

CONCERNED

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF FERMANAGH CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE COMMITTEE

"IRELAND UNFREE SHALL NEVER BE AT PEACE"

PAY
NO
RENT
PAY
NO
RATES

No. 175

Saturday, 8th March (De Sathairn, 8 Márta), 1975

Truce Perturbs These Politicians

"As the Provisionals' ceasefire lengthens we see again power-hungry Loyalist politicians prepared to risk even treason to set up again an ascendancy state . . ." so states the editorial in an Irish national daily newspaper this week.

In 1920 the British Government set up an Ascendancy State in the North-East of Ireland, stacked it with loyalists, backed it with military and financial aid, guaranteed it by Act of Parliament; replaced that guarantee by Special (Government of Ireland) Act in 1949 and continues to guarantee to the present day "that this State shall remain in the power of the Loyalists for as long as they the Loyalists, so wish." That an Irish editor should view the continued grip of the Loyalists as "risking treason" is extraordinary. That they should single out the Loyalists as the only "power-hungry politicians" in the 6 Counties is equally blind or downright unfair.

POWER-SHARING FOR POWER HUNGRY:

The British Government has made use of three ugly weapons in its continued attempt to hold the Nationalist-Catholic populace in subjection, Internment, Sectarian Assassinations and Power-sharing. The latter was the honey-baited trap for non-loyalist power-hungry politicians. It was meant to silence the clamouring of the Nationalist populace, to take the naked Loyalist look off Stormont, to give it a respectable dash of democracy and divert the staring eyes of the world. But for those who wanted freedom, their resistance continued. For those who wanted full power, their stupid greed temporarily wrecked the carefully baited British plan. But those who were lured in remain caught in the trap, and were very clearly seen so in their reactions over the past two weeks to the setting up of the Provisional Sinn Féin Incident Centres.

"SEEKING CLARIFICATION"

A chorus of demands by disestablished politicians rose in crescendo "seeking clarification"—"they all felt undermined—power was being handed to the Provos"—

The Official Unionist Party led by Harry West went to Stormont "to seek clarification."

The Alliance Party, led by Oliver Napier went to Stormont "to seek clarification."

The Unionist Party of Northern Ireland, led by Faulkner, flew to London "to seek clarification," pausing only to sympathise with the Social and Democratic Labour Party "whose expressed outrage was understandable—but they had only themselves to blame."

The outraged S.D.L.P. went to Stormont "to seek clarification" and from there flew down to Dublin to ask the Dublin Government "to seek clarification" (they were unfortunate in that the Dublin Government happened to be in one of its low-profile phases and could only give a few cluck-

ing re-assurances that "everything would be alright").

The Chairman of the S.D.L.P. warned of the very great dangers in, what he called, the Provisional "ceasefire"—something his Party has been calling for some years. He saw in the Truce "a Provo-British military dictatorship."

The Leader of the S.D.L.P., Gerry Fitt, who happened to be in Germany forecast "almost certain war in Northern Ireland if the concept of partnership and power-sharing were abandoned."

And the Portadown and District Branch of the Ulster Special Constabulary wrote to Mrs. Thatcher asking her "to use her influence to bring back the 'B' Specials—an honoured and gallant force which had impartially and effectively ensured the peace and well-being of the Province for half a century." At least they did not "seek clarification." They had no need to, for the whole matter appears to centre around policing, or so the politicians say.

BRITAIN'S ULTIMATUM TO POWER HUNGRY

Britain is saying Policing and Power-sharing must both go hand in hand. Giving its ultimatum—"accept the Royal Ulster Constabulary or drop your share of power," and the trapped politicians squirm—not all of them and not all for the same reason.

The Alliance Party had already jumped "there was no clear evidence that the people were hostile to the R.U.C." They stated in Derry—"previous, serious misgivings about the R.U.C." had evaporated . . . they knew the people would welcome a speedy resumption of normal policing procedure in the area."

Harry West, for the Official Unionists, announced that the Alliance Party would be acceptable as power-partners at Executive level but relegated the S.D.L.P. to positions in various committees—that and nothing more. The S.D.L.P. in turn attacked the Alliance Party for "fawning on bended knees at the feet of the United Ulster Unionist Council (U.U.U.C.) and allowing themselves to be compromised by its leader, Mr. West"—all of which drew sympathy from Mr. Faulkner for the S.D.L.P. and the admonition that "they had only themselves to blame for dragging their feet on the question of the R.U.C."—which was not quite correct as pointed out by the Alliance Party—"the S.D.L.P. leadership, while urging its supporters to reject the R.U.C. were in a variety of ways accepting and recognising the police, showing contradictions inherent in their police policy"—very true indeed. To avoid loss of voting support the S.D.L.P. told the people "we will not accept the R.U.C." To avoid loss of power-sharing they accepted and used the R.U.C.—right from the beginning. They were able when it suited them to overlook the notorious record of the R.U.C. of murder, brutality and sectarianism. They knew well of the Girdwood and Hollywood torture centres, the murder of Samuel De-

vane and the death from R.U.C. batons of Patrick Corry in Unity Flats, and the "protection" given to Bombay Street and the Lower Falls. This record of the R.U.C. they conveniently forgot, in order to re-enter Stormont. They used these same forces to collect back rents and rates from the very people they had led in a Rents and Rates Strike against Internment. They stood and watched what Paddy Devlin, of their own party, described as "an unadulterated coup d'état for political reasons, carried out in front of an inert combined security force of over 30,000 . . . and not one single case of arrest was reported . . ." This was the Ulster Workers Strike which he further describes as "creating the impression that the police, the military and Merlyn Rees acquiesced in the illegal actions of the R.U.C. they conveniently forgot, in order to colleagues are ready to continue to share power with this same police, same military while the same Merlyn Rees turns the screw."

WANT R.U.C. EXTENDED TO SOUTH — S.D.L.P.

The proposed Common Law Enforcement Act is quite acceptable to the S.D.L.P., in fact John Hume at a recent Lurgan meeting described it as "an ideal to be aimed at". This Act, if enforced, would extend the R.U.C. presence over the 32 Counties. In a radio-interview (Radio Eireann on 22nd February, 1975) he stated that the R.U.C. "had been defending unpopular institutions, and therefore the police came into collision with the people." Under power-sharing "this would be changed." How? "Details could be easily worked out . . . recruitment would be extended" . . . the extended area of recruitment was not named but the earlier attempts by Hume and Currie to induce the Nationalist-Catholic people to join the 6 County forces should not be so easily forgotten.

Rees has said "accept the R.U.C. or drop power". Hume was saying "divide power and we'll accept the R.U.C."

Meanwhile, back in Ardoyne, the two Provisional Sinn Féin Incident Centres were inundated with calls and complaints from the people about the activities of the R.U.C.

Fermanagh Citizens Advise Bureau

Membership Cards for above are now on sale throughout the county. The public are asked to respond generously to this worthy cause. The Advice Bureau offers a service to all regardless of class, creed or Political outlook. If you feel you do not need it, perhaps you will consider your less fortunate neighbour who may. Next meeting of Committee, Tuesday, 11th March.

FALLS RD



"JUST AS I THOUGHT, THEY'RE SENDING IN R.U.C. FOOT PATROLS AGAIN!"

FIANNA ÉIREANN CODE OF HONOUR

The following code of honour has been drawn up for Na Fianna Éireann. Every member from the latest recruit to the Fianna Chief should make this code a daily rule of life. They should leave no stone unturned that will help to make them braver Fiainn, better citizens and lasting credits to the young army of Ireland.

The twelve points of the Fianna code of honour are :

1. A FIANNA BOY IS PATRIOTIC.

He learns all about his country, knows its history and language, its resources and industries. His one aim in life is to serve it to the best of his ability. With that end in view, he makes it a rule to do at least one thing every day for his country's cause. He plays Gaelic games, sings the songs of his country and he supports and encourages the purchase of home manufactured goods.

2. A FIANNA BOY IS RELIABLE

He is truthful. His honour can be trusted. His word can be relied upon. He does not exaggerate or spread false rumours. He controls his tongue, and wins the respect of his friends and superiors. "He let me down once." This is one of the most damning things that can be said of a person. It means that he will never be entirely trusted, never quite believed, never fully relied on again. Never let this be said of a Fianna boy.

3. A FIANNA BOY IS DILIGENT.

He is polite in his manners, conduct and language towards others. He knows that the kind word and the kind deed stamp him as a Fianna boy, and he is every ready to lend a hand to those who need it. He is a friend to dumb animals and will not harm or hurt them.

4. A FIANNA BOY IS KIND.

He works conscientiously for his employer and his country, and by study and perseverance he gets to the top in his particular trade or profession.

ion. He is at the top because he remembers while doing his daily tasks, that it is not for himself alone that he works; that he is a Fianna boy; that the good name of the Fianna is at stake; and that he is not going to let it down.

5. A FIANNA BOY IS OBEDIENT.

He renders strict obedience to his superiors. He learns to obey before he commands; he learns to discipline and control himself before he aspires to teach discipline to others.

6. A FIANNA BOY IS CHEERFUL.

He never sulks. He always has the cheery word and does his duty with a smile. His ever bright and smiling face radiates the sunshine of life wherever he goes.

7. A FIANNA BOY IS THRIFTY.

He does not unnecessarily destroy what may be useful to others. He is careful of other people's property as he is of his own. When training or camping he is careful of the farmer's crops and fences, and replaces the falling stone and repairs any damage he may have caused. He does not gamble or spend his pocket money foolishly. He is able to pay his subscription regularly and buy books or equipment when required.

8. A FIANNA BOY IS BRAVE.

He faces danger, knows no fear, and stands for right on all occasions.

9. A FIANNA BOY IS CLEAN

He keeps his body and mind clean

and pure. He takes a regular bath. Every Fianna boy learns to swim. He always turns up on parade with clean face and hands, clothes brushed and boots polished. Though his clothes may be poor and patched, they are always clean and tidy. Finally, he pals only with clean boys.

10. A FIANNA BOY IS HUMBLE.

If he is favoured with more brains or wealth than his pals, he does not "lord" it over them but endeavours by kindness and helpfulness to bring them up to his level. His aim is not to gain promotion so as to have authority over other lads, but to work to make himself a better Fian and a better citizen of Ireland. Fine epaulettes and uniforms are not everything. In the Fianna there is no room for vain glory or self-importance. If the other lad happens to be more fortunate than his friends, fine clothes or pocket money, he does not hold it against him as he is his friend. In the Fianna all the members are equal; there is neither distinction of class or creed. We seek equality.

11. A FIANNA BOY IS TEMPERATE

He eats, drinks and behaves in moderation at all times. Moderation is his motto.

12. A FIANNA BOY IS PUNCTUAL

He is always on time. He makes it a point, whether on parade or at work, on business or pleasure, to be a couple of minutes before the appointed time. It is by strict observance of punctuality that it soon becomes a life long habit.

(This is published for the information of parents of Fianna boys as well as Fiainn.)

Ma tá an
Gaedhilg
agat
abair é

"GHOST OF JUSTICE"

"Halt!", the Para shouted
I heard and I obeyed,
I stopped and raised my arms,
The Para shot me dead.

He approached my prostrate body,
Lying on the ground,
I watched him kick it over,
He didn't even frown.

In fact he smiled an evil grin,
Upon his evil face,
A look to delight Lucifer,
And all his evil race.

I followed him where'er he went,
I saw each evil deed,
I saw him shoot more innocents,
I saw their bodies bleed.

He moved from Falls to Shankill,
And still the red blood ran,
Murdering without a second thought,
Visions of Black and Tans.

And when his tour was over,
I followed to his home,
I saw him stab a black man,
His heart was made of stone.

I saw him rape a young girl,
I heard his lawyer say,
"The young lad's in the Paras,
And he'll soon be going away."

I saw him walking from the court,
I saw his evil grin,
I saw him ticking off the days,
Till his next tour would begin.

This time he went to Ardoyne,
And there he did his worst,
Shooting down young boys and men,
And smiling at the hearse.

He went on television,
All rumours he would crush,
He stood and lied, (it was his way),
He didn't even blush.

He lied away a young lad's life,
He lied away the charge,
He told them just how good he was,
And how lucky they all were.

He told them that he was their friend,
Yet he had to earn his pay,
And if they were having trouble,
They could blame the I.R.A.

And then he lied of Ireland's cause,
And also of his role,
He lied and lied and lied,
He lied away his soul.

Until one day a shot rang out,
A bullet struck his head,
A singing gun had spat revenge,
The Para he lay dead.

So now it's done, I must move on,
With ghostly words I tell,
A Para punished for his deeds,
A Para burns, in Hell.

By Bobby Lavery,
Page 13, Long Kesh.

Easter Sunday Commemoration — March 30th.

HONOUR IRELAND'S DEAD

Those requiring speakers for the Easter Commemoration should make application to:

An Runai, Republican Commemoration Committee, c/o 44, Parnell Square, Dublin 1.

No application will be considered after March 15th '75.



The 93-year-old veteran Republican Mr. Joe Clarke has been discharged from the Meath Hospital, Dublin where he had been receiving treatment for three weeks. He is said to be much improved.

A call to the Irish people

RISE UP OFF YOUR KNEES!

For over five years now a fierce struggle has been raging in the occupied part of our little land. Massive bombings, bitterly-fought gun battles and bloody riots have been common events in the war-scarred streets of Belfast, Derry, and other occupied towns, and in those border areas through which runs that unnatural dividing line which so cruelly sunders our long-suffering country and its people.

Like an all-engulfing fire, the overall guerilla campaign of the Irish Republican Army has been burning up the men and equipment, the patience and energy, and the morale and resolve of the hated English Army of occupation and the other human tools of the English Garrison.

This is indeed a savage war that is being waged against English Imperialism and its Quisling allies in Ireland. But it is just war — a war of national liberation to free our land forever from the greedy jaws of the English Bulldog which has left such a sickening trail of slain men, women and children all over Ireland and which still continues to feast on the rich red blood of our finest people.

However, while this life and death battle for Irish freedom continues to be waged it is a struggle which has not yet commanded the energies and support of all the Irish people at home and abroad, particularly of the Irish working masses who have everything to gain and nothing to lose from a peoples' victory over Imperialism and Fascism in Ireland and the building of a Socialist Eire Nua. Most of us have still not come to realise that we, the Irish people, are at war with English Imperialism. Whether we like it or not, whether we believe in the use of military methods or not, so long as we claim or admit to being Irish, to being part of the Irish nation, we are at war with England. It is as simple as that. A country which has been attacked and occupied by an Imperialist Power either surrenders or continues to fight the aggressor. And so long as the occupied country continues to fight it remains at war with its imperialist oppressor.

In the case of Ireland, we were first attacked and occupied by England some eight hundred years ago. But we never surrendered. We never stopped fighting. And the present bloody struggle in the occupied Six Counties is only the latest battle in the long war between the oppressed Irish nation and Imperial England.

THE SLAVEMASTERS OF ENGLAND

All of the Irish people know this in their hearts. The body of our nation is covered with the scars of terrible injuries done to us by the Imperialists of England. Every single one in our body of our nation has been broken not once but many times by the power-grasping vultures of England. The back of the body of our nation has been minced and pulped by the whips of the Slavemasters of England. No, the Irish nation can never forget that it has been at war with Imperial England for eight hundred years. For all the horror our poor nation has experienced during that dark era of agony has seared our collective memory so deeply that the mark can never be erased. But even were it possible to erase such marks we could never still the voice of our national conscience — filled as it is with the cries of vengeance on England from the millions of our martyred dead, from the millions of those struck down by the black angel of hunger and disease during the times of artificial famine caused by England, and from the millions of exiles forced to leave their native land never to see it again.

Yes the history of our nation has been a terrible one. But it is a history of which we can be very proud. More than any other people we can claim the right to hold our heads high. Just look at the story of our nation.

More than a thousand years ago our country was a newborn nation, fresh and vigorous, with the promise of a magnificent future. All around her the pitch black night of the Dark Ages was fast closing in. In this blackness the light of Ireland, the Island of Saints and Scholars, shone brightly. Like a great sun, its penetrating rays broke through the suffocating murk that filled the vacuum left after the slow death of the Roman Empire.

Without Irish schools — both in Ireland and on the Continent, without Irish missionaries filled with a desire to serve the needs of European barbarians, and without Irish scholars burning with zeal to spread learning and education, the Europe of post-Roman times would have been a far darker place than it was.

This was Ireland's great contribution to European culture. But it was also a primary cause of her eventual downfall. Because had early Christian Ireland been an aggressive militaristic society — instead of being a producer of saints and scholars — the history of Ireland and perhaps even of Europe itself would have been very different. Ireland, unconquered by Rome, might easily have become a great sea power, for example, and dominated the Atlantic area.

But Ireland did not choose such a road and while she continued to spread Christianity and learning in Europe other peoples began adopting imperialistic ways and turning to large scale piracy and wholesale murder as the chief social aim in life. These were the Vikings, whose insatiable greed for booty and plunder eventually brought these aggressive barbarians to the shores of Ireland — to a peaceful people who tolerated these murderous pirates for around three hundred years before they were eventually pushed into the sea at the Battle of Clontarf in 1014 A.D.

For a century and a half no foreign military force set foot on Ireland's soil. Then came the Normans from England, followed by the English proper; and a new and more terrible time of blood-letting began.

This new struggle was more than a military one. It went much deeper than that. For it involved the deliberate destruction not only of Ireland's military forces but of her culture as well. Like a pack of mad dogs, the new invaders attacked the very roots of our culture, frenziedly savaging our way of life, our social institutions, our customs, our social institutions, organisation, our religion, and our native tongue until eventually our nation was but a shadow of its former magnificent self.

But yet in spite of the terrible agonies it was forever having to endure, our nation never surrendered, never submitted to the English yoke, never became a slave people which the Imperialists of England sought so desperately to turn us into.

Indeed such has been the moral strength of our little nation that even during our darkest hours we continued to send our people abroad in great numbers to save souls and to help other peoples solve their problems. Tiny or relatively though Ireland's population has always been, the countless graves of Irish men and women which dot every part of our planet's surface bear silent testimony to the fact that for more than a thousand years we have been the most cosmopolitan and altruistic of the world's peoples.

Let no one then say that the Irish people are ordinary. We are not. Each and every one of us is the product of a most extraordinary culture — a culture which has had to endure an eight hundred year long night of unimaging oppression, but which still survives, still sends its men and women to crusade and work for other peoples, to fight their battles and win their wars. Yes, we can truly be proud of the fact that all over the world we are known for our great love of life and humanity, for our extroverted and hospitable nature, for our ability to mix easily with the peoples of other nations, and for our intense hatred of injustices and oppression.

MICHAEL TOBIN Our Man man in Amsterdam

But while we can be proud of ourselves and our achievements as a people, there are many in our midst, both at home and abroad, who have unfortunately swallowed the evil poison of false leaders in the way of foreign imperialism. These false leaders would have us believe that we should and forever the rightful struggle for our national freedom. These despicable Shawnees would have us become a slave people — a people without purpose, without shame. These hirelings of imperialism would have us believe that it is wrong for a people to fight for their freedom, that the heroic martyrs of 1916 and 1798, for example, should not have tried to shake off Ireland's shackles. These traitorous Quislings would have us surrender our self respect, would have us surrender our self respect, would have us crawl and fawn like them to their Imperialist masters, would have us stay on our knees forever — just so that they can hang on to their soft jobs and revel in the fleshpot of Irish high society.

Our nation has always had such lackeys in the service of England. But fortunately, we have also always had those valiant souls amongst us who were never prepared to be slaves or treated like slaves. Indeed such was their high sense of dignity and self-respect that they preferred to fight for their liberty rather than endure the terrible shame of meekly accepting the role of Irish wogs which the English oppressor has always been trying to turn us into. These stouthearted men and women did not flinch from using the sword and the gun to smite down the foreign soldiers occupying their native land. On the contrary, they were proud of their attempts to free themselves, and was a nation honour them for their deeds and cherish their memory very dearly in our hearts.

Who then are we going to listen to at this crisis point in our history? Whose example should we follow? Should we listen to the Shawnees and the agents of English Imperialism in Leinster House? Should we follow the lead of such cowardly knaves in denying our right as a people to free ourselves from the grip of England?

Or should we listen instead to the words of those who have fought our freedom and who have died at England's hands — and to those who in our times fight for our nation's freedom and who daily risk losing their freedom and even their lives?



Fr. Denis Faul . . . chaos in
interment of Catholics.

Man free —release 'rejected'

FATHER DENIS FAUL, of Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, claimed last night that he had a letter (dated February 28 from the Northern Secretary, Mr. Rees, turning down a request for the release from Long Kesh of Mr. James Kyle, a Derry man who had, in fact, been freed on January 15.

Fr. Faul gave it as an example of "the chaos that surrounded the interment of Catholic citizens in Long Kesh." He said he wrote to Mr. Rees on November 16 last requesting Mr. Kyle's release. Two weeks later he was told his request had been refused.

Fr. Faul said that on Monday he received a further letter from the Northern Ireland Office dated February 28. It stated that "the Secretary of State does not feel justified in directing Mr. Kyle's discharge. The points in your letter have been sympathetically considered, and Mr. Rees has taken into account a report from the prison authority. Furthermore, Mr. Kyle's parish priest has visited him recently."

Commenting on the letter, Fr. Faul pointed out that Mr. Kyle was released on January 15. He said the case indicated that deprivation without trial of the liberty of Catholic citizens was being carried on in a haphazard and could-not-careless way by Mr. Rees and his officials.

Fr. Faul said: "It is a disgraceful situation and worthy of condemnation by every decent citizen. We don't know what is happening, and are being put off by sanctimonious humbug that is manifestly untrue."



Mental crucifixion of a writer

le Deasún Breatnach

IN AN age when, all over the world, governments and prison authorities are doing their utmost to encourage prisoners to take up creative pursuits, a best-selling Irish writer has had chapters for a new book destroyed and precious reference works, including volumes lent him by learned societies, torn up.

He is Eamonn Mac Thomáis, author of "Me Jewel and Darlin' Dublin", still top of the charts in Dublin and elsewhere throughout the country, and the writer of numerous other historical works based on the Irish capital where he was born and reared.

The story was told me by his wife, Rosaleen: "I had heard the rumours", she said, "but thought they were grossly exaggerated, that, after the Portlaoise political prisoners' protest, their private property, worth thousands of pounds, had been destroyed by wardens and Gardai (police).

"I couldn't believe that any regime today could be so barbaric until I heard the story from Eamonn himself. The manuscript of a new book was deliberately destroyed and precious books, long out of print, in Eamonn's words were 'frittered'. These books are irreplaceable. Some are his own, collected over some twenty years. The others were lent by the Old Dublin Society and other learned bodies. They all went the same way.

"New clothes I sent in to him recently also were destroyed and also, of course, his radio. When the bunch of wardens had taken almost everything from him they tried to get his Rosary but he held on to it, shouting and screaming.

"It was a Penal Rosary, a present from me, and he treasured it dearly. They also wanted to take from the cell the pictures of our four children.

"The shouting and screaming was so loud that a Garda sergeant put his head in the door to ask what all the ructions was about. When Eamonn told him he told the warders to get out, so Eamonn still has his Rosary and the children's pictures, but nothing else. He has no facilities for writing.

"Everything that was taken from him was in his cell with permission from the Governor. His latest book was written in jail, with the knowledge and permission of the Governors of Mountjoy and, later, Portlaoise. Eamonn said that a few of the warders were very vindictive and seemed to resent his literary success".

At a time when the state black propaganda machine was screaming hysterically about "Provo propaganda", in reply to every report of outrage emerging from Portlaoise, I told Rosaleen's story of Eamonn's experiences in a letter to three Dublin newspapers, two of which pride themselves as patrons of literature.

No paper published the letter though two of the papers have called for an independent public inquiry into Portlaoise and recent events there, including the goading of the political prisoners into revolt and the destruction of their legitimately held personal property.

The Dublin regime has ignored all such demands and appeals: it tries to smother in silence reports which it finds embarrassing and it is assisted in this by the voluntary censorship, suppression and biased reporting of the media.

Those who once pretended to stand as watchdogs of the freedom of the press and the liberty of the writer have been intimidated or bought by the authorities into acquiescence, even of this latest barbarity. Pen, the National Union of Journalists of which Eamonn is a member, An Chomhairle Ealaíon (Arts Council), the universities, the clergy.

"I am worried for Eamonn", his wife told me in their Ballymun home, "because his writing helped to keep him sane in the terrible conditions of the political prisoners in Portlaoise Jail. It kept his mind occupied. It helped to put in the time for him until his release about August next.

"Now, he is terribly depressed, being allowed to do nothing which would occupy his mind. But, of course, all the political prisoners are in the same boat. That was what forced them to adopt the only weapon left them, to go on hunger strike for recognition as political prisoners".

Eamonn was not the only political prisoner to write books in jail. Before the Mountjoy protest, during which the prison was wrecked to a far greater extent than in Portlaoise, Diarmuid Ó Súilleabháin, the prize-winning Irish language author, had almost completed a book which, after the protest ended



Eamonn Mac Thomáis

(with the granting of political recognition), Diarmuid gave to the prison authorities for safe keeping. It was returned to him when he had completed his sentence.

Much of the writings of Brendan Behan and Máirtín Ó Cadhain were done in prison, especially in the Curragh Concentration Camp in the 'forties. A considerable body of good writing has come out of the Northern concentration camps and prisons.

That writing includes the work of the Sinn Féin organiser, so much in the news of late in connection with ceasefire negotiations with the British: Séamus Loughran.

Prison, at home and abroad, has been made more tolerable, less grim, by understanding administrations. Literature and all mankind as been the gainer. One remembers the work of such as Dostoevski, Ho Chi Minh, Mao Tse Tung, Oscar Wilde, Pastor Bonhoeffer, John Mitchell and many others.

This issue of "An Phoblacht", as others, will go around the world, to be read by writers and other creative artists in many places.

I appeal to them to check the facts given here, if they are in doubt as to their accuracy and then, convinced, to agitate widely and continuously for an end to the mental crucifixion of an Irish writer in an Irish jail.

UNESCO should know about it. Pen International, Amnesty Unions and associations of writers and artists everywhere: the injury to one is a threat to all. The treatment of Eamonn Mac Thomáis is a gross violation of human rights on the basis of the persecution of the writer alone, the destruction of his manuscript and reference books, and the denial to him of the elementary right to use his artistic talents.

Eamonn Mac Thomáis was the editor of this paper. Twice he was jailed, convicted of being a member of an illegal organisation on the unsubstantiated word of a policeman.

On the second occasion use was made of a document, allegedly illegal but freely available in every newspaper office in Ireland, for which, in court, he disclaimed responsibility, and an innocent man was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment, despite newspaper editorials and other protests at the blatant injustice.

At the time of his second arrest he had been free for less than three weeks after completing a similar sentence for the same alleged offence.

The real crime of Eamonn Mac Thomáis was that he was an efficient and successful managing editor of "An Phoblacht", having cleared the paper's debts on taking it over, and having turned it from a money loser into a profit maker, increasing its circulation out of all proportion in the process.

A member of the Dublin government which has stood over the arrest and "trial" of Mac Thomáis, his imprisonment, the destruction of his manuscript and his reference books, and the denial to the writer of the right to put together another successful work is that internationally known journalist, writer and educationalist, the liberal Dr. Cruise O'Brien, one-time champion of civil rights in the United States of America.

Bring the Sisters Back

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PHONE: LISNASKEA 337

CONRADH NA GAELIGE

IRISH LANGUAGE COLLECTION

at CHURCH GATES in CO. FERMANAGH

on

SUNDAY, 16th MARCH

1975

PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY

Should you wish to help please contact Organiser. Séamus de Faoite, "Aileach", Highfield Road, Cavan. Tel. 327.