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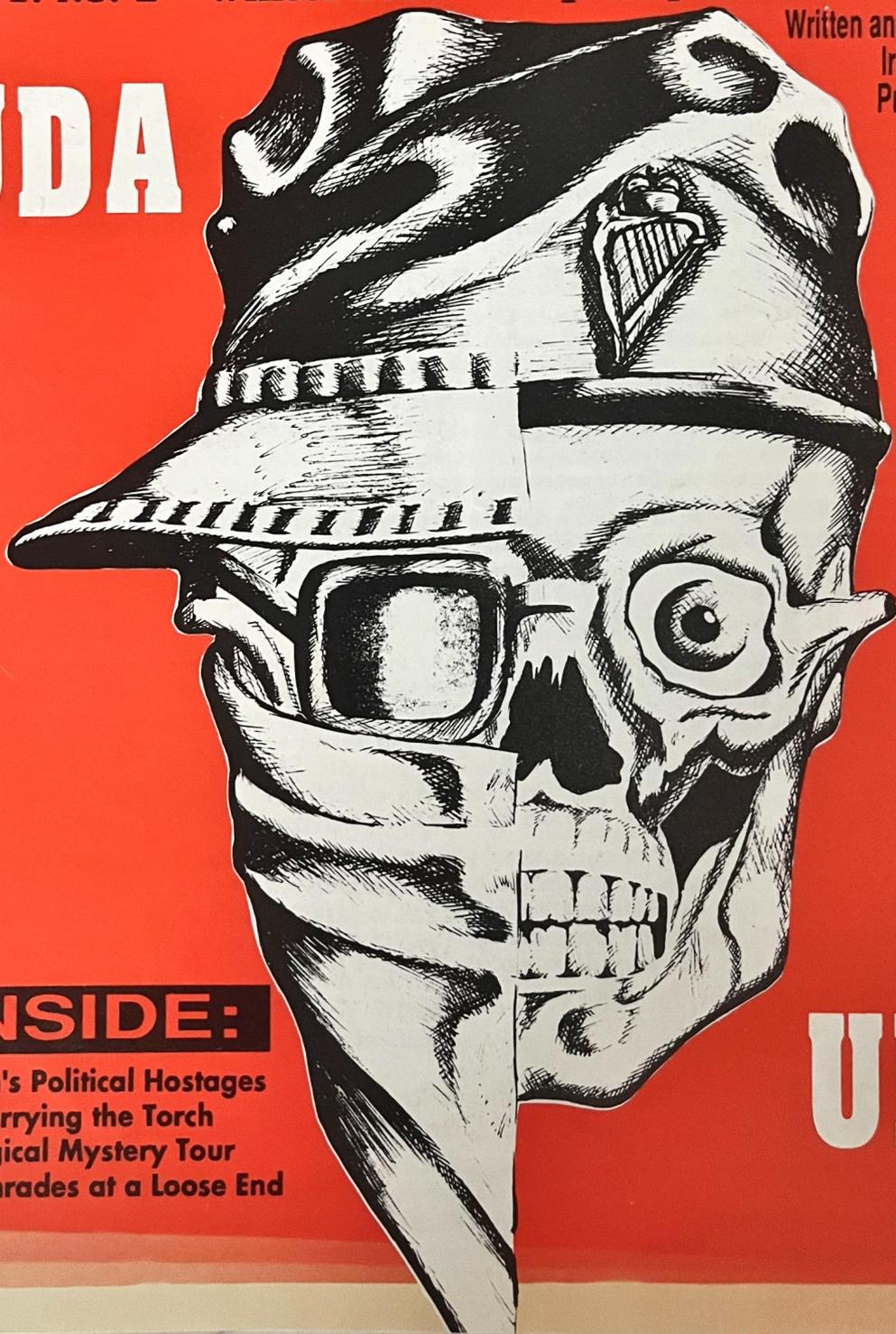
# CAPTIVE VOICE

**An Glór Gafa**

Vol. 1. No. 2 Winter 1989 75p (85p outside Ireland)

Written and Illustrated by  
Irish Republican  
Prisoners of War

# UDA



**INSIDE:**

Britain's Political Hostages  
Carrying the Torch  
Magical Mystery Tour  
For Comrades at a Loose End

# UDR

# Letters to POWs

OVER the summer of 1989, the occupied Six Counties saw many delegations and visitors who had come to mark the 20th anniversary of the re-deployment of British troops to our streets.

While they were there many of them met with the Sinn Féin POW Department and the issue of prisons and prisoners was discussed. There was great solidarity with the plight of the prisoners and an eagerness to learn what was happening within the prisons. They heard about the lifers/SOSPs, strip-searching, extradition, the 'Red Books', the transfer of Irish prisoners in English jails and much more. Where possible visits were arranged and transport organised to take the delegations to visit the various prisons.

One small but significant point came up on a number of occasions and we feel the need to raise it here.

The idea of writing to prisoners was often raised and most of the responses were along the lines of, 'I would love to write but I wouldn't want to interfere with

the weekly letters she/he receives from home'. There seemed to be a common perception that prisoners — and especially those in the H-Blocks are somehow restricted as to the amount of letters they can receive.

So, to clarify the situation, we would like to point out that Republican POWs can receive any amount of letters sent to them. There is no restriction or quota on letters.

Hopefully our readers will take this on board.

In terms of morale, it is always good for prisoners to receive mail from people — especially from abroad — to let them know that they are not alone. In terms of a two-way exchange of ideas and politics, it can be both educational and productive for all concerned.

Anyone wishing to write to a Republican POW and who doesn't have a particular prisoner in mind, should contact:

*Sinn Féin POW Department,  
52/55 Falls Road, Belfast or  
Sinn Féin POW Department, 5  
Blessington Street, Dublin.*

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## The CAPTIVE VOICE

### An Glór Gafa

THE CAPTIVE VOICE/AN GLOR GAFA appears quarterly, price 75p (85p outside Ireland). Why not ensure that you receive a copy each quarter by taking out a subscription. Subscription rates for four issues are: Ireland £3.50; Britain £4.00; Europe £4.50; US \$10. Special bulk order rates are available on request.

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Cover illustration 'When the Mask Slips!' by Tommy Molloy (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.

Write to:

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H-Blocks, Long Kesh, County Antrim.

# The CAPTIVE VOICE

## An Glór Gafa

WE HAVE been tremendously encouraged by the response to *An Glór Gafa/The Captive Voice*. Within a fortnight of the first issue going on sale, it was virtually sold out and more copies had to be printed. Many people have written to comment on the contents and to say that they enjoyed reading it. If you support what we have to say and believe that it deserves a wider audience, why not pass your copy on to friends and relatives, or order copies and sell them to those you think would be interested in hearing our message.

In future issues, we would like to run a letters page so that you, the reader, can comment on what you have read. We think it important to open up a dialogue with those who support our viewpoint and also with those who disagree with us — because we are certainly not beyond criticism nor do we claim to have all the answers.

One of the aims of *An Glór Gafa* is to build links: Links between Republican prisoners, especially those held in prisons throughout England and in Europe and the USA; links between prisoners and their families, friends and supporters; and links between our experience of struggle in prison and the many struggles in which people are engaged in Ireland today.

Our own struggles have taught us lessons which we want to share. In this issue, for example, there is an article on the campaign to win justice for Lifers, Britain's political hostages. It explains how prisoners work along with their relatives and supporters in fighting a campaign which has seen some success. All over Ireland there are struggles waiting to be seized and confronted. Many people are fighting for change. Let us learn from each other.

One example of where this could happen is examined in this issue — smog pollution is killing people in Dublin. The article shows the corrupt links between business and government and how the unscrupulous drive for profit is, quite literally, costing people their lives. Our message is that people have the power to change these things, just as we have learned in our own struggles. Our experience has shown us the importance of coming together in unity and organisation. We see that we must constantly educate ourselves in the realities of our society. We have come to recognise our own strengths and we have learned the need to act towards our goals.

In Dublin, people can get rid of the smog menace, just as other campaigns can be won. It requires struggle. It requires coming together to confront those in power who would hold back our desire for a better world so that they can retain their positions of privilege. It requires commitment and sacrifice, even if it is only giving some time and energy. Only when people stand together and demand what is theirs will meaningful change take place.

By coming together, we can be powerful!



# FIGHT EXTRADITION!

**THE NUMBER** of men currently held in Portlaoise Prison on foot of extradition warrants has increased dramatically over the past six months. The increase follows the re-arrest of five prisoners whose original sentences were nearing completion.

In most cases, the men were due for release within days. Four of the five prisoners, Paul Magee, Anthony Sloan, Michael McKee and I, come from Belfast and the fifth, Desmond Ellis, is a Dubliner.

All five now join three other prisoners, Owen Carron, Dermot Finucane and Jim Clarke, currently fighting attempts to extradite them. These eight men represent one tenth of the Republican prisoners in Portlaoise, which gives some indication of the extent of collaboration at present.

With two days of his original eight-year sentence left to serve, Desmond Ellis was arrested on April 26th on foot of extradition warrants alleging that he conspired to cause explosions in Britain between January 1981 and October 1983 and possession of explosive devices in Britain between the same dates. The dubious nature of these conspiracy charges is a major cause for concern, more especially given that the onus is on the defence to prove the innocence of the person on trial in these cases. In a British court this has proved to be impossible, given the prejudice inherent in the British system towards Irish people on politically related charges. One has to look no further than the Birmingham Six and Guildford Four cases for evidence of this. It is with good reason, therefore, that Desmond does not believe he would get a fair trial if extradited.

That the Attorney General in the 26 Counties did not reject the application for Desmond's extradition is disturbing indeed. Desmond was never in Britain between the dates in question and, what is more, the 'authorities' know this to be the case. He worked full time at his electrical repair business until he was arrested in May 1981 at his home in Dublin. He was charged with various 'offences'. Bail was granted

in July and Desmond was reporting three times weekly to the local Garda station until February 2nd 1982 when he jumped bail and made his way to the United States. He was arrested on February 6th while attempting to cross from Canada to the United States and spent a year in detention there before being deported to Dublin. On arrival at Dublin Airport, he was arrested and brought before the Special Court where he received an eight-year sentence on the above mentioned charge. He has been in custody since then. It is quite obvious he could not have been in the UK between the dates in question.

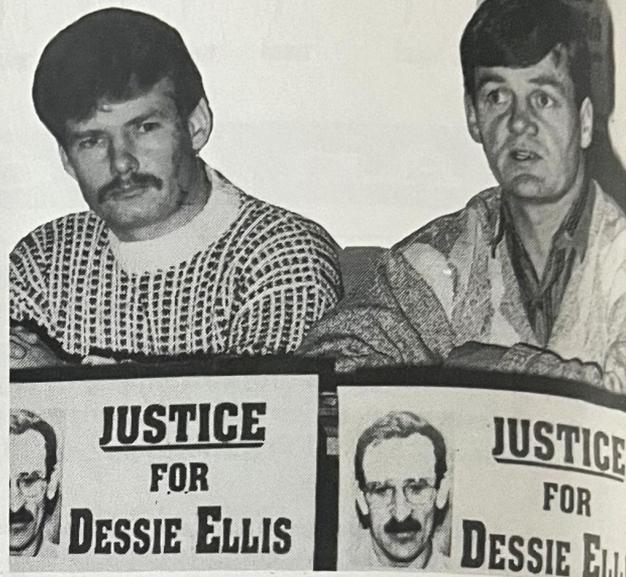
## UNACCEPTABLE

Conspiracy charges are unacceptable not alone in Irish courts but also in all European courts with the exception of Britain. However, it appears that Haughey and the Fianna Fail/DP coalition are prepared to do what Belgium and France have refused to do — extradite Irish political prisoners to Britain. Moral integrity, Irish sovereignty and the British occupation of our country are obviously low on their list of priorities.

However, even the 26-County 'authorities' had to admit that Fr Patrick Ryan would not get a fair trial in Britain. (It subsequently transpired that there wasn't sufficient evidence to warrant a trial even in the no-jury Special Court in Dublin!) It is patently obvious that Desmond Ellis would not get a fair trial either should he be extradited to Britain.

Paul Magee, Anthony Sloan and Michael McKee and I escaped from Crumlin Road Jail in Belfast in 1981. Subsequently arrested in the 26 Counties, we were each sentenced to ten years by the Special Court in Dublin for the Belfast escape under the Criminal Law Jurisdiction Act (CLJA). We now face the

By Robert Campbell  
(Portlaoise) ■



● Anthony Sloan (left) and Robert Campbell at an anti-extradition meeting in Dublin during their release on bail. Robert (36), from Ballymurphy, Belfast, was served with an extradition warrant shortly before he was due for release from Portlaoise Prison at the end of an eight-year sentence.

prospect of extradition to the Six Counties to serve the sentences imposed in our absence: 25 years recommended, 25 years, 20 years and 30 years recommended respectively. The sentences came at the end of a joint trial involving the use of 'supergrass' evidence.

Because the political climate in 1981/82 was not conducive to facilitating the extradition of political prisoners, the British decided to opt instead for the use of the CLJA. Now, however, the political climate has changed and the level of collaboration is at an unprecedented high. With our release imminent, the British decided to seek the double option and requested our extradition. That this was both immoral and contrary to natural justice didn't seem to bother the 'authorities' on both sides of Britain's border.

The 26-County government readily agreed and promptly arrested us before our sentences expired. However, the British were quick to realise that problems could arise because of the double jeopardy involved. In a public relations exercise designed to undermine our case and smooth the way for our

hand-over, the British let it be known that the sentences served for the Belfast escape would be taken into consideration should we be extradited. The fact that Paul Magee and I would still face minimum sentences of 17 years and 22 years respectively was conveniently ignored.

The long overdue release of the Guildford Four has prompted the media and politicians in this country to question the wisdom of convicting people on uncorroborated evidence. Yet without a word of protest, they are prepared to see Anthony Sloan and Michael McKee extradited to serve sentences following convictions secured solely on the basis of the uncorroborated evidence of a paid-perjurer, the 'supergrass' James Kennedy.

The 'supergrass' system was condemned by politicians of every hue in the 26 Counties. It has since been totally discredited and the verdicts in 93% of the cases have been overturned on appeal. Due to the time lapse resulting from their incarceration in Portlaoise, however, both Anthony and Michael (and the other men) have lost any chance

of appeal. The silence of the media and the politicians in this case serves to highlight their hypocrisy and double standards.

As Christmas draws near, the prospects for three of the extraditees and their families are bleak. H-Block escapees, Dermot Finucane and Jim Clarke, along with Owen Carron (former MP for Fermanagh/South Tyrone and election agent for Bobby Sands), await the outcome of their appeal to the Supreme Court. They could very well be in the hands of the occupation forces by the time this article is published.

**FORCED CONFESSION**

A Fianna Fáil TD in Donegal has made it known that he was in Jim Clarke's company on the day the alleged offence for which Jim was initially convicted took place. Such evidence bears out Jim's assertions that the 'confession' which led to his conviction was beaten out of him during interrogation. This evidence will not be considered by the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court is expected to turn down their appeals. Should this turn out to be the case, then once

again the power to stop the extraditions rests with the Minister for Justice, Mr Burke.

These are the cold facts of the situation regarding extradition. However, there is also the tragic human dimension. Which of us can forget the high expectations of our families who had been preparing for months for our releases? In Desmond Ellis' case, two days before his release and without prior notification, he was re-arrested on foot of extradition warrants. His family were simply shattered and the news caused a sharp deterioration in the health of his father. In one fell swoop all their hopes, plans and preparations were destroyed. Instead of enjoying his freedom, Desmond now faces the prospect of a trial in Britain and, should a conviction follow, he may never see his parents in freedom again. Likewise, his family face the daunting prospect of a trial in Britain and visiting him in the hostile atmosphere which is very much a part of the British prison system where Irish people are concerned.

In my own case, being served with the warrants was not en-

tirely unexpected, but where there's life there's hope. I was allowed to make one phone call. How do you explain to three young children that their father won't be coming home — perhaps indefinitely? How do you piece together the shattered dreams they clung to so dearly over the years, dreams which were close to becoming reality as my sentence drew to a close? It's an emotional and heart-rending experience which, in one sense, nothing can adequately prepare you for.

My own sadness, anger and frustration, I can come to terms with. My conscious decision to involve myself with the fight for Irish freedom has tempered me to expect no less from our enemies and their collaborators. I can only hope that in time my children will come to acquire a level of consciousness that helps them also to understand and in understanding to lessen their sense of hurt and loss.

The very powers whom we oppose would have us believe that this, our grim reality, is unalterable. They would like to see us lie down and accept it as 'our lot'.

But we know the opposite to be true. Twenty years ago, our people got off their knees and rejected 'their lot' as dictated by those who would be our masters. We have come through Bloody Sunday, internment, shoot-to-kill policies, 'supergrass' systems and so forth. Likewise, we shall come through extradition.

In the final analysis, the decision to extradite any political prisoner is a political one made by a government. It is a decision that can be reversed providing enough pressure can be exerted on that government. Regardless of how many Irish political prisoners go the same way as our comrades Robert Russell and Paul Kane, we must continue to fight extradition. We must continue to build the awareness of the Irish people and in this way change the conditions which have facilitated the extradition process. ■

Note: Anthony Sloan, Michael McKee, Robert Campbell and Paul Magee have since been released on bail.

# Untamed Spirit

*Continuity and the anti-social state  
Blocks out sunlight in darkened cells  
Barbed wire encircled steel bars  
Protecting their status quo.*

*Agents of change, conveyor-belted,  
By pomp and ceremony  
To cells that restrict and confine  
Body, but, not mind.*

*Foreign structure, allowing no change  
Thinking we'll conform and accept your ways  
Yet freedom rests on their barbed wire  
With spirit that's free, never to be tamed.*

*Butterfly, living but a day  
Free; not worried by time  
Will rest in the palm  
Of you, who leave no time  
For conformity by compulsion.*

**Poem and illustration by  
Brendan McCaffrey (38), from  
County Monaghan. Sentenced to  
ten years, Brendan is due for re-  
lease from Portlaoise Prison in  
1991. ■**



# Carrying the torch

By Joseph Patrick Doherty,  
(Metropolitan Correction Centre)  
New York City. ■

**GAZING OUT** from my cell window across the New York skyline, I can't but reflect on the years past and the uncertain days ahead in this captive place. The cell window has been my metaphorical escape — the ninth-floor view gives me an ambient vision on the distant moving world below. Looking out of my barred window, I contemplate an apprehensive future. How long before I hear the ominous sounds of leg irons and am taken surreptitiously to an awaiting RAF flight to my eventual, dreaded destination? It is an axiom that I do not look on favourably — my arrival at some secluded airfield in occupied Ireland. No history lectures on how the British treat their political dissidents and rebels are necessary.

I have been incarcerated in this US federal prison cell since June 18th, 1983. The years do roll by. My capture on that bright June morning was at the behest of the British — yes, those marauders who stalk our streets and our countryside, whose maligned pursuits have graced many an indigenous people around the world. Again, no lectures of historic responses to Britain's restless subjects. Britain's persistence in demanding my extradition has been an exposé of the nature of British misrule in Ireland — a policy that has plagued Ireland for 800 years.

British attempts to extradite me through the judicial branch of the US government have continuously failed. Their unprecedented and protracted campaign in undermining US judicial independence has resulted in a pervasively discontented general public. Politicians, church leaders, union members, media and thousands of US citizens have reacted to this aberrantly troubling situation. Judicial independence is a badge worn with ostensible pride on American coats going back to the revolutionary war against a common 'Red Coat' enemy.

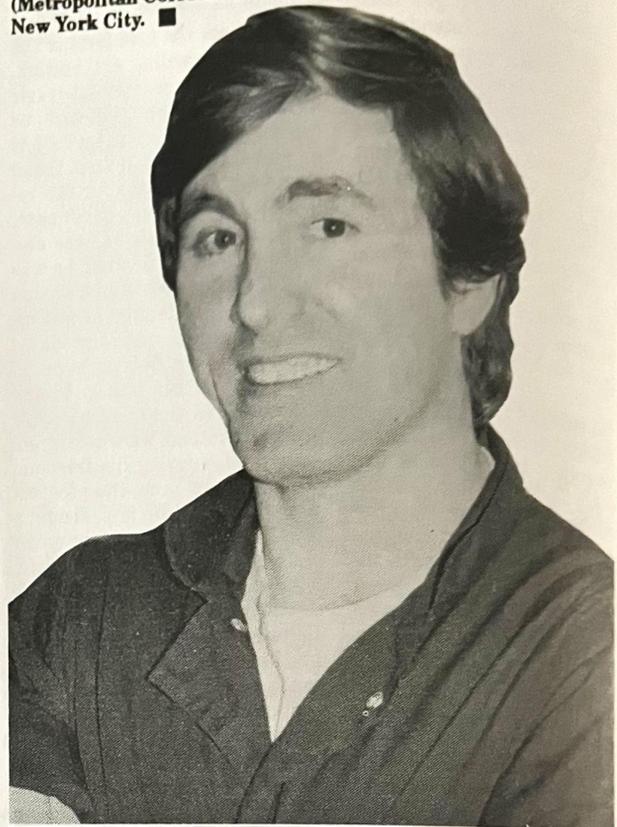
Extradition is seemingly the 'in thing' these days in suppressing our struggle for national self-determination. Britain's failure in their effort to criminalise the Republican Movement during the H-Block/Armagh era set their propaganda machine on an impossibly fatuous course. Their specious policy in perverting the

usage of international law in seeking extradition has injured the values enshrined in the principled tradition of harbouring and protecting political dissidents.

I have come to the end of my seventh summer in this prison cell, although I have continuously prevailed before the US courts. The Anglo-American conspiracy in undermining these precedent-setting court rulings has moved them into an inept campaign of extra-judicial deceit. My attorneys, Mary Pike and Steve Somerstone, have fought ardently and courageously in maintaining and defending the preservation of judicial independence and its integrity — and continue relentlessly to do so. They both exemplify zealous guardians of jurisprudence.

I am also acutely aware of the embarrassment this has caused to the Dublin government and its own quasi-judicial branch. Ironically, while the US judicial branch has stood protectively over its own sovereign position, the Dublin courts have openly and shamelessly capitulated to governmental coercion.

The unjust and unconstitutional methods used to imprison my fellow escapees, Bob Campbell, Michael McKee, Paul Magee and Tony Sloan, in Portlaoise Prison — and then, upon their release, to rearrest them under extradition warrants from the British is an unspeakable betrayal (not only of the Irish Constitution and our historic position in taking up arms against a traditional ene-



● Joe Doherty (34), from the New Lodge area of Belfast, was interned without trial for five months at the age of 17 and was also jailed in 1973 and 1974. On June 12th 1981, he was sentenced in a Diplock Court to 30-years imprisonment. Just two days earlier, however, he and seven others staged a spectacular escape from Crumlin Road Jail, Belfast, while awaiting sentence.

my) particularly in light of the US courts' decision in refusing my extradition. The Dublin government's lip-service criticism of the inequities of the Diplock 'special' courts, the shoot-to-kill policy, plastic bullet fatalities, the false imprisonment of the Birmingham Six and the overall harassment and continuing discrimination against Northern nationalists shows the bankrupt and sanctionious attitude of a slave, neo-colonial administration.

Where will it end? Will the North's prisons burst at the seams with Irish Republicans picked off the streets in Dublin, Holland and New York? These same governments and nations that arose out of violent revolutions are now collaborating in extraditing revolutionaries back to British prisons. Under these

disingenuous provisions by which Irish republicans are handed over, revolutionaries of the past — George Washington, Robert Emmet and De Lafayette — would find themselves in leg irons and on a tortuous journey to a prison cell.

As I look out my window, I take comfort in knowing that my incarceration has shown the lie of the British criminalisation policy. As the deaths of Bobby Sands and the other martyrs exposed to the world the pathetic manoeuvres of the British government's attempts to brand political dissidents as common criminals, my successful struggle against extradition has shown the weakness and inherent political corruption of the Dublin courts. I sit here, proud to carry the torch for my fellow extraditionees. ■

# CENSORSHIP

By Séamus Ó Duinn  
(Portlaoise Prison) ■

I AM sure there isn't a society without some form of censorship. The ruling elite in any society, quoting the common good, will use censorship like any other repressive legislation to stifle opposition, to restrict people's right to freedom of information and, ultimately, to create false perceptions of reality.

There is, of course, a wide debate about the need for censorship. For example, a strong case can be made for banning pornography. To be in favour of censorship, in that regard, is not in the least contradictory, because pornography is anti-people in its subjugation and exploitation of women.

Our main concern here is the effect of Section 31, which denies Republican spokespersons access to the airwaves in the 26 Counties. This denial has been one of the main reasons for our lack of development as a political force throughout this country. To argue that Republican ideology is valid and strong enough to get across without the use of television and radio is to seriously underestimate the power of these media. In reality, the counter-revolutionary forces of 1921 have had a free rein in impressing on a complaint populace a false view of today's Ireland and its historical development. As the media

have increased and improved, so has the effectiveness of their efforts. It was much easier before the advent of television (when greater reliance was placed on the written word) to challenge the stream of falsehoods.

Prior to the 50th anniversary of the Easter Rising 1916, the level of censorship was relatively low in comparison to today. With the ending of the IRA's 1950s campaign, it was generally considered that the amount of support for the Republican cause was minimal. 'Rebel' songs were played on the radio and politicians would periodically make impassioned calls for national unity and lament the loss of the 'fourth green field'. This was all great stuff. It got votes, particularly for Fianna Fáil, who attained and kept power by waving the green flag whenever necessary.

It was also very safe stuff. It appealed to the people's nationalism, whilst in truth it was mere-

ly a guise. The government of the 26 Counties did little more than sabre-rattle. The celebrations of the 50th anniversary of 1916 were to change all that. It was the catalyst which would not only create a new and stronger sense of national and cultural identity, but also rekindle the dormant desire for national re-unification, especially among the long-suffering nationalists in the Six Counties.

## CIVIL RIGHTS

The emergence of the civil rights movement and the savage reaction by the Orange state and the British government, culminating in the murder of 14 innocent civilians in Derry in 1972, was all to unfold before the cameras of the international press. Powerful visual imagery flashed across the screens of the world. This had a particularly strong effect on people in the 26 Counties. They mobilised in their thousands, calling for armed intervention to help their beleaguered countrymen and women. The British Embassy in Dublin was burned to the ground and, in Dublin and elsewhere, there were attacks by gardai on peaceful protestors. People were showing a political awareness that the Dublin government thought had been suppressed.

The Republican Movement proved itself to be not only the last line in protecting its people from genocidal attacks, but also well capable of articulating a rational analysis of the cause of the ongoing campaign. To say that this was to cause the Dublin government some discomfort would be an understatement. The threat posed to its position was manifold.

In the first place, it assumed jurisdiction over the Six Counties. Secondly, as events developed, it was clear that the common perception of life in the Six Counties was being contradicted by media coverage. Thirdly, because of media attention focussing on the Six Counties and the regular interviews with Republicans, the people were given an opportunity to

judge for themselves. This increased the level of consciousness. The end result would have been a people who were quite capable of seeing that the 26 Counties was a state built on very shaky foundations indeed. Thus the war in the Six Counties threatened the political stability of the 26 Counties. The logical conclusion was the introduction of Section 31 — the complete banning of anyone daring to represent the Republican viewpoint.

What was now offered was an official, sanitised version of events. Censorship was and continues to be one of the most powerful weapons of oppression in the state's armoury. It gives the Dublin government carte blanche to control and distort the flow of

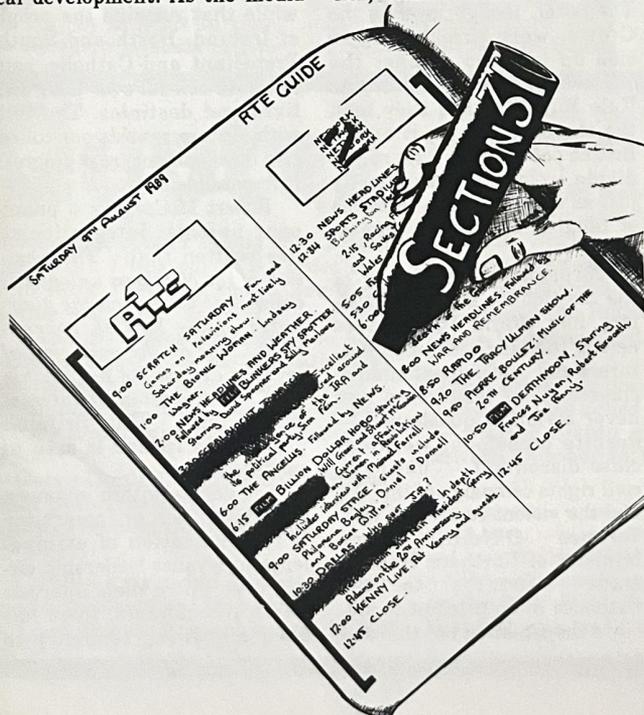


Dublinman Séamus Ó Duinn (39) was released from Portlaoise Prison on October 31st 1989, having served five years.

information to the people. It clouds the real issues and creates an obvious imbalance in the coverage of political affairs, resulting in a misinformed public. It also helps the historical and educational revisionists. Long gone is any semblance of historical objectivity — children are no longer taught about Britain's colonial role in Ireland, or about 1916, or even the Black and Tans.

Censorship is also important for its effects on those in the media who are responsible for acting as its watchdogs. Because of the all-powerful and pervasive influence of the government, journalists 'err' on the 'right' side and, therefore, practise self-censorship.

The alternative is unemployment — we saw how an RTE journalist, Jenny McGeever, was sacked for allowing the broadcast of an innocuous couple of seconds of tape which carried the voice of Martin McGuinness.



# LOYALISM

By Basil Henry  
(Long Kesh) ■

Such is the power of the government that her union, the NUJ, did not take industrial action on her behalf.

In essence, censorship is about the retention of power. Its basic purpose is to keep the people in ignorance as to both the political situation in the Six Counties and the reality of life in the 26 Counties. A complete generation has grown up knowing only the government side of events. We are now depicted as "terrorists/criminals" and our national flag, forbidden entry into churches, is a "paramilitary trapping". While our young people are being murdered by British soldiers and loyalist murder gangs, collaboration is at an unprecedented high and conveyor-belt extradition is now commonplace. Censorship has played a central part in the conditioning process which has led to the public acceptance of all these.

Censorship quite deliberately creates docility and apathy amongst the people. Through all the apparatus at the state's control, it treats them to regular and sustained doses of carefully tailored state-biased news and information. Because we have neither the resources nor the capabilities to provide tangible alternatives to combat the resultant lethargy, we must build a locally-based, aware and educated membership to create amongst the people a recognition of how and why they are being manipulated.

We should avail of every opportunity, national and international, to denounce censorship and to lobby individuals and groups whom we feel can help to bring about change. At the end of the day, it comes right down to motivation, hard work, struggle and the firm belief that what we offer the Irish people is best. Unlike those who would deny the people the chance to make informed and educated choices, we will show that we have nothing to fear.

Section 31 is anti-democratic. To quote Paulo Freire, the Brazilian socialist, humanist and educationalist:

*"To glorify democracy and to silence the people is false, to discourse on humanism and to negate man is a lie."*

The 26-County government, with its repressive censorship legislation, is indulging in a farce and a lie.

IAN PAISLEY has stated that *"If the Crown in Parliament decreed to put Ulster into a United Ireland, we would be disloyal to Her Majesty if we did not resist such a surrender to our enemies"*. It takes a while to digest exactly what is being said in that statement. The language of loyalism makes constant reference to sellouts and betrayal, as in its reaction to the Hillsborough Treaty. It defines itself in terms of its intransigence.

Of course loyalism is much more complex than the rantings of its demagogues. That it is a social force with enormous determination to resist change is bound up with the notion of its being a Frankenstein's monster created to serve British interests.

The ancestors of today's Northern Protestants came to Ulster as English or Scottish settlers in the 17th Century as part of an English plantation policy. This resulted in the division of the Northern population along religious lines, the Catholic native Irish and the Protestant settlers living uneasily side by side. The threat of the natives rising up against the settlers united Protestants more than denominational or class barriers divided them.

Protestant fears were given expression in the Orange Order, an organisation formed to defend the land rights of Protestants against Catholics but expanding into an institution which manifested Northern Protestant principles and beliefs. These were not unique — they have been closely paralleled by colonial settlers everywhere (e.g. Algeria). They expressed their supremacy over the natives and their fierce loyalty to the colonising power (in this case Britain).

It was the industrialisation of the Belfast area — and in particular Protestant domination of the skilled engineering jobs — that reinforced working-class loyalist aspirations. Loyalty to the crown was inevitable for landlords, industrialists and business people, who feared Home Rule might ruin their trade with the British

Empire, as well as the possibility of a nationalist government confiscating their estates and property. For the ordinary Protestants, loyalism stemmed not so much from the threat of material loss — although certain sections were in a privileged position and Protestants generally were better off — but from the prospect of the hated and feared Catholics triumphing over Ulster Protestantism. Thus loyalist celebrations are commemorations of the victory of Protestantism over Catholicism — celebrations of Protestant supremacy.

With partition in 1922, Britain saw the solution to 'the Irish question' (if only temporarily). They were faced with the Home Rulers on one hand and the Unionists on the other. The latter, though loyal to the Crown, were threatening to rise up in arms against the British government's Home Rule Bill. Whether they took the threat seriously, it suited British policy in the long run to divide Ireland geographically just as they had done in terms of religion during the plantation.

Throughout the history of the Six-County statelet, loyalism has found its leaders among the landlords, manufacturers and professional middle-classes. That leadership was never seriously questioned — despite occasional working-class discontent — until the civil rights campaign of the '60s and the violent reaction it met. Terence O'Neill, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, made overtures to the Catholics in an attempt to stabilise the situation but this was

seen immediately by many loyalists as a betrayal. In 1972, direct rule was introduced. Since then, loyalism has exposed its different shades, the more extreme elements forming the DUP under the leadership of Ian Paisley. Today, loyalism still remains true to its past, as witnessed by the united opposition to the Hillsborough Treaty. They perceive this to be the first step on the slippery slope to Dublin (to use one of their own metaphors) despite the continual reassuring noises from both London and Dublin.

Republicans must continue to do their utmost to reassure loyalists that a United Ireland does not mean Catholic priests dominating society (as is the loyalist perception of the 26 Counties). Republicans must make it plain at every opportunity that such a situation would be as unpalatable to them as it would be to loyalists.

Republicans are accused, at best, of having a patronising attitude towards loyalists. What, it is asked, gives us the right to say that they must become part of a United Ireland settlement? That right emerges from British occupation — while that remains the people of Ireland, North and South, Protestant and Catholic, cannot have control over their own lives and destinies. The link with Britain retards our collective development, real progress is impossible.

Robert McCartney, a prominent unionist integrationist, has written that: *"The position of the Northern unionist is dependent neither on the guarantee of the British government... nor on the posturing of loyalist extremists but on his (sic) identification of interest with Britain."* Thus Britain's presence in Ireland is seen as conditional.

The debate within unionism over devolution or integration is one indication of ambivalence in loyalist leadership circles over where their interests lie. In recent years, there has been a growing tendency to



● 'Belfast Says No' — Loyalist rally at Belfast City Hall on the first anniversary of the signing of the Hillsborough Treaty.

talk of 'going it alone' and an 'independent Ulster' — indications of the loosening of the identification loyalists feel with Britain.

It may be difficult to visualise Northern loyalists negoti-

ating with nationalists and Republicans round the conference table but the logic of such a scenario becomes increasingly inevitable once Britain disengages. However much loyalist demagogues fan the flames

of bigotry, the force of circumstances will provide a strong incentive for loyalists to sue for peace and a workable solution. Republicans cannot appease loyalist ideology. The bloodbath threatened by loyalist leaders

is only possible if they convince sufficient numbers of Protestant workers to follow the old, sectarian rallying cries and ignore their class interests.

In the altered context of a British declaration of intent to withdraw, loyalism would be under great pressure because the identification of loyalism with Britain would be undermined, loyalism would no longer hold out the prospect of privileged treatment (in terms of employment etc) and, in leaving, the British would almost certainly seek to ensure the interests of local and multinational business in Ireland. The Northern Protestant business-class would be encouraged to reach some accommodation with their Catholic counterparts — at the expense of the workers.

It is this shared interest between the masses of ordinary Protestants and Catholics that holds the enticing prospect of class replacing religion in the 'Irish question' and it points to a time when a true unification of the people of Ireland could be achieved. ■

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**Belfastman Basil Henry (29), from the Ormeau Road area of the city, has served five years of a 12-year sentence.**

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## Quotes

"Compassion doesn't belong in a prison vocabulary... I was moved 51 times over the 15 years. They keep moving you to demoralise you, and to demoralise your family. It can drive people's families to utter despair, not just with me but with every Irish prisoner. And it can happen even in the middle of a visit. I was moved once with my brother and his wife standing at the gate."

— Gerry Conlon, highlighting British penal policy towards Irish prisoners, *Sunday Tribune*, October 22nd.

"I'm shaken a great deal by what has happened in the Guildford Four case."

— Lord Denning, speaking on behalf

of the British establishment, *Radio Ulster*, October 21st.

"The IRA has for years used the libel laws in the republic and Northern Ireland to muzzle the British press."

— James Adams, defence correspondent, using creative doublespeak in describing the British media, *Sunday Times*, October 22nd.

"There can be no question of unilaterally abandoning the armed struggle."

— Walter Sisulu at a mass rally in Soweto, October 28th.

"These people were very aggressive to me. I don't know why, maybe I look Irish. I have red hair and don't look French."

— French photographer Gilles Favier on the RUC men who assaulted him in the Ardoyne area of Belfast. One of

the British methods of muzzling the press, *Sunday Tribune*, August 20th.

"Firing in anger, it's good fun. Makes the job worthwhile. Does a hell of a lot for morale."

— The peacekeeping role defined by a Sun-reading soccer hooligan in a British army uniform, *ITV's First Tuesday*, August 1st.

"If you can't get a conviction, you get someone slotted [shot]."

— Another peacekeeper on the same programme.

"Michael and I would go anywhere for a hot meal... I just couldn't begin to live on £50,000 a year."

— The sad plight of British royal family member Princess Michael of Kent, *Sunday Independent*, June 25th.

# The Begging Priest

A FINE SUNDAY morning, just a small chill in the air with the sea even as a glass — waiting to be shattered.

Maggie was making the breakfast, black tea as it was the fast, and she quietly moved around the tall fireplace building turf upon yesterday's embers. Six months married but there was still that distance between us. God knows, age had its difference, myself being 30 and her a mere slip of a girl at 17. My father says it will work out in the end and, anyway, what's done is done.

With the priest due, I stepped out the door to watch him arrive and to sneak a pipe. Sure enough, I saw his horse and trap turning by the big rock and clipping and rattling down towards our small group of cottages known as The Point. I hoped he'd be in a good mood as I disliked the chore bad enough without further annoyance. A blessing they say on our family but a curse says I. Rowing the priest over by cur-

ragh from our small pier to the Islands every Sunday and Feast Day was most times made worse by his uncertain temper. The pull won't be too bad today, I thought, but this morning it was the furthest of the islands to host Mass. Each of the three takes turns and all of the Islanders gather in the hours before we arrive in the largest house of the chosen island.

Old Paddy, our nearest neighbour, rushed forward to tend the priest's pony while Fr O'Carroll strode past me to the pier giving me a curt nod to follow him. I reached for my coat and gave a shout of farewell to Maggie before stumbling after his fast-moving figure. We settled into the boat which was already in the water. I grew concerned when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw him looking intently at the line of beached

By John Kelly  
(Long Kesh) ■

currachs on the strand.

I swore under my breath and hoped he wouldn't ask the question dreaded, but he did. "Who's away out this morning, Dan? I see one of the boats is missing." I was forced to answer and, when I gave him the names of the two McFadden brothers, his face tightened because he knew it was for fishing. What harm I thought, but it was a terrible sin to work on Sundays in Fr O'Carroll's book. So I held my tongue for once and rowed on.

As my back was to the open sea, the only warning of trouble was from the priest's expression — he had spied the McFadden's boat in the mouth of the bay as I had known he would. He left down his Mass book and straightened his back in the boat, preparing to do battle and to deliver a stern lecture. Jim and Larry gave us a cautious wave as we approached and I knew they would give as good as they got.

They were twins of twenty and had four years of back-breaking work in Scotland behind them. They were known to be hardy. It wasn't their fault entirely because last night's sudden squall had finished the thought of checking the lobster pots until this morning, but they had known about the priest.

We passed them at ten yards and the conflict started, each flinging insults and oaths at the other. Cries of "shameful pagans" and "disbelievers" from Fr O'Carroll and calls of a richer nature from the McFaddens. One comment from Larry stuck in my mind. It centred on Fr O'Carroll's reputation as a begging priest and the barb struck home. My boat swayed dangerously from side to side with the actions of the priest and I heard the lads laugh when he cursed them to hell.

I rowed on and after a half-hour we reached the island. The priest was silent now but he scowled more than usual. Mass was said and a rasping sermon it was. I was glad to duck out the door halfway through. Straight away, I went

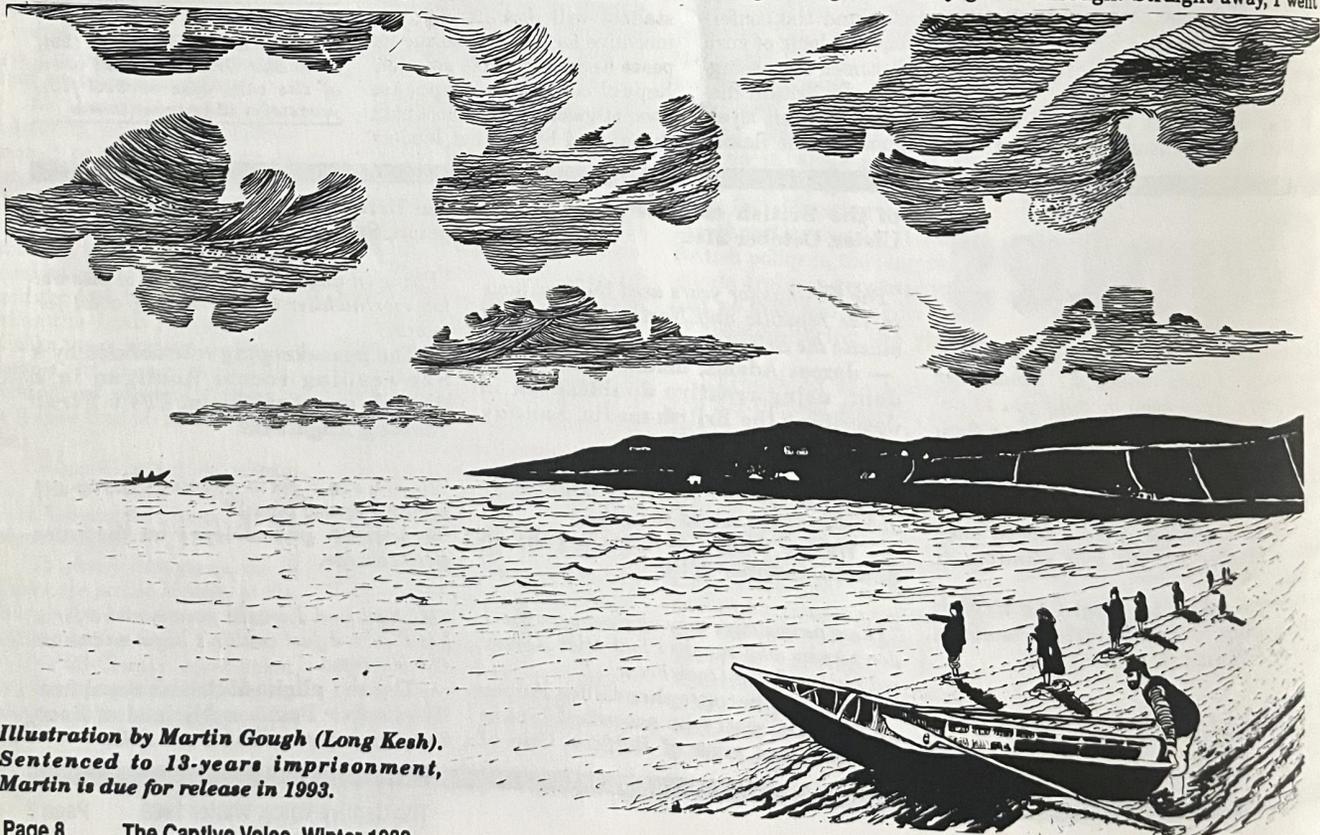


Illustration by Martin Gough (Long Kesh).  
Sentenced to 13-years imprisonment,  
Martin is due for release in 1993.

to my Uncle Joe's house and the large dinner always provided. He and his family were hungry as well but for news of my father and of the mainland people. Islanders love to hear of anything, however small, about events 'ashore', as they call it, and I liked to oblige with a yarn or two. Soon, we were on our way again, gliding smoothly across the sound towards The Point, and hopefully without trouble, but I expected the worst.

Sure enough, when we were a half-mile or thereabouts off The Point, I stretched around and made out the McFaddens' curragh against the land, just between us and the Strand. On the Strand itself were flocks of people sitting in the sun or walking the dunes in family groups. If the day was good, one could see two hundred at the seashore after Mass. Some brought food but it was mostly a time for gossip and crack with neighbours. Maggie could be there and I

rowed the harder.

Suddenly, I heard a lot of shouting from the crowd on the shore and, swinging the curragh sideways, I saw the upturned hull of the McFaddens' boat. Too much of a catch on one side or foolish horseplay could have done it but the end was the same — two men in the water. I saw them try swimming towards the shore cheered on by the people. So, bending to the oars and pulling with all my might, I raced after them. Fr O'Carroll sat rigid as stone and I had to shout on him to be ready to help. If only they had stayed with the boat, I would have reached them by now but they had struck out themselves for the shore, Larry in the lead with Jim just behind. Faster and faster I rowed but a great wail of fright from the Strand made me half turn. Jim had floundered.

It was either the cold water that drained his strength or because his clothing had become waterlogged. Whatever the cause, he disappeared beneath

the surface. Larry had stopped and gone back for his brother. When we reached him, he was treading water and constantly ducking his head under the surface in search of his twin. I had my hands full with the oars and expected the priest to lend a hand in fishing Larry out because as he was in great distress, but he never moved from his seat. He sat staring at the man in the water in a strange intent way.

So, risking our own capsizes, I launched myself from my bench and grabbed for Larry's hand. I swore I had him but, because my hands were numb rowing and the sweat and sea water gave me no purchase, he slowly slid away.

I watched him sink, eyes full of resignation, mouth open, with his arms outstretched as he spiralled downwards to the depths. The crystal-clear water saved me no grief and I will never forget the sight. I raised my eyes to the priest and to this day I swear he smiled when he said: "It's God's will".

That night they were washed ashore. Men there from that morning stopped them with poles from being smashed upon the rocks. My front door was taken off with the hinges and used as a stretcher to carry their bodies up from the beach and they lay side by side along my gable wall to await the hearse.

I never went to Mass again or ferried the priest across to the islands. Old Paddy's son does it now. Maggie used to ask me why but I never would tell a soul my reason because I believe it's what O'Carroll wanted, to strike fear into the people, to take advantage of a tragic accident, and for that he needed my help.

Let him be known as the Begging Priest and no other title. ■

*John Kelly (31), from Strabane, has served nine years. He is due to be released in 1990.*

## Quiz

1. How many British Secretaries of State have there been in the 1980s?
2. Britain and the US collaborated in a terrorist bombing raid against which North African city?
3. Name the prominent ANC leader who was released from prison in 1989 after 26 years as a hostage of the South African government?
4. Name the Greenpeace ship which

was sunk by the French secret service?

5. Who claimed Ballyporeen as his ancestral home?

Prizes of a year's subscription to *The Captive Voice/An Glór Gafa* and a £5 book token will be given to the first three correct entries opened on the closing date of January 10th 1990. The names of the winners will be published in *An Phoblacht/Republican News* and in our next issue.

Answers to:  
The Captive Voice Quiz,  
51/55 Falls Road,  
Belfast BT12  
or 5 Blessington  
Street, Dublin 1.

## Prison News

A NUMBER of prisoners in Long Kesh have been selected for special treatment by the prison administration. They are known as Red Book prisoners, after the books in which their movements about the prison are logged. The criteria for their selection is secret and appears subjective and arbitrary. Red Book prisoners are moved regularly from Block to Block. Some have been moved more than 90 times in the last five years, making it impossible for them to fit into a 'normal' routine or to form solid friendships. It is a policy which

amounts to psychological torture.

To add to this victimisation, two Red Book prisoners, Pat Livingstone and John Pickering, have been told that, unlike other life-sentence prisoners who have served more than 13 years, they will not be eligible for a week's parole at Christmas — their unjust treatment has now been extended to their families.

**AS OUR readers will appreciate, in publishing *The Captive Voice/An Glór Gafa*, we have encountered a number of unusual and challenging problems. In the main, these have been overcome through the ingenuity of our imprisoned comrades. However, due to a slight communications hiccup, the *Prison News* report in this issue is not as comprehensive as we had intended. Rest assured that this will be rectified in the future. POW Department.**

# Britain's political hostages

By Kevin Deehan  
(Long Kesh) ■

**TODAY, there are 161 Republican prisoners serving indeterminate Life/SOSP\* sentences, who are being held as political hostages in British and Irish prisons. We are political hostages in that our lives and futures, and by extension the lives and futures of our families, are being held ransom to Britain's political interests in Ireland.**

In the ongoing political struggle, the release of such prisoners has been, and always will be, dependent on improved 'security' and political developments in the world outside the prisons. It is not determined by the 'Life Sentence Review Board and procedure looking at the individual merits of each case', as the Northern Ireland Office (NIO) claims. This is not the first time that Britain has used this inhuman and cruel tactic. The lives and emotions of prisoners and their families have been used in the past to generate political capital.

In 1972 during the ceasefire, the British stopped picking people off the streets to be interned without trial. However, when the ceasefire broke, the policy changed in line with the new political climate and the numbers interned rose rapidly. Moreover, 1973 saw the introduction of the non-jury Diplock courts, which suspended the traditional legal rights of a defendant to be tried by jury.

During the 1974-75 ceasefire, the policy changed again and this time the British/NIO felt they could gain politically by releasing more internees. In late 1975, when internment became too much of a political embarrassment, particularly in the face of world opinion, Britain released all interned political hostages, regardless of "the individual merits of each case".

## THE CONVEYOR-BELT

The stage was then set for the production of a new group of political hostages — today's Life/SOSP prisoners. In 1976, in line with the all-out security strategy to defeat the IRA (i.e. Ulsterisation, criminalisation

and normalisation) the British government/NIO removed Special Category Status from all political prisoners who were 'convicted' after March 1st 1976. The RUC were given the green light to use whatever means it took, including physical and psychological ill-treatment, to obtain statements from suspects which could then be used to secure convictions in the Diplock courts. By the end of 1976, the 'conveyor-belt system' was firmly in place with:

**Special arrest and detention laws;**

**Special interrogation centres;**

**Special courts; and  
Special prisons (like the H-Blocks).**

In the years following 1976, particularly the period up to 1980, thousands of people were processed through the system. Many were teenagers, some as young as 15 years, and many were sentenced to indeterminate Life/SOSP sentences solely on the basis of alleged verbal or written statements which were made in the torture chambers of Castlereagh, Strand Road and Gough Barracks. These Life/SOSP prisoners, as with the internees of the early Seventies, are now having their lives and emotions held hostage to both the short-term and long-term political interests of the British government and the NIO.

Due to the protracted and often intense prison struggles from 1976 to 1984, which included the blanket protest, the hunger-strikes and the struggle for segregation, the plight of the Lifers/SOSP's was not recognised as an issue, either within the prisons or on the outside. However, from 1984, this was to

change.

## CAMPAIGN FOR LIFERS

We ourselves saw that it was a growing issue as did some groups on the outside who were solely concerned with the plight of SOSP prisoners. Also, we were no longer prepared to have our lives and the lives of our loved ones manipulated for the political ends of the NIO. Therefore, inside the gaol, we launched into an intense, lively and protracted process of debate in order to find effective ways to respond. The result of this process was the launch of the Campaign for Lifers (CFL) in May 1988 by both ourselves and our families.

The CFL is non-party political and non-sectarian. Its objectives are: to end the political manipulation and discrimination in releases emanating from the secretive, arbitrary and subjective nature of the Life Sentence Review Board (LSRB) and its procedures, which the NIO set up in 1984; and to have adopted six proposals for change (*see below*) which would help to eliminate the manipulation and allow Life/SOSP prisoners to share in the rights of natural justice.

## THE LSRB

How does the LSRB work? Its basic information comes from yearly reports which are compiled on each indeterminate sentenced prisoner. These are drawn up by an Education Officer, doctor, Governor of the Block, Principal Officer of the Block,

and Class Officer of the Wing (the last two are prison officers). These reports are drawn up in secret. The prisoner has no input (beyond a short interview with the Block Governor) and cannot challenge any inaccuracies which they might contain. The reports are subjectively based, which leaves them open to the personal, religious and political bias of those drawing them up. Not only is the Prison Officers Association 99% Protestant/unionist but many of its members (including Governors) are ex-members of the 'B'-Specials, UDR, RUC and the British army. Therefore, one can appreciate how easy it would be for such people to allow their



## CAMPAIGN FOR LIFERS

Conway Mill, 5/7 Conway Street, Belfast

*Proposals for change in the  
Life Sentence Review Board procedure:*

- The abolition of indeterminate sentences.
- The right to legal representation.
- The publication of objective criteria for release.
- The right to know the reasons for any unfavourable decisions.
- The ending of secret reports.
- The right to challenge the make-up of the Review Board.

\* An SOSP prisoner is sentenced to be detained at the Secretary of State's Pleasure if he/she was under 18 years of age at the time of the 'offence'.

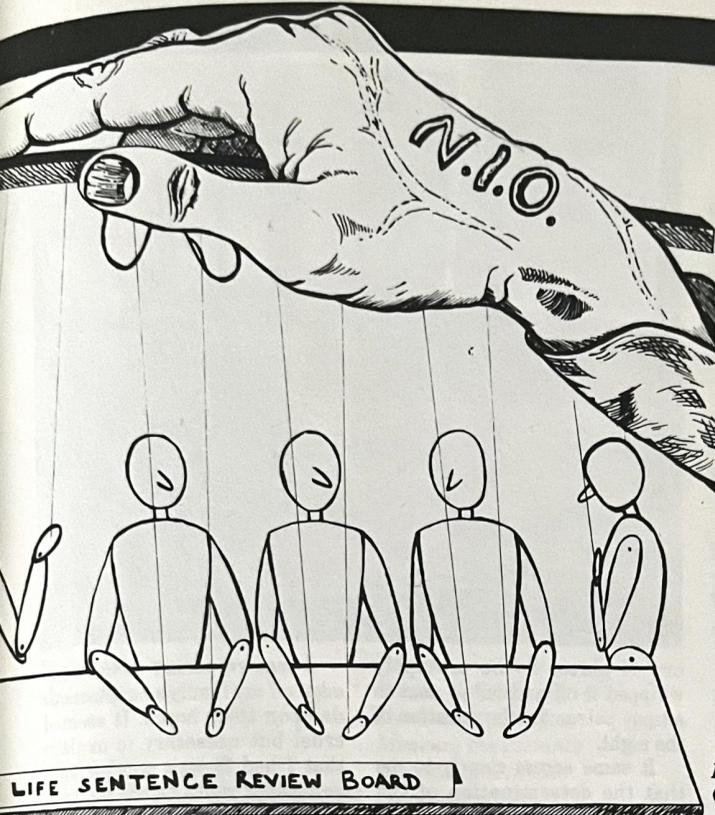


Illustration by Terry Boyle (Long Kesh) ■

bias to come through — especially in reports on Republican prisoners.

Ten years into a life sentence (eight years for SOSP prisoners) the prisoner receives his/her first major review by the LSRB. This review is held in secret and is based primarily on the yearly reports. The Board's decisions are arbitrary and it is accountable to no-one except the Secretary of State at the NIO. It is chaired by an Under-Secretary in the NIO and is made up of other NIO officials as well as a Chief Probation Officer, a Medical Officer and a consultant psychiatrist.

**The prisoner has no right to be present at such hearings; has no right to legal representation; has no right to question reports/material which are in front of the Board; and has no right to know the reasons for an unfavourable decision, despite the fact that the Board can put back a case for review in five years time.**

### DOUBLE STANDARDS

As a direct consequence of all this, we have seen the obvious inconsistencies and double standards in releases. For example,

in February and May of 1988, British soldier Ian Thain and paid-perjurer Kevin McGrady were released after serving only 26 months and six years respectively of their life sentences for murder. At the same time and in stark contrast, Republican life prisoners had served up to 16 years and still did not have release dates. Of the 203 Republican Life/SOSP prisoners:

- 3 had served 16 years;
- 16 had served 15 years;
- 11 had served 14 years;
- 25 had served 13 years;
- 30 had served 12 years; and
- 35 had served 11 years.

(Some of these sentences for actions in which there were no fatalities). Therefore, for ourselves and our families, the only sure way that this sort of discrimination in releases could be brought to an end was, and still is, to implement fundamental changes within the LSRB along the lines of the six proposals.

The Campaign and its six proposals have generated an enormous amount of attention and are supported by politicians and churchmen from across the religious divide, by local councils, trades councils, student unions and groups like the Committee for the Administration of Justice

and the NI Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders. In response, the British/NIO have initiated a new programme which involves an increase in the number of release dates and paroles. This only confirms that releases are political.

### SPECIAL REVIEWS AND PAROLES

In June 1988, the NIO announced 'special reviews' for those SOSPs and Lifers, both loyalist and Republican, who had Special Category Status (held by prisoners who were sentenced for political acts before March 1st 1976). That Christmas, 120 Life/SOSP prisoners, who had already served 13 years or more, were given one week's parole. In August this year, summer paroles of three days was again given to those who had served 13 or more years. In total, 140 prisoners qualified.

Whilst we and our families welcome these developments and would urge not only that they continue but that they expand, we also recognise that they do not represent real changes. Most prisoners who were released on Christmas and summer paroles returned to jail with no indication of when they are likely to be

released.

The paroles avoid the central problem of this whole issue, which is how prisoners are selected for release.

### SECRETIVE AND ARBITRARY

The Life Sentence Review procedure remains intact and is as secretive and arbitrary as ever. Republican Life/SOSP prisoners are still made to serve sentences which, compared to those of Britain's soldiers and agents, are staggeringly high. By Christmas 1989, of the 161 Republican Life/SOSP prisoners who remain without release dates or referrals for release dates:

- 9 will be in their 17th year of imprisonment
- 6 will be in their 16th year of imprisonment
- 17 will be in their 15th year of imprisonment
- 19 will be in their 14th year of imprisonment
- 26 will be in their 13th year of imprisonment
- 14 will be in their 12th year of imprisonment
- 13 will be in their 11th year of imprisonment
- 8 will be in their 10th year of imprisonment

and, of the 82 Republican prisoners in the Six Counties who have had their cases heard one or more times by the LSRB, 36 have been given four to five-year 'knock-backs' (deferrals).

Republican prisoners Mickey McMullan and Tom Holland were sentenced to life and SOSP respectively. Mickey is now in his 17th year in prison and Tom his 16th year. It will be another year before either will have their cases reviewed by the LSRB. Between them, they have served an average of 16 years. At the other end of the scale, Private Thain and Kevin McGrady served an average of four years each.

Mickey and Tom were among those released for three days' parole in August this year (1989). To qualify, they, like the others, 'had to be cleared by the NIO who consulted the RUC'. This evidence that they are no longer a 'risk to security' together with

(continued overleaf)

# Three Short Days

**JIMMY BURNS (39)** was arrested in June 1976 in West Belfast and subsequently sentenced to life imprisonment. During August, he was one of the Lifers/SOSPs granted three days' parole. Here he describes the experience of his first time out of gaol in 13 years.

Even though they had waited from early morning, cold and soaking wet from the persistent drizzle, happiness was everywhere in the smiling faces of our families. We all felt a nervous excitement as the crowd cheered each one of us through the turnstile and into the prison car park and 72 hours of freedom.

There was an inevitable sense of guilt at not spending every waking hour of the three days with our loved ones. I'm sure that they resented others wanting a part of us, which is understandable when they had waited for so many years. So much was crammed into so short a time that friends and even some family members were overlooked in the rush. No matter who we met or where we went, the welcome was overwhelming.

It was difficult sometimes to put names to familiar faces. Jackie McMullan, on being asked by one particular woman, "Do you know me?" replied, "Of course I do".

There followed an embarrassing, lengthy silence until the woman said, "Do you remember the Brennans?"

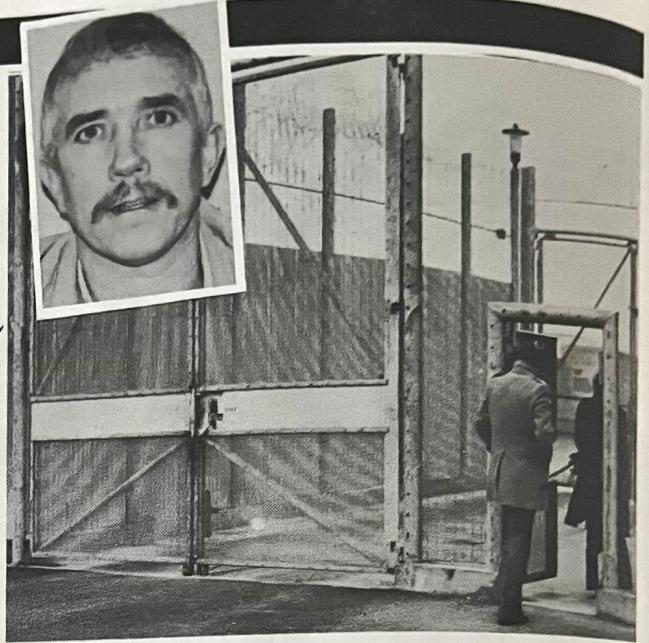
"Ach, sure, Mrs Brennan," said Jack. "I'd know you anywhere. You're looking great."

"I'm not Mrs Brennan," said the woman. "I lived next door to her..."

Although the routine of prison life never crossed our minds, we were conscious of keeping track of time. The pace of life seemed very fast but most of us settled into it almost immediately. We felt quite relaxed and secure within our communities but small things did cause problems. Climbing stairs after 13 years took some getting used to; the noise in the social clubs seemed almost deafening; and, for some, the speed of traffic on the roads was hazardous!

The districts were greatly changed in appearance, either pulled down and rebuilt or there was a mass of additional buildings. The space and greenery were most striking and the mountains seemed to be within arm's reach.

Fashion wasn't what it used to be either! One man walked into a 'do' organised for the parolees and suddenly realised that his 1976 airplane-shouldered sports coat was noticeably



out of place. So he promptly whipped it off and left it next to a tipsy patron for the duration of the night.

It came across clearly to me that the determination of the people hasn't changed. The past 20 years seem to have strengthened their resolve to pursue the struggle to a successful conclusion.

We all found our time spent with family and loved ones highly emotional. The hopes they had built up were tangible and it was difficult not to let their enthusiasm cloud the reality of the situation. My own family, like many others, had not spent as much time together in years. It was a reunion in the broadest terms and the happiness and tears, joy and heartache will live with me forever.

I was reluctant to take the edge off my family's happiness or dampen their hopes. It seemed cruel but necessary to explain that I had to wait another two-and-a-half years before my next life sentenced review and that the paroles had probably been granted to create an illusion of movement on the lifers issue.

It seemed like absolutely no time at all until we found ourselves back in the prison car park, each prisoner with his own little group of family and friends. The atmosphere was a bit tense and sad with loved ones saying their final goodbyes. Eventually, we moved towards the small wicker gate that led to captivity once again — then last waves before the bolt of the lock shut tight. ■

## Britain's political hostages

(continued from page 11)

their having served the qualifying time of 13 years begs the question: What is to be gained by their continued detention? Clearly, they have met the NIO's own criteria for release of indeterminate sentenced prisoners (i.e. that the time served is retribution for their 'crime' and that they do not constitute 'a risk to society'). Therefore, why does the NIO not show proof of its change of attitude by releasing Mickey and Tom and all the other parolees.

### HEARTS AND MINDS

In the absence of evidence of any real changes in the LSRB procedure, we are of the opinion that the increase in the number of release dates and paroles over this last year is an attempt by the NIO to deflect the justified criticisms of the LSRB and, in the words of NIO minister John Cope, when announcing the summer parole scheme in August, they are being used as part of the battle "to help win the hearts and minds of the people".

It is now expedient for the NIO to once again use the lives

of the prisoners and their families as a means of generating political capital at this particular point in the struggle. If the political ground was adversely shifted at the NIO tomorrow, there is the real likelihood that the small steps which have been made over the last year would be reversed and that once again it would be the prisoners and their families who would suffer.

### THE SIX PROPOSALS

As long as the LSRB procedure remains unchallenged and open to political manipulation, the lives of Life/SOSP prisoners (both Republican and loyalist) will continue to be held ransom

to the ever volatile political climate of the day and the British government's political interests.

The only sure way to end this manipulation is by the implementation of the CFL's six reasonable and just proposals.

To this end, and more than ever before, we ask our communities, the general public and those groups and individuals who are genuinely interested in human rights to be cautious of any developments which do not represent real changes to the LSRB procedure and to continue to give your much needed support to the CFL in its endeavours to end the indeterminate nightmare of Britain's political hostages. ■

# For comrades at a loose end

By Gerry Hanratty  
(Dusseldorf) ■

Be positive!  
Your time is relative  
Meditate  
Communicate  
Don't be late  
Know the foe  
Strengthen your legs  
Keep your voice low  
Store empty beer kegs  
Don't hump  
Build a dump  
Careful on the telephone  
Think of a task  
Be in a cell  
Don't wait to be asked  
Watch who you tell  
Write to a jail  
Dig some soil  
Watch your mail  
Enjoy your toil

Think in the plural  
Learn to weld  
Shed some light  
Think not of 'das Geld'



Keep it tight  
Learn it  
Walk it  
Think it  
Talk it  
Ride the storm  
Turn up the heat  
Keep a comrade warm  
Don't drag your feet  
Measure the distance  
Tear down a throne  
Be of assistance  
You're not on your own  
Know the police  
Sell AP/RN  
Read of the Wild Geese  
Check the safety, again!



Learn to laminate  
Look for a need  
Know when to wait  
Sow a seed  
Throw a stone  
Build a new home  
Throw another  
Tell your lover  
Write to the Blocks  
Contain your strife  
Break some locks  
Sharpen your knife  
Be a thorn!  
Free a prisoner  
Labour for the newborn  
Be a listener  
Build it slow  
Paint a mural  
Be ready to go

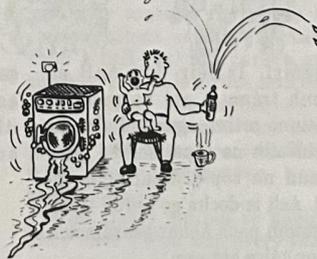
Listen for Bobby Sands' larks  
Read a little Marx  
Know First Aid  
Listen to a story  
Sink the spade  
Forget about glory!  
Turn off the TV  
Learn to resist  
There are Starry Ploughs to see  
Add to this list  
Write some words  
Know a code  
Support the Kurds  
Change your travel mode  
Dissect history  
Bolster your side  
For E4A, be a mystery  
Fight for anti-apartheid

Make solid your link  
Learn a foreign lingo  
Really think!  
Dig in a line... Bingo!  
Check the time  
Use your fear  
Blow a mine  
Hold what's dear  
Make clean stabs  
Graft like an ant  
Watch your dabs  
Be a comrade's confidant  
Write to Maghberry  
Be selective, strike and sting!  
Show solidarity  
Smash Durham's H-Wing  
Again, shout it out  
Learn how to Telefax  
Again, look about  
Grind your axe  
Remember Gibraltar  
Say an oath  
Never falter  
Connolly and Che, embrace  
them both  
Stay alert, go covert  
Topple the Gate  
Join a band  
Self-determinate  
Make your stand  
Think of a co-op  
DecomPLICATE  
Search out an op  
Co-ordinate  
Know the range  
Babysit  
Be elusive, not strange  
Place the first brick

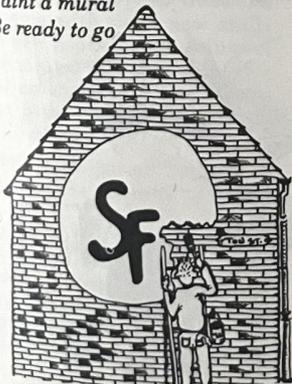


Build stamina  
Don't buy Shell  
You're never too young  
Learn about electric  
You're never too old  
What's .303 in metric?  
Go back to school  
Save a comrade's life  
Interrogation? Stay cool  
Liberate your wife

Paint 'Troops Out'  
Forget sexist dominance  
Pack clout  
Preach religious tolerance  
Intensify!  
Distribute  
It's forbidden? Ask why!  
Fallen felons? Pay tribute  
(Not enough, eh??)  
Aim  
Critique  
Inflame  
De-clique  
Grow  
Equalise  
Glow  
Familiarise  
Advance stealthily  
Be an ambassador  
Eat healthily  
Have love at your core  
Beat a drum  
Study mechanics  
Clean your gun  
Apply trigonometrics  
Vault the wire  
Scout that sector  
Aim higher  
Be an elector  
Make the plan elaborate  
Crush your egocentrism  
Your own thoughts, investigate  
Kill isolationism  
Broaden your scope  
Resist indecision  
Create hope  
Don't fear collision  
You have power...  
USE IT!



Scale a wall  
Grow tall  
Fill your head's attic  
Operate a digger  
Caution with static!  
Make the creche bigger  
Go crypto  
Like the wildcat, stay low  
Have a camera  
Make something to sell





## Rúin na nGallúntraithe

CHAN INNIU ná inné a cuireadh an chéad ghal-lúntraí (soap opera) ar siúl. Bhí siad ann i bhfad ó shin. Thosaigh siad i Meiriceá sna Caogaidí agus más buan mo chuimhne bhí *Peyton Place*, *Emergency Ward Ten*, agus *Coronation Street* ar an chuid a bhfearr de na clár nuair a bhí me féin óg.

Ar ndóigh tá cuid acu sin ar siúl fós, fiú más i gcruith nua atá siad. Sea cuimhním go maith na laetheanta sin. Déanta na fírinne ní raibh suim dá aghad agam sna sópaí an t-am sin nó anois ach beidh siad i mo huimhne go deo mar ba minic a hug mo mháthair féin greadóg nhaith sa chluais dom — gan áth, gan ábhar ag an am dár iom — nuair a bheadh sraith ar an teilifís. Go dearfa duit nach ohfuil sé i mo cluas go fóill.

Ach is mór idir inné is inniu. Cé gurbh daoine meánaosta lucht féachúna na sópaí an t-am sin ní hamhlaidh inniu.

Bíonn páistí scoile agus fiú leanaí níos óige ag déanamh

aithrise ar na haisteoirí is iomráití ar nós Jason agus Kylie. Ach tá daoine d'achan aois tugtha do na sópaí. Féach na



déagóirí. Is léir don dall cé chomh tréan is atá na meáin i gcoitinne orthu, agus iad gléasta in éideadh na sópaí shilféa gurb ionann na sóp-drámaí agus fógraí. Ach is docha go bhfuil tú ag déanamh nach ábhar gearáin ach ábhar gáire atá ann.

Cén dochar atá sna sópaí? Cheist trom í seo ach tá mé beagnach cinnte nach gereideann mórán daoine scéalta ar nós Bobby Ewing ag éirí ó na mairbh... ach fan nóiméad cé mharaigh J.R.? Tá sé idir an RUC agus an UDR dár liomsa ach mar gheall ar an bhalla tosta drochchlúiteach úd ní fios fós.

Tá na mílte sa tír seo atá chomh tógtha le sópaí is atá daoine eile tugtha do na tóitíní nó an deoch. Féach ar dhuine a chailleann eagrán de *Neighbours*. Bíonn gruaim air/uirthi agus fearg dhearg air/uirthi go cionn seachtaine.

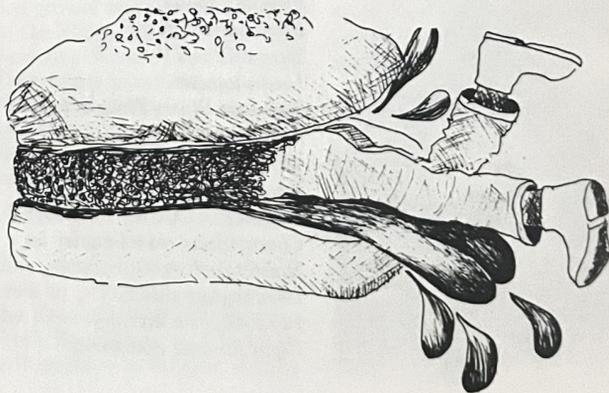
Déanann cultúr allmhaire bagairt dár gcultúr dhúchasach. Cad é an sórt dearcaí atá sna cláir seo. Cad iad na nósanna atá á mbuanú ag na cláir teilifíse

leasachas agus féinspéis — bunchlochanna an chórais chrao-saigh é féin.

Níl sna sópaí ach an módh impríúalach is déanaí. O aimsir na slándála ciapadh múinteoirí na scoileanna scairthe agus duine ar bith eile a spreag an cultúr in aghaidh an ghall-dachais. Cé gur theip ar an Ghall an teanga a thachtú ar fad cuireadh i contúirt a báis í agus díbríodh na mílte as an tír. Ach dh'ainneoin na himirce chuig Sasana agus chuig tíortha eile ba chóir duinn féachaint ar an taobh eile den scéal — cuairteoirí ó na Stát Aontaithe b'fhéidir. Leithéidí siúd nach mbaineann na glóiní dorcha díobh aon uair amháin.

Tá baint soiléir idir córas eacnamaíoch an stáit agus cultúr. A fhad is a bhíonn eacnamaíocht na tíre faoi smacht Gallda béimid uilig faoi thionchar na gcomhlachtaí ollnáisiúnta. Dá dheasca sin de fulaingeoidh Eireannaigh an t-imirce, dífhostaíocht agus bhochtíneacht. Caithear an córas féin a sthrú le go bhfáfaidh gréasán úr sóisialta. Má sheachnaimid an dúshlán seo leanfaidh an córas leatromach ar aghaidh agus meathfaidh an cultúr go dtí go mbeidh sé i staid dearóil. Má leantar ar an bhealach ar a bhfuilimid is í an eagla atá ormsa ná go mus-clóidh mé maidin éigin agus mé aghaidh ar aghaidh le murla beag de Mheiriceá.

Ar ndóigh beidh an corrchomhartha Eireannach ann i gcónaí, ar son na gcuariteoirí, tá fhios agat. Cad eile? ■



Inside out

Inside out

Inside out

Inside out

# Floating telephones, fast food and photocopiers

By Raymond McCartney (Long Kesh) ■

AS CHRISTMAS approaches, you no doubt find yourself puzzling over what to get that special person in your life. Well, here's a suggestion — a floating telephone! I actually stole the idea from the daughter of one of Ireland's favourite exiles. She woke up one December morning aghast: "What does one get for a Daddy who has everything?" Thus, the floating telephone! The exiled (and revered exile) in question? One Dr. A.J.F. O'Reilly, the head of the Heinz beanz empire.

Dr. O'Reilly is one of the breed of Irish people who go and live in the USA and acquire a very patronising attitude to the old country. He has organised a fund which sends little rich children from Ballsbridge to swanky (and very Yankee) universities like Yale and Harvard. In turn, the fund allows him to be an acknowledged expert on whatever subject tickles his fancy. (Of course, since he owns the *Irish Independent*, they just have to print it.)

His thoughts on emigration give us a wonderful example of Tony's (please forgive my familiarity, old man) concern for those less fortunate than himself. He tells us that emigration is the wrong word to use in the first place. What we have in Ireland (lest we forget, 50,000 of them per annum) is the young generation seizing their rightful places as citizens of the world, transcending meaningless frontiers, bringing with them new skills and new hopes for the future of humankind. All this talk of a poor economy with low investment is the cunning deception of fertile minds.

I think we can add verbal flatulence to the qualities of baked beans!

Foodstuffs. Now there is a very topical subject. Not a week passes without another product being hauled from the shop shelf. Eggs, yoghurt, baked beans — could this be the cause of the

Doctor's delirium?) Turkish Delight, pâté and crisps. The list just grows and grows and grows. Accompanying each removal is a perfectly innocent excuse: a madman is on the loose. He has a big bag of rusty nails garnished with ground glass in one hand, another hand opens the sealed containers and inserts the fiendish wares, totally undetected. A third hand is busy writing never-to-be-found ransom demands.

His motive? To have enough money to buy a floating telephone!

Thankfully, breaking through the 'No-need-to-panic-folks' news accounts comes a voice of sanity: fast food equals fast bucks equals fast moves. After all, we do live in the middle of that wonderful enterprise culture à la Margaret Thatcher. All things good are designed to cut costs — and more than a few corners to boot — and who is going to worry if the production process is less than hygienic.

## POOR EDWINA

Indeed, we only find out when someone like Edwina (I'll say it if you'll print it) Currie puts her foot in it. Poor Edwina, maybe for the first time ever a politician refuses to be economical with the truth, bang goes her job! Back in the good old, bad old days (or is that the bad old, good old days?) one only lost one's Cabinet post if one was caught telling lies. The Thatcherite revolution has changed all.

You may now be wondering

where does all this leave the madman, sabotage, ransom notes and his floating telephone? Fear not, all is not lost. throughout the unveiling of the contamination scandals, there has been a steady trickle of these delicacies finding their way onto the Long Kesh menu.

How did this come to be? Enter the dreaded enterprise culture. The madman buys up all the condemned stocks of baked beans, eggs, yoghurt, ice cream and crisps. He knows that the Thatcherite cuts spread every-



**Raymond McCartney (35), from Shantallow, Derry, has served 12 years of a recommended 25-year sentence.**

where (I'll resist the obvious pâté joke). He contacts (by phone of course, albeit at this juncture from a call-box) Margaret's exchequer. A deal is struck and the sale is done. The exchequer is happy, the madman is very happy and now he can contact Tony from their respective bath booths.

The diners are not so happy. They have a Fun Run every year and now more recently, and definitely more frequently, other runs that are not such fun.

Meanwhile, out on the streets and lanes of our little statelet, life goes on as normal. Well nearly, there was a week recently when no montage (latest buzz word) of photographs went absent without leave. Ken Maginnis's photocopier must have broken down or someone

somewhere still hasn't opened their post.

All in all, wasn't it a lovely little controversy? Much talk of collusion between the RUC/UDR and UVF/UDA/UFF (you can take your pick) and, to make it all the more amusing, people were actually able to make it sound sensational. There they were on our TV screens, looks of horror, words of concern, full of...

By the way, this magazine isn't a relic of years gone by. It is 1989, so what all the fuss? The UDR have been sending photographs to themselves for years, and indulging in all sorts of extra-mural activities. In fact, there are so many UDR men here, it is rumoured that they have an H-Block of their own.

## PUZZLING

Being the chaps they are (Margaret refers to them as "very, very, very brave men") they all miraculously resign in Castlereagh to facilitate the newreaders: "Four dozen former UDR soldiers are to be charged with..." Thus ensuring the Regiment's reputation remains tarnished, oops, untarnished (the autocue slipped).

To be honest, all this collusion stuff has me puzzled. Is it another aspect of the enterprise culture? After all, if the UDR could be twinned with the UFF (a voluntary, non-paid body) and then if UDR men and women could be convinced of the advantages of carrying out their duties in UFF time... Bingo! An effective cost-cutting exercise.

Ingenious? Fanciful? Let's just say as fanciful as an English copper coming over to Hermon's jungle (family tree on Gallagher's Blues packet — added extra) to investigate "the chaps" and hoping to succeed. If I was John Stevens, I would have opted for a massive feed of beans, eggs, yoghurt and a sprinkling of Edwina Currie, and prayed really hard for a wild card entry into one of our not-so-funny runs.

And if that fails, John, get that madman off the floating telephone, beg Tony O'Reilly for one of his World Citizen's passports and head off to some exotic spot far away from pâté's green shamrock shore.

In the meantime, whatever you buy for Christmas, make sure it's not a floating telephone. — Nollaig Shona. ■

# Vorsprung durch Technik & Black Russians

By The Red Spider ■

Nicknames have always been a part of jail culture. A screw called 'Busted Sofa' was never so aptly named, nor ones called 'The Robot' or 'Officer Dibble'. However, I puzzled about a new Block Governor whom one of the lads had nicknamed 'Hi-Fi'.

Then one day after a search team had taken my pencil sharpener, I had to go to see him. As often happens, a ding-dong argument ensued:

"Can I have my pencil sharpener back?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because it's against prison rules to have one."

"Why?"

"Because it is."

"But why?"

"Because it is."

"I know. But why?"

And then suddenly the reason for his nickname was revealed. He lifted his arm, swivelled 'round in his chair, slammed his hand down on the desk and said "Look, the needle seems to be stuck in this conversation" before ordering me out of his office.

RECENTLY, two POWs were getting out on parole and, on their way out, they went to collect their clothes. Entering a wooden hut, they observed two screws standing behind a counter.

"Yes, can I help you?" said the small bearded one.

"We would like to collect our clothing", said one of the lads.

"You're in the wrong place. Try the next door", came the reply.

So, next door they went. Another counter and, would you believe it, the same two screws.

"Yes, can I help you?" said the small bearded one!!!

DURING August, delegations from all over the world

visited the Six Counties and one prisoner's wife attended a social evening in a West Belfast club, held in honour of the visitors. Next day, she visited Long Kesh, nursing a terrible hangover.

"Oh God," she groaned, "My head's splittin' with those Black Russians last night".

"What?" says yer man, "Were they over as well?"

NEXT TIME you take a shower, spare a thought for the prisoners in West Germany. Over there, the showers are automatic, time-controlled. The water comes on for two minutes, goes off for 90 seconds, then comes on for about two minutes and that's it — end of shower.

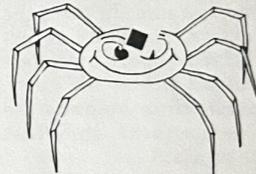
The Irish prisoners took a while to learn the ropes. One was escorted to the shower area and, while he was undressing, on came the water. He scrambled

out of his clothes, got into the shower and was soaping himself, when suddenly the water stopped. He fiddled and hampered and twisted at the useless taps until, after 90 seconds, the water gushed forth again. Brilliant, thought he, until — with soap in his eyes, shampoo in his hair and halfway through the second verse of *A Nation Once Again* — the well ran dry. And so, bedraggled and confused but undaunted, he was led back to his ultra-modern, technological-superior concrete cell.

As they say in Germany: 'Vorsprung durch Technik'.

TERMINOLOGY can be very important in this struggle — one person's terrorist being another's freedom fighter, and all that.

One Belfastman recently told how his mother, while defending his actions, had said: "One thing's for sure, my son's not a criminal. He's a terrorist, and proud of it!"

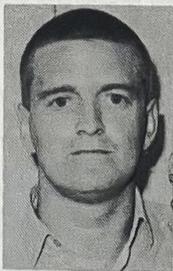


The Red Spider wishes to remain anonymous

## A Sister's First Child

Bursting forth in a flow  
of love, pain, joy.  
Gulping pockets of life's source,  
swelling lungs in readiness  
for the first syllables,  
a prelude to a yet unknown language.  
Hearing the mumbled sounds  
of uttered promises, wishes, hopes;  
commotion and noise lost  
to the struggle to life.  
Moving free from your comfort  
into a world already shaped  
and needing change.

By Robert Jackson  
(Long Kesh)



Robert Jackson (26), from Andersonstown, Belfast, has served four years of a 20-year sentence.

## CLOGADH

Is deacair dul i bhfolach  
O smaointe ainsriata  
A sciúrdanna trasna choinsias  
Atá faoi ualach cheana  
Ag taibhsí taibhriúla  
's nithé nithiúla  
Ní féidir an pilibin a sheachaint  
(Cé gurbh fhearr?)  
Fad 's a sheasann tú  
Os mo chomhair  
Tosach, caointeach  
Ach gan cháineadh  
Is leor do bhalbh  
A fheannann 's a scamhann

Iomhá dochlíoite, féindhéanta  
A bhí do mo dhalladh  
O d'eagar 's do phian  
Bain díom na barra  
Tógtha go h-amaideach  
I dtimpeallach m' intinne  
Lig dom suaímhníú i do ghrá  
Agus déanfáid mé réidh leis  
an bhfolach  
Ansin cuirfear an maide  
Marbh céasta go deo.

By Séamus Ó Duinn  
(Portlaoise)

# Magical mystery tour

Le Gearóid Mac Roibeáird

Ní chreidfidh tú an rud a tharla domh an lá arú. Tá a fhios agam go raibh mé ar meisce ach ní raibh fhios agam go raibh mé chomh meisciúil sin. Bhí mé ag filleadh abhaile nuair a bhuail mé le dream daoine ag dul thar stáisiúin na dtraenach. Ar dtús shíl mé gur tacaithe peile a bhí iontu ach rug duine acu greim lámhe orm agus dúirt "Tar linn, táimid go léir ag dul ar thuras traenach saor in aisce."

Bhuel ní minic a gheibheann tú rud ar bith saor in aisce, agus ní raibh rud eile le déanamh agam, mar sin as go bráth liom leis an dream seo.

I mo shuí dom cé a thchifinn chugam sa bhásáiste ach an duine sin a bhíonn ar an raidió agus sna nuachtáin leis na scéalta greannmhara.

"Caidé mar atá tú, a chara" a d'fhiafraigh mé de ach bhí saghas deifir air.

"Get out my way, ye eejit, I'm trying to get the result of the 3.50 at Newmarket. And another thing, Don't use that auld leprachaun lingo with me, know what I mean."

Ní raibh uaim ach a rá leis gur chuala mé ar chlár raidió é le Gusty Spence. Sea, an Gusty céanna a scaoil chun bás Caitliceach óg, Peter Ward, i 1966. Bhí sé ina cheannaire ar an UVF ar feadh blianta agus anois is arís bíonn an beirt — eisean agus an fear ghrinn — ar an raidió a rá go raibh siad ina mbigoidí san uair sin ach nach fíor sin anois ar ndoigh.

Ina dhiaidh sin shuigh duine sa suíochán liom agus thosaigh ag labhairt.

"Nach maith an rud é seo ar fad, gach duine le chéile chun an líne a shabháil."

Cheapas féin go gcluinnfinn ina dhiaidh an líne a shabháil

go sabháilfidh le chéile an sraith ozón agus rudaí mar sin. D'admhaigh le mo dhuine nach raibh a fhios agam ón spéir cad air a raibh sé ag trácht.

"An líne trasna an teorainn! Seo daoine prionsabálta atá ag seasamh i gcoinne ionsaithe ar an líne, daoine prionsabálta ar fad sinne."

"Deirim leat! An bhfeiceann tú an duine sin thall? Bhuel, ba ghráth leis bheith ina bhall den SDLP agus anois féach air — lá saoire ón Dáil atá aige agus caitheann sé an seo é."

"An bhfeiceann tú duine ina aice, gléasta i gculaithe dubh? Sin an teaspag. Ní thiofaidh leat dal-lamullóg a chur airsean. Tá sé ag labhairt leis an lucht preasa ag cáineadh na drochairsire agus ag cur an locht ar Shinn Fein faoi."

Agus sinn ag taisteal trí Ard Mhacha theas, chuir sé in aithne do chuid dena paisinéirí eile.

"Seo os mo chomhair comhairleoir as Béal Feirste."

"Pess, jawbs, dimucracy" arsa an comhairleoir agus práta ina bhéal aige.

"A dhuine féach ar an rud sin thall. An transhoirmitheoir de chineál éigin é?"

"Ní hé. Sin túr féachana a chuidíos leis na fórsaí slándála bogadh tríd an áit seo."

"Nach mór an stráice talún a bhaineann siad?"

"Tá na fórsaí slándála ina

ghatair" a dúirt an comhairleoir go borb "chaitheas daonlathas a chosaint."

"Sin ceann eile...suffering duck, a dhuine uasail, tá siad in achan áit. Cá bhfuilimid? I mBerlin?"

Léim duine darb ainm Reg Empey. "Sin tuairim atá ag an DUP le fada, balla thógáil timpeall na háite seo go léir agus gan chead ag éinne dul tríd."

Tháinig coinneall i súile an chomhairleora:

"Oh feach ar na jawbs a thiofadh as sin."

Um an taca seo, caithfidh me admháil, bhí mé giota beag trína chéile.

"Más aidhm an ruda seo é saoire taistil cad chuige a bhfuiltear a rá gur chóir go dtógfaí ballaí le stopadh taistil?"

Bhí a fhios agam go ndúirt mé rud éigin nár chóir a rá. Bhí siad ag bailiú i mo thimpeall ag bagairt go gcaithfí amach mé. Mar is eol do chách is fearr rith maith ná drochsneasamh.

Níor tharla a thuille trioblóid domh agus anois bhfomar ar deireadh an turais. D'éist mé le fear mór le rá ag tabhairt óraíde uaidh:

"Tá ceart ag achan duine taisteal. Aithníonn cách gur ceart daonna é."

I ndiaidh an mhéid a chuala mé ar an traen shíl mé gur chóra dó a rá 'approved right' agus gurb iomaí bóthar agus droichead a phléasc Arm na Breataine le taisteal a stopadh. Cibé ar bith bhí amhránaí linn ar an turas abhaile agus port oiriúnach aige don ócáid dar teideal 'Peace train'.

"Oh peace train...ride on the peace train."

D'fhiafraigh mé de mo dhuine ar scríobhadh an t-amhrán go speisialta don ócáid.

"Níor scríobh. Sin amhrán de chuid Cat Stevens."

An dtiocfadh gurb é an Cat Stevens céanna atá ina Muslamach amach sa thóir ar an scríobhneoir bocht sin Salman Rushdie? Dá bhfaigheadh Cat Stevens a lámhe ar Rushdie bheadh sé ceangailte ón líne agus an 'peace train' seo ag dul thairis.

Nach aisteach an dream seo atá ar lorg síochána de shaghas éigin: bigóid athleasaithe, ní gráin leis achair Caitliceach anois, ach cuid acu, cuid mór, polaiteoir a thréigh an áit ar son airgid agus suíochán dála agus iad go léir ag canadh amhrán de chuid fanaicigh an Ayatollah!

Cé atá ag tiomáint na traenach seo? An neamhstailceoir mích-lúiteach úd Casey Jones? Turas saor in aisce. Mar a deir na Yanks "There's no such thing as a free lunch."

Dramatis personae:  
Scríobhneoir — Sam McCaughey

Craoltóir — Sam McCaughey.  
Uirlabhráir — Sam McCaughey.  
Stiúrthóir — Sam McCaughey.  
Oirmhinneach — Easpag Cahal O Dálaigh.

Polaiteoir — Easpag O Dálaigh  
Comhairleoir — Seamus Lynch.  
Turasóir — Seamus Lynch  
Fear le glór aisteach — Seamus Lynch.

Bean an tí — Máirín de Búrca.  
Ceoltóir — Tommy Sands.  
Amhránaí — Colm Sands.  
Slándáil — RUC, UDR, WP, Sam McCaughey.

Teachta Dála — Austin Currie.  
Daoine de bhreis — polaiteoirí, tuairisceoirí, cléirigh, daoine gan ticéidí.

Stunts — An slua go léir.  
Airgead — Sin an cheist.

**Thirty-one-year-old Gearóid Mac Roibeáird, from the Riverdale area of Belfast, is a SOSP prisoner. He was arrested in 1976.**





# Smog — a lethal cocktail

By Denis Agnew  
(Long Kesh) ■

**ALMOST EVERY WINTER** since the beginning of the 18th century, the population of Dublin has had to suffer the appalling effects of smog. This lethal cocktail of air pollution is a combination of smoke and fog. Under certain atmospheric conditions during the winter months, it hangs like a veil over densely-built urban areas.

**S**mog is particularly cruel to the poor, the old and the very young, and it has devastating effects on those who suffer from respiratory illnesses, such as bronchitis and asthma. Research has shown that it can cause cancer and, in the case of the very young, retard growth. In 1984, the *Irish Medical Journal* carried a report by Dr. Luke Clancy, a consultant physician at St James' Hospital in Dublin, in which he concluded that 56 deaths were precipitated by smog in January 1982. This report was backed by the World Health Organisation who, through its own research, has shown that the damage caused by smog can be immediate and have long-term consequences no matter how low the level of pollution.

The 26-County government, while agreeing that people die when smog engulfs Dublin, has

shown no real commitment to tackling the problem. This was borne out with the passing of the 1987 Pollution Act, which cleared the way for Dublin City Council to designate smoke-free zones. However, the Minister for the Environment, Pádraig Flynn, stepped in and amended the Council's first smoke control order at the behest of the monopoly coal suppliers headed by Coal Distributors Limited (CDL). When questioned in the Dáil, Flynn replied that this was done "to largely satisfy the concerns expressed by the coal lobby".

## MASSIVE PROFITS

In the US, it is said that the lobbyists with the most cash are the ones who will be listened to — the Dublin government appears to work on the same principle. Behind the scenes, it is being enticed and persuaded by the

coal lobby to implement certain policies. Given Ireland's damp climate, it is easy to understand how massive profits are being made by monopoly suppliers such as CDL, presently estimated to control up to 80% of all coal sales in the Dublin area alone.



*Denis Agnew (32), from the Andersonstown area of Belfast, is serving a five-year sentence following his arrest in 1987.*

The coal lobby simply is not interested in our health. What concerns them is that they make a profit and, as a direct consequence of that, they have proved themselves very adept at influencing ministerial decisions.

Despite all the scientific evi-

dence submitted by independent sources that households burning standard bituminous coal are the chief source of smoke pollution in Dublin, the coal lobby has done everything in its power to try and discredit these findings. Their position is that the problem of smog is being exaggerated by alarmist environmentalists.

At one stage they employed a Dr Skrabanek of Trinity College Dublin to counteract Dr Luke Clancy's report into the smog-related deaths of January '82. Skrabanek's critique concluded that the Clancy report did not conclusively prove that the deaths were caused by smog. Skrabanek's word is now the driving force behind the coal lobby's argument that smog causes only a very minimal risk to health.

## SMOKELESS COAL

Last November, it was disclosed that smog levels in many areas of Dublin had breached the EC limit of 250 micrograms per cubic metre, with some areas three times over the limit. The government's response was to go cap in hand to the local suppliers who announced that they would

# Book Reviews

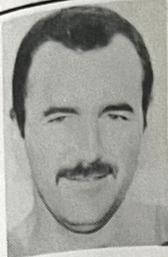


Illustration by SOSP prisoner Terry Boyle (33), from Strabane, who has served ten years in Long Kesh.

lower the price of smokeless coal by 55p — but only for the duration of the particularly bad smog levels. Flynn welcomed this announcement, stating that it would ensure considerable improvement and help solve the problem. However, the price reduction had no real impact nor was it a realistic attempt to solve the problem — the price of smokeless coal was still way above that of bituminous coal, thereby providing no incentive for householders to switch over.

In other parts of the world and indeed in the Six Counties, smog has been taken very seriously and adequate steps have been taken to deal with it. Belfast viewed smog as a major problem and from the late Sixties large areas were designated as smoke-free zones, where households burn a range of approved smokeless solid fuels. Today, almost two-thirds of Belfast is smoke-free and it is estimated that by the early or mid-1990s the whole city will be virtually smoke-free.

What the people of Dublin most urgently require is a smoke-free city. There is no reason whatever why their health should be put at risk when simple measures could be taken to combat the problem. The technology exists for this basic right to be met. What is lacking is a government willing to act in the interests of its citizens by putting social need before greed. A system which allows legislation to be amended in favour of those whose sole concern is to maximise profits will never serve the general interests of humanity.

The immediate task is for those who suffer because of smog to raise their collective voice to demand that people's health be put before profit and that steps be taken to end this lethal pollution.

■ The next issue will include a special focus on the environment.

## *Journey to Jo'burg and Chain of Fire* by Beverley Naidoo. Published by William Collins and Sons

When a child is growing up in Ireland, the media and almost every other body in authority do their best to ensure that the child's view of the world is completely distorted. The child will hear all about the evils of Republicanism but not about the British army or the RUC who, all too often in the child's experience, are the ones who have to be avoided. Therefore, parents should ensure that they do not add to the child's confusion but the problem is how to explain oppression in terms which children can understand. Beverley Naidoo attempts to do this in the context of South Africa.

*Journey to Jo'burg* is a children's book with a difference. It is written in a style which most children could relate to and the immediate issues are such that children will be able to identify with them.

The children miss their mother, they are confused by the behaviour of adults and they are worried about their younger sister's illness. The journey of the title takes the two main characters outside the comparative security of their village for the first time and also gives them their first real experience of apartheid. The city streets are a whole new experience but so too are the Pass Laws in action, police brutality and the every-day degradations of apartheid. They learn about the Soweto Uprising, they begin to see how their education system is designed to make them nothing but servants and they learn about those who have gone away to fight.

For the children, apartheid means that they cannot be with their mother because "the white people who make the laws don't allow it". Apartheid means a white person's "very important dinner party" has priority over a sick black child and it means fear and uncertainty, all things a child can understand. Even the concept of freedom is explained in children's terms: Freedom for black children in South Africa means a world where they can live with their mother.

One small incident stands out. The children almost board a whites-only bus and, on realising their 'mistake', begin to apologise. Then a friendly black woman explains: "It is not you who should be sorry... They should be sorry, the stupid people!" The oppressed have no need to apologise or feel guilty about standing up for their rights. (Unfortunately, some in our own society seem to feel that we should). Beverley Naidoo has written an excellent book which makes the South African situation comprehensible to young children. By learning about oppression in South Africa, our children can better cope with their own situation.

*Chain of Fire* follows the children's lives a bit further. This time the story is of the children's attempts to resist resettlement. Once again, apartheid is exposed in all its infamy and again we see police brutality, gratuitous violence and wanton destruction, with the oppressed resisting their oppressors by any means possible. All this is graphically portrayed and this may be where the problem lies.

I feel that in this book Naidoo has tried to cover too much, with the end result that it is much too complex for younger children. While *Journey to Jo'burg* will educate children without frightening them, *Chain of Fire* brings death and betrayal too close for comfort. So, while the former title is a must for parents who want their children to grow up with a clear understanding of the world we live in, the latter should be approached with more caution.

Eamonn MacDermott  
(Long Kesh) ■

*Eamonn MacDermott (32), from Derry, has served 12 years of a life sentence.*

## *Lovers and Comrades*, edited by Amanda Hopkinson. The Women's Press £3.95

This collection of women's resistance poetry shows Central America's deep-rooted poetic tradition. Rich and moving, it makes compelling reading as the women of Costa Rica, El Salvador, Cuba, Guatemala and Nicaragua struggle to speak to us through their

writing. Their poems tell of the love and joy, anger and pain in their daily fight against oppression, poverty and the contradictions of machismo and revolution.

Of the 46 poets included, many have suffered exile from their homelands. Delfy Gochez Fernandez of El Salvador was murdered by security police and Alaide Foppa from Guatemala is one of the thousands of 'disappeared' (presumed murdered) because of her political views. In the poems, comradeship and loyalty are celebrated while the dead are mourned and the disappeared are remembered.

One of the most forceful confrontations of machismo comes in *Mr Revolutionary* where Ana Maria Robas challenges the males of Guatemala to re-examine their macho attitudes and place them in the context of their revolutionary ideologies. She writes:

"In your own home/you present the exact model/of the perfect tyrant."

There is a strong theme of struggle running through the book and hope is central to the mixture of emotions. Above all else, the pages are full of aspirations for the future. A short poem entitled *In the New Country* concludes the anthology with the declaration that:

"Pain has been our challenge,  
And the future is hope."

*Lovers and Comrades* is an impressive and powerful display of the hope and strength that is abundant in Latin America, despite the constant struggle to survive in the face of political oppression.

Mary McArdle  
(Maghaberry) ■



Mary McArdle (24), from the Turf Lodge area of Belfast, was arrested in 1984 and sentenced to life imprisonment.

# Partners in Crime

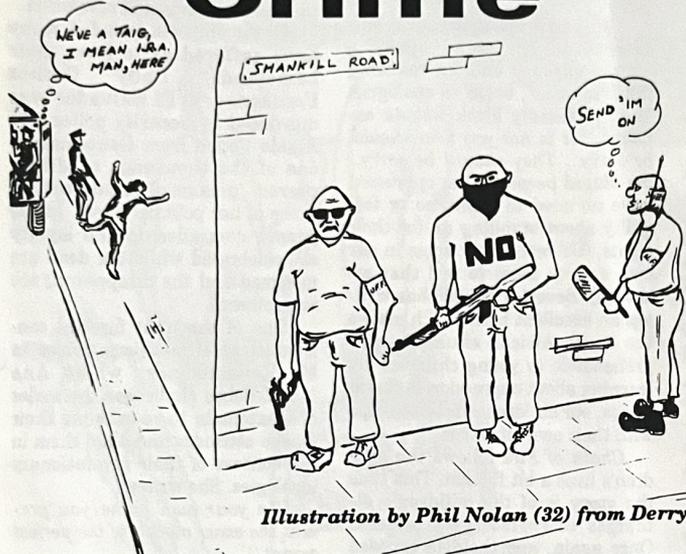


Illustration by Phil Nolan (32) from Derry

## CHUCKEY

Chuckey cartoon by Gerry Mulligan (Long Kesh). Gerry (35), from Lisnaskea, County Fermanagh, has served seven years of a 20-year sentence.



## BLOCKHEADS



Blockheads cartoons by Newryman Joe Corbett (Long Kesh). Joe was arrested in 1985 and sentenced to ten-years imprisonment.



# HOW LONG IS

Dear Sirs, Just a short note to say how great you looked in your first Communion Photo; you a funny beauty then as in today's visit to the school. Well I hope you had a great day and I can't see when you'll be back. Well I hope you had a great day and I can't see when you'll be back. Well I hope you had a great day and I can't see when you'll be back.

L. BRADLEY 1352  
C WING 44  
LONG KESH  
27-4-1975

Dear Sirs, Just a short note to say how great you looked in your first Communion Photo; you a funny beauty then as in today's visit to the school. Well I hope you had a great day and I can't see when you'll be back. Well I hope you had a great day and I can't see when you'll be back.

L. BRADLEY 1352  
C WING 44  
LONG KESH  
9-10-1978

DEAR SIRHEAD,  
JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS FROM YOUR MAMMY ON TODAY'S VISIT - YOU PASSED YOUR 11+ - BRILLIANT! I KNOW YOU COULD DO IT. WELL IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR THE BRAINS OF THE FAMILY SO I KNOW YOU'LL EASY YOUR NEW SCHOOL AND MAKE MILLIONS OF NEW FRIENDS THERE, I'LL BE LOCKING UP THAT THE TEST WAS DO THAT I'M PLEASED TO

L. BRADLEY 1352  
C WING 47  
LONG KESH  
21-7-1987

Dear Sirs,  
Guess I'll start off with a big "Congratulations" to Rory and yourself on the engagement - about time too he! he!  
So what's the plans now, sure like mad big day? Reckon myself that would be a heckles then most in that you are have decent jobs.  
Well Sirs, like I told you after that visit you brought him up' or last year, I'ller and myself think he's a very nice young man and well suited so you're reason you're pleased with yourself - we're chuffed for you.  
That's about it, short is sweet but I'll be on next week's visit so I'll hear all then. Tell them, keep smiling & have fun. Love,  
Dad on

MY  
TELL THE  
SOMETHING  
LOTS OF LOVE  
DAD

Hi Sirs,  
Well what ever I say about the wedding photos - they're magic! Rory's looking very dapper in his tails but if your after real class' sure were it you the real 'princess' bride in your flowing satins & lace - beautiful, just beautiful!  
Delighted to hear everything went without a hitch for you on the day itself and I share your I'ller shed enough tears to fill a big pool. Well I'll have to own-up and half of them as mine he! he!  
The particulars as

L. BRADLEY 1352  
C WING 46  
LONG KESH  
24-9-1989

Illustration by Phil Nolan (32) from Derry, who has served three years of a 16-year sentence.

# Jail struggle

IT IS understandable that the H-Blocks conjure up an image of conflict. It is a conception based on the era of the blanket protest, the no-wash protest and the hunger-strike. From its beginning in 1976 to the early years of the 1980s, the H-Blocks were rarely out of the national and international news. The principal reason for this wide media attention was its importance to a particular British strategy (the criminalisation of Republican prisoners) and the Republican resistance to this strategy (the criminalisation of the British government). There is no doubt that the years of serious and intense antagonisms have determined the history of the H-Blocks, leaving a permanent impression on the minds of us all. Unfortunately, the idea that conflict is a thing of the past is an erroneous one.

Since the early 1980s, the Northern Ireland Office (NIO) has accepted political defeat in the H-Blocks. Integration and prison work are no longer the contentious political issues that they once were — a change in NIO policy which resulted from the struggle and sacrifice of republican prisoners in the defeat of the criminalisation policy. In re-assessing its jail strategy, the administration decided on a more subtle and less politically confrontational way forward. They introduced a policy of containment (in itself a recognition that Republican prisoners could not be separated and individualised) whereby every aspect of prison life is curtailed and restricted. The new policy still provided the basis for a severe and hostile regime.

Who are the people who administrate this regime in the H-Blocks? Those who form and implement the rules and regulations are participants in, and products of, the politically unstable circumstances in our country. They cannot be viewed in isolation from the interests of the British ruling class, whose values and beliefs they assimilate.

This assimilation shows itself in their attitude to anyone who challenges the status quo. Therefore, Republican activists are treated with a mixture of suspicion, fear and scorn. In tandem with this particular outlook, the NIO prison administrators try to establish that power relationship which exists in most penal systems. The prison administration strives for total control over the prisoners, with all decisions and routines being maintained by decree and with the prisoners only making small and inconsequential decisions for themselves. This power/control relationship deprives prisoners of their self-respect and attempts to make them totally dependent on, and subservient to, the prison administration. The combination and application of the above create a prison policy which is as harsh and restrictive as possible. This attitude has formed the basis of the conflict in the H-Blocks to the present day.

Long-term imprisonment is but one unfortunate symptom of the occupation of our country. Numerous prisoners in the H-Blocks have been incarcerated for between ten to 17 years. It is possible that some may serve up to 20 years before release. Coming to terms with this means preparing ourselves to ensure that we survive both physically and psychologically. What we believe to be paramount and crucial is the creation of an environment which complements

our position as long-term prisoners. We have established those political, educational, social and cultural structures which reflect our concept of that environment.

However, central to the problem of trying to achieve a better quality of life for prisoners is the reaction of the NIO to other related proposals. For years, the prison administration has encouraged us to make use of their bureaucratic channels to air our grievances and complaints. We carried this out but to no avail. We were not listened to — our opinions were ignored. Having gone through the 'recommended' channels and failed, the chance of effecting a peaceful change in the attitude of the administration was lost.

The stridency and pettiness of the NIO expanded as our frustration and concern deepened. The prison administration was determined to confine prisoners, both physically and mentally, as best they could. All aspects of day-to-day life were curtailed. The prison was being run on a crash diet of minimum facilities. Every feature of a prisoner's existence — medicine, food, education, personal belongings, physical education, handicrafts, visits, compassionate parole, etc — was neglected by the prison administration.

This deliberate denial of personal expression, personal well-being and personal development could not be tolerated. In January 1988, a document prepared by the Republican prisoners was forwarded to the jail administration. It outlined our extreme displeasure at the situation in which we found ourselves. We clearly articulated our view that we could no longer sit back and passively accept the seriously deteriorating problem concerning our conditions. As our document succinctly put it:

*"British prisons' administrations, in general, continue to believe that the act of imprisonment and the withdrawal of a person's liberty is not sufficient punishment in itself, but that this punishment must be compounded and added to by the creation of an oppressive and hostile regime."*

We saw our role to be the dismantling of this regime. Meaningful and radical changes were called for and the administration was left in no doubt that we were determined to achieve our objectives, whatever the cost.

As we approach the 1990s, nearly 15 years after the opening of the H-Blocks, an atmosphere of conflict and protest remains. In the past two years, we have gained some improvements to our lifestyle, and these are welcomed, but fundamental issues which are essential to our long-term physical and psychological well-being lie unresolved. The action we have been forced to take to achieve the limited progress made has not been 'headline-catching', nor was it designed to be. We have quietly been involved in a low-key form of struggle which, nevertheless, we believe to be necessary and important. We do not engage in the act of protest for the sake of protesting. Our objectives, strategies and motives reflect the needs of all Republican prisoners in the H-Blocks. Our gaol experience has taught us that all our gains in the past have resulted from struggle and sacrifice.

We do not know what the future holds for us but we confidently face that future in the knowledge that, irrespective of the sacrifice required, we will continue to struggle until the conditions necessary to complement our long-term imprisonment have been established.