

# An Phoblacht

(ml. 5. Uimh. 8. 5p Feabhra 22, 1974



## BRITISH FEAR A FREE ELECTION

By our Political Correspondent

WESTMINSTER will not, cannot, allow Sinn Féin to offer itself to the electors of the Six Counties, in opposition to the Sunningdale lollipop-in-the-sky. That is the only possible explanation to the refusal of the Westminster government to reply seriously to the Sinn Féin proposals for a really free imperial election.

What would have happened had Sinn Féin been so naive as to take a hand in the rigged game of Westminster poker? Military and R.U.C. would have had a Roman circus, killing, wounding and hounding election workers and supporters and then, a few days later, there would have been a great round-up for the Long Kesh Concentration Camp.

Even without Sinn Féin taking part, Republican workers and persons connected only in the most vague way with the Republican Movement in Britain, such as signing a petition in favour of the hunger strikers, or sending subscriptions or clothing to dependants of Republican prisoners, are having their doors broken down, their houses and flats ransacked, are detained, held on remand in custody for long periods, their characters held up to public odium or suspicion by members of the English Special Branch, or are being given mock trials by prejudiced judges and juries.

But Westminster still can talk of a free election. Of a democratic election. Of the right of everyone to put his views to the electorate without fear. Creeping fascism in Britain and in the Six Counties, though it may be painted otherwise by well financed British propaganda, makes it only too clear why Sinn Féin should not put its head in the lion's mouth.

Ar lean, ar chúl



ENOUGH TO MAKE THE CAT LAUGH!

## Sunningdale on way to oblivion

MR. CRUISE O'BRIEN'S attack on Mr. Boal's proposals for a British withdrawal and a federal Ireland was nothing but an open defence of British imperialism in Ireland. In typical colonial fashion, Mr. O'Brien cannot tolerate any proposal which emanates from Irish people alone. The British Government must, in O'Brien's view, decide what is good for Ireland. Irish people alone deciding their own future is an anathema to Cruise O'Brien as it is to Mr. Heath, according to an issued statement.

According to O'Brien, Sunningdale will bring peace to Ireland because it was negotiated by responsible people, under the enlightened guidance of the great liberal Mr. Edward Heath and its ratification is "now quite near". Whom does O'Brien think he is fooling?

The people who went to Sunningdale cannot agree on themselves as to the

### DAITHI Ó CONAILL REPLIES TO CRUISE O'BRIEN

interpretation of the communique issued. Dr. Fitzgerald claimed that Articles two and three of the "Free" State Constitution were not discussed at Sunningdale. Yet, in last weekend's "Sunday Press", Oliver Napier called Fitzgerald a blatant liar for making such a statement; he claimed the relevant articles were discussed in depth. Are these the responsible people to whom a nation's dealings can be trusted?

Mr. O'Brien must be the only person in Britain and Ireland who believes the ratification of Sunningdale is "now quite near". The meeting to ratify the agreement was to have taken place in mid-January, early February,

mid-February, etc., etc., etc., Mr. O'Brien would do well to keep silent until the end of this month, when Sunningdale will not alone be seen to be dead but buried and forgotten as well.

While all responsible persons welcomed the recent detente between the I.R.A. and U.V.F., O'Brien, in his usual arrogant way, hysterically deplored it. He deplored the truce of June 1972 which, he claims, ended in an orgy of indiscriminate murder.

Murder there was; within three hours of homeless people being booted, bludgeoned and bated from legally allocated houses, British soldiers murdered six innocent civilians, including a priest in Ballymurphy.

These killings brought no protest from O'Brien. They were done by British soldiers who do not commit "sheer unadulterated murder". They do only their duty for the Crown, like Conor Cruise O'Brien. The appellation murderer is reserved exclusively for Irish people who fight in defence of their homes and families, kith and kin.

O'Brien would do well to hold his tongue on the question of murder for the people may recall the insidious part he played in sending our 20 Irish soldiers to their death in the Congo in glorification of his ego.

Mr. O'Brien claims the I.R.A.-U.V.F. detente will lead to a civil war. It used to be the backlash. Then it became the bloodbath. And now it is civil war. The British Information Service will be delighted with this latest gem from Cruise O'Brien.

Recently, the British Ambassador in Washington publicly acknowledged the debt of

Ar lean, lch. a 12



# An Phoblacht

Imleabhar 5.

Feabhra 22, 1974.

Uimhir 8

44 Caernóg Pharnell, B.A.C., Éire

Guthán: 47611

AS Bernadette Ní Dhoibhlin (nós Gaelach an sloinne a choinneáil tar éis phósadh don bhean) said the other day, it is the women who have emerged most impressively from the dark war years of the north-east. It is they who have kept the community united, working resolutely, fearlessly, as a well-oiled machine, while husbands, brothers, lovers, fathers, uncles or cousins were stretched on the rack or gunned down by the trespassing foreign soldier or his native allies.

One thinks at once of the dustbin rattling, the more obvious manifestation. Far more secret and harrowing was the long waiting at home; the moral courage it took to tell the rent-man to go away; the guts and initiative needed to keep a home going with one's heart in pieces, sending the children out to school in the morning, keeping the home tidy and cheerful, seeing they did their homework when they returned, and still finding time to attend meetings, organise demonstrations, scrape a few bits of silver together to see that he got a little bit extra; taking the shame, the insults, the cold, the waiting, the uniformed hatred as they visited the Crumlin Road, the Long Kesh or elsewhere. And that is only half the story for this time the women have been in the fight as never before, as far as the aimed rifle with the telescopic sight.

The valour of the Price sisters is merely the animated badge of this proud, resolute womanhood of resurgent Ireland today. The women in Armagh Jail are no less valiant. Nor the women who will never see the inside of a jail or even of a police station though they have taken all the risks, shared all the

## Our magnificent women

responsibilities of their male partners in the freedom struggle and, often enough, paid the bitter price of their proud youth in a pool of their life's blood.

None of the brave women in the news have as much as breathed those words: Women's Liberation. But their actions and conduct have been an eloquent comment. For woman will not liberate herself from the shackles of the capitalist system by entering into competition and angry dialogue with man, but by joining with man to end the slavery of both.

This the women of the north understand so well that they take it for granted that everyone else, every other woman in the country, is just as clear about it. If this were true, of course, our last battle would be over and the war won. For many, unfortunately, Bingo is more important than battles for freedom.

When this war is over, right from the beginning, woman must be given full equality with man in the

new state. Equal pay for equal work; that goes without saying. But much fuller recognition must be given to women, in return for their magnificent record during a terrible war, in posts of responsibility and leadership.

At this stage we might well ask ourselves if, in the cumain, woman's genius is being recognised? We do not suggest giving leadership to women merely to honour women but to give leadership a chance, where it shows itself, whether the candidate is a man or a woman. Is there still a tendency, especially in the 26 counties, to pass over certain efficient, dedicated persons just because they are women?

There is another tendency, even more deplorable, to leave to the women in the Movement all the drudgery - the keeping of notes and accounts, the organisation of social evenings, ballad sessions, damhsaí, the brewing of tea and the making of sandwiches, and then to exclude them carefully when it comes to electing chairmen or public speakers. In other words, the women do the work and the men take the credit.

It can still happen. It is still happening. The young people, men and women, must combine against the older generation to make it see sense and stop a degrading practice - degrading as much to the men as to the women.

Remember the words of James Connolly: under capitalism the woman is the slave of a slave. Our revolution cannot have any reality until such time as we can say with truth and confidence that man and woman together are marching towards freedom and that the day of the slave of the slave has gone forever.

ON page-one of "The Corkman" and "The Kerryman" (issue of Feb. 8) is an editorial titled "A Matter of Freedom". Here is the opening paragraph: "This newspaper received a threat this week. We were warned that if an article we publish today on our leader page contained anything critical of the Price sisters, then serious action would be taken against the editor. The threat purported to come from the Provisional IRA. We have no reason to doubt that they were the source of the threat".

This newspaper checked with the editor of the Irish Republican Publicity Bureau, as the Tralee publishers might have done in the first instance, and was told that Óglaigh na hÉireann had made no such threat; that if such a threat had been made in the name of Óglaigh na hÉireann, it had been made without authority; and that it is not the policy of Óglaigh na hÉireann to make such threats, to attempt to intimidate journalists or publishers, or to interfere in any way with the free expression and publication of views. We had expected no other answer to our queries.

Damage may have been done to the reputation of Óglaigh na hÉireann and the Republican Movement in general by the statements circulated by the Tralee publishers. Now that the matter has been clarified as officially as is possible in present circumstances, will the Tralee publishers try to make amends?

It would be foolish in the extreme of the Republican Movement to try to intimidate anyone, to seek to impose or justify censorship in any form: we would be forging a weapon for our own destruction. But, of course, there is far more to it than that elementary bit of commonsense. For the Republican Movement stands for freedom in all its forms; and freedom is indivisible.

If a paper is prevented from expressing a viewpoint, there is no freedom. If a novelist is

## Freedom of speech

prevented from publishing - or writing - along certain lines, there is no freedom. If a radio or television station is prevented from broadcasting certain political - or other - viewpoints, there is no freedom. And one of the greatest complaints of the Republican Movement in Ireland today is that the Dublin administration is imposing such a limitation on its radio and television services, the head of which is Conor Cruise O'Brien, who was so very quick in congratulating the Tralee publishers on their stand. For Conor Cruise O'Brien is the symbol of the denial of freedom and democracy in the 26 Counties, the so-called "Free" state which, by statute, prevents Republicans from publishing their policies on two of the most powerful media available to the moulding of public opinion.

We have seen the article for which this tremendous publicity has been arranged: no doubt some reader will put the unfortunate author right on basics, including the essential, that there are other viewpoints apart from his own and that he cannot be expected to be accepted as infallible.

We cannot guess at the identity of the *agent provocateur* or well-meaning, ill-disciplined Republican responsible for this storm-in-an-eggcup; but perhaps whoever is responsible will act more responsibly, or with more intelligence, in future. In Cork and in Kerry, above all other counties, it will be virtually impossible to damage the democratic image of the Republican Movement, whatever about elsewhere.

The National Union of Journalists has attacked this paper, allegedly for attempting to intimidate a member: Liam Nolan of RTE and "The Irish Press". The N.U.J., regrettably, did not bother to check with this paper before condemning us, an elementary precaution, surely?

Journalists reserve the right to criticise; and, as journalists, reserve the right to criticise journalists. This was all we did in the case of Liam Nolan, who had the guaranteed right of reply in our letters columns of which he did not care to avail himself.

All we did, in an article by a contributor, was to ask the members of the Republican Movement to explain to the public how the media are being used to brainwash it. How the N.U.J. can equalise this with "intimidation" we do not know. However, now that we have made our position clear, perhaps the N.U.J., also, will make amends? For we are at least as strongly in favour of freedom of the press as is that trade union, in principle and in practice. Indeed, our continued existence depends greatly on public opinion demanding freedom of the press and a powerful trade union to underline that demand.

We have no dispute with the N.U.J., many members of which contribute to this paper; and we wish for nothing but the most amicable relations with it, being well aware that some of the most staunch democrats in the country north and south are fully paid-up members.

Is it too much to ask that the N.U.J. give the same prominence to our reply, and to our good intentions in writing, as was given to the allegations made against us and so hastily accepted, without reference to us, at a N.U.J. meeting? We find it difficult to believe that the N.U.J. will allow itself to be represented as partisan in the present war in the North.

# Feall Ghaeltarra ar mhuintir na Gaeltachta

SCANTRAIGH bean mé an lá faoi dheireadh. Bean bhí ag obair don Ghaeltachta Éireann. Bean Ghaeltachta. Bean Ghaelge.

Is é a deir sí nach bhfuil suim éi laghad ag formhór na ndaoine móra le rí ís fiontúite ag an eagrais seo i gceist na Gaeilge ná i gceist na Gaeltachta. An chéad rud a dúradh léi agus í faoi agallamh chun post a tháil san eagrais: "Bhíu! Béarla agat! Tá Béarla an-tábhachtach. Is tábhachtach Béarla na Gaeilge." Tugadh le íos di go mbeadh an post aici agus Béarla an-mhaith bheith aici agus Gaeilge ar nós cuma liom, nó Gaeilge lag bhríochtach, nó Gaeilge agus Béarla tríd, nó, b'fhéidir gan focal Gaeilge. Agus go deimhin, mar is eol don saol Ghaeltachta, tá daoine ag

obair do Ghaeltarra atá gan ar Ghaelge, a bhfuil Gaeilge thanaí acu, atá gan oiread is smid Ghaelge sa phléic oca.

A mhalairt ar fad a chuireann na polaiteoirí agus lucht Ghaeltarra in iúl. Go bhfuil Gaeilgeoirí a dhífh. Go bhfuil muintir na Gaeltachta a dhífh. Cur ar leas na Gaeltachta atá an t-eagrais ar an saol.

Ach n'í fíor, sin. Ar son an bhrabais atá sé an. Agus chun freastal ar an míteolaíocht (sfhídh) na Gaeltachta, camóid na Gaeltachta, foataíocht thabhairt don Ghaeltacht, bealaí a thabhairt don Ghaeltacht chun f'fíon a shábháil...bíodh do rogha agat). Is é a theastaíonn ó Chonradh na Gaeilge trodán a choinneáil ar Ghaeltarra sna cúrsaí seo. Éinne a bhfuil cois pearsa acu, a bhí nó atá ag obair do Ghaeltarra,

agus a bhfuil na sonraí aige faoin scannal seo, is fídh leis rud a dhéanamh ar son na Gaeltachta ach an t-eolas a thabhairt don Chonradh.

## Chun cogaidh.

ACH, a deir tú, c'ú d'f'á dhéanfaí an Conradh agus an trodán tríd le fianaise?

Tá dul a labhairt leis an bhúarás atá ag Gaeltarra, le hAire na Gaeltachta; le Roinn na Gaeltachta. Ach, a deir tú, nach bhfuil an t-eolas sin forleathan cheana féin? Nach bhfuil a fhios go maith ag an Aire?

B'fhéidir é. Ach tá bealaigh ann chun cogadh a chur ar eagrais agus cailchear na bealaigh sin a leanúint.

Faoi dheireadh thiar, tá súil agam, tuigfidh an Conradh nach bhfuil ach aon bhealach láigtha, mar atá, dul os comhair an phobail agus an scannal seo a chur faoi na bhfáid. Airgead an phobail tá i dhomhaíl ag an stát in ainn an phobail, ar ndóig.

Beidh air an gConradh cinneadh thabhairt don phobal, creidim, cogadh a chur ar an stát. Sin, nó tarraingt sin agus a admháil nach bhfuil feidhm a thuilleadh leis an gConradh.

Is cóir, creidim, lán-tacaíocht thabhairt don Chonradh sa bhfeachtas seo. Tugtar leis don Chonradh é fíon a chruthú. Cuid den agóid, den rabhóid, eise uile.

## Inniu ina dtúiseacht?

AN t-Air-Thuiseach ina (British) blander: is é sin an teideal tá ar

## Débe

leathanach a haon de "Inniu". Seo a leanas an tuaisc seo caite. "Is minic a tugadh "Union Jack" ar Sheán Ó Loinsigh, agus is minic a rinneamar a chloí a chosain. Ní mór an fóin atá a chosain a dhéanamh feasta i ndiaidh an chuir RTE agallamh air, Deard-chúin, 7 Feabhra, faoin ollthocht a bhí dhá dhéa fógartha ag Heath:

"Is amhlaidh a thagair sé don dhá mhéad an scéal "IN THE NORTH AND THE MAIN-LAND OF BRITAIN".

"Chualamar a leithéid cheana ó thábhairt BBC London agus uil ag cur cúlraí in Éirinn i gcomhthéas le cursaí "here on the mainland", ach n'íor shamhláomar nagh go gceolaisinn an chaint sin ó theas atá ina bhfuil den "Republican Party", atá ina iar-Thaosaigh agus ina ádhath-Taosaigh. "Ní leor mar fheargar go gceat hfeair a thabhairt gur cáil pholaitiúil den "Riocht Aontaithe" sé chéat de Thuaisceart Éireann. Fíon an teideal ar an "United Kingdom", éiríonn sé nach mórtuá na Breataine ach an Bhreatain ina hiomláine atá san oileán theas "United Kingdom of Great Britain AND Northern Ireland".

"An bhfuil an Loinsigh ag iarraidh bheith níos Gaild ná na Gail féin? "Ní arbh é go ndearna sé "dearmad"?



# The bombs backlash

THERE WAS a time when many Irish people in Britain felt equivocal about the IRA. Violence is disagreeable, ran the argument, but what is the difference between bombing on the ground and bombing from the air?

Many respectable people have supported American action in Vietnam, both *The Times* and *The Economist* thought the military coup in Chile — in which innocent thousands died violently — justifiable, and pillars of society in this country considered Israel absolutely correct in taking tough and aggressive action to defend her position, even if this meant air strikes and loss of innocent lives.

So, the IRA also considered themselves at war. And there were plenty of people who, while they did not give the Provisionals active support, would not denounce them either. This sometimes included me. I remember sitting in front of the

television at the home of friends just after Bloody Sunday, when, as we will always believe, the paratroopers opened fire on unarmed civilians.

We were all weeping as we saw the film over and over again; we were also crying out "Where the hell are the Provisionals? Why aren't they there? Why aren't they defending the people?" for there had been times in the past, especially in East Belfast where the Catholics had been totally vulnerable in sectarian unrest, when an IRA sniper had protected a whole neighbourhood from Protestant Attacks.

Or so the ingrained mythology goes, at any rate.

And then the most powerful argument of all was that the

Provisional campaign had achieved in three years what 50 years of beating liberalism had failed to do: the overturning of what Catholics considered was a bitterly unfair regime in Ulster. Moderate Catholics will tell you that for decades they wrote letters to the *Guardian* and organised lobbies at Westminster to draw the attention of the British Government to the injustices they felt. Without success.

As late as 1963 five years before the situation blew up in everyone's face, Harold Wilson said: "Any British politician who goes to Northern Ireland needs his head examined. In a world where might is right, you must use the might of terrorism. But as time has passed and

the violence has gone on and on and on and on, mutilating and mutilating and killing people without mercy Irish people both here and in the Republic have felt less and less ambivalent about the IRA, and more and more sickened by the heartless violence. For not only have the IRA killed people without number, they have also been instrumental in brutalising an entire society.

In a recent Penguin paperback, *Political Murder in Northern Ireland*, the authors, Martin Dillon and Dennis Lehane, showed how Ulster had been transformed into a community of psychopaths; like the Nazi personnel in wartime concentration camps, perfectly normal people had had their moral values so completely distorted

(that mass immunity to human suffering had grown up). People normally incapable of inflicting cruelty on any living thing now not only killed with impunity but tortured before killing. The Price sisters, a perfect example of people so driven mad.

I have not taken any polls but almost every Irish person I know now not only finds the IRA utterly repugnant, but actively supports their defeat and believes that no demand of theirs should be conceded to now. Yesterday's disgusting cocaine bomb in Yorkshire was not the last straw: It was one last straw of many.

"You bourgeois are all the same," one man who still sticks with the hard core said. "When the going gets rough, you get squeamish." That's right. But not squeamish in silence. Squeamish in total opposition to unalloyed murder.

Mary Kenny

AS THE campaign to secure the return to Ireland of Hugh Feeney, Gerald Kelly, Dolours and Marion Price grows, leading personalities in law, journalism, football, acting and the medical profession have added their voices to the campaign.

Already in Britain, Irish international and Charlton Athletic footballer Eamonn Dunphy, actors and actresses, including Cyril Cusack, Siobhán McKenna, Georgia Brown, Sian Phillips, Patricia Quinn, Marion Pryor, Angela Downes and Sheila Allen; lawyers Brian Rose-Smith and Rock Tansey of the Haldane Society; Councillor Paddy O'Connor, Labour's deputy Chief Whip at the Greater London Council; and Doctor Dominic Costa of the Professorial Unit of St. Barts Hospital — all have joined in the campaign.

## Lifford links Staters with Brits

THE QUIET atmosphere of Lifford's horse and cart street, was shattered on Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. as a convoy of nine armoured cars and three Land-Rovers of Cosgraves army roared through the town to take up positions around Lifford Bridge, according to a report in "The Croppy", Bogsides' paper.

The only thing which distinguished them from their British counterparts on the other side of the bridge were the Tricolour flags which hung limply, as if in shame, from the radio aerials of Panhards and the Land-Rovers.

A large crowd soon gathered to see what was happening, and soon catcalls and abuse was being hurled at the "Free" State troops, by "Free" State citizens.

"Take it down from the mast Irish traitors" was sung, and one soldier who entered the souvenir shop on the corner of the town for cigarettes, was told by the assistant to "get your fags from your Irish pals."

This is the position which the policy of collaboration, started by Jack Lynch and willingly and ably continued by Cosgrave, has forced the "Free" State soldiers into.

## Statement in court refuted

A DENIAL that the Donnybrook, Dublin, bank raid was authorised by O'Leigh na hEireann is contained in an official Army statement, issued through the Irish Republican Publicity Bureau.

"We wish to repudiate," the statement runs, "an allegation made in the Special Criminal Court on Tuesday that a bank raid in Donnybrook on January 24 last was carried out for the

love with uniforms at any time, for obvious reasons, but he is even more disenchanted with the uniform which, under the guise of Ireland's army, is merely a front for Britain's murder campaign in the Six Counties.

It was noticeable that, whilst Gardaí stopped non-abundant traffic, the cars heading south were not even glanced at. This despite the Dublin S.A.S. bombs and British secret service intrigue in the Twenty-Six Counties.

## No to this parole


THE camp council of Republican prisoners in Long Kesh, claiming to represent about 400 detainees, have announced that they have rejected the British parole offer.

"The conditions for parole announced by Mr. Francis Pym have been completely rejected by us," the statement said. "These terms are no substitute for our continuous demands for unconditional release."


"However, we still maintain the right of reasonable parole in cases of death or serious illness of a close relative. Otherwise our demands are as before."

benefit of the Provisional I.R.A. "Neither of the accused, Charles Donnelly or Finian O'Shea, was ever a member of the Provisional I.R.A."

"We reiterate previously given warnings that severe action will be taken against criminal elements who use the name of our organisation for any purpose whatsoever," the statement ends.



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But one well-known name, whom one would have expected to count among this role of honour, Irish journalist Mary Kenny, is not only missing, but has added her voice to those of the jackals howling for the blood of the prisoners.

I am a personal friend of Mary Kenny but I am going to reply here to her article, reproduced above from the London "Evening Standard".

There was a time when "revolution" was chic; the "in" thing; when even Princess Margaret was known to go to the odd pot-party.

From 1967 through to 1970, from Parnell Square to Trafalgar Square, the rich trends exposed Vietnam, Women's Liberation, South Africa, Civil Rights in the United States, and almost every other cause you could think of.

One of those most often seen in the forefront of demonstrations, most active with her pen, was our own Mary Kenny.

Through the columns of the "Irish Press", "Hibernia" and the "Evening Standard", Mary held to ridicule and contempt, she denounced and exposed all those reactionaries who, in far off foreign lands, stood in the way of progress.

Then, in 1969, when the Civil Rights Movement splashed from the waters under Burntollet Bridge, on to the newspapers of the world, our trends came galloping to the rescue.

Here was a cause dear to their hearts, a reactionary, dull-dummy old regional government, held in contempt by the Establishment at Westminster, standing in the way, not just of progress, but of Britain's idea of progress.

And what victims! White, witty, intelligent people willing to allow themselves to be smashed over the head and thrown into the river at Burntollet.

Soon, however, the terrible beauty turned into a nightmare for our liberal supporters. The beastly Tories were returned in Britain; the army started putting the boot in. And those kids who had been thrown into the water at Burntollet got their cues mixed. Not realising the part they were supposed to play in the international jet-set, they started to hit back. And they hit back hard.

## Far, far away

These young Provos had every right to expect that those forces who had cheered on the NLF and the freedom fighters in Southern Africa, would cheer them on, too. But they failed to understand that they had committed a crime against one of the cardinal tenets of the London-based jet-set.

The jet-setter is at all times willing to support anyone struggling against oppression, providing some minor conditions are met. The struggle, preferably, should be about 5,000 miles away from London and the "enemy" soldiers concerned should be American, South African ... anything except British.

## By Rosemary Sullivan

So, when the British soldiers started arriving home in boxes, in the winter of 1971, our London jet-set, with a few exceptions, melted away from support for the Irish cause.

The hard core, those who had in fact done the organising, as opposed to just the parading, stayed around; and those of the trends who, because of their ties of nationality could not cut themselves off completely from Ireland.

But these latter people dropped into inactivity, usually putting at an excuse something about not agreeing with "bombings"; or they discovered that they were women, and it was "Sorry, not I, I'm into the women's thing, now."

So, when Mike Farrell was on hunger strike, it was: "If only it was a woman, I could get really involved."

## Last excuse down

But when Dolours Price and her comrades went on hunger-strike, and the British Tory government decided to subject them to the unspeakable torture of force-feeding, the last-ditch excuse disappeared: the Irish trend had to take sides.

Either she supported force-feeding or she protested against it. It was then that the terrified trendy showed her true face. If I do protest, she thought, I will lose my job.

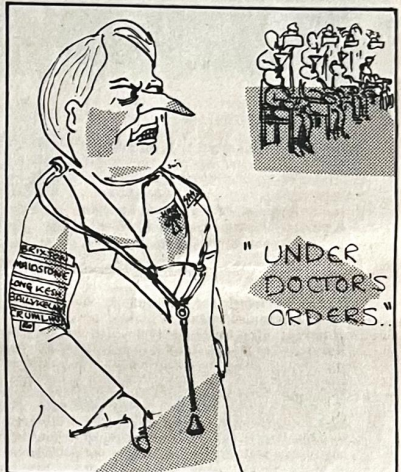
Without my £82 per week, I will not be able to make my trips to Italy and the other sunny spots in Europe, and write glowing articles praising struggles in foreign lands.

If I remain on the side-lines I will be subject to pressure from my friends to take a stand.

So Mary decides to take a plunge and join the enemy camp.

But that creates problems for Mary, who still wants to be considered a "revolutionary" while attacking the actual revolution.

Mary, who is no fool, and,



besides, has the best advice that the press office of the "Free" State Embassy in London can offer, finds the answer.

She picks up and retails the "psycho-off" black propaganda stories perpetrated by the Foreign-Office subsidised Observer Foreign News Service that the explanation for guerrilla activity is that violence turns the community from which they come into psychopaths; and that perfectly normal people from this community have their moral values so completely distorted that they become immune to human suffering.

"The Price Sisters are a perfect example of people so driven mad" she claims.

The real question posed by this about-face is: Whose values

have been distorted? And that is best answered by another quote from Kenny's article.

## Bloody Sunday

She mentions Bloody Sunday "when, as we will always believe, the paratroopers opened fire on unarmed civilians". (our emphasis).

You see, what Mary is telling us — our moral values have been so distorted that we only believe that the paratroopers shot dead 14 innocent civilians.

Safe in the arms of the British Establishment, expect any day now our ex-trendy to explain what really happened was that the 14 driven mad, committed suicide.

## Go raibh míle maith agaibh

The branch of An Cumann Cabhrach in Ardara, Co. Donegal, wishes to thank the workers of Turbot Generating Station for their generous contribution to the prisoners' dependent's fund and their good wishes for the women and children of those languishing in Irish and English jails for their country.

An Cumann Cabhrach also wishes to acknowledge with thanks £200 received recently from Co. Clare.

The Dublin fund-raising committee of An Cumann Cabhrach held their 4th monthly draw on Feb. 5. This draw is limited to 100 members and £50 is given each month in prizes. Members who wish to participate should

contact the treasurer or any member of the committee at Cearnóg Phárla, Baile Átha Cliath.

At a parade and meeting, organised by the Irish Civil Rights Association on February 3, 14 wreaths were carried by members of An Cumann Cabhrach and placed at the G.P.O. This tribute was to those killed in Derry on Bloody Sunday and was carried out at the request of Irish Northern Aid, New York.

It was the wish of I.N.A. that the wreaths be placed in the Garden of Remembrance; but, due to non-co-operation of the authorities, this was not possible. The wreaths were later brought to Derry.

**SUPPORT THE MEN AND WOMEN**

**An Cumann Cabhrach**

**IN JAIL FOR IRELAND'S LIBERATION**





# Óglaigh na hÉireann:

## AN EXPERT'S VIEW

THERE exists a substantial body of revolutionary analysis focused on those elusive objective conditions that permit rebels to rise with some hope of success. There is, of course, no more a general consensus on how to begin an insurrection than on how to prevent one. At one extreme there exist the more simpliminded adherents of Régis Debray who have suggested that a small band of the brave, *a foco*, may alone spark an insurrection against an oppressive regime. At the other are those reluctant rebels who insist on so extensive a roster of assets that the moment to rise continues to recede into the distant future. Still within the middle ground conditions have sufficiently encouraged some so that, possessed of a just cause and hopeful of ultimate victory, the armed struggle has been launched. As a result in southern Africa and Latin America, on Mindanao and in the Basque country of Spain, there are insurrections under different banners. Some appear close to victory and others on the verge of disaster, a few are little more than the disorderly residue of past hopes and others scarcely begun. For all a crucial question remains how to escalate the initial thrust. An insurrection may begin as the act of an urban conspiracy, spring from the operations of a rural *foco*, evolve out of the spontaneous rising of the masses; but unless the moment is ripe any insurrection can flicker out in the recriminations of exiles or be interred with the dead. And, perhaps, no set of potential rebels have had as much experience and as little luck in identifying the moment to strike as the Irish. Yet, the news from Northern Ireland indicates that this time they must be doing something right — or the British something wrong.



In Ireland some would trace resistance to British domination back to the eleventh century — eight hundred years of sporadic failure employing strategies from civic petition to assassination. In this long struggle for an Irish nation, both free Gaelic, the tradition of physical force rather than recourse to conventional politics or civil disobedience has been a prominent but by no means dominant factor. In the 1790's Theobald Wolfe Tone wedded the concept of physical force to the ideas of the French Revolution in order to subvert the authority of the British crown. To break the British connection, he sought to unite the whole people of Ireland, to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter. In 1798 his Rising failed but out of his example sprang the Irish Republican Movement. The present IRA has specific organisational ancestors stretching back to 1848, is, in fact, the oldest of all active revolutionary movements, and possessed of an almost unbroken record of failure.

The central Irish Republic strategy has always been based on physical force — mass rebellion, Fenian assassinations, guerrilla

"The Escalation of Insurgency" is the title of the article we reproduce here from "The Review of Politics," Vol. 35, No. 3, July, 1973, published by the University of Notre Dame Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.A.

It covers the period 1969–1971 and is written by the author of "The Secret Army" the standard work on Óglaigh na hÉireann.

## J. Bowyer Bell Jr.

war, bombing campaigns — and only once has there been any visible success. After the collapse of the East or Rising in 1916, a splendid and inspirational failure, the Irish during the Tan War, 1918–1921, achieved a Free State in all but six counties — Northern Ireland, largely Protestant and Loyalist, remained British. The militant IRA, unreconciled even after their defeat by Free State forces in 1922, refused to recognise the "puppet" regimes in Dublin and Belfast and continued the struggle for a united Irish Republic. Despite bombing campaigns and guerrilla raids, the Republic came no closer. Between 1956 and 1962 another Northern campaign despite some initial success finally dwindled to a close, leaving the IRA in vast disarray, apparently at last discredited in Irish eyes. The faithful few with the gun on the shelf began to investigate the prospects of political agitation, even participation in those elections so long ignored. Romantic Ireland — at last — appeared dead and gone. By 1969 IRA volunteers had become deeply involved in the Northern civil rights campaign and the idea of physical force became less appealing.

Two years later Northern Ireland was in the grip of violence unequalled since the Tan War. As early as February, 1971, after serious rioting in Belfast, the Northern Prime Minister Chichester Clark announced on television that Northern Ireland was at war with the Irish Republican Army Provisionals. After the introduction of internment of suspects without trial in August, there was ample evidence that Chichester Clark was not far wrong. Between August 9 and December 1, 30 British soldiers, 11 members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the Ulster Defence Regiment, and 73 civilians were killed. IRA bombing operations destroyed whole urban districts, Belfast and Derry, bombed out and smoldering, looked like targets of aerial attack. In the countryside there were frequent ambushes and the roads were mined. Between September and November, IRA snipers fired across the border on the British Army in 243 incidents. Catholic housing estates in Derry and Belfast became no-go zones barricaded against security forces, ruled by the IRA. Until December British army spokesmen remained optimistic. Then the Provisional IRA carried out thirty simultaneous bombing operations across the province. On December 15, British Home Secretary

Reginald Maudling noted in Belfast that the IRA "could not be defeated, not completely eliminated, but have their violence reduced to an acceptable level".

Less than three years before the Provisional IRA had not existed. The entire Irish Republican Movement in the North then appeared to be a few hundred agitators swept along in the civil rights campaign; the IRA arsenal in Belfast consisted of twenty two guns of various makes and models. Obviously something had happened; and if the Irish experience in escalating an insurgency could be exported, the forces of order elsewhere might well rest uneasily.



To the English, and in fact to a good many Irishmen, Northern Ireland had always been a mysterious and often rather unpleasant place. Settled in the seventeenth century by Protestants planted on land seized from disloyal Catholics, the new Loyalist society remained, if not always quite loyal, at least alien to the indigenous Irish. Fearful of Catholic retaliation, the new Ulstermen remained loyal to the Protestant crown: their great holiday remains the anniversary of Protestant William's victory over Catholic James at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, the Glorious Twelfth of July. Such Protestant successes are celebrated with vast parades, patriotic bands, the thump of huge drums and triumphant banners, all organised by various Orange Masonic lodges. Only in 1798, when the interest of the Protestant dissenters, alienated from the established Church of England, converged with those of their Catholic neighbours — both men of no property — could sectarian differences be overcome. And Tone's Rising failed. The Protestants, all varieties, were co-opted by the expanding Orange lodges and subsequently resisted all Republican blandishments. The two communities grew further apart, isolated and mutually suspicious, heirs to a different heritage, students at different schools. Two societies began to emerge in Ulster, outwardly similar but with different ideals and institutions where men walked on the same streets as strangers, played different games on different days, sang different songs. Peace between the two was uneasily maintained, each took care of its own and feared the

other. Sectarian riots were not uncommon and community co-operation rare.

During the long struggle for Irish independence, the Protestants remained fiercely loyal, adamantly opposed to concessions. Their determination to avoid absorption into the Catholic Irish Free State had been rewarded in 1921 with the creation of a regional parliament outside Belfast at Stormont and control of six of Ulster's nine counties. Northern Ireland, where Protestants outnumbered Catholics two to one, remained part of the United Kingdom. Fearful of the larger Irish state to the south, fearful of the minority Catholic population of Ulster, the majority ruled with outward arrogance, determined to maintain their privileges and their way of life. As one Loyalist spokesman indiscreetly admitted, Northern Ireland was a Protestant state for Protestant people. The Protestant establishment, the Unionist Party without Stormont and the Orange Order without suspected their minority population to be disloyal, agents of Rome, advocates of the IRA. Thus the situation of the Catholics worsened; for a united Ireland, ruled from London before 1921, offered certain safeguards that a Northern Ireland ruled by Stormont did not. And for nearly fifty years there was no response to minority complaints; in fact, the litany of grievances grew.

These grievances — discrimination in housing and jobs, gerrymandered voting districts and coercive legislation enforced by the largely Protestant Royal Ulster Constabulary backed by the B-Specials — were intensified by the repeated symbolic humiliations of the great Orange parades. Of course, the minority responded in kind where possible, jobs to their own and commemorations of Irish victories over British imperialism. And so the two communities lived separate fearful lives, reacting to each other in slogans — No Pog Here and Up the Republic — and self-fulfilling prophecies. The first real challenge to the Stormont system, other than the various abortive IRA campaigns, came after 1967 when a civil rights movement dominated by a new young generation demanded for the minority the same rights open to all British citizens. The Orange eyes civil rights meant Catholic rights and those "rights" nothing more than the thin edge of the wedge of subversion. Consequently the establishment tended to react first with scorn and then truculent violence. Since most of the grievances seemed valid and the reaction of the Northern Ireland authorities unsavory, there was considerable sympathy for the demonstrators both in Britain and elsewhere. The minority population, increasingly feeling emboldened, joined demonstrations at some risk. There was risk because increasingly Protestant militants provoked by "treason" reacted violently. And it appeared that the forces of order — the police — intended to break the law by beating down those demonstrating for



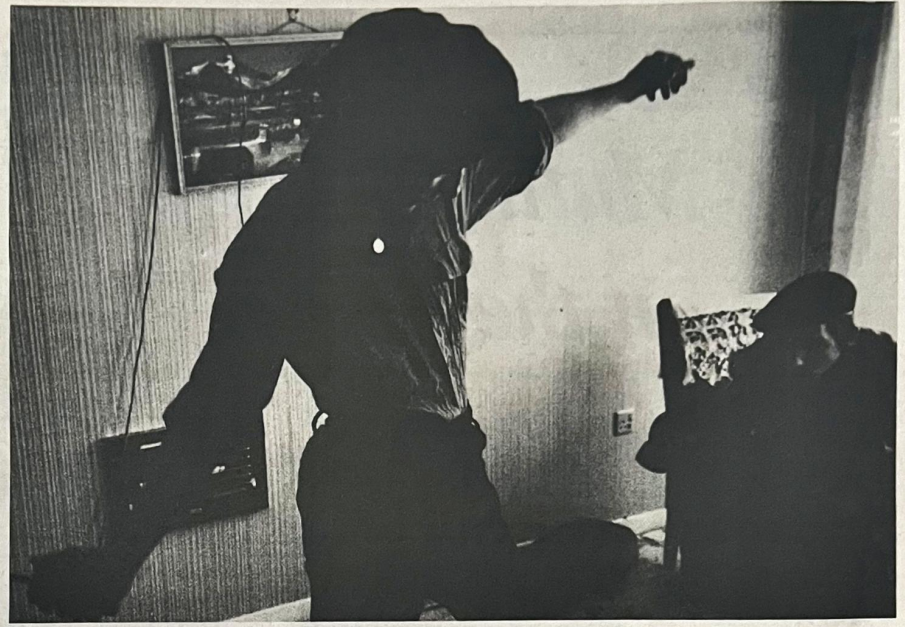
# BRITISH TROOPS MOVE IN

change. The credibility of the Stormont regime began to erode despite the efforts of Prime Minister Terence O'Neill to portray a moderate and decent image. As the civil-rights movement gained momentum so did Protestant determination not to give an inch. The Police appeared unable and in many cases unwilling to protect the demonstrators. On August 12, an Orange parade provoked an escalating riot that ripped apart the city as the Catholic district of Bogside repulsed police charges. Rioting spread to Belfast where on the fourteenth, six people were shot to death. Protestant mobs seemed about to smash into Catholic districts. Firing had become general, civil war seemed possible. On the fifteenth, British troops moved into Belfast.

Before the arrival of the British army on August 15, the Catholics of Belfast had assumed that the I.R.A. could defend them. No such armed underground army existed except in the popular imagination. Several of the retired volunteers of the previous generation rushed to the Dublin GHQ seeking arms and reinforcements only to find there was nothing to be had. Many Irish Republicans had grave doubts about the new shift to radical politics but to find that the IRA was an army without arms completed their alienation. In Belfast they formed a Northern Command and uneasily existed alongside the Official IRA unit for several months but a break was almost inevitable. At the 1969 IRA Convention, backed by the like-minded elsewhere, they withdrew to form a Provisional IRA — the Provos — and were later joined by a break-away Sinn Féin, the political arm of the Republican Movement, completing the split. At the beginning of 1970, there were not more than a few hundred Provos and their overwhelming concern was with the acquisition of arms in order to defend the Catholics of the North. No one was opposed to the presence of the British army, rather the contrary; but no one wanted to be caught defenceless again — one August, 1969, was enough.

The Labour government of Harold Wilson, too, felt one August, 1969, was more than sufficient. The Irish crisis, however, could not be wound down solely by the British army mounting a domestic peacekeeping operation. The Catholic grievances were seen as legitimate; and London recognised that the minority was no longer willing to tolerate institutionalised injustice when a means to reform in the civil-rights campaign existed. There could be no orderly future, despite Stormont reluctance and militant Protestant fear, without extensive reforms. British priorities, then, were first to keep the peace and thus cool the tensions between the two communities, so that, second, reforms could be fashioned by the appropriate institutions, at third, a pace that would satisfy the minority without enraging the majority. Clearly the cabinet knew little of Irish matters, few understood the underlying fears and fantasies of the two communities. Home Secretary James Callaghan began to interest himself in devising an Irish accommodation but there was little sense of urgency in London and little realisation of how intractable the Irish crisis was. The result was drift.

The reluctance of London to impose immediate and radical reforms with or without the consent of Stormont meant that in Catholic eyes the only legitimate authority remained the British army. The police, the courts, the prisons, the entire Stormont security system, had been discredited. Large Catholic districts had no visible sign of order but the British army — and that army gradually became alienated from the minority. Given the attitudes and loyalties of the two Ulster communities, any neutral force inserted between them would



have faced severe trials. Obviously the majority regulated by the constitutional provincial forces of law and order avowing loyalty to Britain and flying the Union Jack caused fewer troubles. They had no grievances that needed redress nor desire for change. There were some confrontations with the British army but these were patched up. Rather, it was the minority that tended to cause "problems", and when these problems resulted in violent confrontations, the individual troops gradually perceived them as disloyal, dangerous and finally in terms little different from those of the majority. The British army tried very hard to be even-handed but increasingly one hand lay more heavily on the minority. Given the clash of historic loyalties, the use of British symbols for majority purposes and the existence of a legitimate provincial government, the erosion of British army neutrality was probably inevitable. If the troops were not going to be replaced by the police, and this could not happen without a political arrangement, then time was against them. A good rule is to send the army in quickly and in force and get them out equally quickly. This was not done. In London there seemed no realisation that there was a real if undefinable time limit before army credit ran out.

Under the best of circumstances that limit might have been extended for a year or two; however, Ireland often tends to bring out the worst in the British. The peculiar thing about the British army in Ulster was that the challenge brought out the best professionally. The army introduced a carefully conceived tactical response to provocation that had been honed and elaborated over a generation of experience with insurrection and rebellion. The army commanders saw — and were allowed to see by London — its mission as the imposition of order. And despite various institutional and political restraints on army tactics, this mission was pursued with vigour — and the most disastrous results. The military response to provocation had a disproportionate effect simply because it appeared so harsh. Thus the British tactics were effective in producing local order but assured that there would be subsequent disorder. In April, 1970, for example, during a quiet time in Belfast, a group of young men at the edge of the Catholic Ballymurphy housing estate began to stone a passing Orange parade. Orange parades passed as close to "Fenian" areas as possible in a constant game of challenge and response. To control the rowdy crowd of 400, some 70 Royal Scots arrived backed by Saracen armoured cars. The army rushed in and cleared the area using CS gas, a relatively moderate response to disorder. The army did not seem to realise how radicalising CS gas could be drifting through "innocent"

A volunteer is trained indoors with a hand grenade, supervised by an officer of the Belfast Brigade. Initially, speedy training was vital. An army had to be created within months, to be ready when, as was inevitable from the beginning, the alien troops would attack those they had been sent to defend.

houses; CS gas did more for the Provos than all the legends of heroes and all the patriot graves. Slowly but almost inevitably in 1970 the new military order began to decay.

There might still have been time for an effective British initiative. Callaghan was reported ready to junk Stormont and impose direct rule, but any such move would have to wait until after the general elections in June. The unexpected result of the elections was a Conservative cabinet under Ted Heath. Allied to the Unionist establishment in Ulster, the new prime minister had no intention of taking drastic steps in Northern Ireland, where matters seemed to be grumbling along. In any case, his appointment of Reginald Maudling as home secretary instead of his shadow minister Quintin Hogg meant that the new ministry knew little of Ireland. Maudling by wont approached difficult problems with caution, with languor some would say. Since there was neither an easy nor an obvious accommodation in sight for Ulster, Maudling tended to drift.

Almost at once the price of drift became somewhat clearer. In Belfast an Orange parade was permitted by mistake to follow a provocative route that security forces felt was the least dangerous alternative. Not unexpectedly on June 27, rioting began on the edge of the Catholic Ardoyne; three Protestants were killed and rioting became general throughout the city. That night a Protestant crowd attacked St. Matthew's Church in the isolated Catholic district of the Short Strand across the River Lagan. With riots throughout the city, the British army was stretched too thin to intervene. The Provos defended the Church, four Protestants were shot and killed. For many Catholics the British army's absence at the Short Strand was ominous. The British commander, Lieutenant General Sir Ian Freeland, for different reasons, also felt the situation ominous: he had too few troops. London would have to do something. Maudling flew over, still devoid of experience or ideas, and as so many others before him left Ulster appalled: "What a bloody awful place". Nothing was done.

The next week was even more "awful" for the British. On July 3, British security forces made a successful arms swoop on an Official IRA dump in the Lower Falls in Belfast. On their way out of the warren of little streets, the soldiers were surrounded by a crowd still angry at the betrayal of the

Short Strand the previous week-end. Standard operating procedure was to stand firm. Reinforcements were sent in to extricate the first lot and were surrounded in turn. The crowd grew larger and uglier. Communications collapsed in a welter of confusion; no one in command knew what was going on in the Lower Falls except that the whole area was in an uproar and British troops couldn't get in or out. Stoning began. CS gas was used. Barricades began to go up. Freeland began to cordon off the entire area. The Official IRA decided to take on the army. Snipers opened up on the British when they attempted to penetrate beyond the cordon. Firing became general. A curfew was imposed that lasted thirty-five hours until Sunday morning. By then the British had swept the Lower Falls clear of resistance. Four civilians were dead — none an IRA man — and twenty thousand alienated. To cap the best of a bad job, in a disastrous public relations ploy, the army then drove two delighted Unionist cabinet ministers about the "pacified" Falls. Between June 27 and July 5, the British army had quietly passed beyond the time limit — after that began the long slide to open insurgency as recruiting into both IRAs soared.

During the period from July, 1970, until January, 1971, when Provo strength in Belfast probably passed one thousand and was somewhat less than that in the rest of the province, the major concern of the leadership was the creation of a satisfactory defence. No one wanted to provoke either the Protestants or the British army. In fact, at times Provo units co-operated with British officers to limit the never-ending disturbances, rock throwing and parade baiting. As Provo strength increased and with it effective control of the Catholic districts, the more ambitious began to recognise the advantages in fomenting a sufficient level of violence so that the British army response would solidify Provo support. It was simply a matter of time and luck when a confrontation would occur that would raise the level of violence another peg.

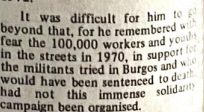
In January during riots and the inevitable house-to-house sweep through the Ballymurphy housing estate, a British soldier was shot and wounded by a Provo gunman. During serious rioting in the Clonard early in February, eight British soldiers were hit with gunfire. The inevitable came on February 6 when the first British soldier was killed. The next morning the Stormont prime minister announced on television that Northern Ireland was at war with the Irish Republican Army Provisionals — atypical Ulster self-fulfilling prophecy. Within a month defensive sniping had given way to gunmen seeking targets of opportunity and the bomb was introduced. Few contended that the

Ar lean, lch, a hocht



Six months later, at least half of the number of Redmond's Volunteer Force was in khaki, fighting on Continental battlefields for the cause of our one and only enemy. They had been fooled into

## CORMAC MAC AIRT





# DERRY ATTACK ON THE TRAITOR S.D.L.P.

THE S.D.L.P. came under attack at a Sinn Féin commemorative rally in Derry.

About 400 people took part in a march from Rossville Street to Derry City cemetery to mark the first anniversary of the death of James McDaid, a staff captain in Óglaigh na hÉireann, shot dead, a year ago, by the British.

The march was led by a piper and members of the James ("Junior") McDaid Sinn Féin cumann. Wreaths were laid at his grave and three volleys of shots were fired into the air by volunteers.

Mr. Barney McFadden, chairman, Derry Sinn Féin Comhairle Ceannfáir, said that James McDaid was unarmed and shot in the back by the British army in Shantallow a year ago. The Republican Movement could not afford to lose men of his calibre.

"We are here to honour the memory of 'Junior' McDaid and to re-dedicate ourselves to the task which he died for. We are here to say that his death was not in vain and that the fight will go on until we get our just demands. "We are not prepared to allow a sell-out, which is what Ted Heath is trying to do, aided and abetted by the SDLP," he said. "The fight will go on until the last British soldier is out of this island."

## Oppressive rule

A member of the James McDaid cumann said: "For too long we have lived under the oppressive rule of a foreign government, who murder some of us and attempt to purchase the rest of us. But they cannot purchase all of us. We are not all bred like the weaklings who make up the S.D.L.P. The S.D.L.P. are a money-grabbing, power-grabbing lot who are just as much a party to British rule as the forces of occupation."

"Hume, Canavan, Cooper and the other S.D.L.P. lackeys rode to power on the Civil Rights banner, which they are now prepared to forget. While the truly nationally-minded Irish people continue with the fight for Irish freedom, the S.D.L.P. assist in the defeat of the people on whose backs they rode to power."

"The S.D.L.P. has given up all claims to Irish unity. They have the nerve to suggest that a document recognising English imperialism in Ireland be deposited as a legal agreement with the United Nations. They have even attempted to show recognition to the discredited R.U.C., and the thugs of the Special Branch, by accepting them as their personal bodyguards and constant companions."

## Freedom fight

"Ireland's freedom fighters will pull down the new Stormont, just as they pulled down the old Stormont, and into the limbo of forgotten things the freedom fighters will cast the arch-traitors of Irish history."

"As we recall the memory of Staff Captain James McDaid, who gave his life for the cause of Irish freedom, let us never forget the principles for which he died. Let us draw strength and courage to endure the struggle for freedom."

FREEMAN has been watching the changed course of the U.V.F. with interest and admiration. It takes guts to respond, as they have done, to the kind of challenge I offered them in this column three weeks before Christmas.

I asked then: "Are the UVF men?" I said that their recent actions had suggested they were not men. I referred to the "warfare" they had conducted last autumn when they exploded car-bombs, without warning, outside Catholic pubs, and then called a "ceasefire" until Christmas.

I told them that these actions belied the regard in which many Republicans held them — as *soldiers* rather than sectarian killers.

The fact that they imagined this sort of thing would achieve their aim of getting the English to restore the old Stormont was, I said, a measure of their primitive political thinking.

"What do you do, what do you say", I asked, "to awaken a sense of self-respect, morality and manliness in these men? For somehow, somewhere, they *are* men, children of a common Father".

That was the beginning of Republican dialogue with the U.V.F. The first response it evoked was an internal one: the U.V.F. began questioning Loyalist politicians and trying to work out a coherent political philosophy.

## Second response

The second, public response began with the decision to extend the ceasefire, and developed into the tentative support for Desmond Boal's proposal and the other conciliatory moves of recent weeks.

All of this, as I said, took guts. It took humility and moral seriousness. But it also took, to begin with, my frank, direct speech to them and my conviction that an appeal to their better nature was worth a try.

I am not a "born optimist", for the kind of character whom those words depict is usually a fool. But I do always begin by assuming that an opponent, or an apparent opponent, need not really be an opponent; and I act on this assumption until I am proved wrong. Then, the chips are down and it is war.

In the struggle to achieve a political goal, it is important to know who are the enemies and who the allies, half-allies or potential allies. There are two ways in which you can prevent yourself from finding this out, condemn yourself to a world of shadows and illusions, and thus ensure your failure.

On the one hand, you can assume that everyone who is not openly and obviously with you is really against you. The small revolutionary group is particularly liable to make this assumption and to follow it up by attacking all sorts of people whom a simple "Hello, who are you? Are you friend or enemy?" would have shown to be hesitant or potential allies.

On the other hand, you can delude yourself as to the real nature of the battlefield by assuming that people who make hostile sounds or motions, or who attack you openly, are not *really* enemies, but misguided allies who, one day, will see the light.

Indeed, you can go so far as to assume that they are slandered innocents.

## Frightening example

You will then pretend that it was not *really* they who attacked you, that it was "English murder squads" or such like. You will abase yourself by flattering them and telling them you are convinced they couldn't do such things, that they are much too noble, nice or "working-class" for that.

Doctrinaire revolutionaries are particularly prone to this mistake. I mean, revolutionaries who believe stubbornly in a "doctrine" that tells them "this is the way the world is". They prefer to force reality to fit their doctrine than to observe things and events coolly and see them plain.

The Officials are a frightening example of where this sort of doctrinarism can lead you. They have spent the last few years lashing out at potential allies and fawning on bitter enemies in a regular whirlpool of sterile, doctrinal make-believe.

The point is that, in both these ways of deluding yourself about enemies and allies, one vital factor is missing: a courteous, frank, direct approach to the person or the group concerned. An approach which *assumes* a potential ally there but which is willing to discover a resolute enemy.

Only if such an approach is made can you really know the lie of the land. And the beauty of it is that, whatever you discover, you will have gained — either a new ally and a greater clarity of vision, or the latter anyway.

Talking about allies, I was struck by how right "An

# Freeman

Phoblacht" was recently when it reminded Republicans that, if they are to get anywhere, it can only be with the support of many who are indifferent or hostile to Republicans now: Fine Gaelers, Fianna Fáilers and Labourites, Orangemen, Protestant gunmen and S.D.L.P.ers, Blanes, Bolands, Marxist revolutionaries and members of the G.A.A.

Maximise the allies, minimise the enemies: that's the motto and the rule. And when you're sure who the enemies are — but only when you're sure — fight them, undermine them, swamp them, and then win them, if you possibly can, to your triumphant cause.

## Hysterical screeches

Pause and think for a moment of Cooney, FitzGerald, Cruise O'Brien or John Kelly making a political speech at a dinner. What image springs to your mind?

I'll tell you what springs to my mind. A screech. A stream of hysterical vituperation. Smears. Sneers. Washerwoman style. Vulgarly. It's quite remarkable, really, these "intellectual" spokesmen of "moderation", how they go on.

It confirms what I said here some time back about the real situation in Ireland today: that two groups of extremists, one of them temporarily successful, are disputing the ruins of de Valera's middle-of-the-road Ireland.

# Yes, the U.V.F. ARE men

But when I think of the oratorical style of those cheapskates I have mentioned, and then of Ruairí Ó Brádaigh's or Daithí Ó Conaill's manner of speaking, I have no doubt which of the two groups stands nearest to that rational centre where humanity, dignity and true moderation lie.

Moderation is a value, in politics as in everything else. Obviously. The reason why "moderate" has become an ugly word is that it is misused to describe hysterical bigots whose "moderate solutions" require over 30,000 troops, half as many police, prisons and concentration camps to impose them.

When politics cease to progress along the moderate middle, when extremists grab the state and subvert it from the top, then extremism is necessary to yank it back again to the centre and to ensure that this time it will be a moderation moving forward, not standing still.

## JOIN UP NOW TO FREE IRELAND

Ba mhaith liom oipair pholaiteiúil a dhéanamh chun Éire a shaoradh. Seol chugam eolas i nGaeilge.

Please send me information in English. Scrios amach an leagan nach n-oiréann (strike out the sentence which does not apply in your case).

Ainm .....

Seoladh .....

I would like to join Sinn Féin/Civil Rights Association/Cumann na mBan/Fianna Éireann/Cumann na gCailíní (strike out what does not apply).

# ionalists

illegal. And even if the French regime is moving towards a fascist state, it still cannot operate as freely as Franco Spain.

It is important to see the present moves of the French government in the context of a general tendency of European governments to try crushing separatism in the egg.

## British miners

Raising the question of liberation of nationally oppressed minorities threatens the ruling class at a time when, all over Europe, workers are becoming bolder and bolder, as exemplified by the new offensive of the British miners and the LIP experience in Paris, when the factory was occupied and self-managed.

It is against this background that the French government banned, last June, the most powerful revolutionary organisation, the Ligue Communiste, part of the Fourth International, without realising the strength of the reaction to the ban, as can be judged by the fact that in countries all over the world actions of solidarity and huge mobilisations took place.

In Dublin, a solidarity meeting took place, with Sinn Féin represented.

Ar lean, ar chúil le h.



Ar lean. 6 lch. a cúig

bombing was defensive: 37 explosions in April, 47 in May, 50 in June. Stormont, London and the British army, all felt something must be done. The bombs were going off once or twice a day. Sniping was continuous. Military movement in most Catholic areas was nearly impossible without a large buildup and the use of armour. Between April and August, 4 British soldiers had been killed and 29 wounded, over 100 civilians had been injured. Civil order and civilian morale seemed about to collapse.

Still, viewed as an insurgency, the level of violence remained relatively low. The core Provo areas were the urban Catholic districts in Belfast and Derry where the population had already felt the brunt of Protestant wrath and the British army. A substantial proportion of the civil-rights people and the anti-Unionist political leadership hoped for swift reforms that would force the Provos to wind down their aggressive operations. The response of the British cabinet, however, was to seek order before changing the laws. The Stormont government insisted that the most effective way to choke off the Provos and restore order was to introduce internment of suspects as permitted by the Special Powers Act of 1922. The army, so far unable to keep the peace, could then impose a peace. What the British army wanted was an effective internment sweep that would in fact cripple the IRA. Given the lamentable state of existing intelligence, this was nearly impossible, and the British commanders so informed the cabinet in London. What Stormont wanted was a "victory" — a public humiliation of the disloyal minority rather than a rigorous police operation. Given British army co-operation, this was quite possible, for all that need be done was intern several hundred Catholic Republicans or agitators.



In London the British government failed to realise that the symbolic nature of internment would be all too clear to the Catholic minority who had no intention of being humiliated by the British army for the benefit of the Orangemen. Having erred by doing nothing, the cabinet then erred by doing something: authorising the internment of several hundred suspects, almost all Catholic. As a security measure the operation was a disaster; very few active IRA people were picked up although the British army did the best it could. On August 13, four days after the first sweep, Brigadier Marston Tickelly met with the press to

Is fear rith maith na drochsheasamh, a deir an seanfhocal. Here, British troops run before the wrath and missiles of the risen people in Derry.



## ON THE OFFENSIVE

Destruction of police stations and military posts formed part of the offensive this year. This picture shows what was left of Omagh R.U.C. post after a bombing raid.

explain how the IRA had been "virtually" destroyed. British credibility was being destroyed only a few streets away where the Provo O/C of Belfast, Joe Cahill, was holding his own fully attended press conference. As a symbolic victory for the majority, it was an equal disaster. Stormont's credit in London had been destroyed; instead of humiliation, the minority had all but risen in arms, instead of ending violence, internment escalated the Provo campaign. And finally as a British policy, no worse initiative could be imagined since world opinion immediately recognised the sectarian nature of the exercise. Internment appeared a vindictive weapon of an arrogant government that had chosen bigoted coercion over necessary concession. And a government that had apparently lost the opportunity to find a relatively comfortable accommodation for internment had not crushed the Provos but unleashed them.

In August there were over one hundred bomb explosions. Rifle and submachine-gun fire was general. The IRA no-go zones were created. And thirty-five people were killed.

All the autumn of 1971, the level of violence rose. The Provo campaign, backed by a civil-disobedience rate and rent strike, reached a level comparable to the glory days of the Tan War. By December even the most sanguine accepted that by any definition there was an insurrection in Northern Ireland. There would be further British errors and blunders that would help to maintain Provo momentum during much of 1972; but by the end of 1971, the factors that had permitted or encouraged the escalation of insurgency had been revealed.

The crucial British blunder was to let matters drift in hopes that a rigorous intervention from London would not be necessary. This encouraged Stormont to give too little, too late, continually alienating the Catholic minority. After August, 1969, the minority all but withdrew its consent to be governed. Without legitimacy or the capacity to maintain order, Stormont had to turn to London. The task of maintaining order as the legitimate representative of the British government fell to an army whose attitudes, postures and policies in time alienated the

minority and encouraged the Provos. It would be too facile to suggest that a quick decision in 1969 or 1970 sufficiently far-reaching to satisfy the minority and sufficiently firmly imposed to discourage majority opposition would have saved the day — the British have never had very good luck in Ireland even when doing the decent thing. And it was surely bad luck for an Irish accommodation that Labour lost office and Callaghan could not try out direct rule in 1970. Perhaps this was not in the cards either, for politicians in opposition always recall their decisive intentions with penetrating hindsight. In any case, there was no decision. The army left to its own devices by August, 1970, had slipped into growing disrepute in Catholic eyes, first an oppressor and then a Provo target. Then the British cabinet opted to impose a demonstrably sectarian measure on a restive people who had the means in the IRAs to resist.



The means to resist are hardly created overnight any more than is the will to do so. If there were no Provos in August, 1969, conditions had somehow become ripe for their birth and growth. To the alien eye the potential for insurrection had existed in Northern Ireland for at least fifty years, yet, there had been no serious challenge to authority. All the IRA efforts had aborted but any future rebels could pick up the Republican legacy. Thus the rebels against the crown would have three ready-made assets: an inspiring revolutionary tradition that granted legitimacy, authorised an army without banners; a demonstrably viable alternative to the institutionalised sectarian injustice of the Northern Ireland establishment in Tone's Republic; and an organisational core of trained and zealous men to direct any rebellion. This tradition, the Republican alternative, and the band of IRA zealots had existed for fifty years without serious effect until the peculiar combination of circumstances arose in 1969–1970. At long last the objective conditions favoured the rebels.

In qualitative terms the civil-rights campaign after 1967 gradually lowered the minority's capacity to tolerate further oppression; the question of a united Ireland aside, the minority wanted fair play. Many thus risked more by taking to the streets, and support for them grew among those who stayed home. For the first time the Ulster security forces could not maintain order or the privileges of the establishment by means that would satisfy the British cabinet or more important the fearful Protestants. The result was the Derry-Belfast riots in August, 1969, that created a need for a minority defense that the British army emotionally could not fill. In filling the vacuum as Catholic defenders, the Provos had as a goal not simply the establishment of a safe ghetto



Ar lean. lch. a naoi



# TOWARDS VICTORY

Ó lch. a hocht

for comfortable Catholics but a united Irish Republic that in the long run was the only way to guarantee peace with justice. Once the events of the summer of 1970 transformed the British army into a threat, the Catholic minority increasingly had to depend on the IRA for defense; in fact, the Provo growth was almost exactly proportional to the decay of British army neutrality as perceived by the Catholics. By 1971 the Catholic community could not repudiate the Provos without losing their only sure defense. This made possible an increase in offensive operations that, of course, provoked further British army retaliation. Not until the use of internment, however, could the Provos be certain that the people would support a campaign as much out of conviction as from fear. After August, 1971, there was by anyone's definition a full-scale insurgency that then faced the British with the challenge of de-escalation, another matter altogether. By then the Provos were at the crest of the tide in Irish affairs for which they were only marginally responsible but in which they had recognised the course toward if not to Tone's Republic.



An insurrection is recourse to the armed struggle by a substantial number of people to achieve aspirations that cannot be conceded but can be resisted by the existing regime. An enfeebled regime will simply collapse while effective authority may crush the insurrection. All insurrections are special cases and certainly the Northern Ireland example as special as any. Yet surely certain aspects of the genre may be dissected from a single example. In Ireland there has been recourse to the armed struggle in the name of an Irish Republic that London cannot envision within the United Kingdom so that a major British response has been force. This lethal asymmetrical dialogue between order and rebellion in Ireland and elsewhere has as the prize the toleration, perhaps even the support, of the mass of the people; in Ireland the Catholic minority has become the foundation of the Provisional IRA, a special case. Almost always the forces of order have the advantage: most people are for the easy life, few care to sacrifice in the name of change without the assurance of victory, many will tolerate a remarkably long train of abuses. Consequently, to create an insurrectional base, the cause must be most attractive, the imposition of order by authority most disagreeable and the prospects of success promising. Some men will always rise on command, see the third month as the ninth, pursue the vocation of the rebel; but few will follow. Such rebels may make a *coup*, the few snatching the authority from the unexpectedly feeble as the Free Officers did in Egypt in 1952, or achieve a glorious failure, the Easter Rising of 1916. An insurrection, however, requires a mass following alienated from authority.



To marshal the masses there must be perceived decay in the legitimacy of authority, a real and pragmatic advantage for the many in taking up arms and a talented and ruthless leadership capable of elaborating their own assets and exploiting their opponents' errors. In Ireland, Stormont in Catholic eyes had always been illegitimate but capable of exerting authority — an IRA campaign endangered the minority, could be endured but without hope. In 1969 the general challenge to authority, supported with great enthusiasm by most of the minority, had gone so far that retreat was no longer possible and a stubborn determination to hold fast prevailed. There was the need for the IRA as a legitimate defender. The Provos had gradually recognised the opportunity to strike, exploiting the people's fears, depending on their new militancy and evoking their historic loyalties. The British in failing to grasp the nettle of regorous reform, putting off for the morrow what might best have been done yesterday, encouraged the fatal confluence of Catholic pragmatism and Republican aspiration, and still worse sought recourse in internment, an option that proved both brutal and inefficient — a disastrous combination.

The Provos' capacity to combine pragmatism, patriotism and ruthlessness has

often been neglected by potential rebels who have been inclined to import their options. Broad theories wrapped in inspiring revolutionary rhetoric coupled with a quick course in battle techniques have led to many an abortive revolt. Thus a Che Guevara brought a Cuban formula to Bolivian Indians hopeful that the techniques of the *foco* would prove effective: idealistic, alien and unknown, he had little impact in Bolivia. In Ethiopia the Eritrean Liberation Front within the combat zones ultimately discarded a nonsectarian "revolutionary" appeal to depend on the Islamic shaylats and tribal habits of the nomadic *shifaa*. As has been the case in Ireland, common sense and recourse to the loyalties of the past may prove more effective incubators than elegant ideological analysis.



# FREESTATERY

SOMEHOW the words "Free State" have of late turned odious and sour even for those who come in direct political line from Cumann na nGaedhail. This was clearly illustrated recently in the "Freedom Struggle" Special Criminal Court trial when the state prosecutor harped on the fact that the terms "Free State" and "Free Stater" were much in evidence in a book which he had hoped to prove an "incriminating and seditious document". There is a fine irony here. Truly it might be asked of the not so lean grey man: "what is wrong with 'Free State'?"

Most of us are only too well aware of the political origins of the Twenty-Six Counties "Free" State — less, of course, the ports, Berehaven, Cork Harbour and Lough Swilly. Some are still with us who remember it as a betrayal of all they fought and suffered for in what was to have been the "War of Independence"; others are reminded of the Treaty and the well-laid trap of Civil War so expertly engineered by the dear departing Brits.

Memories of the birth of the "Free" State bring back painful pangs: Ballyseedy, where "Law and Order" had Irishmen chained to a landmine on the crown of a Kerry road and blown to bits in what was virtually a calculated and coldblooded human bomb; Mountjoy Prison, where the callous murder of Liam Mellows, Rory O'Connor, Joe McKelvey and Dick Barrett, one from each Province, took place before a drunken firing-squad on December 8, 1922, Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The Catholic Church remained dutifully silent. The Church of that day had more than its fair share of pro-Conscription Redmonite priests who saw in William T. Cosgrave, William Martin Murphy and the mad Blueshirt Duffy the extremist Right they somehow found so Christian, charitable, and, of course, financially stable and accommodating.

## Pastoral sounds

There are, of course, ecclesiastics with us today who make appropriate "pastoral" sounds the better to alleviate Westminster embarrassment, even a bishop can wait until the 50th day of an Irish woman's hunger-strike at infamous Brixton to call for British clemency. Or was it timed so as to take the sting out of possible passive defeat for the Lord Chief Justice? That the Catholic Church in Ireland, is and has been, with few honourable exceptions, the prop and pillar of Free-Statery there can be no reasonable doubt.

Not that the "Free" State remained the sole right and possession of Cumann na nGaedhail alone. 1932 saw the advent of those late republicans Fianna Fáil, whose turn of coat in the mere span of a single decade was nothing short of obscene. Like half-starved whelps they strained and jockeyed for position about the lentil-pot fearing that the national loot might evaporate before they got to it!

Principles were very quickly buried in the interest of Big Business, gommeism and plain jobbery. There was truth in the statement which held that the harp was the



Dáirmuid Ó  
Súilleabháin  
casts a cold  
eye on the  
politics of  
treachery and  
surrender.

Free state emblem mainly because it was so full of strings. Soon allegiance to the Crown was not an Oath but rather an empty formula. Oath or empty formulae of another kind soon became the privilege of the Castle sleuths slaving as they did to hound down the last Irishman who dared claim he had a country, as yet unfree.

The mass-media, such as it was in those days, did Lord Beaverbrook's work even better than the gutter ghouls of Fleet Street. Today the "copy" and the West Brit "leaders" are still the same, especially those which emanate from Abbey Street and Westmoreland Street.

The warrior of destiny, the irregulars of the early twenties had forgotten the teachings and ideals of Liam Lynch and Cathal Brugha. Now it was the business of compensation, pensions and ribbons for Trucifiers. The North was quickly forsaken.

## Pseudo-republicans

True, there were those whose soul was not quite so dead, who somehow felt that the Warriors had strayed afar from the Path of Destiny, from the concept of Ireland, free from British overlordship of any kind. They formed yet another pseudo republican party and entered Leinster House under the grandiose title of "Clann na Poblachta" — fettered to Fine Gael.

One of the more remembered deeds of this political menage was to declare the "Free" state a republic from the distant shores of the Commonwealth — Canada. At last there was a "Republic of Ireland" under "Republican" leader, John A. Costello. (Dillon had resigned because Fine Gael and Cosgrave senior had not thought it politically expedient to shed the neutrality of the statelet during World War II and so fight on the side of Great Britain and Churchill). The truth of course was that 26 Counties "Eire", call it "Free" state or "Republic", was not nor could it ever be, interpreted as anything else, but defeatist and that from its very bastard inception.

Having sketched the history of the "Free State" very briefly it is imperative that we should now examine the psychology of those who Quislinged; the 26 Counties psychosis which, for want of a better word, I shall henceforth term "Free Statery". A very grave and dastardly character-shake must occur in a people who sell out at national level.

Firstly there is the awareness of the magnitude of their crime resulting immediately in a bad conscience, bedevilled as it must be with the taint of Treason.

To live on, these inner misgivings, these pangs of possible early or intermittent remorse, somehow must be erased. The ways in which a national conscience and consciousness can be blunted, manipulated and finally erased are many and varied.

Self-righteousness is possibly the first defence mechanism and weapon of those who betray, their Treason must be cloaked in false trappings and labelled; "Expedient", "reasonable"; or simply "Done in good faith". This in the case of Ireland may well be labelled the Stepping-Stone Syndrome.

The disease or malaise is, of course, much deeper, much more sinister and cancerous than the symptoms. The symptoms, however, are in themselves of great importance in that even by a superficial examen they become very obvious, growing more and more visible and ugly as time elapses and the original treason, though carefully embedded and grafted, pustulates away, rotting the fibre of a people at an invisible depth.

Such has been the hidden Ireland of the past 50 years. Such too has been the aim and purpose of the Free State political endeavour — the whitewashing and the patchwork of men bent on self-aggrandisement and the corridors of power.

Attack, it is generally held, is an excellent means of defence and so Free Statery, irrespective of the party in power, always sought out and made to destroy those who did not succumb to the herd instinct, who were above graft, who preferred the taunts of "no mandate" and "tiny minority", noting that in truth and by history's inexorable perspective these taunts were the very signposts and milestones of the straight and narrow path. To love deeply is difficult: to use and prostitute has all the facility and ease of the charlatan and carpetbagger.

Ireland since 1918 and 1921 has had more than her share of the latter parasites, especially the family dynasty type whose privileged business interests, chain directorships and the accruing of fat bank-balances speak volumes for their brand of integrity. Suffice it to say that in the best grandee and feudal manner even marriage was kept between well-defined politico-social axes.

## Getting above ourselves

Free Statery begot its own Mafia, its own Godfathers, Fairy-Godmothers and Cinderellas not to mention plain and unadorned playboys and hoods. It was noticeable that the Pale was chosen as the centre, the metropolis hub, as if some old vice-regal vestige lingered on and grew upon the modern Daniel O'Connell's "Gentlemen" with strange and unbecoming cloaks and daggers.

This was true even of those whose roots and very feet were clearly more at home in the soil of rural Ireland. There was a great and sickening "Getting above Ourselves". Culture soon became both cliché and coinage, the art of feigned love easily shed before entering the twin portals of Power and Finance. In this vein the Irish language became both placebo and pillar at the whim of "Righteous Men".

Ar lean, lch. a 12



# Cén cineál pobail atá a dhíth ar an bhfile?

CEARD is filíocht ann? Cén fáth a scríobhann agus a léann muid filíocht? Ar raibh an ceart ag Máirtín Ó Cadhain nuair a dúirt sé, tamall gearr roimh a bhás, go raibh ré na filíocht istigh, go bhfuil deireadh léi?

Ceisteanna iad seo dhúisigh teacht na bhfilí ar An Aonach le déanaí im chloigean.

Céard is filíocht ann? Páidreacht nó casríocht de chineál éicint, is dócha. Nó ortha, faoisín, galar, fíofa i bhforin, rithime nó na meadarchta.

I bhforin na filíochta go minic nó go hiomlán is ea a chuireann fáth fíofa in iúl, más fíofa don traidisiún i go leor tíortha agus go deimhin in Éirinn, sa mBriotáin agus sa mBreatain Bheag.

Is é a tharlann go gcaithfidh an file labhairt amach nó piacáidíocht sé. Níl aon ní ann chun stop a chur leis an bhfíofa atá ag coipeadh agus ag fíochadh ina aigne.

Nó duine tinn is ea an file agus caithfidh sé an tann nó an tannán nó eile a chur de, chun faoisamh a fháil, chun fíleadh ar a chéill. Níl is geall le bean tí ag iompur clainne an file bocht agus is amhlaidh a chaitfidh an rud fíleata na trí ráithe, nó a chosúlacht, a chaitheamh istigh sul má chuireann sé ar an saol é.

Is dóide go bhfuil an fhirinne sna habairtí sin uile ach níl

iomlán na fírinne ann. Ní dhádladh í bheith ann nó is mistéir, nó rúndiamhar, filíocht.

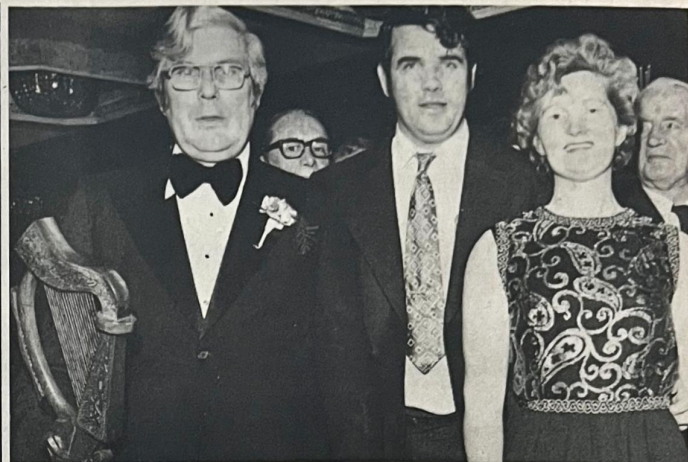
## Conspóid bhí uaidh

Ní mheasaim go raibh Máirtín Ó Cadhain i ndáiríre nuair a dúirt sé go raibh deiradh leis an bhfilíocht. Is dócha gur theastaigh uaidh conspóid a spreagadh; nó na filí a mhúscailt chun iad féin a

aneas.

Is féidir an dán gairid a chosaint faoi dhó agus go héasca; má bhíonn sé cruinn agus fíofa, tá áit ann i gcónaí dó. sa tSín, in Éirinn, nó in áit ar bith a bhfuil sibhialtacht de chineál ar bith.

Ach más dán fada é, cé cheannós é? Cé thíosleas é? Bhfuil deis ag file inniu maireachtáil ar a shaothar? Bhfuil



Níl, ar ndóighe. Faoi amhras mór atá an file. Duine contúirteach é. Bí cúramach faoi. Ná cuir oile air. Fan amach uaidh. Ná bí róbhag na rómhór leis an gclóir ... leis na péas ... leis an bhfile. Seachain an drochshúil.

## Dúshlán mór

Ní dhearna na filí mórán len iad féin a chosaint ar An Aonach, maidir leis na dánta beaga bídeacha. Dealltraíonn sé go bhfuil clois acu ar na burdúin bheaga agus ar na giotáí eile a raibh lámh ag ar O Rathaila lena bhfóilsú.

Cén fáth a scríobhán dán fada nuair atá ar do chumas - má tá! - an rud a rá go snóite taobh istigh de cheithre línte? Agus nach speisiala a leithéid ná an dán díreach (nó cam), sa chuid is mó de?

Dúshlán atá sna ceithre línte sin. Má éiríonn leat tá sibhreass curtha ar fáil agat. An éiríonn leis na filí óga seo, a leithéir? Abair amach é. Seo agat halla na soirse.

Seo a leanas giotá atá mar bhrollach (nó réamhrá) ag Gabriel Rosenstock ag an leabharlín, "Susanne sa Seomra Foletha", (Clódhanna Teo., Baile Átha Cliath).

Má chailleadar Páirthis toise mórpeaca Eabha Níl is eagal sin na n-úll ach samhail. Níor dibridh éadach síos alpadh tor craobha.

Ach toise Adhamh lena láimh ar a gabhail.

Cuid den ghraifít - agus den eiriceas - atá le feiceáil ar bhalla theach an asail i gClub an Chonartha, dar le Gabriel é sin. Is cuma. Tá sé snóite agus tá sé sa thraidisiún. Thuigfeadh duine de mhuintir na Gaeilge a leithéid ó Mhosc go Scéil Mhíchlí.

Seo a leanas an dá dhán is giorra ag Gabriel:

## SANDIA

le José Juan Tablada

Scol-gháire dearg, fuar an tsamhraidh, síosóg mheallbhacán uisce.

## COMENTARIOS

Lorgaíonn tú nócóin im chloilainn

An ghrian ann caillte sa bhforais. Id' chloilainn - sé lorgaim hucar

Ar strae i ndóluachair na h-óiche.

Tá daoine ann, sa nGaeltacht go háirithe, a déarfadh nach filíocht atá i gceachtar den dá shampla sin. "Tuige" Ar an gcead dul stós toisc nach dtuigean siad iad.

## Labhairt le pobal

Is leas loim rialacha a leanan faoi rud ar bith agus go háirithe faoi filíocht. Mar sin féin, deirfaidh mé an méid seo, go gcaithfidh filíocht bheith áisiúil chun bheith ina filíocht: áisiúil don bhfile, trí fhaoisamh a thabhairt dó; nó áisiúil don pobal, chun a áisiúil agus eile a chur in iúl.

Más file mór an tó tá ag cumadh na ndáiríre beidh sé ag labhairt lena pobal agus beidh a pobal i gceolán sin intinn aige.

At the recent Irish Northern Aid Committee dinner-dance in the Astorian Manor, Astoria, New York (from left) John Lawe, vice-president, Local 100 Transport Workers Union of America and a native of Kilglass, Co. Roscommon, Jim O'Garra, dinner-dance treasurer from Castlereagh, Co. Roscommon, and Bean Ruairi Uí Bhraidaigh who travelled from Ireland to represent her husband at the dinner. Mr. Lawe is holding a wooden harp presented to him for his work for the Irish Political Prisoners' Fund. The harp was made by prisoners in Long Kesh Concentration Camp.

An féidir le file dánta a scríobh inniu agus neamhna dhéanamh de -i. de phobal na Gaeltachta? Ar léibhéal beag pearsanta, is féidir, gan amhras; ach má fhanann sé ar an léibhéal sin ní bheidh sé ina fhile mór ariamh. Ní bheidh sé ina fháidh.

Ní dóighe liom gur éirigh le Gabriel féidir a thabhairt do dhúshlán an traidisiúin sna dánta beaga bídeacha; ach seo a leanas ceann eile atá ná ba fhaide agus a bhfuil baint aige leis na laoihe, leis na seanscailte.

Is dócha go dtuigfeadh muintir na Gaeltachta é seo. Mar fhilíocht? Ní mar phróis aisteach?

## FINN-THAIDHREAMH

Nuair a fhéachann Fionn fé mhalai dúra ar Ghráinne is iomann é agus eilít.

Bionn a shúile i síorshéil (Go bhfuilchann an fhúil inti) go tráthnóach. Ansan scaoillean Fionn léi camháire ar bheola traolta. Cén fhaid a mhairfidh an pionós seo? Go deo?

B'fhearra léi go mór. B'fáil ina iúl ar dhúrléir i dtéanna laocha a thabharfadh ómos íochrann di.

Ná bheith mar seo, stracaithe i measc na mbeo.

Dán é seo a thainníonn liomsa; agus creidim gur filíocht í ann. Mar sin féin tá rud éicint in easnamh air, Aigne na nGael? Céard é a dhéanfadh Gearóid lara nó an Céitínneach? - nó Johnnie Chóid Mhaidhe - den teama seo?

B'fhéidir gurb é tá a dhíth ar na filí óga seo deis dhul os comhair phobal na Gaeltachta chun a gcuir dánta a léamh, chun éisteacht le tuairimí na ndaoine, dá bhfadfaid iad a mhealladh chun cainte.

Tá an macalla ag teastáil, fé mar atá i scríbhneoireacht na Gaeilge ar léibhéal ar bith: féach anois mé, is mo chul le Balla, ag seim, cúl de phéarí fallamha ... nó do chluasa gan éisteacht.

"Bhfuil tú ag éisteacht? Bhfuil tú ag éisteacht?" Ba shin mar a chroíochannóin file é eile, Míchéil Ó hUanacháin, dán da chuid, rud a chorráigh go mór mé tamall gearr i ndiaidh ócáid an Aonach, agus Eoghán Ó Tuairisc sa chathair in Amharclann an Damer i mBaile Átha Cliath.

Cé tá ag éisteacht leis na filí óga? Iad féin? Iad féin amháin? Nár chóir don Chomhdháil nó d'institiúid eile iad a thabhairt amach go dtí na pobail Gaeltachta in Éirinn agus thar lear, chun go gclóise siad macalla? Nár chóir deis thabhairt dó na dánta? scoile iad a chloistáil iad a chloistáil?

As an gcomhchaidreamh sin, meaisín a thócaid a bhfuil a dhíth chun go ndéanfaid cuid d'Éirinn na spiorad, na tabhisi seip, ata ar strae in aeráid na hÉireann ach atá ceangailte, a bheag nó a mhór, le cultúr éicint eile.

## A bhfuil in easnamh

An rud a bhraithim a bheith in easnamh, ní féidir é shloithair trí ortha éicint a ré leat féin, mar atá a leanas, b'fhéidir: caithfidh mé bheith Gaeltach. Ní caithfidh mé bheith dúchasach. Ní caithfidh mé beith áisiúil.

Daonna an focal; agus is rud é sin a thagann le teagmháil, le cumilt, le caidreamh, le comhriachtanas, le comhpháidreacht: guimis le chéile.

As an bhfíochomhfhiosach is ea a thagann an fhilíocht is fearr, b'fhéidir, ní móthú gan é, gan an intinn ar as dó.

Bhfuil an iomarca den aigne, den intinn, den mheán, ag baint le nuafhíocht na Gaeilge? An amhlaidh atá eiríthe leis an sean-namhad, eagla agus uamhan a chur orainn as cead a thabhairt don chroí agus i dteadhail le gairchúiseach na hintinne?

Go gpoinné áiríthe aontaíonn Míchéil Ó hUanacháin liom faoi filíocht - gur móthú is mó atá ann. Ach cuireann sé teora leis sin: móthú faoi smacht (theoir, stúr). Ach cé mhéid den smacht sin?

Faoi phósa den chuid féin a bhíomar ag labhairt nuair a tháinig an saimhíniú amach; agus dar le Míchéil propaganda nó bolscaireacht san chuid is mó de an dán a bhí scríofa agam.

Dá mba dán ghrá a bheadh ann, an ndéarfadh sé amhlaidh Nó marbha, an ceann, mar shampla, a scríobhas do Mháirtín Ó Cadhain? Ag agus céard is bolscaireacht?

Ba é a bhí uaimse, agus an giotá úd a scríobh agam, labhairt le pobal, agus freagra an phobail sin a thabhairt go lom don namhad.

## Tuairim Mhao?

File mór is ea Mao Tseung; agus níl aon amhras orm ach go mbeadh Mao sásta glacadh leam iarracht mar fhilíocht. Deas dá nglacfaidh; ach dá mbeadh mo phobal féin Gaeltachta sásta glacadh leis is mó ar fad na seclitíní bheadh orm.

Propaganda: bolscaireacht; polaitíocht: polaitíocht. Faoi mbeadhacht: fíofa. Iad filíocht agus pobal; pobal ag labhairt trí bheal an fhúil; Dia ag labhairt trí bheal an fhúil. Gníthe iad sin ar chóir labhairt fíofa, freisin; ach, ar ndóighe, tá muid róchúthail.

An tseachtain seo chugainn, le cúnamh Dá, beidh a thuilleadh den chúis, ar fhilíocht agus ar na filí óga agam ar an leathnach seo.

## BALLYFINAGLE FILE

FOLLOWING the recent storms, the ruins of an ancient building have come to light beneath some sand-dunes at Carrickablagard, the tiny resort at the extreme west side of the Bay of Ballyfinagle. The site has been investigated by Dr. Nigel Allcock-Smythe, M.A. (Oxon), Ph.D., the recently appointed Professor of Archaeology at U.C.B.

Speaking to journalists afterwards, he said that the ruins obviously were those of an early Anglo-Saxon temple dedicated to Hubris, the pagan god of railway waiting rooms. Asked if the building had anything to do with the ancient Irish people he replied: "There is no such thing as an ancient Irish people. There is no such thing as an Irish people at all. It is all a myth invented by the Provos".

A FURTHER stage has been reached in the epic Ballybought Eviction Case in which 87-year-old Sir Norman Baron of Groundrent House, Little Soddingly, Sussex, has been attempting to take possession of the thatched cottage of primary teacher Áine Ní Ghadhra, located in what is called "a prime development location" in the heart of the Baile Bocht Gaeltacht.

Sitting by his fireside recently Sir Norman saw on television a news item about Iníon Ní Ghadhra arriving in London to attend a Price Sisters demonstration. Promptly he arranged to fly his private helicopter direct to Ballyfinagle Airport and drove out to Baile Bocht to take possession of the cottage in the absence of the occupant.

He found, however, that a very large fisherman was in possession and was disinclined to let him in.

"This cottage and the land it stands on is mine!" Sir Norman protested.

"Yes?" the fisherman replied. "And how do you come to own it?"

"I inherited it from my ancestors".

"Yes?" the fisherman said again. "And how did they come to own it?"

"They fought for it!" Sir Norman replied, indignantly.

"Very good," said the fisherman, taking off his jacket. "Now I'll fight you for it!"

Sir Norman fled back to his hired car and drove full-tilt back to the airport. Too late. His helicopter was cruising off in a northerly direction with a load of milk churns aboard.

Next morning the London-based "DAILY LEER" carried the banner headline: "Provos rob old age pensioner".



# LONG KESH ATTACK S.D.L.P. MEN

WE ARE all by now familiar with the routine torture of the Price sisters, Hugh Feeney and Gerald Kelly. Each morning at 10 a.m. these young Irish men and women go through an ordeal which causes them extreme physical and psychological pain.

That ordeal is the disgusting procedure known as force-feeding. This procedure has been shown at numerous demonstrations and has been well described by the news media; everyone by now is aware of its effects.

The reason these four young people are tortured in such a manner is not because they made basic just demands for political status and a return to their own country but because the Tory Government sees this as a chance to gain political capital and to build up their shattered ego in the face of defeat in Ireland.

Where have the representatives of the people been hiding while the British Government blatantly ignores the Geneva Convention of Human Rights, to which, ironically enough, the British are signatories?

Why the silence from Messrs. Deane, Hume and Finn? Has the S.D.L.P. lost its moral and political position? Why the silence from the "Free" State Government and also the British opposition?

Could it be that they are embarrassed by Ted's actions on the world political arena? It is always, the man in the street who has rallied to a basic humanitarian cause.

We thank all those who have participated in demanding the return of all political prisoners in England and Scotland. However we would call on all the people to make further and more strenuous protest. We would also challenge the S.D.L.P. and the aforementioned "silent ones", to add their voices to the protest.

This is not a political platform. We do not seek political gain. This is a sincere plea from our hearts on purely humanitarian grounds for the return of the Price sisters, Hugh Feeney, Gerald Kelly and all the political hostages in British jails. "Send them home now", we say.

— P.R.O.,  
O'Rawe, Stairs, Nolan Sinn Féin  
Cumann, Cage 17, Long Kesh  
Concentration Camp.

IT IS with a sense of urgency that we, the undersigned, condemn the authorities for their failure to demand both the repatriation of the "Winchester" hunger strikers and an immediate end to their torture by force feeding.

Forced feeding has already been condemned publicly by members of the Irish medical profession. It is offensive, horrible

## a chara

and degrading to all concerned. The demands of the prisoners are simple. They seek merely to be returned to serve their sentences with their comrades in a Northern Ireland jail, where their families and friends would be able to avail of what visiting concessions there are. Common humanity demands that this request be granted.

Yet, the undersigned, having no political motives behind this appeal, affirm that we are motivated principally by Christian and humanitarian considerations. We demand an immediate end to forced feeding. We demand the immediate repatriation of the prisoners. We call on you, our fellow citizens, to support these demands.

Is sinne le Meas  
LABHRAS O MURCHU  
PADRAIGH O MEATHUNA,  
L.P.S.I.  
SEAN O DUBHRIH, M.P.S.I.  
PIERCE M PURCELL  
EOGHAN O DABHARAIN  
LAIM MAC AN AIROINNIGH  
W.A. RYAN, M.C.P.S.I., D.C.H.  
P.J. DONOHUE, M.B.  
SEAN J. MCCARTHY, M.B.,  
B.Ch., B.A.O.  
SEAMUS HAYES  
SHEILA O'DONNELL  
PATRICK FRANCIS  
O'DONNELL  
PATRICK LEE  
PATRICK O'DONNELL  
BEAN UI ADHA  
TED LANDERS  
CAIT BEAN UI CHUIRCH  
DANIEL O'SHEA  
PADRAIG UA DUBHRIH  
Caiseal Mumba,  
Co. Thiobraid Arann.

## SECULAR IRELAND

I READ with amazement the account, "Bradford meets Knights etc" on page one of your Feabhra 1 issue, by Connal O'Cearnaigh, and the opinions expressed by Mr. O'Cearnaigh, particularly when he states that the republican struggle is for a secular Ireland.

I believed the struggle was for faith, and fatherland, in that order. To mollify Boal, Paisley, Craig, Taylor et al. he would get rid of the teaching of the Catholic Church. No religion in schools, but as in England time off for the pupils to have their abortions, which he would legalise, as well as divorce. As in England the birth rate would fall below the death rate thereby decimating our population more thoroughly than a famine. He would even prevent us from giving public honour to Christ's mother.

Is all this not the policy of Humanists who reject God and his teaching? Are 95 per cent of the people to eschew their beliefs, and culture, for which their forefathers died, and become disciples of Boal, Paisley, Ruairc Gahan, Christopher Morris (Secretary of the Humanist

Society and founder of the Language Freedom movement)? Please count me out of that company, and their objectives. I'm for Christ, first, last, and in between, and for his teaching as promulgated by his true Church.  
— Watcher  
Dún Laoghaire.

WHILE a note in Irish on your letters page states that opinions given in "An Phoblacht" are not those of the Republican Movement unless so stated, your

The official policy of the Republican Movement is expressed in statements issued by Sinn Féin, the Irish Republican Publicity Bureau and the leadership of the Republican Movement. Views expressed here, by letter writers, by regular columnists and in other signed contributions, are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the publishers.

front-page article on Bradford and the Knights on Feb. 1 could mislead (and upset) many supporters, and you should make plain whose policy was being preached.

Eire Nua" and various Republican policy statements on regional policy give assurance that the Protestant heritage will have its just place in a free Ireland.

The well-thought-out Dail Uladh concept meets any Protestant fears as is proved by the rethinking being done by Desmond Boal and others. Why, then, does Connal O'Cearnaigh think he must give special assurances to the Faulknerite "liberal" Bradford, and why should his article be featured as a lead in "An Phoblacht"?

There is also a Catholic heritage in Ireland, you know, which many Republicans cherish, despite the "legitimate attention" of Conor Cruise O'Brien and his ilk.

Your lead article in "An Phoblacht" smacks very much of that Trinity College outlook which always has had its propagandists since good Queen Bess set up the institutions to try and wean the mere Irish from Popish superstitions.

Surely the Republican Movement paid dearly for academic aberrations about policy in the past? Let us concentrate on promoting every aspect of the "Eire Nua" policy, which guarantees justice to all Irishmen, Catholic and Protestant alike.  
— Liam Ua Cróinín,  
Ladsbridge, Co. Chorcaigh.

## BRIAN NA BANBA

MUCH progress has now been made with arrangements to honour the memory of Brian O'Uiginn in his native parish and county.

A new G.A.A. park has been laid out in his native parish of Kilskeary and will be opened in the near future. The new library in An Uaimh will have a special room dedicated to the memory of Brian.

The Brian O'Uiginn Memorial Committee, set up some years ago, is providing a plaque at the front gate of the G.A.A. Park and



will furnish the commemoration room in the library.

As a means of providing funds for this purpose, the Co. Meath Committee has organised a ballad concert in Ratoath Inn, Ratoath, on Wednesday, February 20. A very enjoyable evening is assured with the well known Bards Ballad group heading the bill. The cover charge will be 50p.

Brian O'Uiginn took part in the 1916 Rising and was a member of An Dara Dail. His Christmas greeting cards became the most acceptable greeting between Irishmen in all parts of the world.

Funds are needed to honour his memory in his native Meath county. Well-wishers can help by supporting the concert or by sending a donation to John L. McCormack, Abbeylands, An Uaimh.

— Seán Fitzpatrick,  
18, Dymond Road, Drimnagh,  
Baile Atha Cliath 12.

## CORK BASS

IN THE January issue of your paper you publish an article criticising Independent Newspapers. In the penultimate paragraph of that article you refer to "lanted articles", "news distortion" and the "publication of facts".

These allegations may be true but the last sentence of your article which refers to Bass, and the Irish market, certainly proves that your paper makes no effort to establish facts before publication.

Even the most cursory of Checks, such as looking at the label on the bottle would have informed you that Bass is brewed and distributed by one of the oldest Irish breweries still operating, Beamish and Crawford, of Cork.

This firm, which was established in 1792, employs 400 Irish workers and has been brewing Bass in Cork from Irish barley, and using all other available Irish materials required for the operation since 1968.

If you want a little further and examined the financing of the firm you would find that it is at least as advantageous to the Irish people as any other brewery in this country; and, unlike other firms in the industry, it is certainly not British-based.

As representatives of the employees of the company, we wish to protest in the strongest possible terms against the implication of your statement and we demand that you take the necessary steps to correct the false impression created by your paper.

— Denis Lynne, Cork No. 2, Branch.  
Tadhg Philpott, Secretary No. 4 Branch  
Liam Beecher — Branch Sec. Cork.  
No. 6, 1.T. & G.W.U.  
Cork No. 2:—  
Richard Duff, Chairman Cork No.

Liam Haggind  
Edward Gabriel  
L. Oh-Eactigheim  
Donal O'Sullivan  
Margaret Casey  
Cork No. 4:—  
Michael Hennerty  
Finbarr O'Neill  
M. O'Ceallaigh, Cork. No. 4.

Billy O'Keefe,  
Marie Jones.

## HEATH SINKING

"DON'T" sink us now or we will drown", says Heath in pleading on the 6.00 p.m. news. There must be a hole in his yacht! He fears drowning!

Great to hear him plead! Would that the Irish in Britain would let him sink! No kiss of life for this British bulldog — he showed his gnarling teeth too long. Every doggie has its day! Sunningdale launched in gloom. Sun — in — Dale — blackouts in coalpits! Now what will the S.D.L.P. traifors do?

Are the dictators here on their way out too, as they follow Britain's footsteps usually? Will all the high flyers such as Hume be grounded? Who pays his fares to Brussels? Has he forgotten the Court of Human Rights and the prisoners in the dungeons whenever he sits with Faulkner and his lackeys?

"Open the dungeons now, Heath is on his sinking ship". We are anti-bulldog sports!

— Una Toal,  
St. Kevins Terrace, Newry Rd.,  
Dún Dealgan.

## FREEDOM STRUGGLE

IN A recent issue of your paper, you referred to the necessity of maintaining the struggle on a wide front, giving many examples. It is surprising, then, that a call for support for the two farming associations, F.D.A. and the National Land League, which stand for "The land for the people", also, the Fishermen's Defence Association, were omitted.

The question of social credit is almost ignored in Ireland today. It deserves to be brought into the limelight and given very serious consideration.

— D. Ó Dálaigh,  
Cill Crocháin, Co. Chorcaigh.

Abroad, supporters of the Irish struggle on many occasions have staged solidarity protests. Here passers-by stop at the Aer Lingus office on the Rue D'Aubert, Paris, to read placards and petitions calling for Republican prisoners.

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Átha Cliath, 8.

Arna foilsíú ag Gluaiseacht  
na Poblachta.

## CEIRNÍN NUA

A new record, "Flight from Mountjoy" with "Billy Reed" on flip-side by the Freeman from Belfast: 55p.

Written by a prisoner who was in Mountjoy at the time: Seán McGinley from Armagh. Profits will go to Éire Nua.

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## VISIT A PRISONER

TA na cimirí bPórsún Phortlaoise ag glacadh le cuairteanna athuair nó tá na húdaráis tar éis géilleadh dóibh sa chuid is mó dá ngearáin.

● For people in Baile Átha Cliath, a bus leaves the office of this newspaper every Saturday morning at 11.30, arriving back in the capital at about 6 p.m.

● Travel is free to all relatives of the prisoners to whom a visit brings a joy difficult to describe. It is essential to maintain their morale, by visits, by gifts, by letters, papers, books, musical instruments, records and similar material.

● Don't let the political hostages down. Bigé dílis. Bigé fial flaitiúil daonna.





Last week an active service unit of Oglagh na hÉireann penetrated a closely guarded security zone in the centre of Dungannon town and, by means of a car bomb, blasted the town's centre. This was the greatest bombing mission of the war and will cost the British exchequer about £1,000,000 in reparation work alone. Nobody was hurt because timely warnings were heeded.

## France bans Nationalists

Ar lean, ón láir

Ironically, the French government accuses the banned organisations of having links with "foreign political forces".

It is ironic, because the European bourgeoisie itself set up the E.E.C. to co-ordinate the common exploitation of European peoples in a very elaborate economic and political bloc to compete with the U.S.A. and Japan.

The result has been, of course, to help synchronise the struggles of the workers and oppressed national minorities which are fusing.

It leads to a situation where the oppressed are more conscious of the need for an exchange of experiences and for a well organised, international movement, capable of co-ordinating struggles on all planes.

It should bring us to understand that, by joining in solidarity with individuals, organisations or nations, victims of repression, we not only react in self-defence but also advance the hour of victory for humanity.

Ar lean, ó ich, a haon  
Westminster, as always, thinks it has covered all approaches, has neutralised all possible advances, has the game completely under control. But of course, as always, it has miscalculated.

War is the extreme of politics. Daily, the freedom fighters of the North, confined by Westminster's rules to bullet and bomb, high light all the contradictions and ensure the final verdict in favour of the Irish people, in favour of freedom, in favour of unity, in favour of peace, in favour of socialism.

Dungannon, last week, underlined the point heavily (picture: back page). How long can a beggared Westminster economy continue to pay the cost of this massive attack on capital, at the same time spending fantastic sums from a steadily impoverished exchequer to maintain the army of occupation in the north-east?

Meanwhile, political pressure builds up for the withdrawal of troops from Ireland. Soon, the commonsense of public opinion must force the politicians to examine coldly why they must continue to meddle in Ireland, to bungle in Ireland through such contraptions as Sunningdale.

The logic is to get out and let the Irish settle their own affairs among themselves. The indications are that the will of the Irish, expressed through their militants, Catholic and Protestant, will force them to see the logic of the situation clearly this year and to get out.

# British fear a free election

Those, therefore, who talk of elections at this stage, in the conditions of the moment, are dreamers, idealists in the most foolish sense of the term, dupes, super-optimists, reformists, patchers of a threadbare society and, essentially, saboteurs. Ireland, unfree, can never be at peace. Freedom is the basic element that is absent.

## Ó Brádaigh view

Here is the way the President of Sinn Féin, Ruairí Ó Brádaigh, put it, having heard what the latest gaulleir, Pym, had to say apologetically, when time had run out, once again, on Westminster:

"In view of the refusal of the British government to meet the three reasonable demands made by Sinn Féin on February 9, the organisation will not be participating in the forthcoming Westminster elections.

"Mr. Pym's response last night" (Saturday) "made no reference to the repatriation of the Winchester hunger strikers and their comrades, the lifting of the ban on Sinn Féin and the ending of military harassment.

"The forthcoming election cannot, therefore, be described as a free election. Sinn Féin will not jeopardise people's lives and liberties by asking them to fight under the British restrictions. With 1,500 men in jail, it would be impossible for Sinn Féin to

expose its workers further to British army terror.

"Contrary to what Mr. Pym said, Sinn Féin has not deliberately excluded itself from all democratic processes. Mr. Pym's government has explicitly reinforced the ban on Sinn Féin in their Emergency Provisions Act of July last. It is hypocritical of him or anybody else to suggest that Sinn Féin is free to mobilise and maximise its support among the people at this time."

## DAITHÍ Ó CONAILL REPLIES TO CRUISE O'BRIEN

Ar lean, ó ich, a haon

gratitude due to Lynch, Cosgrave, O'Brien and Childers for the marvellous material they supplied to the B.I.S. in defence of British atrocities in the North.

The thought of a British withdrawal shocks O'Brien. By breeding, rearing, education and experience, his whole life has been bound up in defence of British imperialism and, were it to end in Ireland, O'Brien's future here would be nil.

He will fight tooth and nail to maintain the British presence by concealing the horror of

the British army terror campaign in the North and hounding those who refuse to accept the lies and deceit of England's most loyal servant in Ireland.

Republicans have no fear of engaging in dialogue and discussions with any group of fellow countrymen. We have more in common with loyalists and Protestants than we have with English fellow travellers like Cruise O'Brien. Once the British presence is removed, the chief source of violence will be gone and Irish people, without O'Brien, can build anew.

Ar lean, ó ich, a naoi

The lesson was not lost on the youth. They emigrated as much out of a strong if vague and ill-defined feeling of mistrust as out of economic and social exigencies. This might well be termed the Great Lacuna, the great hiatus of a puppet-state. Cynicism and materialism seared deeply into the national ethos or rather the Irish ethos. We fiddled and paid the price.

Nothing, not even religion, law or order, absolutely nothing was considered too ancient or sacred when it came to bolstering up the statelet mentality, to dull the gnawing of a bad collective conscience (and consciousness). Somehow, somewhere, sometime, the national ethos would find its proper balance and élan according to the great micawbers, sufficient for the day being the micawber.

We are existing but lacked the vibrancy of emancipated people a fact which, was perhaps, more clearly manifest in our economy than anywhere else. We were masters of the keep if not quite the embellishments and turrets. This galled and sometimes visibly hurt. The more discerning, the more patriotic, if you like, tried to make a stand very often only to suffer gross deprivation. As in the days of Clarke and Pearse the more noble saw the need for supreme sacrifice.

Yet those who, by word or deed, in any way upset the false totality-conception of the politicians of Leinster House, tracing for them the stigma-line of Partition reminding them of the Parnell dictum that no man had the right to set boundaries to the march of the nation, or by simple mensuration, proving to them, in

# FREESTATERY

simple lesson that 26 was but a part or fraction of 32, such persons were deemed to have deserved the opprobrium and fate of the historical Irish felon.

Seeing that since we had no island colonies abroad such as Van Diemen's Land or the West Indies we set about building what a disaffected Russian might call the Eastern Archipelago - Mountjoy, Arbour Hill, The Curragh and The Bog (Portlaoise).

When the "Free State" conscience was sorely pricked or dangerously jolted there was always British rope and Pierpoint. Ever keeping abreast of such mopping-up operations was a very favourable press strangely established and beautifully synchronised in terms of Big Ben and the "post office" - a darling "Belfast"! Dublin and London have one and the same pendulum, Belfast was at another degree still, another meridian and with an extra mandate of latitude for some.

And so tiny men who thought to fill large-fitting suits scribbled in a mean half-century of "Free" state history. They died, some executed, some simply fading away in grey disillusionment or worse, all rather easily forgotten. Not for them the folk-memory of a Sabhat or a Ó hAnluáin.

Today, the "Free" State writhes in the throes of the emergent nation, Ireland. The

words "Republic" and "Republican" have been restored to their pre-treaty glory and meaning. "Free Stater" has become a dirty word and in at least one Belfast song rhymes with "traitor". Like "Blueshirt" it gives offence. Yet the Quislings heart is still the same.

Seeing that the old Dáil "patriot game" is exposed for ever your Free Stater is not content to stand idly by - he runs instead to Mother England and London. His true colours coming forth loud and clear he seeks Union, bridges not stepping-stones. He is at once Carey and Keogh, Redmond and Castlereagh.

"Dungeon fire and sword" are his frothy threats and mouthings. He hears distant drums and dreads the marching of O'Neill and O'Donnell. His own kith and kin in "Ulster" he regards in mortal dread as "The Enemy", finding great solace in the presence of the Royal Ulster Constabulary and Her Majesty's Crown Forces!

He craves peace but is blind to honour. The threat of freedom is upon him, causing him to reel and grow desperate. His bad conscience brings him daily to the brink of civil war. He is the great European ostrich of collaborative politics and, despite massive and repeated doses of fascist press releases and editorial pools, the sands are running short. Frightened and slave-like, he picks up the strangest of

bedfellows, necessity knowing no bounds and even less wisdom.

He is prepared to twist and contort, yeah even to change and whitewash the Four Masters of our history and all the annals of bitter British oppression. You Free Stater in a mixture of rage, impotence and utter desperation gave a new word to the English language, a new political phrase viz. "to become Faulknerised". That was before the Fall of the Archangel himself.

Mean as a mortally wounded cat he is still dangerous, cornered as the Free Stater must feel in the Fourth Green Field. Half-exposed and politically naked were it not for his Bank of England hard hat, he eyes his mongrel cubs ever wondering about the changing of their spots. He remembers well his Aoife and McMurrough, too, and in his mind's eye he sees himself riding once again, cap in hand, to the modern Aquitaine - Sunningdale.

He is a dealer and thinks he has his country for a last dice, a last Black Pig's Ditch. He is a haunted man bearing a haunted name and the Fates have ordained that in this he must witness by the Law and Order of Nemesis the beginning and the end, the rise and fall of Free Stater forever. Nor shall any act of Queen Victoria suffice to prop the puppet state or quell the rebels.

In a New Ireland the "Free" State will become a caricature much in the manner of the stage Irishman and the deerstalker, West Briton. In this role, the country will deem him harmless and safe. It is even possible that the nation may forgive his seed in its new bounteousness and magnanimity the better to proclaim her utter freedom.

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44 Cearnóg Pharnell, Baile Átha Cliath, 1, ÉIRE.

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