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ALGERIA

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"WHAT PRICE FREEDOM"

Written by Judith Jasmin

Narrator JACQUES FAUTEUX

Producer and Director MARCEL BLOUIN

Editor PIERRE GIRARD

PREAMBLE

Colonized by the Romans, by the Turks, by the French; invaded time without number; time without number pillaged and raped - such is the history, both ancient and modern, of this Mediterranean land, Algeria. At the dawn of a new beginning, the country is filled with the confidence and verve of a young nation.

A L G E R I A

A tentative peace returns to Algeria and the only reminder of the war and the period of colonialism now is the voice of the storyteller in the market-place. The fighters of the FLN are fading into legend, like the warriors of Troy and Sparta immortalized by the blind bard, Homer. In the new Tales of Arabian Nights, the califs and thieves of Bagdad have been replaced by Soustelle, de Gaulle, the parachutists... French rule, he says, lasted for 130 years and the resistance movement of Emir Abdel Khader had almost been forgotten when the massacres at Sétif revived the spirit of independence. In the Kerrata passes, there still lives the memory of 20,000 dead who, in 1945, began the rebellion.

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Police action, after an outbreak at Sétif which resulted in 10 deaths, was excessively brutal; the Muslims, stung to wakefulness, became aware of their bondage. On November 1st, 1954, nearly a dozen acts of terrorism from the Aurès to Kabylie announced the war against the colonial rule.

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1956. Battle of the Aurès. A contingent of 200,000 men supported by planes and heavy artillery is unable to overcome a few hundred guerillas holed up in a mountain.

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'57. Massu and his parachutists swing into action. Battle of Algiers. Women and children take part in the fighting.

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June, '58. De Gaulle comes to power. He speaks of people's right to self-determination.

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'60. Day of the barricades. Ortis and Lagaillarde lead Algerians in assault on government palace. Army remains loyal to de Gaulle... uprising is crushed.

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'61. Unsuccessful revolutionary action by Generals brings France to verge of civil war. French electorate gives de Gaulle total support and full powers to end Algerian War.

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March, '62. Treaty of Evian is signed by Provisional Revolutionary Government of Algeria and Government of France. July 1st, '62. Algeria celebrates first day of independence.

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A shaky peace returns, independence is won, the OAS muzzled. It remains for the new Algeria to count its losses:

A million and a half dead -

800,000 Europeans quit the country -- upper classes, professionals, administrators, medical corps, colonists.

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The state coffers are empty; the banks insolvent. The material losses are incalculable... But the wounded must be bandaged, the traces of brutality erased. The nightmare is over; it is time to bury the dead... to live and forget...

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BOUALEM (Testimony of an Algerian newspaperman)

... "To forget or to hate... who? The Europeans who were here... who, in our eyes, stood for war; especially in its last phase: the OAS. I think when you've seen... for example, when you've seen a prison guard march 450 men out into the yard and then bring out an Algerian and slap his face in front of them to humiliate him... well, I don't think you could turn around and do the same thing yourself... when you've seen how far humiliation and cowardice can go... I don't think you can turn around and start all over again. We remember too well -- from time to time -- when we see certain things again... but the thing is...the thing is, we're oriented towards life now -- we want to live.

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As if in spite of the will to forget, the walls still bear the marks of hatred... OAS against FLN... Salan against de Gaulle... Graffiti, slogans of a recent past, must be erased from our memories.

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With a coat of whitewash, Algiers recreates the face of peace. A new layer of make-up and it resumes its title, Algiers the White.

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Young heroes who died in the djebel have now displaced the glories of the French 19th century.

The pages of the new history are written mainly in the streets. The school children will soon learn to substitute the name of Franz Fanon for that of General Bugeaud.

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On the credit side of the colonial administration's ledger must be put a modern substructure, a network of road, harbour installations... and the rich vineyards of the Mitidja and the Oranais which supply thousands casks of wine for export to France... stout wines which serve to give body to the lighter, French wines.

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Above all, Algeria can count on its 8 million men who, for so many years, have suffered in patience. The people of Algeria. Do they form a coherent force? A nation? -- To what extent are they prepared to work with the new state? -- a young Algerian newspaperman who was in the fighting from the beginning and subsequently spent six years as a prisoner of war, Boualem Makouf, tries to define the Algeria of 1963:

BOUALEM:

It's very difficult to define the face of Algeria. The Algerian nation does exist. It has to. That's not the question. Now, bringing it about was the job of the leaders of November 1st. -- It had to be crystallized, and to make it so we had to go to war. In the end, these 7 and a half years of war made it crystallize.

To understand Algeria, you have to see how the people live -- you have to wander through the crooked streets of the Casbah. For a long time, this was the home of the Algerian native, a sort of ghetto where Europeans were afraid to go alone, where the terrorists could easily shake off the police... now, the Casbah is a heavily populated district, absolutely calm. No more mysteries, no more cloak and dagger chases from house to house... the shades of Ali-la-Pointe have vanished forever.

Now people live there the way they do in any other Algerian city, overcrowded and poor, as best they can, crammed in on top of each other, surrounded by crowds of children with none of what we call modern conveniences.

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To really see how Algeria lives, you have to detour through the Arab quarter in a country village, in Mostaganem for example, you have to go into one of those houses that are so tightly walled-in it's impossible to see anything unless you're invited to enter.

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A fresh indoors patio where pools of light and shadow tremble incessantly... around which the day-to-day existence of children and grandparents alike is organized.

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An Arab house is a house of women. Of women partitioned off, veiled-in, surrounded by mystery...

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Until recently, the haick symbolized modesty, a secret, sheltered life, the sacred essence. Now it is subject to criticism by the younger generation. Heated debates rage in the daily papers through the letters to the editor columns. Different generations argue furiously about the use of the veil, about the emancipation of the women who are not allowed out alone, who cannot go to the movies or a restaurant. Even the most optimistic of women say it will take another generation before they gain the right to any real social freedom. Legally, they have about the same rights as a woman in France or Canada. However, few girls would

dare leave home to work, so powerful are the influences of environment and tradition.

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The man is absolute master in the home. He assumes this role over his mother and sisters while still very young. Generally, the men eat together. But the Khelil family is liberal and modern; Djemila takes her meals with her brother. However, although Djemila loves dancing, she is not allowed to do the twist, like other girls. In an Algerian family, meetings among young people of the opposite sex are out of the question. Even though Europeanized, Madjid remains deeply Muslim. Therefore, since Friday is a holy day, he goes to the mosque along with his fellow believers. Called to prayer by the muezain, the men of the section meet at the mosque.

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Before prayers, the Muslim performs ablutions in the basins of the mosque. In a religion born of the desert, water is raised to the rank of purifier.

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Work and prayer constitute the essential doctrines of the Muslim. The pilgrimage to Mecca, the fast of Ramadan, and the ablutions take second place.

In the Koran, the prophet Mohamed gathered together all the precepts that govern the religious and civic Islamic life. In Algeria, the sale of alcohol to Muslims is forbidden in accordance with the Koran.

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Between believer and God, there are no intermediaries, no intercessors; man, in the nakedness of the mosque, is alone with his Maker.

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The children come to the mosque to learn the verses of the Koran, the way Catholic children repeat their catechism while perhaps letting their thoughts wander to things altogether different.

The old schools of the Koran, the Medersas (of which the largest were at Tlemcen) have disappeared as such. There, the Oulemas tried to teach the young Algerians an awareness of their national heritage, both religious and cultural. Now they have been integrated into a single system. Teaching has become non-secular, adapted to the needs of a modern world.

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France had created a good school system. But not all Muslims had access to it. A large number of boys and, above all, girls remained illiterate.

One of the efforts of the present government has been to re-open schools and to add, whenever possible, instruction in Arabic as well as French. A big problem is still the teachers themselves.

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1300 teachers are Algerian as compared to 18,000 Europeans on loan from France under the terms of the Treaty of Evian. To combat illiteracy, evening courses for teachers have been organized. In a few short months, curriculum, texts and teaching methods were reformed.

The accent is on professional training.

Private teaching no longer exists -- Catholic schools remain open, but integrated into the national system. Education is free, of course, and all students, without exception, are granted scholarships.

To the new course in morals, there has been added a new virtue: citizenship. "No individual can be moral if he is not, at the same time, a good citizen," says in substance, the first verse of the new Algerian credo.

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In Algeria, where money, machinery and technicians are scarce, it is through the enthusiasm of the ordinary people that it is hoped to accomplish the economic redevelopment of the country. That is why, to fill the empty coffers of the state, president Ben Bella established the national solidarity fund, into which everybody was asked to put his share, voluntarily: jewels, money, deeds... anything is welcome. In the space of a few days, thousands of poor rushed to the wickets -- workers, dockers, housewives, labourers, the unemployed... All across Algeria, last May and June, there occurred a vast movement of solidarity, a getting together of the people to re-build their country; as yesterday during the war of liberation they got together to defend it.

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Fine bracelets, wedding rings, greasy bills... with all their hearts, the Algerian people give to the country they intend to re-build for and by themselves.

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At the same time, another call was made through the voices of the newspapers and the radio. Volunteer workers were asked to help replant the forest of Bainem, destroyed by fire seven years ago.

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It is Sunday; buses bring two thousand men, women and children to the heights of Algiers, come to lend a hand in clearing the land and replanting the forest.

Enthusiasm is at its peak; forest engineers direct the work which has been in progress since 8 o'clock in the morning. By noon, the great, bushy hills have been cleared by hand, without the help of a single tractor. Later, eucalyptus and pine trees will be planted there.

The chanting of the women, that strident, guttural cry that stimulated the men like a war cry during the revolution, has become a call to work.

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In 4 years' time, an embryonic forest will stand here.

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The old Trappist land which belonged to a colonist named Borgeaud has been nationalised and re-baptised "le domaine Bouchaoui". It is the largest vineyard in Algeria. Vines cover nearly 8,000 acres of land and stretch around an old monastery, now converted into wine cellars. 500 hands work there.

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Borgeaud's former vineyard is only one of 12,000 farms classed as "vacated lands" in an area totalling nearly 4 million acres -- made into collective farms by the present government. At the Souman congress in 1956, the revolutionary leaders tried to determine what were their political objectives: how, after the liberation, they would lead the social revolution. They established then the priority of agrarian reform. Algeria is an agricultural country and the majority of the people are peasants. They live off grain and livestock -- It was they and their problems that got first attention. In appearance, everything is the way it was before and each man is doing the same amount of work for the same money that he received under colonial rule. What then has changed for the Algerian peasant? At the former Latrappe vineyard, we

followed Mecheri who, that morning, was driving his tractor down to the depot.

MECHERI (young peasant)

"I am born here, me, on the Trappe Borgeaud vineyards. I start to work in 1939. I mean, I never go to school, me... why? Because my father, the poor old man, he's still alive, he only made 7 francs a day, that's why - and I was young, me... I was... anyway, I can send my boy to school now, even if I have to eat dirt, because I can't read or write -- I never go to school. I start work at eight years, me. For 5 francs a day." With such wages, of course, the workers lived in squalid cane huts called gourbis, under deplorable conditions, without drains, lacking all hygienic facilities.

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But today, all is festivity; together the men go joyously to demolish the last of the gourbis, symbols of humiliation. Everybody wants to lend a hand in the work of demolition; and the walls fall like houses of cards... But there are precious materials that must not be wasted and these tiles will be preserved for later use.

MECHERI

"Nearly everybody who was down there used to live in the gourbis. Now there isn't no more gourbis -- that's finished, done for... you won't find nobody living in a gourbi now."

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Now the peasants have the right to occupy brick houses left vacant by the Europeans. Mecheri is happy. It is his turn to keep house with his wife and children.

MECHERI

"I get married here, me. My wife, she is from the vineyard too. We know each other, she's from round here... I know her... and now we got 5 kids, and I hope from now we going to be happy."

Another reason for Mecheri's happiness: president Ben Bella came in person to watch the inauguration of the first works committee elected by the workers and authorized to administer the vineyard.

MECHERI

"The president of the republic, Ben Bella, he come, he come that same evening. We go up one by one, after the elections I mean, one by one, and he kiss us; when they call a man's name, he goes up, touch his hand and he kiss him, he say Well done! and all that. Well, I couldn't believed it -- I mean, I not sure I really kiss him... you see, because they say me: Ben Bella, what he is like? we don't know... Well, the day I kiss him, I couldn't believed it true I kiss him or whether I am dreaming or what. And then there is... what's his name... the one he look after the land... ah, Ahmar Ouzegane, yes! Ben Bella, he tell us, there: I give you this and you, you're in command; what you make is yours, what you lose is yours. Now everybody, the whole country I mean, is watch our first try here at the Trappe, ex-Latrappe bouchaouiama ... well, we hope it's work out... so far it's look fine..."

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The 33 elected members of the workers council meet and select their works committee.

These men are almost illiterate. They have been used to taking orders since their childhood. And yet, to them now belongs the job of

administering the largest vineyard in the country.

Civil servants from the Ministry of Agriculture explain to them their future roles and functions. Now in French, now in Arabic, they learn the ways of democracy...

On the success of the works committee depends the future of the country, says Ben Bella. The economic tool of a country in full social revolution is state ownership. It begins with worker-directed enterprises which the state can consolidate and develop itself. But enthusiasm alone is not enough to make either a vineyard or a country work; solid organization is necessary. To make a real democracy function, everybody must feel involved. One of the keys to the future of Algeria is in the hands of these works committees, formed of attentive and grave peasants who now feel that they are playing an active part.

MECHERI

"We stay -- we choose among ourselves, I mean, we go out one by one - I mean, one man is go away and the others are say who will vote for him? Then they see who is raise their hand... and then some raise their hand ... some don't... we choose nine - the nine members of the works committee. And out of the nine, one is a woman. Then after us, the nine there, we choose, we say: let's pick a chairman now. We pick a chairman. We happy with him now, because he's a good man, and he's go everywhere, he's not even sleep at night, him. Maybe he's sleep one, two hour a night... the chairman's name is Djilali, I'm know his name...

CHAIRMAN

MECHERI

"We're work 9 hour a day. We're get up -- the sun is already high.

That's it, all right. Before... I work before, me - I already been work here for 24 years or more!... Well, I get up at 4 o'clock in the morning. It's dark... from 4 to 7 at night, we're not come home. We're work, work, work... I don't know if we work 15 or 16 hours a day. Everybody's know how we're work... work. We're socialists, us. And then at the end of the year, everybody is get the benefit and all that. Even the kids, even the woman know that. Everybody's know that. Ah, happy... I'm can't tell you how I'm be happy! All I know is I'm happy, happy, very happy".

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In Oranais and Mitidja, where the European colonists settled by right of conquest, they forced the local population back to the mountains. Here, in West Algeria, the fertility of the earth is a pleasure to see: early vegetables, vineyards, grain stretch as far as the eye can reach. Fertile land, well-watered, well-cared for... But as soon as we go beyond Tizi Ouzou and the passes of Palestro to the east, we enter another country: one of aridity and poverty.

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In the overpopulated mountains of Kabylie, the villages stretch out like strings of beads along the peaks; here, the old Berber traditions have been preserved. These high villages were scarcely touched by the invaders. On these steep hills, there grow fig, cherry and olive-trees. Goats and sheep supply the Kabyles with their main source of wealth, what little wealth they possess.

The Djurdjura covers the countryside. To extract a meager living from this land, the mountainpeople must labour hard.

Freer than their Arab sisters, Kabyle women go without the veil, and they take part in the heavy work of the fields -- barren fields often rendered nearly useless by erosion.

These stone villages shelter a big population of women, children and old men. Most of the younger, able-bodied men have gone to work in the cities of Algeria, or of France. From there, they send a postal order home once a month so their families can live. The Kabyle workers have the reputation of being intelligent and sober. They live a Spartan life... they accept jobs that European workers refuse in order to feed their families.- The country was heavily hit by the war; 120,000 houses damaged, 82,000 of them totally destroyed.

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In Souk and Jemma, all the houses were razed to the ground. But the custom persists of coming there to hold a market twice a week. There, a few chick-peas, some green peppers are exchanged for a pound or two of mutton; a cow for a donkey.

A kilo of meat costs a day's wages - \$1.25. But few of these men are lucky enough to find even several days' work a month. Some of them have been unemployed for years... they belong to those unfortunate Algerians whose capital city, on its rocky spur, is Constantine.

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Constantine, in the east, between little Kabylie and the Aurès, is a city of ravines. The Rhumel flows between its rocky flanks, now a torrent, now a trickling creek. Several hanging bridges cross the Rhumel, steel gangways that sway when the wind is high... many an unhappy woman has taken her life by leaping into the abyss. Formerly,

in the time of the Turks, condemned men were tied in sacks and thrown into the ravine from the tops of the cliffs, some of which tower 350 feet high. The women of Constantine go about in eternal mourning, it seems. Their heavy capes are as black as the misery that stifles the city. Above the white mask that hides half the face, the eyes of the Constantine women seem enormous and sad, as if looking at you from the bottom of a tomb.

The market is installed along a lane that climbs towards the upper town. Bags of grain, barley-corn, millet move along with piles of stale bread crumbs. The bread crumbs are bought to stave off hunger. In Constantine, we've put our finger on one of Algeria's open sores: unemployment. 80% of the inhabitants of Constantine are without work, without hope of work and without unemployment insurance.

The population of Constantine was swollen during the war by the influx of refugees from the Aurès. Fleeing their destroyed villages, they came to increase the numbers of the unemployed in this non-industrial area. The newcomers found shelter as best they could in wastelands which have turned into immense Hoovervilles. The play of the children, the cooking, the washing, everything takes place at ground-level among the rubbish and the rats. These slums of Constantine are a sickness which the new state must try to heal. General de Gaulle was aware of this poverty when, in 1959, he established the Constantine plan. A series of works paid for out of the war budget was eventually to open up 5,000 jobs. In reality only about twenty apartment blocks have been constructed in Constantine, giving a few hundred families somewhere to live. They fall far short of answering the needs of a population

on the verge of despair. There have already been a number of demonstrations by the unemployed and the malcontent here. Thousands of despairing men have demanded bread and work from the government. In Constantine, since the liberation, blood has flowed. Nor does the poverty end here.

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The road to the south comes out in the Aurès... in these desert mountains inhabited since time immemorial by semi-nomadic barbarians. Neither the Romans nor the Turks were able to dislodge them from their rocky citadels. During the wars, they took to the bush, and impenetrable natural fortress. The country is of a strangely savage beauty. Canyons of reddish granite flare in the setting sun, villages cling to the cliffs like honeycombs of rock. Along the watercourse, lower down, a ribbon of green, a narrow palm-grove where dates and a little wheat are harvested. While the esthete, André Gide, sang of the formal beauty of the Aurès and attracted sunset-loving tourists there, Albert Camus was denouncing its poverty: "Don't they understand, he wrote, that, in this country where the sky and the earth seem an invitation to joy, millions of men are starving?" In Rhoufi, the stratified cliffs reveal built-up areas that seem to have grown out of the stone. How can anybody live on this dry, rocky land? Perhaps the open door of a house in Rhoufi will offer an explanation... The community lives largely thanks to its traditional arts and crafts, weaving, silver working, pottery. This woman will spend many days weaving a goat's hair blanket of beautiful colours -- which she will then sell at the market for an absurdly low price.

BOUALEM

"Algeria's good luck has been its bad luck. And for these people, their bad luck is that the problems in Algeria are all so crucial, so

pressing, that only radical solutions can bring results. There can be no half-measures in Algeria. There must be work for millions. There must be schoolrooms for millions. For these Algerians who were told that after the revolution, everybody would be able to go to school. In ten years, this young Algerian will demand an accounting. So, the situation in Algeria will not admit of any half-measures; and this means that no rich bourgeoisie will ever again have a chance to take over.

In the west, where the land is fertile, solutions have been found: agrarian reform, work committees. But what is the answer to hunger?

Perhaps it lies beneath these sand dunes. The oil and gas that flowed forth at Hassi Messaoud and Hassi R'Mel now guarantee French aid. The Sahara conceals other unexplored treasures. Also, tourists may become a source of revenue.

BOUALEM

Biskra, the oasis of a hundred thousand date trees, is a popular winter resort. Bou-Saada, gateway to the desert, parti-village, part-oasis, is much appreciated by travellers. Good hotels are still open for business and anxious for guests. Rose gardens and camel-back excursions into the desert are only some of the exotic pleasures that appeal to sophisticated tourists.

Meeting a family of nomads and getting a taste of the desert dweller's proverbial hospitality is another exciting experience. The women scurry about making date and honey cakes which you must eat with sour milk as a sign of friendship... camel milk, of course. The nomads

live off their camels. Whether raised for work or for meat, the camel helps the man of the south to survive. In the desert, a man never takes it for granted that he will eat or drink his fill. The ceremoniousness of meals has a deep religious meaning, remarks the Kabyle Jean Amrouche.

BOUALEM:

Profound detachment and nobility of the desert man... one of the finest human types imaginable. And from Algiers to Tananrasset, the man who holds the fate of 8 million Algerians in his hands is Ben Bella.

Who is Ben Bella?

BOUALEM

"I think the prime meaning of Ben Bella's name is unity. He is acclaimed in the Oranie as loudly as in Constantine, Algiers or Tananrasset. Through him, people communicate, people feel united. But I'd like to say one thing. When you hear people cry "Tashia Ben Bella", don't make the mistake of thinking that they are on their knees before him. I think that if there is a people that has a sense of democracy -- a people for whom the cult of personality was resolved before they were aware of world opinion based on arms and war -- the Algerian knew that he existed, from the lowliest soldier to the mightiest chief. When they shouted "Tashia Ben Bella", it went beyond Ben Bella, it meant Algeria."

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It was Ben Bella who, after the revolution, founded reception centres for the orphans, for the children of the Chouhada, that is to say, the martyrs. While visiting one of them, the former Holden Chateau in

Douéra, we met two young students:

Belsalem Abdelkrim -

Bouali Abdelkrim -

BELSALEM: "We are working for our country -- my brother Ben Bella brought us here to work for our country -- so that we may become rich -- when we leave here, we'll be men."

BOUALI: "In the morning, we wash - then we have sports - then we go to school, we study the history of Algeria."

TEACHER: "Bouel, stand up. Algeria is bounded by two borders - what are they?"

BOUALI: "To the west, the Morocco border - to the east the Tunisian border - to the south the Sahara."

TEACHER: "Good - tell me about Algeria's topography."

BOUALI: "The Atlas mountains... tlénien... the Sahara Atlas... the Oga... the Dkurdjura and the Aurès."

TEACHER: "Good - sit down. Belsalem, what is the capital of Algeria?"

BELSALEM: "Algiers."

TEACHER: "What are some of the big cities you know?"

BELSALEM: "Oran - Constantine - Bône - Bougie - Sétif."

TEACHER: "Good - What is the composition of Algeria's population?"

BELSALEM: "Arabs - Berbers - Kabyles - Mozabites."

TEACHER: "That's fine - sit down."

BOUALI: "School is from 8 to 11.30 (Belsalem: No, to 11.45). After the first service we come home - for lunch - at noon.

INTER: "Is the food good?"

BOUALI: "Sure it is."

INTER: "What do they give you?"

BELSALEM: "Green beans - sometimes tomatoes - sardines - salad, bread..."

INTER: "Couscous?"

BELSALEM: "Yes; with chick-peas and meat."

BOUALI: "Yesterday, they gave us steak and potatoes."

BELSALEM: "Thursday mornings, we go to the stadium - we play football - first, then second team - third team - the monitors."

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Algeria is a young country. 45% of the population is under 20. Most of these orphans were living in the streets, forced to beg or shine shoes. Operation "Shoe Shine Boy" is the pride of the new Algeria... Now these children lead normal lives... more comfortable even than the average Algerian child. They've known war at its worst: the camps, the loneliness of the streets, they've seen men kill each other; some saw their parents killed before their very eyes.

If the state tries to coddle them a bit, it's because, for them, the nightmare will take longer to forget.

BOUALI: "I saw an OAS kill a man. The OAS were murderers."

BELSALEM: "Little kids were killed too."

BOUALI: "We're not afraid of the French army ... we're not afraid of the OAS... before it was the OAS... they threw hand grenades."

BELSALEM: "The poor old men... they couldn't run... they fell down and when the OAS caught them, br-r-r-r-r-r-r

BOUALI: "If I do my lessons well, I can replace Ben Bella."

BELSALEM: "I want to take the place of brother Khemisti who died on April 5th, 1963. Yes, I want to replace him - yes, I'll be a man."

BOUALI: "The men of tomorrow... we'll be the men of tomorrow."

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Both the men of tomorrow and those of today have a faith, a common passion, Algeria. Is this feeling strong enough to move mountains? Why not? In any case, it wouldn't be the first miracle of patriotism.

BOUALEM: "For $7\frac{1}{2}$ years we fought to give birth to something... how often did they tell us that Algeria would be a little child... a little child, everyone knows, from the youngest Algerian to the oldest -- to the peasant -- everybody knows he must feed -- he must sustain and fortify this child so that he'll grow up big and strong. And I believe that for a very long time, we'll live on this idea from the revolution, on this dynamism that was released by the national war of liberation. For a long time to come we'll live on that. The problem that faces our generation, many Algerians, maybe not all, that would be an

exaggeration... but many young Algerians, face the problem of giving unstintingly to an Algeria that we've come to love... of giving yourselves the way a man gives himself to a woman... completely... Let nobody commit the crime of stopping us from giving ourselves, of loving, because sometimes there are women who refuse to let themselves be loved... let us love, give us the right to love Algeria. I believe that the leader who understands that... and when you love... you love to the end... to the extreme limit... there's no falling back."