented by his twenty-two-year-old mistress, Marie-Josée Robert. Delouette, she declared, was often called away on duty (officially, he was an agricultural specialist). Yes, she had phoned the Sheraton. No, she knew nothing of what Delouette was up to. No, she could not explain the presence of 17,000 forged US dollars in her bedside table drawer. On 13th April, André Lucergeois, a *commissaire de police* from the drug squad, flew to New York to interrogate Delouette.

With no luck at all. The Americans wouldn't let him anywhere near. The French examining magistrate and the French police were unable to question Delouette for months—not until late summer, in fact, and had to content themselves with working out his past activities from other sources. His contacts then began to make up a very interesting picture indeed. He was an adventurer, of course, something of a Walter Mitty, a big spender, who had given up agricultural studies during the war, and in the early post-war years had been attached to the Allied mission in Greece. There he met—and later married—a French general's daughter, Christiane Rémusat, who was acting as secretary to a navy captain, Roger Barberot. In 1966 Delouette left his wife and six children comfortably installed in the west Paris suburb of Meudon to take up a job advising on rice cultivation in Sierra Leone. Two years later, he was back in France, with a project for Sierra Leone on his mind, and the obvious person to present it to was none other than Roger Barberot, by this time director of the Bureau for the Development of Agricultural Production (BDPA). Since they had been in Greece together, Barberot had been through the war in Algeria (as a colonel,

oddly enough), and had then been ambassador in Bangui to the Central African Republic. His BDPA in effect controlled 350 agricultural technical experts, plus a couple of score civil servants, all of whom were authorized to give aid and comfort to any French secret service agents they might encounter on their travels in the third world. Barberot found the agricultural cover useful himself: in November 1968 he was in Cuba, where Delouette joined him and carried out one or two tasks, fitfully, for the SDECE. On his return, Delouette was sent to Cote d'Ivoire but proved unsatisfactory and was dismissed from the BDPA in May 1970. He promptly forged an agricultural diploma and applied for a visa to the USA in March 1971 on the strength of it. He told his wife he was leaving on a mission for SDECE (who later denied he was working for them: they had had enough of his incompetence and irresponsibility from his days in Cuba). Under Fournier's orders—so went Delouette's deposition—he took delivery of a VW and sent it off from Le Havre on 17th March, 1971. He was to await his contact at the Sheraton, who would pay him 50,000 dollars.

All this is basically Delouette's own story, as narrated to the American prosecutor, Herbert J. Stern, who has the reputation of being a totally incorruptible lawyer known to the public at large chiefly for his rôle in the apprehension of the three men guilty of the murder of Malcolm X. Stern was not in the least concerned about the secret service ramifications of the Delouette affair. His purpose was to see that the drug smuggling charge stuck, and he even flew to France himself to interview the investigating magistrate, Roussel, and ask him to bring in Fournier for questioning. Blandly, the French turned the request aside: there was no reliable evidence to incriminate Fournier, simply one man's unsupported accusation. Why then, asked Stern, did he not come to America to clear himself? Why should he answer a charge, was the reply, which lacked substantial proof?

The complications are greater than might appear from this linear account. The American Narcotics Bureau, for instance, has for some time accused the French of going slow in stamping out drug traffic, and its director in Europe and the Middle East, John Cusack (hastily recalled to the States last autumn) has roundly declared that the big shots of the French drug traffic are apparently backed by a conspiracy of silence in very high quarters in the French police. For another, the CIA has no desire to see the French secret services extend their territory into the Western hemisphere, a policy which had certain conspicuous successes: Thiraud de Vosjoly, a French agent in Cuba, seems to have been involved in uncovering the presence of Soviet missiles there, and to have been turned round by the CIA to act for them (Leon Uris's novel *Topaz* is supposedly based on this episode).

There are African ramifications, too: according to the deposition

of Eugène Tissier, of the Ascot engineering company, who had employed Delouette as an agricultural technician in June 1970, a search of Delouette's drawers in February 1971 had revealed a catalogue of arms and an order for arms deliveries of a kind to suggest that this was not Delouette's first venture into the game. The implication was that during trips to Abidjan (he first stayed in Cote d'Ivoire from 3rd November, 1969 to 19th January, 1970) Delouette had been responsible for the clandestine shipment of arms into Biafra by French munitions manufacturers.

Diplomats versus spies

And, of course, there are internal, inter-service ramifications. When the Quai d'Orsay heard of Delouette's activities on behalf of the BDPA, there was an explosion of anger that an organization for assisting third world agricultural development should be seen to allow itself to be used for espionage purposes. Delouette's indiscretion indicated that he was becoming an embarrassment to French diplomacy, and one of the deputy heads of the *Service de renseignement*, Paul Ferrer, was given the task of disposing of him in a convenient manner. Paul Ferrer was known to Roger Delouette as Colonel Fournier. . . . Ferrer was reputedly furious when Delouette's accusations appeared in the press. So, too, was the Minister of National Defence, Michel Debré, whose Ministry is responsible for the SDECE and who had recently appointed Count Alexandre de Marenches as director-general of secret services, in an effort to purge them of insecure adventurer elements like Delouette, and to cut out the internecine warfare between them.

Barberot put a stop to the second objective by a television broadcast in November 1971 in which he not only revealed that Paul Ferrer was Colonel Fournier, but refused to join in the anti-American choruses of Debré's ministry and roundly declared that perhaps the SDECE had not been sufficiently purged after the Ben Barka affair (see *New Blackfriars*, April 1966) and that it was by no means impossible that some of its agents *had* become involved in drug traffic. Those in the know assumed that Barberot, as a left-wing Gaullist, was here acting as the spokesman for a group of officers dismissed from the SDECE by René Bertrand, a former French air force officer who had been twenty years in the SDECE and was responsible for its post-Ben Barka purge. But, of course, as head of the BDPA, Barberot was also making sure he was publicly in the clear. Since Barberot had proclaimed in his broadcast the treasonable incompetence—to put it at its mildest—of both Bertrand and Alexandre de Marenches there seemed little hope of closing the ranks in the face of further accusations from the United States since Bertrand (alias Colonel Jacques Beaumont) has been forced to sue Barberot. Operations carried on in the full glare of newspaper publicity are hardly the most suitable activities for a secret service, so hints

dropped (by, among others, a former Minister of Defence, General Billotte) that the best thing to do would be to dissolve the SDECE and start again from scratch may well be listened to. And as far as the drug traffic is concerned, it doesn't seem likely that the Americans will get any forrarder in their attacks on French complacency in the matter. Pompidou himself is reported to have said that the Americans have no right to make such a song and dance about it, since they could easily exercise control of the two major supply areas (Turkey and Vietnam) and the major consumption area (the USA itself). If they can't do that, why make such a fuss about the role of Marseilles? And, of course, to cap the lot, the French press accused the CIA of being itself involved in the heroin trade: from the poppy-fields of the Burma-Thailand border, they say, the drug (95 per cent pure in Vietnam) is flown down by CIA aircraft to Saigon and thence shipped west via Europe.

Diplomats as spies

The conflict between the secret services and the Quai d'Orsay, naturally anxious to preserve its diplomatic respectability, has also been underlined by a number of revelations implicating diplomats. The fruity case of Pierre Rocheron is one. After four years in Washington (1963-1967), Rocheron, an énarque, or graduate of the *Ecole nationale d'administration*, was employed in the Paris office of the World Bank until he was arrested in 1969 for slipping secrets to the Roumanians. Ion Jacobescu, a Roumanian representative on UNESCO (officially) and a member of the Roumanian intelligence service *Securitate* (in reality) passed over to the French and when he did so told them that a former member of the French Embassy in Washington had been controlled by Roumania since 1965. In the course of an interrogation on 5th August, 1969, Rocheron, who had been third secretary in Washington after serving as an officer in Korea, admitted he had passed 'harmless' documents to the Roumanians for cash. He later withdrew these admissions, and it became clear that he had never handled anything confidential enough to make a charge stick. Nonetheless, it did transpire that a friend of his in the Roumanian Embassy in Washington, Victor Dorobantu, had helped him out with money in a moment of crisis in 1956. Rocheron's mistress, a coloured American who already had four children and whom he could not marry without risking being sent home, was pregnant. Dorobantu paid for her to have an abortion. The debt was increased by presents sent him by another Roumanian, Ion Tomescu, also a UNESCO delegate, once he had returned to Paris. In exchange, Rocheron provided leaflets and pamphlets of a semi-official character. As Tomescu grew more demanding, Rocheron began to get worried and contacted friends in the police, in order to be able to squeeze himself safely out of what were proving to be embarrassing connexions. His friends were unable to do much about

it, once the DST (*Direction de la surveillance du territoire*), the police counter espionage service, got its teeth into the affair. Not only was the DST successfully breaking up half a dozen Roumanian networks in France, its energetic and forthright head Jean Rocheron was also trying to pressurize the French foreign service into allowing DST agents to function as minor diplomats in embassies abroad, a proposition the Quai d'Orsay viewed with unalloyed horror. The East Europeans' embassies, he claimed, are stuffed with spies—about half their staffs are agents. And would not recent French oil negotiations with the Algerians have been vastly more effective had the Algerians not known beforehand what kind of bids the French were in a position to make, because they had seen the French documentation? Obtained in the most classical manner, too: the secretary of Jean-Pierre Brunet, director of economic affairs at the Quai d'Orsay, had succumbed to the charms of a young Algerian who had persuaded her to pass over office documents. Then there was the unfortunate Eugène Rousseau, a minor employee of the French Embassy in Belgrade, condemned to fifteen years in gaol for treason. Rousseau has never ceased to proclaim his innocence to all and sundry, finishing up by writing a personal letter from prison to the President of the Republic. President Pompidou, impressed by a book written by Gilles Perrault to prove Rousseau's innocence, had him set free. In Rousseau's case, too, there were admissions, extracted as the result of a confession by his daughter. Monique Rousseau, now living in America, and protected by the ten-year law, had confessed to having been photographed in highly compromising circumstances by agents of the UDBA, the Yugoslav intelligence, who then received through her, over a period of two years (1957-1959), the entire intelligence production of the SDECE agency in Belgrade. According to the DST, Rousseau had, in fact, been constantly controlled by Yugoslav agents from that time onwards, in Belgrade, in Bucharest, later still when he was vice-consul in Algeria, and finally when he became editor of the Iraq desk in the SDECE headquarters in Paris, the 'Piscine', as it is called, whose information bulletins he is said to have regularly passed to the Yugoslavs. And so it goes. . . .

Incidents at Grenoble

It would be pleasant to record that to switch one's attention to the scene of higher education is to discover a fresh, clean world of new ideals and achievements. *Hélas, non!* Large sectors of it sound exactly like the episodes we have just glanced at: one in particular, the University of Grenoble, is going through a period of anguish which puts in the shade even the anarchy of Nanterre. The city itself, the great city of promise in South-Eastern France, where the latest architecture and an incomparable Alpine setting should have guaranteed a life of perfect study and perfect relaxation, has been

for months a haunt of juvenile delinquents. Not a single public building has been spared the campaign of bombs and paint-pots. Prisunic and the Nouvelles Galeries have had paving stones hurled regularly through their plate-glass windows, and in the church of St Pierre-de-Chartreuse the tabernacle has been broken open, the ciborium removed, and a copy of the left-wing paper *Cause du Peuple* put in its place. Georges Menant, writing in *Paris Match*, unhesitatingly put the finger on a group of Maoist students on the Grenoble campus as the instigators of the violence. Fifty of them, according to him, dominate the 25,000-strong student body by a régime of terror led by about half a dozen men: Pierre Boisgontier, a physics research student, Volodia Shashani ('the Palestinian'), dismissed by the rector for professional inadequacies and reinstated as a result of Boisgontier's intervention, Marie-José Buet, a student of criminal law, already twice sentenced for attacks on the police, Pierre Forax, a science student, Michel Bernardi de Sigoyer, bearer of a well-known aristocratic name, Jean-Max Bernard, a brick-layer and a deserter from the Foreign Legion who is said to patrol the campus with a revolver or a rifle with telescopic sights. The campus itself is a nightmare: the library and the discotheque look as if they were in a state of siege, mindless graffiti are scrawled everywhere, no one can leave property safely, the head of a hall of residence, Mme Renaud, was beaten and forced to flee her own building after trying to make a foreign student leave. One hall of residence, Debussy, is well known as a place where abortions can be had, and 400 are said to have taken place there in a year. French girls are openly prostituted to the wealthy sons of families from the Middle East of Africa. The Rector, M. Niveau, is clearly unwilling, in spite of all this, to bring in the police, because all the evidence from elsewhere is that this polarizes student resistance at once. On the other hand, words are his only weapon, and they are not very effective in such a situation. The Prefect of the Isère admits that the means at his disposal no longer match the needs of the situation. The Mayor of Grenoble, M. Dubebout, a former naval officer and a socialist, dedicated to the correct financial running of his new city, finds himself confronted by a political problem he had never anticipated. He refused left-wing students the use of a hall in which to hold a 'popular tribunal', then relented when they invaded the *mairie* and started a hunger strike. The Prefect then forbade the meeting, which compelled Dubebout to withdraw his authorization. South-Vietnamese students who had been prevented on several occasions by left-wing students from holding a propaganda meeting came to the university restaurant on 28th May armed, helmeted, supported by French right-wing demonstrators, and looking for a scrap. The left-wing students hurled crockery and chairs at them, until one of the Vietnamese drew a revolver and fired into the student restaurant Diderot.

Seven of the left-wing students were badly injured in the fight, two of them by bullet wounds. The police were not informed for three hours, and then only as a result of a phone call from a Paris newspaper! The next day, the students organized the kidnapping of two Vietnamese students in broad daylight in the streets of Grenoble itself—in fact 300 yards from the city hall—while passers-by stood and watched. The students were later released, and a warrant issued for the arrest of Pierre Boisgontier.

Interviewing Boisgontier and Shashani for *Nouvel Observateur*, René Backmann found them both highly intelligent and quite unlike the standard picture of the left-wing student in Paris. Warrants were out for their arrest, but the police did not enforce them on the campus for fear of reprisals. Once the campus emptied, on Friday nights, they both 'took to the hills' and Backmann had himself photographed chatting with them somewhere in the countryside about fifteen kilometres outside the city. 'Everyone accuses us of being intolerant', they told him. 'But there is proof that we are not: the *Action Française* groups have been able to distribute their tracts on the campus, and they've even had Vietnamese doing this for them, calling for a restoration of the monarchy in France. What we can't tolerate is that freedom of expression should be left to the Nazis and that people should be prepared to make an apologia for war crimes. We want to show the arbitrary nature of bourgeois justice, the collaboration of justice and police in making repression more efficient. They're on the campus in ten minutes if there's any trouble from left-wing students. Why did it take them five hours to turn up the day the revolver shots were fired? Why didn't they search the Résidence Ouest, where there are Vietnamese students with well-known right-wing views?'

The Maoist students belong for the most part to what is called 'Grenoble 2', a university of social sciences in which a largely experimental reorganization of teaching and research has been carried out in twelve 'units' or departments. Backmann declares that students in these units do not necessarily approve the left-wingers' methods, but they say that they have brought to light a number of things the authorities would have preferred unrevealed. 'They have created a dynamic which forces those who hold power in the university to call into question a great number of things.' 'Of course, social agitation will have repercussions within the university, but 99 per cent of the students here work hard and take their courses in the usual way', proclaims Jean-Louis Quermonne, the university president. 'You only hear about the odd one per cent who do not.'

'In spite of—or perhaps because of—its left-wingers', concludes Backmann, 'the university of "Grenoble 2" is perhaps inventing a form of teaching we will hear of again.' Well, perhaps. But it looks like being a long haul.