

# THE KEY TO TRUE FREEDOM - SOCIALISM

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A BULLETIN OF THE  
IRISH REPUBLICAN  
MOVEMENT,  
LONG KESH

An Eochair is the paper of the  
Republican Prisoners, Cages 2 and  
3, Long Kesh Prison Camp, Lissburn  
Co. Antrim.

All articles, cartoons, songs, poems  
etc. are from the prisoners them-  
selves.

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# OPEN THE GATES

## INSIDE.....



NO ONE REALLY BELIEVES THE  
BRITISH GOVERNMENT WHEN IT  
SAYS THERE WILL BE NO AMNESTY  
FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS. IT IS  
AN ACCEPTED FACT THAT THE HUN-  
DREDS OF BOYS AND GIRLS' MEN  
AND WOMEN BEING HELD IN NORTH-  
ERN IRELAND'S POLITICAL JAILS  
AND PRISON CAMPS ARE POLITICAL  
HOSTAGES.

MERLYN REES HAS MADE IT QUITE  
CLEAR THAT HE IS WILLING TO NEO-  
GOTIATE WITH THEIR FREEDOM IN  
RETURN FOR PLEDGES FROM PARA-  
MILITARY ORGANISATIONS. THE  
DECISION HAS BEEN TAKEN TO  
BARTER WITH MENS' LIVES NOW THE  
DEAL HAS TO BE WORKED OUT.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT SHOULD  
FORGET DETLS. THE PROVISIONALS  
AND THE LOYALIST TERROR GROUPS  
SHOULD FORGET VIOLENCE WHICH  
ONLY SERVES TO SEPERATE THE  
WORKERS.

THEY SHOULD ALL CONCENTRATE  
ON GETTING THE POLITICAL PRISON-  
ERS BACK TO THEIR WIVES AND  
FAMILIES AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

BUT THERE ARE MORE PRISONERS  
IN NORTHERN IRELAND THAN THE  
MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE HELD  
IN JAILS OR PRISON CAMPS.

A WHOLE PEOPLE ARE PRISONERS  
OF REPRESSION AND A SYSTEM  
WHICH ENFORCES POVERTY. UNEM-

PLOYMENT AND GROSS EXPLOITAT-  
ION OF THE WORKING CLASS AND  
THE WORKLESS.

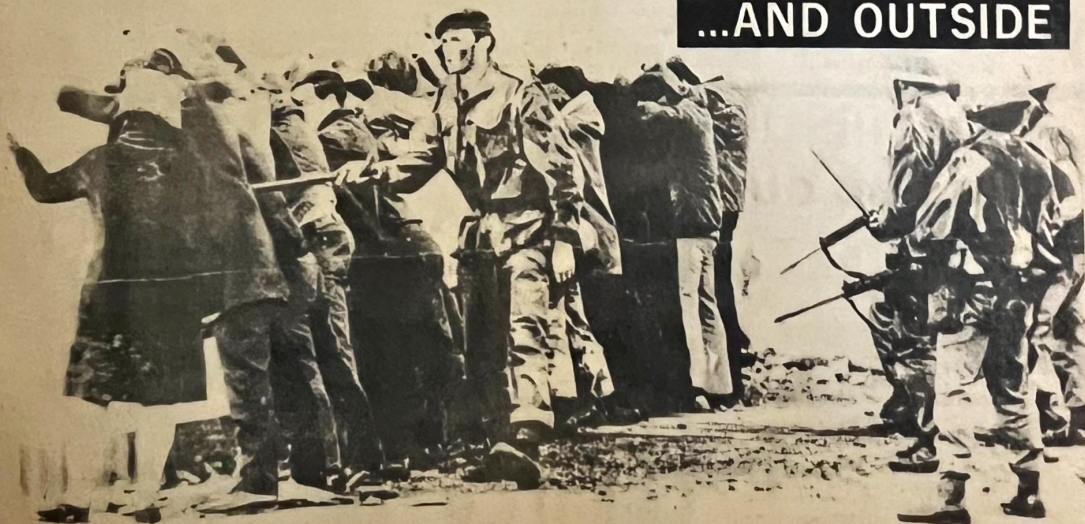
OPENING THE GATES OF THE PRISON  
CAMPS AND JAILS IS NOT ENOUGH.  
THEY MUST OPEN THE GATES OF  
THE REPRESSIVE DEGRADING SOC-  
IETY AND LET ALL THE PEOPLE GO  
FREE.

LET THEM BE FREE OF BAD HOUSING.  
LET THEM BE FREE OF UNEMPLOY-  
MENT.

LET THEM BE FREE OF POOR WAGES  
AND POVERTY.

LET THEM BE FREE OF POLITICAL  
AND RELIGIOUS OPPRESSION.

## ...AND OUTSIDE



# PRISONERS WARNING ABOUT INHUMAN CONDITIONS



Being for the most part ex-tax payers a large slice of our hard earned wages once went to the upkeep of the expansive Prison system of the Six counties, and we draw no small consolation from the knowledge that we are now, if only temporarily exempt from paying tax.

Unfortunately our elation is largely cancelled out by an acute awareness that, in fact expanding and consequently the realisation that those still fortunate enough to be tax payers will have to part with progressively larger and larger

slices of their pay packers, so that obscene establishments such as Long Kesh may flourish.

One might assume, from the above, that visitors to Long Kesh being tax payers would be treated with the respect and courtesy which is their due, not so! When visitors arrive at the camp they are hustled into a waiting room, these waiting rooms-flimsy pre-fab constructions-are usually overcrowded, untidy and cold. Facilities for refreshments along with sanitary conditions are virtually non-existent and in conditions such as these, young

mothers with their children as well as the very old, are expected to wait for periods up to three hours long.

The worst is yet to come, when the waiting is finished visitors are subjected to the ultimate humiliation, they must submit to what is known as a body search. This procedure is both degrading and undignified and we suspect, rather pointless. "Screws" have been known to remove such deadly items as chocolate bars, the reason for their concinuous impoundment is

one of the great mysteries of our age.

Meanwhile back at the cage the prisoners lot is no happier, for he too must endure the frustration born of petty harrassment and bureaucratic incompetence. At the end of it all the prisoner is allowed one half hour with his loved ones, the sensation of sitting in a tiny box under constant surveillance must be similar to that of goldfish swimming in a class bowl. The lack of privacy is that complete.

We must inform the powers that we are coming to the end of our tether, and warn them that unless radical improvement in the visiting conditions is forthcoming, we will be forced into a position were more radical action on our part will be our only option.

Formal requests to remedy this inhuman situation have fallen on deaf ears, the only intention the Prison authorities would seem to have in listening to our requests at all would seem to be an attempt to forestall militant action.

## THE IRISH LANGUAGE IS BANNED IN LONG KESH

Someone once said that conversation is 90% talking and 10% listening. No doubt he was inferring that we have a tendency to hear ourselves talking rather than hear what others have to say. Perhaps he was having a dig at us Irish.

After all are not the people of this island renowned for the gift of the gab? There are very few people who have not met an Irishman blessed with a wide repertoire of anecdotes, ever ready to relate them.

However it is said that most of this talent for rhetoric is wasted. Wasted socially, morally and culturally.

Travel to the four corners of Ireland and listen to any conversation. What is the single common factor? English! Apart from the dwindling Gael tacht and a handful of culturally aware all our dialogue is conducted via the medium of the English language. Save accent nothing will distinguish us from an American or an Australian.

The pressures of colonial then neo-colonial rule have taken their toll, a nation without identity resigned to cultural decline.

Neo-colonialism, that is the control of Ireland's economic

by Anglo-American imperialism in order to survive needs obedient servants, one of the surest ways of securing this is-the restriction of freedom.

The most profound of freedom is culture because a people which can identify with itself can identify its enemy.

Hence the relentless suppression of the Irish Language. Another major factor in the decline of the National tongue is the role of the Education system.

Irish is played down in many schools and unfortunately receives a poor response from pupils. To the youth of

the country Pop music and Television command a greater interest they see the Irish language as dead or dying - the result of continuous propaganda from the Mass-media.

The extent and consistency of the Imperialist campaign against the Irish Language is a measure of the importance which they attach to it and consequently should be a measure of the struggle which is needed to revive it.

More and more people are beginning to realise the revolutionary potential of a breadth of Ireland and hear living language, to understand

that it is a vital weapon to be wielded in the Re-conquest of Ireland.

No one can take a neutral stance, neutrality leads to apathy, apathy precipitates disintegration.

Inside Long Kesh we try to make our contribution, however even here the Establishment is at its work.

Outside aid is harrassed correspondence written or partially written in Gaelic is censored and articles have been removed from papers periodicals etc. So now we have arrived at a position where Irishmen on Irish soil are not allowed (By foreigners) to use Irish.

In keeping with the Revolutionary ideal we must use every means to promote the Irish language.

It should be spoken at all opportunities. All of us should make the effort to learn it. Cultural subservience is a disgrace to the Nation.

Perhaps with time, energy and determination we will be able to travel the length and breadth of Ireland and hear ourselves speak in Gaelic.

## AFTER THE LIGHTS GO OUT

When the lights go out, in this prison camp Each man is all alone  
The thoughts that pass through each mans heart Could split the Blannaney Stone

Myself, I sit and think of the long days on the run  
The places that my eyes have seen,  
The things which I have done.

Each man has his private thoughts  
And sometimes in the night  
You could reach out to capture these dreams  
In the living silent night

But come the morn, and the cold grey dawn,  
The brand new light of day  
The wires still there, the gantowers stare  
Those dreams are washed away

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# VICTIMS OF RIGGED TRIALS GET NO JUSTICE HERE

MORE CLEARLY HOW UNRELIABLE EVIDENCE OF IDENTIFICATION IS CONCERNING A CATHOLIC WORKER CALLED BENHARD MC CLAFFERTY FROM ARDOYNE. MC CLAFFERTY IS SERVING SEVEN YEARS FOR AN ARMS OFFENCE WHICH HE CLAIMS HE NEVER COMMITTED AND RECENTLY A SERVING BRITISH PARATROOPER ADMITTED PUBLICALLY THAT HE HAD BEEN ORDERED TO TELL LIES TO THE COURT WHICH CONVICTED HIM. THE NORTHERN IRELAND CIVIL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION WHICH ALSO INTERVENED IN THE NEWELL CASE - WANTS MC CLAFFERTY RELEASED FROM LONG KESH IMMEDIATELY. THE SOLDIER CHARGED WITH PERJURY AND HIS SUPERIOR OFFICERS CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY AND ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS WHO HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY ON THE STRENGTH OF MILITARY EVIDENCE TO HAVE THEIR CASES RE-OPENED. THERE ARE MANY INNOCENT MEN BEHIND BARS IN NORTHERN IRELAND. AN INDIGNANT BRITISH PUBLIC SHOCKED AT THE MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE IN THE HAIN AND DAVIS CASES WOULD BE AMAZED AT THE LIES TOLD BY POLICE AND TROOPS HERE IN NORTHERN IRELAND WHERE MIS JUSTICE HAS BECOME A WAY OF LIFE AND NO ONE REALLY EXPECTED A FAIR TRIAL ANYMORE.

LEGAL CIRCLES IN BRITAIN ARE FORECASTING A CHANGE IN THE LAW THERE ABOUT EVIDENCE OF IDENTIFICATION IN COURT CASES. THIS FOLLOWS THE CONTROVERSY SURROUNDING THE PETER HAIN TRIAL WHEN IT BECAME BLATENTLY APPARENT THAT BANK ROBBERY CHARGES AGAINST THE YOUNG LIBERAL LEADER WERE FABRICATED BECAUSE OF HIS ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT VIEWS. AND THE GEORGE DAVIS AFFAIR IN WHICH A LONDON MINI-CAB DRIVER WAS SENTENCED TO 20 YEARS AFTER AN ARMED HOLD UP WHICH THE FORERUNNER NOW IS SATISFIED HE WASN'T INVOLVED IN BUT WHICH SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVES CHARGED HIM WITH ANYWAY. BUT THERE ARE TWO MORE CASES WHICH THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT CONTINUE TO IGNORE - POSSIBLY BECAUSE THE INVOLVED IRISHMEN WHO DON'T RATE THE SAME CONSIDERATION IN THE EYES OF THE BRITISH LEGAL SYSTEM. FRANK NEWELL - A LOYALIST WITH POSSIBLE UVF CONVICTIONS ALTHOUGH HE IS

NOT A MEMBER - IS STILL LANGUISHING IN JAIL ON ROBBERY CHARGES ALTHOUGH THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT IN ANYONES MIND THAT THE MAN IS INNOCENT. THE UVF WHICH WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ROBBERY HAS PUBLICALLY BACKED UP NEWELLS CLAIMS THAT HE IS INNOCENT AND IT IS APPARENT THAT HE WAS SET UP BY SPECIAL BRANCH DETECTIVES IN BELFAST SIMPLY BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T NAME THE GUILTY MEN. HE HAS MADE SERIOUS ALLEGATIONS AGAINST THE POLICE WHICH LAST YEAR AROUSED A FUROR IN THE LOYALIST COMMUNITY. THIS DIED DOWN WHEN PAISLEY, WEST AND CRAIG INTERVENED AND PROMISED TO LOOK INTO THE CASE. THE PUBLIC FORGOT ABOUT NEWELL AND SO DID THE POLITICIANS AND AN INNOCENT MAN - WHO HAS A WHOLE SERIES OF WITNESSES TO PROVE HE WAS NOWHERE NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME WHEN IT HAPPENED - LIES IN JAIL FRUSTRATED AND DISILLUSIONED. ANOTHER CASE WHICH HIGHLIGHTS EVEN

# WORKER TALKS TO WORKER IN A PRISON CAMP



"How's the form these days? Are you encountering many problems with the Establishment?" the ice was broken. Fra glanced over his shoulder to check that no screws were eavesdropping and answered "Not so bad of late, the usual stuff with the Governor-the-you-play-ball with-us-we-play-ball-with-you routine." "I pulled him about the cooker the other day but he wouldn't wear it it's nor our fault the Government has to make cuts all around, you know, its hard to keep pace with inflation and so on."

"Till you - what Fra, even he's got a point there, have you seen the latest unemployment figures 50,000, and in the words of the right honourable Stan Orme we haven't reached the bottom of the spiral yet!" Fra was beginning to show interest. "This is the big issue facing us all Fra, let me put it like this, we're part of the U.K. right?"

"Yet, we are deniged political parity and as those figures illustrate, we get the wrong end of the stick, economically right?" Point taken."

"Now as the dole queues lengthen the social implications are obvious as in all previous crisis the whole capitalist system is threatened, in jail here it is easy for both of us to identify the common enemy-he's standing at that gate. However outside it is a little more complicated."

"Except in times of crisis when the enemy can be more clearly identified, it is them against us-the workers V the bosses."

"Now that is the last thing the Bosses (Harry West for example) want." Fra appeared restless. It would be extremely difficult to convince him of his real interests, since a life long indoctrination had taught him otherwise.

"I suppose there's logic in what you're saying."

Phil, but your friends the Provo's have made it abundantly clear how we would stand in a United Ireland. Besides the way things stand in the South I'm surprised even you want one."

"I can understand your fear, and on both points I agree, with you. Our objective is entirely different from both the Provo's and the Gebreen men of the Free state."

"We believe in a Socialist system which would guarantee civil and religious liberty for all and moreover the basic human right to work."

"And the thing which is standing in the way of this society is sectarianism, unemployment and inadequate education are ignored."

Fra was listening. He was confused and as I had no desire to embarrass him I made some excuse and went? Some wain I built in a day

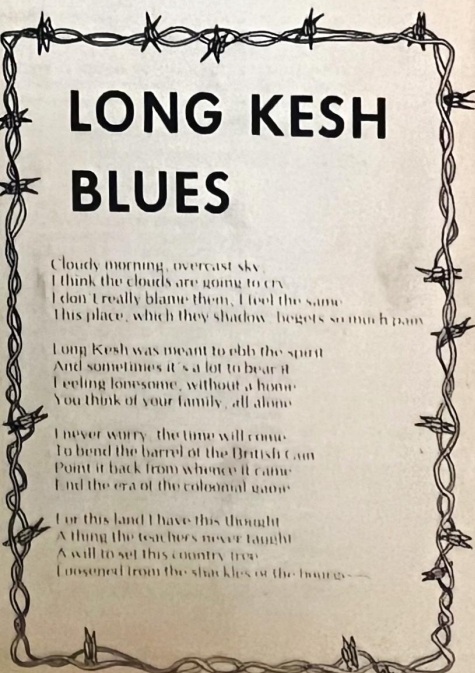
## LONG KESH BLUES

Cloudy morning, overcast sky. I think the clouds are going to cry. I don't really blame them, I feel the same. This place, which they shadow, begets so much pain.

Long Kesh was meant to obb the spirit. And sometimes it's a lot to bear it. Feeling lonesome, without a home. You think of your family, all alone.

I never worry, the time will come. To bend the barrel of the British Gun. Point it back from whence it came. I find the era of the colonial game.

In this land I have this thought. A thing the teachers never taught. A will to set this country free. Unsonned from the shackles of the towers.





# FARCE AS THEY OPEN A NEW CELL BLOCK

The morning had been unusually wet. Torrent after torrent of rain had fallen on the fields surrounding the former airfield at Long Kesh. The normal bog-like conditions had been exaggerated by this rain especially near the entrance of the new "H" block compound, where a large crowd had gathered in the semi-liquid mud.

Over 18 months had elapsed since the camp had been raised to the ground by fire. Since then the British establishment had not only rebuilt the original "Kesh" but "improved" and expanded it with miles of fire proof concrete walls and a sprawling complex of new style "H" blocks thus hopefully transforming last years screws into this years prison officers.

Today was the first official opening of "H block" and the British authorities anxious to secure support for its new "Law and order" measures had invited various notable gentlemen and their wives to inspect their warden's prison.

Even from the speakers platform which was con-

structed of fencing, posts and corrugated sheeting, the Kesh's notorious security chief P.O. Short (in both size and wit) surveyed the crowd through high powered binoculars. "Can't be too careful" he thought "These reds come in many forms and colours?"

As he spoke a black 1939 Mercedes limousine with a small Union Jack on top of the radiator and flanked on either side by leather clad motorcyclists cruised to a halt at the back of the platform. A chauffeur-cum-screw opened the limousine door and Hilbitch, full of a sense of self-importance emerged. Saluting automatically, the disinterested audience.

Hilbitch, surrounded still by the leatherjacketed motorcyclists took his place on the platform and began to read from a prepared script. "Ladies and Gentlemen" he began, "I apologise for being late, I was delayed by the prayer meeting given by the young prisoners."

"Get on with it" interrupted an impetuous heckler immediately. P.O. Short jumped to his feet and peered down his binoculars.

For Christ's sake sit down Short whispered an agas-

chief Officer. Obviously irritated by Short's zealous efforts to prove his worthyness.

"Today we are here to open Hilbitch began again, "This marvellous new building to our rear, and the Lord knows it is a marvellous place. We have decided to call it Maze Nua in honour of our most notable patrons, the provos and their erstwhile comrades, the I R S P.

Let no one say that they did not play a major part in its conception. By their consistent bombing and shooting, they afford us the opportunity by which to build this wonderful structure. Truly the Lords works in mysterious ways" the agnostics in the crowd muttered.

A low rumbling rose from the crowd, disturbed only by the occasional "Damn!" as the mud found its way into the gentlemen's shoes. The opening was due at three but already it was nearer four. A mounting impatience could be discerned, these people were not accustomed to waiting, whatever could have happened?

At this point Falsedale stood once more into the

cast, huge drops of rain began to fall. Broilies were produced and collars upturned. The rain increased and the once dignified audience broke ranks and charged screaming and cursing for shelter.

Governor Hilbitch's eyes popped and mouth dropped at the astonishing spectacle. Civil servants, Prison officers and Government employees of every rank, all headed by none other than Don Cannon himself, fled for shelter.

Falsedale never faltered at would take a bit more than a drop of rain to frighten him. Besides what would people in high places think were to lose face?

Hilbitch's script had turned to mash. Throwing it away he turned to Falsedale and the two Chief screws. "I think we'd better turn it in for the day, I'll see you all tomorrow in the underground bunker."

Hilbitch turned and moved off. Falsedale and Cannon gathered up their papers and left.

The Governor screamed raising his finger into the air. "It is at this time we thank God for sending us a sign of his will in our Minister of Home Affairs, Roy Jenkins. Like Moses he will lead his people against their enemies, who they shall crush!"

The fore-finger now formed part of a clenched fist which he pounded forcefully onto his cupped left hand.

"Yet despite our determination to rout the forces of evil, like the Lord routing Satan, we are not without compassion. All who enter "H" block will leave God-fearing men... whether they like it or not.

Although work has been completed we have been recommended by P.O. Short to rise the "H" block eighteen inches above the ground. By doing so the prisoners will be unable to dig tunnels and we can work a move with the surplus brick."

Short blushed and tried to sneak off the stage but he was quickly spotted by Falsedale and decided to stay put.

By now the sky was overcast, huge drops of rain began to fall. Broilies were produced and collars upturned. The rain increased and the once dignified audience broke ranks and charged screaming and cursing for shelter.

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# TAKE OUR FREEDOM BUT NOT OUR BLOOD

Hardly a day passes that we do not hear an appeal of some sort, be it on T.V. or in the newspapers, for Blood Donors to come forward. Obviously the daily emphasis indicates the continuous need for this precious means to

We are told that fewer people are coming forward, that blood is always in demand in Hospitals throughout the country. And that everyone is welcome to make a contribution. The only requirement is that you must be aged between 18 and 20, all very worth while and quite simple. Not so! It seems that Republican prisoners will

not be allowed to donate their blood. Needless to say through no fault of their own or of the N. Ireland Blood Transfusion service. The blame lies, as always with the Long Kesh Prison authorities.

When Republican prisoners decided to donate a pint of blood each and our O.C. approached the Governor the immediate reaction was favourable, "Good show, I'll contact the relevant authorities." Six weeks elapsed and no reply was received, so once again our O.C. approached the Governor.

However this time the

reaction was a little less enthusiastic. "I'm afraid that we find your request economically unfeasible" the O.C. then pointed out that the Camp had at its disposal a doctor and a group of medical assistants whom though generally incompetent could nonetheless perform the simple task of inserting drips into our arms.

Again the answer was in the negative, so we posted a letter to the N.I.B.T.S. expressing our wishes and outlining the problems which we had encountered.

We received a reply

stating that the N.I.B.T.S. would be only too willing to send a mobile unit to the Prison.

Yet again the Governor was approached yet again we were refused permission. On this occasion because it jeopardised Prison security.

A few months later following the burning of Long Kesh during which hundreds of C.S. and the deadly C.R. gas canisters were exploded (This was the first time C.R. had been used and its effects were still unknown) the "authorities" ordered blood samples to be taken of

every man in the camp.

Suddenly it was economically feasible and safe to take 1400 blood samples, (to check that the Brit's had not made a blunder with C.R.) were before it was not possible to accept 90 pints for the use of Hospitals. Such is the reasoning of our jailers.

We demand the right as human beings to be allowed to donate blood. It is not a cheap publicity stunt on our behalf. We are human beings who simply wish to help others in unfortunate circumstances, regardless of colour or religion.

Contemporary Irish Politics have always been dominated by what is known as the National Question. The border and sectarianism have been used in the past to divert the working class away from the real issues which confront them: bad housing, unemployment and exploitation into sterile conflict over issues which are nothing more than red herrings.

The Republican Movement was no exception and for a long time saw the border as the major obstacle on the road to a united Ireland.

What they failed to recognise in the past was that this type of "freedom" or political independence for the people is meaningless without full economic freedom, only when the people control the economic base of society through Socialist means will political freedom be of whatever value.

Republicanism is and always has been the historical opposition to imperialism in Ireland and the evolution of a genuine socialist programme in the 60s was a real development. This development quite obviously presented a major threat to Capitalist interests in Ireland, a hard fact which the various governments were quick to

To allay the threat they have used various tactics to stagnate or stop our activities, the more blatant of these being the recent provocation attacks from the Capitalists (IRSP) and the Nationalists (Provo Alliance).

When a genuine revolutionary Movement is growing in strength it is an inevitable time to disrupt it

from the extreme left and right forces.

In recent times we have experienced both in the form of physical attacks. The aim is to cause a reaction within the genuine movement, to help bring this reaction about the Capitalist Governments will initiate and cultivate reactionary groups such as the IRSP and Provos

They have given ample coverage by the media, blow them out of all proportion and favour them in general with propaganda during any destructive conflict. All of which are designed to create reaction within the genuine revolutionary Movement.

This is now the admitted strategy of the establishment.

To counteract a growing military campaign during early 71, a number of intelligence agents drawn from M15, SAS and RMP were brought to Belfast and established their HQ at Churchill House.

A section of this clique was known as the "Aden Gang". This gang had experience investigating differences between rival Nationalist groups during the last days of imperial rule in Aden. Their task in Belfast was to further the split between the Provo Alliance and the IRA.

Because of the establishment initiates organisations such as the IRSP does not mean every member is

a conscious Government agent. They are basically political numbskulls who can be easily manipulated.

We have only to glance at the last eight years of struggle in Northern Ireland and we can see where the reactionary have been used. In 1969-70 when the Republican Movement was progressing with working class Politics the Dublin Government realised the threat.

With the aid of the right-wing nationalists still in the movement a split was engineered. In the North due to civil rights agitation feeling was running high. The peoples attention was diverted from real class issues to militarism and National freedom.

The establishment had succeeded in creating the situation they could best handle. However the establishment was not totally successful and the authentic voice of Irish Republicanism remained depleted but intact.

Determined that this should not continue British

agents encouraged and manipulated ultra-left elements and succeeded in creating yet another renegade band of "People liberators" which proceeded to carry on where the BA and special Branch had left off.

However this group of erstwhile "Socialists" had neither the resources, popular support or personnel to sustain this attack and after a few months it petered out and died.

Late in 1975 after the Provisionals held talks with the British Government a campaign was launched by the Provos aimed at destroying the Republican Movement. They hoped to provoke Republicans into reacting but we had already learned from previous ex-

perience and by exposing the provos to the people had achieved a victory.

At all times we must be wary of the people who claim to represent the aspirations of the working class. Their policy of militarism and instant change has only been a retrograde step in the struggle for working class emancipation.

## THE BORDER WHERE WE STAND

# A PRISONER GREET'S ANOTHER DAY IN LONG KESH

It was morning. He could tell that from the taste in his mouth, and the white neon of sun, blotched across the frosted and caged window to his right. The freshness of the air outside seemed to make that inside fouler by comparison.

It was the noise that had awakened him. The screws were opening about half-seven, or after, probably after. He turned quickly over onto his back, to adopt what he considered to be a more realistic sleeping position.

The one he had awakened in was not realistic. Or rather it was too innocent and vulnerable; unsuitable.

He listened to the quickening footsteps, a rush of air, as the curtain as flipped aside, and the screw had passed his cubicle. A brashly loud consultation at the bottom of the hut and they were gone.

He considered the making of such noise to be deliberate. It was done either to waken the prisoners or to reassure the jailers themselves most likely both.

It was such little things that set the seal upon the day, and revealed the essence of the place.

A gesture of defiance by the external authority which revealed their uncertainty and underlying fear, awaiting the opportunity to turn into viciousness.

He knew that if he had been sitting dressed, waiting for the screw to pull aside the curtain, he would have seen that fear. As it was, he hadn't opened his eyes once. There was something further compromising about the captive looking at his captor from bed.

The screw might have thought it a reward for his noise, a point ahead. He might even have thought that the prisoner was getting his bird hard, and couldn't sleep anyway. He might have given the sympathy looked for, on such occasions, and wished a breezy "Good morning."

No. Such weakness could not be revealed. It was more satisfying to lie there awake, letting the screws think you were sleeping. An unknown quantity for the rest of the day.

He heard the clicking of a lighter diagonally across from him, and knew his cubicle-partner was smok-

ing. The first cigarette of many. He turned over on his stomach again and pulled the covers up over his head to breathe of his own.

He might have dozed, for it did not seem long before he heard the Adjutant wakening the Hut O/C in were switched on with the radio, and then everyone received their personal awakening.

There was a moment of intense hatred for the banal cherry-chatter coming from the radio, but it could not be sustained. He threw back the covers, getting up from under the shade of his arm, to save his eyes from the white blow of the light.

He was tired. His cubicle mate did not look at him but at the curtain, as if it covered the opening to something unpleasant. There were the usual jokes and the beginning of the usual slagging. He dressed slowly, but didn't lace up his boots.

There were two or three bodies, belonging to the voices, already standing in the corridor, looking slightly confused. He walked unsteadily down to look into the mirror hanging outside the toilet. The compound was now full of the noise of preparation.

The hair was standing up on the back of his head, the skin of his forehead was dry and cracked, and his eyes were bloodshot. There were yellow unhealthy streaks running down from the sides of his eyes, to disappear into his side-buns.

His lips made their first wry grin. He was prepared for the order and went out into the compound to take his place for the morning parade.

Outside the compound, in prison brown, three men were brushing gravel along the side of the outside fence. He did not feel pity or contempt as he would have previously.

He looked at their faces, their closely cut hair, and the screw parading behind them, with his hands behind his back. He looked and wondered again, "What the hell am doing here."

The morning was so fine, I took the unusual step of rising early in order to take a quiet stroll. However as luck would have it, Barney

or W.D. as he is known had had the same idea, and was not walking round with me, engaging in a bit of ear bashing.

Of late the role of the Loyalist paramilitaries and of their relationship to the Unionist Tory clique was a topical subject around the cage.

This had been prompted by the arrival of loyalists into the next cage and the resulting polemics across the wire. "The membership of these groups are drawn, essentially from working class districts and despite their present stance this in itself is a contradict-

ion of their links with Big Landowners (and tealeafs) like Harry West and petty capitalists.

Barney began, all set for a raging argument. It was not to be, as someone from the other Cage was shouting over seeking my attention. "I'll have to go W.D. ('That's all right, it's no fun preaching to the converted anyway," he replied.

When I got down to Fra at the other side of the Cage he put it on me for sugar. "Yer man didn't get enough out of the shop on Tuesday" he explained.

I knew this wasn't true as I'd seen them bring

more than enough into their Compound on Tuesday.

However there had been a raid on Thursday which meant the lot had probably been lost with the "scrumphy." Never the less I said I'd see what I could do.

Out neighbours were in luck and I returned some minutes later and passed over the sugar. "Anything else you need Fra?" I enquired. "No that's fine!" a short silence ensued, Fra was never one to talk much outside of the realm of various welfare problems which evolved from the multi-flawed Prison system.

## MESSAGES FROM LONG KESH...

Happy birthday Kathleen.

Happy birthday Joanette.

Get well soon Patrick.

Happy birthday Mother and Brenda

Congratulations Joe on the birth of your 2nd.

Happy anniversary Linda.

Happy birthday Anne.

Happy birthday Maun.

Happy birthday Mother.

Birthday greetings to Mum and baby brother Eamon.

Happy anniversary Sue.

Happy birthday Janet, lots of love.

Happy birthday Marie, love.

Happy birthday Joan.

Happy birthday Linsay.

Happy birthday Dad.

Happy 3rd Anniversary Dolores.

Congratulations Sam and Liz.

Happy birthday Ann.

Happy birthday Mother.

Happy birthday Paul.

Happy anniversary Aileen.

Happy birthday Ann.

Happy birthday Judith.

Happy birthday Eileen.

Congratulations Lucy and Mary on your recent engagement.

Happy Michael Jr.

Happy birthday Dad.

Happy birthday Mother.

Congratulations Margaret and Lily.

Happy birthday Anne.

Happy birthday Mother.

Mary thanks Geraldine.

Happy birthday Ann.

Happy anniversary Kea.

Kevin and Theo, Derrybeg.

Daddy, Derrybeg.

Terry, Ballymurphy.

Frank, Lower Falls.

Daddy, Lower Falls.

Daddy, Lower Falls.

Patsy, Lower Falls.

Jackie, Darby, Colin and Zac Beechmount.

Joe, Tuinbrook.

Owen, the Gap Tyrone.

Gerry, Warrenpoint.

Jimmy, Market.

Jim, Whitecroft.

Ian, Craigavon.

Gerard, Ballymurphy.

Bobby, Whitecroft.

Martin, Lurgan.

Razzer, New Lodge.

Daddy.

David, Lurgan.

Jim, Lurgan.

Raymond, Lurgan.

bobby turf Lodge.

Sean, Beechmount.

Martin, Ballymurphy.

Jackie, Coaleland.

Tommy, Lower Falls.

Robert, Strabane.

Sean, Ardoytown.

From all the "use" team in Caves 2 and 3

John Beannmore.

Martin, Ballymurphy.

Micky Postreuer

ricley, Clonard.

George Strubane.

Harry, Lower Falls.

Ruddy, Larne, Triddy and Jackie.

Suzanne, Lower Falls.

Nancy and Greener, The "Morph"

Happy birthday Mother

Happy birthday Edie.

Happy birthday Arthur