

Hey, Sandra? Do you read me?

A personal message to the woman spycop who surveilled the women's liberation movement



DIANE LANGFORD

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Hey Sandra, do you read me?

Are you a lurker on Facebook or Insta? Do you follow me on X or Bluesky? I'm easily found on social media or blog pages ... Wordpress, Substack, or Weebly.

My profile on the Undercover Policing Inquiry website is extensive too.

Sandra, are you reading this?

You spied on me in the early 1970s. You infiltrated the group I founded, the Women's Liberation Front, (WLF). The long list of reports you wrote on us and other related groups testifies to this <https://www.spycopsresearch.info/spycops/hn348-sandra-c>

You say you only remember having used the name Sandra and that you accept, from documentary evidence, that you used the surname Davies.

You know me, Sandra. You've been inside my home, eaten food cooked by me, taken part in discussions in our women's group about the issues we still face of male violence, discrimination in wages and conditions at work, unequal education, lack of child care, having to ask a male relative to vouch for us to obtain credit, lack of bodily autonomy ... I could go on.

and cried and was comforted by us. You met my baby and may have contributed to buying her a carrycot.

Your claim, that you can't remember your legend, is legendary. Maybe your name 'Sandra'. Other spycops have reported how much easier it is to use their first name. Being addressed by your actual name makes it easier to avoid the split-second failure to respond which rouses suspicion in circles well aware that undercover cops may be surveilling their meetings.

Of course we knew we were being spied on back then. The van parked outside with wires sticking out of its roof; the clicks on the phone lines. All very clumsy compared with today's hi-tech surveillance. And of course there were people we suspected of infiltrating our groups. Yet, discovering the details years later, there's still a sense of betrayal. The creepy sense of you, attending Women's Liberation Movement conferences and making derogatory notes about us and our campaigns, insulting lesbians, women of colour, and feminists in general, all the while being paid less than your male counterparts, apparently unaware of the irony.

<https://campaignopposingpolicesurveillance.com/2020/11/19/ucpi-daily-report-18-nov-2020/>

My experience, obviously, is nowhere near the horror faced by the women deceived into exploitative intimate relationships, whose bravery has exposed state-sponsored rapes; it's out of solidarity with them that I took part in the Undercover Policing Inquiry, to show the long history of sexism, misogyny and racism involved. Now that the trauma those women experienced is out in the open, how do you feel about the exploitation by your male counterparts during your undercover work?

You applied for anonymity in the Undercover Policing Inquiry because you were the people you spied on would hurt you. Your antics are worthy of a soap opera, the way you claimed I might rise out of my hospital bed, when, aged 80, I was undergoing a mastectomy, and physically attack you. 'I'm afraid she might do me harm,' you pleaded to the Chair of the Inquiry, and he heard you, Sandra, he heard you.

I, however, hereby challenge you to come clean. Tell me who you are, stop lying and

your legend. For peace of mind, I need to know what you called yourself. If you have a shred of decency, I implore you to speak up against privileged anonymity, ridiculous redactions, threats to sequester our houses and possessions if we whisper the truth even to our nearest and dearest.

Whatever your given name may be, or the name you are using now, I don't care. I want to know what you called yourself and what you looked like then.

My personal details are laid out for all to read and judge in your reports, redacted to protect your identity and that of the many other spycops who surveilled me from the 1960s until ... when? Now, Sandra? Are we still 'friends'. Did you attend my daughter's funeral? Send me a condolence card? Give me a hug? Who can I trust?

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