

# The CAPTIVE VOICE



**An Glór Gafa**

Vol. 2, No. 2

Summer 1990

£1/\$3

The Voice of the Irish Republican Prisoners of War



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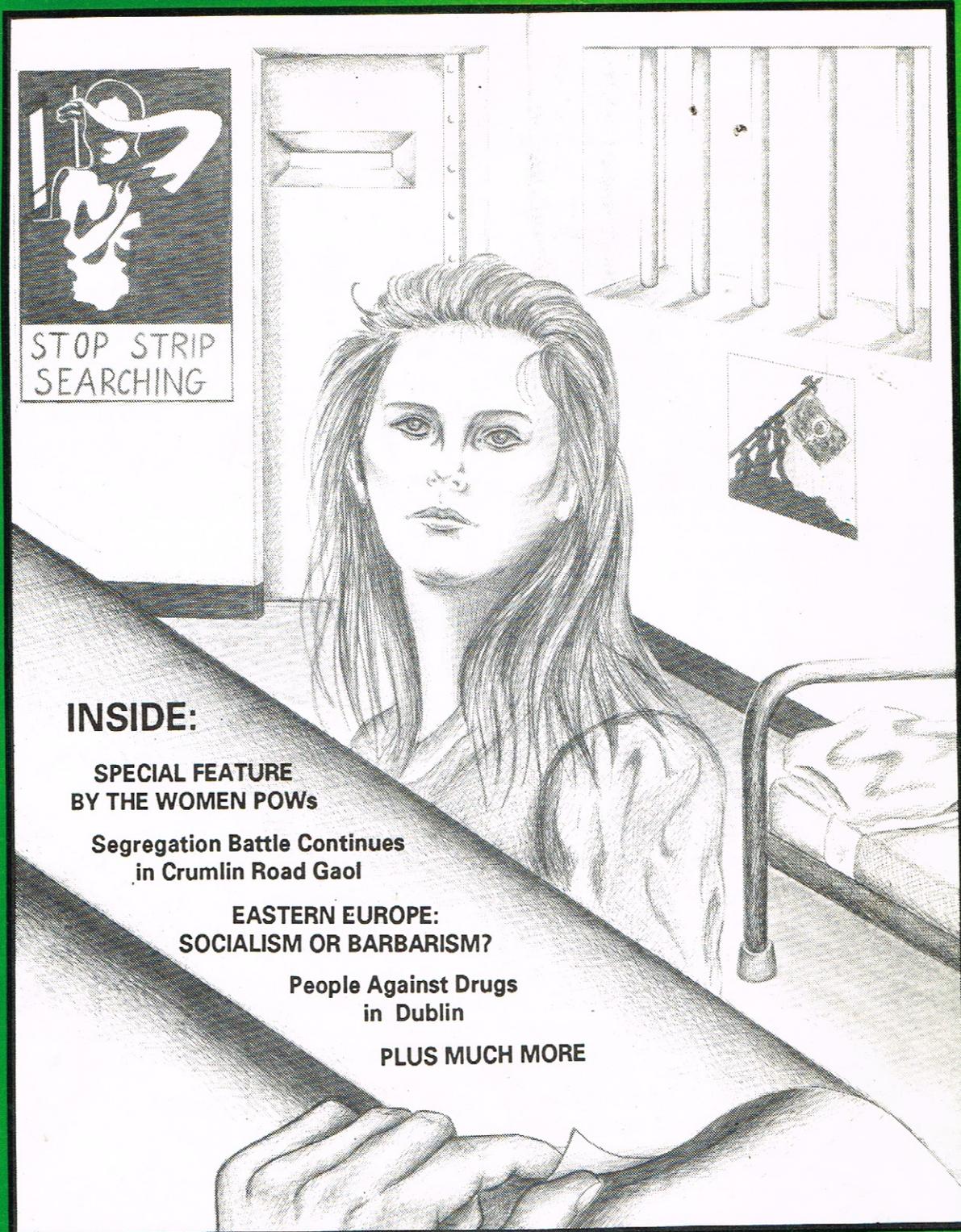
**SPECIAL FEATURE  
BY THE WOMEN POWs**

**Segregation Battle Continues  
in Crumlin Road Gaol**

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SOCIALISM OR BARBARISM?**

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# The CAPTIVE VOICE

## An Glór Gafa

*The Captive Voice/An Glór Gafa* is a new quarterly magazine written in its entirety by Irish Republican POWs currently being held in Ireland, England, Europe and the US. It is published by Sinn Fein's POW Department.

Irish Republicans have always recognised that resistance to British misrule does not end upon their arrest. The battles to be fought and the tactics to be employed may change but the enemy remains the same. In the words of our comrade Bobby Sands:

"The jails are engineered to crush the political identity of the captured Republican prisoner, to crush his/her resistance and transform him/her into a systemised answering-machine with a large criminal tag stamped by oppression upon his/her back, to be duly released on to the street, politically cured — politically barren — and permanently broken in spirit."

The establishment of this jail journal is a tribute not only to our families, friends and comrades, whose strength and support has

been inspirational to us all, but also is a clear recognition that we are what we are — political prisoners, unbroken in our deep-rooted desire for freedom.

*The Captive Voice* affords us a platform and an opportunity to present in print our views on those topics and issues which affect daily life both inside and outside of the jails. The magazine contains political analyses of current national and international affairs, culture, short stories, poetry and the latest updates on prison-related campaigns and issues. Satire and humour can also be found within the special features, cartoons and artwork illustrations.

We have been pleased and greatly encouraged by the response to the first three editions. It is hoped that the sharing of our feelings and experiences through the pages of *An Glór Gafa* will be both beneficial and enjoyable for all our readers.

We are determined that our message and our captive voice shall be heard by many.

— The Irish Republican Prisoners of War ■

Make sure that you 'hear' *The Captive Voice* each quarter by taking out a subscription.

Subscription rates for four issues are:

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Readers in the USA & Canada can now obtain *The Captive Voice/An Glór Gafa* direct from the Irish Northern Aid Committee in New York. Price \$3 each; four-issue subscription \$12.

Send details to: An Glór Gafa, c/o INAC National Office, 4951 Broadway, New York 10034. Tel: (212) 567-0707.

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Cover illustration:

*Woman in Cell*

by Paul Doherty (Long Kesh)

We welcome correspondence with ideas, suggestions or comments on the contents of *The Captive Voice/An Glór Gafa* or on any subject of concern to prisoners.

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The

# CAPTIVE VOICE



## An Glór Gafa

THIS ISSUE of *An Glór Gafa/The Captive Voice* highlights the oppression of women — and in particular women POWs. At a time when a young woman was so brutally gang-raped in the heart of a nationalist area and when there has been a marked increase in the incidents of sexual assault on women, it is particularly relevant that we address ourselves to the issues of women's oppression. While many facets of this can be generalised under the term 'inequality of opportunity' or explained away by referring to how we were all brought up to accept the 'natural' position of women (and men) within society, men must question their present attitudes, views and behaviour towards women.

It is not enough just to identify the more brutal manifestations of women's subordinate position (evidenced by incidents of rape and violent assault) because in men's everyday behaviour there is a patronising, sexist (if non-violent) attitude which is degrading and demoralising. These are injustices to be confronted and the first step towards change is to become aware of them. Not only is it correct in itself to confront such injustice but in doing so the creative talents and energy of more than half our population can be fully realised.

Republican women involved in the national liberation struggle are simultaneously challenging women's oppression in general and identifying how colonial rule has helped cultivate a conservative anti-woman culture in Ireland both North and South. Some of these women have suffered imprisonment and while there suffer again because they are women, and some because they are mothers, at the hands of a regime which seeks to break them because they are also Republicans. In this issue their voice rings out to show that their spirit remains strong.

Other prisoners who are subject to specially harsh treatment are those held on remand. The term 'innocent until proven guilty' has no practical significance within the prison regime (nor indeed within the system of justice). Oppressive conditions have long been a feature of remand gaols in attempts to break POWs in advance of their trials. In Crumlin Road Gaol the prisoners face attacks by Loyalist prisoners with whom they are forced to share wings. Loyalist screws have also participated in attacks. Segregation would allow prisoners some dignity free from violence. It operates elsewhere in the Six-County prison system, so why not in Crumlin Road? We would urge all those who support justice for prisoners to give their fullest support to this campaign.

Prisoners in Crumlin Road Gaol, women and all those involved in struggle in Ireland today are acting against conditions of oppression. The unjust institutions and the structure of society are a constant challenge to people to seek change. So it will be until the injustices are removed to allow the full and free development of all people. We are imprisoned, we are strip-searched, we are forced to serve our time under threat of serious injury or death but we will fight back because these are injustices, just as poverty, the oppression of women, the forced emigration of our people and the partition of our country are injustices, and we fight against those.

All people who are sincere in seeking peace in Ireland should address themselves to the injustices which invoke struggle. Only in that way can lasting peace be achieved.



# Women and struggle

By the Women POWs  
(Maghaberry) \* ■

**Women worldwide face various types of discrimination and find themselves in conflict with male power hierarchies, but these are aggravated for Irish women by the exploitation which takes place within the colonial Six-County state. Women in the rest of Ireland fare little better because of the relationship of dependency which links the 26-County state — despite its claim to be an independent Republic — to Britain.**

The response of successive Dublin governments to the oppression and harassment of Irish nationalists by British imperialism has been one of appeasement. They have imprisoned people who have escaped from British gaols, pursued a policy of extradition to discredited judicial and prison systems, and copied the torture techniques used by the British in Castlereagh interrogation centre and Gough Barracks. Within their own prisons, they have implemented degrading strip-searches in an effort to undermine the morale of Republican prisoners and to break their spirit.

The 26-County state is far removed from the ideal that the men and women of 1916 sought to realise, yet Charlie Haughey's government has attempted to rewrite history by glorifying the activists who fought for their freedom in 1916 while at the

same time harassing and imprisoning those people who carry on the same struggle. Unjust decrees such as Section 31 (banning Sinn Féin from the media) ensure that any legitimate Republican viewpoint is silenced while the nation is fed a diet of pro-British propaganda.

Over the last decade, the governments in London and Dublin have embarked on a course of economic ruin. Their bankrupt policies have brought increased hardship for families already impoverished. Women especially bear the brunt of these economic difficulties as traditionally they have taken responsibility for the management and financial affairs of the household.

With large numbers of Republicans being subjected to lengthy terms of imprisonment, we find that the responsibility for looking after the prisoners

falls mainly on the female members of our communities — the mothers, partners, sisters, etc of POWs. The emotional strain alone has been a hefty burden but women also have financial problems to contend with. They receive little help from statutory government bodies and have to depend on the assistance provided by Republican welfare. Given that our relatives have to travel as far afield as continental Europe and the USA for visits, this financial burden can become immense, especially when imprisonment is prolonged over a number of years.

Thatcherite policies such as the abolition of the grants system have meant that women throughout the Six Counties have suffered as they have incurred huge debts in order to provide decent meals and clothing for their families. Cutbacks in Health Service funding primarily affects women and will ultimately lead to the premature death of many because an understaffed and underfunded service cannot respond to their needs. These and other economic policies typical of the Thatcher government have an adverse effect on the lives of all women, regardless of their political affiliation.

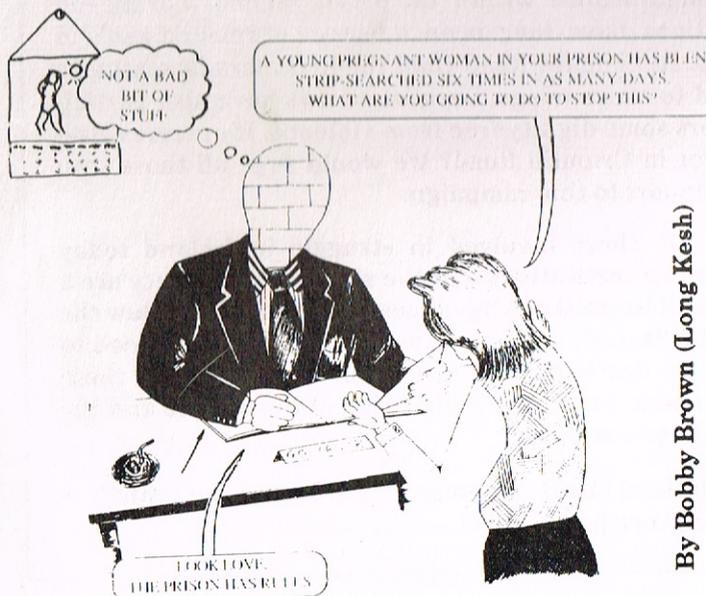
People in Republican communities face intimidation on a daily basis in the form of harassment and the bullying tactics of the crown forces. Houses are smashed up and vandalised, these raids carried out under the pretext of searching for weapons. People going about their daily business are constantly stopped in the streets, searched and detained, often for hours at a time. The racist Prevention of Terrorism Act ensures that any Irish person whom the British deem to be undesirable won't be allowed to travel to England, Scotland or Wales. People are stopped on arrival at ports, subjected to strip-searches and a

barrage of abuse before being served with Exclusion Orders and deported back to Ireland.

This type of intimidation carried out on a huge scale takes an even more sinister turn with the introduction of the threat of sexual violence against women. Vulgar sexist remarks are shouted from the backs of RUC and British army jeeps at women walking along the streets. Imprisoned women are subjected to the humiliation of strip-searching no matter what state of physical or mental health they are in. The most recent gang rapes and sexual assaults on women underline the fear and terror which women are forced to live under. Lenient and non-custodial sentencing practices in rape trials illustrate how little women are valued in the eyes of the legal system. The sexual harassment that women have to endure at vehicle checkpoints and during house raids has resulted in some women trying to prosecute the men concerned. In the case of one woman, the RUC men who sexually assaulted her walk free without ever having been charged with any offence while she was convicted of assaulting them!

Women in Ireland are forced into constant battle as members of Republican communities. The main source of our oppression is the British occupation and domination of our country. Until the British have been forced to withdraw, women will continue to bear the brunt of repressive policies and to fight oppression in all its forms.

*\*The articles by the Women POWs in Maghaberry Gaol were written on a collective basis to afford everyone the opportunity to express their ideas and opinions. All the women have made contributions so that a wide range of experiences is reflected in the writings.*



By Bobby Brown (Long Kesh)

# The Women in Maghaberry

In Maghaberry there are 17 Republican women. Nine are awaiting trial and the rest are serving lengthy sentences. Living conditions can be described as adequate — because this is a relatively new gaol — but, like POWs in all other gaols, we are subject to repressive policies such as censorship and strip-searching.

## ■ VISITS

Our imprisonment touches our families and affects their lives as much as it affects our own. Many of the women here are mothers of young children, some have partners who are also in gaol. With one visit a week, it is difficult to maintain family relationships, without privacy it is next to impossible. The visiting area is impersonal and totally lacking in privacy.

Visits take place in a room with ten tables placed so close together that it is hard to speak without being overheard by other visitors and, of course, several screws. The screws overseeing the visits are in the middle of the room at a raised table and directly facing a large security mirror which takes in all the tables. Lately, the room has been redecorated but this is a meaningless change when the main problem — lack of privacy — has not been resolved.

The artificial surroundings and the presence of other visitors and screws are obstacles to natu-

ral behaviour, and conversation is kept light-hearted and false. Because of the reluctance to display emotions so publicly, it is certainly distressing at times of illness and bereavement, and for couples and mothers of small children who simply do not understand why they are separated from their parents. As a result, relationships can become strained and can break down because normal communication is practically impossible.

## ■ MEDICAL CARE

Medical care in the gaol is inadequate. The full-time doctor, Doctor 'A', works hand-in-hand with the prison administration. Within weeks of his arrival, it was clear that he was far from an independent and competent member of the medical profession. The following are but a few examples typical of his behaviour:

● He repeatedly refused medication to a woman with a severe ear infection;

● He ordered that one woman be confined to her cell when she asked for throat lozenges. At his insistence, she was forcibly trailed to her cell where she remained locked for 24 hours (supposedly to prevent her ailment being passed to other prisoners);

● He attempted to glean information from a newly-sentenced woman after sending for her on the pretext that he was concerned for her well-being;

● He refused to prescribe treatment to a woman going through the menopause, leaving her to suffer unpleasant symptoms, even though she had been having this treatment before her arrival in Maghaberry.

As a result of these and other incidents involving 'A', the women in Maghaberry have stopped consulting him. This has serious implications as the majority of the prison population are serving lengthy sentences and have no access to an alternative. 'A's view that certain problems specific to women are 'psychological' leads us to dispute his competence as a doctor.

We have persistently requested that we be allowed to consult a female doctor and 'A's arrival with his arrogant attitude has made the need more urgent.

## ■ STRIP-SEARCHING

Since the introduction of strip-searching in 1982, nothing has ever been found which could threaten security. After eight years of humiliation and degradation, this foul practice contin-

ues and the NIO shows the same contempt for women prisoners it has always shown. This gaol is among the most modern and secure in Western Europe with millions of pounds having been devoted to security alone.

There never was a need for strip-searching and its security value is nil. Attempts by the Northern Ireland Office to justify it are as weak and unsubstantiated today as they were in 1982.

## ■ CENSORSHIP

During the last couple of years, censorship has greatly increased with all items of a political and feminist content subject to special consideration. Long delays occur and often it is a year or more before a decision is made on whether literature is allowed or forbidden.

The 'clearance' procedure is slow and material passes through several departments because no-one appears capable of making a simple decision. Local newspapers are frequently held back in an attempt to cut us off from the issues affecting our communities. This contrasts sharply with pornographic magazines which flow unhindered through the censors to some male prisoners. Apparently, the NIO objects to politicised women while approving of and even encouraging the subordination and degradation of women through pornography and strip-searching.



## Women POWs in Maghaberry Gaol

(End July '90)

Shauneen Baker, from the Bone, Belfast. Remand.  
Denise Cassidy, from Ardoyne, Belfast. Remand.  
Annemarie Cinnamond, from Newry. Remand.  
Carol Cullen, from the Bone, Belfast. Remand.  
Louise Doherty, from Derry. Remand.  
Ann Kavanagh, from Derry, 10-year sentence.  
Mary McArdle, from Turf Lodge, Belfast. Life sentence.

Jennifer McCann, from Twinbrook, Belfast. 20-year sentence.

Sinead McCool, from Derry. Remand.

Rosaleen McCorley, from Andersonstown, Belfast. Remand.

Nancy McKiernan, from the New Lodge, Belfast. 30-month sentence.

Veronica Martin, from Lenadoon, Belfast. Remand.

Anna Moore, from Derry. Life sentence.

Karen Quinn, from Twinbrook, Belfast. 9-year sentence.

Pat Semple, from Derry. Life sentence.

Alice Taylor, from Beechmount, Belfast. Life sentence.

Marie Wright, from Andersonstown, Belfast. Remand.



# Pauline Drumm

In the months that I have been awaiting trial in Fleury Merojis Prison here in France, I have encountered various difficulties, the most frustrating of which is the refusal of the director of the prison to discuss my conditions with me. I am currently facing a number of charges and fighting attempts to extradite myself and my co-accused to Germany. This is proving to be a very lengthy process and, therefore, if I am to remain in this gaol it is important that, at the very least, my basic needs should be adequately met.

**T**he negative response of the prison administration means that my repeated attempts to discuss my situation have been ignored. The director of the prison has passed me on the wing but when he is challenged he is unable to answer questions logically, so he doesn't bother trying.

At present I am sharing a cell with two young women and, because I am unable to speak French, I naturally find it difficult to communicate with them. I have been classified as 'DPS' which means I am subject to special attention (for example, frequent cell searches, cell changes,

personal searches and close observation), something which doesn't endear me to my cellmates. Because we are locked-up together 22 hours a day, the pressure builds up, affecting my moods and ability to concentrate.

The majority of my cellmates have been either drug addicts or psychiatric cases, two categories of prisoner in obvious need of specialised care. That they don't get it is a reflection of the inability of the French prison system to cope with women who need help rather than punishment. While I recognise and sympathise with these prisoners' problems, it is still a great strain on me. Because of the constant

lock-ups with psychiatric cases, I have begun to fear for my own mental health.

The administration has gone to great lengths to ensure that I have no contact with other political prisoners in the gaol. Effectively, it means I have been unable to attend the few classes available because of the presence of other POWs. A high security section does exist and it houses the other women with the same security classification as myself. The administration has refused to move me to it.

Because of my conditions, I find myself frequently disorientated and I fear this will prove detrimental to my case. I am finding it difficult to prepare my defence under such stressful conditions. There are no justifiable reasons for my isolation from other political prisoners.

● My problems could be resolved by:

● Transferring me to one of the vacant cells in the section which holds the other DPS women (after all, I am already subject to the same security measures as they are); and

Allowing me the freedom to associate with the other women.



Pauline Drumm (23), is from County Fermanagh

**Update:** From April 23rd this year, Pauline had been refusing to eat prison food in protest against the conditions under which she was being held. On June 26th, following advice from her solicitor and after 63 days without prison food, Pauline called off her protest and is now sharing a cell with a prisoner who is neither a drug addict nor a psychiatric case. She has been given an assurance that, in the near future, her present cellmate will be replaced by a political prisoner.

# ORLA



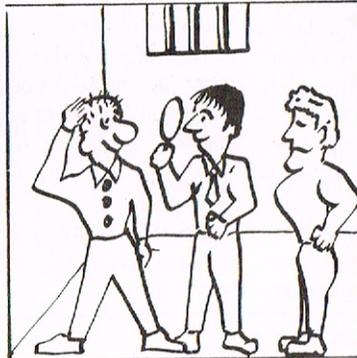
Introducing Orla, the sister of our popular cartoon character Chuckey (Chuckey-Orla gettit?)



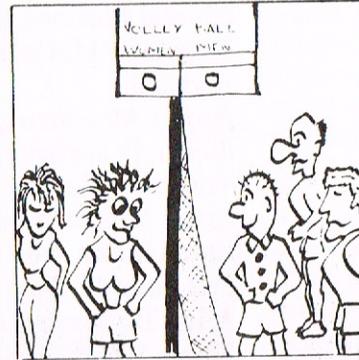
THEY'RE HERE. DON'T FORGET. GO EASY ON THEM.



HOLD THAT MIRROR STRAIGHT.



WE HAVE LADIES TO IMPRESS



LOOK AT YE. STRUTTING ABOUT LIKE A PEACOCK. LET'S PLAY!



WELL, ORLA, DO YOU THINK THEY'LL EVER FORGIVE US?

Captions and original idea by the Women POWs (Maghberry).  
Drawing by Martin Gough (Long Kesh)

# In Durham's H-Wing

By Martina Anderson  
(Durham) ■



When we were arrested we were held in small units in relative isolation. That period on remand was spent preparing for our trial and highlighting the conditions in which we were held. As soon as we were 'disposed of' — sentenced — we were sent to Durham's H-Wing and it was there that we realised there was a need to devise certain methods to help us cope with prison and our lengthy sentences.

**M**ost POWs at home have the advantage of going into an already established structure set up by comrades who have been there before them. We were naive as far as prison was concerned. I had spent a few weeks in Armagh Gaol but the POWs there had a system operating which I willingly slotted into. The nature of H-Wing showed us that not only was it necessary to push for improvements but we needed to examine certain aspects of our behaviour in order for us to survive these years of incarceration.

H-Wing has a reputation because of its lack of facilities and cramped conditions. There are 40 women here (soon the number will increase to 50) and the lack of space creates a tense awareness of the presence of other prisoners. There are only four 'Category A' women in Durham

(the only 'Category A' women prisoners in England) and three of us are Irish Republicans. Thus, we are clearly in the minority and, even though we are accepted by the other prisoners, we don't get their solidarity when striving for improvements.

The corollary of that is that we POWs tend to keep to ourselves and, while we help the other women where possible, we're still a very small detached group. Being together in cramped conditions for many hours has exposed us to the deeper sides of each other's character. It wasn't long before the look on a comrade's face was enough to convey her frame of mind. We didn't see anything wrong with that till it became apparent that we were getting to know one another uncomfortably well.

Outside, before we were ar-

rested, even the most intimate friend hadn't got this close; we used barriers out there to hide those darker sides of us. In here, our closeness resulted in those barriers being ineffectual. Perhaps this is only applicable to H-Wing, but there wasn't a pleasure or a pain that one of us could take away without the others sensing it.

We soon learned that we had to open up more to each other and also become more attuned to ourselves. We found that we needed to communicate with each other in a completely different way than we were used to. We felt this was necessary for a number of reasons:

We wanted to strengthen what we had together yet still maintain our individuality;

We didn't want to turn into machines which fit mechanically into the routine of prison life; and

We discovered that being in this institution taught us about the ones in society (school, the media, etc.) which had moulded and shaped our characters with behaviourisms which had prevented us from being honest with ourselves, not to mention anyone else.

We had been so conditioned to discussing matters from behind barriers and using defences, which would automatically spring to our protection without us being conscious of their existence, that trying to understand it all was a confusing period.

In addition to all that, we found that we had to learn how to listen to each other and get away from the habit of always wanting to be heard. For us this meant trying to change our stereotyped approach to dialogue and to communication.

We started out by examining our reactions and by trying to become a bit more attuned to ourselves and to each other. When we took an objective look at our behaviour, we were amazed at the depth of the wall around us. Isn't it surprising how reluctant and embarrassed we can be to admit publicly the notions that might run riot in our minds? Maybe I'm being presumptuous, but I've certainly had thoughts which I didn't want to admit to myself, never mind anyone else. There were — and are — parts of our characters which we didn't like surfacing, but with living in each other's pockets it was impossible to suppress them.

So we used to point the finger at people around us (even each other) for causing those nasty outbursts and for putting 'me' in bad form. Of course it was never 'my' fault. We were imprisoned in ourselves as well as in the physical sense, hence we felt it was necessary to either knock down a few of these barriers or build up a few more. It alarmed us enough to discover how many barriers we had already, so we

## ● Picket at Durham Gaol supporting the transfer of Irish POWs to Ireland



*\* This article was written before Martina Shanahan was released following her appeal. At present Martina Anderson and Ella O'Dwyer are the only Irish 'Category A' prisoners in Durham's H-Wing.*



decided to work towards bringing them down.

By talking and becoming increasingly comfortable about opening up, we gradually began to dent our human barriers and defences. We helped each other by gently pointing out unnecessary reactions which manifested when debating or when discussing matters of less importance. We saw that once we had an opinion we stubbornly held our ground. It turned into a battle of who was right and who was wrong, and in retrospect we can see that we weren't discussing the topic at all. While attempting to breach these barriers, we felt that we were attempting to breach the entire structure of institutionalisation. This helped us as a group as well as helping us bridge the gap between ourselves and our families and comrades outside.

We're not sure if we came into prison with an 'image', but we are sure that we developed one. We didn't want the 'establishment' to get into our heads or to



● **Martina Shanahan** get to know us (the 'real' us), so we started out by having an unspoken policy of self-censorship when writing letters. We did this at the cost of distancing ourselves from the world beyond H-Wing — after all, it was necessary because we had this 'image' to protect. Why were we so concerned about these people's opinion of us? We had subconsciously put ourselves in a vulnerable and damaging position. We were so busy trying to ensure that the establishment didn't get into our heads that it ended up having a hold of us.

It wasn't just in letters that

we censored ourselves, we did the same on visits because they were heavily supervised. Initially, we found visits unsettling, we behaved falsely with our families and we weren't really communicating with them. Later, we found we couldn't talk to our families about barriers and defences because they were so involved in problems such as their homes being raided or the electricity bill having to be paid that they probably would have gone away from us convinced that we had 'flipped our lids'.

However, as soon as we felt able to drop a few traditional habits of communication, hence opening up, we discovered that openness breeds openness and our families began to relate and confide in us in ways that they couldn't do with each other outside.

We POWs here in Durham have benefitted from acknowledging and trying to break through our barriers and defences. What we have tried to do isn't easy, nor have we scored highly on the scale of success. We have to keep working at this because old habits die hard and

thus keep sneaking back into our system. However, working at trying to remove our walls has helped us to cope better with H-Wing and its confinement, and it has also brought us closer to our families and to each other. Furthermore, we feel that we have learned a great deal more about institutions both inside and outside of prison, and we now know something of how these institutions have shaped and coloured our perceptions of ourselves. □

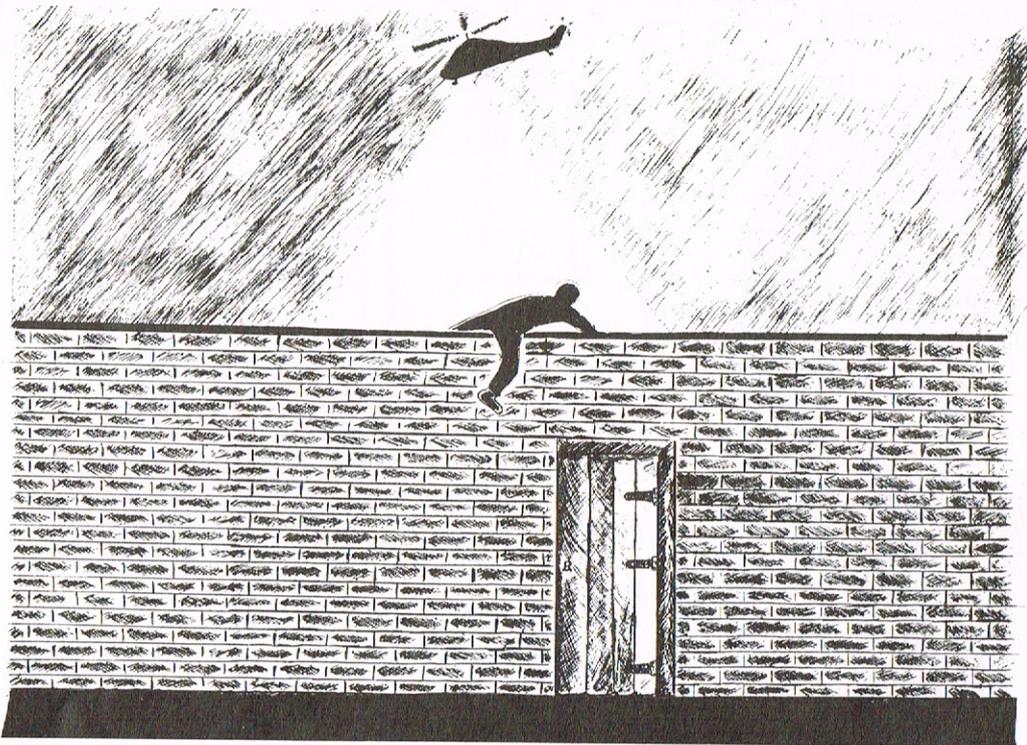


● **Martina Anderson**

# The Rev Rambo



By Sean Grogan (Long Kesh)



By Rab Kerr (Long Kesh)

## Big Pat By the Women POWs (Maghaberry) ■

Pat never did like this particular area. It always felt too open and in a strange way even hostile, but there was nothing else for it because it was still one of the safest places about these days. The various details of the operation were firmly implanted in Pat's head and there didn't seem to be too much that could go wrong.

"I'll kill thon Jimmy fella if he's forgot to leave the bar off the back door", Pat thought. "Twice that's happened during these past few days and the antics of having to climb up over the yard wall might have been easy a few years ago, but now!"

Pat reached the safe house and said a silent prayer that the door would be open but, true to form, the boul Jimmy had struck again. 'I reckon he does it for badness, just to get a laugh at my expense', thought Pat as a quick heave, up and over the wall was accomplished in two seconds flat.

"Here's big Pat coming now and would you look at that climbing technique. I reckon thon one's getting into training for the other side lads. What d'ya think?"

Pat recognised Jimmy's voice immediately — so the wee halion was doing it for badness then. After the usual round of abusive greetings which would leave any stranger wondering was nothing sacred, Pat settled down to give a run-down on what was happening.

There wasn't any authoritarian structure to their tiny unit of four but Pat was recognised as O/C while Jimmy was the man who looked after the dumps.

"Anyway, lads, the crack is this. I got a look round the place the other day and it's perfect. There's a brilliant spot for the AK and a half-decent one for the big effort in case we need a back-up. Me and Soup will go down first and Bean, you can scout Jimmy over in the Cortina. I reckon our best bet is to leave the

masks off till we're inside — all we need is some nosey neighbour spotting us arriving looking like Batman and Robin!"

"Oh aye, and I suppose we leave the masks off the AK and machine-gun as well so nobody will recognise them either?" piped up Jimmy mischievously.

"Naw, we're gonna leave you to lock the back door so that the whole f'n street will see them getting tossed over the yard wall, smart ass," replied their O/C with a sarcastic grin, much to the amusement of Jimmy. "Anyway, has anybody any questions?"

Everybody shook their heads.

"Well then, let's go."

Entering the derelict shop was no problem and Pat felt good that things were going as smoothly as they could. After Jimmy had brought the weapons and left to take up his position on the radio and to watch for the Brits, Pat and Soup set up the weapons and prepared to wait for Jimmy's signal. They hadn't too long to wait. Five minutes later, the agreed code-word came over the radio to tell them the foot-patrol was approaching. The Volunteers prepared to open up.

Pat had ceased trying to

unravel the thoughts about the rights and wrongs of what they were doing.

It wasn't as if anybody liked or even wanted to do it, but what other course was left open to them? The Brits wouldn't be talked out of the country, that was certain enough. So, reasoning that one day in Ireland everyone could live normal lives in peace, Pat opened fire, hoping that day would come sooner rather than later.

The atmosphere was strange and Pat sensed that something was wrong as soon as they emerged from the shop. After throwing the weapons into the back seat of the car that Jimmy was driving, they shook off the feeling of dread and both of them jumped into the second car driven by Bean. They were only in the car two minutes when they saw the checkpoint hastily being set up in front of them. Thankfully, Jimmy had just missed it.

"Holy shit, where did they come from?" exclaimed Bean, as Pat and Soup tried to struggle out of their masks and coats.

Within seconds, the car was surrounded, with half-a-dozen SLRs pointed at them.

After the usual stint in Castlereagh, all three were charged with a string of events relating to the incident. "Thank goodness Jimmy go away, at least that was one stroke of good luck. It would've been worse if the weapons had been caught", thought Pat.

As they stood in the dock, they picked out a few of their relatives and gave a quick wave. They managed to say a few words to each other before the RM asked for silence for the charges to be read out.

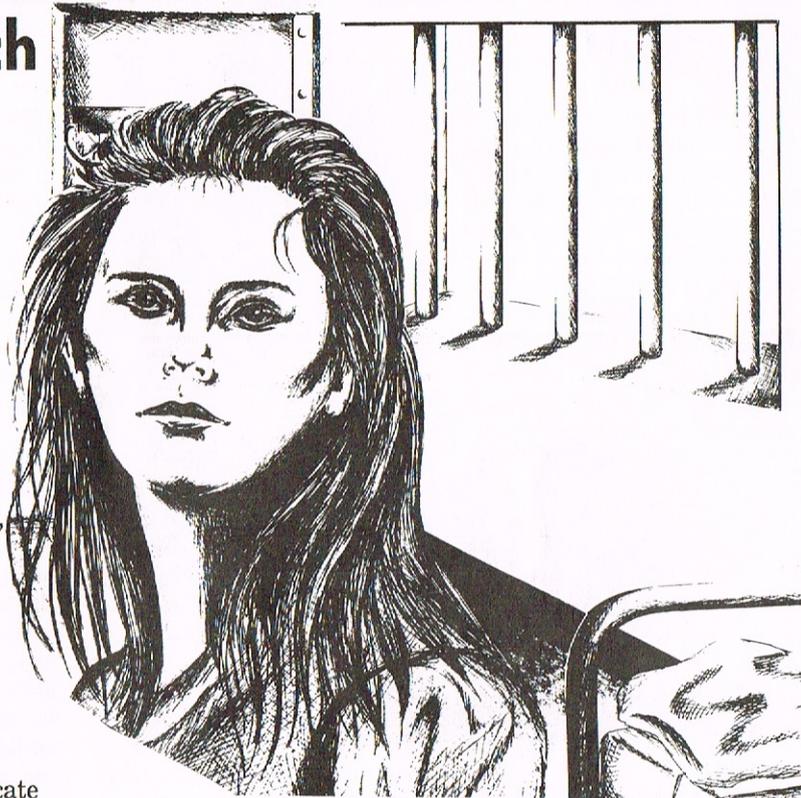
Having dealt with Soup and Bean, the magistrate turned his attention to Pat, saying, "I am remanding you, Patricia Marie McAteer, to Maghaberry Women's Prison."

Pat wondered idly what the craic was like in Maghaberry. □

## Strip-Search

I look at a spot  
 But there's no spot there,  
 Just bare blank walls.  
 I fix my stare.  
 It's freezing cold  
 Hence my bumpy skin  
 But the hurt and anger  
 Burn within.  
 Why do they do this?  
 Its purpose eludes me,  
 I can't hide a thing.  
 Surely they can see.  
 No knots inside them  
 Or lumps in their throats,  
 "It's just a procedure"  
 the M.O. quotes.

*Maghberry.*



## Sisters

Make me strong  
 as I stumble towards them  
 emotionally confused  
 and about to give in,  
 about to opt for the safe path  
 around the forest.  
 They have taken me  
 in their hearts  
 and lifted me  
 to go  
 and fight  
 through  
 the thorny tangles  
 for them  
 as well as me.  
 Sisters  
 you  
 make me  
 strong.

*Maghberry.*

## We Three

We are partners in triplicate  
 Not one of us will ever fall  
 For by each side there will always be  
 A pair of outstretched arms  
 Ready to catch us should we ever stumble.  
 Like shadows we pursue each other's every step  
 Never ceasing to watch and give comfort.  
 Together we are indomitable,  
 Apart the knowledge of what we have had  
 will make us strong.  
 Shadows are always there, even  
 when the sun goes in.

*Durham.*

## Reflections

Woman of many pieces; reflections  
 upon overshadowed images.  
 In the pool of life I am the  
 outer circle, starting from its core  
 and touched by each ripple to  
 determine my entity.  
 Do you see what I see?  
 Sometimes the pool transforms

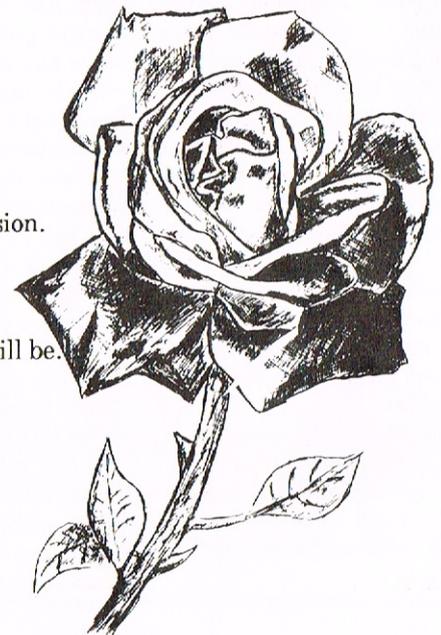
into an obstacle course —  
 unwanted.  
 Have patience with my monthly  
 brain storms  
 which can breed a red alert, danger-  
 zone mind, and  
 we will laugh about this later.

*Durham.*

## Growing Pains

Girl of teenage years, practising self-destruction,  
 for a few kicks and a false serenity.  
 Woman within pulls at the reins, scratches  
 the surface, chases the ghosts and makes an impression.  
 Girl of one million contradictions, head  
 overloaded with thoughts of how things should be.  
 Woman, umbilically bonded, bursts to surface,  
 head overloaded with concrete ideas of how things will be.  
 Girl of a long time ago, thoughts of tomorrow  
 killed the moment previously lived for.  
 Woman that is now, still one million contradictions,  
 with a path to walk on, it's not easy; the  
 right way never is.

*Durham.*



Rose drawings by the Women POWs (Maghberry)

# Law-lost limbo

By Ella O'Dwyer  
(Durham) ■

This is a nice little story, about a nice little family from 'the heart of the country', our little country. Mary came from that place branded Gort na Skeha, loosely translated as 'field of the bushes', another 'Paradise Lost' or the Eden God forgot. For her Da, that blight-worn haggard was his own Gethsemane, yielding naught but caterpillars and nettles to his coaxing hoe. To her mother, it was a dogged limbo, ever threatening to erupt into a smouldering hell on earth.

Mary went to school, the local National, three miles across the fields. Daily she escorted six other scruffy blossoms to hear Mr Burke teach, mostly religion. The master majored in hell and reinforced his view with the full length of a cane. Whatever about 13 times tables, Mary could recount the Commandments backwards. What's worse, she could render a full-blown account of their meanings, as bequeathed through the master's voice; all but the sixth that is, which he'd have said nothing about had

Mary only kept her mouth shut. To her enquiries on the subject, Mr Burke seethed and grimaced to the effect that any child asking such a question must be of the litter of Lucifer himself. Mary felt doomed from the start, sure to be a right old rasher within minutes of death.

But those were the cares of another hour.

It was a quarter past three and she was making for home, pondering not the sixth, but the seventh Commandment. Under the latter decree, by no manner nor means should she rob Tim

Ryan's turnips for the Da's dinner. However, the eleventh Commandment said, in embossed marks on her memory, that her mother wasn't a woman to be trifled with. It would be hell now or later, and she preferred the latter timing.

Mary's older brother couldn't talk, or if he could, he said nothing about it. Beyond the most essential of life's activities, Jimmy's worldly deeds amounted to imitations of the simpler doings of those around him, or general impressions of those actions. Externally, his life drove like a company car as he borrowed his responses directly from the nearest person. If others laughed, so would he. If they didn't, it would never have occurred to Jimmy to start.

"Thou shalt not steal the dinner, Magdeline's student sinner, Or off to hell you'll go, Below, below, below..." chanted Mary in sublime crescendo. Today was the day when she'd ask the Ma to explain what was right and what was wrong, she thought, until she walked in the door and saw Jimmy throw some bright furry things into the big range, one to each of the two sods of turf his mother applied to the fire. 'If God wanted us to play the game, it's a wonder he never made simpler

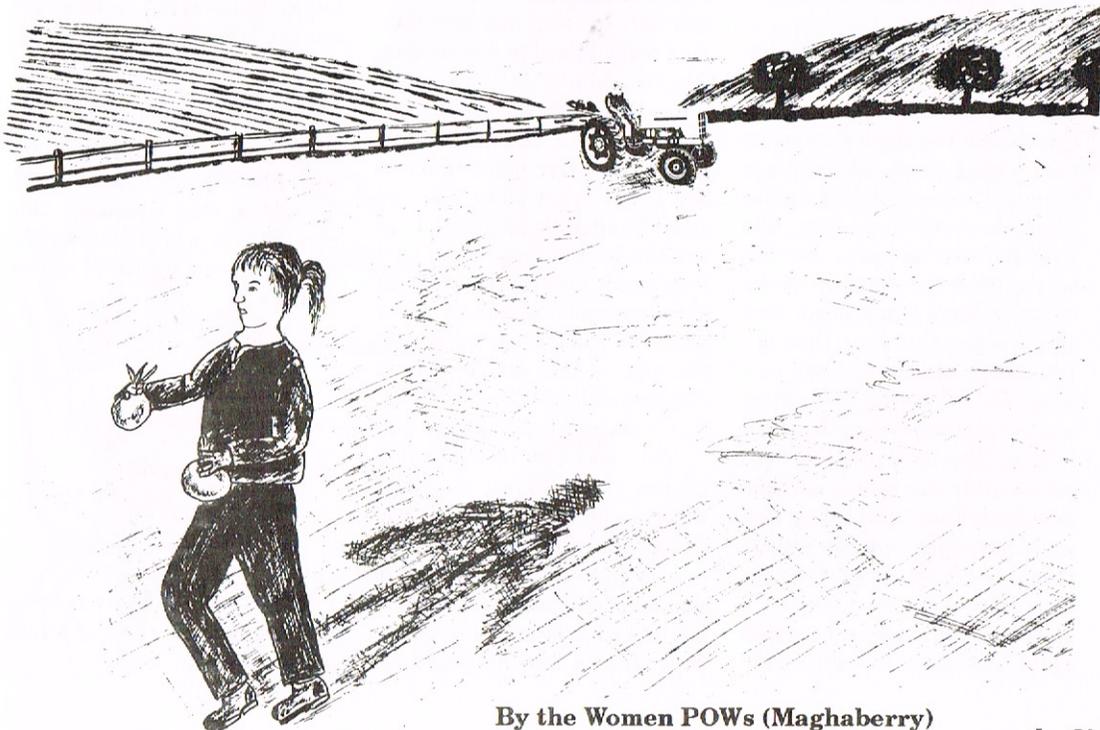
rules' thought Mary when she saw the empty slipper box beside the fireplace.



Out she ran to Ryan's garden without further ado. The trick was to get under the electric fence, and over the barbed wire, while Ryan's tractor was at the far side. In her terror and blind haste, she plucked the first round objects in sight and made the dash for home ground, sure Satan himself was in scorching pursuit. A half-a-minute later, she was in the kitchen with her trophy, two prize mangels. In another half-minute, Mary was gone again — it having taken that long for her mother's despair to register.

Off she went, catching up with Jimmy at his most taxing exercise — watching bees in the bottom of jam jars. There they loitered until the Da's car had cooled off in the yard before venturing near the house. They could smell baked buns, and hear the loud laughter of their parents as they giggled and grinned over boiled nettles and bacon, and a half burnt-out slipper. In typical fashion, Jimmy followed suit until finally the kitchen was a Bedlam of laughter.

That's the 'nice little story' of how they dodged hell when they lost God's law in the bushes of an Eden He forgot. □



By the Women POWs (Maghaberry)



Ella O'Dwyer, from Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, is serving a Life sentence in Durham Prison, England.

# THE VISIT

She fiddled with the ring. A plain gold one. Twirled it around anti-clockwise, moved it to and fro over the second joint of her finger, rubbing the bone and reddening the skin.

The room was filling up now but no familiar faces appeared, thankfully. She had planned it this way — getting the pass changed from Wednesday to Friday morning. Fridays were not a regular day for visitors from her area. If there was going to be a scene, it would be best if she was surrounded by strangers.

The clock on the wall told her she had been here over 20 minutes now, 22 to be exact. How many hours of her life had been spent in this room? And would she see the inside of it again after today? She felt cold, from the weather or nerves — she wasn't quite sure. Maybe this is what is meant by 'taking cold feet', she thought. Her stomach felt tight, knotted; glad now she hadn't eaten breakfast as it's doubtful it would have stayed down.

The ring continued to twirl about her finger. She looked at it. Such a simple thing, yet she once thought it the most beautiful thing in the world. His parents had been against it, thought them too young. Hers didn't attend the wedding. She was only asking for trouble, they said. Two weeks later she was making up his food parcel and trying to comprehend the bureaucracy of prison rules and regulations.

She had grown these past seven years, matured; some would say hardened. It was expected of her, the wife of a Republican prisoner. She must show fortitude, calm determination, structure her life around the 'long wait', look forward to the family she would have in the future. She wasn't the first, nor would she be the last. Her people disowned her. His spoke of their son and inquired into his welfare in a way which made her feel in-

adequate — and totally isolated. She felt alone now, more lonely than she had ever felt in her whole life.

Suddenly, the door opened and a shout signalled her turn to file through the turn-stile. She let others go ahead of her, as if this would somehow postpone the events now rapidly unfolding. She was the last into the minibus and as the door slammed shut with a dull clunk a wave of panic clutched at her chest. She raised her head, looked to the door, made a move as if to get up and out again; then settled back in her seat, making a display of fixing her clothing in case anyone had been watching. They hadn't. Each had their own thoughts or worries.

Other days the van seemed to crawl along over ramps, through gates, stopping, starting, checks done, head-counts conducted. Today it seemed to race through its well-worn routine. But she knew the pace was the same as always.

At 10.35am the minibus disgorged its load at the final waiting-room. From here the visitors would walk the short distance to the visiting room. Already her thoughts were racing ahead to when she would meet him. She 'saw' the visiting room, the tiles on the floor, the numbers of the boxes in large black print, saw the screws, the door through which the prisoners came and went. She felt herself in his arms as they embraced, then the small talk as they both settled themselves after the initial nervous moments. Tears started to well up in her eyes but she fought them. There would be time for those later.

She ran through in her mind again how she would direct the

By Laurence McKeown (Long Kesh) ■



By Tommy Molloy (Long Kesh)



conversation. She would have to assert herself at the very beginning. To delay would be disastrous, because she knew her courage, slowly built up over the past few days, would drain away with each passing moment, each kiss and embrace. She realised now only too well just how little they really talked to one another. Oh yes, about all the small things, her work, his studies, the area, but not the important things. He never inquired about her needs other than was she okay financially. Money! That was the least of her worries now. Why couldn't they have spoken of her emotional needs? So many times she had tried to speak with him but he just didn't seem to comprehend, or didn't want to. Now it was too late to begin.

This was one of those moments, she thought, moments which decide which path the rest of your life will take — and she was determined to have a say in that decision-making. Her future life, and what form it would take, depended on how he would re-

spond, but she was going to battle for what she wanted. She knew what she wanted, for herself, for him, for the both of them, but was afraid to even dream about it in case it tempted fate.

His name and number crackled over the intercom. For a moment she sat rigid, all senses alert. Slowly she raised herself from the chair and walked towards the visiting room. Each step a consciously thought out process.

The bright fluorescent tubes blinded her momentarily as she sought for his face. From a distance his smile greeted her as their eyes met. She moved towards him.

Anyone observing her walk along the room would have pictured a young woman, smiling, happy to be about to meet the one she loved. The smile, however, came from the sudden sensation of movement deep within her body. It lasted only an instant but was no less real for that. She felt exhilarated at the thought of this 'company', this 'new life' — which was, at the same time, the source of all her troubles. ■



Laurence McKeown from Randalstown is serving a Life sentence

# MEN & MALE POWER

When I sat down to write this article about how I saw feminism and women's liberation, I kept asking myself, 'Just what has a man got to say about the politics of women's oppression?' It didn't seem as if I had a lot to say. How could a man talk about issues and struggles that he doesn't experience? In my mind I have this image: when I am discussing women's issues, I am on the outside of something looking in.

I can and do argue in support of women's issues. I can and do support women on issues such as the right to information and pregnancy counselling and the right of women to control their fertility. But still, as a man, I don't feel, can't feel, what a woman feels about these struggles.

Therefore, the question changes from what I think about feminism to what I feel about the position of women in society in relation to me as a man. The objective then is to talk about the sexism of men and the sexist attitudes and outlooks men hold.

By Peter Whelan  
(Long Kesh) ■

My particular experience of life would not have been much different from that of other men in Ireland, and in living my life I never thought I had any privileges. After all, was I not just doing the things that were 'natural' for me to do? For instance, every day I was handed my dinner and tea by



Being anti-sexist is a political position I can express because I am dealing with men and how they relate to women in society. I am dealing with the security and privilege that being a man gives me.

I say 'gives me' because the way society is organised gives men the freedoms they have and from which all men benefit. We need to understand that. But what we undoubtedly have to ask ourselves is that if we live in a world where women are oppressed, where men benefit from that oppression, how can men be free?

my mother and sister. I didn't see it as getting special treatment. It never occurred to me that I was treated as I was because there is a whole body of ideas in society about the family and home that sets the agenda for men/women relationships.

When I think of myself just being me and behaving as a man is expected to behave — being 'one of the boys' — I feel I was being irresponsible. That implies that I knew I had responsibilities which I did not live up to. But sexism in men is based on men being unaware that we do have advantages over the women in our lives. I see this situation where men are at the centre of their world, seeing things all in their place and assuming that everyone else is happy because the man is happy. I never had a sense of others' feelings, happiness or otherwise. My sense of well-being had to do with what was important. If I didn't like a certain meal, I thought, 'I don't like this, I'm not going to eat it.' It never entered my mind that by rejecting a meal I was hurting my mother's feelings, ignoring

the time and effort she had put into cooking the food. In the context of the women's role where she has to service the family, I was saying she was a failure. When you can make someone feel a failure, you have a great power over them.

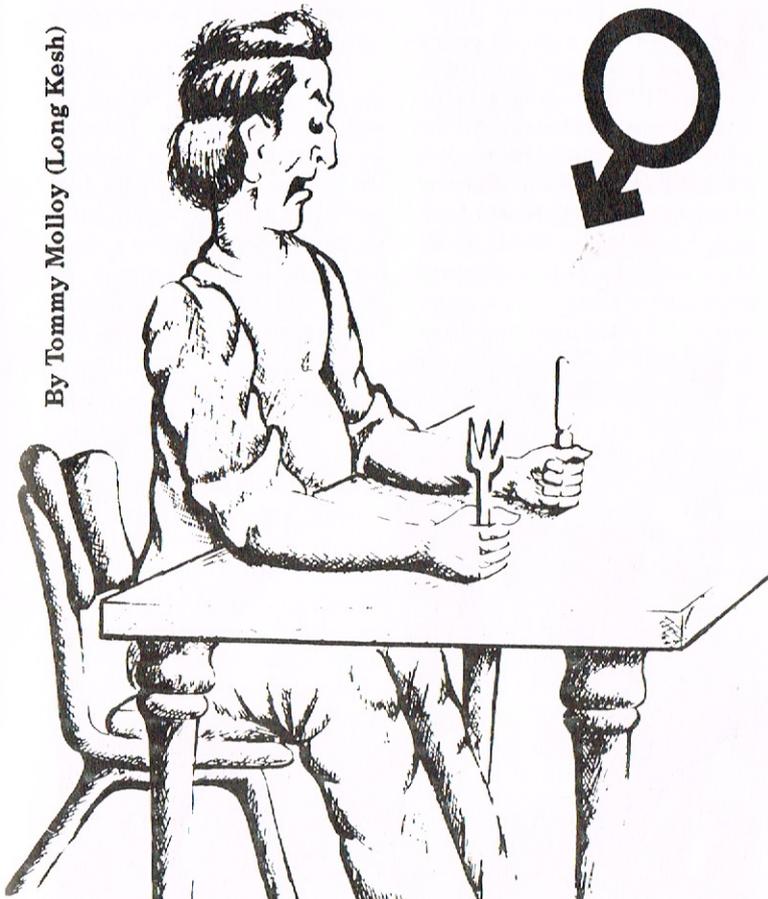
I wonder has it ever occurred to men how our mothers/wives/partners/sisters feel about the lives we expect them to live? And we do expect women to exist as carers, cooks and childminders.

Some men may disagree with that but how many women do we know whose lives are different?

A key element to the privilege men have, which women don't share, is security — the security that their needs come first. The world we live in tells men that they are important. In the home, everything revolves around the husband, his needs and his power. He had the pick of the food, of TV programmes, the best chair, and he takes his nights out — after all, he pays for it. If it is true to say that men have the security and knowledge that their needs come first, why is that so?

I talk about women doing

By Tommy Molloy (Long Kesh)



what they are supposed to do, but what of men's expectations of themselves and of other men? Men are supposed to be strong, in control and to be adequate, so they don't reveal themselves emotionally. It is weak to do so, therefore, the idea of caring and expressing feelings is largely missing from the male outlook. Were a man to think or behave like a woman, his value and position would be questioned. Men are afraid to behave outside this norm. I believe these fears reinforce men's efforts to be tough, masculine and in control. Men need to feel important.

But it is the rights that men have to go outside the home, leaving women behind, that shows male power for what it is. Men go out to drink, back horses, work, take part in sports. Men can even two-time and have a degree of social respectability — this is our social life. In political struggles, it is the men who have the opportunities to be the most active.

Is this because women don't want a social life and would rather be isolated in the home? Is it because women are not capable or interested in political activity or organising or articulating ideas?

Men accept all this because we have always been told that what we do is what really matters. All our experience leads us to internalise our sense of importance in doing what has to be done for the home, breadwinning. Or outside of it, sorting out the world. We take the home for granted — it is there as a safety net when we need relief and comfort. By extension, men take 'their' women for granted, as an extension of themselves. It is another aspect of how men have internalised their importance, their central position in life.

The language we use tells us that and shows how we undermine women's identities: 'she' takes the children to school; men get 'her' to cook the food; and 'the wife' is this unnamed person who looks after men while her own needs are unconsidered,

unattended to. Her sexual needs come second to his — to men sexuality is all about their orgasms and their pleasure. It is in the language of sex that we see how men really do use the power of words to degrade women. A man having sex with different women would be 'a stud', a woman doing the same would be 'a slut', 'a groundsheet'. To my mind, this confirms men's privilege and importance in the world.

So, in the context of the important, prominent role men have, what has to be on the agenda for discussion? Is it this theory of feminism or is it our sexism?

I think that it has to be a good look at the privileges and advantages we have because we are men. We should ask why we don't want to give up what we have.

We may have taken up political positions in response to women's oppression. We may have plenty of the theory of feminist politics. But still, the question for us is to challenge our own sexism and the ideas and structures which give us privilege.

At the end of the day, there is no point in putting a coat of paint called feminism over our thinking — we have to change that thinking. □

**Peter Whelan, from Derry, is serving a Life sentence.**

# PEOPLE AGAINST DRUGS

By Brian Kenna (Portlaoise) ■

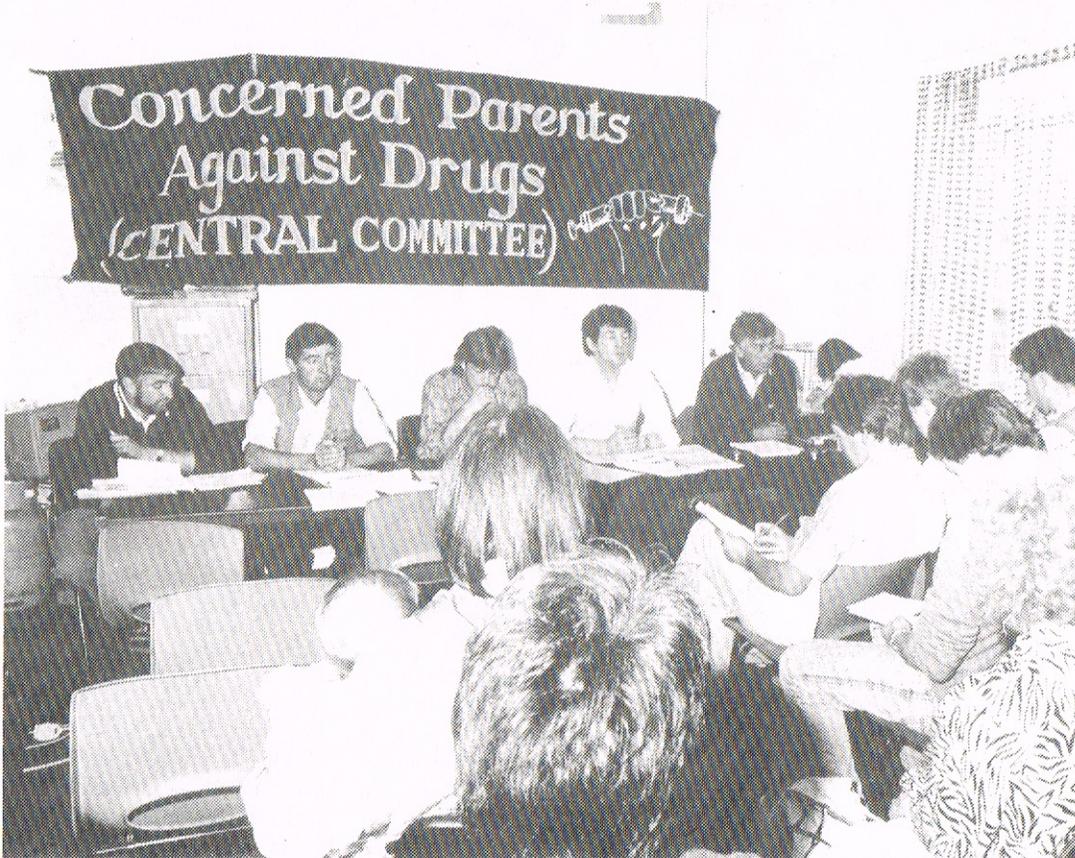
In April 1989, two men were sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment after being convicted of 'breaking and entering' a flat in Ballymun on Dublin's northside. The 'crime' and sentence wouldn't cause the batting of an eyelid in normal circumstances in the Dublin of today, except these were not 'normal' circumstances. The two men, John 'Whacker' Humphries and Hugh Cahill, were members of the Concerned Parents Against Drugs (CPAD). They had been tried in Dublin's special, three-judge, no-jury, court, although neither were members of any political organisation, legal or otherwise. The only witnesses in the case were two members of the Garda Drug Squad and two convicted drug-pushers.

Between November 1987, when the alleged crime took place, and April 1989, eleven CPAD members faced court on over 30 charges. All the incidents were said to have taken place during or directly following evictions of drug-pushers from their homes by the CPAD. In all the cases, the only witnesses were either Drug Squad members or convicted or known drug-

pushers. None of the other cases resulted in convictions.

In court, immediately following the conviction of Humphries and Cahill, a long list of character witnesses spoke on behalf of the two men. They included drug addicts, priests, community workers, sociologists and a member of the Dáil. All spoke of the tremendous work the CPAD, and the two men in particular, had





done for the city of Dublin by stopping the availability of drugs, exposing drug-pushers and helping drug addicts. It seemed the people of Dublin were standing shoulder to shoulder with the two men and the activities of the CPAD.

As they were being led from the dock, Humphries turned to the packed public gallery, which included the musician Christy Moore, and shouted "What do we want?". In reply the people roared, "Pushers Out". The court was quickly cleared.

Outside the court, many people had gathered to wave to the two men as they sped away to Portlaoise Prison in a screaming cavalcade of Garda vans and army Land Rovers. But the people were frightened. Despite media claims to the contrary, the CPAD was not made up of Sinn Féiners and Provos. The people who were the backbone of the anti-drugs movement were ordinary men and women who joined to protect their children from drugs. Not for them political courts or prisons with army

guards. To them the gardai had succeeded in criminalising the CPAD. If they too were imprisoned, who would protect their children?

### NON-COOPERATION WITH GARDAI

The relationships between the CPAD and the gardai had always been an uneasy one. Shortly after their formation in 1983 as a result of the worsening drug problem in Dublin's deprived inner-city areas, the CPAD adopted a policy of non-cooperation on the drugs issue with the gardai.

Traditionally the inner-city areas had a history of mistrusting the gardai. It was also successfully argued at the time that if they (CPAD) were to help drug-addicts they had to have their confidence. Drug-addicts often broke the law to feed their habits and they had to be sure any information given to the CPAD would not be passed to the gardai.

The policy of the CPAD was to

identify, at public meetings, those who pushed drugs and, once it was established beyond doubt that they were pushing, to call on them to stop. Pickets were placed on the homes of those who refused to stop and the resulting ostracisation of these people by their communities forced them to leave. The first real difference between the CPAD and the gardai occurred during the 1985 eviction of the notorious 'Ma Baker' (Marie Nolan) and her family. The CPAD, infuriated by what they saw as immunity from prosecution on drug charges in return for information on anti-drugs activists, took over the Nolans' house in the heart of the Liberties area of Dublin. The riot squad were called and they stormed the house. Many of the anti-drugs protesters were injured, some badly, and 22 faced court charges.

Following the lunch adjournment on the first day of their trial, most of the 33 Garda witnesses failed to return. The judge threw the case out. It was suggested that the gardai, believing

they had little to gain by publicly siding with such a well-known and much hated drug family, pulled out to save face.

### SECOND HEROIN EPIDEMIC

The CPAD grew stronger in the inner-city areas and for a number of years the availability of drugs decreased dramatically. The lull in drug-pushing saw a corresponding lull in CPAD activity. However, by the spring of 1987, the nightmare was happening again and Dublin was staring its second heroin epidemic in the face. Because of the failure of the state in the early '80s to cater for the needs of drug-addicts, thousands had flocked to London for treatment. By 1986/87 Dublin drug-addicts were the largest, single, identifiable group being treated for addiction and related illnesses such as hepatitis, anti-bodies and AIDS, far outstripping addicts from Liverpool, Edinburgh, Manchester and London itself.

Once in London, Dublin addicts, realising how cheap and readily available heroin was, began taking it back by the bucket-full for the Dublin market. Dublin was once more flooded with heroin but this time it was not confined to the inner-city but also quickly spread to the outlying suburbs.

The CPAD re-grouped and new committees were formed in the suburbs. Here they found popular support and the problem looked as if it could be contained. There was a new development, however. The pushers this time around grouped together in networks dispersed throughout the sprawling housing estate of Ballymun. Consisting mainly of 14 and eight-storey tower blocks, housing 25,000 people, Ballymun is described as the single, most deprived area in the country. Here the pushers had the pick of over 500 vacant flats where they could live, store and deal drugs. As other areas became drug free, Ballymun attracted the bulk of the city's drug-addicts who in



turn brought the drugs back to their own areas. Attempts were made to set up CPAD committees in the area but to no avail. Given the fact that these people had put up with the worst unemployment figures, the highest poverty rate and were enduring the lowest standard of living, it wasn't surprising.

To the CPAD, the pushers in Ballymun represented a real threat to their communities and it was decided to meet them head on. A public meeting was called in the centre of Ballymun in November 1987 and, having identified known drug-pushers, a march proceeded to their flat. Eight hundred people attended the first eviction (the one for which Humphries and Cahill were convicted).

The protesters entered the flat and turfed out the furniture belonging to four men, three of whom were convicted drug-pushers. The gardai were present in large numbers and minor scuffles broke out. Within a week, the men were located at another nearby address. The CPAD followed, with similar results. The meetings continued over the next few months, often ending in evictions and occasional scuffles with the gardai.

Not every meeting ended in eviction. Some known pushers

admitted their part and gave an undertaking not to re-involve themselves in drugs. This was usually accepted. But a pattern began to emerge. Fewer local people were willing to be seen 'up front' as word spread that drug-pushers were giving evidence against CPAD members. The CPAD had always avoided prosecution by involving as many people as possible in its actions. When a pusher took out a High Court injunction to stop ten named members of the CPAD picketing her home, the judge ruled that anybody aware of the ruling was also covered by it. That same night, 400 local people turned up outside her home. The gardai couldn't arrest such a large body of people — the pusher left.

In Ballymun, pushers were being courted by the gardai to give evidence against leading CPAD members in return for immunity on drugs charges. The gardai poured more time and resources into curtailing the activities of the CPAD than they did against drug-pushers. A ridiculous situation arose — CPAD members were appearing in court for protecting their communities while pushers were openly dealing ten yards from Ballymun Garda station.

By the beginning of 1989, it

was clear that the gardai were willing to tolerate a certain level of drug availability so long as they could stop people 'taking the law into their own hands'. In reality, the authorities fear ordinary people organising themselves against the things they oppose.

### INCAPABLE & UNWILLING

On the evening of 5th June 1990, a 12-year-old boy was arrested in the centre of Dublin with up to £80,000-worth of heroin. It is believed he was holding it for his brother who was arrested in a nearby pub with over £1,000 in cash and later charged with possession of heroin with intent to supply. In the Dublin of today, the authorities appear both incapable and unwilling to tackle the drugs problem which is rampant in the city.

The gardai have effectively muzzled the single, most effective, anti-drugs force (by popular acclaim, the CPAD) for 'political reasons'. It would also appear that they have succeeded in muzzling the media. In spite of the unorthodox handling of the situation by the establishment, no-one has sought to examine or question it.

The use of emergency legisla-

tion and special no-jury courts (originally meant for use against Republicans) against parents seeking to protect their children from the drugs menace is a disturbing development. It highlights the temptation to use such legislation to secure convictions that a normal court simply would not deliver. Such draconian legislation on the statute books inevitably corrupts common law and established legal practices, and leads to the erosion of the legal and civil rights of every citizen. This is something the communities at risk from drugs and the Irish people in general can ill afford. □



**Brian Kenna, from Dublin, was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in July of this year.**



● Sean Bateson (second right) with some of his comrades in Long Kesh. (From left) Jim O'Neill, Jim Smith, Declan Gorman and Chris Doherty.

# Sean Bateson

When Seany Bateson collapsed and died in H-Block 7 in June, he was just 34 years old and the first Republican to die of 'natural causes' in these Blocks. The official cause of death will be given as 'heart failure' but there will be no mention of the harsh and brutal regime under which he was forced to live for more than 13 years. Neither will his conviction by a corrupt and bigoted judiciary be questioned.

Seany was born into a society which had oppression and inequality at its core and in time he responded to the injustices around him by becoming active in the Republican

Movement and accepting the sacrifices that that entailed. During his long years in Long Kesh, Seany was there through every phase of prison struggle: the blanket protest; the no-wash, no-

slop out protest; the hunger-strikes; the fight for segregation. He played his part in them all. Despite all the hardships, the one quality for which Seany will be remembered by his comrades, and which made him a popular character in the Blocks, was his humour.

Even when he met with an accident, there seemed to be a touch of humour surrounding it. There was the time when he was on his way to a visit and, as he was turning into the visiting area, a JCB digger came out of nowhere and crashed into the van he was travelling in. Seany ended up wearing a surgical col-

lar for months. You would have to understand the size of the prison complex and the lack of traffic to appreciate the unlikelihood of this happening, but... it happened to Seany and he was the first to laugh at his own misfortune.

## ESCAPE

It's quite easy to imagine him talking to Larry Marley (his close friend and comrade, who was killed shortly after his release from the Blocks) and no doubt the question would be asked, 'How do we get out of this one, Larry?' Escape had never been far from their minds and, indeed, both had been named in court as being behind a major escape bid, which only ill-luck prevented.

In time all aspects of Seany's life will be written about, his role in the Republican Movement, his trials and tribulations through many years of struggle. For us in the Blocks it will be his humour that we remember him by.

Seany, you will be missed. When you died, a part of us all died with you.

Slán leat a Sheáin, a chara. Ní dhéanfaimid dearmad ort aríamh. Cailliad níos mó na cara. Chaill muid pairt díonn féin. ■

# A child's death

A young lad walks down the street with his mate, probably joking about the things kids do. An RUC Land Rover passes by. They probably do not notice it, or they wait to see if they are to be stopped and searched.

In Soweto, the children have stayed off school. They are going to protest. They gather on the outskirts of the township and begin moving to the meeting place. Along the route there is the usual sign of heavily-armed police. The children know it is only a matter of time before they are stopped. But in the meantime, the armed wing of the state will be ignored.

As the RUC passes by, one young life is ended, not because

of a car accident or a disease that kids die of today. Seamus Duffy's life was stolen by a plastic bullet, fired by the armed wing of the British government.

As the children of Soweto come to a line of heavily-armed men, a man tells them to turn back. But they stand there and dance and shout with all the energy that children possess. Dogs are unleashed, gas is thrown into the middle of the children and shots are fired. In amongst that

By Peadar O Gríofa  
(Long Kesh) ■

fear and confusion, a child lies dead.

Seamus Duffy probably hadn't any plans for the next day. You don't make plans at that age, you just eat up the day with your energy. But he would have had dreams. All kids have dreams, be it in Soweto or in North Belfast. Maybe he told them to his family. Maybe the kid in Soweto told his family his dreams. Kids' dreams aren't secrets. And yet with all the energy he possessed, it couldn't keep him alive. One man pulled the trigger in North Belfast and one pulled the trigger in Soweto. But it was the state that murdered Seamus Duffy. There will be an enquiry. In fact, there already has been.



Seamus Duffy (15) killed on August 9th 1989 by a plastic bullet fired by the RUC.

But it isn't conclusive, it can't be. If it were, the British government would have to answer to the charge of murder.

And if that whim, that flight of imagination were ever to happen, then we, like the people of South Africa, would have a case for mass murder. ■

# Crumlin Road Gaol

## - The segregation battle continues

By Danny Morrison  
(Crumlin Road) ■

About the time that the British prisons minister in the North, John Cope, was glibly boasting that there had been changes introduced at Crumlin Road Gaol, Belfast, aimed at easing conflict, four Loyalists were viciously assaulting a Republican prisoner called for a visit, 24-year-old South Derry man Martin Molloy.

The incident not only refuted the propaganda point being made by Cope — that the gaol was currently incident-free and prisoners would be more safe from attack — but it showed the dangers posed to prisoners as a result of the failed policy of forced integration, not into its 15th year. Indeed, Cope's statement about making greater use of facilities and staff to keep contact and friction to a minimum is actually a contradiction of official British policy which is to integrate Republicans and Loyalists as if they are in gaol as individuals and not part of a political conflict and committed to a cause.

### HISTORY

Forced integration is one of the last vestiges of the British strategy of criminalisation introduced in March 1976, most aspects of which were overturned by the 1981 hunger-strikes. But in Crumlin Road Gaol little has changed. Incredible as it may seem the administration initially made attempts to forcibly integrate Republicans and Loyalists in the same cells but this was abandoned in April 1976 after a month of serious fighting.

In the intervening years there have been riots in the gaol, bombs, hand-to-hand fights, rooftop occupations, protests at remand courts, no slop-out protests, token hunger-strikes, and wreckings of cell fittings and canteens. Prisoners have been

hospitalised and many more have on occasion been put in the punishment unit and lost privileges. The position of the Northern Ireland Office is that because no prisoner has been killed so far, this indicates that there is collusion between Republicans and Loyalists, each of whose commands within the gaol only want segregation from the other side so that they can separately perpetuate an organisational hierarchy.

Of course, command structures undeniably exist in the gaol and, what's more, they are tacitly recognised by sections of the administration. If the Republican structures couldn't be suppressed in the H-Blocks where blanket-men were kept behind closed doors, often in solitary confinement, for over four-and-a-half years, then they can readily flourish in a remand wing where all of the Republicans can daily exercise together for an hour in a yard, and where they can associate in a canteen for two hours every other evening, unsupervised apart from warders present in observation posts.

### THE GAOL

There are four wings in Crumlin Road Gaol. Sentenced prisoners (all of whom are non-political) are held in 'D' Wing. Republican and Loyalist remands are held on mixed landings in 'A' and 'C' Wings, and non-political remands are held in

'B' Wing. To keep conflict at a minimum, Republicans and Loyalists have tenuously operated a system of self-imposed segregation which results in a halving of entitlement to the exercise yard and canteen association.

However, prisoners still have to pass each other on narrow landings and stairways when slopping out, collecting food or parcels, going on visits, getting called for the governor or the welfare. It's easy to visualise how a fight can break out when, as in the case of Republican remand Tommy Braniff from Ardoyne, the Loyalist charged with assassinating his father is passing him every day. For three months I was in the cell next to that of the same Loyalist who was charged with possessing RUC security files on my own movements.

Earlier this year, Sam Marshall, a Republican remand, was assassinated shortly after being released on bail. Tension in the gaol was naturally high the next morning — when his death was announced on the radio the Loyalists here were banging on their cell doors, whooping and cheering. The potential for conflict has increased in the last nine months, given a large influx of Loyalists as a result of the Stevens Inquiry into collusion between Loyalist death-squads and the crown forces.

### THE NORTHERN IRELAND OFFICE

The NIO's claims to be opposed to segregation in principle can have no credibility, given that convicted Republicans and Loyalists have a choice about where they serve their sentences and the majority opt for the seg-

regated wings alongside their comrades in the H-Blocks. Actually, segregation exists in Crumlin Road Gaol already for sex offenders, those in protective custody and those not accepted by Republicans or Loyalists and who go to 'B' Wing.

So why does the NIO persist with this policy which has such potential for conflict? It has already resulted in separate protests on the outside by Republican and Loyalist solidarity groups and by Loyalist attacks on prison officers and their homes.

Firstly, the NIO, traditionally intransigent and still peopled by some Victorians who believe that prison should be a place of fear, has impaled itself on a hook of its own making and had opportunities to climb down but failed to respond.

Secondly, the reluctance to change was probably influenced in part by the pathetic responses and abysmal ignorance of mainstream Loyalist and Nationalist politicians. For example, the leader of the Democratic Unionist Party, Ian Paisley, after meeting NIO officials proclaimed that he had been given a guarantee that no Loyalist would be forced to share a cell with a Republican! As has already been shown, that hadn't happened since 1976. He also claimed that in future two not three prisoners would be kept to a cell. On integrated landings two to a cell was always accepted as an absolute maximum.

For the Social, Democratic and Labour Party, Seamus Mallon, not to be undone, stated that 'paramilitary influence' could best be ended if remands were separated from sentenced prisoners. Remands and sentenced Diplock court prisoners are separated by about 15 miles of town and country! Certainly, a few orderlies service the remand wings but they are short-term prisoners convicted of non-scheduled offences, not 'dangerous revolutionaries'!

Thirdly, the NIO has cited the increased danger of escape



Republican prisoners have already carried out a successful escape in 1983? The fact is that in a segregated system in Crumlin Road — either through separate wings (the Republican preference) or separate landings — administrative control would be maintained, as is currently the case, by restricted movement of limited numbers of prisoners.

### A LEGITIMATE AND ACHIEVABLE DEMAND

Segregation is a legitimate demand and is being sought not as a threat to security but insofar as contact with Loyalists is reduced to a minimum and that prisoners are safe from attack. In one recent attack Kevin Craven, from North Belfast, almost lost an eye, had a front tooth knocked out and was hospitalised for two weeks. The NIO have cynically described such attacks as being 'collusion' between both groups.

Segregation is an achievable demand, given that the NIO this autumn hopes to involve the SDLP and unionist parties in face-to-face negotiations aimed at reaching agreement on internal devolution. Whilst Republicans are opposed to any re-vamping of Stormont, we should make sure that all parties have to have a concerned, even if jaundiced eye on the situation in Crumlin Road Gaol.

This may just be the political time for the NIO to change its tune.



**Danny Morrison, from West Belfast, is being held on remand in Crumlin Road.**

attempts if segregation is granted. Indeed, despite all the platitudes about the prison administration offering inmates the opportunity to serve their remand period or sentence in an integrated system free from 'paramilitary control', the pretext of increased escape bids is

the argument on which their case actually rests. The governor of Crumlin Road Gaol, John Semple, has said as much in an affidavit in response to a judicial review being sought by Eugene McKee and presently being heard in the Belfast High Court. Semple said that the in-

tegrated system reduces "the prospects for planning escapes from the prison in that Loyalist and Republican groups are highly unlikely to make escape plans together".

But if all this was such a real threat, then why allow segregation in the H-Blocks from where



● Central Bucharest, Romania: Militiamen return fire at Securitate snipers hiding in blocks of flats near the presidential palace.

# Eastern Europe: Socialism or Barbarism?

By Martin Livingstone  
(Long Kesh) ■

The recent upheavals and changes in Eastern Europe have been portrayed by the Western media as sounding the death knell of socialism and the victory of free market capitalism. But has socialism been discredited? Has Vaclav Havel got it right when he says that socialism has no relevance for him anymore? Does the future prosperity of Eastern Europe lie with Thatcherite economic policies?

The roots of Eastern European 'socialism' must be traced back to the development of socialism in the USSR in the 1920s and '30s. At that time, the Soviet Union had just emerged from a revolution and an extremely bloody civil war. The country had been invaded by numerous Western and Eastern powers, it was isolated internationally and its economy had been destroyed. Many committed Bolsheviks, longtime political activists who had been thoroughly schooled in the tenets of socialism, were killed in the civil war. These losses were made up by an influx of functionaries with no connection to the history of Bol-

shevism and the revolution; they were people primarily interested in furthering their own careers. The party was becoming a bureaucracy as members sought to protect their own interests.

## RIGID AND CONSERVATIVE

There was still some debate as to the way forward. Some saw the need for a market mechanism to stimulate economic initiative and development, others wanted the militarisation of the labour force to ensure production, while others wanted some combination of the market with socialist planning. However,

Lenin realised that despite this debate the party was becoming too rigid and conservative, but he died before he could tackle the problem.

In the power struggle that followed, there were three distinct tendencies:

- On the right, Bukharin, who sought an even greater role for market incentives;
- On the left, Trotsky, who preached a doctrine of socialist mobilisation and dynamism; and
- In the centre, Stalin, who moved both ways as it suited.

However, after the upheavals of the revolution and civil war, the party now wanted stability. Far from encouraging debate, the party suppressed the individual and stifled or destroyed independent thought, all in the name of party unity. Stalin captured this machine and used it firstly to enlist the support of the right to crush Trotsky and then to use the remnants of the left to crush

Bukharin. The result was that Stalin reigned unopposed and socialism in the USSR was a far cry from the creative and democratic socialism envisaged by Lenin.

## INDUSTRIALISATION

The situation facing Stalin and the USSR was fraught with dangers. Internationally, the Soviet Union was still virtually isolated. The rise of fascism meant that sooner rather than later it would face another imperialist invasion. To offset this, Stalin realised that the country had to embark on a policy of rapid industrialisation. As he observed:

*"We are 50 to 100 years behind the advanced countries. We must make good the distance in ten years. Either we do it or they crush us."*

But the methods used to make up the distance revealed just how vulgarised Stalin's socialism had become. The plans for industrialisation relied on coercion. The first problem was how to feed the workers in the cities. In the countryside, a policy of forced collectivisation was introduced and carried out by brutal and inhuman methods. Food production was assured but only at the cost of famine and the complete destruction of the Kulak class of peasant. The peasantry became alienated from socialism because of never-ending sacrifice and relentless mobilisation.

## COERCION

In industry, constant exhortation to greater effort was retarded by a lack of technical know-how. Every failure or difficulty in the economy was seen as due to sabotage. This self-generated paranoia created a climate of fear and suspicion in which party functionaries became more and more rigid in their interpretation of orders rather than risk making a mistake. Thus, the last vestiges of creative dynamism petered out of the party. Coercion resulted in inefficient economic conditions which turned into a

brake on industrial and agricultural progress.

The system created by Stalin in the 1930s was the degradation and complete abandonment of the principles of socialism. Instead of a system built around real democracy and popular participation, there was a rigid, bureaucratic, hierarchical structure which actually deterred initiative and innovation. Coupled with this was a personality cult which turned Stalin into an almost religious figure and his every utterance into dogma.

Following World War II, the map of Europe was redrawn. Large tracts of Eastern Europe had been liberated from the Nazis by the sacrifices of the Red Army. But this was not to be like other wars when, once the peace treaties had been signed, everyone went home. In April 1945, Stalin noted:

*"This war is not as in the past: whoever occupies a territory also imposes on it his own social system. Everyone imposes his own system as far as his army can reach. It cannot be otherwise."*

This was true for both East and West. Those countries liberated by the US and the British became capitalist again and any attempt by communists to come

to power was suppressed; those countries liberated by the Red Army became socialist. This is the key to recent events in Eastern Europe.

### BUFFER ZONE

World War II was the third invasion of Russia within a period of 30 years. In light of this, the main concern of the USSR was to protect the integrity of its borders by creating a buffer zone of states aligned with and led by Moscow. Within these states, a socialism of some sort was bound to be imposed. Unfortunately, this socialism was merely a stereotyped application of the Soviet experience — it bore no relation to the needs and realities of the Eastern European countries. Despite election victories by some of the indigenous communist parties, the imposition of socialism was not due to any major mass movement. So, while the economic system was changed, people's attitudes and perceptions trailed behind.

Initially, there were significant improvements in the quality of life for many ordinary people. Education, healthcare, etc were all improved and the ethnic tensions that bedevilled the region for so long were ameliorated. But this was not enough to overcome

the defects of these so-called socialist regimes.

The defects were considerable. None of these countries enjoyed any degree of self-determination. While nominally independent, their needs were very much subordinated to those of the USSR. Internally, the grafted-on socialist structures mirrored the Soviet ones, allowing no room for popular participation or any real socialist dynamism. Any attempt to deviate from this was met with force. The 'Prague Spring', an attempt to introduce 'socialism with a human face', was put down by the tanks of the Red Army, thus revealing that, while Stalin himself had passed away and had even been denounced by Krushchev, the bureaucratic empire ensured that Stalinism lived on. As in the USSR, dissent was seen as tantamount to treason and, therefore, any demand for national democratic rights was seen as an anti-socialist demand and so ruthlessly suppressed.

The Eastern European economies were geared to the needs of the Soviet Union and they lagged far behind the level of output needed to satisfy the requirements of socialism. However, as long as the majority of people felt that at least their ba-

sic needs were being met, these systems had a chance of surviving. Those who felt that things could be different were a minority and could be coerced into silence. Ultimately, the survival of these regimes rested upon the threat of the Red Army. The regimes were not answerable to their own people and, inevitably, they became oppressive and corrupt.

### GLASNOST

With the coming of power of Gorbachev and Soviet reformers, the policies of 'glasnost' and 'perestroika' were introduced. These were attempts to restructure Soviet society and its economy, opening to criticism the subordination of society to a tyrannical state and questioning the denial of real democracy. With this process and the relaxation of the coercive arm of the Soviet state, a subtle message was sent to the regimes of Eastern Europe that their rule was no longer to be propped up by Red Army intervention. A small number of intellectuals had for a long time opposed the system but it was only when the masses of workers joined in that the regimes started to topple. The end of the Ceausescu regime of 'socialism in one family' was a case in point.

The ousting of these regimes signals progress but if the people aren't alert or if they return to their passive existence the old Stalinist, professional classes — political and economic opportunists — will step in to chart their own course and suppress demands for real democracy. Another danger lies in the replacing of corrupt socialist regimes with corrupt capitalist ones. Steps need to be taken to ensure popular control.

So what ideas are dominating in Eastern Europe and in whose interest?

There is a lot of hypocritical cant from the West about democracy and its definition, and so many people in the East mix up democracy with the free market economy. Solidarity in Poland are being advised by the ultra-



● Bucharest: During a lull in the fighting on Christmas Day, civilians distribute cake to soldiers.

## EASTERN EUROPE

monetarist Adam Smith Institute on how to free market forces from all control. The Hungarian 'socialist' party has embraced Thatcherism as the solution to their economic ills. These moves are ominous.

### AUSTERITY

To submit their economies to the exigencies of market oriented reforms requires the bitter pill of austerity, major price increases, massive unemployment and poverty. The East is sliding into political and economic dependence on the developed capitalist countries, becoming their undeveloped periphery. Attractive investment sectors — such as Czechoslovakia, which has some advanced industry, high-quality managers and an educated workforce, and East Germany through German reunification — will become well integrated into the West and no doubt these areas will see an injection of Western capital. Bulgaria, Poland, Romania and most of Hungary and Yugoslavia will become economic wastelands providing cheap labour and raw materials for the capitalist industries of the West.

Free market capitalism inevitably leads to private accumulation of wealth and resources alongside public squalor. Countries in the East, especially East Germany and Czechoslovakia, have historically enjoyed a high standard of social welfare. This should be extended with the economic and social priorities of the given society carefully scrutinised. Political demands should be followed up by placing the economic resources under democratic political control, with progress measured by the well-being of all members of society, not the privileged few.

### DEMOCRACY

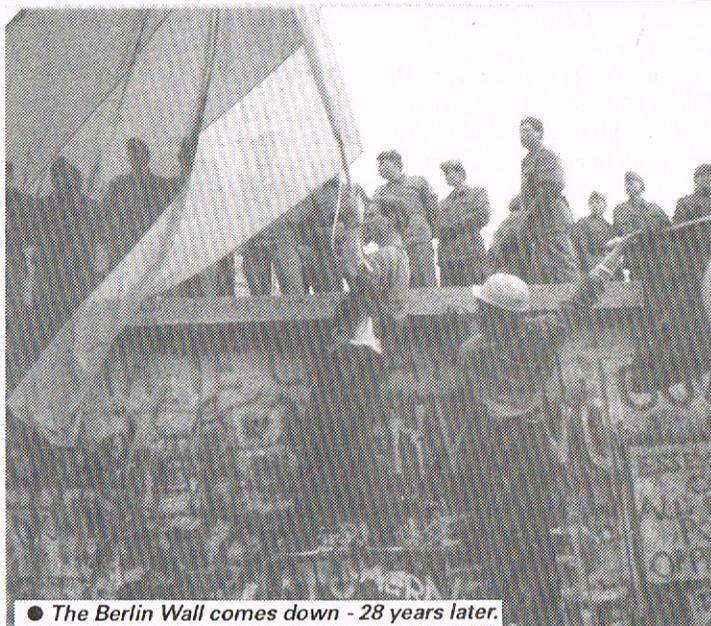
Economic and industrial democracy is essential. Real socialism goes hand in hand with democracy, the two complement each other. Not a limited parlia-

mentary democracy, which the West favours, where a privileged elite makes all the decisions, but a participatory democracy where delegates follow the free democratic will of the people and are responsible to them and under their control. If they do not follow the people's will they should be instantly revocable. Democratisation should extend to all spheres of civil society (churches, education, etc) and with direct popular participation in management of all public affairs, especially the armed forces and administrative bureaucracy.

Delays are deepening the crisis, with the resurrection of national chauvinism, monarchism, racism and criminality, and groups are exploiting an already chaotic situation. These problems are already endemic in the capitalist countries. The answers lie not in the capitalist arena, nor with the Stalinist bureaucratic state. Stalinism is a travesty of democratic socialism and this is what is dying in Eastern Europe. The only rational core of Stalin's socialism was that the bureaucracy controlled the means of production. Democratic socialism has not been tried and found wanting, but ignored and discarded because it frightens tyrants and elitists.

### DEAD FISH

The 'Sinatra Doctrine' (whereby countries are free to 'do it their way') means that these future societies should be built upon their own particularities and circumstances with all their citizens directly involved in deciding policies which affect their future prosperity. The words on an East German placard are apt: 'Only dead fish go with the current', be it a Stalinist or a capitalist current. If the people leave their destinies in the hands of ruling elites, the denial of basic human rights and a decent standard of living will continue, only this time under the tyranny and anarchy of a free-for-all capitalist exploitation.



What lessons are to be learned from these momentous and confusing events? The English have denied us our own national sovereignty for hundreds of years. They have divided our country on the basis of a sectarian headcount, creating an artificial border and building walls between communities while extolling the disappearance of walls and borders in Germany.

Who is Douglas Hurd kidding when he asks: "Why should the German people be the only people of Europe to be denied self-determination?" What about the national democratic rights of the Irish? Thatcher rules dictatorially with 40-43% of the vote and areas such as Scotland, Wales, the North of England and the Six Counties are treated like economic wastelands and their people like second-class citizens. Is this real or meaningful democracy? Is a government that pursues policies such as the Poll Tax, cuts in health and social services, and tolerates massive unemployment and widespread poverty a good model to be imitated in the East? Can the USA lecture these countries on how to pursue their future happiness when they destabilise and infringe on national sovereignty and ultimately invade if democratically arrived at systems do not fit into their

world plan, as in Grenada, Chile and Nicaragua?

### CAPITALIST GLITZ

The West is no respecter of national democratic rights and Eastern Europe should not be mesmerised by the glitz of capitalism. It is a system that favours the few while depriving and impoverishing the many. Its dynamic is to make profit in ever-increasing amounts and to keep this in private hands. It is vitally important that the political developments in Eastern Europe are carried over into the economy and that any future market mechanism has built-in safeguards to prevent the massive accumulation of the countries' resources by the unscrupulous and greedy few.

To accept the capitalist model as the only rational and ideal system to be pursued is fatalistic and dangerous nonsense. The people of Eastern Europe deserve and want more. To increase their new-found freedoms they will have to be constantly vigilant. As Cicero once said: "Freedom is participation and power." This participation must involve the many and not the elite few, be they of a Stalinist or a capitalist hue. □

**Martin Livingstone, from the Lenadoon area of Belfast, is serving a 25-year sentence.**

# A Tyrone path

By Steven Donnelly  
(Long Kesh) ■

**When and how did this path from Washingbay to Kingsisland originate, cutting as it does from the lough shore to the higher ground of Kingsisland? What animal first found the way?**

I could quote from prehistory but I'd rather think of it starting as part of the territorial marking of foxes or rabbit runs as that is within my experience. Then the logical way, too, for that human predator who may have first landed at the Washingbay in search of a change from fish, following the path of the fox that was rabbit stalking. So hunting the hunter through rising land, skirting swampy patches covered with bog-rich grass, avoiding clumps of alder and willow edging the bog, through to higher ground growing holly, ash, hazel and scrub oak, dense enough to deter short cuts.

The path is still only a wandering line through wood-land. With the domestication of animals the tribal settlers increased in numbers, clearing woodland in their wake as they moved inland. Changing the way too, as suited their need of water, wood and food, so it's a growing, almost alive thing this path. Lively too I would like to think, was the pipe music that may have developed from the pace of the animal drovers, who widened this unpredictable way around obstacles.

Resting places would become earthen forts or stone circles, then eventually becoming more fortified, later again to be taken over by churches and Celtic crosses with the rise of Christianity that pushed back older religions. Not to speak of the inevitable sign-post telling us today, where we are going and how far it is. But to get back to the path.

Later in time we get the famine road, a long snake-like ribbon of broken stone, following contours of blanket bog. On a day's evening, with the setting

sun flushing the swaying grass red-gold, all isn't peaceful! The silhouetted Scots pine seems to cry out! The hissing of moving grass, distant mist, the nagging presence of what? Road builders who dug their own graves, properties of the bog to preserve forever, secrets in brown water. Swaths of forest oak and deal, all pointing in one direction to a time long past, kegs of butter under rusting skeletons of cars taking their final rest.

Where are we now today? Apparently under this bog lies untold wealth called lignite which, if extracted, could give cheap light or black light for digging turf in the dark! Where is my story? Is it as lost as we are? That we would burn the very earth we stand on! Creating the biggest glar hole (Tyrone speak for mud) in Western Europe. No, I think not, the story of the road continues as all good things do. The people of Tyrone have more sense, most of them can see beyond a quick pound.

In the 1950s, the path that

was is now a road. At that time, a major scheme was in progress which drained the land surrounding the lough, leaving the low-lying farms with an extended agricultural cycle. This also had a price, which was visible in the green alga that started to grow on the waters of one of the most scenic loughs in Ireland. Some of the responsibility for this must be laid on the farmers who, maybe through ignorance, over fertilised their land, causing excess nitrates to pollute the streams, then finally the lough itself.

It isn't too late to heal this wound. With the growing awareness of the problems of pollution gathering in our food chain, we have no choice. The answer needn't be too painful, maybe it's less profitable in the short term to turn to organic farming but in the past mixed farms were naturally organic. As artificial fertilizer is closely linked to petroleum prices, its over-use will become governed by cost, maybe before EEC legislation.

So the road I knew as a school kid, walking it twice a day most of the year, gravel-brown when wet, sparkling white under a hot summer sun. A place for playing

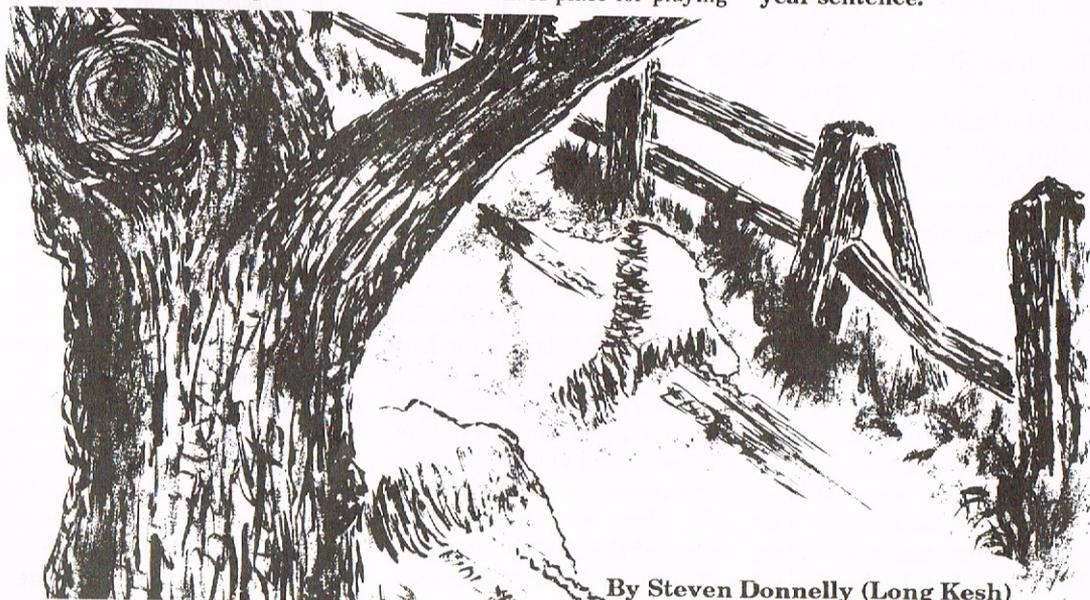
marbles or testing our Wellingtons in the puddles, a record of who had passed by as we knew most of the tyre treads of the few cars.

One memorable morning Peter Hughes met us on the way to school. He was leading a cart horse and offered to lift us upon it. I've vivid memories of a vast animal, so high, changing in width as it breathed, so noisy inside, a good biology lesson before school.

Shortly after that the road was Tarmacked and we progressed to bicycles, cursing the stones that gathered in the centre of the road with the increase in traffic. Now the back of the road is broken by the heavy trucks as it lurches drunkenly into the 1990s, and, like the story, the road has no end.... □



Steven Donnelly, from Dungannon, is serving a 12-year sentence.



By Steven Donnelly (Long Kesh)

# Jolly good fellows

Raymond McCartney  
(Long Kesh) ■

**"Stop your nagging or I'll murder you!"** How many times have men said that to their wives? Sir Brian Hutton, c/o Diplock Courts, Crumlin Road, Belfast, may be able to shed some light on the subject. Men are now able to flick through their legal journals, turn to their spouses and caution them: **"Stop your nagging or I will inflict justifiable homicide on you, and please bear in mind that justifiable homicide only carries a three-year gaol sentence. So just do what I tell you — everything is in my favour, as always."**

The husband, if pressed — that is if the woman has the sheer audacity to question him — will be able to cite *Regina vs McQueen*, the case where the Lord Chief Justice (sic), Brian Hutton, handed out a three-year term of imprisonment to a man who stabbed his wife to death. Defence? *"She was always nagging me, me Lord."* Isn't it a lovely setup, not only are men permitted to dominate women in the workplace, in the home, or wherever it suits, now if the mood strikes them and provided they shout a 'Stop nagging!' warning, everything should be fine.

You may ask how this happens? Simple really. Aren't most men judges? Most men see themselves as Honorary Fellows of the Universal Male Club. Club rules dictate that women must be treated as women. The Club dictionary defines 'wo' as 'less than and can never be.'

Of course we are expected to believe that the only member of the Club who portrays an open hostility to women is that old windbag Judge James Pickles — he who concluded that women deliberately get pregnant to avoid imprisonment. Wouldn't it be ever so wonderful if he was the only one? Unfortunately, and brutally so for women in society today, that is not true. Seldom a week goes by without some other such cases hitting the news — look for them at the

bottom of page six, right beside the 'penny ads'.

Believe you me, it doesn't stop with this part of the world, nor with our nearest and dearest neighbours in that green and pleasant land who gave us such judicial wonders as Pickles, Denning and Hailsham. (By the way, judges are entitled to call each other Most Esteemed Fellow of the Club.) Judicial prejudice knows no frontiers — the spirit of 1992 has many legal precedents, it seems.

Here is a recent case from Cyprus and, please, no comments about British colonialism.

**The Case:** A man (an ex-army officer and therefore with automatic entitlement to be classed as a Jolly Decent Fellow of the Club) bludgeoned and stabbed his wife to death.

**Defence:** *"My Lord, Esteemed Fellow, she taunted me. She said that I was sexually immobile."*

Don't ask me what sexual immobility is, I was educated by priests — try Dr Ruth or, for my older readers (there's confidence for you), try Angela McNamara. Anyway, the judge, in his summing-up, said something like:

*"There is a dead body; you admit that you beat and stabbed her, so I have to find you guilty of something — what choice do you leave me? However, the nerve of this wo-man taunting one of us in this way. If any wo-*

*man thinks she can say that in my court and get away with it, she had much to learn about us Clubbers..."*

The state prosecutor ruffles his cloak interruptingly, the legal way of reminding the ermined one that the man, not the dead woman, is on trial.)

*"Oh yes, where was I? Yes, If find you guilty of MANslaughter — HEe HEe — and I sentence you, albeit very reluctantly, to six years' imprisonment."*

It seems the British never really managed to civilise those damned Cypriots as efficiently as they did their Irish counterparts. So, women of Ireland and Cyprus, stop your nagging, get on with your daily chores and whatever you do don't mention, and I whisper this, s-e-x-u-a-l i-m-m-o-b-i-l-i-t-y!

But haven't we all a prejudice or two? In that case I offer no apology for the next sentence. I absolutely DETEST Margaret Thatcher. I categorically emphasise that it is not a sexist prejudice, purely political. Yet when I hear commentators (Club members all) touting the line 'She is the best man for the job' — and to make bad worse they afford themselves a smug smile and imagine themselves real clever Trevors — than, despite my deep-seated prejudice, I feel a speckle of pity descending on me for her.

Don't panic, it's only a wee bit!

In essence, what these commentators are saying is that only a man (definitely not a wo-man) is capable of doing this job. Following on from this comes the line that women are just not cut out for certain jobs and in a very sympathetic way the Club is telling them to stay in the house and do what they are good at. Or else! The Club knows only too well that it may be another male preserve next week.

Indeed, I heard a political pundit say that even a woman could do a better job than Dan Quayle. Is there a woman stupid enough? I don't think so. Dan Quayle is so stupid he thinks that Euthanasia is a Soviet republic seeking inde-

pendence from Moscow.

Where will the Club strike next? Try this for size. At present women are seeking a bigger role in the affairs of the Catholic Church, and debate is intense. Bear in mind that the Church prides itself (sure, what's a deadly sin among saints?) on being the only branch of the Club that has held true to the Principles of the Founding Fathers. 'No women here!' is the war cry from the Pope over there.

What do these women want now? To be Bishops? Priests? Pharisees? (Don't be cynical — only men are Pharisees.) No, no, it is much more serious than that. They want to be altar boys.

Aren't girls real spoilsports? How could a girl be an altar boy? It's not that the function of an altar boy requires any theological or philosophical training (I know, I was that soldier). So why all the fuss? Come on now! It's a plot, a fiendish, devilish plot (if all devils aren't male, change that to a she-devilish plot) because if little girls can be altar boys then women will want to be priests. Priests! Confessions! Never!

Imagine men having to tell their sins to women? That's nearly fair! They'll know all the Club members' secrets and be able to use blackmail (or should that read blackfemail?) and ensure that 'nagging' is legalised. Soon in many homes it will be a case of:

*"If you don't make the tea, I will tell the lads in the Club three of your venial sins, and all about your sexual immobility."*

*"Oh no, anything but that... How many sugars did you say? Aaaaaaagh!"* □



Raymond McCartney, from Shantallow, Derry, has served 12 years of a recommended 25-year sentence.

# SUSPENDED SENTENCE

THIS ISN'T WHAT I THOUGHT YOU MEANT BY A SUSPENDED SENTENCE PADDY!



By Tommy Molloy (Long Kesh)

# PRIZE QUIZ

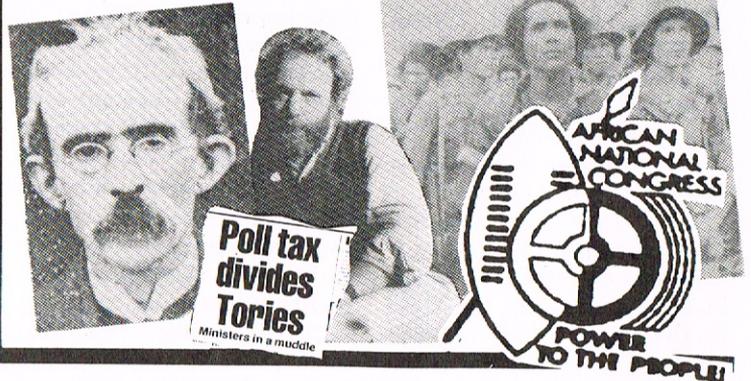
Prizes of a year's subscription to An Glór Gafa plus a £5 book token will be given to the first three correct entries opened on our closing date of September 30th 1990. The names of the winners will be published in An Phoblacht/Republican News and in our next issue.

1. Name the three Baltic states which are seeking independence from the USSR.
2. Who is the English woman who was framed for the M62 coach bombing in England in 1974 and who still languishes in a British prison 16 years later?
3. In which European city was 'Checkpoint Charlie'?
4. Which women's organisation unanimously opposed the 1921 Treaty, a treaty which led to the partitioning of Ireland and the Irish Civil War?
5. Which famous battle between France and the Vatican was fought on Irish soil 300 years ago?

## Answers to Spring '90 Quiz:

1. The African National Congress.
2. Thomas Clarke.
3. Brian Keenan.
4. The Poll Tax.
5. Nicaragua.

Entries flooded in from all over, from Andersonstown to County Clare, from Australia to Germany. The winning entries were submitted by: Phil Meaney, Booter, England; Rita Uí Raghail, Br. na Mona, Co. Chill Mhantáin; and Christine, Berlin, West Germany.



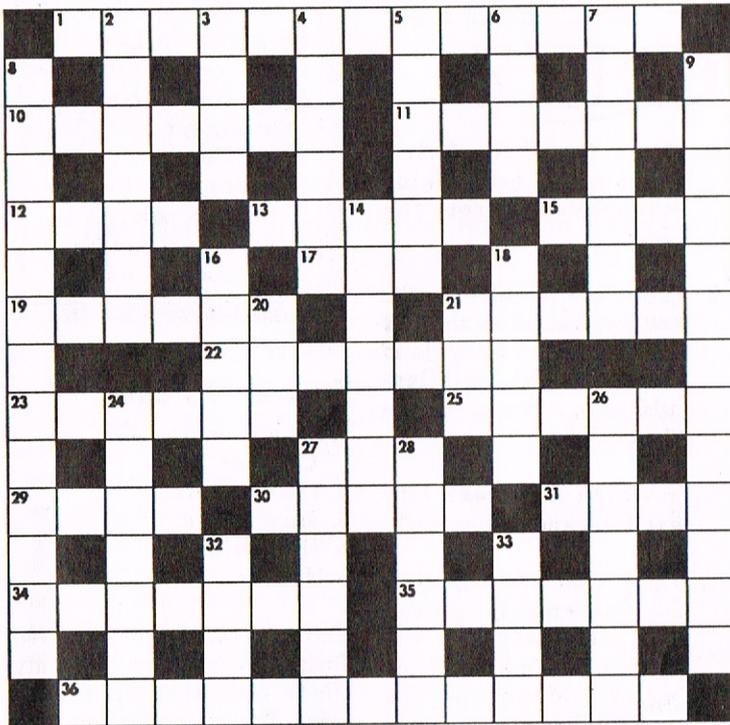
COMICS



By Martin Gough (Long Kesh)



# Crossword



## Clues Across

1. British weapon of death (7,6)
10. Book containing several works (7)
11. Hearing distance (7)
12. To state (4)
13. Twenty (5)
15. Against (4)
17. Attempt (3)
19. Sincere (6)
21. Cuts (6)
22. Stroll (7)
23. Landing strip (6)
25. Breathing ailment (6)
27. Entreat (3)
29. Desmond — — — —, African bishop (4)
30. Girl's name (5)
31. — — — — Blair, pen name of George Orwell (4)
34. Eminent; majestic (7)
35. Withhold from (7)
36. Che Guevara was one (13)

## Clues Down

2. American Civil War President (7)
3. Cries (4)
4. Six legged creature (6)
5. Sleepy eyed (7)
6. Entice (4)
7. Improve (7)
8. Phase of H-Block struggle (2,4,7)
9. Inhumane treatment of prisoners (5,8)
14. Bitter fruit (7)
16. Written composition (5)
18. Blunt; abrupt (5)
20. Scottish river (3)
21. Red, Black or Yellow (3)
24. Remarkable (7)
26. Hound, falcon or jet (7)
27. Writing desk (7)
28. Father of Indian Independence (6)
32. Underground missile site (4)
33. Overt (4)

Answers Across 1. Plastic bullet; 10. Omnibus; 11. Farshot; 12. Avow; 13. Score; 15. Anti; 17. Thy; 19. Honest; 21. Severs; 22. Sannet; 23. Runway; 25. Ashma; 27. Beg; 29. Tutu; 30. Susana; 31. Eric; 34. Sublime; 35. Deprive; 36. Revolutionary  
 Answers Down 2. Lincoln; 3. Sobs; 4. Insect; 5. Blear; 6. Lure; 7. Enhance; 8. No wash protest; 9. Strip searches; 14. Oranges; 16. Essay; 18. Terse; 20. Thy; 21. Sea; 24. Noble; 26. Harter; 27. Bureau; 28. Gandhi; 32. Silo; 33. Open

# Quotes

"Peace will come as a result of negotiations, it is not negotiations which must come as a result of peace."  
 — Nelson Mandela (April 1990)

"The media have provided one of the few forums for political debate and have given our divided communities that which they otherwise would not have, to come to know one another and to listen to and try to understand one another's conflicting viewpoints and contradictory perceptions."  
 — Cahal Daly singing the praises of the media and somehow forgetting that Republicans are banned from radio and TV.

"One indication of current priorities is that 'Making Belfast Work' has less money committed to it in total over four years than is spent on prisons in a single year."  
 — Sociologist Michael Tomlinson from Obair (West Belfast campaign for employment) rubbishing the British economic development initiative 'Making Belfast Work'.

"Any Iraqi who, on grounds of adultery, purposely kills his mother, daughter, sister, maternal or paternal aunt, maternal or paternal niece, maternal or paternal female cousin, shall not be prosecuted."  
 — A decree issued on February 18th, 1990, by Iraq's Revolutionary Command Council designed to "protect society from vice and encourage virtue". (The Guardian, April 19th, 1990)

"Never have I seen a statute anywhere in the world where to talk about abortion to pregnant women is a crime."  
 — Janet Benshoff, a lawyer with the American Civil Liberties Union, who was charged with 'soliciting abortion' on the Pacific island of Guam. She obviously hasn't been to Ireland. (The Irish Times, May 11th, 1990).

"I worked on death row. I had no hang-ups. I loved to work on death row. We handed them bottles of Guinness to fortify them so they were healthy enough so that we could hang them."  
 — Screw Sean Dempsey (Mountjoy Prison) speaking at a 26-County Prison Officers' Association meeting on hanging. (The Irish Times, May 5th, 1990)

"We are all concerned that recent developments may prevent the exercise of self-determination."  
 — 26-County Foreign Affairs Minister Gerry Collins speaking not about his own country but about Lithuania.

"There has been very little co-operation from Israel towards promoting Palestinian self-determination."  
 — Similar mutterings from Eamon Ryan, 26-County ambassador to Israel.

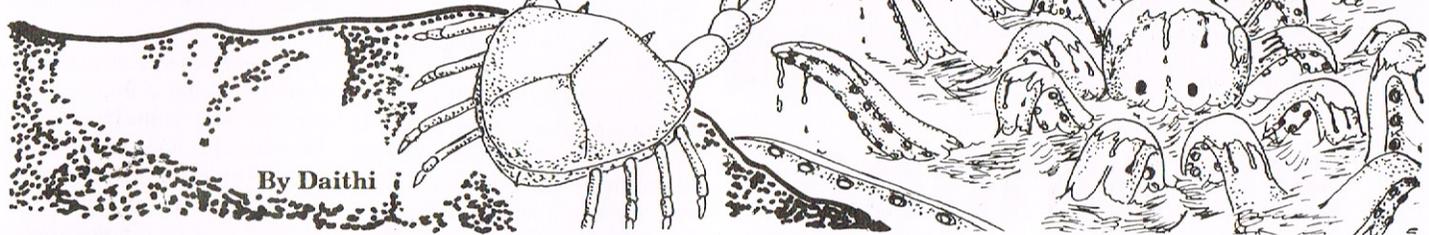
"In these days of austerity [in Brazil]... the performance of the Brazilian football team in these championships can be of great assistance in alleviating hardship."  
 — Sport as the opium of the masses? BBC commentator Barry Davies during the Brazil vs Sweden match (June 10th, 1990).

"But ironically or otherwise this 'Irish' side had adopted those peculiar British traits of perseverance and grit under pressure."  
 — The Irish News World Cup report (front page, June 12th, 1990) peddling a form of British propaganda which went out of fashion when Queen Victoria died. British traits of murder, lying and cheating are better known around the world.

"I appreciate the magnificent young men in the RUC."  
 — The SDLP's Joe Hendron speaking on 'In Sequence' on Radio Ulster (June 3rd, 1990).

# The Spider, the Crab and the Octopus

By the Red Spider (Long Kesh) ■



By Daithi

Once upon a time, there was a misguided screw, a large and fearsome being, who took to barking out name and number when speaking to prisoners: "Four-Five-Three Murphy, the governor wants to see you"; "Nine-Zero-Four McKeown for the dentist".

After a while, it became a bit tedious having a number for a name. Then one of the lads asked him if he would phone H-Block 8 to find out if his mate, Sean O'Leary, had been moved to there.

"What's his number?" the screw demanded.

"A hundred and twenty three," came the grumbled reply.

Our imperious hero reached for the phone and dialed the number for H-Block 8.

"Have you got an O'Leary there, One-Two-Three O'Leary?" he shouted, too late to stop the thundering cheer from a wing-full of smiling Republicans.

Gerry Hanratty, held in gaol in Germany, recently tried his hand at producing a carving of our logo, The Captive Fist. However, the long arm of the law has taken a high-handed attitude and refused to allow it out of the gaol. Gerry has told them to get the finger out and he assures us he won't be palmed off. He will get to grips with the situation and will soon have his handiwork released. Meanwhile, his lawyers are hoping to nail them on a technicality.

Portlaoise Gaol may appear grim and grey from the outside but within its walls humour lives on. It is known affectionately to the POWs as 'Heartbreak Hotel' and it seems those responsible for the regime have taken note. They want the 'guests of the nation' to feel at home — and perhaps they also hope to entice some new guests — because they have begun to supply bars of soap stamped with the legend 'Welcome'. Now that's what I call a good clean joke.

If someone came up to you and said: "A penny chew opened the daffodil with a Donaghadee", would he/she be (a) deranged; (b) high on LSD; or (c) a three-year-old child with a lively imagination and an advanced vocabulary?

The answer of course is (d) none of these. He would be a POW in Long Kesh using our very own rhyming slang.

Here is a small selection of examples:

Penny chew — screw  
Daffodil — grille  
Donaghadee — key  
Henry Taggart — sagart (priest)  
Che Geuvara — cara (friend)  
Peggy Friel — heel (of a loaf), as in "Do you want this Peggy toasted?"

Question: When is a day not a day?

Answer: When the Northern Ireland Office offers parole.

A number of prisoners received forms on which to apply for 'four days continuous Summer Home Leave'. This was a surprise because last year they were given three days. It was decided to clarify it with the governor.

"Oh yes," said the governor, "you'll get four days. For instance, if you go out on a Monday, you'll come back on a Thursday."

"But that's only three full days," said the prisoner.

The governor counted on his fingers: "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. Four days. Quite simple, really."

"Are we speaking about 72 hours parole?" asked the prisoner.

"Well...um...er...yes, I suppose we are. But it is a continuous period of four days."

The prisoner left, realising that since there are 18 hours in a day, there must be nine months in a year and he should have been released years ago.

Footnote: Three weeks after this bid to murder the English language, the Northern Ireland Office, realising that the Red Spider was on their trail, relented and offered four full days' parole. And so ends another attempt by these wolves in sheep's clothes to pull the wool over our eyes.

Before the World Cup, British television, in an attempt to boost their national morale, showed a

recording of England's victory in the 1966 Final. The next morning, my friend, Harry the Crab — who would remember the match as if it was yesterday — greeted the lads at breakfast with:

"I see the 1966 World Cup Final was live on TV last night."

Such slips of the tongue occur with great regularity and few of them miss the eager ears of the Red Spider spies.

For example, during a discussion on culture one of the participants referred to, "the people in Belfast in their rows of terrorist houses". On another occasion when Frank Ryan and his involvement in the Spanish Civil War was mentioned, someone asked: "Was that when he fought against the pacifists?"

The strip lighting in the cells was once called, "those forensic lights"; and one of the lads, when asked how he was, replied: "No problems! Everything's hunky-dunky!"

But the prize must go to the man the media calls a 'veteran Belfast Republican' when he put forward the idea of setting up local committees to organise the people.

"How will they work?" someone asked.

Martin pondered, searching for a way to put across his idea. "Well," he replied after a while, "you've seen an octopus?"

Everyone nodded.

"Well, you know how an octopus spreads its testicles..."

We appreciate the many helpful suggestions, constructive criticisms and advice that we have received from our readers since our first issue was published in August 1989. In response to numerous requests from non-Irish-speaking readers, English translations will now be carried alongside articles originally written in Irish.

# Ceachtanna Tíreolaíochta

**Nuair a bhí mé ar scoil, d'fhoghlaim mé ceacht tábhachtach i dtíreolaíocht, ach cé gur sa rang tíreolaíochta a tháinig mé air, níor mhúin múinteoir domsa é.**

**S**a bhliain 1976, d'fhág mé slán le bunoidéachas agus thug mé m'aghaidh ar Choláiste Naomh Colm Cille i Sráid an Easpaig i nDoire. Scoil mhór a bhí ann; bhí foirgnimh chloiche is bothógaí adhmaid

agus dúradh gur sheomraí shealadacha iad seo... Ach bhí siad i gcónaí in úsáid ag an am. Bhí tíreolaíocht á teagasc i gceann de na botháin seo.

Ag féachaint siar ar na laethanta úd, tchítear dom gur

## Le Eoghan Mac Cormaic (An Ceis Fhada) ■

mic le lianna, fiacloírí, dlíodóirí agus feirmeoirí a bhí i dtromlach na ndaltaí. Murach gur Chaitlicigh sinn, níl amhras ná go mbeadh mic oirmhinnigh inár measc fosta.

Scoil mhacasamhla a bhí ann. Le meánaicme Chaitliceach a atáirgeadh bhí an coláiste ag déanamh na micléinn mar aithris ar a n-aithreacha de ghnáth agus ag mealladh isteach roinnt earcach don tsagartacht ar an bhealach.

Ach ní bítear mar a tchítear i gcónaí. Bhí mic léinn as an lucht oibre sa scoil, gan dabht. Bhí m'athair féin ina thiománaí agus bhí pór d'fhir ghuail, glantóirí fuinneoga, oibríthe siopa, agus fiú daidí dífhostaithe, ag cuid de mo chomhghleacaithe. Na hoibríthe abú!

Um an tráth sin, bhí muid, lucht an lucht oibre, inár mionlach sa scoil ach ní bheadh a fhios agat sin ar an chéad

mhaidin agus sinn inár ranganna. Diongbháil agus cothrom achan mhac máthara gléasta san bléasair chomhionann scoile; bróga nua; málaí scoile ag luas-cadh ónár nguailí go bródúil (nó go hamhrasach don saol a bhí i ndán dúinn). Cothrom na Féinne.

Agus b'ionann ár n-aineolas fosta. Ní raibh a fhios ag éinne cad a bhí i mála scoile a chomharsan, nó má bhí ceapairí suibhe ná ciste aige don bhéile ag am lóin. Agus ní raibh aithne againn ar a chéile ach oiread, sinne bailithe ó gach aird is páirt de thrí chontae — Doire, Tír Eoghain agus Tír Chonaill.

An uair a fhaigheann duine ciall, tá deireadh aige le haoibhneas an tsaol. Ag tús achan ranga, d'éist mé leis an rolla, agus diaidh ar dhiaidh, ar chloisteáil na n-ainmneacha gach leathuair, sé lá sa tseachtain, d'aithin mé cérbh iad mo chomrádaithe scoile. D'aithin mé na sloinnte ar a laghad toisc gur léir nach raibh ainmneacha Críostaí ag éinne. Goideadh n'ainm féin ar an

## Geography lessons

**The most important geography lesson that I ever learnt at school wasn't taught by a teacher, although it was mainly in the geography class that I acquired it. Start at the beginning? Right.**

**T**he time, the place. In 1967 I went from primary to grammar school education and the alma Mater was St Columb's College in Bishop Street. A sort of cross between Crumlin Road gaol and Long Kesh with its big, solid buildings and dozens of huts which permanently served as temporary classrooms. Geography was taught in the huts.

The population of St Columb's seems in hindsight to have been composed mainly of the sons of doctors, dentists, lawyers, farmers, and if we'd been Protestants, I'm sure the sons of clergymen would have figured in there somewhere too. It was a replication centre. They wanted to turn

out more sons like their daddies, and syphon off a few for the priesthood or lesser represented professions in the process. I say that in hindsight it seemed like that but in reality it wasn't all sons of the well-heeled. My pater was a bus-driver, other boys had coalmen, window-cleaners, caretakers, shopkeepers, even, God forbid, unemployed daddies. Plebs of the world unite!

In 1967 I think we were a minority in the establishment although on the first morning when we all lined up in our identical school blazers, new shoes, and with the new school-bags slung over our shoulders, we were equals. Equally ignorant too. Nobody knew what was in

the other fellow's school-bag, or if his 'piece' was jam sandwiches or tomato and pickled onion. By and large, nobody knew who was sitting in the next seat, we having been drafted in from all over the city and county of Derry, and remote regions in Tyrone and Donegal.

Ignorance is bliss. I listened to the roll-call at the start of every class or period and, hearing the same list of names every 35 minutes, six days a week, I soon sorted out the names to match the faces. Surnames that is. Nobody at the college seemed to have a first name. Mine was removed at the first roll-call and I didn't get it back for nearly four years. The only old priest to break this convention and call us by our Christian names was generally treated as an eccentric. In the end though, I knew who everybody was.

I took a fairly instant dislike to a few, a neutral nod and hello to most, and a very warm companionship to the couple of boys

who years later I still think of as my school pals. We used to sit together, play together, study together, and 'dob' school together. We usually suffered together too, since all knowledge was being shared all lack of knowledge was also shared. History was in the latter category.

I hated it from the start for no particular reason and, in my second year, I dropped it in favour of geography. Less acts and prime ministers, I thought, and more rivers and capitals. That was when I thought an isobar was chocolate from a fridge. I hated geography after a while too.

The new school-bags of the first day were soon crammed with more books than they were intended to carry. Briefcases began slowly appearing in a few hands. Duffle bags began hanging from a few shoulders. The minimum of books needed for the day's toil was the best remedy but the list of required books seemed to grow and grow. Orders arrived. One RSV Bible (Catholic

chéad lá gus ní bhfuair mé ar ais é to dtí ceithre bliana ina dhiaidh sin. Bhí corr-éan, seansagart amháin a bhris ar an ghnás seo, agus lena chúnadh, d'aimsigh mé na hainmneacha eile.

Bhí meascán ceart gasúr sa rang. Sheachain mé cuid acu ón tús, bhí mé ar nós cuma liom faoi chuid eile acu agus bhí cúpla duine acu in áirithe a bhí mar bhuanchairde liom i gcónaí. Shúgraimís, shuímís, staidéaraimís agus sheachnaimís scoil le chéile. D'fhoghlaim muid is d'fhulaing muid le chéile chomh maith.

Dá mbíodh eolas cothrom

bhíodh an neamheolas cothrom fosta agus sa chéad bhliain bhí neamheolas agus neamhaird ar stair againn. Stáon mé uaithi sa tríú bliain agus ghabh mé le cús sa tíreolaíochta ina háit. Ach níorbh fhada go dtí go raibh fuath agam ar an ábhar sin freisin.

Níorbh fhada, ach oiread, go dtí go raibh na málaí scoile plá-daithe le tuilleadh leabhar ná mar bhí spás ann dóibh. Tar éis tamaillín, bhí málaí láimhe ag cuid agus málaí dufail ag cuid eile agus tá daoine a deir gur éadtrom an lárdaíl an t-oideachas!

Na daoine a deir sin, ní fhaca

siad an liosta leabhar a bhí riachtanach againn san blianta úd — liosta a d'fhás agus a d'fhadaigh gach mí. Bíobla (eagrán Caitliceach, leagan caighdeánach athchóirithe, nó an RSV (é i mBéarla)). Rialóir sleamhnáin. Sraith chéimseatan. Agus ní raibh cead nó ciall na rudaí seo a cheannach mar chomhábhar le deartháir ní ba shine. Bheadh ranganna aige fosta agus bheadh duine amháin nó an duine eile i bponc mura mbeadh an gléasra cuí ag an am cuí sa mhála scoile aige.

Bhíodh orainn sraith phearsanta a fháil. Mar sin, cheannaigh muid pé rud a bhí ri-

achtanach, roinn muid na nithe nach raibh riachtanach agus chuardaigh muid na buntáistí sa mhargadh dubh ar chúl bhinn na liathróide láimhe. Bhí aineolas agus easpa céille ar an saol ag titim as a chéile thart fán dara bliain.

Nuair a tháinig na Bíoblaí ar an liosta, bhí orainn eagrán le clúdaigh chrua a cheannach. Cheannaigh muid amhlaidh ach bhí cuid a cheannaigh cóipeanna oirnithe, iad maisithe le litriú órga, clúdach greanta agus lorga scothógacha orthu.

Nuair a fuair muid na rialóirí sleamhnáin, tháinig an ghnáthuirilis i mbosca plaisteach,

edition). One slide rule. One geometry set. And it had to be personal, no point in sharing with an older brother since he too had classes and a clash of classes meant one or the other brother being slapped. So we bought the essentials and shared the extras and hunted out bargains from the black market behind the handball alley. And by now the ignorance was melting as fast as the equality.

When the bibles arrived on the list, we all had to buy a hard-backed edition, and we did. Some, however, had luxury models with gold leaf and lettering, tasseled bookmarks and an engraved cover.

When the slide rules arrived, the standard model came in a grey plastic box while the deluxe type had a black leather case. When the geometry sets arrived, some consisted of brass compasses and plastic squares and protractors in an equally plastic envelope, while the elite received stainless-steel, precision compasses, steel dividers both of which, with the other fittings, came in a spring-loaded, velvet-lined and padded wallet. School blazers being uniform, some astute daddies must have realised that clothes never made the man...

Gadgets and boxes of devices only go so far in the school of

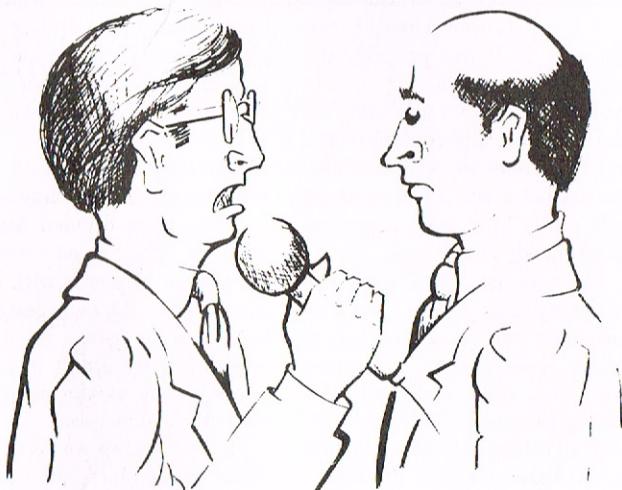
learning. The RSV (Catholic edition) Word of God was the same in my blue bible as it was in somebody else's gold-leafed bible. The log of 0.64 slid off my plastic-cased slide rule with the same precision as it did on the other pup's leather-cased yoke. A circle drawn in the brass compass style had the same 360° as the stainless-steel produced circle. Generally, then, I noticed but ignored the growing differentials. Until, that is, the day of the geography lesson.

How far is it from Derry to the bridge at Drumahoe? Three miles if you know the words of the song. Grand. All would be simple in this life if the AA or the

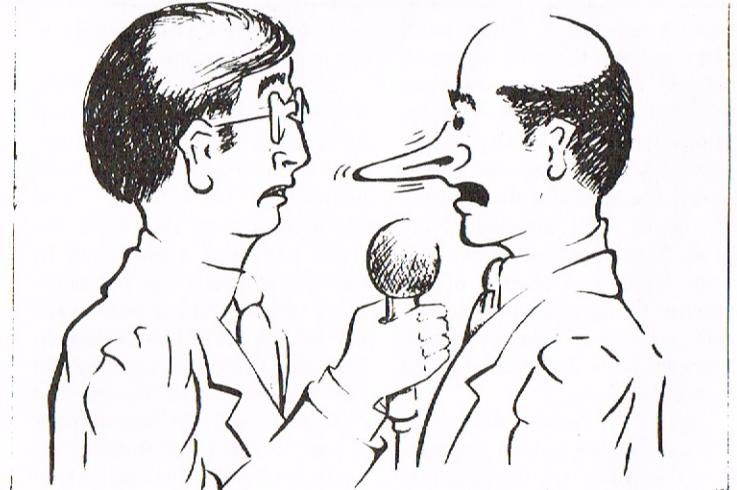
RAC had a song book instead of a road-map atlas to direct us from A to B. Keep right on to the end of the road... Four roads to Glenamaddy... It's a long, long way from Clare to here... but they don't. Cartographers, instead, have given us maps and, very obligingly if you ask me, they place a scale for the said maps in the bottom left-hand corner.

One mile equals 1.6 inches or some other such decoder like: 1:10,000. And in the geography class we were taught, patiently, how to measure the six miles from Bangor to Donaghadee using the edge of a sheet of paper.

At the risk of boring you, I'll



MINISTER, IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE ALLEGATIONS OF A SHOOT TO KILL POLICY?



ABSOLUTELY NONE!

By Davy Glennon and Tommy Molloy (Long Kesh)

ach bhí cás de leathar dubh ar an tsamhail ardchaighdeánach.

Maidir leis na sraitheanna céimseatan, bhí siad siúd déanta as práas agus plaisteach i gclúdach den ábhar céanna, agus iad seo don uaislíocht déanta as cruach dosmálta cornta i mbosca línithe le veilbhít. Mar sin a roinntear an saol, is dócha.

Ar ndóigh, is riar do riachtanas agus bhí focal Dé comhionann sa Bhíobla gorm agus sa Bhíobla óir. Bhí mé chomh ábalta fadhb uimhríochta a réiteach le mo rialóir sleamhnáin comónta agus a bhí an gasúr eile lena ghléas daor deas. Bhí an fáinne chomh cruinn agus é déanta ag compás práis is a bheadh ciorcal cruachchumtha.

Ach bhí difríochtaí eile ann seachas na huirlisí, agus sa deireadh, d'aimsigh mé iad sa rang tíreolaíochta.

Ceist againn ort. Cá fhad atá sé ó Dhoire go dtí Droichead Dhroim an Cheo? Trí mhíle. Chanadh mo mháthair an t-amhrán sin sa teach nuair a bhí muid óg. Agus is trua nach bhfuil achann cheist sa tíreolaíocht chomh furasta a fhreagairt.

Ach ní rang amhránaíochta é an rang tíreolaíochta agus ní líne ná cúlra oiriúnach i gcónaí nuair atá tú ag staidéar an achair idir áit A agus áit B.

Agus i leaba amhráin, tá scála tugtha dúinn ag déantóirí léarscáileanna. Is cinnte go bhfuil a leithéid feicthe agat:

explain the knack. Every bend and corner on the road had to be notched off as the page wound its way along the line on the map, until eventually the any-which-ever-way of the road was untangled in the form of a straight line of notches along the edge of the page. A celebration of calibration. Measure the sum of the notches, slide rules out to convert to miles or kilometers and there ye have it. Nothing could be simpler. But...

Aye. They have a device for this too. Science spoiled the magic of the prism. It's like a miniature hand cart, handcartography I suppose, and the user wheels it along the road from A to B and then reverses it back along the

uimhir mar 1:10,000, nó míle do gach 1.6" agus araile, scríofa ag bun an mhapa. Agus múineadh bealach dúinn leis an "tslí" a leanúint agus fad an bhóthair a ríomhú.

D'oibrigh sí mar a leanas: fuair tú duilleog ghlan agus le himeall an leathanaigh, chuaigh tú ag leanstan achan chasadh is cromadh den líne (an bóthar), ag marcáil ticeanna beaga ar an pháipéar go dtí go raibh an líne dhíreach déanta as líne chasta. Ansin, le cúnaimh an riailseamhnáin, d'aistrigh tú ordóga ina mílte agus sin fadhb eile réitithe.

"Níl lámh in uachtar ag mo dhuine úd sa bhabhta seo", arsa mé liom féin. "Tá muid cothrom arís." Ach róghasta a labhair mé.

Tá uirlis cumtha don obair seo freisin. Saghas rotha big atá ann agus rollann an t-úsáideoir an roth fad na líne agus ansin droim ar ais thar an scála. Agus i bhfaiteadh na súile, tá an freagra aige.

Tírollaíocht nó Tírothafocht atá ann in áit tíreolaíochta, is dóigh liom.

Ar an chéad lá dá bhfaca mé é, cuireadh ceist orainn an bóthar a mheá idir Gort a' Chorice agus Cill Chainnigh. Fág an bealach! Sular chuir mé céad slat den turas fúm, bhí lámh in uachtar, go liteartha, ag an ghasúr seo in áirithe sa rang, agus é ag rá rud éigin fá "240 míle", nó mar sin.

Nuair a bhí muid ag

scale for an instant estimate of the length of the journey.

And how do I know this? Well, while us plebs were going half blind nudging a strip of paper round every bend in the roads between Gortahork and Kilkenny, a hand shot up in the front row and announced in record time that it was 240 something miles. I hadn't even made my escape from the boreen in dear old Donegal on my map. On the road between Derry and Belfast, I was just approaching Claudy when the hand was up again, giving the distance and an alternative route through Coleraine in case the Glenshane Pass was blocked with snow. Aah, sickener Numero Uno.

ríomhaireacht an bhóthair idir Doire agus Béal Feirste, bhí an freagra (agus rogha rúta tríd Cúil Raithin ar eagla go mbeadh brat sneachta ar Bhearna Ghleann Seáin) fógraithe ag an eolaí seo sula bhfuair mé boladh Bhóthair an Deataigh Mhóir ar mo léarscáil. Bhí mé dubh dóite leis.

Cath míchothrom a bhí ann, gan amhras, agus bhí an barr bua ag an roth-bharrá bídeach. Tá mé cinnte nár bhrúigh sé roth eile lena shaol lena cuid tuarastail a thuilleadh.

Bhí éad orm as, an oíche sin, agus mé ag tnúth le slí chun spíle a chur ina spóca. Ach bhí mé ag cur mo chuid ama amú. Bheadh gléasanna nach é ag mo namhaid agus maoin go leor ag a chlann lena soláthar.

Agus ba é sin a chuir ag smaoineamh mé: airgead agus an difear a dhéanann sé idir saol deacair agus saol socair, saibhir agus daibhir. Roimhe sin, bhreathnaigh mé ar na leanaí ar leo na giuriléidí mar leanaí loite ach bhí mé cearr. Ní raibh siad lofa... fós. Ní raibh siad aibí fós. Fiú agus iad ag éirí ina mic dá n-aithreacha, bhí an t-airgead acu. Bhí an cúlra cuí agus bhí an cónaí cearta acu. Agus ba sin bun agus barr an scéil.

Bhí tíreolaíocht áirithe ag airgead agus maoin. Na scoláirí a raibh a málaí lán d'uirlisí cliste, b'as ceantar áirithe iad, agus sna blianta tar éis sin, bheadh sinne

It was the wee wheelbarrow that done it. It was probably the only wheelbarrow the boy or man would ever have to push along his road to success. I prayed that night that the wheel would fall off his new toy, but it was a lost cause. St Jude would have been powerless against daddy's bank book.

The next day I took stock and maybe my first step to class consciousness was being conscious of my own class in school. The expensive bibles, slide rules, and map-reading gadgets in the fancy briefcases all belong to what — up until then — I saw as spoiled children.

But they weren't spoiled. In fact, they were only ripening at that stage, becoming the sons of their parents, from the right

— as ceantair eile, áiteanna an lucht oibre — ag obair leis na huirlisí ar leo iad.

Bhí an saol deighilte idir na daoine le huirlisí agus na daoine a d'oibrigh leis na huirlisí sin chun airgead agus maoin a charnadh don chéad ghrúpa.

Níor thuig mé ina iomlán é na lá sin, ar ndóigh, ach thuig mé go raibh seoltaí acu a raibh fuaim an airgid iontu agus dúichí againn a raibh port an bhochtanaís iontu.

Bhí an tíreolaíocht féin deighilte agus ní raibh an deighilt sin léirithe ar mo mhapa. Agus ba sin tús leis an cheacht is mó tábhacht sa tíreolaíocht — an cheist sin — Cad chuige?



**Eoghan Mac Cormaic, ó Dhoire, ag déanamh príosúntacht saol sa Cheis Fhada.**

background and living in the right places. They made money and money made them. Money bought them the perks which would make life easier in the places they lived in and money would make more money too.

They were divided from me, from us. They lived elsewhere. They lived in places with money. Money had its own geography too, and people who pushed wheelbarrows didn't live in the same places as the people who owned wheelbarrows.

It was a map we weren't told about in the class, but from then on I would notice it more and more, and learn about it, and later, when I had the sense to do so, ask why...?

# PRISONERS OVERSEAS

The unnecessary strain faced by the families and friends of Republican POWs who are forced to make long and tiring journeys to visit prisoners held in jails in Britain is here expressed by Irene Cullen, sister of Republican POW Peter Sherry. Harassment at points of entry is commonplace while the prohibitive expense of travelling such long distances makes these much-awaited visits all too infrequent. Peter is at present being held in Parkhurst prison on the Isle of Wight. Irene was recently held on remand in Maghaberry before being released on bail.

I was sitting having my tea on a June afternoon in 1985 when the news came on. It said that several people had been arrested in Glasgow and were being questioned about 'terrorist activities'. A few hours later, I learned that one of them was my brother.

In the days that followed, the British press had found them guilty even before they were charged. I remember one headline read: 'Seaside Bombers' Campaign Foiled'. From the outset, they could never hope to get a fair trial.

The next week, I travelled over to England with other family members. When we arrived at Heathrow, we were detained under the Prevention of Terrorism Act. I will always remember the attitude of the people who held us as they subjected us to abusive and racist treatment. We were eventually released and the next day I visited my brother in Brixton Prison. He was very relaxed despite his ordeal, though we both realised he wouldn't stand a chance in front of the court.

He and four others were sentenced to life imprisonment, which could mean they will serve from 20 to 30 years. There has been a lot of emotional and financial strain on the family since my brother was arrested. Each trip to visit him takes three or four days and costs from £300 to

£400, which means only an occasional visit can be afforded. It is always a constant worry that he might be moved to another prison just before we visit. This has been a frequent ploy by the British Home Office to further victimise Irish prisoners and their families.

We also worry about the sense of isolation which Irish prisoners feel — they are kept in small groups of two or three in different gaols throughout England. They also suffer an extra feeling of isolation due to the distance between them and their families, who can only live in hope that they will be allowed to serve their sentences in a gaol nearer to home. □



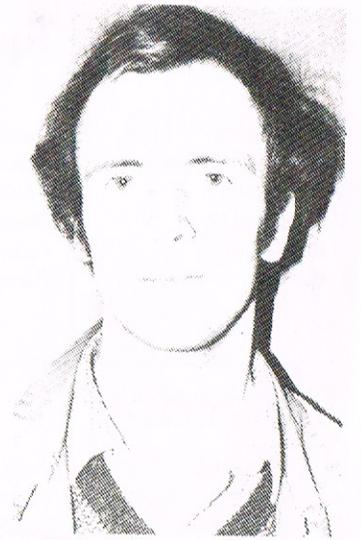
## Joe Doherty honoured



Republican POW Joe Doherty has been given a unique honour by New York's City Council. Doherty, who recently started his eighth year in captivity in the city's Metropolitan Correctional Centre, has had the street corner outside his cell at the intersection of Pearl Street and Park Row renamed Joe Doherty Corner.

The ceremony to change the prison's address was held at City Hall and was attended by Mayor David Dinkins. Over 100 US members of Congress support Doherty's case for political asylum, a case which was made even stronger on June 29th when Doherty won his eighth successive legal battle. The Federal Appeals

Court in Manhattan granted him the right to a hearing for political asylum, ruling that US Attorney General Dick Thornburgh had abused his authority when he denied Doherty's appeal for asylum, which had been granted by an immigration court. The court decided that Thornburgh had been improperly influenced by political concerns.



Peter Sherry, Tyrone, is serving a life sentence.

Support the prisoners' dependants  
send your donations to:

## An Cummann Cabhrach & Green Cross



All donations, enquiries and offers of help should be addressed to:

AN CUMANN  
CABHRACH  
The Secretary  
c/o 44 Parnell Square,  
Dublin 1.

GREEN CROSS  
The Secretary  
51/55 Falls Road,  
Belfast.

The following is a list of Republican POWs currently being held in gaols in England, Europe and the USA, and their addresses. Letters and cards expressing support are always appreciated. Why not drop someone a line or two today?

## England

NAME	SENTENCE	PRISON	PRISON NUMBER	HOME AREA
Martina Andresons	Life	Durham	D25134	Derry
William Armstrong	Life	Albany	110985	Belfast
Liam Baker	20 yrs	Long Lartin	464984	Belfast
Eddie Butler	Life	Frankland	338687	Limerick
Hugh Doherty	Life	Wandsworth	338636	Donegal
Vince Donnelly	Life	Long Lartin	274064	Tyrone
Brendan Down	Life	Full Sutton	758662	Kerry
Harry Duggan	Life	Full Sutton	338638	Clare
Noel Gibson	Life	Frankland	879225	Laois
Paul Holmes	Life	Full Sutton	119034	Belfast
Paul Kavanagh	Life	Full Sutton	311888	Belfast
Brian Keenan	21 yrs	Full Sutton	B26380	Belfast
Sean Kinsella	Life	Albany	758661	Monaghan
Ronnie McCartney	Life	Gartree	463799	Belfast
Liam McCotter	17 yrs	Full Sutton	LB83694	Belfast
John McComb	17 yrs	Frankland	B51715	Belfast
Gerry McDonnell	Life	Leicester	B75882	Belfast
Joe McKinney	16 yrs	Frankland	L46486	Downpatrick
Patrick McLaughlin	20 yrs	Leicester	LB83695	Belfast
Pat McGee	Life	Leicester	B75881	Belfast
Steven Nordone	Life	Gartree	758864	Louth
Paul Norney	Life	Long Lartin	863532	Belfast
Joe O'Connell	Life	Gartree	338635	Clare
Ella O'Dwyer	Life	Durham	D25135	Tipperary
Tommy Quigley	Life	Full Sutton	96204	Belfast
Liam Quinn	Life	Albany	L49930	San Francisco
Peter Sherry	Life	Parkhurst	B75880	Tyrone
Roy Walsh	Life	Gartree	119083	Belfast
Natalino Vella	15 yrs	Gartree	B71644	Dublin

## English prisons

H.M. Prison Albany, Newport, Isle of Wight.	H.M. Prison Gartree, Market Harborough, Leicester LE16 7RP, England.
H.M. Prison Durham, Old Elvet, Durham DH1 3HU, England.	H.M. Prison Leicester, Welford Road, Leicester LE2 7AJ, England.
H.M. Prison Frankland, Brasside, Durham, England.	H.M. Prison Long Lartin, Lower Evesham, Worcestershire, England.
H.M. Prison Full Sutton, York YO4 1PS, England.	H.M. Prison Parkhurst, Newport, Isle of Wight.
	H.M. Prison Wandsworth, Heathfield Road, London SW18 3HSL, England.

## Belgium

Donna Maguire,  
Gevangenis Antwerpen,  
Vrouwenafdeling,  
Begijnenstraat 42,  
B-2000 Antwerpen,  
Belgium.

## France

Gabriel Cleary,  
Maison D'Arret de Fresnes,  
1 Ave de la Division Lecler,  
Fresnes 94261,  
Paris,  
France.

James Coll,  
Maison D'Arret de Fresnes,  
1 Ave de la Division Lecler,  
Fresnes 94261,  
Paris,  
France.

James Doherty,  
Maison D'Arret de la Sante,  
42 Rue de la Sante,  
La Sante,  
Paris 75014,  
France.

Pauline Drumm,  
Fleury Merojis,  
Esonnu 91000,  
France.

Donagh O'Kane,  
238 514 E,  
Prisons de la Sante,  
42 Rue de la Sante,  
75674 Paris Cedex 14,  
France.

Patrick Murray,  
Prisons de la Sante,  
42 Rue de la Sante,  
756574 Paris Cedex 14,  
France.

## Germany

Gerry McGeough,  
c/o 5 Strassenat,  
Oberlandergerichts,  
4000 Dusseldorf,  
West Germany.

Gerry Hanratty,  
5 Strassenat Olq,  
Cecilienallee,  
4000 Dusseldorf,  
West Germany.

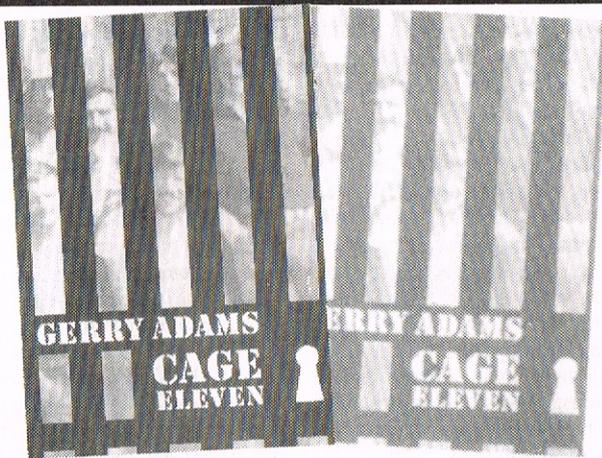
## Holland

Gerry Harte,  
Huis Van Beearing,  
Alexanderweg,  
Maastricht,  
Holland.

Paul Hughes,  
Huis Van Beearing,  
Alexanderweg,  
Maastricht,  
Holland.

## USA

Joseph Doherty,  
Metropolitan Correction Centre,  
150 Joe Doherty Corner,  
Brooklyn,  
New York,  
USA.



**Cage Eleven** by Gerry Adams. Published by Brandon. £4.95.

When reading *Cage Eleven*, I found myself being pulled in several different directions at once, each sparked off by a particular story or memory from the Cage 11 days or the years since, memories of all the gags and mixes, all the slagging and humour that helped maintain some semblance of sanity against all the odds.

There are memories of tears and funerals and news of funerals, of broken hearts and broken minds, of those who didn't make it this far. Those days of relative freedom within the classic POW camp layout of the 1970s gave way to the gross torture and brutality of the blanket and hunger-strike years, and to the atmosphere of today's H-Blocks, which was won for us at such terrible cost by our ten comrades in those sad, awful days of 1981.

Many things change and many stay the same. For instance, the screws now play a larger part in our lives. In the Cages, as Gerry Adams says, we only saw the screws through the wire as they patrolled the perimeter, or when we were escorted to visits, doctor, etc. Here we live cheek by jowl with them and have had to develop a method of mutual co-existence. In a Cage, 80 prisoners shared two-and-a-half huts, now we have four Wings per Block with 25 POWs per Wing and with each Wing sealed off and separate from the others.

The biggest difference of all, and it can probably only be fully appreciated by those who were there, is that in the Cages there was a '*Ní bheidh sé i bhfad anois*' (It won't be long now!)

mentality — we were panicking in case the war was over before we got the chance to get back out in the thick of it and contribute in some major fashion.... That was 14 to 15 years ago. Such naivety is embarrassing to those of us who have been released and pulled back in again not once but a few times since, but sure *sin mar a bhí sé!*

Whatever about the changes, 'doing your whack' remains the same. We organise our days as best we can with political debates and study, Gaelic classes and academic education courses, sport and physical training, until the day the gates open and we go back to the streets and towns and villages once again.

One of the stories Gerry Adams tells is about the 'old-timers' from past campaigns and all the years they had spent in gaol, men in their 50s and 60s who had served 10 to 15 years. This seemed — and is — a lifetime. But today in the 'Lazy K' it is not uncommon for men of 28 to 35 years of age to have 10 to 15 years 'bird' served and still have many more years to go.

In the book, Gerry touches on the large numbers of families affected by Long Kesh and all the other gaols throughout the Six Counties, the 26 Counties, Britain, the USA and, more recently, Europe. How many thousands of families have trekked the weekly, monthly or yearly journey to visit loved ones, enduring abusive, arrogant soldiers and bigotted, spiteful screws? How many more will follow before there are no more Long Keshes?

I thought the most moving story in the book was 'In Defence

of Danny Lennon'. It is an attempt to explain to those who didn't understand, and probably still choose not to, why a young Irish person will jeopardise life and limb, face certain death or imprisonment, to strive to bring about a British withdrawal from our country. The only point I can add is that Danny believed, as many still believe, that the British have absolutely no right to be here in Ireland. All talk of solutions or compromises, Assemblies or talks about talks will stand or fall on that basis, which for us is a central tenet of Republicanism. Until the British government sees sense, there will be more Danny Lennons and Cage 11s and all that they entail.

In Long Kesh today, the mixes still go on with teeth-gnashing regularity and devilish ingenuity. The prison grub has improved (to a loud chorus both outside and in of 'He would say that, wouldn't he?') which is just as well because our weekly parcel now consists of a few portions of fruit, *sin é*. The 'Dear Johns' keep coming as the relentless pressure of 'doing whack' takes its toll of POWs and families alike. And also, tragically, we lost another comrade when Seany Bateson died on June 7th in H-Block 7.

We will plod along as long as the struggle continues outside. The back-stabbing, the plotting and scheming, listening to every wee bit of news and analysing and speculating on it, the rumour-mongering with *scéal* and scandal, the slagging and 'dog's abuse' goes on. It is our way of fighting against the system in any wee way we can — just 'doing our whack' until the day when the H-Blocks and all the other gaols housing Irish POWs are as much memories as Cage Eleven is.

Seanna Walsh (Long Kesh)

**Women in a War Zone** edited by Chrissie McAuley. Published by Republican Publications. Paperback: £2.95. Hard-back: £4.95.

Too little has been written about women's role in the war and even less has been documented by Republican women, so for this reason *Women in a War Zone* is a refreshing change. Edited by a Belfast Republican

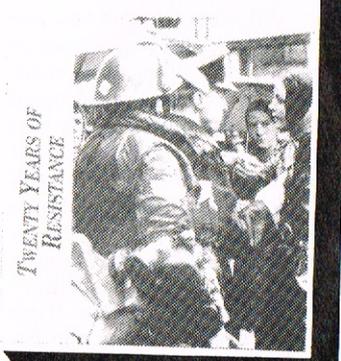
and political activist, it shows us that women have been consistently involved in all areas of the struggle, particularly in this present campaign.

Women have been either written out of history altogether or viewed as lesser participants in the war. This book attempts to redress the balance as it traces events from the stirrings of the Civil Rights campaigners through to the present day. Women in particular bear the brunt of oppression as they fulfil many roles both inside and outside the home. Irish women are every bit as revolutionary as Irish men and their resistance is every bit as fierce, be they IRA Volunteers, Sinn Féin activists or campaign organisers and protesters.

This is evident in a book full of personal accounts from a wide range of women involved in the struggle in one capacity or another. In their own words, women speak of their motivation and determination in a way that must be admired. First-hand accounts of women's experience under British occupation will help the uninitiated understand just why Irish women take to the streets in protest or take up arms and physically resist, knowing that to do so could mean death, imprisonment or a life 'on the run'.

Unfortunately, the book is a little too brief and on reading it I felt that each period and topic covered could have been elaborated on. It would be impossible to include everything that has happened over the last 21 years. Nevertheless, 88 pages doesn't do full justice to the

**WOMEN IN A WAR ZONE**



part women have played and continue to play in the war.

The inclusion of photographs illustrates many aspects of women in struggle and, while this adds to the book, I found some photographs disturbing and unnecessary. The full horror of death could be conveyed without the inclusion of horrific pictures of two Volunteers immediately after they had been shot dead by British soldiers.

Despite these criticisms, the book is worth reading as a brief but welcome contribution to the limited amount of literature which examines the role and participation of Republican women in the war.

**The Women POWs**  
(Maghberry) ■

***Gone to Soldiers* by Marge Piercy.** Published by Penguin Books. £3.95.

Writing about war has for long been seen as an almost exclusively male prerogative. The great novels of war which spring to mind — for example, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *War and Peace* or *The Naked and the Dead* — are all of course written by men. If someone was asked to name a great war novel written by a woman, they would be hard pressed to come up with an answer. Like waging war, writing about it is seen as a male preserve. With *Gone to Soldiers*, Marge Piercy has changed that.

This is not a new book, it was first published about two or three years ago. The reason for reviewing it now is to bring it to the attention of anyone who may have missed it when it first came out.

*Gone to Soldiers* covers the lives of about ten different characters in different parts of the world during the Second World War. All the characters are Westerners, mainly American or French. It was originally intended to deal also with the lives of citizens of the Soviet Union who were caught up in the war but this would have made the book too long. However, this omission does not detract from the overall quality of the book. The characters portrayed are all ordinary people who find their lives changed completely by the extraordinary circumstances of the time. But Marge Piercy does not

believe in creating super heroes, so anyone looking for a bunch of action men or women will be disappointed. Some of the characters become combatants in the war, some become refugees, some end up as victims and for some the war brings a personal freedom impossible to attain in normal times. But whatever happens to them, all are affected in some way.

What makes *Gone to Soldiers* such a good book is that we cannot help becoming caught up in the lives of the characters and, as we follow them through the war, it becomes impossible at times to put the book down until we find out how a particular character copes with a particular situation. The only problem is that, by the time we have followed one character to a temporary lull, we have become caught up in the life of another. Do not get the impression that it is a book packed full with cliffhangers — far from it. The dilemmas facing the characters are realistic and even mundane.

One character tries to break away from a domineering father, another tries to make a life for herself away from the shadow of her ex-husband, a third is forced to accept her Jewishness despite her attempts to break away, and yet another tries to cope with growing up in a strange country away from her family. Such is the nature of the concerns faced by the characters and they are dealt with in a way that has the reader gripped from the start.

While most war novels concentrate on action and its effects, this book contains very little actual combat and that is one of the things which makes it so different. Marge Piercy brings insights that most male novelists could not. She deals with issues like the effect war has on family life, how it results in a change in the role of women, the opportunities it can bring, the difficulties men have in coping with the new women. She deals with issues like child abuse, capturing brilliantly all the tangled emotions that beset its victims — the child feels that she is bad, that she has done wrong. Marge Piercy shows that war is not a male preserve, that it affects women as much as, if not more than, men and it

affects them in many subtle ways. Finally, she deals with death, not in any mawkish way, but realistically.

Essentially, this book is about relationships between men and women, between complex human beings with different needs and emotions. Marge Piercy captures clearly the complexities of lives disrupted by war. She does not present us with a contrived plot in which she brings all her characters together in some implausible manner. Instead, some characters meet others briefly, some form relationships with others and some never meet at all. At the end of the day, they all have one thing in common — all have been touched by war.

*Gone to Soldiers* is a very long book but it is one that is well worth reading.

**Eamon MacDermott,**  
(Long Kesh) ■

## LP REVIEW

***Crossroads* by Tracy Chapman.**

Tracy Chapman's new album, *Crossroads*, is a welcome follow-up to her excellent first album. Once again this formidable singer/songwriter displays her ability to combine good music with a strong political message. She clearly has a deep awareness of the social and political injustices prevalent in the world today. This was reflected in the lyrics of her first album, and in *Crossroads* this theme is also present.

Songs include *Subcity*, which looks at the hopelessness of those who are rejected by society. For them the future looks bleak, while in *Material World* those

who do have something in life to look forward to are criticised for getting it at the expense of those who have nothing.

The singer's black consciousness is evident in the lyrics of *Born to Fight* where she says:

*"They're trying to hurt me inside, and make me into a white man's drone,*

*But this one's not for sale, and I was born to fight."*

This is a song essentially about the fight against racism, and again Tracy Chapman uses her exceptional music to the full in order to get the message across.

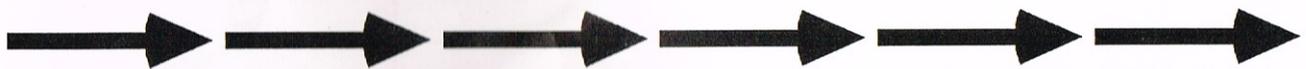
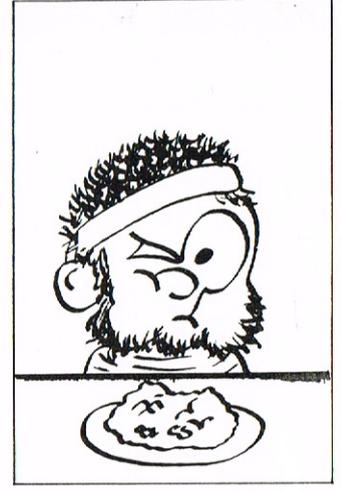
Although the album has what could be described as 'love songs', it is interesting to note their anti-chauvinistic theme. Her message about the oppression of women may not be as pronounced in this album as it was in her last, but it is still there. She tends to concentrate on the vulnerability women feel in relationships with men, like in the songs *This Time* and *Be Careful With My Heart*. Here she is describing, albeit subtly, the imbalance of power which can exist within such relationships. There appears to be a much stronger link with the politics of radical feminism in *All That You Have Is Your Soul*, where the singer is painting a very dismal view of marriage as an institution which can sometimes oppress women.

Despite the fact that I would rate this album much lower than Tracy Chapman's first one, it is still a worthwhile buy. For those who have a special taste for political songs and entertaining music, *Crossroads* is recommended.

**The Women POWs**  
(Maghberry) ■



# The 'Lazy K' Gourmet



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